

EMILY. Can I get you anything right now? A drink?

RANDI. No, thank you. I had a drink on the plane.

PHIL. How much did they charge you?

RANDI. Nothing. It was complimentary.

EMILY. Andy, a drink?

ANDY. No thanks, Mom.

PHIL. Andy, y'might as well plug in the tree, we've been saving that for you.

ANDY. I'd be honored.

PHIL. Mickey's been working on it all day.

ANDY. You decorate a mean tree, Fritz.

(MICKEY laughs. ANDY plugs in the tree. The lights flash on for a split second, sparks fly out of the wall socket, ANDY yelps, and the tree goes DARK.)

PHIL. Jesus H. Christ! ...Unplug it, unplug it.

EMILY. Careful, Andy!

ANDY. I know, I know. *(He carefully unplugs the tree. To RANDI.)* At midnight we blow up the train. *(He heads back to the couch.)*

EMILY. When are you going to try a different electrician?

PHIL. He is going to do the job right! Now let's drop it.

EMILY. Fine.

ANDY. ...Merry Christmas. *(Sits.)*

PHIL. Randi.

RANDI. Yes.

PHIL. How'd you end up with a boy's name?

RANDI. It's a girl's name, too. Randi with an i.

PHIL. I never heard it.

EMILY. I like it. *(Sing-song.)* Andy and Randi, Andy and Randi.

ANDY. *(Nicely.)* Don't do that.

PHIL. What's your last name?

ANDY. Gorski.

PHIL. Not yours. I know yours.

RANDI. Stein.

PHIL. Huh?

RANDI. Stein.

EMILY. How was your flight?

ANDY. (*Grateful for the change of subject.*) Fine. Real good. No delays. Just fine. Good peanuts... Honey roasted.

RANDI. (*To PHIL.*) I'm Jewish.

PHIL. Huh? Yeah, well I figured. Stein, that's a Jewish name.

EMILY. You're sure I can't get you a drink?

RANDI. No, I'm fine.

ANDY. We're fine, Mom.

PHIL. You don't have Christmas, huh?

RANDI. Nope.

ANDY. She has New Year's.

PHIL. No kidding.... You have Chanukah, right?

RANDI. No, actually I don't have much of anything, holiday-wise.

PHIL. No holidays? Come on, you're loaded with holidays. Even I know that. Bernie Fine, remember Bernie Fine, Emily?

EMILY. Sure.

PHIL. Used to come into the store, always celebrating something or other. Young Kipper, y'got that, dont'cha?

RANDI. I don't celebrate it.

ANDY. It's "Yom Kippur."

PHIL. Gee, excuse me.... You don't celebrate that?

RANDI. No.

PHIL. Mm-hmm. (*To EMILY.*) What else did Bernie used to celebrate? I forget.

EMILY. I don't know, but whenever anyone in his family died he used to sit and shiver and I never knew why.

ANDY. (*More to himself.*) ...Yep ...Honey roasted

PHIL. (*To RANDI.*) So, no kiddin', Chanukah's out?

RANDI. Chanukah's out.

PHIL. I don't get it; how come? That's twelve presents, right? They got it from the twelve days of Christmas.

ANDY. It's eight presents.

RANDI. Mr. Gorski, to me Chanukah is eight days like any other.

EMILY. (*The light begins to dawn.*) We have white wine, red wine, beer, Dr. Pepper ...

(ANDY gestures "no thanks.")

(*A pause.*)

PHIL. Rosha somethin' ... Shogun.

(RANDI gestures no.)

ANDY. Dad, Randi's an atheist.

PHIL. Oh, oh! ...Oh. (*That last "oh" speaks volumes.*)

(*There is a lo-o-ng silence.*)

EMILY. (*Finally.*) Andy, how's the job?

ANDY. Oh... same... How's housework?

EMILY. Oh, 'bout the same.

ANDY. Dad, how's retirement?

PHIL. Stinko.

EMILY. (*Suddenly.*) Oh, Andy, I almost called you on the phone, I was so excited! Your new commercial!

ANDY. New commercial?

EMILY. I never saw anything like it! That sunset and those running horses on the beach, and the orchestra playing. It was... inspirational!

ANDY. For the laxative.

EMILY. For the laxative.

ANDY. (*Ahem.*) No, Steve Smith did that.

EMILY. Oh.

ANDY. I didn't get that.

EMILY. Oh.

PHIL. What do you do for a living?

ANDY. (*Jovially; anything to stall.*) I write ad copy.