

~~BUD. That's what happens when you send someone out in the snow - they track it back in!~~

~~DAD. Don't worry about that; let's just get those gifts under the tree.~~

~~BUNNY. I sure hope this stuff lets up like the weather man said. I don't want Janet to miss Christmas Eve dinner.~~

~~DAD. I know what you mean. They weren't calling for more than an inch or two, but there's at least 6 inches out there already.~~

~~(The doorbell rings.)~~

~~BUNNY. I'll get it.~~

~~(She crosses to door and opens it revealing AUNT ROSE and UNCLE LEO.)~~

AUNT ROSE. Anybody home?!

BUNNY. Leo, Rose, it's great to see you - come on in!

UNCLE LEO. Merry Christmas!

BUNNY. Now Leo, you know you're supposed to say "Happy Holidays."

UNCLE LEO. (*curmudgeon*) I'm not celebrating "holi-days" - I'm celebrating Christmas - singular. So I'm gonna say "Merry Christmas" - I don't care if it's correct or not.

AUNT ROSE. Leo's always had a problem with authority.

UNCLE LEO. I do not have a problem with authority - I have a problem with being told what I'm allowed to do.

(BETH and TRACY enter.)

BUD. Can't blame you there, Leo.

TRACY. Hi, Uncle Leo! (*rushes across room to hug him*)

UNCLE LEO: How's my Tracy?!

AUNT ROSE. Come here and gimme a hug!

UNCLE LEO. (*to BETH*) Come over here and let me get a look at you.

(BETH crosses and turns sideways as UNCLE LEO gives her a hug.)

AUNT ROSE. (*reaches over and pinches both girls' cheeks*) You two are getting' ta be such big ladies - aren't they, Leo?

UNCLE LEO. You're certainly growing up, but I learned a long time ago that it's not wise to tell a gal she's "getting big."

TRACY. You're a smart man, Uncle Leo.

BETH. We could use some of that around here.

BUD. (*with his hat sideways, to DAD*) What's she talkin' about?

AUNT ROSE. This reminds me of the Christmases we used to have when I was a little girl -

BETH. (*to TRACY*) Here we go...

AUNT ROSE. It used to snow every year - just like clock-work.

TRACY. You always had a white Christmas?

UNCLE LEO. Beige actually.

TRACY. You had beige snow?

UNCLE LEO. Of course - it was New York. We haven't had white snow here in the last hundred years.

BETH. Wasn't Irving Berlin from New York?

UNCLE LEO. Oh no, Irving was from Belarus - but later he moved to New York.

BETH. So then why'd he write "White Christmas?"

UNCLE LEO. Because the man could smell a "hit." Do you think he'd have reached number one with "I'm dreaming of a Beige Christmas?"

BETH. No, I guess not.

UNCLE LEO. He had a nose for business. Irving could smell two things faster than anybody I ever met: he could smell a pastrami sandwich and he could smell a hit. And he rarely passed on either one.

~~TRACY. You knew Irving Berlin?!~~

~~UNCLE LEO. Of course I did. We used to have lunch everyday at Schnellendahl's Delicatessen on forty-second street.~~

~~AUNT ROSE. Oh Leo, stop stretching the story - you only ate there twice a week and Schnellendahl's was on forty-fourth street right next to Heppner's.~~

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ROSE  
+  
LEO