COLD OPEN

INT. RENTAL TRUCK--MOVING--EARLY MORNING

JACK (32) drives while CALEB (21) and TOM (21) sit in the truck on the way to a job.

Tom packs a bowl.

JACK
What are you doing? Put that shit away!

TOM
Nah man. You’re gonna have some, too.

JACK
No I’m not, dude. I’m gonna fucking kill you. Put it away!

Tom and Caleb chuckle.

CALEB
Gimme some.

TOM
Me first.

Tom inhales deeply and holds it in. He puffs out and immediately grins.

CALEB
Ok, now me.

Tom passes the bowl to Caleb.

Caleb does the same thing, then holds the bowl out to Jack.

CALEB (CONT’D)
Here ya go.

JACK
No, I’m good. You guys are idiots. We are setting up a wedding in less than 20 minutes.

TOM
Don’t be a pussy.

Caleb and Tom chuckle again.
Jack

Fuck you.

Jack rips the bowl out of Caleb’s hand. He takes a prolonged, intense hit. He holds it for as long as he can. He blows out and coughs uncontrollably.

TOM

Yeah!

Jack pulls up to a stop sign. He is about to merge onto the highway.

Jack, are there any cars coming your way?

Caleb, are there any cars coming your way?

CALEB

(without looking)

Nope.

Jack takes Caleb’s word for it and pulls onto the highway without looking.

A car nearly hits them, slamming on it’s breaks and honking. Jack slams on his breaks.

CALEB

Jesus! Watch where you’re going!

All three of them laugh.

An ad for Pizza Hut Buffet comes on the radio.

I need that today! That would be so good while we’re high.

CALEB

If I don’t get it today I’m liable to commit a mass shooting.

That’s not funny at all.

I know, but I’m kind of serious.

CALEB

I know, but I’m kind of serious.

TOM

Let’s get our shit done today as quickly as possible so we can get there before all the fat fucks.
END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MAIN OFFICE BUILDING--MORNING

Tom and Caleb walk past KARA’S (24) desk.

She looks up sheepishly at Tom. He ignores her.

KARA’S TALKING HEAD

KARA

Tom? Who is that again? No, I just like to be polite to the new people here. It’s not exactly an amusement park here, so I just try to brighten people’s days.

(a beat)

Why? Did he say something to you?

BACK TO SCENE

KARA

Hey, Tom!

TOM

Hey.

Kara grins and Tom keeps walking.

INT. BARRY’S OFFICE--MORNING

BARRY (36) sits at his desk. His eyes widen and he grins as Tom and Caleb walk in.

BARRY

(looks directly at Tom)

There he is!

Caleb and Tom turn their backs to Barry to punch in.

Barry reaches under his desk as if he were scratching his leg.

BARRY (CONT’D)

Looks like you were sweating out there. Was that last job hard?
CALEB
You have more contracts for us today or what? We want to make sure we leave plenty of time for the Pizza Hut Buffet.

Barry continues to smile at Tom and hands him a packet. He does all of this while one hand never comes above the desk.

BARRY
Can I trust you two together today? Normally I pair each new guy up with a vet, but Jack has to go home early today to take his daughter to the dentist, so it’s just you two on this job now.

Tom and Caleb stare blankly at Barry.

BARRY (CONT’D)
It shouldn’t take long, but it’s for a very important client--the fairgrounds. We need it done before lunch. You need to set up three 100x160 frame tents for the fair. I need a lot of muscle on this job! Can I trust you two to get it done before lunch?

Caleb lifts his shirt to expose his unimpressive "abs".

CALEB
Well, we have muscle, so...

BARRY
Not cute. Come with me. I’ll take you to Larry and Yimmy’s warehouse to get the tent tops for today.

Barry begins to stand up from his desk, and his pants are undone. He quickly notices, presses down on his crotch, and swiftly sits back down. He face reddens.

Tom and Caleb look at each other, wide-eyed, but neither says anything.

BARRY (CONT’D)
Act--actually, I’m sure you two can find it.

Tom and Caleb begin to exit the room.
BARRY (CONT’D)
Hold on, Tom. Let me get your cell
number in case I need to get in
contact with you guys.

TOM
Oh, my phone is actually broken
right now. I’m gonna get a new one
when we get paid this week.

Almost immediately, Tom’s phone rings in his pocket.

(an awkward beat)

BARRY
So, yeah, go ahead and give me your
number, just in case...

TOM
Right.

Tom writes his number and hands it to Barry.

INT. TENT WAREHOUSE--MORNING

LARRY, (68), short and pudgy, drives the forklift
recklessly.

YIMMY, (22), tall, lanky, eyes close together, chases it
around and dodges the swiftly turning forklift so as to not
get run over. Every so often Yimmy tosses rolled-up tent
tops on and off the forklift into different piles.

Tom and Caleb survey the room.

TOM
Which one do you think is Larry?
(points to Yimmy)
The goofy-looking fuck?
(points to Larry)
Or the older goofy-looking fuck?

CALEB
(screams)
Larry!

Yimmy flinches.

Larry turns off the ignition on the forklift.

LARRY
Yup!

Caleb and Tom approach Larry and Yimmy.
Yimmy rests his arms on the forks and hangs his head, out of breath.

CALEB
I need three...

LARRY
(yells)
Nobody told us about three 100x160 tent tops!

Yimmy looks at Larry and mimics his gestures of shrugging shoulders and nodding. Yimmy looks confused as he does this.

TOM
How’d you know what he was gonna ask you?

Larry turns the ignition to start the forklift again.

Caleb reaches in and turns it back off.

LARRY
Nobody told us nothin’! Now watch out, I gotta wash this moon bounce for next week.

Yimmy mimics Larry’s apparent confusion again.

CALEB
Yeah, except it seems like you already knew exactly what we were asking for so...

YIMMY
Nobody done told us about dem’ tents, right Lar?

LARRY
Shut the fuck up, Yimmy! Or I’ll make you go fold tablecloths with the other girls!

TOM
Dude, we just need the tent tops. Now. We need to get going now so we can make the Pizza Hut Buffet.

TOM AND CALEB TALKING HEAD
CALEB
One of the only things that makes me happy in life is the Pizza Hut Buffet.

TOM
I haven’t been able to focus at all today. All I’ve been thinking about is emptying a whole tub of cinnamon breadsticks onto my plate and gorging myself until I can’t stand up.
   (a beat)
And then I’ll still eat more.

CALEB
Well, the buffet ends at three, so Yimmy and Larry better get their asses moving.

BACK TO SCENE

LARRY
Sure thing. I’ll get right on that.

Larry and Yimmy disappear into another room.

Tom lights a spliff.

CALEB
Guess we should go tell Barry they don’t have our tops ready and we can ask him what we should do instead.

Kara stares out the window of the office that faces the tent warehouse and directly at Tom.

Tom and Caleb notice. Caleb smiles at her but Tom ignores her.

TOM
Wait, this actually worked out perfectly.

CALEB
I know man, there are a lot of hot girls working here.

TOM
No man. I mean, we sure as hell aren’t going to be the ones who get in trouble for this. Larry and
TOM

Yimmy will. They shit the bed real bad and Barry is gonna go ballistic on them. I don’t even think we should tell Barry what happened. Let him find out for himself and when he finds out the job didn’t get done, he’ll be even more pissed at them.

As Tom and Caleb talk, Yimmy spies on Tom and Caleb from another room with the door creaked. Tom and Caleb do not notice.

CALEB

So?

TOM

So, I’m pretty sure we just got ourselves a free day! That means we don’t have to worry about missing the Pizza Hut Buffet!

CALEB

Aw yeah!

Caleb grabs the spliff and takes a long draft from it and furrows his eyebrows.

CALEB (CONT’D)

Are you sure about this? I can’t be getting fired anymore, man. I need this money to get alcohol and Pizza Hut Buffet while I’m at college. Plus, my dad said if I get fired from another job he’s kicking me out of the house.

TOM

Dude, I’m positive we’re not gonna get fired. We can’t set up tents without tent tops, so we’re free men!

CALEB

Alright then! It’s after 11:00 am, so let’s head out to Pizza Hut right now!
INT. TABLECLOTH ROOM--MORNING

SARAH (28), ALLISON (29), and DAVEY (18) stand at a table folding tablecloths.

RON (64) stumbles in.

RON
(to Sarah, slurring)
Hey, there Mama. I think you dropped one on the floor.

SARAH
No, I don’t think I did.

RON
Why don’t you lean back behind the dryer and make sure.

ALLISON
Ron, don’t you have work to do or something?

RON
Nah.

SARAH’S, ALLISON’S, AND DAVEY’S TALKING HEAD

Sarah sits, frowning.

ALLISON
I’m pretty sure I saw Ron’s mugshot on the news years ago, before I worked here. He slinks around the property all the time hitting on different girls, so it would make sense if he has a history of sexual harassment or assault, or, you know, worse.

DAVEY
I would do something to protect her, but I’m obviously in the tablecloth room for a reason.

SARAH
I don’t really want to talk about it. Can we please go now?

BACK TO SCENE
RON
Hey Davey, you gotten any since you’ve been working down here with them?

Davey ignores him.

RON (CONT’D)
God, if I was down here...

ALLISON
Um, you’re down here all the time. And I can smell the alcohol on you from here. Get out of here or I’m calling Barry.

INT. TOM’S CAR--MORNING
Tom begins backing up his car.
Barry runs out of the office building, flailing his arms.

TOM
Ah, shit. What does he want now?
Tom rolls down his window.

TOM (CONT’D)
(yells out the window)
Yeah?

BARRY
Yimmy said you’re leaving to go to Pizza Hut? You need to wait until they have the tops done! Remember? That job needs to be done before lunch.

CALEB
We were ready, they weren’t.

BARRY
They’re just really slammed lately. Wait here until they’re done. Larry said it wouldn’t take much longer. Come to my office and I’ll give you something to do until you’re tops are ready.

Barry heads back inside.
Tom slowly pulls his car forward into his spot.
TOM
That little shit!

INT. BARRY’S OFFICE--MORNING

Tom and Caleb slouch in the chairs across from Barry’s desk.

BARRY
Boys, there is no down time at Pitt Rental. When you have nothing to do, we can always find something. Yimmy and Larry are further behind than we expected. One of Yimmy’s jobs is to hang incoming tops and spray them with a hose. You two go down to the other warehouse and do that.

CALEB
Fine.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

EXT. PATIO OUTSIDE OF TENT WAREHOUSE--AFTERNOON

Tom and Caleb spray a hanging tent top.

CALEB
This is bullshit. If those two keep us from Pizza Hut, I’m going to do something horrible.

TOM
I’m starving. What’s taking them so long? I’m gonna go look.

EXT. TENT WAREHOUSE--AFTERNOON

Tom walks by the window of the tent house.

Yimmy holds binoculars up to his face, staring across the lot into the office window at Kara. Yimmy ducks down when he sees Tom.

INT. BARRY’S OFFICE--AFTERNOON

Tom walks in.

BARRY
Hey big guy! Why haven’t you left for that job yet?

TOM
While me and Caleb are down there doing Yimmy’s work, he’s spying on that secretary out there through his window.

BARRY
I called you, big...

TOM
Don’t call me ‘big guy’.

Tom takes out his phone. He sees a missed call.

TOM
Oh, shit.

BARRY
I told you it would be a good idea if I got your number! Your shorts are too baggy to feel the vibration of the phone. Yimmy and Larry
BARRY
already loaded your truck with the
tops. You’re good to go!

Tom rushes out.

EXT. PARKING LOT--AFTERNOON

Tom and Caleb sprint to the rental truck. Tom gets to the
truck first, jumps in and starts it.

TOM
(out the truck window)
Run, you piece of shit!

Caleb gets in the truck. Before his door has closed, Tom
peels out and Caleb falls out onto the gravel parking lot.

CALEB
Ow! Ow! Ow!

TOM
(out the truck window)
Jesus, just get up you fatass!

CALEB
It hurts! I think I need to go to the hospital!

Caleb’s left arm is limp and bleeding.

TOM
Do you need to go to the hospital
more than you want Pizza Hut
Buffet?

CALEB
No.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS--AFTERNOON

Tom and Caleb frantically unload a bunch of tables and
chairs from the truck. They do not stack the chairs or
tables; They hurriedly throw them all over the ground.

Each time Caleb carries something, he groans and grimaces
from sever pain, but he perseveres.

TOM
Hurry up! It’s already 2!
CALEB
It hurts so bad!

TOM
You can go to the hospital after we feast.

Tom pulls out a tent bag. It is labeled ’60x60’.

TOM
Why the hell did those morons put this 60x60 on the truck? We only needed 100x160s.

He throws it back in the truck and climbs in the back.

TOM (CONT’D)
What the...All three bags have 60x60 labels on them.

CALEB
Huh?

Tom punches the wall of the truck over and over as hard as he can and screams a the top of his lungs.

CALEB (CONT’D)
Just calm down, dude. They probably just put the wrong labels on the bag.

Tom drags all of the bags out of the truck rips the tops out. A piece of paper falls onto the ground.

TOM
(still screaming)
They’re too fucking small!

Caleb picks up the piece of paper.

CALEB
Holy shit! Listen to this! It’s a note from Yimmy! It says, ’Hey Tom, stay away from my future wife – Yimmy’. And ’future’ is spelled:.:.FEWCHER...ha! Idiot...

TOM
Shit! Let’s go...now!

Tom and Caleb race toward the truck.

The FAIRGROUNDS MANAGER, 50s, comes into frame.
FAIRGROUNDS MANAGER
(to cameraman)
Are they going to just leave this stuff here like this?

INT. BARRY’S OFFICE--AFTERNOON

Barry online shops on his desk computer.

Tom and Caleb BARGE in. Caleb is shirtless, using his shirt as a sling.

TOM
Where the fuck are Yimmy and Larry?

BARRY
Hey! I knew you guys would have that job done in no time!

TOM
(grits his teeth)
Where...are...they?

BARRY
They went to lunch.

TOM
(furious)
Where?

BARRY
Um. I think they went to that Pizza Hut Buffet.

Tom and Caleb storm out.

INT. BREAK ROOM--AFTERNOON

Davey swipes down his screen on his iPad. Sarah and Allison look over his shoulder.

DAVEY
Look at this one! It’s definitely him!

ALLISON
Are you sure? Click the link.

DAVEY
It says ‘Ron Bartsomouth served six months in Westmoreland County Prison in 1999 for indecent exposure’!
Sarah covers her mouth with her hand.

ALLISON
I knew there was more to him than just being a little creepy.

SARAH
What exactly is indecent exposure?

INT. PIZZA HUT--AFTERNOON

Yimmy and Larry sit in a booth, leaning back in their seats, looking stuffed.

Tom and Caleb storm in.

Yimmy grins at them. There is food visible in his teeth.

Tom makes a B-line to Yimmy. Caleb hangs back and watches calmly.

TOM
You son of a bitch!

The employees are closing the buffet bar.

The last breadstick in the restaurant remains on Yimmy’s plate.

Tom reaches for it, but Yimmy grabs it at the last second and shoves it in his mouth and begins to run.

TOM
Damnit!

Yimmy chokes and coughs for a moment as he runs.

Tom catches him and forces his hand into Yimmy’s mouth, ripping out the mushed up pieces of breadstick.

A MANAGER (30s) dashes out from the kitchen and pulls Tom off of Yimmy’s back.

INT. RENTAL TRUCK--AFTERNOON

Tom repeatedly punches the dashboard. Caleb sits calmly.

CALEB
I know how we can get back at him.

TOM
How?

Tom stops punching, but he’s almost hyperventilating.
As they talk, the Pizza Hut manager knocks on Tom’s window.

MANAGER
You have to leave the property or
I’m calling the police!

INT. RENTAL TRUCK--MOVING--AFTERNOON

Tom drives down the highway.

TOM
Ok, so what do we do? We have to
teach that piece of shit a lesson.

CALEB
Didn’t you say Yimmy was staring at
that secretary earlier today?

TOM
Yeah.

CALEB
Let’s set him up on a date with her
tonight.

Tom’s hands shake.

TOM
I don’t think that’s enough. I want
him to almost die.

CALEB
No, there’s more...

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. TENT WAREHOUSE--AFTERNOON

Yimmy uses binoculars to stare across the lot at the secretary.

Caleb sneaks up behind him.

CALEB
Hey buddy.

Yimmy flinches, dropping the binoculars.

YIMMY
Where’s Tom?

CALEB
Oh, he’s just relaxing in the truck. He just needs some time to cool off.

CALEB (CONT’D)
(points to Kara’s window)
She’s really hot, huh?

Yimmy shrugs and fidgets.

CALEB (CONT’D)
Sure she is.
(a beat)
Damn, you’re lucky.

YIMMY
Huh?

CALEB
I mean you must be excited that she wants you to take her out this weekend.

YIMMY
She said that?

CALEB
You haven’t heard? Yeah that’s what she was saying earlier. Tom overheard it, so he’s really upset.

YIMMY
I thought she liked him though.
CALEB
I mean she definitely finds him attractive...

Yimmy looks worried.

CALEB
She said her favorite restaurant is Vallozi’s...

YIMMY
Damn, I don’t have enough money to take her there. It costs like fifty dollars a plate.

CALEB
Ah, that sucks. Tom was just saying how he could really go for some Italian tonight too...I think he’s gonna ask her today. He’s nervous, so he’s gonna wait til after work.

Caleb begins walking away. He stops and walks back and pulls a piece of paper out of a folder.

CALEB (CONT’D)
Oh, by the way, before I go, I found this.

Yimmy grabs the paper. It’s a blue flyer. It says:
Collecting sperm donations. Get paid 500 dollars on the day of turning it in!

YIMMY
What is this? What does it say?

CALEB
Oh, it says this place will pay you $500 dollars for a cup of your cum.

Yimmy furrows his eyebrows.

YIMMY
Why are you giving it to just me?

CALEB
(points out the window)
Look, at all those guys out there. I gave them flyers already.

Several people do have the same blue papers in their hands too.

CALEB’S TALKING HEAD
Caleb holds up a blue flyer. It says: You’re invited to a bonfire at Tom’s house on July 2nd! BYOB.

CALEB
I knew all I needed to do was make the colors the same since he can’t read.
(a beat)
I guess Larry must have written that note for him...

BACK TO SCENE

YIMMY
Seriously? What do I have to do?

CALEB
Just get a Dixie cup from the office and find a nice private place to do your thing.

YIMMY
Alright, I’m going to the bathroom.

CALEB
Actually, don’t think they’re open right now.

TOM’S TALKING HEAD

TOM
While they were talking, I locked all of the bathrooms.

B-roll: Tom goes around the property putting padlocks on the bathroom doors. He puts signs that say ‘closed for maintenance’ on all the bathroom doors.

TOM (CONT’D)
Yimmy’s gonna have to find somewhere else to get his sample in the cup.

BACK TO SCENE

Yimmy shakes.

CALEB
Oh, wait. Davey and the tablecloth girls just went to lunch. The tablecloth room will be empty for a while. Go ahead down there and I’ll keep an eye out.
YIMMY
Promise?

CALEB
Absolutely.

INT. TABLECLOTH ROOM--AFTERNOON

Yimmy sits at a desk. His arm moves up and down as he breathes heavily.

INT. BARRY’S OFFICE--AFTERNOON

Barry sits at his desk. Tom stands in the doorway.

TOM
Uh, Barry? I think you need to see something, quick!

INT. TABLECLOTH ROOM--AFTERNOON

Yimmy is still going at it. Barry walks in and his eyes widen.

Yimmy squeals and leaps under the desk.

BARRY
Oh my god! Yimmy! Put your pants on and come with me to my office right now!

When Yimmy and Barry leave, Tom reaches under a tarp and grabs his video camera.

TOM
(yells out the door)
Have fun on your date tonight, Yimmy!

Caleb comes into the room.

CALEB
You got it?

TOM
Yep.
(holds up camera)
Right here.
EXT. RENTAL CENTER PARKING LOT--AFTERNOON

Sarah gets out of her car and walks down the hill toward the tablecloth room.

Ron stumbles drunkenly up behind her and slaps her ass.

    SARAH
    What the hell? Get away you freak!

Caleb sees this from afar. When Ron leaves, Caleb approaches Sarah.

    CALEB
    What the hell was that? You okay?

    SARAH
    No. He’s been creepy ever since I started working here last week.

    CALEB
    I can get Davey to beat him up for you.

Sarah giggles.

    CALEB
    Ron’s a drunk bastard. Just ignore him. I’m sure he’s harmless.

    SARAH
    Actually, we found out today he used to be in jail for...um...nevermind.

Sarah twirls her hair and looks at the ground, smiling.

    CALEB
    What?

    SARAH
    He did something with his...you know...in front of people at a water park a few years ago.

Caleb’s eyes widen.

    CALEB
    I can do something that will make him leave you alone for good.
SARAH
What’s that?

CALEB
I don’t wanna ruin the surprise, but you’ll find out soon.
(a beat)
Hey, do you like Pizza Hut?

SARAH
Um, yeah. It’s alright.

CALEB
Wanna come to the Pizza Hut buffet with me tomorrow?

SARAH
Ew. Fuck off creep.

Caleb blushes and frowns.

CALEB
Okay...

Caleb turns and begins walking away.

SARAH
(giggling)
I’m kidding! Just come down to the tablecloth room and get me before you leave.
(a beat)
Actually, just text me. It’ll be faster and easier.

Caleb smiles, hands her his phone and she puts her number in.

SARAH’S TALKING HEAD

SARAH
Actually, I hate Pizza Hut...

She bites her bottom lip.

SARAH (CONT’D)
But don’t tell him I said that...
INT. HEAVY EQUIPMENT WAREHOUSE--AFTERNOON

Ron sits on a stool smoking a cigarette. Caleb hands him a blue flyer.

CALEB
Yep. I Dixie cup is perfect. But the bathrooms are closed.
(a beat)
Don’t worry, I’ll keep a close lookout.

INT. PIZZA HUT--NEXT AFTERNOON

Tom and Caleb scarf down pizza. Caleb’s jug of milk sits on the table, along with a half-full glass of water.

Sarah is at the table, too.

CALEB
Jesus Christ! Can you kill me as soon as we’re done please?

TOM
Why?

CALEB
I don’t want to taste food after this ever again. It’s too fucking good. I forgot how FUCKING good stuffed crust is!

Sarah giggles hysterically. Tom is too focused on eating to think it’s funny.

A nearby couple glares at Caleb as he picks up the jug and begins pouring milk into the water.

Caleb holds up the glass to look at it closely and swirls the mixture. He keeps looking at Sarah to make sure she’s laughing.

CALEB
Perfect!

Caleb takes a huge swig. Tom LAUGHS. Sarah does not.

SARAH
 seriou tone)
Okay, now it’s not funny.

The couple that glared at Caleb before sees this and promptly leaves.
SARAH’S TALKING HEAD

SARAH
Maybe this won’t be a terrible summer job. I mean, Ron’s back in jail.

B-roll: Two POLICE OFFICERS escort Ron across the company parking lot and into a police car.

SARAH (CONT’D)
Most of the people suck, but some of them are alright.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW