"Here's Your Damn Family"

A comedy pilot

by

Ricky Blitt

Oct 16, 2013

“Here’s Your Damn Family”

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

STANDING AT AN ALTAR, FACING A PRIEST, ARE...

CAROL GORDON, JUST NORTH OF 50, LESS TOGETHER THAN SHE LETS ON -- PRETTY, BUT WITH EYES THAT HAVE SUFFERED A BIT TOO LONG. SHE’S SMILING NERVOUSLY ACROSS AT...

MIKE BALDWIN, MID-40’S, RUGGEDLY HANDSOME, AS UNCOMPLICATED AS CAROL IS LAYERED, A MID-WESTERN MAN’S MAN, WITH GOOD VALUES AND GOOD HAIR.

PRIEST

Do you take this...

CAROL PUTS HER FINGER UP POLITELY TO THE PRIEST.

CAROL

Sidebar.

CAROL PULLS MIKE ASIDE. SHE LOOKS AT HIM FOR A LONG BEAT.

CAROL (CONT’D)

Um...Mike, are you sure your kids are okay with this?

MIKE

(SHRUGS) I’m happy, they’re happy.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL, IN THE FIRST ROW OF THE CHURCH...

MIKE’S DAUGHTER, **EMMA**, 17, SMART AND CHEERLEADER BEAUTIFUL. SHE TURNS TO HER TWO YOUNGER BROTHERS...

COLTON, 15, MUSCULAR, RELIGIOUS, A YOUNG TIM TEBOW IN THE MAKING AND...

HARLEY, 13, A SMALLISH, WITHDRAWN, NEUROTIC-LOOKING BOY.

EMMA
I can't believe that bitch thinks she can take Mom's place.

Colton looks at her, horrified.

COLTON
Emma, watch your language. We're in the Lord's home.

EMMA
God lives in a rat infested church in Topeka, Kansas?

COLTON
It's not rat infested, it was a mouse we saw before...one of God's mice--

EMMA
Mom's been dead less than a year. This is disgusting! (TO YOUNGEST BROTHER) C'mon, Harley, I know you don't talk anymore, but back me up. Nod or blink or...fart.

HARLEY JUST STARES AT HER AND WE CUT BACK TO...MIKE AND CAROL AT THE ALTAR. CAROL STARES AT ANGRY EMMA AND SAD HARLEY.

CAROL
(GULPS) Yeah, they look happy.

MIKE NODS, MISSING HER IRONY. CAROL LOOKS BACK AT MIKE'S GLARING DAUGHTER, THEN SIGHS. THIS MAY BE AS GOOD AS IT GETS FOR HER NOW. SHE TURNS BACK TO THE PRIEST.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Okay, showtime, Padre. Wrap it up.
(OFF THE PRIEST, EMBARRASSED)
Sorry, been waiting a reaaaally long time for this day--

PRIEST

Mike Baldwin, do you take this woman to be your wife, through good times and bad, as long as you both shall live?

MIKE

I do.

EMMA (O.S.)

Damn it!

MIKE AND THE PRIEST LOOK UP, ALARMED. THOUGH THAT FREAKED HER OUT, CAROL HAS HER EYES ON THE PRIZE AND GESTURES QUICKLY TO THE PRIEST.

CAROL

Now me, do me!

THE PRIEST LOOKS AT HER, THEN CONTINUES.

PRIEST

And do you, Carol Gordon, take this man to be your husband, through good times and--

CAROL

(CUTTING HIM OFF) I do!

PRIEST

I now pronounce you man and wife.

MIKE AND CAROL STARE BLISSFULLY AT EACH OTHER. BEAT.

CAROL

(CASUALLY, TO MIKE) Oh, one thing. Totally forgot. I have a kid too. A...boy.

AS MIKE LOOKS AT HER, SHOCKED, WE...

SMASH CUT TO:

SCENE B

EST. SHOT: UPPER MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE (SHERMAN OAKS) - DAY

INT. CAROL GORDON'S HOUSE (DEN) - SAME

A VERY PREOCCUPIED-LOOKING CAROL IS SITTING ON THE COUCH, BESIDE HER "BOY"...

RICHARD -- A MAN IN HIS EARLY 30'S. RICHARD IS A RARE COMBINATION OF INTENSE AND SLOTH LIKE UNDERACHIEVER. HE'S INTELLIGENT, AND A LITTLE ARROGANT TOO, EVEN THOUGH HE HASN'T HAD A PAID JOB SINCE HE QUIT HIS PAPER ROUTE AT 16.

CAROL LOOKS AT RICHARD, CLEARLY WORKING UP THE NERVE TO TELL HIM SOMETHING.

CAROL
Honey...remember when I said I went to Kansas to visit Auntie Anne?

RICHARD
Uh, yeah, Carol. That was two days ago. What do you think I have, mega-early Alzheimer's?

CAROL
Um, I didn't really visit Auntie Anne--

RICHARD SSHES HER, GESTURING TO THE TV.

RICHARD
Starting! (EXCITED, RE THE TV) It's a classic. Not too Coach-heavy and pre-Kirstie Alley.

CAROL LOOKS AT THE TV. EVEN THOUGH SHE HAS SOMETHING EARTH-SHATTERINGLY IMPORTANT TO TELL HIM, SHE CAN'T HELP CHUCKLING.

CAROL
Shelly Long was so good in this.

RICHARD
I miss her.

CAROL PATS HIS HAND, SYMPATHETIC.

CAROL
I know, honey.

RICHARD
(EMOTIONAL) How come no one casts her in anything anymore--

CAROL CUTS HIM OFF, JUST BLURTING IT OUT.

CAROL
Auntie Anne's been dead five years, I met a man on Christian Singles--

RICHARD
We're Jewish.

CAROL
I wasn't able to find any straight men on J-Date. We've been chatting on-line for three months and we decided to finally meet so I flew to Kansas and long story short, me and this man are now married.

RICHARD JUST LOOKS AT HER FOR SEVERAL SECONDS.

RICHARD
You got married? And...I wasn't even invited to the wedding?

CAROL
I know you hate planes and confetti and I...sorta...only told him about you after the priest made it official.

RICHARD
What?

CAROL
No offense, honey, I just didn't want you to scare him away.

RICHARD
(SARCASTIC) No offense taken. How could you deny the existence of your only son?

CAROL
Um, I didn't deny it, dear, I just omitted it and... (ASHAMED) I'm so sorry, Mommy was desperate.

RICHARD
I don't get it. We've had such a good thing going, just me and you, for...two decades. Aren't I enough?

CAROL
No. Of course not, honey. (BEAT) Again, no offense. It's just I have needs and I'm lonely--

RICHARD
Me too! But you don't see me being selfish and finding a mate and... (LOSING STEAM) Kansas, Carol? Couldn't you have met a nice man here in Los Angeles?

CAROL
No. There really are none. (BEAT) Oh, there's one other thing.

RICHARD LOOKS AT HER: "THERE'S MORE?!"

CAROL (CONT'D)
Look, I love you and in my own way, I'm proud of you. (OFF HIS LOOK) Sorry, didn't mean to qualify that.

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)
It's just, some people might not "get" you, so I told your new Dad a little white lie. I said you were still living at home and um, might always live at home cause...cause--

RICHARD
Cause what?

CAROL
(BLURTING OUT AGAIN) Cause there's something wrong with you.

RICHARD
What?

CAROL
Yeah, see, this is my last chance at love, so if you love your Mother, you'll help her pitch on what exactly is wrong with you. Before they get here tomorrow night.

RICHARD
"They?"

CAROL
Oh, right. One other thing. Mike, that's your new father's name, has three kids. Normal aged kids.

RICHARD
What's that supposed to mean?

CAROL
I just meant his kids are...kids. (THINKS) Hey. What if we told him you were retarded?

RICHARD
My I.Q. is one-seventy-five! (OFF HER LOOK) Give or...take. Why do you have to explain me at all? If you weren't so busy trolling 'Non-Angeleno-Straight-Goy-Dudes.Com,' you'd know I'm very successful.

CAROL
(SWEETLY) How so, dear?

RICHARD
I write a killer blog. (OFF HER BLANK LOOK) "Stuff My Cat Says Behind My Back." I have almost twenty-thousand followers. Alyssa Milano follows me--

CAROL
(IMPRESSED) Tony Danza's daughter?

RICHARD
Yes. See? You have nothing to hide.

CAROL LOOKS AT HIM FOR A LONG BEAT.

CAROL
Okay, retarded won't work, it's not like your Sean Penn or even Johnny Knoxville, you couldn't pull it off, but what if we say when you were young you fell through a sheet of ice and were pecked in the head by a penguin. You know, in the part of the brain that would stunt you--

RICHARD
You know what? Why don't I go upstairs and pack my stuff and you'll never have to worry about explaining me ever again.

RICHARD WALKS OFF DRAMATICALLY.

CAROL
Where will you go, dear? You don't have any money.

RICHARD TURNS AROUND.

RICHARD
Yeah, okay, pointless threat.

RICHARD SITS BACK DOWN AND WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. CAROL'S LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

RICHARD AND CAROL ARE PACING NERVOUSLY IN THE LIVING ROOM, WAITING FOR MIKE AND HIS THREE KIDS TO GET THERE. RICHARD IS DRESSED IN HIS NICEST SHIRT AND PANTS.

RICHARD
This is absurd. I don't know why I had to get dressed up for four Kansas rubes.

CAROL
They're not rubes.

RICHARD
No, see, everyone in Kansas is, Carol.

CAROL
Listen, don't call me "Carol."

RICHARD
Why not? You call me Richard.

CAROL
I'm serious. Mike's a meat and potatoes gentile from a flyover state, he might find it strange.

RICHARD
But...I've been calling you Carol ever since I was bar-mitzvahed and became a man.

AS CAROL JUST LOOKS AT HIM, WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE D

EXT. CAROL'S HOUSE - SAME

MIKE AND HIS THREE KIDS ARE STANDING OUTSIDE CAROL'S HOUSE. EMMA IS GLARING AT HER DAD.

EMMA
This is absurd. I can't believe we had to fly all the way to Los Angeles just to meet her cretin son.

MIKE
She didn't say he was a cretin.

COLTON
Yeah, Emma, he may just be one of the Lord's lost children.

EMMA
He's 32! (TO HER DAD) I still can't believe you didn't ditch this witch when she told you she had a son after the wedding.

MIKE
Don't call her a witch. And it was after the vows, not the wedding.

EMMA
Can't believe I'm missing a date with my boyfriend just to meet Norman Bates.

MIKE LOOKS AT HER, NOT LIKING HER TONE, AND WE...

CUT BACK TO:

SCENE E

INT. CAROL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CAROL AND RICHARD ARE STANDING IN THE LIVING ROOM, JUST AS WE LEFT THEM. SUDDENLY, THEY HEAR THE DOORBELL. CAROL TAKES A DEEP BREATH, NERVOUS.

CAROL

Okay, what did we settle on again? Are we saying you're retarded or were pecked in the brain by penguins?

RICHARD

Neither! We don't have to lie about me at all.

CAROL WINCES, NOT CRAZY ABOUT THAT "PLAN." RICHARD LOOKS AT HER, BEYOND OFFENDED.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You know, this might surprise you, Carol, but I'm actually pretty normal. I bet I charm the pants off these hicks. Seriously, how much you wanna bet? Fifty? A hundred?

CAROL

I'm not gonna bet you. You're my son. And...you'd just be paying me back with my own money.

RICHARD

Oh. It is on now! One hundred, no, two hundred bucks.

RICHARD GRABS CAROL'S HAND AND FORCES HER TO SHAKE ON IT. THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN. RICHARD PUTS ON HIS BEST VERSION OF A SOPHISTICATED, MATURE FACE.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Let the games begin.

CAROL LOOKS NERVOUSLY BACK AT RICHARD, TAKES A DEEP BREATH, THEN OPENS THE FRONT DOOR AND WE SEE...

MIKE ENTER FIRST. RICHARD LOOKS AT HIM, INSTANTLY INTIMIDATED BY HIS MANLINESS. MIKE LOOKS AT RICHARD.

MIKE

Hello...son.

RICHARD LOOKS AT HIM, NOT SURE IF HE'S BEING SERIOUS OR IRONIC. SO, PLAYING IT SAFE, RICHARD THROWS HIS HEAD AND DOES A 'MATURE TITTER.'

RIGHT BEHIND MIKE IS....COLTON. RICHARD GIVES COLTON HIS MOST BUTCH "HEY BROHAM" NOD.

THEN RICHARD AKWARDLY MUSSES UP HARLEY'S HAIR, PRETENDING TO FIND HIM CUTE. THEN, RICHARD GULPS, AS HE SEES....

BEAUTIFUL, 17-YEAR-OLD **EMMA**. EMMA LOOKS AT RICHARD, WARY, STILL NOT SURE WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS OLD FREAK. RICHARD LOOKS BACK AT HER, A BEAT TOO LONG.

MIKE

This is my princess, Emma. Isn't she pretty?

RICHARD

(DEFENSIVE, CAUGHT STARING) She's not that great.

MIKE LOOKS AT RICHARD, TAKEN ABACK. CAROL WINCES.

CAROL

(QUICKLY) Let's eat!

CAROL LOOKS AT RICHARD, THEN BACK AT HER NEW HUSBAND AND KIDS AND SIGHS, MORE NERVOUS THAN SHE'S EVER BEEN IN HER LIFE.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ACT TWO

SCENE F

INT. RICHARD & CAROL'S DINING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

EVERYONE IS NOW SEATED FOR DINNER. RICHARD IS SITTING ALONE ON ONE SIDE OF THE DINING ROOM TABLE, HIS THREE NEW KANSAS SIBLINGS SITTING ACROSS FROM RICHARD.

LITTLE HARLEY IS JUST STARING AT RICHARD, CURIOUS AND A LITTLE AFRAID. MIKE AND CAROL ARE SITTING BESIDE EACH OTHER AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE. THERE'S AN UNCOMFORTABLE SILENCE. FINALLY, RICHARD TURNS TO MIKE.

RICHARD
(TO MIKE, ATTEMPTING HIS MOST MATURE VOICE) Your flight was okay, I trust?

MIKE
Not too bad, buddy. Not too bad... A little turbulence.

RICHARD
(WORLDLY) Turbulence. The Parkinsons of the sky.

RICHARD LOOKS AT CAROL, COCKY. CAROL COVERS HER EYES.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
So...(SAYS NEXT WORD STIFFLY) Mom tells me you're in the money game. What do you do exactly?

MIKE
Well, see, Richard, mostly I make investments for clients and--

RICHARD
(EYES INSTANTLY GLAZING OVER) Oh, interesting, the ol' fiduciary... ancillary...debenture...

LOSING STEAM, RICHARD QUICKLY TURNS TO HARLEY.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
How about you, Harley? What uh...what grade are you in?

HARLEY JUST LOOKS AT RICHARD. RICHARD IS A LITTLE THROWN BUT HE CONTINUES TO TRY TO REMAIN POISED AND CHARMING.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(MIMES TAPPING A MICROPHONE) Is this thing on?

COLTON
Sorry, Harley doesn't talk.

RICHARD
Oh. You mean, like Helen Keller?

COLTON
Who?

RICHARD
Oh, let me give you a more modern ...Marlee Matlin? Um, Lou Ferrigno?

MIKE
No, no, Richard. Colton just meant Harley hasn't spoken since...his Momma passed away last year.

EMMA
(WITH AN EDGE) Eight months ago.

MIKE
Emma, no drama at the table, you hear?

EMMA
Yeah, sorry, don't want to embarrass you in front of your new girlfriend. Right, wife. Got married so quick, I forgot...

COLTON
Leave Dad alone. He feels worse about Mom's death than any of us.

EMMA
(UNDER HER BREATH) He should. It was his fault...

MIKE
What's that supposed to mean?

CAROL
(SOFTLY, NERVOUS) Um, yeah, what exactly does that mean?

EMMA
Sorry, didn't realize I was being cryptic.

RICHARD
(FLIRTY) Good word!

CAROL LOOKS AT RICHARD, THEN BACK AT MIKE.

CAROL
Honey...I wish you had told me Emma was so upset about us getting married so quickly. (TO EMMA) I totally understand, dear.

EMMA
Wow, you must be smarter than you look.

MIKE
That's enough, godammit!

EMMA LOOKS DOWN, BACKING OFF NOW. RICHARD GULPS, INTIMIDATED BY SEEING THE 'ANGRY, IN CONTROL' SIDE OF HIS NEW DAD.

COLTON
Dad, please don't take the Lord's name in vain like that.

RICHARD LAUGHS, THEN LOOKS AT COLTON.

RICHARD
Sorry, was sure that was a joke.

COLTON
I never joke about the Lord.

RICHARD
I'll make a mental note.

MIKE
(TO EMMA) Apologize to Carol.

CAROL
No, it's okay, she doesn't have--

MIKE
She does. That was downright rude. Apologize, Emma.

EMMA LOOKS AT HER DAD, THEN TURNS TO CAROL.

EMMA
Yeah. What he said.

MIKE
I want a real apology, young lady.

EMMA
Then you say it.

MIKE
Don't talk back. Look...I know this ain't easy for you, it ain't easy for any of us. That's why I brought you here first, to ease you into this before we all move back together to Kansas--

RICHARD LOOKS UP SUDDENLY, PANICKED.

RICHARD
We're...gonna live in Kansas?

MIKE
Huh? No, of course you don't have to, Richard, you're a grown man.

RICHARD TURNS TO CAROL, LOSING HIS WHOLE MATURE FACADE NOW.

RICHARD
Why didn't you tell me that, Carol?!

CAROL
(AVOIDING EYE CONTACT) I didn't want to overwhelm you with too many things at once--

MIKE AND HIS KIDS LOOK AT RICHARD.

COLTON
You call your Mother by her first name?

RICHARD
Uh, sometimes. When I'm pissed. (TO CAROL) Freaking Kansas?!

MIKE
Richard, simmer down. You don't have to go. You can stay here.

RICHARD
I can't afford this place on my own.

CAROL LOOKS DOWN, EMBARRASSED. MIKE NOTICES THIS AND SQUEEZES HER HAND.

MIKE
Look, Richard, you can move into a smaller place till you find a job. Or, like I said, you're more than welcome to come with us to Kansas.

RICHARD LOOKS AT HIM, HORRIFIED BY THIS 'SOPHIE'S CHOICE.' HE LOOKS AT CAROL FOR A LONG BEAT, THEN BACK AT MIKE.

RICHARD

I can't move from this house. Ever. This...is where I used to play with my brother, god rest his soul.

EVERYONE LOOKS AT RICHARD, STUNNED.

MIKE

Carol, you never told me you had a son who...

CAROL STARES AT RICHARD IN ABSOLUTE SHOCK.

CAROL

I...don't--

RICHARD

Mom, please. It's not healthy to live in denial. Buck died fifteen years ago. (TEARING UP) It was a sailing accident and...it was my fault. Everyone said it wasn't, but it was, I abandoned the boat during a...storm. I was scared. Oh God, why was I so scared? Why was I so weak--

COLTON, MUTE HARLEY, AND EVEN EMMA LOOK ON, TOUCHED.

CAROL

(SOFTLY, INCREDULOUS) Richard, please, tell them...

RICHARD

Tell them what? That it's not true? That it <u>wasn't</u> my fault? Come on, even you blamed me. You wouldn't even take a family picture with me that time at dinner--

CAROL JUST STARES AT HIM. RICHARD TURNS BACK TO MIKE.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
It may be weird, but I know Buck's spirit is still alive in this house. And I...can't abandon him. Not again. Not ever.

MIKE LOOKS AT RICHARD FOR A VERY LONG BEAT.

MIKE
Of course not, Richard. And no one is going to make you. (MOVED) Sumbitch, we...can move here.

EMMA, COLTON, AND SILENT HARLEY ALL LOOK UP, STUNNED. CAROL LOOKS AT MIKE, THEN LOOKS BACK AT RICHARD.

CUT TO:

SCENE G

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD IS PETTING HIS FAT, PERSIAN CAT "WHISKERS" -- A PLEASED, PROUD LOOK ON RICHARD'S FACE.

RICHARD
(TO HIMSELF) That was amazing. I'd like to see Sean Penn or Johnny Knoxville pull off what I just--

WHISKERS GIVES RICHARD A LONG, PAINED, SILENT MEOW.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
You okay, Whiskers? Still can't sleep, can you? What's it been, four nights? I didn't even know cats could have insomnia--

SUDDENLY, CAROL BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.

CAROL
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

RICHARD
Don't get so high and mighty, gutter mouth. You wanted to say I was a..."Sling Blade," molested by penguins.

CAROL
YOU TOLD HIM I HAVE A DEAD SON!

RICHARD
Oh, don't be so melodramatic. You don't really have a dead son.

CAROL
(GLARING AT HIM) I will soon. "Sailing accident..." Where the hell did you even get that?

RICHARD
"Ordinary People."

CAROL
What?

RICHARD
Oh, come on! "Ordinary People." It won an Oscar, back in the 80's. Judd Hirsch was in it. Remember how much we liked him in that short-lived, but underrated show "George & Leo?"

CAROL
I think I'm having a stroke. I... can't go along with something this sick.

RICHARD
Oh, I see. This lie crosses a line for you, but not the ones where I'm brain damaged. I can't believe you're not thanking me. I saved you from Kansas! With a brilliant lie I thought of extemporaneously. That means on the spot.

CAROL
I know what it means! And you didn't think of it, you stole it from a movie.

RICHARD
So what? It's still brilliant. (AMAZED) You really don't get how brilliant it is, do you?

RICHARD LEANS FORWARD IN BED, ANNOYED HE HAS TO EXPLAIN IT.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
"Ordinary People" was directed by Robert Redford...It's totally the way handsome, simple gentiles like him and Mike see the world. One bad thing happens--your brother dies--boom, all pain and unhappiness can be tied to that. I was just giving the Kansas rugged pretty boy something he could understand. And he did. He ate it up with a spoon. Even his kids were moved. Seriously, young 'Kirk Cameron' across from me was tearing up.

CAROL
Mike is <u>not</u> a simple gentile! He's a smart and complicated man.

RICHARD
He says "ain't" and "sumbitch!" I'm sorry, Carol, I gave him a chance and I don't care for him.

CAROL
I'm telling him the truth.

CAROL WALKS URGENTLY OUT OF RICHARD'S ROOM.

RICHARD
(CALLING AFTER HER) Don't do this, Carol! This <u>is</u> your last chance. You're not getting any younger. (ON HIS KNEES NOW) Please don't make me go to Kansas!!

CUT TO:

SCENE H

INT. RICHARD AND CAROL'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MIKE IS IN THE LIVING ROOM WITH HIS THREE CHILDREN.

EMMA
I can't believe you're making us move. There's four of us and only two of them. And her kid is a man.

COLTON
Be Christian, Emma. He lost a brother at sea...

EMMA
We lost our mother. At home. (POINTS AT DAD) Because of him!

HARLEY LOOKS DOWN, THEN WALKS TO THE WINDOW.

COLTON
You're upsetting Harley.

EMMA
I'm upset, 'God-groupie!'! All my friends are in Kansas. My boyfriend is in Kansas. (TO HER DAD) You know I love Carter!

MIKE
You're too young to be in love.

EMMA
You're too old to be in love! (PROUD OF HER LINE) Self high-five.

EMMA HIGH-FIVES HERSELF AND STORMS OUT OF THE LIVING ROOM. AS SHE DOES, SHE PASSES CAROL, GLARING AT HER. CAROL GULPS, THEN TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND WALKS OVER TO MIKE.

CAROL
Mike...um, we have to talk.

CUT TO:

SCENE I

INT. CAROL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAROL IS PACING, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO TELL HER NEW HUSBAND SHE DOESN'T REALLY HAVE A DEAD SON.

MIKE
This about your dead boy, Buck?

CAROL
Yeah...Uh, see, about that. Funny story--

MIKE
It's okay. I don't like to talk about my wife neither. Hurts so bad when Emma brings it up, blames me.

CAROL
Yeah, not to change the subject, but what 'exactly-exactly' did she--

MIKE
Said I don't like to talk about it, Carol. Too painful. Guess that's how it is with you and your dead one, too, right?

CAROL
Good. You understand. No, see--

MIKE
Besides, hearing about your dead boy made me feel better.

CAROL JUST LOOKS AT HIM.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Ever since you told me you had a middle-aged boy still living at home, I've been wondering what was wrong with him. But now I get it.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sumbitch, that one incident must have created all of Richard's pain and unhappiness.

CAROL LOOKS AT HIM, STUNNED BY JUST HOW PERFECT RICHARD'S "ORDINARY PEOPLE - ROBERT REDFORD THEORY" WAS.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You've been through so much too. I love you even more than I did. We have even more of a bond now.

CAROL LOOKS AT HIM FOR A VERY LONG BEAT.

CAROL

I...feel it too.

CAROL LOOKS DOWN, NOT PROUD, BUT HELL, THIS IS HER LAST CHANCE. CAROL KISSES MIKE PASSIONATELY, THEN PULLS HIM DOWN ONTO HER BED. AFTER A BEAT, MIKE GETS UP.

CAROL (CONT'D)

What's...wrong?

MIKE

The kids are downstairs and...
Not yet, Carol.

CAROL

But we still haven't...Even the night we were alone. Wow. You Kansas men really are gentleman.

MIKE

(MELODRAMATIC WHISPER) Yeah...

CAROL LOOKS AT HIM, PUZZLED. MIKE LOOKS AWAY. THERE'S A BIT OF A SILENCE.

CAROL

(OUT OF NOWHERE, FORCED) I called him Buck cause he liked reindeer.

MIKE NODS, "OH-KAAAY", AND WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE J

SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER

EXT. RICHARD & CAROL'S HOUSE - DAY

MIKE AND HIS THREE KIDS ARE CARRYING FURNITURE OUT OF A MOVING VAN. EMMA KEEPS GLARING AT HER DAD AS SHE TAKES STUFF OUT OF THE VAN.

INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD IS HOLDING WHISKERS AND LOOKING OUT HIS WINDOW, REALITY NOW SINKING IN.

RICHARD

(TO HIS CAT) It's happening, Whiskers. It's really happening. I'm in the freaking Brady Bunch.

RICHARD LOOKS BACK AT WHISKERS FOR A BEAT.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Still no sleep, huh, buddy? I wonder if they make feline Ambien.

RICHARD LOOKS BACK OUT THE WINDOW, AND SIGHS. HE OPENS HIS LAPTOP, THEN STARES LONGINGLY AT THE SCREEN FOR A FEW SECONDS. INSERT ON COMPUTER SCREEN: WE SEE A SMALL TWITTER PHOTO OF ALYSSA MILANO UNDER RICHARD'S LIST OF "FOLLOWERS."

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Oh, Alyssa...you could take me away from all this, couldn't you? I know you're a big star and according to "US Weekly," happily married, but I've seen a picture of the dude and I'm not too worried--

COLTON (O.S.)

Who are you talking to, sir?

COLTON ENTERS, CARRYING BOXES.

RICHARD
(EMBARRASSED) Just my cat. And... you don't have to call me sir.

COLTON
Oh. Sorry if I'm inconveniencing you in any way...

WIDEN TO REVEAL A SECOND BED NOW IN RICHARD'S ROOM.

COLTON (CONT'D)
But Dad said it was important Emma and Harley both have private rooms.

RICHARD
Kiiiinda disagree...I'm sure cute, mute Harley would love to be in the same room as his big brother.

COLTON
No, trust me. Harley thinks I'm the one who's weird. Funny, huh?

RICHARD
Yeah, it's a rib tickler... (LOOKS UP, HORRIFIED) What are you doing?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL COLTON IS HANGING UP A POSTER OF TIM TEBOW RIGHT ABOVE HIS BED.

COLTON
I'm sorry, sir...Richard, is that your bed?

RICHARD
No, it's...your's. But, you're really gonna put that--

COLTON
What's wrong with Tim Tebow?

RICHARD
I don't know. It's just, you're a teenager.

(MORE)

RICHARD (cont'd)
I find it a little odd that instead of putting up a poster of a hot girl, you know, you're hanging up a poster of a loser who prays after touchdowns.

COLTON LOOKS AT RICHARD WITH FRIGHTENING INTENSITY.

COLTON
Do...NOT...call Tim Tebow a loser!

RICHARD
I'm just saying, if God likes him so much, how come he cut him from the Patriots and Jets?

COLTON
(SHAKEN BY THIS) God loves Tim Tebow.

RICHARD
No, sorry, I think either Tim's feelings for God are unrequited or God doesn't really exist...

RICHARD GLANCES AT THE OLD CLOCK RADIO BESIDE HIS BED.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Oh, hey. "Cheers" is on. Can we pick this up later?

RICHARD WALKS OUT AS COLTON FALLS BACK ONTO HIS NEW BED, A BIT UNSTEADY ON HIS FEET.

CUT TO:

SCENE K

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

CAROL IS WALKING DOWN THE HALLWAY AFTER HER LITTLE CHAT WITH MIKE. SUDDENLY, SHE LOOKS UP AND SEES EMMA, SITTING ON THE STEPS LEADING DOWNSTAIRS, CRYING.

CAROL

Are you okay?

EMMA

Yeah, peachy, Sherlock.

CAROL

Uh...maybe I can help?

EMMA

The only way you could help is by divorcing my Dad or dropping dead. Your choice. (OFF CAROL'S LOOK) Look, that might have been a tad harsh, but thanks to you, I don't even have Carter anymore!

CAROL

Who's that, dear?

EMMA

My boyfriend. Dad won't even let me Skype him anymore.

CAROL

What?

EMMA

Yeah, he came into my room before and told me to stop talking to him and just accept this move--

CAROL

That's not right. You can't just turn off feelings.

EMMA LOOKS AT HER, SURPRISED.

EMMA

Right! Exactly. Maybe if I found a new ‘L.A.’ boyfriend, Dad would let me talk to Carter again. (INSPIRED, TO CAROL) A black boyfriend! That would show him.

CAROL LOOKS AT EMMA, TAKEN ABACK, BUT PLEASED BY THE FACT EMMA IS NOW OPENING UP TO HER INSTEAD OF GLARING AT HER. CAROL THINKS, NOT WANTING TO BLOW THIS MOMENT.

CAROL

Uh...are you sure, honey? Cause, you know, we have a a black President, doesn’t really have the same stigma anymore.

EMMA

Wow. You’re right. (LOOKS DOWN) Um...thanks. It’s been awhile since there’s been anyone I could go to for motherly advice.

CAROL

(MOVED) Glad I could help.

EMMA

So, what <u>should</u> I do? To get Dad’s attention?

CAROL

You’ll think of something else... offensive, dear. You’re a very bright girl.

EMMA SMILES AT CAROL, THEN HARDENS HER FACE A LITTLE, REMEMBERING SHE’S SUPPOSED TO HATE HER.

CUT TO:

SCENE L

INT. TV ROOM/DEN - SECONDS LATER

RICHARD RACES QUICKLY INTO THE DEN, A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH. THEN HE LOOKS DOWN IN HORROR AND SEES HARLEY, SITTING ON THE COUCH, WATCHING TV, IN RICHARD'S SPOT.

RICHARD TURNS AND LOOKS AT THE TV, EVEN MORE HORRIFIED.

RICHARD
What the hell are you watching?

HARLEY WRITES SOMETHING ON A PIECE OF PAPER, THEN HANDS IT TO RICHARD.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(READING HARLEY'S NOTE) "A documentary on climate change." Um, listen, champ, that's cute, but "Cheers" is on now. See, it's my nostalgic, mental bubble bath I take three times a day and--

HARLEY WRITES ON ANOTHER PIECE OF PAPER AND HANDS THIS ONE TO RICHARD TOO.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
(READING HARLEY'S NOTE) "Cheers glorified drinking." (TO HARLEY) What, that's absurd! It was a great show, back when TV was still good and Shelly Long was still valued--

HARLEY STARTS TO WRITE SOMETHING ELSE DOWN. RICHARD ROLLS HIS EYES.

RICHARD (CONT'D)
What...do you carry looseleaf paper around with you? You know, it's not easy to argue with the kid from "Little Miss Sunshine." I'm changing the channel to Cheers. I've lived here longer.

HARLEY WRITES SOMETHING ELSE DOWN. THIS ONE TAKES A LITTLE LONGER. HE FINALLY HANDS RICHARD THE PAPER. RICHARD LOOKS AT THE NOTE, TURNING WHITE AS A SHEET.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

(TO HIMSELF, SOFTLY) "I know you lied. I saw Ordinary People."

RICHARD LOOKS AT HARLEY, SHOCKED. HARLEY GESTURES TO RICHARD TO TURN THE PIECE OF PAPER OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE. RICHARD DOES, READING IT ALOUD TOO.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

"So I can watch what I want and you'll do my homework too, right?"

AS RICHARD STARES AT HIM, HORRIFIED, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FADE IN:

ACT THREE

SCENE M

INT. CAROL'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

CAROL IS SITTING WITH RICHARD AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. THEY BOTH LOOK DEEP IN THOUGHT AND TROUBLED.

RICHARD
Hey Carol, 14-year-old's don't get phys ed homework, right?

CAROL
What?!

RICHARD
Nothing.

CAROL
(LOOKS AT HIM) Sorry, that was just a really weird question and... Richard, do you find me attractive?

RICHARD
Excuse me?

CAROL
Do you think I'm still...physically desirable?

RICHARD
Hell, yes! If you weren't my Mom, I'd do you.

CAROL
Thanks, sweetie, it's just, me and Mike haven't um, been 'marital' since we got married and--

RICHARD

What? Is he gay? Wait. Can someone from Kansas be gay?

CAROL

No, no he's definitely not gay. It must be me.

RICHARD

Yeah, I guess.

MIKE ENTERS, DRESSED UP FOR CHURCH. HE KISSES CAROL.

MIKE

Good morning.

CAROL

Good morning, honey. Um, you sure you don't mind me not coming to church with you?

MIKE

You're Jewish. (SMILES) You're not gonna make me go to synagogue, right?

CAROL

No. Of course not. Wait. You're not gonna make me go to synagogue, are you?

MIKE

(LAUGHS) You crack me up, Carol. That's one of the reasons I love you.

CAROL

(INSECURE) Any...other reasons?

MIKE LOOKS AT HER. THEN, SUDDENLY, COLTON WALKS INTO THE KITCHEN WITH HARLEY, BOTH OF THEM DRESSED FOR CHURCH TOO.

MIKE

(TO COLTON) Where's your sister?

COLTON
She’s not going to church today. She...said she’s going to a mosque.

MIKE
What?!

CAROL
(TO HERSELF, GUILTY) Oy vey...

COLTON
Yeah, she mumbled something about wanting to find a mosque where the cute Al-Qaeda boys hang out--

MIKE
Where the HELL is she?

EMMA (O.S.)
Here. What is it you want, father?

EMMA ENTERS THE KITCHEN...DRESSED IN A BURKA.

MIKE
Jesus, Emma! Take that off.

EMMA
What, father? You want I should go naked to a mosque?

MIKE
Listen, young lady. You are not going anywhere dressed like that!

EMMA
Like what, father? I have no skin showing, not even my nostrils--

COLTON
Stop it, Emma! You’re embarrassing Dad in front of his new wife.

EMMA

Really? Let me ask. (WINKS, TO CAROL) Am I embarrassing you?

CAROL

No, not embarrassed. Surprised. (SOTTO) Not what I would have suggested, but--

RICHARD WALKS TO EMMA, SHYLY FLIRTATIOUS.

RICHARD

You're not embarrassing me either. And that's a nice burka color on you, Emma.

COLTON

Why are you encouraging her?

RICHARD

Why are you being such a fascist? Maybe your sister just likes Allah better than Jesus. This stuff is subjective.

MIKE WALKS PAST THEM, OVER TO EMMA.

MIKE

Emma, look, I know this is hard on you. It's hard on all of us!

EMMA

Little tougher on me.

MIKE

I know you were close to Mom, we all were...

EMMA

Yeah... (JUST BLURTING IT OUT) But I didn't kill her!

THEY ALL LOOK UP, STARTLED. MIKE LOOKS DOWN, SHAKEN. CAROL LOOKS AT MIKE, NERVOUS. RICHARD LOOKS ENTERTAINED.

COLTON

Emma, how dare you say that?

EMMA

Oh, I see. It wasn't his fault?

COLTON

It was an accident!

EMMA

It was his fault and he knows it.

MIKE LOOKS AT EMMA, WEAKER THAN WE'VE SEEN HIM UP TO NOW.

MIKE

Emma...You know I didn't mean-

MIKE STARTS TO CRY. THEY ALL LOOK AT HIM. THIS IS A FIRST.

COLTON

(STUNNED) Dad are you...okay?

MIKE CRIES A BIT HARDER, THEN LOOKS AT HIS FAMILY, EMBARRASSED. HE OPENS THE KITCHEN DOOR AND STARTS TO WALK OUTSIDE. CAROL FOLLOWS HIM.

MIKE BRUSHES CAROL ASIDE AND WALKS QUICKLY OUTSIDE. THEY ALL STARE AT EACH OTHER, SPENT AND SHAKEN. SUDDENLY, HARLEY WALKS OVER TO EMMA, SAYING HIS FIRST WORDS IN SEVEN MONTHS.

HARLEY

You're a bitch!

COLTON AND EMMA LOOK UP, STUNNED TO HEAR HARLEY SPEAK, LET ALONE SWEAR. HARLEY LOOKS AT EVERYONE, THEN RUNS OUT OF THE KITCHEN. RICHARD FOLLOWS HIM INTO THE HALLWAY.

CUT TO:

SCENE N

EXT/INT. RICHARD'S ROOM - SECONDS LATER

RICHARD IS UPSTAIRS, STILL RUNNING AFTER HARLEY.

RICHARD
One second--

HARLEY WALKS INTO THE VERY FIRST ROOM, WHICH HAPPENS TO BE RICHARD'S. RICHARD FOLLOWS HIM INTO THE ROOM.

HARLEY
I want to be alone!

RICHARD
Hey, Greta Garbo, we have to talk.

HARLEY
What?

RICHARD
(ROLLS HIS EYES) Oh, right. She was a movie star--

HARLEY
I know who Greta Garbo is! (DECENT IMPRESSION) "I vant to beee alone."

RICHARD
(SURPRISED) That's...not bad.

HARLEY
Wow. The little hick knows something you do. Yeah...I see the way you look down at us. You know, there are smart people in Kansas too. Not many, but we have them. And you think people are so great here in California? They're either Scientologists or 'hopped up on the junk'--

RICHARD
Boy, when you finally open your mouth, you don't shut it, do you?

HARLEY
Look, what do you want?

RICHARD
Now that you can talk, you're not gonna blab about, my, uh, "brother croaked in a boat story"--

HARLEY
I haven't up to now, have I? (OFF HIS LOOK) I could have written it down, 'Confederacy of Dunce.'

RICHARD
Right. (BEAT) Why...didn't you?

HARLEY
Cause I have omerta. That means honor. In Sicilian. I'm not even sure how I know that.

RICHARD LOOKS AT HIM FOR A BEAT AND...SMILES.

RICHARD
You're a weird kid.

HARLEY
You're a weird man.

HARLEY SMILES BACK AT HIM, THEN LOOKS OVER AT WHISKERS.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
What's wrong with his eyes?

RICHARD
He hasn't slept in five days.

HARLEY
What? Cats sleep like twenty-three hours a day. Let me talk to him.

RICHARD LOOKS AT HIM. HARLEY WALKS OVER TO WHISKERS.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
How you doing, buddy? You okay?

WHISKERS MEOWS. HARLEY TURNS BACK TO RICHARD.

HARLEY (CONT'D)
He's depressed.

RICHARD
How the hell do you know?

HARLEY
I...have the gift.

RICHARD
What does that mean--

HARLEY
I can hear what animals say. Except for chipmunks, I kind of tune them out. Now don't shoot the messenger, but you're depressing Whiskers. He feels you're wasting your life.

RICHARD GLARES AT WHISKERS.

RICHARD
You really DO talk behind my back. (TO WHISKERS) I write a killer blog. Alyssa Milano follows me!

HARLEY
But he thinks you can do even more. That if you applied yourself, you could win a Pulitzer Prize. Or Emmy.

RICHARD
Really? (GIDDY NOW) Anything else?

HARLEY

Yeah. He also thinks you can do better than Alyssa Milano. Not looks wise, but someone you have more in common with and who hasn't yet given birth--

RICHARD NODS AT WHISKERS, THEN LOOKS AT HARLEY.

RICHARD

Thanks, man.

HARLEY

Thank the cat. He said it.

RICHARD

Yeah, but I never would have known that if...I didn't finally have a brother.

HARLEY LOOKS AT HIM, TOUCHED. RICHARD LOOKS DOWN, NOT USED TO THIS KIND OF WARM MOMENT. HE TRIES TO COVER.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

I mean, of course I had Buck, but the dumb bastard didn't know how to 'cat-whisper' or swim.

HARLEY LAUGHS AT RICHARD'S JOKE. RICHARD SMILES. SUDDENLY, CAROL ENTERS.

CAROL

(TO HARLEY) You okay, dear?

HARLEY

Yeah. I talked to Richard a little and I feel better.

CAROL LOOKS AT RICHARD, SURPRISED, NEVER BEFORE HAVING HEARD THAT SENTENCE IN HER LIFE. HARLEY LOOKS DOWN.

HARLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I said a dirty word in your kitchen.

CAROL

(SMILES) It’s your kitchen too and you’re not my only son who swears.

HARLEY

How’s my Dad?

CAROL

I don’t know. He’s still sitting outside--

COLTON ENTERS. HE LOOKS AT CAROL.

COLTON

Dad said he’s finally ready. He wants to see you now...Mom. In the bedroom.

CAROL LOOKS AT COLTON, SURPRISED AND HOPEFUL.

CUT TO:

SCENE O

INT. CAROL'S BEDROOM - DAY

MIKE IS SITTING ON CAROL'S BED. SHE WALKS OVER TO HIM, CONCERNED, BUT ALSO A LITTLE EXCITED.

CAROL

You...wanted to see me?

MIKE

Yes. Sit down, honey.

CAROL

Um, "sit down?" Or lie down--

MIKE

(BLURTING IT OUT) Emma was right. I did kill her mother.

CAROL

Oh god. Listen, you don't have to tell me, I'm happy to live in denial and--

MIKE

It was an accident. But just the way you probably feel responsible for your son's death, that's how I feel. It's a terrible burden we carry every day, ain't it?

CAROL

It's...no picnic, Mike.

MIKE

I've kept it inside for too damn long.

MIKE GETS UP AND PACES.

MIKE (CONT'D)

See, Wendy was so sick, for so long.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
Poor thing had a heart condition. Got worse towards the end. The doctor said sex might be too risky, but she was brave and I...wanted to show her how much I still loved her and...she died while I was, you know, inside.

CAROL LOOKS AT HIM FOR A LONG BEAT.

CAROL
(RELIEVED AND A BIT TITILLATED)
You...fucked her to death?

MIKE LOOKS AT HER, STUNNED.

MIKE
That's a rather crude way to put it, Carol.

CAROL
Sorry, poor choice of...

CAROL LOOKS UP, FINALLY GETTING SOMETHING.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Is that why you haven't slept with me yet?

MIKE LOOKS DOWN AND SIGHS.

MIKE
I...was so afraid I'd kill again.

CAROL
Oh, you poor sweet... (THEN) If it happens, it happens. I've had a full life.

AS CAROL STARTS TO DRAG MIKE ONTO THE BED, WE...

CUT TO:

SCENE P

INT. RICHARD & COLTON'S ROOM - NIGHT

RICHARD IS LYING IN BED, A SICK LOOK ON HIS FACE AS HE HEARS:

LOUD MOANS OF PASSION COMING FROM DOWN THE HALL. RICHARD GETS UP SUDDENLY AND GRABS A BASEBALL BAT.

COLTON
What are you doing?

RICHARD
I just want to see if my mother's okay...

COLTON
They're just making love. What are you, ten?

RICHARD
You don't understand. I mean, my mother doesn't have a bad ticker, but she does have asthma.

COLTON
What?

RICHARD
Harley shared a little nugget with me before, something he walked in on that made him go mute--

RICHARD TAKES A FEW STEPS FORWARD, CARRYING HIS BASEBALL BAT.

COLTON (CONT'D)
Leave them alone. They're married. It's God's will.

RICHARD
Well, if his will is for your Dad and my Mom to bump uglies, God must be one sick bastard.

COLTON

(JUST LOSING IT NOW) Shut the fuck up! The Lord hears all!!

RICHARD

No, he doesn't. And you know why? BECAUSE HE DOESN'T EXIST!. See, because if he did, he'd strike me dead for saying this. (LOOKS HEAVENWARD) Hey, God, what do you say me, you, and Moses grab a few of the skanks you created and have a 'six-way.'

COLTON LOOKS AT HIM, ABSOLUTELY TERRIFIED.

COLTON

Don't talk like that. Seriously.

RICHARD

What's he gonna do, hit me with a bolt of lightning? Bring on your best, 'Big G.' (SARCASTIC) I'm shaking...

COLTON LOOKS AT RICHARD, THEN UP AT GOD, AFRAID.

CUT TO:

SCENE Q

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

EVERYONE BUT EMMA IS HUDDLED AROUND THE TV. MIKE HAS HIS ARM AROUND CAROL. CAROL HAS THE BIGGEST, MOST SATISFIED SMILE ON HER FACE SHE HAS EVER HAD IN HER LIFE.

HARLEY IS SITTING NEXT TO RICHARD ON THE COUCH. WHISKERS IS FINALLY SLEEPING...ON HARLEY'S LAP. COLTON IS SITTING AS FAR AWAY FROM RICHARD ON THE COUCH AS HE CAN. EMMA ENTERS AND LOOKS AT HER DAD.

EMMA

I got your text. What's going on?

MIKE

Movie night. Just like we used to have back home.

EMMA

I...don't think so.

MIKE

Look, I've been talking it over with Carol here and shoot, I wasn't taking into account what you were going through and... (SIGHS) You can still Skype Carter. But only twice a week.

EMMA SMILES, EXCITED, THEN RUNS OVER TO CAROL AND...GIVES HER A HUG. CAROL MELTS. RICHARD LOOKS AT HIS MOTHER, A LITTLE JEALOUS. HE'S CAUGHT STARING AGAIN.

RICHARD

(QUICKLY) So, what are we watching?

EMMA

Dad's favorite channel.

HARLEY

(STOKED) Turner Classics!

MIKE

Yeah. I love the old movies they show. Let’s see what’s on next...

MIKE HITS THE REMOTE AND SCANS THE DIRECTV GUIDE.

SUDDENLY, RICHARD LOOKS UP, HORRIFIED.

INSERT ON TV:

CLOSE ON THE DIRECTV PROGRAM LISTING:

“ORDINARY PEOPLE (1980) DRAMA. (TIMOTHY HUTTON, MARY TYLER MOORE, DONALD SUTHERLAND, JUDD HIRSCH)

RICHARD LOOKS HEAVENWARD AND GULPS, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, BELIEVING IN THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

RICHARD AND CAROL, AT THE EXACT SAME SECOND DESPERATELY LUNGE FOR THE REMOTE AND WITH EACH HAND ON THE REMOTE...

MANAGE TO CHANGE THE CHANNEL JUST IN TIME, NARROWLY AVOIDING “GOD’S VENGEANCE.”

MIKE LOOKS AT CAROL, A LITTLE TAKEN ABACK. CAROL LOOKS BACK AT HIM, A LITTLE EMBARRASSED.

CAROL

(BEAT) Not a fan of Timothy Hutton.

AS MIKE SHRUGS, AND HARLEY SUPPRESSES A LAUGH, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW