

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGOWITZ: EXCERPT

Written by

Ryan and Katie Fenton-Strauss

Address  
Phone Number

**RYAN FENTON-STRAUSS**

2120 COUNTRY CANYON ROAD HACIENDA HEIGHTS, CA 91745  
PHONE 310-384-6876 E-MAIL RYAN@FENTONARTS.COM

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT -NIGHT

Sam walks in carrying a bag full of liquor bottles, and locks the door behind him. He walks into the living room and flips on the light. The floor is vacuumed. Sam flings open the door to the storage closet and inside is the vacuum with its cord carefully wrapped around the handle. He goes into the bedroom, and the bed is neatly made. He stops short. The apartment is spotless. Sam, panicked, picks up the phone and dials.

SAM

Hello, Elsa. It's Sam. Sorry to wake you up. They broke in again.

INT. SAM'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam, Elsa, Max, and POLICE OFFICER MALONE, a soft-spoken man, are sitting in the living room. Sam and Elsa are in their pajamas.

MALONE

We're glad you called, Mr. Figowitz. We're going to take care of this.

POLICE OFFICER VINCENT, a big burly man, enters the room, holding his billy club.

VINCENT

Nothing funny with any of the entry points, no broken glass, the screens are clean.

MALONE

What exactly did they steal, Mr. Figowitz?

SAM

Well, nothing.

VINCENT

How do you know someone broke in?

ELSA  
They left a kugel on the table.

MALONE  
A kugel?

MAX  
It's like a noodle casserole.

ELSA  
With raisins.

VINCENT  
That's it?

SAM  
No. They cleaned the apartment,  
too.

Malone and Vincent glance at each other.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Come on, I'll show you.

Malone and Vincent follow Sam through the apartment.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Look, the bed's made. The pillows  
are fluffed. They put the vacuum in  
the closet. You should have seen  
this place when I left. It was a  
total wreck! Now look at it. It's  
spotless!

Sam opens the garbage.

SAM (CONT'D)  
And here, this is where I threw the  
first kugel out and then the second  
kugel appeared on the table.

MAX  
Don't touch it, Sam! It's evidence.  
(to the police)  
Aren't you going to dust for  
fingerprints?

VINCENT  
Let me get this straight. You  
called us out here because  
someone's been breaking in and  
cooking and cleaning for you?

MALONE

I wish someone would do that for me!

VINCENT

Let's get out of here, Malone.

SAM

But the door was locked!

MALONE

Look, we all have our senior moments. Have you been under any stress lately, Mr. Figowitz?

ELSA

His wife just died.

They all GROAN with realization.

MALONE

I understand. It's going to be hard for a while.

The police officers walk to the doorway. Malone bumps into the bag full of liquor bottles sitting next to the front door, and KNOCKS OVER a bottle. Vincent raises his eyebrows.

MALONE (CONT'D)

(to Max and Elsa)  
You might want to check in on him for a while.

VINCENT

(in a patronizing tone)  
Take it easy on the booze, old feller.

The police officers leave.