

RS#5 – MARGE, TOMMY, LINDA, & UNCLE RICK

Title: *Tinsel & Tension*

Characters:

- **Marge** – The overbearing matriarch who insists everything is “perfect.”
- **Tommy** – Her sarcastic adult son who shows up late every year.
- **Linda** – Marge’s overly cheerful daughter-in-law who tries way too hard to keep the peace.
- **Uncle Rick** – The family’s self-proclaimed “life of the party,” who shouldn’t be trusted near the eggnog.

Start



[Scene: Christmas Eve. The living room is a battlefield of wrapping paper, blinking lights, and burnt cookie smell. Marge is fluffing throw pillows with military precision. Linda is stirring cocoa while humming “Jingle Bells.” Tommy enters carrying a suspiciously lumpy gift bag.]

Marge: (without looking up) You’re late, Thomas. Again.

Tommy: Merry Christmas to you too, Mom. Traffic was a nightmare. Santa’s sleigh broke down on I-75.

Marge: Don’t you dare blame Santa for your lack of punctuality.

Uncle Rick: (from the couch, holding a glass) I told you, Marge, Santa got a DUI last year!

Linda: (forcing a laugh) Oh, Uncle Rick, you’re *so* funny! (to Tommy, whispering) Please don’t start.

Tommy: Start what? I haven’t even opened my mouth yet.

Marge: That’s exactly when the trouble begins.

(A long beat. The Christmas tree lights flicker and go out.)

Marge: Wonderful. Just wonderful. The tree’s possessed again.

Uncle Rick: (raising his glass) To the ghost of bad wiring!

Linda: (cheerfully) Maybe we just blew a fuse! I’ll check the panel!

Marge: Sit down, Linda. Every time you “check the panel,” the entire house goes dark.

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Tommy: (sits, grinning) Ah, Christmas. Nothing says family bonding like mild electrocution.

Uncle Rick: (leans over) You got me anything, kid?

Tommy: Yeah, a book on moderation. Thought you could use a new hobby.

Uncle Rick: (sips) Already returned it in spirit.

Marge: (snapping) Enough! Can't we have *one* peaceful Christmas Eve without sarcasm, alcohol, or power outages?

(A beat. The lights flicker back on—too bright now. The plastic angel on the tree starts smoking.)

Linda: (clapping hands) Look! It's glowing!

Tommy: Yeah, Linda. That's fire.

Uncle Rick: (grabs his drink) I'll handle this—(pours eggnog over the angel)—

Marge: *RICK!*

(Steam rises. The angel slumps sideways. Silence.)

Tommy: (deadpan) Well... guess she's ascending early this year.

Marge: (defeated, sitting down) Next year, I'm spending Christmas alone.

Uncle Rick: (raising his refilled glass) Cheers to that!

(They all glare at him. Then, unexpectedly, Marge starts laughing. Then Linda. Then everyone, helplessly.)

Marge: Fine. Fine. But someone's bringing fireproof ornaments next year.

Tommy: (grinning) I'll bring a fire extinguisher.

Uncle Rick: I'll bring more eggnog!

Marge: God help us all. **←End**

End Scene.