

PERFECT STRANGERS

"KNOCK, KNOCK...WHO'S THERE?"

By

DALE Mc RAVEN

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PERFECT STRANGERS"KNOCK, KNOCK...WHO'S THERE?"ACT ONEAINT. RITZ DISCOUNT STORE - DAY

THE STORE DEALS IN FACTORY SECONDS--SHEETS, TOWELS AND CLOTHES THAT ARE IN SOMEWAY FLAWED. THERE ARE ALSO TV'S AND APPLIANCES, SOME FLAWED, SOME JUST USED. SIGNS MARK THE DIFFERENCE. THERE IS A LITTLE BIT OF EVERYTHING, INCLUDING USED FURNITURE, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, SPEAKERS AND AMPLIFIERS. THERE IS A BRASS HAT RACK STANDING BY THE FRONT DOOR. LARRY IS TRYING TO SET UP A DISPLAY. HE'S UNFOLDING A WOODEN AND CANVAS BEACH CHAIR. HE IS UNABLE TO GET IT SET UP PROPERLY. SUSAN ENTERS. SHE'S DRESSED IN HER NURSES UNIFORM. DURING THE FOLLOWING LARRY CONTINUES TRYING TO SET UP THE CHAIR WITH LITTLE LUCK WHILE AT THE SAME TIME TRYING TO MAKE SUSAN THINK NOTHING UNUSUAL IS GOING ON. *

SUSAN

Hi, Larry.

LARRY

Hi, Susan. What brings you here?

I'm not sick, am I?

SUSAN

(KIDDING) No, I hope not. I'm on my lunch break. I just thought I'd drop in and see how you are. *

LARRY

Hey, I'm doing great. Two weeks in the big city. I finally got my apartment set up like a real bachelor pad. Nothing in the frig except beer. Well... there's a bottle of Maalox in there, too. Beer really screws up my stomach. *

SUSAN

Well, that's the price you pay for being a bachelor.

LARRY

Are you kidding? This is a dream come true. I came from a family of eight brothers and sisters. You had to take a number to pet the dog.

SUSAN

Is working in a discount store part of your dream?

LARRY

Allright, it's a discount dream. But until I achieve what I want, this job keeps Maalox in the frig.

SUSAN

Twinkacetti's a terrible landlord. I
can't imagine working for him, too.

LARRY

It's no worse than any other living
hell. But even a man who enjoys
tormenting small animals must have
his good side.

TWINKIE ENTERS, TOSSING HIS HAT ON THE HAT RACK WITHOUT
LOOKING.

TWINKIE

God, I hate the day light.

LARRY

Or not. Hello, Mr. Twinkacetti.

TWINKIE

(SEES SUSAN) Hey, cupcakes, lets go in
my office and renegotiate your rent.

SUSAN

(BRIGHTLY) I'd rather slam a car
door on my fingers.

TWINKIE

(SHRUGS) We can do both. Think about it. *

TWINKIE EXITS TO HIS OFFICE.

LARRY

That man is living proof that
there's a dark side to evolution.

DISSOLVE TO:

BINT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

IT'S A LIVING ROOM, KITCHEN AND DINING ROOM IN ONE. THE ENTRANCE IS UPSTAGE LEFT. THERE IS A HALLWAY LEADING TO THE BEDROOM AND BATHROOM. THERE'S A SOFA WITH A COFFEE TABLE AND TV IN FRONT ON IT. LARRY COMES FROM THE KITCHEN WITH A PITCHER OF PINK LEMONADE AND A BAG OF POTATO CHIPS AND SITS ON THE SOFA. HE TRIES TO TEAR OPEN THE BAG. IT WON'T TEAR. HE TRIES AGAIN. WON'T OPEN. HE TRIES TO TEAR IT WITH HIS TEETH. NO LUCK. FRUSTRATED, HE YANKS AND TEARS AT THE BAG. THE BAG WINS. HE THROWS THE BAG ON THE COFFEE TABLE, PUTS HIS FOOT ON THE TOP SEAM OF THE BAG AND USES BOTH HANDS TO TEAR THE BAG OPEN. NOTHING. LARRY WOULD LIKE TO BEAT UP THE BAG, BUT WITH GREAT EFFORT HE CONTAINS HIMSELF.

LARRY

This must be child-proof. *

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. LARRY GOES TO THE DOOR MUMBLING.

LARRY(CONT'D)

I hope whoever it is brought a chain
saw.

HE OPENS THE DOOR TO REVEAL BALKI BARTOKOMOUS. HE'S WEARING A BACK PACK, A TIED UP CARDBOARD BOX, AND REFERS TO A SCRAP OF PAPER.

BALKI

Am I looking up Lawwy Appleton?

LARRY

Larry Appleton. That's me.

BALKI THROWS HIS ARMS AROUND LARRY AND HUGS HIM.

BALKI

Larry, Larry, Larry! I look every-
where for you. I walk the streets,
I search the alleys. I say to
peoples, "Have you seen Larry?"
You'd be surprised how many people
never heard of you. But I find you
and now I'm safe, I'm safe, I'm
safe!

LARRY

(PATTING BALKI) Yes, now you're
safe. (HOLDS BALKI AT ARMS LENGTH)
Who are you?

BALKI

I am Balki Bartokomous. Philo, my
fifth cousin three times removed, is
a half step uncle to your father on
my mother's side. Two continents
removed.

LARRY

I see. So, we're sort of related by
rumor.

BALKI

Ah, America, land of my dreams...
home of the Whopper. Cousin Philo
tells me, "Balki, when you move to
America, go to Madison, Wisconsin
and look up George Appleton." He's
your father.

LARRY

Yes, that's the story I heard, too.

BALKI

So I say goodbye to Mypos, my tiny
Mediterranean island country, and
get on tramp steamer--tramp, tramp,
tramp--then I get on bus--bus, bus,
bus--and I find your father to move
in. But he says to me, it would be
better to find work in Chicago and
move in with you, so--bus, bus, bus--
- and here I am.

LARRY

(REALIZING) Wait a minute. You
came here to move in with me?

BALKI

I would not just move in with some *
stranger.

LARRY

Balki, look... there is a problem. *

MORE

LARRY (CONT'D)

See, I just moved here myself. This is the first time I've ever lived alone. I actually have my own bachelor pad. Want a beer?

BALKI

No, thank you. What.. are you saying to me?

LARRY

I'm saying... I've lived my whole life with eight brothers and sisters... and it's time... See, I want to live alone. I didn't even know you were coming.

BALKI

Your father didn't call?

LARRY

I'm sure he tried and I just wasn't home.

BALKI

I feel like a fool showing up and bothering you. Well, it was nice meeting you, American cousin. Don't worry about me, I know where I'm going.

LARRY

Where are you going?

BALKI

I don't know. But this is
America...open all night.

LARRY

(GIVING IN) I can't just turn you
out in the cold. You can stay
until...

BALKI

(HUGGING LARRY) Oh, thank you,
thankyou, thankyou, thankyou.

LARRY

No, no. That many thank yous would
be appropriate if you were staying a
long time. A day or two worth of
thanks will be plenty.

BALKI

Thank you. May I kiss you feet?

LARRY

Maybe if it gets colder. Look, you
can stay a couple of days until you
get a job. So, relax and help
yourself to the goodies.

THEY SIT ON THE SOFA AND BALKI PICKS UP THE LEMONADE.

BALKI

What this?

LARRY

Pink lemonade.

BALKI

You have pink lemons? Only in
America! Potato crumbs. My
favorite.

LARRY

Yeah, well, when Reagan gets his
Starwars defense in orbit, maybe'll
he'll laser that sucker open.

DURING THE ABOVE, BALKI WASN'T REALLY LISTENING TO LARRY, HE
HAS PICKED UP THE BAG AND EASILY TORN IT OPEN. LARRY IS
PISSED WHEN HE SEES HOW EFFORTLESSLY BALKI OPENED IT. LARRY
PICKS UP THE TV REMOTE AND TURNS THE TV ON. BALKI CAN'T BELIEVE HIS
EYES..

BALKI

Color TV!

LARRY

Yes. Haven't you seen color TV
before?

BALKI

Of course I have. Don't be
ridiculous. (AMAZED AGAIN) Blue!

LARRY

On second thought, I've seen all
these colors. Red and green are
going to be on later. You might
want to stay up and watch. I think
I'll just hit the sack.

BALKI

I think I'll just hit the sack,
too. I don't have a sack.

LARRY

You can sleep on the sofa. It turns
into a bed.

BALKI

Of course if does. This is
America. Two, two, two mints in
one. And don't worry. Tomorrow I
get a job real fast. I am a
professional.

LARRY

Then you shouldn't have a problem.
What is your profession?

BALKI

(PROUDLY) I am a professional
shepherd!

LARRY GIVES A "WHY ME, GOD?" LOOK AS WE

DISSOLVE TO:

CINT. RITZ DISCOUNT STORE - NEXT DAY

BALKI IS AT THE COUNTER POURING OVER WANT ADS IN THE PAPER.
LARRY IS OPENING UP THE STORE.

BALKI

This is crazy. A big city like
Chicago, and there is not one
advertisement in here for a
sheepherder. *

LARRY

That's the way it goes. Last week
there were pages of them. What else
do you do?

BALKI

(INDIGNANT) I am a sheepherder! My
father was a sheepherder!

MORE

BALKI (CONT'D)

My father's father was a
shepherd. My father's father's
father was a...

LARRY

I got the picture. But sometimes,
in America, you don't always get
what you what you want right away.
For example, I want to be a
photojournalist. But then, I've
taken this job to pay the bills.
You'll have to get a job until an
untended flock pops up.

THE PHONE RINGS AND LARRY PICKS IT UP.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello, the Ritz. What?
Susan, calm down. It's only a
mouse. They're cute. Think of
Mickey. Mickey wouldn't run up your
leg. Okay, okay, I'll be right
up. (HANGS UP) I have to run
upstairs and protect Susan's legs
from rodents. Balki, I have a big
favor to ask of you.

BALKI

You want me to watch the store.

LARRY

Yes. No. I want you to watch the store and do nothing else. Can you do that?

BALKI

(MIFFED) You are not exactly pushing me to my outer limits.

LARRY

Just... stand there. That's the idea.

LARRY LEAVES. A MAN IS LOOKING AT A CHAIR IN B.G.

MAN

Excuse me. I'm interested in this chair. How much is it?

BALKI STARTS TO GO TO THE MAN, THEN REALIZES HE CAN'T MOVE.

BALKI

What does the price tag say?

MAN

Well... you don't go by what the price tag says.

BALKI

Of course not. Don't be ridiculous. What do you go by?

MAN

We'll negotiate. You are the head man here, aren't you?

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(C)

BALKI

Of course I am. Come over here to me. I'm
not allowed to move.

DISSOLVE TO:

DINT. RITZ - DAY - AN HOUR LATER

BALKI IS SINGING "WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT" AND DUSTING. LARRY ENTERS.

BALKI

Cousin Larry, do you notice anything different?

LARRY

No.

BALKI

I sold the chair, that fan, and that brass coat rack.

LARRY

(SUPRISED) You did?

BALKI

All without moving.

LARRY

That's... a couple of hundred dollars worth of stuff.

BALKI

(PROUDLY) Needless to say, I've
been wasting my time poking animals
up a hill with a stick. And here's
the money.

BALKI TAKES SOME BILLS OUT OF HIS POCKET AND GIVES THEM TO
LARRY.

LARRY

Forty-five dollars. Where's the
rest?

BALKI

That's it.

LARRY

There were price tags on that stuff!

BALKI

You don't charge what's on the price
tags.

LARRY

You don't?

BALKI

Of course not. Don't be
ridiculous. I bartered, like we do
at the Mypos marketplace.

*

LARRY

*

Balki, don't you know what you've
done to me?

BALKI

*

Yes. And you're welcome. You know,
I think I should look for a job
as a saleperson.

*

LARRY

*

(UPSET) Stick around. When
Twinkacetti fires me, you can apply
for my job.

ON LARRY'S LOOK, WE

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEFADE IN:INT- RITZ DISCOUNT STORE - DAY- MINUTES LATER

LARRY IS MORE RESIGNED, NOW. BALKI IS UPSET WITH HIMSELF.

BALKI

Cousin Larry, I'm so sorry. Maybe
Mr. Twinkacetti won't notice those
things are missing.

LARRY

But you sold his hat rack. The
first thing he does every day is
come in and put his hat on that
rack. *

TWINKIE ENTERS READING A RACING FORM. HE'S GROUCHY, AS USUAL.

TWINKIE

It's the same damn thing every
day. Sun light! It gets old.

TWINKIE TAKES OFF HIS HAT AND THROWS IT OVER HIS SHOULDER.
LARRY THINKING FAST, GRABS A CANE AND CATCHES TWINKIE'S HAT.
TWINKIE LOOKS UP FROM HIS FORM TO SEE BALKI.

TWINKIE (CONT'D)

Buy something or get out. Where's the yo-yo? *

BALKI POINTS TO LARRY. LARRY, STILL HOLDING THE CANE AND HAT,
GRINS LIKE A CAT CAUGHT WITH THE CANARY.

LARRY

Hi, Mr. Twinkacetti. Rotten day,
isn't it? *

TWINKIE

Why are you holding my hat on a stick?

LARRY

Technically, it's a cane.

TWINKIE

Technically, you're a jerk. Where's
my hat rack?

BALKI

(CONFESSING) Mr. Twinkacetti, I sold it. *

TWINKIE

Who are you?

BALKI

My name is Balki. I'm Larry's
cousin. Phillo...

TWINKIE

(INTERRUPTING) Who cares? (TO
LARRY) Why is he selling stuff?

LARRY

Wanna hear a crazy story?

TWINKIE

No! Where's my money?

LARRY HANDS TWINKIE THE MONEY, WHICH HE COUNTS.

TWINKIE (CONT'D)

Forty-five bucks? That hat rack was solid brass. Where's the other thirty?

BALKI

That was my mistake. But to make it up, I won't charge you for the hour I worked.

TWINKIE

What a swell guy! I want the rest of my money.

LARRY

Mr. Twinkacetti, he doesn't have it.

BALKI

But I could pay you back if you gave me a job. I'm a good fix-it man.

TWINKIE

Who cares!

LARRY

(ASIDE TO BALKI) You can fix things?

BALKI

(SHRUGS) Why not? I'm young.

LARRY

Actually, if you fixed up some of
the used things you take in, you
could sell them for more money.
It's a good idea.

TWINKIE

If I want to hear a good idea, I'll
go to a smarter source than you.
Like a wedge of cheese.

BALKI

I can fix anything. Once my
grandmama broke her little finger
into silly putty. It hung there all
limp and dangly. I could flip her
finger and it would spin like
tassels on a belly dancer. And she
would say, "Balki...don't do
that." Anyway, I make a cast of mud
and put it on her finger and let it
dry in the hot sun. Six months
later I take off the cast and --What
do you think? The finger is no more
limp and dangly. To this day it
won't bend... at all. It sticks out
like a nail in a board.

TWINKIE

I like that story. Now, get out!

*

LARRY

Mr. Twinkacetti, give him a
chance. How else can he pay you
back?

TWINKIE SEES AN OLD, CONSOLE RADIO THAT WAS NEW IN THE 30'S.

TWINKIE

Okay, I'll give him a test. Here.
If he can fix this old radio, he's
got the job.

LARRY

That's not fair. That radio
probably hasn't worked in forty
years.

*

TWINKIE

Take it or leave it.

*

LARRY

He'll take it. (TO BALKI) Can you
fix it?

BALKI

Of course I can. It's probably just
a picture tube.

DISSOLVE TO:

H

INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

LARRY AND SUSAN ARE PLAYING SCRABBLE. LARRY LAYS DOWN SOME TILES.

LARRY

There you go. Fifteen points.

SUSAN

"Mypos?" I challenge that.

LARRY

Mypos is a real country. There's a little corner of it growing on my dining room table.

BALKI ENTERS, NOT SEEING SUSAN.

BALKI

Cousin Larry, I need a break. I never knew fixing a radio would be such quiet work.

*

LARRY

Susan, this is the cousin I told you
about. Balki, meet Susan. She's
our neighbor.

*

BALKI SEES SUSAN AND HE'S INSTANTLY SMITTEN. HIS MOUTH FALLS
OPEN.

SUSAN

Nice to meet you.

BALKI

Would...would it be impolite to ask
if I could be your slave for life?

SUSAN

(EMBARRASSED) Well, gee... I think
that's illegal. (TO LARRY) He's
cute!

BALKI

This cute little Mediterranean boy
means every groveling word. Take me
and do with me as you will.

BALKI FALLS TO HIS KNEES BEFORE SUSAN. LARRY PICKS HIM UP AND
PUSHES HIM TOWARDS THE DOOR.

LARRY

You're embarrassing Susan. Stand
up. Act like a man. Go work on that
radio.

BALKI

Can I take her with me?

LARRY

No!

*

BALKI

*

Then I'll take you in my thoughts,
American goddess.

LARRY

*

Just leave with what little dignity
you have left.

BALKI

I worship your painted toenails.

*

LARRY

Okay, leave without dignity. Just
get out.

*

LARRY FINALLY MANAGES TO PUSH BALKI OUT THE DOOR AND CLOSE IT.

SUSAN

(CALLING) Nice meeting you, too.

*

BALKI STICKS HIS HEAD BACK IN.

*

BALKI

*

I can die happy now.

LARRY PUSHES HIM OUT AND CLOSES THE DOOR.

*

SUSAN

*

(TO LARRY) He grovels great.

LARRY

Sorry. Now I understand why he
doesn't have a crease in his pants.

SUSAN

He's sweet. I hope he gets the job.

LARRY

Susan, they haven't even made parts
for that radio in forty years.

SUSAN

Oh. Then he doesn't have a chance.

LARRY

(CHESHIRE GRIN) I didn't say that.

LARRY PICKS UP A PORTABLE TRANSISTOR RADIO.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Balki doesn't know it, but I'm going to slip this little baby inside that big old radio and, at the proper moment--click--Dance Fever. Twinkie will never know the difference.

SUSAN

(ADMIRINGLY) That's sneaky.

LARRY

I know. I'm very proud.

BALKI ENTERS.

BALKI

Miss Susan, may I have your father's address? Mypos law requires I send him three goats.

LARRY IS VERY EMBARRASSED.

DISSOLVE TO:

J

INT. RITZ DISCOUNT STORE - NEXT MORNING

BALKI IS ASLEEP ON AN EASY CHAIR. WE SEE LARRY THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR ABOUT TO ENTER. HE LOOKS DOWN THE STREET, SEES SOMEONE AND HURRIES INSIDE. HE RUNS TO THE OLD CONSOLE, HIDES HIS TRANSISTOR RADIO INSIDE OF IT. HE STRIKES A CASUAL POSE AS TWINKIE ENTERS.

TWINKIE

Greeting, cheers, top of the
day.

*

LARRY

You're in a good mood.

TWINKIE

And why not? Last night all my
horse accounts paid off. And the
only bookie I owe had a stoke. And
now, I get to laugh in a man's
face. Sounds like a good day to
me. Go for it, sport.

*

LARRY SHAKES BALKI. BALKI SITS UP, BRIGHTLY.

BALKI

Good morning, America!

TWINKIE

Go ahead, grape leaf. Turn on the
radio.

THEY GO TO THE RADIO. BALKI KNEELS BEHIND IT TO MAKE A LAST
MINUTE CHECK.

BALKI

I fell asleep before I got to test
it. But it'll work. Balki fixed
it.

LARRY

(COCKY) You know it'll work, and I
know it'll work (TO TWINKIE), but
you don't. And that's why this is
going to be so much fun. You're
going to be so embarrassed when this
radio works...

BALKI INTERRUPTS AND HOLDS UP LARRY'S ONCE HIDDEN TRANSISTOR
RADIO.

BALKI

Cousin Larry, what's this?

LARRY GIVE BALKI A WITHERING LOOK, THEN SNATCHES HIS RADIO.

TWINKIE

*

Feeble, boy, was that feeble. You
didn't think I would catch on! Turn
it on!

BALKI

Here goes. Make yourself ready.

BALKI TURNS ON THE RADIO. LARRY AND TWINKIE ARE BLASTED BACKWARDS BY A WALL OF 200 DECIBEL ROCK MUSIC WITH SUCH GOOD QUALITY, IT SOUNDS LIKE A 24 TRACK RECORDING STUDIO SOUND SYSTEM. THEY ARE STUNNED AS EVERY PIECE OF GLASS IN THE PLACE, SLOWLY AND ONE BY ONE, SHATTERS--CRYSTAL CHANDELIER BAUBLES, LIGHT BULBS, GLASSES, ETC. ALL SMILES, BALKI TURNS OFF THE RADIO. TWINKIE LOOKS AT THE MESS, STAGGERED.

LARRY

You did it!

BALKI

Of course I did!

LARRY

You actually did it!

BALKI

Of course I actually did!

LARRY

Look at this place. It looks like
Ella Fitzgerald gave a concert.

TWINKIE

I... I don't believe it! That radio
never sounded that good brand new.

A CUSTOMER, WHO WANDERED IN EARLIER, COMES OVER, VERY IMPRESSED.

CUSTOMER

What a great sound. How much do you
want for it?

BALKI

Three hundred!

LARRY

(TOGETHER WITH BALKI) Four hundred!

TWINKIE SILENCES THEM WITH A GESTURE.

TWINKIE

(TO CUSTOMER) Five hundred!

CUSTOMER

You got it. Here's fifty bucks
deposit and go get my truck.

THE CUSTOMER GIVES A FIFTY DOLLAR CASH DEPOSIT AND LEAVES
DURING THE FOLLOWING.

TWINKIE

(TO BALKI) Can you fix any radio?

BALKI

Does Telly Savalas love you, baby?

TWINKIE

My friend, my pal, you not only have
the job, I'll even pay you minimum
wage. Ssh! Ssh! Boys, put this
little goldmine out for our customer
to pick up. (TO LARRY) Better yet,
pin head, do it yourself. We don't
want magic fingers here to
accidently hurt his hands.

*

LARRY MIMICKS HIM.

BALKI

Don't worry, cousin, I help you
anyway.

LARRY

Thank you.

BALKI

I tell you where to put everything.

LARRY REACTS. HE WAS EXPECTING PHYSICAL HELP.

BALKI (CONT'D)

(POINTING) Put the old radio over
there... and put that new amplifier
over there. Then take those two
real big speakers, and be careful
with them. They're expensive.

BALKI IS POINTING TO EQUIPMENT THAT WAS THERE, BUT UNNOTICED
BECAUSE THEY WERE BURIED IN WITH OTHER THINGS. THE SPEAKERS
ARE HUGE. THE LIGHT BEGINS TO DAWN ON LARRY AND TWINKIE.

TWINKIE

You hooked all that stuff up to the
radio?

BALKI

Of course. How else you going to
make that radio work? It was broke.

LARRY

(TRYING TO SOFTEN THE PENDING
WRATH) Mr. Twinkacetti, something
just occurred to me...

TWINKIE

*

I sold a thousand bucks worth of
equipment for five hundred!

LARRY

Damn, it occurred to you, too.

TWINKIE

(TO LARRY) You! You brought him
here. This is all your fault. You
got your walkin' papers, buster!

TWINKIE STORMS INTO HIS OFFICE. LARRY TURNS ON BALKI.

LARRY

Well, I hope you're happy.

BALKI

(HAPPY) Thank you. I hope you are
happy, too.

LARRY

Happy? Call me old-fashioned, but
getting fired does not make me
happy.

*

BALKI

(SHOCKED) Fired? He just gave you
official papers to take a nice walk.

LARRY

That's American for fired. Colorful
language, isn't it?

BALKI

*

(MAD) But he can't do that to you
what is my fault.

BALKI GOES AND BANGS ON TWINKIE'S OFFICE DOOR.

BALKI (CONT'D)999

Mr. Twinkie, you come out there, you
unfair person. And I mean maybe!

TWINKIE COMES OUT, FURIOUS.

TWINKIE

You have something to say before I
pull your tongue out through your
nose?

BALKI

You can't fire cousin Larry. He's a
good person. If he goes, I go!

TWINKIE

That goes without saying. (POINTS
TO DOOR) I want to see heels leading
that way. *

BALKI

Before I go, I want to get a few
things off my neck. You don't know
what kind of fine fellow you are
dumping to the birds. He was always
loyal to you, and you won't find
anyone better. Customers like him
and that's why they keep coming
back. His only mistake was being a
good friend to me. And if you let
this good person walk out the door,
you're making one big mistake, ghost
buster. *

LARRY

Thanks, but you're wasting your
time, Balki. Come on, let's go.

THEY START OUT. TWINKIE FOLLOWS AND STOPS THEM.

TWINKIE

Wait a minute. I was just thinkin' about
what the turnip said. I'd be stupid to
let either one of you guys walk out that
door. You're both hired again.

LARRY

(SUSPICIOUS) We are? Why?

BALKI

Don't be ridiculous. It's because
he sees we're both good persons.

TWINKIE

Yes. No. It's because you're out
of work persons. If you're not
workin', I can't take ten dollars a
week out of your pay for the stereo
stuff; and the hat rack, and this
mess. Gentlemen... and turnip...
welcome to the world of being in
debt.

BALKI

(HAPPY) I'm in debt? (PROUDLY)
Now, I'm a true American.

TWINKIE EXITS INTO HIS OFFICE

LARRY

Balki, you got us our jobs back.

BALKI

Where I come from, family sticks
together. Especially in the hot
summer.

LARRY

That came within an inch of being a
nice thought.

BALKI

Isn't this just like America?

Another happy ending.

LARRY

Yeah.

BALKI

We're buddies.

LARRY

Yeah.

BALKI

We're working together.

LARRY

Yeah.

BALKI

We're roommates.

LARRY

Let's talk.

BALKI

See? You couldn't talk if you were
alone. You need me, and as much as
this may suprise you, I need you,
too. You saved my life. You took
me in.

*

LARRY

It is nice to have someone to talk
to. You're welcome to stay until
you can afford a place of your own.

BALKI

No problem. I have a job now that
pays minimum wage. Sssh! Once I
pay back Twinkletoes and put my
entire family through college, I'm
gone like a bird.

*

LARRY

Do you have any idea how much
minimum wage is?

*

BALKI

Of course I do. Don't be ridiculous.

*

FADE OUT.

*

THE END

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