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WISHING YOU A HAPPY
THANKSGIVING



A VERY ROSEMARY THANKSGIVING

By Readers Like You!

PREMISE

10 years after [S] 8r8k.

The Omega Kids never left Earth C.

Rose and Kanaya are divorced.

It's Thanksgiving.

CAST:

ROSE LALONDE JADA PINKETT SMITH

Living in self-imposed exile.

JUNE EGBERT TRACEE ELLIS ROSS

Married to the Seinfeld lifestyle.

JASPROSESPRITE² PINK JADA PINKETT SMITH

A Rose without limits.

KANAYA MARYAM WUNMI MOSAKU

Moving on as best she can.

VRISKA "VRISSY" MARYAM-LALONDE QUENLIN BLACKWELL

Aspires to normalcy.

ROXY LALONDE BRIAN TYREE HENRY

Beloved fat hairy bear.

HARRY ANDERSON EGBERT JUSTICE SMITH

Stay-at-home son.

YIFFANY "YIFFY" LONGSTOCKING TATI GABRIELLE

Wage slave and loving it.

TAVROS CROCKER ENOCH J. PILE

Wandering the Earth.

JADE HARLEY JAMEELA JAMIL

Simultaneously divorced and widowed.

JANE CROCKER JANET HUBERT

Doing surprisingly well, all things considered.

JAKE ENGLISH TOM JONES

International man of misery.

SPECIAL GUEST:

DICK VAN DYKE HIMSELF

The use of any recording device, either audio or video, and the taking of photographs, either with or without flash, is strictly prohibited.

A VERY ROSEMARY THANKSGIVING is presented by arrangement with [Fruity Rumpus Asshole Factory](#).

Conductor/Keyboard 1: Uncle Toby

Keyboard 2/Associate Conductor: President "Normal" Munroe

Violin (Concertmaster): Regina Carter

Reed (Alto Sax, Tenor Sax): Kamasi Washington

Trumpet (Trumpet, Flugelhorn): David Anthony Guy

Sousaphone (Sousaphone, Tuba): Damon "Tuba Gooding Jr." Bryson

Bass (Bass, Synthesizer Bass, Moog): Mark Kelley

Drums and Percussion: Questlove

With special thanks to the [DAVE//OVER](#) team.

ACT ONE

— SCENE 1 — ICONIC

INT. JUNE'S APARTMENT. LATE AFTERNOON.

June unlocks the door to her iconic historic brownstone downtown apartment. She calls into the “empty” apartment, taking her heels off in the dark.

JUNE: honey, i'm home!

Laughtrack.

JUNE: that line is so much funnier when you're divorced.

June turns on the light. To her surprise, Rose is sitting in the La-Z-Boy recliner by the open window. Startled, June drops her purse. All her cigarettes and makeup spill out.

JUNE: what the fuck are you doing in my iconic brown stone town house rose!!!

ROSE: Oh, you're wondering what I'm doing in your historic brownstone downtown townhouse?

JUNE: ok, you don't have to say it with that many words. you can just call it a townhouse.

ROSE: But how else would we know that the apartment is downtown, brownstone, historic and a townhouse? All of these attributes are essential.

June whips up some wind, which perfectly deposits all of her makeup back in her purse, and a cigarette between her lips.

JUNE: i don't know, i guess by the fact that we're both in it!

ROSE: Right.

ROSE: Well,

Rose rises from the recliner, giving June a slow look over.

ROSE: Let's get down to the **heart** of this visit.

June involuntarily backs up a little, clutching her literal pearls.

JUNE: are you here because you need money rose?

JUNE: none of us need money!

JUNE: i know you are just living in that trailer park because you want to!

ROSE: No, June, this isn't about the trailer park, and this certainly isn't about all the money that I don't need.

ROSE: This is about your... developments.

Rose's eyes move down. June's follow.

JUNE: what?

ROSE: I've had my eye on you for quite some time now. Even in our youth, I could always see the bewitching, *bountiful* woman that was always burgeoning beneath the surface, waiting for her time in the light.

JUNE: wow.

ROSE: And what a woman she has become, like a sunflower finally soaking in the sun.

JUNE: have you been drinking? i thought you've been sober for, like, decades at this point!

ROSE: I'm perfectly sober. Don't be so confused.

ROSE: It's simple. Now that this sunflower has fully blossomed into awe-inspiring maturity, I simply can't ignore its beauty anymore. Who possibly could?

JUNE: ...

ROSE: You're beautiful, June.

Rose reaches over, dead eyed, to light June's cigarette with a dark magic flame.

JUNE: uhhhhh...

June's inner conservative is weak to this sort of misogynistic courting from someone so hypnotically cisgender.

JUNE: well.

It was just like that scene in *Dazed and Confused* when Matthew McConaughey rolls up to that car-service burger place and works his sleazy, laid-back magic on that nerdy redhead, attempting to steal her away from her two geeky friends and to bring her to that eye-opening party under the artificial light of the moontower. Only there is no moontower, and there are no geeky friends. Just her and Matthew—

JUNE: i guess i haven't thought of you as a love interest in a very long time rose! but...

Um, her and Rose.

JUNE: um...

JUNE: i guess you are pretty. and i've been trying to find an excuse to get out of thanksgiving with my ex-wife and my son. going to those sucks! haha.

JUNE: i guess you relate!

ROSE: I do relate, June.

ROSE: This Thanksgiving will be the first with Kanaya since our... separation. Quite the sensitive situation, as you can imagine.

Rose flops back onto the couch, swooning.

ROSE: It's almost too much to bear.

JUNE: haha, yeah.

ROSE: In that regard, you and I have quite a lot in common, don't we?

JUNE: we do?

ROSE: The bittersweet homecoming. Returning from our exiles, to our broken families.

ROSE: Forced to walk this lonely road, alone.

JUNE: what road?

ROSE: The road of the divorcee. To stab into the heart of a love that once was, and scrape the dregs of romance from the cadaver of domestic life.

ROSE: It is you and me, June. We are the emotional flotsam of so-called marital bliss, a torture no one else could ever understand.

ROSE: That's why I wanted to ask...

Rose clasps June's hands between hers.

ROSE: Will you accompany me? Stand by my side as I march into the heart of darkness and face this Thanksgiving?

JUNE: rose...

JUNE: you had me at "developments."

June smiles. Rose does her cute puppydog fuckboy eyes, poking her finger into her dimple.

(BLACKOUT).

— SCENE 2 —
BED OF ROSES

FLASHBACK TO THIS MORNING:

INT. ROSE'S BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING.

On her vanity is a bouquet of spring flowers with a glowing purple card beside it.

Jasprose kneads biscuits into Rose's chest, lapping at her throat with her sandpapery tongue. Rose sighs, content. They lie together in bed, surrounded by sex toys, strewn bedding, and days-worth of takeout boxes.

The sun shines brightly through the window on Rose's face and she smiles.

JASPROSE: Tell me something, baby. Does it ever get lonely fucking yourself all the time?
ROSE: Sometimes. But I don't feel lonely now.

Rose rolls Jasprose over on her back. Jasprose wraps her tentacles around Rose's belly and they kiss for a long time. Eventually, Jasprose sits up in bed, seductively crossing her legs.

JASPROSE: God, what time is it, noon? And I've had nary a martini?
JASPROSE: Go fetch me one, cowgirl.

She slaps Rose's ass. Hard.

ROSE: Unfortunately for you, unless you've been stashing your alcohol in my cabinets, I'm not exactly prepared to tend bar.
JASPROSE: And ruin my designated driver's sobriety streak? Of course not.
JASPROSE: I would never do that to you, Rose. :3

Jasprose floats above the bed lazily.

JASPROSE: Speaking of "doing," what shall we do today?
JASPROSE: The whole of Earth C is our playground! We can go anywhere!
JASPROSE: The beach? The fair?

Her kitty ears perk up and eyes dilate.

JASPROSE: Someone's roof?
ROSE: I'd like you to marry me.

Jasprose throws a pillow in her face. Rose laughs.

ROSE: I really mean it.
ROSE: I want us to move to Miami! A place where everyone can always get a good look at us in the sun.
JASPROSE: I see...
JASPROSE: So you want the sun to never set on our whirlwind romance. How selfish, Rose!

Jasprose scratches her cheek, flustered.

JASPROSE: After my beautiful, sweet bride-to-be was torn from my arms by/became my shortsighted unsophisticated sibling, I swore to myself that I would never love again, lest I'd lose again.
JASPROSE: Only now do I realize how naive I was, Rose! How naive *we* were.
JASPROSE: All of the heartbreak we've suffered through, it's all for a simple reason isn't it?
JASPROSE: No one can love us the way we wish to be loved, because no one can understand us the way that we can understand each other.
JASPROSE: The way that we understand ourselves.

Rose giggles, airy and all nerves. Jasprose floats across the RV to grab some milk from the fridge.

ROSE: It's almost frustrating how simple it is, really.
ROSE: The solution, right in front of our faces.
ROSE: All of the heartbreak inherent to loving a prophet, cancelled out by adding another.
No more necessary secrets, no more borrowed grief, no more shame over the you of tomorrow.
ROSE: Just you, me, and the future we can both see.
JASPROSE: I'm looking at that future right now, Rose. Do you see what I see?
JASPROSE: Miami. Two beautiful women on the boardwalk stunning all the beachgoers with
their inspiring show of absolute self-love, taken to its logical conclusion.
ROSE: Yes, I'm receiving a vision myself. Word of our love breaches our little bungalow and
we infect the whole world with our dazzling shamelessness. Soon all the world's ailments
fall away. Greed, adultery, debt-

Rose wraps her arms around Jasprose from behind, resting her chin against the Sprite^2's shoulder.

ROSE: If Earth C could feel even half as warm as it is in here, no one would ever feel the
need. Then this poor world we've created would finally, truly become a real paradise.
ROSE: You don't need to answer, Jasprose. We both know your answer.
JASPROSE: You're right, Rose. We do.

They share a silent moment, then start smiling, hug and fall over. Jasprose blips a letter between her fingers and hands it to Rose. A fall leaf from outside the trailer is stuck to it.

JASPROSE: By the way, the mailman just dropped this off on your front porch.
ROSE: Oh, thank you.

Rose gets up and does a little pee dance, skipping to the bathroom with the letter. She drops her panties and sits, tearing open the envelope and tossing it in the tub. There is a **GREEN LETTER** inside. She quietly scans its contents. Then again, then again, then again. She keeps looking at it, as if she's straining to see invisible ink—or read something in another language. The letter falls out of her hands and she looks up, noticing herself in the mirror, shaking. She slowly reaches over to the sink and turns both knobs all the way so that the water is loud. She puts her head in her hands and sobs uncontrollably on the toilet.

When she comes out of the bathroom, her cookie bush afro has been flat ironed into a pressed bob with corporate bangs that swoop over one eye. Not a hair out of place. Jasprose paws at her thigh, but she brazenly walks past her and starts getting dressed. She puts the letter in her back jeans pocket.

JASPROSE: Don't act like you have someplace to be. Come back to bed, kitten.
ROSE: I can't. The company needs me.
ROSE: Jake has gotten in way over his head on this battle royale island business, and we
can't prime networks for new games unless I'm there.
JASPROSE: Wow. How dreadfully boring. I would just hate to be a part of that~.
ROSE: Absolutely dreadful. I might be a few days. If you're bored, please feel free to go
up to the North Pole and visit Jane's head. I'm sure she'd appreciate the company.
JASPROSE: Oh, now that is just downright tempting. I like the way you think, Rose!
JASPROSE: Do you think losing her body has made her rather adept with her tongue?
JASPROSE: Mrahahaha.
ROSE: Please, do find out and tell me.

Rose slams the door and leaves.

(BLACKOUT).

— SCENE 3 —
I WANT TO WIN

INT. MARYAM RESIDENCE LIVING ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

Kanaya, gorgeous silk robe, lace slip and bedhead, descends the staircase groggily. She stops on the last step, unable to proceed further with Vriska running back and forth with the vacuum, the trays, the duster, the strainer, the Drano, the loveseat, and some other things she didn't quite catch a glimpse of. She yawns and wipes her eyes.

KANAYA: Vrissy

Vriska meticulously dusts their iconic Noritake Fine China.

KANAYA: Vrissy

Vriska stands in the walkway, checking the feel of the room.

KANAYA: Vriska

Vriska begins carrying the furniture back to their original locations.

VRISKA: Oh, hey mom. Sorry, did I wake you?

KANAYA: I Thought I Was Going To Wake Up Early To Get A Headstart On The Day

Kanaya gracefully moves past the clutter and seats herself on the couch. Vriska sets down a cup of coffee and a danish she had ready for her.

KANAYA: Looks Like I Can Just Go Back To Bed

VRISKA: I just started a few things. There's plenty left for you to do - unless you actually want to go to 8ed. Don't even stress it, I've got everything under control.

Vriska bends over to dust underneath the end table and Kanaya plucks a potato-peel off her greasy, sweaty loungewear-clad butt. She places it neatly beside her plate and surveys their deconstructed living room—a far cry from the pristine state it was in when she went to bed last night.

KANAYA: Really

KANAYA: Because It Kind Of Seems Like You Are Doing Impromptu Renovations To Our Hive

KANAYA: Darling Are You That Unstrung About Rose Coming Over

KANAYA: She Used To Live Here

Vriska, holding an armchair over her head, stops in her tracks.

VRISKA: Now what was it you said when President Peixes and FLOTUS Karkat hosted that special holiday fundraiser at our home last year?

KANAYA: "This Is Christmas"

VRISKA: Say the second part.

KANAYA: ...

KANAYA: Sigh

KANAYA: "And I Want To Win"

Kanaya facepalms, embarrassed that she spent so long researching what Christmas in the White House looks like just so she could outdo it.

VRISKA: We're Natural Born Winners, Mom. We can't help that ::::)

She moves the table up the stairs—just to get it out of the way for the moment so she can freaking think.

KANAYA: I Know You Love Your Mother But Rose Isn't Going To Appreciate This Darling Have You Seen Her Place It Looks Like A Smelly Garbage Can

VRISKA: So ours should look Un-Canned! Ever heard of Thanksgivingmogging? Mom, don't even wooooooooorry about it. I have We8s and Irons and Machinations, all of which have been carefully spun so that you don't have to sweat anything 8esides sharing the news tonight.

Kanaya puts down her mug and shifts uncomfortably in her seat.

VRISKA: I don't want a Single Detail clouding your mind! I know how important this night is to you.

VRISKA: If I detect Any auxiliary stress threatening your perfect meditations on the Important News You Have To Share Tonight, I will Gra8 it by the ankle and FR8KIN' 8ODYSLAM it into a bl88dy red stain, 8ecause Nothing!!!!!!! should get between you and the Thing you wanna do tonight.

Vriska glomps onto Kanaya's side.

VRISKA: Aaah, I'm so proud of you.

Kanaya coughs.

KANAYA: Vrissy

KANAYA: Please Stop Making Such A Big Deal That Your Ex-Wife Is Coming To Visit Tonight

KANAYA: I Mean My Ex-Mom

KANAYA: I Mean

KANAYA: Oh Dear

Kanaya stands up frantically, tightens her robe and pulls up her sleeves.

KANAYA: This Entire Room Does Need Rearranging

KANAYA: Vriska Hand Over The Badminton Cabinet And Go Into The Kitchen

KANAYA: I Am Not To Be Disturbed As I Work !

Vrissy leaves her to it.

(BLACKOUT).

— SCENE 4 —
SEASON'S GREETINGS

INT/EXT. MARYAM RESIDENCE. EARLY MORNING.

Rose parks in front of Kanaya's house. June smokes in the passenger seat with a gift box in her lap.

ROSE: Here we are. The Paradise I was banished from.

Rose turns to June, grabs her cigarette and puts it out on the dashboard.

JUNE: hey! i was smoking that.

ROSE: June, before we go in there, I need to clarify some things for you. Holidays at my wife's are a game, and there will always be a loser. When we enter that house, all of our flaws disappear. We must affect the image of the perfect lesbian couple.

June raises her brow at the smoldering dashboard.

JUNE: you don't seem to care about affecting the image of the perfect lesbian car.

ROSE: Kanaya is not going to see my car.

JUNE: thanks for agreeing to drive here, by the way. it makes this sooo much more like a movie! like meet the parents, or something.

ROSE: You're welcome.

JUNE: but i don't know if acting like perfect people around kanaya is a good idea. i mean... she already knows us? pretty well?

ROSE: Don't be single minded. It only takes one summer to change your entire life.

Rose gets out of the car and June follows.

The mess is thrice as big. Each room's guts spill into the next as Kanaya redecorates. She's down to just her lingerie and heavy duty work gloves—she didn't want to get wood polish on her nightgown. Vriska attends several dishes at once in the smoky kitchen like a cracked out line cook. She wipes her forehead, and grease and soot are smeared by her sweat.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

VRISKA: MOM?

KANAYA: Oh Jesus Tell Me That Wasnt The Door

KANAYA: Oh God Oh Man

Outside, Rose is wearing a distressed brown leather jacket paired with a plain black t-shirt and bootcut jeans while June is wearing the same polka dot dress Fran Fine wore in S4E17 of "The Nanny".

Rose has her arm around June's waist, posing them as the perfect couple as they wait at the door. But the wait is turning out a little long. They slouch a bit. The door opens and they quickly snap back into perfect posture.

ROSE: Kanaya you look lovel-

Rose's smile drops.

ROSE: Hi Vrissy.

At the door is Vriska, wearing a clean and classy one armed bodycon dress, showing off her spiderweb sleeve—one of the first professional tattoos she gave herself. Her hair is in a trendy ponytail-bun. Vriska's eyes move from Rose to June and her grin flickers.

VRISKA: Um... hi... Auntie June...?

JUNE: hi!

Everyone stands there for a minute.

JUNE: can we come in?
VRISKA: Oh! Yeah, of course. Sorry.

She invites them in.

ROSE: So, where's your mom?

As they enter the spotlessly tidy clean perfect living room Kanaya enters view, wearing a beautiful, handmade wax print halter dress. She's dusting the coffee table, not that it needs it, because it's perfect. Vriska joins her on her side of the room, her hands clasped in front of her politely.

KANAYA: Hello Rose
KANAYA: And June
KANAYA: What A Pleasant Surprise
KANAYA: You Look Wonderful Today
JUNE: thank you!
JUNE: what a lovely home you have.
ROSE: I see you've redecorated.
KANAYA: I Have
JUNE: wow rose, when you lived here this place looked like complete shit --

Rose pinches June's butt out of view.

JUNE: i mean, kanaya, when uninhibited your sophisticated sense of decoration really gets to shine.
ROSE: I have to say, Kanaya, your sense for interior design is superb. If only I had a smidgen of your skill in that regard. The house looks wonderful.
KANAYA: Im Glad You Agree
ROSE: And it smells just mouth watering.

Rose smiles coyly at Kanaya.

ROSE: Kanaya, don't tell me you're making my favorite.
KANAYA: Im Not
KANAYA: Vriska Is

Vriska closes her eyes and smiles with all her teeth.

VRISKA: Yeah!!!!!! It's go88lefiend. From the 8ackyard! I've been raising them all year, now. I slaughtered it myself this morning --

Kanaya pinches Vriska's butt out of view.

VRISKA: I mean I, Um, Humanely grass fed and euthanized it. Compassionately. With love...!?
JUNE: that's cool.
KANAYA: Well Then Why Don't We All Make Ourselves Comfortable

Kanaya hands Vriska a tray of various chips, dips, and assorted troll finger foods before disappearing again into the kitchen.

KANAYA: Vrissy If You Would Be So Kind As To Take The Appetizers Out For Our Guests
KANAYA: I Will Be Right Behind With Some Refreshments
VRISKA: You got it. Here mom ::::D! Auntie June.

Vriska places the tray down onto the table. Rose and June make themselves comfortable on the couch. They start eating the chips and dip.

ROSE: Thank you for this, sweetheart.
VRISKA: Well, they're just chips.
ROSE: Chips given to me by my beloved daughter. I am so proud of my daughter, and the chips she has given me.

Rose sticks her head out, waiting for Kanaya to respond from the kitchen.

ROSE: ...

ROSE: VRISKA, YOU LOOK ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL IN YOUR DRESS. YOU SHOULD APPRECIATE WHAT A TALENTED SEAMSTRESS YOUR MOTHER IS.

VRISKA: I CAN HEAR YOU! THANK YOU????

Kanaya emerges from the kitchen with drinks for all.

VRISKA: Mom, is the go88lefiend looking okay? I raised Rhodes for a year, I really Don't want him to turn out overcooked.

KANAYA: I Have Been Keeping A Close Eye On Him Just Like You Asked

KANAYA: After Raising You I Find Watching A Gobblefiend To Be Childs Play

VRISKA: Ha ha. Very funny, Mom.

Vriska crosses her arms. Kanaya pats her head gently.

VRISKA: Alright! Fifteen more minutes in the oven, and then we can start the pork8east!

KANAYA: You And Your Porkbeast

VRISKA: It isn't Thanksgiving without a Pork8east! Besides, you LOVE my glaze, admit it!!

KANAYA: I Will Admit That You Make A Very Good Glaze Yes

VRISKA: And the little pineapple on top!! You're O8SESSED!!!!

KANAYA: Ok Now You're Putting Words In My Mouth

JUNE: haha.

What a lovely family, June thinks to herself. She turns to Rose, whose terrifying glare is locked onto them with quiet, competitive rage. She's gripping her pant leg tight. She turns to June. Her eyes say it all: We're losing. June's chipper mood crumbles away. She reaches for her cigarettes, but the second she pulls one out Rose grabs her wrist and lowers it without even looking.

ROSE: This is a lot of cooking for the two of you alone, I'd imagine.

ROSE: Though I suppose it's not quite so hard if you're willing to put in the work.

Vriska's positivity falters, not knowing how to take that. But she perks up again.

VRISKA: Yeah, well... we're All Trying!

Kanaya puts a hand on Vriska's shoulder appreciatively. She takes a glance at the grandfather clock.

KANAYA: Hey I Think Its The Time That Disquieting Show You And Vriska Always Used To Watch Is On

ROSE: You think they still air that? Erm, I don't watch shows like that anymore. I'm often too busy doing charity to watch TV.

Kanaya turns the TV. Muffled screams and sirens are heard from the TV. Rose and Vriska immediately lock in.

ROSE: Is this about the Beauregard case?

VRISKA: Yeeeeeah, I'm on the 4th episode of this season. It's gotten really, really grisly.

VRISKA: I still can't believe the mom never spoke up!

ROSE: You'd be surprised at how easily you can adjust to the bizarre, given enough time.

VRISKA: You Can Say That Again.

ROSE: Who's the prime suspect at this point, the father?

Vriska grins at Rose.

VRISKA: Actually, with all those severed heads they found in the 8ackyard? I'm Pretty Sure it was their Freaky Ass Daughter.

ROSE: Oh?

JUNE: yuck! you guys really watch this stuff for fun? i'm trying to eat!

Rose and Vriska look at each other and cackle like evil witches.

VRISKA: This 8n't even That Nasty! I'm pretty sure they weren't even decapit8d while they were alive, they all died from some Pussy Shit like poison!
ROSE: Language, dear.
VRISKA: Oh --
ROSE: -- But she's right.
ROSE: As far as bloodline ending mass murders go, this was rather tasteful.
ROSE: Romantic, even.
ROSE: Though, if the culprit really is a family member, I'm still not sure how they would have managed to decapitate themself post-mortem.
VRISKA: Come on, you need to catch up! They bring on an expert that gives, like, A Million theories on how. She even relates it 8ack to the Poop Wall Killings From a few years ago.
JUNE: wow, it's kind of impressive how disgusting all of your interests are!
JUNE: maybe that runs in the family? sometimes it's really obvious you're rose's kid!
VRISKA: I, for one, take that as a compliment!

Rose snickers like a teen too embarrassed to accept praise. Her and Vriska stare ahead at the TV. June turns to Kanaya.

JUNE: sooooo...! who do you think is winning thanksgiving, kanaya?
KANAYA: Bah Ha Ha Ha
KANAYA: Is That What She Told You
JUNE: um... well...!
KANAYA: Then Youve Already Lost
KANAYA: Is That Gift Youve Been Clutching For Me By The Way
JUNE: oh, yes!

Kanaya tilts her head, quizzical.

KANAYA: Really
KANAYA: Is That Typical Of Earth Thanksgiving
JUNE: hmmm, not really. people usually bring wine to things like this, but since rose is here i thought i would get creative.
JUNE: think of it as a house warming gift if you want. i don't think i ever gave you one of those?

June holds the gift out with both hands and a corny ass buck tooth smile.

KANAYA: Well
KANAYA: Our Purchase Of This House Was So Long Ago Who Can Really Say
KANAYA: Lets Just Agree That You Didnt So I Can Open This

Kanaya carefully pinches the bow and unties it. She then unwraps the package, hesitantly. It's a miniature chainsaw for carving turkeys. Her eyebrows raise in surprise.

KANAYA: Wait
KANAYA: I Was Just Talking To Vrissy About How Badly I Wanted One Of These
KANAYA: I Didn't Want To Use My Usual Chainsaw Anymore Everytime I Try To Carve Food With That Thing It Becomes A Huge Mess Its Simply Much Too Big
KANAYA: Vrissy Was I Not Just Talking About This
VRISKA: Yep. You sure were.
KANAYA: This Is Actually Really Useful
KANAYA: Thank You
JUNE: you're welcome!
JUNE: so, who's winning the thanksgiving now?

Kanaya admires her gift and stifles a big old smile.

KANAYA: I Think You Are

The hors d'oeuvres tray is depleted and the credits of the disturbing documentary roll.

KANAYA: So
KANAYA: Rose, June
KANAYA: What Have You Two Been Up To
KANAYA: Are You Officially Seeing Each Other And For How Long Please Do Spill

JUNE: well...

JUNE: rose showed up in my house yesterday, talked about my boobs, and now i'm here!

Vriska grimaces and decides to pull out her phone in an attempt to ignore this conversation.

ROSE: I just thought I'd try something new, you know? I always thought that June was cute.
JUNE: aw. i think you are cute too.

Kanaya looks between the two of them, and hums to herself.

KANAYA: I Think That You Are Cute Together
JUNE: thank you!
JUNE: to be honest, i dont know if there is a deep romantic attraction between us yet.
JUNE: but i guess you have to try new things to find out!
ROSE: Your candidness complements my subtle sarcasm. It's only rational to pair us together, obviously, and given time I'm sure our newfound love will bear fruit.
JUNE: "fruit." wow!

Rose watches Kanaya's face closely, waiting for any hint of jealousy. There it is! Wait, no, that's just earnest delight. It feels like a dust devil in Rose's stomach.

JUNE: can i smoke my iconic cubans in here?
KANAYA: No
VRISKA: Uh, I'd rather you not.

June lights up an insanely classy cigar and puffs away.

JUNE: just speaking as a friend, it kind of seemed like rose needed some support coming to see her ex for thanksgiving.

Rose jumps to interject, but no words come to her. She shrinks as June takes the lead.

JUNE: no offense kanaya! i just know that things like this can be hard.
KANAYA: No Offense Taken
KANAYA: I Have Been Feeling Rather Nervous About This Myself
ROSE: You have?
KANAYA: Well Yes

Rose's shoulders fall, her defenses come down a bit.

KANAYA: Sometimes It Is The People You Are Most Familiar With That Will Make You Feel The Most Self Conscious
ROSE: Aw, Kanaya, come on, you know me. I'm a piece of garbage. There's nothing to feel self conscious about.

Vriska continues facing her phone, but her curious eyes move up to Rose.

JUNE: haha. i don't really think that's true, rose.
JUNE: but yeah, these kinds of family situations can put you on edge. which is funny because we are all only here because you still *have* a family.
KANAYA: Is That So
KANAYA: How Are Things With Your Family June
JUNE: wooooof.
JUNE: they are getting better, i think? sometimes better!
KANAYA: The Fact That You Still Talk To Them Is A Good Sign If Nothing Else
KANAYA: Back When Rose And I Were ...
ROSE: No contact?

Now Vriska fully faces away from her phone and into the conversation.

KANAYA: Back When Rose And I Had Mutually Agreed To Not Communicate Publicly Or Privately
KANAYA: The Choice Was Especially Hard On Vrissy
KANAYA: To Go From Two Mothers Together To Two Mothers Apart Can Be Quite Difficult
VRISKA: Now mom Hold On. This subject might not be the most polite for a-
ROSE: I'll admit that gifting you a restraining order against me for Christmas was in bad taste.

Vriska curls up onto herself, humiliated.

VRISKA: Oh my god.
ROSE: We were in uncharted territory and I was...

Rose turns to Vriska, and goes for the finger-in-dimple gesture again.

ROSE: Well, Mommy was a little crazy back then.

Kanaya nods solemnly. Vriska's mouth hangs open.

KANAYA: Yes
KANAYA: Yes You Were
JUNE: heh. one of the things you expect least in life is that after you break up with someone you have a kid with, you kind of have to invent a whole new type of relationship to have with them.

June puffs her cigar.

JUNE: there should be a word for something between "ex wife," "co parent," "sometimes a jerk," and "friend."

Everyone is able to smile, understanding that the next person understands. The atmosphere in the room becomes warm. Rose admires June, finding herself attracted to her candid earnestness - the way just being herself can light up a room, and make others feel more comfortable doing the same.

ROSE: Guys... I...
ROSE: I feel like I should say something.
JUNE: ?
ROSE: I've decided I'm finally done with the trailer park lifestyle.
ROSE: I'm going to settle down in Miami soon. I actually have some friends there I want to be closer to.

"Friends." Kanaya smiles when she hears that—Rose has people who aren't just her. It's a huge relief. She looks Rose in the eye, letting her know that she approves.

VRISKA: Wow, Mom. That's great!

Suddenly: there are three knocks at the door.

KANAYA: Hm
KANAYA: Are We Expecting Another Guest
VRISKA: Not that I know of.
KANAYA: Then Who

Kanaya gets up to answer it.

VRISKA: Sit down Mom. I'll get it.

Kanaya sits back down. Vriska casually advances to the door with her glass of apple cider.

KANAYA: Thank You Sweetheart

Rose scrunches her brows. She doesn't have a good feeling about this, her stomach begins to ache. *Who is at the door?*

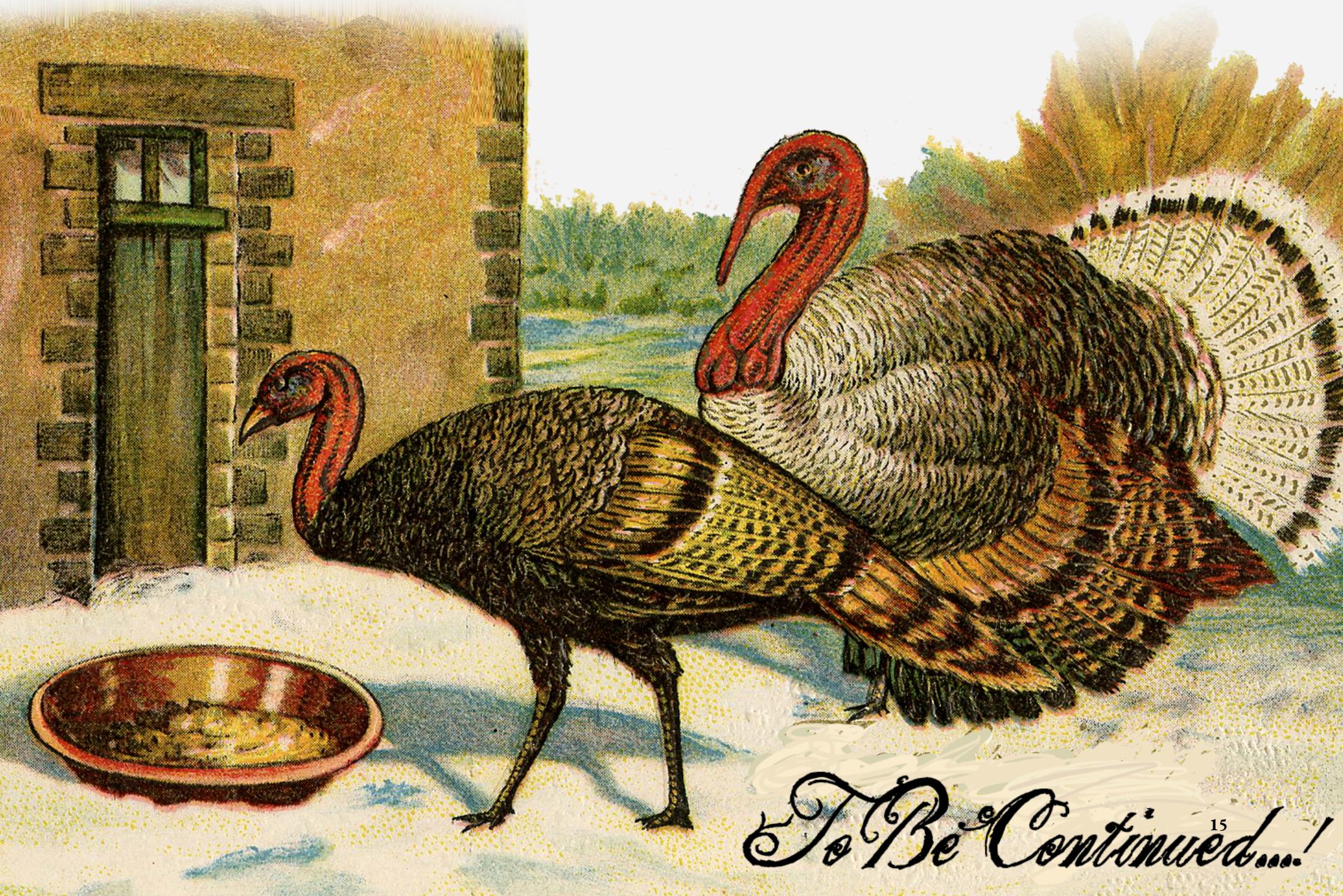
ROSE: No. Stop!

Vriska opens the door. On the porch is a giant stack of presents. Someone taps her twice on the shoulder from behind—she spins around.

CRASH. Vriska drops her glass.

(BLACKOUT).

— END of ACT 1 —



To Be Continued...!¹⁵