

The Farm League "Pilot"

By

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

BRIAN ERB (18) joins his parents GREG and LINDA (mid-forties) at the kitchen table. Brian is groggy and looking unkempt.

GREG

Nice of you to join the day.

BRIAN

If I don't wake up now then I won't be able to take a nap later.

Brian grabs a box of cereal from on top of the fridge. An extra large bowl from the cabinet. A spoon.

He fills the bowl and sits down at the table where he pours some milk and starts eating.

LINDA

(purposeful)

Your father and I have been talking.

Beat. He continues to eat.

LINDA (CONT'D)

We know it's the summer but, we think it's time you got a job.

He finally looks up from his bowl.

BRIAN

Am I being punished?

GREG

No. You're a good kid. You just need to learn some real life responsibility.

BRIAN

I could get a puppy.

LINDA

Oh, let's get a puppy!

Greg makes eye contact with Linda.

GREG
Same team, Linda.

He throws a NEWSPAPER to Brian.

GREG (CONT'D)
There's a job fair this afternoon.
I want you there. The details are
in the paper.

BRIAN
A job fair for what?

GREG
That new baseball stadium downtown.

LINDA
Minor leagues.

GREG
He knows what stadium, Linda.

Linda gives Greg a look.

GREG (CONT'D)
Sorry. Same team.

Brian skims through the job opportunities.

BRIAN
This doesn't sound too bad. I could
be a mascot or something.

LINDA
You'll make us so proud. And maybe
we can talk about putting the puppy
thing back on the table?

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Brian is in a long line of applicants at the job fair. He is wearing jeans and a screen printed t-shirt. The other hopeful applicants are wearing appropriate business attire. KEVIN MICHAELS (late teens) is in line next to Brian.

KEVIN

Can you believe this line? I've been here for an hour.

BRIAN

Me too. Almost the whole time you've been here.

KEVIN

I was just trying to make small talk.

BRIAN

Yeah, me too.

Beat.

KEVIN

I'm here so I can earn a little extra drug money.

BRIAN

Yeah, we could all use some extra money.

KEVIN

Right, but mine is for drugs.

BRIAN

I was pretending I didn't hear that part.

Kevin laughs at Brian's innocence. A recruiter motions to Kevin that it's his turn to interview.

KEVIN

OK, man. I'm up anyway. Good luck in there.

Kevin walks toward the interview room. He looks back at Brian and mimes smoking marijuana. Brian gives him a reluctant thumbs up.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Brian is across a small table from his interviewer, ANNIE. He sits back casually on his chair with his legs crossed.

ANNIE
I like your shirt.

BRIAN
Oh thanks. I thought it might make me stand out.

ANNIE
It does.

Beat.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
So it says here you graduated high school, and just finished your first year of college?

BRIAN
That's right.

ANNIE
And what do you want to do here, Brian?

BRIAN
Oh I'll do anything.

ANNIE
Anything in particular?

BRIAN
Just something I can call a job.

ANNIE
OK.

BRIAN
Maybe a mascot. I told my mom I could be a good mascot.

ANNIE
Right.

BRIAN
I've been working on a dance I think the fans will love.

Brian barely lifts his arms above his shoulders before the interviewer cuts him off.

ANNIE

That position has been filled.

BRIAN

My mom's not going to like that.

There is a brief silence. Brian raises his arms slightly to attempt his dance again but decides better of it.

BRIAN

This isn't going well is it?

Annie looks Brian in the eyes for an extended beat without saying a word. Then she looks down to write some notes. More silence.

EXT. BASEBALL STADIUM PARKING LOT - EVENING, DAYS LATER.

Brian is getting dropped off by his best friend JOSE (17). It's an older model car fit for a recent high school graduate.

BRIAN

I don't know if I want to do this.

JOSE

You don't even know what 'this' is yet.

BRIAN

I know I have to wear khakis. Nothing good happens in khakis.

JOSE

I rescued a baby bird while in khakis once.

BRIAN

That's pretty good.

JOSE

It died.

BRIAN

Thanks for the pep talk.

Beat.

JOSE

No problem. Now get out there slugger. Hit one out of the park.

BRIAN
 (overly excited)
 I'll swing for the fences!

JOSE
 I think corny baseball phrases
 should just be my thing.

BRIAN
 (mumbles to self)
 A swing and a miss.

JOSE
 What was that?

BRIAN
 (clearly not repeating what he
 said)
 I said thanks for the ride, man.

Brian reaches to open the door but Jose locks it at the same time. Twice in a row. Brian is less than pleased.

JOSE
 You're welcome. Love you.

Brian finally gets the door open and heads for the closest gate into the stadium. He's physically stopped by a serious looking security guard, WALLACE.

BRIAN
 Oh it's OK. I work here.

WALLACE
 Name?

BRIAN
 Erb, Brian.

The guard checks a list. Looks at Brian. Checks again.

WALLACE
 You can go in around back.

BRIAN
 I bet you say that to all the boys.

The guard looks upset. Brian realizes that sounds bad and not clever like he had hoped.

BRIAN
 I'm sorry.

Brian takes off quickly.

INT. STADIUM WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The stadium warehouse is filled with kegs, racks of hamburger buns, and CO2 tanks but still manages to look empty and cold. Brian looks around trying to gain his bearings. Brian's manager, STACKS, is coming around the corner talking to one of his workers, WILL.

WILL

The doctor was just as surprised as I was.

STACKS

You should keep that story to yourself.

BRIAN

(sheepishly)

Am I in the right place.

STACKS

Name?

BRIAN

I'm getting that a lot today.

Beat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Erb, Brian.

STACKS

Yep. Grab a visor and an apron. Head over to the third base side.

BRIAN

I was never told what I would be doing?

STACKS

Oh. Well, you're grabbing a visor and an apron. Heading over to the third base side.

Will tosses a chunk of ice towards Stacks. Stacks swings the makeshift bat he's holding and crushes the ice.

STACKS (CONT'D)

And then you'll be working the concession stand.

STACKS swings at another ice cube pitch.

INT. CONCESSION STAND - MOMENTS LATER

The concession stand is long and narrow, with 15 cash registers and matching BEER TAPS on the counter with rows of grills and fryers behind them. MARCUS (23) is in front of a crowd of new workers, all in khakis. Brian notices Kevin in the crowd and walks over to join the group.

MARCUS

OK listen up. This is super easy. They order chicken fingers. You push the button that says chicken fingers. They order a burger. You press the button that says burger. Pop quiz, they order an Italian sausage, you what?

BRIAN

(eager to please)

Push the button that says Italian sausage!

MARCUS

No. We don't serve Italian sausage.

Brian is embarrassed and catches a cute girl, LINDSAY (19), laughing in his direction.

MARCUS

See how much fun we're having already?

One of the employees raises his hand to ask a question. Without words, Marcus points as if to say "ask your question."

CALEB

When do we find out how much we're getting paid?

MARCUS

Let's keep the questions food service related.

CALEB

Um. If I was to serve food for twenty hours. What would I make, after taxes?

BRIAN

You wouldn't be making Italian sausages. That's for sure.

The joke does not land. With anyone.

Marcus looks at Brian as an acknowledgment that he talked, and nothing more, before finally answering the question at hand.

MARCUS
It's minimum wage.

CALEB
I quit.

He unceremoniously throws down his visor and exits the area.

MARCUS
There's always one.

KEVIN
So you've done this before?

MARCUS
No.

KEVIN
Ok great. But there is always one?

MARCUS
One what?

KEVIN
Yep. That's about right.

MARCUS
(confused)
Let's take a quick break. Mingle.
Get to know each other.

Marcus takes a quick sip of beer stolen from a nearby tap. Then turns to a couple of female employees.

BRIAN
(to Kevin)
Good questions out there.

KEVIN
I'm trying to get inside the head
of our boss.

BRIAN
How's it look in there?

KEVIN
It's an empty room with one dude
sitting on a chair trying to figure
out how to high five himself.

BRIAN
Pretty descriptive.

KEVIN
Thanks. I took an intro to improv
class.

BRIAN
And now you're here. Wasn't sure
I'd see you again after the job
fair.

KEVIN
Surprised I could land a job?
That's kind of racist.

BRIAN
I'm just surprised we got the same
job.

Beat.

KEVIN
Tomato, tomato.

BRIAN
You're actually supposed to
pronounce that two different ways.
Tomato, toe-mah-toe.

He shrugs.

KEVIN
I'm a fry cook.

BRIAN
Do fry cooks need to learn the
register?

KEVIN
Nope, just here taking in the
scenery.

Kevin points out a cute girl, not-so-subtly.

BRIAN
Creepy.

KEVIN
It's not creepy to follow a girl if
she's hot.

BRIAN

I'm going to learn a lot from you
this summer aren't I?

KEVIN

I'm full of knowledge. And if you
say I'm "full of something" under
your breath then you'll lose your
first work friend.

BRIAN

I don't say things like that. We
can be friends.

KEVIN

Work friends.

BRIAN

Was pretending I didn't hear that
part.

KEVIN

You're good at pretending huh? Want
to go pretend we stole the mascot
costume?

BRIAN

If I thought you were being honest
about your use of the word pretend,
then maybe.

KEVIN

Not a good start to our work
friendship, but I respect the
honesty. Catch you after.

BRIAN

Be safe.

Kevin takes off and Brian stands awkwardly alone feigning
interest in the cash register.

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CONCESSION STAND

Marcus is chatting with one of the female employees. She's visibly younger than him.

MARCUS

I just wanted to let you know I'm here if you ever need any help.

MEGAN

Isn't that something you should tell the group as a whole?

MARCUS

I could, but I think you're special.

Megan walks away.

Marcus turns slightly to his left where LINDSAY is standing.

MARCUS

I think you're special too.

LINDSAY

I am special. Which means I'm out of your league.

MARCUS

Nice use of a baseball term in a baseball stadium.

LINDSAY

Told you I was special.

MARCUS

We should try some more baseball terms. Maybe slide into second base?

LINDSAY

That's the base where you spend a lot of money on me then go home alone because you're a gentleman and I'm a lady right?

He gives a defeated nod.

Marcus returns to his post as cashier instructor.

MARCUS

And we're back, everybody. Who wants to see how to make a soft pretzel?!

BRIAN

Yeah!

Brian makes awkward eye contact with the cute girl, Lindsay, again.

MARCUS

OK, we're going to need to settle you down.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin has found his way into the locker room to look for the mascot costume. There are baseball uniforms and equipment everywhere. He searches for any door that might lead to finding the mascot costume.

KEVIN

If I were a mascot costume, where would I be?

He checks behind a chair that obviously doesn't have a costume behind it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Apparently if I were a costume I would be dumb.

Kevin finds, and opens, a door that reveals the mascot costume sitting on a chair. It's a colorful cow-like creature, to match the small town's rural aesthetic.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Nice. I am definitely putting that on.

Kevin reaches for the head of the costume. The MASCOT shakes his head no, and Kevin jumps back terrified.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(out of breath)

Oh my gosh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were in there.

The mascot remains silent, but stands up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
I don't want any trouble.

The mascot gives Kevin a solid shove.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You're supposed to be lovable!

The mascot raises his hand and/or hoof in a threatening manner sending Kevin sprinting out of the room.

INT. CONCESSION STAND - CONCURRENT

Brian is with Marcus in the keg cooler. It's filled with beer kegs and CO2 tubes. There's a fog from the chill in the air.

MARCUS
OK. This job is just for you.
Nobody else can do this.

BRIAN
Oh. Thanks for the opportunity for
this extra responsibility.

MARCUS
It's because you're 18. Not because
you're special. I don't call people
special anymore. Plus, you're not.

BRIAN
Thanks.

MARCUS
No offense.

BRIAN
Only a little taken.

MARCUS
Back to the kegs. It's really self
explanatory.

Marcus moves at a pace that is way too fast for Brian to follow. Disconnecting tubes and moving around parts in a blur.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Got it?

BRIAN
I think I can catch on.

MARCUS
(yelling)
Yip yip yidooooo.

BRIAN
What?

MARCUS
It's just something I do. It's fun.
Try it.

Beat.

BRIAN
I think I should have to earn that
right.

MARCUS
Good call. Oh, I almost forgot. The
most important part of changing the
kegs is to make sure the CO2 is off
before you put in the new one or
you'll get beer everywhere.

BRIAN
OK. How do I do that?

Stacks opens the keg room door and silently summons Marcus
to come with him. Marcus leaves without saying a word.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Must've been more important than me
not getting beer everywhere.

Brian leaves the cooler and looks down the hall towards the
warehouse where apparently it was Marcus' turn to bat in ice
cube baseball.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I was right. Super important.

CARL
Are you talking to yourself?

BRIAN
Yes. But not right now. Right now
I'm talking to you.

Beat.

Carl stares at Brian before leaving him alone.

BRIAN
I guess it's back to talking to
myself.

Marcus yells to the concession stand from his batter's
position in the warehouse.

MARCUS
Yo! Meeting in the warehouse!

The dozens of employees move slowly to the warehouse. Kevin
meets up with Brian along the way.

BRIAN
Where have you been? Having fun
dancing around as a mascot?

KEVIN
I don't want to talk about it.

BRIAN
Sounds like you had a rough time.
Maybe you should've just pretended
to go.

Beat.

KEVIN
I don't like your tone.

BRIAN
I'll try to change my voice for
you.

KEVIN
Your voice is fine. Only the tone
needs changing.

BRIAN
I'll do my best. Do you know what
this meeting is for?

KEVIN
Maybe we get to go home now. We
learned pretty much everything
there is to learn about making
mediocre food for the masses.

The group is milling around.

STACKS
Quiet down please. You've done a
great job learning today.

MARCUS

He means I did a great job teaching today.

STACKS

I said what I said. Anyway, I think we're all ready for today's game.

BRIAN

Wait, there's a game today?

MARCUS

You didn't think we practiced making 150 soft pretzels for nothing did you?

BRIAN

Kind of, yeah.

MARCUS

In one hour, six thousand fans will walk through those gates.

KEVIN

All of them in exactly one hour?

MARCUS

Yep. It's going to be very impressive, smart guy. Any other questions?

BRIAN

These six thousand people who can instantly walk through a gate at one time, are they able to break any other laws of physics?

MARCUS

All of the laws. Yes.

STACKS

Ok, let's just focus on work people. Make work your first law of physics. But in a fun way. Like the laws of physics with chicken tenders.

JOSH (34) enters the warehouse area on the way to his office.

STACKS (CONT'D)

Hey everybody. This is Josh. He's my boss, which makes him your boss. He's the worst.

JOSH

Thanks, Stacks. He's always so funny isn't he? I hope everything goes well for you guys today. If you need anything, my door is always open.

Josh heads into his office, promptly pulling the door shut behind him.

STACKS

What a delight. Game time in one hour. Play ball!

KEVIN

(to Brian)

What does that mean?

BRIAN

(to STACKS)

What does that mean?

STACKS

It means you have 45 minutes to goof around and then get back to work. It's opening day, the customers are going to be hungry.

MARCUS

Yip yip yidoo!

STACKS

He's not going to keep doing that.

MARCUS

I probably will.

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BASEBALL STADIUM CONCOURSE

Brian is on the phone with Jose to plan out their night.

BRIAN

Hey, Jose. Looks like I'm going to be here longer than I thought.

JOSE (V.O.)

No problem man. Just hook me up with some free food.

BRIAN

Deal. Pick me up at like 11 and I'll give you everything we got.

JOSE (V.O.)

Cool. I'll get the poker chips ready for when you get here.

BRIAN

Might as well get your money ready too, because it's all going to me.

Will is hovering near Brian's conversation.

JOSE (V.O.)

We'll see. I happen to remember a certain set of pocket aces that took you down last time.

BRIAN

(distracted)

Yeah but you got lucky. On the river...hold on.

BRIAN

(to Will)

Can I help you with something?

WILL

I need to fill up the ketchup.

BRIAN

OK.

WILL

You're standing in front of it.

BRIAN
I'm sorry. I'll get out of your way.

WILL
Thanks, because I have to fill the mustard too.

BRIAN
I'm moving.

WILL
And the mayo.

BRIAN
I'm gone. Hey Jose, I'll see you later. I got to go.

JOSE (V.O.)
Word. Later, bro.

Brian puts his phone in his pocket and walks away from the area.

WILL
All of the condiments.

INT. CONCESSION STAND - GAME TIME

Brian and the rest of the concession staff are at their cash registers and cooking stations ready for the first customers to arrive. Food under heat lamps. Sizzling grease is everywhere.

BRIAN
This is it. This is having a job.
This is adulthood.

KEVIN
I just tried to deep fry some ice cubes.

BRIAN
How'd that go?

KEVIN
Very quickly.

MARCUS
Ladies and gentlemen. It's go time.
Gates are open. Let me know if you need anything!

Thousands of people enter the stadium, mill around, and head for the concession stand. Marcus leaves.

A customer approaches Brian's register.

BRIAN
Hi, how can I help you?

CUSTOMER 1
Yes. I'm very hungry.

BRIAN
This is a great place for that.
What can I get you?

CUSTOMER 1
Hmm. Do you have fries?

BRIAN
Yes we do. Would you like an order
of them?

CUSTOMER 1
Umm. No.

Beat.

BRIAN
Maybe a hot dog or other classic
baseball game fare?

The customer continues surveying the menu above.

CUSTOMER 1
I'm going to need some more time.

CUT TO:

Brian grabs some fries from under a heat lamp. He hands them to the customer.

BRIAN
Here you go. Fresh out of the
fryer.

The customer tries one.

CUSTOMER 2
These are cold.

BRIAN
I'm so sorry. I'll get another one
for you right away.

Brian grabs another cup of fries from underneath the heat lamps. The customer tries one.

CUSTOMER 2
These are cold too.

BRIAN
I am so sorry. Kevin, I need some hot fries.

KEVIN
Don't tell me how to do my job.

BRIAN
Just need some fries.

KEVIN
Anything for you, boss.

Kevin pulls some french fries straight from the deep fryer and into the fry container. Brian delivers them right to the customer.

CUSTOMER 2
These are still too cold.

BRIAN
We can't make them any hotter.

CUSTOMER 2
Oh I'm sorry, I meant that they're too salty.

CUT TO:

A new customer stand silently in front of Brian.

BRIAN
How can I help you, sir?

CUSTOMER 3 just holds out his hand with a tooth in it.

BRIAN
Oh my gosh. Was that in your burger?

CUSTOMER 3
It's mine.

BRIAN
Was it the food that did this?

CUSTOMER 3
I just want my tooth back.

BRIAN
I can give you a new burger.

CUSTOMER 3
OK.

INT. STADIUM CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Mascot is hanging around with the fans and taking pictures with children. During one picture the Mascot makes eye contact with Kevin in the concession stand and points right at him.

BRIAN
Whoa, Kevin. What was that?

KEVIN
The mascot is a monster.

BRIAN
It's a cow.

KEVIN
It can smell my fear.

INT. STADIUM CONCOURSE - HOURS LATER

The visiting baseball team strikes out for the last out in the game. Marcus immediately closes up the gates to the concession stand. Several customers barely make it out before they would be locked in.

MARCUS
Game over, team. Let's clean this place up!

Marcus jumps over the counter and pours himself a beer.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Grab the mops, brooms, and rags.
Then mop, sweep and...rag.

BRIAN
I'll change the kegs.

MARCUS
That wasn't one of the three things.

BRIAN
So I shouldn't do it?

MARCUS
No. Definitely do it.

KEVIN
I'll change the kegs too.

MARCUS
It only works once. Grab a broom or
I'll tell that cow where you are.

KEVIN
(anxious)
I'll do whatever you say.

INT. KEG COOLER - MOMENTS LATER

Brian timidly changes out the empty kegs in the cooler. He struggles to move the full and much heavier kegs.

BRIAN
These feel like they're filled with
gold bars.

Brian attaches the CO2, which sends foamy beer all over his pants. He peeks out of the cooler to see if he can escape without embarrassment. The coast is clear.

BRIAN
Lucky day.

Brian takes a few steps out of the cooler before running into Kevin.

KEVIN
Hey, pee pants, we could use some
help with the dishes.

BRIAN
Sure, I can help.

KEVIN
You heard me call you pee pants
right?

BRIAN
You know me. Pretended you were
being nice.

Brian walks over to the sink to help out Kevin with the dishes but discovers Lindsay is there too.

KEVIN

Pee pants, have you met Lindsay yet?

BRIAN

I have neither peed my pants nor met Lindsay. Nice to meet you.

LINDSAY

Nice to meet you, Pee Pants.

BRIAN

It's Brian. And my pants are almost dry and 100% completely free of pee.

Kevin sprays some of the water from the sink on Brian.

LINDSAY

Looks like the nickname's going to stick.

BRIAN

Where is everybody else?

LINDSAY

Pretty much everybody left right after the gates closed. Apparently earning minimum wage isn't a big draw for hard workers.

KEVIN

I almost left myself.

BRIAN

But we all know you're a hard worker.

KEVIN

You better believe it. Plus it's way easier to steal the ice cream when everyone is gone.

Stacks and Marcus walk into the concession stand. They stop to steal some beer from the taps when they notice the three employees working late.

MARCUS

Yo! Staying late? The initiative never stops with you.

Kevin tosses away his ice cream while the three employees agree silently with Marcus' assessment.

STACKS

You know what? You're our new star workers. I'm writing down your names.

KEVIN

I don't like to be on lists.

STACKS

This is a good list.

BRIAN

What does the list mean?

STACKS

I don't know yet. I just came up with the list.

KEVIN

Maybe it could be a list of employees allowed to eat free ice cream.

STACKS

No.

BRIAN

Or a list for potential promotions in the future?

STACKS

That's much more likely.

LINDSAY

I'd love to be on your list, whatever it is.

Brian immediately responds.

BRIAN

Me too, definitely put me on the list.

INT. JOSE'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Brian, Jose, and his two roommates PHIL (22) and MITCH (21) are playing poker and enjoying a large container of free chicken tenders and fries from the stadium. The guys are in the middle of a round of betting.

JOSE

We love your new job.

PHIL
Your new job is delicious. I call.

Throws chips into the pot.

MITCH
Does your new job not have barbecue
sauce? I fold.

Tosses cards down.

JOSE
Oh BBQ sauce would be nice. I call.

Chips in. Jose deals the flop. Brian gets excited at his
chances of winning the hand.

BRIAN
I could maybe get honey mustard.
I'm all in.

He moves in all his chips.

PHIL
Honey mustard is fine. I'll fold.

Takes a bit, throws down cards.

MITCH
Mustard upsets my stomach. I fold
too.

JOSE
Just bring an assortment of sauces.
I'll call.

Sloppily moves his chips into the amassed pile of chips and
cards.

JOSE
How was your first day? Because I
think it's about to get worse when
you lose this hand.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CONCESSION STAND - HOURS EARLIER

Brian, Kevin, and Lindsay are busy washing dishes.

KEVIN
I'll be right back. I'm going to go
to the bathroom.

BRIAN

Watch out, I think the mascot is out there taking pictures with all the kids.

KEVIN

Don't joke, Pee Pants. He's dangerous.

Kevin walks out of the concession stand.

LINDSAY

You two are adorable.

BRIAN

You're adorable.

LINDSAY

That's a little inappropriate.

BRIAN

You're a little inappropriate?

Silence.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I took a risk. Feel free to laugh at my nervous jokes at any time.

Lindsay laughs, smiles, and touches Brian's upper arm.

LINDSAY

Whatever you say, Pee Pants.

CUT BACK TO

INT. JOSE'S APARTMENT

Brian smiles at the time he spent with Lindsay.

BRIAN

It had its moments. I think I'll go back. Two pair.

Brian flips over his cards with confidence.

JOSE

Good thing you liked it. You'll need the money. Full house.

Jose flips his cards and pulls all of the chips in his direction. Brian continues to smile despite his loss.

BRIAN
Bravo, you just lost your chicken
tender privileges.

Brian grabs a chicken tender right out of Jose's mouth.

BRIAN
I'm buying back in.

Brian throws a \$20 bill on the table. He swats Jose's hand
away as he tries to grab another piece of chicken.

FADE OUT.

TAG

INT. KEG COOLER

Brian is attempting to successfully replace the empty kegs. Again, he does not successfully turn off the CO2 resulting in a foamy spray.

BRIAN

Can you just tell me how to do this right?

Stacks and Marcus are revealed to be sitting close by, sipping on beer.

MARCUS

This is much more fun.

STACKS

It'll be more meaningful if you learn on your own.

MARCUS

Like learning how to not pee your pants.

Brian looks down at his wet pants and then back up at Marcus.

BRIAN

You literally watched me not pee my pants.

Lindsay walks by the cooler and stops to say goodnight while Brian happens to be displaying his wet khakis to his bosses.

LINDSAY

(smiling)

Goodnight, Pee Pants.

END OF SHOW