

# EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND

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**"The Invasion"**

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TABLE DRAFT  
August 12, 1998

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND

"THE INVASION"

TEASER

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

DEBRA IS IN MID-CONVERSATION ON THE PHONE.

DEBRA

...It was a little neat pile of  
sawdust, under the window sill. Does  
that mean it's termites?

RAY ENTERS HOLDING A PILE OF SAWDUST.

RAY

Who are you calling?

DEBRA

The termite people. Shhh.

RAY

No, hang up. It's not sawdust.

DEBRA

It is.

RAY

Geoffrey probably just dumped out a  
shoe full of sand over there. Hang  
up.

DEBRA

Would you stop. (INTO PHONE) I'm  
sorry, it's my husband. He doesn't  
want there to be termites. (BEAT,  
THEN TO RAY) He says, "nobody does."

RAY

(POINTING TO PHONE) Except for him. *f*

RAY PUTS SOME OF THE SAWDUST UP TO HIS NOSE AND SMELLS IT.

RAY (CONT'D)

It doesn't even smell like sawdust.  
It's more gran-u-a-lar-y. Tell him.

DEBRA

(INTO PHONE) What? It's not sawdust?

RAY

Ah-ha! I told you. You never wanna  
listen to me --

DEBRA

He says what you're holding is what  
comes out of the termites after they  
eat the sawdust.

A LONG MOMENT. RAY CONTEMPLATES WHAT IS IN HIS HAND. HE THEN  
FREAKS OUT, TRYING TO GET THE "SAWDUST" AS FAR AWAY FROM HIM AS  
POSSIBLE. THEN HE EXITS.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

(LAUGHING, INTO THE PHONE) Yeah, he  
was holding it.

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. RAY AND DEBRA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

(Ray, Debra, Marie, Ally, Geoffrey, Michael, Exterminator)

AN EXTERMINATOR IN UNIFORM IS SIGNING SOMETHING ON A CLIPBOARD AS RAY LOOKS ANXIOUS. THE EXTERMINATOR RIPS OFF A PAGE AND HANDS IT TO RAY. THE KIDS ARE PLAYING A GAME IN THE CORNER.

EXTERMINATOR

Okay, we'll see you in the morning.

RAY

Ohh, do you have to tent the house? ~~I~~

~~hate these tents.~~ People will think  
we're some kind of filthy circus.

Can't you just set some traps?

EXTERMINATOR

You would hate the millions of tiny  
snapping sounds.

HE EXITS.

RAY

Ohh, millions.

DEBRA ENTERS, TALKING ON THE REMOTE PHONE.

DEBRA

How much would that be for two nights?

Two adults and three children. Uh-

huh...

RAY

How much?

DEBRA

Three hundred dollars.

RAY

Wait a minute. That's less than the exterminator's charging. Why don't we just send the termites to the hotel?

MARIE ENTERS.

MARIE

What was the truck in front of your house with the dancing bugs on top?

DEBRA

We have termites.

MARIE

(RECOILING) Oh my God! (THEN, TO DEBRA) I told you dear, you have to keep up with the housekeeping.

DEBRA

Yup, all that messy wood holding up the house...

MARIE

(TO THE KIDS) Children, off the floor right now. You're coming to stay with me.

DEBRA

It's okay, Marie. We're going to a hotel for a couple of days so the exterminator can tent the house.

RAY

And then send his children to private school.

MARIE

Hotel? No, no. You'll just all stay with us.

DEBRA/RAY

No, no.

DEBRA

Actually, we found a very reasonable hotel.

MARIE

Those places are even dirtier than here. No, you're coming right across the street and staying with us.  
Period.

RAY AND DEBRA EXCHANGE A LOOK.

RAY

I don't know, Ma.

MARIE

Raymond, you'll stay at home -- your old home. (A BRIBE) I'll make brownies.

RAY

(BEAT, THEN TO DEBRA) You know it  
would be a lot cheaper.

DEBRA

Financially.

MARIE

How could you even think of going to a  
hotel?

SHE STARTS TO GO.

DEBRA

Maybe you need to check this out with  
Frank.

MARIE

Why?

MARIE EXITS. THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HER. A MOMENT. DEBRA LOOKS  
AT RAY WITH HATE.

~~RAY~~

~~It'll be over in a couple of days. If we  
go to a hotel you're gonna hear about it  
for years, possibly the rest of your  
life. Definitely the rest of hers. (OFF~~

~~HER STARE) It won't be so bad over there.~~

Your body protects itself. After a  
little while... you go numb.

HE SMILES. SHE DOESN'T, AND WE...

CUT TO:

**ACT ONE**

**SCENE B**

INT. RAY'S OLD BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 3)  
(Ray, Debra, Frank, Robert)

RAY AND DEBRA ENTER CARRYING OVERNIGHT BAGS.

DEBRA

(BEAT) Ah, the Raymond Barone living memorial. (SHE CHECKS HER WATCH) So, what happens, every forty-five minutes an actor dressed as you ~~comes by~~ and recreates scenes from your life?

RAY

It's not that hard. All he has to do is look at the Farrah Fawcett poster, and (SEXILY) dim the lights.

ROBERT ENTERS LOADED DOWN WITH SUITCASES.

ROBERT

So here we are. You've got your closet over there. Toilet down the hall. Light switch.

LIGHT CUE: ROBERT FLICKS THE LIGHT ON AND OFF.

RAY

Thanks, Robert.

ROBERT PUTS DOWN THE SUITCASES AND GOES AND STANDS IN THE DOORWAY,  
LIKE HE'S EXPECTING A TIP.

RAY (CONT'D)

I am not tipping you, Robert.

ROBERT

No, no. I just can't believe you're  
back.

DEBRA

(UNPACKING) Don't worry. It's only  
for a couple of days.

ROBERT

That's what I said... three years ago.  
I'm sure you'll have a marvelous time.  
Mom's really going all out, now that  
(AS MARIE) "Raymond has come home."  
(NOTICING BED) New sheets, new pillow  
cases. (SNIFFING THE AIR) Potpourri  
on the dresser. I ~~usually have to~~  
~~wait 'til my birthday~~

RAY

Alright.

ROBERT

By the way, a few rules. I take my  
shower at six thirty-five a.m.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You will please refrain from any and  
all flushing. Despite what Dad  
thinks, it is not funny. Enjoy your  
stay.

ROBERT TURNS AND LEAVES. A MOMENT. RAY STARTS PUSHING BUTTONS ON  
HIS WRISTWATCH.

DEBRA

What are you doing?

RAY

(SMILING) Settin' my alarm for six  
thirty-five. Heh-heh, Robert.

FRANK ENTERS, ANGRY.

FRANK

Hey, they're touching my stuff.

RAY

Who?

FRANK

Your kids. The two boys and the other  
one. I had a whole stack of quarters.  
Now they're... spread out.

HE EXITS.

RAY

He keeps his quarters stacked up on  
the dresser.

FRANK (O.S.)

(YELLING) And I don't like anybody  
touchin' 'em. You know that.

RAY

(YELLING BACK) Yes I do.

FRANK (O.S.)

(YELLING) You bet you do.

RAY

(YELLING) I know.

BEAT.

DEBRA

It's so peaceful here. (LOOKING  
AROUND) And I'll say this, it's much  
smaller than a hotel room would have  
been.

RAY

Yeah, but a hotel room wouldn't have a  
complete set of *The Book of Knowledge*.  
You wanna look up reproductive organs?

DEBRA STARES AT HIM.

RAY (CONT'D)

(SHRUGS) It was all I had. (SEXILY  
AGAIN) Up until Farrah.

DISSOLVE TO:

**ACT ONE**

**SCENE C**

INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER (DAY 3)  
(Debra, Marie)

DEBRA IS CURLED UP IN A CHAIR READING HER BOOK. MARIE ENTERS WITH A CROISSANT, A CUP OF COFFEE AND A NOTEBOOK.

MARIE

Oh, Debra, you're here.

DEBRA LOOKS UP FROM HER BOOK, SMILES.

DEBRA

Hi.

MARIE

(FLUSTERED) Hi. (BEAT) Hi.

MARIE SETS HER TRAY ON THE COFFEE TABLE AND SITS ON THE COUCH. SHE EYES DEBRA WHO HAS GONE BACK TO READING. MARIE TURNS ON THE TV.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I'm going to watch my program now.

AGAIN DEBRA LOOKS UP AND NODS, THEN GOES BACK TO READING.

SFX: DECIDEDLY PARISIAN ACCORDION MUSIC WAFTS FROM THE TV.

TV (V.O.)

(HEAVY FRENCH ACCENT) *Bon jour mes  
etudiants de Francais!* And welcome to  
"Everyday French, Everyday!"

MARIE LOOKS OVER AT DEBRA WHO IS COMPLETELY ABSORBED IN HER BOOK.

SFX: THE FRENCH LESSON CONTINUES.

MARIE

(A LITTLE SELF-CONSCIOUS, TO DEBRA) My  
French lesson.

DEBRA

Hmm?

MARIE

I watch it everyday. (TO DEBRA)  
Would you like a (AFFECTING A FRENCH  
PRONUNCIATION) *croissant*?

DEBRA

(STILL TRYING TO READ) Oh, uh...

MARIE

*Un croissant. Et cafe au lait. Or*  
perhaps an "eau du minerale."

DEBRA

Oh. No, thanks.

MARIE PUTS THE TRAY DOWN, TRIES TO EAT ONE HERSELF BUT FEELS SELF-  
CONSCIOUS NOW.

TV (V.O.)

*Aujourd'hui, nous allons faire des*  
*courses.*

MARIE

Debra, you know, I tidied up in  
Raymond's room. Wouldn't you be much  
more comfortable there?

DEBRA

(NOT LOOKING UP) The twins are napping  
in there.

MARIE

Oh.

TV (V.O.)

*Nous allons acheter une baguette, du  
fromage et du boudin. Say it with me:  
une baguette...*

MARIE LOOKS TO SEE IF DEBRA IS WATCHING. DEBRA IS ENGROSSED IN  
HER BOOK.

MARIE

(SELF-CONSCIOUSLY) *Une baguette.*

SHE LOOKS OVER AT DEBRA, WHO IS STILL READING.

MARIE (CONT'D)

That's French for... *baguette.*

DEBRA

(LOOKING UP) What?

MARIE

(EMBARRASSED) Noth... French.

TV (V.O.)

~~-- a french bread; du fromage...~~

DEBRA GOES BACK TO READING. MARIE TRIES TO TURN AWAY FROM DEBRA  
AND REPEATS THE FRENCH WORD MORE SOFTLY.

MARIE

*Du fromage.*

TV (V.O.)

-- some cheese; *et du boudin...*

MARIE

(ALMOST UNDER HER BREATH) *Et du  
boudin.*

TV (V.O.)

-- a blood sausage.

MARIE

Uh, Debra, dear.

DEBRA

Uh-huh.

MARIE

You're trying to read, and this must  
be so distracting for you.

DEBRA

No, no. I'm used to TV. I can just  
tune it right out.

DEBRA READS.

TV (V.O.)

(HEAVY FRENCH ACCENT) Now, we have  
everything for our *pique-nique!* Ho,  
ho, ho.

MARIE LAUGHS A LITTLE WITH THE TV, THEN LOOKS OVER AT DEBRA SELF-  
CONSCIOUSLY. MARIE GETS UP AND NERVOUSLY FUSSES WITH SOME  
TCHOTCHKES AROUND THE ROOM.

LIGHT CUE: MARIE TURNS OFF A LAMP NEAR DEBRA.

MARIE

It's glaring on the screen.

DEBRA BARELY NOTICES.

DEBRA

Mmmm.

MARIE

Is it too dark for you now?

DEBRA

Nope. Fine.

~~LIGHT CUE: MARIE TURNS OFF ANOTHER LIGHT.~~

MARIE

How about now?

DEBRA SMILES POLITELY, SHAKES HER HEAD "NO" AND CONTINUES TO READ.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Good. Good. ~~I wouldn't want you to~~  
*As long as you're comfortable*  
~~be uncomfortable.~~

MARIE PACES AROUND, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO WITH HERSELF. SHE HAS ANOTHER IDEA. SHE SLOWLY TURNS UP THE VOLUME ON THE TV.

SFX: THE ACCORDION MUSIC IS ALMOST DEAFENING.

THIS HAS NO EFFECT ON DEBRA, WHO CONTINUES TO READ. MARIE CAN'T TOLERATE THIS INTRUSION ANY MORE. SHE CLICKS THE TV OFF AND STORMS OFF, EXASPERATED.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE D

INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)  
(Ray, Marie, Frank, Robert)

ROBERT AND FRANK ARE EATING BROWNIES. MARIE STORMS IN.

MARIE

I can't stand it. I can't live here  
this way.

FRANK

(HOPEFULLY) You're leaving?

MARIE

Hey, you're eating the brownies.  
Those are for --

ROBERT

I know, everything's for our very  
special guest... Raymond.

ROBERT POKES EVERY BROWNIE WITH HIS FINGERS. RAY ENTERS FROM THE  
BACK DOOR.

RAY

Did you see the striped tent over my  
house? Eighteen exterminators just  
piled out of a little car.

MARIE

Raymond, you have to do something.  
I'm sure Debra isn't aware that she's  
intruding...

RAY

Debra's intruding?

MARIE

She's reading.

RAY

What? Out loud?

MARIE

No, but she's reading in the living  
room.

RAY

Alright, I'll... kill her.

FRANK

All I know is somebody owes me a  
dollar twenty-five. (POKING HIS  
FINGER IN RAY'S FACE) In quarters.

FRANK EXITS.

MARIE

I'm trying to watch my French class in  
there. It's very difficult. *Tres  
difficile.*

RAY

Uch. Why?

MARIE

Well, I just don't feel free to  
participate with Debra...

RAY

Reading.

MARIE

I knew you'd understand.

ROBERT

It's not just Debra. Someone flushed  
while I was conditioning, and it  
wasn't Dad -- I know his laugh.

RAY CHUCKLES. ROBERT POINTS AT HIM ACCUSINGLY.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

J'accuse!

MARIE

Good, Robbie. (TO RAY) He's  
"accusing" you.

RAY

Oh, come on, Robert. A little  
"jokette."

RAY TAKES A BROWNIE AND STARTS TO EAT IT. BEFORE IT GETS TO HIS  
MOUTH, HE NOTICES ROBERT SMILING.

RAY (CONT'D)

What.

ROBERT

Nothing.

RAY TAKES A BITE OF THE BROWNIE. ROBERT CHUCKLES.

RAY

What?

ROBERT

Nothing. Take two, they're small.

ROBERT EXITS, FEELING VINDICATED.

MARIE

Please, Raymond, I feel... inhibited  
with Debra in the room.. Talk to her.

RAY

Why don't you just ask her to leave  
the room?

MARIE

I don't want to embarrass her. I'm  
not like that.

RAY

Nooo.

MARIE

Go now, Raymond. If I miss this  
lesson, and someday I want to go on a  
picnic in France, I won't be able to.

RAY HESITATES.

MARIE (CONT'D)

*S'il vous plait, ~~mon petit chou~~*

RAY

(CRINGING AND EXITING) Alright. Just  
don't do French near me.

RAY SHUDDERS AND EXITS.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE E

INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 3)  
(Ray, Debra)

DEBRA IS STILL IN THE CHAIR READING. RAY ENTERS.

RAY

Hey, could you go read in the other  
room?

DEBRA

Why?

RAY

My mother's trying to be French in  
here, and you're intruding.

DEBRA

What?

RAY

I don't know. You're in the way here.  
Look at you.

DEBRA

Let me get this straight. Sitting  
quietly in a chair reading to myself  
is intruding.

RAY

You know how the French are.

DEBRA

I'm intruding. But her coming over every day with food, rewashing clothes, your father fixing things until they're broken, that's not intruding.

RAY

Look, it's just one more day, just --

DEBRA

I love this, I really love this. You know what? She thinks reading is intrusive?

SHE CHUCKLES MISCHIEVOUSLY.

RAY

What the hell was that?

DEBRA

(INNOCENTLY) Huh? What was what?

RAY

That...

HE IMITATES DEBRA'S MISCHIEVOUS LAUGH.

DEBRA

I don't know. Just thinking.

DEBRA STARTS TO GO, AS SHE DOES, SHE LAUGHS THE SAME MISCHIEVOUS LAUGH.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE 8

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER (DAY 3)  
(Ray, Debra, Marie, Frank, Robert, Ally)

FRANK AND ROBERT ARE WATCHING TV. FRANK HOLDS THE REMOTE. THE DOOR TO THE KITCHEN SWINGS OPEN, AND DEBRA SENDS ALLY IN. DEBRA THEN DISAPPEARS BEHIND THE DOOR, BACK INTO THE KITCHEN. ALLY PROCEEDS TO HER PREDETERMINED POSITION IN FRONT OF THE TELEVISION.

ALLY

(AS COACHED) I want to watch "Care Bears."

FRANK

Hey, get outta the way!

ROBERT

(SOTTO) Sweetie.

FRANK

(ANGRILY) Sweetie!

ALLY

But I'm the guest.

FRANK

What?

ALLY

Whenever you're at our house, you get to watch what you want because you're the guest.

FRANK

(A BEAT, STYMIED) Noooo. Not because I'm the guest, because I'm the grandpa.

HE LOOKS AT ROBERT FOR APPROVAL. DEBRA ENTERS WITH A CORNDOG ON A PLATE FOR ALLY.

DEBRA

Ally, here's your corndog.

ROBERT

Ally's having a corndog now?

DEBRA

Yeah, you want one? I made enough for everybody.

ROBERT

But it's almost dinner, and Mom's making lasagna.

DEBRA

Oh.

ROBERT

(TRULY TORN) We shouldn't... be... having corndogs now.

FRANK

Get one for me too.

ROBERT RUNS INTO THE KITCHEN, PASSING RAY, WHO ENTERS EATING A CORNDOG AND CARRYING HIS BRIEFCASE FROM WORK.

ROBERT

Corndog.

RAY

Hm. (TO DEBRA) Hey, Pokey.

DEBRA

How was your day?

RAY

(BITING INTO CORNDOG) Better now.

THE FRONT DOOR OPENS. MARIE ENTERS WITH GROCERIES.

MARIE

I'm back. I got lots of -- (NOTICING ALLY AND RAY EATING) What are you doing?

RAY

Just having a little snack. (BEAT)  
Corndog.

MARIE

"Corn... dog." I'm making dinner.  
You should know not to --

ROBERT RE-ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN. HE IS EATING A CORNDOG AND CARRYING ANOTHER FOR FRANK. HE COMES FACE-TO-FACE WITH MARIE. A LONG MOMENT. ROBERT, VERY NERVOUS, PUTS THE CORNDOGS IN HIS PANTS POCKETS. ANOTHER LONG MOMENT.

RAY

Those are hot, aren't they?

ROBERT NODS SLOWLY.

MARIE

What is wrong with you people? I have  
a lasagna in the oven.

DEBRA

Oh, I'm sorry, Marie. Was that for  
dinner? I took it out to make the  
corndogs.

MARIE LOOKS AT DEBRA. SHE COULD KILL HER, BUT SHE MUST PRETEND  
THAT EVERYTHING IS ALRIGHT.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

(SWEETLY) Would you like a corndog?

MARIE

(SWEETLY BACK) No thank you, dear.

FRANK

(POINTING TO ROBERT'S PANTS) I still  
want mine.

ROBERT REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND PULLS OUT... JUST THE STICK.

MARIE

(TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER) We're  
having lasagna.

SHE EXITS INTO THE KITCHEN. A MOMENT. RAY LOOKS AT DEBRA. HE  
KNOWS WHAT SHE DID. SHE SMILES INNOCENTLY.

FRANK

(TO ROBERT) Hey, I said I still want  
it.

DISSOLVE TO:

**ACT TWO**

**SCENE J**

INT. RAY'S OLD BEDROOM - AFTER DINNER (NIGHT 3)  
(Ray, Debra, Frank (O.S.), Ally, Geoffrey, Michael)

THE CHILDREN ARE SLEEPING IN SLEEPING BAGS ON THE FLOOR. DEBRA IS REARRANGING THINGS IN RAY'S ROOM. RAY ENTERS.

RAY

I am so stuffed --

DEBRA

Sshhh.

DEBRA INDICATES THE SLEEPING CHILDREN. THE REST OF THE SCENE TAKES PLACE IN LOUD WHISPERS.

DEBRA (CONT'D)

Nobody told you to have three helpings  
of lasagna.

RAY

Damage control. I had to prove that  
your corndogs didn't ruin dinner.

(HOLDING HIS STOMACH) Ohhh.

DEBRA

(INNOCENTLY) I'm sure I don't know  
what you're talking about.

DEBRA REMOVES SOME TROPHIES FROM THE DESK AND PUTS THEM IN THE CLOSET.

RAY

Oh, c'mon. That corndog was  
premeditated.

DEBRA

Hmm, maybe.

RAY

Alright, you had your fun. You got  
even with her. Just -- (NOTICING HER  
CLEANING) What are you doing?

DEBRA

I'm cleaning up a little.

RAY

(BEAT) But this is the shrine.

DEBRA

I'm only trying to make things easier.  
Now there's less for your mother to  
dust.

RAY

Oh, you know there's no dust here!

HE STARTS PUTTING HIS TROPHIES BACK WITH GREAT CARE.

DEBRA

I'm just helping, dear.

RAY FINDS A REMOTE CONTROL.

RAY

(HORRIFIED) What is this?

DEBRA

Oh. I think it's your dad's remote.  
(OFF RAY'S GASP) I must've accidentally  
brought it upstairs with me.

RAY

(VERY DELIBERATE) This was no  
accident.

FRANK (O.S.)

Somebody help me!

RAY PANICS, LOOKING AROUND FRANTICALLY. THEN...

RAY

Geoffrey, wake up.

DEBRA

What are you doing?

RAY

I can't bring this down to him. He  
might forgive one of the kids. He  
likes Geoffrey. Geoffrey, honey...

DEBRA

Would you stop --

RAY

You're going too far with this stuff.

DEBRA

This? This is nothing. Compared to  
what they --

RAY

Oh, c'mon. When they do stuff to us,  
it's because they don't know any  
better. You do. You know what that's  
called? When you know better and you  
do it anyway? (BEAT) Not nice.

DEBRA

(FAKE SCARED) Oooh.

RAY

I'm serious. We are guests in this  
house.

DEBRA

Oh, please. Who are you? Admiral Von  
Puss?

RAY

No.

DEBRA

Don't you see I'm trying to make a  
point here? Why not help me? It  
could be fun. We never do anything  
together anymore.

RAY

You are sick.

DEBRA

If I'm sick, it's because your family  
made me this way.

RAY

(HIGHLY INSULTED) Well. I'm sorry  
that's how you feel.

HE TAKES A PILLOW AND STARTS TO GO.

DEBRA

(LAUGHING) Where are you going?

RAY

I'm going to sleep elsewhere.

DEBRA

Where?

RAY

Away from you. I wouldn't want to  
make you "sick."

RAY STARTS TO STORM OFF.

DEBRA

(SALUTING) G'night, Admiral.

RAY GIVES HER THE NASTIEST LOOK HE CAN THINK OF, AND EXITS.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE K

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER (NIGHT 3)  
(Ray, Robert)

ROBERT IS SLEEPING IN BED, SHIRTLESS. THE DOOR OPENS. RAY SLOWLY ENTERS.

RAY

Robert. (NO RESPONSE) Robert.

RAY GOES OVER AND GENTLY SHAKES ROBERT.

RAY (CONT'D)

Robert...

SUDDENLY, IN HIS SLEEP, ROBERT PUNCHES RAY IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS. RAY DOUBLES OVER, GASPING FOR BREATH. ROBERT WAKES UP.

ROBERT

Oh. Raymond. Sorry... I'm sorry,  
just a reflex.

RAY

(STRUGGLING FOR AIR) I think I know  
why your marriage broke up.

ROBERT

What are you doing down here?

RAY

I need a place to sleep. The... kids  
are in the bed.

ROBERT

Go sleep on the couch.

RAY

I can't. Dad's still tearing the  
living room apart.

ROBERT

Do you know where the remote is?

RAY

No. C'mon, move over.

ROBERT

Alright, but no noise. I got an early  
shift.

RAY

(GETTING INTO BED) Hey, could you put  
a shirt on?

HE SLIDES IN NEXT TO ROBERT. THEN...

RAY (CONT'D)

And some underpants...

ROBERT LOOKS AT RAY A LONG TIME.

ROBERT

Excuse me, I believe this is my bed.

RAY

Okay, but... C'mon. A guy gets in bed  
with you, you put some pants on.

ROBERT

I will not. You don't wanna sleep  
with me, go back to your wife.

RAY

C'mon, I'm not gonna be able to sleep.  
Ever.

ROBERT

Oh, everybody has to do what Raymond  
wants. New sheets for Raymond,  
brownies for Raymond, can't sleep  
naked around Raymond. You know what  
you are? Intrusive.

RAY

What? You're calling me that? You're  
calling me that? You're calling me  
that?

ROBERT

Well, how would you describe this  
situation?

RAY

Horri-fying. Nauseating.

ROBERT

(POINTING) Intrusive. You.  
Intrusive.

RAY

You know what? (GETTING OUT OF BED)  
Debra was right.

ROBERT

Where are you going?

RAY

Back upstairs. Don't get up.

ROBERT

Huh. You are so uptight.

ROBERT TURNS AWAY FROM RAYMOND. RAY IS ABOUT TO EXIT. HE STOPS AT THE DOOR, REACHES INTO HIS BATHROBE POCKET, PULLS OUT THE REMOTE AND PLANTS IT UNDER SOME PAPERS ON ROBERT'S DRESSER. HE LAUGHS MISCHIEVOUSLY AS DEBRA DID.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

INT. FRANK AND MARIE'S KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING (DAY 4)  
(Ray, Debra, Marie, Frank, Robert, Ally)

RAY IS SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE HAVING A BOWL OF CEREAL. FRANK ENTERS GROGGY AND GROUCHY, IN HIS ROBE. HE GOES TO ONE OF THE CABINETS, PULLS OUT A BOX OF CEREAL AND SETS IT ON THE TABLE. HE GOES TO ANOTHER CABINET, AND PULLS OUT A BOWL, OPENS A DRAWER, GETS A SPOON AND SETS THEM ON THE TABLE. HE POURS SOME CEREAL INTO THE BOWL. HE THEN CROSSES TO THE FRIDGE TO GET SOME MILK. HE OPENS THE DOOR, AND IT COMES OFF IN HIS HAND. IT ALMOST LANDS ON HIS FOOT.

FRANK

Holy crappin' crap!

RAY, WHO HAS A MOUTHFUL OF CEREAL, STARTS TO LAUGH TO HIMSELF. A LITTLE MILK ACTUALLY COMES OUT HIS MOUTH.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What the hell happened here?!

RAY

Oh yeah. I was trying to fix that for you. It seemed a little loose.

FRANK

It was never this friggin' loose!

RAY

I'm sorry, Dad. I was just tryin' to help.

FRANK

You wanna help me? Find my remote!

MARIE ENTERS HOLDING SEVERAL WHITE TOWELS. SHE'S UPSET. DEBRA FOLLOWS IN AFTER HER.

MARIE

(ON HER WAY TO THE LAUNDRY ROOM) I  
just don't understand why you would  
use bleach on these towels.

DEBRA

Well, they seemed a little yellowy.

MARIE

(STOPPING AND TURNING) Yes, they're  
yellow towels! They're supposed to be  
yellow. The whole bathroom is yellow.  
That's my theme.

DEBRA

(FAKE REALIZING) Ohhh.

MARIE

(NOTICING FRANK HOLDING THE  
REFRIGERATOR DOOR) What did you do to  
the door?

FRANK

Not me. Your son, the "handyman."

RAY

Just trying to help.

DEBRA AND RAY EXCHANGE A SECRET HAPPY SIGNAL. ROBERT ENTERS, WET,  
HOLDING A YELLOW FLUFFY BATH MAT AROUND HIMSELF.

ROBERT

Ma, where are all the towels?

(NOTICING RAY AND DEBRA, ANNOYED) Oh,  
hi.

RAY

You... are a little too free with the  
body.

ROBERT

(TO MARIE) When are they leaving?

MARIE

(TO DEBRA, RE: BATH MAT) See? Yellow.

ROBERT

Is there like a really cold draft in  
here?

FRANK REALIZES HE'S STILL HOLDING THE REFRIGERATOR DOOR, AND PUTS  
IT BACK IN PLACE ON THE FRIDGE.

MARIE

(TO RAY AND DEBRA) We have to talk.

ROBERT

Ma, towel please.

MARIE

This doesn't go. (HANDING HIM A SMALL  
YELLOW DISH TOWEL) Here.

ROBERT

Thanks.

HE COVERS ONE NIPPLE WITH IT, AND STARTS TO EXIT.

FRANK

Look what you're doin' to us.

RAY

What? What are we doing? We're just  
"helping."

ROBERT STOPS AND LISTENS, INTERESTED.

DEBRA

Yes. It seems that you have so much  
to do, we just wanted to pitch in.

RAY

Why? Is it annoying to you?

DEBRA

Does it bother you?

RAY

Are we intrusive?

DEBRA

Because we don't mean to be.

(POINTEDLY) We're just trying to help  
you the way you help us.

FRANK AND MARIE LOOK AT EACH OTHER. A MOMENT.

MARIE

Oh, I see what you're doing..

RAY AND DEBRA NOD, HOPEFULLY.

MARIE (CONT'D)

You're trying to pay us back for  
everything we do for you.

RAY

For us?

FRANK

Hmmm. (TOUCHED) I never saw it like  
that.

DEBRA

But see Marie, what we did wasn't ~~that~~  
helpful.

MARIE

I know, dear, but you meant well.

RAY AND DEBRA EXCHANGE A LOOK.

ROBERT

You know what, Ma? Maybe you haven't  
spent enough time showing them how to  
do things.

RAY

Hey, Robert, you're dripping in the  
kitchen --

ROBERT

No, no. I say once that tent comes  
off, Ma's over there showing you how  
to do laundry.

DEBRA

But --

MARIE

Yes, yes, scrubbing, dusting. There's  
so much to learn. Then you can really  
be a help.

ROBERT

Yeah, and Dad could teach Ray how to  
fix things.

FRANK

That's true. (ARM AROUND RAY) You  
don't know a monkey wrench from a  
monkey's ass, do you son?

RAY

(SADLY) No. ~~But I'm starting to feel~~  
~~like one of the two.~~

ALLY ENTERS.

ALLY

Hey, they're taking the tent off.

MARIE

We can start right now. I'll go get  
my cleaning supplies. (TO DEBRA)  
We'll make you a starter kit.

SHE EXITS.

FRANK

(TO RAY) I'll get you some tools.  
C'mon, Einstein.

FRANK EXITS. RAY AND DEBRA ARE LEFT TO WONDER WHAT HAPPENED. A  
MOMENT.

ROBERT

Hey, Ray...

ROBERT LIFTS THE LITTLE TOWEL OFF HIS NIPPLE. HE RAISES HIS  
EYEBROWS AT RAY. RAY SHUDDERS. ROBERT LAUGHS AND EXITS TO THE  
OTHER ROOM.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM - THE NEXT NIGHT (NIGHT 5)  
(Frank, Robert)

ROBERT ENTERS HIS ROOM AFTER A LONG DAY. HE FLICKS ON THE LIGHT. FRANK IS SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE BED HOLDING THE REMOTE, WAITING. ROBERT IS STARTLED.

ROBERT

Yahh!

FRANK STARES AT HIM ACCUSINGLY.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

It wasn't me, Dad. I swear to God, it wasn't me. (OFF FRANK'S CONTINUING STARE) I must've been set up. I was framed I tell you. (THEN) It was Raymond. It was Raymond. I knew he really didn't want to sleep with me!

ON FRANK'S REACTION, WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW