

**MY NAME IS EARL**

"Felt Up a Girl Without Her Knowing"

Written by  
Pang-Ni Landrum

**ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Catalina enters to find Earl and Randy sitting on the bed facing one another. They each hold a soda in one hand. Earl stares intently at Randy whose mouth is puffed out, full of liquid. Randy snickers, but then swallows.

EARL

Damn!

RANDY

If it makes you feel better, I did feel a little tickle in my throat.

CATALINA

What're you guys doing?

EARL

Celebrating.

RANDY

We crossed another person off Earl's list, so now we get to play that game where you try to make someone laugh so hard that stuff comes out their nose.

Randy giggles with glee.

EARL (V.O.)

Randy loves this game. In fact, he's the all-time champ.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAB SHACK - DAY - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON: A Bloody Mary. The bartender liberally douses it with HOT SAUCE, then slides it to Earl. Earl grabs it, steadies himself, then exhales.

EARL

(to Randy)

Ready.

Earl takes a gulp of the spicy concoction.

RANDY

Booger.

Earl busts out laughing. Red liquid oozes out his nose. He convulses about, caught between pleasure and pain.

EARL  
(still laughing)  
Ow. Ow. Ow.

Randy beams at the sight.

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My nostrils were burnin' for weeks.  
And Randy wasn't even trying.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BACK TO PRESENT

Catalina looks at Earl's list.

CATALINA  
Which person did you help?

RANDY  
(sighs; dreamy)  
Shevawn Rogers.

EARL  
Number 138.

CATALINA  
(reading)  
"Felt up Shee-vawn Rogers without  
her knowing."

She looks up at Earl with accusing eyes. He shrugs.

EARL (V.O.)  
In my defense, this happened back  
in high school, when I hadn't yet  
learned to treat women with respect  
and dignity.

INT. BACKSEAT OF A CAR - NIGHT - 1991 - FLASHBACK

A younger Earl and his date, JENNA, make out. They come up for air, still face-to-face, and gaze into each others' eyes.

JENNA  
(intimate whisper)  
Oh, Earl, I love you.

His mouth parts and he lets out a LONG, VICIOUS BURP.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY - 1991

Earl and Randy watch others from their perch on a picnic table. CHEERLEADERS eat over at the next table when, SFX: Ffffssstttt. A slimy line of tobacco spittle splashes across one girl's salad. The horrified group turns to Earl.

EARL  
(mouth full of chew)  
Thought you could use dressing.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY - 1991

Earl flirts with a GIRL at the next desk. Her smile fades as she takes whiff of a noxious odor. The others react.

EARL  
(loudly)  
Woo-wee! Janine! Who knew  
something so foul could come from  
something so sweet?

The others move their desks away from her.

EARL (CONT'D)  
(winking; to Janine)  
You smelt it, you delt it.

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Which may explain why Randy and I  
often found ourselves alone  
together on Friday nights.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT - 1991

Flickering light glows across Earl and Randy's faces who stare up at the screen.

EARL (V.O.)  
One such night, Randy begged me to  
see this action movie with him.

Scan the rest of the crowd, it's nothing but couples. Tears stream down Randy's cheeks; Earl looks completely bored.

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But it ended up being a chick  
flick, disguised as an action kind.

EARL (CONT'D)  
(to Randy)  
I didn't know Robin Hood had a  
Texas accent.

RANDY  
Shh! Kevin Costner's about to kiss  
that Mary Maid lady.

Sitting in front of Randy and Earl is SHEVAWN ROGERS, 19,  
bleached blonde, pretty. Her date, CHAD, 18, football thug,  
sits next to her, his arm draped across her seat.

EARL (V.O.)  
Good thing I had thought of a way  
to pass the time.

Unbeknownst to Chad and Shevawn, Earl reaches his hand  
through the seats and FEELS UP SHEVAWN'S LEFT BREAST. Her  
eyes widen. She looks over to Chad and smiles mischievously.

CHAD  
(oblivious)  
What?

EARL (V.O.)  
I'm not proud of myself, either,  
but, Shevawn took my apology  
surprisingly well.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEVAWN'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

ANGLE ON Randy and Earl from over a female shoulder. Their  
eyes agog.

EARL  
Close your mouth, Randy.

Randy closes his mouth. Beat. It falls back open.

SHEVAWN  
So whaddya think?

REVEAL (from shoulders up) present-day Shevawn: now older  
with leathered skin, thinning, bleached Sun-In hair, and an  
ample, porn-like chest... which she's now BARING TO THE GUYS.

EARL (V.O.)

Turns out, Shevawn said me feeling her up was the best thing that could've happened to her.

CUT TO:

INT. TEEN GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Looking into a mirror, A CAMISOLE AND PANTY CLAD TEENAGE SHEVAWN, clasps her forearms and pushes her arms together.

SHEVAWN

(chanting)

I must. I must. I must increase my bust.

She studies her profile; her right breast's about a "C" cup.

EARL (V.O.)

It seems she'd never been happy with her chestal region on account that they were a little...

Shevawn turns to check her other profile. That's when we see that her left breast is barely an "A" cup.

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...lopsided.

SHEVAWN

(frustrated)

Aghhh!

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT - 1991 - FLASHBACK

Where we left off in the earlier flashback: Earl's copping a feel, Shevawn's smiling at Chad, mischievously.

EARL (V.O.)

Because Chad never tried anything with Shevawn, she took it as a sign she needed to fix her left side.

CHAD

(off her smile; oblivious)

What?

Hurt, Shevawn SLUGS him in the shoulder, then pouts at the screen; arms crossed.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - 1991 - FLASHBACK

Shevawn turns in paperwork to a receptionist. REVEAL she's at the "Lay-A-Way" window of the "Jugs R Us" surgical center. INCREDIBLY BUXOM WOMEN enter and leave the office.

EARL (V.O.)

So Shevawn took all twenty dollars of her graduation money and put her boob on Lay-A-Way.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - LATER - FLASHBACK

Shevawn takes stashed bills from her left bra cup and gives it to the receptionist.

EARL (V.O.)

She saved and saved...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Older Shevawn stands profile in the mirror.

EARL (V.O.)

But by the time Shevawn finally paid it off, she'd spat out three kids, so then even her good boob wasn't looking too hot.

TILT DOWN: Her bra-covered right breast is now saggy.

SHEVAWN

(frustrated)

Aghhh!

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - LATER - FLASHBACK

Shevawn's at the receptionist's desk. She points to her right breast, then hands over another twenty dollars.

EARL (V.O.)

It took her another seven years to afford surgery for both. Lucky for us, that was about two months ago.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEVAWN'S HOUSE - EARLIER - FLASHBACK

Randy and Earl gape, mesmerized, at Shevawn's bare chest.

SHEVAWN  
So whaddya think?

EARL  
They're great. Really great.

RANDY  
Yeah, great.

EARL  
So, um, what can I do for you, so I  
can cross you off my list?

SHEVAWN  
Feel them.

EARL (V.O.)  
This karma thing just gets better  
and better.

SHEVAWN  
I know they look great. But do  
they feel great?

Earl and Randy look at each other. Shevawn grabs each of  
their hands and places them on her.

EARL  
(ala judging fine wine)  
Soft... supple... not too jello-  
like... perfect.

She squeezes Earl and Randy in a tight, teary hug.

SHEVAWN  
Thank you.

EARL (V.O.)  
So what better way to celebrate a  
woman willingly showing us her  
wares in broad daylight, than with  
the laughing game?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - PRESENT

Catalina now sits with Randy and Earl on the bed.

RANDY  
Ooo, ooo. My turn.

EARL

And you can't just say one word  
this time.

Randy's stumped, but then thinks of one. Earl takes a swig.

RANDY

Remember how you were running from  
that crazy dog, and when you kicked  
him off you, he grabbed your pants,  
and you had to run home naked?

Earl titters. Randy looks hopeful, but then Earl swallows.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Damn.

CATALINA

Earl, I can't believe you did that.

EARL

It was just my bottom half and that  
was only because I hadn't done  
laundry and didn't want to go out  
in dirty underwear. I mean, what  
if I had gotten into an accident?

CATALINA

Who cares? I never wear underwear.

Randy stares at her, mouth open.

CATALINA (CONT'D)

How could you kick a poor, helpless  
dog?

EARL

Trust me, there was nothing  
helpless about that dog.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Earl runs, along the street. A TEETH-BARING, MEAN-LOOKING  
DOBERMAN hot on his heels.

SFX: Dog growling; wrestling with pant leg. Earl tries to  
shake off the dog. Nothing. He kicks at it with his other  
foot... SFX: THUD. Contact. He WHIMPERS off. Earl pulls his  
shirt down over his exposed bottom and scurries away.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - PRESENT

Randy, Earl and Catalina are as we left them.

CATALINA  
He's not on your list.

EARL  
Who?

CATALINA  
The dog.

EARL  
Because he's a dog.

CATALINA  
Just because he's a dog, doesn't mean he's not human.

EARL  
Yes, yes it does.

RANDY  
He's got a point Catalina. A dog isn't a human. Sometimes people love dogs like humans. But that doesn't mean they're human. Now I don't know about monkeys. We're supposed to come from monkeys, so does that make monkeys human?

CATALINA  
Human or not, Earl, karma's not going to like what you did.

EARL  
Look, I'm not putting some seed of Kujo on my list. Besides, that was like, ten years ago. The dog's probably dead by now. I don't think karma cares.

JOY (O.S.)  
Earl Hickey! You in there?

CATALINA  
I think she does.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Earl peers over the balcony at JOY. She's next to her car - its hood popped; an oil tray underneath it.

JOY  
(calling out)  
It's that time of the month!

CUT TO:

INT. QWIK E LUBE GARAGE - FLASHBACK

Joy and Earl toast plastic champagne flutes in front of a "100K miles!!!" sign and a tray of vending machine snacks.

EARL (V.O.)  
Ever since Joy discovered three years ago that the Qwik E Lube gives out free bubbly wine, sandwiches and an oil change when you hit 100,000 miles...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

Earl fixes a car. CLOSE ON ODOMETER: Numbers go backward.

EARL (V.O.)  
I've been rolling back the car's odometer so that once a month, we could have a fancy dinner.

CUT TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT QWIK E LUBE GARAGE - FLASHBACK

Earl, his hair slicked back, and Joy, wearing her nice lipstick, toast in front of another "100K miles!!!" sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

Earl works on Joy's car.

EARL (V.O.)  
Even after me and Joy broke up, I'd fix the mileage so as not to ruin the date night tradition.

CUT TO:

INT. A DIFFERENT QWIK E LUBE GARAGE - FLASHBACK

Joy toasts her glass, then snakes her arm around DARNELL'S. They drink from their respective flutes; entwined.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - PRESENT

Earl and Randy watch Joy stomp up and down on Earl's list.

EARL (V.O.)

Naturally, Joy didn't take much to me telling her that I couldn't cheat the Qwik E Lube anymore because of karma.

Joy stops, huffing, but then notices Randy smiling.

JOY

What's up with your goofy grin?

RANDY

Shevawn Rogers let us touch her knockers because Earl helped her get a boob job.

EARL

(warning)

Randy.

JOY

(eyes narrowing)

Is that so? Well, then Earl, you owe me five hundred dollars.

EARL

For what?

JOY

If you're gonna give some trashy peroxidized whore a new rack, then you're giving me hiney implants.

EARL

That's crazy. Your tush is fine.

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Why is it that when guys don't feel good about themselves they go and look at strippers, but when women don't like themselves they try to look like strippers?

Joy thrusts her rear at the guys. She's wearing knock-off juicy couture sweatpants with a ;) design and say "Saucy".

JOY

Are you blind? It's too perky. Everyone knows men like big butts.

RANDY  
(nodding)  
Sir Mixx-A-Lot said so.

EARL  
Yeah, but didn't Bel Biv Devoe say  
never trust a big butt and a smile?

JOY  
Do you see me smiling, Earl?

RANDY  
Joy, if you do get new cheeks, I'll  
happily feel them for you.

JOY  
Aww, thanks Randy.  
(to Earl)  
Why can't you be more supportive  
like your brother?

EARL  
Forget it, Joy.

JOY  
I'm getting my bubble butt, Earl,  
and you're going to pay for it.

She takes the oil pan from under the car and spills its  
contents onto Earl's head. She then slams shut the car's  
hood and DRIVES AWAY. Beat. Goo drips from Earl's head.

RANDY  
Sorry, Earl.

Earl picks up his list from the ground and begins writing.

EARL (V.O.)  
And that's how I ended up with  
number 212: Kicked a dog.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

Earl and Randy stand on the street we saw in the flashback. They walk up to a house. Earl knocks on the door.

EARL (V.O.)

While I couldn't remember why the dog I had kicked was so determined to eat me, it didn't take long to jog my memory.

Mr. Witt, 50's, divorced eccentric with too much time on his hands, peeks through the security bars on the window.

MR. WITT

Yes?

(then; squinting at Earl)

Do I know you?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Randy and Earl are running - we see them from the chest up.

MR. WITT (O.S.)

Stop thief!

ANGLE ON Earl's hands. He carries a bright fuschia clock/radio. The Doberman's chomping after him.

EARL (V.O.)

Now you might think, nothing's worth being chased by an overgrown rat with fangs after an all-night Twinkie binge, but you'd be wrong.

CUT TO:

INT. CRAB SHACK - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Randy shows off his and Earl's spoils.

RANDY

See it's not just a clock, AND a radio, but also a PHONE.

Those at the bar "OOH" and "AHH".

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S PORCH - DAY - PRESENT

Mr. Witt questions Earl and Randy.

MR. WITT

And so now you're going around making amends to people?

RANDY

No, Earl's going around trying to do right to those he done wrong.

EARL

If you'd like, I could try and replace that clock-radio for you.

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I would've given him his old one back, but I didn't know what had happened to it.

CUT TO:

INT. JOY'S TRAILER - FLASHBACK

See the bright fuschia clock-radio-phone on a nightstand. It's suddenly knocked viciously to the floor -- a victim of an intense mating session between Joy and Darnell.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - PRESENT

The guys are as we left them on the porch.

MR. WITT

That ugly thing? You did me a favor. Consider yourself forgiven.

RANDY

(to Earl)

But what about the dog?

MR. WITT

What about what dog?

Earl tries to stop Randy from showing Mr. Witt the list.

RANDY

Your dog. See, it's number 212.

MR. WITT  
(reading list; upset)  
You kicked my Muffin? What kind of  
animal are you?

RANDY  
A monkey?

Mr. Witt starts to shut the door. Earl sticks his foot in  
the jamb. It gets smooshed. Earl grimaces in pain.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Earl.

EARL  
Mr. Witt, please. I feel bad about  
what I did. That's why I'm here.  
Not only to do right by you, but  
also by your dog.  
(pleading)  
I swear, I won't go anywhere until  
I'm able to make it up to Muffin.

MR. WITT  
Well, it's not up to me now, is it?  
(then; baby talk)  
Is it? No. No, it's not, right,  
my little Muffy, Muff-Muff?

REVEAL THE FRONT HALF OF A DOBERMAN behind the door. It  
licks Mr. Witt's face. Mr. Witt excitedly reciprocates;  
their tongues collide which grosses out Earl.

EARL (V.O.)  
Now, I know people love their pets.  
But I'm afraid Mr. Witt might be  
the kind that LOVES his pets.

MR. WITT  
So what were you saying about doing  
something nice for my Muff?

Mr. Witt opens the door wider to REVEAL THE REST OF MUFFIN --  
his hind legs HITCHED TO A CART. Randy gasps, then whispers:

RANDY  
Earl, you lamed the dog.

EARL (V.O.)  
Karma's definitely not going to  
like that.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Various stuffed animals - the taxidermy kind - adorn the room. Earl and Randy take it all in. Randy averts his gaze so he's not in any of their sight lines.

RANDY

Make them stop staring, Earl,  
please, make them stop.

Mr. Witt brings in snacks; notices their attention.

MR. WITT

I see you guys are admirers of the fine art of taxidermy. You know they're having a convention over in Elkton. I hear the eyeballs have greatly improved. Much more life-like. You should check it out.

EARL

If you're so psyched about it, why don't you go?

MR. WITT

Oh, no, I couldn't leave the Muffster. We haven't been apart since his poor legs gave out on his handsome little self last year.

Earl and Randy exchange looks.

RANDY

So he only just got handicapped?

MR. WITT

Yeah.

EARL

Oh, thank god.  
(covering)  
That Muffin had his good legs for so long.

Mr. Witt tends to Muffin, pampering him the entire time.

MR. WITT

I really can't think of what you could do for my Muffs - unless you can get your hands on a dog kidney -  
(then; serious)  
You can't can you?

EARL

Is there a way to do that without  
killing another dog?

MR. WITT

(bummed)

No.

Earl watches Mr. Witt fluffs Muffin's pillow.

MR. WITT (CONT'D)

(baby talk)

Is that better? Huh? Huh?

EARL (V.O.)

Seeing Mr. Witt do everything for  
his dog made me think that the man  
probably does nothing for himself.

EARL (CONT'D)

(getting an idea)

Mr. Witt. You're going to Elkton.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

Mr. Witt clutches to Muffin. He wails. Earl and Randy try  
and pry his fingers from around the dog's cart.

EARL (V.O.)

It took a little bit of convincing,  
but once Mr. Witt figured out he'd  
only be gone from Muffin for twenty-  
four hours...

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

Mr. Witt demonstrates doggie diapers to Earl and Randy.

EARL (V.O.)

...and that we'd be here to look  
after him...

MR. WITT

Just make sure the tape holds. Or  
you'll be sorry. Really sorry.

INT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - PRESENT

Mr. Witt and his packed overnighter are by the door.

EARL (V.O.)

Mr. Witt was ready to go.

MR. WITT

(hands over thick booklet)

And here's a brief summary of how to care for my little Muffy.

(to Muffin)

Muffin Wuffin, Earl here wants to take care of you. You think that's okay? Yes, you do! Yes, you do!

Mr. Witt motions for Earl to lean in. EARL'S POV: Muffin's sad face. His large tongue licks his chops in SLOW-MO.

MR. WITT (CONT'D)

You gotta make a kissy face.

EARL (V.O.)

(puckering lips)

Just so you know, I've never frenched a dog before -- unless you count the time Randy and I found our neighbor's stash of wine coolers and I ended up making out with her.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

Earl wakes up. He freaks when he sees he's in bed with a sixty year-old who's never been on the right side of pretty.

NEIGHBOR

You ready for more...?

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - PRESENT

Mr. Witt holds up Muffin next to Earl's face.

MR. WITT

Go on, Muffin. Show Mr. Earl how much you like him.

Muffin's tongue goes to town on Earl's face.

EARL (V.O.)

My lips might be pushed out, but they were clenched tighter than a heterosexual's bunghole at a Cher concert.

RANDY  
Ooo! Ooo! My turn!

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Earl's on the couch, downing candy. He raises his hand to reach for more when he sees that it's COVERED IN FUR.

EARL (V.O.)  
We soon learned Muffin had a shedding problem. In fact, he had a whole bunch of problems.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

A T-shirted Earl finds Muffin gnawing his flannel shirt.

EARL (V.O.)  
Some more disgusting than others.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

Randy reads the booklet. Earl holds up a small tube.

EARL  
I'm supposed to stick this where?

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Randy's watching TV. Earl enters, wearing yellow dish gloves, and a bandana over his nose.

EARL  
Does the dog do anything outside?

RANDY  
Don't be mad, Muffin can't help it.

EARL  
Muffin can't help a lot of things.

RANDY  
Hey, Earl, we got any more of these marshmallow thingies?

EARL

(noting empty boxes)  
Randy, those were Muffin's treats.  
Now what's he going to eat?

RANDY

Sorry, Earl. How come they don't  
put something on the boxes so that  
people would know?

Earl shows Randy a box. It has a LARGE, SMILING PUPPY on it.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - NEXT MORNING

Earl drives one of the motorized shopping carts with Muffin  
in the basket. Randy's next to them in the pet aisle.

EARL

How does a store have so many kinds  
of dog food choices but only one  
kind of pork rind?

Randy tests out a dog toy with his teeth. He nods, pleased.

JOY

Well, well, well, look who's here.

Earl turns around.

EARL

Hello, Joy.

JOY

You know, Earl, my ass isn't  
getting any bigger on its own.

EARL

Some women would find that a  
blessing, Joy.

Joy sees the bags of dog snacks in his hands.

JOY

So I see you'd rather buy goodies  
for this geriatric mutt than a  
booty your own ex-wife?

EARL

He's on my list, your rear isn't.

JOY

Well, it should be, you've been  
such a pain in it.

SFX: BOYS GIGGLING grabs their attention. Behind them, in the next aisle, DODGE & EARL JR. are going bin to bin in the loose candy section. Huge signs state "NO SAMPLING".

Joy marches up to them. She grabs Earl Jr.'s hand, which has just emerged from a bin, clutching two gummi worms.

JOY (CONT'D)

What'd I tell you boys? Eat only  
one from each thing. Now give it.

She puts her hand under Dodge's mouth. He spits out a couple of gummy cokes which she then places back in the bin.

JOY (CONT'D)

I swear, people are gonna think we  
didn't teach you no manners.

Darnell, perched on the back of a cart, rolls up to them.

DARNELL

Hey, Earl.

EARL

Hey, Crabman.

Joy examines the contents of the cart.

JOY

Darnell! Where's the fruit? You  
know we can't leave here until we  
get all three food groups. Now go  
get them jelly donuts.

(then, snarling; to Earl)

This ain't over, Hickey.

She marches off with Darnell.

EARL (V.O.)

While I had been fending off Joy,  
Randy had gone on a bit of a  
shopping binge.

INT. MR. WITT'S KITCHEN - LATER

Randy enters with bulging grocery bags. Earl follows, carrying Muffin and his cart. He hands the keys to Randy who then puts them on a table. Earl sets Muffin down.

RANDY

Sorry to get so much stuff, Earl.

EARL

No, that's okay, it's not like we could've used the extra hundred and eight bucks or anything.

(off Randy's silence)

Forget about it. It's no big deal.

RANDY

Yes, it is. It's my fault you feel bad. You always say you do good, you feel good. But I only do bad, so you must feel bad because of me.

EARL

What? That's crazy.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

Earl and Randy's arms are full with more bags. They walk up to the closed back door.

EARL

You do good, Randy. You're a good person. Believe me, you don't need a list to tell you that.

RANDY

But I keep messing things up for you.

EARL

That's not true.

(then; re: locked door)

Toss me those keys, would you?

RANDY

Oh, you wanted me to keep them?

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The keys rest on the table. Muffin whimpers next to it when he sees Randy and Earl's faces smooshed against the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

Randy paces, getting more and more worked up.

EARL (V.O.)

While I was thinking of how we could free Muffin, Randy had come up with his own plan.

RANDY

Don't worry, Muffin! We'll save you!

Randy backs up, then takes a running start, and rams the door. THUD. It doesn't budge. Randy falls in a heap.

EARL (V.O.)

And that's when it hit me.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

THUD. The commotion frightens Muffin. He YELPS and bolts.

EARL (V.O.)

Because of seeing Muffin run away from the door faster than a pig from a rib joint -- instead of standing guard like the protective psycho I remembered him to be -- I finally knew what it was I had to do...

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK

A younger, meaner, Muffin chasing after Earl; teeth bared.

EARL (V.O.)

I had to help Muffin get his bite back.

Muffin catching up to Earl. SFX: CHOMP.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. MR. WITT'S LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

Earl and Randy kneel down and peer into the laundry room.

EARL (V.O.)

The good news is I finally know how to cross this dog off my list. The bad news...

RANDY

Muffin! Muffin!

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME TIME

Muffin, cart in tow, cowers on his bed next to the dryer.

EARL (V.O.)

It's locked in there, while we're stuck out here.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Randy gets up, visibly shaken.

RANDY

See, Earl. I told you I mess things up. Now poor Muffin's going to die.

EARL

He's not going to die. All we have to do is somehow get him out here or get us in there...

(gets an idea; then)

Randy, quick, how would you break into this house?

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If there's one thing you should know about Randy, is that he sure knows how to burgle...

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Randy and Earl, dressed in black, observe a house. Randy shakes his dead flashlight. He takes out the batteries. Just as he's about to lick them:

EARL

Randy, what do you think?

RANDY

(not looking)

Climb the tree to the balcony to the open second floor bathroom window.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Another house. Another stake out. Again, Randy and Earl are dressed to burgle. They're behind a tree. Randy's about to mess with a bee hive. Earl nudges him.

RANDY

(quick glance at house)

Doggie door on the side behind the bushes.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Earl and Randy surveil another house from the El Camino. Randy plays with a laser pointer and keeps pointing the laser directly into his eye.

RANDY

Key under the fake rock in that rock garden next to the fountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - DAY - PRESENT

Randy shakes his head at Earl's request.

RANDY

No, Earl. I can't break into a house. That's not right thinking.

EARL

It's okay, Randy. It's an emergency.

RANDY

What about karma?

EARL

Think about it. Breaking in is only bad if you're using it for bad. But you're not. You'd be using your skill for good.

RANDY

I have a skill? And I can use it for good?

(getting excited)

Then that means I'd be good.

EARL

Exactly. Just how karma wants you to be.

RANDY

(quickly)

Move the car, get on the hood, jump on the neighbor's garage roof, climb to the ledge, onto the balcony to the unlocked patio door.

EARL (V.O.)

And just like that, problem solved.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

See Earl scramble inside through the patio door.

EARL (V.O.)

If only unbreaking a dog was as easy as breaking into a house.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Earl and Randy rush in. Muffin scoots further back in his cart from fear. Randy tries to calm him.

EARL (V.O.)

I began at once trying to make this pansy pooch into the Tough Muff he once was.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Muffin rests on the couch next to Earl. Catalina jumps into frame. She wears a paper plate with a mean face :( on it.

CATALINA

Grr! I'm a mean bad guy!

EARL

(for Muffin's sake)

Oh no. An intruder. Help.

Muffin whimpers and shakes in fright.

EARL (CONT'D)

Get her, Muffin, get her.

Muffin hides behind Earl. He shakes his head. A beat.

EARL (CONT'D)

(feeling something)

I'm gonna need a towel over here.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Muffin eats. Earl's face, hidden by the paper plate with a frowny-face on it, moves in next to the bowl. Earl growls.

EARL

I'm coming to steal your food.

Muffin whimpers and scampers away.

EARL (CONT'D)

(looking down; sighs)

Towel!

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

Earl enters the room.

EARL

Hey, Muffin.

(beat)

Tow--

Before he can finish, a towel hits him in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LAUNDRY ROOM - LATER

Earl sighs and places Muffin on his bed near the dryer. He then starts a load of the nasty, sopping towels.

EARL (V.O.)

Many hours later, I knew it was time to throw in the towel. After Mr. Witt had come home, I had to admit that I had failed his dog.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mr. Witt stands next to the fireplace, facing the window.

EARL

...but that doesn't mean I'm done here. When I said I wouldn't leave until I made it up to Muffin, I meant it. I could work with her every day or if you'd like I could--

MR. WITT

(moving aside)  
Isn't she a beaut?

REVEAL Mr. Witt has been positioning his NEW STUFFED RACCOON.

MR. WITT (CONT'D)

Her eyes look like they're boring a hole right into you, don't they?  
(then; sees out window)  
Is that your brother?

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - LATER

Mr. Witt, raccoon in hand, comes up behind Randy, who is tossing the clock-radio box into the neighbor's recycling.

MR. WITT

What're you doing?

RANDY

Putting this over here so that bad guys will think your neighbors got new stuff, not you. I'm not doing bad because this is for good.  
(then; re: raccoon)  
Please make the mouse stop staring.

Mr. Witt puts down the animal. He looks at both houses.

MR. WITT

So you're saying thieves won't go  
to my house, they'll come here?

RANDY

If you make your place look less  
good than theirs, then, yeah.

MR. WITT

Really?

Mr. Witt smiles at Randy, then back between the houses.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

Earl watches as Randy and Mr. Witt toss stacks of newspapers  
onto neighbors' porches. He holds the stuffed raccoon.

EARL (V.O.)

I hate to say it, but seeing Randy  
show Mr. Witt how to lure thieves  
to his neighbors' homes brought a  
tear to my eye.

DARNELL

Hey, Earl. Are you cryin'?

Earl's surprised to see Darnell standing next to him.

EARL

No.

DARNELL

Here. Joy forgot her kneepads.

EARL

Uh, I think those are for you now.

DARNELL

Nah, her good ones are at home.  
She needs these so she can kidnap  
the dog and then get a ransom from  
you for her new fanny.

EARL

She what?

DARNELL

Oh, right, I wasn't supposed to  
tell anyone.

EXT. MR. WITT'S LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME TIME

Joy lowers herself legs first, through the basement window.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON WINDOW: Joy's bottom half shimmies in. SFX: Muffin  
whimpers. Joy's legs dangle and scrape against the wall.

JOY

Ow! Forgot my damn kneepads.

She scooches further in, her whole bottom half now inside.  
Muffin whimpers louder; but then stops. ANGLE ON MUFFIN:  
The corners of his mouth turn and he begins to growl.  
MUFFIN'S POV: Joy's sweatpants with a ;( design & "Bad Ass"  
on the seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joy's upper half sticks out of the window.

JOY

(hearing the growl)  
Uh oh.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randy, Earl and Mr. Witt RUSH INTO the room just as MUFFIN  
LUNGES for Joy's rump. They all GASP. SFX: Growl; Chomp.

MR. WITT

(with glee)  
Get her Muffin, get her!

CUT TO:

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joy's face registers pain.

JOY

Son of a bitch!

EARL (V.O.)  
And that's how Muffin was cured.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. WITT'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mr. Witt, Earl and Randy stare down in the camera's direction.

EARL  
We're really sorry about Muffin.

MR. WITT  
Don't be. He died like the dog he  
used to be. I couldn't ask for a  
better way for him to go.

RANDY  
(nodding)  
Killed by Joy's ass.

REVEAL: Muffin, who is now dead and stuffed, grinning from  
ear to ear. Mr. Witt places him where the raccoon had been.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
(re: Muffin)  
Please make him stop staring.

EARL (V.O.)  
Much to my surprise, this old dog  
had taught me a new trick. That no  
matter how you get to feeling good  
about yourself...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHEVAWN'S HOUSE - DAY

Shevawn bares her chest to Willie, the one-eyed postman.

EARL (V.O.)  
Some folks do it by making a  
permanent change to their outsides...

INT. JOY'S TRAILER - DAY

Joy happily wiggles her swollen, wrapped tush in Darnell's  
face. As they kiss, PAN TO: the fuschia clock-radio-phone.

EARL (V.O.)  
...while others through a temporary  
one...

EXT. MR. WITT'S HOUSE - DAY

Mr. Witt, who stuffs many envelopes into a neighbor's mailbox gives a "thumbs up" to Randy, who proudly watches nearby.

EARL (V.O.)

...And then there are those who  
find it's from something they had  
in them all along...

Earl pets Muffin's content, taxidermied head and smiles.

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...The most important thing is that  
you get there.

He crosses "kicked a dog" off his list.

EARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Take it from me.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW