

CHRISTMAS AT THE PIGGLY WIGGLY

Written by

Kathy Cranford

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kcranford@aristotle.net

EXT. SMALL SOUTHERN TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

CLOSE on a PARKING LOT. CHRISTMAS LIGHTS are strung about. This is the town's only GROCERY STORE. The PIGGLY WIGGLY. A small number of CARS and SHOPPERS coming and going.

INT. - PIGGLY WIGGLY - DAY

A small BOOTH is set up. Two MIDDLE AGED WOMEN, CINDY NELL (50s) and BARBARA LEE (50s) tend the table. A banner above announces, "CHRISTMAS BAKE SALE". An assortment of PIES are laid out as customers gather round. CHRISTMAS MUSIC plays via the overhead speakers.

CINDY NELL

Ya'll come on and get these yummy pies now. All proceeds go to the Youth Group fund at the church.

A MIDDLE AGED MAN approaches. He sports a GROCER'S APRON. This is JEFFREY DON SPENCER, (60s) the store manager.

BARBARA LEE

You too, Jeffrey Don, you need to take one of these pies home for Christmas dinner.

Jeffrey Don considers the pies. Cindy Nell picks up a Pecan Pie and offers it to him.

BARBARA LEE (CONT'D)

This one right here. This is one of Sue Ann's "Pecan Wonder Pies". She makes them from her very own pecan orchard.

Jeffrey Don considers it, but then shakes his head.

JEFFREY DON

No thank you. I don't care much for Pecan Pie. Maybe a Lemon Meringue. That's my favorite.

The women glance disapprovingly at each other. Cindy Nell eyes him suspiciously.

CINDY NELL

We don't have a Lemon Meringue.

JEFFREY DON

No problem, I'll just grab one out of frozen foods before I leave.

Jeffrey Don smiles, nods and continues on his way.

BARBARA LEE

What does he mean he doesn't care
for Pecan Pie? The very idea!

CINDY NELL

And who in the world eats frozen
Lemon Meringue pie at Christmas?
It's simply not Christian.
Obviously anyone from the South who
doesn't like Sue Ann's famous Pecan
Pie is a heathen who doesn't love
the Lord.

They shake their heads in disbelief at the very thought of
it.

The continuous stream of Christmas music is suddenly
interrupted by a MALE VOICE over the speaker system.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Attention shoppers! This is a
public service announcement
courtesy of your Piggly Wiggly. The
local weather service has just
issued a snow storm advisory for
our area. Up to a half inch of
snow is expected by Christmas Eve.
School will be dismissed early for
the holiday and all city services
will be suspended until further
notice.

CUE the VIOLIN SCREECHES from "PSYCHO" - timed to a montage
of horrified faces of varied TOWNSPEOPLE as we settle on...

JEFFREY DON

(bug-eyed and
whispering)
Bread and milk.

A collaborative montage of the townspeople all simultaneously
echoing Jeffrey Don's words, but in a collective SCREAM:

TOWNSPEOPLE

BREAD AND MILK!!!!!!

EXT. PIGGLY WIGGLY PARKING LOT - DUSK

A line of CARS stretching for blocks, HEADLIGHTS glaring and
all BLINKERS signaling a turn into the Piggly Wiggly lot, as
we...

TRANSITION INSIDE TO...

CHAOS! Lines of townspeople filing in, BABIES CRYING, grocery carts creating traffic jams at the checkouts. The DAIRY CASE is under seige as people push and shove trying to grab the last cartons. A STRAY DOG has somehow managed to join the fray and is lapping frantically at spilled milk in the floor that has simultaneously caused a MAN and WOMAN to slip and fall while wrestling over the final gallon container. The dog abandons his mission shying from the two still yelling at each other and refusing to yield their prize. We follow the dog to the BREAD AISLE - which has fared no better. Two ELDERLY WOMEN tug at opposite ends of a loaf of bread which EXPLODES sending bread slices skyward, only to fall to the floor as further fodder for the dog.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFREY DON'S OFFICE - GLASS WINDOWS OVERLOOK THE CHAOS WHICH CONTINUES BELOW.

JEFFREY DON
 (yelling into the phone)
 I said I need at least six more
 milk trucks...yes! At least six!

A beat as he looks to the melee in the bread aisle.

JEFFREY DON (CONT'D)
 And bread. Dear God, every last
 loaf you can spare! And get them
 here NOW! I've got a riot on my
 hands!

INT. PIGGLY WIGGLY - NIGHT

We are back at the bake sale booth. The booth is now at the center of the shopping cart stampede. The baked goods sit untouched as Barbara Lee and Cindy Nell take in the scene.

CINDY NELL
 Well, this just proves why they can
 never make a Hallmark Christmas
 movie in the South.

BARBARA LEE
 Yes, a white Christmas here isn't
 charming and romantic - it's
 terrifying.

They nod in agreement. Suddenly from their POV another skirmish breaks out in the Bread aisle.

Two YOUNG WOMEN (30s) dressed in work-out tights are scuffling over a loaf of bread.

CINDY NELL
What are they doing here?

BARBARA LEE
The gym must have closed early too.

CINDY NELL
But what are they fighting over?
Those two Yoga groupies are on that
Cheeto diet. They don't even eat
bread.

BARBARA LEE
It's Keto, Cindy Nell. Keto - not
Cheeto. And besides, when it snows
here, everybody buys bread, whether
they eat it or not.

A LOUD METALLIC CRASH (O.C) startles Cindy Nell and Barbara Lee.

Two ELDERLY MEN (70s) have crashed their shopping carts into one another vying for a spot in the checkout line. They continue to bang their carts together, neither willing to give an inch to the other.

CINDY NELL
Oh my! It's Reverend Nelson from
the church!

She calls out to him, hoping to de-escalate the feud.

CINDY NELL (CONT'D)
Yoo-hoo, Reverend Nelson, over
here! Come get a pie for
Christmas.

REVEREND NELSON turns to see who called out his name, but then spies the pie display. He momentarily gives up his cart-bashing caper and approaches the booth. He smiles warmly at the two.

REVEREND NELSON
Would you ladies have anything in a
nice cream pie?

BARBARA LEE
Oh yes! My mother's Chocolate
Mousse Pie - she makes them special
for Christmas every year. They are
just delicious.

REVEREND NELSON
Fine. I'll take one.

Barbara Lee hands him the pie, smiling sweetly as he in turn hands her a TEN DOLLAR BILL.

BARBARA LEE
You won't be sorry you bought that pie, Reverend.

REVEREND NELSON
I couldn't agree more.

Reverend Nelson takes the pie in hand, makes a bee line back to his former shopping cart combatant who turns just in time to see the pie flying through the air straight for him. He ducks and the pie and all its chocolate creaminess strikes a local POLICE OFFICER who has just walked through the door, square in the face.

A beat as the battling onlookers momentarily fall quiet. Another POLICE OFFICER enters behind the first only to see what has occurred.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Looks like we got here just in time.

Police Officer #1 wipes the pie from his face.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Yeah, it's a fact, any time snow is in the forecast, no matter how little, a fight will break out at the Piggly Wiggly.

He stops to lick a bit of the creamy chocolate from his fingers and shrugs.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Pretty good, actually.

He is suddenly knocked from his feet by the stray dog who happily licks the remains of the pie from his face.

There is a momentary titter of LAUGHTER and "AWWWS" from the onlookers which quickly dissolves into the previous yelling and cart bashing as chaos again descends. The two milk fighters appear, now soaked in white liquid, one holding an empty jug. The Yoga divas are now firing "Sara Lee" rolls at one another as Police Officer #2 takes in the scene. He pulls his handcuffs from his belt as he wades into the fray.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (V.O.)
And I heard him exclaim at the
Piggly Wiggly that night, "Merry
Christmas to all and to all a GOOD
FIGHT!

THE END