

UH-OHpen House written by Katherine Andrews

EXT. STREET - DAY

LILY (30s, organizes her sock drawer, yeah that kind of girl) and ROB (30s, buttoned up in every sense of the word) are walking, they stop in front of a three-storey home. A FOR SALE sign is on the lawn.

LILY
Awwww, I've always loved this one.

MAN'S VOICE
Wanna take a look?

Seemingly out of nowhere a man in a suit with a big smile appears. This is FRANK (40s, rotund, jolly).

ROB
Oh, is there an open house?

FRANK
I just didn't put the sign out yet.
C'mon.

Rob and Lily follow Frank into the...

INT. HOUSE - DAY

...and through the foyer. Frank plops down on a leather recliner, pats the seat of the identical chair beside him, motions to Lily to sit down. She doesn't, but Rob does.

FRANK
Custom-made. Aged leather.

Frank hits a remote and a large TV drops from the ceiling.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Imagine SuperBowl Sunday.

ROB
Oh yeah, totally. Babe?

Lily, who's looking at the kitchen, peeks her head in.

LILY
I might like those chairs if they were white. Same with the cupboards. Besides, who cares? They don't come with the house!

FRANK
Gives you an idea of what works, space-wise. Recliners are perfect.

LILY
Never happening.

Frank leaps up, approaches Lily.

FRANK
Your shoes are on and that's a shame.

Frank goes for her shoes. Lily backs away.

LILY
Excuse me!

FRANK
You need to get the whole experience.
Heated floor. Like the beach in
Cabo. C'mon.

Frank tries for Lily's shoes again. Lily kicks him a little.

LILY
Rob!

Rob appears in the kitchen, Lily gives him a "help me" look.

ROB
Sure, I'll take my shoes off.

Lily backs away from Frank, radar WAAAY up. Frank shrugs it off and Rob's unfazed...and now also barefoot.

ROB (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, that's nice. Lily, try it.

LILY
No thanks. You know I hate it when
my feet sweat. We'd re-tile this.

Frank's face drops as Lily looks out the deck doors.

FRANK
Well, that's a little harsh.

LILY
Backyard's small.

Frank gives Lily a look, slides the doors open, steps out on to the...

EXT. BACK DECK - DAY

FRANK
Look at this. Recessed beer fridge.
In the deck. Ladies first.

Frank opens a wood panel in the floor and hands Lily a can of beer.

LILY
No thanks.

ROB
She's gluten-free.

Frank hands Rob a beer.

FRANK
(under his breath)
That's not all she is.

Lily's classy enough that she ignores this.

LILY
(to Rob)
You're driving.

FRANK
I saw you. You walked.

LILY
After this. When we go to IKEA.

Frank and Rob share a knowing look. When Lily turns her back and starts looking at the yard, Frank makes a puncture hole in the bottom of the beer can and holds it to Rob's mouth.

FRANK
(whispering)
Shotgun it!

Rob obliges, somewhat nervously.

LILY
I think we rip out the deck. Open the space up. I see a potting shed.

FRANK
Oh that's a terrible idea.

Lily turns back around and Frank and Rob quickly get rid of evidence behind their backs. Rob belches, smiles. Lily looks at Rob briefly but is too pissed with Frank.

LILY
Excuse me? Why do you even care?
You're just the agent.

FRANK
Just the agent?

Rob steps between them, on a mission to diffuse the tension. The guy gave him a beer after all.

ROB
I'd love to see upstairs.

FRANK
I'm not sure I want to show it to you after what she said.

ROB
Please?

Again, Lily takes the high road but she does shoot a look at Rob: WTF? They all walk upstairs and into the master bedroom.

LILY
Oh wow! Now this I like.

FRANK
Yeah, this is my wife's touch. Kinda her woman cave. Rob, c'mere. Lily, you won't be into this.

Rob follows Frank in to the ensuite bathroom. Frank points to a bidet.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Whip 'em down and give this a try.

ROB
Aw geez, I don't think so.

Frank approaches Rob.

FRANK
It's the absolute best. I swear.

ROB
Yeah, I don't think so.

Frank starts undoing Rob's belt.

FRANK
You won't know til you try.

ROB
Whoa! Hands off, buddy!

Rob backs off, flustered.

LILY
What's going on in here?

ROB

Nothing.

Lily scans the room, notices the bidet.

LILY

Oh, a fuckin' bidet? That's gone.
FOR SURE!

FRANK

Listen lady, you've been picking
this house apart since you got here.

LILY

And why is it any of your business?
You're just...

FRANK

The agent, I know.

LILY

It's almost like you don't want to
sell this place!

WOMAN'S VOICE

He doesn't.

The voice belongs to ELSA (40s, weary, even on weekends),
Frank's wife. Beside her stands ELDON (20s, preppy-chic).

ELDON

(extending his hand
to Lily & Rob)

Eldon, the real agent. Shall we?

Eldon escorts Lily out, Rob trails behind. Frank stops Rob,
who's still shaken, and hands him his card.

FRANK

How long you been married?

ROB

A year.

FRANK

I sense a power imbalance between
you two. Come see me, I'll fix that.

ELSA

(to Rob)

Frank puts the psycho in
psychotherapist.

(to Frank)

C'mon, we're going to IKEA.