Transcripts - Forever Dreaming :: 02x11 – The Motel Guest - Schitt's Creek

(Crickets chirp)

Moira: Oh, there's a woman in here Who couldn't afford a Persian rug, so she painted one on her tiled floor.

The magazine is celebrating her ingenuity!

Well, it sounds like a creative solution.

A creative solution would be a lobotomy to make one forget they like nice things.

It's all so bleak.

Goodnight, John.

Sleep well, sweetheart.

(Don't Cry Out loud by Melissa Manchester plays loudly)

Music: Just keep it inside

David, could you turn that down, please?

David: As if you think that's what I listen to!

David, Alexis, turn the music down!

It's coming from the other side!

What?

Music: We almost had it all

Music: Don't cry out loud

(Banging)

Could you turn the music down, please?!

Music: Just keep it inside

Music: And learn how to hide your feelings

(Pounding)

Hello?! We're trying to sleep in here!

Alexis: Stop yelling!

I'm trying to turn the music down!

David: Stop banging on the wall!

David, stop yelling at your father!

(Pounding)

Hello?!

Alexis: Why is everybody screaming?!

Alexis, enough!

The music's too loud!

David: Then get them to turn it down!

Well, that's what I'm trying to do!

(Anguished scream)

(Birds chirp)

(Moira sighs)

(Sighs again)

(Sighs yet again)

John.

John!

John, do you have any idea what a terrible night's sleep does to one's face?

What, you couldn't sleep?

How could I sleep with that noise?!

What noise? They turned it off.

No, you... you just fell asleep, and stayed asleep with no regard for my well being.

Now my eyes are puffy. Are they puffy?

No, they look like they usually look, Moira.

So now my eyes are usually puffy!

Oh Moira, they're fine!

These bags are like gypsy caravans, packed to the brim!

Don't cry out loud

Oh my God, this can't be happening.

All right, I'll take care of it.

Learn how to hide your feelings

Fly high and proud

(Pounding)

Could you turn the music down, please?!

My wife hasn't slept all night!

(Music stops abruptly)

Oh! Hey, Johnny.

Roland!

Hey, uh...

Yeah.

What are you doing here?

Well, we're, uh, doing some renos on the uh, house, so we're gonna shack up here until they're all done.

Um honey, don't hog all the hot water, okay?

Thank you.

Jocelyn's here?

Y-yeah, no, Johnny's here.

Yeah, yes, I will say hi to him for you.

Jocelyn says hi, John.

You didn't hear us last night?

Nope.

Banging away?

Now, whatever you and the missus do after hours, that's your business, not mine.

On the walls Roland, with our fists!

And if you're into that kind of stuff, that doesn't bother me at all.

All right, stop, stop!

That is fine. What?

Stop it! What are you doing here?!

Oh!

I told you, our basement flooded.

You said renovations.

Yes... renovations, because our basement flooded!

What? Yes, you're absolutely right, honey, it is time that we asked Johnny to leave.

So Johnny, I think you should...

Is Jocelyn really there?

(Laughs wildly) Did you hear that, sweetheart?

He doesn't think you're really here. Would you please tell him?

Thank you! Satisfied?

Jocelyn?

Okay look, Johnny, unless you have a warrant, okay?

Jocelyn and I are gonna be shutting our door now.

Jocelyn?

Okay, that's fine.

So you think Jocelyn's at the root of this?

Yeah well, I think obviously they... they... they... they had a... they had a fight, Moira.

You know, I just don't know how she puts up with him.

And now he's living next door.

I've never pretended to like this motel, but at least it provided a buffer between us, and those people!

Yeah...

How long do you think he'll be here?

Well, I hate to think.

Oh God, this is the last thing we need, John.

We're barely hanging on as it is!

Well, what does that mean, Moira? We're barely hanging on?!

I mean living in a space this limited, is trying enough on a marriage without having Roland wallowing next door.

This is going to bring us to a breaking point!

Oh Moira, it's not gonna bring us to the breaking point.

I think we've done an amazing job since we've been here.

I mean, I barely remember an argument between us!

That's my point.

In a room this tiny, we've just got to ignore the little irritants of the other, or you'd go insane!

Little irritants? What uh...

What little irritants? I have little irritants?

Yes, we all do.

Peccadilloes, cloying habits.

Like what, for instance?

All right, John. I...

I drink a little too much tea sometimes.

And that's it for you? You uh...

You drink tea?

Well, it calms me, so I suppose you would say that's because I'm inclined to get nervous or insecure.

No, I would say you're sometimes a little defensive, and uh, perhaps a tad paranoid.

That would only be after you've taken that condescending father tone with me.

Father tone?

There it is.

You think I have a father tone?

John, I wish you could hear yourself talk. But of course you never do.

And that's the other thing I guess, I never listen to myself?

(Sighs) Look, it's by not engaging in this kind of tit-for-tat that we keep our marriage afloat.

And you have no faults, other than drinking tea?!

John, I just admitted that I can get a little defensive.

But only when you act like a big child!

I act like a child?

Yes John, and now is not the time for you to throw one of your tantrums!

Moira, of the two of us, I'm not the one who throws tantrums!

I will not engage.

I do not want to see him get the better of us.

And I'm sorry, obviously this has worked you up into some kind of... fit of pique.

Okay, you know what?

I need some air.

That's another thing Mr. Rose, you never finish your fights.

Oh, this one's finished!

(Door slams)

(Birds chirp)

Stevie, you look like you would know about affordable housing. Is this legit?

Uh... it's an ad for an apartment.

I know, it's cute though, right?

I wouldn't really describe any apartment as cute in this town.

(Door closes)

Hi...

Um, hi.

There's a collection of undershirts hang drying outside of my room.

Um, is there any way they could be removed, or is there like, a Texas Chainsaw movie being filmed out there that I'm not aware of?

Actually, Roland is staying here for a few days.

Ew.

That's disgusting.

What's going on over here? Let me see that.

What is this?

Charming studio apartment for rent in lower SC.

What's lower SC? I thought this town was just one long street.

I am thinking about getting a place.

I have some money coming in, and it's just...

It's not really a cute look to be this age, and live at home.

No offense, David.

Okay, it's not like I have a lot of say in the matter.

M'kay well, you're a full grown man, who's much older than me, Hmmm. living at home. So it's just a little Mm-hmm. bit embarrassing.

Mmm, available immediately.

I wonder if you could move out tonight?

Uh no, because I'm gonna be using my half of the room as a guest bedroom.

Ooh, better yet, you could sublet it.

I'm sure there's plenty of vagrants looking for temporary housing.

Speaking of which, David, I'm gonna need you to come and look at the apartment with me.

(Imitating Alexis) Okay, why would I do that?

Because David, as an attractive, single female, I don't feel comfortable going to look at an apartment by myself!

Well, what if the person who's showing you the apartment is like, a super cute single real estate guy?

Mmmm... that person doesn't exist in this town.

Okay, well, if that's the case, then David, you have to come with me.

And if I like the place, then you can have the whole motel room to yourself, okay?

Okay.

She's nuts. Um, if you could... just figure out the undershirt situation, there's just so many of them, and it's a lot for me.

Bye!

You know, for my eyes.

Mm-hmm.

(Truck rumbles)

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(Johnny sighs heavily)

Hey, Johnny.

Oh, Jocelyn. Hi.

How are you?

Fine, thank you.

Really?

Yes.

I couldn't help but notice that you seemed a little... sad sack-y today.

Sad sack-y?

Well, maybe that's because your husband is occupying the room next to us at the motel.

I thought he might end up there.

That's where we had our honeymoon.

Had a lot of great times in that room.

I don't think this is one of them.

He was playing Don't Cry Out Loud, loud at two in the morning.

I'm so sorry. (Laughs)

It's our wedding song.

It was actually the first song that we ever made...

Okay, I really don't need the details on that.

Listen, I would ask you to sit, but I... I am not...

Absolutely, yes!

So... you two are Yeah. going through a little bit of a thing?

Had a tiff, and uh, I just said, I need some space.

Well, I'm glad you have your space, and I'm glad Roland has his space, I'll tell you who's now having a major problem with their space.

Okay, Johnny.

Sometimes it's a lot easier to blame others than it is to maybe kinda turn it inwards on ourselves, isn't it?

Meaning...

Well, it's kinda obvious that you and Moira are a little bit rocky right now.

No, no, things are not rocky.

Things are not rocky, and if they are, it's because your husband is driving us insane!

So you're telling me that there are no issues between you two right now?

No! No! No issues.

Well, by issues, if you mean p-peccadilloes, if you mean little irritants.

Mmmm.

Maybe.

Uh-huh.

But uh no, we're... we're good.

Good.

Err, right this way.

As you can see, it's light and breezy.

And by breezy, I mean there's a slight but steady draft I'm told you only notice in the winter.

This is so cute for me.

Ray: Oh, and there's a lovely window here through which you can see all of the town.

The cafe, the garage, a tree of some kind just uh, over there.

This is cute, right?

I think this is super cute.

Wait, is it cute?

'Cause I know that it's light, and spacious, and... airy in here, but I just wasn't sure if it was cute.

Oh, it's cute.

Are these original moldings?

Yes, but we can rip those out.

Okay well, I'm the one that should be asking the questions.

Okay, be my guest.

Okay, so...

When does um...

Is this a functioning fireplace?

Yes, we found an incinerated squirrel carcass there last week.

Ah.

Um, what are you doing, David?

You wanted my help, so I'm helping.

Mm, okay.

What's the rent?

Uh, they want $275, but I think they're dreaming.

A week?

No, no, no, a month.

But again, I think we can talk them down.

Wait, $275 a month for this? That's cheaper than my P.O. Box in New York.

Do you think I should take it?

Well, I mean, it is... it is very old.

I think that I would like to see the lease agreement.

I thought you'd never ask!

(Ray and Alexis laugh)

Ugh, you know, it actually kind of reminds me of your old um... office space that you had in the West Village.

Mm-hmm.

Remember?

Yep!

So cute.

Jocelyn: You know what I think brought all this on? That darn election!

It's really hard on couples. I mean, don't get me wrong, I really appreciate how involved Roland wants to be in my campaign, it's just that sometimes, he can be sooo...

Irritating? Obnoxious?

No. I was gonna say sensitive.

Oh, sensitive.

Especially when I wanna do something on my own.

Ohhh! Do you really think he's obnoxious and irritating?

No! No, no, no, I was just trying to imagine what you know, you were feeling, no.

Well, I feel frustrated a lot.

You know, you try to have a rational conversation with him, and he just gets all like, stubborn and selfish.

And then he acts like you're the one behaving like a child! Right? Yeah, exactly.

Exactly!

Words get... get used, and twisted around, and yet, he uses that against you.

Yes, that is so Roland!

And you get the reputation for being hot-headed, and he gets to push every button he can!

You are so right!

You know, I thought that I might be ready to forgive him, but I think he needs a couple more nights at that motel.

But, on the other hand... maybe it's through your forgiveness that you teach him a lesson.

Right, and... and the sooner you forgive him, then... then the better it's gonna be for... for you.

Don't cry out loud

(Knocking) Roland!

(Knocking) Roland!

Roland: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Oh! Moira, this isn't a good time, um...

Jocelyn and I are about to make brunch.

You can give up the act.

You and I need to talk.

(Groans)

Close the door honey, will you? You're lettin' my flies out.

(Groans)

Ugh! It's time for you to go home and apologize.

Oh, okay.

I'll do that. Um...

Just one question. Where's Johnny?

I imagine he's at work.

'Cause he seemed pretty angry this morning.

I don't know, maybe you need to go home and apologize.

(Laughs)

Sorry sweetheart, these walls are pretty thin.

Oh yes, I know.

The only reason John and I had words is because we were exhausted, from being kept up all night!

Mmm.

It seems someone in the motel was playing loud music until 4 A.M.!

I'm sorry, are you complaining about the quality of the free lodging that I arranged for you this past year?

I think we're very courteous guests, Roland, and have tried to contribute to this town, in whatever way we could.

This town, which is quite frankly, woefully mismanaged.

Oh, ugh, ew! I hate that!

Eww! That is just the kind of arrogance that I can't stand!

You come in here, and you think you know everything!

Oooh! Ohhhh!

No, but I think if I was in your position, I would be open to new ideas.

Oh! (Laughs) Right! Of course you would.

I would!

Sure. Hah! Yeah. Mmmm...

(Imitating Moira) Hello, everyone! I'm Moira Rose, and I know famous people, so I really can't talk to the common folk.

Excuse me all, coming through!

So I'm assuming this place comes fully furnished?

(Ray laughs)

No, this is all completely staged.

Hmm, it must be very expensive to furnish a place like this.

Ah, not really if you get it second hand.

Or uh, maybe you get up early on Tuesdays, which is garbage day, and find a discarded couch or sofa.

Mm-hmm, um well, you know what, I don't even really need that much stuff.

I kinda like the minimalist look anyway, so.

David: It's very quiet in here, Ray, it's like, alarmingly quiet.

The apartment was soundproofed by the previous owner.

But the irony is the people next door are completely deaf, so you could literally scream for hours, and no one would hear you.

(False scream, laughs)

Did you hear that?

You could scream for hours, and no one would hear you.

Okay well, think about how much fun that will be for parties, David.

Um, and what about parking?

Okay, you don't... you don't even have a car!

Oh my god, if you want the place so badly, David, why don't you just say it?!

Who says I want it?

So you don't want it?

No.

So if I said that I didn't want the place, you wouldn't... you wouldn't want it?

Okay, so you don't want the place?

Okay, I'm just trying to figure out if you want the place!

Oh, okay, okay.

I think I know what all the hesitation is about.

Yes, someone did take their own life in this space, but the good news is, we've replaced the ceiling fan, it's now a break-away model.

And to answer your question, yes, there is parking.

Uh, oh, and they also allow cats.

(David clears his throat)

Oh? Oh? You wanna drop the gloves? Let's drop the gloves, Roland.

You are an emotionally stunted, self absorbed man-child.

You lord this counterfeit power of yours over others like a schoolyard bully!

Okay, well you're a phony baloney blowhard, who's desperately scared of being thought of as a regular person!

I used to be a regular person!

You're just a stuck up pencil skirt with clown makeup, and a janitor's mop on your head!

You are an inexplicably cocky imbecile!

Your marriage is as blighted as this town, and you have no one to blame but yourself!

Whoa...

Oh.

Well, hold on.

I went too far.

Yeah.

Well...

Well, I mean, come on.

In the spirit of things.

Yeah but still, that was kind of... over the line.

(Roland sighs)

I like Jocelyn, And I know you two have a very special relationship.

Well, we... I mean, we have our differences.

Oh God, who doesn't?

I was... I was just riffing.

(Door opens)

(Door closes softly)

(Footsteps thud lightly)

(Sighs)

John?

Oh sweetheart, I didn't mean to wake you.

Don't hear any music next door.

No, I think he tuckered himself out.

Oh, well, that's good, that's good.

I suppose he just needed to spout off for a while.

Yeah well, Jocelyn will be glad to hear that.

She just came to pick him up.

Really?

Yeah.

I think she just needed some alone time, you know, to clear her head.

That's understandable.

Hmm.

It's unfortunate they can't communicate those needs to each other.

Yeah well, they don't have what we have.

I can't argue with that.

Don't cry out loud

I thought you said Jocelyn came back to make up!

She did!

That happens to be their wedding song.

(Crickets chirp)

Just admit that you wanted the place.

I was just asking questions to help you make the right decision.

Well, you're a terrible liar, David.

It's a pretty good deal, though.

(Scoffs) Seriously though, would you wanna live in a house where someone killed themselves?

I could almost guarantee you that someone's killed themselves in this room.

Ew, David!

Okay, good night.

Good night.

Ugh!

(David sighs)

You know, sometimes at night, I see things.

Oh my God, David!

Yeah, yeah. Like... dark things.

Like sometimes there's this old woman that paces back and forth by your bed, waving her hands over your face.

I don't think her bony fingers ever touch your mouth, though.

(Gasps)

Mom?

Do you ever wake up with chapped lips?

(Inhales and exhales)

Dad!

(Whispers) Dad's dead.

Ohh, you're such a dick, David!

(Groaning, choking noise)

Stop!

This is the number that we are after. (clicks tongue)

(scoffs)

Now if you'll excuse us, we have another meeting to get to.

We're in our store.

We await your reply.