

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGOWITZ: EXCERPT

Written by

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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.