

MY DAD SLEEPS IN MY LIVING ROOM

"Pilot"

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INT. BAR - DAY

JOE (30) and MASON (30) are seated at a bar and drinking beer.

JOE

I told her that we should just be friends.

MASON

So, you want to be friends with her?

JOE

No. I'm scared of her. Doing a standard break up with a woman like Trista--that's not a good idea. She's a psycho.

MASON

I know. I knew it the second I met her.

JOE

Well, why didn't you tell me that when I started dating her?

MASON

I did.

JOE

You did?

MASON

I mean, I didn't tell you directly. Because, remember last year, when I told Barry, "Bro--your new girlfriend is a psycho?"

JOE

Yeah.

MASON

Well. As you might imagine, I felt a little awkward six months later, when I was at the wedding of Barry and said psycho.

JOE

Right.

MASON

That's why I told you everything indirectly. With, like, Paul Revere tactics.

JOE

You flashed two lights at me?

MASON

I signaled to you, when we went out on that double date at the Chinese restaurant. Any time Trista said something crazy, I looked at you and I rubbed my left eye. As a signal.

JOE

So, any time I see my best friend rubbing himself compulsively like he has pink eye, that means my girlfriend is a psycho?

MASON

It means something. So, do you really plan on being friends with Trista?

JOE

Well. I'm going to her birthday party next week.

Mason starts rubbing his eye.

JOE

Do you have pink eye?

MASON

No. I'm sending you a signal not to go to Trista's party.

JOE

Listen. If I just ignore her, she might key my Honda.

MASON

If you hang out with her, she might shove a key up one of your orifices. Better to have a scratch on your Honda Civic than a piece of metal in your you know what. Just stay away from her.

JOE

Listen. Here's my game plan. I'm gonna unfriend Trista the same way I stopped smoking.

MASON

Dude--there's no nasal spray that gets rid of crazy women.

JOE

Not nasal spray. Step by step. I went down one cigarette every week. And after one year, I was a nonsmoker. So with Trista, I'll reduce our friendship by two percent a week. And after a year, me and Trista will be be strangers.

Mason starts rubbing his eye.

JOE

Are you sending me a signal?

MASON

My eye is itching. But I'm also against your plan. You think after a year, you two will be strangers. I think after a month, she'll have you chained to her bathroom pipe.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Joe is sitting on the sofa. The doorbell rings. Joe opens the door to reveal BILL (70) standing there with a suitcase.

BILL

Hi, son.

JOE

Uh. Hi, dad.
 (looks at the suitcase)
 ... Is that a suitcase?

BILL

(looks at the suitcase)
 (looks back at Bill)
 ... Yes.

He picks up the suitcase and walks into the apartment.

JOE
Did you just walk into my apartment
with a suitcase?

BILL
(looks at the suitcase)
(looks at himself)
(looks around the apartment)
(looks back at Bill)
... Yes.

JOE
One more question. Why did you walk
into my apartment with a suitcase?

BILL
Joe. Can you please slow down on the
interrogation. Give me a chance to
have some control over this
conversation.

JOE
Fine. Go ahead.

BILL
Thank you. So uh, how you doing?

JOE
Good.

BILL
How about those 49ers?

JOE
They're good.

BILL
Now, you're probably wondering why I
walked into your apartment with a
suitcase.

JOE
I'm a little bit curious. Yes.

BILL
Well. You know, the darndest thing
happened. I ran out of money.

JOE
What about Social Security?

BILL

Well. You know, the darndest thing happened. I ran up \$32,000 in credit card debt that I need to pay off with my social security checks.

JOE

Well where's your girlfriend?

BILL

Well. You know, the darndest thing happened. She died.

JOE

Oh. ... Sorry.

BILL

Well. I was planning to break up with her, anyways. So her death was actually very timely for me. May she rest in peace.

JOE

Um. I have no idea how to respond to that.

BILL

Right. So how's your girlfriend?

JOE

Well. The other day, I told her that I just wanted to be friends.

BILL

Well. I guess that's one way to break up with a woman. Anyways. Which one's my room?

JOE

You're standing in it.

Joe pulls out a sofa bed.

BILL

Great. Oh. One more thing. I don't want to be a freeloader or anything. You know. I want to earn my way. So, uh, can I have a job at your store?

INT. JOE'S HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Joe walks out of the bedroom wearing a t shirt and shorts, looking like he just got out of bed. He sees Bill doing Pilates.

JOE
Um. Good morning.

BILL
Good morning.

JOE
Where'd you learn how to do that?

BILL
My girlfriend taught me. When she was alive. May she rest in peace. ... This here is Pilates. Try saying that, son. Pilates.

JOE
Pilates.

BILL
Very good.

JOE
I'm surprised you know how to say Pilates.

BILL
Well. I'm a very broad minded guy. I even know how to say vegan.

JOE
Are you a vegan nowadays?

BILL
Pretty much. Except I often eat bacon for breakfast, baloney for lunch and pizza for dinner. So, uh, when do we leave for work?

JOE
9:45.

BILL
How can you open a pawn shop so late?

JOE

We're open 24 hours. I have employees. And I'm there from 10 to 7. Except sometimes I get there at like 11 or 12 or 1, and sometimes I leave at like 6 or 5 or 4. Or 3 if I'm feeling tired.

BILL

I'm surprised you even bother getting out of bed, you lazy bastard.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

CRISTOBAL (35, Salvadorian) is behind the counter. One CUSTOMER is browsing through some items.

JOE

Cristobal--this is my father, Bill.

Joe walks behind the counter.

CRISTOBAL

Oh. Well, Mr. Thompson--it is a pleasure to meet you.

(to Joe)

Is today "take your father to work day?"

JOE

Close. It's "give your father a job" day.

CRISTOBAL

(rapid fire, without giving Joe a chance to interject)

A job? What job? My job? Are you telling me I am fired? You are firing me? You've got a lot of nerve, coming in here, late for work as usual, and firing me, just because I am Mexican! That is racial discrimination. Furthermore, I am not even Mexican! You think all all Hispanic people are from Mexico. News flash. Latin America is more than just Mexico.

(points to a globe in the store)

Look at that globe. There's a country on it called El Salvador.

A MAN walks in holding two rooster sculptures.

JOE
Hey--how you doing?

MAN
I'm broke. I'm looking to sell these
rooster sculptures.
(puts the sculptures on the
counter)
I got them in the divorce. And my wife
got the house.

BILL
Was your divorce lawyer Foghorn
Leghorn?

JOE
(to Man)
Well. Um. My employee Cristobal can
take a look at your sculptures. Right--
my employee Cristobal?

CRISTOBAL
Well. Uh.
(takes the sculptures and examines
them)
(to Man)
It looks like they were made in
Mexico.

MAN
Yeah.

CRISTOBAL
(to Joe)
Oh. I see. You want me, the Hispanic
man, to examine the Mexican
collectibles, and you also probably
want me to do the traditional Mexican
rooster crow of "kikiriki, ki-kiri-
ki."

MAN
(to Joe and Cristobal)
Should I come back later?

BILL
You should stick around and watch the
soap opera. I believe the Hispanics
call these "tele-novel-ies."

JOE

(to Man)

Sorry about all this. We'll be with you in one second.

(to Cristobal)

Look. I'm not firing you. And you know perfectly well that I never thought you were Mexican. I even went to your house last year to celebrate the El Salvadorian holiday dia de la Reina de la Pez.

CRISTOBAL

It's Paz--not pez.

(grabs a Fred Flintstone Pez dispenser from a display case, and hold it up)

This is Pez. Fred Flintstone. \$25.

JOE

The point is, you work here, and I know you're from El Salvador.

MAN

Now how much are you gonna give me for these Mexican roosters?

Cristobal once again examines the sculptures

CRISTOBAL

Well. Based on what I know about Mexican rooster collectibles--which, I'll admit, is a lot--I would say these have a wholesale value of \$50.

MAN

How about \$75?

CRISTOBAL

Not unless you throw in a couple of Mexican hens.

MAN

Did you say you were from El Salvador? You know, my wife is El Salvadorian.

CRISTOBAL

\$50.

MAN

And I'm also El Salvadorian. How about

\$60, amigo?

CRISTOBAL

Well. We don't have any roosters in stock.

Cristobal takes \$60 out of the cash register.

CRISTOBAL

So here you go, amigo. \$60.

The man takes the money.

CRISTOBAL

Saludemos la patria orgullosos. De hijos suyos podernos llamar. Y juremos la vida animosos. Sin descanso a su bien consagrar.

MAN

... Uh. Yeah. Absolutely. Sombrero, gracias, tacos, adios.

The Man walks out of the store.

JOE

Alright, dad. Now, after we buy something, we fill out a price tag.
(grabs a price tag and pen, and starts writing)
Vintage Mexican folk art. Rooster pottery sculpture. Price, uh... what do you think, dad?

BILL

I think you should throw those two roosters in the trash.

JOE

\$75. We paid \$60 for the pair, and we're asking \$75 each.

BILL

Great. While we're at it, let's put a price of \$85 on my used underwear. It's definitely worth more than that rooster.

JOE

Listen, dad. You might not be willing to pay \$75 for a rooster like this--

but there are some people who would be glad to. If you're gonna work in this business, you have to be open-minded enough to see how one man's trash is another man's treasure.

BILL

I'm very open minded. I do Pilates-- remember? Now will you please throw away those roosters?

INT. JOE'S HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Joe is smoking a cigarette. He puts the cigarette in an ash tray, and he gets on the floor and imitates the Pilates move he saw Bill doing earlier. The phone rings, and he answers it.

JOE

(into phone)

Hello? ... Yeah. ... Who? ... Oh. OK. It's the second apartment on the right.

He presses a button on the phone and hangs up.

Several seconds later, the doorbell rings. Joe opens the door to reveal ADELAIDE (70).

ADELAIDE

Hi. You must be Joe.

JOE

Yes.

Bill walks out of the bathroom or bedroom and into the living room. He notices Adelaide.

BILL

Uh...

ADELAIDE

Hi, Bill.

Bill looks out the window.

ADELAIDE

What--are you gonna climb out the window?

BILL

No.

Joe walks over to the window and shuts it.

BILL

Adelaide. Uh. How did you know where to find me?

ADELAIDE

I called your ex-wife, and she told me.

BILL

Great. The next time you talk to her, tell her to mind her own business.

(to Joe)

Why did you tell your mother I was here?

JOE

Well. I didn't realize you were part of the witness protection program.

BILL

Joe. This is my, uh, friend. Miss Johnson.

ADELAIDE

I'm his girlfriend. Adelaide.

JOE

(to Bill)

Is she the rest in peace girlfriend?

ADELAIDE

Rest in peace?

BILL

Excuse us for a second.

Bill leads Joe to the bedroom.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

JOE

You lied about your girlfriend dying?

BILL

No. What I meant to say was that when I was with her, she made me wish I

were dead.

JOE

Why would you lie to me about her dying?

BILL

Well. See, the thing is, I figured if I told you the actual story of what happened between me and her, you wouldn't be so eager to give me a room and a job.

JOE

And what's the actual story?

BILL

Well. First of all, Adelaide is hard to deal, i.e. she's insane. So I left her.

JOE

Dad. You can't just leave a woman like that, cold turkey. You have to break up with her step-by-step. It's a year long process.

BILL

I didn't just take off. I put a note on the refrigerator.

ADELAIDE (O.S.)

(calls out from the other room)
I'm waiting.

BILL

(to Joe)
Um. Follow me.

He walks back to the living room, and Joe follows him.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

ADELAIDE

So?

BILL

Uh. You know what? How about the three of us go to a public place, like Burger King, and we discuss all of this over there?

ADELAIDE

We can discuss everything here. And I don't see why your son has to get involved.

JOE

Um. I'll just step out for a while.

BILL

No. Stay. It's your apartment.

ADELAIDE

Maybe he should go.

BILL

This is his apartment, and he's staying.

ADELAIDE

Fine! Whatever!

BILL

So. Did you read my note?

ADELAIDE

Yes. It said, "I went out to get some air. I'll be back in a few years."

BILL

Listen. Uh. You're great. But I'm just not, um, I'm not the right guy for you. You know. You and Philip are a perfect fit for each other. You should get back together with him.

ADELAIDE

Bill. You have three more months left on your apartment lease.

BILL

Um. Well. You and my apartment are a perfect fit for each other. You should live there, and pay rent for the next three months. With Phillip.

ADELAIDE

So you're sticking me with your apartment and your lease?

BILL

Hey. I'm letting you keep all of the

furniture.

ADELAIDE

You were renting a furnished apartment!

BILL

Well. The napkins and the salt and pepper shakers are mine--and I'm letting you have them.

ADELAIDE

Well. You know what? Your apartment isn't fully furnished. I mean, it could use another lamp.

She unplugs a lamp, picks it up, and puts it by the door.

ADELAIDE

Oh. And a backup toilet plunger.

She goes into the bathroom, walks out with a toilet plunger, and puts it down next to the lamp.

ADELAIDE

And, let's see.

She opens a drawer, looks inside, and then takes out the entire drawer.

ADELAIDE

A drawer.

She puts the drawer next to the toilet plunger.

JOE

Uh. Dad. Can I have a word with you in the bedroom for a moment?

(to Adelaide)

Excuse us.

Joe walks Bill over to the bedroom.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

BILL

So. What did you want to talk about?

JOE

Not the 49ers.

BILL
Son. Just let her take a few things.

JOE
What?

BILL
I'll pay for them. Put them on my tab.

JOE
Dad. What are you talking about?

BILL
I'm talking about relationships.
Sometimes if you want to break up with
a woman, you have to let her take your
furniture, or your son's furniture.

JOE
That's not how to break up with a
woman. You're supposed to do it step
by step, so she won't really notice.

The doorbell rings.

JOE
Who the hell could that be?

He walks out of the bedroom...

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

...and through the living room. He opens the front door to
reveal TRISTA (28).

JOE
Uh. Hi, Trista.

TRISTA
(notices Bill and Adelaide)
Oh. You have company.

JOE
Yeah. Uh. This is my father Bill, and
his friend Adelaide.
(to Bill and Adelaide)
This is my friend Trista.

BILL
Hi.

TRISTA

Hi.

JOE

Uh. How did you get into my building?

TRISTA

With a key.

JOE

But you gave me back the key to my building.

TRISTA

Well. I had a backup copy.

ADELAIDE

What a coincidence. I just got a backup plunger.

TRISTA

OK. Uh...

(to Joe)

Can I come in?

JOE

Well. We're kind of in the middle of something.

TRISTA

I just want to talk to you for a second.

JOE

Uh. OK.

(referring to the outdoor hall / courtyard)

I'll talk to you out there.

TRISTA

It's a private conversation.

JOE

Fine. We'll go in my bedroom.

TRISTA

OK.

Trista walks in.

The window is open, and Bill is about to climb out. Joe

notices him.

JOE

Dad. Can you do me a favor and not climb out the window?

BILL

Oh. I wasn't climbing out the window. I was just, uh, getting some air.

ADELAIDE

Yeah. You do seem to like air.

(to Trista)

So how long have you two been dating?

TRISTA

We actually just broke up.

ADELAIDE

I see. Did he break up with you by leaving you a note?

TRISTA

No. As a matter of fact, we're still friends.

ADELAIDE

(to Bill)

You hear that, Bill? They're still friends. You, on the other hand, are trying to climb out of a window.

BILL

You, on the other hand, are trying to take my son's toilet plunger.

ADELAIDE

You, on the other hand, are trying to make me pay three months rent on your apartment.

TRISTA

(to Joe)

You, on the other hand, are an immature asshole!

JOE

What do you mean "me on the other hand?" How did "I on the other hand" enter this equation?

TRISTA

Joe--I'm just saying. How are you gonna break up with me at an Indian restaurant, two weeks before my birthday?

JOE

Um. I don't know. Was I supposed to break up with you at a Chipotle on Groundhog Day?

TRISTA

No. You weren't supposed to break up with me, period.

BILL

(to Joe)

How's that step by step thing working out for you, Joe?

JOE

Trista--I told you. You and me--we don't have boyfriend-girlfriend chemistry. That's why we should be friends.

TRISTA

Well. If I'm your friend, then how about you let me
(points to a pair of sneakers on the floor)
borrow these shoes, friend?

JOE

You want my shoes?

TRISTA

I mean, you're giving
(points to Adelaide)
her your toilet plunger, and she's not even your friend.

JOE

Who said I'm giving her my toilet plunger?

BILL

I believe
(points to Adelaide)
she said that.

JOE
(to Trista and Adelaide)
Would you two excuse us for a second?

Joe leads Bill to the bedroom.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

BILL
How about them 49ers?

JOE
How about my toilet plunger? Why did you date such a crazy woman?

BILL
Why did you date such a crazy woman?

JOE
I don't know.

BILL
Neither do I.

JOE
But you should know.

BILL
Why?

JOE
Because I'm young and dumb. You're mature and wise.

BILL
I'm mature and wise? You do realize that yesterday, I moved in with my son because I was unemployed and \$33,000 in debt?

JOE
That's true. So, uh, what should we do?

BILL
Well.

Bill opens a window.

BILL
We should climb out the window.

JOE

You think that's a good idea?

BILL

Yes. But I'm mature and dumb. Why would you listen to me?

JOE

Good point.

BILL

You know what? Here's some wisdom I've picked up over the years. When you're trying to come up with a good idea, sometimes it helps to just think about something else for a while. You know. You change the subject for a few seconds, and then later, you go back to the first subject, and the good ideas come up. So let's change the subject and talk about something else for a few seconds.

JOE

Like what?

BILL

Well. Let's see. Um. How about your roosters?

JOE

What about them?

BILL

They haven't sold yet.

JOE

Well. In the pawn shop business, items usually don't sell the second you buy them. You have to wait for your eggs to hatch.

BILL

Roosters don't lay eggs.

JOE

Metaphorically, they do.

BILL

OK. Now let's revisit the original subject of how to deal with our ex-

girlfriends.

JOE

Alright. ... Um. ... Do you have any ideas?

BILL

... Yes. Let's climb out the window.

Wait. I have another idea.

(starts making his way to the door)

Follow me.

They walk back to the living room.

BILL

So. Have you two gotten to know each other?

ADELAIDE

Yeah. Me and Trista--we have a lot in common. We both have a tendency to date immature men.

BILL

Listen. We understand how you two feel.

JOE

We do?

BILL

Yes. We do, Joe.

JOE

Yeah.

(to Trista)

He's right. We do.

BILL

(to Adelaide and Trista)

And, uh, we know we didn't handle everything perfectly. We hope we didn't upset you two--and we really want the best for both of you.

(to Adelaide)

By the way--how are things at the salon?

ADELAIDE

Good. We actually got our first celebrity client yesterday. Cecily

Strong.

BILL
Who the hell is that?

ADELAIDE
She's on SNL.

BILL
What the hell is that?

ADELAIDE
Saturday Night Live.

BILL
I hate that show. It should've been cancelled 40 years ago. But, uh, I'm glad to hear things are going so well for you.
(to Trista)
So, uh--Trista. What do you do for a living?

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

[Later]

Joe and Bill are alone.

BILL
Alright. That went pretty well.

JOE
Um. Let's do a little inventory. I have no toilet plunger, one missing lamp, one missing drawer, one missing pair of shoes, one missing suit, one missing *Seinfeld* season four DVD, one missing partridge, and one missing pear tree.

BILL
You're welcome.

JOE
What do you mean "you're welcome?"

BILL
I mean you're welcome, you don't have to be friends with your crazy ex-girlfriend anymore. You know. My plan

didn't work perfectly--but it went pretty well all in all. She said the friendship is over. So that's it. You won't have to deal with that woman anymore. May she rest in peace.

JOE

Well. I guess that makes sense. Except Trista still has copies of my keys--so she might show up here one day to plunge toilets with me.

BILL

You know what you should do? Move to Idaho. But first, can you cook me something for lunch?

JOE

Well. Trista used to come over here and do most of the cooking. But, um, I know how to make peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. I've eaten, like, ten of them over the past few days.

BILL

Great. Make one.

JOE

Well, the thing is, I'm out of peanut butter, and jelly, and bread. 'Cause, uh, Trista used to do most of my grocery shopping.

Bill looks around.

BILL

Did Trista also used to clean your apartment?

JOE

Sometimes.

BILL

Well then maybe you shouldn't have broken up with her--because this place is a damn mess, and I'm hungry.

JOE

Um. Do you want to go to Burger King?

BILL
I can't afford Burger King on the
salary you give me.

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Cristobal is with a CUSTOMER in one area of the store.

Bill and Joe are in another area.

BILL
(to Joe)
Your roosters haven't sold yet. And
they're scaring away the customers.

MAN 2 and MAN 3 walk in. MAN 2 is holding a vintage
Bullwinkle Pez Dispenser.

JOE
Can I help you?

MAN 2
I'm looking to sell this.

BILL
What the hell is that?

MAN 2
It's a Bullwinkle Pez dispenser. It's
worth a lot of money. Our ex-roommate
gave it to us a while ago, when he
couldn't pay his rent.

BILL
Is your apartment located in
Candyland?

JOE
Bill--this is a valuable collectible.

BILL
Fine.

JOE
(to Man 2)
Can I take a look at it?

MAN 2
Sure.

He hands it to Joe. Joe examines it.

Man 3 notices the rooster sculptures.

MAN 3
(to Man 2)
Look at those roosters. You know who
would love them?

MAN 2
Jimmy.

MAN 3
Yeah. Jimmy.

BILL
Is Jimmy a Mexican hen?

Man 3 walks over to the rooster sculptures and looks at them.

MAN 3
They're \$80 each.

He takes them back to the area where

MAN 2
(to Joe)
You know what? How about we make a
trade? Straight up.

JOE
Well. That sounds reasonable. Let me
just make sure Bullwinkle is in good
shape.

Joe looks at the Pez dispenser for a few more seconds.

BILL
Reasonable? This is the first trade in
human history where both sides end up
with something more worthless than
what they started with.

JOE
Bill. I'm trying to conduct some
business here.

BILL
Go ahead. Don't listen to your mature
father.

Joe looks at the pez dispenser for a few more seconds.

JOE

(to Man 2)

Well. This looks good. Alright. Enjoy your roosters.

MAN 2

My friend Jimmy is gonna love them.

BILL

Make sure Jimmy takes his medication.

Man 2 and Man 3 walk out with the rooster sculptures.

JOE

See? I sold the roosters, and it only took one day.

BILL

Well. Here's my counterargument. You didn't sell your roosters. You traded them for a damn moose. In other words, you traded garbage for garbage.

JOE

What you consider trash is another man's treasure. Let me educate you for a moment, if I may. This is a vintage brown-stem Bullwinkle Pez dispenser in mint condition, retail value, \$250.

Bill takes it from Joe and examines it for a few seconds.

BILL

Let me educate you for a moment. This is a damn moose. Retail value, garbage.

THE END