

Stu v. Drew

written by

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LEFT SIDE: ACTIONS AND
DESCRIPTIONS

RIGHT SIDE:
EMOTIONS AND BACKGROUND

1 INT. DREW'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

1

Dancing,
cooking
& singing.
Smoothly
moving his hips.

A fire roars in a suburban house as old-time Christmas music plays on a radio.

We see DREW BERT, dressed festively, humming along to the music as he retrieves a tray of ^{so!}steaming cookies from the oven. He takes a big whiff and smiles. Deep satisfaction, in his element

2 INT. STU'S CAR -- EVENING

2

STU BERT, dressed in formal business attire, is talking on the phone.

Rigid movements,
opposite of Drew.
Fast and NOT rhythmic.

STU

I know, I know Gene, LISTEN TO ME. I can come in the morning... No, I don't care that it's Christmas tomorrow!... We will close this deal, whatever it takes. I just have to go to this party.... No, no-... I've told you how my brother is. I'll never hear the end of it if I don't show up.

Getting FURIOUS.

Talking to a business partner, so he's allowed to YELL at him. Trying to cut off his partner's words. "N-no-no."

Sigh of determination / focus. Pissed off, but less screaming after this line.

3 INT. DREW'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

3

Drew is also on the phone.

Crux of the whole movie.

He knows what he has to do. Angry.

Placing the cookies
on plates, neatly.

DREW

Merrrrrrrry Christmas Eeeee, Susanne! ...Yes, yes, I'm feeling jolly as can be! Aha! ... Yes, yes... ^{No}uh, actually, Stu will be here. Yes, I know he's a bit of a Scrooge. But... I think he'll be on better behavior tonight. I'll make sure of it.

LINE CHANGE

Sing-song. Long winded through this note. Smile on your face, always.

Hesitation. Slight stutter.

Quieter. Stu brings him down.

He glances over to a dry-erase board on the fridge. It has a big checklist. Penultimate message reads "6:00PM - **CONFRONT STU.**"

Drew stares at the checklist.
It fills him with dread. Distracted.
Then, he snaps right back into
jolly mode.

DREW (CONT'D)

...Oh. Yes! Please, please, bring the baby! Oh, it's no bother at all. No Stu won't mind, of course not. See you at 7pm sharp! Buh-bye.

Loudest, most annoying lines yet.
OF COURSE STU WILL MIND.
And Drew knows full well.

Drew hangs up the phone. He looks at the "**CONFRONT STU**" message on his checklist. The task below says "**PLAN THE PERFECT PARTY.**" He sighs, face dropping.

DREW (CONT'D)
 Okay. Just call him. Just call him. Quiet, nervous. Almost inaudible.

4 INT. STU'S CAR -- EVENING 4

Building, building, and ending with a grunt and a scream as he turns it off. Stu loosens his tie. He notices a Christmas song playing on the radio. Grunting, he changes the radio station. Another Christmas song. He grunts again, changes the radio. After a couple more tries, he turns the radio off.

A moment of peace. Then, his phone RINGS. It's Drew. Silence. This is life without Drew. Pure happiness. But only for a second.

STU
 (under his breath)
 Just pick it up, pick it up, just pick it up... Okay.

He picks up the phone.

Angrier than Drew's read. Less anxious, and more trying to calm his anger down.

Crazy, psycho growl right before picking up, to psyche himself out. STU (CONT'D)
 YES, I'm on my way, I know I'm late. When you ask me to be at an event at 6 o' clock after work, and you know that it takes 2 HOURS to get there, what do you expect?

Speeds through this ENTIRE paragraph, does not let Drew get a word in. He knew what Drew was calling about.

He hangs up the phone angrily.

5 INT. DREW'S KITCHEN -- EVENING 5

Drew puts down the phone and sighs. He pours himself a mug of hot cocoa and takes a sip. Loneliness. Slow. Sighs. Thinks that he needs Stu's friendship.

6 INT. DREW'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT 6

Turns on houselights. Drew walks in and stands in the living room, sipping. He hears a car pull up.

Eyes closed. DREW
 Here we go. Stay calm. Not nervous. More of a preparation, acceptance. Slow.

He hears a tired knock at the door. Immediately, Drew runs up the stairs and leans on the railing. He clears his throat.

DREW (CONT'D)
 Come on in! The door's open! Turns his depression off. Back into joyous Drew!

Stu opens the door and shuffles in without looking at Drew.

Grumbling, eying the ground. Out of breath. Maybe even giving excuses to family he thinks is there.

Hoping Stu
would be excited.

Anticipating... but nothing.
So he startles him.

DREW (CONT'D)
WELCOME TO CHRISTMAS EVE! Please
take a cup of hot cocoa and a
cookie! They're freshly baked!

Like a roadside attraction
announcer. Loud, proud.

Enticing grin. Thinks Stu will
love it.

Stu looks around at the house, and looks confused. He hangs
up his coat and sighs.

Stu jumps and gets
extremely startled.

STU
Drew... where... is everybody?
I'm... I thought I was late?

Genuinely confused. Thinks something
is wrong.

DREW
(disregarding Stu)
Perhaps something else then?
Coffee? Peppermint tea? A light
snack? Maybe some almonds?

Complete mockery. Not listening.
Even some higher pitch in the voice.
Embarrassed a little, hoping Stu
doesn't catch on.

STU
Drew, where is everybody?

Starting to get frustrated. Gritting his teeth.
He realizes a scheme is afoot.

DREW
Well... I-I-I must have told you
the wrong time by mistake. But
don't worry, the family will be
here at 7. Please, let me get you
something.

Caught in the act. Condescending.
His plan is in action a little. Still
a fake, stupid smile.

Stu stares around in awe. He walks over to the couch,
dumbfounded, and plops into it.

Stu beat.

Stu massaging
his head
with his
hands.

STU
Listen, I have a migraine from the
car ride, so just leave me alone.

Quiet, last attempt at being civil
with Drew. It's all on the line here.
Deep breath.

He turns to the radio, blasting Christmas music. Drew walks
down the stairs and joins Stu in the living room.

DREW
Oh, we mustn't be so dull, how
about you tell me a little about-

Last bit of Drew putting on his
fake grin, still trying the old way.

Stu shuts the radio off unceremoniously. He closes his eyes
and leans back.

STU
How about we just sit in silence
until the family gets here?

Tease to the nastiness later.
Pacing through it. Quietly.

Silence. Drew takes a sharp breath. He turns the music back
on.

Drew beat.

Gulp. Putting plan in action fully.

Holding finger up,
shaking it.

DREW
No, Stu. We are not going to sit here in silence... Hold on. I'm going to grab something. And then, you and I are going to have a talk.

Drew gets a little power trip.
Civility didn't work. It's time for war.

Stu doesn't care

He bounds back up the stairs. Stu sighs wearily, and turns the radio off. He notices a box sitting at the foot of the stairs. It reads "Santa Claus Costume." Pounding footsteps begin to come down the stairs.

at first.

Just wants to
be left alone.

Then... he sees it.

STANDS UP and
gets cut off.

STU
Oh, no, no, no, no, no, not again-

Builds, builds, builds.

Tired, sick-of-it type anger.

Stu springs out of the couch and turns around to see Drew dressed in a full Santa Claus costume.

DREW
HO HO HO! MERRYYYY CHRISTMAS!!!!

Santa Claus impression, deep
voice.

Marches He twirls around, walks past Stu and turns the radio back on.
past him, arms up.

NEW LINE,
as he's marching:
HAVE YOU BEEN
NAUGHTY,
OR NICE!?

STU
Drew. What are you doing? You... look... I can't... please, take that off.

Cannot find the right words,
stuttering, second-hand shame,
then begging at the end.

DREW
Stu... look. I wanted to talk to you about this exact thing. I think you need to have a bit more respect for my family holiday traditions.

Drops the Santa voice.
Power trip, feels in
control with the suit on.

HAND GESTURES.

STU
R-respect? How am I supposed to respect... this?

Sad and confused, dumbfounded.

Stu turns the radio back off again.

DREW
Now, now, I understand it's a little theatrical. But it's certainly better than the BAH-HUMBUG attitude you bring to every holiday event!

Kevin is unfazed. Turns on that Drew character, and then digs it into an insult.

Starting to get more
forceful with
gestures and
radio presses.

Drew turns the radio back on.

STU
If Bah Humbug means not wanting to see you make a complete fool of yourself in front of the family, then BAH HUMBUG.

Argument
has begun.
Starting to
build and bite.

Stu turns the radio back off. Stu sits back down. Drew's face drops.

DREW
N-n-n-no... no, NO. Listen!

Drew is losing his power, trying to gain it and put his foot down. Reassuring himself that he can still "save" Stu.

Drew sits next to Stu on the couch, uncomfortably close, putting his hand on Stu's arm. Stu rips away from it.

DREW (CONT'D)
Stu, I'm going to be honest with you... I didn't tell you the wrong time by mistake. I wanted you to be here early so we could have a serious talk about your behavior.
Got it?

Drew's pitch. Condescending tone, but quieter. Thinks that an intervention will actually work. Eyebrows raised.

Wait before saying GOT IT. It's nervous. Drew doesn't have the power to fully say it. But still as forceful as Drew can muster.

Drew recoils a bit. Stu bolts out of his seat.

Stu beat.

STU
Excuse me? I left work early and drove almost two hours in traffic to come to this party after working my ass off all day long-

Goes into his usual, fast, excuses. This is where the real anger begins.

Drew stands up, too.

DREW
It's Christmas Eve, Stu. Why are you working in the first place?!

Genuinely saddened, hurt that Stu is a workaholic. Thinks this is a great comeback.

STU
THAT'S WHAT PEOPLE DO WHEN THEY CHOOSE TO WORK HARD FOR THEIR MONEY. THEY MAKE SACRIFICES.

Turning his body and wildly throwing his arms around. Then, deep breaths.

Stu loses his crap here. This is 40 years of disagreements boiling into this line. Drew asking him that question AGAIN sets him off.

Drew takes a step back.

DREW
(offended)
Well, I work hard by making these events as awesome as they can be!

Saddened confusion. Innocent animals.

STU
Yeah, I'm sure the family thinks it's really awesome to see a fully-grown man prance around the house like a toddler.

Stu decides to NOT hold back here. Laughs through first words, then MOCKS him by the end. Rolling his eyes, treating him like he's stupid.

SPIT THIS
LINE OUT, ANGRY.

DREW
...Well, well... the kids love it!

Drew completely losing power. Desperate, acting like a toddler here.

STU
NO, THEY DON'T!

Stu is so confused and laughing that Drew thinks this.

DREW
 AT LEAST I DON'T MAKE THEM CRY! Drew's last bit of ammunition.
 Hardened face. Ashamed that he said it,
 in a way.

STU
 You make everyone as uncomfortable
 as you make ME. I pray to God that
 I slip and fall on my head [REDACTED]
 forget all about what I'm looking
 at right now.

Stu is laughing, but out of complete
 exhaustion and power-tripping. Stumbling
 over words, and saying way
 too much. No insane yelling.

Drew deep inhale.
 "It had to be
 done" mentality.

Drew slaps Stu. It is completely unexpected.

STU (CONT'D)
 What in the name of... what the...
 did you just...

This defeats Stu momentarily.
 Talking to himself, quietly. So confused.
 He didn't think Drew would actually do it.

Drew steps closer and gets right up in Stu's face. He pulls
 the Santa Claus beard down.

DREW
 (quietly) Looong pauses between each word. Shaking, and angry.
 Take. That. Back.

Stu looks around confusingly.

STU
 No! Bewildered, high-pitched, looking around, can't comprehend the
 situation. But he will keep his ground.

DREW
 Twirling his finger up. OKAY. I didn't want to have to do this! Like talking to your child. Big eyes.

Drew clears his throat, then dashes away, grabbing the Santa
 outfit box. He comes back without the outfit on. He shoves
 the box into Stu's arms.

DREW (CONT'D)
 I think you should wear this tonight, Stu. Tiny little grin. Proud of his plan. Deep exhale
 before. Thinks this will work. Idiot.

Stu laughs crazily.

STU
 Oh, really? You think so? YOU THINK BLOWING UP, PHYSICAL VIOLENCE
 I'M GONNA WEAR THAT? INTRODUCED.

Stu takes the box and throws it to the side. Drew doesn't
 react, and looks at the clock. He takes a breath.

DREW
 The family will start to arrive
 soon. If you don't have that
 costume on before they get here, I
 don't know what to tell you.
 (MORE)

All of Drew's power NOT to
 look over at box, to keep his
 power. Then, he starts his
 pitch that he prepared
 hours ago.

Drew is a condescending parent
 at this point. Wide eyes and
 big hand gestures.

DREW (CONT'D)

I know this is hard for you, but if you can do this for me, I will forgive you. And we can start over.

Last bit of hope. Attempt at friendship. But it ends.

STU

What have I ever done to you?!

Drew beat.

DREW

...Oh, I DON'T KNOW, maybe showing up drunk last time? You know, never RSVPing, or, or, always starting vulgar arguments at the dinner table - I mean, you are a constant black cloud on these events. It needs to END. If you want to continue to be part of this family, you need to get your act together and put on the Santa suit.

Drew is absolutely infuriated that Stu did not listen to his whole pitch. Now he rushes into an unplanned rant without any periods. Then, collects himself for the last line.

Points at the Santa suit.

STU

And what about you, Drew? What about your behavior?

Finally paces through each word here.

Stu is not listening, just cutting in with an instant jab.

Points at Drew on each of the "you"s.

DREW

I beg your pardon? If you can name one time I even-

Loud, offended, frozen in place. Can't even think of one time he did a bad thing. (Sorta like how Stu reacted to some of the initial dialogue.)

STU

(getting nasty)

You're always chastising me and guilt-tripping me and making a big deal about EVERYTHING. EVERYTHING. You're strict! Passive aggressive, with all your rules and tiny little nitpicks. Saying I'm a slob in front of the entire family on Thanksgiving, I mean, what was that all about?

Stu BLOWS up again. Horrible, horrible temper. Contorting his face, losing his mind. Gestures are in full swing.

Counting off the things on his hand, one by one.

DREW

Well, *I'm sorry* that I have a certain standards for my holiday parties.

High and mighty, pursed lips. Not making eye contact.

Rolling his eyes, arching his back.

STU

THEN WHY DO I HAVE TO COME? OBVIOUSLY I FALL BELOW THAT STANDARD. YOU CERTAINLY DON'T ENJOY HAVING ME. I CERTAINLY DON'T ENJOY BEING HERE. BUT EVERY-SINGLE-TIME YOU PRESSURE ME TO SHOW UP.

BEGGING DREW. ABSOLUTELY BEGGING HIM TO KNOW THE TRUTH. WHY!? WHY!? PLEASE TELL ME THE TRUTH. I JUST WANT IT TO END. Like he's tortured.

Pointing his gestures toward God, then back towards Drew.

(MORE)

STU (CONT'D)

AND IF I'M NOT 100% COMMITTED TO
YOUR *STUPID* PLANS, IT'S ALWAYS YOU-
ON-THE-PHONE THE NEXT DAY SAYING
"YOU REALLY MADE THINGS AWKWARD
LAST NIGHT. YOU DIDN'T EVEN HELP ME
PUT UP THE LIGHTS."

Then slowly descends into quiet,
out of breath.

Completely out of breath, saying it with
NO breath.

Drew stares at Stu in anger, deeply offended.

After this line he takes the BIGGEST
breath possible.

DREW

You really could have helped me
hang those lights, Stu.

Sad, deeply offended. THIS IS THE TRUTH. *Stu beat.*

Stu has a bout of insane, maniacal laughter.

STU

OHHHH. Okay, fine, I'll play your
little game!

Laughing, but completely and DEEPLY
offended because he knows it's true.
It offends him so much that he loses his
mind.

He grabs the Santa Suit and drapes it over his shirt so it
hangs awkwardly in front of him, and haphazardly wraps the
beard around his face.

Stu goes up to the door and pretends to let somebody in.

Stu MOCKS
Drew's Santa
march that
Drew did earlier.

STU (CONT'D)

(complete, insane mockery)

"Oh, welcome to Christmas Eve!
Would you like to try my peppermint
cakes? My homemade butter cookies!
Oh, Lisa, you got so much taller!
Doesn't she look taller, Stu? Now,
who wants to sing? Sing with me!
"DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF
HOLLY. FA LA LA LA LA"-

Alex Jones from InfoWars as a
reference
for the level of insanity.
I want to see spit.

DREW

STOP. QUIT ACTING LIKE A CHILD AND
PUT ON THE SANTA SUIT.

Completely lost as to what to do.
Face looking all around, up and down,
frowning.

STU

ME? STOP ACTING LIKE A CHILD?

So out of breath that he doesn't sound human.

Stu throws the Santa outfit back at Drew. Drew blows his top,
and grabs Stu's coat from the rack.

Drew's reaction to the Santa suit being thrown is
what sets him over the edge.

DREW

Okay. Okay. I'll play, too. "Look
at me! I'm Stu Bert."

Doing an Eeyore
voice. Mocking Stu's sadness.

He picks up a wooden spoon from the Kitchen and pretends to
use it as a phone.

DREW (CONT'D) Then he completely
 "Hello, Captain Business! Let's mocks Stu's anger
 talk about numbers, numbers, and BLOWS UP
 numbers, business words, words, shouting these words over and over.
 words!

Drew runs and turns the radio up louder, then gets in Stu's face with the spoon.

DREW (CONT'D) Contorting his face so bad
 "Oh, what's that? No, of course, I that he looks like Stu.
 can stay at work on my brother's Then by the end, he does
 birthday, because I pretend to hate his normal voice, because
 the holidays, to cover up the fact he's actually saying that.
 that my family can't stand me!"

With the spoon in Stu's face, Stu grabs it, runs to the other end of the room, and begins to *smash* the radio.

DREW (CONT'D) Crying, like a child.
 WAIT, NO, NO!

Stu completely destroys the radio. Drew pauses for a second.

DREW (CONT'D) Loudly building a steam-engine. SPITTING. Maybe
 You ruined Christmas! even crying.

Then Drew screams, rushing at Stu full speed, tackling him. They fall down onto the dinner table, which collapses. They struggle with each other on the floor for a while.

DREW (CONT'D)	STU
PUT ON THE SANTA SUIT! PUT ON	(Singing mockingly)
THE SANTA SUIT! PUT ON THE	DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF
SANTA SUIT! PUT ON THE SANTA	HOLLY, FA LA LA LA LA, LA LA,
SUIT!	I'M DREW!

They stand up, and Stu pushes Drew through the house

DREW (CONT'D)	STU (CONT'D)
STOP SINGING, STOP SINGING,	'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY,
STOP SINGING, STOP SINGING,	FA LA LA LA LA, LA LA, I'M
STOP, STOP, STOP!	DREW!

They both trip and fall backwards, then start rolling around, basically wrestling.

DREW (CONT'D)	
YOU ARE A PLAGUE ON THIS FAMILY.	Fighting to get the words out in
WHY CAN'T YOU CHANGE? WHY!? WHY!?	between acts of aggression.

Shaking each other, pushing, grabbing
 collars, putting
 hands over mouths.
 Fighting like they used to
 when they were 12.

STU
 YOU DON'T WANT ME TO JUST *CHANGE*,
 YOU WANT ME TO BE A *DIFFERENT*
 PERSON.

On the "DIFFERENT PERSON" line, it's a croak of anger, but also a deep level of years of hurt.

DREW
 AND WHO WOULD BLAME ME?

Violent. Drew's meanest line yet.

They shove each other back and forth, Stu getting on top.

STU
 SHUT UP! SHUT UP! YOU NEVER LOVED
 ME, DREW. YOU NEVER LOVED ME. YOU
 NEVER LOVED ME-

Stu builds and builds and builds and pushes and shoves and gets right into Kevin's face only to be

DREW
NO. I. DIDN'T!

LONG PAUSE BETWEEN EACH WORD. THEN ON "DIDN'T" HE SCREAMS.

Stu screams and punches Drew in the face, silencing him. Stu gets off Drew, laying on his back next to Drew. Quiet...

STU
 And I never loved you either,
 buddy.

Spit on the ground, spitting out flem.

Finally accepting it. Horrible, hollow. Extremely sad. Realizing that he doesn't love his brother. Ouch. The heart stings.

Stu stands up and paces towards the door, about to leave. He grabs his coat, then stops and turns back.

Huge beat for both.

STU (CONT'D)
 ...Holidays like this are just
 people pretending to like each
 other because they think they have
 to. Nobody wants to do this... I
 don't want to do this.

Slowly getting up to grab his coat, straighten his tie, and timidly approach the door. Then, he stops and starts to talk to the wall.

Sad, broken, crushed. Talking to God almost. But mostly to himself. Defeated. Slowwww through words.

Drew sits up.

DREW
 ...Maybe I should have stopped
 trying with you a long time ago.
 Maybe that would have been better
 for everybody.

They both know that what they're saying is true.

Stu nods.

STU
 Maybe.

Stu finally turns his head back.

Verrrrrry slight chuckle. Returns to sadness.

Stu slams the door. The clock is 5 minutes from 7:00pm.

7 EXT. DREW'S HOUSE -- NIGHT 7

Stu stands outside the door, and shivers. He has a moment of hesitation, but then he straightens his jacket and walks away.

8 INT. DREW'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS 8

Drew begins to lift himself up, wiping his bloody nose. He sighs, then starts to sweep up the damage done.

9 INT. STU'S CAR -- LATER 9

Stu is driving away, looking very tired.

10 INT. DREW'S KITCHEN - NIGHT 10

Drew has cleaned up the house, and now awaits in the Santa suit. He looks at the "**CONFRONT STU**" message on his white board. He picks up his phone and dials Stu again. *Absentmindedly staring at the note as the phone rings. No expression.*

11 INT. STU'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS 11

Stu is stopped at a red light. His phone rings. It's Drew. Stu unlocks his phone, stares at the red light...

STU
Come on, come on... *Talking to red light, not to the phone. Make sure this is obvious.*

The phone rings and rings and rings... The light won't change. Then... he hangs it up and BLOCKS DREW'S NUMBER.

The light turns green. A slight smile on Stu's face.

12 INT. DREW'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 12

Drew is standing near the door, phone ringing, but then receives an error message. CALL FAILED. Drew stares at the "**CONFRONT STU**" message. The "**PLAN THE PERFECT PARTY**" message is underneath. He writes and erases on the board.

DREW
(under his breath) *The ghost of a smile begins to form.*
Good luck out there, brother.

Drew walks away and we see that he crossed out the **STU** message, and checked off the **PARTY** message.

- 13 INT. STU'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS 13
- STU
(under his breath) He means this. They've both accepted the truth.
Enjoy the party, Drew. They're content.
- 14 INT. DREW'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 14
- Drew stands there, unsure what to do... then, suddenly, a slight chuckle emits from his mouth. Slightly maniacal, but mostly just jolly.
- 15 INT. STU'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS 15
- Stu is driving, driving... anxious look on his face. Then, finally, he smiles fully and begins to chuckle. First genuine smile from Stu.
- 16 INT. DREW'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 16
- Drew begins to sway back and forth, happily. One minute until 7pm.
- DREW
Deck the halls with boughs of Face starts to rise in happiness.
holly... fa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la... Singing gets louder and louder.
la... Then breaks out into full song.
- He begins to dance and sing around.
- 17 INT. STU'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS 17
- Stu picks up the phone and dials work.
- STU
Hey, Gene... you know what? I'm
headed back to the office. We're Determined, bad ass,
closing that deal. Tonight. and CONTENT. FREE.
- 18 INT. DREW'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 18
- Drew is still singing and dancing around in his Santa suit. Then, the doorbell rings. He takes a deep, happy breath.
- Drew opens the door, takes a moment, then smiles.
- DREW
Merry Christmas, everyone. Come on Determined, bad ass,
in. and CONTENT. FREE.

THE END.