

GARYTOWN

Written by

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FLASH FORWARD

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATE MORNING

A squirrel sits in the road. A sign reads "Arnott and Amtoo" in opposing arrows. A rusty old pickup truck zooms by and sends the squirrel into a panic.

EXT. GARY'S PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A steal your face logo appears on the bumper. The Wisconsin license plate reads "GARY." The truck bed is loaded with roadkill and scuba gear.

INT. GARY'S PICKUP TRUCK

GARY, a mid-forties deadhead in tie-dye and a bandana, drives his truck. He bangs the dashboard and a Grateful Dead song comes in tune.

Gary looks over and smiles at his passenger MATT ZELINSKI.

Matt, an overly anxious mid-forties podcaster, grips his audio recorder and nervously smiles back. He looks out the passenger window.

After a beat: Matt looks back at Gary.

Gary, with his head tilted back, looks asleep at the wheel. He drools and drops the toothpick from his mouth.

MATT
(frantic)
Gary, oh my god wake up! Wake up!

A vehicle approaches in the distance. Matt reaches for his seat belt--it locks in place! He pulls and pulls the belt--it's jammed!

Gary slumps to the left. His truck crosses the center line.

MATT (CONT'D)
Gary! Wake up! Wake up!

An oncoming car honks the horn repeatedly. Matt grabs the door handle--it's locked! He tries again and again--it falls off!

MATT (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ Gary! Wake up!

The other side of Gary's face has one eye open.

Matt reaches for the steering wheel. Gary swats his hands away. The oncoming car swerves to the shoulder.

Gary smiles and looks over at Matt.

GARY
Ope! Sorry I blew up.

Matt hyperventilates.

MATT
Jesus Gary!

Matt passes out.

GARY
Holy Schlitz!

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

INT. MATT'S RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Matt's studio has unopened boxes, multiple computer screens, microphones and recording equipment etc...

Matt sits in his office chair with a headset on and chats with a PODCAST EXECUTIVE.

INSERT - MATT'S COMPUTER SCREEN

PODCAST EXECUTIVE
(filtered)
Look, I'm not convinced this "Tangents" podcast is working. The plot continues with no real ebb and flow or character-driven directionality towards the subsequent "plot point." Get me something with substance by next week.

MATT (O.S.)
Yes sir.

PODCAST EXECUTIVE
Matt, don't waste my time. I need a working script and audio to back it up. Got it?

BACK TO SCENE

MATT

Got it.

Matt takes his headset off. He shakes his head in disappointment.

Matt turns off his computer, grabs his keys, and turns off the lights.

INT. FITNESS CLUB - DAY

CHARLIE NELSON, identical to Gary minus the tie-dye and bandana, loads a vending machine.

VENDING MACHINE

Charlie drops the coin mechanism. Coins sprawl across the floor.

CHARLIE

Aw Shitski!

Charlie leans down to pick up the coins. In the b.g. an electrician steps off a ladder and walks by.

DALE (O.S.)

See ya later Charlie.

Charlie turns and waves.

CHARLIE

See ya Dale.

INT. TESLA CAR - DAY

Matt whistles and taps the steering wheel. He drives by a road sign that reads "Arnott and Amtoo" in opposing arrows. Matt smiles.

MATT

Home sweet home.

EXT. BEACH CLUB - SAME

A sign reads "The Beach Club." A trashed red hatchback quickly parks. Charlie exits the car and walks into the Beach Club.

INT. TESLA CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Matt pulls into the Beach club parking lot. Someone almost backs into his car.

MATT

No, no, no!... Oh geez--that was close.

Matt parks and exits his vehicle.

EXT. BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Matt watches a truck pull a boat. A skater releases his hands from the trailer. With the flip of a skateboard, ERIC ENGBRETSON arrives.

Eric, a mid-forties asian man, waves at Matt.

MATT

Hey, Zippy Canoe-ski!

ERIC

Hey, what's happenin' duder?

MATT

Not much, just meeting up with my old friend Charlie for lunch. You wanna join us?

ERIC

Yeah, but do we have to go here --

MATT

Yeah butt!

ERIC

All they play is Jimmy Buffett music.

MATT

Well, I planned on meeting him here so...

ERIC

Fine! I bet you ten bucks Jimmy Buffett is playing though?

MATT

Okay, whatever.

They approach the door. A large lone palm sits out front.

INT. BEACH CLUB

Matt and Eric walk into a busy lakefront bar. A Leinenkugel canoe sits in the rafters. The walls are filled with beach and lake paraphernalia. A Jimmy Buffett tune plays. Eric slaps Matt in the chest.

MATT

Argh!

ERIC

Told ya. You owe me ten bucks.

MATT

Ummm, how about I buy you a drink?

ERIC

For sure.

MATT

Hey, I think that's Charlie over there.

Matt points to Charlie at the end of the bar. Charlie points a finger at himself directly above his head. Matt and Eric walk over.

BAR

MATT

Hey, Blasphemous from the pasphemous! What's shakin'? Great to see you man.

Matt gives Charlie a big hug.

CHARLIE

You too Matt. It's been a long time... I was sorry to hear about your mom's passing.

MATT

Yeah, it's been a rough year, but we all move on... Man, I missed this place. So, how's the wife and kiddos?

Eric creeps behind Matt.

CHARLIE

I miss the wife and kids that's for sure.

Charlie points at Eric.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Wait... Eric right? I think we've met before.

ERIC

Yeah man, I think so.

MATT

Wait, what? You guys have met before?

CHARLIE

Yeah--no.

ERIC

No--Yeah. I think we've met before.

MATT

Coolio!

CHARLIE

Been spending most her life living in a gangsters paradise.

MATT

Tell me why are we--so blind to see--that the ones we hurt--are you and me.

They all laugh.

KAREN ZUNIGA, a late thirties flirtatious Latino bartender, strides over and winks at Charlie with a knowing smile.

KAREN

What can I get you guys?

MATT

I'll take a Bloody Mary.

Eric acts cool.

ERIC

Double that.

KAREN

Okay, coming right up guys.

Karen looks back at Charlie with a sexy smile.

MATT

Holy smokes! Who is she?

CHARLIE

That's Karen. She's the best.

MATT

Ahh... pretty sure she's into you.

Charlie smiles and shakes his head.

CHARLIE

She's like that with everyone.

MATT

Oh!

CHARLIE

Hey Eric, I like your shirt.

ERIC

Oh, thanks man.

Eric's shirt reads "Warning! Not intended for shirt cocking."

MATT

Yeah, Eric started making cool shirts out of his folks Swedish shop in Arnott.

CHARLIE

Nice!

MATT

So Charlie, what else is happening?

CHARLIE

Just working a ton between here and Minneapolis. My dad is having another knee surgery, so I'm helping my folks around the house and stuff. How about you dude? You getting settled in for summer vacation?

MATT

Yeah man, I just got in the house yesterday! Katie hasn't even seen the place yet. Well... I mean I showed her pictures on the inter-web.

Charlie giggles.

CHARLIE

Well Oshkosh B'gosh! Are the boys excited about the move?

MATT

They're already here. They started their summer program today and Katie comes out next week! Deet da da deet deet!

CHARLIE

That's awesome I can't wait to meet them.

Brothers PAUL and KIP NELSEN walk with ice cream cones two scoops high.

Paul and Kip Nelsen, a couple dimwitted thirty something marina workers with ice cream in their mustaches, stop in their tracks.

PAUL

Hey, you look familiar. Aren't you Gary's brother?

KIP

Yeah-hey, where's Gary?

Charlie is mildly annoyed.

CHARLIE

I don't know, probably touring with the Dead or something.

KIP

I see, I see.

PAUL

I see. Well, tell him I said hello.

CHARLIE

Will do ice head.

KIP

Later tater.

Paul and Kip continue on. Karen comes back with Bloody Mary's.

MATT

Who were those guys?

Karen slams the drinks down.

KAREN

Here you go boys!

MATT

Oh awesomeness! Thanks so much.
Doot da da doot doot, doot doot!

Karen giggles at Matt's weirdness.

KAREN

No problem. I'm Karen by the way.
Charlie, thanks for introducing me
to your friends.

Charlie points at Matt and Eric.

CHARLIE

Ope sorry, this is Matt and Eric.

KAREN

Nice to meet you guys.

ERIC

Hi, I'm Eric!

CHARLIE

Dude, I already told her your name.

ERIC

Ope, sorry.

KAREN

Charlie, you should come back
tonight!

CHARLIE

Oh yeah? What time you get off?

KAREN

6:30--7.

CHARLIE

Six thirty seven? That's a very
specific time to get off work!

Karen shakes her head. Matt raises his glass.

MATT

Cheers.

Charlie and Eric raise theirs.

CHARLIE

ERIC

Cheers.

Cheers.

They clink glasses and take a drink.

MATT
Okay, so who were those guys?

CHARLIE
Mmmm--that's good. Ummm--that's Paul and Kip Nelsen.

MATT
Brothers?

CHARLIE
Yeah--no, they're white guys.

Eric laughs.

MATT
Wait... are they related to you?

CHARLIE
Oh god no! They are Nelsen with an E. I'm an O.

MATT
So, who is Gary?

CHARLIE
Gary is ahh... he's my half-brother.

MATT
No way! I didn't know you have a brother?

CHARLIE
Half-brother. I didn't know either for the longest time.

MATT
How old is he?

CHARLIE
He's like the same age as me.

MATT
Hmmm.

Matt rubs his chin inquisitively. Karen comes back.

KAREN
O.M.G, you guys haven't met Gary?

MATT
No.

ERIC
No.

KAREN

Oh boy.

CHARLIE

(rolls eyes)

Yeah... oh boy.

MATT

Hmmmm... Gary eh? ...interesting.

EXT. NELSEN MARINA - LATER

A sign reads "Nelsen Marina." A baseball game plays on the radio inside.

INT. NELSEN MARINA

The Marina front is full of life jackets, paddle boards, kayaks etc...

RENTAL COUNTER

DAN NELSEN, a moronic mid-thirties asshole, sits with his boat shoes on the rental counter, skimming pictures of bikini clad girls in the Picturesque Post. A large dry erase board hangs behind him.

DAN

(chews gum)

Nice tits on that one! Mmmm.

Dan spits out his gum and takes a drink of beer. His can koozie reads "Tell yer boobs to stop staring at my eyes!"

DAN (CONT'D)

(burps)

Well Holy Iola! Why Iola give it to her.

Dan grunts and snorts.

DAN (CONT'D)

Jeepers, look at her. Geez Louise!
Mmmm, mmm, mmm.

Paul and Kip arrive with half eaten ice cream cones.

DAN (CONT'D)

Where the hell have you guys been?
Geez Louise! Yer cutting into my
lunch break for crying out loud!

DAN
 Easy Kip. You can only park here to
 get gas! If you're going to the
 Beach Club you have to park at
 those docks over there!

Dan points to the docks fifty feet away behind the Beach
 Club. Kip points and mutters.

KIP
 Yeah, Gas, Dicks, Beach club --

DAN
 Shut the fuck up Kip!

PAUL
 Yeah Kip, shut the fuck up!

Kip drools his ice cream.

KIP
 Dab nag-it. I'm trying the best I
 can!

PAUL
 Yeah Dan, he's trying the best he
 can.

DAN
 Geez Kip, get it together!

PAUL
 Yeah, geez Kip, get it together.

Kip slaps his forehead and shakes his head.

KIP
 Okay, I'm trying... Cheese whiz!

Dan and Paul roll their eyes and sigh. Kip licks his ice
 cream cone and stares off in the distance.

BOAT GUY
 What's up with that guy?

DAN
 Our Mama use to tie him to the
 clothes line so he wouldn't run in
 the lake.

QUICK FLASH - FIVE YEAR OLD KIP

-- Kip tied to a clothes line with a dog leash.

-- Kip licks his ice cream cone.

-- Kip darts towards the lake.

-- Kip is yanked by the leash before he hits the water.

BACK TO SCENE

Kip jerks his body.

KIP
(to himself)
Wait, is it Dab Nag-it or Dag Nab-
it? I can't remember --

DAN
Get back to work already!

Dan startles Paul and Kip.

DAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to lunch! Geez Louise.

Dan slams the rest of his beer and walks into the marina,
Paul follows. Kip nibbles his ice cream cone.

EXT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE - LATE DAY

A sign reads "Wormy's Master Bait & Tackle." A type writer
sounds from inside.

INT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE

Wormy's shop is small and full of liquor, bait, cheese, and
fishing supplies. Sexy beer ads litter the walls, and plenty
of cheesy can koozies sit stacked on shelves.

WORMY, a grumpy mid-seventies war veteran, types his column.

WORMY
Ah fuck!

Wormy rips the paper from the type writer, crumples it up,
and throws it in the garbage can--a perfect shot! He loads
another piece of paper.

INSERT - WORMY'S TYPEWRITER

Wormy types "The Amtoo County Post, Coffee Brakes, Memorial
Day by L.E. Nelson, Pouring."

BACK TO SCENE

Wormy talks and types.

WORMY

The little speeches were eloquent and well-phrased. The prayer was appropriate and properly offered. The salute was inspiring, and the sounding of taps was professional and moving. The roar of guns was precise, and the cadence of the marchers was rhythmic. Outwardly, proper respect had been paid to the nation's war dead at the site of their memorial markers on the courthouse square, but I was unable to dismiss a gnawing notion that something was wrong. An elusive something was out of place. Something I could not immediately describe with a word picture --

The phone rings.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Ah shit!

Wormy picks up the phone.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Wormy's Master Bait and Tackle. We yank em, you crank em.

GARY (V.O.)

(filtered as Dan Nelsen)
Yeah hey dare! I was just calling to see if you had any of those ah-- jizzy things?

WORMY

A what now?

GARY (V.O.)

(chews gum)
Ya know, those ahh... jizz thingies.

WORMY

Umm, we sell jigs. Is that what you're looking for?

GARY (V.O.)

Well yeah, ya see I don't have any jizz. I can't seem to get it on.

WORMY

(excited)

Well, I have lots of jigs! Homemade jigs as a matter of fact. Pulled some big ones today I did!

Gary chews his gum louder and giggles like Dan Nelsen.

GARY (V.O.)

Geez Louise Wormy that's disgusting! What kind of place you running over there?

WORMY

Fuck you Dan! I don't have time for yer bullshit! I run a clean Master Bait shop!

Gary laughs even harder like Dan.

GARY (V.O.)

Well golly shucks, I sure hope so!

Wormy slams the phone down.

WORMY

God damn Nelsen boys up to no good again--geez! Now where was I?... Oh yeah.

Wormy continues to type and talk.

WORMY (CONT'D)

I thought at length of other such days and other observances. One such thought took me back to the old auditorium at the high school, and I remembered how --

A banjo sounds from outside. Wormy stops.

WORMY (CONT'D)

What the hell. Where is that coming from? God damnit Andy!

Wormy gets up and searches. He walks to the back entrance and steps outside.

EXT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE

WORMY
(agitated)
Jesus Andy. Where the fuck are you?

A few acorns fall on Wormy's head. He looks up.

WORMY (CONT'D)
Damn it Andy! Get off my roof, and
stop playing that god damn banjo--
geez!

Andy continues to play.

WORMY (CONT'D)
Andy!... Andy!

WORMY (CONT'D)
(louder)
Andy!

Andy stops.

ANDY (O.S.)
Oh, hey Wormy. Do you like my song?

WORMY
No! Now get off my roof, and stop
playing that fucking banjo! I'm
trying to get some work done here!

ROOF

ANDY NELSON, An early forties deadhead with shorts and high
socks, plucks his banjo.

ANDY
Wanna go fishing tomorrow Wormy?

WORMY
No!

Wormy walks back in his shop.

INT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE

Wormy sits down.

WORMY
Now where was I?

Wormy sighs. He continues.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Oh yes, and I remembered how we stood and faced the east for a full minute. Another took me to an air base in Arizona, and I remembered ranks of men standing at silent attention --

A banjo sounds. Wormy grabs a broom stick and continuously pokes the ceiling.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Jesus Andy! Get off my fucking roof!

Andy scatters off the roof. He drops some change.

ANDY (BACKGROUND O.S.)

Oh shitski!

WORMY

Fucking knucklehead.

Wormy continues.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Later still, there was another day-- a homecoming--when the older men and the younger men stood together in a new kind of solemn camaraderie to honor those from their separate ranks who did not return --

Andy plays the banjo out front, Wormy sighs.

WORMY (CONT'D)

It finally became apparent that the "something" was not in anything different the participants did or said, but in the atmosphere of indifference in which the otherwise reverential ceremony was performed.

Banjo music fades.

WORMY (CONT'D)

The salient difference between this and the other observances I remembered was not in solemnity or staging, but in the lack of a participating audience, which, like the actors themselves constituted a silent but essential part of the ceremony.

EXT. STREETS OF AMTOO - NIGHT

Matt holds his voice recorder in front of a guys face.

CORY

I'm glad Charlie brought some healthier snacks to this town. People are fat as fuck around here.

Matt giggles.

DEAN

Yeah, one-time Gary lost his chair, his camp chair at a dead show, and then a few weeks later we saw some other guy with the same chair at another show. You can't make that shit up. That was Gary's chair!

GUY 2

Yeah, one-time Gary rented out the high school parking lot to like a Japanese auto dealer and ahh... it was a huge success actually--that's I think Toyota... yeah! That's how Toyotathon came about--yeah. You should look into it. Yeah, look it up.

GUY 3

Gary? Isn't he related to them Nelsen brothers?

MATT (O.S.)

No, it's spelled different.

GUY 2

I think so.

GUY 2 (CONT'D)

He hangs out with Dan a lot. I think they're cousins or something.

GUY 3

Oh yeah, Dan... Have you met Dan?

MATT (O.S.)

No.

GUY 3

Oh, he's a real... man's man if ya know what I mean.

GUY 2

So like, he's gay?

GUY 3

No, he's just like... a guy's guy.

MATT (O.S.)

Oh, so he is gay then?

GUY 3

Ahh... I'm not sure.

Matt holds his audio recorder in front of a man and woman.

MATT (O.S.)

What can you tell me about... like, do you know Gary and Charlie?

WOMAN 1

Ummm yeah let's see, Gary. He's got these crazy--ummm habits. He's so quirky. Like, when we went to a wedding, he drew a penis in the guest book! I'm like--what the fuck Gary!

Matt laughs.

MATT (O.S.)

Okay, so like--do you know Charlie and Gary?

MAN 1

Charlie, oh yeah those guys... they're brothers right? No? Yes? But yeah, I know them. They're fucking crazy though, well--Gary is. Like, I remember I went to this wedding with him. Well, not a wedding, I went to a bachelor party. It was for my brother years ago. We went to the bachelor party, and he got kicked out of the strip club because he kept asking the strippers for change.

HOMELESS MAN (O.S.)
Hey! Hey you! You got any cans?

MAN 1
Nice cans.

Matt turns around. An old HOMELESS MAN pushes a shopping cart full of cans. He approaches Matt and pulls him close.

HOMELESS MAN
(whispers)
You better be careful where you point that thing. Things around here are not what they seem.

Matt awkwardly laughs it off.

EXT. BEACH CLUB - NIGHT

ROCCO, A mid-thirties Italian meathead sporting a Chicago Blackhawks jersey, checks ID's at the door. A smart car rolls up on the curb. People scatter out of the way.

BRIT, A mid-forties monster of a man exits with a dip in his mouth, and spitter cup in hand.

BRIT
Here! Take my keys.

Brit throws his keys at Rocco. Rocco catches them.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Hold my spitter.

Brit hands Rocco his spitter cup.

BRIT (CONT'D)
And don't take her--she's all I got.

Brit points to his smart car and continues into the bar.

Music cue: (optional) "She's all I got" BY JOHNNY PAYCHECK

ROCCO
What the fock! I ain't no valet.

INT. BEACH CLUB

Music plays throughout the crowded bar. A group shakes dice. Another group drinks shots lined up on a water ski.

BAR

Kip rips through some pull tabs.

KIP

Dag Nabit!

Kip throws them on the floor. A mountainous pile sits under his barstool.

KIP (CONT'D)

So like, when you call someone a dick, is that the same thing as calling someone an asshole?

DAN

Geez Kip! Look, look, look, it's the same thing as calling them an asshole--end of story.

PAUL

Yeah Kip, its the same thing! Dicks and assholes. End of story.

KIP

No, no, no--that don't make no sense! Dicks and assholes are completely different things. Everyone knows that.

PAUL

Yeah Dan, he's got a point, they are completely different things--polar opposites actually.

Dan takes a drink of his beer. His can koozie reads "Wine em Dine em 69 em!" He burps and blurts.

DAN

Yous guys are dumber than a bag of Allen's wrenches! I've been called a dick, and I've been called an asshole! Same fucking thing.

Dan flips them off.

KIP

Well, you don't have to be an asshole about it.

DAN

Dick!

A BAR GIRL next to Kip chimes in.

BAR GIRL 1
Yeah, ya know there is a difference
between a dick and an asshole.

KIP
Oh yeah?

BAR GIRL 1
Oh yeah, I'm married to an asshole.

KIP
But are you married to a Dick?

BAR GIRL 1
No... I'm married to a Peter.

Paul busts out a laugh. Rocco walks over and high fives Dan.

ROCCO
Yeah buddy! What a game today.
Those kids played great!

DAN
Fucking right! Tigers are gonna win
the whole damn thing this year.
Thanks for helping out.

Dan takes another drink.

DAN (CONT'D)
Have you seen Gary?

ROCCO
No--not yet.

A customer yells from the other side of the bar.

CUSTOMER 2 (O.S.)
Hey, I need some change over here!

Coins jingle, Andy walks by.

ANDY
I got some change for ya!

CUSTOMER 2
Oh, hey dare.

Andy gives CUSTOMER 2 change for a dollar. Roars of people
welcome Gary into the bar.

CROWD
How's it going dude?/Hey man,
what's up?/Gary's here.

Gary, with mirrored sun glasses, high socks, and squeaky Chuck Taylor shoes, arrives a bit drunk and stoned.

GARY

(snaps fingers)

Holy Schlitz, what's a guy gotta do to get a drink around here? Karen, I need an old fashioned stat! Snap, snap, sorry I blew up and stuff!

Gary squeaks up the floor and plays hard defense on a girl as she carries drinks to her table. She is highly annoyed.

KIP

(looks at camera)

Well G-Will Liquors! Gary is here.

DAN

No shit Sherlock.

Gary walks over to the Nelsen boys.

GARY

What's up guys?

DAN

Hey Gary, good to see ya man!

PAUL

Yeah Gary, good to see ya man.

KIP

Hi Low there Gary.

DAN

Geez Kip, get it right already!

PAUL

Yeah Kip, get it right already-- geez.

KIP

Sorry, I'm trying the best I can. I meant to say hello there.

PAUL

Yeah Dan, he's trying the best he can. He meant to say hello there.

DAN

Yeah--well try harder--Geez Louise. What's up Gary?

Paul slaps Kip in the chest.

KIP

Argh.

PAUL

Yeah--try harder--Geez Louise.

Karen brings over Gary's drink.

KAREN

Here you go Gary.

Gary pumps his fist, sticks out his tongue and does a dirty laugh.

GARY

Thanks Karen. Ha, ha, ha!

Karen rolls her eyes.

KAREN

Calm down Gary--keep it together.
You want this on your tab?

GARY

Yes please.

Karen walks away.

GARY (CONT'D)

(yells)

Hey Karen, where we going out
tomorrow night?

KAREN

Were not!

GARY

Is that by Arnott?

Karen and Kip giggle.

GARY (CONT'D)

Aw Karen, yer in love with me and
you don't even know it.

Karen smiles, looks back at Gary, and shakes her head no.

Rocco sneaks up and grabs Gary's shoulders. He moans Gary's name in a deep thunderous voice.

ROCCO

Gaaaaarrrrrryyyyy!

GARY
 (startled)
 Ope! What's up Rocco?

ROCCO
 Hey, we missed ya at the baseball
 game. I thought you were umping
 tonight?

GARY
 No, not this time man. Next time--
 Next week!

ROCCO
 Gotcha, Gotcha.

GARY
 Hey, whatcha got on there Rock? A
 Chicago Blackhawks jersey?

ROCCO
 Yeah buddy, go hocks! I love the
 Black hocks!

GARY
 I heard that about you.

ROCCO
 Oh yeah!

GARY
 (yells)
 Hey, everybody in this place! Rocco
 loves Black cocks and wants
 everyone to know it! Mmmm--I can't
 get enough! Are you satisfied?

Everyone laughs.

ROCCO
 Good one Gary. I love Black cocks!
 Ha, ha, ha.

GARY
 Hey Kip, can you lick yer elbow
 yet?

Kip tries, not even close.

KIP
 No--not yet.

GARY

Now you keep trying Kip. Don't give up just yet.

KIP

Oh, I won't Gary.

GARY

I believe in you Kip. You got this.

KIP

Oh, I always try the best I can.

Andy strolls over.

ANDY

Hey Gary.

GARY

Holy Schlitz! What's up Andy? Have you ever seen two grown men polish arm wrestle before?

ANDY

Can't say I have Gair.

GARY

Hmmm.

Gary walks over and smashes his cocktail glass into Paul's face.

GARY (CONT'D)

What's happening Paul?

Paul takes the cocktail glass in the face with pleasure.

PAUL

(mutters)

Hey Gary. Huh, huh, huh.

GARY

Yous guys busy at the Marina?
Whatcha working on these days?

Gary continues to press his cocktail glass into Paul's face.

PAUL

Oh yeah, always. I'm actually working on restoring an old Boston Whaler. It's gonna look great.

Gary releases his cocktail from Paul's face.

GARY

I'm sure it will Paul. Yer really good with yer hands and stuff. Hey, we gotta get yous guys out on that torpedo thingy!

PAUL

Yeah, we got a couple of those.

GARY

How many guys can you fit on that thing?

PAUL

I don't know--like four maybe.

You hear a ring clang and people cheer. Gary turns his head.

EXT. BEACH CLUB DECK - NIGHT

Girls dance on the bar. A crowd gathers while Kip attempts to swing a ring onto a stationary hook. He swings the ring over and over again.

DAN

Come on Kip, yer taking forever!

PAUL

Yeah Kip, quit taking forever!

CROWD

Come on Kip!/Take forever already!/Jesus Kip!/Kip sucks.

KIP

All right, all right, I'm trying the best I can... Cheese Louise.

Kip continues. Gary sips his cocktail.

GARY

How many is that now?

KIP

Man, that was close. I don't know-- A couple thirteen fourteen maybe --

CROWD

Fifteen/Sixteen/Seventeen/God damnit Kip!

KIP

I got this.

CROWD

Eighteen!

Cling! The ring catches the hook.

KIP

Eighteen, woot-woot! There it is.
Hi ya!

Kip motions a karate chop at Gary. Gary blocks it. He takes the ring off the hook.

ANDY

(to Guy 1)
Gary's got this in the beg.

GUY 1

(confused)
The what?

ANDY

The beg.

GUY 1

You mean bag?

ANDY

That's what I said--beg!

CROWD

You got this Gary!/Get em
Gary!/Show em how it's done!

ANDY

Get em Gair.

Gary carefully aligns his shot. He releases the ring and sinks the first shot. Clink! The crowd goes wild.

CROWD

Hey ohhh!/He got the first
shot?/Boo ya baby!/Yeah buddy!

DAN

(disappointed)
Golly shucks!

PAUL

I wanna be on Gary's team next
time.

Gary makes a karate kick at Kip.

GARY

Hi ya!

Kip makes several karate moves back at Gary. The crowd cheers them on.

CROWD

Wax on, Wax off Danielson!/You
break my record, now I break you,
like I break your friend./Sweep the
leg!/Get em Johnny yeah! Yeah,
Yeah!/Put him in a body bag Johnny!

GUY 1

(to Andy)

I actually met Mr. Miyagi one-time.

Andy turns his head toward Guy 1.

ANDY

Pat Morita!

Kip and Gary continue to spar. Gary gets Kip in a headlock and gives him a nuggie. He loves Kip like a little brother.

DAN (O.S.)

Shot-ski!

ANDY

Shot-ski!

GARY

Ope. Shotski!

KIP

Ope. Shotski!

INT. MATT'S RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

Matt sits at his computer. He records voice notes.

MATT

These stories are hilarious. I
can't believe Charlie never told me
he has a half-brother. I have so
many questions. This could shape up
to be a very popular podcast.

INT. BEACH CLUB - LATE NIGHT

It's closing time, a small crowd gathers. A wad of cash sits on the bar next to Gary. He takes a sip of his cocktail.

Brit grabs a barstool at the bottom. He tries to lift it with one hand. The chair falls over again and again.

KIP
Come on Brit! What the hell man?
Cheese whiz!

CROWD
Jesus Brit!/Come on Brit./What a
waste of muscle!/Sad really.

BRIT
What the fock! I can't do it!

Gary slams his cocktail, pushes Brit aside and kneels down in front of the bar stool. With a grunt and a quick thrust, Gary lifts the bar stool above his head with one hand.

CROWD
Ewww!/Ahhhh!/Wow!/How'd he do
that?/Amazing Gary!/Yeah buddy!

BRIT
Howdy do that?

Gary sets the stool down.

GARY
Howdy do to you too.

Gary grabs the cash and walks out.

KIP
Dag Nab-it Brit! I had twenty bucks
on ya --

BRIT
Zip it Kip!

Kip, startled, zips his lip, locks it and throws away the key.

BRIT (CONT'D)
Damn it Gary! What the Fock!

Brit kicks the bar stool across the room. The crowd backs away.

END EPISODE 1

Over black.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*Gary, Gary, some things they
 change, not me ohh ohh ohh. Welcome
 to Garytown.*

Music cue: (optional) "Carrie" by EUROPE

INT. ART MUSEUM - AFTERNOON

A white room bustling with people.

Matt waits impatiently in-line to purchase tickets. A Janitor looms.

Matt shows a look of discomfort. He does a dance and takes one step forward.

Matt checks his watch. The time reads "2:33." He scans the room.

Down the hall, he see's a sign with an arrow that reads "Restroom."

Matt looks back at the line. It's too long, he can't wait. Matt exits. Some people get in his way.

MATT
 Excuse me, excuse me.

CROWD
 Ope, sorry/Excuse me/Excuse you.

Matt uncomfortably walks down a long hallway. He turns the corner and approaches the restroom.

RESTROOM

Matt enters the restroom and flips the light switch on.

Several men lay on cots. No toilets. They grumble. Guy 1 sits up and rubs his eyes.

GUY 1
 Hey man, turn the lights off! We
 are trying to get some rest in
 here!

MATT
 Ope, sorry about that.

Matt turns the light switch off and exits.

INT. ART MUSEUM

Matt quivers and continues down the hallway. He searches for a bathroom.

Around the corner, he sees a sign with an arrow that reads "Bathroom."

Matt picks up the pace. He approaches the bathroom.

BATHROOM

Matt enters the bathroom and notices several men in bathtubs. No toilets. A guy in a tub shouts.

GUY 2
Hey dude, grab a tub! There is only
one left.

MATT
Ope, sorry. I thought this was a
bathroom.

GUY 2
It is!

Matt shakes his head and exits.

INT. ART MUSEUM

Matt jogs down another long hallway. He passes a door that reads "UNISEX." He goes back.

UNISEX ROOM

Matt enters the room and flips the light switch on.

Two people on unicycles are having sex. Matt covers his eyes.

MATT
Ope, sorry about that. I didn't
think anyone was in here.

GUY 3
Hey, where is your unicycle?

Matt quickly leaves.

INT. ART MUSEUM

MATT

What kind of museum is this?

Matt runs down the hallway holding his crotch. No toilets in sight.

Matt notices a porta-potty outside with no line. He can't find the exit. He grunts.

Matt slides around the corner. An exit sign appears at the end of a long hallway.

Matt darts towards the exit sign. He's about to burst.

Matt finally reaches the exit and steps outside.

EXT. ART MUSEUM

Matt approaches the porta-potty. A sign on the door reads "Portal-Potty." Matt enters.

PORTAL-POTTY

Matt attempts to unzip his pants--it's stuck! He tries again and again.

MATT

Ahh, stupid zipper!

Matt breaks his zipper. He finally relieves himself.

MATT (CONT'D)

(moans)

Ahhhh, Ohhhhh, myyyyyy, god!

The portal-potty rumbles.

MATT (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Matt braces himself. It shakes faster.

MATT (CONT'D)

(vibrates)

What the hell is happening?

Matt pees on his pant leg.

MATT (CONT'D)

God damnit!

Light flashes through the vents. The portal-potty drops and comes to a rest.

Matt shivers and shakes it off.

Matt squirts hand sanitizer on his hands and rubs them together. He opens the door.

INT. ART MUSEUM

A clean empty white room.

Across the room is CHARLIE NELSON, a mid-forties job-hopper dressed in janitorial clothing. He mops the floor.

MATT
What the hell? How did I get back
in here?

MATT (CONT'D)
(yells)
Excuse me, sir?

Charlie looks up.

CHARLIE
Oh, hey Matt!

Matt approaches Charlie.

MATT
Charlie? I didn't know you work
here.

CHARLIE
(giggles)
Oh, I help out when I can.

MATT
Where did everybody go?

CHARLIE
The museum closes at five.

Matt checks his watch. The time reads "5:36."

MATT
What the heck... I swear it was
just 2:30 something. What the hell
just happened?

CHARLIE
Oh, I see you found the portal-
potty.

MATT
The what?

CHARLIE
The portal-potty.

Matt looks back at the porta-potty. The door reads "Portal-Potty."

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Looks like ya left yer barn door
open.

MATT
My what?

CHARLIE
Yer barn door--yer fly.

MATT
What are you talking about --

CHARLIE
Your zipper.

Matt reaches for his zipper. He sighs.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
And ya got a little on yer pants
there.

Charlie points to Matt's pants. Matt looks down and notices pee on his pant leg.

MATT
Ah geez.

CHARLIE
Well, it looks like urine... need
of some new pants my friend. Ha!

MATT
Very funny Charlie.

EXT. NELSEN MARINA - MORNING

A sign reads "Nelsen Marina."

INT. NELSEN MARINA

Dan works the counter. He listens to the Brewer Baseball game and reads the paper.

INSERT - AMTOO COUNTY POST

The headline reads "J.D. Power in hot water after conflicting awards ceremony."

BACK TO SCENE

DAN

(chews gum)

Let's see here. What's this? J.D. Power in hot water after conflicting awards ceremony. According to reports J.D. Power & Associates are in hot water after releasing their top 100 #1 "Best in class" companies earlier this week. Michael Fries, Media coordinator and company spokesperson for Klogger Brothers plumbing bolstered Monday "We are the #1 Best in Class plumber hands down! Now we have the hardware to prove it." President and CEO Lawrence Granstrom of Granstrom plumbing, flushed with disappointment, spouted "I thought we were the #1 Best in Class plumbing company?" Conflicting reports showed dozens of other plumbers with the same award. Geez Louise. Everyone has a J.D. Power award! It's fucking nonsense!

The phone rings. Dan picks it up.

DAN (CONT'D)

Hello dare, Nelsen Marina.

ANDY (V.O.)

(filtered)

Yeah, yous guys do work on outboard motors? I gotta six horse four stroke Merc piece of shit that just ain't runnin' right.

DAN

Yeah, we can look at it. When ya thinkin'? --

ANDY (V.O.)
How much you charge for sumpin'
like that?

DAN
Ahh, I'd have to check with Paul on
that. I don't know --

ANDY (V.O.)
Well, what do ya know?

DAN
Huh?

ANDY (V.O.)
Is Paul there? Let me talk with
him, he's helped me before.

DAN
Ahh, he's not here right now, but I
can leave a message --

ANDY (V.O.)
Yeah, I think my kid may have put
some bad gas or two cycle in there
or sumpin'! It just ain't idlin'
right, it seems to throttle high in
neutral then when I move the
throttle from rabbit to turtle it
seems to bleed a bunch a gas all
over the place. I even sprayed, I
even sprayed some shit into the
carburetor thinkin' that may help
with the idlin', but it didn't seem
to do anything so I, so I continued
to use the choke but I may have
flooded it now, so I'm not sure --

DAN
Ya know, you can just bring it down
--

ANDY (V.O.)
Don't interrupt me! So, I'm not
sure if it's the gas or the carb at
this point. I'm thinkin' if I
change, If I change the spark plugs
that may help the starter but that
don't, that doesn't seem to be the
issue, it's more the idlin' part if
ya know what I mean? Is Paul there?
Let me talk to Paul, he's helped me
before.

DAN
(yells)
Look, Paul isn't here!

ANDY (V.O.)
Why are you yelling?

DAN
You keep inter --

ANDY (V.O.)
Where's Paul?

DAN
Stop inter --

ANDY (V.O.)
When will Paul be back?

DAN
(yells)
God damnit stop --

ANDY (V.O.)
Let Paul know --

DAN
(yells)
Stop interrupting me! Geez Louise!
I can let him know ya called for
cryin' out loud!

ANDY (V.O.)
Geez, calm down already.

DAN
Who is this?

ANDY (V.O.)
This is Dan.

DAN
Dan who?

ANDY (V.O.)
Like I was sayin', he's done some
work for me before.

DAN
Your last name sir?

ANDY (V.O.)
Oh, it's Hazerpeas.

DAN
How do ya spell that?

Andy spells it out.

ANDY (V.O.)
It's H.A.Z.E.R.P.E.A.S

Dan writes the name on the board.

DAN
Alright, ya got a number?

ANDY (V.O.)
Yeah, it's 555-4377.

Dan writes the number on the board.

DAN
Okay, I'll let --

ANDY (V.O.)
Sorry for interrupting!

Andy hangs up the phone.

DAN
Let him know you called. God
damnit!

Dan slams the phone down.

EXT. ENGBRETSON GIFTS & T-SHIRTS - DAY

A sign reads "Engbretson Gifts & T-shirts."

Music cue: (optional) "Suburban Home" by THE DESCENDENTS

INT. ENGBRETSON GIFTS & T-SHIRTS

The shop is filled with Swedish gifts, knick knacks, and a small printing press in back. Eric makes t-shirts and listens to loud punk music.

Matt puffs his cheeks against the glass outside. Eric notices.

ERIC
What the? Oh, Jesus Matt!

The door chimes. Matt enters.

MATT
What's up puffy face?

ERIC
Hey, what's up duder?

MATT
Walka, Walka, Walka, Walka. Not
much man. What's a shakin'?

Matt shakes it all about.

ERIC
Oh, check these out.

Eric holds up a shirt with a picture of coins that reads
"That makes no cents!"

MATT
What! That makes no cents? You
spelled sense wrong.

Matt giggles.

ERIC
I know right?

MATT
Wrong! Those are awesome.

ERIC
Here.

Eric throws the shirt at Matt. He takes it right in the face.

MATT
Ahh, thanks man... Hey, I wanted to
ask you... Do you say kuh-rib-ee-
uhn or kar-uh-bee-uhn?

ERIC
kuh-rib-ee-uhn.

MATT
Okay, so do you say Pirates of the
kuh-rib-ee-uhn?

ERIC
No, I say Pirates of the kar-uh-bee-
uhn.

MATT
So, which is it?

ERIC

Huh, I'm not sure... both I guess.

MATT

Yeah, I got a lot of people arguing about that. I need podcast ideas fast.

ERIC

Kuh-rib-ee-uhn, kar-uh-bee-uhn
Pirates of the kuh-rib-ee-uhn.
Yeah, that doesn't sound right. Is
it the kuh-rib-ee-uhn sea or kar-uh-
bee-uhn sea?

MATT

kuh-rib-ee-uhn sea.

ERIC

Huh.

MATT

See what I mean?

ERIC

That makes no sense.

Matt laughs.

MATT

Hey man, you wanna Uber on over to
Amtoo with me?

ERIC

You don't have your car?

MATT

No, I meant, I'm the Uber driver.

ERIC

You're an Uber driver now?

MATT

Yeah, just to meet some people for
the podcast. Kind of like a
dashboard confessions thing!

ERIC

Cool, that could work.

EXT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE - EVENING

A sign reads "Wormy's Master Bait & Tackle." A type writer sounds from inside.

INT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE

Wormy sits at his desk. The shop is quiet. He glances over at a photo of his late wife.

INSERT - PICTURE OF FERN

WORMY (O.S.)

Oh Ferny, I miss you more than you know.

BACK TO SCENE

Wormy sighs. He types.

WORMY

I spurn the kind offer of virtuoso Eddie Hanson to squire me around Chicago, because I am convinced that his demands on my behavior would lead me smack into trouble with the law. He would expect me to assume a cosmopolitan pose, which would be completely out of character. Eddie, being an old Chicago hand, would not want to be caught in the company of a country bumpkin, particularly in some of the "better" places for which that wicked city is famous. But I have observed that bumpkins stand a better chance of being treated kindly by Chicago cops than do sophisticates, whom they lump into a class with smart alecks, snobs and others whom they single out for special Chicago treatment.

A banjo sounds from inside. Wormy stops typing.

WORMY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is that?

Wormy stands up.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Damnit Andy... Where is that coming from?

Wormy walks to the back entrance and opens the door. Banjo stops. He looks up. No one on the roof. He walks back and sits down at his desk.

WORMY (CONT'D)

I could have sworn I heard something... Anyway, where was I? Yes.

Wormy types.

WORMY (CONT'D)

My conviction in this respect stems from several Chicago experiences, one of which is noteworthy. It happened some years ago when my wife and I were attending a trade show. Driving cautiously in my best country style along the famous Lakeshore Drive.

FLASHBACK - CHICAGO LAKESHORE DR

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Pouring rain. Wormy drives. His wife FERN sits shotgun.

WORMY (V.O.)

I had it in my mind to turn off on a street which would take us close to our hotel. It was raining, and the thousands of lights were multiplied by reflections from wet pavement. Thus it was when we reached the intersection where I intended to make my turn. Instead of ten or so traffic lights to choose from, there were twenty or more. I picked the wrong one.

WORMY

Shit.

WORMY (V.O.)

Made a right turn, picked the wrong one again.

WORMY

Fuck.

A police car appears in the rearview mirror.

WORMY (V.O.)

Made a left turn, then pulled over to the curb and stopped because a police car was right behind me.

Lights flash.

WORMY (V.O.)

With a light flashing and the siren blaring.

A siren sounds.

WORMY (V.O.)

My wife rolled her window down --

A banjo sounds again.

BACK TO SCENE

Wormy freezes.

WORMY

There it is again.

Wormy stands up and walks to the front. Banjo stops. Wormy glances outside.

EXT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE - SAME

Wormy flips over the open sign. It reads "Closed, Beat it!"

INT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE

Wormy walks back to his desk and sits down.

WORMY

(sighs)

Now where was I?... Oh yes, my wife rolled her window down.

FLASHBACK - CHICAGO LAKESHORE DR

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

Fern rolls her window down. A cop approaches.

WORMY (V.O.)
and the burliest, meanest cop
anybody ever saw poked his head in
and bellowed.

COP 1
What in blazes are you trying to
do, kill yourself?

WORMY
Gosh no, I wouldn't want to do
that.

WORMY (V.O.)
I replied, in the corniest country
manner I could muster.

COP 1
Then why did you make that damn
fool turn?

WORMY (V.O.)
He demanded in tones that led me to
conclude I was about to be
imprisoned without benefit of
habeas corpus.

WORMY
Well you see, sir, we live in a
small town. As a matter of fact, we
don't even have no traffic lights.

WORMY (V.O.)
At this point, the cop interrupted
my labored explanation and ordered
me to state the name of my town.

WORMY
Amtoo.

WORMY (V.O.)
I blurted out.

COP 1
Amtoo what?

WORMY (V.O.)
He snarled.

WORMY
Wisconsin.

WORMY (V.O.)
I chirped.

COP 1
How big is it?

WORMY (V.O.)
He demanded.

An out of tune banjo sounds. Wormy continues.

WORMY
About three or four hundred acres.

WORMY (V.O.)
I replied haltingly.

COP 1
Not acres, people!

WORMY (V.O.)
He shot back.

WORMY
Well, I know it's not four
thousand.

WORMY (V.O.)
I said innocently.

COP 1
That's what I figured.

WORMY (V.O.)
He intoned with apparent disgust. I
went on with my explanation,
interjecting "sir," "officer," and
"officer sir" frequently in my
harassed narrative. Dejectedly, I
confessed that the forest of
traffic lights had left me utterly
confused, that I was not accustomed
to driving in a big city, and that
I was ready to admit I wasn't a fit
driver in the first place.

(MORE)

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

As he listened to my sad tale, an expression of pity crept over his frightening face, and when I had finished he suggested with forced patience that in situations of that sort it would be more prudent of me to stop and try to figure things out.

WORMY

Yes sir, that's what I did coming back from the stock yards this afternoon, but all them other cars started blowing their horns at me.

COP 1

Oh no.

WORMY (V.O.)

He wailed, adding.

COP 1

Would you please step back to the squad car with me?

Wormy exits the vehicle.

EXT. CHICAGO LAKESHORE DR

WORMY (V.O.)

With a couple of "yes sirs" and "thank you sirs" I dutifully followed him back along the curb, thinking all the while that he was going to handcuff me to a ring or something like that. Instead, he opened the door, leaned over and spoke sympathetically, almost in the form of an apology, to the officer inside.

COP 1

Lieutenant, this poor guy's confused.

WORMY (V.O.)

Their followed a hushed exchange of words between the two officers, and I had an uneasy feeling they were deciding my fate right there on the spot.

A banjo sounds louder.

BACK TO SCENE

 WORMY
 God damnit Andy!

Wormy stands up and walks to the freezer. He opens it up.
Andy tunes his banjo.

FREEZER

 WORMY
 (yells)
 How the hell did you get in here?

 ANDY
 Oh, hi Wormy.

 WORMY
 Get the fuck out of my freezer!

 ANDY
 It's cold in here.

 WORMY
 No shit Sherlock.

 ANDY
 Damn banjo won't hold a tune --

 WORMY
 Get out!... Why do you annoy me?

 ANDY
 Isn't it obvious? I'd be annoyed if
 someone played a banjo in my
 freezer.

 WORMY
 Ya know what? Stay in there.

Wormy locks the freezer door and walks back to his desk. He
continues.

FLASHBACK - CHICAGO LAKESHORE

Pouring rain.

 WORMY (V.O.)
 The Lieutenant confirmed this when
 he leaned over and affected his
 most fatherly tones to say --

COP 2

Buddy, we're gonna let you go, but I want you to know that we'd a thrown the book at you if you'd a had Illinois plates on that car.

WORMY

Yes sir. Thank you, sir.

Andy knocks on the freezer door.

WORMY (CONT'D)

I sure appreciate it, sir.

WORMY (V.O.)

I was almost hysterical with relief, and so excited that I was indiscreet to the point of adding.

WORMY

Could I please ask a question?

COP 2

Now what?

WORMY (V.O.)

Growled the lieutenant.

WORMY

Well sir, we've got a room at the Seneca Hotel, and there's a parking lot right close there. What I'd like to do is get my car to that lot and then just walk. I don't want to cause no more trouble.

Andy plays the banjo.

COP 2

So?

WORMY (V.O.)

Queried the lieutenant!

WORMY

Well, I thought maybe you'd be so kind as to tell me how to get there without bothering nobody.

WORMY (V.O.)

I answered. There was an audible moan followed by some heavy breathing, after which the two cops just looked at each other for a while. I thought the lieutenant was going to cry when he bleated --

COP 2

Buddy, just follow us. We'll get you to the lot.

Andy knocks again.

BACK TO SCENE

ANDY (BACKGROUND O.S.)

Wormy!... Hey Wormy, you gotta let me outta here. It's cold as hell in here.

WORMY

Hell ain't cold Andy!

FLASHBACK - SENECA HOTEL

Wormy and Fern sit in separate beds. Wormy lights a cigarette.

WORMY (V.O.)

Later, safely back in our room at the Seneca, my poor, humiliated wife regained enough composure to change her attitude toward me from hate to disgust.

FERN

You have a monopoly on stupidity!

WORMY (V.O.)

She screamed. The tirade went on for some minutes, during which I was called --

FERN

Rhubarb!

WORMY (V.O.)

And.

FERN

Hick!

WORMY (V.O.)
And some other things not fit for
print.

WORMY
Well, it worked.

WORMY (V.O.)
I said with satisfied arrogance
when she concluded.

BACK TO SCENE

Wormy stops typing.

ANDY (BACKGROUND O.S.)
Wormy? Can you hear me?

INT. PHARMACY - EVENING

Charlie wears a lab coat. He comes out from behind the
counter.

PHARMACIST (O.S.)
See you later Charlie.

CHARLIE
See ya Nichole.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Oh yeah, I need deodorant and
toothpaste.

Charlie proceeds to the deodorant aisle.

DEODORANT ISLE

CHARLIE
Okay, let's see what we got here.

Charlie looks at all the deodorant options. He checks the
pricing and ingredients.

Matt walks in and notices him.

MATT
Charlie? Oh my god, you work here
too?

CHARLIE
Oh, hey Matt. Yeah, but I'm just
getting off.

Matt looks around.

MATT
(whispers)
Don't do that in here.

Charlie giggles.

MATT (CONT'D)
Whatcha looking for?

CHARLIE
Oh, I gotta get some deodorant.

Charlie continues to check all the options.

After a beat:

MATT
Soooo... What's the hold up?

CHARLIE
Sorry, it's just a lot of options.
I want to make sure I know what I'm
getting for the best value.

MATT
Okay.

Charlie continues to read labels.

After a beat: He finally grabs one.

CHARLIE
This one should do. Okay, now I
need toothpaste.

Charlie and Matt continue to the toothpaste aisle.

TOOTHPASTE AISLE

CHARLIE
All right, toothpaste, toothpaste,
toothpaste, where to start.

MATT
Just get this one.

Matt shows him one option.

CHARLIE

Let me see. Oh no, that one is too expensive.

Charlie continues to browse all the toothpaste options.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Man, they got a lot of toothpaste options eh?

MATT

It's really not that complicated. Just grab one.

CHARLIE

Which one?

MATT

Any one of them.

CHARLIE

Sorry, this could take a while.

MATT

I see that. Well I gotta get a few things. I'll check back with ya in a bit Slowly McPokererson.

Charlie laughs.

CHARLIE

Funny guy.

EXT. PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER

Matt runs out to the parking lot. Charlie gets in his car.

MATT

Charlie, Charlie!

CHARLIE

Yeah!

MATT

Did you find a good toothpaste?

CHARLIE

What?

MATT

(yells)

Did you find a good toothpaste?

CHARLIE
Oh yeah, for sure!

Matt catches up to Charlie.

MATT
Good, good, good. Where you headed?

CHARLIE
Home.

MATT
Minneapolis?

CHARLIE
No, my parents place.

MATT
Nice! Is that the big one near the
channel on Columbia to Long lake?

CHARLIE
Yeah that's the one. You can't miss
it.

MATT
I thought so, but I wanted to make
sure.

CHARLIE
Stop by sometime.

MATT
For sure man. That sounds great!

CHARLIE
Definitely a promising superhero.

MATT
Ah--For sure man. Got it.

CHARLIE
Hey, bring the kids. They can go
swimming!

MATT
All right, All right that sounds
awesome. Oh hey, I was gonna tell
you, Eric and I are planning a
camping trip next month.

CHARLIE
Oh yeah?

MATT

Would you be interested in coming?
We're not sure where we're camping
yet, but we'll figure that out.

CHARLIE

Yeah, I love camping, and I could
use some time off.

MATT

For sure, you seem to have a lot of
jobs. Where else do you work?

Charlie shrugs.

CHARLIE

Yeah I know. Let me check with the
family and stuff and get back to
you.

MATT

Sounds good. Let's chat soon
senorita bo bita!

CHARLIE

Okay, great.

Charlie drives off. He quickly stops.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Hey Matt, if you ever wanna play
golf let me know. We usually need a
fourth.

MATT

Yeah okay, but I'm not very good. I
never play.

CHARLIE

That's okay, your company is good
enough.

MATT

Aw, that's nice. Maybe then.

CHARLIE

Okay, see ya.

Charlie peels out of the parking lot.

INT. TESLA CAR - NIGHT

Matt drives at a high speed down a country road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Matt zips by a sign that reads "Arnott and Amtoo" in opposing arrows. A police car hides.

INT. TESLA CAR

Matt accelerates. Blue and red lights flash in his rearview mirror. A siren sounds. Matt pulls his car to the side of the road.

Matt shakes his head. He exhales.

A police officer approaches. He knocks on the window. Matt rolls his window down. His badge reads "Deputy Chase Robbers."

CHASE ROBBERS

Good evening sir. Do you have any idea how fast you were going?

MATT

Pretty fast. I was trying to beat my headlights... Your name is Chase? Chase Robbers?

Matt laughs.

CHASE ROBBERS

Yes.

MATT

You gotta be kidding me, c'mon?

CHASE ROBBERS

We officers don't joke sir.

MATT

Really?... Chase Robbers?

CHASE ROBBERS

Yes sir.

MATT

Oh my god, that's hilarious man!

CHASE ROBBERS

Step out of the car sir.

MATT

Why? What did I do?

Deputy Chase Robbers opens the door. Matt steps out.

CHASE ROBBERS
Put your hands on the car please.

MATT
Am I being arrested?

CHASE ROBBERS
Not yet sir.

MATT
This is nonsense.

CHASE ROBBERS
C'mon, hands on the car. Let me cop
a feel.

Matt places his hands on the car. Chase pats him down.

MATT
(disgusted)
Cop a feel?

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Chase walks in with Matt in handcuffs.

CHASE ROBBERS
This one was getting lippy after
going twenty five over. He thinks
I'm a joke.

Chase hands Matt to another Police officer. His badge reads
"Officer Jalen Robbers."

JALEN ROBBERS
I'll take him from here.

Officer Jalen Robbers puts Matt behind bars.

MATT
Jalen? Jalen Robbers? Seriously?
This has to be a joke.

He locks the cell door.

JALEN ROBBERS
No joke sir.

MATT
Seriously? Your name is Jalen
Robbers?

JALEN ROBBERS

Yes sir.

MATT

Officers Chase, and Jalen Robbers?
Really?

JALEN ROBBERS

Yeah, were brothers.

CHASE ROBBERS

Yeah, Deputy.

MATT

This is great, just great! What a
mess! I gotta call my wife. I'm
gonna need a lawyer... Did Gary put
you up to this by chance?

JALEN ROBBERS

Gary? You know Gary?

MATT

Hell yeah I know Gary!

JALEN ROBBERS

Why didn't you say something
earlier?

Officer Jalen Robbers unlocks the cell. Matt steps out.

MATT

I didn't know I had too!

CHASE ROBBERS

Hey, slow down out there, and watch
out for deer.

Chase winks at Matt.

JALEN ROBBERS

Yeah, ya know I pulled Gary over
one time for swerving all over the
road... The next thing I know he's
giving me a breathalyzer.

Chase and Jalen laugh.

MATT

What?

JALEN ROBBERS

Ughhh...

Jalen takes a sip from his coffee cup.

JALEN ROBBERS (CONT'D)
Ahh... Gary drove me home.

INT. MATT'S RECORDING STUDIO - LATER

Matt, exhausted, enters the room and sits at his computer. He checks his voice mail.

PODCAST EXECUTIVE (V.O.)
(filtered)
Matt, It's me Brian, from
iheartradio. It's been a week. What
do you have for me? Call me back.

END EPISODE 2