TWO AND A HALF MEN SAMPLE SCRIPT (with Charlie Sheen)

"It Was Light Red"

by

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Act I

SCENE A

INT. CHARLIE’S CAR – DAY
(CARLOTTA, JAKE, CHARLIE, ALAN)

THE ENGINE IDLES. TEENAGE JAKE SITS BEHIND THE WHEEL OF
CHARLIE’S CAR WITH CARLOTTA NEXT TO HIM IN THE FRONT
PASSENGER SEAT. CHARLIE AND ALAN ARE SLOUCHED IN THE BACK
SEAT.

CARLOTTA IS A DARK-HAIRED BEAUTY. SHE FLIPS HER CASCADING
BLACK HAIR OFF HER SHOULDER AS SHE TURNS TO JAKE. SHE SPEAKS
PERFECT ENGLISH WITH A SPANISH ACCENT.

CARLOTTA

You drive like a professional, Señor
Jake.

JAKE
(to Alan and Charlie)

That means I’m a man.

CARLOTTA

It’s nice to be in the hands of a real
man for a change.

ALAN AND CHARLIE SIGH IN FRUSTRATION.

CARLOTTA (CONT'D)
(to Jake)

Now, you be sure to put my number in a
safe place.

JAKE
(to Alan and Charlie)

Cell phone number.

JAKE Follows with “TWENTY FOUR SEVEN”, SPOKEN IN SPANISH.

JAKE (CONT’D)

Vienticuatro siete.
CHARLIE AND ALAN SIGH MORE DEEPLY. CARLOTTA PULLS A SATIN "MISS GALAXY" SASH OUT OF HER PURSE. SHE LETS THE SASH BRUSH THE SIDE OF JAKE’S FACE AS SHE DROPS IT IN HIS HANDS.

CARLOTTA

You keep this safe until your eighteenth birthday. I’ll let you return it to its rightful place then. It will be my birthday gift to you.

CHARLIE THROWS HIS HEAD BACK. HE SPEAKS TO THE HEAVENS.

CHARLIE

Lord, take me now.

CARLOTTA KISSES JAKE ON THE CHEEK AND GETS OUT OF THE CAR.

CARLOTTA

(to Jake)

Don’t you forget me.

JAKE

(to Alan and Charlie)

I got the sash.

ALAN

I’ll call you too, Carlotta. I’m already eighteen.

CARLOTTA

(to Alan and Charlie)

Don’t bother.

CARLOTTA SLAMS THE DOOR AS SHE EXITS THE CAR.

CHARLIE

How in the name of all that’s holy did I ever end up here?

CUT TO:
SCENE B

INT. CHARLIE’S BEDROOM – DAY

(CHALLE)\n
THE WORDS “ONE WEEK EARLIER” FADE FROM THE SCREEN.

CHARLIE’S ON THE PHONE.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Well, I’m looking forward to meeting
you...no, it’s no trouble, I’ve
cleared my schedule for the week, just
consider me your personal tour
guide...I’m glad he did, too...I’ll
meet you there...how will I recognize
you? Hmm...just wear your sash...I
can’t wait...see you tonight.

CHARLIE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

(to himself)

This is going to be one banner week.

CHARLIE LOOKS UP TO THE HEAVENS AND GIVES THE THUMBS UP SIGN.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, buddy.

CHARLIE HEADS TOWARD THE BATHROOM. HE WHISTLES THE MISS
AMERICA THEME SONG. HE STOPS HIMSELF.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

Too local.

CHARLIE WHISTLES “THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD” AS HE
STROLLS INTO THE BATHROOM AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

CUT TO:
SCENE C

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(Carl, Alan, Jake, Berta)

Charlie lopes down the stairs. He’s wearing shorts and a plaid bowling shirt. He sings the following dialogue to the tune of “The Most Beautiful Girl in the World”.

Charlie

I will pick up my keys so I can run...

Charlie grabs his keys off the table behind the sofa.

Charlie (Cont’d)

Out and do a few last minute errands, and be back in plenty of time for...

Charlie opens the front door. On the handle click, Alan flies out from the bedroom hallway.

Alan

I need a few things while you’re going out.

Alan runs past Charlie out the door. Jake follows close behind with his backpack in tow.

Jake

I gotta get home early.

Jake is out the door.

Charlie

(speaks to the skies)

You’re messing with me, aren’t you?

Well, you took your best shot, and I didn’t go down. Nice try.

Charlie suddenly gasps as Berta grabs him with both hands by his shirt collar. Berta’s purse dangles from her arm.
BERTA
If that chicken-lipped, chicken-legged, chicken-livered brother of yours grabs the front seat again, I’ll be having minced meat pie for dinner, with plaid dressing on the side.

BERTA WALKS OUT THE DOOR. CHARLIE LOOKS UPWARD.

CHARLIE
Very funny.

BERTA (O.C.)
Charlie!

CHARLIE SIGHS AND WALKS OUT THE DOOR.

CHARLIE
The greater the suffering, the greater the reward.

BERTA (O.C.)
Charlie!

CHARLIE
I must be in for one great reward.

CHARLIE Closes THE DOOR.

CUT TO:
SCENE D

INT. CHARLIE’S CAR – DAY
(ALAN, BERTA, CHARLIE, JAKE)

CHARLIE DRIVES. BERTA SITS IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT. ALAN AND JAKE ARE IN THE BACK SEAT. JAKE WEARS HIS HEADPHONES.

ALAN

Why do I have to sit in the back seat?

BERTA
(to Charlie)

Charlie, would you like to field that one?

CHARLIE
(to Alan)

Because Berta’s a lady. It’s only considerate to offer her the front seat.

ALAN
(adjusting his neck)

You didn’t have to yank me so hard. I think I got whiplash.

JAKE

Why do I always get stuck back here with him? It’s like riding with grandma’s great grandmother.

BERTA
(referencing Charlie)

I know how you feel, kid.

CHARLIE

Hey!
BERTA
Pull over up here. Keep the car idling, I’ll be out in a minute.

CHARLIE
It’s a no parking zone.

BERTA
That’s why you keep the car idling, Einstein.

BERTA SCOFFS AT CHARLIE’S STUPIDITY AS SHE GETS OUT OF THE CAR. JAKE ROLLS HIS EYES AT HER IN SUPPORT.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE’S CAR - DAY
(JAKE, ALAN, CHARLIE, BERTA)

ALAN SNORES IN THE BACK SEAT. HIS HEAD FALLS TO THE SIDE AND LANDS ON JAKE’S SHOULDER. JAKE NUDGES HIM.

JAKE
Get off me, granny.

ALAN JOLTS AWAKE.

ALAN
Where did the flying cantaloupes go?

CHARLIE
They jetted their way back to keep dreaming land.

ALAN CHECKS HIS WATCH.

ALAN
How many pairs of shoes does she need?
CHARLIE
Your whining doesn’t make the clock hands move any faster, Alan.

ALAN
All I’m saying is that if we’re nice enough to drive her around on her personal errands...

CHARLIE
We?

ALAN
The point is...ooh, here she comes.

JAKE
Hey, Dad, why don’t you finish that thought when Berta gets in the car?

JAKE CLUCKS IN IMITATION OF A CHICKEN.

ALAN
Listen to your music, Jake.

BERTA GETS IN THE CAR. SHE HANDS HER SHOPPING BAGS TO ALAN.

BERTA
Set these on the back seat, and don’t let anything happen to ‘em.

ALAN
Yes, ma’am.

BERTA
(to Charlie)
You can pull up there next, see, where that woman just went in.
CHARLIE
You mean up there, twenty feet away?

BERTA
That’s it.

CHARLIE INCHES THE CAR FORWARD.

ALAN
It’s twenty feet away.

BERTA
(directed to Charlie)
And your point is, Alan?

CHARLIE
Go back to sleep, would ya, Grandma.

BERTA
Victoria’s Secret has their new spring line in. I might be a while.

BERTA GETS OUT OF THE CAR. JAKE OPENS HIS DOOR.

ALAN
Where are you going?

JAKE
I’m going to check out the new spring line.

JAKE GETS OUT OF THE CAR.

ALAN
Oh, what the hell.

ALAN GETS OUT OF THE CAR.
CHARLIE

The greater the reward.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE’S CAR - DAY

(CHARLIE, JAKE, ALAN)

CHARLIE, JAKE AND ALAN ARE BACK IN THEIR POSITIONS IN THE IDLING CAR. CHARLIE CHECKS HIS WATCH.

ALAN

You know what we should do. We should take off without her. That would teach her a lesson.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE’S CAR - DAY

(ALAN, BERTA, JAKE)

CHARLIE DRIVES. BERTA SITS IN THE FRONT PASSENGER SEAT. JAKE IS SPREAD OUT COMFORTABLY IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BACK SEAT. ALAN’S VOICE IS HEARD IN THE DISTANCE.

ALAN (O.C.)

C’mon guys! That’s not funny!

BERTA

Thanks, Jake.

JAKE

I don’t think it’s funny to joke about abandoning a lady.

ALAN’S VOICE TRAILS OFF.

ALAN (O.C.)

Charlie! Charlie! Come back...

CUT TO:
SCENE E

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
(CHALIE, ALAN, CARLOTTA)

CHARLIE TRIES ON A COUPLE CASUAL DINNER JACKETS IN THE LIVING
ROOM. ALAN WALKS IN THE FRONT DOOR. HIS SHIRT IS TATTERED.
A LONG TWIG STICKS OUT OF HIS HAIR.

ALAN PULLS HIS KEYS OUT OF THE DOOR LOCK AND SLIPS THEM INTO
HIS PANTS POCKET.

CHARLIE

What happened to you?

ALAN

I walked home. Twenty miles. I tried
to hitchhike, but not a single person
would stop to help a fellow citizen in
need. What kind of world do we live
in?

CHARLIE

There’s a tree in your head.

ALAN

What?

ALAN RUNS HIS HANDS THROUGH HIS HAIR AND PULLS OUT THE
BRANCH.

ALAN (CONT’D)

Coyotes.

CHARLIE

Coyotes planted a tree in your head?

ALAN

No, a pack of coyotes chased me.
CHARLIE
A pack of coyotes chased you down and when they caught you they planted a tree in your head?

ALAN
Oh, shut up.

CHARLIE
Well, if you weren’t such a cheapskate, you would have called a cab.

ALAN
I couldn’t call a cab. I forgot my wallet this morning, so I didn’t have any money on me.

CHARLIE
So, this morning when you said you had to grab a few things, what you meant was you grab and I pay. You know, when you look up the word mooch in the dictionary, you find a picture of your open hand.

ALAN
I was planning on paying you back as soon as I had a little extra cash on me.

CHARLIE
Yeah, and when would that be, Alan?
ALAN TAKES OFF HIS SHOES. HE LOOKS THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE SOLES.

ALAN

At some vague, undefined point in the future.

CHARLIE

If you had any backbone you wouldn’t find yourself in these situations.

ALAN HOBBLES TO THE KITCHEN AND TOSSES HIS SHOES AND THE TREE BRANCH IN THE GARBAGE CAN.

ALAN (O.C.)
(from the kitchen)
She chased me out of the car.

CHARLIE

Get a spine, Alan. It shouldn’t be that hard. After all, you’re a chiropractor. Just pull one out of one of your patients while you got ‘em face down and helpless.

CHARLIE DECIDES ON A JACKET. ALAN HOBBLES BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM.

ALAN

That’s big talk coming from the man who spent the entire day chauffeuring his housekeeper around town. Why don’t you get your own spine. And what was she doing here on a Sunday, anyway?
CHARLIE
She was doing me a favor. And I don’t need a spine. I have a bank account. By the way, I’m expecting a guest tonight. I want to make a good impression, so, stay out of sight.

ALAN
Don’t worry. I’ll be spending the night soaking my feet.

CHARLIE SLIPS HIS FEET INTO A PAIR OF LOAFERS. HE SHOWS OFF HIS ENSEMBLE TO ALAN.

CHARLIE
What do you think? I want it to say, “knows how to dress, but, too cool to go all the way with it.”

ALAN
The jacket’s good, but the shoes clash.

CHARLIE
Yeah, you’re right.

CHARLIE KICKS THE SHOES OFF AND HEADS UPSTAIRS. HE LEAVES THE EXTRA DINNER JACKET ON THE RAILING.

ALAN
Hey, you know how mad Berta gets when you leave your clothes lying around.
CHARLIE (O.C.)
(from upstairs)
Don’t worry. I’ll tell her they’re yours.

ALAN
That’s all I need.

ALAN ALMOST FALLS OVER IN HIS RUSH. HE GRABS THE JACKET AND SHOES. THERE’S A RAP AT THE FRONT DOOR.

ALAN (CONT’D)
Don’t trouble yourself. Let me get it.

ALAN OPENS THE FRONT DOOR. CARLOTTA STANDS OUTSIDE. SHE’S WEARING A BLACK SEQUINED DRESS. A SILVER CROWN SITS ON HER HEAD. A SATIN “MISS GALAXY” SASH IS DRAPEACROSS HER TORSO.

CARLOTTA
I decided to surprise you. Surprise!

ALAN GAPES AT CARLOTTA.

CARLOTTA (CONT’D)
Charlie?

ALAN LOOKS AT THE JACKET AND SHOES IN HIS HANDS. HE GLANCES UPSTAIRS. HE GLANCES BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT HIS SPINE.

ALAN
That’s me.

ALAN DROPS CHARLIE’S LOAFERS ON THE FLOOR AND STEPS INTO THEM AS HE PUTS ON THE DINNER JACKET.

ALAN (CONT’D)
Shall we go?

ALAN HESITATES AS HE STEPS OUTSIDE.

ALAN (CONT’D)
I almost forgot my keys.
ALAN GRABS CHARLIE’S KEYS OFF THEIR SPOT ON THE TABLE BEHIND THE SOFA.

ALAN (CONT’D)

After you, Miss Galaxy.

ALAN CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR AS HE AND CARLOTTA HEAD OUT.

CARLOTTA (O.C.)

Your voice sounds so different from when we talked on the phone.

ALAN (O.C.)

Bad reception. Darn phone company.

CUT TO:
SCENE F

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT
(CARLOTTA, ALAN, WAITER)

A WAITER SHOWS ALAN AND CARLOTTA TO THEIR TABLE IN THE
UPSCALE RESTAURANT. CARLOTTA’S CROWN AND SASH ARE GONE.

CARLOTTA
(to Alan)
I hope the crown wasn’t too much,
Charlie.

ALAN
Oh, no, it wasn’t too much at
all...Miss Galaxy.

WAITER
Our best table held for you, just as
you requested, Mr. Harper.

ALAN
Thank you, umm...

WAITER
Andrew.

ALAN
Andrew, that’s right. I’m usually so
good with names and faces.

WAITER
Oh, I’m new, Mr. Harper.

ALAN
That’s why I didn’t recognize you.
Say, Andrew.

ALAN PULLS ANDREW ASIDE.
ALAN (CONT’D)

This is sort of funny, I just realized I left my wallet at home.

WAITER

I was told everything would go on your account tonight, Mr. Harper. I hope I got that right.

ALAN

That’s right. Everything on my account.

ALAN THROWS HIS ARMS OUT IN A WIDE SWEEPING MOTION FOR EMPHASIS.

WAITER

Of course, Mr. Harper.

THE WAITER MOVES TO SEAT CARLOTTA. ALAN PULLS HIM ASIDE AGAIN.

ALAN

My account includes tips?

WAITER

Of course, Mr. Harper.

ALAN

I knew that. I was just testing you. You passed.

THE WAITER SEATS CARLOTTA.

WAITER

(to Alan)

Would you like to see our wine list?
ALAN
(takes a seat)

Why don’t you surprise us.

ALAN TURNS TO CARLOTTA.

ALAN (CONT’D)

I love surprises, don’t you...Miss Galaxy?

CARLOTTA

Oh yes, Charlie, I love surprises.
But, I hope you weren’t too surprised when I showed up at your door. My plane got in early, and I thought, why not surprise Charlie.

ALAN

Why not, indeed. So...Miss Galaxy...

CARLOTTA

You are so funny. You’ve been calling me that ever since I showed up at your house.

ALAN

Yes, I have. So, Miss Galaxy, surprises, the theme of the evening, so, here’s the thing. I’m not Charlie. Charlie’s my brother.

CARLOTTA

What are you saying?
ALAN

Surprise!

CARLOTTA BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER. ALAN JOINS HER.

ALAN (CONT’D)

It really is funny, isn’t it...

CARLOTTA LAUGHS LOUDER.

CARLOTTA

Carlotta.

ALAN

Carlotta. How do you do, Carlotta.

I’m Alan. The younger brother.

CARLOTTA REACHES HER HAND OUT TO ALAN. THEY SHAKE HANDS.

CARLOTTA

It’s nice to meet you, Alan the younger brother. But what happened to Charlie?

ALAN

Hmm. Now that’s a poser. A question for the ages, really.

CARLOTTA LAUGHS LOUDER.

CARLOTTA

Alan, your are so funny. I love a man who can make me laugh.
ALAN
Oh, if you think impersonating my older brother is funny, let me tell you about the time I impersonated an astronaut. This is very amusing. I was trying to impress a woman I had just met at the grocery store. I asked her out to dinner and promised her that for dessert I’d fly her to the moon on my own private rocket ship.

CARLOTTA
Really? What happened?

ALAN
Nothing. We never actually met. She noticed I was following her through the store and she ditched me in the produce aisle. I just practiced in my head what I would have said if she hadn’t overturned the fresh citrus display on me as I came around the corner.

CARLOTTA
Well, don’t keep me in suspense, Alan. How did things work out in your head? Did she enjoy her trip to the moon?
ALAN
We never made it that far. In the romantic dinner in my head, I got a piece of ham bone from the split pea soup appetizer caught in my throat and had to be rushed to the emergency room in my head. And in the emergency room in my head, she turned out to be an emergency room doctor, so, she removed the bone from my throat and then pulled the curtains shut. It reality, I had to sit on an inflatable donut ring for the next three weeks.

CARLOTTA BREAKS OUT INTO LAUGHTER AGAIN.

ALAN (CONT’D)
What can I say? I’m a funny guy.

CARLOTTA
(stops laughing)
Oh, I just remembered, your brother is supposed to meet me here.

ALAN LOOKS DOWN AT HIS JACKET.

ALAN
Ooh, that won’t be funny at all.

CARLOTTA
I don’t want him to get the wrong idea about us. Let me call him. I’ll tell him my flight was cancelled.
CARLOTTA PULLS HER CELL PHONE OUT OF HER PURSE.

ALAN

Now, that’s funny. I wonder if they have split pea soup here. I’m starving.

ALAN OPENS A MENU.

CUT TO:
SCENE G

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

(CHARLIE)

CHARLIE WALKS INTO THE LIVING ROOM FROM THE KITCHEN. HE’S TALKING ON THE PHONE.

CHARLIE

Of course I’m disappointed, but you shouldn’t feel guilty. It’s the airline’s fault. I just feel bad you’ll be stuck in the airport all night...we’ll take a shot at it another time...the next time you’re in the country...and it was nice almost meeting you, too. Good night.

CHARLIE HANGS UP THE PHONE.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

(looks to the heavens)

Okay, you finally got me. I was cocky. I deserved it.

CHARLIE COMES TO HIS SENSES.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

What am I talking about? Her night is a bust, I’ve still got reservations. And at least half of the patrons at that restaurant are women. That’s better than a shot. It’s a sure thing.

CHARLIE SNAPS HIS FINGERS AND POINTS UPWARD.
CHARLIE (CONT’D)

You can’t out-fox the fox. Better luck next time. Keys.

CHARLIE LOOKS FOR HIS KEYS ON THE SOFA TABLE.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

What did I do with those keys?

CHARLIE PATS HIS PANTS POCKETS. HE TAKES A LOOK UNDER THE TABLE. HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND SEARCHES UNDER THE COUCH. HE SEARCHES THE SOFA CUSHIONS. HE PATS HIS JACKET POCKETS AGAIN. HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM AND HEADS INTO THE KITCHEN.

INT. CHARLIE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT
(CHARLIE)

CHARLIE SEARCHES THE DRESSER DRAWERS. HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR AND SEARCHES UNDER THE BED.

INT. ALAN’S BEDROOM - NIGHT
(CHARLIE)

THE BEDROOM DOOR OPENS. CHARLIE ENTERS THE DARK ROOM.

CHARLIE

Hey, Alan, did you see my keys?

CHARLIE FLIPS ON THE BEDROOM LIGHT. HE CARRIES A BOTTLE OF LIQUOR ON ONE HAND AND AN EMPTY SCOTCH GLASS IN THE OTHER. THE ROOM IS EMPTY. HE POURS HIMSELF A DRINK AS HE WALKS INTO THE OPEN BATHROOM.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

Hey, Alan, why are you soaking those horse hooves of yours in the dark?

CHARLIE FLIPS ON THE BATHROOM LIGHT. THE ROOM IS EMPTY.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

Now where did he go? Who cares. Who did I give my extra keys to?

(MORE)
CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Can’t remember. Why am I talking to myself? Don’t know.

CHARLIE TAKES A GULP OF HIS DRINK.

INT. TV ROOM OFF KITCHEN – NIGHT
(CHARLIE)

CHARLIE SEARCHES UNDER THE COUCH.

CHARLIE
You already looked under here. I know, but I thought I might have missed them. What about under the cushions? I just looked there. Well, look again. All right, stop nagging me.

CHARLIE COMES UP FROM THE FLOOR. HE TAKES A DRINK FROM THE SCOTCH GLASS HE’S HOLDING. HE CHECKS UNDER THE CUSHIONS.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
See, I told you they’re not here. I know I’m talking to myself, right?

CHARLIE WAITS FOR AN ANSWER, BUT GETS NO RESPONSE FROM HIMSELF.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Very funny. Aah, I’m just messing with ya. Now this is a mission. I’m a man on a mission.

CHARLIE WALKS UP TO THE KITCHEN TABLE AND FRESHENS HIS DRINK. HE TAKES ANOTHER GULP.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
There has to be someplace I haven’t looked yet.
INT. CHARLIE’S BATHROOM – NIGHT

(CHARLIE)

CHARLIE TALKS ON HIS CELL PHONE.

CHARLIE

(into phone)

Yes, I know this is a major imposition on your valuable time. That’s why I ordered the limo, so you can be imposed on in the style you deserve to become accustomed to...yes, I ordered the white stretch. Now, hurry up. I need you to let the plumber in. And one more thing. This is critical. There’s a bottle of Scotch on the kitchen table. Bring it up as soon as you get here.

CHARLIE FLIPS HIS PHONE CLOSED AND TOSSES IT ON THE BATHROOM FLOOR NEXT TO THE EMPTY SCOTCH GLASS. HE STRETCHES HIS LEGS OUT IN FRONT OF HIM ON THE FLOOR.

CHARLIE LOOKS AT HIS LEFT ARM, WHICH HAS DISAPPEARED INTO THE TOILET BOWL.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

The bigger the reward.

CHARLIE LOOKS UPWARD.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

TKO. You win.

CUT TO:
SCENE H

INT. CHARLIE’S BATHROOM – NIGHT
(BERTA, CHARLIE, PHIL)

BERTA STANDS IN THE BATHROOM DOORWAY.

BERTA
(to Charlie)

You’re really up to your elbow in it.

CHARLIE

Just hand it over.

BERTA HANDS CHARLIE A SMALL PIECE OF TOILET PAPER.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

Very funny.

BERTA PULLS A BOTTLE OF SCOTCH FROM BEHIND HER BACK AND HANDS IT TO CHARLIE.

BERTA

I’m just messin’ with ya, Charlie.

CHARLIE

You’re not the only one.

CHARLIE GIVES A NOD UP TO THE SKIES.

BERTA

So, are you gonna make me ask?

CHARLIE

I was looking for my car keys. I thought I saw something shiny in the water.

BERTA

Charlie, have you been eating tinsel again?
CHARLIE

Ha ha ha.

CHARLIE TAKES A SLUG OF SCOTCH FROM THE BOTTLE. BERTA PICKS UP THE EMPTY GLASS OFF THE FLOOR.

BERTA

Charlie, that’s uncouth.

CHARLIE

You’re right.

CHARLIE POURS SOME SCOTCH INTO THE GLASS. WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT, BERTA DRINKS FROM THE GLASS AND CHARLIE TAKES ANOTHER SWIG FROM HIS BOTTLE.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

No one ever said I’m not a gentleman.

BERTA

You might want to make yourself an appointment at Beltone after you get out of here, Charlie.

THE MIDDLE-AGED PLUMBER WALKS INTO THE BATHROOM CARRYING A KITCHEN CHAIR. “PHIL” IS EMBROIDERED ON HIS OVERALLS POCKET.

PHIL

(to Berta)

Here you go.

PHIL SETS THE CHAIR DOWN. BERTA TAKES A SEAT AND ADJUSTS HERSELF FOR COMFORT. PHIL STANDS BETWEEN BERTA AND CHARLIE.

BERTA

Thanks, Phil.

CHARLIE

What am I, the sideshow attraction?

BERTA

Don’t be silly.
BERTA TAPS PHIL ON THE SHOULD ER.

BERTA (CONT’D)

Down in front, hot stuff.

PHIL
(moves to the side)

Oh, sorry about that. So, what do we got here?

BERTA

Idiot stuck in the crapper.

CHARLIE

Hey!

CHARLIE TURNS TO PHIL.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

What we have here, Phil, is idiot with hand stuck in the crapper.

PHIL

Shouldn’t be too complicated. I’ll just have to get the water out, and then grab the sledgehammer.

CHARLIE

No sledgehammer.

BERTA

Yeah, Phil, he makes a living with those hands. And he plays the piano, too. I couldn’t resist, Charlie.

Have another drink.
CHARLIE
(takes a swig)
Don’t mind if I do.

BERTA
The good news is the cold water will help keep the swelling down. Why don’t you celebrate with another drink, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Don’t mind if I do.

CHARLIE TAKES ANOTHER SWIG OF SCOTCH.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE’S BATHROOM – NIGHT
(BERTA, CHARLIE, PHIL)

BERTA
Think of it this way, you’ll have a great “you think that was dumb” story to tell.

CHARLIE
(slurring his words)
That’s right. I will. That calls for another drink.

CHARLIE TAKES A GULP OF SCOTCH. HE LOWERS THE BOTTLE TO THE FLOOR. IT LANDS INCHES FROM AN EMPTY SCOTCH BOTTLE.

BERTA
(whispers to Phil)
Just a few more minutes. Once he’s out all the tension will be gone.

(MORE)
BERTA (CONT'D)

One good tug and he’ll slip right out.

Can I top that off for ya, Phil?

PHIL HOPS OFF THE SINK AND REACHES HIS DIXIE CUP OUT TO
BERTA. BERTA FILLS HIS CUP FROM THE LIQUOR BOTTLE RESTING ON
HER THIGH. SHE BLATANTLY GLANCES AT THE BARE RING FINGER ON
PHIL’S LEFT HAND AS SHE POURS.

BERTA (CONT’D)

Can I top that off for ya, hot stuff?

PHIL LOOKS INTO HIS FULL CUP. HE GULPS DOWN HIS DRINK AND
REACHES HIS CUP OUT TO BERTA.

PHIL

Don’t mind if I do.

CHARLIE SNORES IN THE BACKGROUND.

BERTA

He’s done. Let’s get him out of here
while the night’s still young.

CUT TO:
SCENE I

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(CHARLIE, ALAN)

CHARLIE WALKS IN THE FRONT DOOR. HE CALLS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER.

CHARLIE

I won’t lose your keys. Yes, you can keep the limo for the rest of the day.

CHARLIE CLOSES THE DOOR. A SMALL ELASTIC BANDAGE IS WRAPPED AROUND HIS LEFT WRIST. HE THROWS THE HOUSE KEYS ON THE SOFA TABLE.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to himself)

Yes, a day off with pay is a small price to pay for your silence.

CHARLIE STARTS TOWARD THE KITCHEN. HE STOPS AT THE SOUND OF ALAN’S VOICE HUMMING “THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN THE WORLD”.

ALAN WALKS INTO THE LIVING ROOM FROM THE KITCHEN IN TEE SHIRT AND BOXER SHORTS. THE SILVER BEAUTY PAGEANT CROWN SITS ON TOP OF HIS HEAD. THE SATIN “MISS GALAXY” SASH IS DRAPED ACROSS HIS CHEST.

ALAN NOTICES CHARLIE. HE STOPS HUMMING.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(ALAN)

ALAN IS SEEN THROUGH THE FRENCH GLASS DOORS LEADING TO THE DECK. HE FLIES OVER THE BALCONY RAILING AND OUT OF SIGHT.

FADE OUT:

END ACT I
ACT II

SCENE J

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(ALAN, CARLOTTA, CHARLIE)

ALAN SITS ON THE COUCH. CARLOTTA SITS BEHIND HIM MASSAGING THE BACK OF HIS NECK. CHARLIE STANDS IN FRONT OF THEM HOLDING AN ICE PACK ON HIS SHOULDER.

ALAN

What my date and I do in private is nobody’s business but our own.

CARLOTTA

Nothing happened, Charlie.

ALAN
(to Carlotta)

That’s nobody’s business but our own.

CARLOTTA LAUGHS.

CARLOTTA

Charlie, your brother is so funny.

ALAN

Carlotta loves a man who makes her laugh.

CHARLIE
(to Carlotta)

Of course he makes you laugh. He’s a human punch line. That makes him a joke.

ALAN
(to Charlie)

Well, the joke’s on you this time.
CHARLIE

Shut up, Alan.

CHARLIE KICKS ALAN IN THE SHIN.

ALAN

Ow.

CARLOTTA

Now, the two of you stop that. Charlie, it was all very innocent. I forgot my sash and crown in Alan’s Mercedes when he dropped me off in front of my hotel after dinner. And I just came over this morning to pick them up.

CHARLIE TURNS TO ALAN.

CHARLIE

In Alan’s Mercedes?

CHARLIE HOLDS UP HIS BANDAGED WRIST.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)

This happened because of you?

CARLOTTA

Charlie, what happened to your wrist?

ALAN

Is that a bandage? I thought it was tan lines.

CHARLIE

Shut up, Alan.

CHARLIE KICKS ALAN IN THE SHIN.
ALAN

Ow.

CHARLIE TAKES A SEAT ON THE COUCH NEXT TO CARLOTTA.

CHARLIE

Well, Carlotta, I’m embarrassed to say it, but, if you must know, I was so upset when you told me your flight was cancelled, I put my fist through the wall. Not to worry, the doctors say I will play the piano again...some day.

CARLOTTA

Charlie. That was so passionate of you.

CHARLIE

I am a passionate man.

ALAN

What was the wall made of? Mashed potatoes?

CHARLIE

Shut up, Alan.

CARLOTTA

It appears I have two willing tour guides. There’s only one fair thing to do.

ALAN

Flip a coin. Charlie, coin.
CARLOTTA
No coins.

CHARLIE
Yeah, Alan, don’t be so uncouth.

CHARLIE TURNS TO CARLOTTA.

CHARLIE (CONT’D)
Rock, paper, scissors?

CARLOTTA
(laughing)
Passionate and funny.

CHARLIE
That’s two to one. I win. Let’s go.

CHARLIE GRABS CARLOTTA’S HAND AND STARTS TO GET UP.

CARLOTTA
We all win. Now, we’ll rendezvous tomorrow morning. Ten o’clock sharp.

ALAN
Okay. Let’s synchronize our watches.

ALAN CHECKS THE TIME ON HIS WRIST. THERE’S NO WRISTWATCH. HE CHECKS THE OTHER WRIST. IT’S BARE.

ALAN (CONT’D)
Nuts.

CHARLIE
Ha! Three to one.

CHARLIE RAISES HIS GOOD WRIST TO CHECK HIS WATCH. HIS WRIST IS BARE. CHARLIE AND ALAN LOOK AT EACH OTHER. THEY BOLT OFF THE COUCH. CHARLIE RUNS UPSTAIRS. ALAN RUNS TOWARD HIS BEDROOM.

CUT TO:
INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(CARLOTTA, CHARLIE, ALAN)

CARLOTTA WAITS NEAR THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS. CHARLIE WALKS DOWNSTAIRS. ALAN WALKS IN FROM THE BEDROOM HALLWAY. THE MEN LINK ARMS WITH CARLOTTA.

THE THREE TAKE A FEW STEPS TOWARD THE FRONT DOOR. THEY STOP, PUT ON THEIR SUNGLASSES IN UNISON, LINK UP THEIR ARMS AND CONTINUE TO THE DOOR.

ALAN AND CHARLIE DIVE FOR THE DOOR KNOB. THEY FIGHT EACH OTHER OFF FOR THE PRIZE OF OPENING THE DOOR FOR CARLOTTA. THEY GET THE DOOR OPEN AND WAVE CARLOTTA THROUGH.

ALAN AND CHARLIE TRY TO SQUEEZE THROUGH THE DOORWAY AT THE SAME TIME. THEY GET STUCK. CARLOTTA COMES BACK AND PULLS THEM OUT.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY
(CHARLIE, ALAN, CARLOTTA, WAITER)

THE MUSIC FOR “IT’S A SMALL WORLD” PLAYS ON THE RESTAURANT’S SPEAKER SYSTEM. CHARLIE AND ALAN WALK IN. THEY REMOVE THEIR MICKEY MOUSE HATS AND MINNIE MOUSE SUNGLASSES AND TOSS THEM ON THE TABLE. THE WAITER PULLS CARLOTTA’S CHAIR OUT FOR HER.

CHARLIE AND ALAN BRUSH OFF THE WAITER AND GRAB CARLOTTA’S CHAIR FROM BEHIND. THEY GRAPPLE OVER THE CHAIR AND PULL IT AWAY JUST AS CARLOTTA IS SITTING DOWN. SHE FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

CHARLIE AND ALAN GRAB CARLOTTA’S ARMS TO HELP HER UP. THEY TRY TO SLAP EACH OTHER’S HANDS OUT OF THE WAY AS THEY LIFT HER TO HER FEET. THEY LOSE THEIR GRIPS HALF WAY UP. THE THREE FALL TO THE FLOOR IN A HEAP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(CARLOTTA, CHARLIE, ALAN, BERTA)

CARLOTTA WALKS IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. ALAN AND CHARLIE FOLLOW, EACH CARRYING SEVERAL GIFT BAGS. THE MEN GET STUCK IN THE DOORWAY TOGETHER.

CARLOTTA SETS HER TOTE BAG ON THE SOFA TABLE. SHE PLOPS DOWN ON THE COUCH IN EXHAUSTION. ALAN AND CHARLIE TRY TO SQUEEZE THROUGH THE DOORWAY. BERTA WALKS FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE STAIRS CARRYING A BASKET OF LAUNDRY.
BERTA  
(to Carlotta)  
You look like a woman who could use a 
martini.  

CARLOTTA  
Thank you, I’d love one.  

BERTA  
The olives are in the fridge. Leave 
mine on the kitchen table. I’ll grab 
it on my way back.  

BERTA HEADS UPSTAIRS.  

INT. SHOP - DAY  
(CARLOTTA, ALAN, CHARLIE)  
ALAN SHOWS OFF A LARGE KNOTT’S BERRY FARMS GIFT BASKET TO 
CARLOTTA. CHARLIE WALKS UP WITH HIS OWN GIFT BASKET, TWICE 
THE SIZE OF ALAN’S.  

CARLOTTA PICKS A SINGLE JAR OF BOYSENBERRY JAM OFF THE 
DISPLAY TABLE. CHARLIE AND ALAN NOD IN AGREEMENT.  

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT  
(CARLOTTA, ALAN, CHARLIE)  
CHARLIE AND ALAN SIT ON EITHER SIDE OF CARLOTTA AT THE 
KITCHEN TABLE. CARLOTTA TAKES A BITE OF A JAM-TOPPED 
CRACKER. CHARLIE AND ALAN RUSH TO DAB THE OPPOSITE CORNERS 
OF HER MOUTH WITH THEIR NAPKINS. IN THEIR HASTE, THEY CAUSE 
CARLOTTA TO DROP THE CRACKER IN HER LAP, JAM SIDE DOWN. THE 
MEN HAND CARLOTTA THEIR NAPKINS.  

INT. WINERY - DAY  
(CARLLOTTA, ALAN, CHARLIE)  
CHARLIE, ALAN AND CARLOTTA SIT AROUND A RUSTIC WOODEN TABLE 
SIPPING WINE. SEVERAL BOTTLES OF WINE AND SEVERAL EMPTY WINE 
GLASSES COVER THE TABLE.  

ALAN AND CHARLIE LEAN OVER THE TABLE, WAITING. CARLOTTA SETS 
HER WINE GLASS DOWN. BOTH MEN CAUTIOUSLY REACH OVER AND 
GENTLY DAB THE OPPOSITE CORNERS OF CARLOTTA’S MOUTH WITH THE 
BOTTOMS OF THEIR SHIRTS.
INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(CHARLIE, ALAN)

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. IN THE BACKGROUND, MUSIC BOX NOTES
PLAY THE BEGINNING NOTES OF “IT’S A SMALL WORLD”. CHARLIE
AND ALAN STAND OUTSIDE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE DOORWAY WAVING
SOMEONE THROUGH.

CHARLIE AND ALAN LOOK AT EACH OTHER AS THEY REALIZE NO ONE IS
WALKING THROUGH THE DOOR. THEY SPRINT AWAY TOGETHER.

INT. WINERY - DAY
(CARLOTTA)

CARLOTTA TAKES A SIP OF WINE FROM HER GLASS. SHE SETS THE
GLASS DOWN AND CHECKS HER WATCH. SHE PICKS UP ONE OF THE
WINE BOTTLES OFF THE TABLE AND TAKES A GULP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
(CHARLIE, ALAN)

CHARLIE CARRIES A BLUE JEAN JACKET DOWNSTAIRS. ALAN SITS ON
THE COUCH READING A MAGAZINE.

CHARLIE

Jake’s jacket was mixed in with my
stuff.

ALAN

Leave it on the table, I’ll drop it
off in the morning.

CHARLIE

Don’t tell me what to do in my own
house.

CHARLIE GRABS HIS KEYS OFF THE SOFA TABLE.

ALAN

Where are you going?

CHARLIE

The kid might need his jacket.

ALAN JUMPS OFF THE COUCH.
ALAN

If anyone’s returning my son’s jacket,
it’s me.

ALAN TRIES TO GRAB THE JACKET FROM CHARLIE. THE TWO MEN ENGAGE IN A TUG OF WAR WITH THE JACKET.

EXT. JUDITH’S HOUSE - NIGHT
(JUDITH, CHARLIE, ALAN)

JUDITH OPENS THE FRONT DOOR. CHARLIE AND ALAN EACH HAND THEIR HALF OF THE RIPPED BLUE JEAN JACKET TO HER. THEY TURN AND LEAVE.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT
(CHARLIE, ALAN)

ALAN COUNTS MONEY OUT ONTO THE KITCHEN TABLE. CHARLIE STANDS WAITING.

CHARLIE

I want a whole month’s rent. Not one penny less.

ALAN SEARCHES HIS POCKETS. HE PULLS ONE PENNY OUT AND SETS IT ON THE TABLE.

ALAN

There you go. One full month’s rent down to the last penny.

CHARLIE

Why, you son of a...

CHARLIE JUMPS ON ALAN. THE MEN FALL TO THE FLOOR.

ALAN

Is that Jake’s Mickey Mouse hat under the couch?

EXT. JUDITH’S HOUSE - NIGHT
(ALAN, CHARLIE, JAKE)
CHARLIE AND ALAN STAND OUTSIDE THE FRONT DOOR ENGAGED IN A TUG OF WAR OVER THE MICKEY MOUSE CAP.

ALAN

He’s my son.

CHARLIE

He spends half his life at my house.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. CHARLIE AND ALAN FALL INTO THE LIVING ROOM AND OUT OF SIGHT. JAKE STEPS OVER THEM ON HIS WAY OUT.

JAKE

Get a room.

JAKE WALKS AWAY.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(CARLIE, BERTA, ALAN)

THE LIVING ROOM IS EMPTY.

CHARLIE (O.C.)
(from kitchen)

Was that the last grapefruit?

CHARLIE CHASES ALAN OUT OF THE KITCHEN AND THROUGH THE LIVING ROOM. THEY RUN TOWARD ALAN’S BEDROOM AND DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT.

A LOUD THUD AND SPLASH COMES FROM THE HALLWAY.

BERTA (O.C.)

You idiots!

ALAN AND CHARLIE RUN OUT FROM THE HALLWAY. THEY MAKE A DASH FOR THE FRONT DOOR. CHARLIE OPENS THE DOOR.

CHARLIE

Ladies first.

ALAN

Why thank you.
ALAN RUNS THROUGH THE DOOR WITH CHARLIE ON HIS HEELS. IN THE BACKGROUND, MUSIC BOX NOTES PLAY THE FINAL SONG NOTES OF "IT'S A SMALL WORLD".

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT
(CARLOTTA, ALAN, CHARLIE, BERTA)

CARLOTTA RECLINES ON A LOUNGE CHAIR. THE LIGHT FROM THE SETTING SUN GLOWS ON HER.

CARLOTTA

Now this is the most amazing sight of all.

CARLOTTA TAKES A SIP OF WINE. CHARLIE AND ALAN SIT ON EITHER SIDE OF HER CHAISE. AS SHE BRINGS HER GLASS DOWN FROM HER MOUTH THE MEN TRY TO NUDGE EACH OTHER’S WINE BOTTLES OUT OF THE WAY AND BE THE FIRST TO REFILL HER GLASS.

ALAN

I got it.

CHARLIE

No, I got it.

CARLOTTA’S GLASS FLIPS OVER. THE MEN LOSE THEIR GRIPS ON THEIR WINE BOTTLES. THE SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS FILLS THE NIGHT.

BERTA (O.C.)

Now I’m gonna have to clean that up before I leave!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT
(CARLOTTA, BERTA, CHARLIE, ALAN)

BERTA SITS ON THE COUCH. CARLOTTA MASSAGES BERTA’S SHOULDERS. CHARLIE AND ALAN WALK OUT OF THE KITCHEN HOLDING ICE PACKS TO THE BACK OF THEIR NECKS.

CUT TO:
SCENE L

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(CARLotte, CHARLIE, ALAN)

CARLOTTA WALKS THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR. CHARLIE AND ALAN
MOTION EACH OTHER THROUGH THE DOORWAY. CHARLIE FINALLY LOSES
PATIENCE AND PUSHES ALAN INTO THE HOUSE.

CHARLIE
Would you get in there.

ALAN STUMBLES INSIDE.

CARLOTTA
Now, wasn’t that a lovely way to spend
our last day together?

CARLOTTA TAKES A SEAT ON THE COUCH.

ALAN
Yeah, it was kind of fun.

CARLOTTA
What about you, Charlie? Did you
enjoy spending the day window shopping
on Rodeo Drive?

CHARLIE
I found it to be...existential.

CARLOTTA
Ooh, a philosopher.

CHARLIE JABS ALAN IN THE ARM.

CHARLIE
That’s four to one. Slaughter rule.

ALAN
It’s only three to one: passionate,
funny, philosopher.
CHARLIE POINTS TO THE WATCH ON HIS WRIST.

CHARLIE

Four to one.

ALAN LIFTS UP HIS ARM AND POINTS TO HIS BARE WRIST. HE CHECKS HIS OTHER WRIST.

ALAN

Darn it.

CHARLIE

Ha!

CARLOTTA

Here we go again.

CARLOTTA GETS UP AND HEADS TOWARD THE KITCHEN.

CARLOTTA (CONT’D)
(to herself)

And now for our nice, relaxing lunch.

ALAN (O.C.)

I was wearing it this morning. Maybe the clasp broke.

CHARLIE (O.C.)

Are those my shoes?

ALAN (O.C.)

I thought you wouldn’t want ‘em back once my stinking hooves set foot in them.

CHARLIE (O.C.)

You thought wrong!

THE SOUNDS OF A SCUFFLE FILL THE HOUSE.
INT. KITCHEN — DAY
(CARLOTTA, JAKE, ALAN, CHARLIE, BERTA)

CARLOTTA WALKS IN FROM THE LIVING ROOM. JAKE ENTERS THROUGH THE BALCONY DOOR CARRYING AN EMPTY GLASS.

CARLOTTA

Hello. And who might you be?

JAKE

I’m Jake. The apoplectic chicken over there is my dad.

THE SOUNDS OF THE SCUFFLE CONTINUE IN THE BACKGROUND.

CARLOTTA

That’s right. Alan did mention he had a son, but he never mentioned how handsome you are. You must take after your mother.

JAKE TAKES HIS GLASS TO THE SINK.

JAKE

Yeah, that’s what everybody says once they’ve met my dad.

CARLOTTA LAUGHS.

CARLOTTA

I see a sense of humor runs in the Harper family.

JAKE

You pretty much gotta have a sense of humor to put up with those two.

ALAN (O.C.)

It wasn’t a girl’s bike!
CHARLIE (O.C.)
It was pink!

ALAN (O.C.)
It was light red!

THE POUNDING OF RACING FEET COMES FROM THE LIVING ROOM AND TRAILS OFF.

CARLOTTA
Well, Jake, I was supposed to be enjoying a nice relaxing lunch with your father and uncle.

JAKE
Hey, that’s a coincidence. I was just about to enjoy a nice relaxing lunch with myself.

CARLOTTA
Why, Señor Jake, are you inviting me to lunch?

JAKE
Umm...sure?

CARLOTTA
(laughing)
Good answer.

BERTA WALKS IN FROM THE BACK OF THE HOUSE CARRYING A BASKET OF LAUNDRY.

JAKE
Hey, Berta, we’d like some lunch.
BERTA

Good, I’m starving. Call me when it’s ready.

BERTA WALKS INTO THE LIVING ROOM. THE POUNDING OF RACING FEET IS FOLLOWED BY A MUFFLED THUD. PIECES OF CLOTHING FLY INTO THE KITCHEN FROM THE LIVING ROOM.

BERTA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

You idiots!

CHARLIE AND ALAN (O.C.)
(in unison)

Uh oh!

ONCE AGAIN THE SOUND OF RACING FEET COMES FROM THE LIVING ROOM. A DOOR CLICKS OPEN. A DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

CUT TO:
INT. CHARLIE’S CAR – DAY
(ALAN, CARLOTTA, CHARLIE, JAKE)

THE CAR IS IDLING. CHARLIE AND ALAN ARE SLOUCHED IN THE BACK SEAT. JAKE IS BEHIND THE WHEEL.

ALAN
I’ll call you too, Carlotta. I’m already eighteen.

CARLOTTA
(to Alan and Charlie)
Don’t bother.

CARLOTTA SLAMS THE DOOR AS SHE EXITS THE CAR.

CHARLIE
How in the name of all that’s holy did I ever end up here?

JAKE
Quite a turn of events, wouldn’t you say?

CHARLIE
(sits upright)
Shut up and get out of my seat before I lasso you with that sash and drag you out.

JAKE
Okay. But don’t forget you gotta pick up Berta. She said she has some errands to run before you take her home.

TWO CAR DOORS CLICK OPEN AND SLAM SHUT.
JAKE (CONT’D)

Suckers.

JAKE PULLS HIS CELL PHONE OUT OF HIS POCKET. HE OPENS IT AND DIALS.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(into phone)

Hey, it’s me. I got my uncle’s car for the day.

CUT TO:
TAG

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(CHARLIE, ALAN)

CHARLIE STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LIVING ROOM TALKING ON THE PHONE. HE HOLDS AN OPEN CREDIT CARD BILL IN ONE HAND.

CHARLIE

I did not order three thousand dollars worth of food and drink. My reservations were for two and we never even made it there.

ALAN WALKS IN THE FRONT DOOR. CHARLIE GLARES AT HIM.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY
(CHARLIE, ALAN)

ALAN IS SEEN THROUGH THE FRENCH DOORS. HE FLIES OVER THE BALCONY RAILING AND OUT OF SIGHT.

CHARLIE WALKS IN FROM THE BALCONY. HE WINCES AS HE DOES WINDMILLS WITH HIS ARM, TRYING TO LOOSEN UP HIS SHOULDER. HE STOPS SUDDENLY.

CHARLIE

Hey, wait a minute. Wasn’t Brigitte supposed to be in town next week for the international masseuse convention?

CHARLIE PICKS UP THE PHONE. HE LOOKS TO THE HEAVENS.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(gives the thumbs up sign)

We’re back on track, buddy.

CHARLIE DIALS THE PHONE. THE LAST SEVEN DIGITS OF THE PHONE NUMBER BEEP IN TUNE TO THE LAST SEVEN SONG NOTES: IT’S A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL.

FADE OUT.

THE END