

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND

"Debra Makes Something Good"

Written by

Kathy Ann Stumpe

Directed by

Will Mackenzie

#9918-413

SHOOTING SCRIPT
January 31, 2000

#1d

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND

CAST LIST

"Debra Makes Something Good"

RAY.....RAY ROMANO
DEBRA.....PATRICIA HEATON
MARIE.....DORIS ROBERTS
FRANK.....PETER BOYLE
ROBERT.....BRAD GARRETT
ALLY.....MADYLIN SWEETEN
MICHAEL/GEOFFREY.....SULLIVAN and SAWYER
SWEETEN
ANDY.....ANDY KINDLER

SETS:

INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN
INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S LIVING ROOM
INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S KITCHEN

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND

"Debra Makes Something Good"

Short Rundown

SHOOT: 1/27/00 - 2/1/00

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1. <u>TEASER</u> (1) (NIGHT 1) <u>INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN -</u> <u>NIGHT</u> (Ray, Debra, Ally, Geoffrey, Michael)				
CREDITS:				
2. <u>ACT ONE/SCENE A</u> (4) (NIGHT 1) <u>INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN -</u> <u>A HALF HOUR LATER</u> (Ray, Debra, Ally (O.S.))				
3. <u>ACT ONE/SCENE B</u> (8) (NIGHT 1) <u>INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S KITCHEN -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u> (Ray, Marie, Frank, Robert)				
4. <u>ACT ONE/SCENE C</u> (13) (NIGHT 2) <u>INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN/</u> <u>LIVING ROOM - A COUPLE OF NIGHTS</u> <u>LATER</u> (Ray, Debra, Andy)				

SHOOTING SCRIPT

January 31, 2000

2.

SHORT RUNDOWN (CONT'D)

SC#		(PG#)				
5.	<u>ACT TWO/SCENE D</u> (NIGHT 2) <u>INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN -</u> <u>CONTINUOUS</u> (Ray, Debra, Marie, Frank, Robert)	(18)				
6.	<u>TAG</u> (NIGHT 3) <u>INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S KITCHEN -</u> <u>A FEW NIGHTS LATER</u> (Marie, Frank)	(36)				
TOTAL:						

21:12 - TEASER, ACT 1&2, TAG

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND
1/31/00

"Debra Makes Something Good"

SHOOTING SCRIPT 1.

TEASER

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND

"Debra Makes Something Good"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)
(Ray, Debra, Ally, Geoffrey, Michael)

DEBRA IS HELPING THE KIDS WITH DINNER. RAY ENTERS, CARRYING HIS
GARMENT BAG. HE'S BACK FROM A TRIP.

RAY 1

Hey, hey, it's the Monkees.

DEBRA 2

Hey, Daddy's home.

THEY AD-LIB HELLOS.

DEBRA (CONT'D) 3

How was Chicago?

RAY 4

What's with the cross-examination
already?

RAY KISSES HER.

ALLY 5

What did you bring us, Daddy?

RAY 6

(CAUGHT) Bring you? Uh... well,
gather 'round.

RAY REACHES INTO HIS BRIEFCASE AS THE CHILDREN GATHER AROUND HIM.

RAY (CONT'D) 7

For Geoffrey...

RAY PRODUCES A HOTEL-SIZED, MINI SHAMPOO BOTTLE.

RAY (CONT'D) 8

Some lovely apricot shampoo. And for Michael... (TAKING OUT ANOTHER BOTTLE) some conditioner. All imported from the Isle of Marriot.

THE TWINS LOOK OVER THE BOTTLES, BEWILDERED. RAY REACHES INTO HIS BAG AGAIN.

RAY (CONT'D) 9

And Ally, having trouble getting your shoes on? Not any more...

RAY PULLS OUT A PLASTIC SHOE HORN.

DEBRA 10

Ray.

RAY 11

Don't worry. I didn't forget you, my darling.

RAY REACHES INTO HIS BAG AGAIN.

RAY (CONT'D) 12

For Mommy, something as sweet as she is, some fine candies.

RAY PULLS OUT TWO SMALL MINTS.

DEBRA 13

Oh, the mints from your pillow.

RAY 14

That's part of the hotel's turn-down service.

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"Debra Makes Something Good"

SHOOTING SCRIPT 3.
TEASER

DEBRA 15

Tonight you'll be getting my turn-down
service.

DEBRA EXITS. RAY PULLS OUT THREE PACKS OF PEANUTS FROM HIS BAG.

RAY 16

Alright, who wants peanuts from the
sky?

AND WE...

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN - A HALF HOUR LATER (NIGHT 1)
(Ray, Debra, Ally (O.S.))

DEBRA IS AT THE STOVE. RAY ENTERS.

DEBRA 1

The twins asleep already? That was fast.

RAY 2

Yeah, I read 'em a story, but I put on my boring voice. (IN BORING VOICE) "I huffed and I puffed and I blew the house down."

DEBRA HANDS A PLATE OF FOOD OUT TO RAY.

DEBRA 3

Here.

IT LOOKS STRANGE TO HIM.

RAY 4

What is this?

DEBRA 5

It's bracirole, you know, stuffed beef.

RAY 6

Bracirole? Really? Who made it?

DEBRA 7

I did.

A MOMENT.

DEBRA (CONT'D) 8

Just try it.

RAY SUDDENLY GETS SUSPICIOUS.

RAY 9

You're not having any?

DEBRA 10

I had some with the kids.

RAY EYES HER.

RAY 11

Oh. How're ya feeling?

DEBRA 12

It's not poison, Ray. If I wanted to
kill you, I wouldn't do it that way.

RAY 13

(TO HIMSELF) Okay, that goes in the
file.

RAY EATS A BITE. THE TASTE SURPRISES HIM.

RAY (CONT'D) 14

Hey.

DEBRA 15

Good?

RAY 16

Yeah, good. (ANOTHER BITE) Even
better the second time, now that my
tongue's not scared.

DEBRA 17

Yeah, you really think so? I thought
it was good, but I wasn't sure.
Sometimes you can't tell when it's
your own cooking.

RAY 18

Yeah, like how sometimes you can't
smell your own smell. This is great.

DEBRA 19

You really like it?

RAY 20

I really do. (CROSSING TO SIT) Let me
at it.

DEBRA 21

Oh, I'm so happy. I did it, I really
did it.

ALLY (O.S.) 22

Mommy!

DEBRA 23

(CALLING OFF) I'll be right there.
(TO RAY) I'll get her out of the bath.
There's more on the stove.

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SHOOTING SCRIPT 7.
I/A

RAY 24

Not for long.

RAY GOES TO THE STOVE AND GETS MORE. DEBRA HUGS HIM FROM BEHIND AND EXITS. AFTER RAY PUTS SOME MORE ON HIS PLATE, HE MAKES SURE DEBRA'S GONE BEFORE HE SNEAKS OUT OF THE HOUSE WITH HIS PLATE OF FOOD, AND WE...

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE B

INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1)
(Ray, Marie, Frank, Robert)

MARIE, FRANK AND ROBERT SIT AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE PLAYING THE BOARD GAME "CLUE." FRANK ROLLS THE DICE AND MOVES.

FRANK 1

(COUNTING) One, two, three, four,
five. I'm in the conservatory. I'd
like to call Mrs. Peacock with the
lead pipe.

MARIE 2

Oh, Frank, I'm one away from the
library. You're just picking on me.

FRANK 3

Tough crap, Peacock. Get your tail-
feathers into the conservatory.

RAY ENTERS WITH A PLATE OF FOOD.

RAY 4

Hey.

MARIE 5

Hi, dear, we're playing "Clue." It's
keeping Robert's mind sharp for when
he's a policeman again.

ROBERT 6

Yeah, you know, Ray. There's been a
wave of candlestick murders in the
Bronx.

RAY 7

Here, taste this.

FRANK 8

What is it?

RAY 9

Bracirole.

MARIE 10

Bracirole?

FRANK 11

I'm in.

FRANK RAISES A FORK.

FRANK (CONT'D) 12

Who made it?

RAY 13

Debra.

FRANK 14

I'm out.

FRANK PUTS HIS FORK DOWN.

RAY 15

No, try it. I think it might actually
be good.

FRANK 16

C'mon, Ray, Debra's a great gal with a nice caboose, but cooking ain't her strong suit.

RAY 17

Caboose?

FRANK 18

Sorry. (PINKIE UP) "Bee-hind."

RAY 19

Ma, you want to try some?

MARIE 20

No, thank you. I've tasted Debra's cooking. (TAPS HER CHEST) Sometimes for days.

ROBERT 21

I'll try Debra's bracirole. I'm filled with antibiotics. (DIGS IN) Mmmm.

FRANK 22

Yeah? Gimme. (TASTES IT) Jeezaloo.

RAY 23

So, it is good. It's not just me coming off airline food.

ROBERT 24

It's marvelous. Simply marvelous.

FRANK 25

You sure your Debra made this?

RAY 26

I know, I can't believe it either.
She found some recipe.

MARIE 27

(SCOFFS) Recipe.

RAY 28

What?

MARIE 29

Real cooks don't need recipes. We
know how to add love and caring
because there is no greater joy than
feeding our -- Frank, stop moaning!

ROBERT 30

So, Debra can now cook. The missing
color in the Raymond rainbow.

RAY 31

(EXCITED, ARMS UP) Hee-hee!

FRANK 32

Marie, you should ask Debra how to
make this.

MARIE 33

I should ask Debra, huh? I should ask
Debra? Give me that.

MARIE GRABS IT FROM HIM.

FRANK 34

Hey!

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SHOOTING SCRIPT 12.

I/B

SHE EATS WHAT'S ON THE FORK. IT'S DELICIOUS, AND IT KILLS HER.
MARIE PUTS DOWN THE FORK, TURNS ON HER HEELS AND EXITS WITHOUT A
WORD.

FRANK (CONT'D) 35

This food has magical powers. I'm
gonna hang some of this around my
neck.

AS FRANK CONTINUES TO EAT, WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE C

INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - A COUPLE OF NIGHTS
LATER (NIGHT 2)

(Ray, Debra, Andy)

DEBRA IS IN THE KITCHEN. *

SFX: A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

ANDY ENTERS WITH A FOLDER. *

DEBRA 1

Hi, Andy.

ANDY 2

Hey, Deb. Is Ray here?

DEBRA 3

Not yet. Hey, you hungry?

ANDY 4

Uhh...

DEBRA GOES TO HER BRACIOLE.

DEBRA 5

Here, I made some braciole. Taste it.

ANDY 6

Oh, no, no, no. I'm actually... I'm
in training. I'm in training for a
running thing.

DEBRA 7

(BACKING HIM UP) Come on.

ANDY 8

(AGAINST THE COUNTER) No, no, really.
And I've gone kosher. I'm in a Jewish
marathon.

DEBRA 9

Try it. One bite.

DEBRA FEEDS ANDY A FORKFUL. ANDY CHEWS TENTATIVELY. THEN:

ANDY 10

Leave your husband.

DEBRA 11

You like it?

ANDY 12

(TAKING ANOTHER BITE) It's fantastic.
(EATING MORE, TO HIMSELF) I don't know
what Ray's talking about.

DEBRA 13

What do you mean, talking about?

ANDY 14

Nothing, he was just being funny at
work.

DEBRA 15

Funny? About this? Was he making fun
of my braciote?

A LONG MOMENT.

ANDY 16

No, he was not.

SHE STARTS BACKING HIM UP AGAIN.

DEBRA 17

He told me he loved my braciolo. What
did he say to you about it?

ANDY 18

I can wiggle my ears. Look.

DEBRA 19

What did he say, Andy?

ANDY 20

I did not find it funny.

DEBRA 21

Andy.

ANDY 22

He said it was Italian for "road
kill." Please don't hurt me.

DEBRA'S EYES WIDEN. A MOMENT.

DEBRA 23

Road kill?

ANDY 24

He was just kiddin' around like he
always does.

DEBRA 25

He always does this?

ANDY 26

No. Listen, I had some Thera-flu earlier
and then I realized that I do not even
have the flu. So, I'm really flyin'.

RAY ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN DOOR.

RAY 27

Hey, Andy.

ANDY 28

(HANDING RAY THE FOLDER) Oh hey,
here's today's stats. From now on,
get your own.

ANDY QUICKLY EXITS.

RAY 29

Are you sleeping with Andy? Because I
think you can do better.

DEBRA JUST STARES AT HIM.

DEBRA 30

Ha. That's funny.

RAY 31

Hey, what smells so good?

DEBRA 32

I made bracirole again. Because you
liked it so much.

RAY 33

Yes, I do. All the colors of the
rainbow. Man, is that good. (SINGING,
TO THE TUNE OF "TELL ME SOMETHING
GOOD") "Debra made something good.
(IMITATES GUITAR BREAK, THEN) Raymond
really likes it... yeah."

SHE IS NOT LAUGHING. RAY SITS AT THE TABLE.

(MOPE)

RAY (CONT'D) 34

(STILL SINGING) "You. Ain't. Got.
To make. Nothin' else. But. That
braciole. Wacka-wa-wacka-wa-wa."

DEBRA HAS SET A PLATE OF BRACIOLE DOWN FOR RAY.

RAY (CONT'D) 35

(SINGING IN FALSETTO) "I could eat
that stuff until I... lose control."

RAY CONTINUES TO DO THE GUITAR RIFF AS DEBRA RETURNS WITH A LADLE
OF SAUCE FOR THE BRACIOLE.

DEBRA 36

Here's a little sauce for your "road
kill."

INSTEAD OF POURING THE SAUCE ON THE BRACIOLE, SHE CALMLY POURS IT *
IN RAY'S LAP. RAY SLOWLY STOPS THE GUITAR RIFF. A LONG MOMENT.

RAY 37

You know, you could just say, "Please
don't sing."

AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE D

FADE IN:

INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 2)
(Ray, Debra, Marie, Frank, Robert)

RAY IS STILL SITTING AT THE TABLE. DEBRA STANDS OVER HIM.

RAY 1

The food is very good here, but I
might have a comment about the
service.

DEBRA 2

Is that what you do at work? Make fun
of me all day?

RAY 3

What? No! Is that what Andy said?
Why the hell would he say that?

DEBRA 4

I don't know, but he happened to
actually love my bracirole.

RAY 5

(STANDING UP, REVEALING SAUCY PANTS) I
love your bracirole. It's the best
thing you ever made.

DEBRA 6

Oh, baloney! Is that why you tell
everyone it's "road kill"?

RAY 7

That's a joke!

DEBRA 8

No, it's not!

RAY 9

Of course it is! I'm just kiddin'
around! You see how much I love it!

RAY THEN NOTICES HIS PANTS.

RAY (CONT'D) 10

I could use a towel.

AS RAY CROSSES UPSTAGE FOR A TOWEL TO WIPE HIS PANTS, FRANK
ENTERS, CARRYING A FEW FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN.

FRANK 11

Hello, Debra.

DEBRA 12

What is it, Frank?

FRANK 13

Nothing, dear. I was just wondering
if there was any of your delicious
bracirole left. Oh, these are for you.

RAY 14

Not now, Dad, alright?

FRANK 15

(NOTICING PANTS) Hey, you got a little
spot there. (BACK TO DEBRA) I'm
telling you, Debra, that stuff you
made is great.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D) 16

I woke up thinkin' about it. (RE:
RAY'S PLATE) Is anyone eating this?

DEBRA 17

No, Frank, you know what? You can
have it. I'm glad someone appreciates
it.

RAY 18

I appreciate it --

DEBRA 19

(IGNORING HIM) And thank you for the
flowers.

FRANK SLIDES THE PLATE OVER, SITS IN A CLEAN SEAT AND STARTS
EATING.

FRANK 20

Anybody who can make bracirole like
this deserves a whole hillside of
heavenly scented marigolds and
daffodils.

RAY 21

I happen to agree.

DEBRA 22

(STILL IGNORING HIM) That's very
sweet, Frank. That's the nicest thing
anyone's said to me in quite some
time. Would you like something to
drink?

FRANK 23

(MOUTH FULL) Don't want to dilute the
flavor. Please, sit down. You should
be resting with your feet up.

DEBRA 24

Thank you, Frank.

SHE SITS.

RAY 25

Alright, come on.

DEBRA 26

What, Ray? Is it so weird to you that
I'm being appreciated instead of
mocked?

FRANK 27

(TO RAY) Is that how I raised you?

RAY 28

Yeah, okay, Dad. These are my
favorite jeans. Where's the spray
stuff?

RAY CROSSES INTO THE LAUNDRY AREA, WIPING HIS PANTS.

FRANK 29

(EATING) Mmm. This is so delicious.
You really got it, kid.

DEBRA 30

Yeah, you think so?

FRANK 31

There's like a sweetness to it. How
did you do that?

DEBRA 32

Some people use raisins, but I had
some currants.

FRANK 33

This is a beautiful thing.

THE DOOR OPENS, AND MARIE ENTERS. SHE TAKES IN THE SCENE OF HER
HUSBAND EATING AND ENJOYING THE FOOD OF ANOTHER WOMAN. A LONG
MOMENT. DEBRA IS THE FIRST TO FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE. THEN FRANK
NOTICES DEBRA AND FOLLOWS HER GAZE TO MARIE. NOW HE FEELS
"CAUGHT". HE CALMLY PUTS DOWN HIS FORK, DABS AT HIS CHIN AND
RISES, AS IF NOTHING IMPROPER HAS BEEN GOING ON. FRANK STANDS
THERE, UNDER MARIE'S GLARE, FOR SEVERAL UNCOMFORTABLE MOMENTS.
THEN, FINALLY:

FRANK (CONT'D) 34

I thought you were taking a bath.

MARIE 35

I was. (BEAT) I finished.

FRANK 36

Oh. (BEAT) How was it?

MARIE 37

It was fine, Frank. Thank you for
making it for me. (BEAT) You haven't
made me a bath in thirty-five years.

FRANK 38

Uhhh.... you seemed to need it.

A MOMENT.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D) 39

Listen, Marie, this is not what it
looks like.

MARIE 40

I'm not talking to you.

MARIE CLOSSES THE DOOR BEHIND HER.

MARIE (CONT'D) 41

I do have a question for Debra,
however. (TO DEBRA) What have I done,
that you feel the need to destroy me?

DEBRA 42

What?

MARIE 43

Who told you about bracirole?

DEBRA 44

Nobody. I found a recipe in a
magazine.

MARIE 45

You found a recipe. You're a cook
now. Frank never mentioned "bracirole"
to you?

DEBRA 46

No.

MARIE 47

No.

FRANK 48

No. I never said a thing, Marie.

MARIE 49

Quiet.

RAY TAKES A STEP BACK INTO THE KITCHEN.

MARIE (CONT'D) 50

(BACK TO DEBRA) Frank never happened to inform you that braciolo was the very first thing I ever cooked for him?

RAY 51

Oh, boy.

DEBRA 52

No. I didn't know that.

MARIE 53

You didn't know that. Do you know what Frank said to me when he tasted my braciolo in 1955? He said, "Be my bride."

FRANK 54

Marie, come on --

MARIE 55

(STEELY) "Be my bride," Frank. "Be my bride." But it's clear now that you'll go to any girl with a pot.

FRANK 56

You hardly make it for me anymore!

MARIE 57

Because I didn't want you to get sick
of it!

FRANK 58

I'm sixty-four years old! What are
you saving it for?

DEBRA 59

I'm sorry, Marie, I didn't know this
was your special dish.

MARIE 60

Okay, fine. Can I ask you something
else? Don't you have some other
household things that need tending to
like...

MARIE NOTICES RAY.

MARIE (CONT'D) 61

Like the laundry? (TO RAY) Give me
those pants, Raymond. I'll wash them.

RAY 62

It's okay, Ma.

MARIE 63

I'm washing those pants for you,
dammit!

RAY 64

Ma --

MARIE 65

Take off your pants!

A MOMENT. RAY TAKES OFF HIS PANTS AND HANDS THEM TO MARIE.
ANOTHER MOMENT.

RAY 66

Can we turn the heat up?

MARIE 67

(EXAMINING THE PANTS) Debra, do you
know the best thing for getting tomato
sauce out of a cotton blend?

DEBRA 68

No.

MARIE 69

Well, maybe I do have a reason for
living after all.

DEBRA 70

Marie, what do you want me to say?
"I'm sorry I made the bracirole?" This
is insane! You know what? I am
sorry! You're upset, Ray hates it
anyway...

RAY 71

I love it, Debra! It's the best I
ever... (NOTICING MARIE) I mean it's
almost the best... it's a tie,
everybody, don't you think?

DEBRA 72

Alright, let's forget the whole thing!
I never would've made the stuff if I
thought it would turn everybody's
world upside down.

ROBERT ENTERS.

ROBERT 73

Hey, Ma, I don't have anything to eat
over there. You said you were making
dinner.

MARIE 74

I don't cook anymore.

ROBERT 75

Do I smell Debra's bracirole? Can I...

MARIE IS BETWEEN THE STOVE AND ROBERT. SHE GLARES AT HIM. HE
PUTS IT TOGETHER.

ROBERT (CONT'D) 76

I'm not hungry.

DEBRA 77

Robert, how much does Ray make fun of
my cooking?

ROBERT LOOKS TO RAY, WHO IS TRYING TO SIGNAL HIM WITH HIS HEAD.

DEBRA (CONT'D) 78

Don't look at him, Robert. Don't you
look at him.

ROBERT 79

He's not wearing pants.

DEBRA 80

Answer me. I know he makes fun of my
cooking. I just want to know how much
of it goes on behind my back.

BEHIND HER BACK, RAY DESPERATELY TRIES TO SIGNAL ROBERT.

MARIE 81

He makes fun of it all the time, dear.

RAY 82

(GASPS) That is not true!

RAY, OUTRAGED, GRABS HIS PANTS BACK.

RAY (CONT'D) 83

You tell her! All of you! (WAVING
PANTS) Tell her how much I loved this
bracirole, and how I brought you guys a
plate of it and told you how great it
was!

FRANK 84

Actually you wanted us to try it,
'cause you couldn't believe it was any
good.

RAY 85

That's not true! That is not...
completely true, Debra. I love this
bracirole. And I am not lying today.

DEBRA 86

Then why were you still making jokes
about it at work?

FRANK 87

You make jokes about this food? Have
you no decency?

RAY 88

Oh, come on, Dad. (TO DEBRA) They're
just, you know... "wife jokes."
That's what we do, you know... when
we're with the guys.

FRANK 89

I never.

RAY 90

What are you talking about? Like you
don't make jokes.

FRANK 91

First of all, if I have something to
say about your mother, I'm not afraid
to say it right to her face. And
second of all, those are not jokes.

MARIE 92

Yesterday you called me an old bag.

FRANK 93

If that's a joke, it's on me. (BEAT,
TO OTHERS) See, right in front of her.

MARIE 94

Yes, you're in front of me, Frank.
Now come a little closer.

ROBERT 95

(WALKING OVER TO THE TABLE) Actually,
not to defend Raymond, but that is a
guy thing, Debra. I've often found
that men use the "wife joke" to form
bonds and share common experiences.

ROBERT SITS IN THE SEAT THAT RAY WAS SITTING IN. A LONG MOMENT.

ROBERT (CONT'D) 96

Am I sitting in sauce?

DEBRA 97

Yes, Robert.

ROBERT 98

Good. I was afraid I popped a stitch.

ROBERT GETS BACK UP.

MARIE 99

Robert, take those pants off.

ROBERT 100

What?

MARIE 101

Take them off.

ROBERT 102

What are you --

MARIE 103

I get those pants.

ROBERT TURNS TO THE PANTSLESS RAY.

RAY 104

Don't fight it, man.

ROBERT 105

(PUTTING IT TOGETHER) Ahhh...

MARIE 106

Let's go home. I'll clean you up.

ROBERT 107

Alright.

ROBERT TURNS, REVEALING HIS SAUCY BEHIND.

ROBERT (CONT'D) 108

Will you make me something to eat,
too?

MARIE 109

(MARTYR) I guess I could try to pour
you some cereal.

MARIE TAKES RAY'S PANTS AWAY FROM HIM AGAIN.

RAY 110

Thanks, Ma.

MARIE 111

Are you coming or not, Frank?

FRANK 112

Of course I'm coming. You're my wife.
I belong with you. I'm coming.

AT THE DOOR, FRANK TURNS BACK TO DEBRA.

FRANK (CONT'D) 113

(SOTTO) I'll call you.

MARIE, FRANK AND ROBERT EXIT. DEBRA TURNS TO RAY.

RAY 114

(HEADING FOR THE LIVING ROOM) I'm
gonna go freshen up.

DEBRA 115

Can we talk a minute, Ray?

RAY 116

Okay, but I'm getting chilly. Do you
have any more sauce?

DEBRA 117

Why do you have to make wife jokes? I
don't do that. I don't make husband
jokes.

RAY 118

Oh, come on. You call me "idiot" all
the time. And are you saying you
don't go out with Amy and Linda and
make fun of me for... tweezing where
my eyebrows meet, or the way I look
when I use a Q-Tip, or that karate
move I do before I get in the shower?

DEBRA 119

No, Ray, I don't. If anything, I'm
trying to spin it in the other
direction. Linda thinks you have a
Master's.

RAY 120

Master's?

DEBRA 121

Degree. Master's Degree, Ray. But here's what I don't understand. You make fun of my food when you don't like it, but now you do like something I made, and you still have to make fun of it. Why?

RAY 122

I'm a complicated person.

DEBRA STARTS TO GO.

RAY (CONT'D) 123

No, really, this is who I am. I make fun of the wife a little. "Oh, here comes Ray. Hey, Ray, what'd she do to you last night?" And if I say, "She made bracirole, and it was quite tasty," who wants hang out with that guy?

DEBRA 124

Don't you think there's something wrong that you can only be popular at my expense?

RAY 125

I wish there was another way.

DEBRA 126

Alright, Ray.

DEBRA STARTS TO GO.

RAY 127

I'm kidding. It's just jokes. C'mon, we know the score here. You've got it all over me. Everybody knows that. You're the pretty, smart, together, good one. And I'm the guy they all say, "How'd he get her?" So, I don't know, maybe in my own stupid way, I'm tellin' 'em how. "She can't cook." Ha, ha. (BEAT, OFF HER LOOK) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. It could be worse. You know Chuck Wilson? He says his wife is so cold, when he gets into bed with her, he has to shoo away the penguins. (BEAT, SHE'S NOT LAUGHING) Shoo away the penguins. That's cold. Wilson's wife. And yet, I don't think any less of her.

DEBRA 128

I don't care what the guys think of me. -I care what you think of me.

A MOMENT. RAY FEELS BAD.

RAY 129

I'm not gonna make jokes anymore.

DEBRA 130

Thank you.

RAY 3

Will you still cook for me?

DEBRA 30

Yes.

RAY 33

You wanna take your pants off?

DEBRA 34

No.

RAY 35

Just tryin'. It seemed like we were
on the same page there for a minute.

RAY SITS IN A SAUCELESS CHAIR, DEBRA GETS HIM ANOTHER PLATE OF
BRACIOLE, AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S KITCHEN - A FEW NIGHTS LATER (NIGHT 3)
(Marie, Frank) *

MARIE IS HAVING A CUP OF TEA AT THE KITCHEN TABLE. FRANK ENTERS
FROM OUTSIDE, SOMEWHAT MELANCHOLY

FRANK 136

Hey. What are you doing?

MARIE 137

I'm having some tea.

FRANK 138

Didn't make anything for dinner?

MARIE 139

Yes. Tea.

FRANK 140

Oh.

MARIE 141

What did Debra make tonight?

FRANK 142

Lasagna. (BEAT) It's over.

MARIE 143

What?

FRANK 144

I think that bracirole is all she can
make.

MARIE LOOKS UP AT HIM.

FRANK (CONT'D) 145

I learned something, Marie. A man
needs more than bracirole. (BEAT) A
man needs chicken. Veal. Eggplant
parmigiana.

A MOMENT.

MARIE 146

Manicotti?

FRANK 147

Yes! Manicotti, yes!

MARIE 148

Oh, Frank...

SHE HUGS FRANK. HE HUGS HER BACK GRATEFULLY, CLOSING HIS EYES
AGAINST THE TEARS.

MARIE (CONT'D) 149

You want me to make you some of my
manicotti?

FRANK 150

Would you?

MARIE 151

Of course, Frank. Of course. (AS SHE
CROSSES TO THE STOVE) And Frank...

FRANK 152

Yes?

MARIE 153

We'll never speak of this again.

FRANK NODS SOLEMNLY AND SITS, AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW