

MARRIED... WITH CHILDREN

"The Stepford Bundy"

Written By

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ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

INT. BUNDY LIVING ROOM - DAY

IT'S A MESS. CLOTHES EVERYWHERE. PEG ENTERS
FROM UPSTAIRS LOOKING A BIT SHAKEN. SHE
YAWNS LOUDLY.

PEGGY

Al, how did you manage to sleep?

I was up all night.

AL

You were laying at my side, Peg.

It wasn't that hard.

PEGGY

(SIGHING)

It never is. (BEAT)

Promise me we'll never watch
another horror movie before bed.

AL

Peg, it was a Donna Reed festival.

PEGGY

I know. All that cooking and
cleaning gave me nightmares.

AL

It was totally unrealistic, Peg.
Something like that could never
happen in real life.

(AL PUTS ONE FOOT UP ON THE COFFEE TABLE TO TIE HIS SHOELACE)

PEGGY

You're right. Get your feet off the coffee table! Your shoes might get dirty.

AL

They wouldn't if you vacuumed, Peg.

PEG

So many things suck in our lives already. Why should I bother turning on the Hoover? Besides, I've got a poker game with the girls.

AL

Oh, no. You're not gambling away my entire hard-earned salary.

PEGGY

It's only half. The other five dollars goes for groceries.

AL

You don't have any luck gambling. Remember our honeymoon? Vegas?

PEGGY

I wasn't the idiot who lost twenty bucks on that broken cigarette machine.

AL

Peg, I want you to stay home.

PEGGY

Al, why can't you understand my
need to bond with other women?

AL

For the same reason you can't
understand mine.

(BUD AND KELLY ENTER FROM UPSTAIRS)

BUD

Can not!

KELLY

Can too!

BUD

Can not!

KELLY

Can too!

BUD

Can not!

KELLY

Can too!

PEGGY

What's going on, kids? Kelly,
you haven't been this upset since the
high-school canceled co-ed gym.

BUD

Mom, I gave Kelly the Bundy Challenge.
I say she can't stay away from guys
for 24 hours.

KELLY

I can too!

PEGGY

Kelly, dear, didn't I teach you it
was wrong to lie? Unless, of course,
you really don't have a headache.

AL

Kids, your mother and I are having
a serious discussion.

BUD

I take it it's not about your sex life.
(PEGGY RUMMAGES THROUGH THE DESK FOR SOMETHING)

PEGGY

No, Bud. Your father has this silly
idea that I'm gonna do housework.

KELLY

Daddy, I heard that using household
cleaners is harmful to the Earth.

AL

Your mother's certainly done her
part to keep the planet green, Kelly.
She hasn't cleaned out the fridge in six months.

BUD

I'm not insensitive to environmental issues, Mom. I'm the only one in this house who conserves water.

KELLY

Not flushing the toilet doesn't count.

PEGGY

(FRUSTRATED)

Bud, Kelly, have you seen the playing cards? I can't find them anywhere.

BUD

Kelly, weren't you and that dude with the Harley using them last night?

KELLY

Oh, yeah, for strip poker. (CAUGHT)
They're in the closet, Mom.

(CAR HORN BEEPS)

PEGGY

That's the bus, kids. Better hurry.

AL

Peg, all I ask is that you be like the other housewives on the block.

PEGGY

I would, Al, but you won't let me use the handcuffs in bed.

AL

I would, Peg, but you won't let me use the other housewives. I'm going to work. Don't gamble my life away.

PEGGY

Don't worry. We only play for things that have value.

(AL, BUD, KELLY EXIT. PEG OPENS CLOSET DOOR AND RUMMAGES ON THE SHELF ABOVE)

PEGGY (CON'T)

Oh, there they are!

(SUDDENLY, A BOWLING BALL FALLS OFF THE SHELF AND KNOCKS PEG UNCONSCIOUS. SHE FALLS TO THE FLOOR. AFTER A MOMENT, SHE GETS UP, SLIGHTLY DAZED. SHE SPEAKS AND MOVES IN DONNA REED-STYLE)

PEGGY (CON'T)

What--, what happened?

(SHE RUBS HER HEAD)

PEGGY (CON'T)

Ouch!

(SHE LOOKS AROUND. SHE'S IMMEDIATELY DISGUSTED BY HER SURROUNDINGS)

PEGGY (CON'T)

Look at this place! It's a pigsty!

And these clothes! What would

Donna Reed say?

(SHE GETS UP AND LOOKS IN THE MIRROR. SHE SCREAMS)

PEGGY (CON'T)

A hairdo from hell! How did I
end up looking so cheap and tacky?

(SHE PUTS HER HANDS ON HER HIPS)

PEGGY (CON'T)

(DETERMINED)

Looks like I've really got my
work cut out for me.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

IT'S SPOTLESS. PEG ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS CARRYING A BROOM. SHE'S DRESSED EXACTLY LIKE DONNA REED -- COMPLETE WITH WIG AND APRON. SHE FLUFFS A FEW PILLOWS. BUD AND KELLY ENTER THROUGH FRONT DOOR.

BUD

I knew you couldn't keep
your hands off the guys at
school, Kelly!

KELLY

You didn't say anything about
the teachers, Bud!

BUD

One more slip-up, and I
automatically win.

PEGGY

Kids! Welcome home! How was
your day at school?

(KELLY AND BUD LOOK AT PEG, DUMBFOUNDED)

BUD

Kell, do you notice something strange
about Mom?

KELLY

Yeah. She never asks us how school
was.

BUD

No, dummy. What's that long thing she's holding?

KELLY

I don't know. I've never seen anything like it before in my life. Well, almost never.

BUD

Whatcha got there, Mom?

PEGGY

Why, this is a broom, Bud. You use it to sweep the floor.

BUD

Something's definitely wrong.

KELLY

And check out that get-up. Hey, Mom, nifty hairdo.

PEGGY

Thank you, Kelly. I barely had time to make my appointment -- in between the vacuuming, the cleaning and the grocery shopping --

KELLY & BUD

You bought food!

(KELLY AND BUD LOOK AT EACH OTHER)

BUD

Quick -- before Dad gets home!

(BUD AND KELLY RACE TO THE REFRIGERATOR. THEY OPEN IT. IT'S COMPLETELY STOCKED)

BUD

Wow! I don't believe it!

KELLY

And look -- the expiration dates are for this year!

(BUD REMOVES A BOX)

BUD

Tarts! Mom must have been thinking of you when she bought these. And your favorite flavor, too! BOYS-enberry!

KELLY

Get a life, geek-child.

BUD

Not into junk food? Okay. Here, have a few cucumbers instead.

PEGGY

Kids, don't fill up on snacks. It'll ruin your supper.

BUD

Supper? How lucky can one family get in a single day?

(BUD AND KELLY EXIT UPSTAIRS. AL ENTERS THROUGH FRONT DOOR. HE LOOKS AROUND LIVING ROOM, BUT DOESN'T RECOGNIZE IT)

AL

Oh, excuse me. I thought this was my house.

(AL STARTS TO EXIT)

PEGGY

Al, dear. This is your house.

AL

(SQUINTING)

Peg? Is that you, or Donna Reed
with bigger boobs?

PEGGY

It's me, Al.

(AL ENTERS)

AL

I thought her movies scared you.
Now you're dressing like her?

PEGGY

Donna's an inspiration. I can only
aspire to match her domestic skills.

AL

That must have been one hell of a
poker game, Peg.

PEGGY

Poker? Do I look like the poker type?
I'm a housewife.

AL

Oh, yeah? Since when?

PEGGY

Don't be silly! You know I thrive on making you happy.

AL

If that was true, you would have told me I wasn't the father.

PEGGY

Things are going to be different, Al. I'm going to fulfill your every wish.

AL

(HOPEFULLY)

Really? Why don't we start by sleeping in separate beds?

PEGGY

If that's what you'd like.

AL

(SUSPICIOUSLY)

Wait a minute. This isn't something you read in one of those "women's" magazines to get me to have sex with you, is it?

PEGGY

Of course not. The only women's magazine I'm interested in is Better Homes and Gardens.

AL

(CONFUSED)

You're saying you're gonna clean the house, stock my fridge, wash my filthy, stinky underwear, and sleep in a separate bed?

PEGGY

You forgot the part about the hot meals every night.

AL

You're kidding, right Peg? Last time you turned on the stove was to light a cigarette.

PEGGY

This is the new Peg Bundy. Caring, loyal, and more obedient than ever. Now sit down. I'm gonna remove the lint from between your toes.

AL

(TO HEAVEN)

I don't know what's gotten into her, but thank you, Donna Reed, wherever you are.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

BUD, KELLY AND AL ARE SEATED AT THE PERFECTLY SET TABLE. PEG IS SERVING THEM. KELLY PICKS UP A FORK.

PEGGY

No, Kelly. The big fork is for the entree, the little fork is for the salad.

KELLY

Why do we have to know all this crap anyway, Mom?

PEGGY

Honey, it's important. I want you to grow up to be a lady.

BUD

Then you're gonna have to work really fast, Mom.

(BUD STARTS TO EAT WITH THE SERVING SPOON)

PEGGY

Bud, we don't eat with the serving spoon. Other people have to use it, too.

BUD

Oh, sorry.

(BUD WIPES THE SPOON ON THE TABLECLOTH AND SHOVES IT BACK INTO THE BOWL)

PEGGY

Oh, Al, how have we ever managed
to get through a meal before?

AL

(CHEWING)

With our fingers.

(AL HANDS PEG HIS EMPTY PLATE)

AL (CON'T)

More.

BUD

Me, too.

KELLY

And me.

PEGGY

My, I've never seen you eat like
this.

AL

You've never served anything edible
before.

BUD

(SOTTO; TO AL)

Do you think we should call a doctor?

AL

You crazy, Bud? We don't want her
cured.

KELLY

(REALIZING)

Maybe that's not Mom. Maybe the real Mom was kidnapped by aliens. They've probably got her strapped down naked on an examining table with their little hands probing her entire body.

AL

If that's the case, kitten, your mother's never coming back.

BUD

I like her this way better. She'll do anything. Watch. Oh, Mom...?

PEGGY

Yes, Bud, dear?

BUD

After you've finished scrubbing the greasy pots and pans, will you do my Trigonometry?

PEGGY

Just as soon as I'm finished typing Kelly's book report, honey.

BUD

I didn't know Playgirl had stories, Kell.

AL

Bud! Kelly! I won't let you take
advantage of your mother! That's what
I married her for.

(THE DOORBELL RINGS. PEG RUNS TO ANSWER IT)

PEGGY

Everybody keep eating!
I'll get it!

(PEG OPENS DOOR. MARCY ENTERS. SHE'S FLUSTERED)

PEGGY

Marcy! Pull up a chair and join us
for some dinner.

(BUD, AL AND KELLY QUICKLY COVER THEIR FOOD)

MARCY

I can't, Peg. I'm too upset to
eat. Besides, I'm on a strict
mold-free diet.

PEGGY

What's wrong?

MARCY

It's that guy Mark I've been seeing
at the bank. We've gone out five times
now and nothing's happened. I can't
even get him to go to first base
with me.

AL

Marcy, you couldn't get Steve Garvey
to go to first base with you.

MARCY

Oh, look -- it's Al Bundy -- the talking
stool sample.

(LOOKING AT PEG)

Peggy, what the hell have you done
with your hair?

PEGGY

It's my new look. To go with the new me.

MARCY

(LOOKING AROUND)

Something's not right here. The place
is immaculate, there's food on the table,
and I haven't gotten a single flea bite.

(REALIZING)

Oh, my God! It's Al! He's only got
six months left!

PEGGY

Heaven forbid!

MARCY

So much for wishful thinking.

AL

How about that grub, woman?

PEGGY

Coming right up, Al.

(TO MARCY)

Look at my family, Marcy. Isn't it
a Norman Rockwell painting?

MARCY

More like Norman Bates. This sweetness
is making me sick, Peggy. I miss the
mindless bickering, the cheap insults,
the endless friction.

BUD

So does Kelly.

PEGGY

Excuse me, Marcy. Al and the kids are
waiting for seconds.

(PEG RUNS INTO KITCHEN)

MARCY

All right, Bundy, what have you done
to her?

AL

Huh?

MARCY

She's obviously been traumatized. What'd
you do? Slip her a halucenogenic? Walk
naked through the bedroom?

AL

Marcy, Peg's performing her wifely duties. Maybe if you'd done the same for Steve, he wouldn't have left you.

MARCY

Don't lecture me about duties, Al Bundy. I cooked, I cleaned, I provided that man with kinky sex every night of the week.

AL

That's why he left.

MARCY

Peg, are you going to let him sit there and insult me?

(PEGGY CARRIES THREE FULL PLATES TO THE TABLE)

PEGGY

Al can say whatever he wants, Marcy. He wears the pants in this family.

(TO AL)

That reminds me, dear, your slacks are pressed and hanging in the closet.

AL

I'd call Ripley's Believe It Or Not, but even they wouldn't believe it.

PEGGY

Here we go. One for Bud, one for
Kelly, and one for the man who
makes my heart go thud, thud, thud.

MARCY

Peggy, I think I'm gonna puke on
your freshly vacuumed carpet.

(ON EVERYONE'S HORRIFIED FACE WE)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE FOUR

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

KELLY IS ON THE PHONE, SPEAKING IN WHISPERS.

KELLY

I can't see you till this afternoon,
Rocco. That's when I win my brother's
stupid bet about staying away from
guys for 24 hours. (BEAT) No, that
doesn't count! I had to go in the
boy's locker room to find my lab partner.

(BUD ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS)

Gotta go, bye.

(KELLY HANGS UP. BUD CHECKS HIS WATCH)

BUD

Just about five hours left, Kell.
Think you can survive without a
guy?

KELLY

Sure. All I have to do is stare at
you. I'll be cured for life.

(DOORBELL RINGS. KELLY OPENS DOOR, REVEALING A
GORGEOUS GUY IN A SAILOR UNIFORM)

SAILOR

Strip-O-Gram for Miss Kelly Bundy.

(KELLY STARES AT BUD)

BUD

I knew you liked a man in uniform,
but I knew you'd like him better
out of it.

KELLY

(TO BUD)

You creep.

(TO SAILOR)

Could you come back tonight? Say,
after five?

SAILOR

Aye, aye.

(KELLY SHUTS THE DOOR AS AL ENTERS FROM BACK YARD)

AL

Ah, there's nothing like the smell
of fresh-cut grass. Especially when
your mother's the one pushing that
mower across the lawn. Where is The
Happy Homemaker anyway?

BUD

I think she's cleaning the bathtub.
She was carrying a blowtorch.

KELLY

Tell her to hurry, I've got to take
a cold shower.

(DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN. KELLY OPENS THE DOOR REVEALING A DELIVERY BOY. HE'S HOLDING A RATHER OBSCENE-LOOKING CACTUS)

DELIVERY BOY

Delivery for Miss Kelly Bundy.

(KELLY TURNS TO BUD)

KELLY

Let me guess, it's from you.

BUD

Kell, this bet seems to be making you a little tense. I thought a nice potted plant would keep your mind off things.

(KELLY TURNS BACK TO THE DELIVERY BOY)

KELLY

Give it to someone who really needs it. Like our neighbor Marcy Rhoades.

(KELLY SLAMS THE DOOR IN HIS FACE)

AL

I hope you kids are proud of your old Dad for marrying someone so multi-talented.

BUD

We're just beaming, right, Kell?

KELLY

That's your acne flaring up.

AL

Let's face it, I could have
knocked up any teenage bimbo in the
back of my Chevy, but I chose your
mother.

(DOORBELL RINGS. KELLY RUNS AWAY FROM THE DOOR)

KELLY

I am not opening that door.

(MARCY ENTERS THROUGH FRONT DOOR CARRYING A BUNDLE
OF LAUNDRY WITH A BROAD SMILE ON HER FACE)

MARCY

Morning.

AL

Why are you so happy? Finally sell
your mirrors?

MARCY

No, just a little pick-me-up from the
F.T.D. man. Where's Peggy?

AL

Doing what comes naturally to
all women.

MARCY

Throwing darts at a photo of you?

AL

What do you want, Marcy?

MARCY

I'm off to work. I was wondering if Peggy could toss these into the washer, cold water, gentle cycle, tumble dry with an anti-static sheet, and iron with light starch?

AL

I thought you were opposed to my wife doing household chores.

MARCY

Well, I thought it would be okay, considering what a vigorous cleaning campaign she's on.

AL

You thought wrong, sister. Peg's our slave and you can't have her.

(SUDDENLY INSPIRED)

Unless, or course...you pay!

MARCY

That's despicable, Al Bundy! Making money off of your wife's hard work.

I'll have no part of it!

(MARCY STORMS TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT. THERE'S A LINE OF PEOPLE CARRYING BASKETS OF DIRTY LAUNDRY)

AL

The Salvation Army's downtown.

WOMAN

Word around the neighborhood is that
Peg Bundy's got a laundry service.

AL

(CONFUSED)

That sure traveled fast.

(AL LOOKS AROUND. BUD SMILES FROM THE KITCHEN
WAVING THE PHONE RECEIVER MOCKINGLY AT MARCY)

AL (CON'T)

(PROUDLY)

My son, the entrepreneur.

(PEG ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS WEARING PROTECTIVE GOGGLES)

KELLY

Are you done yet, Mom?

PEGGY

No, honey. The blow-torch just
isn't working on the shower. I
think I need a jackhammer.

KELLY

It'll have to wait. If I don't get
in there, my underwear's going to
catch fire.

BUD

Don't worry, Kell. You've still got
that pair with the bullseye on it.

(KELLY RUNS UP THE STAIRS AND EXITS. PEG SEES
THE CROWD)

PEGGY

Oh, company! Let me put a pot of
coffee on. Who wants decaf?

(THE NEIGHBORS START TO PILE IN AND FOLLOW
PEG TO THE KITCHEN. AL AND BUD SMILE
CONSPIRATORIALLY. MARCY'S FURIOUS)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

AL, BUD AND KELLY ARE SITTING AT THE KITCHEN TABLE.
AL IS COUNTING A VERY LARGE PILE OF MONEY.

AL

...98, 98, 100 dollars!

KELLY

Gee, Dad, Mom made more in four
hours than you make in a week.

BUD

At this rate, I'll be able to go
to any college. And Kelly, you
can attend the beauty school
of your choice.

(DOORBELL RINGS)

PEGGY (O.C.)

I'll get it!

(PEG ENTERS FROM UPSTAIRS. THERE ARE STACKS OF
CLEAN LAUNDRY LINED UP BY THE DOOR. PEG OPENS
DOOR. AN OLD MAN ENTERS)

PEGGY

Hi, Mr. Miller! I've got your laundry
all ready to go.

(PICKING UP A BUNDLE)

Let's see -- whites, colors, hand-
washables, and, oh --

(IN CONFIDENCE)

PEGGY (CON'T)

-- the stains washed right out of
that nurse's uniform.

MILLER

(EMBARRASSED)

Thank you.

(MILLER DIGS INTO HIS POCKET FOR MONEY. AL RUNS
OVER TO INTERCEPT)

AL

Peg, why don't you sit down and
rest a minute? I'd like a word
with Mr. Miller.

PEGGY

Gee, thanks, honey.

(PEG SITS ON COUCH)

AL

Okay, Miller, that's twenty bucks.

MILLER

This is highway robbery, Bundy!
How do you think the police would
feel knowing you're operating an
illegal laundromat out of your house?

AL

How do you think the PTA would feel
knowing the high-school principal is
a cross-dresser?

MILLER

Got change for a fifty?

(THEY EXCHANGE MONEY. MILLER EXITS)

AL

Come on, kids, let's go shopping.

I'm gonna treat you to something
you've never had before.

KELLY

(EXCITED)

Toothpaste?

AL

How 'bout we go crazy and splurge
on brushes, too?

BUD

All right!

KELLY

Dad, you are so cool.

AL

Peg, you need anything? Bleach?
Sponges? Steel wool pads?

PEGGY

No, thanks, dear. You and the kids
have fun. I'll just tidy up a bit.

AL

Don't you ever change, Peg.

(AL, BUD AND KELLY EXIT. PEG FLUFFS A PILLOW.
THE FRONT DOOR OPENS A CRACK AND MARCY SLIPS IN)

MARCY

Peggy! I came over as soon as I saw them leave.

PEGGY

You need some blouses done, Marce? I can have them ready in an hour.

MARCY

No. I came over here to make a confession. I've done a very bad thing. I'm totally responsible for all the work Al's got you doing.

PEGGY

Work? What's a few loads of laundry between neighbors?

MARCY

You don't understand. It all started when I came over here with a full hamper. It was extremely selfish of me to expect you to do my wash. I violated a sisterly bond.

PEGGY

Oh, Marcy, you're too hard on yourself. Let me squeeze us some lemonade.

(PEG GOES TO KITCHEN)

MARCY

(FLUSTERED)

I'm dealing with a Stepford Bundy.

(MARCY PACES AROUND. SHE TRIPS OVER SOMETHING)

MARCY (CON'T)

Ouch! What was that?

(SHE PICKS UP AL'S BOWLING BALL)

MARCY (CON'T)

Peg, I just tripped over Al's --

(MARCY'S NOSE CATCHES A SCENT. SHE CAUTIOUSLY
SNIFFS THE BOWLING BALL)

MARCY (CON'T)

How strange... this bowling ball
smells exactly like Peggy's hairspray.

(BEAT) Wait a minute! I'll bet she
has amnesia! This ball must have
hit her on the head and turned her
into the perfect housewife!

(PEG COMES BACK WITH TWO GLASSES OF LEMONADE.
MARCY HIDES THE BOWLING BALL BEHIND HER BACK)

PEGGY

Here we go.

MARCY

Peggy, one of my contacts just popped
out and rolled underneath the couch.
Would you mind getting it for me?

PEGGY

Of course not.

(PEG GETS ON HER KNEES AND LOOKS UNDER THE COUCH)

MARCY

(SNEERING)

You're out of business, Al Bundy.

(MARCY STEPS INTO THE KITCHEN. SHE BRINGS THE BALL OUT AND POSITIONS HERSELF LIKE A PRO BOWLER)

MARCY (CON'T)

Peg, this is going to hurt Al and
the kids more than it will you...

(MARCY RELEASES THE BALL IN A FANCY TOURNAMENT MOVE. WE HEAR THE BALL ROLLING. MARCY SQUINTS. WE HEAR A THUD. MARCY SLOWLY OPENS HER EYES. PEG RISES TO HER FEET RUBBING HER HEAD)

PEGGY

Ow!

MARCY

Peggy, are you all right?

PEGGY

I don't think so.

MARCY

Is it your head?

PEGGY

No! I broke a nail.

(MARCY HUGS PEG)

MARCY

You're back! Oh, Peggy, you're back! But wait! I have a very important question to ask.

PEGGY

What?

MARCY

What's your honest opinion of Donna Reed?

(PEG RECOILS)

PEGGY

Marcy, you know I hate her and everything she stands for.

MARCY

Thank God! You've turned back into your old self!

PEGGY

What are you talking about, Marcy?

(MARCY BRINGS PEGGY TO THE MIRROR. PEGGY LOOKS AT HERSELF AND SCREAMS)

MARCY

You'd better sit down for this.

PEGGY

You know, Marce, for the first time in my life I understand what it feels like to be Kelly. I have absolutely no idea what's going on...

(THEY SIT ON THE COUCH AS WE DISSOLVE TO:)

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

(PEG'S PACING THE KITCHEN SMOKING A CIGARETTE. SHE'S VERY AGITATED. STILL DRESSED LIKE DONNA REED. SHE HEARS THE DOOR UNLOCK AND TOSSES CIGARETTE INTO THE SINK. SHE FRANTICALLY SPRAYS ROOM DEODORIZER, THEN RUNS TO THE IRONING BOARD JUST AS AL, KELLY AND BUD ENTER)

PEGGY

Welcome home, everyone! Did you have a nice trip to the store?

BUD

Yeah! The best part was we didn't have to pretend we didn't know Dad when he took out his wallet.

PEGGY

You shared a moment on the nine-item-or-less line. Now that's real Bundy bonding.

AL

And what has the little woman been up to?

(PEG LAYS THE IRON DOWN FLAT ON A SHIRT)

PEGGY

(GRITTING HER TEETH)

Well. You know me, Al. Just can't
keep away from the housework. They say
it's like sex -- once you've tried it,
you just can't stop.

BUD

(TO KELLY)

So that explains why your bedroom's
so immaculate.

KELLY

And why yours is covered in 17 years
of dust.

BUD

Say what you will, but in two minutes,
I will have won the bet.

KELLY

If there was a man in the room, I
might be worried.

(BUD LOOKS AT THE IRONING BOARD. SMOKE IS RISING
FROM THE SHIRT)

BUD

Mom! The shirt's on fire!

PEGGY

Oh, no! I'll get some water!

(AL RUNS TO THE IRONING BOARD AND REMOVES IRON.
PEG TOSEES A CUP OF WATER IN HIS FACE)

PEGGY

Oops! I'm so sorry, Al. But look --
you saved the shirt!

(AL HOLDS THE SHIRT UP. THERE'S A SMOLDERING HOLE
IN THE SHAPE OF AN IRON. AL GIVES HER A DIRTY LOOK)

PEGGY

At least the house didn't burn
down! A shirt can be replaced.
The loving memories contained in the
walls of this home cannot. Listen --
can't you just hear them...?

AL

Those are termites, Peg.

PEGGY

Oh. I'll buy some bug spray in the
morning. But right now, everyone
sit down and eat.

(AL, KELLY AND BUD SIT. PEG BRINGS A COVERED
PLATTER OVER TO THE TABLE AND LIFTS THE LID.
THERE'S AN UNCOOKED TURKEY SITTING IN IT)

AL

Uh, Peg, notice something funny
about this turkey?

PEGGY

(REALIZING)

You're right! I forgot the stuffing!

AL

You forgot to cook it! That Oxford
shirt's crisper than this bird.

(THE DOORBELL RINGS. NOBODY MOVES. IT RINGS
AGAIN. THEY ALL LOOK AT PEG)

AL

Aren't you gonna answer it, Peg?

PEGGY

Gee, Al, I should really put this
back in the oven. Could one of you
get it, please?

(NOBODY MOVES. BUD AND AL TURN TO KELLY)

KELLY

Oh, no!

AL

(STERNLY)

Kelly...

(SHE GRUDGINGLY RISES AND GOES TO DOOR)

KELLY

You know, you can't treat me like...
like... like Mom!

(KELLY OPENS DOOR REVEALING THE HOTTEST GUY SHE'S
EVER SEEN. THIS ONE COULD LOSE THE BET FOR HER.
KELLY'S IN LUST)

KELLY (CON'T)

(TO GUY; DREAMILY)

Hi.

GUY

Hi, I'm here to pick something up.

KELLY

You're lookin' at it.

PEGGY

Kelly, dear, he's here for his laundry.

KELLY

Oh.

(BUD CHECKS HIS WATCH)

BUD

(SING-SONG)

Be careful, Kell. The 24 hours aren't
over yet.

KELLY

How much longer, loser?

BUD

Ten seconds. You'll never make it.

(KELLY STANDS FRUSTRATED WITH HER ARMS FOLDED,
EXCHANGING LUSTFUL GLANCES WITH THE GUY. BUD
COUNTS DOWN)

BUD (CON'T)

Nine, eight -- you're weakening --
seven, six -- you're gonna grab his body --

(KELLY KEEPS MOVING CLOSER TO THE GUY)

-- five, four, three, two --
c'mon, Kell, this is no time to
turn into Mother Theresa... One!

(KELLY LUNGES AT THE GUY. THEY KISS.
PEG HANDS THE GUY HIS LAUNDRY. BUD COLLAPSES ONTO
THE COUCH IN DESPAIR)

BUD

Noooooo!

KELLY

I won! I won! Hey wait -- what
exactly did I win?

BUD

Self-respect?

KELLY

Forget it, I'll take him instead.

PEGGY

What a lovely door prize, Kelly.
You kids run along and have fun.

(KELLY AND THE GUY EXIT)

BUD

(CRUSHED)

She did it! I don't believe it!

(AL SITS ON THE COUCH NEXT TO BUD)

AL

Bud, my son, sometimes females are
a mystery. Take your mother, for
example. Who would have guessed in
a million years that she'd learn to
obey my every command?

PEGGY

I'm so sorry about dinner, Al.

Will you forgive me?

AL

What do you think, Bud?

BUD

You're running her ragged, Dad.

Hemmorhoid sufferers sit down

more often than she does.

AL

Maybe I have been a little hard on

you, Peg. What do you say I take

you out for a burger?

PEG

You mean it, Al?

AL

Sure. The mother of my children

deserves a gourmet meal.

PEGGY

Oh, I'm the luckiest woman in the whole

world! It's been ages since I've had

any real beef.

AL

Finish all your chores?

PEGGY

Thanks for reminding me, dear.

There is one more thing I have
to take care of.

AL

That a girl.

(PEG REACHES FOR THE VACUUM. SHE TURNS IT ON AND
AIMS IT AT AL. ALL THE DIRT BLOWS OUT ONTO HIM,
COVERING HIS ENTIRE BODY. AL'S IN SHOCK)

AL

What's going on, Peg? First the
shirt, then dinner, and now this!
What have you got to say for
yourself?

(PEG RIPS OFF THE DONNA REED WIG)

PEGGY

(A LA POLTERGEIST)

I'm baaaaaaaaaack!

(PEGGY LAUGHS WILDLY. ON AL'S HORRIFIED FACE WE)

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE THREE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

ONCE AGAIN, IT'S A DISASTER AREA. CLOTHES EVERYWHERE. BUD AND KELLY ARE SITTING ON THE COUCH WATCHING TV. AL ENTERS FROM DOWNSTAIRS. HIS SLEEVES ARE ROLLED UP. HE'S CARRYING A BOX OF LAUNDRY DETERGENT.

AL

Kids, you gotta help me. Am I supposed to separate the whites and colors?

KELLY

This is the 90's, Dad, don't be such a racist.

BUD

He was talking about the laundry, dimwit.

KELLY

Did you ruin another load, Daddy?

AL

Yes, pumpkin, but Daddy has a solution. He's having the rest of it cleaned by a professional.

(AL OPENS THE CLOSET DOOR AND TAKES OUT A COFFEE CAN. HE CHECKS IT. IT'S EMPTY)

AL

Oh God -- the money! Our laundry trust fund! It's gone!

KELLY

Mom took it. After all, she earned it.

AL

How am I ever gonna get this done now?

BUD

Face it, Dad. The Bundy Coin-Op is history. Ever since Mom turned back into her lazy old self, business has dropped 100%.

AL

But I was counting on an early retirement!

BUD

Forget it. You're lookin' at two years of overtime to pay for damages to those hand washables alone.

AL

Kelly, check TV Guide. Maybe there's another Donna Reed festival this week.

(AL SNEAKS OVER TO THE DOOR. HE OPENS IT FOR A PEEK. WE HEAR AN ANGRY CROWD)

CROWD (O.C.)

We want our laundry! We want our laundry!

AL

The lynch mob's still out there. And look at their leader. He is one mean looking guy.

(KELLY LOOKS OUT THE DOOR)

KELLY

That's Mrs. Rhoades, Dad.

(AL CLOSES DOOR. HE PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND KELLY AND BUD)

AL

Well, at least I've got my kids
here to comfort me.

(BUD AND KELLY HEAD FOR THE STAIRS)

BUD

I'd love to stay and offer moral
support, Dad, but I'm a Bundy.
See ya later.

KELLY

And I just have more important
things to do.

(BUD AND KELLY EXIT UPSTAIRS. AL READS THE
DETERGENT BOX. PEGGY ENTERS FROM OUTSIDE.
SHE'S DRESSED LIKE HER OLD SELF, WITH HER OLD
HAIRDO. SHE'S CARRYING A BROWN PAPER BAG)

AL

Peg, thank God you're home! The
neighbors have turned against me.

PEGGY

I know, Al. They're burning you
in effigy on the front lawn.

AL

What'd you do about it?

PEGGY

Loaned them my cigarette lighter, of course.

AL

You've got to help me, Peg. These vultures want their clothes back.

PEGGY

Why should I? If it weren't for Marcy, you'd still be treating me like trash.

AL

That's not true, Peg. I take trash out.

PEGGY

You took advantage of me, Al. I couldn't even get you to do that on our wedding night.

AL

I'm sorry, Peg. Really. Truly. Now grab a hamper, huh?

PEGGY

Only on one condition.

AL

What?

PEGGY

Before we Fluff & Fold the laundry, you Fluff & Fold me.

AL

Oh, no. You can just forget about it.

(THE CROWD GETS LOUDER)

CROWD (O.C.)

Laundry! Laundry!

PEGGY

You want to tell them that?

(AL RECONSIDERS AS THE CROWD GROWS EVEN LOUDER)

AL

(GRUDGINGLY)

All right. Get upstairs.

PEGGY

Oh, goody! But first...

(PEGGY PICKS AL'S BOWLING BALL OFF THE FLOOR, OPENS THE CLOSET DOOR AND SECURES IT ON THE SHELF. SHE OPENS THE PAPER BAG AND REMOVES A YELLOW HARD HAT. SHE PUTS IT ON HER HEAD)

PEGGY

Okay, I'm ready.

AL

What's that for?

PEGGY

Protection, of course.

AL

You didn't mention anything about
kinky stuff, Peg.

(PEG GRABS AL BY THE HAND AND LAUGHS. THEY
EXIT UPSTAIRS AS WE)

FADE OUT

THE END