



ALL THE TRIMMINGS

By Eddie Coleman

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.
No performance of this script – IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without payment of the
appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.

For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at info@smithscripts.co.uk

All the Trimmings

By Eddie Coleman

Cast

Patsy – Mum, mid 50s

Trevor – Dad / Patsy's husband, early 50s

Gemma – Their daughter, early 20s

Ray – Their son, mid 20s,

Tracy – Mum's sister (Auntie Tracy), early 50s

Reg – Patsy and Tracy's father, mid 70s

Kylie – Gemma's 'friend' from Australia, early 20s

Kath – Neighbour, 50s

Suzie – Kath's daughter, 14.

All the Trimmings

(‘Merry Christmas Everybody’ by Slade bursts out. Lights up on the Trimmings household. There’s a beautifully decorated Christmas tree in the living room with lots of presents, of all shapes and sizes, placed under the tree. Bowls of sweets and walnuts adorn various surfaces. Over the fireplace are strung a variety of Christmas cards and either side of the cards are two large stockings.

Fade out ‘Merry Christmas Everybody’ and fade up ‘Have a Holly Jolly Christmas’, sung by Burl Ives.

Patsy, wearing an apron, enters carrying a recently dish-washed set of knives and forks, which she lays out on the table, next to several crispy clean plates and bowls. She looks tired, it’s been a long morning, but she’s a trooper. The dining table, set for 7 people, is covered with a lovely Christmas tablecloth. There are also Christmas napkins and next to each plate is a Christmas cracker.

She steps back to admire the table, nods in satisfaction then finds herself wiggling to Burl Ives singing merrily away. Tracy, enters carrying a small jug and spoon, watches Patsy in the doorway and smiles. She heads to the table, puts down the jug, whips off her apron and taps Tracy on the shoulder. Tracy smiles and offers her hand to Patsy. Both then indulge in a little dance, bowing to each other in a silly way and dancing gaily.

As they dance, Reg, enters, wearing an old dressing gown over his trousers. He takes in the scene and shakes his head at Tracy and Patsy. Seeing him frowning, they laugh at him and extend their hand to Reg to join them. He harrumphs and exits. They laugh and they continue dancing. When Burl Ives fades out, the CD ends. They both stop dancing, slump into the seats around the table and look at each other. They look around them, at the tree, the table and the decorations and for a brief moment their frivolity fades to be replaced by sadness. It’s only brief as Patsy quickly straightens up and puts on her happy face once more causing Tracy to follow suit)

Patsy: I just love Christmas, don’t you, Trace?

Tracy: Of course. Who doesn’t love Christmas? Just not sure about your choice of music, Patsy. Burl Ives!

Patsy: What’s wrong with Burl Ives?

Tracy: He’s a bit...you know....old fashioned!

Patsy: No, he’s not. He’s fun, cheery and you didn’t mind dancing to him, did you?

(Patsy gets up and takes the CD out. Then she starts going through the other Christmas CDs stacked up)

Tracy: Of course not, couldn't have my big Sis rocking around on her own now, could I?

Patsy: Do you think you should have...with your bad back?

Tracy: Too late now! Don't worry, it's fine. Although I've got a bit of a funny tum. It's ok, dancing just now was fine...as I'd taken something for my tum about half an hour ago...How about you?

Patsy: After today, I could probably sleep for a hundred years.

Tracy: Ahh bless (*looking around the whole room*) but it's looking great.

Patsy: Thank you. Right, this'll do.

(She chooses a new CD and pops it in the machine. 'Rocking around the Christmas Tree' by Brenda Lee starts playing)

Tracy: Now, that's what I call Christmas music! We should get on.

Patsy: Yes we should. Hopefully, the men'll be back in a tic, although we're nowhere near ready.

Tracy: Stop fretting, Patsy. We're fine. Turkey's in the oven cooking nicely, along with the roast potatoes. The veg is all done and the wine is breathing splendidly.

Patsy: Go easy on the wine.

Tracy: Cheeky cow, don't I always!

Patsy: Ok, ok. Is that the brandy sauce?

Tracy: Yes. I wanted you to test it.

(Patsy takes the jug and spoon and sips at the brandy sauce)

Patsy: Mum's traditional recipe?

Tracy: Always.

Patsy: It's gorgeous. I could never make it like mum could but you...you always had the knack.

Tracy: it's just a matter of getting the brandy consistency right. I have tried to tell you...

Patsy: I know. (*Becoming emotional*) Love you.

Tracy: Love you too, you sippy...it's only brandy sauce. Now stop it, or you'll start us both off.

Patsy: Sorry.

(Reg returns. He's now wearing a hideous Christmas jumper)

Reg: You two herberts stopped fooling around yet? Good!

(They nod. Reg then begins to cough, which becomes quite throaty and phlegmy)

Tracy: You alright, dad?

Reg: I'm fine. Stop fussing.

Patsy: You do know we were not fooling around just now. We were having a little breather. It is allowed, you know.

Tracy: Definitely, especially as some of us are working our socks off you know while certain others, who shall remain nameless.

Patsy: My husband and my son!

Reg: Better for them to be out...they'd only get under your feet. That's what your mother, my Minnie, used to say to me on Christmas day. 'Stay out of my sight, Reg' she'd say...

Reg/
Patsy/
Tracy:

(in unison) 'and Christmas Day will turn out just right!'

(They all laugh, share a memory then Reg lets out another phlegmy cough. Tracy and Patsy exchange worried glances)

Tracy: Our mum. She was the best. Miss her.

Patsy: Me too. But don't start me off as we have work to do. And dad...Loving the jumper! Isn't it the one you got as a present last year?

Reg: Yes, and it still bloody itches. *(Scratches himself)*

Tracy: You should have put it in the wash.

Reg: I did. But it still bloody itches. And I better not get another one this year!

(Reg settles himself into a comfortable armchair, his usual spot)

Patsy: Who said you're getting anything this year, you miserable sod!

Reg: Oi, have some respect for your dad.

(Patsy and Tracy look at each other, conspiratorial wink, then rush over to Reg and each kisses him on each cheek until he can take no more!)

Reg: Oi, gerroff! You silly pair of...

Patsy: Oh, dad. We're only having a bit of fun.

Tracy: Yeah, cheer up you miserable devil. It's Christmas. The season of good will and cheer and all that.

Patsy: I know what'll cheer him up...

Reg: You're going to let me take this sodding jumper off?

Patsy/Tracy: No!

Reg: Oh, a snowball...yes, that will do nicely. *(To Tracy)* Off you go then, favourite daughter of mine.

Tracy: *(Saluting)* Yes sir, right away, sir.
(She takes the brandy sauce and exits. Patsy sits next to Reg)

Patsy: Are you okay, Dad?

Reg: Of course I am. It's just a tickle...

Patsy: You sure?

Reg: Yes! Stop fussing.

Patsy: Sorry and you're okay with all of this, as well? *(indicating the tree, presents and table)*

Reg: *(Nods, taps her hand)* Turkey's smelling good and the table's looking lovely. Your mum'd be proud.

Patsy: She would.
(Tracy returns with Reg's snowball and hands it to Reg)

Tracy: There you go, your lordship.

Reg: Thank you. *(He sips the snowball and leans back in his chair, a contented man)*

Patsy: At least somebody's having a good time! Any sign of...?

Tracy: Think I heard a stirring. Should we wake them?

Patsy: No, the girls'll be down soon enough when they hear our men folk return. Come on, back to the grindstone, dearest sister. Christmas dinner won't cook itself.

Tracy: True enough!
(‘Let it snow’ by Dean Martin plays. Tracy and Patsy link arms and then dance out to the music. Reg drinks more of his snowball, places it down. He then looks around, seeing the coast is clear, pulls out an old guitar from behind his armchair and starts to strum it. Although the noises he makes don't quite go with Dean Martin at first. However,

after a moment, he manages to strum in tune to the song...well almost.

Gemma and Kylie appear, both still in their pajamas. Gemma, rather pale looking, races into the room like an excited puppy while Kylie follows more cautiously. Reg places his guitar on his lap and watches them)

- Gemma: Wow...wow...Kyles...look at that table! Mum and Aunt Tracy have really done us proud.
- Kylie: OMG...look at all the presents under that tree.
- Gemma: I know. There's one for dad, mum, Ray, grandpa, lots for me...
- Kylie: *(interrupting)* Where did they come from?
- Gemma: That would be telling. I reckon there's even one for you, if you look closely.
- Kylie: Do you reckon so?
- (Kylie goes to check but Gemma pulls her back)*
- Gemma: Yes, but not yet!
- Kylie: How is that even possible?
- Gemma: Courtesy of my wonderful mother, of course. She thinks of everything.
- Kylie: I like your mother. Would it be okay if she adopted me please!
- Gemma: No way, she's mine.
- Reg: *(Coughs)* Ahem.
- Gemma: Oh gosh, we're so rude, aren't we?
- Kylie: Speak for yourself, Gemma!
- (Gemma rushes over to her grandfather and kisses him on the cheek. He smiles, very fond of his granddaughter)*
- Gemma: Hello Grandpa
- Reg: That's better. Hello Gemma, Miss Kylie.
- Kylie: Just Kylie, sir. Like the singer.
- Reg: Kylie Minogue. Australian like yourself. I'm not senile yet, you know.
- Gemma: We never said you were. Loving the Christmas jumper, Grandpa.
- Kylie: Yes, it's a nice...jumper. *(Stifling giggles)*

Reg: Behave you two. It's only staying on till the Queen's speech.

Kylie: The Queen's speech?

Reg: Yes, Her Majesty the Queen and after she's said her bit, the jumper's coming off.

Gemma: Oh but it's such a lovely jumper. *(Starts chanting)* Off! Off! Off!

(Kylie joins in the chanting)

Reg: Stop it now, the pair of you...behave!

(Reg starts coughing, phlegmy, and they stop chanting)

Gemma: Sorry Grandpa.

Kylie: Yes, we're really sorry. Are you okay, sir?

Reg: I'm fine and at least I made an effort. *(Indicating their Pajamas)*

Gemma: Hey, that's not fair. We haven't got dressed yet.

Reg: Haven't got dressed yet. It's almost 2.30! Your brother managed to get up and dressed this morning.

Gemma: That's only because dad promised Ray a drink down the local if he was up and ready by 12.00.

Reg: Which he was. Of course they didn't think to ask me...

Gemma: Or us!

Kylie: But you're not bitter, are you, sir?

Reg: No, why should I be? Not when I'm in the company of two smashing young ladies. Now, I need another snowball. Not dressed yet!

(Reg harrumphs again but in a more genial way, gets up, leaves his guitar on his chair and heads out with empty glass in hand. After he's gone, Kylie goes to his chair)

Kylie: I like your Grandpa.

Gemma: You like everyone in my family, don't you, Kyles?

Kylie: Of course. They're a great bunch. Unlike my folks. *(Beat)* Hey you!

Gemma: Hey you, what?

Kylie: Nothing...just you're looking a little pale today.

Gemma: I always look like this sans make-up.

Kylie: 'Sans make-up'...ooh, look at me, I went to make-up school.

Gemma: Don't take the piss.

Kylie: Sorry. But I've seen you without make up and you look...

Gemma: Just leave it okay. And leave that too.

(Too late – Kylie picks up the guitar)

Kylie: Do you think it's worth something?

Gemma: Of course it is. Now put it back before Grandpa catches you. He'll do his nut if you break it.

Kylie: Don't be daft. I won't break it.

Gemma: Hey, I'm not being daft. You know what I mean...with the strings and stuff.

(Kylie starts to strum it)

Kyles...please.

Kylie: Pretty please!

Gemma: I said please.

Kylie: But not pretty please.

(Gemma rushes over and grabs the guitar. Kylie reluctantly hands it over. Gemma, annoyed, places the guitar back on the chair, while Kylie moves over to the table. 'It's the most wonderful time of the year' by Andy Williams now plays)

'It's the most wonderful time of the year'. Seriously!

(Gemma ignores her and wanders over to the tree and starts inspecting the decorations, although she's actually sulking)

Are you sulking? Don't sulk. It's Christmas day.

(Kylie wanders around the table and picks up a cracker)

You know in Australia we usually celebrate Christmas on the beach with a barbie...well, it's our summer then while you lot are content to do your indoor thing at Christmas. I do miss Christmas on the beach. You would love it, Gemma, you really would.

(Gemma is still sulking)

Oh look, look at these Christmas napkins and this table-cloth and these crackers. God, I love pulling crackers. *(to Gemma)* Who doesn't love pulling a cracker at Christmas?

Gemma: Hey, put it down!