

THREE HOLIDAYS WALK INTO A BAR...

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INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

HALLOWEEN (30s), a stylish hipster wearing an ironic "THIS IS MY COSTUME" t-shirt, sits alone at the bar.

He waits for the BARTENDER, who approaches after a beat.

BARTENDER
What'll it be?

HALLOWEEN
Bloody Mary.

BARTENDER
Coming up.

As the Bartender walks off, CHRISTMAS (30s), a douchey, Vegas-styled high-roller wearing a custom-made, red and green nightmare of a designer suit, enters.

HALLOWEEN
(to himself, notices)
Oh, fer fuck's sake.

Christmas scans the bar for a beat, then--

CHRISTMAS
Hey! Halloween!

Christmas walks over and sits two seats down from Halloween.

HALLOWEEN
(dryly)
Christmas.

CHRISTMAS
How've you been, man? You're looking...
(looks Halloween over)
...you know... *ish*.

The Bartender returns with the Bloody Mary.

BARTENDER
(to Halloween)
Wanna start a tab, or...?

CHRISTMAS
(pulls out fat wallet)
Here, allow me.

HALLOWEEN
That's not--

CHRISTMAS

Please, I insist!

(pulls out credit card)

Did you know that Americans spent more than \$600 billion on me last year? That's *billion*, with a B.

HALLOWEEN

(sarcastic)

Amazing.

CHRISTMAS

(hands credit card to Bartender)

You can keep it open.

BARTENDER

Get you anything?

CHRISTMAS

Eggnog and peppermint schnapps. On the rocks.

The Bartender walks off.

HALLOWEEN

That sounds disgusting.

CHRISTMAS

Don't knock it until you've tried it, my friend.

HALLOWEEN

I'd rather eat an entire fruitcake that accidentally had a severed dick baked into it. Thanks, though.

CHRISTMAS

Awww, is someone grumpy? What's the matter, buddy? Did someone get a razor blade in their Butterfinger?

HALLOWEEN

That never actually happened.

CHRISTMAS

Oh, *sure* it didn't. And Michael Myers didn't kill all those people either.

HALLOWEEN

Those are movies, you dumbass!

Halloween here says he doesn't know how much money Americans spent on him last year, to which I say horse-fucking-shit.

Again, the Bartender approaches.

BARTENDER
(to Thanksgiving)
What can I get you?

THANKSGIVING
What ciders do you have on tap?

BARTENDER
We don't have any ciders on tap.

THANKSGIVING
(surprised)
What? Oh, you really should.
They're delicious.

HALLOWEEN
Ciders are gross.

CHRISTMAS
Hate to admit it, but Halloween's got a point, Thanksgiving. Ciders are nasty. Arbor Day drinks that shit all the time, and he's a total asshole.

THANKSGIVING
I like Arbor Day.
(to Bartender)
Do you have any ciders in a bottle?

BARTENDER
I could probably dig one up.
Somewhere. But it'll probably be expired.

THANKSGIVING
That's fine, they age well.

BARTENDER
Not really.

Once again, the Bartender wanders off.

THANKSGIVING
So what's new with--

CHRISTMAS
 (interrupting)
 Come on, Halloween! Dish!

Beat, as Halloween doesn't reply.

CHRISTMAS (CONT'D)
 I know you know, so just say it
 already.

HALLOWEEN
 (quietly, mumbling)
 Seven billion.

CHRISTMAS
 There you go! Seven billion
 dollars! See? That's not bad. I
 mean, it's only, what...
 (thinking, counting)
 ...\$593 billion less than me. Awww,
 but you keep on trying, little guy.

The Bartender returns and places a dusty bottle of cider in
 front of Thanksgiving.

BARTENDER
 Four bucks.

THANKSGIVING
 Jesus, four dollars.
 (to Halloween and
 Christmas, fishing)
 Anyone got a tab going?

They both completely ignore the question, so Thanksgiving
 pulls a crumpled five dollar bill out of his pocket.

THANKSGIVING (CONT'D)
 (hands it to Bartender)
 Keep the change.

Again, the Bartender wanders off.

HALLOWEEN
 You know, Christmas, you talk a lot
 of shit for someone who made his
 entire living off *some other guy's*
 birthday.

CHRISTMAS
 Hey, he's not just "some other
 guy," okay? He's Jesus.

HALLOWEEN
 (blowing it off)
 Christ.

CHRISTMAS
 Exactly. And like you're one to talk? You got your start because a bunch of Celts wanted to celebrate the end of the annual harvest, mostly because once it got cold out they were too drunk to work anyway.

THANKSGIVING
 (to Halloween, giggling)
 Is that true?

HALLOWEEN
 Fuck you, asshole. At least I don't make my money off the genocide of an entire race of people!

THANKSGIVING
 (offended)
 That's not what it's about!

CHRISTMAS
 Really? Then what *is* it about?

Beat, as Thanksgiving mulls it over. Then--

THANKSGIVING
 Cornucopias.

CHRISTMAS
 And?

THANKSGIVING
 Hand turkeys.

HALLOWEEN
 You're an moron.

CHRISTMAS
 You know, this is a perfect example of why people throw out their pumpkins and immediately put up their Christmas trees.

HALLOWEEN
 You're right about that.

THANKSGIVING
 Well, now you're just being--

CHRISTMAS
Shut the fuck up,
Thanksgiving!

HALLOWEEN
Shut the fuck up,
Thanksgiving!

Thanksgiving does as he's told and sips his cider.

HALLOWEEN
(getting up)
Leave it to you, Christmas, to ruin
a perfectly pleasant evening.

CHRISTMAS
Hey, it's not my fault you don't
have the stamina for the long game.

HALLOWEEN
Whatever.
(chugs his Bloody Mary)
Enjoy your dusty-ass cider,
Thanksgiving.
(to Christmas)
And for you....

Halloween flips Christmas the bird, and then walks off.

CHRISTMAS
(to Halloween, re: his
Bloody Mary)
Hey, Vlad the Impaler! You forgot
your celery stick!

Christmas LAUGHS as Halloween exits.

CHRISTMAS (CONT'D)
(re: celery stick)
Gimme that.

Thanksgiving pulls the celery stick out of Halloween's Bloody Mary and hands it to him; Christmas chews on it.

THANKSGIVING
So... seen any good--

CHRISTMAS
Shut the fuck up, Thanksgiving!
Christ!
(standing)
I'm grabbing a booth. Don't follow
me.

Christmas walks off as Thanksgiving watches him go. He sips his cider, and after a long beat--

THANKSGIVING

(to Bartender, re: cider)
 Find any more of these?
 (beat)
 No? Okay, no worries.

PAN TO:

FURTHER DOWN THE BAR

EASTER (30s), a dapper, flamboyant man wearing a pastel patterned suit, sits alone casually sipping a mimosa. Sitting on the bar to the left of him (in front of an empty stool) is a full green beer.

The Bartender approaches and sets another mimosa down in front of Easter.

EASTER

Thanks, darling.
 (re: Halloween,
 Thanksgiving, Christmas)
 Those guys come in here a lot?

BARTENDER

Nah. Maybe once a year or so.

EASTER

Lucky you. They seem obnoxious.

BARTENDER

Yep. They don't stick around for long, but when they are here it feels like forever.

The Bartender walks off. After a beat--

EASTER

(down at the floor)
 Hey, your drink is here.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY (30s), a drunken frat boy, picks himself up off the floor wearing a shamrock-shaped bead necklace and a "BLOW ME, I'M IRISH" t-shirt.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

(slurring)
 Thanks, Easter.

He sways back and forth for a beat, then steadies himself, grabs the pint of green beer, and downs it.

He slams the empty pint glass down on the bar, but then immediately starts to CHOKE. He covers his mouth, and then COUGHS a decorated/dyed egg into his hands.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY (CONT'D)
Please stop hiding eggs in my beer.

EASTER
(grinning)
That never gets old.

THE END