

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

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.

TOM

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.

JACK

That's not funny at all.

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 OPENACT ONEFADE 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 at 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 Bartsmouth 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

(serious 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