

Portlandia - "Home Renovations" (Spec)

By

Josh Hamelin

Based on IFC's "Portlandia"

EXT. WORKSOURCE OREGON - DAY

To establish.

SUPER: 30 N Webster St

INT. WORKSOURCE OREGON - RECEPTION - CONTINUING

Overly-pleasant TALBOT TALLERNACKY (40) - a smile permanently plastered to his face - approaches frumpy, timid KAREN (early 30s). Karen stands to greet him.

TALBOT

Karen?

KAREN

Yes, hi.

They shake hands.

TALBOT

I'm Talbot Tallernacky, step into my office, right this way.

INT. TALBOT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Talbot leads Karen inside.

TALBOT

Thank you for choosing WorkSource Oregon. Please, have a seat.

Karen stops, taken aback by how unbelievably zen the space is. In fact, the room is less "stuffy unemployment office" and more "therapist's office," complete with a lounge sofa and bonsai tree on the coffee table.

KAREN

Okay...

Talbot grabs his pad & paper and takes a seat in an armchair. Karen takes a tentative seat on the lounge sofa.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I'm not sure how I'm supposed to -

TALBOT

- Oh no, feel free to lie back. We like to think that a comfortable client is an employable client.

KAREN

That's okay, I think I'll just sit like a normal person, if that's okay...?

But it's clearly not okay, and Talbot awkwardly waits with his too-creepy-for-comfort grin. Karen finally gives in and lies back, and Talbot's instantly reassured.

TALBOT

Excellent. Now before we start, I want to assure you that this is a safe place.

KAREN

What?

TALBOT

There's no judgement here.

KAREN

Why would there be judgement?

TALBOT

We understand how humiliating being unemployed can be. Sitting at home drinking that old Mountain Dew you found in the back of your closet because you're too poor to go out and buy real beverages. Watching old episodes of *Friends* on Netflix, even though you have all the DVDs ten feet in front of you. Constantly checking your phone for missed job calls and then having to recharge your phone because you drained the battery. The same routine every day. Hour after hour, day after day, year after year -

KAREN

- I get it. I actually was fine until you started -

TALBOT

- Okay great. Now tell me, how long have you been unemployed?

Talbot scribbles on his note pad.

KAREN

Three months.

TALBOT

Mhmm, mhmm. Well, I'm sorry to hear that. If I may ask, what were the circumstances that led to your unemployment?

KAREN

I was working in this really toxic work environment. There was no sense of community, the work we were all doing wasn't appreciated by management  
-

TALBOT

- So you quit?

KAREN

Well yes, but -

TALBOT

- Okay just so you know - and no pressure or anything - but we don't recommend terminating your own employment.

Karen sits up.

KAREN

Wait a second.

TALBOT

Ma'am, please lie back.

Karen reluctantly follows orders.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

Now, have you been actively looking for work?

KAREN

Kind of? My last position I sort of just fell into. But it wasn't really what I wanted to do.

TALBOT

Well our primary goal here is to help you find gainful employment in your preferred industry. What types of work are you most interested in?

KAREN

That's the thing, I'm not sure. I want something that's emotionally and financially fulfilling, but that - you know - has me doing as little as humanly possible. I just want a job that lets me 'be.'

Talbot finishes writing.

TALBOT

Lets... me... be - okay, perfect.  
Let's see what we can find here.

Talbot grabs a laptop and types in some keywords into the company search engine: "deadbeat" "lazy" "job." He hits enter and the computer instantly dings.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

Ah, success!

He spins the computer around for Karen to see. She doesn't move, and Talbot looks at her, slightly agitated.

TALBOT (CONT'D)

Could you... please?

KAREN

I thought a comfortable client was an employable client.

TALBOT

Yeah, well a comfortable client can't see the available job openings, can she?

KAREN

This is so confusing.

As Karen sits up -

TALBOT

I know right? Resumes? Interviews? Job hunting - bleh, am I right?

KAREN

Could you please just tell me what jobs are available.

TALBOT

Right. Okay, for someone with your job  
(MORE)

TALBOT (CONT'D)  
preferences we have... ooh! Struggling  
screenwriter!

KAREN  
That doesn't sound very promising.

TALBOT  
Well you know what they say - choosers  
can't be beggy.

KAREN  
That's actually not the saying, at  
all...

TALBOT  
But true, nonetheless.

KAREN  
Could you just tell me how much it  
pays, please?

Talbot takes another look at his computer.

TALBOT  
It looks like your ballpark figure is  
127,000.

KAREN  
WHAT!?

TALBOT  
Oh, sorry, that would be the fee for  
successfully *selling* a screenplay.

KAREN  
So what am I looking at?

TALBOT  
Anywhere from zero dollars to 127,000.

Karen's becoming increasingly agitated.

KAREN  
What's the job description?

TALBOT  
Well, what you do is you go to a  
coffee shop - any coffee shop, but the  
more populated the better. And you  
open your free version of Celtx or -  
(MORE)

TALBOT (CONT'D)

if you really want to be fancy - your hacked version of Final Draft that you torrented. And then you just write.

KAREN

What do I write?

TALBOT

Anything! That's the beauty of it. The whole point is you want others around you to see that you're writing a screenplay so that they'll be like "Ooh, look at her she's writing a movie, she must be really important." So in a way, the real prize is people thinking you're a big shot, when in reality, you're probably washing cars or working the drive-thru at a McDonald's.

KAREN

I just don't know if I want a job where "struggling" is in the title. Like what am I actually getting out of this?

TALBOT

Apparently a lot of free coffee, in the way of unfinished beverages that you fish out of the trash when the employees aren't looking. Or, you could buy the smallest coffee possible, spill it all over yourself in an overly-dramatic fashion, like "ughhh what a day, could this day get any worse?!" and then after you've made a big scene, you demand a free large coffee to make up for the inconvenience of your own stupidity. As well, you could drink half of that coffee, find a piece of hair or a dead bug or some dirt and put it in the coffee. And then you would indignantly bring it to the barista and yell at them for the unsanitary condition of your beverage and demand a replacement. So you see, it's kind of an endless cycle of free coffee, at the expense of those around you.

KAREN

You know what, that sounds great, but I think I'm looking for something a little less humiliating. Is there anything else available?

TALBOT

I see here that there's an immediate opening for an Employment Strategist.

KAREN

That actually sounds amazing. Tell me more.

TALBOT

Well this particular Strategist is someone who looks for companies that are doing really poorly in the market, but yet - for whatever reason - are still hiring new employees. So the goal is to get recruited to one of these companies in hopes of being let go, maybe six to eight months later, in which time you'll have accumulated enough employment insurance to essentially get paid to "actively look for new employment" but actually do nothing. Essentially, running out the clock, again at the expense of other hard-working individuals around you.

KAREN

I'd be lying if I said I didn't like the sound of that, but I'm still not sure it's the job for me. I need something with purpose.

A small twitch in Talbot's eye.

TALBOT

No, please, this is why I'm here - this is not at all a waste of my time. Let's take another look. We have an overseas English teacher, someone who pretends to teach children English while a translator does all of the work, a customer service representative who wanders around a supermarket asking "can I help you find anything" but then when someone does ask you for help you say

(MORE)



TALBOT (CONT'D)  
something like "Oh sorry, I'm new here" and then pretend you're being called away. Ooh, and I see here that there's a brand new opening for a hairdresser who asks how the customer is doing but then spends the entire session talking about herself.

It's information overload for Karen who bursts out of her seat.

KAREN  
You know what, this is too much for me to deal with right now. I think I need to go home and think about -

The smile is instantly wiped from Talbot's face.

TALBOT  
- Oh, I'm sorry, but I was under the impression that you were here for a job.

KAREN  
I was - I am - but I just don't want to make a hasty decision that -

TALBOT  
- You know what that looks like, when you leave here without a job? It looks bad, Claire.

KAREN  
Karen.

TALBOT  
Claren. It looks real bad. It makes me look bad, it makes you look bad. It makes everyone look bad.

KAREN  
How does it make you look bad? I'm sure plenty of people have trouble finding -

TALBOT  
- How? Because when my boss comes in here and says "Oh, what a nice looking lady. What type of gainful employment did you assist her in finding today?"

(MORE)

TALBOT (CONT'D)

I have to inform him - my boss - that you left empty-handed. And then I look like I'm incapable of doing my job, I get fired and then three months from now I'm lying down in an office just like this while a talented employment specialist has to listen to my life story.

KAREN

But I didn't want to tell you my life story. I just want a job.

TALBOT

You know what you need to do? You just need to pick a job. Any job. PICK ONE!

Talbot's rant escalates and Karen becomes increasingly-overwhelmed until -

KAREN

Okay, fine! I'll pick the 'struggling screenwriter.'

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Karen puts the finishing touches on a screenplay. Underneath that character heading "KAREN" she types: "I'll pick the 'struggling screenwriter.'"

A COUPLE moves past Karen and the computer catches their eye. The man whispers to his wife.

MAN

Wow, she must be a big deal!

Karen smiles at the camera and winks.

TITLE SEQUENCE.

EXT. PITTOCK MANSION - DAY

To establish.

SUPER: 3229 NW Pittock Dr

INT. PITTOCK MANSION - CONTINUING

DAVE and KATH enter the mansion and wander, amidst other TOURISTS. Kath unfolds and consults a detailed Pittock

brochure that's nearly as wide as her reach. She moves her eye-line back and forth between the brochure and the house.

KATH

Dave, would you look at this place?

DAVE

I'm having trouble with all the people constantly in my way.

Kath snaps into action and forms a barrier in front of Dave. A FEMALE TOURIST, completely caught up in the mansion's beauty, has no idea she's up in Kath and Dave's space.

KATH

Ma'am - MA'AM! This is our space. I'm going to have to ask you to maintain a five-foot perimeter.

DAVE

This is for your safety as much as ours, ma'am. If you could just...

Dave motions, and the woman moves away, appalled.

KATH

Some people are just so rude, Dave.

DAVE

Do you think they're doing it on purpose?

KATH

Well, we do have this amazing brochure. I know I'd be jealous of us.

A friendly TOUR GUIDE approaches Kath and Dave.

TOUR GUIDE

Hi there, enjoying yourselves?

DAVE

Well, we're trying to.

TOUR GUIDE

Just letting you know the next tour's about to start.

KATH

Oh no, that's okay.  
(holds up brochure)  
(MORE)

KATH (CONT'D)

We prefer a structured, self-guided tour.

TOUR GUIDE

Well you know, there's a tidbit or two that you won't find in any brochure. Call it a 'house secret.'

She winks.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Feel free to tag a long at any time.

The tour guide moves to the center of the foyer.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

Attention everyone, the next tour of Pittock Mansion is about to begin.

KATH

Did you hear that, Dave? Tidbits?! We have to be on that next tour.

DAVE

You're right.

KATH

This brochure are useless!

Kath dramatically rips, tears and crumples the brochure and tosses it aside. Dave and Kath hurriedly join the tour group.

TOUR GUIDE

Alright, if you'll follow me up to the second level. Notice the fine marble staircase.

DAVE

Kath, look at the craftsmanship.

He slaps the stairs.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Listen to that echo.

KATH

If you fell down these things, there is no chance you'd survive. Talk about quality.

DAVE

Not like our stairs at home.

KATH

Did you even bruise that time you slipped?

DAVE

No, just rugburn. Carpet...

First stop, the

DINING ROOM.

TOUR GUIDE

In here, you'll notice -

The sight of Dave and Kath sitting at the dining room table cuts the tour guide short. Kath bounces in her chair, but it easily holds her weight.

KATH

Dave! Dave! Are you watching? These chairs! They're like steel!

But Dave's too busy admiring the cutlery.

DAVE

You don't see good silverware like this any more. I feel like I need to go to the gym just to be able to lift these things.

TOUR GUIDE

Excuse me! There is to be no handling of any of the items you see today in Pittock Mansion. In fact, nobody - at any time - is to be behind this velvet rope.

Dave and Kath return to the group.

DAVE

Forgive us, this is just all so amazing.

TOUR GUIDE

Well, the Pittock's took great pride in their home. Now, if we could continue...

As the group follows the guide.

DAVE  
Did you hear that, Cath?

KATH  
Affirmative. "Pride." Why aren't we like that?

DAVE  
Our place is so modern.

KATH  
It's disgusting.

DAVE  
Like I know we've only been here ten minutes, but all I can think about is how can we make our place look like this?

KATH  
I think I have an idea.

Dave and Kath exchange an all-knowing look and separate from the group, incognito. MONTAGE.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - LATER

1. The group approaches the music room.

TOUR GUIDE  
The Pittocks were quite fond of music.  
So fond that they dedicated an entire room to -

Again, she's cut off by rule-breakers Kath and Dave, playing the instruments.

KATH  
That melody!

DAVE  
It's so good it's like I'm hearing vinyl again for the first time!

INT. REFRIGERATOR ROOM - LATER

2. A small room with multiple cabinets.

TOUR GUIDE

Not surprisingly, the entire refrigerator room was kept cool, allowing the Pittocks to store nearly anything.

Two cabinet doors pop open, revealing Kath and Dave inside. The guide shrieks.

DAVE

It's like a walk in closet, but for kitchens!

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

3. They stop at an intercom.

TOUR GUIDE

Sophisticated communication technology allowed the family to keep in constant contact.

DAVE (INTERCOM)

Can you believe this, Kath? Think of how many trips up and downstairs this would save!?

KATH (INTERCOM)

Now when I want to find you, all I have to do is talk into this.

DAVE (INTERCOM)

I mean, we might as well throw away our cell phones!

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

4. Final stop.

TOUR GUIDE

Finally, this stunning kitchen features -

- Kath and Dave in colonial gear. Kath churns butter by hand and Dave chops vegetables on a counter. A pot of water boils on the stove.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

ENOUGH! Stop this! Where did you even get the food!?

Dave and Kath sheepishly return to the group.

DAVE

I apologize, ma'am. I think we both  
just got carried away.

KATH

We're just so inspired by this  
mansion. This is the kind of home we  
want for ourselves. Can you forgive us  
for getting caught up in Pittock's  
beauty?

TOUR GUIDE

You know what, I'm sorry for raising  
my voice. That was unkind, and  
definitely not the type of service the  
Pittocks would have -

But just then, the tour guide realizes that Dave and Kath  
have already loaded the fridge onto a dolly and are  
attempting a getaway.

TOUR GUIDE (CONT'D)

What on Earth!?

Dave and Kath freeze. Take one look at each other.

KATH

Run Dave!

They ditch the fridge and flee.

END.

EXT. WOMEN & WOMEN FIRST - NIGHT

To establish. TONI turns the open sign to closed.

SUPER: Women & Women First, North-East Portland

INT. WOMEN & WOMEN FIRST - CONTINUING

Toni joins CANDICE in the center of the shop. Meanwhile, a  
SMALL GROUP OF WOMEN mingle.

CANDICE

What was that thing?

TONI

An open/closed sign.



CANDICE

Oh... I didn't even know we had one of those.

TONI

Sometimes I forget about it in the morning.

CANDICE

Do you think that's why we've been so slow lately?

TONI

Maybe.

CANDICE

Never mind. Okay everyone, gather round.

Candice's words go unheard.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

GATHER ROUND!

This catches the groups attention and they slowly start to join T & C.

TONI

Candice, when you yell it reminds me of my father.

CANDICE

Oh my goodness, Toni, how insensitive of me. Of course, with the -

Candice uses her best male-authoritarian-voice.

CANDICE (CONT'D)

- "Young lady, you are not going to a seven-sisters college!"

TONI

My dream was Vasser because of the 'V.'

CANDICE

You know what - that would be an excellent conversation starter for the 'sharing circle.'

TONI

It would be.

CANDICE

How is your father by the way?

TONI

We haven't spoken since his funeral.

The group has long-since-assembled and stand around awkwardly. Candice realizes they're all eavesdropping.

CANDICE

Can we help you?

TIFFANY

You asked us to gather round...

CANDICE

I know what I said! Don't you know it's rude to interrupt a private conversation?

TONI

I feel like you're violating my woman's space when you eavesdrop.

CANDICE

Did you take a moment to even consider that, Tiffany?

TONI

Candice, it's okay. Let's remember why we're here. Unity.

Toni places a reassuring hand on Candice's shoulder.

CANDICE

You're right. Forgive me, everyone. Okay, thank you all for attending our first-ever ladies night, where we'll be staying up all night celebrating our womanhood with personal exposés, light snacks and absolutely no alcohol of any kind.

TONI

If everyone could take a seat. Form a circle. Because do you know what a circle looks like? A hole. And that's what you'll be sharing with us tonight  
(MORE)

TONI (CONT'D)  
- your whole self.

CANDICE  
Toni, that's so clever. It's really  
too bad about the Vasser thing.

TONI  
I was going to take their Creative  
Writing program.

CANDICE  
Well I can see why.

One of the girls starts to unroll and sleeping bag.

CANDICE (CONT'D)  
What is THAT?!

REBETHECA  
A sleeping bag?

CANDICE  
I know what it is. What is it doing  
here, Rebetheca?

REBETHECA  
You said it was a slumber party...

TONI  
Candice, I can't even believe what's  
happening right now.

CANDICE  
And at what point did you think it was  
acceptable to - oh, I don't know - buy  
into male patriarchy?!

TONI  
Did you think we were all going to put  
on revealing nightgowns while we braid  
each others' hair and have pillow  
fights?

Another woman shakes her head at Rebetheca in disgust.

CANDICE  
I am this close to grabbing that jar  
of dirt over there - that was  
generously donated by that strong,  
courageous homeless woman that sleeps  
(MORE)

CANDICE (CONT'D)  
outside the store - and throwing  
handful after handful at you until you  
choke! Is that what you want?

REBETHECA  
No...?

CANDICE  
You know what we're going to do to  
punish you? We're going to make you go  
last now. Because by the time everyone  
else has shared their tales of sweat,  
tears and unexpected teenage bleeding,  
we're all going to be so bored that no  
one's going to pay attention.

TONI  
This is for your own good, Rebetheca.

Candice flicks her long hair back and tucks it behind her  
ear.

CANDICE  
Okay, now that that awfulness is  
behind us, who wants to go first?

No takers.

CANDICE (CONT'D)  
Okay, great. I wanted to go first  
anyway.

Toni pulls out her notes.

CANDICE (CONT'D)  
This is called "That Time When Santa  
Clause Had the Decency to Ask What I  
Wanted for Once."

END.

EXT. HOODOO ANTIQUES & DESIGNS - DAY

To establish.

SUPER: 122 NW Couch St

INT. HOODOO ANTIQUES & DESIGNS - CONTINUING

The DOOR CHIME RINGS as Dave and Kath enter. MIKE, the

friendly owner, greets them.

MIKE

Welcome to Hoodoo Antiques & Designs.  
I'm Mike.

Kath gives Mike a firm handshake.

KATH

Kath. This is my husband Dave.

MIKE

Kath - I've got to say, I like that  
handshake.

KATH

Thank you, sir! I like to think a  
handshake's not a handshake without a  
few sprained fingers.

MIKE

What are you in the market for?

DAVE

My wife and I are looking to  
completely renovate our home.

MIKE

Okay.

KATH

We want our home to have a voice.

DAVE

We want it to say "look at how  
antiquated I am. I could fall apart at  
any minute. But that's because I have  
a soul."

KATH

That's what matters to us as of  
yesterday afternoon.

Mike's clearly on the edge of confused.

MIKE

Well, what I'm here for is to make  
sure you leave today with everything  
you need to turn your house into the  
home you've always wanted. Why don't  
we take a walk and you can point out  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
some things that catch your eye.

DAVE  
That sounds great.

They follow Mike around the store.

MIKE  
So tell me a little bit about what you  
have planned. Are you looking to  
upgrade some furnishings, add some  
style to your home -

DAVE  
All of it. Everything.

KATH  
The whole shebang, mang.

DAVE  
Essentially, we don't want people to  
even recognize our home when we're  
done.

KATH  
It should be like the entire house has  
traveled back in time.

MIKE  
That sounds like quite the vision, you  
two, but I think we might be getting a  
little out of range of what I can  
offer. You see, it sounds like you  
might want to go as far as knocking  
down some walls, and that's not really  
a service I offer -

But Dave and Kath pay no mind, instantly distracted by the  
treasures throughout the store. They go to town, examining  
every item they can get their hands on.

Kath examines an antique french press.

KATH  
Dave, remember that french press I was  
looking at in IKEA?

DAVE  
It was so cheap.

KATH

I know. But this one is fifty dollars!

Dave is suddenly intrigued.

KATH (CONT'D)

Imagine, no more fighting with  
annoying cables and extension cords.

DAVE

We could completely remove every  
socket.

MIKE

You two really seem to be encroaching  
on some touchy territory. I can  
suggest an electrician, or perhaps an  
architectural firm. But I think you  
might be under the impression that  
this is an easier process than it  
actually is...

Despite Mike's interjections, the two are already onto  
something new. Dave spots a collection of swords nearly as  
tall as him.

DAVE

What about these?

MIKE

Yes, those are quite stunning if  
you're going for a Medieval look -

DAVE

- We could hang these right in the  
foyer.

KATH

And if someone tries to burgle us. We  
just pull one of these babies out -

An over-eager Kath pulls a sword from its sheath and nearly  
collapses under its weight before Mike stops her.

MIKE

Please don't remove those. They're  
very dangerous.

KATH

Exactly.

DAVE

Does this guy know how to sell or  
what?

An old, wooden love-seat with cushions catches Kath and Dave's eye at the same moment. They "OOH" simultaneously and rush over to it. They sit, and the sensation is euphoric.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Kath, are you feeling what I'm  
feeling?

KATH

I've never been more uncomfortable in  
my life, and I like it.

DAVE

This is going in the living room.

MIKE

You know what - do whatever you like.  
If you want it, it's yours. Who am I  
to stop you.

LATER.

Kath and Dave wheel over a trolley piled high with items.  
Mike finishes ringing them up.

MIKE

That'll be \$14,132. How will you be  
paying?

KATH

Dave. That's more than we have on us  
right now.

DAVE

I know.

KATH

What are we going to do?

Dave has an epiphany.

DAVE

I've got it! How much for those two  
ski masks behind you?

Mike follows Dave's eyeline to two ski masks on the wall  
behind him.



EXT. BANK - DAY

Kath and Dave stop just outside the bank, already wearing their new ski masks.

DAVE  
Ready babe?

KATH  
Ready.

They pull out pistols and storm the bank.

END.

INT. HOME - DAY

On her laptop, A WOMAN logs in to her Starbucks account. She checks her star count, currently at '0.'

WOMAN  
WHAT!? This is ridiculous.

The woman pulls out her phone and dials.

INT. STARBUCKS CALL CENTER - CONTINUING

A phone rings and BARNABUS, a Starbucks customer care representative, answers.

BARNABUS  
Thank you for calling the Starbucks Customer Care Center. My name is Barnabus. So that you're aware, your call may be monitored for quality assurance and training purposes.

In the center of the office is a huge sign: "Employees: Please note that calls will NOT actually be recorded. Like honestly, what do you think this is? The CIA?"

BARNABUS (CONT'D)  
How can I help you?

The SCENE INTERCUTS between the call center and the home.

WOMAN  
I'm calling about my reward stars. This is like the third time my bonus stars haven't showed up after I've made a purchase and, to be honest, I'm  
(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
getting really fed up.

BARNABUS  
Okay. Well, ma'am, let me start off by saying I understand how upsetting this must be for you -

WOMAN  
- Is that like a speech you guys have to give? Because in every email complaint I have ever sent online, that is literally the response I get every single time.

BARNABUS  
...No, not at all.

But that exact script is on Barnabus' screen, followed by:

BARNABUS (CONT'D)  
Can you tell me the approximate dates you made your last purchases?

WOMAN  
Sure. There was last Saturday, the following Monday, and the most-recent was two days ago.

BARNABUS  
Ah, well please understand that bonus stars do take up to twenty four hours to appear in your account.

WOMAN  
But two days ago is 48 hours.

BARNABUS  
Sorry ma'am, but I'm not actually a mathematician, so -

WOMAN  
- But do you not acknowledge that 48 hours is more than 24 hours, right? No offense to you or Starbucks, but it just seems like your company is deliberately withholding stars in hopes that its customers won't notice. Do you understand that I put myself on the line every day for you guys? I live in Portland, Oregon. Have you  
(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

heard of the term 'local.' Like literally every single one of my friends laughs at me and criticizes me for going to Starbucks instead of contributing to local businesses.

BARNABUS

Could that be because our coffee's better? I mean, I'm just throwing it out there.

WOMAN

You know it is, damnit! Listen, I'm truly sorry that you're the one on the other end of the line and I know this isn't your fault, but something needs to be done.

Barnabus flips through an "Official Book of Starbucks Excuses."

BARNABUS

Unfortunately, it looks like your issue falls under our "Too Bad, So Sad" policy.

WOMAN

What?

BARNABUS

How about the "It's out of our control" excuse? Or... the "I wish I could do more" sentiment?

WOMAN

This is absurd.

BARNABUS

Ooh how about the "tell me what we can do to fix this, but then I'll counter with something not quite as good" proposition? Are you buying any of this?

WOMAN

NO! And you know what, if this isn't resolved by the end of this call, I can't promise I'll be going back.

BARNABUS

Tell you what, I have been authorized to give you a 25 percent off coupon on the purchase of one of our delightful, soggy, freeze-dried breakfast sandwiches that tastes like it's been sitting out for weeks. How does that sound?

The woman thinks hard about it.

WOMAN

I'll take it.

BARNABUS

Excellent. This has now been loaded to your account.

WOMAN

Thank you again. And I apologize for yelling at you.

BARNABUS

All part of the job. Thank you for calling.

INT. HOME - CONTINUING

The woman hangs up.

WOMAN

That went well.

The woman slips on a headset. It's not long before she receives a call.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Quality assurance department, how can I help you? ... Sir, sir, please stop yelling at me.

END.

INT. KATH & DAVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kath and Dave sit on their supremely-uncomfortable wooden sofa, admiring their newest furnishings. However, it's looking more like an antique shop than an actual heritage house.

KATH  
We did it, Dave.

DAVE  
Yes we did, Kath.

KATH  
Do you think 'Casa de Kath and Dave'  
will ever be a heritage site?

DAVE  
I think so. Can't you just imagine it?  
People wandering through our house,  
touching our things even though  
they've been specifically told not to.

KATH  
I can almost feel the velvet rope.

They daydream.

MANY YEARS LATER.

SUPER: 2116

Kath and Dave's dream has come true. Their place is now an  
official heritage site. ANOTHER TOUR GUIDE guides TOURISTS  
through the home.

ANOTHER TOUR GUIDE  
Now, we're not exactly sure what the  
vision was for 'Casa de Kath & Dave' -  
as they affectionately referred to it  
- but one thing's for certain: the  
items they adorned their home with are  
now relics. Certainly things we have  
not seen in society - anywhere - for  
nearly a hundred years.

END.

END CREDITS.