

CAROL. That's right, Vixen. Good girl. You can help me get him into this wheelchair.

PRANCER. Bork bork bork

CAROL. Good idea, Prancer. You hide in the bed to fool the nurses.

*(PRANCER gets in the bed as VIXEN helps move JACKSON into the wheelchair.)*

All right, let's go! If the holidays can't break you out of this coma, I don't know what will.

VIXEN. Bork bork bork—

CAROL. You're right. Christmas. Not holidays. What was I thinking?

*(She wheels JACKSON outside.)*

Well honey, what do you think? Isn't Hopewood Falls amazing? It's so much more spiritual than Southern Sudan, which is where I spent the last three years. But you don't want to hear about boring old me. Sure my career as a war photographer seems exciting on the outside, but it can't really compete with the folksy charm of this little Vermont town. But I don't want to talk about me too much. I want to know about you. Are you in there? I'm sure you would be an amazing husband. I feel like I know so much about you already, because you've named your dogs after reindeer. That's so pure, like the snow. I know, let's have fun! How about a snowball fight?

*(CAROL darts away from JACKSON.)*

Come on, you can do it!

*(She picks up a snowball and throws it at him. It [hopefully] hits him in the face. JACKSON does not respond because he's in a coma.)*

Got you! Ha ha ha ha oh this is joyful.

My brothers and I used to get in snowball fights all the time. Oh we were so happy at Christmas and literally no other time in the year.

*(She hits him again.)*

Come on Silly!