

"THE KING OF QUEENS"

THE ATHLETE'S FEAT

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. COOPER'S - NIGHT (DAY 1)

(DOUG, CARRIE, DEACON, KELLY, WAITRESS)

DOUG AND DEACON WEAR BASKETBALL UNIFORMS AS THEY ENTER COOPER'S WITH CARRIE AND KELLY.

CARRIE

There ought to be a rule that when a game goes into overtime, the fans get free hot dogs.

KELLY

You mean as a promotion?

CARRIE

I mean as compensation. Nobody should have to watch more than an hour of rec league basketball without getting *something*.

BEAT.

KELLY

You worked through lunch again, didn't you?

CARRIE

That's beside the point.

DOUG SAUNTERS TO A TABLE, AND THEY ALL SIT DOWN.

DOUG

What a game, what a game.

OBLIVIOUS TO DOUG, CARRIE OPENS AND CLOSES HER MENU  
IN ONE MOTION.

CARRIE

Where do you think the waitress is  
hiding?

DOUG

(LOUDER)

What a game!

KELLY

You made a very nice shot, Doug.

DOUG

Nice? I hit the game winner with three  
seconds left in overtime. I think  
*spectacular* is a little more accurate  
than *nice*.

CARRIE

And God knows, the world would have  
stopped revolving if I.P.S. versus  
Felipe's Auto Repair had ended in a  
tie.

DOUG

Well, call us crazy, but we like to  
have a winner in a *playoff* game. Right,  
Deac?

DOUG PUTS UP HIS HAND FOR A HIGH FIVE. DEACON GIVES  
A PATHETIC LOOK, THEN RELUCTANTLY TAPS DOUG'S HAND.

THE WAITRESS COMES OVER.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order?

CARRIE

(Mumbling)

Well, we're not here for the ambiance.

WAITRESS

What's that?

CARRIE

Yes, we are ready. I'll have a Cobb salad.

KELLY

Cheeseburger, no onions.

DEACON

A burger sounds good, and I'll take her onions.

DOUG

Hmm, I'm not sure if I have room for dinner... 'cause I'm feasting on glory.

DOUG LAUGHS ALONE.

CARRIE

Don't laugh, Doug, a glory feast would be the closest thing to a balanced meal you've ever had here.

DOUG

(DEFLATED)

Yeah, um, just make mine a double bacon  
cheeseburger. Thanks.

THE WAITRESS EXITS.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You know, I can't believe you guys  
aren't letting me enjoy this. Would  
it kill you to let me have my moment?

DEACON

I'm sorry Doug, I thought your moment  
was when you collapsed into our arms  
and made us hoist you in the air.

DEACON RUBS HIS SHOULDER.

DOUG

(BEAT)

That was the first part... that was *mo*.  
This is *ment*.

CARRIE

I think the real good news is that you  
managed to become a hero without needing  
your \$200 pair of Kobe's, so maybe we  
can send 'em back and actually retire  
someday.

DEACON

Wait a minute.

(MORE)

DEACON (CONT'D)

You got a new pair of Kobe Bryant sneakers and you're still wearing those 1967 Rick Barry rejects?

DOUG

No. I went to buy a pair last month, but they didn't have any in triple E width, so I had to special order them.

DEACON

Triple E? Do you put those on with a shoehorn or the whole brass section?

DOUG

Ha, ha. It doesn't matter anyway 'cause they won't be here for at least two more weeks.

DEACON

And the championship's next Friday.

DOUG

Story of my life.

(TURNING TO CARRIE)

No offense.

CARRIE

Actually, your shoes came today.

DOUG

And you didn't bring them?

CARRIE

No, Doug. Somehow in my race to get home from the office, cook dinner for my father, and still make it to your game before tip-off, I forgot to morph into a courier. I'm sorry.

DOUG

Well, as long you apologize.

CARRIE

Besides, the package was sitting right next to the door. Why didn't you bring it?

DOUG

Because it hasn't been three weeks yet so I didn't think it could be my shoes.

CARRIE

What *did* you think was in a shoe box shaped package?

DOUG

I just assumed it was Arthur's fiber of the month club.

KELLY GRIMACES.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You wince, but they make a hell of an oat bran meat loaf.

KELLY

Listen, before dinner gets here, do you think we can talk about something besides gym shoes and laxative meat loaf?

CARRIE

Thank you. I'd like a chance to enjoy *my* pregame meal.

DOUG

Pregame meal? What are you talking about?

CARRIE

The breast cancer walk.

DOUG SHRUGS.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You've known about it since before you ordered those stupid...

(EYEBALLING KELLY)

foot... coverings.

DEACON

A charity walk? That's great, Carrie.

CARRIE

Yeah, well, I kind of got roped into it. I walked into my boss's office just after she found out she had a tumor.

DOUG

Wow, nobody's unluckier than you.

CARRIE

For your information, the tumor turned out to be benign.

KELLY

How far is the walk?

CARRIE

10k. And it's not like I'm in Zola Budd shape, if you know what I mean.

DOUG

It's a walk, Hon. I think you can be in "drinking a Bud" shape and still finish in the top ten.

CARRIE

Excuse me, but I'll be walking for like... three hours. You couldn't do it.

DOUG

Excuse *me*, but I just spent the last hour *running* up and down a basketball court.

CARRIE

Doug, you played twelve minutes.

DOUG

Plus warm-ups.



CARRIE

Whoo hoo.

DOUG

Okay, so I'm not LeBron James, but I know I could handle a three hour stroll.

CARRIE

Prove it.

DOUG

I'd love to, but unfortunately, I've invited the guys over to watch the Knick game tomorrow.

DEACON

But the game's not until 1:00.

CARRIE

And the 10k starts at 8:30. I'll set your alarm for 7:00.

BEAT.

DOUG

Fine.

DOUG FROWNS AT DEACON. DEACON SMILES BACK.

CUT TO:

BINT. LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY 2)

(DOUG, CARRIE, DEACON, SPENCE, DANNY, ARTHUR)

DEACON, SPENCE, AND DANNY SIT ON THE COUCH WATCHING TELEVISION.

ARTHUR ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

ARTHUR

Hello, gentlemen. Where's Doug?

DEACON

He and Carrie are still walking against cancer.

ARTHUR

Walking, eh? That's no good. To avoid cancer, you need to eat broccoli, preferably with a sour cream based dip so you don't puke from the taste.

ARTHUR SURVEYS THE FOOD ON THE TABLE.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Speaking of puke, what the hell is this?

SPENCE

It's a Mediterranean appetizer spread. Falafel, hummus, and grape leaves.

ARTHUR

I thought we were watching a basketball game, not a snake charming contest.

SPENCE

You know, not that it makes your remark any less offensive, but snake charming is actually Indian, not Mediterranean.

ARTHUR

And basketball is actually American, so where's the meat and cheese?

DEACON

Doug's picking up a sub on his way home.

ARTHUR

That's fascinating...

(RAISING HIS VOICE)

...but sadly, it does me no good. My stomach is on a very strict regimen. If I don't eat lunch by 1:00, I suffer crippling hunger pains.

DANNY

Why don't you try some hummus? It's like dip.

ARTHUR'S EYES DART ACROSS THE TABLE.

ARTHUR

Where are the chips?

DANNY

You use pita bread.

ARTHUR TAKES A PIECE OF PITA AND GOES FOR A DIP.

ARTHUR

Peeta bread... and "hummuzz." What's  
this "hummuzz" made out of?

SPENCE

Garbanzo beans.

IN A SINGLE MOTION, ARTHUR DEVIATES THE COURSE OF  
THE PITA FROM HIS MOUTH BACK TO THE BOWL, AND WIPES  
THE DIP BACK INTO THE BOWL.

ARTHUR

I'll just wait for Douglas.

SPENCE

Suit yourself.

ARTHUR SITS DOWN. THE OTHER THREE GUYS GRAB A SNACK  
OFF THE TABLE AND EAT WITH GUSTO.

ARTHUR'S STOMACH LET'S OUT A GIGANTIC GROWL --  
PROMPTING THE GUYS TO STARE AT HIM.

ARTHUR

Alright, I guess I'll try one of those  
green things.

WITH GREAT TREPIDATION, ARTHUR SAMPLES A STUFFED  
GRAPE LEAF.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

This is delicious. What do you call  
this?

SPENCE

It's a grape leaf.

ARTHUR

No wonder, I love grapes. Let me try  
that bean dip.

ARTHUR DIPS SOME PITA IN THE HUMMUS AND WOLFS IT DOWN.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Scrumptious.

DOUG AND CARRIE ENTER.

CARRIE

Sorry we're late. There was a mob at the deli.

DOUG PLACES A HUGE SANDWICH ON THE TABLE.

ARTHUR

Would you get that slop out of here?  
Can't you see were having grapes for lunch.

DOUG

(GIVING A LOOK)

Okaaaay.

SPENCE

So, how was the walk?

DOUG

Piece of cake.

CARRIE

Maybe for you. My calves are burning and my knees are throbbing.

DOUG

It's like I told you last night, Hon,  
I run ten miles a day up and down

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

stairs. A walk in the park is just...  
a walk in the park.

CARRIE

Well, I believe you now.

(SHE KISSES HIM)

I'm going upstairs for a nice hot bath.

DOUG

You do that.

CARRIE WALKS UPSTAIRS.

DOUG COLLAPSES ONTO THE FLOOR IN AGONY.

DEACON

What's wrong with you?

DOUG

My shoes... help me get 'em off.

SPENCE AND DANNY START UNTYING DOUG'S SHOES.

SPENCE

Whoa, are these Kobes?

DOUG

(PROUD)

Yeah.

DANNY

How come you wore basketball shoes in  
a 10k?

DOUG

(PANTING)

I wanted to break them in.

DANNY

But isn't that an awful long distance  
for new shoes?

DOUG GLARES AT HIM.

DOUG

Would you just get 'em off me?

SPENCE PULLS OFF A SHOE AND A SOCK.

SPENCE

This is amazing.

DOUG

What?

SPENCE

You have a blister that is somehow  
bigger than the bottom of your foot.  
It's like it grew over the sides...  
before it popped.

DOUG

Oh God.

DANNY PULLS OFF THE OTHER SOCK.

DANNY

This one looks a little worse.

DOUG

(INCREDULOUS)

Worse?

ARTHUR

To me, it looks like you're cooking a pizza, only the oven's too hot, and the cheese is bubbling up.

SPENCE

Didn't you feel these coming on?

DOUG

You know I would have, but for some crazy reason, I thought it'd be fun to inject my feet with Novocaine before the race.

(BEAT)

Of course I felt them coming on.

DEACON

Then why didn't you stop?

DOUG

How could I? You heard me popping off to Carrie about how easy it was going to be. I never would've heard the end of it.

DEACON

Yeah, this is much better.

DOUG

Listen, everything's going to be fine. All I have to do is heal in time for Friday's game, and make sure Carrie doesn't find out. No harm, no foul.



ARTHUR

I like your ambition.

DOUG

So, any of you guys know how to treat blisters?

THE GUYS STARE AT DOUG'S FEET.

DANNY

I think you may need to *amputate*.

SPENCE

Oh! Do you want me to run down to the drug store and ask the pharmacist?

DOUG

Yeah, yeah, that's good.

DANNY MOVES IN FOR A CLOSER LOOK.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And make sure you get back before Dr. Mengele here starts rummaging in the shed for a hacksaw.

ARTHUR

Hold on a minute...

(BEAT)

... when did we get a shed?

CUT TO:

CINT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

(DOUG, DEACON, DANNY, ARTHUR, CARRIE, SPENCE)

DOUG SITS ON THE COUCH WITH HIS FEET UP AND A WRAPPED IN A BLANKET. DEACON, DANNY, AND ARTHUR WATCH THE GAME WITH HIM.

CARRIE COMES DOWNSTAIRS.

CARRIE

Hey Hon, where'd Spence go?

DOUG

Um, beer run.

CARRIE

Oh. What's with the blanket?

DOUG

What?

CARRIE

The blanket? It's like 80 degrees in here.

DOUG

The blanket? The blanket is... for... foot odor, yeah. The guys said my feet smelled, so I decided to cover 'em up. You know, tryin' to be polite.

CARRIE

How thoughtful. And instead of taking a shower, you covered your stinky feet with my grandmother's hand knitted afghan. Give me that.

CARRIE REACHES FOR THE BLANKET, BUT DOUG BLOCKS HER  
WITH HIS ARM.

DOUG

The damage is already done... I'll  
take it to the cleaners tomorrow.

CARRIE

Alright, but would it be too much to  
ask for you to put your feet down so I  
can get some lunch?

DOUG

(SLOW)

No problem.

CARRIE

Thank you.

STRUGGLING TO KEEP A SMILE ON HIS FACE, DOUG SLOWLY  
LOWERS HIS FEET TO THE GROUND.

DOUG

(GRITTING HIS TEETH)

There you go.

CARRIE

On second thought, I think I'll just  
make myself a salad.

DOUG

Damn it!

CARRIE

Excuse me?

DOUG

The Knicks. Damn them. They're only...  
leading by twelve points now. God, I  
hate sports.

CARRIE

Are you alright?

DOUG

I'm fine. Stupid Knicks.

CARRIE GIVES DOUG A LOOK, THEN HEADS TOWARD THE  
KITCHEN.

ARTHUR

Sweetheart, could you bring me a beer  
when you come back?

CARRIE

I thought Spence was out getting the  
beer.

DOUG GLARES AT ARTHUR.

DOUG

He's getting root beer. He can't drink  
alcohol when he's on his acne  
medication. What a wimp. Needs his  
root beer.

CARRIE GOES INTO THE KITCHEN.

ARTHUR

I'm sorry, Douglas.

DOUG

It's alright. You're just lucky I can think on my... ass.

ARTHUR

I'm not apologizing for what you think I'm apologizing for.

DOUG

Huh?

CARRIE COMES BACK INTO THE LIVING ROOM CARRYING TWO SIX PACKS OF ROOT BEER.

ARTHUR

*That's* what I was apologizing for.

CARRIE

Doug, what's going on?

ARTHUR

(TO DOUG)

It was on sale, and I can't be expected to pass up discount root beer, just because it might lead to the untangling of your web of lies.

SPENCE ENTERS THE FRONT DOOR.

SPENCE

Okay, I talked to the pharmacist and... hey Carrie, done with your bath already?

CARRIE

Doug?

SPENCE

Actually, Carrie, I'm sure that root beer is delicious, but do you think you could run back into the kitchen and grab me a Budweiser. Root beer makes me break out.

CARRIE

Doug!

DOUG

Alright.

DOUG PEELS BACK THE AFGHAN TO REVEAL HIS FEET.

CARRIE

Oh my God, what happened?

DOUG

It's nothing. It's a little blister.

CARRIE

Little? Your feet look like exploded pizzas.

ARTHUR

That's what I said.

CARRIE

I don't understand. If you were blistering, why didn't you just stop?

DEACON

That's what I said.

DOUG

After last night, I was too embarrassed to quit.

CARRIE

Let me get this straight...

DOUG

Please Hon, whatever you do, don't say anything Spence or Danny has already said. These "*I told you so's*" hurt more than my feet.

CARRIE

Well, have either of these geniuses suggested getting you to a hospital?

DANNY

I suggested radical surgery, but I didn't specify that it had to be in a hospital.

SPENCE

You don't need to go to a hospital.

DOUG

I don't?

SPENCE

That's what I was trying to tell you. I checked with the pharmacist and he said all you have to do is bandage the wounds and stay off your feet.

DOUG

Will I be able to play basketball on  
Friday?

CARRIE

Are you out of your mind?

DOUG

(DEFERRING TO SPENCE)

Doc?

SPENCE

I don't know. He said you should be  
healed in about a week. I guess.

DOUG

Yes.

SPENCE

He said to wear this bandage.

SPENCE TOSSES DOUG A BOTTLE. DOUG WAITS FOR SPENCE  
TO THROW HIM A BANDAGE.

DOUG

Where's the bandage?

SPENCE

You're holding it.

DOUG SHAKES THE BOTTLE.

DOUG

Don't take this the wrong way, but I'm  
beginning to question your medical  
credentials.



SPENCE

It's a liquid bandage. You pour it over your feet and it forms a clear coating. Totally sterile.

DOUG

Oh, cool.

SPENCE

*And*, you'll maintain a completely unobscured view so you can see how well you're healing.

CARRIE

(OFF DOUG'S FEET)

Unobscured, huh? I guess I won't be needing Jenny Craig's help staying on my diet this week.

DOUG

It's weird that you say that, because with all these bubbling cheese metaphors, you and Arthur were kind of making me hungry for a quesadilla.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOD

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 3)

(DOUG, CARRIE, ARTHUR)

DOUG LIES IN BED, PROPPED UP BY PILLOWS, WATCHING TV.

CARRIE ENTERS FROM THE BATHROOM, DRESSED FOR WORK.

CARRIE

How you feelin', hon?

DOUG

Like I'm wasting my sick days with the world's stupidest injury. Other than that, fine.

CARRIE

Well, I'm sure you'll figure out a way to stay productive.

CARRIE LEANS DOWN TO GIVE DOUG A KISS, OBSCURING HIS VIEW OF THE TV.

DOUG

Whoa, whoa, whoa -- Wile E. Coyote just cornered the Road Runner in a fireworks factory.

CARRIE

Or maybe not. Okay, my dad's making you breakfast, and I'll be home at 6:30.

DOUG

Thanks.

CARRIE

You're welcome. I'll see you tonight.

CARRIE EXITS.

ARTHUR ENTERS WITH A TRAY.

ARTHUR

Here we are, breakfast prepared by the world's newest chef.

DOUG

(ENTHUSIASTIC)

Thank you.

DOUG LOOKS AT THE TRAY IN HIS LAP.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Arthur, you've seen my girth, so you know I'm not a picky eater, but... what the hell is this?

ARTHUR

It's my latest creation, Mediterranean ballpark food.

DOUG

Okaaaaaay, nothing you just said makes any sense.

ARTHUR

How so?

DOUG

Well, for starters, it's 7:30 in the morning, which is more than a little early for any kind of "ballpark food." Second, I'm not a wealthy man, so there's nothing for you to inherit if you poison me.

ARTHUR

Oh Douglas, I was once like you. I too believed that the scope of international cuisine began and ended with a culinary master by the name of Chef Boyardee. But yesterday, I saw the light. One bite of a falafel ball soaked in tahini sauce, and I knew that my taste buds could never go back to that slop you and Carrie continually foist upon me.

DOUG

Listen Arthur, I'm glad you liked the appetizers, but don't you think you might be going a bit overboard?

ARTHUR

No. And unlike most people, when I find something good, I like to share it with the world.

DOUG

But there's nothing on this tray that's even recognizable, let alone good.

ARTHUR

Let me finish, damn you.

DOUG

Okay.

ARTHUR

As I lay back in my bed last night, cursing my gastronomically wasted youth, it dawned on me that the reason I had never sampled these exotic delights before was that they looked so disgusting. And I decided right then and there that I would make them more palatable.

DOUG HOLDS A PIECE OF FOOD FROM HIS PLATE.

DOUG

How is a hot dog bun filled with eggplant and tabouleh palatable?

ARTHUR

How isn't it? Oh Douglas, the future is so bright. I've figured out a way to make hideous foreign food attractive to the American eye, and I'm inviting you to jump on the bandwagon and ride my coattails to millionairesville.

DOUG

Millionairesville?

(LIFTING FOOD)

Selling hummus filled tacos and...

(BEAT)

... is this baba ghannouj in a McDonalds  
french fry bag?

ARTHUR

It's tough to market salad. Now, how  
much are you prepared to invest?

CUT TO:

EINT. KITCHEN - NIGHT (DAY 3)

(DOUG, CARRIE, ARTHUR)

DOUG IS EATING A SANDWICH AT THE TABLE WITH HIS FEET UP ON A CHAIR.

CARRIE ENTERS FROM THE BACK DOOR.

CARRIE

Doug, what are you doing out of bed?

DOUG

Don't blame me, your father has been trying to starve me to death.

ARTHUR ENTERS FROM THE BASEMENT CARRYING A CLIPBOARD.

ARTHUR

Darling, I'm glad your home. I need to know how much you would pay for a bacon, lettuce, and tomato sandwich if it was drenched in olive oil and served on a bed of feta cheese?

CARRIE

\$7.95.

ARTHUR

I'm gonna be rich!

CARRIE

Dad, have you been withholding food from Doug?

ARTHUR

Absolutely not, I've provided several delicious meals...

(CONFIDENTIALLY)

... but you know what they say about leading a horse's ass to water.

DOUG

I'm right here, Arthur.

ARTHUR

It's too bad your sense of taste doesn't match your sense of hearing.

CARRIE

Okay, for the rest of the week, would you please just bring him what he wants? If he doesn't stay in bed, he won't get any better.

ARTHUR

That's not my problem.

CARRIE

It will be if he can't go back to work and we all end up on the streets.

ARTHUR

When you put it that way, just make me a list.

CARRIE

Thank you.



ARTHUR

By the way, where do we keep our pickled  
turnips and nacho cheese sauce?

BEAT.

CARRIE

At the store, Dad.

ARTHUR

Right.

ARTHUR EXITS.

DOUG FINISHES HIS SANDWICH.

CARRIE

And you, you need to get back to bed.  
How are you going to heal if you're  
traipsing all over the house?

DOUG

I didn't do any traipsing.

CARRIE

Then how'd you get down here?

DOUG

The same way I'm getting back up.

DOUG DROPS OUT OF HIS CHAIR AND STARTS CRAWLING  
TOWARD THE DOOR.

CARRIE

Wow, you must really want to get better.

CUT TO:

F

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (DAY 4)

(DOUG, CARRIE)

DOUG LIES IN BED WEARING A ROBE, EATING A BOWL OF PEANUTS, AND WATCHING TV.

CARRIE EMERGES FROM THE BATHROOM WEARING A NEGLIGEE. SHE STOPS AND POSES. DOUG STOPS CHEWING.

DOUG

Holy crap, I forgot our anniversary.

CARRIE

You didn't forget our anniversary.

DOUG

Then my feet must have gotten infected,  
turned gangrene, and killed me...

because I'm pretty sure this is heaven.

CARRIE APPROACHES THE BED.

CARRIE

Silly. I wanted to reward you for being so responsible this week. You hardly got out of bed, you stayed completely off your feet, and you didn't even complain about it.

DOUG

Well, if you're trying to get me to *start* complaining, you've chosen a questionable strategy.

CARRIE CLIMBS UP ON THE BED, STRADDLES DOUG, AND STARTS KISSING HIM.

CARRIE

Plus, I feel terrible that you're going to have to miss your game tomorrow night.

DOUG

Whoa. Slow down. Who said anything about missing my game?

CARRIE

You're kidding, right?

DOUG

Car, the only reason I've been able to stay in bed all week is because I knew at the end, I could play in the game. I'm playing in the game.

CARRIE

Doug, you haven't taken a step in six days and your feet have a layer of dead black skin on them.

DOUG

Maybe so, but there's a healthy layer of pink skin just underneath the black one. See?

DOUG LIFTS A FOOT IN CARRIE'S FACE.

CARRIE

God it's tough getting used to a clear bandage.

DOUG

Spence said I could walk again after seven days and tomorrow is the seventh day.

CARRIE

Well, we wouldn't want to question the wisdom of Spence.

DOUG

I'm playing, Carrie. I may have to tape up my feet and wear three pair of socks, but I'm playing.

BEAT.

CARRIE

(SERIOUS)

Listen, Doug, I don't want you to have to miss this game. It's obviously very important to you. But spending your first day back on your feet running up and down a basketball court is ludicrous. You're too smart to be insisting like this.

DOUG

I have to, Carrie. I don't care what happens.

CARRIE

How can you say that?

DOUG

Because I have to prove to myself that  
I can win something.

CARRIE

What?

DOUG

Look, do you remember complaining to  
me about your swim meets in high school?

CARRIE

What are you talking about?

DOUG

Do you remember complaining to me...

CARRIE

Yes, I remember.

DOUG

You told me that the only way you ever  
won your trophies was by training for  
hours while your friends were out having  
fun.

CARRIE

What's your point, Doug?

DOUG

I need to win a trophy like that.

CARRIE

Doug, you've won trophies.

DOUG

No I haven't.

CARRIE

I've seen them -- football trophies that are still sitting on top of your old dresser at your parents' house.

DOUG

I never *won* a trophy. I *got* trophies, but I never, ever won one.

CARRIE

How do you figure that?

DOUG

I was a lineman, and if you play eight years and never score a point, odds are pretty good you weren't the linchpin to the championship. But last week, when I hit that game winning shot, I felt like a winner for the very first time in my life.

(BEAT)

And the fact that I've had to suffer ever since in order to get a shot at winning a trophy... it only makes me want it that much more. Can you understand that?

BEAT.

CARRIE

(BEGRUDGINGLY)

I guess.

DOUG

So you'll let me play?

CARRIE

Yeah.

DOUG

Thanks. Now, can I still get that reward?

CARRIE

Well, I did go to all the trouble of putting on this presenter's outfit.

DOUG

Awesome. And I've got so much energy built up, you may even be able to reward me twice.

CARRIE

Don't push it.

DOUG

Right.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEG

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (DAY 5)

(DOUG, CARRIE, DEACON, ARTHUR)

DOUG SITS ON THE EDGE OF HIS BED, DRESSED IN HIS BASKETBALL UNIFORM. DEACON AND CARRIE STAND NEXT TO HIM.

DEACON

I don't know, Doug. Are you sure you want to do this?

DOUG

Carrie, you want to take this one?

CARRIE

Trust me, he's sure. Don't make him tell the little lineman who could story again.

DEACON

Whatever, it's your funeral.

DOUG

Thanks for the pep talk.

ARTHUR WALKS IN WEARING A CHEF'S HAT AND A PAPER BOY'S KNAPSACK FILLED WITH FOIL-COVERED SNACKS.

ARTHUR

Alright, we better get going if I'm going to have time to sell my mint yogurt burritos before the game.

DEACON LOOKS AT ARTHUR, THEN AT DOUG.



DOUG

Don't ask.

DOUG LEANS FORWARD.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Okay, here I go.

DEACON

Wait!

(OFF DOUG'S OLD BLACK  
SNEAKERS)

Don't you want to put on your Kobes?

DOUG AND CARRIE BOTH GLARE AT DEACON.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

DOUG

Okay.

DOUG STANDS, SHIFTS HIS WEIGHT, NODS.

DOUG (CONT'D)

So far, so good.

DOUG TAKES A STEP, PAUSES, THEN TAKES ANOTHER. HE  
STOPS.

DEACON

Well?

DOUG

Let's go kick the crap out of Karl's  
Kitchen and Dinette!

CUT TO:

HINT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT (DAY 5)

(DOUG, CARRIE, DEACON, KELLY, SPENCE, DANNY, ARTHUR, EXTRAS)

CARRIE AND KELLY SIT IN THE STANDS. SPENCE AND DANNY ENTER.

CARRIE

Hey, look who made it.

SPENCE

Are you kidding, after what Doug's been through this week, we wouldn't have dreamed of not being here to support him.

CARRIE

You came to see a train wreck, right?

DANNY

If it happens, it happens.

ARTHUR ENTERS WEARING AN EMPTY KNAPSACK.

CARRIE

Wow Dad, did you sell out already?

ARTHUR

Not quite.

CARRIE

Then... what are you doing here?

ARTHUR

Apparently, the beat cops in New York no longer care about rapists and

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

murderers. They'd rather hassle local entrepreneurs.

CARRIE

Busted for no sales permit?

ARTHUR

Like I was dealing three card monte.

DANNY

Hey, they're taking the floor.

SPENCE

It looks like Doug *is* still hurting.

He's not out there.

CARRIE

No, that doesn't mean anything. He's not a starter.

SPENCE

(SURPRISED)

Oh.

ARTHUR

Do they sell snacks here? I'm starving.

ON THE FLOOR, DEACON WINS THE TIP AND DRIVES TO THE BASKET FOR A LAY UP.

ON THE BENCH, DOUG PUMPS HIS FIST.

CUT TO:

I

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER (DAY 5)

(DOUG, CARRIE, DEACON, KELLY, SPENCE, ARTHUR, EXTRAS)

PANNING THE STANDS, KELLY IS BEAMING, CARRIE AND SPENCE LOOK BORED, ARTHUR IS FIDGETY.

SPENCE

Well, the halftime show was good.

CARRIE

Yeah, the local high school band uses these games as a warm up.

DANNY

But not the cheerleaders?

CARRIE

(MUMBLING)

They probably heard you were coming.

SPENCE

So, do you think Doug might play this half?

CARRIE

How much are we ahead by?

SPENCE

15.

CARRIE

How much time is left?

SPENCE

Eight minutes.

CARRIE

He's got a chance. When the lead is safe, it's Heffernan time.

ARTHUR

Sweetheart, check your purse again. You must have some hard candy or some gum, something.

CARRIE

I told you, I don't have anything.

ARTHUR SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

ARTHUR

Wait a minute, do you think it's possible that the cop who busted me didn't take my yogurt burritos back to the crime lab for analysis?

CARRIE

It's conceivable.

ARTHUR

'Cause if he just threw them out, then a delicious snack could be waiting for me just on the other side of these walls.

CARRIE

You mean in the trash?

ARTHUR

So you agree there's hope.

(MORE)

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

(STANDING)

Tell Doug I held out as long as I could.

CARRIE

We'll meet you at the car, Dad.

DANNY

Doug's going in.

DOUG CHECKS INTO THE GAME. A TEAMMATE PASSES THE BALL TO HIM AND HE HOBBLER WITH THE BALL.

SPENCE

You see, he is hurt. That's why he wasn't playing. You really had me going there.

CARRIE

No, that's how he runs when he's dribbling.

SPENCE

But, that's how I run when I'm dribbling.

CARRIE

(MUMBLING)

I don't doubt it.

DOUG GOES TO PASS THE BALL TO DEACON AND IS STRIPPED.

DANNY

So, he's just bad?

CARRIE

He's five-eight and 50 pounds  
overweight. Did you really expect him  
to play like Michael Jordan?

DANNY

He told us he sank the game winner.

CARRIE

Last week, both teams were short because  
of the flu. When the game went to  
overtime, one of their guys fouled out  
and they didn't have a substitute.

SPENCE

So, Doug hit the game winner with nobody  
guarding him?

CARRIE

On his *second* try.

ON THE FLOOR, DOUG SHOOTS AND MISSES.

DANNY

I don't get it. If he stinks, and he  
hardly ever plays, why do you come to  
every game?

CARRIE

Because I'm crazy.

DOUG BLOWS A KISS TO CARRIE AS HE RUNS UP THE FLOOR.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Crazy in love.

END ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. CAR - NIGHT (DAY 5)

(DOUG, CARRIE, ARTHUR)

AS CARRIE DRIVES, DOUG RIDES IN THE PASSENGER SEAT  
HOLDING A GIANT TROPHY.

ARTHUR RIDES IN BACK EATING.

DOUG

I can't look at this. I didn't even  
score a single point.

CARRIE

Hey, without you, they wouldn't have  
gotten to this game.

DOUG

Oh yeah.

ARTHUR

Can you pull over, dear, I think I'm  
going to hurl.

CARRIE

(PULLING OVER)

Really? Who could have guessed that a  
four-hour-old yogurt burrito that you  
picked out of the trash would make you  
sick?

ARTHUR

Actually, I never found my burritos.



CARRIE

Then what are you eating?

ARTHUR

I had them whip something up for me at that Korean donut shop around the corner.

(BEAT)

Long story short, don't ever special order a kimchi Danish.

ARTHUR LEANS OUT OF THE CAR.

END OF SHOW