

DHARMA & GREG

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**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

COLD OPENING

SCENE A

FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY (1974)

MUSIC CUE: DOOBIE BROTHERS "LONG TRAIN RUNNIN'" (WITHOUT LOVE. WHERE WOULD YOU BE NOW)

STOCK FOOTAGE OF A DOOBIES CONCERT IN THE PANHANDLE.

ANGLE ON:

TWO-YEAR OLD DHARMA LOWENSTEIN SITTING HAPPILY ATOP HER FATHER LARRY'S SHOULDERS. LARRY AND HIS WIFE ABBY -- TWENTYISH HIPPIES -- ARE PART OF THE DANCING, SINGING CROWD GROOVIN' TO THE DOOBIES.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO MARINA - DAY (1974)

MUSIC CUE: MOZART'S MARRIAGE OF FIGARO

EIGHT-YEAR OLD GREG MONTGOMERY, DRESSED IN A SAILOR SUIT, IS AT THE HELM OF A 42-FOOT ERICSON. HIS FATHER, EDWARD, HELPS HIM STEER AS HIS MOTHER, KITTY, SNAPS PHOTOS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LOWENSTEIN'S HOME - NIGHT (1978)

MUSIC CUE: DAVID BOWIE'S "MAJOR TOM"

A WARM, ECLECTIC, RAMBLING HOUSE IN MARIN COUNTY. LOTS OF WOOD, HOMEMADE STAINED GLASS, CANDLES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, METAL SCULPTURES, DOGS, CATS, CHICKENS, ETC.

LARRY IS LISTENING TO THE STEREO WITH HEADPHONES WHILE HOLDING THEIR INFANT SON, GARCIA. ABBY IS HOME-SCHOOLING SIX-YEAR OLD DHARMA IN MATH. USING A SMALL CHALKBOARD, SHE HAS DHARMA WRITE THE ANSWER TO THE EQUATION: " $2 + 2 =$ "

DHARMA HAPPILY SCRIBBLES HER ANSWER AS "30."

ABBY SHOWS LARRY THE CHALKBOARD. HE SMILES AND SHRUGS. ABBY TURNS TO DHARMA AND CONGRATULATES HER ON A JOB WELL DONE. YOUNG DHARMA IS CLEARLY PLEASED WITH HERSELF.

CUT TO:

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - DAY (1978)

MUSIC CUE: EXETER "FIGHT SONG"

A GAME IN PROGRESS. TWELVE-YEAR OLD GREG GETS POSSESSION OF THE BALL, AIMS, SHOOTS AND... MISSES. HIS COACH GOES BALLISTIC AND GREG, HEAD HUNG, TAKES A SEAT ON THE BENCH.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWENSTEIN HOUSE - HALLOWEEN NIGHT (1988)

MUSIC CUE: OINGO BOINGO'S "DEAD MAN'S PARTY"

LARRY, ABBY, AND TEN-YEAR OLD GARCIA, ARE DRESSED IN ELABORATE COSTUMES PREPARING TO GO TRICK-OR-TREATING. LARRY YELLS UP THE STAIRS FOR DHARMA. SIXTEEN-YEAR OLD DHARMA CROSSES DOWNSTAIRS DRESSED AS NANCY REAGAN, RED ALBERT NIPON SUIT, WIG, AND ALL. LARRY, ABBY, AND GARCIA PLAYFULLY SCREAM IN FEAR.

CUT TO:

INT. HARVARD UNIVERSITY DORM ROOM - HALLOWEEN NIGHT (1988)

MUSIC CUE: OINGO BOINGO'S "DEAD MAN'S PARTY"

A GROUP OF GREG'S COSTUMED FRIENDS WAITING TO GO OUT AND PARTY. GREG EMERGES FROM HIS ROOM DRESSED AS A HIPPIE. HIS FRIENDS ALL BERATE HIM FOR HIS POOR CHOICE OF COSTUME. HE RAISES A FINGER TELLING THEM TO WAIT AND EXITS.

MOMENTS LATER HE REEMERGES AS... NANCY REAGAN, ALSO WITH SUIT AND WIG. HIS PALS ROAR THEIR APPROVAL, AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SAN FRANCISCO - PRESENT TIME

INT. BART STATION - DAY (FRIDAY)

THIRTY-TWO YEAR OLD GREG MONTGOMERY, BROOKS BROTHERS AND BRIEFCASE, BOARDS A TRAIN, PASSING TWENTY-SIX YEAR OLD DHARMA LOWENSTEIN, WHO IS EXITING THE TRAIN.

AS THEY PASS THEY MAKE EYE CONTACT. SERIOUS EYE CONTACT. HE TAKES A SEAT, LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW AND SEES HER ON THE PLATFORM. SHE SMILES. HE SMILES BACK. SHE SHRUGS, "NOW WHAT?" HE SHRUGS BACK, "I DON'T KNOW." HE LOOKS AT THE OPEN DOORS OF THE TRAIN, HESITATES, AND THEY CLOSE. WE STAY ON DHARMA AS THE TRAIN PULLS AWAY. SHE GIVES HIM A SAD LITTLE WAVE.

GREG'S POV

DHARMA RECEDES INTO THE DISTANCE AS THE TRAIN SLIPS INTO THE BLACKNESS OF THE TUNNEL.

TRAIN CAR

AN OLDER WOMAN SITTING NEXT TO GREG SHAKES HER HEAD IN DISMAY.

OLDER WOMAN

(TO GREG) Schmuck.

CUT TO:

STOCK FOOTAGE OF A BART TRAIN FLYING THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

CUT TO:

INT. BART TRAIN - DAY

THE TRAIN PULLS INTO THE NEXT STATION, THE DOORS OPEN. GREG LOOKS AT THE OPEN DOORS, PONDERES HIS NEXT MOVE. THE WOMAN NEXT TO HIM NOTES HIS INDECISION.

OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

What are you, nuts? Go get her.

GREG NODS AND RUNS OFF THE TRAIN.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF GREG RUNNING THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS, DODGING PEDESTRIANS AND OTHER OBSTACLES AS HE HEADS BACK TO THE BART STATION WHERE HE SAW DHARMA.

CUT TO:

INT. BART STATION - DAY

GREG RACES DOWN THE STEPS TO FIND... AN EMPTY PLATFORM. DHARMA IS LONG GONE. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD, DEFEATED, AND HEADS BACK UP THE STAIRS, AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

COLD OPENING

SCENE B

INT. U.S. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

A DEJECTED GREG GETS OFF THE ELEVATOR AND CROSSES TO HIS OFFICE, PASSING HIS FRIEND AND CO-WORKER, PETE NICHOLS.

PETE

Hey, Montgomery, what's with you?

GREG

Pete, does your life ever feel like you're stuck on some kind of interstate highway, and you're supposed to just keep going, but then you see something out of the corner of your eye, so you get off at the next exit and double back, but you're too late and it feels like you've missed out on something important?

PETE

No.

GREG

Good talking to you.

PETE

Anytime, man. I'm here for you.

GREG CONTINUES INTO HIS OFFICE. THE DOOR READS: "GREG MONTGOMERY, ASSISTANT U.S. ATTORNEY."

RESET TO:

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

HE OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND DHARMA SITTING BEHIND HIS DESK.

DHARMA

What took you so long?

FADE OUT:

END OF COLD OPENING

ACT ONESCENE AFADE IN:INT. GREG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

DHARMA AND GREG AS BEFORE.

GREG

You're here! I don't believe this!
I went back and looked for you --
how'd you find me?

DHARMA

(READING FROM A NEWSPAPER) "Greg
Montgomery, Assistant U.S. Attorney
Files Mob Indictments." (HOLDING UP
THE NEWSPAPER) See? That's you
right next to the guy with the coat
over his head.

THEY LAUGH, THEN TRY TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO NEXT.

GREG

So...

DHARMA

What do we do now?

GREG

Want to get a cup coffee?

DHARMA

Oh, I don't drink coffee, but I know
a great place for smoothies.

GREG

Ooh, I'm lactose intolerant.

DHARMA

Okay, why don't we just go for a
walk, get to know each other.
Well, I mean, we already know each
other on a spiritual level, otherwise
we wouldn't be here. But on a
practical, everyday level, we have a
lot of catching up to do.

GREG

You lost me.

DHARMA

I know. But that was another
lifetime and I won't let it happen
again.

SHE TAKES HIM BY THE HAND AND LEADS HIM OUT OF THE OFFICE.

RESET TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

AS GREG AND DHARMA HEAD FOR THE ELEVATOR, THEY RUN INTO PETE.

PETE

Where're you going?

GREG

For a walk with --

DHARMA

Dharma.

GREG

(TO PETE) Dharma.

THEY CROSS INTO THE ELEVATOR, GREG TURNS TO DHARMA.

GREG (CONT'D)

Dharma?

DHARMA

Dharma Lowenstein.

GREG

(TO PETE) Dharma Lowenstein.

AS THE ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSES, WE:

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE B

EXT. A CITY PARK - DAY - MINUTES LATER

DHARMA AND GREG WALKING, TALKING.

GREG

Well, Exeter prep, then Harvard
undergrad, and Stanford for Law
school. What about you?

DHARMA

Oh, I was home schooled. Then I was
accepted to Berkeley, but I blew it
off and went to Texas to work on the
rodeo circuit. After about a year I
realized I was never gonna make it as
a saddle bronc rider, but I met this
really nice ex-con who taught me how
to train dogs.

GREG

So, you're a dog trainer?

DHARMA

During the day. At night I teach yoga. And twice a month I have an arts and crafts class at a retirement home in Oakland. Well, mostly we just sit around and drink beer. They love that.

GREG

Ah... so, uh, what do you do for fun?

DHARMA

Half-pipe snowboarding in the winter, in the summer mostly dirt biking, and sometimes hang-gliding, but it skeeves me out since I broke both my legs last year. What about you? What do you like to do?

GREG

Golf.

DHARMA

Oh.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE CINT. CAFE - SHORT TIME LATER

GREG DRINKING COFFEE. DHARMA DRINKING TEA.

GREG

Well, Alanis Morissette, Lyle Lovett,
and, I've got to admit, I've always
had this weakness for ZZ Top. How
about you?

DHARMA

John Philip Sousa.

GREG

What?

DHARMA

Don't ask me why, I just love
marches. (SINGS "STARS AND STRIPES
FOREVER")

OFF GREG'S EXPRESSION, WE:

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE DEXT. PARK - A LITTLE LATER

DHARMA AND GREG PITCHING PENNIES INTO A FOUNTAIN.

GREG

Oh, c'mon, we've gotta have something
in common. Uh... who was your
favorite Brady?

DHARMA

What?

GREG

You know, Jan, Marcia, Peter?

DHARMA

Who?

GREG

The Brady Bunch! You know, the
television show.

DHARMA

Oh. We didn't have a TV when I was
growing up. But I saw Raymond Burr once
on Castro Street. He's on TV right?

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE EEXT. PARK - SHORT TIME LATER

DHARMA AND GREG SITTING ON A PARK BENCH, STILL TRYING TO FIND SOMETHING IN COMMON.

DHARMA

Acupuncture or acupressure?

GREG

What?

DHARMA

Nevermind. Peanut butter, smooth or crunchy?

GREG

Smooth.

DHARMA

(GROANS)

GREG

Disneyland! Everybody loves Disneyland.

DHARMA

Oh, yeah. Disneyland's great.

GREG

Good. There we go.

DHARMA

I'm just kinda... not allowed to go
back there.

GREG

Do I want to know why?

DHARMA

(SHEEPISH) No.

GREG

So... after two and a half hours,
we've determined we have absolutely
nothing in common.

DHARMA

Nothing at all.

GREG

You know what the weird thing is? I
don't care.

DHARMA

Neither do I.

THEY KISS.

DHARMA (CONT'D)

Hey, wanna drive down to Carmel and
look at the ocean?

GREG

I can't. I mean, I'd love to, but I
really have to get back to the
office.

DHARMA

Have to?

GREG

Dharma, I'm a United States Attorney.

I have responsibilities. People
count on me. I have to.

DHARMA

(CONSIDERS FOR A BEAT, THEN) Okay.

CUT TO:

ACT ONESCENE HINT. GREG'S OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

WE'RE CLOSE ON THE DESK. A HAND COMES INTO FRAME AND WIPES EVERYTHING ONTO THE FLOOR. DHARMA AND GREG FALL ONTO THE DESK, KISSING PASSIONATELY.

GREG

This isn't exactly what I meant.

THEY CONTINUE KISSING.

SFX: KNOCK ON THE DOOR

GREG LOOKS UP, HORRIFIED.

GREG (CONT'D)

Who is it?

PETE (O.S.)

Greg, there's someone here who wants
to meet you!

GREG

Uh... could you tell them to wait?

PETE (O.S.)

You want me to tell the Attorney
General of the United States to wait?

GREG

Oh, my God! (SOTTO, TO DHARMA)

Hide, hide, hide!

DHARMA

But I've always wanted to meet her.

GREG

Dharma, please!

DHARMA

Okay, okay, okay.

DHARMA HIDES UNDER THE DESK.

GREG

(TO DOOR) Coming!

HE QUICKLY STRAIGHTENS HIMSELF UP AND OPENS THE DOOR,
REVEALING PETE AND JANET RENO.

JANET

Hello.

GREG

(TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER) Hi.

JANET

I just wanted to congratulate you on
yesterday's indictments. Great work,
counselor.

GREG

Oh, well, thank you very much.

PETE STANDS BEHIND MS. RENO AND GIVES GREG A "THUMBS UP."

GREG (CONT'D)

It was really a team effort.

SHE CROSSES INTO THE OFFICE DURING:

JANET

Well, nevertheless, everyone in Washington is very aware of your contribution. You have a bright future, young man.

GREG

Thank you. Ms. Reno... uh, Madam Attorney General, uh...

JANET

Just call me Janet. (RE: THE PAPERWORK ON THE FLOOR) What happened in here?

GREG

Oh, I've got this faulty air duct that's just bad. Bad... air duct... Janet.

JANET

Alright, well, carry on, Montgomery.

SHE CROSSES OUT. GREG BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF, THEN SHE RETURNS FOR:

JANET (CONT'D)

One more thing. Your desk has lovely shoes.

GREG LOOKS AND SEES DHARMA'S FEET STICKING OUT FROM UNDER THE DESK. THE FEET SLOWLY DRAW BACK UNDER THE DESK. HE LOOKS BACK AT MS. RENO FOR:

GREG

I never do this sort of thing, I mean
I do, but not here, this really is
quite uncharacteristic --

JANET

Montgomery, take the afternoon off
and celebrate. You deserve it.

AS SHE CROSSES OUT.

DHARMA (O.S.)

You have lovely shoes too!

MS. RENO STOPS AT THE DOORWAY, SMILES, THEN CROSSES OUT, AS
WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE JINT. DHARMA'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

THE BEDROOM IS PART OF A LARGE S.O.M.A. LOFT. LOTS OF PILLOWS AND CANDLES, A BUDDHA SHRINE, MEXICAN "DAY OF THE DEAD" ART, A MANNEQUIN, A LARGE WENDY'S SIGN WHICH SAYS: "TRY OUR SALAD BAR." AND ANIMALS. LOTS OF ANIMALS.

AS WE OPEN, WE FIND DHARMA AND GREG IN BED KISSING. GREG LOOKS UP AND SEES:

A LARGE SNAKE WRAPPED AROUND A MANNEQUIN.

GREG

There's a snake on your mannequin.

DHARMA

That's Fred. I got him to kill mice.

GREG

Don't most people have cats for that?

DHARMA

Not if they have a boa constrictor.

GREG

O-kay. (THEN) You sure you don't want to go to my place?

DHARMA

C'mere.

SHE STARTS KISSING HIM AGAIN WHEN WE HEAR:

SFX: KNOCK ON THE WINDOW

THEY LOOK TO THE WINDOW AND SEE... A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR OLD DARK-HAIRED, WILD-EYED WOMAN ON THE FIRE ESCAPE. THIS IS DHARMA'S FRIEND, JANE. JANE OPENS THE WINDOW AND ENTERS.

JANE

I need to borrow your car.

DHARMA

It got stolen.

JANE

Did Hans steal it?

DHARMA

I think so.

JANE

Oh man, why are we friends with him?

(TURNING TO GREG) Hi. I'm Jane.

And if you cause any emotional distress to my friend, I will call upon the forces of darkness to swallow your immortal soul and defecate it into the bowels of hell.

GREG

Nice to meet you, Jane.

JANE

(TO DHARMA) Can you lend me some money? I need to get out of town for a few days.

DHARMA

Why?

JANE

The coven wanted to perform an animal sacrifice and I just couldn't deal with it so I took the calf to a petting zoo and now they're all out to get me. So can you spot me a hundred?

DHARMA

(LOOKING THROUGH HER WALLET) I only have thirty.

JANE

I'll take it. Ooh, and the wig.

JANE GRABS A LONG RED WIG OFF THE MANNEQUIN AND JAMS IT ON HER HEAD.

JANE (CONT'D)

Thanks. Love ya'.

SHE KISSES DHARMA, CROSSES OUT TO THE FIRE ESCAPE AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT.

DHARMA

Be careful!

DHARMA CLOSES THE WINDOW.

GREG

Your friend is a Satan worshipper?

DHARMA

Oh, don't worry, she just does that to meet guys.

THEY START TO KISS AGAIN WHEN AN ANCIENT INUIT (ESKIMO) INDIAN, ANOUK, APPEARS AT THE FOOT OF THE BED.

ANOUK

I don't mean to disturb you, but I
think you're on my summer parka.

DHARMA

Oh, I'm sorry, Anouk. (HANDING HIM
THE PARKA) Greg, this is Anouk. He
walked here from the Arctic Circle on
a dream quest.

GREG

Ah. So... how's it going?

ANOUK

My feet are killing me.

DHARMA

(NOT AGAIN) Anouk!

ANOUK

What? I love that joke!

HE ZIPS HIS PARKA UP AND CROSSES OUT.

GREG

Is that everybody, or is there a
family of circus people under the
bed?

DHARMA

(LAUGHS) No. You can relax.

THEY BEGIN KISSING, A MIME PEEKS HER HEAD OUT OF THE CLOSET.
DHARMA, STILL KISSING GREG, WAVES FOR HER TO EXIT. SHE DOES,
UNNOTICED BY GREG, AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE KINT. DHARMA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING (SATURDAY)

DHARMA AND GREG ARE SLEEPING. HE WAKES UP, KISSES HER ON THE CHEEK, SHE AWAKENS.

DHARMA

Morning.

GREG

Morning.

THEY KISS AGAIN.

DHARMA

Hungry?

GREG

Yeah.

DHARMA

Wanna go get some breakfast?

GREG

Sounds great.

THEY KISS AGAIN. THE KISSING GETS PASSIONATE AND THEY FALL BACK INTO BED, AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

INT. DHARMA'S BEDROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

DHARMA AND GREG ONCE AGAIN AWAKEN IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

DHARMA

Hey.

GREG

Hey.

DHARMA

Wanna get some lunch?

GREG

You bet.

THEY KISS AND ONCE AGAIN FALL BACK INTO BED, AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE MINT. DHARMA'S LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

GREG, IN BOXER SHORTS, IS PAYING A CHINESE DELIVERY MAN. HE TAKES THE BAG OF CHINESE FOOD, CLOSES THE DOOR, RACES INTO THE BEDROOM, AND JUMPS ON THE BED. HE AND DHARMA TEAR OPEN THE CONTAINERS. AFTER A FEW BEATS OF GLUTTONY, THEY EXCHANGE A KNOWING LOOK, THEN PUSH THE FOOD OFF THE BED AND START MAKING LOVE AGAIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONESCENE 2INT. DHARMA'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING (SUNDAY)

GREG LIES BESIDE DHARMA, JUST WATCHING HER SLEEP. SHE OPENS HER EYES AND SEES GREG SMILING.

DHARMA

Morning.

GREG

Morning.

THEY KISS.

GREG (CONT'D)

Oh, my God! My mother!

DHARMA

Okay, that's creepy.

GREG

No, no. I completely forgot. It's my mother's birthday, and we're having a brunch for her.

DHARMA

Ooh, great, I'll go change.

SHE JUMPS UP AND CROSSES OUT.

GREG

(TO HIMSELF) I don't think you can
change that much.

FADE OUT:

END - ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE 0FADE IN:INT. MONTGOMERY HOME - THE DINING ROOM - THAT AFTERNOON

THIS IS THE ORNATE, OLD MONEY HOME OF GREG'S PARENTS, EDWARD AND KITTY MONTGOMERY. A HANDSOME COUPLE IN THEIR LATE FIFTIES, WITH EXCEPTIONAL BREEDING AND MANNERS. AS WE OPEN, THEY'RE HAVING A PLEASANT LUNCH WITH DHARMA, GREG, AND GREG'S TWENTY-FOUR YEAR OLD SISTER, PENNY.

KITTY

(TO DHARMA) Lowenstein. (TURNING TO
HER HUSBAND) Edward, what's the name
of our Jewish friends?

EDWARD

The Gottleibs, Dear.

KITTY

Right, the Gottleibs. (TO DHARMA)

Do you know them?

PENNY EXTINGUISHES A CANDLE WITH HER FINGERS AND RELIGHTS IT
WITH A LIGHTER. THE FAMILY ACTS AS IF NOTHING'S HAPPENING.

DHARMA

No. Sorry. Actually, I wasn't
raised Jewish. My parents were more
Buddhist -- B'Hai with a little
sprinkling of Shintoism.

KITTY

Ah. We're Presbyterian.

EDWARD

Episcopalian, Dear.

KITTY

Right, right.

PENNY QUICKLY SLIDES HER FINGER BACK AND FORTH THROUGH THE
CANDLE FLAME.

DHARMA

Wow, Penny, you really seem to like
fire.

PENNY

(SMILING) It's warm.

GREG

(COVERING) Dharma's a professional
dog trainer.

KITTY

Oh, isn't that interesting? You
know, we had the most lovely Springer
Spaniel. Mitzy. Wonderful
disposition. I miss her terribly.

PENNY

(STILL PLAYING WITH THE CANDLE FLAME) We
still have her, Mother. She's out back.

KITTY

Oh, dear. And I fired the gardner
for chewing up the lawn furniture.

A MAID PUTS OUT A BASKET OF ROLLS WITH A NAPKIN COVERING THE TOP. PENNY IMMEDIATELY SETS THE NAPKIN ON FIRE WITH HER LIGHTER. WITHOUT CEREMONY, EDWARD EXTINGUISHES THE FIRE WITH A GLASS OF WATER AND CASUALLY TAKES A ROLL.

EDWARD

Here's a thought. Why don't we get
Dharma here to train Mitzy? Could
you do that, Dharma?

DHARMA

Sure.

KITTY

Fabulous. When can you start?

DHARMA

Right now if you want.

KITTY

Terrific.

EDWARD

Wonderful. I'll go get Mitzy.

DHARMA

No, that's not necessary. I like to
begin with the owners.

KITTY

(NERVOUSLY) With the owners?

DHARMA

Yeah. Almost all the problems start with the owners. Like when a dog engages in destructive behavior, that usually means there's a lack of communication in the household. So here's what we're gonna do. Kitty, Edward, hold hands.

KITTY AND EDWARD LOOK AT EACH OTHER UNCOMFORTABLY.

GREG

Dharma, maybe we should do this later.

DHARMA

No, no. I'm fine.

DHARMA PUTS THEIR HANDS TOGETHER.

DHARMA (CONT'D)

There, that's good. Now, we've got to open up communication. So, let's start with Edward. Edward, tell Kitty something you've been wanting to communicate.

EDWARD

Um... I don't really care for the carpeting you put upstairs.

KITTY

(TAKEN ABACK) Really? It's Berber.

DHARMA

Kitty, this isn't about defending.
It's about listening. Now it's your
turn. Tell Edward something you've
been wanting to communicate.

KITTY

Well... I can't really think of
anything...

DHARMA

Don't think. Just say the first
thing that comes into your mind.

A BEAT, THEN:

KITTY

(TO EDWARD) I want a divorce.

EDWARD

Are you certain?

KITTY

Yes.

EDWARD

I'll call Gottlieb in the morning.

TWO SERVANTS ENTER SINGING "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" WITH A DISTINCT
SPANISH ACCENT. PENNY TAKES THE EDGE OF THE DRAPES AND PUTS
IT INTO THE CAKE CANDLES, SETTING THE DRAPES ON FIRE.

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE RINT. GREG'S SAAB - A SHORT TIME LATER

A COLD, GRIM SILENCE HOVERS AROUND GREG. DHARMA SITS UNCOMFORTABLY, TRYING TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAY, THEN GOES FOR IT:

DHARMA

Do you wanna talk about it?

GREG

There's nothing to talk about.

A BEAT.

DHARMA

You are thinking about it, right?

GREG

I'm not thinking about anything.

A BEAT.

DHARMA

Liar, liar, drapes on fire.

GREG

Okay. What gives you the right to go into someone's house and make their parents talk to each other?

DHARMA

Wait a minute? Are you angry at me?!

GREG

All I'm saying is if you hadn't done that communication thing, they wouldn't be getting a divorce.

DHARMA

You'd rather have them stay in a cold, loveless marriage?

GREG

They didn't seem to mind. And it was better for me! I'm from a broken home now!

DHARMA

Wow, you are so selfish.

GREG

No, selfish is imposing your world view on everyone you meet without considering the consequences.

DHARMA

I don't do that! I'm extremely respectful of everyone's belief system!

GREG

Yeah? What about the belief system of White Anglo Saxon Presbyterians?

DHARMA

You're Episcopalian.

GREG

Whatever! We have a belief system.
And it says leave well enough alone.
It's better not to talk about things.

DHARMA

Well, that's just insane!

GREG

Oh, and your life, with Rosemary's
baby-sitter and an Eskimo in your
bathtub, that's normal!?

DHARMA

Hey, I wouldn't talk about normal
when you have a pyromaniac sister and
a mother who forgot her dog's alive!

GREG

Yeah, well, I lied about the
macrobiotic Chinese food! It sucked!

DHARMA

Well, you dress like an old man!

GREG

At least I don't snore like one!

DHARMA

(MORTALLY OFFENDED) I do not snore!

GREG

(MAKES A HORRIBLE, RACKETY SNORE
SOUND)

DHARMA

That's it! Let me out!

GREG

No, I'm not letting you out.

DHARMA

You're not? (ROLLING DOWN THE WINDOW
AND SHOUTING) Help! I'm being
kidnapped by a repressed U.S.
Attorney!!

GREG

Stop yelling! We're here!

HE'S PULLED TO THE CURB. SHE GETS OUT DURING:

DHARMA

I don't know why we saw each other on
the train. I don't know why I saw
your picture in the paper. But I do
know one thing: I'm a good person
and you're a big poop!

GREG

That's two things.

SHE SLAMS THE CAR DOOR.

DHARMA

Don't call me!

GREG

You don't have a phone!

SHE STORMS OFF.

SFX: A KNOCKING ON THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW

HE TURNS TO SEE JANE STARING MALEVOLENTLY AT HIM. HE FREAKS
AND FLOORS IT, AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE SINT. GREG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

GREG IS WORKING AT HIS DESK, TRYING TO CONCENTRATE BUT CLEARLY DISTRACTED. PETE POKES HIS HEAD IN FROM THE HALL.

PETE

Working on a Saturday night? What're you a Tron?

GREG

What're you doing here?

PETE

Calling 976 numbers on other peoples' lines.

GREG

Pete, did you ever have a mosquito bite in a hard to reach spot, you know, so you can't scratch it. And it really, really itches. Drives you nuts. But then suddenly, the itching stops, and you realize the mosquito bite went away. But instead of being happy, you kind of miss it -- 'cause in a weird way it made you feel alive?

PETE

No.

GREG

(GETTING UP FROM HIS DESK) Good
talking to you.

PETE

Anytime man,

GREG EXITS THE OFFICE, AS WE:

CUT TO:

ACT TWOSCENE T

INT. THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE DHARMA'S LOFT - SHORT TIME LATER

GREG KNOCKS ON THE DOOR. ANOUK ANSWERS.

ANOUK

Hello, Greg.

GREG

Hi. Is Dharma here?

ANOUK

No. Look. (POINTING TO HIS BRAND
NEW SNEAKERS) Air Jordan's. I can
make it to Anaheim with these.

GREG

Very nice. Where is she?

ANOUK

Dharma? She is at her Mother and
Father's.

GREG

Where's that?

ANOUK

Two days north.

GREG

Two days north?!

ANOUK

Unless you have a car. Then it's
about twenty minutes. Come, I'll
show you.

ANOUK CROSSES OUT. A BAFFLED GREG FOLLOWS.

GREG

Your shoes are untied.

ANOUK

No, no, that's the look.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE UEXT. THE LOWENSTEIN HOUSE - NIGHT

A FUNKY, RAMSHACKLE, MARIN COUNTY HOMESTEAD. AS WE OPEN, WE FIND A POLICE CAR PARKED IN FRONT, THE LIGHTS FLASHING. TWO UNIFORMED COPS -- OFFICERS QUINN AND STANKE -- STAND NEAR THE CAR AND LOOK UP AT THE ROOF OF THE HOUSE WHERE DHARMA'S DAD, LARRY LOWENSTEIN, SITS LOTUS-STYLE.

LARRY

(SHOUTING) I told ya! I've got
glaucoma!

OFFICER QUINN

Yeah, yeah, everybody in San Francisco
has glaucoma these days. Now c'mon,
Mr. Lowenstein, don't make me add
resisting arrest to the charges.

WE WIDEN TO REVEAL DHARMA AND JANE STANDING NEAR THE COPS.

DHARMA

Why can't you leave him alone?! Why
don't you go arrest some drug dealers
or something?!

OFFICER STANKE

What're you talking about? He's
growing marijuana in the backyard!

JANE

Dharma, let me handle this. (TO THE
SKY, RE: THE COPS) Demons of
Darkness, hear me and obey! Let the
earth open and pull our enemies into
the searing inferno where their black
hearts will burn for all eternity!

A BEAT. THE COPS WAIT PATIENTLY. NOTHING HAPPENS.

JANE (CONT'D)

(TO DHARMA) It's a little harder on
Sundays.

GREG'S CAR PULLS UP. GREG JUMPS OUT AND RUNS OVER TO DHARMA
AND THE COPS. ANOUK JOINS THEM AT HIS OWN PACE.

GREG

What's going on?

DHARMA

What're you doing here?

GREG

I need to talk to you.

JANE

(TURNING HER POWERS ON GREG) Spirits
of hell --

DHARMA

Jane, please. Not now.

JANE

Aw...

DHARMA'S MOTHER, ABBY, RUNS OUT OF THE HOUSE WAVING A
PIECE OF PAPER.

ABBY

I got it! I got the prescription
right here! See?

SHE HANDS QUINN THE PRESCRIPTION.

OFFICER QUINN

(READING) Gerald Simms, D.D.S.

(THEN) This is from a dentist.

LARRY

Honey, that's for the nitrous oxide!

GREG

(SHOWING HIS I.D. TO THE COPS) Greg
Montgomery, U.S. Attorney's office.
What's going on here?

DHARMA

Greg, stay out of this.

GREG

Oh, the way you stayed out of my
family's problems?

OFFICER QUINN

Cannabis sativa. Mr. Lowenstein's got a
little crop growing over by the rabbit
hutch.

LARRY

I've got a prescription!

ABBY

I'll go find it.

SHE STARTS BACK IN.

LARRY

Abby, can you bring me some cookies?

ABBY

Honey, your cholesterol. How about
some fruit roll-ups?

LARRY

No! Cookies!

ABBY SHAKES HER HEAD IN DISMAY AND ENTERS THE HOUSE. ANOUK
APPROACHES OFFICER STANKE.

ANOUK

Are your shoes comfortable?

OFFICER STANKE

Who are you?

ANOUK

I am a traveler.

JANE

Don't stand too close to him, Anouk.

The spell could kick in any second!

OFFICER QUINN

Okay, that's it. I'm going up on the
roof.

DHARMA

Yeah? Well, you're going to have to
go through me.

DHARMA ATTEMPTS TO BLOCK THE COP'S PATH TO THE ROOF.

GREG

Dharma, that is not a good idea.

(TO QUINN) Excuse me, Officer...

Quinn, is it? Help me out here. How did you come to believe there was marijuana growing on the property?

OFFICER QUINN

We saw it from the road.

GREG

Really? In the dark? That's a pretty good catch.

OFFICER QUINN

Hey, listen, pal. You don't wanna be screwin' with us 'cause --

GREG

No! You don't want to be screwing with me! You performed an illegal search entering this property without probable cause.

OFFICER STANKE

Come on, counselor, everybody around here knows he's an old pothead.

LARRY

I'm not old!

GREG

(TO STANKE) Fine. You go to a judge and tell him that you'd like a search warrant because everybody says Mr. Lowenstein's a pothead.

LARRY

(SINGING) We shall overcome...

GREG

That's not helpful, Mr. Lowenstein.

(TO COPS) In the meantime, I'll see to it that the alleged marijuana plants are pulled out and burned.

LARRY

I'll burn'em!

DHARMA

Daddy!

GREG

(TO COPS) So do we have a deal?

THE COPS LOOK AT EACH OTHER, DEFEATED.

OFFICER QUINN

We'll be back. Those plants better be gone. (TO STANKE) C'mon.

THEY CROSS TOWARD THEIR CAR.

JANE

(RE: GREG) Dharma, why didn't you tell me he was one of Satan's children?

DHARMA

What're you talking about?

JANE

He's a lawyer!

ABBY CROSSES OUT WITH A TRAY OF BROWNIES.

ABBY

Oh, good, they're leaving. Who wants
brownies!

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE VINT. GREG'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

GREG AND DHARMA IN THE FRONT SEAT. ANOUK AND JANE IN THE BACK.

DHARMA

Thanks again, Greg.

GREG

You're welcome. (BEAT) Suddenly my
family's looking pretty good.

DHARMA GLARES AT HIM BUT STILL CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE, AS WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWOSCENE W

INT. THE HALLWAY TO DHARMA'S LOFT - SHORT TIME LATER

DHARMA, GREG AND ANOUK CROSS TO THE DOOR.

ANOUK

I can't believe how hungry I am.

DHARMA

There's some Chinese food in the
fridge.

ANOUK

Great!

ANOUK ENTERS THE LOFT. DHARMA AND GREG STAY IN THE HALL.

GREG

Listen, uh... I was thinking maybe if
I could get out of work early
tomorrow, we could drive down to
Carmel.

DHARMA

I don't know, Greg. I don't think
it's such a good idea.

GREG

Why not?

DHARMA

C'mon. We both know it's not gonna work. And even if it did, you're probably gonna be a congressman or senator someday. Do you really see me fitting into that world?

GREG

It's no big deal. You just play the game.

DHARMA

Me? I can't even go back to Disneyland. (BEAT) Why don't we just be happy we had a great weekend together and keep it as a nice memory.

GREG

Yeah... you're probably right

DHARMA

Mmm-hmm.

GREG

Well... maybe I'll see you on the BART sometime.

DHARMA

Yeah, maybe.

HE NODS AND EXITS. DHARMA ENTERS THE LOFT AND CLOSES THE DOOR. A BEAT.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

SHE OPENS ITS. IT'S GREG.

GREG

Okay, here's the thing, I don't why,
but I love you, and I don't want to
be without you. And I know we have
nothing in common and I know this is
completely insane, but I want to
marry you. Would you be at all
interested in marrying me?

DHARMA

I don't know, you're really weird.

GREG

Is that a "yes"?

DHARMA

Yes.

THEY KISS, THEN:

DHARMA (CONT'D)

How do you feel about a forest wedding?

GREG

If it's the dry season my sister'll have
a blast.

THEY KISS AGAIN, AS WE:

MUSIC CUE: DOOBIE BROTHERS "LONG TRAIN RUNNIN" (WITHOUT
LOVE, WHERE WOULD YOU BE NOW)

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW