

INT. LIVING ROOM (CONTINUED)

ARTHUR HEADS FOR THE COUCH, LEANS OVER AND ROLLS HIS HEAD AROUND.

CARRIE ENTERS WITH THE BOWL OF SOUP AND A BOX OF CRACKERS ON A TRAY.

Carrie

Dad, what are you doing?

Arthur

I'm trying to drain my head. I'm all
stuffed up!

Carrie

Here, why don't you sit on the couch and
have your soup, I found some crackers, just
like you wanted.

CARRIE PLACES THE TRAY ON A SNACK TABLE IN FRONT OF THE COUCH AND WAVES THE CRACKERS.

Arthur

You haven't got oyster crackers?

Carrie

Dad, eat the soup it will soothe your
throat.

(HEADING TOWARD THE KITCHEN SHE TURNS BACK)

Oh yeah, what was your temperature?

Arthur

I don't know.

Carrie

Why not? I saw you put the thermometer
in your mouth...

Arthur

I accidentally dropped it when I was
draining. I also may have kicked it
under the couch. (PAUSE) Don't we have
another one? You know, that other kind.

Carrie

(BEAT) Okay Dad, I'll raise that couch over
my head like Superman, before I let you drop
your pants.

Arthur

Speaking of temperature, this soup
is rather tepid.

DOUG WALKS IN

Arthur (Con't)

(SHOUTING) Anyway, I'm not wearing any pants!

Doug

That's the kind of day I'm having. What's wrong with him? Why isn't he wearing pants?

Carrie

Well besides the obvious, he has the flu.

Doug

Arthur, if I have to follow the rules, so do you. Pants mandatory in the living room.

Carrie

So what's going on with you?

What happened to (MIMICKING DOUG) "meatball sub-day?"

Arthur

Would you two kindly take your little lovers' quarrel over there? (SLURPS HIS SOUP AS HE STARES AT THE TV)

Doug

(SARCASTICALLY AS HE TAKES CARRIE INTO THE KITCHEN) How are you feeling Arthur?

Arthur

I'd be better if I had some OYSTER CRACKERS!