



A Green Shirt Family Christmas

By Scott Patti



(Panel 1 - Establishing shot of a modern, well-decorated home in Austin, TX) GREEN SHIRT

NARRATION: My name is Green Shirt.

I am a relic. A joke. A glorious, plaid monstrosity of the 1990s. (Panel 2 - Close up on the orange hook) GREEN

SHIRT NARRATION: My life, currently, is spent hanging in Austin, Texas, waiting. Waiting for the one day a year I truly matter: Christmas.



(Panel 1 - Flashback: 1992, Christmas morning) GREEN SHIRT

NARRATION: I was born beneath a sparkling tree in the early 90s. I was a \$12 impulse buy from a defunct department store. I was a gift from Aunt Pat. (Panel 2 - Chris, young, holds up the shirt with a confused expression)

YOUNG CHRIS: Uh... thanks, Aunt Pat? It's... green. GREEN SHIRT

NARRATION: Chris Patti, bless his heart, received me first. He did not know the burden he had accepted.





(Panel 1 - Montage of years passing:
Chris handing the shirt to Scott, then
Scott handing it to Alyssa) GREEN

SHIRT NARRATION: For three
decades, I was passed between the Patti
siblings—Chris, then Scott, then Alyssa
—a perpetual, slightly itchy hot potato
of holiday cheer. (Panel 2 - Close up on
Green Shirt's hook flexing) GREEN

SHIRT NARRATION: But I am not just
a flannel joke. I possess a power. The
Hook! The ability to snag onto anything
and transport across space and time.





GREEN SHIRT NARRATION: I decided I needed answers. Was I truly unique? Or was I merely one of many Caldor green shirts? I needed to find my spiritual birthplace. (Action shot: Green Shirt hooks onto an airplane wing)

GREEN SHIRT NARRATION:
Zzzzzwip! Austin to... Pfft! ... wherever the internet thinks the last Caldor might be.



(Scene: Green Shirt lands near a dusty, deserted storefront) GREEN SHIRT:
Ah, this must be it. The majestic, long-gone Mecca of mid-tier retail. The last surviving Caldor sign is barely legible.
GREEN SHIRT NARRATION: No other shirts were here. Only ghosts of forgotten bargains. But wait... what is this?



(Close up on a photo album) GREEN SHIRT NARRATION: A mockery! A shrine! A photo album covered entirely in my signature green plaid pattern. They've turned me into a visual meme! I am a theme! (Scene shifts: Green Shirt is surrounded by themed merch)

GREEN SHIRT NARRATION: And there's more! An ornament! A truly terrible jigsaw puzzle! Did I bring them joy, or just inspire low-cost, high-effort craft projects?

GREEN SHIRT NARRATION: I had to keep moving. The more I traveled, the more evidence I found of my baffling cult status. I hooked onto a utility pole and zipped westward. (Scene: Green Shirt sees a display case with music notes) GREEN SHIRT NARRATION: Now they've codified me! A song? Written for a flannel shirt? The sheet music implies a jaunty, yet somehow melancholic, polka.



(Scene: Green Shirt finds itself stuffed inside an Apple iPhone box) GREEN SHIRT NARRATION: Ah, the pinnacle of the joke gift. The classic bait-and-switch. The promise of cutting-edge technology... delivered via 100% cotton flannel. (Green Shirt looks tired but resigned) GREEN SHIRT: I am the gift that keeps disappointing. I am the physical manifestation of low expectations.



GREEN SHIRT NARRATION: I realized I am not special because I was mass-produced by Caldor. I am special because I am the Green Shirt. The one that means laughter, memory, and tradition. (Scene: Close up on Green Shirt, back on its hanger, ready for the holidays) GREEN SHIRT

NARRATION: I don't need to hook across the country anymore. My purpose is here. Now, I wait patiently for Christmas morning... and the moment I get to disappoint someone new.