

"DON'T REMIND ME"

Pilot

Written by

Barry Katz

BKatzFreelance@gmail.com

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. FINKELSTEIN KITCHEN / INT./EXT. ENTRYWAY -
MORNING
(David, Tiffany, Chris)

DAVID SITS ANXIOUSLY AT THE TABLE, PROFESSIONALLY DRESSED AND READY TO START THE DAY. HE CHECKS HIS WATCH REPEATEDLY. HE SEES THE COFFEE -- THE OMELETS -- THE TOAST, NONE OF WHICH ARE IN FRONT OF HIM.

DAVID

(LOUDLY) Tiff? Honey? The omelets are getting cold.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

I'll be down in a minute!

DAVID

(SIGHS, TO HIMSELF) Great. Another minute for botulism to set in.

TIFFANY ENTERS IN ALL HER REGAL GLORY.

TIFFANY

I heard that.

DAVID

I took a food safety course in college. You can't just leave things sitting around for an eternity.

TIFFANY

David. My love. You are officially weird. And I mean that in the most affectionate way possible.

TIFFANY POURS THE COFFEE, PLATES THE FOOD.

DAVID

You won't be calling me weird when you're clinging to life in a hospital bed. Besides, I'm perfectly capable of pouring coffee and transferring an omelet from a skillet to a plate. You don't have to do everything for me, you know?

TIFFANY

We made an agreement when we got married. I take care of the house, you focus on work.

SHE SETS THE FOOD DOWN ON THE TABLE, TAKES A SEAT.

DAVID

I know, it's just... I feel like The Cleavers. Most households have two incomes these days. And they share the responsibilities. Why don't you let me cook for a change?

TIFFANY ERUPTS INTO LAUGHTER.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What? You don't think I can cook?

TIFFANY

Tell you what. You let me handle the finances, and I'll let you handle the cooking.

DAVID SETS HIS FORK DOWN.

DAVID

(CHEWING) My God, these eggs are fluffy!

TIFFANY

Mmmm. Hmmm.

DAVID

(SIPS COFFEE) And this coffee. Starbucks, who?! You're right, honey. A man's job is not in the kitchen, and a woman's job is definitely not in her husband's wallet.

TIFFANY CROSSES HER ARMS, GLARES AT DAVID. HE PRETENDS TO IGNORE IT, LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I should really get going. I have a long drive.

TIFFANY

You ride your bike to work.

DAVID

I know, but --

TIFFANY

And your building is three blocks away.

DAVID

Really? I could have sworn it was
four, but --

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS

DAVID (CONT'D)

Who's that?

TIFFANY

I know how you can find out.

TIFFANY FLASHES A FAKE SMILE. DAVID WIPES HIS MOUTH
WITH A NAPKIN, RELUCTANTLY CROSSES TO THE ENTRYWAY.

RESET TO:

INT./EXT. ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

DAVID OPENS THE FRONT DOOR. CHRIS, SCRUFFY AND
SEEMINGLY HOMELESS, STANDS OUTSIDE WITH LUGGAGE AT
HIS SIDE. OVERGROWN OILY HAIR, SCRAGGLY BEARD,
DIRTY CLOTHES.

DAVID

Can I help you?

CHRIS SLOWLY BOBS HIS HEAD, CRACKS A CONFIDENT SMILE.

CHRIS

Look at you. All grown up. You're a
lot thinner. And I don't just mean on
top of your head. And speaking of the
top of your head, where's that, uh...

CHRIS SNAPS HIS FINGERS, TRIES TO REMEMBER...

DAVID

I don't know who you are, or what you
want, but --

CHRIS

Sure you do! It's me. Studmuffin!

Don't tell me you forgot?

DAVID LOOKS AROUND TO MAKE SURE NOBODY HEARD THAT.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

David, who's at the door?

DAVID

Uh, no one. Just some transient who's wandered off the beaten path.

CHRIS

Transient?! Is that any way to refer to the guy who saved your heiny?

CHRIS TRIES TO PEEK OVER DAVID'S SHOULDER.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Was that your wife? She sounds hot!

DAVID

Okay, that's enough! You get out of here this instant, or I'm calling security!

CHRIS

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Slow your roll, Finky Dinky. Just hear me out.

DAVID

Wait, how do you... ?

CHRIS

What? Know your nickname?

DAVID STEPS OUTSIDE, CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

DAVID

I haven't been called Finky Dinky in a really long time, and I intend to keep it that way. (BEAT) Studmuffin??

CHRIS SEEMS SOMEWHAT INSULTED.

CHRIS

Jeez. You save a guy's life and he ends up with Alzheimer's. Let me refresh your memory, David Finkelstein, son of Mordechai and Tilly Finkelstein.

DAVID SUCCUMBS TO HIS CURIOSITY AND IS ALL EARS.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

It was fourth grade, as I recall...

FLASHBACK TO:

SCENE B

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - 1985 - DAY

(Young David, Young Chris, Bully #1, Bully #2, Pretty Girl #1, Pretty Girl #2)

YOUNG DAVID, PUDGY AND NERDY, SITS ON A BENCH BY HIS LONESOME WEARING A BLUE YAMAKA. HE HAS TWO LUNCH BOXES. HE OPENS THE FIRST ONE -- MATZAH AND BRISKET. HE OPENS THE SECOND ONE -- CARTON OF MILK.

HE CLOSES HIS EYES.

YOUNG DAVID

Baruch atah adonai elokeinu melech

haolam --

LAUGHTER AND SNICKERING OFF TO THE SIDE. DAVID OPENS HIS EYES TO A PAIR OF BULLIES STANDING IN FRONT OF HIM.

BULLY #1

What the heck are you doing, Finky
Dinky?

YOUNG DAVID

I'm saying the bracha.

BULLY #1

Sounds more like you're hocking a
loogie!

BULLY #2

Why'dya need two lunch boxes? For
double the dorkiness?

THE BULLIES LAUGH AND HIGH-FIVE ONE ANOTHER.

YOUNG DAVID

No. It's to keep milk and meat
separate. Don't you guys keep kosher?

IN THE NEAR DISTANCE, POPULAR YOUNG CHRIS IS
SURROUNDED BY PRETTY GIRLS. THEY FAWN OVER HIM
LIKE LOVESICK GROUPIES.

BULLY #1

Check out this fuzzy Frisbee on his
head.

BULLY #1 GRABS DAVID'S YAMAKA.

YOUNG DAVID

Hey! That's my brand new velvet yamaka!

THE TWO BULLIES PLAY FRISBEE WITH DAVID'S YAMAKA
WHILE DAVID PLAYS PIGGY IN THE MIDDLE.

YOUNG DAVID (CONT'D)

Give that back, or else...

THE BULLIES STOP. THEY SLOWLY CLOSE IN ON DAVID.

BULLY #1

Or else what?

BULLY #1 GRABS DAVID BY THE COLLAR.

BULLY #1 (CONT'D)

(TO BULLY #2) You ready to try out
that rad new wrestling move on him?

BULLY #2

Hell, yeah! Let's break his neck!

YOUNG DAVID

You do know wrestling's fake, right?

BULLY #2

Not the way we do it!

BULLY #1

First we're gonna pile-drive you
headfirst into the four square court,
and if you're still alive, we're gonna
smash your face in with a steel chair!

DAVID GULPS. BULLY #1 FORCEFULLY TUCKS DAVID'S
HEAD BETWEEN HIS LEGS, THEN HOISTS HIM INTO AN UPSIDE
DOWN POSITION. DAVID KICKS HIS CHUBBY LITTLE LEGS
FRANTICALLY TO TRY AND FREE HIMSELF, THEN PRAYS:

YOUNG DAVID

Dear God. Please forgive me for eating
that bacon cheeseburger. And please
don't tell my mom that I --

BULLY #2

Get ready to die, Finky Dinky!

BULLY #1 IS JUST ABOUT TO ADMINISTER A PILEDRIVER,
WHEN SUDDENLY:

YOUNG CHRIS (O.S.)

Not so fast, butt-muncher.

CHRIS WHIPS OUT A SWITCHBLADE KNIFE. HIS THUMB
POISED, AND READY TO PUSH THE BUTTON.

YOUNG CHRIS (CONT'D)

Put him down or I give both you punks
a sex change operation. Since you
like humping boys, and all.

BULLY #1 HESITANTLY RETURNS DAVID TO AN UPRIGHT
POSITION, THEN SHOVES HIM INTO CHRIS. CHRIS
TAUNTINGLY WAVES THE KNIFE HANDLE. BULLY #2
SCRUNCHES UP THE YAMAKA, HURLS IT AT DAVID.

BULLY #1

(POINTING, WALKING BACKWARD) You better watch yourself, Finky Dinky! He won't always be around to save you.

CHRIS STARES THE BULLIES DOWN AS THEY SLOWLY RETREAT.

PRETTY GIRL #1

(RE: CHRIS) He is such a studmuffin!

PRETTY GIRL #2

Yeah, and cuter than Kirk Cameron and Ricky Schroder combined!

YOUNG CHRIS

Can't argue with that.

DAVID PUTS THE CRUMPLED YAMAKA BACK ON HIS HEAD.

YOUNG DAVID

Gee, thanks, uh... what's your name again?

YOUNG CHRIS

Chris is the name, scoring babes is my game. (SLIPS KNIFE HANDLE INTO POCKET)

YOUNG DAVID

Cool. I didn't wanna have to call you studmuffin. That would be weird. Was that a real knife?

YOUNG CHRIS

You kidding? My pops would kill me if I brought a knife to school.

(MORE)

YOUNG CHRIS (CONT'D)

Besides, who needs a knife when you
have muscles like these?

CHRIS FLEXES HIS MUSCLES. A COUPLE OF PRETTY GIRLS
FAINT. DAVID RAISES HIS EYEBROWS -- IMPRESSED.

YOUNG DAVID

Well... thanks again for saving me.
My nose is gonna be big enough without
having it bashed in by a steel chair.
You should see my dad's shnaz. You
can hang a coat on it.

CHRIS LAUGHS, SLAPS DAVID ON THE SHOULDER A LITTLE
TOO HARD. DAVID WINCES.

YOUNG CHRIS

You're a funny guy, Finky Dinky. But
I gotta split. You're kinda ruining
my image.

YOUNG DAVID

I understand. This is the longest
anyone has ever endured me. If there's
anything I can ever do for you...
anything at all, just let me know.

YOUNG CHRIS

Me, need you? Yeah, right! Let's
roll, ladies. (WALKS AWAY) We still
have to try out that new lip gloss.

DAVID IS LEFT STANDING IN A STATE OF BEWILDERMENT.

BACK TO:

SCENE C

INT./EXT. ENTRYWAY - PRESENT DAY
(David, Chris)

THE SAME BEWILDERED LOOK ON DAVID'S FACE, ONLY THIRTY YEARS LATER. CHRIS REACHES INTO HIS POCKET, PULLS OUT THE INFAMOUS SWITCHBLADE. DAVID'S EYES GROW WIDE. CHRIS PUSHES THE BUTTON -- FWING!

DAVID

(GASPS, THEN) A switchblade comb?!

CHRIS RUNS THE COMB THROUGH HIS OVERGROWN OILY HAIR.

CHRIS

Good thing that I.O.U. didn't come
with an expiration date, huh?

DAVID

Come again?

CHRIS

I need you, buddy!

DAVID

First of all, I don't remember swearing
on any bible, or with a pinky, or on
anyone's grave, so it's null and void.
Second of all, you reek to high heaven.
When was the last time you showered?

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Lastly, how in the hell did you find me?!

CHRIS

Uh, we had a verbally binding agreement. You offered, I'm cashing in. I showered on March third. I remember it clearly 'cause there were two naked chicks with me. I would have found you online if I had internet access, but instead, I asked your folks, who by the way, would be very disappointed to hear you're no longer sportin' a fuzzy Frisbee.

DAVID

Yamaka.

CHRIS

Whatever. Any further questions?

DAVID OPENS THE DOOR.

DAVID

(DEFEATED) Get in.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE D

INT. FINKELSTEIN LIVING ROOM - LATER
(David, Chris, Tiffany)

DAVID AND TIFFANY ARE SEATED. CHRIS STANDS IN THE CENTER OF THE ROOM ADMIRING HIS POSH SURROUNDINGS.

TIFFANY

Let me get this straight. You saved David from getting his butt kicked in grade school, and you think you can just waltz into his life thirty some odd years later and expect him to put a roof over your head?

CHRIS

I think you're underestimating the severity of a piledriver. We're talkin' headfirst into the asphalt. He'd be dead if it wasn't for me. Or at the very least, a lifelong vegetable.

(BEAT) Can I sit down?

TIFFANY

Not smelling like that, you can't.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(TO DAVID) You never told me you were in mortal danger at the hands of two nine-year-olds?

DAVID

It's not exactly my fondest memory. And they were very big nine-year-olds. I'm pretty sure they were on steroids.

CHRIS

They'd have to be to lift you. (TO TIFFANY) Your husband wasn't always this lean.

TIFFANY FURROWS HER BROWS -- "REALLY?" DAVID GIGGLES SHEEPISHLY, THEN NIBBLES ON HIS FINGERNAILS. CHRIS TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO TIFFANY, LOOKS HER UP AND DOWN -- DAVID NOTICES.

DAVID

What are you doing?

CHRIS

What?

DAVID

You were checking out my wife!

CHRIS

It's just... (TO TIFFANY) You look really familiar.

TIFFANY

I'm sure you see a lot of people on the freeway off-ramp.

DAVID

(STERNLY) Tiffany...

CHRIS

No, no. Were you a model? Porn star?
Stripper, perhaps?

TIFFANY

Is that some sort of feeble attempt at
flattery?

DAVID STANDS.

DAVID

Enough, you two. I got us into this
mess, and I'll figure a way out. In
the meanwhile, I need to get to work
or we'll all be homeless.

TIFFANY

You're gonna have to chain him up
outside or something. And get him
groomed.

TIFFANY COVERS HER NOSE WITH HER HAND.

DAVID

I'll take him to work with me, and
when I get home, we'll throw him in
the shower.

CHRIS

(TO TIFFANY) I'm not opposed to sharing
a shower if you guys are water
conscious. Jus' sayin'.

TIFFANY

You just keep digging yourself deeper
and deeper into a hole, don't you?

CHRIS PANTOMIMES ZIPPING HIS LIPS.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(TO DAVID) How do you propose taking
him to work on a mountain bike? Is he
gonna ride on the handle bars?

DAVID AND CHRIS KEENLY CONSIDER THIS, BUT:

DAVID

Of course not! (BEAT) I'll take your
car.

TIFFANY

Oh, no n-n-n-n-n-no! I just had it
cleaned.

DAVID

Okay. Then you and Finley can take
him along for a Chinese foot massage.
I'm sure he could use one.

TIFFANY MULLS OVER HER OPTIONS, THEN:

TIFFANY

I'll get the keys.

CUT TO:

SCENE E

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER
(David, Chris)

DAVID AND CHRIS DRIVE IN AWKWARD SILENCE. DAVID DISCRETELY CRACKS A WINDOW TO AVOID PASSING OUT.

DAVID

Let's cut to the chase. How long do you intend on staying with us?

CHRIS

One... two weeks, tops.

DAVID

(LOOKS AT CHRIS) What the hell happened to you?! You used to be all "Joe Cool Ladies' Man." You look like crap!

CHRIS

It's a long story, Finky Dinky, a really long --

DAVID SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.

DAVID

Don't ever call me that again.

CHRIS

Someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed today.

DAVID

At least I woke up in a bed.

CHRIS APPEARS SADDENED BY THAT COMMENT.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean that.

CHRIS

It's okay. People say things they don't mean all the time. Like when my business partner assured me my investment would be safe. And when my ex-wife assured me our love would last forever. And when that smokin' hot babe in high school assured me she couldn't get pregnant.

DAVID

Okay, I get it.

CHRIS

But you, Finky -- I mean, David. You are different! You are a man of your word. You assured me you'd be there when I needed you, and brother, here you are!

CHRIS SMILES FROM EAR-TO-EAR. DAVID WANTS TO BE FLATTERED, BUT IS NOTICEABLY CONCERNED.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE F

INT. ELEVATOR - LATER THAT MORNING
(David, Chris, Orderly, Elderly Man)

DAVID AND CHRIS RIDE UP WITH COFFEE CUPS IN TOW.
ALONG FOR THE RIDE IS AN ORDERLY WHO'S ESCORTING AN
ELDERLY MAN IN A WHEELCHAIR.

ELDERLY MAN

Smells like something died in here.

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. AS THE ORDERLY WHEELS THE
ELDERLY MAN OUT:

ORDERLY

Good day, Doctor Finkelstein.

DAVID ACKNOWLEDGES WITH A WEAK NOD AND SMILE. THE
ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE.

CHRIS

Whoa... Doctor?!

DAVID

Yes, some of us finished high school.

CHRIS

What do you specialize in? Feet?

Rectums? Warts? (SIPS COFFEE)

DAVID

Boobs.

CHRIS SPRAYS OUT HIS COFFEE.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE G

INT. DR. FINKELSTEIN'S WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER
(David, Chris, Latisha)

SFX: PHONE RINGING

LATISHA ANSWERS THE PHONE IN THE RECEPTION AREA.

LATISHA

Doctor Finkelstein's office...

DAVID AND CHRIS ENTER. LATISHA COVERS THE PHONE.

LATISHA (CONT'D)

(TO DAVID) Where have you been?! I
had to postpone two of your
appointments. And you know how Mrs.
Lacroix can be!

DAVID

Yeah, don't remind me. Sorry, Latisha.
I had a bit of a crisis this morning.

LATISHA LOOKS AT CHRIS, WHO SMILES AT HER.

LATISHA

(INTO PHONE) Lemme call you right
back. (HANGS UP, THEN) Why is there
a rank-ass white boy standing all up
in here like he has an appointment or
sumthin'?

DAVID

Latisha... meet Chris. He's a, uh...

CHRIS

Schoolmate.

DAVID

He's going through a bit of a rough patch and will be spending the day here... with you.

LATISHA

Aw, hell, no! I can't be havin' no Duck Dynasty-lookin' fool in my waiting room. He can wait outside.

DAVID

Look, just do me this favor. It's only for one day. I promise I'll make it up to you.

CHRIS

(TO LATISHA) It's true. This man never backs out of a promise. Never.

DAVID ISN'T QUITE SURE HOW TO RESPOND TO THAT, SO...

DAVID

(TO CHRIS) These glossy paper things are called magazines. Everything you've ever wanted to know about cars, celebrities, and human anatomy is right here. Sorry, no porn.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're gonna sit here, pretend to read,
and ignore my patients. Capiche?

CHRIS

Where do I clock in?

BEFORE DAVID CAN GET ANY MORE RILED UP...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Kidding! Totally kidding. Go examine
some boobies and let me know if you
need any help. Go on!

LATISHA PULLS OUT A LARGE AEROSOL CAN.

LATISHA

(READS LABEL) Says here it kills ninety-
nine percent of odor-causing bacteria.
My luck he's in the one percentile.

LATISHA REACHES OVER THE COUNTER, FUMIGATES THE
HELL OUT OF CHRIS! HE CHOKES AND FLAILS HIS ARMS
WILDLY. DAVID QUITE ENJOYS THE THEATRICALS, BUT
PROMPTLY GETS BACK TO BUSINESS.

DAVID

(TO LATISHA) Keep an eye on him.

CHRIS

Relax! It's not like I'm gonna steal
anything. (BEAT) My parole officer
would be up my ass like an enema.

CHRIS NONCHALANTLY TAKES A SEAT, REACHES FOR A
MAGAZINE. LATISHA AND DAVID DIGEST THIS AS WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE H

FADE IN:

INT. CHINESE FOOT MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY
(Tiffany, Finley, Xiuying, Mei, Extras)

TIFFANY AND FINLEY ENTER. TIFFANY WEARS A CUTE SUN DRESS WHILE FINLEY APPEARS TO BE HEADLINING A FASHION SHOW.

THEY APPROACH THE CHECK-IN COUNTER AND ARE GREETED BY THE ELEGANT OWNER, XIUYING, WHOSE NAME TAG BEARS A PHONETIC SPELLING IN PARENTHESIS.

XIUYING

Welcome! At least thirty-minute wait.

Very busy today.

FINLEY

No waiting here, honey. We have an eleven o'clock appointment.

XIUYING

What your name?

FINLEY

Finley.

XIUYING

Philly?

FINLEY

Fin-ley. Fin -- like a '59 Cadillac.
Lee -- as in Bruce's last name. You're
familiar?

TIFFANY GRABS THE APPOINTMENT BOOK, POINTS TO
FINLEY'S NAME.

XIUYING

Philly! That's what I said. You want
boy or girl?

FINLEY

TIFFANY

Boy.

Girl.

FINLEY

Preferably over eighteen.

XIUYING APPEARS CONFUSED.

TIFFANY

(TO FINLEY) Let's not make this anymore
complicated than it needs to be. (TO
XIUYING) Girl is just fine, Xiuying.

FINLEY

Ugh. I've been working on my calves
and now Wang won't get a chance to
feel them. I think he's from my
synagogue, if you know what I mean.

XIUYING

Right this way.

TIFFANY

He's married with kids.

FINLEY

Yeah, two drinks away from being gay.

Love the name, though.

TIFFANY AND FINLEY FOLLOW XIUYING TO THEIR MASSAGE STATIONS.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE FOOT MASSAGE PARLOR - MOMENTS LATER

TIFFANY AND FINLEY ARE SITTING IN LAZY-BOY CHAIRS AMONGST OTHER CUSTOMERS. FINLEY ROLLS UP HIS PANT LEGS.

TIFFANY

Why did you wear slacks to a Chinese foot massage?

FINLEY

First of all, the slacks are Armani.
You never know who you might bump into.

TIFFANY

Well if you're trying to show off your calves, you'd need to bump into that person pretty damn hard to have your pants knocked off.

FINLEY

(PERVERTEDLY) Mmmm... my point exactly!

FINLEY BELTS OUT THE LOUDEST, MOST ENTHUSIASTICALLY SINISTER LAUGH IMAGINABLE. TIFFANY COVERS HER FACE. A PAIR OF MASSEUSES GET BUSY ON THE DUO'S LOWER EXTREMITIES.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

So tell me more about this house guest.

Is he hot?

TIFFANY

Is Charles Manson hot?

FINLEY

Well, he did have all those followers.
He's probably totally hung. Dos Manos
of it all. Womp, womp!

TIFFANY

Well I don't feel comfortable about
the whole thing. I mean, only a psycho
would cash in on an I.O.U. from fourth
grade.

FINLEY

Your hubby does have a tendency to put
his foot in his mouth a lot. The
ability to unhinge his jaw is totally
wasted on him.

SFX: PHONE RINGS IN DISTANCE, THEN STOPS.

XIUYING

(LOUDLY) Mei, call on line one.

MEI, FINLEY'S MASSEUSE, LEAVES FINLEY'S FOOT
SATURATED IN OIL WHILE SHE GRABS THE CALL.

FINLEY

(TO MEI) Excuse me!

MEI

One minute!

FINLEY

Ugh. This is why I need Wang.

FINLEY PICKS UP A NEWSPAPER, PERUSES IT.

TIFFANY

Since when do you read the paper?

FINLEY

I read the paper.

TIFFANY

I mean other than the food section.

FINLEY

Shut it!

FINLEY STUMBLES UPON SOMETHING INTERESTING.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. Tandoori chicken kabobs.
Major yummage! So what are ya' gonna
do about your sitch?

TIFFANY

With the homeless guy?

FINLEY

Yes, with the homeless guy. What other
sitches d'you have? Charmed life of
it all.

TIFFANY

Please. Coming from a trust-fund baby
who hasn't worked since Wham split up.

FINLEY

I work. I just choose not to put up
with corporate balderdash.

TIFFANY

Speaking of... we should seriously launch one of our business ideas. There's only so much cooking and cleaning I can do.

FINLEY

I thought of a great new food truck we can do. But instead of a truck, it's a hearse. We call it "Killer Grub" or "Dead Man Eating." And the salsa will be so damn hot, the customers will have smokin' holes for days! Maybe one or two will even keel over. Whaddaya think?

TIFFANY

I think you're extremely disturbed, but I love you just the same.

FINLEY

Noooo! Not extremely disturbed. Insanely creative.

TIFFANY

Why don't you bring that insanely creative mind of yours over for dinner tonight and you can meet Mister Manson in person? Ya' know... sniff him out?

FINLEY

Hmmmm. What's on the mah-new?

TIFFANY

Chicken. I mean, "chi-kahn."

FINLEY

With or without veins?

TIFFANY

Huh?

FINLEY

Legs, wings, thighs, veins. Barf!

TIFFANY

Skinless, boneless breasts. Is that acceptable, your highness?

FINLEY

Filet mignon with shroomage and we have a deal.

TIFFANY

Has anyone ever told you you're a prima donna?

FINLEY

(GRINNING) Why, yes!

FINLEY BELTS OUT ANOTHER OBNOXIOUS LAUGH, THEN LOOKS UP AND CATCHES MEI SNEEZING INTO HER HAND. SHE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, my God!

TIFFANY

Enough with the food section.

FINLEY

She just sneezed. Ewh. And now she's coming back.

TIFFANY

So?

FINLEY

Whaddaya mean, so? I don't want a schload of DNA on my legs. Gross!

MEI

So sorry. Important phone call.

MEI REACHES FOR FINLEY'S FOOT. HE YANKS IT AWAY.

FINLEY

Uh... check, please!

CUT TO:

SCENE J

INT. DR. FINKELSTEIN'S WAITING ROOM - LATER
(Chris, Latisha, Hot Blonde, Extras)

CHRIS SITS PATIENTLY WITH A PILE OF MAGAZINES IN HIS LAP. A HOT BLONDE ENTERS, SEES ONE EMPTY CHAIR NEXT TO CHRIS. IN THE CORNER, A HERD OF WOMEN ARE HUDDLED TOGETHER AS FAR AWAY FROM CHRIS AS POSSIBLE.

HOT BLONDE

(LOOKS AT WATCH) I knew I shouldn't
have stopped at the dry cleaners.

SHE RELUCTANTLY TAKES THE EMPTY SEAT. CHRIS TRIES TO FOCUS ON "CAR AND DRIVER," BUT THE URGE TO RUBBERNECK IS OBVIOUS.

HOT BLONDE (CONT'D)

(TO CHRIS) Excuse me.

CHRIS IGNORES HER. SHE TAPS HIM ON THE SHOULDER WITH A PEN, CAREFUL NOT TO PHYSICALLY TOUCH HIM.

HOT BLONDE (CONT'D)

Are you reading that copy of Esquire?

CRICKETS.

HOT BLONDE (CONT'D)

(TO LATISHA) Is he deaf?

LATISHA

No, just dumb. (TO CHRIS) Hey! He
didn't literally mean you have to ignore
his patients.

CHRIS

(LOOKS UP) Oh. Cool. Can I stop pretending to read now? I think I've pretend-read all of these three times over. And I still don't know if Reese and Ryan got back together.

LATISHA

Give her the damn magazine! Be all acting like a fool up in here.

CHRIS HANDS THE MAGAZINE TO THE HOT BLONDE. HE LOOKS AT HER STRANGELY. SHE SENSES HIM STARING.

HOT BLONDE

(SELF CONSCIOUSLY) What?

CHRIS

You don't look depressed?

HOT BLONDE

What is that supposed to mean?

CHRIS

I heard women who get breast implants are twice as likely to commit suicide. Low self-esteem. And it's weird 'cause when they do, the boobs live on for eternity in the coffin. You'd think the embalmer would remove them and give them to the next depressed woman. At least save her a few grand, right?

THE HOT BLONDE LOOKS AT CHRIS WITH DISGUST, STANDS, THROWS THE MAGAZINE BACK INTO HIS LAP AND EXITS IN A HUFF.

IN THE CORNER, A STUNNING REDHEAD WHO IS READING A SELF-HELP BOOK DISCRETELY SHOVES IT BACK INTO HER PURSE.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE K

INT. DR. FINKELSTEIN'S EXAMINING ROOM - LATER
(David, Mrs. Lacroix, Chris)

MRS. LACROIX IS SEATED ON AN EXAMINATION TABLE IN A HOSPITAL GOWN. DAVID IS SEATED ON A STOOL IN FRONT OF HER WITH A CLIPBOARD.

DAVID

My apologies again, Mrs. Lacroix.
Something came up this morning that I
wasn't expecting.

MRS. LACROIX

Happened to my third husband all the
time. I was like "put that thing away,
it's four in the morning." And he was
like "I can't control it, it has a
mind of it's own." Four kids later...
Just nip and tuck me back into shape
and waive the examination fee, will
ya'?

DAVID

Um, I wasn't referring to... nevermind.
So what brings you here today?

MRS. LACROIX

I'm noticing decreased sensitivity in my left breast. Is that normal?

DAVID

We talked about this last week, didn't we? It's scar tissue.

MRS. LACROIX

That was my right breast. I'm here today for my left one. You're gonna examine it, right? I don't wanna have to file a malpractice suit or anything.

DAVID SMILES IN A PATRONIZING MANNER.

DAVID

I'm more than happy to take a look.

MRS. LACROIX

You're a man. Of course you are.

DAVID

I'm a doctor.

MRS. LACROIX

Of bosoms.

DAVID

(SIGHS) Please stand and remove your gown.

MRS. LACROIX STANDS, DISROBES. THE DOOR FLINGS OPEN -- IT'S CHRIS. MRS. LACROIX SHRIEKS!

DAVID (CONT'D)

(TO CHRIS) What the hell are you
doing?!

CHRIS

Oh, sorry. Where's the bathroom? My
back teeth are floating.

CHRIS BECOMES FIXATED ON MRS. LACROIX WHO COVERS
HERSELF UP.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Was it just me, or is the left one
lower than the right?

MRS. LACROIX

(TO DAVID) You'll be hearing from my
attorney!

DAVID

LATISHA!!

CUT TO:

SCENE L

INT. CAR - LATER
(David, Chris)

DAVID DRIVES STOICALLY. CHRIS TURNS ON THE RADIO.

SFX: MARIACHI MUSIC

CHRIS TRIES TO LIP-SYNC TO A FOREIGN CHART-TOPPER HE'S CLEARLY NEVER HEARD BEFORE. DAVID TURNS OFF THE RADIO.

DAVID

I can't believe you did that. Haven't you heard of knocking?

CHRIS

Dude, I said I was sorry.

DAVID

My name isn't "dude," or "bro," or "homie." Got that?

CHRIS

Mind if we jump in the drug store real quick so I can pick up a few things?

DAVID

You arrived with more luggage than Paris Hilton on a trip to Europe. What more could you possibly need?

CHRIS

Some bare essentials. Toothbrush,
toothpaste, shaving cream, deodorant...
condoms.

DAVID SHOOTS CHRIS A STERN LOOK.

DAVID

There will be no fornicating in my
home, do you hear me?!

CHRIS

Okay, okay. Now I know why you don't
have kids. (THEN) I'm gonna need to
borrow a few bucks, by the way.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE M

INT. FINKELSTEIN KITCHEN - LATER
(Tiffany, David, Chris)

TIFFANY CHOPS SALAD GREENS. SHE WIELDS THE KNIFE
LIKE A CULINARY GODDESS.

DAVID (O.S.)

Tiff, I'm home!

TIFFANY

In the kitchen!

DAVID AND CHRIS ENTER. DAVID GREETES TIFFANY WITH A
KISS. CHRIS ATTEMPTS THE SAME -- GETS NOTHING BUT
AIR.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

(TO DAVID) How was your day?

DAVID

Bring me the stiffest drink we have.

TIFFANY

Since when do you drink?

DAVID

Since right now!

CHRIS

'Atta, boy! Let's crack open a couple
of brewskies and watch the game.

TIFFANY

Uh, no. I've invited company and you need a serious makeover.

CHRIS

I'm sure she won't mind. It's not like you live in a pretentious town, or anything. Who is she and what does she look like?

TIFFANY

HE is our neighbor, Finley.

CHRIS

Oh, an Irishman, eh? (IRISH BROGUE)
Top of the morrrnin' to ya', laddy!

TIFFANY

Please don't talk to him like that.

CHRIS

(TO DAVID) Is she always this uptight?

TIFFANY PLUNGES THE KNIFE INTO THE CUTTING BOARD.

TIFFANY

David... honey... take him up to the guest room before I kill him. There are fresh towels in the bathroom. (TO CHRIS) I want you smelling like roses when you come back down, understand?

CHRIS

I'll try, but...

CHRIS REACHES INTO A BAG, PULLS OUT A PLAIN WHITE
CONTAINER WITH BLUE WRITING THAT SIMPLY SAYS: "SOAP"

CHRIS (CONT'D)

... all David would spring for is this
no-name brand crap, which smells like...
well... (SNIFFS SOAP)... crap!

DAVID

Well, if that isn't the pot calling
the kettle black...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE N

INT. FINKELSTEIN LIVING ROOM / INT. ENTRYWAY -
LATER

(David, Tiffany, Finley)

SFX: HEADLINE NEWS THEME MUSIC

DAVID RELAXES IN FRONT OF THE T.V. WITH A PINK WINE COOLER. TIFFANY STRAIGHTENS UP THE HOUSE.

DAVID

(SIPS WINE COOLER) Is this the stiffest
drink we have?

TIFFANY

What's the alcohol content?

DAVID

(LOOKS AT BOTTLE) Four percent.

TIFFANY

Then, yes.

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

That's prob'ly Finley, can you grab
that?

DAVID

No, way! I am never answering the
front door again.

SFX: DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN

FINLEY (O.S.)

I can go aaalll night long, honey.

DAVID PEELS HIMSELF OFF THE SOFA, CROSSES TO THE ENTRYWAY.

RESET TO:

INT. ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

DAVID OPENS THE DOOR. FINLEY STANDS OUTSIDE HOLDING A BOTTLE OF WINE AND A LITTLE BROWN BAG.

DAVID

That better not be another stool sample.

FINLEY

No, weirdo. I brought nibbly bits.

You're too chep to buy any.

DAVID

Chep? Decode, please.

FINLEY

Chep as in cheap as in chepper chicken.

You need to keep up with me, JB.

Haven't you seen Father of the Bride?

DAVID ISN'T QUITE SURE WHAT "JB" MEANS EITHER, BUT NONETHELESS:

DAVID

Just because I don't waste money on eyebrow waxing and imported water, doesn't mean I'm "chep."

FINLEY

Yeah, whatever.

FINLEY NUDGES HIS WAY IN, DAVID CLOSES THE DOOR.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

I see you've upgraded to wine coolers,
so I must be rubbing off on you.

DAVID

Keep your rubbing a safe three feet
away from me, please. I've had enough
trauma for one day.

FINLEY

Oh, please. You don't need to act all
macho 'cause your school buddy's in
town. We all know you pee sitting
down and put hemorrhoid cream on your
wrinkles. Not that it's working.

DAVID

(TO TIFFANY) Why do I put up with him
again?

FINLEY

I'm the best damn neighbor you bitches
have ever had!

FINLEY HANDS THE WINE AND LITTLE BROWN BAG TO DAVID.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Make yourself useful and put the chez
on a platter. Uncork the red and let
her breathe. Hippity hop. Scamper,
scamper!

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE P

INT. FINKELSTEIN LIVING ROOM - LATER
(David, Tiffany, Finley, Chris (o.s.))

FINLEY IS SPRAWLED OUT ON THE COUCH LIKE HE OWNS THE PLACE. HE CHANGES THE T.V. CHANNEL. DAVID CROSSES IN WITH HORS D'OEUVRES.

DAVID

I was watching the news.

FINLEY

... And now you're gonna watch The
Real Housewives. Quit acting like
such a grouchy bear.

FINLEY MOTIONS FOR DAVID TO SIT DOWN.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Seaters, Peters.

TIFFANY CROSSES IN WITH TWO GLASSES OF WINE. SHE
HANDS A GLASS TO FINLEY.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Thanks awfully, dahling!

TIFFANY TAKES A SEAT. FINLEY RAISES HIS GLASS.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Cheers, queers!

THE TRIO TOAST ONE ANOTHER. DAVID LOOSENS HIS TIE.

TIFFANY

Honey, why don't you put on your
comfies?

DAVID

Why, so Finley can tell me my sweats
are too tight again? No, thanks.

FINLEY

You were practically wearing spandex,
for God's sake! You're not, how shall
I say... adequately equipped to pull
that off.

DAVID VERGES ON A MALICIOUS COMEBACK, BUT BITES HIS
TONGUE. FINLEY SIPS HIS WINE.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

So where is this stallion? I doused
myself in my best smell-good.

DAVID

Despite what you may think, you can't
convert every straight guy. This is
why you're single. You need to pursue
your own type.

FINLEY

You keep drinking those wine coolers
and before long, we'll be pitching a
tent together under a nice warm blanket.

FINLEY BOUNCES HIS EYEBROWS AT DAVID WHO QUICKLY
SETS THE WINE COOLER DOWN ON A COFFEE TABLE. FINLEY
HELPS HIMSELF TO A CAPRESE SKEWER.

CHRIS (O.S.)

(YELLING FROM UPSTAIRS) You guys have
a hair clipper I can use? I've already
gone through like six razor blades.

DAVID

Lower left drawer!

TIFFANY SMACKS DAVID.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What?

TIFFANY

That's my clipper. For my, uh...

DAVID WAIT'S PATIENTLY FOR AN ANSWER.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Hoo hah.

FINLEY

(REPULSED) Eating!

SFX: BZZZZZ.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE Q

INT. FINKELSTEIN DINING ROOM - A BIT LATER
(David, Tiffany, Finley, Chris)

DAVID, TIFFANY, AND FINLEY ARE SEATED. A FOURTH PLACE SETTING REMAINS VACANT. A GOURMET MEAL GRACES THE TABLE. DAVID LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

DAVID

Maybe we should check on him?

TIFFANY

Let's give him another minute. Rome wasn't built in a day, and that's a lot of schmutz to clean up.

DAVID

What do you know about schmutz?

TIFFANY

I've been around your parents. I know plenty of Yiddish.

FINLEY

Speaking of parentals, mine will be in town next week.

TIFFANY

Oh, really? It'll be great to finally meet them.

FINLEY

They don't know I'm gay, so --

DAVID

(TAKEN ABACK) How can they not know you're gay? Do they know the Pope's Catholic?

FINLEY

Shut it! I unleash my inner John Wayne when they're around.

DAVID

Oh, this I've gotta see.

FINLEY

Just keep your lips zipped when they're here or my entire life will be facocked.
(BEAT) That's Yiddish for f'd up.

DAVID

It's pronounced facacta.

FINLEY

Whatever.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Hey, guys. Sorry it took me so long.
Hope you have plenty of Drano.

FINLEY TURNS AROUND, SEES CHRIS ON THE STAIRWELL.

FINLEY

Oh, my.

TIFFANY

See, I told you he's --

TIFFANY TURNS AROUND, SEES CHRIS.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

Oh, my.

CHRIS MAKES HIS GRAND RE-ENTRANCE DOWN THE STAIRS.
COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION. MOVIE-STAR GOOD LOOKS.
TIFFANY IS SPEECHLESS. FINLEY IS DROOLING.

FINLEY

Woof!

DAVID ELBOWS FINLEY. CHRIS TAKES A SEAT.

CHRIS

You must be Finley, I'm --

TIFFANY LEANS IN CLOSER.

TIFFANY

Chris??

CHRIS

Yeah?

TIFFANY

Chris Coultner?

CHRIS

Last I checked.

AN EERIE SILENCE WASHES OVER THE TABLE. TIFFANY
LOOKS LIKE SHE'S SEEN A GHOST.

DAVID

(TO TIFFANY) Wait, you know this guy?

CHRIS PUTS TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.

CHRIS

(EXCITEDLY) Tiffany Parker!

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I knew I recognized you! You look
different without your braces.

FINLEY CROSSES HIS ARMS, SITS BACK AND GRINS.

FINLEY

(WITH ENTHUSIASM) Oh, forget The Real
Housewives, honey. This is gonna be
good!

DAVID DOWNS THE REST OF HIS WINE COOLER AS WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW