

The King of Queens

"A Man and His Castle"

written by

Mark Suffanti

COLD OPENING

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 1)
(Doug, Carrie, Arthur, Mailman)

DOUG AND ARTHUR ARE SO ABSORBED IN THE GOLF TOURNAMENT THEY ARE WATCHING ON TV THEY COMPLETELY IGNORE THE RINGING DOORBELL.

SFX: DOORBELL RINGING REPEATEDLY AND TV.

CARRIE (O.C.)

(FROM KITCHEN) Hello, can you
get the door please?!

ARTHUR

Get the door Douglas, it's for
you.

DOUG

I need to see this so I can get
up to speed for my big PGA party
next week. You get it.

SFX: POTS AND PANS CRASHING TO THE KITCHEN FLOOR.

CARRIE (O.C.)

(FROM KITCHEN, IRRITATED) Hello!

ARTHUR

Alright, alright, I'll get it!

ARTHUR ANGRILY YANKS OPEN THE FRONT DOOR AND WE SEE A MAILMAN STANDING THERE STILL PRESSING THE DOORBELL BUTTON.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(HOT) What, is the house on fire?!

MAILMAN

Registered letter for Mr. and Mrs.
Heffernan.

ARTHUR

(ANGRY) I told you it was for you,
Douglas!

ARTHUR SIGNS FOR THE LETTER AND THE MAILMAN EXITS.
CARRIE ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN HOLDING A LARGE SPONGE.

CARRIE

It takes you five minutes to
answer the door?

ARTHUR

(RE: TV) It was a critical moment!

CARRIE

(FACETIOUS) You're one hour into a
five-hour golf tournament, how
"critical" could it be?

ARTHUR

Here, registered letter for you.

CARRIE

Give it to Doug, my hands are
wet.

DOUG, ABSORBED IN THE TV, COMPLETELY IGNORES THE LETTER.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Who is it from?

ARTHUR

(READING) Internal Revenue
Service, wow.

CARRIE

(ANXIOUS) See what it says.

ARTHUR OPENS THE LETTER AND READS TO HIMSELF FOR A BEAT.

ARTHUR

(STUNNED) Holy moley!

CARRIE

What does it say?!

ARTHUR

(READING) You are hereby notified
that the IRS will seize all

(MORE)

4.
(C.O.)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

property and assets to satisfy the
enclosed tax lien. (TO CARRIE)

They're going to take our house!

(HYSTERICAL) How is that possible?!

CARRIE

(GLARING AT DOUG) I'm guessing
because the person who does our
tax returns is a big, fat IDIOT!

CARRIE WRINGS OUT HER HUGE WET SPONGE ON DOUG'S HEAD AND ON
HIS COMEDIC REACTION WE:

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DAY (DAY 1)
(Doug, Carrie, Arthur)

DOUG IS REACTING TO CARRIE'S IMPROMPTU SPONGE BATH.

DOUG

(UPSET) What did you do that for?!

CARRIE

(HOT) Read this!

CARRIE THRUSTS THE LETTER AT DOUG AND HE READS FOR A BEAT.

DOUG

The IRS can't take our house!

This has to be a mistake.

CARRIE

You mean like letting you do
our taxes?!

DOUG

This says the asset seizure is
in reference to our returns from
three years ago.

ARTHUR

(TO DOUG) And what am I supposed to do if the IRS takes the house, Mr. H & R Blockhead? Live in the trunk of your car?!

CARRIE

Three years ago we got a refund.

DOUG

A huge refund. We bought the big screen TV and took that trip to Daytona. Life was good.

CARRIE

(KNOWING) Maybe a little too good?

DOUG

Yeah, I knew it couldn't last.

CARRIE

I can't believe the IRS would seize our house like this. (BEAT) Wait a minute, didn't we get some other letters from the IRS that I gave to you and that you said you'd take care of, Doug?

ARTHUR

(TO DOUG, ANGRY) Schmuck!

CARRIE

(REMEMBERING) Something about
disallowed municipal debentures?
Ring a bell, Doug? (STARES COLDLY)

DOUG

(SHEEPISHLY) Things got a little
complicated that year so a cousin
of one of the guys at work helped
me out with our returns.

CARRIE

(INCREDULOUS) A cousin of one
of the guys at work?!

DOUG

I showed him the letters and he
said he'd take care of everything.

CARRIE

This (FINGER QUOTES) "cousin" --
he's an accountant or a lawyer?

DOUG

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Not exactly.

CARRIE

Not exactly? Let's call this
cousin up and ask him what the
hell he did to get us in this
mess!

DOUG

We can't call him, per se, but
we can visit.

CARRIE

(SUSPICIOUS) Per se? Why can't
we call him, Doug?

DOUG

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Because he's
kind of ...

CARRIE

(ACCUSING) Kind of what, Doug?!

DOUG

Kind of locked up at Rahway in
Jersey.

ARTHUR

(LOSING IT) UNBELIEVEABLE!

DOUG

He's not in prison for taxes!

CARRIE

(FACETIOUS) Oh well, that's a relief!

DOUG

It sounded legit at the time!

CARRIE

I'm calling the IRS and getting to the bottom of this.

ARTHUR GLARES ANGRILY AT DOUG.

ARTHUR

(FURIOUS) Be sure to tell them that WE'RE innocent! (BEAT) And see if they'll go for some jail time instead of our house!

CARRIE

Don't tempt me.

DOUG

(BRIGHTLY) Only two sure things in life: death and taxes. Right, sweetheart?

DOUG SMILES ENCOURAGINGLY AT CARRIE TO NO AVAIL.

10.
(I/A)

CARRIE

(SEETHING) Trust me, when I'm
through with you, you'll be
praying for death!

CARRIE EXITS AND AS THE SMILE DRAINS FROM DOUG'S FACE WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

B

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER - NIGHT (DAY 1)
(Doug, Carrie, Arthur)

DOUG IS SURROUNDED BY SNACK FOOD WHICH ARTHUR SNEAKS WHEN HE CAN CATCH A BREAK IN DOUG'S NONSTOP SHOVELLING ACTION.

DOUG

(MOUTHFUL) I feel like such an idiot.

ARTHUR

(ANGRY) You should!

DOUG

Thanks.

ARTHUR

You never heard the expression
if it sounds too good to be true
it probably is?

DOUG

Those chips with that dip are too
good to be true. How did I ever
miss that combo?

ARTHUR

We're all about to be homeless!
How does that combo grab you?!

CARRIE ENTERS AND HANGS UP THE CORDLESS PHONE.

DOUG

(ANXIOUS) How'd it go?

ARTHUR

Should I take the spare out
of Douglas's trunk?!

CARRIE

I worked out a payment program
with the IRS that lets us keep
our house and our credit.

DOUG

(MOUTHFUL) I knew you'd come
through, never a doubt.

CARRIE

And I had to promise them I'd
never let a moron touch our
returns again. Agreed?

DOUG / ARTHUR

(IN UNISON) Agreed!

CARRIE

That's the good news. With interest

(MORE)

CARRIE (CONT'D)

and penalties we owe three times
more than we originally did.
And they want the money like
yesterday. So as of right now
we're going on a strict budget.

DOUG

Anything you say.

DOUG SHOVES A BIG HANDFUL OF CHIPS AND DIP INTO HIS MOUTH.

CARRIE

With all the other debts we have
there's no sense in digging a
deeper financial hole than we're
already in. We can pay this off
in a couple of months if we really
hunker down and watch our expenses.

DOUG MUMBLES INCOHERENTLY THROUGH HIS MOUTHFUL OF CHIPS AND
DIP AND NODS IN AGREEMENT.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

That means we're going to have
to watch every penny we spend,
including how much we spend on
things like junk food.

ARTHUR

(TO DOUG) Serves you right for
putting us through this hell!

ARTHUR FREELY HELPS HIMSELF TO THE CHIP AND DIP COMBO.

CARRIE

(TO DOUG) And I'll take your
credit cards now.

DOUG HANDS CARRIE HIS WALLET.

DOUG

I'm committed to making this
work, honey. I'll bear any
sacrifice you deem necessary.

CARRIE CUTS DOUG'S CREDIT CARDS UP WITH SCISSORS.

CARRIE

Good, because I called the cable
company and as of midnight tonight
no more Showtime, no more premium
sports packages and pay per view
will be blocked. We're going back
to basic cable only.

DOUG STANDS THERE STUNNED FOR A BEAT, EYES BLINKING
RAPIDLY TO FIGHT BACK HIS TEARS.

DOUG

(TEARY EYED) Excuse me, I
think I need a moment to myself.

DOUG QUICKLY RUNS OUT TO THE BACK YARD.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(FROM OUTSIDE) NOOOOOO!!

DOUG'S LOUD O.C. SOBS OF CABLE AGONY FILL THE NIGHT AIR.

ARTHUR

People from your generation are
soft. People from my generation?
We're used to hardship!

CARRIE

I'm glad you said that, because
in order for this budget to work
you're going to have to get a job.
At least part time, and start
paying some room and board.

ARTHUR STANDS THERE SLACK-JAWED AND GROWING VISIBLY MORE
ANGRY FOR A BEAT.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Or you will be homeless!

16.
(I/B)

ARTHUR

(LOSING IT) You should've pushed
for jail time! Now we all have to
suffer!

ARTHUR GRABS THE CHIP AND DIP COMBO AND ANGRILY EXITS TO
THE BASEMENT SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

ON CARRIE'S REACTION WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

C

INT. LIVING ROOM / INT. KITCHEN - DAYS LATER - DAY (DAY 5)
(Doug)

DOUG ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN CARRYING A GENERIC BAG OF CHIPS AND A GENERIC CAN OF BEER.

DOUG

Let's see what's on the tube.

DOUG FLIPS QUICKLY THROUGH THE CHANNELS FOR A BEAT.

DOUG (CONT'D)

That didn't take long. "Barnaby

Jones" it is.

DOUG OPENS THE BAG OF GENERIC CHIPS AND INHALES DEEPLY. HE GIVES A SKEPTICAL LOOK THEN POPS A FEW CHIPS IN HIS MOUTH. HE IMMEDIATELY GRIMACES IN DISGUST.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(RE: CHIPS) Oh man, I knew it!

DOUG QUICKLY OPENS THE CAN OF GENERIC BEER AND TAKES A SWIG. HIS LOOK SAYS IT ALL AS HE CUPS HIS MOUTH AND RUNS BACK INTO THE KITCHEN AND WE:

RESET TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY (DAY 5)
(Doug, Arthur)

DOUG RUNS TO THE KITCHEN SINK AND SPITS OUT THE GENERIC CHIPS AND GENERIC BEER.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(RE: CHIPS/BEER) That was close!

I'm willing to toe the line but

this is ridiculous.

DOUG WIPES HIS MOUTH AND AS HE THROWS HIS NAPKIN IN THE GARBAGE HE SPOTS A SPENT BAG OF DORITOS. HE LOOKS AROUND CAREFULLY THEN GRABS THE DORITO BAG AND DESPERATELY POURS THE LAST BIT OF CRUMBS AND DUST INTO HIS MOUTH. THEN HE TEARS OPEN THE BAG AND BEGINS VIGOROUSLY LICKING THE INSIDE OF THE BAG. ARTHUR ENTERS, SEES DOUG, AND SHAKES HIS HEAD IN AMUSING DISBELIEF.

DOUG (CONT'D)

We need to talk to Carrie!

ARTHUR WATCHES AS DOUG RESUMES HIS BAG LICKING FOR A BEAT.

ARTHUR

(SARCASTIC) Or perhaps someone

in a more professional capacity?

ON DOUG'S CHAGRINED LOOK WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

D

INT. GROCERY STORE CHECKOUT STAND - LATER - DAY (DAY 5)
(Carrie, Checker, Store Manager, Bag Boy, Coworker, Store
Extras)

THE CHECKER SCANS THE LAST ITEM AND TURNS TO CARRIE.

CHECKER

Your total today is \$100.84.

CARRIE

Boy, it sure does add up fast.

THE CHECKER SMILES POLITELY.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

(HOPEFUL) I forgot to give you
my coupons, that should help.

THE CHECKER SCANS CARRIE'S THREE COUPONS AS SHE NERVOUSLY
COUNTS HER CHANGE.

CHECKER

Your new total is \$99.84.

CARRIE

Can't use Canadian, right?

CHECKER

That's correct.

CARRIE

I think I need to put a few
things back. (POINTING) I
don't need that or that or
really anything in these two
bags.

CARRIE STRAINS TO LIFT TWO BULGING BAGS FROM HER CART AND
HEAVES THEM TOWARD THE CHECKER WITH A WEIGHT LIFTER'S
GRUNT.

CHECKER

How short are you?

CARRIE

Not counting Canadian I've
got about half.

THE EXASPERATED CHECKER FLIPS A SWITCH THAT CAUSES HER
CHECK STAND LIGHT TO FLASH AND ACTIVATES HER MICROPHONE
WITH A PIERCING FEEDBACK SOUND. THE BAG BOY BEGINS
UNPACKING CARRIE'S GROCERIES.

SFX: PIERCING FEEDBACK SOUND.

CHECKER

(INTO MIC) Manager to check
stand ten, manager to check
stand ten. (TURNS OFF MIC)

SFX: PIERCING FEEDBACK SOUND.

CARRIE

(TO CHECKER) Sorry. (TO BAG BOY)
Sorry. (TO CUSTOMERS BEHIND HER)
Sorry, this shouldn't take too
long.

A COWORKER PUSHING A CART STOPS BY ON HER WAY OUT.

COWORKER

I thought that was you, Carrie.
I didn't know we shopped at the
same store.

CARRIE

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Hey, imagine
that. Small world, huh?

THE STORE MANAGER COMES OVER TO THE CHECKER AND CARRIE
LOOKS TO THE HEAVENS FOR A LITTLE MERCY.

MANAGER

(TO CHECKER) What's the problem?

CHECKER

(POINTING TO CARRIE) She's short.
I need to void this whole purchase
and start over when she figures
out what she can afford.

COWORKER

I've caught you at a bad time,
I'll see you at the office.

CARRIE

(HUMILIATED) I forgot my checkbook,
that's all. And they won't take my
Canadian currency so ...

CARRIE TRAILS OFF AS THE COWORKER QUICKLY EXITS.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

(UNDER BREATH) Great, the office
gossip. I will get you for this,
Doug!

ON CARRIE'S SLOW BURN WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

E

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - LATER THAT DAY - DAY (DAY 5)
(Arthur, Supervisor, Dignified Man, Movie Theater Extras)

ARTHUR, WEARING A WHITE SHIRT, BLACK PANTS AND BOW TIE,
STANDS COLLECTING TICKETS FROM THE LINE OF CUSTOMERS.

ARTHUR

Welcome to Theater Max, theater
two on your left.

ARTHUR TEARS THE TICKETS AND HANDS BACK THE STUBS.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Welcome to Theater Max, theater
two on your left.

ARTHUR TEARS THE TICKETS AND HANDS BACK THE STUBS. A
DIGNIFIED LOOKING MAN AND WOMAN APPROACH AND ARTHUR LOOKS
AT THEIR TICKETS THEN AT THEM.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You know the reviews for this
movie were wrong, it sucks. You
should see something else or ask
for your money back.

MAN

That's quite all right.

ARTHUR

I'm telling you, it sucks. And
I don't mean just a little either!
Irwin Allen couldn't have made a
disaster movie this big! Trust me,
ask for your money back.

MAN

(CONFUSED BUT FIRM) I don't want
my money back, I want to see the
movie I paid for.

ARTHUR

Look mister, I'm only trying
to help.

MAN

(ANGRY) I don't want your help
or advice, I just want to see
the movie I paid for!

THE MAN GRABS THE TICKET STUBS FROM ARTHUR AND EXITS WITH
THE WOMAN.

ARTHUR

(CALLING AFTER THEM) Don't you
dare ask for your money back
now!

A PIMPLE-FACED SUPERVISOR, ATTRACTED BY THE SHOUTING,
MONITORS THE SITUATION CLOSELY. A GROUP OF KIDS APPROACHES
ARTHUR AND HE LOOKS AT THEIR TICKETS THEN GLARES AT THEM.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You know this is an R rated
movie?

THE KIDS GIGGLE AMONGST THEMSELVES.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

You think this is funny? I
don't think this is funny.

THE SUPERVISOR RUNS OVER TO ARTHUR.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(MAD) You kids aren't seventeen.
Get out of here!

SUPERVISOR

What's going on, Arthur?

ARTHUR

I caught these youths trying to
sneak into an R rated movie. Not
while Arthur Spooner is on duty!

SUPERVISOR

Arthur ...

ARTHUR

(CUTTING OFF) Have you seen this movie? Pure filth. Foul language; drug use; nudity. And that's just the opening credits!

SUPERVISOR

Arthur, these kids are here with their parents.

THE SUPERVISOR POINTS TO THE DIGNIFIED MAN AND WOMAN WAITING IMPATIENTLY BY THE THEATER ENTRANCE.

ARTHUR

(INDIGNANT) Oh well, why don't I get them a six pack and some cigarettes too!

SUPERVISOR

Why don't you, Arthur, like, on your way home, 'cause like you're lunchin' out. Later, dude.

ON ARTHUR'S FURIOUSLY CONTEMPTUOUS LOOK WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

F

INT. KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT (DAY 5)
(Doug, Carrie, Arthur)

DOUG AND ARTHUR SIT AT THE TABLE WHILE CARRIE SERVES THEM
DINNER.

DOUG

(IMPATIENT) It's about time.

CARRIE

Excuse me, I'm working how many
extra hours now?

DOUG

Sorry, I'm a little hungry 'cause
I didn't get my snack this
afternoon.

CARRIE

I left chips and beer for you.

DOUG

I wouldn't fill a pot hole with
that crap!

CARRIE

That "crap" is all we can afford.

DOUG

You're gonna have to bring
it up a notch or two, especially
with my PGA party coming up next
week. Some of the managers may be
there and I've got my reputation
to uphold. My parties are legendary
at work. I serve that dreck I'll
be the laughing stock of IPS.

CARRIE

I'm already the laughing stock at
my office and the Food Depot. Get
used to it, that's all we can
afford right now. (TO ARTHUR)
How did your first day at work go?

ARTHUR

(HESITANT) I'm not sure I'm Theater
Max material.

CARRIE

First days are always the hardest,
it'll get better.

ARTHUR

(FLAT) Right.

CARRIE

You did make it through your
first day, didn't you?

ARTHUR

(LOSING IT) I was SO close!!

CARRIE

What did I tell you? You've got
to go along to get along!

ARTHUR

And I was. Until this family of
weirdoes showed up!

CARRIE

Dad, we need that money to make
our budget!

ARTHUR

Relax, I've already got a line
on something else.

DOUG

I'm digging in. I'm so hungry I
could eat a horse.

DOUG TAKES A BITE OF HIS FOOD AND CRINGES IN DISGUST.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And I think I just did. What
the hell is this?

CARRIE

Tuna casserole.

DOUG

This doesn't taste like tuna.

CARRIE

It's not. We can't afford tuna.
I'm not sure exactly what it's
made from but it requires no
refrigeration, has a thirty year
shelf life and it's cheaper than
dirt.

DOUG

Dirt would taste better.

CARRIE

It can't be that bad.

CARRIE TAKES A BITE, GRIMACES AND WE:

CUT TO:

G

INT. CHURCH SOUP KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT (DAY 5)
(Doug, Carrie, Arthur, Drunk, Homeless Extras)

DOUG, CARRIE AND ARTHUR SIT AT A COMMUNAL TABLE WITH THE HOMELESS AND DOWNTRODDEN.

DOUG

(SOTTO) We never breathe a
word of this to anyone!

THEY EAGERLY RESUME EATING THEIR FOOD. A DRUNK MAN NEXT TO DOUG ELBOWS HIM.

DRUNK

(POINTING) You gonna finish that?

DOUG GRUNTS THEN HUDDLES PROTECTIVELY OVER HIS PLATE, GUARDING IT LIKE AN ANIMAL AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

H

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY - DAY (DAY 6)
(Doug, Carrie)

DOUG ENTERS HIDING AN AGENDA AND A SAD LOOKING BOUQUET OF
HAND PICKED FLOWERS FOR CARRIE, WHO IS SEWING.

DOUG

Look at my domestic dynamo go!

CARRIE

I'm turning your worn out long
sleeve shirts into short sleeve
shirts.

DOUG

You are the glue that holds it
together, Carrie.

DOUG PROUDLY PRESENTS CARRIE WITH THE BOUQUET.

CARRIE

Weeds?

DOUG

They're not weeds. (BEAT)

Most of them.

CARRIE

Nice thought. Here, try this on.

CARRIE HANDS DOUG A SHIRT WITH NO SLEEVES OR COLLAR.

DOUG

(NONCHALANT) I was thinking
about my PGA party this weekend
and maybe instead of the open bar
I can just pick up a keg.

CARRIE

Doug, I told you we have no
extra money for a party.

DOUG

Yeah, but when you said "no
extra money" I could tell you
didn't mean "no extra money"
as in zero money, you meant
"no extra money" as in don't
go overboard like you usually
do. (HOPEFUL) Right, sweetness?

CARRIE

Actually, I meant no as in
none; zero; zip; NADA.

DOUG

What's up with this shirt?

DOUG HOLDS THE SLEEVELESS, COLLARLESS SHIRT OUT.

CARRIE

That one's not a shirt, it's
a pajama top.

DOUG

(PLEADING) C'mon Carrie, this
is my chance to rub elbows with
management. I've got to make a
good impression.

CARRIE

I'm not telling you that you
can't have a party, Doug.

DOUG

Telling me I can't have any
money is the same thing.

CARRIE

You know, you're right.

DOUG

(INCREDULOUS) I am?

CARRIE GIVES DOUG MONEY FROM HER PURSE.

CARRIE

I overestimated your food consumption when I was doing the budget. I calculated that you ate for four people when it's actually closer to three people.

DOUG

(UPSET) There's only fifteen dollars here!

CARRIE

That's what's left over.

DOUG

What kind of party can I throw for fifteen bucks?!

CARRIE

How about a bring your own everything party?

DOUG

Be reasonable, Carrie.

CARRIE

Me be reasonable? How about you

(MORE)

CARRIE (CONT'D)

tell your so-called friends
the truth?!

DOUG

And look like a loser?

CARRIE

(SARCASTIC) If the party fits.

CARRIE SCRATCHES HER HAND AND LOOKS CLOSELY AT THE BOUQUET.
DOUG IS CLEARLY UPSET HIS BUTTERING-UP PLAN HAS FAILED.

DOUG

I will figure out a way to get
the money, you mark my words!
Necessity is the mother of
invention. (ANGRY) And I am
one mad mutha!

CARRIE

(HOT) Great, and while you're
out getting money for your all -
important party pick up some
Cortisone lotion. You've got
poison sumac in here!

CARRIE THROWS THE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS AT DOUG AND ON HIS
FLUSTERED REACTION WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

J

INT. PAWN SHOP - LATER THAT DAY - DAY (DAY 6)
(Doug, Pawnbroker, Pawnshop Extras)

DOUG APPROACHES THE COUNTER AS A COUPLE EXITS.

PAWNBROKER

What can I do for you, sir?

DOUG

I was interested in finding
out what this is worth.

DOUG PULLS HIS WEDDING RING FROM HIS POCKET AND HANDS IT
TO THE PAWNBROKER WHO INSPECTS IT CLOSELY.

PAWNBROKER

Nice wedding ring, a little
greasy though.

DOUG

It was kind of stuck on so I
got a little help from Colonel
Sanders.

PAWNBROKER

Had it a while?

DOUG

(FULL OF GUILT) Yeah.

PAWNBROKER

Folks just left pawned one like this, gave 'em less though. Yours is solid 22-karat gold. Somebody must really love you.

DOUG

Love, yes. Understand, no.

PAWNBROKER

Couple wanted the money to go to Atlantic City and party. Can you believe people today? Pawn the last thing they own just to have a good time. Crazy.

DOUG

(AWKWARD) Yeah, that's pretty crazy.

PAWNBROKER

How much were you looking to get for this, sir?

DOUG STANDS THERE LOST IN GUILT-RIDDEN THOUGHT FOR A BEAT.

PAWNBROKER (CONT'D)

Sir?

DOUG

I ... I changed my mind.

DOUG QUICKLY GRABS HIS RING BACK AND EXITS AND WE:

CUT TO:

K

EXT. QUIET ROAD / INT. DRIVING SCHOOL AUTO - DAY (DAY 6)
(Arthur, Student)

ARTHUR SITS ON THE PASSENGER SIDE. A YOUNG MAN WITH SPIKED HAIR, SUNGLASSES AND ATTITUDE IS BEHIND THE WHEEL.

ARTHUR

Welcome to driving school, son.
I'm your instructor, Mr. Spooner.
Do exactly as I say and not only
will you live to see your sixteenth
birthday, you'll have your license
before you know it. Now, what's the
first thing you do when you get in
the car?

STUDENT

Make sure nobody I know sees me in
this totally lame ride?

ARTHUR

No, you fasten your seat belt,
smarty-pants!

THE STUDENT FASTENS HIS SEAT BELT THEN STARTS THE CAR AND
GUNS THE ENGINE HARD A COUPLE OF TIMES.

SFX: CAR STARTING AND ENGINE REVVING HARD.

ARTHUR

Then look around the vehicle to
make sure there are no approaching
pedestrians or cars before you put
the car into gear.

STUDENT

(DISINTERESTED) Whatever.

ARTHUR

Now you may put the car into gear
and ease slowly out onto the
roadway.

STUDENT

(SMILING) Whatever, dude.

THE STUDENT PUTS THE CAR INTO NEUTRAL, FLOORS THE GAS AND
THEN DROPS INTO DRIVE, LEAVING A WIDE-EYED ARTHUR
APOPLECTIC AS THE CAR SCREAMS DOWN THE STREET WITH TIRES
BURNING RUBBER.

SFX: THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE AND TIRES BURNING RUBBER.

AS THE CAR DISAPPEARS BEHIND A TRAIL OF WHITE SMOKE WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

L

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY - DAY (DAY 6)
(Doug, Carrie)

CARRIE ENTERS AND TAKES NOTICE OF THE BURNING CANDLES,
CHAMPAGNE AND FLOWERS GRACING THE ROOM.

CARRIE

(SUSPICIOUS) Candles? Flowers?

Champagne? What's Doug up to?

DOUG ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN AND KISSES CARRIE'S CHEEK.

DOUG

Welcome home, dear.

CARRIE

No.

DOUG

No what?

CARRIE

Whatever the real reason you're

doing this the answer is no.

DOUG

(OFFENDED) I can't do something

nice for my wife?

CARRIE

I told you we don't have money
for your PGA party, Doug. (BEAT)
If that's really you.

DOUG

I started thinking about things
today, you know, what's really
important to me.

CARRIE

You didn't blow your pay check
at Yeng Chee Palace, did you?!

DOUG

No, but I almost did something
just as stupid and selfish. And
then I did some heavy duty
thinking.

CARRIE

I've got some ibuprofen in my
purse if you gave yourself a
headache like last time.

DOUG

Thanks, no. I screwed up big time with that tax thing and you've been great about trying to get us straightened out again and I've been kind of a selfish jerk.

CARRIE

(KNOWING) Is that like being kind of pregnant?

DOUG

Anyway, I wanted to do something nice to say thanks and to show you that I (SOTTO) love you.

CARRIE

The last part again?

DOUG

I love you.

THEY KISS.

CARRIE

I love you too, Doug. Even when

(MORE)

CARRIE (CONT'D)

you do stupid things. Although
I admit that does make it harder.

DOUG

So I cancelled my PGA party
and did this instead.

CARRIE

That's sweet, and I'm really
proud of you for telling the
guys at work the truth.

DOUG

It was the right thing to do.
Besides, I didn't tell them the
exact truth. (BEAT) I kind of
told them that you had contagious
viral Meningitis and the house
had been quarantined.

CARRIE

(HOT) Doug!

DOUG

The flowers are from the guys
on the loading dock. Everybody
else chipped in money.

CARRIE

(HOTTER) Doug!!

DOUG

Maybe don't answer the phone
for the next couple weeks?

CARRIE

(LOSING IT) Doug!!!

DOUG

(COY) Did I forget to tell you
that with the money from the
collection the guys took up I
bought your favorite dinner in
the whole wide world?

DOUG STANDS THERE WITH A SMUG GRIN AS CARRIE'S ATTITUDE AND
DEMEANOR SHIFT NOTICEABLY AND A GUARDED SMILE STARTS TO
FORM ON HER FACE.

CARRIE

We have real food to eat?

DOUG

(EXCITED) Rack of lamb, baby!

CARRIE

Did you remember the mint jelly?

DOUG

Oh, yeah!

CARRIE

Maybe we could let the machine
pick up the calls and I'll try
to keep a low profile the next
couple weeks. (SMILES) Pop
that champagne and let's eat!

ON DOUG AND CARRIE'S HAPPY LOOKS WE:

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INT. DOUG'S CAR - DAY (DAY 6)
(Doug, Carrie, Arthur)

DOUG AND CARRIE ARE DRIVING DOWN A COUNTRY ROAD.

DOUG

An after dinner drive. Good old
fashioned, economical fun. And
good call on the lonely country
road, honey.

CARRIE

(FACETIOUS) Wouldn't want anybody
we know to see us.

CARRIE GIVES A FAKE COUGH AND THEY LAUGH HEARTILY.

DOUG

(LOOKING AHEAD) Is that Arthur?

CARRIE

Where?

DOUG

Up ahead, walking.

CARRIE

(DISMISSIVE) What would Arthur be
doing way out here?

DOUG

Yeah, you're right, guess not.

DOUG AND CARRIE DRIVE BY THE SOLITARY FIGURE WALKING BY
THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, WHO DOES INDEED TURN OUT TO BE
ARTHUR. ARTHUR SEES THEM AS THEY CRUISE BY AND BEGINS
WAIVING HIS FIST IN THE AIR.

ARTHUR

(SCREAMING AFTER THEM) Come
back here you tax cheat, you
scofflaw! I will get you for
this, Douglas! I will get
you!

ON ARTHUR'S MURDEROUS LOOK WE:

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END