

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 smiles as he drives by a road sign that reads "Arnott and Amtoo" in opposing arrows.

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 searches for a parking spot.

After a beat: Matt parks and exits his vehicle.

EXT. BEACH CLUB

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 holds a yoga pose. She 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
Cheers.

ERIC
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 from 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 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 man.

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 at 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-lo 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 and 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 Brett! 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 Brett! I had twenty
bucks on ya --

BRIT

Zip it Kip! My name is Brit damnit!

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

BRIT (CONT'D)

Damnit 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

Over black.

A voice mail plays for Gary. Audio bars bounce on the screen.

Google Drive > GaryTown > deanmessage3.mp3 (:29)

DEAN (V.O.)

(filtered)

Hey Gary, it's Dean. Hey man long time no talk. Hey, you remember-- ahh... the last farm aid show we went to? You were the only one that didn't eat the acid, and you took care of us, for the whole night. Just wanna say thanks again for that man. I got my tickets to the next show. Yeah--thinking about ya. Wish you could come. Hope you can come. See ya later.

Phone clicks.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

*This old rodeo, It never stops.
This old rodeo, I don't wanna get off.
This old rodeo, another trip around the sun.
Welcome to Garytown.*

EXT. LAKE MANSION - MORNING

An illustrious lake mansion rests as the last home on a dead end road, surrounded by water and perfectly trimmed landscape.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charlie lays in bed. He plays a clip on his smartphone of his wife, kids, and niece. He misses them.

Google Drive > GaryTown > 20minpoops.mp3 (:22)

LAURA (BACKGROUND V.O.)

We certainly can't allow the bride to get pied.

GABY (V.O.)

He is umm--very good at --

INGA (V.O.)

Pooping! He takes twenty minute poops!

Gaby giggles.

INGA (V.O.)
Usually, Usually he's in the bath.

GABY (V.O.)
Oh, My dad does too.

INGA (V.O.)
Usually he's in the bathroom for
twenty minutes.

Gaby laughs.

INGA (V.O.)
One-time I timed it!

CHARLIE JR (V.O.)
And it was twenty minutes!

Charlie smiles.

End clip.

SHARON NELSON, a petite bossy lady in her early seventies,
bursts through the door with the vacuum cleaner on.

SHARON
Ya know, it wouldn't kill ya to
clean up a little around here!

Charlie jumps up out of bed.

CHARLIE
Sorry Mom.

SHARON
Make sure to wake up your father.
The cleaning ladies are coming at
ten!

CHARLIE
Then why are you vacuuming?

SHARON
What?

CHARLIE
(yells)
Then why are you vacuuming?

Sharon rolls her eyes, stares at Charlie, and shuts off the
vacuum.

SHARON

Don't get smart with me buster!
Just make sure to wake up your
father.

CHARLIE

Okay, I will--geez, calm down
already.

SHARON

Remember--cleaning ladies--ten
o'clock!

CHARLIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah! I got it.

SHARON

I should be back from tennis around
noon. Have a good day, love you.

Sharon slaps Charlie gently on the cheek.

CHARLIE

Okay, I love you too... bye.

SHARON

Goodbye.

Sharon walks out and leaves the vacuum cleaner behind.
Charlie's phone rings.

INSERT - CHARLIE'S SMART PHONE

The screen reads "Elyse Omernick."

BACK TO SCENE

Charlie answers the call.

CHARLIE

Hey, good morning Elyse.

ELYSE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Good morning Charlie! How ya doing?

CHARLIE

Good! What's up?

ELYSE (V.O.)

Oh, ya know some dip shit broke the
pinball machine again last night.

(MORE)

ELYSE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Actually, I think its just jammed.
 Can you come down? I can comp your
 lunch.

CHARLIE
 Sure.

ELYSE (V.O.)
 Oh, and we need to work out the ice
 cream schedule. Can you do the
 little league game tonight?

CHARLIE
 What time is it at?

ELYSE (V.O.)
 Seven.

CHARLIE
 Seven? Yeah, I can do that.

ELYSE (V.O.)
 Coo Coo Cashew! Okay, I gotta go--
 some folks are coming in. I'll see
 ya in a bit.

CHARLIE
 Okay, see ya.

Charlie hangs up the phone.

EXT. HARBOR BAR - LATER

A sign reads "The Harbor Bar." A snowmobile sits in the parking lot. Charlie's red hatchback pulls into the gravel lot. He parks his car and walks in. A sign on the door reads "Monday Night Trivia."

INT. HARBOR BAR

Music cue: (optional) "Tiny Dancer" by ELTON JOHN

Squeaky saloon doors flip back and forth. The sticky floor is littered with peanut shells and last nights drinks. Old-time lake photos cram the walls. Arcade games, a foosball table, and a pool table all sit empty.

Behind the bar is ELYSE OMERNICK, A snarky early forties bar owner, wearing a short sleeve Harbor Bar shirt and waitress apron. She chats with a couple customers.

Charlie waves. Elyse fires a finger pistol back at him.

PINBALL MACHINE

Charlie notices the pinball machine jammed with quarters. He unlocks it, and tons of coins fall on the floor.

CHARLIE
Aw Shitski!

Charlie crawls under the pinball machine and picks up the coins. Matt whistles his way into the bar.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
*Hold me closer Tony Danza. Count
the head lice on the highway.*

MATT
Charlie?

CHARLIE
Oh, hey Matt. What's up man?

MATT
I thought that was you. What are
you singing?

CHARLIE
Ah, I don't know--some Elton John
song I think.

Matt points to a speaker in the bar.

MATT
Oh yeah, that Tony Danza song.

Charlie laughs.

MATT (CONT'D)
Count the head lice on the highway--
that's hilarious man.

Charlie places his hands on his hips and puffs out his chest.

CHARLIE
Done da da done... It's Hilarious
Man!

MATT
Hilarious man! Spreading pranks,
peace and laughter throughout the
galaxy! That would be a great TV
show.

CHARLIE
I'll get on that.

Matt looks around.

MATT

So, what's happenin' Billy Booshka?
You work here?

CHARLIE

Yeah no--I mean--no yeah. My friend
Elyse and her family own the place.
I just service the machines when
needed.

Charlie points to Elyse, Matt looks over at her. Elyse fires
double finger guns back at them.

MATT

Nice. Need some help with those
coins?

CHARLIE

Sure. Just put them in here.

Charlie has an old Skippy peanut butter jar half filled with
coins. Matt helps.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You like pinball?

MATT

Oh yeah, for sure!

CHARLIE

You wanna play a few games? It's on
me.

MATT

Does the Queen shit in her castle?

CHARLIE

... I don't know does she?

MATT

Yes--let's play.

CHARLIE

Oh... okay.

Charlie locks the machine and puts a few quarters in.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

All right, here we go. You got
first ball.

MATT
Awesomeness!

Matt springs the ball into action.

Music cue: (optional) "Pinball Wizard" By THE WHO

CHARLIE
Careful now--that top flipper is a
little delayed. I need to replace
the spring, but I'll do that later.

The ball hits a couple bumpers and Matt quickly loses his
turn.

MATT
Aw shit balls.

Charlie pushes Matt out of the way.

CHARLIE
My turn.

Matt giggles.

SERIES OF SHOTS - PINBALL

- Charlie approaches the high score.
- Matt cheers him on.
- Elyse comes over with a beer for Charlie.
- Charlie sets the high score.
- Elyse snaps a bar towel on Charlie's ass.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Matt laughs. He immediately likes Elyse and her antics.

ELYSE
Way to go Charlie! Top score woot,
woot! Looks like yer nipping out
again there buddy.

Elyse flicks Charlie's nipple.

CHARLIE
What can I say? I'm super excited.

Charlie and Matt Top Gun hi-five.

MATT
Yeah man, that was awesome! You definitely had some practice. Nice work!

CHARLIE
Thanks man.

ELYSE
I'm Elyse by the way.

Charlie and Matt sit down at a table.

TABLE

CHARLIE
Oh yeah, this is my friend Elyse.

MATT
I'm Matt--nice to meet you. Have you known Charlie a long time?

ELYSE
Oh yeah, a long time. I was just a couple years behind him in school.

MATT
Excelente'! Charlie, you wanna grab some lunch here?

CHARLIE
Yeah, for sure.

MATT
Num, num, num!

Elyse giggles at Matt's weirdness.

ELYSE
I'll get you a menu.

MATT
I'll start with a Bloody Mary Por favor.

ELYSE
Oh, ya know we have the Bloody Mary bar over there Amigo!

Elyse points to the corner with massive Bloody Mary options.

ELYSE (CONT'D)
Every Saturday and Sunday.

MATT
(excited)
Wait, what? Is this real life?

Matt pinches himself.

ELYSE
Yeppers.

Matt gets up and darts toward the Bloody Mary bar.

CUSTOMER 1 (O.S.)
Hey dare, can I get some change
over here?

Coins jingle, Andy walks by.

ANDY
I got change.

BAR

CUSTOMER 1
Oh great, thanks.

Andy gives the man change. The customer notices Charlie.

CUSTOMER 1 (CONT'D)
Hey, hey you! Aren't you Gary's
brother?

TABLE

Charlie points to himself.

CHARLIE
Who me? Yeah.

CUSTOMER 1
Aren't you related to Dan, Paul and
that foolish boy --

CHARLIE
Kip?

CUSTOMER 1
Yeah, Kip.

Charlie, annoyed, shakes his head.

CHARLIE
No. No relation.

CUSTOMER 1

Oh, I thought you guys were like cousins or something?

CHARLIE

Nope. Not related to those guys-- sorry.

CUSTOMER 1

Kip owes me twenty bucks!

CHARLIE

Okay.

CUSTOMER 1

Do you know where he lives?

CHARLIE

I don't know! He works at Nelsen Marina. Go down there and talk with him.

Charlie looks away and mutters quietly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Geez.

Customer 1 grumbles and turns back to the bar. Matt returns with a mountainous Bloody Mary.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Matt, is that your lunch?

MATT

Yes, I am Jesus Matt, and this is my lunch. I shall move it into my mouth for now, and forever--Amen. Arf, arf, arf!

Charlie giggles. Elyse comes back.

CHARLIE

Amen.

Elyse hands Matt a menu.

ELYSE

Here you go Matt. The special today is broasted chicken and waffles.

MATT

Woot--woot! That sounds good.

Elyse hands Charlie a bowl of salted peanuts in a shell.

ELYSE

Here ya go Charlie, have fun
shoving my nuts in your mouth.

Matt laughs. Charlie eats peanuts and throws the shells on
the floor.

CHARLIE

Matt, you wanna know my favorite
thing about this place?

MATT

What's that?

CHARLIE

You can throw your nuts around, and
nobody cares.

ELYSE (O.S.)

Keep those in your pants.

MATT

Ah, call the cops! This guy is
throwing his nuts around... Oh,
speaking of cops. I got pulled over
last night and they hauled me to
the police station.

CHARLIE

Really?

MATT

Yeah.

CHARLIE

My god. Did they arrest you?

MATT

Yeah--no, I mean no--yeah, but they
let me go.

CHARLIE

Well, that's good.

MATT

They only let me go because I
mentioned I know Gary.

CHARLIE

You know Gary now?

MATT

No, but I dropped his name.

CHARLIE
That works?

MATT
Worked for me.

Matt points at Charlie.

MATT (CONT'D)
Hey, great idea guy here! Would you be interested in writing a jingle for my podcast?

CHARLIE
Your podcast?

MATT
Yeah, I need a cool new intro song, and some sponsors for the show.

CHARLIE
Oh, what's it about?

MATT
Tangents! It's about Tangents. You know, like when people are talking about one thing, then something else comes up, or somebody pronounces it differently, or someone thinks it means something else. Ya know, a lot about nothing.

CHARLIE
Oh I see... you know Matt, I think I can help you. People around here say all sorts of messed up stuff.

MATT
Great! I'm willing to give you free advertising for a banger intro song!

CHARLIE
Free advertising for what?

MATT
For your vending machines.

CHARLIE
Oh right! Awesome.

MATT
We can come up with some funny ads. It will be good for your business.

CHARLIE

Okay, I guess.

MATT

Dude, you gotta tell me more about your brother Gary though!

CHARLIE

Oh boy, what do you want to know? And he's my half-brother by the way.

MATT

I don't know--like, do you guys hang out much?

CHARLIE

Not really.

MATT

How come?

A customer at the bar pipes in.

CUSTOMER 2

Oh yeah--hey dare, Gary was in here last night! Livin' la Vida Loca and doin' close drinker guy and stuff.

MATT

What?

CHARLIE

Yeah, that sounds like Gary.

MATT

Oh my god, is he just a crazy party guy or what?

CHARLIE

Look--I guess so, but were not that close. I'm actually surprised he's not in jail.

MATT

Jail! Why? What has he done?

Charlie rolls his eyes.

CHARLIE

Oh my god, I wouldn't even know where to start.

Over black.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*Gary on your wayward son. They'll
 be peace when you are gone. Gary on
 your wayward son. Don't you cry no
 more.*

Music cue: (optional) "Carry on Wayward Son" by KANSAS

EXT. HARBOR BAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Charlie packs an ice cream truck. Elyse comes out with more ice cream treats.

Charlie hops in the driver seat.

INT. ICE CREAM TRUCK

SERIES OF SHOTS - CHARLIE DRIVES

-- Elyse waves goodbye.

-- Charlie drives and drums on the steering wheel.

-- Charlie gets stuck behind a tractor on the road.

-- Charlie drives by a small mint colored house and smiles.

-- Charlie drives by a sign that reads "Nelsen's cottages."

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Charlie shakes his head. He turns his attention back to the road. Dan stands in the road. He signals Charlie to stop.

Charlie slams on the brakes. Ice cream tubs and treats fly to the front of the truck.

CHARLIE
 Aw shitski! Damn it Dan!

Dan approaches the passenger side and lowers his sunglasses.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
 Jesus Dan, I could have killed you!

DAN
 (chews gum)
 License and registration please.

CHARLIE

Dan, you're not a cop! Get off the road!

Dan spits his gum at Charlie and grabs an ice cream treat from the front seat.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You gonna pay for that?

DAN

Nope.

Dan takes a big bite. He gets brain freeze.

CHARLIE

Ya know Dan, life is a lot easier not being an asshole. You should try it sometime.

DAN

(slurs)

I'll keep that in mind.

Charlie waves and pretends to see Kip behind Dan.

CHARLIE

Oh, hi Kip.

Dan turns around. Charlie takes off and runs over his foot. Charlie smiles and looks in the rearview mirror. Dan hops on one foot and shakes his fist.

DAN (BACKGROUND V.O.)

God damnit Charlie!

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - EVENING

BLEACHERS

Matt plays on his audio recorder. In the b.g. An amish horse and buggy pulls a skateboarder. Eric releases his hands and does a cool trick. He approaches Matt.

ERIC

Hey, what's up duder?

Eric's shirt shows a picture of the road sign that reads "Arnott and Amtoo" in opposing arrows.

MATT

Hey, Bubbly Shmubbly! Glad you could make it.

ERIC

No prob. Can't wait to see your kids play. What time does this shin dig start around here anyway?

MATT

Any minute now.

ERIC

So, what is that thing?

Eric points to Matt's recorder.

MATT

Oh, it's a stereo microphone and video recorder. I use it for my podcast ideas.

An ice cream truck plays in the distance.

BASEBALL FIELD

UMPIRE

Lets play ball!

Kids eight to ten years old in A's and Tigers uniforms get in position to play. The crowd claps.

CROWD

Let's go A's!/Go Tigers!/Let's go boys!

BLEACHERS

A heavy set fella in an electric wheelchair whistles loudly.

WHEELCHAIR GUY

Let's go boys! Play ball!

The ice cream truck arrives and parks behind the bleachers.

MATT

Let's go boys! Play hard now! Let's go!

Wheelchair Guy hears Matt and looks over at him.

WHEELCHAIR GUY

Hey, clean it up buddy! This is a kids baseball game--Geez Louise.

MATT

Oh... kay. Sorry about that.

Eric giggles and mutters.

ERIC

That makes no sense. What's his deal?

CHARLIE (BACKGROUND O.S.)

Here you go little darling. Enjoy that cone.

Matt and Eric turn their heads and walk over to the ice cream truck.

ICE CREAM TRUCK

MATT

Hey, Macho Pappacho! I thought I heard you.

CHARLIE

Oh, hey Matt. What's up Eric? You guys want some ice cream? Get in line hurry, hurry, hurry!

Matt and Eric get in line behind a boy.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And what can I get for you little boy?

BOY 1

Ummm, I'll have an ice cream sandwich.

CHARLIE

Sure thing kid. Coming right up.

Charlie digs in a cooler. Matt and Eric wait patiently.

CHARLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

... Ah! Here they are.

The boy hands Charlie some change in exchange for the ice cream sandwich.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Here you go kid. Have a nice day.

BOY 1
Thanks.

Charlie waves goodbye.

CHARLIE
What's up guys? What can I get cha?

MATT
So like, you own this truck?

CHARLIE
No, the Omernicks do, but I help Elyse when I can. She should be here later.

ERIC
Hey duder, I'll have a vanilla cone.

CHARLIE
Hey, cool shirt Eric.

Eric shows off his shirt.

ERIC
Thanks man.

CHARLIE
And for you Matt?

Matt scratches his chin and ponders the options. Charlie waits patiently.

MATT
Okay, I think I'll have... ummm... well that frosty thing looks good, but umm --

CHARLIE
Bum tshh!

Charlie air drums the high hat. Eric giggles.

MATT
What's that?... Oh, but um bum tshh--funny. I will just have the chipper sandwich... No, no, no scratch that! You got Blue moon?

CHARLIE
*Blue moon, I saw you standing
 alone.*

MATT
 (deep voice)
Yeahhh!

Charlie prepares the cones.

MATT (CONT'D)
 I think it's you saw me standing
 alone.

Charlie shrugs it off.

After a beat: Charlie hands Matt and Eric ice cream cones.

CHARLIE
 Here you go guys. Matt, are your
 kids playing?

MATT
 Yeah, they play on the A's. Should
 be a great game ehh, ehh --

CHARLIE
 Ehh, ehh!

ERIC
 Thanks for the cone man. Let's
 touch bases later.

Charlie puffs out his chest and places an ice cream cone on
 his head.

CHARLIE
 Cone man--Wait, what? You wanna
 touch bases later? Like fool
 around?

ERIC
 No, I mean we can catch up later.

CHARLIE
 Wow, you're just knocking out the
 baseball puns today.

Matt giggles.

ERIC
 What?... Oh yeah, I guess so. Ha,
 ha, ha.

MATT
Hey, how much we owe you?

CHARLIE
Ah, don't worry about it.

MATT
Thanks man, that's super nice of you.

A little girl interrupts.

GIRL 1
Hey, move it along mister! I'm hungry!

MATT
Hi hungry, I'm Matt!

The little girl is not amused.

CHARLIE
I'll catch you guys later. We can touch bases.

Charlie winks at Eric.

MATT
Sounds good--Go A's.

CHARLIE
Okay, but I prefer a D cup.

Matt and Eric walk back to the bleachers.

ERIC
Man O' Man, everyone is ganging up on you today.

MATT
No kidding. So like, where else do you think Charlie works?

ERIC
I don't know man.

In the b.g. Charlie puffs his chest and puts his hands on his hips.

CHARLIE (BACKGROUND V.O.)
I don't know man... A man that knows nothing.

With the crack of a bat the crowd gets excited. Matt and Eric turn their heads and hurry along.

EXT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE - EVENING

A sign reads "Wormy's Master Bait & Tackle."

INT. WORMY'S MASTER BAIT & TACKLE

The Brewer baseball game plays on the radio. Wormy stocks beer and ice.

A van pulls up and someone knocks on the door. Wormy walks to the front, opens the door and notices a big package on the front step. It says "Fragile."

WORMY

Frajeelay! I didn't order anything from Italy.

He brings it in and opens it.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Oh great, the new can koozies arrived!

Wormy takes the koozies out and stacks them on a shelf. He laughs.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Ha, ha, ha! That one is funny.

He notices some that read "Wormy's Master Bait & Tackle! Nobody beats our bait!"

WORMY (CONT'D)

(excited)

Oh, these turned out great! People are gonna love these.

Just as Wormy finishes, the Brewers make an error and give up two runs.

WORMY (CONT'D)

(pissed off)

Aw shucks--fucking Brewers!

Wormy accidentally knocks over all the koozies.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Double fuck!

Wormy, frustrated, picks them up and starts the pyramid again.

WORMY (CONT'D)

Ugh! I gotta get some help. I need a night stocker.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

10U Baseball game. A's at bat, Tigers in the field.

SERIES OF SHOTS - KIDS BASEBALL GAME

-- A kid on the A's is stuck in a pickle.

-- He slides into home base. Safe.

-- Coach Dan (Tigers) spits and kicks dirt.

-- Coach Rocco (Tigers) yells at the umpire.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

BLEACHERS

Matt looks over at the Ice cream truck. Charlie is gone. He ogles at Elyse as she serves ice cream. Eric nudges Matt.

ERIC

Hey, stop starring.

MATT

Hooked and I can't stop starring oh baby!

Eric giggles.

BASEBALL FIELD

An Amish kid bats. Gary is the umpire. A pitch is thrown.

GARY

Ball two. Utah get me two... two!

Gary holds up two fingers. The crowd laughs.

WHEELCHAIR GUY

Good one Gary! Point Break! That's a good one! Two balls Utah--two!

Dan and Rocco fist bump. The inning is over. The crowd claps as the Tigers return to the dugout.

DAN (CONT'D)
Way to go boys! Great inning! Nice work!

BLEACHERS

CROWD
Let's Go Tigers!/Let's Go A's!/Woot-
-woot!/Yeah buddy!

Two ladies chat it up. One says to the other.

LADY 1
So there we were, getting drunk at work again.

DUGOUT

The kids goof around.

CHIP NELSEN, warms up on deck. He spits, blows a bubble and snaps it.

Dan gets the kids in batting order.

DAN
Okay, you go here, and you go here.
Mike, you get over here! Stop acting like a fool--Geez Louise!

Flash to a kid with a bunch of baseball gloves piled on his head.

CROWD (O.S.)
Let's go Chip!/Yeah Chip let's go!/Get it started Chip, you got this!

DAN
(claps)
All right boys let's make some good cuts now. Let's go! Come on boys!

Wheelchair guy overhears Dan.

WHEELCHAIR GUY (O.S.)
Gross Dan. Clean it up would ya!
This is a kid's baseball game--Geez Louise!

Dan shakes his head.

BASEBALL FIELD

Chip taps his shoes, adjusts his gloves, helmet and stance. Gary holds his hand up. Chip steps into the batters box.

KIP (V.O.)

Chip Nelsen steps up to the plate... and here comes the pitch.

GARY

Ball.

Wheelchair guy laughs.

CROWD (O.S.)

Let's go Tigers!/Chip never swings at the first pitch./Yeah, Chip never swings at the first pitch ya know./Let's go Chip!

Chip steps outside the box and does his routine. Gary holds his hand up to give him time.

After a beat: Chip steps back in the batters box.

KIP (V.O.)

One and 0 the count... and the pitch.

GARY

Ball two!

Gary holds up two fingers.

WHEELCHAIR GUY

Ha! How many balls ya got Gary? Two balls, two balls everybody! Ha, ha, ha.

Wheelchair guy holds two fingers in the air just like Gary. Chip steps outside the box and does his routine again.

DUGOUT

Dan and Rocco shake their heads.

DAN

(to Rocco)

Fucking Justin, I wanna beat the shit outta that guy!

ROCCO
Get in line.

KIP (V.O.)
Two and 0 the count. Chip taking
his time here.

CROWD (O.S.)
Go Tigers!/Let's go A's!/Let's go
Chip!/Make it be there!/Let's go
now!/Hurry the fuck up Chip!

DAN
Let's go son, you got this.

BASEBALL FIELD

Chip steps back in the batters box.

KIP (V.O.)
And here comes the delivery.

Crack! Chip knocks one foul. Gary waves his hand in front of
his nose.

GARY
Foul Ball.

KIP (V.O.)
Foul... Ewww-stinky.

DUGOUT

DAN
Good cut Chip.

BASEBALL FIELD

The Pitcher sticks his finger in his bellybutton. Players
chant.

PLAYERS
We want a pitcher, not a belly
itcher./You got this Chip!/Make it
be there!

Chip steps out and does his routine again. Gary holds the
pitcher.

Chip steps back in the batters box.

KIP (V.O.)

The players are really giving it to
the pitcher... Two and one the
count... Here comes the pitch.

Crack! Chip knocks the ball straight back at the pitcher.
Whamo! It hits him in the head, and splits his forehead wide
open.

KIP (V.O.)

Man down, Man down!

CROWD

Sweet Jesus!/Yowzer!/That's not
good./Oh my god!/That dude got
knocked the fucked out!

Gary rushes to the mound. Parents, coaches and players
follow. Gary peers over the boy. He pops his umpire cage off.

GARY

Holy Schlitz! That is a very deep
cut.

JIM CONES, Coach of the A's, catches up. He peers.

JIM CONES

Oh my god, that is a very deep cut!

PARENT 1

Somebody call him an ambulance!

KIP (V.O.)

Okay... Ambulance.

PARENT 2

(cries)

Oh my dear boy! Is he gonna be
okay?

JON CRYER

(cries)

Why?... why?

JIM CONES

Cripes Allfrighty Jon keep it
together!... This doesn't look good
Gary, he's losing a lot of blood.

PARENT 1

Where are the Paramedics?

GARY

We don't have time. Does anyone have change for a dollar?

CROWD

Wait, What?/Why?/Not the time for that.

Andy mysteriously appears.

ANDY

Hey Gary, you need some change?

GARY

No, I need the taxidermy kit from my truck bed--stat!--pronto!

Gary snaps his fingers. Andy runs off while Gary puts pressure on the wound with a towel.

PARENT 2

(cries)

Oh my god, is he dead?

JON CRYER

(cries)

Rest in peace pal.

GARY

He's not dead! Not yet anyway.

Andy races back with the kit.

ANDY

Here ya go Gary.

Gary opens the kit, threads a needle, and begins to stitch.

GARY

Okay here we go! In one side, out the other. Under--then over. Okay, there we go, keep that tight. No slack! Tight lines boys--tight lines! Okay, that looks good.

Gary stitches the boys forehead like a pro.

PARENT 1

Are you sure you know what you're doing? Where are the paramedics?

GARY

Don't worry sir! I'm a certified taxidermist!

CROWD

Ohh!/Ahh!/He's above average at
that!/Licensed and certified!/JD
power award winner!/Best in town!

DAN

Oh stop it, everybody has one of
those!

JIM CONES

I can attest. Gary is the best.

GARY

Thanks Jim.

Both parents nod and agree to let Gary continue. The fire
truck arrives.

BOY 1

Holy cow, it's the fire department!

Three Firemen approach and peer over Gary. One passes out at
the sight of blood.

GARY

Hey, hold it steady yer making me
miss.

After a beat: A police car arrives.

BOY 1

Wow, it's the cops!

PARENT 2

Where are the paramedics?

Policemen Chase and Jalen Robbers rush to the scene. They
secure the perimeter.

After a beat: The paramedics arrive.

BOY 1

Hey, it's the Paramedics!

CROWD

Oh, they made it./Hurry-hurry!/It's
about time!/Hurry up Brad--geez!

PARENT 1

Finally!

GARY

All right, there we go just one more... Let me tie that off--and done!

PARAMEDIC, early forties and in a hurry, pushes through the crowd.

PARAMEDIC

Excuse me, Excuse me, Excuse me sir coming through.

The paramedic assesses the wound.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

God dang Gary! That's a hell of a stitch you did! You saved this boys life!

CROWD

(claps)

Way to go Gary!/Nice job Gary!/Gary is the best!/Hell of stitch he did!/He's a bonafide stitcher!

Parent 1 and 2 come together and hold hands like the end of a happy movie.

PARENT 2

We can't thank you enough.

GARY

(snaps)

God damnit get this boy to a hospital--stat! Hurry up!

People stop clapping and load the boy into the ambulance. Gary gives a deep sigh.

Matt, now on the field with the rest of the parents, gets a good look at Gary.

GARY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Matt notices an identical match to Charlie.

MATT

Charlie?

Gary looks up at Matt and gives him a long stare.

GARY

Let's play ball!

END EPISODE 3

Over black.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

*When I find myself in times of
trouble, Brother Gary comes to me.
Speaking words of wisdom. Let it
be. And in my hour of darkness he
is standing right in front of me,
speaking words of wisdom. Let it
be. Welcome to Garytown.*

Music cue: (optional) "Let it be" by THE BEATLES

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

People leave. Matt interviews the coaches after the game.

MATT

So like, Gary is a taxidermist?

JIM CONES

Oh yeah, he does great work! He did
my deer mount last year.

MATT

Huh... Coach Cones, I can't thank
ya enough for the time.

JIM CONES

No problem Matt, it was nice
meeting you.

Matt gets another coaches attention.

MATT

Hello, sir? What is your name?

ROCCO

Yeah buddy--the names Rocco! But
you can call me Rocky, or Rock.

MATT

Wow, that's a lot of nicknames.

ROCCO

Well, they are all kind of the same
variation.

MATT

Right, right, right. So what can
you tell me about Gary?

ROCCO

Well, I've known Gary a long time.
We are best friends --

Dan snaps his gum.

DAN (O.S.)

Bullshit! Gary and I are best
friends!

ROCCO

He is funny as fock I tell ya, but
I mean what happened here tonight
was absolutely amazing. He was the
right guy, in the right place, at
the right time. I don't know what
would've happened if Gary wasn't
here.

MATT

Wow.

ROCCO

I know right? You should have beers
with us sometime. He can really
pound em.

MATT

Yeah, okay. I would like that,
thanks Rocco.

ROCCO

Yeah buddy, Go Tigers! Woot, Woot!

EXT. NELSEN MARINA - MORNING

A sign reads "Nelsen Marina."

INT. NELSEN MARINA

Paul walks in and notices a note on the board to Call Dan
Hazerpeas.

PAUL

Dan Hazerpeas? Do I know that guy?

Paul picks up the phone and dials the number. The phone rings
and rings.

RECEPTIONIST 1 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Amtoo STD clinic, how may I direct
your call?

PAUL
What? I was calling for Dan.

RECEPTIONIST 1 (V.O.)
Okay.

PAUL
Dan Hazerpeas.

RECEPTIONIST 1 (V.O.)
Yes, we can definitely help with
that. Let me transfer you.

The call is transferred.

PAUL
What the hell.

The phone rings.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (V.O.)
(filtered)
Herpes department how can I help
you?

PAUL
Yes, I was calling for Dan--Dan
Hazerpeas.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (V.O.)
Well, we should definitely take a
look then. Let me pull up the
calendar here, and see when we can
get you in.

PAUL
Ummm... do I have the right number?
I was calling for Dan. Dan
Hazerpeas.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (V.O.)
Yes. It looks like I can get you in
Tuesday. I have a 9:15 or 10:30
available with Dr. Sores --

DAN (BACKGROUND O.S.)
Hey you! You can't park yer boat
there!

Paul peeks outside.

PAUL
Gall dang it.

RECEPTIONIST 2 (V.O.)
Excuse me?

PAUL
Sorry Ma'am, I gotta go!

Paul hangs up the phone. He runs out on the dock.

PAUL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey! You can't park yer boat there!

EXT. STREETS OF AMTOO - DAY

Matt collects more stories from the townsfolk.

SPARKY
Gary drug my ass all the way over to Europe one time. First thing we do when we get there, hit the pot shop ok--right--coffee! All right-- Gary! We roll up a big ole spliff, nuggy ole chunky thing, no tobacco in it, nuttin'. Looked like the damned thing was dead already. Toked her down half way... ehh, the next thing ya know were drivin' down the god damn sidewalk, he, he, he... Gary was drivin'.

MATT (O.S.)
Do you know Charlie?

SPARKY
Charlie? His brother? Yeah, that guy puts his ice cream in the microwave... what a psycho.

MAN 2
Yeah, Gary sunk my boat one time... I did get it back though.

MATT (O.S.)
So, do you think maybe... Charlie is Gary?

MAN 2
Are you crazy? I know Charlie, and I know Gary--so... no.

MATT (O.S.)

Have you ever seen them together?

MAN 2

Well, yeah no--no yeah. I know they don't hang out together much, but... come to think of it... maybe I haven't seen them together.

WOMAN 2

Ya know Gary saved my baby's life. It was probably thirteen or fourteen years ago now.

MATT (O.S.)

Oh my god! Really?

WOMAN 2

Really.

MATT (O.S.)

How did that happen?

WOMAN 2

She had fallen between two boats tied to the dock. Gary saw it happen, and pulled her out.

MATT (O.S.)

Was she okay?

WOMAN 2

Yeah, yeah she was okay--just a couple bumps and bruises from the boats, but she was okay thanks to Gary.

MATT (O.S.)

Well thank god... Do you think by chance... maybe... Gary is Charlie?

WOMAN 2

You think Gary is Charlie?

MATT (O.S.)

I don't know--maybe. They look a lot alike.

WOMAN 2

What are you like an El Bozo or something? They are nothing alike... Yer not from around here are you?

MAN 3

Gary? The taxidermist? Isn't he like Kip's cousin or something? Now that boy... he ain't right.

EXT. HARBOR BAR - EVENING

A sign outside reads "The Harbor Bar."

INT. HARBOR BAR

The bar is packed for Friday fish fry. Matt and Eric eat while Elyse pours glasses of whiskey for customers. Matt chews his food and looks at Eric cross eyed.

ERIC

What's with the face?

Matt points to Eric's shirt.

MATT

What's that?

ERIC

What's what?

Eric looks down at his shirt. It says "#poundsign." Matt boops him on the nose.

MATT

Boop. Gotcha!

ERIC

Aw man you got me... Hey, this tartar sauce is awesome.

MATT

Awesome sauce!

Eric takes a big bite of fish. Tartar sauce drips from his face.

MATT (CONT'D)

Elyse makes it every Friday--so good.

ERIC

Really?

MATT

Really... you got some tar-tar on yer --

ERIC

Huh?

Matt points to Eric's face.

MATT

Hey, that's not tartar sauce.

Eric wipes his face. He giggles.

MATT (CONT'D)

Argh! I need some change.

Matt signals for Elyse, but she doesn't see him. Andy slides between Eric and Matt.

ANDY

You need some change?

MATT

Oh, hi... You work here?

ANDY

No, but I got change for ya.

MATT

Can you break a twenty?

ANDY

You want all quarters?

MATT

What? No.

Andy starts to walk away. Matt stops him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Wait, wait!

Andy turns back. Eric looks at his familiar face.

MATT (CONT'D)

Are you Gary's friend--Andy? From the baseball game?

ANDY

Yes, Gary and I are best friends and first cousins.

MATT

Really?

ANDY

Really.

MATT

Wow. I don't think I knew that.

ANDY

What? That we are best friends, or first cousins?

MATT

Cousins.

ANDY

You want some change or what?

MATT

No.

Andy turns to walk away.

MATT (CONT'D)

Wait! Hold on. I do want some change. Let me get a couple bucks in quarters.

Matt and Andy exchange dollars and quarters. Andy notices Eric, they lock eyes.

ANDY

Wait... are you Mattzy and Asian Eric?

ERIC

I guess so.

MATT

Yeah, it's Matt Z actually, but yeah, sounds the same I guess.

ANDY

Oh yeah, Gary told me about you guys. Charlie's friends right? Yer the podcaster?

MATT

Yes.

Eric continues to stare at Andy.

ANDY

Well isn't that fun. It's nice to meet you guys. Let me know if you need more change.

MATT

Sure thing.

Andy looks at Matt.

ANDY

Mattzy.

Andy looks at Eric.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Asian Eric. You guys take care now.

Andy continues on.

MATT

Nice meeting you Andy!

Matt waves goodbye.

ERIC

That guy looks familiar.

MATT

Oh yeah?

ERIC

Yeah.

MATT

Maybe you guys are cousins or something.

Eric laughs.

ERIC

I don't think so... I think I went to high school with that guy.

MATT

Huh, interesting.

ERIC

His name wasn't Andy though... I think it was... Dale. That's it! Dale Nelson.

MATT

Dale? Who the fuck is Dale?

EXT. BEACH CLUB - DAY

A sign reads "The Beach Club."

INT. BEACH CLUB

Jimmy Buffett music plays. Karen works the bar and plays dice with customers.

BAR

KAREN
(yells)
All day? All day? Is it all day?

CUSTOMER 1
Yes, all day.

KAREN
Okay! Here we go.

Karen rolls the dice.

KAREN (CONT'D)
6,5,4,6, not enough. Two more
shakes boys.

Karen farms the 6,5,4. She picks up the other two dice.

CUSTOMER 1
Come on Karen.

KAREN
Gross, no thank you.

CUSTOMER 1
You got this! One tie all tie.

Karen rolls the dice.

KAREN
6,5,4,12. Booya baby! In two!

Karen slams the dice cup on the bar and does a yoga pose.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Pay up bitches! Ha, ha!

CUSTOMER 2
God damnit Karen, yer so hot right
now.

CUSTOMER 1
So hot right now.

Karen takes their money.

KAREN
Yeah, you know it!

CUSTOMER 1
Bring it back Karen. All day!

Dan comes in holding a beer. He approaches Karen. His can koozie reads "Wormy's Master Bait & Tackle, Nobody beats our bait!"

KAREN
Ya know Dan, you can't bring your own beer in here.

Dan quickly slams it and sits down at the bar.

DAN
(burps)
What beer? How you doin' pretty lady?

Karen giggles.

KAREN
I'm good. You looking for some lunch?

DAN
Yup.

KAREN
You want the usual?

DAN
Yeah, and I'll take a Point Special.

Karen points back at Dan.

KAREN
Sounds good. Point, burger, curds.

DAN
Thanks babe.

Karen walks away. Dan checks out her ass.

DAN (CONT'D)
(grunts quietly)
Mmmm.

Rocco walks in.

ROCCO (O.S.)
(yells)
What's up Dan?

DAN
Oh, hey Rock.

ROCCO
What time is the game tonight?

DAN
We got the six o'clock game.

ROCCO
Sweet.

DAN
Try to get there at 5:30 for
warmups if ya can.

ROCCO
Sounds good. I'll be there.

DAN
Go Tigers.

ROCCO
Go Tigers.

Rocco continues on. Karen comes back with Dan's Point beer.

KAREN
Here you go Dan.

Dan quickly puts the beer in his koozie.

DAN
Thanks Karen, yer the best.

Dan takes a swig of beer.

DAN (CONT'D)
Aw man, that's the good stuff.

EXT. BEACH CLUB - LATER

Eric carries take out. A kid on a bike zooms by. He almost hits Eric.

ERIC
Ope!

BOY 1 (O.S.)
I want my two dollars!

ERIC
Jesus.

Dan carries a paddle board. He nods at Eric.

DAN
Sup.

Eric nods back.

ERIC
Sup.

Karen takes the garbage out. Everything slows down.

Music cue: "Beautiful Karen" by Seth Nelson

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*Beautiful Karen, she hails from
Mexico. She's my senorita, I
wouldn't trade her for a mule.*

Eric stares with his mouth open. Karen dumps garbage.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*Pony's and puppies, and all
adorable things, they don't hold a
candle, to the love I feel for you.*

She notices Eric.

KAREN
Hey, Eric. Eric!... Eric!

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*You are my sunshine, on a cloudy
winters day.*

A record scratch interrupts the song.

KAREN
Eric!

Eric snaps back to reality.

ERIC
Oh, hey Karen.

KAREN
Hi. Did I forget something in your
order?

ERIC
(nervous)
Yeah--no--I mean, yeah--no yeah--
I'm good.

KAREN
Okay then.

Karen turns away.

ERIC
Wait!

KAREN
Yeah?

Eric plays it cool.

ERIC
You wanna play trivia at the Harbor
Monday night?

Karen gasps.

KAREN
I would love too! Elyse told me she
was starting that.

ERIC
Coo, coo, cool. Pretty sure Matt
and Charlie would play.

KAREN
Yeah, for sure. What time?

ERIC
Seven!.. I think.

Eric whips out his phone.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What's your number? Let's touch
bases later. I can let you know for
sure.

KAREN
Okay.

Karen grabs her phone and taps it to Eric's phone.

ERIC
What are you doing?

KAREN
Exchanging contacts.

Eric looks at his phone.

INSERT - ERIC'S SMART PHONE

The screen reads "Karen Zuniga."

BACK TO SCENE

KAREN
Okay, well I better get back to
work. So, I'll see you Monday?

ERIC
Yes... Monday.

Karen gives Eric a sexy smile.

KAREN
Bye Eric.

ERIC
See ya Karen.

Eric checks out Karen as she walks back in the Beach Club. He gets a message.

INSERT - ERIC'S SMART PHONE

The screen reads "Checkmark ya later, heart Karen."

BACK TO SCENE

ERIC
(sings quietly)
*Beautiful Karen, she hails from
Mexico.*

Eric notices Rocco check her out. He looks at Eric and nods yes. Another guy in the parking lot nods yes. Dan in front of the marina nods yes. Scan to all three guys nodding yes.

INT. MATT'S RECORDING STUDIO - AFTERNOON

Matt sits in his office chair. He puts on his headphones and plays the intro song.

Music cue: "Tangents" by Seth Nelson

CHARLIE (V.O.)

(filtered)

*What's your name where ya from?
Tangents, Tangents! What were we
doing, what were we talking about?
Tangents, Tangents! What's the
word, how did we get here?
Tangents, Tangents! Check out my
podcast see what it's all about.
Tangents, Tangents.*

MATT

Welcome to Tangents, I'm your host
Matt Z, brought to you by
Engebretson Gifts and T-shirts
located downtown Arnott; family
owned and operated since 1957. How
Swede it is. So, let's get to it.
I'm Matt Z, and welcome to
Tangents! Ope, I said that already.
Umm, so, anyway--you ever wonder
why we say the words we say? The
way we say them? What does that
mean? What were we talking about?
Then this is the podcast for you.
Listen--as we explore--the
butchering--of the english
language. Welcome to Tangents. Ah
geez, I did it again! I said that
already.

Eric and Charlie enter Matt's studio. Eric's shirt says "That makes no cents."

Matt plays a clip.

Google Drive > GaryTown > carribbean2s.mp3 (:43)

GUY (V.O.)

Podcast, okay.

MATT (V.O.)

All right, so do you guys say kuh-
rib-ee-uhn or kar-uh-bee-uhn?

GUY (V.O.)

No, kuh-rib-ee-uhn --

JEFF (V.O.)

The kar-uh-bee-uhn --

GUY (V.O.)
No, kuh-rib-ee-uhn.

NICHOLE (V.O.)
Kuh-rib-ee-uhn.

GUY (V.O.)
It's--thank you it's kuh-rib-ee-uhn.

MATT (V.O.)
You say like--okay, so when you say

JEFF (V.O.)
I don't know!

GUY (V.O.)
Thank you.

MATT (V.O.)
Do you say Pirates of the kuh-rib-ee-uhn, or Pirates of the kar-uh-bee-uhn?

JEFF (V.O.)
Kar-uh-bee-uhn.

GUY (V.O.)
No. Pirates of the kar-uh-bee-uhn.

NICHOLE (V.O.)
Yes, yes.

MATT (V.O.)
Pirates of the kar-uh-bee-uhn.

Matt assists Charlie and Eric with headphones and microphones.

<p>JEFF (V.O.) Hold on, hold on. Yeah, yeah.</p>	<p>GUY (V.O.) So you just said--you hold on--you made me get it wrong on the first one thank you--made me get it wrong, it is pirates of the kar-uh-bee-uhn one hundred percent.</p>
--	--

JEFF (V.O.)
(rolls his tongue)
The kar-uh-bee-uhn.

MATT (V.O.)
But you, but you don't say I'm going to the kar-uh-bee-uhn.

GUY (V.O.)

Never.

MATT (V.O.)

You say, I'm goin to the kuh-rib-ee-uhn.

GUY (V.O.)

No, yer goin to the kuh-rib-ee-uhn.

MATT (V.O.)

So it's different--it's the same word.

GUY (V.O.)

Yeah... it's a little bit a mix up -

NICHOLE (V.O.)

It's all about the context.

GUY (V.O.)

But you always say kar-uh-bee-uhn when you go back to it.

NICHOLE (V.O.)

It's all about the context.

GUY (V.O.)

I agree.

MATT (V.O.)

Context.

JEFF (V.O.)

Well that's messed up!

MATT (V.O.)

Genius.

End clip.

MATT

It's time to take a deeper dive into the things we say and do. I'm here with Eric Engebretson, what do you do? Why are you here?

ERIC

Hi, I'm Eric.

MATT

We already know that.

ERIC

Oh right--Umm, I own Engebretson Gifts & T-shirts in Arnott.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's a Swedish knick knack slash t-shirt shop.

CHARLIE

*Ohh, ohh, ohh it's a Swedish thing.
Baby's got blue skies up ahead.
Ohh, ohh, ohh it's a Swedish thing.*

Matt and Eric giggle.

MATT

I'm losing you.

ERIC

It's not Swedish--it's sweetest.

CHARLIE

You own a sweetest shop?

Matt giggles.

ERIC

No. The store is Swedish--the song is sweetest.

MATT

Charlie, it's a U2 song.

CHARLIE

I know that.

MATT

Ohh, ohh, ohh its the Sweetest thing.

CHARLIE

Are you sure it's not Swedish thing though?

MATT

Yes.

ERIC

Yes.

CHARLIE

Oh.

MATT

So Eric, are you Swedish?

ERIC

No, I'm Korean.

CHARLIE

Ohh, ohh, ohh it's a Korean thing.

Matt and Eric laugh.

ERIC
My parents are Swedish. I was--ha!
I was adopted.

MATT
So, they started the shop?

ERIC
No, it was my grandparents. They
opened it in 1957.

MATT
Ohh, ohh, ohh it's a Korean thing.

Eric busts out a laugh.

CHARLIE
Ohh, ohh, ohh.

ERIC
Stop! You guys are gonna make me
cry.

CHARLIE
It's a Korean thing.

MATT
It's a Korean thing.

They all laugh.

ERIC
(wipes a tear)
Jesus, keep it together Eric. Oh
boy!

MATT
Aw man.

CHARLIE
I'm losing you.

ERIC
Oh geez Charlie!

MATT
Okay, so Eric.

CHARLIE
Well, there you go speaking Spanish
again.

MATT
You moved back here. Saved the shop
by making shirts?

ERIC

Oh--Queso! I get it! That is Spanish.

Matt and Eric laugh.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Yeah, I got the contracts for youth sports and school athletics in Arnott and Amtoo. It really helped us financially to expand into screen printing. Ummm--I'm glad we did it.

MATT

That's awesome, I'm so happy for you guys. And you make cool t-shirts.

CHARLIE

Do people still buy Swedish knick knacks?

ERIC

Sometimes, but not often.

CHARLIE

Uff duh!

ERIC

Yeah--uff duh.

CHARLIE

Do people say that to you all the time? Ya know... cuz you're Swedish.

Matt laughs.

ERIC

No. No one says that.

CHARLIE

Oh.

MATT

Eric says "let's touch bases" all the time.

Charlie laughs.

ERIC

Okay, I do say that sometimes.

CHARLIE

Does that mean we're gonna like...
do stuff?

Charlie touches Eric's thigh.

ERIC

No there--no--no you keep--you keep
your hands. You say it, but you
keep your hands to yourself. There
is no actual... touching.

Charlie removes his hand.

CHARLIE

Ope... my bad, I'm sorry --

ERIC

No, it's just --

CHARLIE

I didn't mean to touch you
inappropriately.

Charlie grabs Eric's thigh again.

ERIC

No, it's just an expression. It's
just an expression--touch each
others bases. It's like you have a
conversation.

CHARLIE

Oh!

ERIC

Yeah, yeah it's not literal. You
don't touch.

CHARLIE

Oh, Okay.

ERIC

So... you can take your hand off my
leg right now.

Matt laughs. Charlie removes his hand.

CHARLIE

Ope, I'm sorry. I thought it meant
something else.

ERIC
(giggles)
No--nothing else.

CHARLIE
That should be your next shirt.
Let's touch bases!

MATT
Oh, I like that! That's a good one.

ERIC
Maybe. I didn't know it was so
confusing.

MATT
So, Charlie.

CHARLIE
Yip.

MATT
You've been stuck in Amtoo over a
month you said?

CHARLIE
Yeah. My dad is having
complications with his knee--so I'm
helping out around the house.

MATT
Sorry to hear that.

ERIC
Yeah man, sorry to hear that.

CHARLIE
Oh, it's okay. He should be fine
after his next surgery.

MATT
Good to hear, and the wife and kids
are in Minneapolis?

CHARLIE
Yup Minneapolis, yup, yup.

Charlie shows a sign of discontent. Matt shows concern.

MATT
Everything okay?

CHARLIE
... Yeah everything is fine.

MATT
Okay... I recently discovered you
have a brother, Gary.

CHARLIE
Half-brother.

MATT
Right--half-brother. I gotta say,
you guys look a lot alike.

CHARLIE
Yip.

MATT
And yet, I've never seen you guys
together.

CHARLIE
Yeah, we don't hang out much.

MATT
I also talked with Gary's friend,
Andy.

CHARLIE
Yep.

MATT
He and Gary are also cousins?

CHARLIE
Yup. Andy is also my first cousin.

MATT
So, who is Dale?

Charlie gives Matt an uncertain look.

CHARLIE
Dale?... Dale is Andy's half
brother. Also, my first cousin.

ERIC
I went to high school with Dale.

MATT
So, you and Andy both have half-
brothers?

CHARLIE
Yeah.

MATT

Something doesn't seem right here--
I just get this feeling that...
that like... you are Gary, and now
I think Andy is Dale.

CHARLIE

That's complete nonsense.

MATT

Is it though?

Charlie puts his hands up and motions for Matt to cut the microphone.

ERIC

(uncomfortable)

What is happening here?

MATT

And that about does it for today's
show. Special thanks to Engebretson
Gifts and T-shirts--located
downtown Arnott. Family owned and
operated since 1957. Go watch Eric
make t-shirts and pick up some uff
duh magnets! How Swede it is.
Thanks for listening, and remember
please support us by sharing,
subscribing, and kindly leave a
review on itunes, iheartradio,
stitcher or however you receive
your podcast pleasure. Join me next
week for an all new episode of
Tangents!

Music cue: (optional) "Sweetest thing" BY U2

CHARLIE

What the hell are you doing?

MATT

Making a podcast.

ERIC

What was that all about?

MATT

You look just like him!

CHARLIE

You think I'm Gary? We're nothing
alike!

MATT
You are kind of alike.

ERIC
I don't know Matt.

Charlie storms out of the studio.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Way to go Matt... Great Podcast.

END EPISODE 4