

A THANKSGIVING TO REMEMBER

By

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INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Eight-seat rectangular table holds a THANKSGIVING FEAST.
Someone went through a ton of trouble to prepare this meal.

SEVEN PEOPLE seated, all wearing SERIOUSLY UGLY SWEATERS.
Glasses of wine for the gals, beer bottles for the guys.

At one head, KEN -- late-50s; stocky and overbearing with a
permanent chip on his shoulder.

At the other head, JOHN -- late-30s; Ken's eldest son, a chip
off the old block.

On John's right, ELAINE -- late-50s; Ken's wife of 36 years.
Total wallflower, her bottom lip is split and we see a black
eye trying to hide behind concealer.

ELAINE

I love it when we're all together.
We should do this more often.

Ken raises his glass.

KEN

(half-hearted)
To family.

Everyone raises their glass EXCEPT...

KAREN, sitting to John's left and opposite Elaine. Mid-30s;
the middle child, she'd rather be getting waterboarded.

KAREN

(sotto)
Unfuckingbelievable.

Ken's the kind of guy whose anger doesn't build slowly, just
goes straight to furious.

KEN

There a problem with my toast?

KAREN

Only that you're the one making it.
Takes irony to a new dimension.

JOHN

Karen...

KAREN

Don't Karen me. Mom's lip is
split, and concealer isn't hiding
her black eye worth a shit.

Elaine is mortified.

ELAINE

I fell. You know how clumsy I am.

KAREN

Then you're the clumsiest person on the planet because you've been falling for years.

(smarmy smile at Ken)

Right, daddy?

Ken glares. He'd love to throw the carving knife at Karen. Instead, he looks at the man seated to Karen's left...

STEVE -- mid-30s; trying too hard to look like a tough guy.

KEN

Steve, you wanna join this family, better learn how to reign in your women.

STEVE

I'm workin' on it.

Karen whiplash turns to Steve with dagger eyes. One of those *'Did you really just say that?'* looks.

Steve shrugs.

STEVE

You do overstep.

Karen's about to lose it. John puts his hand on hers.

JOHN

(sotto but stern)

Not here. Not now.

Karen recoils from John like his hand is covered with slime.

KAREN

And why isn't Donna here?

JOHN

She's at her sister's.

KAREN

Hopefully with better makeup than mom's.

JOHN

You're a real bitch, you know that?

Sitting opposite Steve, on Elaine's right...

ALEX -- early-30s; youngest of Ken and Elaine's three children; a dentist with perfectly coiffed hair:

ALEX

Let's everyone just take it down a notch.

(firmly to Karen)

Okay, Karen?

KAREN

Me?

ALEX

You opened this door.

KAREN

So what are you buying your assistant for Christmas this year? Victoria's Secret again?

This shuts Alex up, prompting...

BONNIE, on Alex's right -- late-20s; overly trampy:

BONNIE

(takes Alex's hand)

We got through that. Things are good now.

KAREN

Even with his Vegas trip two weeks ago?

BONNIE

That was for the dental convention.

KAREN

Bonnie, I'm a hygienist. The dental convention's in April.

Tears well up in Bonnie's eyes. She stares at Alex.

BONNIE

You're seeing that slut again?!

Alex can't bring himself to look at his girlfriend. Instead, he death-stares his sister.

ALEX

Karen, you're not a bitch. You're a cunt.

John raises his glass.

JOHN

Now that's a toast I'll drink to.

Just as John's about to drink his beer...

BANG! A deafening GUNSHOT reverberates through the room.
After a beat...

John stands up clutching his stomach, BLOOD SPILLING OUT
around his hands.

Elaine chokes back a scream as...

Karen brings up a SNUB-NOSED .44 MAGNUM REVOLVER from under
the table, wisps of smoke still curling from the barrel.

John pitches forward, FALLS FACE FIRST on the table. Blood
pools around him as he death moans and dies.

Alex jumps to his feet, beer bottle in hand, arm cocked...

ALEX

You fucking psycho!

About to throw the bottle at Karen when...

THUNK!

Bonnie impales his throat with a FORK, tines embedded as far
as they can go.

Alex drops back into his chair, gurgling and choking on his
own blood.

His two sons murdered before his eyes, Ken is seeing red.
Grabs Bonnie around the throat with both hands, BEGINS
CHOKING HER... THROTTLING HER when suddenly...

HE GASPS... EYES BULGE... PITCHES FORWARD...

TURKEY CARVING KNIFE embedded in his back to the hilt.

Elaine stands there, shaking.

Steve can't believe what's happened. Puts his head in his
hands. When he looks up...

Finds himself staring down the barrel of the .44 revolver.

Karen thumbs back the hammer.

KAREN

How's this for overstepping?

Steve's about to respond when...

BANG! 240-grain slug cores Steve's head like a rotten apple, splattering his brains against the wall.

The heavy round's impact throws his chair over backward, leaving his legs up in the air.

Karen tosses the gun on the table and takes a long pull of wine, finishing the glass.

A long silence. Finally...

ELAINE

It'd be a real shame to let all
this great food go to waste.

After a beat, Karen and Bonnie nod in agreement and take the seats on either side of where Ken was sitting.

As Karen freshens their wine glasses...

Elaine PULLS THE CARVING KNIFE from Ken's back, then pushes his corpse off the table and takes his seat.

After wiping the bloody knife clean with the tablecloth, Elaine begins carving the turkey. As she slices...

ELAINE

(to Karen)
White meat or dark?

THE END