

JULY IN CHRISTMAS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CAR - DAY

TITLE CARD: Christmas, Ohio

Johanna is driving down the street, rocking out to DEATH METAL, when her CHECK ENGINE LIGHT starts FLASHING.

JOHANNA
Are you kidding me?

The car starts slowing down on its own.

JOHANNA
No, no, no, no, no...

She pulls into a GRAVEL LOT and the car DIES entirely.

JOHANNA
Fuck you, car.

She pulls out her SMARTPHONE, checks the screen, dead.

She surveys her surroundings. Beside the gravel lot, she spies a bar: PADDY MAC'S. The NEON SIGN in the front window indicates that they're OPEN for business.

INT. PADDY MAC'S - DAY

Johanna walks into the bar. All chatter stops, all eyes on her.

Among the patrons, she spies a PINK-HAIRED VIXEN, a NAKED OLDER MAN, a GIANT, and a BEAMING DRUNK.

Behind the bar, a TWELVE YEAR OLD GIRL, RHONDA CHAMBERLAIN, cleans a glass.

Johanna spies what she's looking for at the far end of the bar: A SURGE PROTECTOR.

She walks the length of the bar, her self-conscious meter at a solid 11. All those eyes that were on her when she walked in go back to their business.

She passes a CELTIC CROSS, a STUFFED LEPRECHAUN hanging off the side of machine that reads ICE COLD SHOTS, and a CHRISTMAS TREE, complete with WRAPPED PRESENTS.

A sign on the back of the register shows the TWELVE YEAR OLD standing by her IDENTICAL TWIN. It reads THE CHAMBERLAIN SISTERS, with RHONDA and RANDI under each of the girls. A GIANT RED X covers Randi's image.

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Johanna reaches the surge protector, produces her charger, and reaches to plug it in.

RHONDA
Hey! Asshole!

Johanna turns.

RHONDA
You think that shit grows on trees?

JOHANNA
What? Electricity?

RHONDA
You just gonna waltz in and charge your phone without buying a drink? That's fucked up, man.

JOHANNA
I just need to charge my phone for five minutes.

RHONDA
Bitch, I swear to god. I have a *gun*.

Johanna sidles up to the bar.

JOHANNA
Could I have a drink please?

RHONDA
I'm gonna have to see your ID?

Johanna is confused as hell. This middle schooler is carding HER? She complies, producing her ID.

The PINK-HAIRED VIXEN hovers behind JOHANNA, smells her hair.

Rhonda scrutinizes the ID, comparing it closely to Johanna's face. She looks like she's on the brink of kicking Johanna out when she SLAMS the ID on the bar.

RHONDA
What'll you have?

JOHANNA
Uh... vodka and ginger ale?

Rhonda gives Johanna the stink eye.

RHONDA
What the fuck is wrong with you?
(beat)
You're having whiskey.

JOHANNA
Sure. "What can brown do for you?"
Hah.

Rhonda sighs heavily, rolls her eyes, and busies herself with Johanna's drink. Johanna turns to her charger, sees the DRUNK fiddling with it.

JOHANNA
Hey!

She hurries to the surge protector and snatches her charger from the drunk's hand.

DRUNK
(slurred)
Did you fall from heaven? Cause it
sure is hot in here.

She stares at him, confused.

DRUNK
Wait. That's not how it goes. Lemme
try again. Excuse me miss, do you
work as an archaeologist?
Because... my penis.

He grins and points to his penis.

DRUNK
Get it?

JOHANNA
Ew.

She takes her charger to the bar with her, where her whiskey is waiting.

RHONDA
Drink up, bitch.

Johanna is too stunned to reply. She downs her whiskey, grimaces, sets the glass down on the bar.

JOHANNA
I saw a sign on my way in. Is this
town really called Christmas?

RHONDA

Why the fuck else would I have a Christmas tree up in my bar in the middle of the summer.

JOHANNA

Heh. So instead of Christmas in July, it's "July in Christmas." You know, I feel a bit like a fish out of water. It's like a holiday film in here. Although with all *these* characters it's more like a musical or western, am I right?? Hahaha...

RHONDA

Stop talking to me.

She scans the area, finds another outlet above the Celtic cross. She walks over, stretches across a table, but fails to reach it.

She turns and finds herself staring at the GIANT GOOMBAH'S CHEST.

GINO

Ooh, Boopadi Bappadi! Buca Di Beppo!

JOHANNA

A little help?

Gino takes takes the phone charger and plugs it in.

The Drunk walks up to Caroline, puts his hand in her drink, pulls out an ice cube, and crushes it on the bar.

DRUNK

Now that I've "broken the ice", I seem to have lost my phone number. Can I have a map to yours?

Johanna is speechless. The drunk reaches under the tree, snatches a WRAPPED GIFT, extends it to Johanna.

DRUNK

Here. I got you a wrapped gift.

Johanna doesn't accept the gift.

Rhonda is in the middle of telling a joke to Gino.

RHONDA

And the guy says, "what are you called?" and they say, "The Aristocrats!"

She notices Johanna again.

RHONDA (O.S.)

Hey, tight ass.

Johanna turns.

RHONDA

You wanna keep using my power, you're gonna need to buy another drink.

Johanna sidles up to the bar.

JOHANNA

Fine. Another whiskey, please.

RHONDA

You're a grown ass woman, make your own decisions!

JOHANNA

Vodka and ginger!

RHONDA

You're a dirty god damned savage. I hate drunk people.

DRUNK

Then you're in the long wrine of work!

RHONDA

SHUT THE FUCK UP, JOHAN! YOU'RE PLAYING FOOSEBALL BY YOURSELF!

CLETUS

Hey! It's called table soccer!

RHONDA

CLETUS, I SWEAR TO GOD!

Rhonda turns to pour the drink, missing Johanna's exasperation.

Gino tries to play darts. Caroline walks directly in front of the board. Gino's all like "wtf" and maybe pulls out a gun.

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CLETUS

Hah, hey check it out! "What's in the booooox? what's in the box??"

Cletus has his dick in a box.

Gothic Boy stares at Johanna.

Drunk comes and sits by Johanna and removes and ice cube from her drink and smashes it.

DRUNK

That's what i'm gonna do to you!

Johanna reaches for a chair, finds an OLDER MAN'S HAND instead. She looks up to see the naked man grinning at her.

CAROLINE

Can I sit there?

Hands on his hips, he pivots and rests his dick on said stool.

OLDER MAN

I dunno. CAN YOU?

(eyes his dick, then Johanna)

Go on. Try it. What have you got to lose?

Johanna gags, turns away. Rhonda places her second whiskey on the bar.

RHONDA

You act like you've never seen a dick before.

(beat)

Wait. You *have* seen a dick before...?

Johanna downs her whiskey. She checks her phone. It's barely charged, but it'll have to do.

JOHANNA

(to herself)

Three percent. Good enough.

She packs up her stuff and beelines for the door.

DRUNK

Pretty lady, wait!

She turns around.

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DRUNK

Hey, uhh, I like your fuck, do you want shoes? Ah, jeez, I'm sorry, I'm REALLY bad at this.

She says "ugh" and turns to leave again.

RHONDA (O.S.)

Hold it, cocksucker!

Johanna spins, angry.

JOHANNA

I am not buying another whiskey!

Her face goes pale. Rhonda has a GUN pointed at her.

RHONDA

But you are gonna pay me for those drinks.

Johanna sighs in relief. She reaches down for her purse, then her face goes pale again. It's not there.

INT. CAR - DAY

Johanna's purse sits on the front seat.

Her car keys are in the ignition.

The doors are locked.

INT. PADDY MAC'S - DAY

Johanna stands helpless as all of the bar's patrons stalk toward her.

JOHANNA

Fu-

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Johanna sits bolt upright in bed.

JOHANNA

-uck.

She collects herself, turns. BUSTER THE DOG sits on Johanna's bed, wearing a goofy grin.

BUSTER (V.O.)

You wouldn't believe the fucked up dream I just had.

CUT TO BLACK.