Transcripts - Forever Dreaming :: 02x04 – Estate Sale - Schitt's Creek

(Door slams)

Alexis: David?

David, what is this?!

David: It looks like a bike.

Alexis: Is it yours?

David: Yes. Yes, it is. (SARCASTIC: It’s not his, it’s Mutt’s gift to Alexis.)

Alexis: David, what is this doing here?

David: You might wanna read the note.

Alexis: No, is it from Mutt?

David!

No! No!

David: I feel like he really gets you. Like, I feel like he sees like, deep into your soul. I'm not quite sure what he's seeing exactly, but there's definitely he's looking inward. (SARCASTIC: David knows Alexis does not know how to ride a bike, Mutt does not know that.)

Alexis: What am I gonna do?!

David: About what?

Alexis: This is serious, David!

This is so off base!

Arghh!

My God, imagine what kind of ring he'd buy!

Like an opal, or something.

David: Ooh, like a pear-shaped opal. (Groans)

(Knocking)

Mutt: Hello, is anybody home?

Alexis: No, Mutt!

Hey, you have to support me in this.

David: Mhmm.

Alexis: You have to, do you promise me?

David: Oh yeah, of course.

(Calming exhale)

Mutt: So...

Alexis: Hey you!

This is so special for me.

Mutt: Well, I thought you needed a new mode of transportation.

Alexis: I do!

I do need a mode of transportation!

And like, a car would be nice, but, do I need a car? (RHETORICAL: Alexis does need a car.)

David: Not anymore, it appears. (SARCASTIC: David knows Alexis hates the bike.)

Mutt: Well, you said you missed spin class, so...

Alexis: I did!

I did say that I missed spin class.

And so you bought me a bike!

Because I said that I missed spin class.

Because you're so thoughtful and perceptive.

Mutt: So you like it?

David: Mm, I'd say she loves it. (SARCASTIC: David knows Alexis hates the bike.)

Alexis: Mm-hmm.

Mutt: Well, you're gonna need this.

David and Alexis: A helmet!

Mutt: It came with the bike.

David: I think you should put it on.

Like, I think you should actually like, like, put the helmet on.

Alexis: Yeah.

And I will one day, when we take this little pony for a joyride!

Mutt: Actually, I brought my bike, so we can test it out.

I thought maybe we could take a little ride to the cafe.

Alexis: Ah! So fun.

(Whispering) I hate you, David!

David: See 'ya!

(Low hum of chatter)

Johnny: What about lamps?

The lamps at the motel have those uh...

Little bulbs, these are old-fashioned big bulb lamps.

Moira: I don't see any bulbs here.

Johnny: No there aren't, but the point is, we can get big bulbs if we have big bulb lamps.

Moira: Oh John, I don't know.

Lamps, clothing, jewelry...

Look at this poor woman's life strewn across cheap folding tables.

John, do you think they did this with our things?

Johnny: No, not ours, no.

They put our stuff right on the lawn.

Moira: Strangers picking through precious pieces we owned!

Johnny: I know, and judging us, like we're judging this poor woman.

Moira: Well, except they'd have been saying, what great taste they had!

Johnny: I wonder who got my golf clubs.

Moira: Really, John, that's the first thing that comes to mind?

Johnny: They were custom made.

Moira: So was my Galapagonian tortoise-shell foot bath.

And now some lonely hoarder is letting his cats poop in it.

Johnny: Well, they were just things, Moira, just things.

Moira: Yeah, designer, one-of-a-kind things.

Johnny: Yeah, sleek, oak-trimmed, leather interior, German-engineered things.

Moira: Oh!

Shopping used to cheer me up.

Big bulbs is not doing it for me.

(Knock on door)

David: (Groans) Oh God.

Roland! - Sure, I'll come in, but just for a second.

Both: Ahem!

David: Huh!

(Laughs)

David: Can I help you with something?

Roland: Well um, here's the deal: Uh, I was thinking this morning, and I don't wanna tell you where I was thinking, but it was a small room in my house, and I was sitting down...

David: Okay.

Roland: And I was thinking to myself, who can I trust to help me pick out a woman's blouse?

And you know whose name came to mind?

David: I don't-i don't know, Rachel Zoe?

Roland: Yours!

David: I don't know how to take that.

Roland: It's for Jocelyn.

David: Mm!

Roland: And you know, I would do it myself, it's just that you know, shopping, I mean, you go in, you get...

You know, look at the stuff on the racks, Uh huh... and you pick out, you know, the color that you like, and then you try it on and make sure it fits you, Right. and then you buy it and you...

David: You're just describing what shopping is.

Roland: Yes, and normally I'm fine with that, it's just I'm looking for something a little fancy here.

A little um, stylish. A little elegant.

David: Ah...

Roland: You know?

And who knows elegance better than you, pal?

I mean, you're the only elegant guy I know!

David: So you're looking for me to style Jocelyn?

Roland: Well, actually, this is supposed to be a surprise.

So I was kinda thinking that maybe um, you and me could just go out and do a little uh, shopping together on the down low.

David: Y-yeah... yeah, that um...

No, we could to that, we could do that at some point.

Roland: Oh, great! Yeah. Yeah.

Good, that's terrific.

So then, whenever's good for you.

David: Okay, great.

So you wanna-so you wanna go now?

Roland: It's a little time sensitive, that's the only thing.

David: Yeah, okay, well, I take it you have measurements, and a mood board, then? (RHETORICAL: David doesn’t expect Roland to have those things ready.)

Mutt: The whole purpose of having a bike might be to actually ride the bike.

Alexis: Yeah, I'm just not wearing the right outfit.

Mutt: It's a five minute ride.

Alexis: Yeah, so by the time we get on, and then we get off, it's almost not worth it.

Mutt: Do you not like the bike?

Alexis: No, I love it! It's just that, um, there are so many drunk drivers around here.

Mutt: It's 10:00am.

Alexis: Mutt, you tell that to an alcoholic!

Mutt: Is it the color? Because I mean, it's totally fixable!

Alexis: Okay, fine.

I don't know how to ride a bike.

Mutt: What?

Alexis: I said, I don't know how to ride a bike!

(Groans) Ugh!

Johnny: Moira, look at these cufflinks.

Moira: Oh John, we're better off stealing cutlery from the cafe!

Johnny: No, these look like sterling.

I'm gonna bid on these.

Jocelyn: Hey there, Roses!

Moira: Oh, hi.

Johnny: Oh hey, Jocelyn.

Jocelyn: Look at you two bargain hunters.

You finding anything yet?

Moira: Mm, nothing you couldn't see fall out of a common Christmas cracker!

Johnny: I think half the fun is panning for nuggets at these things.

Jocelyn: Ooh, look at that mattress!

Johnny: Well, there you go, what a find.

Moira: Poor dear, enchanted by a death bed.

Jocelyn: This is a brand new mattress, it's still in the plastic!

Moira: What?!

Jocelyn: Yeah!

And it's memory foam! This must've cost a fortune!

Johnny: Well, you're just gonna have to bid on it.

Moira: John, why didn't you see that mattress first?!

That's something we could actually use!

Johnny: I'll use the cufflinks!

Moira: What size is it?

Jocelyn: Oh I don't know, it's at least a queen.

Moira: Well, that's too big to get home.

Jocelyn: No, we got the truck.

Moira: But awkward, Jocelyn, and awkward with those tiny doorways of yours.

Jocelyn: Johnny, help me cover it up.

I don't want other people to see it.

(Jocelyn grunts with effort)

Roland: Now, we need a top, and we need a bottom.

Like a skirt, something like that, which I know you're familiar with 'cause you're wearing one.

David: Okay, these are pants that just so happen to have a pant fabric over the front and back... Okay.

Roland: Yeah, it's a skirt. Um, what about this?

It seems durable, yes?

David: Yeah um, in fashion, durable and elegant rarely go hand in hand.

So I'd put that... put that back.

Roland: Okay, so not that.

David: What about this?

Jocelyn seems to like loud floral prints.

Roland: Yeah, the thing is, um, this is kind of a special...

Kind of blouse.

David: Uh-huh.

Roland: Have you ever seen The Devil Wears Prada?

David: Obviously!

Roland: Okay, well, Meryl Streep plays this kind of powerful, sexy fashion woman...

David: Yep, I've seen it!

Roland: Okay, anyway, Jocelyn and I like to have a little fun with that idea, if you know what I mean.

She plays Meryl, and I play the nervous but ambitious intern who's new to the city.

David: Oh, so you're the...

So you-you're the Anne Hathaway in that situation?

Roland: I don't know who that is.

David: Well, that's more than enough information for me to go on.

Alexis: You're judging me!

Mutt: I'm not!

It's just riding a bike is a pretty basic skill.

Alexis: Mm, is it though?

Mutt: I think that most kids learn how to ride a bike!

Alexis: Yeah well, most kids also get head lice.

I'm sorry if the opportunity never presented itself.

Alexis: Oh what, there was no gap year in Belgium?

(With a French accent) No tour de France boyfriend?

Alexis: Yeah, but I never had to ride the bike!

And David, was such a little drama queen when my parents tried teaching him, that they threw all the bikes into this big bonfire up in the Hamptons, and we never talked about it again.

Mutt: Oh.

Alexis: Anyway, I have lots of skills that you don't have.

Mutt: I am sure that you do.

Alexis: Like, have you ever had to negotiate in Arabic?

It is very difficult.

Mutt: I believe you.

Alexis: And try getting into Kiss Kiss in Tokyo without a lock of human hair.

Mutt: Now, you see, if you can do all that, I'm pretty sure that you can learn to ride a bike.

(Laughs)

Mutt: Alexis?

Alexis: (Laughs) Sorry, I was just thinking about this crazy night at Kiss Kiss.

(Laughs)

David: Well, this might be the closest we're gonna get to Meryl.

You know, if she got fired from her job at the magazine, and started walking the streets.

Roland: Oh, that's a good one! We haven't tried that one yet.

David: Yeah, I wouldn't.

Roland: No, it's a good idea.

Wendy: Missing Peter Pan?

David: I'm sorry?

Wendy: Well, because I see a couple of Lost Boys.

(Chuckles)

Wendy: Hi, I'm Wendy. Are we shopping for a mother, a girlfriend?

Roland: Actually, my wife.

Wendy: Oh!

David: Yeah, we've got it under control though, so thank you so much.

Wendy: Oh well, very well, then.

If you need me, I'll be right here.

I know how hard it can be for two men in a women's clothing store.

Roland: Well, I'm actually in really good hands, because this man has a woman's touch.

David: I don't... I don't know what that means.

Okay, so we're going with these two pieces.

Wendy: Oh well, I have to ask, is this for a funeral?

Because we do offer bereavement discounts.

David: No, why would you think that?

Wendy: Well, just very somber, serious pieces.

Roland: Well, we don't want that!

Wendy: Well, they're not... If you're willing, I have a few new pieces that just came in, I'd love for you to see them.

David: I just don't know if we need to be adding any more options to the mix.

Roland: Well, if she's offering, what's the problem?

David: Everything in here is like one big, tacky blouse.

Roland: Oh, come on, that's silly.

Wendy: Now, I know you men like to play it safe, but I just thought, why not shake it up?

David: Ugh!

Roland: Oh, I like these!

Roland: Um... Hmm?

Mhmm!

Are they durable?

Wendy: Oh well, durability a given here at the Blouse Barn.

And if you're asking my opinion...

David: Are we, though? (RHETORICAL: David is annoyed that Wendy is giving her opinion.)

Wendy: It's between these two.

Roland: Well, this is a real Sophie's Choice!

David: I hope that you and Jocelyn don't role play that at home.

Roland: Hell, we've played every Streep movie.

David: Oh, okay.

Roland: Um...Would you describe either of those as quick release?

Wendy: Funnily enough, both have snaps.

Roland: Oh, great!

Well, then I guess I um...

Well...

Uh, which one do you like?

David: I don't know, it's such a tough choice. (SARCASTIC: David doesn’t like either of them.)

Roland: Oh, you're tellin' me!

David: It's just that I'm finding both of these options to be a little um...

Wendy: What?

David: Well, I don't know, we've just spent so much time and energy finding the few pieces that aren't um...

Uh...

Wendy: What?!

David: I'm trying to find the word to describe what I...

Wendy: Oh! Flirty? Sassy?

David: Skanky! I think the clothes are a bit skanky.

Wendy: Hmm.

Roland: Well! Skanky.

We'll um, take the funereal skirt then, and the skanky blouse.

Ray: And sold!

(Gavel bangs)

Ray: To Johnny Rose, for the price of $15 dollars!

Which uh, I hope you can afford.

You know, considering your financial situation.

Johnny: Yeah, I get it Ray, I get it. I get it.

I've got cash, and I'd just like my cufflinks, please.

Ray: And now, moving on to bedroom items.

First we'll have a brand new queen sized memory foam mattress.

We'll start the bidding on the bed at $50 dollars.

We have $50!

Moira: $60!

Johnny: Moira.

Moira: Ssh!

Ray: Ooh, I smell a bidding war!

Do we have $70?

Jocelyn: $70!

Ray: $70! Do I have $75?

Moira: $75!

Johnny: Moira, what are you doing?

Moira: We are currently sleeping on a rectangular collection of knives and barbed wire, John.

Ray: $75, do we have $80?

Jocelyn: $80!

Ray: $80!

Moira: $90!

Johnny: Moira, we can't afford this!

Moira: You got the cufflinks!

Johnny: For $15 dollars!

Ray: $90! Do we have $100?

Moira: $100!

Ray: $100!

Johnny: You just bid against yourself!

Ray: Do I hear $105?

Moira: Do you remember what we used to sleep on? Texas Kings!

Jocelyn: $130!

Ray: Wow, $130! Do I hear $135?

Moira: $140!

Jocelyn: $150!

Moira: $160!

Johnny: Moira, I'm begging you!

Jocelyn: Oh, she has a decent bed, John, she's just being greedy!

Ray: $165, anyone?

Moira: $170!

Johnny: You did it again!

Moira: I know what I'm doing!

Ray: $170! $180?

Johnny: Ray, I think we're done here!

Jocelyn: $180!

Ray: $180! Do I hear $190?

Moira: One-nine... two hundred!

Ray: $200! Wow, Mrs. Rose.

You're really going for it, which is surprising...

Johnny: Yeah, Ray, you know what, that was just a joke bid, so.

Ray: Oh, I understand.

Unfortunately that joke bid is currently our highest at $200 dollars!

Ray: Going once, going twice

Jocelyn: Two hundred and one!

Ray: $201 going once, going twice

Johnny: Don't!

Ray: Sold, to Jocelyn Schitt, for $201 dollars.

Moira: Fuck!

(Truck rumbles)

David: Well, thank you for this delightful trip.

Roland: You know, I'm starting to get the feeling that uh, you're a little upset.

David: What would give you that impression? (RHETORICAL: David is saying it’s obvious that/why he is upset.)

Roland: Well, I first noticed it when heart came on, and nobody was taking the high parts.

David: Oh my God!

Roland: Look you should feel good about yourself!

Come on, you made some great choices today.

David: Nothing we bought today came anywhere close to something Meryl Streep would wear in The Devil Wears Prada, nothing!

Roland: Oh jeez, you are so touchy!

God, you're like a a fancy dinner plate that you don't wanna nudge off the edge of the table.

David: Okay, I don't know what that means.

Um listen, I don't have a lot to my name right now, but I do have one thing.

Roland: Self-respect?

David: No, taste.

And when that is not appreciated, or worse, publicly undermined, publicly...

Uh yeah, I might get a little upset.

Roland: Look, David-David!

(Sighs) Listen.

If I wasn't so easily swayed by powerful women in a retail environment, I would've been there for you.

Okay, because I honestly believe that really do have a very, very sharp eye.

David: Thank you, that's nice of you to say.

Roland: Trust me, when Joc sees this blouse, I'm gonna make sure she knows you're the one that picked it out.

David: I didn't pick that blouse.

Roland: I know, but I'm gonna tell her you did.

David: Okay, thanks so much. (SARCASTIC: David doesn’t like that Roland is going to tell Jocelyn that David picked out that blouse.)

(Truck rumbles)

(Rattles)

Alexis: This is ridiculous!

Mutt: This is how you learn.

Alexis: Everyone is looking at me, Mutt!

Mutt: No one is looking at you!

Alexis: Ugh!

Twyla: Is everything okay?

People were saying that a girl was struggling with her bike.

I kinda just assumed it was a toddler.

Alexis: No, I am a grown adult young woman.

Mutt: Okay, this is how my dad taught me, and this is how I'm teaching you!

Twyla: I'm glad I knew how to ride a bike when we dated.

Alexis: Yeah, I don't really trust your dad in terms of like, teachable moments.

Twyla: You know, one of my mom's boyfriends had a really great trick.

He used to say, one foot on the ground, one foot on the pedal, now get the hell outta here!

Alexis: Hey, that's fun, I like that, let's try that.

Mutt: Okay fine, I'm just saying, if it's something you never did before...

Twyla: There you go!

Mutt: Okay, wait!

Alexis: Are you coming, or do I just keep like, driving straight?

Mutt: I didn't teach you how to brake yet!

Twyla: Get the hell outta here, you dumb broad!

(Chuckles) That was another thing he used to say.

(Knocks)

Johnny: Hey. Roland!

Roland: Johnny, um, do you have a minute?

Johnny: Yeah.

Roland: Come here.

Johnny: What's going on?

Roland: Well Johnny, I'm about to make you the most popular guy in room 6.

Johnny: Is this the mattress?

Roland: Okay, yeah, I've got a big heart, all right, don't spread it around.

I talked Jocelyn into letting you have it.

Johnny: You're giving us the mattress?

Roland: Well, practically, it's yours for $200 bucks.

Johnny: That's a dollar less than you paid for it!

Roland: Johnny, it's barely out of the plastic.

Johnny: We can't afford it.

Roland: Oh I see, you're the master negotiator at work here, huh?

Okay, um, $195.

Johnny: We can't afford it!

Roland: Okay, hardball, huh? I'll play.

Um, $182.50.

Johnny: All right, bye, Roland.

Roland: Fifty bucks.

Johnny: Fifty?

Roland: Look, I'll level with you, okay?

Um, we tried it out as soon as Jocelyn brought it home.

Johnny: You tried it out?

Roland: Yeah, not enough bounce for the bumps, if you know what I mean.

Hmm.

But given your advanced years, it might just be the thing for you and Moira.

Johnny: Yeah well, we're not that old...

But $50?

(Crickets chirp)

Moira: Kudos to you, Mr. Rose.

I can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm so comfortable!

Johnny: Well, only the best for you, my dear.

Moira: Yet they didn't want it?

Johnny: Oh, I think they just felt sorry for us.

Moira: Well, that seems strange, John.

Especially since Jocelyn paid over $200 for it.

Johnny: You know what I think, I think they tried it out, and uh, it just didn't work for them.

Moira: And by tried it out, you mean...

Johnny: I mean they... tried it out.

Moira: Eww! Oh God! No! Oh! Oh!

Oh God, that's memory foam, John!

Johnny: Oh Moira, we've stayed at Kennedy compound, Oh! This can't be any worse than that!

Moira: The Kennedys aren't Roland!

The Kennedys have regular medicals, daily laundering!

Johnny: This has gotta be better than the motel mattress we were using, I mean, who knows who tried that out!

Moira: Is that supposed to be helping me?! (RHETORICAL: Moira is saying that Johnny saying that made her feel worse.)

Johnny: Moira, this is a $50 dollar gift from heaven.

I mean, look, hey!

I don't feel any springs, no nails, no bolts!

It's comfy, come to bed.

Moira: Tomorrow we get a mattress cover.

Johnny: Yes, yes, that's the spirit.

Moira: Oh...

Oh!

Johnny: Mm!

Ahh...

Seriously, don't think about it.

Alexis: Okay, so you have to keep it upright

David: I don't even wanna do this!

Alexis: David, you're gonna feel so good, trust me.

David: Oh my God, you know that I have bad foot-eye coordination, you didn't have to wear corrective leg braces for three months.

Alexis: You can't blame everything on having been pigeon-toed, David.

David: Oh my God!

Johnny: Kids, your mother and I are gonna...

Oh my God, David, what are you doing?!

Alexis: I'm teaching him how to ride a bike!

Moira: Oh please don't, you know I can't stand the sight of blood.

Johnny: Seriously son, you're gonna hurt yourself!

Alexis: David, it is one foot on the pedal, and one foot on the ground, and then get the hell out of here!

David: Okay? I don't know what that means.

Johnny: Okay, I'm gonna hold the back.

David: Aah! He's coming, come on, come on!

Oh, okay-aah! Aah! Aah!

Alexis: David, the pedals make it move more!

Moira: John, he's doing it!

Johnny: You're doing it, son!

Stevie: Oh my God.

Alexis: Yay! (Clapping)

Johnny: Woo Hoo Hoo!

Alexis: Hey, someone get my camera!

David: Nobody get a camera!

Stevie: David! Over here!

(Camera clicks)