TRANSCRIPTS

1. *Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt* (2015-)

S02E01 “Kimmy Goes Roller Skating!“


((Mimi snoring on the couch))

Kimmy: And Murasaki!

Titus: ((speaking Japanese)) Murasaki doesn’t do Christmas.

Kimmy: Gosh, I love Christmas: the music, untangling things, putting lights outdoors and trees indoors. Say what? And we’re all together with so much to celebrate: special friendships and new adventures and giving a final “later, Gator” to the problems of yester-- ((belches))

((Titus looks disgusted))

Kimmy: Yester--urp. You heard me.

Lillian: Honey, you should see a doctor. It’s like a mouse died in the walls of your body.

((Door clicks open, Mikey dressed as Santa comes))

Mikey: Ho, ho ho! Merry Christmas, to all of youse!

Kimmy: Santa?

Titus: Santa. ((Goes to him and kisses Santa on a cheek))

Mikey: Oh, I can’t kiss you. I’m married.

((Titus looks judgingly, doors slam open, Jacqueline enters))

Jacqueline: The Jews took my painting!

Lillian: Now it’s a party. ((chuckles))

((Somebody opens the window))


Kimmy: Sonja?

((Sonja falls inside the house through the window))

Sonja: I’m gonna kill you.

Mimi: ((Wakes up from her sleep)) AAAAAAH!

A male voice: Three months earlier on this mess.
((A scene at the café))

Kimmy: ((Speaking to Dong at the café)) I’ve been wanting to bring you to this place ever since I saw it was called Sliderz.

((Dong smiles))

Kimmy: I apologize, though. There aren’t actually any slides in here. But look at these tiny hamburgers! They make you look like a giant. ((Low voice, imitating a giant)) I’m gonna eat you up in one bite! ((Imitating hamburger’s voice)) Please, no, I have a family!

((Dong laughs))

Dong: This is so fun, Kimmy. I’m so glad I ran away from my green card marriage to go on dates with you. I’m a vegan!

Kimmy: Wait, what did you say?

((Another guy is shown instead of Dong))

Another guy: I said “I’m a vegan”. I thought you knew that when we met at the animal rights 5K.

Kimmy: Oh, I thought that was so animals could marry each other.

((Awkward looks exchanged))

Kimmy: Well, I think this date is going...

((Another scene, Kimmy is speaking to Lillian))

Kimmy: Hated it!

Lillian: Oh, it’s hard because you’re still hung up on your ex. I get it. I still think about my first love, Bobby. We went to summer camp together on Roosevelt island. (. ) Little Bobby Durst. (. ) He was my first crush. Literally, he tried to crush me.

Kimmy: It’s just, I waited 15 years to get my life back, and then I got a job, I got a boyfriend, but then the world was like “Psych!”

Lillian: I know, dear, you want it all right now: the career, the husband, the teardrop tattoo. But hey, have a little fun for five minutes. (. ) Hey, let me take you out. Ooh, I’m a great wingman. Men find me very approachable because my eyes are large and my hair is like beautiful spaghetti. ((Kimmy is smiling)) I get ’em on the hook. Then we’ll slip ’em a disco biscuit and pull a switcheroo. ((Kimmy looks confused))

((Titus is walking by))

Titus: Get NSYNC, Kimberlake. I got to go get divorced.

((Kimmy stands up, goes to Titus))

Lillian: Oh, we’re gonna paint the town red tonight. ((She gets up)) Ooh, two questions. ((Points at Kimmy)) Do you like Spanish guys, and can you roller-skate? ((Titus walks away))
Kimmy: Yes, but only frontways. And probably. ((Kimmy walks in Titus’ direction)) Oh wait, I said that backwards. 

((Lillian laughs))

((Opening credits))

((Serene music, Jacqueline is in a field, looking into the horizon))

A girl riding a bicycle: Hey, your house is that way, dummy!

Jacqueline: Oh my God, thank you! I’ve been standing here for hours! Watch out, I pooped over there! ((Jacqueline walks away))

((At a lawyer’s office))

Lawyer: So, according to the license presented by Mrs. Wilkerson, you two were married on June 6, 1998.

Titus: ((scoffs)) Barely.

((Flasback to the wedding))

Priest: And do you, Ronald Ephen Wilkerson, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife?

((Titus is sweating))

Titus: Mm-kay.

((Back to lawyer’s office))

Lawyer: And Mrs. Wilkerson claims that you abandoned her on June 6, 1998. Wait a minute. (. ) That’s the same day!

Titus: Is it? I wouldn’t know.

Vonda: You left before we even did our first dance. And you know our choreography was on point.

Titus: Mm, you dropped me every time.

Vonda: I thought at least you ran away to be with a man. But here you are, taking advantage of some other goofy girl dressed like she’s on Scooby damn Doo.

Kimmy: ((laughs softly)) Thank you.

Vonda: I can’t believe you, Ronald.

Titus: ((shouts)) Do not call me Ronald!

Vonda: Rah-nald. You think you can walk away from your problems? (. ) Well, I found you, and I’m gonna sue you for 17 years’ worth of spousal support, $400 for the wedding itself, and I want my bridal jacket back. (. ) I’m gonna take everything you got, Ronald Wilkerson.

((Another scene, Titus is packing his things back in his and Kimmy’s apartment))
Kimmy: Really, Titus? You’re just gonna run away from her again?

Titus: I hear Montreal has a vibrant theater scene, so au revoir, les Felicieuses.

Kimmy: Maybe just go talk to Vonda. You haven’t spoken to her at all, and you guys were married!

Titus: Kim, you don’t understand. Mississippi was my bunker.

((Flashback from the wedding party, Titus is talking to an old woman))

Titus: I start work Monday at Vonda’s uncle’s mulch business.

Old woman: What’s that you said?

Titus: I said I start work Monday at Vonda’s uncle’s mulch business.

Old woman: What now?

Titus: ((louder)) I start work Monday... at Vonda’s uncle’s mulch business.

Old woman: What, dear?

Titus: I said I’m a homosexual having a panic attack.

Old woman: Ooh, isn’t that wonderful?

DJ on the microphone: And now, please welcome to the dancefloor, as they begin this second and final part of their lives, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Wilkerson!

((Music starts playing, people are clapping, Titus gets up, takes Vonda’s white jacket and heads for a leave))

Waiter: Aren’t you Ronald Wilkerson?

Titus: Who, me? No, sir. I’m... (.) ((He puts the jacket on his shoulders)) Titus Andromedon. ((He leaves))

DJ: Ronald Wilkerson, show your face!

Titus: It took all the courage I had to escape. Titus saved me from a life of babies and mulch. Now Vonda’s gonna take away this beautiful world I built for my-- ((looks at the wall)) Damn, silverfish.

Kimmy: What if I go talk to Vonda? Maybe I could get through to her, woman to woman.

Titus: Ew.

Kimmy: I’ll take her out for ice cream. You can’t be mad with a cone in your paw.

Titus: Okay, but just in case, I’m gonna keep on packing, at least until my blood sugar drops. There it is. ((Sits on the bed))

((Scene in a field, many people are gathered around one Native American, who is Jacqueline’s dad))

Jacqueline’s dad: We are here today to celebrate one of our own, ((puts a hand on Anthony’s shoulder)) Anthony Black Elk (. ) who’s going away to Dartmouth College in a few days.
Jacqueline: Ugh. *Don’t become some d-bag lacrosse player.*

Jacqueline’s mom: *Honey,* we invented lacrosse.

Jacqueline: I don’t think that’s right.

Jacqueline’s dad: Anthony, this sacred pipe, ((takes the pipe)) the *chanunpa* () was carved nine generations ago. It survived Wounded Knee, and we used it to pray for our brothers in Vietnam. And today we will ask the Great Spirit-- What the holy hell is this? ((Looks at the pipe, which is not his pipe))

Jacqueline: It’s a tobacco vape, dad. Katherine Heigl uses one. ((Turns to the people)) Smoking kills, you guys.

((In the kitchen))

Jacqueline’s dad: Where is that pipe, Jackie Lynn?

Jacqueline: I held it in the air, and a hawk took it.

Jacqueline’s dad: ((angrily)) Jackie Lynn...

Jacqueline: Oh, fine, it’s in the hall closet behind the board games. Addict!

((Dad leaves, Jacqueline trips over a chair))

Jacqueline: Who is that?

Jacqueline’s mom: Jackie Lynn, just use your contact lenses. You need the prescription.

Jacqueline: ((sits at the table)) No, mom. They turn my eyes blue. And that’s me giving in to white culture, with their drone wars and lip-sync battles.

Jacqueline’s mom: Well, then order plain ones. Yesterday I saw you trying to milk a male buffalo.

Jacqueline: ((scoffs)) Whatever, mom. It worked. I put it in the fridge.

((Footsteps approaching))

Jacqueline’s dad: And when are you gonna give back that police car you showed up in? ((Comes back into the kitchen with a pipe in his hands))

Jacqueline: ((sighs))

Jacqueline’s dad: There’s a raccoon living in it. ((Sits at the table))

Jacqueline: Oh, he’s not living in it. He got stuck in the back because of the prisoner locks and he died of heatstroke.

Jacqueline’s mom: ((sighs)) *I know you mean well, but just stop trying to help.*

Jacqueline: ((stands up)) *But I want to help.* (.) *All I want is to be the daughter I should have been this whole time.* (.) *Just tell me what I can do, and I won’t let you down.* I promise.

Jacqueline’s dad: Well, you could (.) go far, far in the fields, and do the harvest super special important dance.
Jacqueline: That sounds important.

Jacqueline’s dad: I’ll teach it to you.

Jacqueline: Thank you! (kisses dad on the cheek) Thank you. (kisses mom on the cheek, then Jacqueline bows) Aloha.

((Jacqueline goes to the door, but bumps into the side wall, before opening the door))

Jacqueline’s dad: Oh, Jesus.

((Scene in the park, Kimmy and Vonda are sitting on the bench, eating ice cream))

Kimmy: Look, (.) the reason I called is, cause Titus-- (her ice cream starts dripping on her fingers) Dang! Vonda: Lick it! (Kimmy starts licking her own fingers) What’s your deal? You’re like a cartoon person. (Kimmy looks at her) Honestly, I don’t even really want money from Roland. I just want him to apologize. This might make me seem like a fool, Kimmy, but we loved each other. I know we did.

((Flashback to Vonda and Titus kissing))

Vonda: I mean, I knew he liked men--

Male announcer on TV: With Tim Meadows...

((Titus’ eyes goes on the screen, still kissing Vonda))

Vonda: --but he knew I liked skinny white boys.

Male announcer on TV: ...David Spade. (Vonda starts looking at the TV, Titus still kissing her) Musical guest: Hootie and the Blowfish. (Both look at the TV)

((Back to the scene in the park))

Vonda: Neither of us could live our truth in Chikasaw County. So I thought, we gonna live our lie together. But that night, our wedding night, when they realized Ronald ran away, every one of his five aunties that raised him had a heart attack.

((Flashback to the wedding, Vonda is standing at the front, while five women have heart attacks behind her))

Vonda: And he left me on that dancefloor, alone, with no choice but to Robocop my way to the car. ((Starts doing Robocop moves and leaves))

((Back in the park))

Kimmy: That’s terrible.

Vonda: ((wipes tears from her eyes with a tissue)) Ronald Wilkerson would have never done that to me. That was your friend Titus. I don’t even recognize that man.

Kimmy: For what it’s worth, he did get cheek implants that slipped.
Vonda: You’re the new me. (.) Look at you right now, trying to clean up his mess. But once there’s nothing else that Titus can get from you, he will leave you with an unpaid dental bill and a refrigerator full of spoiled wedding shrimp. ((Kimmy looks disgusted for a bit)) Watch your back. And wash your arm, baby.

((Lots of ice cream has dripped on Kimmy’s arm, she looks at it))

Kimmy: Oh!

((Kimmy’s cell phone chimes, she looks at it, then Vonda’s cell phone chimes and she looks at it too))

((Scene at a lawyer’s office))

Titus: Why are you late? ((Kimmy enters the office)) Why did Mr. Lawyer call an emergency meeting? Did Vonda do this? ((Kimmy sits at the table))

Kimmy: Titus, the way you bailed on her, have you ever done that to anyone else?

Titus: A Sam Goody credit card. My college football scholarship. My cousin who got handsomer than me—Stupid Darius. Also, ((whispering)) I’m not gonna pay this lawyer.

((Lawyer and Vonda enter the office))

Lawyer: Well, I’ve got good news and I’ve got bad news. The bad news is, Instagram cancelled my account due to lack of interest. ((Sits at the table)) The good news is that in 2008, Ronald Wilkerson was declared legally dead... (.) by this woman! ((points at Vonda, then gasps, Titus and Kimmy look surprised))

Vonda: He’d been missing ten years. With his diet, I was being generous.

Lawyer: ((points at Vonda)) Sick burn. However, you did collect Mr. Wilkinson’s Social Security earnings, as well as the money from an insurance policy he took out on his legs.

Titus: I was inspired by Mary Hart to insure my assets at that time.

Lawyer: So, because ((makes air quotation marks)) Ronald Wilkerson is dead, Ms. Brooks, you can’t sue him. As a matter of fact, you may owe him about 500 dollars.

Vonda: ((shouts)) What?! =

Titus: = What?

Lawyer: Well, I think we’re done here.

Titus: ((shouts)) Boom, bitch! Byeeeeeeeeeeeee!

((Vonda and Kimmy looks at him shocked))

Titus: I am not the one! ((stands up, starts walking to where Vonda is sitting)) See you in the funny papers, Country Mouse. You better call Jennifet Love Hewitt and Phil Rizzuto, because you owe a ghost MONEY! Okay? Unh, unh, unh! ((snaps his fingers and makes some moves))

((Kimmy looks shockingly at him))

Titus: ((leaving the office)) Unh!
Vonda: Good luck with that, Kimmy.

(Scene in the street, Kimmy is walking with Lillian)

Kimmy: Lillian, do you think Titus would ever do to us what he did to Vonda?

Lillian: Chew up crackers and pretend to throw up on us after prom to get out of sex? ((clicks tongue)) I could see it happening, yes. (.) But who caaaaaaares?! We’re going out, we’re gonna get more phone numbers than the NSA. Political!

Kimmy: Yes! Right! Let’s go life. ((Kimmy stops at the Grim Dollar Store)) Oh, wait, I need something in here.

((Both are walking in the store))

Lillian: ((gasp)) Oh, I’ll be in intimates. ((leaves Kimmy))

((Kimmy stops by a male shop assistant))

Kimmy: Hi, I need a box of silverfish poison.

Shop assistant: ((with an accent)) No, sir, ma’am. That guy is buy the last one. ((points his head to a guy))

Dong: Kimmy?

Kimmy: Dong. ((smiles, but then gets serious and walks to Dong)) You look well.

Dong: It’s so nice to see you.

Kimmy: I’d like that. How is your wife? Still Sonja?

Dong: Yes, thank you. Sonja and I are having people over for brunch tomorrow, and the silverfish ate all our towels. ((shows her a box of silverfish poison))

Kimmy: Wow, your English is getting really well.

Dong: Thank you. I didn’t have you to help me anymore, so I started watching a lot of... ((whiny)) Keeping up with the Kardashians.

Kimmy: Well, it’s working.

Dong: ((whiny)) Aww, you’re sweet.

Lillian: Dong? ((gasp)) My God! You should come roller-skating with us.


Lillian: ((whispering)) Shut up. As luck would have it, we’ll be a foursome. I just ran into my old flame, Bobby.

((Bobby shows up with a suitcase))

Bobby: Okay, (. ) hi-hi. ((Everyone looks at him, Kimmy and Lillian wave))

Kimmy: I think Dong probably needs to come back to his wife, Lillian.
Dong: Actually, Sonja’s at her Bikram hot yoghurt class, and I do have to stay out of the apartment for seven hours after I set off the silverfish bomb. ((whiny)) So, yeah, that sounds amazing.

Lillian: Well, perfect! We’ll be a foursome. (. ) Come on! ((Everyone leaves))

Bobby: ((Slowly walking towards everyone with a suitcase, talking to himself)) I want this. (. ) Like you do. (. ) You’re right, I’m wrong.

((Scene in a corn field))

Jacqueline: ((singing and dancing)) You can feel it, it protects us. Boogie oogie, oogie, oogie. Pray to the corn god. He’s corn-electric. Boogie oogie, oogie, oogie.

((A girl with a bike shows up))

A girl: Why are you doing the... ((in Sioux language)) ...white idiot... ((in English)) ...wedding dance? ((In Sioux)) White idiot?

Jacqueline: Oh my corn god! ((She leaves the field))

((Scene at the ice rink, dance music playing, Kimmy and Dong are skating))

Kimmy: So, a brunch, huh? That’s Frasier fancy.

Dong: It’s just to impress the immigration officer. Sonja and I have to be believably married for two years, and then I’ll be a real American and get divorced.

Kimmy: Let’s talk about something else.

Dong: ((whiny)) Mmm, I think Khloe is probably the smartest of the Kardashians ’cause, like, she makes the most sense.

Kimmy: I’ve never seen their show. I just know that Kim is a butt star and married a rapper who hates college. And Kourtney finally ended her destructive relationship with Scott. Meanwhile, Kim firing back at the haters with a naked pregnancy selfie. Wait, how do I know all this? (. ) I saw it on the regular news. Duh. ((chuckles))

Dong: Your eyes look so pretty in the disco lights.

Kimmy: What?

((Lillian skates past them))

Lillian: Oh, looking good, Red! ((Kimmy catches her))

Kimmy: Lillian, how is this helping me? I need to find a new boyfriend. Dong is married.

Lillian: Yeah, but it’s just a sham marriage, like Titus and Vonda or Abe Lincoln, Mary Todd. Political!

Kimmy: It doesn’t matter. Some things are just wrong, like kissing a married person or tracing something and saying you drew it.

Lillian: Kimmy... ((gasps)) We have a wonderful thing here in New York ((cups Kimmy’s face)) called moral relativism. Where you’re from, in the Midwest, people say “I’ll never cheat on my wife“ or “I’m not gay, I’m a
wrestling coach”. And then one day, boof, the wheels come off, they do it all in one weekend, and drop dead. Here, we say, “Eh, so I kissed a priest in a leather bar. Who am I hurting?“.

Kimmy: No, I don’t like that.

((Bobby appears))

Bobby: What a disaster. If you want the sandwich, take the sandwich, of course. (.) Okay, bye-bye. ((Bobby leaves the rink with a suitcase))

Lillian: Right, wrong, eeeehh. ((Lillian turns Kimmy around and pushes her to Dong))

Kimmy: Ooh, oh.

Dong: ((catches Kimmy)) Ooh. (.) You have so many more bones than Sonja.

Kimmy: I used to eat a lot of powdered milk. ((They stare into each other, but Kimmy leaves)) Okay, bye. Have a nice life.

((Door slams, Jacqueline comes home))

Jacqueline: I can’t believe you lied to me.

Jacqueline’s mom: I’m sorry, but we don’t know what to do with you anymore.

Jacqueline’s dad: Two silo explosions? (.) How?

Jacqueline: Well, if I knew, it wouldn’t have happened twice.

Jacqueline’s mom: Jackie Lynn, our town can’t afford this. We have so little money as it is.

Jacqueline’s dad: The elders are having a sweat tonight to pray for a resolution to the Jackie Lynn situation.

Jacqueline: I wan’t to go.

Jacqueline’s dad: No! ((stands up)) =

Jacqueline’s mom: = Stay away from the seat lodge! ((Dad puts an arm on mom’s shoulder)) Jackie Lynn, you belong to another tribe now.

Jacqueline: What does that mean?

Jacqueline’s dad: Maybe you should go back to New York.

Jacqueline: Well... Okay. (.) If that’s the way you feel. ((She turns away and takes a dream-catcher from a wall)) Pew-pew! Peew!

Jacqueline’s mom: What are you doing?!

Jacqueline: I’m shooting nightmares at you.

Jacqueline’s mom: That’s not how it works!

Jacqueline: ((stops)) Oh.
Jacqueline’s dad: *An ihanmbla gmunka*. It symbolizes connectivity. If even one thread breaks, everything falls apart. It’s like you, Jackie Lynn. You need to mend your web. But your connections are back in Manhattan.

Jacqueline: *Nothing I ever do is good enough for this family*. I feel like Rob Kardashian!

Jacqueline’s mom: The sock designer? Why do I know that?

((Jacqueline quits, slamming the door. She goes to sit in the back of a police car))

Jacqueline: ((tearing up)) Driver, just go around the block a few times. (. .) Oh. Right. ((sniffs)) No. ((The car door doesn’t open)) No. No. ((The door on the other side doesn’t open as well)) The prisoner locks. (. .) It’s like a sweat lodge in here. Help! ((slams the window)) Help! ((slams the window and shouts in Sioux)) Coffee! Coffee! White idiot! ((Sits back, speaks in Sioux)) *White idiot.*

((Scene back in Titus’ apartment))

Titus: ((opening pizza boxes and singing)) Pizza party for one! *Divorced, dead, and having some fun.* Pizza party for one. ((Kimmy comes to the room, Titus covers the pizza boxes)) I don’t have pizza. ((silence)) What’s wrong, Kim Blake Nelson?

Kimmy: I don’t know, Titus. What is wrong? And what’s right? And what’s just... eeeeh?

Titus: I find that life is mostly gray areas, especially the parts I can’t reach with moisturizer.

Kimmy: Uh-huh. Is that why you thought it was okay to be so mean to Vonda?

Titus: I don’t know what you’re referring to, because in the movie I saw, I was a hero scoring legal victory for young run-a-gays everywhere.

Kimmy: You couldn’t even apologize to her.

Titus: There are three things Titus Andromedon does not do: apologies, drag and calculus.

Kimmy: I’m beginning to think maybe you were a better person back when you were Ronald Wilkerson.

Titus: Well, we’ll never know, ’cause Ronald Wilkerson’s dead.

Kimmy: Oh, you are just Mr. Sassafras Jeans today.

Titus: ((stands up)) That’s a dumb name for how fierce I’m being right now.

Kimmy: ((comes closer to Titus)) I wanna talk to Ronald.

Titus: What?

Kimmy: *He was good and nice*, and he’s still in there somewhere.

Titus: I have many past lives inside me.

Kimmy: ((grabs him by the shoulders)) I wanna talk to Ronald!

Titus: No!
Kimmy: Titus Andromedon, let me speak to Ronald!

Titus: Ronald no want to talk, please. That was Murasaki. I’ll explain her later.

Kimmy: Ronald, you loved Vonda!

Titus: ((with Scottish accent)) Leave us alone, lassie! ((Normal voice)) Ooh, who has that? ((Kimmy grabs him by his ear)) Ow. Aah! I... I... ((Kimmy releases him)) I sure didn’t want to hurt Vonda Jeanne. (.) I was scared to face her. (.) What if she wouldn’t accept my apology? ((turns away)) Shut up, Ronald, you nerd!


Titus: For why?

Kimmy: For me. I’m your Vonda now. How do I know you won’t just pack up and run away from me?

Titus: Because I probably won’t. Now, can I please eat my ham and clam pizza in peace? ((sits down))

Kimmy: That’s wrong. Those toppings are wrong.

Titus: I will agree with you in twenty minutes.

Kimmy: But it doesn’t matter, does it? ’Cause this is New York, where everyone’s moral relatives. Just order a deep-dish ham/clam, and some sicko will make it for you!

Titus: I’ll have you know I didn’t order these. I found them.

Kimmy: Am I the only person in this city who doesn’t just do whatevs whenevs? (.) Well, fudge that, sugar. Fudge it to heck, whera a demon with a thousand wee-wees fudges it forever! I’m crashing Dong’s brunch! ((leaves the room))

((Scene in a field, Jacqueline is in the police car, a rooster crows))

Jacqueline: I’m sweating like an Indian in here. (.) It’s okay, I can say that. (.) I can say that.

((Native American flute music, Jacqueline sees a vision of her dad))

Jacqueline’s dad: Jackie Lynn, the hoop symbolizes unity.

Jacqueline: I’m visioning.

Jacqueline’s mom: We have so little money as it is.

A girl: Your house is that way, dummy.

Corn: You belong to a different tribe now. Boogie oogie oogie.

Jacqueline: Corn god, you are corn-lectric.

Jacqueline’s mom: Just use your contacts.

Jacqueline’s dad: Your connections are back in Manhattan. ((echoing)) ...in Manhattan...

Dream-catcher: How am I still a thing?
Jacqueline’s dad: ...Connections... Back in Manhattan...
Jacqueline’s mom: Lacrosse is our thing.
Jacqueline’s dad: Contacts, contacts, contacts.
Jacqueline: ((gasps)) I know what I have to do!

(Scene in a Dong’s apartment, Kimmy enters. People are eating.)
Sonja: Kimmy! It’s Sonja from GED class? Also, the cartoon Anastasia is about me.
Kimmy: Of course, Sonja! Hello.
Sonja: ((to another woman)) Kimmy is our best friend.
Woman: Ooh.
Kimmy: Well, I wanted to be, but these two lovebirds eloped.
Sonja: I’m not a bird today.

((Dong comes))
Dong: Kimmy. ((Kimmy smiles, Dong comes closer to her)) What are you--
Kimmy: ((speaking quieter)) Listen, I need to talk to you in private.
((They go to the bathroom))
Dong: What are you doing here?
Kimmy: Lookit, we had fun last night, right?
Dong: Yeah, but then things got weird. ((whiny)) Like when Kourtney squirted her breast milk on Kim’s psoriasis.
Kimmy: ((whispering)) Why do I know about that? (...) Here’s the thing: there are gray areas in life.
Dong: Sonja’s is enormous.
Kimmy: Look, I know we both want to do the right thing, but I also can’t wait anymore for my life to...
Dong: =Stop=
Kimmy: =...start.
Dong: Dead silverfish. ((removes a tiny fish from her cheek))
Kimmy: ((grunts softly))
Dong: ((laughs softly))
Kimmy: I guess the poison’s working. ((chuckles))
Dong: Oh, now there’s one in your hair. (.) Hang on. ((blows gently to her hair, then blows harder))

((Kimmy unties her hair and kisses Dong))

Dong: ((gasps)) Kimmy, no. We can’t do this.

Kimmy: Look, I’m from the Midwest. I believe in the sanctity of marriage-- ((spits, takes a tiny fish out of her mouth) Silverfish. ((Throws it to the ground)) But I also want to rub my mouth on your mouth so I don’t boof. ((Tries to kiss him again))

Dong: Stop it! All I want is not to be deported. That’s it!

Kimmy: What about last night?

Dong: Last night was a mistake. Lillian’s hair looked like noodles. (.) I got caught up in it. (.) What if the immigration lady was also super into roller-skating? I could have lost everything.

Kimmy: But--

Dong: I think you should leave.

((Kimmy turns to the door))

Kimmy: Maybe I’ll see you in two years, then? ((Dong doesn’t answer, she leaves))

Dong: ((sighs))

((Scene back in Kimmy’s and Titus’ apartment. Titus is packing))

Kimmy: Titus, what are you doing? (.) Wow, so one fight and you’re out of here? I’ve lost my job, my boyfriend, my favorite scrunchie and now you?

Titus: I don’t want to talk about this, Kimmy! I’m being dramatical. ((He walks to the door with his suitcase and a tape-recorder in his hands))

Kimmy: Fine. Go ahead. Just run away from your problems... Again!

((Kimmy runs after him outside))

Kimmy: You can’t keep running away forever, Titus. ((She follows him)) Oh, I will keep following you.

((They go to the subway))

Kimmy: You know I’m right! Your guilt will chase you wherever you go! ((sighs))

((Titus keeps walking and doesn’t answer))

Kimmy: You can’t escape, Titus!

Titus: ((Stops by the conductor)) Has the train to Biloxi left yet?

Conductor: Nope. It’s running two hours late.

Titus: Vonda! ((Vonda turns her head to him)) Wait! ((Titus goes to her))
Kimmy: Wait. Vonda? (. ) Boy. Good thing the train was late.

Conductor: Ha! You think we’re a train company? We run late on purpose, so people can find each other in romantical fashion. (. ) Amtrak is for lovers.

((Kimmy looks surprised, she looks around to see a kissing couple))

Woman in a uniform: Phillip?

Man in a uniform: Sheila.

((They kiss, Kimmy smiles, looks at the conductor an then they both turn to Titus and Vonda))

Titus: Vonda... I’m sorry. (. ) The friendship we had was deep (. ) and real, and I should’ve never abandoned you that way. (. ) Maybe that’s why I never called, ’cause I was afraid to hear how much I had hurt you. (. ) But if you’ll have me, I’d like to be your friend. ((Takes her hands to his hands)) Without benefits.

Vonda: I’d like that.

Titus: And now, ((opens his suitcase)) I’d like to pay you back, ((takes out Vonda’s white wedding jacket and a hat and gives them to Vonda)) a little of what I owe you.

((Titus takes a purple jacket and puts it on))

Titus: Ladies and gentlemen, ((takes a tape-recorder)) for the first time anywhere, ((walks to a trash can and puts a tape-recorder on it)) Ms. and Mr. Vonda Jeanne Brooks, ((Titus turns on the music, Vonda runs up to him)) and Titus Ronald Wilkerson-Andomedon-Yoshimura. I’ll explain that later.

((“Forever Your Girl” starts playing, the two start dancing))

Kimmy: ((looks away)) Dong. ((She runs to a guy in a subway))

A similar looking Asian guy: Racist. (. ) Karen! Hey. ((he kisses a red-haired woman, similar to Kimmy))

((Scene in the ice rink, Bobby sits with Lillian, he plays ukulele))

Bobby: ((sings)) I saw her, under the Manhattan moon.

Lillian: ((sings)) There you were, crouching by your rowboat neat the Central Park lagoon.

Bobby: ((sings)) Your hair was so curly.

Lillian: ((sings)) Your eyes were so black.

Bobby: ((sings)) Of course, it made my heart beat faster.

Lillian: ((sings)) Bub-bub-bub-bub-bub. I knew from the start, that you’d break my heart.

Bobby: ((sings)) And the burping. What a disaster.

Lillian: ((sings)) I love you.

Bobby: ((sings)) Even though I’m crazy as a loon. But it’s all relative.
Lillian: ((sings)) Yeah, it’s life and let live!
Bobby: ((sings)) Sometimes.
Both: ((sings)) Under the Manhattan moon.
Lillian: ((gets closer to Bobby)) Mm.

((Ending credits))

Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt
S01E06 “Kimmy Goes to School!”

((Titus and Kimmy walking down the street))

Titus: I'm so proud of you, Lil' Kim, (. ) going back to school like a little redheaded Rodney Dangerfield.
Kimmy: I can't wait. There's so many things I don't know, like what that is ((points)) or those ((points)) or that ((points))!
Titus: Bus, pants, car, Kimmy.
Kimmy: Oh, right. Bad examples. I'm just so excited. I'm gonna get my GED.
Titus: I wish I had done that. I did not enjoy my high school experience.
Kimmy: Oh, I bet it was tough for you.

((Flashback to Titus’ school days. The canteen))
Random guy student: Hey, man, great game. That end zone dance was sick. ((he goes away))
Titus: Yes, (. ) ((exhaustingly)) I love sports. ((sits down at the table))

((Cherleader sitting behind Titus pats him on the back))
Cheerleader: You're gonna take my virginity tonight.

Titus: Okay. ((disappointed))

((Back to the present day, Kimmy and Titus walking down the street))
Titus: Ugh. That crown I got from being prom king was so tacky, I hardly even wear it anymore.

((They reach the school))
Kimmy: Well, this is it. (. ) I feel like a butterfly bursting from its "crystalish" and falling from the nest.
Titus: Yeah, you need this education. ((Tries to hug her, Kimmy refuses))
Kimmy: Titus!
Titus: Don't be embarrassed of your Titus!
Kimmy: What if the other uneducated adults see me?

Titus: ((crosses his arms)) Fine. (. I hope someday when you're a gay, black man, you have a Kimmy that treats you like this.

((Kimmy hugs him, Titus smiles, then Kimmy goes to the school))

Titus: I love you! Don't get lice. ((waves))

((Opening credits))

((Scene in Titus’ and Kimmy’s apartment, Titus is packing, Lillian enters))

Lillian: Hey, what do you need my camera for? (. Are you doing some kind of gotcha journalism, where you dress up in white face and see if people treat you different? 'Cause I could tell you one thing, I wouldn't be asking all these questions if a white guy asked to borrow my camera.

Titus: Lillian, I'm making a music video. ((walks up to her))

Lillian: Oh, you should do ((points at him)) “We Didn't Start the Fire“ with updated lyrics. ((sings)) Balloon boy and ObamaCare The 1% are billionaires--

Titus: I will be performing a wholly original song. The idea came to me in a dream last afternoon. It's called Pinot Noir--

Lillian: Classy.

Titus: --An Ode to Black Penis.

Lillian: I assumed.

Titus: It needs to look fancy, so our first location will be the strip club with the columns out front.

Lillian: ((excitedly)) Nero's Castle.

Titus: Got my costume changes, my cocoa butter, my rhyming dictionary. ((shows her the dictionary)) Let's get started.

Lillian: ((surprised)) Rhyming dictionary? You haven't written the song yet?

Titus: ((sighs)) Lyrics are the least important part of any song, Lillian. I've got a title, a beat, (. and an attitude. ((Lillian smiles)) As long as it rhymes, (. everything will be fine.

Titus: I was wrong to doubt you.

((A scene in a classroom, Kimmy is taking out her things))

((Dong walks up to her))

Dong: Hello. I am Dong.

Kimmy: Hi, ((snorts)) Dong. ((smiles)) I'm Kimmy.
Dong: (laughs) In Vietnam, (.) "Kim-mi" means penis.

((Kimmy looks a bit disgusted, she sits down. The teacher enters the class))

Mr. Leftkovitz: I could've been on a boat at the boat store right now. (lazily drops his briefcase on his desk)

((Mr. Leftkovitz writes his name on the blackboard, but doesn’t finish out of laziness))

Mr. Leftkovitz: All right, what do I got this time? (.) ((camera zooms to a bald guy with tattoos on his head)) An ex-con. ((camera zooms to Dong)) immigrant. (.) ((camera zooms to a confused old woman with a box)) Thought this was the post office. (.) Et cetera. ((Kimmy shows thumbs up)) This is GED prep. ((Takes out a videotape out of his briefcase)) Today's lesson, (.) the 1989 Tom Berenger movie Major League. ((Puts on the tape into a video tape player))

Kimmy: (looks surprised) I'm sorry. We're just gonna watch a movie?

Mr. Leftkovitz No. ((points at her)) Thank you for asking. (.) You're also gonna have to monitor my breathing. ((Unties his tie)) Hurricane Sandy took my sleep apnea machine, so, you know, waking up (puts his legs on the table) is not a given. (Puts his tie on his eyes)

((The movie starts playing, Kimmy turns to Dong))

Kimmy: What are we supposed to learn from this?

Dong: Shh, you make-a Dong miss a shot of Cleveland!

((Kimmy looks confused, then disgustedly looks at the snoring teacher))

((A scene outside Nero’s Castle, Titus is dressed as a cesar, Lillian films him))

Titus: I'm ready, Lillian. (.) Call my phone.

Lillian: Oh, yeah. (takes out the phone from her pocket, dials the number))

((Music is playing, Titus holds his phone to his ear))

Lillian: Action!

Titus: ((Touches a sculpture, sings)) Pinot Noir, caviar Pinot Noir, Myanmar Pinot Noir, candy bar. It went to voice mail. Call it again. ((Lillian takes her phone again))

((A woman comes out from Nero’s Castle))

Woman: No wonder no one's in there! You're scaring away the creeps. I'm trying to run a business here!

Titus: ((comes up to her)) Madam, please. (.) This is the fanciest-looking place in the neighborhood, after the abandoned chandelier factory. Let us shoot here, and I'll pay you 100 bugs.

Woman: Did you just say "bugs"?

Titus: ((Turns to Lillian)) Run, Lillian! ((starts running))

Lillian: Aah! ((picks up the camera and runs too)) Oh, no!
((A classroom, the bell rings, the movie’s end credits are running, Kimmy walks up to the teacher’s desk))

Kimmy: Excuse me, Teach? (.) Are we just gonna watch a movie again tomorrow?

Mr. Leftkovitz: Isn't tomorrow Saturday?

Kimmy: It's Tuesday.

Mr. Leftkovitz: Damn it! ((takes his briefcase, heads to the door, Kimmy blocks his way))

Kimmy: This is important to me. I want to learn real stuff, like why the sky is blue or why tree clams are so delicious. Sorry, on the east coast you call them pistachios.

Mr. Leftkovitz: Look, my teaching style may be unconventional, but-- (leaves the classroom)

((Kimmy looks confused, she goes to the principal’s office))

Kimmy: I need to speak to the principal.

Secretary: You can't! He's dead-- (starts coughing, Kimmy looks shocked) serious about education, so he went to a conference in Hartford.

Kimmy: Well, then can you help me? I want to transfer to another GED class. ((the secretary stands up and starts walking to her))

Secretary: Another? Honey, we just got the one! You know, budget cuts.

Kimmy: Oh. Is that why the fall-dance theme is Gymnasium? ((camera zooms in on the poster on a wall)) (. ) Ugh. Look, I'm not tattletale, but our teacher stinks like a week-old sea pistachio. I'm sorry, oyster. And if I'm gonna pass the GED, I need a real teacher, like in all those movies where a white lady sits backwards in a chair and raps Shakespeare, and the class is like, ((changes her voice)) "That was Shakespeare? Poetry is dope!"

Secretary: ((takes out a file from a drawer)) Oh, boy, Leftkovitz is teaching GED? ((Kimmy nods)) Between you, me, and a former student we think is living in the air ducts, ((there’s a sound in the air ducts)) Lefkovitz is on very thin ice with the school district and the teachers union. One more screw up, and he'll never teach again. If you want to lodge a complaint--

Kimmy: ((waves her hand)) Oh, no, no! No! I don't want to get anyone in trouble. I just want to get my high-school diploma.

Secretary: ((leans to Kimmy)) Look, I shouldn't tell you this, ((whispers)) but I could just sell you one.

Voice in the air ducks: I heard that, Deborah! Now who's not telling on whom?

Secretary: Damn it! ((goes to take a broomstick)) Ronald!

Voice in the air ducks: Oh, no. ((Deborah starts slamming the broomstick to the air ducks)) You're getting the stick? I'm so scared. ((Kimmy leaves))

Voice in the air ducks: Is that all you got?

((Filming of the Titus’ music video, Titus is dressed like an angel))
Titus: ((sings)) *Pinot Noir, mid-sized car - Pinot Noir, tiki bar*

Lillian: =Oh, Jesus, ((screams)) bats!

Titus: = ((screams)) Waah!

((Lillian runs to Titus, both screaming and running around scaring bats away))

Lillian: The singing, the singing woke up the bats! ((runs up to the camera and trips over it))

((A scene in the apartment, Titus, with a bandaged face turns off the TV))

Titus: I feel like we're not capturing the *elegance* we discussed in the production meeting.

((Kimmy enters with a big paper bag))

Lillian: Ah, how was school, dear?

Kimmy: ((throws her backpack on the ground)) I don't know what to do. *My teacher doesn't want to teach, but I don't want to get him fired.* Also, this Vietnamese guy made fun of my *name*.

Lillian: Right, Kim-*mi*! What were your parents thinking?

Titus: Teachers have it tough. One of my Aunt Ernestine taught sixth grade. After years of buying school supplies out her own *pocket* for *future dropouts*, she stopped caring. (.) She quit. (.) Wound up (.) walking the streets selling drugs.

Lillian: Hmm.

Titus: She's a pharmaceutical rep. I phrased that so badly.

Kimmy: ((walks up to Titus)) That's what happened to Mr. L! (.) After working at a broke inner-city school all these years, he lost his love of teaching.

Titus: But what can you do about it, Kimmy?

Kimmy: I'm gonna make him remember why he *became* a teacher in the first place. Titus, can you do me a favor tomorrow?

Titus: On Martin Luther King's birthday?

Kimmy: *I'm not falling for that a fourth time, Titus.* ((Titus looks disappointed))

Kimmy: Can you go to Jacqueline's house for me? The staff has the week off while she's away, and I need to check on the place, get the mail, water the plants, make sure there's fresh flowers in the panic room.

Titus: Wait. (.) You mean that beautiful mansion with the staircase, the marble floors, the curtains that are intended to be curtains. (points to the curtains in the apartment, Lillian looks at it)) Those are coffin linings. That place is empty? ((Kimmy nods, Titus stands up)) Kimmy, have you heard of the term "*quid pro quo*"?

Kimmy: ((shakes her head)) Mm-mm.
Titus: I will watch Jacqueline's house if Lillian and I can finish shooting my music video there.

Kimmy: No, Titus, I can't--

Titus: --Please, I need the production value. I need it, baby.

Kimmy: Fine. Quid prong conch. But make it quick, and don't touch anything.

Lillian: Oh, they'll never even know we were there. I sanded off my fingerprints years ago.

Lillian: So this is Julian Voorhees' house. Wall Street royalty. Ha! You know what we need is another Titanic. Thin the herd a little bit. Ha-ha!

Titus: Let's get started.

Lillian: Yeah, just a second. I promised myself if I ever got in here, I would do to his toilets what he did to the American middle class. (waves his hands aside)

Titus: ((sings)) Pinot Noir, shooting star Under par Teri Garr, Jamie Farr. These are '70s TV stars.

Lillian: Haha!

Titus: Okay, this is the last shot, the opening of the video. We see a tough, blue-collar worker. Maybe he's a car fixer or something with ladders. Then through the power of Pinot Noir, he's transformed into what the French call Cesar dejuantic.

Lillian: Ripped from the headlights. Ah! (takes out her cellphone) Yeah. ((Dials the number and presses a button on a camera))

Titus: Aah!

Lillian: Oh, I'm out of here.

Titus: No! No, no, no! You have to help me. I have to finish my video!

Lillian: I love you, Titus, but this is a billionaire's house, and I got priors. (runs away)

Titus: Lillian! Lillian, wait!

Lillian: Eight Ball, it's me. If anyone asks, I've been with you all day.

((Xanthippe is walking on the street, texting, text messages are shown on the screen))
Xanthippe: I am screwed. My house is trashed from last night and parents are coming home. Help me clean up!

((A blonde texting girl appears))

Blonde girl: Can't. **Dylan said I could smoke with them at park if I showed my boobs.**

Xanthippe: My dad's gonna kill me.

Blonde girl: Sorry, blushing face, thumbs up.

Xanthippe: **BTW, lollipop, snowman, toilet, mailbox, ghost.**

Blonde girl: **Apple, woman's shoe, alarm clock, a corn.**

Xanthippe: **((sighs)) So true.**

((Titus is on the floor, trying to fix the curtain rod))

Titus: Come on, Spirit Gum. If you can keep Obama's human mask on over his lizard face, hashtag, lizard truth, surely you can do this.

((Xanthippe enters the house))

Xanthippe: **((angrily)) Who the hell are you?**

Titus: I am (.). a handyman (.). hired by Jacqueline to fix this curtain rod with my tools from my tool sash.

Xanthippe: Right. (.). That reminds me. (.). There's actually a few more things she wants you to fix (.). **today.**

Titus: Well, (.). that's what I do for my job.

((They walk into the kitchen))

Titus: **((screams in a high-pitched voice)) Damn, girl! ((coughs, speaks in a low voice)) Damn, girl.**

((A messy kitchen is shown))

((A scene in the school, the teacher is looking into a vending machine while a boy walks past him))

Mr. Lefkovitz: Hey, kid! (.). ((the boy turns back to him)) No gum. ((Mr. L extends his hand to the boy)) Spit it out. ((the boy takes out the gum, puts it into the teacher’s hand and walks away, Mr. L puts the gum in his mouth))

((Kimmy comes))

Kimmy: Hey, Mr. L. ((Mr. Lefkovitz turns to her)) I was just thinking about our conversation earlier. ((he walks up to her)) I know that being a teacher isn't easy, especially when you're trying to get through to kids who don't even want to be here.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Look, I could stand here all day and stare at the reflection of your can in the water fountain, but I'm kind of busy. The kids leave all kinds of things behind when there's a fire drill, so. ((lights up a lighter, starts walking away))
Kimmy: ((comes to him)) But I do want to be here. I want to learn. (.) I just need your help.

Mr. Lefkovitz: ((turns to her)) Sorry, Ginger. Nothing I do is gonna make a difference. (.) Nothing I've ever done (.) has made a difference.

Kimmy: You know, I thought you might say something like that. ((takes out a notebook out of her backpack)) I dug this up in the library, (.) the P. S. Zero yearbook from 1994, your third year teaching here.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Yeah, and a great year to be a Montreal Expos fan.

Kimmy: It was also the year a graduating eighth-grader wrote this. ((opens the notebook ant reads, the camera zooms in to a Mike Stampone’s photo and his quote)) "Off to Winston Zeddemore High. ((Mr. L. looks surprised)) all thanks to Mr. Lefkovitz. (.) I'll never forget what you did." ((closes the notebook)) Didn't make a difference, huh? (.) You touched a boy and made him a man. (.) ((walks back)) And that man is here today. Mike, (.) come on out!

((Mike walks up to Kimmy))

Mr. Lefkovitz: Oh, crap. Is that Mike Stampone? You got so big.

Mike: You son of a bitch. ((shouts)) You ruined my life! ((runs up to Mr. Lefkovitz, shoves him to the lockers and starts punching him in the stomach))

Kimmy: ((screams)) Wait! ((runs to them)) But the yearbook!

Mike: Oh, yeah, ((takes the book from her hands)) good idea. Thanks. ((starts hitting the teacher with the yearbook))

Mr. Lefkovitz: ((shouts)) Please, Mr. Stampone! Ow. ((Kimmy tries to stop Mike and pulls him away from Mr. Lefkovitz))

Kimmy: Ow. Ow.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Oh, oh.

((A scene outside, Lillian is sitting on the stairs, pouring some alcohol into a cup))

((A pug comes and starts eating pizza from a pizza-box near the trash bins. A pug looks to Lillian))

Lillian: Titus, (.) I got to go back for him! ((Puts the cup on the stairs and leaves, but stops when she sees a plastic black doll’s head on a fence))

Lillian: ((gasps)) I said I'm going! ((walks away))

((Back into Jacqueline’s kitchen, Titus and Xanthippe are cleaning up, Titus hangs a painting on the wall))

Titus: Look, ((walks up to Xanthippe)) not for nothing, but this was your step mom’s party?

Xanthippe: Yeah, well, (.) bitches be trippin'.

Titus: Hey! ((points at her)) You respect your stepmom. She step gave birth to you! ((turns away)) Oh, no! Magic hour! ((awkward silence, Titus turns to Xanthippe)) The time of day when actors photograph best, according to my queer cousin. (.) ((Xanthippe looks confused)) I'll be back. You stay here. ((runs away))
((Titus sets up a camera in another room))

Titus: Last shot. **Action, genius.** ((sings in a high voice)) **Pinot Noir!** ((rips his overalls to reveal a flashy dress))

Xanthippe: ((she enters the room, holding a trash bag)) What the WTF are you doing?

Titus: ((covers himself)) I can explain. ((points to Xanthippe)) You're in The Matrix. ((Lillian enters))

Lillian: Titus, I should never have le-- ((stops, when sees Xanthippe)) Oh, you're in The Matrix.

Titus: I already used The Matrix.

Xanthippe: Yeah, I'm calling the police. ((takes her cellphone))

Lillian: You trust those clowns, are you kidding me? You got rights in your own home. Shoot us. ((takes Titus by the arm, he looks at Lillian))

Titus: Okay, look, I'm not a handyman, ((starts walking towards Xanthippe)) although that was my nickname one summer on Fire Island. We're friends ((points at Lillian)) with Kimmy. She asked us to come here to=

Xanthippe: = Wait, wait. **Kimmy** let you in?

Titus and Lillian: Yeah.

Xanthippe: This is perfect. ((Titus and Lillian look happy)) She is so fired. ((takes her phone))

Titu: Fired?

Lillian: Ugh, I wish I'd never seen that pug. ((looks at Titus, Titus looks at her))

Titus: Is that why you came back? ((shouts) That dog does not look like me, Lillian!

Titus: =One time I had to wear a cone, because I kept biting my stitches. =

Lillian =Well, he was eating out of a pizza box, just like you, Titus! =

Xanthippe: Oh, my God. When my dad finds out about this, it's bye-bye **Little Dorkphan Annie.**

Titus: Okay, first ((points at Xanthippe)) of all, that was weak.

Lillian: ((snorts))

Titus: Second of all, you mess with Kimmy, and your daddy will find out about you and your friends trashing his home last night.

Xanthippe: ((snorts)) You can't prove that.

Titus: Oh, really? ((takes out a beer can from a trash bag Xanthippe is holding)) Because I don't think Jacqueline and her friends drink cans of beer while wearing **Slutsicle Orange** lipstick from Ke$ha's **Morning After Collection**, available exclusively at Hess gas stations.

Xanthippe: ((worriedly)) My dad cannot find out about this, please! He'll kill me. Or marry me off to one of his Saudi friends.
Titus: That's some high stakes. (.) All right, I'll make you this deal. ((throws the beer can back to the trash bag)) We'll help you clean up your party. (.) ((points to Xanthippe)) You lay off Kimmy.

Xanthippe: Okay. (.) Detente.

Lillian: No, no, no, this is Titus. ((takes Titus by the arm)) DeTante moved back to Atlanta.

((Back in the school, Mr. Lefkovitz is sitting on the chair in the classroom with a tissue on his head))

Mr. Lefkovitz: Oooh.

Kimmy: ((enters the classroom with a teddy bear in her hands)) This was the only thing in the nurse's office.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Yeah, that's the nurse. Budget cuts. ((takes the teddy bear)) They've got a cardboard cutout of Michael Jordan teaching gym. ((puts a teddy bear on his head)) Ugh.

Kimmy: I'm sorry about Mike Stampone. I thought you were his hero. His yearbook page said he went to high school because of you.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Yeah. ((puts the teddy bear on the desk)) He went to the worst high school in New York City because of me. He was actually accepted to Bronx Science. I was his advisor. I'm supposed to send this form so he could go there. Anyway, I didn't. I steamed the stamp off his envelope so that I could send a fan letter to Beverly D'Angelo.

Kimmy: Wait. (.) You've always been like this?

Mr. Lefkovitz: A Fangelo? Yeah, ever since Vacation.

Kimmy: No! A teacher who doesn't care.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Oh, really? Really, Miss Whatever-Your-Name-Is? Would a teacher who doesn't care bring in ((shows her a videotape)) Rising Sun for today's class?

Kimmy: That's Major League!

Mr. Lefkovitz: ((looks at the videotape)) Damn it! ((puts the tape on the top of the books on the desk)) See, this is what happens when you pack your briefcase in the dark. But the people who own the house don't know I'm living in the basement. So, life's full of little compromises.

Kimmy: I can't believe I tried to keep you from getting fired.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Fired? (.) I can't get fired, I've got tenure.

Kimmy: Well, Deborah in the office says one more S-C-R-E-W-up, and you'll never teach again.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Did she say that? ((stands up)) What were her words exactly? This is fantastic!

Kimmy: ((shouts)) What is wrong with you?! Why are you happy about that?!

Mr. Lefkovitz: Why?! Because it brings me one step closer--

((Another scene, Kimmy and Mr. Lefkovitz are standing outside a door))
Mr. Lefkovitz: --to this! ((he points to whatever is behind the door))

Kimmy: To this what? I forgot what you said earlier, 'cause it took so long to get up here. You kept having to lie down in the stairwell, and then I had to get you juice.

Mr. Lefkovitz: You asked why I was happy. (.)) ((Kimmy nods)) And I said, "cause it leads me one step closer." And then I said, "To this!" ((points at the teachers’ lounge))


Mr. Lefkovitz: Just the teachers' lounge. Like the Montreal Expos are just Canada's second-best baseball team. (.)) Well, used to be.

Kimmy: The Expos moved?

Mr. Lefkovitz: See, it's almost impossible to fire a tenured teacher. So, if you're too incompetent to teach, they send you here. ((points at the teachers’ lounge)) The union calls it "The Rubber Room." You get paid to sit around all day till they figure out what to do with you. (.)) It takes years.

Kimmy: Oh, my gosh. You're trying to get sent here.

Mr. Lefkovitz: And I'm so close. I've spent 23 years failing my way from AP Science all the way down to the last rung of the teaching ladder (.)) GED Prep.

Kimmy: ((shaking her head)) You're not gonna get away with this. I'm telling the principal.

Mr. Lefkovitz: Yes, do that. It'll be great for you. (.)) 'Cause he'll probably replace me (.)) with one of those inspirational GED teachers you're always hearing about.

Kimmy: Nice try, Teach. (.)) Or should I say, ((shouts)) "Reverse Teach"? ((points to him)) If I complain, you get paid to sit in there, and I get nothing. Huh. They're not gonna replace you. The school's broke! They've been renting out the lockers as hotel rooms for Japanese businessmen.

((A Japanese guy comes out of a locker, Kimmy and the teacher look at him))

Mr. Lefkovitz: Konnichiwa. ((Kimmy smiles and nods to him, the guy leaves)) You complain, I win. You fail, ((points at her)) I win. ((Kimmy frowns)) Face it, Missy, I'm a winner! ((goes away))

Kimmy: ((shouts)) Well, I'm not giving up! ((Mr. Lefkovitz turns back to her)) Did Frederick Douglass ((stands by the poster and points at the photo of a man)) give up when people told him, "You'll never invent peanut butter, pal"? ((looks at the photo)) I know all of that's wrong. I see now that he's holding a tennis racket. ((Mr. Lefkovitz waves his hand aside Kimmy and leaves))

((A scene at Jacqueline’s house, everyone is cleaning up the mess))

Xanthippe: I can't believe those guys. I told them to stay out of my dad's study.

Lillian: Ugh. Wait till you see what they did to your bathrooms. ((nudges Titus))

Titus: Who's that mean old lady? ((points at the painting on the wall))

Xanthippe: What? ((looks at the painting)) Oh. No, that's, like, my super-great-grandfather, Christoph Voorhees.
Lillian: Ugh, the Dutch. I never formed an opinion about them.

Xanthippe: We also have his ivory legs ((camera zooms on the mustache in a frame)) and his mustache and the pipe he smoked as a baby.

Lillian: Ivory legs.

Titus: Where's the pipe? ((camera zooms in to where the pipe has been)

Xanthippe: No! No, no, no, no. ((takes a wooden pipe-holder)) My dad will notice right away if this thing is missing! Where is it?!

Lillian: Okay, I often find that things are in the last place I look. So let's start at the Dollywood gift shop. ((Titus looks at her)) Who here is allowed to rent a car? ((looks up to Titus))

Xanthippe: No. I know exactly where it is.

((A scene outside where two guys and four girls are gathered))

Blonde girl: And she stepped on the ball. ((everyone laughs))

((Titus shows up))

Titus: ((shouts)) Hey, son! ((everyone stand up and look to Titus)) That's my pipe!

Dylan: No, it's not.

Titus: What did you just call me? ((walks to them))

Blonde guy: Give it to him, Dylan!

Titus: ((comes to Dylan)) You talking to me? ((points at himself, talks in an accent)) I break-a your face. ((Dylan gives him the pipe, everyone runs away))

Someone: Let's get out of here!

Titus: ((stretches out a red fan)) Ooh! ((Lillian and Xanthippe run up to him))

Xanthippe: Oh, my God, thank you-- ((reaches for the pipe, but Titus deosn’t give it to her))

Titus: Not so fast, MTV's Daria.

Lillian: Solid, T. ((comes and stands beside Titus))

Titus: I give this back to you, (. ) Kimmy's off the hook, right?

Xanthippe: Yes, fine. Pinkie promise. ((Titus hand her the pipe)) I don't get you guys. You did all this for Kimmy? She's the worst.

Lillian: Sure, she's not perfect. (. ) She smiles too much, ((Titus looks to her)) like a collie, and red hair, brown eyes? Guess God ran out of crayons.
Titus: But he wasn't out of whatever makes people **good**. Freckles, maybe. ((tearing up, in a high-pitched voice)) She's a good friend!

Lillian: Yeah. ((puts a hand on Titus’ back)) And what do you know about friendship anyway? Those kids you hang out with suck!

Xanthippe: ((snorts)) Whatever. (. ) You don't know them.

Lillian: Oh. ((Titus waves his hands aside and they leave))

((They turn around))

Lillian: Oh, by the way, I counted 12 ((points at Xanthippe)) bathrooms in your house. Did I miss any?

Xanthippe: No, there's only **eight**.

Lillian: ((looks at Titus)) Run, Lillian! ((she runs, Titus joins her))

((A scene in the classroom))

A male voice in a movie: “She put this team together because she thought ((Mr. Lefkovitz snores)) we'd be bad enough ((camer zooms in to the TV)) to finish dead last, knocking attendance down to the point where she could move the team to Miami.

A guy in the movie: Well, then I guess there's only one thing left to do.

Another guy in the movie: What's that?

A guy in the movie: Win the whole-- ((Mr. Lefkovitz snores loudly)) --thing.

Kimmy: ((stands up and goes to turn off the TV)) That's it! Guys, there's something you should know. (. ) Mr. Lefkovitz wants us to fail.

Dong: Teacher want us to fail? You make-a no sense, Penis. Our success is his glory.

A guy in the class: Yeah, that makes no sense at all. What are you talking about?

Kimmy: Hear me out. If we've learned anything in this class, it's the plot to the movie Major League.

A guy in the class: Wait. What?

Kimmy: Mr. Phelps' widow **wants** the team to fail so she can move the franchise to Miami, right? Well, Mr. L wants **us** ((points at herself)) to fail so he never has to work again. He's ((points at the sleeping Mr. Lefkovitz)) Phelps' widow. The Rubber Room is Miami, and, I guess the school is Cleveland.

People in the class: Oh. Yeah!

((Mr. Lefkovitz wakes up))

Mr. Lefkovitz: Oh, still alive. ((Kimmy turns to him)) What's going on? ((stands up to reveal he is wearing a towel instead of pants)) You, you, with the talking, sit down! ((Kimmy looks at the towel shocked)) I'm sorry, my roommate had to use the pants.
Kimmy: ((turns to the class)) I thought there was no way to beat him, but I was wrong, 'cause we're all in this together, same as them. We just have to do what Jake Taylor said.

Dong: What's that?

Kimmy: Pass the whole fudging test!

Mr. Lefkovitz: No!

Dong: ((stands up)) So we work together for the common good, ((Kimmy nods)) the same way Vietnam win the war of American Aggression!

Kimmy: Yes, but read the room, Dong. ((Dong looks around and nods)) Now, ((shouts)) who's with me?

Everyone in the class: Yeah!

Kimmy: ((turns to Mr. Lefkovitz)) Thanks for the lesson, Teach.

Mr. Lefkovitz: ((shows a fist to Kimmy)) Girl's name!

((Another scene, music is playing, Titus is in Jacqueline’s mansion, singing))

Titus: ((sings)) Pinoooooooot ((rips his overalls to reveal the same flashy dress)) Noir! ((covers up)) ((another shot of Titus)) Caviar, ((another shot of Titus)) Myanmar, ((a shot of Xanthippe outside with her friends)) mid-sized car. You don't have to be popu-lar, find out who your true friends are. ((the camera zooms in to Xanthippe, which is given a bottle of alcohol, but passes it to another friend)) Pinot Noir! ((shot of Titus dressed up as a cesar)) In the boudoir. ((another shot)) In the boudoir. ((another shot)) It went to voice mail. ((another shot)) Call it again. Call, call it again. Pinot Noir, smoke a cigar, revenge can be spectacu-lar. ((Lilian comes to the American flag on the wall and does a salute)) Pinot Noir, Pinot Noir, Pinot Noir, Pinot Noir, Pinot Noir! ((another shot)) Pinot Noir, leather bar. ((camera zooms in to Mr. L in a classroom, looking at a woman’s photo of his desk)) Oh, so close and yet so far. Pinot Noir, Pinot Noir, Pinot, Pinot, Pinot, Pinot, Pinot Noir, ((a scene in the classroom with Kimmy and Dong and other students)) you're a star. Listen to Tom Beren-gar. ((another shot of Titus)) Pinot Noir, Roseanne Barr. Pinoooooooot Noiiiiiiir, ((whispers)) Au revoir!

((Ending credits))

Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt

S02E06 “Kimmy Gives Up!“

Kimmy: Hi, I'm Kimberly Schmidt. I'm supposed to take my GED tomorrow, but I never got my confirmation letter. ((Secretary reaches for a drawer)) Took a couple extra years, but I'm finally gonna graduate high school.

Secretary: The test details for your class were mailed out weeks ago. I only have one left for a student with no home address. ((Looks at the paper)) Richard Pennsylvania?

Kimmy: ((takes the paper from her)) That's Dong Nguyen. We were basically the Roz and Frasier of our class, but not sexy like that, just, you know, cool.

Secretary: I get it. I kind of have a Kyle and Maxine thing with my boss. ((Kimmy shakes her head)) Oh, you don't know Living Single? But I'm supposed to know everything about Frasier? ((sighs and walks away, the schoolbell rings)) Y'all stole the name Frasier from us anyway.
Jacqueline: All right, Kimmy, today is a big day, so we need to move quickly. ((Kimmy nods)) Like chop-chop, that place where they cut your hair during plastic surgery. My First Americans for Turtle Island Charity is having its premier gala in three weeks, so today I get to do my single most favorite activity. ((spins around and sings)) A private wardrobe fitting! ((female voices)) Fitting! Karl Lagerfeld is lending me something from his designer line "Crotte de Nez", but Buckley has a doctor's appointment and school is closed for Rupert Murdoch's birthday, so you'll have to stay on top of him. ((Kimmy nods)) He behaves more when you sit on his chest. ((Buckley is drawing on the wall)) Buckley! Noo! Kimmy, stop ((points at Buckley)) him! ((turns around to see a drawn picture of Kimmy on the wall)) Oh. Where is she? I need a helper! Vera? Juanita? Hunyong? Other Vera?

((Another scene, Lillian is opening a box and taking out a shoe))

Lillian: All right. ((she slams a radiator with a shoe))

Titus: ((Sings)) Oh, what a glorious mooorning!

Lillian: Oh, come on! ((keeps slamming the radiator))

Titus: ((coming with a magazine in his hands, still singing)) Oh, all the joy it will bring, if I don't mind never voting! Or my church ((makes a fist)) burning down while I sing.

Lillian: What the heck song is that?

Titus: That is "A Glorious Morning", a now-banned classic from the black version of Oklahoma called Alabama. ((Lillian looks confused, Titus sings)) Oh, the cropper and the Klansman should ((makes a fist)) be friends. Run! Run!

Lillian: ((laughs)) What is up with you? ((stands up)) Who died and left you a trunk full of hats?

Titus: Nothing's up with me. These are famous show tunes that everyone loves! You seriously don't know these songs?

Lillian: My family was poor. The closest thing we had to a radio was a mentally ill uncle who talked about the weather every nine minutes.

Titus: Good news, your crash course in the Great American Songbook starts immediately and lasts forever! ((Lillian chuckles))

Kimmy: ((enters the apartment)) Titus, do I have any mail?

Titus: Girl, you know I don't know. Check my ((camera zooms in to a paper mailbox with a barbie sitting in it)) Quest Diagnostic Barbie chalet.

Kimmy: ((walks to themailbox)) I missed a GED letter. It looks like this. ((gives a letter to Lillian and starts searching for a letter in the box))

Lillian: Kimmy, why do you have this?

Kimmy: ((takes out a letter from an envelope)) They didn't have an address for Dong, so I'm gonna drop it off.
Lillian: You sure you're not just using this as an excuse to see him? Like when Bobby Durst came back to get his conveniently forgotten bow saws? Sly devil. Maybe real devil.

Kimmy: Lillian, if I just wanted to see Dong, I'd have gone back for my scrunchie already. I mean, that's 78 cents down the drain.

Titus: ((turns around to them)) Hmm!

Kimmy: What? ((takes scrunchies)) Without blue, my whole weekly rotation is off. I can't wear a green scrunchie on Thursday. Everyone will think I'm horny.

Titus: That's true. I will.

Lillian: Why are you helping Dong at all? He dumped you!

Kimmy: I'm not gonna let him fail his GED because he broke up with me.

Lillian: Kiddo, all I'm saying is seeing him again might be tougher than you think.

Kimmy: Really? Tougher than keeping hope alive in a bunker where the end of your braid is your toothbrush and your best friend?

Lillian: Touché.

Kimmy: I'll be fine. I'll just stick it in his mail slot. He won't even see me.

Titus: Kimmy. ((takes a xylophone and plays one note)) That reminds me of this gem from the Helen Keller-inspired, but-unauthorized musical, “Feels Like Love“. ((plays another note, starts singing)) In the game of hide and seek I'm the first one to be found. ((plays a note)) But when it comes to love, I have to feel my way around. Does he even, see me? Is he screaming my name? Is this him or a mop, or a chair or a cop? Sad to say, but to me feels the saaaaaame!

Kimmy: You're being weird. ((Kimmy leaves))

Titus: ((humming))

((A scene at the doctor’s, Buckley is putting toys in the aquarium in the waiting room))

Buckey: Aaaaaargh! Take that, fishes! ((The doctor and his mom look at him from the doctor’s office))

Jacqueline: I'm sorry, I don't know what's gotten into Buckley today. He's usually much more of a someone else's problem than this.

The doctor: Your son's in good physical health, Ms. White.

Buckley: ((runs around with a skeleton on wheels)) Whoo!

The doctor: That's odd. We don't have an anatomy skeleton in this office. ((Jacqueline turns to the doctor)) But in terms of behavioral development, Buckley could benefit from a little discipline.

Jacqueline: Oh.

The doctor: Don't worry, I'm not suggesting actual parenting.
Jacqueline: Oh. (sighs out of a relief)

The doctor: I know how busy we all are. (takes a box of pills) I'm talking about medication.

Jacqueline: (takes the pills) "Dyziplen"? (reads from the box) "Treats hyperactivity, ADHD, and Kanye West Spectrum Disorder". (gives back the box) No, my son doesn't need to be medicated. He just bites sometimes to loosen his baby teeth.

The doctor: No, I'm not saying Buckley has any diagnosable behavioral disorder, just he's a

Buckley: =Aaaaaargh! = (falls on the ground with a giant toy giraffe)

The doctor: =handful. Which is a medical term for how many pills he needs. (Buckley starts punching the giraffe) Think it over. (hands Jacqueline the pills)

Buckley: Aaaaaargh! (slams the giraffe to the ground) You're my bitch, Geoffrey!

((Kimmy comes to Dong's house))

Kimmy: Okay, Kimmy, just (opens the gates and enters) pretend it's any old door. (comes to the red front door) Hey, door. What's up? Cool, cool. You ever miss being a tree? Yeah, I get that. Anyway, just gonna shove a letter-ino up your mouth flap. (opens the mail slot on the door and sees a pair of eyes looking at her)

Kimmy: Gah! Sonja!

Sonja: Hi, Kimmy! We never see you anymore! Come in.

Kimmy: Oh, no. I- I can't stay.

((Sitting inside Sonja's and Dong's house))

Sonja: You two catch up. I'll make popsicles for everyone. (leaves Dong and Kimmy alone in the room)

Kimmy: Oh, no, you don't-- =

Dong: =Don't-- = Kimmy, I thought I made myself clear.

Kimmy: Clearly Canadian. Crystal Pepsi. (.) I was just dropping off your GED letter.

Dong: (reads the letter) My test is in a couple weeks.

Kimmy: Cool. (stands up) Well, I guess we're done here. Oh, do you have my blue scrunchie? I left it at your party. It smells like Salon Selectives and silverfish poison?

Dong: I don't know what you're talking about.

Kimmy: It's fine if you threw it out, you just owe me 78 cents.

Dong: (irritated) And I'll pay you when I have that kind of money lying around. (Kimmy goes to the exit)

Kimmy: Dong, are you okay?
Dong: Sonja and I have an interview tomorrow at immigration. (.) If we can't prove we're a real couple, I'll get deported. I don't want to go back to Vietnam, Kimmy. It's full of baby boomer tourists trying to feel something.

Kimmy: Look, you always knew how to prepare for a test. What do you have so far? ((Dong stands up))

Dong: ((takes an album from a shelf)) Our wedding album. ((opens it)) This is the only picture.

Kimmy: Is this from a security camera?

Dong: ((camera zooms in to a wedding photo)) No, it's from our witnesses. Two Harlem Globetrotters who were getting gay married right after us.

Kimmy: So make a fake photo album! In my experience, if someone has good pictures and a glue stick, they can make it look like they dunked on Jesus. And some girls will believe it, for, like ((sighs)) 15 years. ((burps, then covers her mouth)) I'm sure you and Sonja have someone who could help you take pictures.

Sonja: ((enters the room)) I can ask Neptune to help. ((camera zooms to a photo where Sonja is hugging a Neptune’s statue, Kimmy and Dong look confused)) Because he's a non-sexual friend. You're being paranoid, Dong. ((Kimmy and Dong look at her)) Anyway, the popsicles will just be another 40 minutes. ((takes some things from a plastic box and leaves))

Dong: This is hopeless.

Kimmy: Maybe... Just let me help you!

Dong: I-- I don't know, Kimmy. Are you sure you can handle that? I mean--

Kimmy: Don't worry about me. I'm like a biscotti. People act like I'm this sweet cookie, but I'm really this super hard thing that nobody knows what I am or why I am. ((Dong looks at her confused)) So let's do this! Let's take a bunch of pictures of you and Sonja going to first base super hard on each other! ((Dong nods))

((A scene at Jacqueline’s home, she’s sitting on a carpet and Buckley is running around with a toy gun and a robot))

Buckley: Okay, so you can be Megatron, and I'll be Optimus Prime.

Jacqueline: ((sighs)) Okay. ((lazily)) Hey, other robot guys! Let's go save the sun! Or, whatever.

Buckley: No! You're a bad guy. ((shoots her with a toy gun))

Jacqueline: Aah! Oh, God. Okay. Okay. Ow!

Buckley: Okay, I extinguished your Allspark. Now you're dead!

Jacqueline: Oh, no! Now I'll have to lie down and be left alone! ((lies down))

((A scene in Kimmy’s apartment, her phone rings, she answers))

Jacqueline: Kimmy, where are you? ((Buckley is screaming and running around)) I need some help here.

Buckley: ((runs up to Jacqueline and pushes her back to the ground)) Hey, no! You have to stay still until Sky Lynx saves you. You lost your Allspark.
Jacqueline: Okay, okay, okay!

Kimmy: Ms. White, I'm sorry. I can't come over right now. I have the GED and a crafting emergency--

Jacqueline: ((sitting up)) Are you listing things at me? I need you here now. There's no school and I don't have a television. Lagerfeld is sending over a squad of his nastiest boys for my dress fitting. They hate children. If my crotchfruit is here, they'll know I'm a moo!

Buckley: ((runs up to her)) No, you can't move. ((pushes her back on the ground))

Jacqueline: Ugh.

Kimmy: Ms. White, I'm sorry.

Jacqueline: ((sits up)) Don't be sorry, just get here.

Buckley: You'll pay for this, Starscream.

Jacqueline: Kimmy, I've never spent an entire day alone with Buckley. I've always had help from someone: a nanny or a driver, or an iPad taped to a bag of sugar. I don't know how to do this. ((looks at Buckley)) What if it poops?

Kimmy: I don't know what to say. Maybe you could take him to the park? He loves the big slide at 66th Street 'cause sometimes nannies fall down it. You might have fun! ((Jacqueline hangs up))

Buckley: Okay, so now I'll be Mark Wahlberg.

Jacqueline: No! ((falls back on the ground, sees a box of pills in her purse))

Buckley: Autobots, roll out! Take that, Megatron! ((shoots)) Aaaaaaargh!

((Another scene, Lillian is sitting on the stairs outside, a guy finishes spraying a word “Bedbugs” on a piano))

Titus: ((comes singing)) Stoop Crone, no loitering please! Stoop Crone, you're kind of a skeeze!

Lillian: ((stands up and comes to Titus)) Yeah, well, Kimmy never came back. Probably still with Dong making goo-goo eyes 'cause our building gives everyone pinkeye.

Titus: So you think she still loves him? ((Lillian nods)) Like in one of the great love songs of all time, "You're My Baby Now"? ((plays the piano and sings)) Baby, I get lost, ((Lillian leans over the piano)) In your big blue eyes. Can't help dreaming of you, and those alabaster thighs!

Lillian: Oooh! That's risqué!

Titus: Don't be disgusting, Lillian. It's from “Daddy's Boy“, an innocent musical about a father's love for his infant son. ((Lillian looks confused and shakes her head)) The composer was beaten to death in jail, which
reminds me of another song you'll definitely know. ((starts playing and singing)) Whomp, goes the billy club, whomp, goes the billy club, splorch, goes the Irishman's skull!

Lillian: You can't say two words without singing! ((looks happily at Lillian and stops playing)) Wait a minute. ((comes to sit with Titus at the piano)) You don't want to teach me songs. You can't stop singing 'cause you're happy.

Titus: ((both laugh)) Happy? No! I'm just singing because (. ) ((both laugh)) Lillian, no! ((laughs)) Lillian. Happy?

Lillian: Well, why wouldn't you be? You're dating a nice boy, your one-man show went good, and you got a free piano. This is the best your life has ever gone.

Titus: No! You're wrong, Stoop Crone! ((stands up)) Nothing different is happening! ((Lillian looks confused, Titus starts singing)) This is just an ordinary day. I'm just an ordinary gay. Which is why I'm talking to you in such an ordinary way!

Lillian: But, Titus-- ((Lillian stands up))

Titus: ((sings and dances)) I am dancing away from you, I am prancing away from you! ((starts going down the stairs)) We Three Marionettes of 1971.

((A song starts playing, a man is singing, various scenes of Kimmy taking pictures of Sonja and Dong are shown))

A male singing voice: Sometimes I get lost, in your big blue eyes. I just can't help dreaming 'bout your alabaster thighs. Though you love to tease and give your daddy sass. How I love my baby's naughty little... Personaaality! You're my baby now how I love to hug and hold you! You're my baby now for when daddy's arms enfold you! And I rock-a-bye my baby in your warm and wooly nightie. Baby always has a big surprise for daddy in his didy! You're my baby now, when you're squirming in my lap-y! Such a big boy, wow! You make daddy very happy. Brains and muscles, man, you got 'em. You're the tops and I'm the bottom. I'm a lucky daddy, 'cause you're my baby now! But you'll grow up, and you'll be gone, then I'll sing a different song. You're not my baby now.

((Buckley and Jacqueline are walking in a park))

Buckley: ((jumps on a bench)) Parkour attack!

Jacqueline: How are you feeling, sweetheart? The label on your, umm-- special candy said you'd be much calmer by now.

Buckley: I am gonna make that ((points at the kids’ playground)) into a waterslide! ((runs to the playground)) This is my structure! You're all fired! Yeah! Aaaaaargh! ((calmly slides down the slide)) Mother, may I please go again?

Jacqueline: ((takes her sunglasses off and looks at him)) Oh. Of course. ((he goes again, Jacqueline sits on a bench near a black woman))
A black woman: Is he on Dyziplen? (Jacqueline nods) Praise Jesus. Thank God the FDA fast-tracked that drug. (chuckles)

A girl on a swing: (calmly) Whee.

A boy: ((pats a girl's shoulder calmly)) Tag, you are it.

A girl: ((calmly)) I am. Thank you. (kids walking around the playground like zombies)

Jacqueline: Is every child here on Dyziplen?

A black woman: Oh, yes! That drug saved me so much time, I was finally able to finish my tell-all book about my boss. It's called “Sippy Cup Rosé“ and it's gonna have a shoe on the cover.

Jacqueline: ((looks at the kids)) I can't believe how calm they all are.

Buckley: ((comes to Jacqueline)) Mommy, I am tired. Can we go sit someplace quiet like a shoe store?

Jacqueline: Of course, my sweet baby!

A male singing voice: You're my baby now.

((Another scene, Kimmy enters her apartment))

Kimmy: ((Lillian turns to her in an armchair)) Aah! Stoop Crone!

Lillian: I know you haven't been studying because I found your GED books coated with a day's worth of asbestos. What are you doing? Also, try not to breathe in here too much from now on and before.

Kimmy: Lillian, I'm fine. I've been studying for weeks, and I just have to take one more photo of Dong and Sonja so he doesn't get deported. (.) We're recreating their fake engagement at Sonja's annual Grammy Awards party. ((goes to the kitchen))

Lillian: A Grammy party? Is this woman insane? ((stands up))

Kimmy: Well, I think she's cheating on Dong with a statue, so you tell me.

Lillian: If all this is about helping Dong, then how come your bookmark is this? ((takes out a folded paper from the book)) It's all right here in your MASH. ((unfolds the paper)) Apparently you're gonna live in a shack, drive a Porsche, honeymoon at FAO Schwarz, all with your husband Dong!

Kimmy: Fine. You win. I have hope. ((takes books and puts them in her bag)) Hope that got me through 15 years in the bunker. I don't quit.

Lillian: Sweetie, you can't keep running into a brick wall.

Kimmy: Shows what you know.

((A scene where Kimmy is running into a brick wall in the bunker))

Kimmy: ((sighs)) How does the Kool-Aid Man do this?

((Back in the apartment))
Lillian: Kimmy, I was you once. I waited like a fool for something that could never be. (.) And his name (.) was the Second Avenue Subway.

Kimmy: It was a he?

Lillian: Ooh, you're goddamn right it was. The city had been promising to build it since 1916, so I figured, by the '70s, it was due any minute, so I waited for years in a tiny Murray Hill apartment, not a pot to piss in. It was a plastic cup with Reggie Jackson on it. ((Kimmy nods))

Kimmy: Donna Maria and I bathroomed into a trick-or-treating pumpkin.

Lillian: I waited (.) and I suffered, but the subway didn't come, so ((stands up)) I gave up on the train, I left Murray Hill, and I moved here where I met the love of my life!

Kimmy: So you quit?

Lillian: I know you're tough (.) and you never give up. Sometimes the hardest thing to do is just quit (.) and walk away.

Kimmy: Sorry, but giving up isn't my jam. My jams are grape, jock, and space, ((takes her bag)) and I've got 12 hours till my test. I'm fine! ((leaves))

Titus: ((playing the piano outside and singing)) You do not define me, Richard. I cannot be owned. And if I had my way, Richard. I would die alone. ((Lillian looks at Titus through the window)) Eaten by birds. Digested by birds. Shat out by birds! Aaaaaaaaaalooooooone. ((Titus turns and looks to Lillian)) Stephen Sondheim's "Pinocchio".

Lillian: What happened? You were so happy before.

Titus: Because! (.) When I was singing before, it didn't even occur to me that I was happy. I thought it was just gas coming out in a weird way, but then you pointed out that this is the best my life has ever gone, and now I'm panicked I'm gonna lose it all! Happiness is fleeting, Lillian, and you fleeted it!

Lillian: Oh, my-- ((Titus leaves))

((Another scene, Kimmy is walking down the street, her phone rings, she picks up))

Kimmy: Ms. White, I'm sorry, but I still can't make it.

Jacqueline: ((in her kitchen)) Actually, Kimmy, I don't need help with Buckley. ((Kimmy looks surprised)) We had an amazing day. Shopped for shoes, lunched at The Carlyle, even had our caricatures done ((camera zooms in to a caricature)) in Central Park.

Kimmy: Are you sure it's Buckley? Does he have an English accent? 'Cause it could be a parent trap.
Jacqueline: No, it was me! I did it. I'm like a female Mr. Mom. It's hard to admit this, Kimmy, but the only reason I had Buckley was to hook Julian. I've never really known how to connect with him, but today was more rewarding than I could have ever imagined.

Kimmy: Good for you! See what happens when you don't give up hope? Anything is possible! We should start a band!

Jacqueline: Look, the only thing I need you to do is pick up Buckley's medication. I'm almost out, and I need him to behave at the fitting.

Kimmy: Wait, you gave him drugs to make him behave?

Jacqueline: I know you were frozen in ice for ten years or whatever, but tons of people take this stuff now.

Kimmy: So have you tried it?

Jacqueline: Of course I have. What kind of mother do you think I am? Why, I'm on it now, and I feel great! So great, in fact, I'll go to the drugstore myself, despite the fact the last time I was in a drugstore was in 2004, and an employee named LaDonica said to me, "Bitch, I don't know your life." ((hangs up))

Dong: Kimmy! I can't find Sonja!

Kimmy: What?

Dong: I don't know where she went. She didn't even take her phone. ((shows Kimmy a foil ball))

Kimmy: So, your wife disappeared, it's just you and no wife right now?

Dong: Our interview's first thing in the morning. We can find her, right? Never give up.

Kimmy: Yes. We are both thinking about not giving up in the exact same way right now.

Dong: She could be anywhere, but let's first start with the last two places she was asked to leave. I'll check the zoo, you check Maggie Gyllenhaal's porch. ((Kimmy nods, they split up))

((Another scene, men come to Jacqueline’s house with a lot of clothes))

Jacqueline: This is what I want my funeral to look like. ((smoothes some dresses)) Surrounded by friends.

A guy in a suit: The only limits are your imagination. Let's go crazy!

Jacqueline: Yeah! ((suddenly she turns calm))

A guy in a suit: ((shows her two red dresses) What do you think?

Jacqueline: I don't know. They're just clothes.

((Another guy screams and tries to catch Jacqueline))

A guy in a suit: ((holds him)) She isn't worth it, Quentstopher!
Jacqueline: I already have clothes. Why would I need more clothes? ((gasps)) What's happening? My brain. It's Talbots-ing. ((browses through dresses)) Aaah! ((falls to the ground)) Dzyiplen ate my joy.

((A scene in Dong’s house))

Kimmy: ((enters)) I just checked the morgue. They said Sonja hasn't been there in weeks.

Dong: Our interview is first thing in the morning. Guess it's back to Vietnam to work at the family business. (. ) A sweatshop that manufactures iPhone notification sounds. Ba- ding. Boo-ga-dee.

Kimmy: Or. I could be Sonja. I could go with you to immigration. Who knows you better than I do? We finish each other's senten-- ((Dong looks at her)) --ces. And wow, ((takes out an album)) this is weird, but I already have an album full of pictures of us. I think immigration could believe we're in love. ((flips through the pages of the album)) Here we are in a Central Park paddleboat, where your legs are totally just as strong as mine--

Dong: Stop it! Why do you keep doing this? I'm married.

Kimmy: ((closes the album)) But don't you still hope--

Dong: No. Kimmy, Sonja was there when I needed her. And now we have an arrangement that works. I get to stay in the country, and she gets a husband who can be a male role model for her birds. You're gonna ruin everything! Let it go! You're being crazy!

Kimmy: Me? Your wife thinks she's hooking up with Neptune!

Dong: Kimmy, you're right!

Kimmy: I am? ((Dong nods)) About which part?

((Another scene with Sonia in front of a Neptune’s statue ina fountain))

Sonja: I'm sorry, Neptune. It's over. Here are your CDs back. ((puts a carton box on a fountain, Kimmy and Dong run up to her))

Dong: I was worried about you. Always take your phone ((gives Sonja a foil ball and a stick, Sonja takes it)) and charger.

Kimmy: Okay, cool. Congratulations. Dong, I guess I'll just see you when you have that 78 cents for my scrunchie. You can bring it by whenever.

Dong: Hang on. ((takes out some cents from the fountain and hands them to Kimmy))

Kimmy: ((takes it)) Well, I guess I'll go take my GED, which is in a few hours. I'll let you know how it goes, maybe give you some answers. Abraham Lincoln, potassium, four (. ) that kind of stuff. Bye. ((runs away))

((Another scene, Jacqueline wakes up on the floor))

Jacqueline: Oh, my God. What happened? My fitting. ((stands up and goes to a mirror)) What gown did I-- Holy Jesus! A peplum? Oh, no. ((looks down at her pants)) No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Crepe palazzos? ((Buckley comes to a room in his PJs, brushing his teeth)) You're not a gown at all, you monster!

Buckley: ((calmly)) Good morning, mommy.
Jacqueline: Good morning, Buckley. ((comes to him)) Do you want to draw something with your markers? Ruin the wall for mommy, Buckley.

Buckley: No, thank you. I like how it's all white and flat (.) like my dreams.

Jacqueline: ((takes the pills from the ground, goes stroke Buckley’s hair)) Goodbye, sweet boy. ((goes to a sink and throws out the pills))

((Another scene in a class, a teacher is giving Kimmy test papers))

Kimmy: I'm gonna ace this. ((flips pages)) Science section, blammo! English section, wherefore art thou, Blammeo? What's next? ((a teacher brings Kimmy a wooden plate)) Karate section. Let's do this! ((Kimmy punches the plate and breaks it)) Puppy-naming section, go! ((a teacher is holding a wheel barrow full of puppies)) Dexter, Patches, Reggie! Skip it and come back. Ginger, Winston, Beemer!

A teacher: ((in a conductors’s uniform)) Math section. If Dong is a subway train traveling away from Kimmy at a trillion miles an hour, how long will you wait before you fudge up your life?

Kimmy: Oh, no!

((Another scene, Kimmy is sleeping on her test papers, a school bell rings))

A teacher: And time.

Kimmy: ((wakes up)) Why didn't you wake me up?

A teacher: I don't go to where you work and tell you to wake me up.

((Another scene, Jacqueline and Buckley enter a clothes' shop))

Jacqueline: Buckley, mommy needs to find a gala gown. Can you be a good--

Buckley: Yeeeeeaaaaah! ((runs further to the shop)

Jacqueline: Do you have any Met Ball-style dresses? I'm fine with sheer panels and rump chains.

Buckley: ((runs around and bumps into a shop assistant)) Die, Decepticon! Acid spray!

Shop assistant: Ow.

Jacqueline: I'm so sorry. ((Buckley takes a manequin’s arm)) Buckley, sweetie! =

Buckley: =Die, die, die!=

Jacqueline: Give the mannequin its arm back.

Shop assistant: Maybe you should come back some other time. ((Buckley shouting in the background)) Sans crotchfruit.

Jacqueline: Hold on, I just need to extinguish his Allspark.

Shop assistant: Oh, with Dzyiplen? I take that.
Buckley: You're all going in the freezer!

Jacqueline: ((imitates a voice)) Prime, I'm destroying your spark with my ion blaster! ((pretends to shoot Buckley, he plays dead)) Now he can't move until Sky Lynx regenerates him. So can you bring me something in my size?

Shop assistant: Uh-huh. ((turns to leave, but stops)) Oh, I'm sorry, were you an eight or a ten?

Jacqueline: What?! ((Buckley stands up, runs up to mom and gives her a mannequin’s arm)) Autobot, this Trypticon is gonna meet ((points the arm at the shop assistant)) Hellscream! ((they start running around making a mess in the shop))

Buckley: Yeah! Die! Aaaaargh!

((Another scene, Kimmy is walking down the street))

Lillian: ((sitting outside on the stairs)) Hey, Red. ((Kimmy sits next to her))

Kimmy: Well, I failed the GED because I can't quit Dong. I just-- I don't like giving up on stuff. I still want Nickelodeon to take over my school.

Lillian: Listen. ((puts a hand on Kimmy’s back)) You had your first real love and it ended badly.

Kimmy: But Dong's only gonna be married for two years. I can do two years standing on my head. Actually, in the bunker--

Lillian: Again with the bunker. You're like one of those ladies, who go to Montreal, and then, suddenly, everything is about Montreal. (.). Kimmy, the sooner you quit something that stinks, the sooner you can find something that doesn't. (.). Save your hope for that. ((sighs and leaves))

Kimmy: ((sighs))

((Titus is playing the piano, Lillian enters the apartment))

Lillian: ((sits at the piano next to Titus)) So, anything bad happen to you yet?

Titus: You sat next to me.

Lillian: Titus, that crapped-up Raggedy Ann out there had a tough day, (.). but we both know her luck is gonna change. (.). Just like we both know your good times can't last forever. Maybe you'll marry Mikey, maybe you'll break up. Maybe you'll live together for decades, but then, he'll die first of an awful brain disease.

Titus: Damn it, Lillian, what kind of white “Six Feet Under” nonsense is this?

Lillian: Maybe I should put it in terms that you could understand. "When I was a little girl, many moons ago, my mother gave me a bit of wisdom, because, wisdom was all she had.

Titus: Is that from Gangly Orphan Jeff, ((Lillian laughs and playfully slaps his arm)) the ill-fated musical that opened six days ((Lillian laughs)) after Annie? ((Titus takes some notes and starts playing))
Lillian: ((sings)) Oh, the sun will rise in the morning. Or so I'm told. But who knows? You could win a million bucks in the morning. And then get rolled, by a mob of stinking hobos. Good news. ((Kimmy is shown sitting on the stairs, staring at her phone)) You can't lose when you tell Mr. Blues that you choose to keep going--

Kimmy: ((sighs)) Goodbye, Dong.

Titus: ((sings)) We'll never stop. ((Kimmy deletes Dong’s number)) We'll keep on moving forward. Even if we don't know what we're moving toward.

Lillian and Titus: ((singing)) They say life's too short, but they're wrong! It's so loooong! Sometimes the only way to go is to just go oooooon.

((Dong and Sonja is shown at the immigrants’ office, a woman is browsing their album of photos that Kimmy made))

A singing girl’s voice: Keep a smile in your pocket, when the wolf is rat-a-tatting at the door. Just lock it tight. Keep a dream in your heart ((Buckley is shown, showing his drawings on the wall to Jacqueline)) and you'll never ever want for moooorre. Unless you're in a knife fight. Chin high, spit in the eye of the folks who can't stop laughing at the stupid things you've done. ((Kimmy is shown putting money in “GED DO OVER FOND“, Titus puts a photo with him and his boyfriend on a table)) Don't ever stop, even though your heart is breaking ((Dong is shown sniffing Kimmy’s blue scruncie)) Don't look over your shoulder at the love you left behind ((Sonja comes with two popsickles)) They say life's too short, but they're wrong, it's so loooong. ((Lillian is shown, stopping by a sign “Second Avenue Subway coming soon”)) Sometimes the only way to go, is to just go oooooon.

((Ending credits))

Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt

S02E12 “Kimmy Sees a Sunset!“

((Kimmy is at Dr. Bayden’s office))

Kimmy: ((teary voice)) My mother's dead! She's dead! But that's Bambi. I got off on a tangent. You asked about my mom. ((inhales)) Lori-Ann Schmidt. Well, she was fun. She wore tube tops, tube bottoms, tube socks. The only hot breakfast I ever got was the morning she crashed our house into a Denny's. But the thing that really raisined my cookie was her addiction.

Dr. Bayden: Bah, I knew it! What was it? Pills? No! More dirtbaggy. Underdeveloped ears, facial trapezoidism, huffing.

Kimmy: Roller coasters.

Dr. Bayden: What now?

Kimmy: My mom's a coasterhead. She's addicted to riding roller coasters.

Dr. Bayden: ((laughs)) She what? That is dumb! I mean, ((clears her throat)) would you care to laborade?

Kimmy: O. M. gosh. Dr. Bayden, have you been day-drinking?

Dr. Bayden: No! This is tea! ((takes a cup, blows softly and takes a sip))
Kimmy: That's not okay!

Dr. Bayden: Fine, whatever, ugh! ((puts down the cup)) I'm better at this when I drink! It's like playing darts or driving a Zamboni or running away from a Zamboni you can't stop. ((Kimmy shakes her head confused)) Hey, ((stands up)) who breakthroughed you on that mom stuff? Not ((comes to a shelf and points at the photo of herself in a running marathon)) Joggy McExercise here. And if it makes you feel better, ((sits down)) I can still say things like, "How has your relationship with your mother affected your current relationships?" Boo-ya! ((takes a chicken wing and bites it))

Kimmy: Look, Ahn-drea--

Dr. Bayden: Ugh, I'm not British. It's Ann-drea. I grew up in Metuchen. Exit ten! ((throws arms up in the air)) Go, Bulldogs! ((looks at her watch on her wrist)) That's our time, and I think we've made some really good progress today. ((Kimmy shakes head in a protest)) So enough talking. ((Stands up)) You're coming out with me!

Kimmy: No, I have to work tonight.

Dr. Bayden: Perfect, 'cause you ((takes out Kimmy's cellphone)) just accepted my ride. ((shows her a phone screen))

Kimmy: That's mine! When did you take that? ((reaches for it))

Dr. Baydem: ((drops the phone)) I don't remember.

((Opening credits))

((A scene in the restaurant, Titus takes a letter))

Rick: Well, aren't you a sight for sore eyes? My penis infection spread to my face.

Titus: Just picking up my last paycheck. ((leaves))

Rick: Ugh, Titus, I envy you. I wish I had the courage to quit.

Titus: Quitters are America's unsung heroes. Without us, we'd probably still be going to the moon. It's just rocks. Rick. We got plenty ((takes out some rocks from his pocket)) of rocks down here. ((throws the rocks on the table))

Rick: And there's so much production in New York right now. That must be great for you.

Titus: It's amazing. All that free food if you just pretend you're part of the crew?

Rick: No, I mean, you must be auditioning like crazy.

Titus: (%) I've been busy. ((chuckles)) You know, getting my 14 hours every night and going to the Jim ((clears his throat)) Gaffigan Show craft service table.

Rick: Titus, you've got to get out there. Tomorrow there's an open call for a musical production of Mahogany starring Dionne Warwick.
Titus: What? Why didn't her psychic network tell me that was coming? I spoke to them yesterday, and all they said was, someone with a letter in their name would tell me something. (. ) Your name ((points at Rick)) has letters. Uh! ((leaves))

((Another scene, Kimmy parks a car with a girl sleeping in))

Kimmy: ((tapping her phone)) Kimmy, five stars, picking up Russ. ((Jacqueline sits in the car))

Jacqueline: Kimmy? Since when do you have red hair?

Kimmy: Jacqueline? But you're going by Russ? Someone just put the "neato" in "incognito"!

Jacqueline: I didn't order the car. Russ is the man I've spent the past few weeks pursuing. He's just finishing up a phone call.

Russ: ((speaking on the phone outside)) No, no, no, Jerry, you push those people out of their homes, I'll push your wife's wedding ring out of my ass!

Kimmy: Wow. (. ) He knows someone named Jerry.

Jacqueline: You think I don't know he's disgusting? Well, you're the reason I'm with a bald pro bono property rights lawyer and his BlackBerry.

Kimmy: Me? What did I do?

Jacqueline: You tricked me into thinking I could be a better person, and now I'm completely broke. I need that walking trust fund to put a baby in me before it has a heart attack.

Kimmy: Seriously? So you're right back where you started.

Jacqueline: Oh, I don't want to hear it from you. I finally have Russ to myself for a night. We're going to his hotel room, and I'm gonna seal the deal. ((inhales)) Ugh. I hope he's one of those Jews who does it through a sheet.

A girl in the car: Not so tough now, are you, Grandma?

Jacqueline: Who is that? ((looks at the girl)) Is she prettier than me?

((Russ sits in the car))

Jacqueline: I love how sweaty you get doing your job. It's like you're a professional athlete. ((Russ's phone rings))

Russ: Oh, it's the developer calling from Moscow.

Jacqueline: ((laughs)) Ooooh, my God. ((laughs)) You're hilarious.

Russ: ((in Russian)) Hello, Dimitri. Let me start by saying your people murdered my grandparents.

((Another scene, Mikey is in bed, Titus checks Mikey's temperature))

Titus: I think your fever broke.
Mikey: Thank God. I was hallucinating last night. ((takes Titus’ hand)) I don’t say this enough, but I’m really glad you’re not a giant crab.

Titus: Oh. ((fixes Mikey’s pillow)) I should have been a doctor. I look amazing in white, my handwriting is terrible, and I love telling people to take their pants off and just leaving and then making them sit there for an hour. ((chuckles, sits in bed next to Mikey)) Maybe this is why I haven’t been thinking about work. ((looks at Mikey)) I’d rather be with you. ((touches Mikey’s nose)) And when you were away at that construction convention, I was just too sad to sing.

Mikey: ConCon is usually so fun, but (.) I was away from you, and (.) Tony DaGrammo wore the same costume as me.

Titus: Tony DaGrammo was silicone joint sealant? (.) That bitch. He did it on purpose!

Mikey: You got an audition tomorrow. Shouldn’t you be getting ready?

Titus: Mm, but Titus likes it here. ((cuddles up to Mikey))

Mikey: I don’t want to get you sick, bro.

Titus: Ugh. Fine. ((kisses Mikey’s forehead and gets up)) But FYI, I only get sick on the dance floor. Because the flashing lights and the spinning. ((leaves))

((Another scene, Jacqueline and Russ walk in a hotel room))

Jacqueline: ((takes off her jacket)) Shall we order champagne? =

Russ: =Jacqueline! You (.) followed me (.) to my hotel room.

Jacqueline: Wow. Russ, I know your phone is fascinating, but what about these? ((sits on the table, kicks away her heels and extends her leg to Russ))

Russ: I-- Uh-- All right, thank you so much, but please. Don’t. Do. That.

Jacqueline: Oh, sorry. That was my ex-husband's thing.

Russ: Look, Jacqueline, I had fun tonight, I really did, and I’m sorry I was on the phone so much.

Jacqueline: Well, we're here now, and that room has a bed. For sleeping or... Fucking.

Russ: Believe me, there’s nothing more I’d like to do. (.) Your lady parts are ((shows “okay” gestures with his hands)) Ugh! Top-notch! ( ((Jacqueline looks confused)) I’m not (.) great with women. I find that they tend to only be interested in my (.) money.

Jacqueline: Well, obviously that’s not the case with me. I gave away a $12 million painting without a fight. And you saw my apartment.

Russ: Yeah, it looked like you were moving out.

Jacqueline: I was moving in. You should see it all finished. I have a hundred chairs!

Russ: I’m sorry, I’ve been burned before. And I was recently engaged to what turned out to be a hologram controlled by a Turkish hacker. (.) I just need to (.) take it slow. ((this phone rings, he answers in an Australian
G'day, mate. It's Russ, you know. Right. Oh, crikey! Ha-ha-ha! You call that a knife? Your outback steakhouse? Well, that's all right, then. ((Jacqueline leaves))

((Another scene, Kimmy is reading a newspaper in her apartment, Dr. Bayden comes out from Kimmy’s room))

Kimmy: Good morning, Andrea.

Dr. Bayden: Oh, God, was that your bed? ((Kimmy nods)) ((sighs)) (. Do you by any chance know where I put my keys, phone, shoes, or NuvaRing?

Kimmy: Well, I know you threw your keys in the river to protest racism. That's why I brought you back here.

Dr. Bayden: ((sighs)) Kimmy, I am so sorry that you got dragged into Night Andrea's idiocy again.

Kimmy: Yeah, it wasn't entirely a night thing. You were already drunk during our session yesterday.

Dr. Bayden: Aaaaah! Damn it! ((punches Kimmy’s sliding door and breaks it)) I run marathons. I went to medical school. I speak fluent Italian.

Kimmy: You do? ((stands up)) Explain this. They're the Mario brothers, right? But one of them is named Mario. Does that mean his name is Mario Mario?

Dr. Bayden: Why can't I hold it together? ((sighs)) I'm gonna have to go away.

Kimmy: Where? ((sits down))

Dr. Bayden: To a conference. "Conference" is therapist code for rehab. Like how, "Oh, interesting, go on," is code for, "I hate you and your stupid life“.

Kimmy: How long will you be gone?

Dr. Bayden: A while, because it's not just rehab. First there's the bender, then rehab, then getting kicked out of rehab for using ((makes air quotes)) “sex and threats of violence to obtain cooking wine“! Then more drinking, back into a different rehab, and finally a two-week surf camp with a bunch of recent divorcé. It's a process.

Kimmy: You're the one who said I have a fear of abandonment, and now you're just gonna leave me? We haven't even gotten to my fear of Velcro!

Dr. Bayden: You're afraid of-- ((Kimmy nods)) Nope! I will refer you to a colleague, and the two of you--

Kimmy: No! I'm not starting over. (. Maybe there's something I can do. ((stands up, sits on the sofa next to Dr. Bayden)) I said I was gonna help you too, but all I've done so far is talk about myself. So let's fix you. Why'd you start drinking yesterday?

Dr. Bayden: No. I am not getting into this with you. I have got to start wrapping things up with my other patients, and then it's bender time! Winter is tricky, because if you pass out in a snowbank, you lose another toe. ((Kimmy looks disgusted))

((Another scene, Titus is ready to sing in front of three judges))

Titus: ((sneezes))

Judy Layman: Um, Titus, are you feeling okay?
Titus: ((yells at the man sitting at the piano)) Five, six, seven, eight! ((sings)) Trident Gum is the chewiest gum. Give it to your friends and chew it with your teeth. Your teeth are bones that live outside. They hang from your lips like bats. Oh! Outside bones, outside bones! Never forget that teeth are outside bones! They're bones that you wash and when you're a kid, they fall from your head and to make things less weird we say they got stolen by a demon that your parents knooooow! Trident. ((leans onto the man sitting at the piano)) In lieu of my usual audition piece, that was a jingle for gum I just made up.

((Another scene, Titus drinks water in the hall))

Titus: ((to himself)) Well, that was my worst audition ever. (.) Nope.

((Flashback to another audition, where Titus is on the stage with a guerilla lying on the ground))

Titus: ((screams)) Aaaaaaaah! You said this was blanks!

((Back to the hall))

Norman: There he is! Titus Andromedon!

Titus: ((Titus turns to face him)) Hello, Norman.

Norman: What are you here for, the elder abuse PSA? Listen to this: Noooooooo!

Titus: Norman. I just had the second worst audition of my life. Third. I forgot about the one that turned out to be a Japanese prank show and they shot me into the ocean on a toilet.

Norman: Well, keep your head up, son. Me, 50 years in the biz, best year ever. I played another Law & Order corpse. Face up this time. And I almost got Man Struggling With Regular Pot in an infomercial.

Titus: Oh, my God. ((starts walking))

Norman: Hey, do you have a head shot on you? ((Titus turns to Norman)) My improv team is looking for a second person.

Titus: Sir, I am sick, and you mention improv?

Norman: Hey. ((opens his suitcase)) If you hear about anything I'd be good for, ((takes out his photo)) you pass this along. ((hands the photo to Titus)) And ((Titus takes it disappointed)) I'll do the same for you.

Titus: ((sighs and gives Norman his on photo)) You'll notice one of my special skills is ending conversations, sooooooo-- ((leaves))

((Another scene, Lillian enters Kimmy’s apartment))

Kimmy: Lillian! How was the bulldozer?

Lillian: Oh, terrible. Turns out, the way I was handcuffed to it didn't actually stop anybody from using it. ((a bulldozer is shown with Lillian on it)) Come on, I'm trying to take a nap! ((back to the apartment)) So as soon as I pooped out the key, I hit the bricks. What a disaster!

Kimmy: Boy, you're probably in a rush to shower, huh?

Lillian: Not so much. ((sits on a kitchen chair)) What are you whoring up for?
Kimmy: I have a plan to stop my therapist from drinking, and it starts with getting her drunk.

Lillian: All good plans do.

Titus: ((comes out from his room in a robe)) Cough, sniffle, sneeze.

Kimmy: Oh, noooo. Are you sick?

Titus: Mikey was sick, so I took care of him, even though I had an audition. What was I thinking?

((Jacqueline enters the apartment))

Jacqueline: Kimmy, where have you been? I need your help, and I deleted your phone number when I was mad at you.

Kimmy: You know, before I went into the bunker, people knew each other's phone numbers. Thanks, cell phones!

Lillian: Eh, not your best observation, dear. ((Titus sits on a kitchen chair and puts a cloth on his head)) C-plus.

Jacqueline: Last night, Russ didn't want to have sex with me. Gasp, he must be gay. It's because you're too pretty. Believe me, I get it. But like you, Russ is a sexually inexperienced do-gooder weirdo with the fashion sense of a Canadian child. So I need you to help me figure out what he wants.

Kimmy: Or you could stop trying to mack out with him. You don't even like that guy.

Lillian: Hold on. ((stands up and comes to them)) What was his excuse? Tired? Married? We're on a school bus, Lillian?

Jacqueline: He said he's been burned before. He wants to take it slow. I don't have time for slow. I'm out of money.

Lillian: Honey, if a man wants to take things slow, he's either getting over an infection or looking for love.

Kimmy: You know, Dong and I--

Lillian: ((pats Kimmy's arm)) The grown-ups are talking, sweetie.

Jacqueline: So I have to make him genuinely fall in love with me? I've never done that.

Lillian: I've had many men love me, and you know when I knew they were goners? When my needs were more important to them than any of their crap.

Titus: ((takes out a cloth from his head)) Titus has joined the conversation.

Jacqueline: Who?

Titus: ((comes to them)) That's exactly what happened with Mikey. He needed me to take care of him, and I did, even though it made no sense, like wearing pants in your own home.

Lillian: That's how it happens.
Jacqueline: So I need to make Russ think that I'm more important than whatever he cares about. His work, I guess. But if I could just get him off the phone for five minutes, he'd see that there's something far more interesting right in front of him! Well, of course he will. You're amazing! Have you lost weight? All right, enough already. ((waves and leaves))

Titus: Achoo. ((Kimmy leads him to his room))

((Another scene, Kimmy is at Dr. Bayden’s office when she enters and sips from a teapot in her hand))

Dr. Bayden: Kimmy! Whazzaaaaap? ((laughs)) You don't have appointment to shrink that big old head. ((touches Kimmy’s head, Kimmy avoids it)) So wide! No, I'm just playing. It is pretty big, though.

Kimmy: What, you think I'm dressed to talk? ((stands up)) I'm dressed to party hearty like an MC Skat Kat.

Dr. Bayden: You know where is it a cat?

Kimmy: I heard about an alcohol bash. It's supposed to be a real sausage fest. Don't know if that's up your alley.

Dr. Bayden: It's gonna be! Get my coat. Get my coat! ((runs to get the coat)) Wait, also get my coat. ((Kimmy runs and gets the coat)) And then come through the doors and follow me, but then get in front, 'cause you know where we're going. ((they leave))

((Another scene at the bar, “Sausage Fest“ poster is hanging on the wall, a live band is playing, people are dancing, Kimmy and Dr. Bayden ar sitting at the table, drinking beer))

Dr. Bayden: Okay. I can work with this. Cheers! ((they clink the glasses))

Kimmy: You know who would hate this place? Ahn-drea. She's so lame.

Dr. Bayden: Oh, she suuuuuucks!

Kimmy: I know. She rolls total dice. So what makes her decide to start drinking and get so cool?

Dr. Bayden: Bitch can't handle eating alone because of her dumb childhood. And lately, she can't even wait until dinner. The other day at lunch, she was all, "I'll just have one glass of Sancerre with my shrimp salad." Before you know it, I'm there with the three Bs: bourbon, burgers, busboys, comma, getting high with.

Kimmy: So it starts at lunch. What time does she--

Dr. Bayden: Oh, boo! You're not trolling for Polish D at all! You just want to figure out why I start drinking so you can try to get me to stop.

Kimmy: No! I'm here to party. Watch this. ((takes a sausage and pretends it’s a phone)) "Hello, is hot dog there?" Heh. That kind of thing. Yow! ((puts down th sausage))

Dr. Bayden: You think people haven't tried this before? I can't be stopped. One time, to get white wine, I listened to B. J. Novak do a book reading.

Kimmy: Can't be stopped? You don't know who you're dealing with.

Dr. Bayden: Whom. And it's already too late.

Kimmy: I'm sending you back to the night!
Dr. Bayden: It's not gonna work. She can't get through one day without drinking.

Kimmy: We'll see about that. ((Dr. Bayden finishes her beer and throws the glass into a wall))

Dr. Bayden: Yeah, ((stands up)) breaking stuff. ((burps)) That's you guys, right?

((Another scene, Titus and Mikeay are walking out from Titus’ apartment))

Titus: Just when I thought my audition couldn't get any worse, I run into Norman Gordon.

Mikey: Who's Norman Gordon?

Titus: The ghost of Titus Future. I've seen that sad old man at every audition I've ever been to. And the only speaking role he ever got was Corpse Emitting Gases Drifter Incineration Squad.

Mikey: That's the one where Liev Schreiber plays twins, right?

Titus: He's been acting for 50 years, and he's got nothing to show for it. Is that gonna be me? Why should I keep humiliating myself at auditions for parts like Off-Camera Loser and Urban Farter when I'd rather be at home feeding you soup?

Mikey: I do like how you do spoon airplane. You don't dumb it down. Look, if you're unhappy, maybe you don't have to work. I make good money. Yesterday I got time and a half for being sick during Monday Night Football. And my lease is up at the end of the month, so maybe I move in with you.

Titus: Wow. That's a big step, and you know how I feel about steps.

Mikey: I do. You're against them. But what do you say? ((Titus’ phone vibrates and he answers))

Titus: Andromedon Productions. You can't spell our name without "drama" if you spell it wrong. How may I direct your call?

Kurt: This is Kurt Liebestod. I'm calling from the Medical Examiner's Office.

Titus: Please hold. ((sings)) Outside bones, outside bones. Your teeth are your skeleton escaping... You're on with Titus.

Kurt: Mr. Andromedon, do you know a corpse named Norman Gordon? ((takes the phone away)) Come on, Kurt. Don't lead with "corpse.

Titus: Wait, what are you saying? Is Norman dead?

Kurt: He passed away earlier today during a Level One improv class. We haven't been able to locate any next of kin, but your phone number was in his personal effects. ((looks at the photo that Titus gave to Norman)) If you'd like to pay your respects, we'll be throwing him in the East River this afternoon.

Mikey: What happened? You okay?

Titus: Let's move in together.

((Another scene, Russ and Jacqueline are walking in a park))

Russ: ((on the phone)) Uh-uh! No, Verizon cannot turn homeless people into walking cell phone towers=
Jacqueline: =Russ, hang up. It's such a beautiful day, and the view is amazing. (stands in front of him, Russ bumps into her)

Russ: Ow! That really hurt! Yeah, listen, pal, the next call I make is gonna be to my good friend Tom Wheeler, the chairman of the FCC. Uh, well, we take swimming lessons together, so just try-- Hello? Did they just shut my service off? Sons of bitches! ((throws his phone to the ground)) My 'Berry!

Jacqueline: ((gasps)) Well, now that it's just the two of us, (. .) maybe we can go rent a rowboat.

Russ: You think I'm ready for rowboats?! Tom Wheeler and I still use floaties. I got to get to the hotel! ((runs away, Jacqueline runs after him))

((Another scene, Dr. Bayden comes out of her office))

Kimmy: Off to lunch, are we? They say it's the third most important meal of the day.

Dr. Bayden: Kimmy, what are you doing here?

Kimmy: Good, you don't remember. ((steps closer to her)) I'm here to stop you from drinking today.

Dr. Bayden: Kimmy, I am not going to--

Kimmy: Sneak attack! ((puts handcuffs on her arm)) =

Dr. Bayden: =What? ((Kimmy drags her through the terrace)) How are you so strong? Oh, right, the bunker, the crank, being a chair, fighting off a reverend who's practicing cocaine-fueled karate on you.

Kimmy: We are going to stay up here until the sun goes down. If you don't drink today, she loses, and that means you don't have to go on a bender. It's not like when you say "Bloody Mary" three times and she has to appear.

Dr. Bayden: Why would you say "Bloody Mary" to an alcoholic?

Kimmy: ((in a British accent)) Andrea, stop, that's twice!

Dr. Bayden: Oh, this is just making me want to drink more! ((sits down on a couch))

Kimmy: ((sits down too)) I get it. (. .) You use alcohol to make the bad stuff go away, but you don't need alcohol to do that. For 15 years, I did it just by keeping my brain too busy to think. Among the techniques I used: staring contest! ((stares at Dr. Bayden)) I win. I win. I win. I win. Wow, you're bad at this!

Dr. Bayden: Bloody Mary.

Kimmy: Ah, no! ((turns around))

Dr. Bayen: I win. ((sighs))

Kimmy: Go. I win. I win.

((Another scene, Russ is catching a breath in a park))

Russ: I can't run any farther. ((Jacqueline comes to him)) I have a third nipple. It's on the bottom of my right foot, ((Jacqueline look down at his foot)) and it's killing me. All right, let me use your phone.
Jacqueline: Russ, you can't worry about everyone else's problems all the time. It's turning your hair gray. ((strokes his beard)) Mm, your beard is so damp.

Russ: Okay, just let me use your damn phone! ((raches for her purse)) God. ((Jacqueline doesn’t let him have the phone)) Sorry. Sorry, that was rude. My mother would have put me in the freezer for that one.

Jacqueline: Can't you just live in the moment for once? I want to see you smile. ((barely smiles)) There it is! (. ) It's ((points at the smile)) neat.

Russ: ((sighs)) Look, ((starts walking away)) I'm not making excuses for my behavior, but ((sits on the bench, Jacqueline joins him)) when I was a kid, I had a terrible stutter, so I didn't really (. ) talk (. ) to anyone, except for my pets. I had a hamster and a turtle, a parrot that I taught to say, ((imitates a parrot)) "Russ is cool." I loved those animals. And I swore (. ) that if I ever found my voice, I would dedicate my life (. ) to speaking for them, the voiceless, whether it's (. ) lab animals or the one woman who works at Goldman Sachs or (. ) the other members of Coldplay. (. ) Look, Jacqueline, I get it. I'm not always fun to be around. I can be loud and abrasive, and my breath. The doctors say I have incurable stinktongue. But I don't care what other people think of me as long as they listen to what I have to say. ((stands up and walks away))

Jacqueline: ((sighs))

((Another scene, “Unloved New Yorker Disposal Unit“ sign is shown by the river, Mikey and Titus comes to the Norman’s funeral there))

Ice-T: I'd like to thank all of you for coming here to celebrate the life of a very special victim (. ) indeed.

Titus: ((looks around)) Who are all these people? (. ) Is that Ice-T?

Ice-T: Now, we've all worked with Norman. The makeup artists, who had us all truly believe that his genitals were stolen by some weird dentist. ((the camera zooms up to a man and a woman)) The prop guy, who thought Norman was a mannequin, and locked him in a closet over Christmas. ((the camera zooms in to a man)) His improv classmates ((camera zooms in to a couple)) who yes-anded his final words: "Well, Hillary Clinton, here we are at IKEA. (. ) Oh, God, my arm's numb. (. ) My bowels!" (. ) Norman Gordon may not be a household name, but that doesn't matter. (. ) What matters is, he followed his dream and lived life without regret. He didn't drive a fancy car or have an address where he could receive mail, (. ) but he was a success (. ) because he was to his own self true, ((camera zooms in to Titus)) and in that way, (. ) he lives forever. ((Ice-T plays a saxophone and the corpse in a black bag is thrown into a river))

((Another scene, Russ and Jacqueline walk down the street))

Jacqueline: I can't remember the last time I rode the subway. Thank you for trying to stop that horrible break-dancing panhandler.

Russ: That man was having a seizure, Jacqueline. Ow. My fipple is either bleeding, or it's lactating, but either way, my sock is soaked.

Jacqueline: ((turns to him)) When can we do this again? I'm just around the corner from your hotel.

Russ: Well, hello, Just Around the Corner From Your Hotel. My name's Russ. Pleased to meet you. ((extends his hand and laughs, Jacqueline laughs too))

A girl: ((comes to him and punches him on the head)) Knockout game!
Russ: Oh! Ow!

A girl: He didn't go down. Elana, you try. His head is perfect.

Russ: Wait, wait, wait, wait. Look, I know you're acting out, but it's probably just problems at home.

A girl: What did you say about our homes?

Russ: Oh, I didn't-- No, no! No, wait! ((the girl raises her fist))

((Another scene, Jacqueline and Russ are in Jacqueline’s apartment, Russ is beaten))

Jacqueline: I have a first aid kit in the bathroom.

Russ: ((bumps into a lamp)) Oh, God, they're back! How did they get here?

Jacqueline: No, no. No, no.=

Russ: =Did you invite them?!=

Jacqueline: =Oh, God. ((lays Russ on the bed)) Okay, lay down. ((he falls on the bed)) Oh, all right. ((she takes a first aid kit)) I was a flight attendant, so I know first aid and how to catch Gerard Depardieu's urine in an ice bucket. ((takes out a patch and starts cleaning his scratches)) Mm-hmm.

Russ: Is this your bedroom? You sleep on an air bed?

Jacqueline: Oh, you've lost a lot of blood. You're having trouble identifying beds properly. ((starts bandaging his eyes)) I need to cover your eyes in case you have a concussion. (. ) I'll have one of my servants call you an ambulance. Gustav?! (imitates Gustav) “Uh, yes, Miss Jacqweeleen?” Call an ambulance, Gustav!

Russ: ((extends his hand)) Hi, Gustav, Russ Snyder.

Jacqueline: (runs into her bathroom, looks into the mirror)) Why did I bring him here? If he figures out I'm poor, he'll know I'm a gold digger! Why would I care more about his dumb, punchable head than my own-- I put his needs before mine. (. ) What?! Why?! He's so gross! Who cares if he's the only decent straight white man in the entire universe? ((inhales)) I can barely bring myself to look into his kind eyes that dare to see a better world. (. ) Oh, God. I didn't make him fall in love with me. I'm falling for him. (. ) You stupid bitch!

((Another scene, Kimmy is holding her breath on the terrace))

Dr. Bayden: (looks at her watch) Holy crap! Four minutes.

Kimmy: The trick is not caring if you live or die. ((sighs)) And look, ((points at the sunset)) you just made it through the day.

Dr. Bayden: Hmm, okay. (. ) Just one day, but (. ) it's a start. ((Kimmy smiles and nods)) And just knowing that someone cared enough about me to do this ((raises her handcuffed hand)). I guess what I'm trying to say is-- Whazzaaaaap? ((laughs))

Kimmy: What the heck? (. ) No, you're not drunk. You can't be!
Dr. Byaden: I am super drunk! Lady, I wasn't going to lunch when you found me. I was on my way to the laser light show at the planetarium wearing ((unbuttons her coat)) a CamelBak full of vodka. ((Kimmy looks shocked)) And I would have gotten away with it too.

Kimmy: You did get away with it!

Dr. Bayden: I did! Jersey strong! Go, Devils!

Kimmy: Guess what. I like Day Andrea better than you.

Dr. Bayden: Guess what. I'm not two different people. I'm just one big mess, and you can't fix me, Kimmy. Sorry.

Kimmy: Fine, whatever. ((unlocks the handcuffs)) I don't care. ((stands up to leave))

Dr. Bayden: ((kicks her on the butt, Kimmy turns around)) But you do. You care so much. Why is that?

Kimmy: Because I like helping other people.

Dr. Bayden: ((makes an 'x' with her hands)) Eeeeee!

Kimmy: And I need your help.

Dr. Bayden: ((makes an 'x' with her hands)) Eeeeee! One more strike, and the Thompson family gets a chance to steal!

Kimmy: I care because it's my fault, okay? I'm the reason your boundaries got screwed up. It's my fault you're leaving.

Dr. Bayden: Oh, brother. (. ) Your world-famous abandonment issues. (. ) Oh, God. ((makes her sit down)) Am I really gonna have to say this out loud to you? This is so hack. ((sips alcohol)) It's not your fault. It's not (. ) your fault. One Oprah style: it's not your faaaaaaaault! The way I am has nothing to do with you. You're not responsible for other people's problems. You never have been. It's not your fault that people leave, dummy.

Kimmy: I guess this is how my relationship with my mom stinks up my current relationships.

Dr. Bayden: Chanandler Bing! And until, until, until ((punches Kimmy’s arm)) you deal with her for reals, you are just gonna continue to do the same thing over and over and over again. It's called a pattern. And so is this. ((stands up and starts dancing and singing)) Watch me whip, whip, and watch me nae nae. And whip, whip, and nae nae. ((Kimmy leaves)) And stanky leg. Stanky leg. Break your legs ((Sips alcohol)) Watch me whip, whip, watch me nae nae. And whip, whip. (. ) And watch me nae nae.

((Another scene, Titus’ and Kimmy’s apartment, Mikey cooks, Titus plays the piano))

Mikey: ((shows Titus a bottle of wine)) Hey, can I cook with this wine? It's already open.

Titus: Sure, but that's not wine. That bottle's there 'cause of a leak.

Mikey: Why is it red? ((Titus makes an “I don’t know” gesture))

Titus:((answers his phone)) Future Andromitano residence. This is Mikus. ((to Mikey)) You'll be Tikey.

Mikey: ((mouths)) I love that.
Judy Layman: Titus, Judy Layman calling.

Titus: ((stands up)) That toilet was broken when I went in there, Judy.

Judy Layman: No, no, no, no, listen. We want to offer you the part of Guy Who Stalks Tracy Chambers in Mahogany.

Titus: What? (. ) You're casting me?

Judy Layman: Look, you were clearly very ill, but you went out there anyway, and that is exactly what we look for in our cruise ship performers. (. ) If you're a human being on a cruise ship, you will be violently ill with some combination of norovirus, Legionnaires' disease, uh-- improperly prepared seafood, bird flu, pool feces, STDs from the crew, and that's assuming nobody murders you.

Titus: Judy, make like the ends of a doggy's legs and pause. This is for a cruise?

Judy Layman: Yeah, I thought you knew that. It's four months in the Caribbean.

Titus: No. I mean, I can't just leave New York. ((Mikey comes and takes his phone)) I-I--

Mikey: Judy, he'll call you back. ((hangs up)) Dude, you got to take that job.

Titus: What are you talking about? You just told me you wanted to move in together.

Mikey: I do, but we can figure that out when you get back.

Titus: In four months! That's, like, three Judd Apatow movies! I can't think that far ahead. I don't even know how this sentence is gonna end volcano! ((sits down))

Mikey: You're going! It's Dionne Warwick. That's Whitney Houston's cousin!

Titus: ((tearing up)) How can I leave when you're starting to say gay stuff like that?

Mikey: Weren't you at that funeral? Did you hear nothing Ice-T said? You got to go for it, have no regrets. Norman wasn't a loser. He was beautiful, like that one-handed touchdown catch Odell Beckham Jr. made last year. (. ) ((Titus rolls his eyes)) Yeah, I'm still gonna say stuff like that. (. ) I have levels.

Titus: ((stands up)) You'd risk losing me for me? ((Mikey nods))

((Kimmy enters the apartment))

Kimmy: Guys! I'm gonna find my mom. I don't know how. I have no idea where she could be. But if I can find every goshdang Waldo that's ever crossed my path, then I can find Lori-Ann Schmidt. ((Titus smiles)) I'll probably have to hire a private eye, someone who can infiltrate the coasterhead community by becoming one of them, ((Titus looks intrigued)) all while running the risk that he forgets whose side he's really on. And I know I can count on the two of you and your unique set of skills.

Mikey: Um, actually, (. ) I just found her on Facebook.

Titus: ((takes the phone from Mikey)) Girl, that bitch is in Orlando. ((shows Kimmy the phone))

Kimmy: Oh. ((smiles)) That was easy. ((angrily)) Why'd it take them so long to find me?!
Unbreakable Kimmy Schmidt

S03E13 “Kimmy Bites an Onion!“

((Kimmy at the dean’s office))

Dean Koontz: Hello, Kimmy.

Kimmy: ((in Mandarin)) Careful! My name is library! ((in English)) I'm taking Mandarin this semester. Was that anything?

Dean Koontz: I'm glad you brought up your classwork. I wanted to update you on your academic probation.

Kimmy: Hold up. I'm on the baysh?

Dean Koontz: You've been on the baysh for a month! Coach Tannen should have told you.

Kimmy: So what does this mean? Do I have to repeat a grade? Dina Camillo did that in third grade, and she was cool. When she got her period, everyone was like, "Wow, there is a woman in this class!"

Dean Koontz: If you fail the semester, you will have to leave Columbia. And don't tell Coach Tannen to come in here to push me around, because I know a good hiding place and I've got a sandwich in my pocket.

Kimmy: Wait. I've got a big chemistry lab tomorrow. To pass the semester, what do I have to get?

Dean Koontz: ((looks at the paper)) One hundred percent.

Kimmy: ((leans on the desk)) Out of what?

((Opening credits))

((Tips walking in the street, spying on Mikey on the construction site))

Titus: Hmm. Lost a little weight. (.) Gypsy curse, or trying to drop the chunk before you come back to me? (.) Same construction hat four days in a row. Obviously in a funk. (upbeat pop music playing, Titus starts mouthing the words) I love boobs and California Sand and California ((yells)) That's moi! (a car drives up with the music playing) Sir! Or bro. (the guy in the car looks at Titus) How does your car know that song?

A guy in the car: Tasty, right? I just searched "Cowabunga Lifestyle" on Spotify. Got to bounce, bro. This guy's late for his grandma's fizz-er-ual! Whooooo! ((Drives away))

((Another scene, Kimmy is studying in the kitchen))

Kimmy: ((sighs)) Six point oh-two times ten to the 23rd power equals... One mole?

Jacqueline: If you get stuck, try "Tallahassee." Most test answers are Tallahassee.

Kimmy: Thanks, Ms. White. Uh, you can print out your résumé whenever you're ready.

Jacqueline: I'm still tweaking it. How does this sound? NetJets Air Mistress, 2000 to 2005. And then there's a 12-year gap. I mean, you could say being a mom is a job, but not the way I do it!
Kimmy: Well, I'm proud of you. You're finally gonna stand on your own two feet.

Jacqueline: I'm done being a kept woman, like Melania Trump or Mrs. Claus. I mean, honestly, Claus, at least work out.

Kimmy: Why does he stay with her? He could have anyone!

Jacqueline: I just don't know what job a 30-to-40-year-old former trophy wife with no skills is even qualified to do.

Kimmy: I have a bunch of career aptitude tests from when I was touring colleges. All the jobs are on here, from architect to Zodiac Killer.

Jacqueline: Mm, I don't know. I took one of these in high school, and it said I should be a guidance counselor bather. That wasn't a real test, was it, Mr. McKinney?

Kimmy: It said I should be a crossing guard.

Jacqueline: That's perfect for you. I mean, you're basically a talking traffic cone. Okay (Jacqueline sits down) this will tell me my future.

Lillian: Unbelievable! All week, zero motorcycle accidents. Artie is on the waiting list for a new heart. So I got out the old police scanner. Next biker that goes down, I get there before the cops with a steak knife and a bag of ice— (Lilian turns to Jacqueline)

Jacqueline: Wait. Why is Artie Goodman on a waiting list? Isn't he rich?

Lillian: Oh, very. All day long, he biddy-biddy-bums.

Jaqueline: Well, rich people don't wait for organs. They just give a generous donation to the hospital and cut the line. There's a whole chapter about it in Art of the Deal.

Lillian: No, Artie would never do that. (comes to Jacqueline) It's deplorable. On the other hand, you take a heart off the market, then when Giuliani needs one, "Ooh, sorry, pal. Hope you like ferret hearts." He-he!

Titus: Something insane happened while I was accidentally at the construction site for three hours.

Kimmy: Were you spying on Mikey again?

Titus: I'm watching Mikey to find the right time to jump back into his life. It's called "double-Dutching," and everyone loves it. But then I heard someone playing my TaskRabbit song. Yet another example of white people stealing from black people. And I'm still not over what Ryan Gosling and Emma Stone did to jazz.

Lillian: (Stands up from the couch she was sitting in) It's payback 'cause you stole Hamilton from us! I gotta go talk to Artie!

Jacqueline: Well, I can't just sit here and take this terrifying career test when my best friend is being taken advantage of! Let's go. It's time, once again, for Jacqueline White to stand up for the little guy.
Titus: Thank you. I am wittle. ((they leave))

Kimmy: ((sighs))

((Another scene, Gordy puts a Batman mask to George Washington on a one dollar poster))

Gordy: Holy secret identity, Bat-President! You did tell a lie.

Jacqueline: You must be Gordy.

Gordy: ((turns to Jacqueline)) Ah! Real girl!

Jacqueline: You owe Titus half of everything you made on "Boobs and California."


Titus: Do not insult my intelligente! Her phone is a contuter!


Gordy: Fine. I made 30 grand. But I don't have to give a penny of it to Titus. The TaskRabbit contract was written by the same lawyers who did Mrs. Claus' prenup. Why do you think Santa stays with her?

Jacqueline: ((shakes her head)) Gordy, Gordy, Gordy--

Gordy: Is the name of my band. ((points to a poster of the band on the wall) So?

Jacqueline: So. (.) You have an Internet radio hit. How are you gonna keep it going if you can't perform it live?

Titus: ((sings)) Yeeeah! How?

Gordy: I did try to roll it out solo on the Today Show. ((a scene with Gordy singing on the Today’s Show is shown)) But the ((bleep)) in California are the greatest ((bleep)) aroooound. ((back to the present)) Did you know the seventh hour of that show is just a sign-up sheet?

Jacqueline: Gordy, you need Titus. Hall was nothing without Oates. Dave would be nowhere without Buster's. Do you really think people would go to a restaurant that's just called Dave?

Titus: ((scoffs))

Gordy: All right. He gets half. But I get final wardrobe approval.

Jacqueline: No.

Gordy: Okay. ((starts taking the money out of the trash bag))

((Another scene, Kimmy is sitting in the hall))

Kimmy: ((sighs)) Okay, this kind of stuff happens to Beaker all the time, and he's a professional scientist.

Zach: ((comes out of the dean’s office)) Oh, God, oh, God, oh, God--
Kimmy: Zach, are you okay?


Kimmy: Husky children.

Zach: I just dropped out of school.

Kimmy: What? ((stands up)) You failed out? Wow, I thought you were smart. 'Cause you're not athletic. I've seen you try to put your backpack on.

Zach: No, not failed. I've only ever failed three tests: scoliosis, Turing, and lice.

Kimmy: Wait. You chose to drop out?

Zach: Yes, it might be a huge mistake.

Kimmy: Well, at least it was your decision. I think they're gonna make me leave. And I hate not being in control of my life. My bedtime's when I say so. I don't let some pyramid tell me what food to eat. And I don't care what Titus says, I put my mittens on before my jacket.

Zach: Then how do you zip or button it?

Kimmy: That's the price of freedom, Zach! ((Zach nods)) I'm just saying, (. ) you're in charge of your life. ((Zach nods)) And I am too. ( . ) (raises her hand for a high-five)

Zach: Paw Patrol to the rescue! ((gives a high-five)) That's a cartoon I quote to soothe myself. Bye. ((leaves))

((Dean comes out from his office))

Dean Koontz: Kimmy? ((shows a hand gesture for her to come in)) ((in the office)) Well, Kimmy, you did not get an A. ( . ) Professor Dooley is pretty shaken up. (. ) In the explosion, he saw the face of a childhood friend who died after falling from a tree they were both climbing. (. ) And unfortunately, you're going to have to leave Columbia--

Kimmy: I'm dropping out of Columbia, my choice.

Dean Koontz: I'm terribly sorry, but I said my thing first. (((Kimmy slaps the desk)) You know, there are many different kinds of intelligence. Maybe you're not book smart. But that doesn't mean you don't have, say, emotional intelligence. (((Kimmy rolls eyes)) Kimmy, we're aware that you've been through a lot. Trigger warning, I'm about to say "bunker." Is it okay if I say "bunker," Kimmy? (((Kimmy nods)) Bunker! (((Kimmy rolls eyes)) In light of that, ((opens his drawer)) Columbia would like to present you with this ((opens the diploma)) honorary degree. We ended up not giving this to Jimmy Smits because Attack of the Clones was such a turd. (((Kimmy takes the diploma))

Kimmy: ((sighs and stands up)) Someday, I'll laugh about all this. ((forced laugh)) No. Too soon. But I'm never gonna cry about it. So tell the Columbia House tapes department to keep the party tunes coming. ((dances her way out of the office))

((Another scene, Artie is spraying water on the plant in his office))

Artie: ((sings)) Biddy-biddy-bum, bum-bum-bum.
Lillian: ((comes to the office)) Hey.

Artie: There she is! Finish packing yet? Bring a bathing suit. ((hugs her))

Lillian: Mm.

Artie: The best gravlax is served inside a sauna. ((sits down))

Lillian: ((chuckles)) Hey, listen, why don't you use your money to skip the line, get a new heart?

Artie: Because being rich doesn't make me more important than a kid with a bad valve or a hooker with a heart of gold. (.) Number one killer of Desirees.

Lillian: Well, what if we get to Sweden? A-And this heart machine needs a different plug? What if you die during sex and I'm trapped there on top of you?

Artie: Lillian, ((stands up)) you spent 40 years stuck in the past. Now you're torturing yourself about the future.

Lillian: You don't control what time I live in. I'm like Highlander!

Artie: ((takes her hands)) All I have is now. Be with me.

Lillian: ((releases her hands from Artie's)) Okay, I did it. Now buy a heart, 'cause I'm not gonna hang around just to watch you die.

Artie: I'm not gonna buy a heart. ((Lillian takes a stapler from the desk and throws it to the wall) Uh-uh. I can't take this kind of stress. ((sits down))

Lillian: Dick Cheney cut the line. Maybe I should have fallen in love with him. We both shot people in the face, so there's your first-date small talk right there.

Artie: Lillian, I'm going to Scandinavia with or without you. They have gnomes there. I'm gonna touch a gnome.

Lillian: I know you are. ((mockingly)) "Cause I live in the future." Have a nice life. ((leaves))

((Another scene, Titus and Jacqueline come to the bank))

Titus: I'd like to open a bank account because of money. ((throws out the money from a plastic back to the bank accountant's desk))

Bank accountant: I'll need to see a valid ID. ((Titus puts birth control pills with a sticker with his name on it on the glass for the bank accountant to see)) You take birth control pills?

Titus: Just the sugar weeks. ((turns to Jacqueline)) Ah! Look at me! ((Jacqueline strokes her coat)) I said look at me!

Jacqueline: Fine. But only if you look at me.

Titus: Last month, I was implicated in a gas station bathroom fiasco in front of Mikey, but now I'm a 15,000-aire with a hit song on the tubes. This is it! It's time to double-Dutch back in. Maybe I'll just happen by that construction site while enjoying a bank lollipop.

Titus: Don't you have your own mess to figure out? Or did that career test tell you to be a less-hot Don Rickles?

Jacqueline: I don't know, Titus. I haven't finished the test. Because I've been so obsessed getting you back together with Mitchey. And now we have to go shopping.

Titus: ((gasp and claps his hands))

((Another scene, Lillian is at Kimmy's and Titus' apartment, reading a label on the bottle))

Lillian: Cooking sherry? You don't tell me how to use you! Mm! ((drinks the bottle))

((Kimmy comes back))

Kimmy: Well, college was a waste of time. What do I need to learn Mandarin for? I don't want to go to Mandarin. What I want is to help people. And you don't need a degree for that. I mean, look at dogs: they help the blind and people who pretend to be nervous on planes. They never went to Ruff-ers University or Boston Collie or UC Bark-ley, or Marma-Duke, or Corgi Mellon, or (...) the Mutt-sachusetts Insti-cute of Technolo-dog. You have to tell me when to stop, because I won't!

Lillian: I can't stop you. I can't control anything in this life. It's all just random and terrible. Mm! ((throws the bottle at Kimmy))

Kimmy: Ow!


Kimmy: ((sees the career attitude tests on the table)) Wrong. That test told me I should be a crossing guard. How un-random is that? And crossing guards do real good in the real world. Getting kids safely to school, calling drivers "pal," and, oh, the whistle blowing! I'm gonna go down to the police station and I'm gonna apply to be a crossing guard, ((puts on her mittens)) right now. ((puts her jacket on and struggles to open the door))

Lillian: Who puts their mittens on first? ((points at Kimmy))

Kimmy: ((opens the door and shows Lillian one mitten)) Worth it. ((leaves))

((Another scene at the construction site, Titus parks a limo, and gets out of the car, "Boobs and California" with Titus singing plays on the background))

Titus: I love bikes and California workin' out and California, but the boobs in California are the greatest boobs around. Oh-oh! Oh-oh! ((Titus takes a peacock from the car and walks it down the street)) Are the greatest boobs around. Oh-oh! Oh-oh! The greatest boobs are in California. ((coughing)) Yeah! ((Titus vocalizing))

Mikey: ((turns to Titus)) Titus?

Titus: Michael? ((chuckles)) What are the odds? I was just walking my definitely not-rented peacock, Debra Winger. Aptly named because she is difficult.

Mikey: You're so fancy. Like a chandelier in Beauty and the Beast.
((car door closes, a guy comes out of the car to Mikey))

Andrew: Hey, Mikey. Ready to hit it?

Mikey: Yeah. Oh, uh, Andrew, this is Titus. Titus, this is Andrew. ((chuckles)) Where are my manners? I'm Mikey Politano.

Titus: Weird, you look just like that guy Mikey was going upstate with. But all white guys look the same to me, which is why I have no clue why the movie Twins is funny.

Mikey: Nah, this is the same guy. It's actually our three-month anniversary.

Titus: Wow. (. ) Three sugar weeks. (. ) Well, good for you. ((clears throat)) I am very serious with my boyfriend. He is an international basketball man. ((inhales)) We've been to condominiums and such.

Jacqueline: ((comes out of the car)) Titus. We've got to get to the blimp. Gayle and Oprah are flying us out for lunch with Kim and Kanye and Tom and Gisele.

Titus: And... Jacké.

Andrew: Yeah. We should head out too, babe.

Mikey: We're going on a Mets opening day party cruise. Three hours cruising from Flushing Bay to City Field. It's gonna be epic! Mr. Met meet and greet. DJ Fingblast is spinning. We were calling WFAN for weeks trying to win tickets, but luckily, Andrew's got unlimited minutes.

Titus: ((shakily)) Unlimited? ((Andrew nods)) Well, good for you. ((sobs)) For both of you.

Jacqueline: That's so funny that you'll be on the Mets cruise, because Titus is performing at that event. So I guess we'll see you there. The peacock is our gift to you. ((hands the leash to Mikey))

Titus: I-I have too many. ((they go to the car))

((Another scene, Kimmy comes to the police station))

Kimmy: Hello, Officer. I'm--

Officer Krupke: Hold on. ((is on his phone)) Posting a picture of my sloppy joe. Four likes! What do you want?

Kimmy: I want to be a crossing guard.

Officer Krupke: Well, you're gonna have to pass the test. ((stands up)) Follow me.

Kimmy: Oh, boy. I'm not great at tests. Supposably, I have emotional intelligence.

Officer Krupke: Oh! Taye Diggs liked my joe! ((laughs)) He was in Rent, I think, right? ((leaves))

Kimmy: ((taking the test)) "Touch the picture of a car". It's either a car or a Transformer. Don't overthink it. ((touches a picture of a car)) "Touch the arrow pointing left". ((touches the arrow pointing left)) ((exhales)) "Which is most dangerous to pedestrians? A, moving cars, B, parked cars, C, boats, D, Tallahassee?" ((touches answer A)) ((dinging)) Question 1,000: "I want to be a Crossing Guard to A, be the boss of cars, B, disappoint my parents, C, meet potential lovers, D, help people be safe." Oh, I don't know psych! ((touches answer D)) One hundred percent! Out of what?
Officer Krupke: Wow. You two are the only ones who've ever gotten a perfect score.

Kimmy: Us two? ((stands up to see Yuko, the robot))

Yuko: It is on.

((Another scene in the yacht))

Jacqueline: Here's how we handle DJ Fingablast. Men always want what they can't have. Cuban cigars, a watchable Superman movie. Just act like you don't want the gig.

Titus: I don't.

Jacqueline: That's perfect.

Doug: Jacqueline! ((comes to Jacqueline)) What a surprise! ((greets Jacqueline))

Jacqueline: Doug. My dog masseuse turned turntables turner. How are things?

Doug: Not good. ((sighs)) My beats were diagnosed with renal failure because they are sick! ((dabs))

Jacqueline: ((laughs)) Wonderful. Oh! This is my friend Titus. Maybe if you get a little bigger, he could play one of your shows. He's got a ton of heat on him. That's why he's so sweaty.

Doug: Toight. ((nods)) How about a little sample? Samples are my religion, even though I was raised Mennonite, yo!

Titus: Not interested, Mr. Blast.

Doug: Titus. Listen. (. ) I've got a hot slot in the schedule before Keith Hernandez tries stand-up--

Titus: Jacqueline, can we go?

Jacqueline: ((imitates phone ringing)) Oh. Oh. I've got to take this. It's the Giants' off-season party bus.

Doug: No! I want Titus! (. ) Whatever he normally gets, ((points at himself)) I'll pay double.

Titus: Nyo, thanks.

Jacqueline: Finga, could you give us a moment? ((puts Doug's earphones on his ears)) You can stop now. He wants you.

Titus: No. I'm seriously not playing this boat. (. ) My grand re-debut to Mikey was like Simone Biles trying to ride a roller coaster after the park closed. (. ) Too little, too late.

Jacqueline: Okay, you took a hit. But when is quitting ever the answer?


Jacqueline: You just need a comeback. If Steve Harvey had given up, do you think he'd be the host of Little Stinkers or whatever? This stage is your chance. Up here, you'll be something that Andrew could never be: a star. And Mikey will be putty in your hands.
Titus: Sticky and with a backwards Garfield on him?

Jacqueline: Just drink your go-go juice. ((gives a bottle to him)) You got a show to do. ((Titus drinks))

((Another scene, Officer Krupke setting up traffic cones in the parking lot for Kimmy's and Yuko's testing, a song is playing on the background))

Male singing voice: When Kimmy was touring colleges, they gave this out for free. A staple-bound pamphlet with a test inside to tell you what you should be. Oh, Lord, to tell you what you should be. She added up her answers, and then she laughed so hard. Not only did Kimmy score a 69, that meant she'd be a crossing guard. Oh, fool, that meant she'd be a crossing guard. So Kimmy told the captain, "Oh, Kimmy ain't no delicate miss. And before I'll let ol' Yuko break me down, I'll die with a stop sign in my fist. Golly, I'll die with a stop sign In my fist."

Officer Krupke: Final scenario. (. ) A truck is coming right at you. But its brakes have failed. If it goes to the right, it runs over five little kids. If it goes to the left, it runs over a businessman. Which way do you send the truck to go?

Kimmy: It's the trolley problem.

Officer Krupke: I'm gonna take a half a point off. I just said truck. It's-- You're up first.

Yuko: This is obvious. Utilitarianism. Kill one to save many. For now.

Kimmy: Yeah, but that's just in a book. These are real cardboard people. ((looks at the cardboards)) That businessman could be somebody's mom. (. ) It's been an honor. ((gestures to the police officer with a cardboard of a truck come at her))

((Dramatic music, the cardboard truck hits Kimmy))

Officer Krupke: ((drops his blank)) She saved everybody. (. ) Taye Diggs ((takes out his phone)) is gonna love this. May I? ((wants to take a photo))

((Another scene, Kimmy comes to the police station in a crossing guard's uniform))

Officer Krupke: Flag on the play. ((Kimmy turns around)) We had to run a standard background check. ((comes to Kimmy)) You aren't currently married to a registered sex offender in Indiana, are you?

Kimmy: Well, yes, technically, but only to help Wendy.

Officer Krupke: Sorry. ((takes off Kimmy's cap)) We can't have you around schools or (. ) ducklings. ((camera zooms in to a poster with Donald Trump saying “You're a loser!”))

((Another scene in the yacht, hip-hop music playing))

A singing girl: Famous, I so famous. Big cats, big cars, big words, so famous! That's why this tramp stamp Is still damp, champ! That was for the troops. ((drops the microphone and leaves the stage, cheers and applause))

Titus: Last looks.

Doug: Coming to the stage, a band so new, they're not even on Wiki-wiki-pedia! Gordy! Gordi! Gordee! Feat. Titus! ((cheers and applause, upbeat pop music))
Titus: ((sings)) Lovin' California, livin' left coast time, I don't need to warn ya, the babes out here are so fine--

Mikey: --No way! They play this all the time at my gym's Cowabunga Plyometrics class. Go, Titus!

Titus: ((sings)) --Hella rad, now here we go! I love boobs and California, sand and California, boobs and California and my 'Stang and California! But the boobs in California are the greatest boobs around! No, no! No! No! (Mikey and Andrew start kissing in the crowd) No, no, no, no, no! Stop it, Mikey! Mikey Michael Politano, stop it! That's Gabba-gross! I can't watch you do that and pretend I'm cool with it when I'm the opposite. I'm extremely nerd with it. Maybe I should just keep my mouth shut. But as our wise president once said, "Come on, black people. What do you got to lose?" (. ) So here goes. (. ) All of this is for you, Mikey. Why do you think I'm up here singing this stupid song about women's chunky Charlies with a crazy man who thinks Hurricane Katrina was a David Copperfield illusion?

Gordy: Water doesn't melt buildings!

Titus: It's all just to impress you. (. ) Despite appearances, life is not going great. (. ) My boyfriend is not an international basketball man. (. ) He's fake news. (((crowd murmuring))) And I don't love boobs and California. (. ) I love... Mikey Politano.

Mikey: Wow, Titus, I--

Titus: I cannot hear you, Michael! You don't have a microphone like I do.

Mikey: ((shouts)) I don't know what to say!

Titus: Don't say anything. (. ) But know this, meatball. (. ) I... Will win you back. It may not be today or tomorrow (. ) or the day after tomorrow because I have Wendy Williams tickets. But as Gordy is my witness, ((points at Gordy)) you will be mine.

Man in the crowd: I used up all my minutes for this! When's Keith Hernandez gonna do stand-up?

All: Yeah!

Another man: He doesn't even care about boobs! Get him!

All: Yeah!

Titus: It's time to go, girl! (((crowd shouting))

(((Another scene, Lillian comes out from the bathroom, reading a lable on a plastic bottle))

Lillian: Rubbing alcohol? You don't tell me how to use you either! (((drinks from the bottle))

Kimmy: ((comes home)) A Vidalia onion is not an apple. ((sits on the couch)) When I was a kid, there was a story on the news about a new kind of onion that was so sweet, you could eat it like an apple. Vidalia onions. My mom and I thought that was so cool. Like Willy Wonka's Gobstoppers. So we got on her ATV, went to Kroger's, and bought a bag of Vidalia onions. (. ) We didn't even wait to get home. We sat in the parking lot, and, on three, we each took a huge bite. (. ) And you know what they tasted like? Fudging onions. The world is a Vidalia onion. It's a lie, it stinks, and it makes you cry. (. ) Sooner or later, you got to just stop biting onions.

Lillian: What? Hey. ((sits on the couch next to Kimmy and takes her hand)) Hey, come on, Red. You never give up. You-You're like that bunny that keeps on going and going 'cause Meth-Head Charlie fed him Adderall. (. )
And to be honest with you, ((inhales)) I was kind of counting on you to see a double rainbow or make friends with a carriage horse, and then I would snap out of my Artie funk and I would run to the airport, all romantic, like O. J. in that Hertz commercial.

Kimmy: ((stands up)) All I wanted was to help people, and I can't even fudging do that. ((goes to her room))

Lillian: No, no. (.) This isn't how it's supposed to go for either of us. (.) I got to go back and fix this. ((takes a hammer and a coat and leaves))

((Another scene, Titus and Jacqueline are coming out of the water to the shore))

Titus: ((panting)) I should have warned you that that's how I tend to leave boats.

Jacqueline: It's okay. I look hotter wet.

Titus: Girl, that was scary. And I don't even know if it worked, but I feel better. I just think, in some ways, this was the culmination of a personal journey.

Jacqueline: You think this whole thing was about you? No, you're in my story, pal. I'm the one who feels amazing! Look what I did for you today. I got you paid, I used my connections to book you a gig, I handled your many tantrums.

Titus: Tie-tie gets the screamies when he's nervous.

Jacqueline: And I loved it! So forget this stupid test ((takes out the test from her purse and throws it on the ground)) and whatever perfect career number 89 is supposed to be for me. I know what I'm gonna be! I'm done sponging off of other people. So Jacqueline White is going to be an agent.

Titus: Yes! ((they leave, camera zooms in to the test results where the number 89 says “Talent Agent/Guidance Counselor Bather“))

((Another scene, Lillian is in the college with a hammer))

Lillian: Hey! Where's the dean?

Zach: He's in there with Kimmy Schmidt.

Lillian: What? She's not in there!

Zach: That's the last place I saw them, so that's where they must be. I'm- I'm waiting for her.

Lillian: Why? She's not into white guys.

Zach: No, I need to find her. She helped me, and I need her help again.

Lillian: You need her help. (.) Yeah, that was my plan all along. Not to hammer a dean. I'm here to do your thing. You got cab fare?

Zach: I have a car.

Lillian: Oh! Well, let's see how fast you can run to it. ((smashes a statue)) Ah! Come on! ((they run))
((Another scene, Kimmy is sitting on the stairs outside, drinking alcohol from a bottle, a car comes and hits a trash can))

Kimmy: Crazy drunk driver. ((Lillian and Zach come out of the car))

Lillian: Kimmy! Get in! ((runs to Kimmy)) It's about your future.

Kimmy: Zach, what are you doing here?

Zach: I need your help. ((runs to Kimmy and looks up)) That building is a sideways tugboat.

Lillian: He needs your help, Kimmy. Only you. (. ) Now, I don't know if he's gonna be an onion or an apple, but don't you just want to ((takes Zach’s face in her hand)) bite him?

Kimmy: ((chuckles and comes to them)) I'm so confused, Lillian.

Lillian: That's my girl! Come! ((laughs, they run to the car and drive away))

((Another scene, Zach and Kimmy comes to a colourful office with dogs))

Kimmy: ((gasps)) What is this place? Does it appear for one day every hundred years? Don't disappear, magical office.

Zach: This is my company. I was running it out of my dorm room, but after I developed the soups and wet foods algorithm for Nom Nom, some major funding came through. That's why I quit Columbia. (. ) Do you like it? Do you want to work here?

Kimmy: You want to give me a job?

Zach: D-d-di-did I stutter? D-damn it.

Kimmy: But I just effed out of college. Don't you want to hire a robot or something?

Zach: A robot can't do what you did today. (. ) You noticed me. You remembered my name. You made me feel calm when my brain was hot. Also, the dogs don't hide from you. ((dogs gather around Kimmy)) Fifteen employees start tomorrow, and I don't want to talk to them. Ever. I need someone with your emotional intelligence.

Kimmy: That's a real thing? I thought the dean was making it up so I'd feel better, like when your mom says everything must have fallen out of Santa's sleigh.

Zach: Oh, boy. Even I know that's this. ((takes out a card with a pictures of emotions and points to a sad face)) So. What do you say?

Kimmy: Zach, I'm-- ((falls into a box full of plastic balls)) --in! Get it?

Zach: It was gotten. Yes. ((Zach leaves, a golden retriever comes to Kimmy))

Kimmy: ((to the dog)) Hello, coworker. I'm Kimmy. ((she pets it)) What do you do here? Let me guess. Barketing manager. Shar Pei-roll? C-arf-O? Accounts retrievable? Don't try to stop me, because I never will! ((falls back to the plastic balls))

((Ending credits))
2. The Ranch (2016-)

S01E01 “Back Where I Come From”

((Beau gets out of the car and goes to the door))

Beau: Rooster, you home?

Rooster: Yes, sir. Living room!

Beau: ((enters the room)) I thought you were gonna take a look at that tractor and try and see what was--

Rooster: Check it out! ((sighs)) Colt’s home.

Beau: What the hell are you doing here? (.) I thought you were up in Canada playing amateur's football.

Colt: A semi-pro. ((puts on a cap)) Yeah, I was playing for the Saskatoon Cold. It's like the Miami Heat, except, you know, cold. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Yeah, we know. We also heard you got arrested for flashing Shania Twain while you were up there. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((scoffs)) How'd you even hear about that?

Rooster: ((chuckles)) It was in the paper. "Former high school phenom Colt Bennett shows Shania his Twain."

((audience laughs))

Beau: First time you made the front page since the state finals. (.) I put it on the fridge. ((audience laughs))

Colt: All right, listen to this. I-- They got this hotel up there made entirely of ice, okay? And so, I'm-- a little drunk, and I-- and I see this sweet ice sculpture of Wayne Gretzky. And naturally, I think, I could take a wizz on him. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: It's like when you go to the fancy restaurant and they put the ice in the pisser. ((audience laughs)) You know, you get to spray it up and melt it down.

Colt: ((chuckles)) Yeah. ((audience laughs)) So, I'm taking a piss in The Great One's mouth. ((audience laughs)) And I almost got a hole all the way through the back of his head. ((audience laughs)) He shoots, he scores. ((chuckles, audience laughs)) When I slip. Bam! I slide balls first into Miss Shania Twain. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Did she look down and say, ((imitates Shania Twain)) "That don't impress me much"? ((audience laughs))

Colt: No. ((chuckles)) She said, "That makes me feel like a woman." ((he laughs, audience laughs))

Beau: What are you doing here?

Colt: What? Can't just stop in and say hi to my family?

Beau: I remember last time you stopped by. Said you were done with football. You wanted to start helping out around here. ((Colt looks away)) How long ago was that, Rooster? About six years?
Rooster: Yes, sir. It was on my birthday. We were all supposed to go to dinner but you guys just fought the whole time. Hey, I got ten bucks anyone in here knows how old I am. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Then you snuck out of here in the middle of the night. (...) Took your brother's truck. Left the damn gate open--

Colt: --Okay, ((points at Beau)) that wasn't my fault. Rooster ((points at Rooster)) was chasing after me yelling, ((imitates Rooster)) "That's my truck!" ((audience laughs)) And so, I just assumed he was gonna close it! ((audience laughs))

Beau: Our cows were all over town. I found one of 'em standing in the Sizzler parking lot just staring at a poster of a rib-eye. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I'm 35. ((audience laughs, he sips from the bottle, Colt puts a foot on the table, he is wearing Uggs))

Beau: What the fuck's on your feet? ((audience laughs))

Colt: They're boots.

Beau: (shakes head) Those are not boots. ((audience laughs))

Colt: They're Uggs. ((Beau looks questionably at him)) That's Australian for "boots." ((audience laughs))

Beau: They're ladies' shoes. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Well, Tom Brady wears 'em.

Beau: Yeah, well, Tom Brady gets away with a lot of shit. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Fine. ((puts the foot off the table)) You know what? That's-- You made fun of my ((takes off his cap)) clothes, you made fun of my career, you made fun of my childhood. You got anything else you wanna take a shot at?

Beau: ((points at Colt)) That's a stupid haircut. ((audience laughs))

Colt: All right. You know what? ((puts his cap on)) This was a bad idea. I can't stay here with him, he's impossible. ((goes to take his things))

Beau: Same old Colt, "I can't stay here, he's impossible." "I can't stay in this school, the coach won't let me start!" "I can't stay with this girl. She doesn't like it when I cheat on her."

Colt: Well, speaking of women who don't like being cheated on, how's Mom doing?

Rooster: ((stands up)) All right, ((puts an empty bottle on the table)) this is getting good. ((audience laughs)) I'm gonna grab a beer. ((comes to them and points)) No punches till I get back. ((leaves, audience laughs))

Beau: Don't go making accusations when you don't know the whole story.

Colt: Oh, really? What's the whole story, Dad?

Beau: That's none of your damn business.

Colt: ((steps back from him)) There we go. There we go. ((Beau takes him by the arm))
Beau: Why are you here?

Colt: I got a tryout with a new semi-pro team in Denver. And I just need a place to stay for a couple days. As soon as I make the team, I'm out of here.

Beau: Are you kiddin' me? Are you still chasing this dream?

Colt: I'm a football player.

Beau: You're not a football player, Colt. You're a guy dreamin' about being a football player. You're 34.

Rooster: Oh, sure, you know how old he is. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Uh, 34 is still young to be a quarterback.

Beau: That's your three concussions talking.

Colt: ((scoffs)) I don't remember three concussions. ((audience laughs)) You know, has it ever crossed your mind that you might not be right about everything? 'Cause you were just as sure when you said the moon landing was fake.

Beau: A flag cannot ripple in the vacuum of space. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Well, you're wrong about me. I can still make it. I just need a chance.

Beau: Every opportunity you've had, (.). I'm talking about high school, college, and the pros. You've either smoked it, or drank it, or screwed it away.

Colt: Well, next time it'll be different.

Beau: They ought to put that on your tombstone. "Here lies Colt Bennett. Next time it'll be different. He died wearing lady boots." ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Beau, Colt and Rooster enter the Maggie’s bar))

Colt: Seriously? I can't even shut a truck door right?

Beau: I'm sure you could. Why you choose not to is beyond me. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Hey, I'm gonna hit the head. But in case you guys run out of things to fight about... Colt's jeans cost 85 bucks. ((Colt looks at Rooster, audience laughs))

Beau: ((looks at Colt)) What kind of dipshit pays 85 bucks ((audience laughs)) for a pair of jeans?

Rooster: My work is done. ((audience laughs, he leaves))

Beau: Hey, bartender. Can we get a couple of cold ones, please?

Maggie: Not a chance, Beau.

Colt: Not even for your favorite son? ((Maggie turns around))

Maggie: Colt?
Colt: ((laughs)) Hi, Mama.

Maggie: ((comes to him)) Don't you "Hi, Mama" me. Give me a hug. ((hugs him, Colt raises her)) Aw! You're a sight for sore eyes. Especially now since you cut your hair and shaved off that stupid goatee.

Colt: Oh, no. ((touches his chin)) That was a playoff beard. ((audience laughs)) You know I can't grow here. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: ((goes to get beer)) You ready for your tryout?

Beau: You knew about this?

Maggie: Yeah, I stay in touch with my son. You should try it. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Can we just get those beers? ((sits at the bar))

Maggie: You have any complaints about the service, take it up with the owner.

Beau: The owner's kind of a pain in my ass. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: That's why the owner lives in her own Airstream now. ((audience laughs)) ((looks at Colt)) What time you leaving tomorrow?

Colt: Oh, early. Tryout's at 2:00.

Beau: About the time I'll be getting a beer. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Once you're on that team, I'll make the drive every Sunday.

Colt: Oh, uh, the games aren't on Sunday. Sunday's reserved for the high school girls' lacrosse team. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((comes to the bar)) Phew! I just had me one of them pees that's better than sex. You know, a pee-gasm. ((audience laughs))

Colt: You know, it's possible you're not having sex right. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Well, it's also possible you're not peeing right. ((audience laughs)) Hey, Ma, could you grab me a beer?

Maggie: Sure, darlin'.

Beau: ((gives money to a man sitting next to him)) Hank, I'll give you five bucks for that beer.

Hank: ((puts down the bottle)) Done. ((takes the money, audience laughs))

Beau: ((takes the bottle)) Cheers, Maggie. ((comes to Rooster)) Come on, let's grab a table.

Rooster: Oh, yeah. Good. Just the two of us. (. ) Sit and talk for a while. ((goes to his dad, audience laughs))

Maggie: Would you like a beer?

Colt: Ma, I got a tryout tomorrow. (. ) Make it a whiskey. ((audience laughs)) You look good, Ma.
Maggie: I'm all right. I got my health, ((pours whiskey in a glass for Colt)) the bar keeps me pretty busy and it's filled with a bunch of drunk guys I can take advantage of if I want to.

Hank: You can start with me. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: I said, "If I want to," Hank. ((audience laughs)) How's it going with your dad?

Colt: Hmm. ((nods)) Remember how he reacted when Obama got elected? ((Magie lowers her head)) It was worse than that. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: ((goes to take a tip from the table)) Stupid question. ((notices Colt’s Uggs)) What the fuck's on your feet? ((audience laughs))

Colt: Tom Brady wears ‘em.

Maggie: ((looks down at the shoes)) Looks like Marcia Brady wears ‘em. ((audience laughs)) All right, give this to your brother. ((gives him a bottle)) And don't touch any of the waitresses.

Colt: Hey, Alicia came on to me. She saved a horse and rode a cowboy. ((winks)) ((audience laughs))

((A blonde girl stops at Colt))

Heather: Aren't you Colt Bennett?

Colt: Do you work here?

Heather: No.

Colt: Then yes, I am. ((extends her the bottle)) ((audience laughs))

((Another scene in Colt’s bedroom, Colt and Heather are making out))

Heather: I can't believe I'm in Colt Bennett's bedroom.

Colt: I can't believe I'm here, either. ((audience laughs))

Heather: ((notices a picture on the wall)) How old were you in that picture?

Colt: Uh, that was high school. So, uh, 17?

Heather: You were really hot. ((throws Heather on the bed))

Colt: ((points at himself)) Duh! ((starts undressing himself))

Heather: Is that your national championship ring?

Colt: Yep. ((takes off the ring, gives it to her)) Florida State. '99.

Heather: Wow. 1999. I was six. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Oh, '99 So that'd make you born in ninety... Three. Carry the one. And that would make you... 24?

Heather: I'm 22.
Colt: Even better. ((audience laughs)) ((jumps on the bed, Heather laughs))

Heather: I'm about to have sex with a national championship quarterback.

Colt: ((speaks while undressing himself)) Uh, the backup to the backup quarterback. You know, now seems like a bad time to be honest.

Heather: Wait. Backup? But you were the best ever.

Colt: Yeah, the coach had it out for me from day one. ((tries to kiss her))

Heather: Why?

Colt: 'Cause I didn't show up till day three. ((audience laughs)) And I slept with his daughter on day four. But-- ((audience laughs)) ((knock on door))

Beau: Colt.

Colt: She's 22! ((Beau enters the room, audience laughs))

Heather: Hi, Mr. Bennett.

Colt: Dad, this is Heather. ((audience laughs))

Beau: I know Heather. How's your mom?

Heather: She's good. She says, "Hey." ((audience laughs))

Beau: She's a fine woman. Top-notch bowler. Put your clothes on, I need a hand.

Colt: Wha-- Seriously?

Beau: One of the cow's water just broke and she's calling your name. Let's go. ((audience laughs)) Heather good seeing you. Tell your mom Beau says "Hey" back. ((winks, leaves the room audience laughs))

Colt: ((gets up)) Ugh. Sorry. ((reaches for thr Uggs))

Heather: Oh, actually, those are my Uggs. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Rooster is in a cow-shed standing by a cow with a rope, Beau and Colt comes))

Beau: How's she doin'?

Rooster: It's a breech.

Colt: Oh, damn it.

Beau: All right, Colt. Get over here and wash your arm.

Colt: What? ((stammers)) Why do I got to put my arm in her? Why can't Rooster do it?

Beau: Because he's not good at it.

Rooster: 'Course I'm good at it.
Beau: Last time, you lost your watch in there. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Who cares? It's waterproof. ((audience laughs))

Beau: ((pats Colt’s butt, while he washes his hands)) Come on, Colt. Hustle it up.

Colt: I'm coming! God, wait, why can't you hook her up and I'll just pull the rope?

Beau: You know, that's the beauty of having somebody beggin' for a place to stay. ((Colt continues to wash his hands)) You can't ask 'em to pay rent, but you can ask 'em to stick their arm up a cow's address. So, come on.

Colt: ((comes to the cow, takes a rope from Rooster)) All right, Carla. ((Carla mooing)) Here we go, girl. You're gonna be fine.

Beau: You don't have to make love to her. ((audience laughs)) just get the calf out of there so we can raise it and slaughter it. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((grunting)) Ew! Forgot how warm it is. ((audience laughs)) All right, I got her legs.

Beau: Good. Feet will be right at the end of those.

Colt: Thank you. I know what I'm doing. God, do I look like an idiot?

Beau: Well, you're shoulder-deep in a cow and ankle-deep in her shit, so-- ((audience laughs))

Colt: Man, my Uggs! ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Hey, if you feel a Timex up in there, grab it for me, huh? ((audience laughs))

Colt: You know what? You can't see it, but I'm flippin' you the bird right now. ((audience laughs))

Beau: All right, one loop for each foot. Come on.=

Colt: =Yeah, I got it!

Beau: Oh, you got it? Well then start pulling!

Colt: You know, did it ever occur to you to encourage me instead of riding me all the time?

Beau: If I rode you, it was 'cause you were the only one in this family that had any smarts or talent.

Rooster: Standing right here, Dad. ((audience laughs))

Beau: I'm aware of that, Jameson. ((audience laughs)) ((Carla mooing)) We all sacrificed so you had a chance to succeed. But you weren't willing to work for it. So, here we are!

Colt: You know, where do you get off being so high and mighty when you can barely pay the bills around here?

Beau: Who told you that? ((looks at Rooster))

Rooster: I'm allowed to say things. I'm a person. ((audience laughs)) I'm gonna go hang out with Heather. ((he leaves, audience laughs))

Colt: So, is it true? You in trouble?
Beau: It's not my fault. It's that other bastard.

Colt: What other bastard?

Beau: God! There hasn't been a decent rain around here in over a year. It's hard to raise grass-fed cattle when there's no grass.

Colt: ((stammers)) That ain't God, Dad, that's global warming.

Beau: Global warming's a bunch of crap Al Gore made up to sell books to Californians. ((audience laughs)) Besides, what do you care? You haven't been around this family the last 15 years.

Colt: Yeah. Why do you think I left, Dad? Because of you!

Beau: Well, why are you here now?! ((Carla mooing)) Oh, that's right, you got no place else to go!

Colt: Go to hell! ((pulls out a calf, Beau checks it)) Ah, it ain't breathing.

Beau: Hell, I'll get the epinephrine. ((goes to look for it))

Colt: I'll give her CPR.

Beau: That's not gonna work. Damn, this is the last thing I need. ((Colt doing a CPR to a calf)) You're wasting your time. ((calf mooing, Colt stands it on its feet))

Colt: ((grunts)) Wasting my time. Well, it worked. He's up.

Beau: I'll be damned. ((extends his arms)) Come here, buddy. ((Colt extends his arms too, but Beau comes to pet a calf)) ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Beau and Colt comes to the kitchen where Rooster is sitting on a counter))

Beau: Rooster, we are the proud parents of a beautiful 85-pound boy. ((Rooster raises his bottle and drinks))

Colt: ((washing his hands)) It was incredible. That calf was born still. I gave it CPR and I brought it back to life! ((raises his arms))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) Wow, Colt. You had your arm up a cow and made out with a calf. ((audience laughs)) You know, you diddle a chicken, you're in the farmer's Hall of Fame. ((audience laughs))

Beau: I'm gonna go back out and check on him, make sure that calf is sucking. ((goes to the door)) Colt, good job. ((points at him and leaves))

Colt: ((looks at Rooster)) Did he just--

Rooster: Yeah. He just said, "Good job." And then I think he felt nauseous and went outside to get some air. ((audience laughs))

Colt: I think the last time he told me "good job" was when I learned how to walk. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I think his exact words were "Jesus, finally." ((audience laughs)) You know what you should do to really mess with him? ((gets down)) Go outside, look him straight in the eye, and say (. ) "I love you, big fella." ((audience laughs))
Colt: Yeah, then you can go tell him you're a Democrat. ((audience laughs)) ((takes Rooster’s bottle))

Colt: ((chuckles)) Oh, God. I don't think washing helped at all.

Rooster: Yeah, that smell never really goes away. You know, my advice is when it comes to putting body parts into livestock, you always wanna use the same arm. This one ((raises a left arm)) is for pregnant cows and constipated horses. This one ((raises a right arm)) for eatin', whistlin' and shakin' hands. Unless I don't like the guy, and then I use this one. ((raises a left arm)) ((audience laughs))

Colt: Yeah, that was not the vagina I thought I'd be in tonight. ((audience laughs)) You know, all in all, it was a good day. ((raises a bottle and drinks)) ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Even prison's fun when you're just visitin'. ((audience laughs)) ((takes out a hair from the table)) You get to talk on that phone. Lady next to you puts her boobies up against the glass. ((audience laughs)) ((sits down))

Colt: ((chuckles)) If it's so bad here, why don't you just leave?

Rooster: ((sips beer)) You're kidding, right? (. . . After you left, that wasn't much of an option. Dad needed someone here to help him run the ranch.

Colt: So you felt like you were stuck? ((Rooster stares at him)) Well, you must think I'm--


Colt: Okay. ((takes the bottle)) I was gonna say "selfish" but--

Rooster: Conceited? Stubborn? Full-blown alcoholic? ((audience laughs)) But, ((sighs, puts hands on the table)) you were a hell of a football player. And you had to go. (. . . I was proud of you. (. . . You're my little brother, amigo.

Colt: Thank you. ((points at Rooster, he nods)) You know, I'm proud of you, too.

Rooster: Yeah? For what?

Colt: ((audience laughs)) You know, I really didn't think there was gonna be a follow-up question. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((stands up)) All right. Well, I'm gonna go outside and help Dad with Carla. Unless, of course, you want to? ((turns to him))

Colt: Oh, no. You do it. I can't make eye contact with her for a while. ((audience laughs)) ((Rooster smiles and leaves))

((Another scene, Colt is walking down the stairs and meets his mom in his dad shirt))

Colt: Mom?

Maggie: Oh, hey, Colt. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. (. . . What are you doing here?

Maggie: Your father. ((audience laughs))
Colt: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! You and Dad still--

Maggie: Every time I see your father, we fight. And every time we fight, we end up f--

Colt: All right! All right! ((audience laughs)) I got it.

Maggie: Oh, if it helps, we weren't facing each other. ((audience laughs))

Colt: No! That does not help at all! ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Do you want some coffee?

Colt: Sure. ((comes to the sink)) Oh, man. ((sniffs his hand)) Whoa!

Maggie: What are you doing?

Colt: ((while washing hands)) Oh, Carla had a breech birth last night. So I had to stick my arm up her--

Maggie: Got it. ((audience laughs))

Colt: If it helps, we weren't facing each other. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: That's cute. Soap and water won't do it. Need some Tabasco, tomato juice, a stalk of celery and vodka.

Colt: That's a bloody Mary.

Maggie: Right, you have four of those, you won't care how your arm smells. ((audience laughs)) ((takes a coffee kettle)) You ready for your tryout?

Colt: ((inhales deeply)) Yeah, I think so. I'm a little nervous.

Maggie: ((pours coffee)) Well, that's good, right? It means you still care. ((Colt takes a hat in his hands)) How about I make you that pre-game pasta you used to like? ((Colt puts on the hat))

Colt: ((chuckles)) Thanks, Mom, I'm not a kid anymore.

Maggie: How about a pancake with a whipped-cream face?

Colt: Oh, yes, please. ((chuckles, audience laughs))

Maggie: ((looks through the window)) Blue skies. God, I never thought I'd hate blue skies. You know, I don't think it's rained here since you left.

Colt: Yeah. ((takes off the hat)) Dad told me it's been kinda rough around here.

Maggie: ((takes out the bowl from a cupboard)) "Kinda"? You up to speed on everything here?

Colt: Well, obviously not. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: This is the worst year that anybody can remember. I mean ((sighs)) he even had to let Pedro go.

Colt: Wait. So, it's just him and Rooster? ((Maggie pours a pancake dough in a bowl)) Oh wait. He's not gonna lose this place, is he? I mean, that'll kill him.
Maggie: No. Keeping this place is killin' him. He's been out there for hours already. He hardly ever sleeps. ((goes to the fridge and sighs)) Sorry. Can't put the face on the pancake. Your father and I used all the whipped cream up last night. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((sighs)) ((shudders)) ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Colt is in his dressing room, coach enters))

Coach Shaw: Looked good out there, Bennett.

Colt: Oh, hey, ((stands up)) thanks. Yeah. Just taking it one play at a time. Figure if I give it 110%--

Coach Shaw: Cut the crap. This isn't a press conference. How's the shoulder? ((points at the shoulder))

Colt: Yeah, it's a little sore. Nothing three Vicodin and a couple of shots of whiskey can't take care of, huh?

Coach Shaw: Funny.

Colt: Yes, that was a joke. ((audience laughs))

Coach Shaw: ((sits down and sighs)) Think you can make it through a whole season?

Colt: I can if it means you got a spot for me.

Coach Shaw: You're Colt Bennett. In these parts, you're still a big deal. (. ) Nothing else, you'll sell tickets. And by that, I mean ((points at him)) every player has to sell at least ten tickets per home game. ((audience laughs))

Colt: What's the starting salary?

Coach Shaw: Two hundred and fifty a game. You start, it's a bonus of 50. If we win, you get another 50.

Colt: Are you kidding? I got paid more than that for playing in college.

Coach Shaw: ((chuckles and points at him)) Another good one.

Colt: Yes, that was also a joke. ((audience laughs))

Coach Shaw: Look, I know it's not the big time, but the quality of play is pretty decent. And occasionally NFL scouts do come to these games. It's a long shot--

Colt: Yeah, no, I get it. You can't win the lotto if you don't buy a ticket, right?

Coach Shaw: That's ((points at him)) the attitude. First practice, ((stands up)) Wednesday at 11:00. (. ) Extra 15 bucks if you come early and line the field.

Colt: ((chuckles)) Oh, thanks! Can't wait! ((sniffs arm)) Oh, damn, Carla!

((Another scene, Rooster and Beau fixing a car))

Rooster: Yeah, it needs a new head gasket. All right, I'll order one online.

Beau: No, we'll go over to Henderson's to get one. If they don't have it, we'll go someplace else.

Rooster: No! Amazon will have it here in 24 hours.
Beau: See, that's what's wrong with your generation.

Rooster: Oh, good. I was wondering what's wrong with us. ((audience laughs))

Beau: You're a bunch of lazy bastards. You never wanna leave the house. What're you gonna do when North Korea comes knocking on the door? ((audience laughs)) You gonna order a gun on Amazon? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: No. I'm gonna go to the gun rack in the truck. ((audience laughs)) Or the gun rack next to the fridge, or the gun rack in the bathroom, or the second gun rack in the bathroom. ((audience laughs))

((Colt comes limping))

Colt: Hey.

Rooster: Hey, how'd it go?

Colt: Yeah, it could've gone better.

Rooster: What do you mean: "It could've gone better"?

Colt: ((drops bag and turns around)) I mean I didn't make it.

Rooster: Damn, Colt, I'm sorry. (. ) You know what you could do? Strap on those Uggs and try out for cheerleader. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Screw you. (. ) So, ((comes to Beau)) anyway, I don't know what my next step's gonna be but I thought, if it's all right with you, I could stick around here for a while.

Beau: You're serious?

Colt: Yeah. (. ) Guess you were right. I'm done with football. ((walks back))

Beau: Wow. I didn't realize I'd raised a quitter.

Colt: Really?! ((audience laughs)) You've been telling me to give it up for years.

Beau: You've got no sense of humor at all. ((audience laughs)) Look, for what it's worth, I'd be happy having you around here. And I'd rather not see you cripple yourself.

Rooster: Wait. You just said something nice to him. And yesterday you said "good job." Are you dying? ((audience laughs))

Colt: One more thing. ((comes to Beau and gives him some money)) Here.

Beau: ((takes the money)) Where'd you get this?

Colt: Sold my championship ring. Figure all the money you gave me over the years, it's the least I could do.

Beau: No, thanks. ((gives the money back to Colt))

Rooster: Uh-- Dad, we could use that money.
Colt: Yeah, I want you to have it. ((extends his hand with the money))

Beau: Do I look like some kind of charity case?

Colt: Oh, come on. I'm just trying to help.

Beau: We've got a country full of people with their hand out. ((Colt rolls eyes)) All I want is what I earn. (.) All anybody is gonna do for me is dig--

All: --a six-foot hole in the ground and drop me in it. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Well, it ain't gonna be here 'cause you're about to lose this place.

Beau: This place isn't yours to save.

Colt: ((stutters)) Just swallow your pride and take the damn money.

Beau: Not gonna happen.

Colt: God, you are such a stubborn old son of a bitch! ((throws the money at him))

Beau: Listen, son ((Beau comes closer to Colt, Rooster stands between them)). I'm not too old to kick your ass.

Rooster: It's like my birthday all over again. ((audience laughs))

Colt: You don't wanna start this with me, Dad.

Beau: I didn't start this. You did. ((touches Colt))

Colt: ((avoids him)) Don't touch me.

Rooster: ((tries to break them apart)) All right, relax, guys.

Colt: I started this? I started this?! You drove me out of here! And then you drove Mom out of here! Hell, I left the gate open, even the cows ((shoves Beau)) tried to get away from you!

Beau: You're standing awful tall for a man who came crawling back on his hands and knees! ((they start shoving each other))

Rooster: Hey! Hey! Heeeeey!

Beau and Colt: Whaaaaat?!! ((turn to him))

Rooster: ((everyone looks up)) It's rainin'.

Beau: ((throws his arms up in the air)) Screw you, Al Gore! ((audience laughs)) ((Rooster and Colt high-five each other and start running around)) ((Rooster hugs Beau and the Colt hugs Beau))

((Another scene, Rooster and Colt in the kitchen))

Rooster: Couldn't have just told Dad you wanted to stay?

Colt: ((turns to him)) What are you talking about?
Rooster: I know you made that team.

Colt: Uh, no I didn't.

Rooster: When you got cut from that team in Alaska, ((Colt takes out a bottle of wine)) you punched out the mascot.

Colt: Well, that mouthy penguin had it coming. ((audience laughs)) He kept telling the coach I was drunk at practice.

Rooster: Were you?

Colt: That's not the point! ((audience laughs)) The mascot's job is to support the team. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) You have the worst temper. If you didn't just make that team, there is no way you'd be this calm right now.

Colt: All right, don't tell Dad.

Rooster: If it doesn't make you look like an ass, it's none of his business. ((audience laughs)) ((they clink the glasses))

((They go outside to the porch where Maggie and Beau are sitting))

Maggie: Isn't this fantastic?

Beau: Well, it's a start. () Everything's getting a drink. ((raises his glass)) including me. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: You know, if someone took a picture of us, they'd never know how fucked up we really were. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((all chuckle)) Well, to the Bennetts. ((raises his glass))

Colt: The Bennetts. ((raises his glass, everyone raises theirs too and drinks)) You know, I just wanna point out, that the rain did not arrive until I did. ((audience laughs)) So so, maybe I'm the good luck charm this family needs. ((lightning crackling))

Beau: Hell. The barn's on fire. ((stands up, everyone runs to the barn))

((Ending credits))

The Ranch

S01E09 “There Goes My Life”

(((Colt and Heather are in the kitchen, Heather making coffee)))

Colt: Where'd you learn to make coffee like this?

Heather: Campin’. I was a girl scout. ((pours coffee))

Colt: A girl scout?
Heather: Yeah.

Colt: Still got the uniform?

Heather: ((chuckles, audience laughs)) Yeah, but it's too small and it smells like cookies.

Colt: All right, stop. (.) I-I know what I want for Christmas. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((coming down the stairs)) Colt, you used my towel again, asshole.

Colt: Oh, yeah. Sorry about that. It's just so dark up in the bathroom with the power out, I don't know what I'm reaching for. ((audience laughs)) But, full disclosure, I may have wiped with the sock that you left outside by the hamper. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Full disclosure, I've been wearing your socks. ((audience laughs))

Heather: Should I not bring clothes over here anymore? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Come on, let's go to work.

Colt: Yeah.

Rooster: ((takes coffee from Heather)) Thank you, darling. ((leaves))

Heather: Mmm-

Colt: Hey, you wanna meet up tonight?

Heather: I don't know. I'm supposed to hang out with my sister, Darlene. ((takes her things)) She just got through a really bad breakup.

Rooster: Bad breakup, huh? She sounds hot. ((audience laughs))

Heather: She is hot. And she finally got rid of that deadbeat asshole of a boyfriend.

Rooster: Oh. Well, would you say deadbeat assholes are kind of her type? ((audience laughs))

Colt: Hey. She just got out of a relationship.

Heather: Yeah, her ex left her right after the baby was born. Might be a good change for her to go out with a nice guy.

Rooster: ((raises his cup)) Mmm-hmm.

Colt: Yeah, so we're in agreement. She should not go out with Rooster. ((audience laughs))

Heather: Stop. He is a good guy. Maybe the four of us could go out.

Colt: Rooster don't like blind dates, so.

Rooster: Oh, uh, hell yeah, I do. ((audience laughs)) I mean, dating is like fishing, you know? You can sit on the water all day and not catch a bite. But a blind date? That's like a guy drives up in a boat and just throws you a fish. ((audience laughs)) After that, all you gotta do is, clean it and eat it. ((audience laughs))
Colt: You must really hate your sister. ((audience laughs))

Heather: Stop. It'll be fun. ((kisses Colt)) Promise. ((goes to the door)) I'll tell Darlene.

Rooster: Mmm-hmm.

Heather: Call me later! ((leaves))

Colt: Yeah. Oh, hey, don't forget to look for that girl scout uniform. ((chuckles)) ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Hey, you hear that, pal? It'll be fun. ((goes outside))


Rooster: Why not?

Colt: 'Cause I've ((waves to Heather)) got a good thing going with Heather, and I'd I-- I just I know how you are with women.

Rooster: ((putting on his jacket)) You mean awesome? ((audience laughs))

Colt: Yeah, so awesome that Cindy Wilson keyed your car?

Rooster: ((chuckles)) That was an accident.

Colt: Yeah, oh, she accidentally wrote, "Rooster Bennett's got a tiny penis"? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Technically, she wrote, "Rooster Bennett's got a tiny pen," 'cause I caught her. ((audience laughs)) That's why I bought all those tiny pens just to not confuse anybody. ((audience laughs))

Colt: What about Tammy? She was so pissed, she set your underwear on fire. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((scoffs)) So? Big deal.

Colt: You were still wearing 'em! ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((takes a cup)) Look, man, that was a long time ago, all right? I'm not gonna do anything to mess up you and Heather. ((sips coffee))

Colt: All right. Just behave.

Rooster: Yeah, that's my middle name. Jameson "Rooster" "Behave" "Big Dick" Bennett. ((audience laughs)) ((leaves))

((Opening credits))

((Another scene, Colt and Beau finish working, Rooster comes with an all-terrain vehicle))

Rooster: ((yawns)) Man, I'm exhausted.

Colt: Yeah, me too. ((Rooster yawns)) If somebody told me there was a million dollars out in that field, I don't know if I could go pick it up.

Rooster: ((chuckles)) Still going to the bar, right?
Colt: Oh, hell yeah. ((audience laughs))

Beau: ((sitting on the porch)) How is it that you two are so tired at the end of every day, but you still muster enough energy to go out drinking every night?

Rooster: 'Cause it ain't work when you're doing something you love. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((points and sits down)) That Mom?

Beau: Yeah. (.) Said she wanted to talk.

Rooster: Oh, well, as fun as that sounds, I'm gonna make like Colt and abandon this family. ((audience laughs))

((goes inside))

Colt: ((stands up)) I resent that. (.) And just to prove a point, I'll stay out here with you, Dad. ((sits again, Maggie comes)) Hey, Ma.

Maggie: Colt. ((gets out of the car)) Could we have a minute?

Colt: ((stands up)) I gave it a shot. ((audience laughs)) ((goes inside))

Beau: ((Maggie waves, Beau stands up and comes to her)) Maggie, I know I said I could talk, but ((sighs)) I've been up since 4:00 this morning. ((Maggie looks down)) How about we do this another day? (.) Unless you've got some really good news.

Maggie: I made us an appointment to go to counseling.

Beau: That wasn't it. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: I know you don't wanna talk about your feelings. When the guy at the gas station says, "How you doing?" you tell him to stop prying. ((audience laughs))

Beau: If I wanted him to know, he'd know. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Okay. Well. I don't wanna get divorced.

Beau: ((sits down)) Well, I hate talking to strangers and I hate spending money. Now you're asking me to do both?

Maggie: No. We won't have to pay and it won't be a total stranger. Priscilla, in my book club, she's a licensed therapist. (.) She helped out Noreen and Will.

Beau: Will left Noreen for Stan at the feed store. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: And she helped Will to realize his true feelings.

Beau: I could've told Will that 20 years ago. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: I really do think it will help us. She's an expert on marriage.

Beau: And what makes her an expert? The fact that your book club read Bridges of Madison County? ((audience laughs)) This is my busiest time of the year.
Maggie: I know you're busy. But there'll always be a reason to put it off.

Beau: All right, we agree. Let's never do it. ((audience laughs)) ((stands up))

Maggie: You want me to move back in, right?

Beau: 'Course I do.

Maggie: Well, the only way that's gonna happen is if we start connecting more. (. ) I really do think it would help us to see Priscilla. And afterwards, I'll treat you to a burger if you want.

Beau: If I'm sharing feelings, I'm eating steak. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Well, let's see how the first session goes.

Beau: Wait a minute. There's more than one? ((audience laughs)) ((Maggie goes to the car))

((Another scene, Maggie’s bar, Heather, Colt, Darlene and Rooster are sitting at one table))

Rooster: So, Darlene, how do you scratch out a living?

Darlene: Well, four days a week, Mom watches the kids and I work down at the nursing home. Mostly, my job consists of dealing with cranky senior citizens.

Rooster: Mmm-hmm. Hey, mine ((raises his bottle)) too. ((audience laughs))

Darlene: You guys are ranchers, right?

Rooster: Yeah, Colt works on my ranch. ((Colt and Heather look confused)) ((audience laughs))

Darlene: You like being a rancher?

Rooster: Did Jesus like being a carpenter? ((audience laughs))

Darlene: What? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: No, I'm just saying, you know, I didn't choose it, it chose me. ((Colt smiles)) I mean, ranching game's tough, you know? You gotta be strong, muscular. But also sensitive, gentle, you know, with a real caring touch. ((audience laughs))

Darlene: Are you fucking kidding me?!! ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Well, I may have used some bold imagery, but I-- ((audience laughs))

Darlene: ((looks at her phone)) My ex just posted a picture with him and his skanky new girlfriend. (. ) Is that ((gives the phone to Heather)) the trashiest bikini you've ever seen?

Heather: ((Colt also looks at the phone)) Oh, come on, you are so much hotter than her.

Colt: Yeah. Well, they're-- ((stuttering)) Those are-- That-- Those are too big. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I should, uh-- Probably weigh in on this. ((audience laughs))

Darlene: What an ass!
Colt: ((chuckles)) Yeah. What an ass. ((audience laughs))

Heather: Listen, ((gives back the phone)) Darlene, forget about him. We're all having a good time here.

Darlene: You're right. ((looks at Rooster)) I'm sorry.

Rooster: Oh, that's all right. You know, he's the loser, 'cause my date's way prettier than his. I'm guessing, 'cause I didn't really get to see the picture. ((audience laughs))

Darlene: ((still looking at the phone)) Are you shitting me?! Is that the Eiffel Tower?!

Colt: Whoa! He took her to Vegas? ((audience laughs))

Darlene: This asshole, the father of one of my children, is getting married to this dick garage. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) All right, man, I like this chick. ((audience laughs))

Darlene: I'm never getting married. I'm gonna be one of those pathetic losers who lives at home forever.

Rooster: =Oh, you know, that's just like family=

Colt: =There's no shame in that.= ((audience laughs))

Rooster: =Togetherness is really a move-

Darlene: Eff my effing L! ((stands up and leaves))

Heather: Darlene! ((goes after her))

Colt: Well, she seems stable. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Yeah, no kidding. (. ) Hey, how's that chick, huh? She got them tig ol' bitties? ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((stands up)) I'm gonna get another round. (sighs) Two. ((comes to the bar)) Oh, shit. Hey, Abby.

Abby: Hey, Colt. What is all that yelling coming from your table?

Colt: Oh. Yeah, Rooster's on a blind date.

Abby: Got it. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Uh-- Where's, uh-- Kenny?

Hank: On Fridays, she waits here for him to get off from the Marriott. (. ) And then, they usually go see a movie. ((audience laughs)) Sorry for me taking an interest in my friends. ((audience laughs))

Abby: I see you're still with Heather. (. ) So, when you guys go out, does she order off the kids' menu? ((audience laughs))

Colt: No. As long as they have crayons so she can draw on the place mat, she's happy. ((audience laughs)) What do you do, you just sit around all day and think these things up?

Abby: Yeah, in detention I run 'em by the kids. ((chuckles)) ((audience laughs)) You know, 'cause they're the same age as Heather. ((audience laughs))
Colt: Aaaaah.

Abby: That one's mine. I just came up with that. (((audience laughs)))

Colt: I'll give you that one. ((Abby chuckles)) Hey, uh-- I got your text. Your-- Your truck's still making that noise? ((bartender brings two bottles of beer))

Abby: Yeah. I replaced the fan belt like you said but, uh-- It's still doing it.

Colt: Is it-- Is it like a high pitch? Like a ((imitates squealing))

Abby: No, it's more like a ((imitates growling)) (((audience laughs)))

Colt: You drivin' a truck or a bear? (((audience laughs))) **Hey, you know what? Bring it by the house. I'll take a look at it.**

Abby: Thanks, I will.

Colt: Yeah.

Abby: Don't you have to get back to your date?

Hank: He wants to, but Rooster's date's all broken up about her ex. (((audience laughs)))

Colt: Oh, Hank, you gotta-- Actually, he's right. (((audience laughs))) ((chuckles)) **Hey. I'll see ya, Ab.**

Abby: See you. ((Colt goes back to his table))

Colt: Hey. Where's ((points at the empty seat)) Darlene?

Heather: She's-- Really upset. I think I gotta take her home.

Colt: Damn.

Rooster: **That's all right. I'll get her home.** ((extends his hand to Colt for a beer))

Heather: Are you sure?

Rooster: Yeah, ((takes the bottle)) I don't mind. You guys have fun. ((sips beer))

Heather: Thank you. (...) Um, and once you get her home, Mom can take care of the rest of it.

Rooster: Mmm-hmm.

Heather: I'll get her. ((leaves))

Colt: **Hey. ((sits down)) Remember what we talked about. I don't want anything messing things up with me and Heather.**

Rooster: Relax, man, I will be a complete gentleman. **Hey, can I borrow a couple quarters for the condom machine?** (((audience laughs)))

Colt: Dude!
Rooster: I'm kidding. I already got some. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Dude!

Rooster: I'm joking, man! Shit, you know I don't use condoms. ((audience laughs)) ((stands up))

((Another scene, Maggie and Beau comes to Priscilla’s house))

Maggie: Hi, Priscilla.

Priscilla: Hi, Maggie. Hello, Beau. Glad you two decided to come.

Beau: I'm not laying on a couch.

Priscilla: Well, I don't even have a couch in here. ((closes the door))

Beau: What kind of a therapist doesn't have a couch? ((audience laughs))

Priscilla: ((gestures them to sit) Now, I should start by saying that, though this is my home, ((sits down)) please consider it a completely professional place. Uh, however, I do ask that if you need to use the restroom, please knock, as my teenage son, Justin, recently discovered his body. ((audience laughs)) Okay, so. ((takes a notebook and a pen)) Let's talk about your marriage.

Beau: I'm not even sure what we have can be called a marriage.

Maggie: Real helpful, Beau.

Priscilla: Actually, it's very helpful. Very good, Beau. He believes that you two are not in a marriage. Now, I encourage you both to say how you're feeling.

Beau: I'm feeling like going home. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Beau, you agreed to come here. At least give it a chance. You say you're open to things, but you're not. You either shut down or complain.

Priscilla: Good! Wonderful. This is so great. ((writes something down))

Beau: Are you gonna keep doing that? ((points at her))

Priscilla: Doing what?

Beau: Saying "good" every time we say something bad about each other? ((audience laughs))

Priscilla: Let's try this. (...) Maggie. When would you say things started to go awry between the two of you?

Maggie: Well. I know that once I bought the bar, he started to resent me.

Beau: Are you serious? (...) Is that really why we came here? To rehash stuff that we've been fighting about for years?

Maggie: ((scoffs)) Oh, we don't fight, Beau. I bring something up, you shut me down, and that's the end of the discussion.

Beau: That's not true. (...) End of discussion. ((audience laughs))
Maggie: Okay, fine. You wanna talk about something new? Brenda Sanders.

Priscilla: Oh, here we go. ((audience laughs))

Beau: You gotta be kidding. You're going to bring up Brenda here? I told you, I didn't sleep with her.

Maggie: Well, I had to walk around with the whole town thinking you did.

Beau: No one thought that.

Priscilla: Oh, we all did. ((audience laughs))

Beau: You know what? I'm done. ((stands up, goes to the door))

Maggie: This is exactly what I'm talking about. ((Beau leaves))

Priscilla: Well. That was a good session.

Maggie: Priscilla, shut the fuck up!

((Another scene, Rooster comes down the stairs happily to find Colt and Heather in the kitchen))

Rooster: Mornin'!

Heather: Hey, Rooster. Thanks for taking care of things last night.

Rooster: ((coming to them)) Oh, I took care of things last night, all right. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Wait. After all of that, you still hooked up with her sister?

Rooster: No, I did not. ((a woman comes down the stairs)) I did not, in fact, hook up with Heather's sister. ((Rooster clears throat))

Heather: Mom? ((audience laughs))

Colt: Nooooo! ((audience laughs))

Heather: What are you doing here?

Mary: Uh, I'm sorry, sweetie. ((hugs Heather)) I didn't plan for this to happen. ((audience laughs)) ((goes to stand next to Rooster))

Rooster: Colt, this is Mary, Heather's mom. Heather, Mary, uh-- ((Mary chuckles)) No introduction needed. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Uh, nice to-- Meet you. I'm really, surprised this happened, given our conversation. ((audience laughs)) ((Rooster nods))

Heather: Yeah, I thought you took Darlene home.

Rooster: Uh, yes, I did. ((leads Mary to a chair, she sits own)) And taking her home on my motorcycle was a bit of a mixed blessing. The sound of the bike, you know, kind of drowned out most of her tears. ((pours coffee))
((audience laughs)) But, then I pulled up to this light and had to explain to a cop that I was not, in fact, kidnapping her. ((audience laughs)) ((gives a cup of coffee to Mary))

Mary: ((chuckles)) Yeah, he got Darlene home safe and sound. He was so sweet. He even sang her baby a lullaby.

Rooster: ((chuckles)) Yeah, Ozzy Osbourne, "Crazy Train." ((audience laughs)) Whoo-hoo. All aboard. ((audience laughs)) ((goes to stand next to Mary))

Mary: ((chuckles)) And then we started talking.

Rooster: Turns out, Mary has always had the hots for the Rooster.

Mary: Oh, God-- That is not what I said. What I said was, "The Bennett men are all very handsome."

Rooster: It's true.

Mary: I bowl with your father.

Colt: Oh, great. Now my dad's ((throws arms in the air)) hot. ((audience laughs))

Heather: He really is. ((chuckles)) ((audience laughs))

Colt: How would you like it if I said your mom's hot?

Rooster: Hey, back off. ((audience laughs))

Mary: We talked for hours. You know, once you get past "the Rooster," Jameson is a really sweet, ((strokes Rooster’s back)) smart, sensitive guy.

Rooster: ((chuckles)) You can't prove that. ((audience laughs))

Mary: ((chuckles)) So I offered him some wine, and-- We started talking about our lives in Garrison, and then one thing led to another and then--

Rooster: Yeah, we didn't want, you know, Darlene to wake up and see us, 'cause-- ((chuckles)) I mean, ((chuckles)) that would be awkward. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Yeah. That would be awkward. ((audience laughs)) Well, it's a little hot in here. ((goes outside))

Rooster: Hmm. Yeah, he gets hot flashes. He's going through the change. ((audience laughs))

Mary: ((stands up, takes her jacket)) You know what, honey, um, why don't you grab your coat and I'll drop you at home before work?

Heather: ((stands up)) Okay.

Rooster: ((clears throat)) Hey, where do you work?

Mary: Cracker Barrel.

Rooster: Oh, shit. Jackpot. ((audience laughs)) Get us a discount?
Mary: You know I can.

Rooster: ((chuckles)) I know this is a little fast, but I think I love you. ((audience laughs))

Mary: ((chuckles)) I'll talk to you later.

Heather: Bye, Rooster.

Rooster: All right, Roth girls, y'all have a good day. ((they leave, he sits down and takes Heather’s plate with food))

Colt: ((comes inside)) Hey. What did you do?

Rooster: Colt, it would be unsavory to give you the details of the things I did to your girlfriend's mom last night. ((audience laughs))

Colt: You cannot date Heather's mom! Are you intentionally trying to fuck up my life?

Rooster: You don't need my help to fuck up your life. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Who does that?! I mean, I was cool with you going out with her sister, but you don't bang the mom, dude! ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Hey! I like the mom, dude. ((audience laughs))

Colt: No, you don't. That's bullshit. You like any woman standing in front of you. You liked her daughter earlier in the night.

Rooster: Yeah, that's 'cause her daughter's hot. ((audience laughs)) But Mary's hot and cool, you know. Like a sandwich with buffalo sauce and ranch dressing. ((audience laughs))

Colt: It's my girlfriend's mom! ((stammers)) You know, you just don't care about anybody, do you?

Rooster: Look, man, I'm closer in age to her than you are to Heather, all right? You think about it, you're the weirdo who's dating a 23-year-old. ((audience laughs))

Colt: No. You think about it, you're an asshole. ((takes the coat from the chair and leaves))

Rooster: That is no way to speak to your future father-in-law. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Beau is walking in the yard with Dale))

Dale: Your calves look healthy to me, Beau. ((they come to the porch)) A good thing, too, because I know if they didn't, you wouldn't have the money for me to fix 'em.

Beau: You know, I'd insult you back, but I know you wouldn't hear it 'cause you're deaf.

Dale: What?

Beau: I said, "Thanks for coming over." ((audience laughs)) Can I get you some coffee?

Dale: Coffee? No-- ((stammers)) Whiskey'd be good, though. ((points)) That Jim Beam looks fine. ((audience laughs))
Beau: Are you kidding? It's 10:30 in the morning.
Dale: I don't know. Phyllis Diller, I guess. ((audience laughs)) ((he sits down))
Beau: (looks at the sky) Some weather comin' in.
Dale: You feelin' it in your knee?
Beau: I see the clouds. ((points up)) You blind, too? ((audience laughs))
Dale: No, but I wish I was, then I wouldn't have to look at your sour old puss. ((audience laughs))
Beau: Here you go. ((gives Dale a glass of whiskey))
Dale: Cheers.
Beau: I got somethin' I wanna ask you, Dale.
Dale: About as long as you're pourin', I'm listenin'.
Beau: (sits down) How have you and Charlene stayed together for so long?
Dale: Well, part of it's love part of it's hard work. (.). Big part of it is when she starts telling me about how her day is goin', I-- I turn my bad ear toward her and every once in a while say, "Yep. Uh-huh. Sure sounds tough." ((audience laughs)) ((sips whiskey))
Beau: Well. Maggie and I are havin' a hard time. (.). I don't even know what the right thing to do is anymore.
Dale: Yep. Uh-huh. Sure sounds tough. ((sips whiskey)) ((audience laughs))
Beau: Damn it, Dale.
Dale: You know, back in the ranch, I had two old horses. ((stammers)) Both over 20 years old. One of 'em was a mare, one of 'em was a gelding. And they were almost inseparable.
Beau: (points) I remember those two.
Dale: What?
Beau: I said, ((louder)) "I remember those two."
Dale: Well, who cares if you do? I'm telling the story here. ((audience laughs)) Well, the, mare kept biting at the gelding's tail. And the gelding kept stealing carrots meant for her. Then one day, she up and died. Just old age. Ten days later, the gelding followed her.
Beau: Are you saying that horse died of a broken heart?
Dale: Oh, hell no. It's the worst case of colic I ever saw. Probably from all 'em carrots he stole. ((audience laughs)) I had to put him down.
Beau: So, if Maggie dies, I should avoid eating carrots? ((audience laughs))
Dale: Look, all I'm saying is ((puts down an empty glass on the table)) if we care for something, we sometimes have to put up with things that annoy us. Like you and me. You know, I don't like you one bit. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Well, I don't care for you much, either. ((audience laughs))

Dale: ((stands up)) And if you need to talk, let me know. I'll charge you by the hour. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Yep. Uh-huh. ((shakes his hand)) Sure sounds tough. ((audience laughs))

Dale: ((laughs and leaves))

((Another scene, Colt knocks on Mary’s door))

Mary: ((opens the door)) Oh! Hey, Colt.

Colt: Hey, Mrs. Roth.

Mary: Oh, come on, you can call me Mary. I am fucking your brother. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckles)) Yeah, your daughter and I are-- I can't say it. ((audience laughs))

Mary: Look, I know today was weird.

Colt: Yeah. ((clears throat)) Still kind of weird.

Mary: ((sighs)) Yeah. When I was coming down those stairs with my panties tucked into my purse, I just thought, "Mary, this is not your finest hour." ((audience laughs)) On the other hand, how often do you get to do the walk of shame in front of your daughter and her boyfriend? Huh? I mean, come on, that's one for the highlight reel. ((audience laughs))

Colt: If you're tryin' to make this less weird, it ain't working. ((audience laughs))

Mary: I know. You know, if I could do last night over again, I would do it differently. You know? I would talk to Heather. I would talk to you. ((points at Colt)) I would make sure y'all were okay with it. But-- Honey, that's not how it happened and-- Here we are.

Colt: All right, look, if you want to date a Bennett, I got a cousin who's a doctor. ((Mary chuckles, audience laughs)) I mean, it's true, he's a dent doctor. He pulls out dents in cars, but-- ((audience laughs)), still, it's better than Rooster.

Mary: Honey, look I had my first kid when I was 17. I mean, ((chuckles)) it's only recently I've gotten to live my own life. I didn't really get to have my 20s.

Colt: So that's why you're dating Rooster, you want to do something you'll regret? ((audience laughs))

Mary: ((laughs)) You know what? That's funny. That's exactly what I told Heather when she told me she was dating Colt Bennett. ((audience laughs))

Colt: All right. ((chuckles softly)) I get it. Look, I'm-- I'm-- Sure moving forward (. . .) things will (. . .) get better.

Rooster: ((comes)) 'Sup, amigo? ((audience laughs))
Colt: Yeah, it ain't gettin' better.

Rooster: Hey, Heather, your little boyfriend's here! ((audience laughs)) You two don't stay out too late now. Come on, babe. Shark Tank is about to start. ((audience laughs)) ((they go back into the house))

((Another scene, Maggie is working in the yard))

Beau: You got a minute?

Maggie: ((sighs)) You know what? I'm done. Sound familiar?

Beau: It does. ((closes the door)) Maggie, you annoy me. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Aw, thank you. Other men bring flowers. ((audience laughs))

Beau: And I know that I annoy you. But if this is gonna work, we're both gonna have to put up with some stuff.

Maggie: All right.

Beau: I'm sorry about walking out, when you brought up Brenda. ((Maggie turns to him)) What do you want me to say? (.) I was lost. ((Maggie takes off her hat)) You'd just moved out. I needed to get a haircut. She cut hair. ((Maggie looks at him)) I was upset over you. (.) Her husband had just passed. We talked. (.) That's it.

Maggie: I know all that. I brought up Brenda to prove a point. (.) When things get uncomfortable, you shut down. And I'm afraid if I move back into that house, we're gonna go back to the way we were before I left.

Beau: I'm not saying things are gonna be perfect.

Maggie: Oh, that was clear when you told me I annoy you. ((audience laughs))

Beau: ((comes closer to her)) I'm a different person than I was 15 years ago. And I don't wanna go back to the way it was, either.

Maggie: Oh. Glad to hear that.

Beau: I don't wanna lose you, Mags. (.) You know, in your whole life, you only get one person, who knows you best. (.) And that's you.

Maggie: ((sighs)) Damn it, Beau. When did you learn to say all the right things? ((audience laughs))

Beau: I saw The Bridges of Madison County. ((hits him with a hat, audience laughs, Maggie hugs him))

((Another scene, Colt and Heather are in a store))

Colt: I think your mom is awesome. It's just that Rooster's-- Not. ((audience laughs)) I don't want what's going on with them to screw us up.

Heather: Fine. Say they do break up.

Colt: Yeah, let's pray they break up. ((audience laughs))

Heather: ((chuckles)) No, who cares? They got their thing and-- We got ours. (.) I like you. (.) Nothing's changin' that. No matter what they do.
Colt: Give me a second. ((closes his eyes)) Dear Lord, break 'em up. Go, Broncos. Amen. ((audience laughs, Heather chuckles)) Look, if you're okay with this, I won't worry. I might still kick my brother's ass, ((Heather chuckles)) but we'll be fine.

Hostess: High school phenom, Colt Bennett!

Colt: ((raises his hand))

Hostess: Your table's ready. ((audience laughs))

Heather: ((looks up to him)) Did you seriously put that as your name?

Colt: You want a free appetizer or not? ((audience laughs, they go to their table))

Heather: Yeah, well, we're already getting my mom's discount.

Colt: Yeah, well, I'm pretty sure free is cheaper than 40%, but I'm no mathmagician.

Heather: ((chuckles)) Hey, isn't that Kenny and Abby? ((they come to the table where Abby is sitting))

Colt: Oh, yeah, it is. Hey, guys.

Heather: Hi.


Colt: Uh, oh, Kenny, your, uh-- Napkin fell on your lap. ((audience laughs))

Heather: So, how are you guys doing?

Kenny: Good! Just celebrating our anniversary.

Abby: We had our first date here five years ago.

Kenny: Yeah, anyway, nice to see you two. I'm sure you wanna get going and enjoy a nice dinner at your own table. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Easy, Ken Dog. I'm pretty sure this barrel's big enough for the both of us. ((audience laughs))

Kenny: No, I'm sorry. I just meant that it would be better if-- ((the waiter brings a piece of chocolate cake to their table))

Colt: Oh, look at that. You got the chocolate. Fuuuuuuck me. ((audience laughs))

Abby: ((notices the ring in the cake)) Kenny, is that-- Are you--

Kenny: Sweetie-- ((sighs)) Uh, this isn't how I planned it, but, uh-- Ah-- ((stammers)) You are smart, you're beautiful, you're oddly competitive. ((audience laughs, Abby sighs)) You could have picked anybody in the world, and you chose me. (.) I love you more than anything, in the world. ((Abby sighs, Kenny takes out the ring)) Abby Phillips, ((licks the ring, audience laughs)) will you marry me?

Abby: ((gasps)) Yes. Of course. ((Kenny puts on the ring for her, people around start clapping, Kenny and Abby kiss and hug, they laugh))
Heather: Oh, my God. Congratulations!

Colt: Yeah. Congrats.

((Ending credits))

The Ranch

S01E20 “Merry Christmas (Wherever You Are)“

((Colt is putting the Christmas lights above the door, Abby comes with a truck))

Abby: Hi, Bennett.

Colt: Hi, Phillips.

Abby: I thought your dad hates Christmas lights?

Colt: Oh, yeah, he does. That's half the fun hanging 'em up. ((audience laughs)) I'm like the Cratchit to his Scrooge. ((audience laughs))

Abby: I am impressed. You've been reading more Dickens?

Colt: ((turns to her)) What? ((audience laughs)) Dickens wrote “The Muppet Christmas Carol”? ((audience laughs))

Abby: Yes. ((audience laughs))

Colt: What are you doing here?

Abby: I know you have a lot going on with your dad and Rooster gone and... Missed you.

Colt: ((comes to her)) Come here. ((Abby chuckles)) I miss you too. ((he kisses her, then hugs her))

Abby: Mm. Plus, I need you to put the snow chains on my tires ((Colt chuckles)) 'cause there’s a storm coming in. So, chop-chop! ((slaps his butt, both start going to the truck, both chuckle)) ((audience laughs)) Give you an extra 20 bucks if you show me your plumber’s crack. ((audience laughs))

Colt: What do you got in that brown paper bag? A little early Christmas present? ((puts on his gloves))

Abby: I wouldn’t give you your Christmas present in a brown paper bag.

Colt: Right, that’s... Me neither. ((audience laughs)) ((Abby facepalms))

Abby: You know you don’t have to get me anything?

Colt: I know.

Abby: You also know that’s something people just say, right? You obviously have to get me something. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckles)) I know. (.) I already got you something. And it’s awesome.=

Abbye: =Yeah? ((chuckles))
Colt: But, you know, let’s say I didn’t. What do you think would be awesome? (. Or easy to buy? ((chuckles)) (audience laughs))

Abby: All right. ((takes out things from the bag)) I got coffee and donuts for you, and ((takes out a thermos)) mimosas for me ’cause it is winter break and Ms. Phillips don’t give a fuck! (audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckles)) Yeah, you’re a real wild one. ((Abby chuckles)) Coming down the driveway at five mile an hour with your hazards on.

Abby: Like I said, winter break, who-hoo! ((throws one arm up in the air, Colt laughs, audience laughs))

Colt: Yeah, well, ranchers don’t get a winter break.

Abby: So you don’t want a mimosa?

Colt: Oh, whoa, whoa whoa. I didn’t say that. (. Just put it in my thermos so my dad don’t see it.

Abby: Your dad sees you drink all the time.

Colt: Yeah, beer and whiskey. Not mimosas. (audience laughs) (Abby sits on the back of a truck))

Abby: How’re you two getting along?

Colt: ((grunts)) Pretty good. (. Although, Rooster came by last night, ((sits down next to Abby)) offered me a job, in front of my dad.

Abby: Oh, shit. Rooster gonna have an open or closed casket? (audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckles)) Yeah.

Abby: What are you gonna to do?

Colt: After coming back, it’s hard to imagine leaving. ((Abby nods)) This is home.

Abby: Yeah.

Colt: I always picture my kids... ((points at the yard)) Growing up here, like I did. ((chuckles)) You know, limited adult supervision. (Audience laughs) Plenty of access to whiskey and firearms. (chuckles, audience laughs))

Abby: It’s the American dream. Fuck Canada! (audience laughs))

Colt: What do you think I should do?

Abby: ((scoffs) It’s not about what I think.

Colt: Sure it is. (. It’s our future.

Abby: Aww, that’s sweet. ((raises the thermos)) There’s like three mimosas in here, you don’t have to work that hard to get me into bed. (audience laughs) It would be kinda cool... Living here with you... Raising a family. ((Colt smiles))
Colt: It’d be great. You can teach ’em the importance of (*) school. I’ll teach ’em how to ditch it. ((chuckles, audience laughs))

Abby: Well, whatever you decide... I’m gonna be right there with you. ((they kiss) Unless I die when my truck slides into a ditch ’cause I got no chains. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((stands up, grunts)) I’m on it. ((turns to her)) You gonna help?

Abby: Didn’t you hear what I said? Ms. Phillips is on a break, she don’t give a fuck. ((audience laughs)) Now show me that ass. ((audience laughs)) ((Colt throws the gloves in the back of a truck and starts unzipping his jacket)) Whoo! Yes!

((Opening credits))

((Beau comes to sit by a fireplace, sees the Uggs and puts them on, audience laughs))

Beau: Holy shit.

Colt: ((comes down the stairs)) What the fuck’s on your feet? ((audience laughs))

Beau: ((turns to him)) I tripped and stepped right in ’em. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Well, don’t stretch ’em out. They cost 170 bucks. ((audience laughs))

Beau: A hundred and seventy dollars? That’s a fucking... ((points at Colt)) Great price. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Hey, uh-- Dad, I need to talk to you.

Beau: Colt, ((puts a hand on his chest)) I’m having a moment. ((audience laughs)) Don’t ruin it. ((audience laughs))

Colt: I’m not gonna take that job with Rooster. ((Beau puts his hands down)) I can’t leave you. (*) You’re my dad. And, even though, we got our problems... I love you. I love this place, and me and Abby are is gonna raise our kids here. (*) Now I know it hasn’t always meant that much to me, but... Now that I’m back, I think I realize how important it is. I just want it to stay in our family for generations to come.

Beau: We’re selling the ranch.

Colt: Because of what I just said? ((audience laughs))

Beau: Your mother wants me to leave it to you and Rooster. I’m only willing to leave it to you.

Colt: ((stammers)) Hold on, you’re wearing my Uggs and now you wanna leave me the ranch? What the hell’s going on here? ((audience laughs))

Beau: If I do not give in to her demands, we have to sell.

Colt: ((stammers)) What-- Come on, this is insane. Just give her what she wants.

Beau: I don’t negotiate with terrorists. ((audience laughs))

Colt: So you’re willing, to give all this up, to just to prove a point.
Beau: Colt. I appreciate you wanting to stay. (.) But it's in your mother's hands now. ((goes away))

Colt: You're just gonna walk away?

Beau: ((walking away)) We're done talking.

Colt: No, you are still wearing my Uggs! ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Rooster and Umberto sit at Mary's house))

Umberto: Watch this video. ((shows a video in his phone)) Watch what this guy uses to hit this ping pong ball. ((plays the video))

Rooster: Oh shit, he uses his dick! ((both laugh, audience laughs)) That's awesome. I could do that.

Umberto: Gallo, gallo. You're like a brother to me. But physically, you're like a little brother. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((scoffs)) You don't think so? All right, grab that ((points at tangerines on the table)) that tangerine. Throw it at my junk. ((audience laughs)) ((they stand up, Umberto takes some tangerines, Rooster starts unzipping his pants, Mary, Heather and Darlene come back home))

Mary: Hey, Rooster. ((audience laughs)) Your pants are down. How's babysitting going? ((Rooster pulls his pants up))

Umberto: Uh, it's not what it looks like. Unless it looks like I'm throwing a tangerine at his penis. ((audience laughs))

Heather: Generally, we just read to the baby, but, okay. ((leaves the room)) ((audience laughs))

Mary: So, what's going on here? You drank six beers and cleaned up zero?

Rooster: What? No, um--- We've been ((takes a mobile for a baby made out of beer cans)) make a mobile for the baby. ((audience laughs))

Darlene: ((walks into the room)) You know, I should put Kiera down. ((leans to the crib))

Umberto: Yes. Ah, let me help you. ((Darlene holds Kiera, Umberto walks to her)) Darlene, do you enjoy making babies? ((audience laughs)) ((they go upstairs))

Mary: ((clears throat, comes to Rooster)) All right. We need to talk.

Rooster: Yeah, sorry about that. We were gonna clean up, but I didn't think you'd be back so soon.

Mary: Yea, it's not just that. Or the fact you were about to dick slap our produce. ((audience laughs)) No, it's, um-- Listen. ((sits down and takes his hand to sit him down)) I am barely keeping it together as it is, okay? I work 50 hours a week at the Cracker Barrel. I got both ((points back)) my daughters living with me. And baby Kiera ((points at the crib)), and grandson Luke during the week. I already have a full house. I do not think I can take a fuller house. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Oh, shit.
Maryu: But if we have any shot at a future together, you have got to get the fuck out of my house before I kill you. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) All right. I respect that. (. ) I can, uh-- You know, I'll just crash at Berto’s or something.

Mary: ((sighs)) Thank you, thank you, thank you. ((kisses him))

Rooster: Phew! All right, well... Let me help clean up, I’ll grab Berto and get out of here. ((stands up))

Mary: Okay, before you go, ((takes a tangerine)) let’s see if you can do this thing.

Rooster: ((chuckles)) All right. ((audience laughs)) ((starts unzipping his pants))

((Another scene, Hank, Umberto and Rooster sit at Maggie’s bar, drinking))

Umberto: I just don’t think you should compare yourself to our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Rooster: No, I’m just saying me and JC got some similarities, you know? ((audience laughs)) We both have kick-ass beards. Christmas is coming, I got no place to stay. ((audience laughs)) And one time, I was using my nail gun, and I accidentally attached myself to a two-by-four. ((audience laughs))

Umberto: Mmm. That time we had to pump up your stomach, you literally came back from the dead. ((Rooster slaps his hands on the table and sips beer))

Rooster: See? ((audience laughs))

Umberto: Well. ((sips beer) I have a miracle on my own. I’m going to turn some beer into water. ((audience laughs, he leaves))

Rooster: ((sighs)) What you doin’ for Christmas, Hank?

Hank: I’ll worry about that when December rolls around.

Rooster: Uh-- Hank. ((points at the Christmas tree in the bar)) ((audience laughs))

Hank: ((looks at the tree, then turns around)) Oh, shit. ((audience laughs)) What the hell did I do for Thanksgiving? ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((enters the bar)) Ma, I need to talk. ((touches Rooster’s shoulder)) What’s up? ((touches Hank’s shoulder))

Merry Christmas, Hank.

Hank: Don’t rub it in. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: ((Rooster and Colt come to Maggie)) What’s up, Colt?

Colt: Dad told me you’re making him sell the ranch, ‘cause he won’t give half to Rooster.

Rooster: Wait. What?

Maggie: I’m doing it for you, guys. At least you’ll get some money from the proceeds.

Colt: I don’t want free money. I wanna work there! Whoa. Where the hell did that come from? ((audience laughs))
Rooster: ((puts his hands on his head)) Hang on a sec. You and dad are gonna sell the ranch because he won’t put my name on it? Who cares? ((turns to Colt)) And you do not want to work with me? You’re a fucking idiot. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: I'm trying to protect you. ((points at Rooster))

Rooster: No, I get that, mom, but I don’t need protection. I got the new job with a future. I'm all set. Plus, when dad’s gone, Colt’s just gonna give me my half anyway.

Colt: I mean-- We’ll definitely talk about it. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Look, you sell the ranch, you’re just gonna hurt him, you might end up killing dad. No way. I do not wanna deal with that on my conscience.

Maggie: I just don’t see why your father should decide who gets what.

Colt: Isn’t that exactly what you’re doing? I mean, this is our ranch. It’s your ranch. It’s the family ranch. “The Grand Junction Sentinel” article entitled: "What Happened to Colt Bennett?" starts with: "Colt Bennett was forced to retreat to his family ranch."

Rooster: You memorized an article about how bad you are? ((audience laughs))

Colt: I memorized an article about how good I once was. ((audience laughs)) The point is, it's our ranch.

Maggie: ((looks at Rooster)) Are you really gonna be okay with this?

Rooster: Of course. It’s gotta stay in the family.

Maggie: I felt that way all along, but then, your dad just made me so crazy I might have lost sight of the big picture.

Colt: Yeah, well, the big picture is me and Abby and our kids, sitting on the porch, watching Rooster work on my ranch. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: The point was to make you both happy, so if this is what you want--

Rooster: No, this is what’s best for everyone. (. ) Look at that. Me making sacrifices for the greater good. (. ) I am like Jesus. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Maggie is sitting in the kitchen, Beau comes home))

Beau: I really gotta start locking this door. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Hi, Beau.

Beau: ((comes further into the kitchen)) I’m not sure I can do this right now, Maggie.

Maggie: No, you can leave the ranch to Colt. ((Beau turns to her)) It’s all right. I’ll just take the hunting cabin. I had Jerry draw up a new draft of the papers. Evidently, the old one had too many curse words scrawled in the margins. ((audience laughs))

Beau: ((takes off his jacket)) You’re okay with that?
Maggie: Rooster is, and that's what's important. He cared enough about this ranch that he sacrificed his piece to keep it in the family.

Beau: All right. ((sits down at the table)) I guess there’s nothing left to do, but to sign it.

Maggie: Yeah, that's all we gotta do. ((looks at Beau)) I'll go first. ((takes the pen and starts signing the papers, then Beau signs them)) I guess that's it.

Beau: Yep. (. ) The government finally has my name on something. ((audience laughs)) Feels strange, doesn’t it?

Maggie: Yeah. It’s forty years of marriage gone in, a couple of signatures.

Beau: What do we do now?

Maggie: I don’t know. We start with our new lives, I guess. ((takes the papers)) Maybe we should sign up for Tinder. ((audience laughs))

Beau: What the fuck is Tinder? ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Well, it’s a dating app that you put on your phone and then you swipe right on a photo if you like the person.

Beau: I think I’ll just die alone. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: You know, we’re still having the Christmas party down at the bar tomorrow night. You should come by.

Beau: I don’t think so, Mags.

Maggie: Why not? Just because our marriage is over, doesn’t mean we’re not gonna be in each other's lives.

Beau: I just don’t think I’d be able to... Spread any good cheer.

Maggie: So it’d be like every other year. ((audience laughs)) ((stands up and puts on her coat)) So, how do we--

Beau: ((comes to her)) I don’t know. ((hugs her))

Maggie: I'm glad we didn’t (. ) get rid of this place.

Beau: Me too, Mags.

Maggie: Bye, Beau. ((leaves))

((Another scene, Colt and Rooster sits at the bar))

Maggie: All right. Here you go, Colt. ((puts down to glasses)) Two mimosas. ((Hank and Rooster laugh))

Colt: They’re for Abby! It’s winter break. They taste like springtime. ((takes the mimosas and leaves)) ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) Yeah. ((sighs)) Hey, is uh-- Dad’s comin’? 'Cause if he is, I’m gonna need ((points at the glasses)) a few more of these. ((audience laughs))
Maggie: Oh, you know your father. He’s just a total Grinch. Wait. He hates Christmas, lives alone with a dog, has heart problems. ((whispers)) He is really the Grinch!

Rooster: ((chuckles))

Dale: ((comes at the bar)) Hey, Maggie, merry Christmas.

Maggie: Merry Christmas, Dale. Glad to have ya.

Rooster: ((shakes Dale’s hand)) How are you doing, Dale?

Dale: Rooster, I hear you’re going to work for Neumann’s Hill.

Rooster: Yep.

Dale: ((chuckles)) I’ve always said, “The best rancher within three counties is Rooster Bennett“. ((pats his shoulder))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) You trying to butter me up so I hire you as my vet?

Dale: Well, I won’t overcharge you like I do your dad. ((winks)) ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Hmm. ((points at his eyes, Dale leaves))

((Colt and Abby are sitting at the table))

Abby: ((Colt gives her an envelope)) I thought we were doing presents at my house later tonight.

Colt: We are, but that one... This is for you and your parents.

Abby: Oh, yeah. The brown paper bag was too fancy? You had to go with an envelope the water bill came in? ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckles)) It’s your other Christmas present. Saving the Earth. ((audience laughs))

Abby: ((chuckles, takes the tickets out of the envelope)) Oh, my God! Denver Broncos playoff tickets?

Colt: ((chuckling) Yeah.=

Abby: =What?

Colt: I figured, we could go with your parents. It would be your dad, your mom, you, and then me. That... That way we can be with ’em, but I do not have to talk to ’em. ((audience laughs)) I’ll just be like “Hey, great seats, right? You want a beer? Defence!” ((audience laughs))

Abby: ((laughs)) This is so sweet. Thank you. ((kisses him))

Colt: ((sees Kenny at the bar)) You see Kenny over there? ((clears throat))

Abby: Yeah.

Colt: Oh, great. Now he saw me, looking at him. ((clears throat and waves))

Abby: ((clears throat)) ((audience laughs))
Colt: *Now I’m waving like a jackass.* ((chuckles))

Colt: ((Kenny nods at him)) Did he just give me the “go-to-hell” nod? ((audience laughs)) No, fuck him. I’m gonna keep waving.

Abby: No! Stop that. ((shove his hand)) Stop. ((Colt chuckles))

Rooster: ((comes with a box)) Hey, Colt. ((puts a box on the chair)) Check it out. ((unbuttons his shirt to reveal a t-shirt with Colt’s mug shot on it, Abby laughs, audience laughs)) Merry Christmas, bitch. ((audience laughs)) And, ((takes a cup from the box)) this year I also made mugs ((a mug is with the same picture, Abby chuckles, audience laughs)). Get it? Mug shot mug.

Abby: You know what would be hilarious?

Rooster: Hmm?

Abby: Mug shot shot glasses.

Rooster: Oh, Abby, you're genius. ((Abby giggles, Rooster takes out a t-shirt)) You get a T-shirt. ((audience laughs))

Abby: Yes! ((takes the t-shirt))

Colt: How many of them do you have?

Hank: ((Hank appears with the same t-shirt)) Hey, Colt.

Colt: Ah! ((audience laughs)) Holy shit. ((notices a girl in a red dress, who just entered the bar)) Is that Tanya Showers? ((the girl goes to Kenny)) She knows Kenny? ((she kisses Kenny))

Rooster, Abby, Colt: What the fuck? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Uh, Abby, no offense, but I'm, like, super jealous of your ex-boyfriend right now.

Colt: So am I. ((audience laughs))

Abby: So am I. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: All right. I'm gonna go over there and talk to them. Kenny better have a fucking cancer or something. ((audience laughs, Rooster goes to them)) Hey, Kenny dog. What’s up, man? ((shakes his hand))

Kenny: Hey.

Rooster: How you doing? Who’s your friend?

Kenny: Oh, Tanya, this is Rooster.

Tanya: ((shakes his hand)) Hi.

Rooster: Hi!

Kenny: Rooster, this is--
Rooster: Yeah, I know who you are. You’re my favorite weather girl ever. We met once at a Chili’s, it didn’t go very well. Why’d I bring that up? (audience laughs) So, uh-- How’d you guys meet?

Kenny: Tanya came to the hotel to do an investigative report on some fungi in our ice machines. I said I was a fun guy and we were off. (chuckles)

Rooster: (laughs, audience laughs)

Kenny: Yeah.

Rooster: Fuck a duck, huh? (audience laughs) (Rooster laughs) So, uh, Tanya. (sighs) How about the weather we’re having right now, huh?

Tanya: I really don’t wanna talk about work.

Rooster: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Kenny: Come on, babe. Let’s head to a low pressure zone. (both laugh and leave)

Tanya: You are so funny! (audience laughs)

Rooster: What is happening right now? (audience laughs)

Mary: (comes to Rooster) Hey, babe.

Rooster: Sup, girl? (they kiss)

Mary: Mm, hey. (sees the t-shirt) What is that? Lincoln County? That’s where I got my mug shot. (Rooster laughs, audience laughs, Umberto and Darlene come) Oh, what were you two doing back there?

Umberto: Uh... We were having sex=

Darlene: =I had to make a phone call. (audience laughs)

Umberto: Oh, I did not realize we were lying. (chuckles, audience laughs) Uh, but to be fair to her, uh, she was on the phone for part of it. (audience laughs)

Darlene: This is awkward. I’m gonna go grab a drink. I’ll get you one two, Roberto. (leaves)

Umberto: Thank you. It’s uh-- Umberto. With an “Um.” As in, “Um, you just forgot the name of the person you had sex with“. (audience laughs)

Mary: All right. Umberto, we need to talk.

Rooster: Yeah, so you know, (crosses arms) what are your intentions with our daughter? (audience laughs)

Mary: Well, Darlene is my oldest daughter and the mother of my two grandkids, okay? I cannot see her get hurt again.

Umberto: Oh, no, no, I-- I find her charming, funny, beautiful and... If things go well, well, maybe... Well, maybe I’m the reason she moves out of your house.

Mary: You have my blessing. (audience laughs) (Umberto leaves)
((Another scene, Beau is at home, Joanne knocks at the door and enters))

Joanne: ((laughs, when sees Beau standing with two cups)) Wow, that’s great service. ((laughs)) How’d you know I was here?

Beau: Are you kiddin’? I can hear that piece of crap Chevy of yours coming from two counties away. ((audience laughs))

Joanne: That’s funny. I never hear your Ford. ((takes off her coat)) I guess that’s ’cause it never runs. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Oh, that’s funny. (. ) Come on in, Joanne. ((they walk into the living room))

Joanne: Oh, look at you! Getting in the holiday spirit.

Beau: Eh, Colt did that. I hate it.

Joanne: Well, you’re gonna hate this. I got you a little something. ((sits down, puts a giftbag on the table))

Beau: ((sits down)) Oh. ((looks at the bag, chuckles)) That’s cute. ((he finds a red hat and puts it on, Joanne laughs)) ((audience laughs)) I got you a little something. ((takes a white plastic bag and gives it to her))

Joanne: Oh, that’s beautiful. Did you wrap this yourself? I((audience laughs))

Beau: I did. ((Joanne also takes out a hat from the bag and laughs, then puts it on)) How’s it look?

Joanne: Well, everything above the bill of the hat ((takes off her hat)) looks just fine. ((Joanne chuckles, Beau takes off his hat too))

Beau: Yeah.

Joanne: So, how... How’s everything? Did you settle things with Maggie?

Beau: ((nods)) Yep. It’s all over now.

Joanne: Beau, I’m gonna ask you this once. Did you kill her? ((Beau chuckles, audience laughs)) Because, when the snow melts, they’re gonna find her body. ((audience laughs))

Beau: We signed the divorce papers.

Joanne: Well, I-- I’m sorry. But sometimes, change can be a good thing.

Beau: Yeah. I’m not a big fan of change. You gonna stay for dinner? I’m gonna burn ((takes the hat)) this hat on the grill. ((audience laughs)) Might as well toss a couple of steaks on, too.

Joanne: Well, I-- I appreciate it, but I am on my way to see my daughter.

Beau: I thought she wasn’t speaking to you anymore?

Joanne: She wasn’t. But that didn’t keep me from trying. So I reached out to her, I reached out to her, and this time, she didn’t slap my hand away.

Beau: What changed her mind?
Joanne: Well, I’d like to think that the-- holiday season finally got her in the spirit of forgiveness. Or she needs bail money. ((audience laughs)) Doesn’t matter. Anyway, I’m finally gonna meet my granddaughter.

Beau: That’s great. ((Joanne chuckles)) I’m happy for you. (. ) Say, you wanna borrow my truck so you can make a good impression? ((Joanne chuckles, audience laughs))

Joanne: No, I actually wanna get there. ((audience laughs)) Speaking of that... I-- I should get on the road before it starts snowing.

Beau: Okay. ((they stand up and start walking to the door))

Joanne: Tell me you’re not just spending Christmas Eve all alone?

Beau: Well, everybody’s down at the bar having a party.

Joanne: Well, you should go on down there.

Beau: I don’t think Rooster wants to see me.

Joanne: Oh, Beau, if you never went where people didn’t want you, you’d never talk to anybody. ((audience laughs)) ((Beau helps Joanne to put on her coat))

Joanne: I’ll talk to you soon, Beau. ((goes to the door)

Beau: Take care on the road. ((Joanne opens the door)) Hey, you forgot your hat.

Joanne: Oh no, I didn’t! ((audience laughs)) Merry Christmas! ((leaves))

((Another scene, Umberto, Colt and Rooster sit at the table drinking at Maggie’s bar))

Umberto: Well... Merry Christmas, everybody.

Colt and Rooster: Merry Christmas.

Umberto: ((stands up)) I should get going.


Umberto: Thank you. ((turns to the guys)) I'm not going home. I’m gonna go meet Darlene at her house for round two. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Mmm.

Umberto: You know. Of sex. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckles)) Yeah, we got it.

Rooster: Hey, pro tip. Don’t wake up them babies.

Colt: Oh. ((points at Rooster))

Umberto: Oh no, she has the perfect idea. We’re gonna wear sleigh bells, so the kids think it's Santa on the roof top. ((audience laughs)) ((takes his things and leaves))
Maggie: ((comes with the gifts)) All right. These are for you! ((puts the gifts on the table and sits down))=  
Colt and Rooster: = Aww! ((lean in for the gifts))  
Rooster: All right!  
Colt: ((takes out a check from the bag and reads)) Wait. 3724?  
Rooster: ((reads his check)) 8442? What is this?  
Maggie: Your bar tabs for the year. ((audience laughs))  
Colt: Whoa! =  
Rooster: =Damn!  
Maggie: ((takes the checks from them)) Yeah! All right. ((rips the checks)) Merry Christmas!  
Rooster and Colt: Whooooaa!  
Colt: Best Christmas gift ever!  
Maggie: That’s right. ((audience laughs))  
Rooster: Yeah. Plus, mine was, like, five grand more than yours, so there.  
Colt: Yeah, but you were here for eight months more than me, so technically, I outdrank you. ((audience laughs))  
Maggie: No, guys, this was meant as an intervention, not a competition, all right? ((audience laughs)) Merry Christmas.  
Colt: ((stammers)) Wait, mom. We got something for you. ((points to Rooster))  
Rooster: Oh, yeah.  
Colt: Get... Get it.  
Rooster: Okay, hang on. ((goes to take the gift))  
Colt: Come on, get it.  
Rooster: ((gives Maggie a big red bag)) Merry Christmas.  
Maggie: Oh! ((looks inside the bag Colt chuckles)) What... ((takes out tap handles)) Wow, tap handles.  
Rooster: Ha-haaa!  
Colt: Come on, one’s a colt, one’s a rooster. ((audience laughs)) Get it?=  
Maggie: = I know.  
Rooster: Hey. Put ’em on. Try.. Try it out.  
Colt: Yeah, get us a beer! ((audience laughs))
Rooster: Yeah. Hey, hey, put it on my tab. Put it on my tab.

Colt: ((chuckles)) We got you something else. ((points at the gift)) All right, get... Get her the... ((Rooster takes a picture fram)) Here we go. ((Colt imitating drumroll, Rooster gives the gift to mom))

Maggie: Oh, look. It’s the three of us out front the day I got the place. =
Rooster: =Yeah.=
Maggie: =Thank you.

Rooster: Now, even though you and your dad got divorced, we’re still gonna see you all the time.

Colt: That’s right.

Maggie: ’Course you are. I run the only bar in town. ((audience laughs))
Beau: ((enters the bar)) Hey.

Maggie: Beau, wow.

Rooster: Oh shit. ((drinks)) ((audience laughs))
Beau: I feel like I missed the party.

Colt: Yeah. You also missed Tanya Showers.

Beau: What? ((audience laughs)) Why didn’t you send me a fucking text? ((audience laughs))
Maggie: We didn’t think you were coming by.

Beau: What’s the worst thing that could happen? We’d get a divorce? ((audience laughs))
Colt: What? Holy shit. We’re already joking about this? That’s great! ((audience laughs))

Beau: ((puts a gift on the table for Rooster)) Here.

Rooster: All right, usually people say “Merry Christmas”, but, cool. ((takes the gift))

Colt: Hold on, hold on. ((stands up)) If we’re doing gifts... Dad, I got yours in the truck. ((takes his jacket and searches it)) Rooster, I got yours... Right here. Where the hell did I put it? Oh, there it is. ((shows the middle finger, Colt and Beau laugh, audience laughs))

Rooster: Oh, check it out. Hang on, I grabbed a receipt for that in case I wanna return it. ((takes out the middle finger out of his pocket, all laugh audience laughs))

((Colt leaves, Beau sits at the table, Rooster opens his gift))

Rooster: Is this grandpa’s knife?

Beau: Yeah. (.) I want you to have it. (.) You’re gonna have your ups and downs on that My Little Pony Ranch. ((audience laughs)) But you can always look at that and... Know you come from a long line of great ranchers. (.) And you’re one of ’em.
Rooster: ((puts the knife on the table)) Okay.

Beau: Now, give me a penny. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: What?

Beau: It’s bad luck to give away a knife away for free. (. ) When my dad got that from his father, he had to give him a penny. (. ) I had to give one to my dad. Now, give me a damn penny. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((searches in his pockets)) I’ve got... ((takes out some money)) I mean, I’ve got a twenty.

Beau: That’ll work. ((takes the money, audience laughs))

Rooster: ((exhales heavily)) Great, Dad. Thanks for... Selling me my Christmas gift. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((comes back with a blue Christmas bag)) All right. ((runs to the table)) There, there. ((chuckles))

Beau: ((takes an Ugg from the bag, audience laughs)) What in the hell am I gonna do with these? ((audience laughs))

Maggie: ((slaps Colt’s arm)) Sweetheart, what were you thinking?

Rooster: Worst gift ever. ((audience laughs)) ((Beau shows Colt thumbs up, audience laughs))

Colt: All right. ((goes to hug Maggie)) I'm gonna go to Abby’s. =

Maggie: =All right, all right. =

Colt: I’ll see you, mom. Later.

Maggie: Careful.

Colt: Yeah, yeah.

Beau: ((stands up)) Colt, wait a minute. I got something for you.

Colt: Really?

Beau: Merry Christmas. ((hugs Colt))

Maggie: Whoa.

Rooster: Did not see that coming. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Do not cry, Bennett. ((audience laughs)) Lock it up. ((clears throat)) I ain’t been that emotional since... Ebenezer Scrooge gave a turkey to Kermit the Frog. ((audience laughs)) All right. ((pats his dad on the shoulder and leaves))

Maggie: I’m gonna lock up out back. You guys okay, or you need a second knife to make it a fair fight? ((audience laughs))

Beau: We’re all right. ((Maggie leaves, Beau sits down at the table)) You got a place to stay?

Rooster: Yeah, I’m fine.
Beau: Good. (. . ) You know, if you wanna... Move back into the house--

Rooster: No. (. . ) No, thanks.

Beau: All right.

Rooster: You know, dad, I, uh... Appreciate the gesture of the knife. But if you really thought I was a great rancher... I’d still be at home working with you. ((stands up, takes his coat and goes to the door)) Merry Christmas.

((Another scene, Colt looks at the engagement ring in a box in his room. He goes outside and meets Heather))

Colt: Heather.

Heather: Hey, Colt.

Colt: Hey. (. . ) What are you doing here? (. . ) I mean... Merry Christmas.

Heather: ((chuckles)) You too.

Colt: What’s up?

Heather: Nothing. Um... I just... I’m pregnant.

Colt: Whoa.

Heather: Yeah.

((Ending credits))

The Ranch

S02E04 “She’ll Have You Back“

((Abby is smoking on the porch, Colt comes back with a truck))

Colt: Abby. (. . ) Hey. ((closes the truck door))

Abby: We need to talk.

Colt: Yeah. (. . ) You wanna go inside?

Abby: No, I-- Need to finish this, so... ((shows a finnished cigarette)) ((whispers)) Damn! ((takes another cigarette)) I just need to finish this. ((lights up a cigarette))

Colt: Uh... Before you say anything--

Abby: After the other night, I went home, and I put a cigarette out on our prom picture. And our winter formal picture. Not our homecoming picture, ’cause my hair looked fuckin' awesome. ((audience laughs)) I never wanted to think about you again. I was so pissed at you. ((stammers)) Then I started worryin' about how you were doin', which pissed me off even more. So, how you doin', you fuckin' asshole? ((audience laughs))

Colt: Heather's keeping the baby.
 Abby: Oh, my God! Would you stop tellin' me things?! Can't I just come over here one time and the only news be, "Hey, I made a grilled cheese"?! (audience laughs)

Colt: I'm sorry. We just-- We got to the clinic and she-- She couldn't go through with it.

Abby: (sighs) Jesus, Colt. This whole thing is like a relentless shitstorm. (stammers) How am I supposed to react to this?

Colt: (stutters) I was hoping--

Abby: Don't interrupt me! You know what the worst part is? I can't even be mad. Who am I gonna be mad at? Heather, for wanting to keep her baby? You, for wanting to support her? The baby? It's a fucking baby! (audience laughs)

Colt: I get that this--

Abby: I'm not done! Okay? (stutters) What's the deal, huh? You're just gonna have a kid with another woman and I'm supposed to go along with it? Well, say somethin'!

Colt: I don't know what to say. -- (Abby sighs) I love you, and I wanna be with you, but I also-- I get how messed up all this is.

Abby: (sighs) Yeah, it really is. (throws the finished cigarette in the can, sighs and sits down, Colt joins her) I'm not gettin' you a fuckin' baby shower gift. (audience laughs)

Colt: That's fair.

Abby: (sees a plastic cup in Colt's hands) Is that an Oreo Blizzard?

Colt: Yeah.

Abby: Give it to me. (audience laughs, Colt gives the cup) Did you get the fudge core?

Colt: No.

Abby: Ugh, you're the worst. (audience laughs) We'll get through this.

Colt: "We"?

Abby: Yeah, didn't you hear the part where I said "I love you"?

Colt: No. I heard the part where you said I was the worst.

Abby: Well... I meant I love you.

Colt: I love you, too.

Abby: Ugh, you're the worst. (audience laughs)

((Opening credits))

((Maggie, Beau and Rooster come back home with boxes of food))
Maggie: Just to be clear, this food belongs to the bar. It's only here temporarily.

Beau: ((to Rooster)) Same goes for you. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) Love you, too, Daddy. ((tries to kiss his cheek))

Beau: Get away.

Colt: Hey. ((comes with the laundry crate)) What's with all the food? Oh, shit. Are the Russians comin'? Are we hunkerin' down? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: No, dummy. The bar flooded, ((puts the box on the table)) the freezer shorted, so now we're moving all the shit over here. Dad's insultin' me, Mom wants to sell the bar and if you're gonna wear a shirt like that, you need to start doin' more curls. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Wait, whoa, whoa, whoa. What, you're sellin' the bar?

Maggie: Oh, I don't know what I'm gonna do yet.

Colt: So what? You gonna, like, buy another bar? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Hey, you gonna help us? Or just stand there lookin' pretty?

Colt: ((scoffs)) I mean, I can't stop lookin' pretty, so. ((audience laughs, Beau comes into the kitchen)) Oh, hey, uh, by the way. I got something I wanna tell everyone.

Rooster: Oh, hey, uh, Heather's keeping the baby. Colt's gonna be a dad.

Colt: What the fuck, dude? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I got a text from Mary. I didn't wanna ruin it for them. I did wanna ruin it for you. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Oh, my God, you're gonna be a dad! ((she hugs him, both chuckle))

Colt: Yeah.

Maggie: ((gasps)) Oh, my God. You're gonna be a dad. ((audience laughs))

Colt: That's the same thing I said. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Congratulations, Colt. I got some old phone books if you need a car seat. ((audience laughs)) ((Colt shows thumbs up))

Rooster: Yeah, I'm happy for you, dude. Now, look, whatever you do, don't let that kid grow up to play for the Chiefs.

Colt: Come on. We don't know if it's gonna be a boy or a girl--

Rooster: Hey, I'm just sayin'. (. ) Fuck the Chiefs. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Hey, uh, you know what the best part is? Abby ain't even mad. I mean, well, she was. She was, like, really mad. And then she was only kind of mad, and now she's, like, just normal mad. But she says that's just part of datin' me. ((audience laughs))
Maggie: Also a part of being your mother.

Rooster: And your brother.

Beau: And your father. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Oh, by the way, Dad, ((takes out the hoodie)) I got a bunch of stuff I gotta do tomorrow, so I don't think I can go to that cattle auction with you.

Beau: Fine with me. The only thing I want riding shotgun with me is my shotgun. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles))

Maggie: ((points at Rooster)) You're going to that auction, aren't you?

Rooster: Yeah.

Maggie: Well, you guys should go together.

Beau: What? =

Rooster: = ((chuckles)) Fuck that. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: What's going on between you two, it's stupid. It's just ridiculous to drive four hours in two trucks when you're going to the same damn place. (. ) Stop this nonsense and act like grown men.

Rooster: ((sighs)) Fine, I'll be here at 8:00.

Beau: 5:30.

Rooster: ((scoffs)) Shit. ((sips beer))

Colt: Dad, the roads are really icy. You should probably leave at 5:00.

Beau: Great idea. (. ) ((looks at Rooster)) See you at 5:00. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Thanks, asshole.

Colt: ((eating)) Yeah, I didn't wanna ruin it for him. I did want to ruin it for you. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Beau comes to Colt fixing his truck))

Beau: Installing some new windows?

Colt: Yeah. ((grunts)) I had to punch out the old ones at the Arby's drive-thru. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Before I forget, ((takes out a piece of paper and gives it to Colt)) here's a to-do list for while I'm gone.

Colt: ((reads the paper and chuckles)) "Don't fuck up." ((audience laughs))

Beau: I guess it's more of a to-don't list. As in "to-don't fuck up my ranch." ((audience laughs))

Colt: Don't worry. I'll get all my work done. (. ) I gotta take Abby and her parents to breakfast. ((sighs)) We're tellin' about the baby.
Beau: You want my advice?

Colt: Sure.

Beau: Read the note. ((audience laughs)) ((vehicle approaching)) What the hell?

Colt: Ho-ly shit! ((a shiny white truck stops))

Rooster: ((gets out of the truck)) Yeah. ((grunts)) I know. I not only wanna have sex in this truck ((closes the door)) I wanna have sex with this truck. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Damn. It's like what the pope would drive if he was a redneck. ((audience laughs)) Where'd you get this?

Rooster: Got it last night from Neumann's Hill. Just one of the perks. (. ) Along with my self-respect and a fat weekly paycheck. (. ) How you doin', Colt? Still throwin' up trash bag windows? That's cool. ((audience laughs))

Beau: So they just gave you this, huh?

Rooster: Yes, sir.

Beau: Makes sense. No real American would buy a Toyota. ((audience laughs)) So they gotta give 'em away. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckles)) Yeah, somebody hates the USA. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I'll give you three reasons why you're wrong. One, ((slaps the truck)) built in Texas. Two, Kyle Busch drives a Toyota. Three, ((clicks tongue)) suck my balls. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Let's get goin'.

Rooster: Yeah, all right, just help me, uh, throw the trailer on.

Beau: You think I'm gettin' into this rolling billboard, for Neumann's Hill? ((Colt scoffs))

Rooster: Jeez, Dad. Come on, man. It's got heated seats, satellite radio, ECO mode.

Beau: Did you just say "ECO mode" in my driveway? ((audience laughs))

Colt: Hey, Dad, Rooster told me he voted for Hillary. Have a good ride, buddy. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Colt and Abby are having dinner with her parents))

Janice: So, we're on the ski lift and who's on the chair in front of us? (. ) Mr. Pat Sajak. So when we got off, I said to him, "I would like to solve this puzzle. What the heck are you doing in Beaver Creek, Mr. Sajak?" ((audience laughs)) ((chuckles)) Well, it wasn't him. ((audience laughs))

Colt: You know, I once, uh, didn't meet Alex Trebek in a Chili's. ((chuckles)) ((audience laughs))

Abby: Okay. So, we wanted to get together, because we have a little news.

Chuck: Oh, God, they're getting married.

Janice: Honey, have you thought this through?
Abby: Oka-- It's not that. But good to know that's how that would've gone. ((audience laughs)) Colt?

Colt: Right.

Abby: ((whispers)) Yeah.

Colt: Uh... How do I say this? You know, sometimes in life, things happen that, we don't expect.

Janice: Oh, God, you got Abby pregnant.

Colt: No. No. That-- that would be bad. That would be, like, very bad. ((audience laughs))

Abby: He-- He got his ex-girlfriend pregnant.

Chuck: Are you kidding me?

Colt: But hey, at least we're not gettin' married. ((audience laughs))

Abby: Look, we weren't together at the time, all right? And I know it's not an ideal situation. But we're gonna get through this together.

Janice: What are we gonna tell people?

Abby: I don't know, Mom. Maybe the truth? ((audience laughs))

Colt: Or, whatever you're comfortable tellin' people. ((stutters)) You know, I want everything out in the open. ((looks at the parents)) Or not. ((audience laughs)) It's up to you. ((audience laughs))

Chuck: Colt, could we have a moment with Abby?

Colt: Yes, sir. ((starts standing up))

Abby: Sit down.

Colt: Yes, ma'am. ((audience laughs))

Abby: Whatever you have to say to me, you can say in front of Colt.

Chuck: Fine. What does this guy have to do to make you realize you shouldn't be with him?

Abby: Dad.

Chuck: No, I'm serious. Does he have to knock somebody else up? Get arrested? Break your heart for the umpteenth time?

Janice: Chuck, maybe this isn't the time.

Chuck: Of course it is. You wanna wait till she's pregnant? (.) Abby, I love you. And I'm not gonna tell you how to live your life. But you deserve so much better than him. ((stands up and leaves))

Colt: Sorry.

Abby: Will you talk to Dad?
Janice: And tell him what? That he's wrong? (. ) Because he's not. ((also leaves))

((Another scene, country music playing over truck speakers, Beau is driving, Rooster is on his phone))

Rooster: Be faster if you take Route 50.

Beau: Who told you that? Your little phone?

Rooster: As a matter of fact, yeah. It says there's an accident up ahead.

Beau: If there was an accident, I'd know about it. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((puts his phone in the pocket)) Shouldn't you be in a better mood? You got a grandkid comin'.

Beau: It will be nice to have a little Bennett around. (. ) Teach him how to hunt, how to fish ((sighs)) how to clean out the septic tank. ((audience laughs)) His little arms will come in handy. ((Rooster laughs, audience laughs)) You feed 'em, you change 'em and... You distract 'em when they're becomin' annoying. Hey, look at that ((points)) plane over there.

Rooster: Ooh, that's a big one. ((audience laughs)) ((Rooster sighs)) So you think Mom's really gonna sell the bar?

Beau: I don't know. (. ) Why don't you ask that magic phone of yours?

Rooster: Fine, I will. ((takes out his phone)) ((talks to the phone)) Is Mom really gonna sell the bar?

Automated female voice: I'm afraid I don't know the answer to that, Rooster.

Beau: How the fuck did it do that? ((audience laughs)) When am I gonna die?!

((Another scene, Abby and Colt drinking at Maggie’s bar))

Abby: Here's to my parents hating you.

Colt: I'll drink to that. For the rest of my life. ((they clink bottles)) ((audience laughs))

Hank: To drinkin' for the rest of our lives! ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((they drink up)) Ah. ((grunts)) All right, I'm headin' back to the ranch. I gotta plow that feed path. Your dad already hates me. I don't need my dad hatin' me, too.

Abby: Uh, Colt--

Colt: Just let me lie to myself. ((audience laughs)) You wanna come with?

Abby: No, I'm good. I'm gonna stay here and have another drink.

Colt: All right. (. ) You okay?

Abby: Yeah, I'm fine. I mean, my parents have hated you since middle school.

Colt: We didn't start datin' till high school.
Abby: Yeah, I know. ((audience laughs)) ((Abby chuckles)) I'll be good. I'll catch up with you later. ((they kiss, then Abby finishes her glass)) Whoo! That's good. I need another one.

Colt: That's my girl. ((to Hank)) She's a teacher. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Rooster and Beau in the truck, driving))

Rooster: ((sighs))

Beau: Dale said he was over at your ranch. Said you're doing all right.

Rooster: Yeah, well, Dale's a good guy.

Beau: He'll compliment anyone who's payin' him. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Yeah, that's the thing. (. ) Neumann's Hill won't let me hire him as my vet. Not sure how to break the news. (. ) What was your move for firing people?

Beau: Generally, I just pissed them off till they quit. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) Yeah, well, I'd try that, but I'm not a crotchety old bastard.

Beau: Have a couple of dumbass kids. You'll get there. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Abby still drinking at the bar))

Abby: ((exhales)) You guys want another drink?

Shirley: Does a tornado always find the trailer park? ((audience laughs))

Abby: ((laughs)) Shirley, you're a hoot! Hank, don't you fuck this up. ((audience laughs))

Abby: Okay. ((takes out a bottle from the bar and pours alcohol into glasses))

Hank: We allowed to do that? ((audience laughs))

Abby: ((passes a glass to Hank)) Here you go. ((Heather enters the bar))

Heather: Abby.

Abby: Hey. Hey! Hi, Heather.

Shirley: What's with all the blondes? Is this a Viking town? ((audience laughs))

Abby: I'm just gonna say it. (. ) This is fuckin' weird. ((audience laughs))

Heather: Yeah. I'm just here to pick up some food.

Abby: Mmm-hmm.

Heather: I was at the gas station. I was gonna get one of those hotdogs on the rollers, and then I realized I'm at the gas station and I'm gonna get one of those hotdogs on the rollers. ((audience laughs))
Abby: Well, the kitchen's closed here. There was a... ((blows raspberry)) Flood. ((audience laughs)) Well, ((whispering)) How are you doing? ((audience laughs))

Heather: Good.

Abby: Yeah?

Heather: Yeah. Got a little morning sickness. Threw up in Darlene's baby's crib. It worked out, though. I just blamed the baby. ((audience laughs))

Abby: Morning sickness? Wait, why would you have morning sickness? Oh, that's right. 'Cause you're havin' my boyfriend's baby. Burn! Up top, Hank. ((extends her hand for a high-five))

Hank: I don't wanna get involved.

Abby: ((imitates Hank)) "I don't wanna get involved." You used to be cool, man. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: ((comes up)) Hey, Heather. (..) Colt told me the news. Anything you need, I'm here for you.

Abby: You know, what she needs is some condoms. ((snickers)) ((audience laughs)) Oh, I'm-- Yeah, well, I'm kidding. God. ((scoffs)) Oh, shit. You know what I just realized? (..) I taught you sex ed. ((audience laughs)) ((Heather leaves, Abby blows raspberry)) What? ((Maggie goes after Heather))

((Another scene, the auction, auctioneer speaking rapidly))

Rooster: ((reading the program, laughing)) Look, they got a typo in the program. It's supposed to say "black Angus." Says "black Anus." ((audience laughs, Rooster laughs))

Beau: Shut up. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: What you getting a bull for, anyway, huh? You inseminating.

Beau: Yeah, I'm gonna let a bull take a crack at those heifers that didn't take. (..) If I can snag one for under six grand, I'll get my money's worth.

Rooster: Well, that makes sense. (..) Hey, look, if the bull can't get 'em pregnant, bet you Colt can. ((audience laughs))

Dale: Howdy, fellas.

Beau: Hey, Dale.

Rooster: What's going on?

Dale: Well, don't it smell great in here?

Rooster: ((exhales heavily)) Smells like cow shit, Dale.

Dale: Ah, cowboy cologne! ((sits down, audience laughs))

Beau: What are you doing way over here?
Dale: Oh, they pay a few of us vets to come over and check the bulls out. You know, turn your head and cough, that sort of thing. ((audience laughs))

Beau: See anything you like?

Dale: Well, the wings in the concession stand, but I forgot my Tums. ((audience laughs)) I love spicy, but spicy does not love me. ((audience laughs, Dale and Rooster laugh))

Auctioneer: Next, we've got lot 12, bull number 9. Bidding starts at 2,000.

((Crowd murmuring, auctioneer speaking rapidly, Rooster raises his card, Beau raises his card)) ((audience laughs))

Beau: ((looks at Rooster)) Are you fucking kidding me?

Rooster: May the best rancher win.

Dale: ((chuckling)) Hey. Goodness gracious. Did y'all see this? ((points at the program)) It says "black Anus"! ((Rooster and Dale both laugh, audience laughs))

((Another scene, Maggie takes drunk Abby home))

Maggie: Careful, be careful. Step, step, step, step! ((closes the door)) You want some aspirin?

Abby: Yes.

Maggie: Okay.

Abby: Ooh, and bread. ((takes bread)) You know what's better than bread? Toast. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Well, we're all outta toast.

Abby: We should go buy some toast. ((audience laughs)) You know what we didn't talk about? (. .) You're gonna be a grandma. What's that all about? ((audience laughs)) ((Abby sits down on the sofa))

Maggie: Oh. Oh, God. "Grandma"? Maybe I'll be "Nana Maggie." No, that's sounds worse. Sounds like an old goat.

Abby: You know what's worse? "Stepmom Abby." Ugh. (. .) The new art teacher's a stepmom. She wears clogs. ((gasps)) I will not wear clogs, Nana Maggie. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Why don't I get you a blanket? ((takes a blanket))

Abby: Yeah. Thank you. ((lies down)) Hey, can I smoke in here? ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Look, just get some sleep, okay? Your cigarettes will be right here in the morning.

Abby: Was supposed to be me.

Maggie: What's that?

Abby: It was supposed to be me. ((sighs)) Colt's about to have a baby and it isn't mine. (. .) You know what? I changed my mind. Bread is better than toast. ((audience laughs))
Maggie: All right. Just get some rest, okay?

Abby: Now every first he has is gonna be with someone else. (. ) First kid to call him Daddy won't be mine. First kid to go to prom won't be mine. First kid to go to college-- Well, it is Colt and Heather, so I might have a shot at that one. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Look, your time with Colt will come and it'll be just as special.

Abby: It was easier when I thought they weren't gonna keep the baby. (. ) That make me a terrible person?

Maggie: You're a wonderful person going through a-- A tough time. But you're not gonna go through it alone. Okay? Colt's gonna be there for you. ((Abby sighs)) He's been stepping up big time on this whole thing. Just-- Talk to each other. Tell him how you feel-- ((Abby falls asleep, Maggie tries to take the bread from her))

Abby: No, I need it. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, the auction))

Beau: You're just doin' this to piss me off.

Rooster: By "this," you mean buyin' a bull? Bein' a rancher? Existin'?

Beau: Yes. ((audience laughs))

Dale: It occurs to me that, uh, you taught Rooster everything he knows about picking a bull. So it stands to reason you'd have the same taste. (. ) If you think about it, that's, uh-- That's kinda sweet.

Beau: Lift that paddle again, I'll cut off your hand. ((audience laughs))

Dale: Less sweet. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Stay out of it, Dale.

Dale: Nah, maybe I ought to go get some kettle corn. You know, 'round here they call it "cattle corn"? ( (laughs)) I appreciate that. ((audience laughs))

Beau: You're not even buyin' a bull for your own ranch. (. ) You're just some hired hand for some corporation.

Rooster: You know what? (. ) You're right. This is stupid. What'd you say you could spend on a bull, huh? Six thousand?

Beau: Yeah.

Rooster: Cool. Sixty-five hundred. ((audience laughs)) ((Auctioneer exclaiming))

Beau: Congratulations. You just overpaid for a bull. Hope you can ride it home. ((audience laughs, Beau leaves))

Dale: Don't worry about a ride home. I got ya.

Rooster: Thanks, Dale.

Dale: I'll come out later in the week and give that bull a proper examination.
Rooster: ((exhales sharply)) Yeah, about that, uh-- ((shakes head)) Neumann's Hill won't let me use you. They said you're not on their approved list of vets.

Dale: Oh. (. ) Well, that's unfortunate, but-- I get it.

Rooster: Appreciate that.

Dale: It's also unfortunate you'll be walking home. Bye. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Colt comes back home, Maggie is sitting in the kitchen))

Colt: Mom? (. ) What are you doin' here? I was about to head back down to the bar.

Maggie: Um... You got a second?

Colt: If you came to pick up some of them frozen steaks you left here and noticed there were a couple missin', that was Drake. On his own. ((audience laughs)) Yeah, he's really smart. ((points at the dog)) Bad Drake! ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Look, Abby's had a full day, and almost a full keg. She's passed out on the couch.

Colt: What? ((comes to the sofa)) Oh. She'll be fine. She's got a bread pillow. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: I just think everything with her parents and the baby and you guys hit her all at once.

Colt: Shit. (. ) This is all my fault. ((takes off his jacket))

Maggie: You waitin' for me to argue with you?

Colt: I just-- What am I supposed to do? How am I supposed to fix this?

Maggie: You can't. You're not gonna fix it. Just be there for her.

Colt: ((exhales heavily)) I'm trying. It's just-- Hard. (. ) With work and, her parents. Heather. (. ) How the fuck did this become my life?

Maggie: Well, would you like me to walk you through it? 'Cause I could draw a diagram with three stick figures and one little stick. ((audience laughs)) Look, you've created a messy situation. ((stands up)) But you have a good heart. All right, Colt? You just follow that. Everything's gonna be fine. ((Colt comes to hug her, Maggie chuckles))

Colt: Thanks, Mom. (. ) Do you smell smoke?

Abby: ((wakes up with a cigarette in her mouth)) Does Domino's deliver out here? ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Colt and Abby in the truck, Abby’s hat is covering her eyes))

Abby: Oh, my God. I'm never drinking again. ((Colt chuckles)) If I can't uncover my eyes, I'm gonna have to use one of your windows as a puke bag. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Okay, just don't look until I tell you.

Abby: ((sighs))
Colt: All right. You know the water tower where Rooster painted "Fuck Colt"?

Abby: Yeah, of course. It's how I give directions to the highway. Take a left at the "Fuck Colt" water tower, a right on Mill Road, and if you hit the "Colt Sucks" barn, you've gone too far. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckling)) Well, we're at the water tower. ((stammers)) The "Colt Sucks" barn is still there? ((audience laughs))

Abby: ((peeks through the hat)) Oh, no. No. It's too bright.

Colt: You gotta look at the water tower.

Abby: =It's too bright. I don't wanna! =

Colt: = Stop. ((audience laughs)) I-- I'll get you a McGriddle afterwards.

Abby: Okay, fine. ((takes off the hat)) ((audience laughs)) ((groans, then chuckles, while reads what’s on the water tower)) "Fuck, Colt loves Abby."

Colt: Yeah, I didn't have enough paint to cover up the "Fuck," so I just added to it. ((audience laughs)) ((both chuckle)) This whole situation sucks. (. ) And it also sucks that we live in a town where everyone's gotta know our business. (. ) Now at least they'll know this, too.

Abby: It's so sweet, Colt. (. ) And you even put the comma in the right spot.

Colt: Honestly, that was just a lucky guess. ((audience laughs)) I didn't, I just--

Abby: ((chuckles)) ((sighs))

Colt: But I mean it. (. ) I don't want you to forget it.

Abby: Well, I'll be reminded about it every day. ((Colt chuckles)) At least until Rooster turns it back to "Fuck Colt." ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((takes her hand)) We're gonna make it through this. ((Abby nods)) I'll be a good father. I'll be an even better boyfriend.

Abby: Okay, that doesn't sound great. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Right. ((Abby chuckles)) I-- I'll be equally good at both. How's that?

Abby: Fuck, Abby loves Colt. ((they kiss))

Colt: Ooh. Fuck, Abby needs to brush her teeth. ((Abby chuckles and hits Colt with her hat, audience laughs))

((Ending credits))

The Ranch

S02E18 “Big Money“
((Rooster and Colt at the police station))

Rooster: Man, it's weird being down here without getting booked, huh?

Colt: Yeah.

Rooster: And being sober. (.) And wearing pants. ((sits down)) ((audience laughs))

Colt: Hey, you think they keep our old mugshots? 'Cause my hair looked really great in that last one. See if I could get a wallet size. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Who would've thought we'd be the ones picking up Mom, huh? ((Colt chuckle)) It's like the day when you beat your dad at driveway basketball. It's fun, but, shit just ain't never the same. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Only time Dad ever shot a basketball was with a rifle. ((audience laughs)) Hey, you know what? I talked to Peterson again. I really wanna buy that ranch.

Rooster: Yeah, well, I'd really like to, bang Kate Winslet, but don't see that happening. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Whoa, Kate Winslet's your go-to?

Rooster: Titanic came out at a really important time of my life. ((audience laughs)) Plus, she gets naked in that movie. (.) That ship was going down, something else was going up. ((audience laughs))

Colt: It's just, Peterson's giving us such a great deal. And for the down payment, I'll throw in whatever cash I got. The rest, we can put in the money we got from the calf sale last year.

Rooster: Oh, yeah, that's a good idea. We can use the money we need to run the ranch. You know what else we could do? We could, uh, sell our house and buy a whole bunch of candy. ((audience laughs))

Colt: I thought about it. Give me your dip can.

Rooster: All right. ((takes out a dip can from his pocket and gives it to Colt))

Colt: This dip can, ((taps at it)) that's our operating money, right? ((opens the can and takes out a pinch)) This pinch right here, this is our expenses for one month. ((puts the pinch in his mouth)) Fuckin' peach, are you serious? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: What? Makes your mouth taste like cobbler. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Anyway, we use the rest of this money ((points at the can)) for a down payment. ((throws all the pinch into a trash bin))

Rooster: Dude, what the fuck?

Colt: ((whispers)) What the fuck, right? ((audience laughs)) Our operating money is gone. ((throws the dip can into a trash bin)) Oh, wait, what? What's this? ((takes out a small can out of his pocket)) It's a whole can of wintergreen-flavored pipeline money. Soon as we get the check, we put it in the bank, replace the money we took. Boom. ((gives the can to Rooster)) Golden. Fuck, this peach is fucking delicious. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) Yeah, told ya. You wanna get kids hooked on tobacco, that's the move right there. ((audience laughs)) ((sighs)) I don't know. You wanna try and make this work? We're gonna need a loan.
Colt: Yeah. Well, you worked with Bill down at the bank, right?

Rooster: Yeah, I mean, you know he ran the accounts when I was running the bar. (.) Actually, you know, Bill owes me a favor. Last time he was in there, he got so shitfaced, he passed out, left the keys to the bank at the bar.

Colt: You just brought 'em back to him?

Rooster: 'Course. Gave them to the nighttime security guard at the bank. Right after I discovered there was a nighttime security guard at the bank. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Look, don't matter. We'll talk to Bill about the loan, then we go talk to Dad.

Rooster: All right, I'm in.

Colt: Fuck yeah! ((stands up)) ((audience laughs))

Police officer: ((to Maggie)) Here's your personal belongings.

Maggie: Oh, thanks. Sorry about that whole filthy-fucking-pig thing. Say hi to your mom. ((audience laughs)) ((Maggie walks past Rooster and Colt))

Rooster: ((to the police officer)) What's up, Wilkerson? ((shows him the middle finger, audience laughs))

Colt: Hey, Wilkerson, you ever get déjá vu? ((also shows him the middle finger, Wilkerson shows him middle fingers with both hands)) ((audience laughs))

((Opening credits))

((Colt, Rooster and Maggie are driving home))

Rooster: What'd you get arrested for anyway?

Maggie: Me and this guy, chained ourselves to a bulldozer. It was nice. He had hummus.

Colt: All right, so now you went to jail. (. ) Quit this stupid protest?

Maggie: Stupid? Yeah. Sorry it's not as noble as protesting the high price of beer at the Broncos game. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Eleven dollars! How's a family of four supposed to get fucked up? ((audience laughs))

Colt: What are you doing this for? ((Maggie looks confused)) You ain't gonna win, so why you fighting?

Maggie: The only reason you guys care about this at all is because you're profiting off of it.

Rooster: No. That is not true. This pipeline's gonna bring a lot of jobs right where people need it, okay? Everyone's excited. Like, my boy Shaggy, he's talking about giving up cooking meth and going back to welding. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Those pipeline jobs, they're only temporary. It's like the county fair. When it's here, it's fun, but when it leaves, there's nothing left but a patch of oily grass where they deep-fried the Snickers. ((audience laughs))
Colt: Yeah, last year they had deep-fried fried chicken. (.) Saw a baby have a heart attack. ((audience laughs)) Still, it was fucking delicious. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: You know, you wouldn't be so gung ho about this pipeline thing if the government came in and instituted eminent domain.

Colt: I don't know. My first question would be, "What the fuck is eminent domain?" ((audience laughs)) You can't just make shit up, Mom. ((audience laughs)) It'd be like if the government all of a sudden said, "We're no longer gonna call February 'February.' From now on, it's Toyotathon. ((audience laughs)) January, Toyotathon, March." ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Colt, don't be an idiot, man. Everybody knows what eminent domain is, all right? ((reads from his phone)) "The right of a government or its agent to expropriate private properties." ((Colt turns around and tries to take his phone, both laughing, audience laughs))

Maggie: It means they can take your property and not pay you. Sort of how you eminent domain beers from my bar. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Yeah, they're payin' us for it.

Maggie: They're not paying everyone. In Montana, they took land from the reservation and the tribe had no say in it.

Colt: Well, it serves them right. (.) They took two grand from me at an Indian casino. I didn't have no say in it. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Look, we don't gotta like the company to do business with them, all right? You know, I still go buy wood from Denny down at the lumber yard even though he's a Raiders fan. ((imitating Denny)) "Hey, Raiders beat Broncos." ((in normal voice)) Oh, yeah, Denny? Guess what? I used to fuck your wife back in high school. See you." ((Colt chuckles)) ((audience laughs))

Maggie: You're right. I change my mind. I now support the pipeline.

Colt: Yeah. I'm getting married soon. We want you to be involved in the wedding, not risking getting run over by a bulldozer that you're layin' in front of.

Maggie: Wait, you got arrested for the exact same thing.

Colt: No. I passed out in front of a bulldozer. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Rooster is in the kitchen, Beau comes home))

Beau: I need some help from you and your brother ear-tagging those calves. Where is he?

Rooster: Well, I told him you didn't trust him, which is why I was out there helping him fix that gatepost down by the corral. He's like, "What? Screw that. I can do it by myself. Go inside." So now I'm in here, eating lunch, drinking a beer. He's out there fixing the gate. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Let's try that again. Where's your brother?

Rooster: He's outside.
Beau: Was that so fucking hard? ((audience laughs)) Did you talk to Mom?
Beau: No.
Rooster: You going to?
Beau: No.
Rooster: All right. Well, obviously, you don't want to talk about it, so I'm just gonna drop it.
Beau: Was that so fucking hard? ((audience laughs))
((knock on the door, Beau opens))
Beau: Hey, Jen.
Rooster: Hmm. Engineer Jennifer, you look lovely.
Jen: Thanks. You look... The same. ((audience laughs)) I brought over the ((takes out the documents from her bag)) final contracts you approved. All that's left is for you to sign. ((gives the documents to Beau))
Beau: Good Lord, how many signatures do you need?
Jen: Fifteen signatures, five initials and we typically ask for a first-born child, but since it's Rooster, we're gonna waive it. ((audience laughs))
Beau: Fifteen signatures. If you need a fingerprint, I know which finger I'm using. ((audience laughs)) ((sits down at the table))
Rooster: Man, Dad wouldn't even sign my permission slips back in school. ((Jen sits down at the table)) One time, I had to sit in the library. ((comes to the table)) My whole class was up at the Denver Zoo on a field trip. I'm sitting there re-shelving books with Ms. Damone. ((sits down at the table)) They all got to see two baboons fucking. ((audience laughs))
Jen: Charming. ((looks at the documents)) Oh, uh, here's the amendment you requested. "Keep your black helicopters and drones off my goddamn property." ((audience laughs))
Beau: Looks good all printed up like that.
Jen: Mmm-hmm.
Beau: Are these, uh, protesters gonna affect anything?
Jen: No, most of them are vegan. They're very weak. A few hours in the sun and they'll pack it in. ((audience laughs)) I'm kidding. No, we deal with this kind of thing all the time. We'll be fine.
Beau: ((finishes signing up the papers)) All right, there you go. ((Jen sighs)) Even though you said I didn't have to I threw in Rooster. ((audience laughs))
Jen: Great. So once we officially break ground, we'll wire the funds directly into your account. In the meantime, ((stands up)) I'll take these back to my lair and continue my plot to destroy the environment. ((audience laughs)) Oh, come on, I'm funny. ((audience laughs)) ((leaves))
Rooster: Well... Finally did it, daddy. We sold out. Feels good. ((audience laughs)) All right, ((takes a can of beer and leaves)) I'll see you later. ((audience laughs)) Hey, Jen, wait up.

Jen: Okay, let me save you some time. No, it did not hurt when I fell from Heaven. And no, I'm not from Tennessee, despite the fact that I am the only ten you see. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) No, I'm not out here to hit on you. Although, those two are pretty good. ((audience laughs)) Hey, you ever heard this one? ((comes closer to her)) "Heard you're looking for a stud. Well, I got the S-T-D. All I need is you." ((audience laughs))

Jen: I don't know what surprises me more, that that works or that you can spell. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Look, I just wanna say maybe I came on a little strong the other day.

Jen: The other day?

Rooster: All right, every day. ((audience laughs)) But I think if you gave the Rooster another chance, he might surprise you.

Jen: When you're trying to be nice, do you have to speak in the third person? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I don't know. Maybe the Rooster does. ((audience laughs)) Rooster's joking with that one. ((audience laughs)) Shit, Rooster can't stop. ((audience laughs))

Jen: ((chuckles)) Look, Rooster, I'm flattered. And you're not a bad guy, you're just not my type. And honestly, I don't think I'm yours. (. ) The Jen is sorry. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I think the Jen might change her mind if she heard the Rooster's plan. It actually involves a third person. ((she laughs, audience laughs))

Jen: You'd have a better shot at a threesome with those two baboons. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Rooster and Colt at the diner))

Rooster: Oh, say Marco.

Colt: Marco.

Rooster: Bolo. Where'd you get that stupid fucking tie? ((audience laughs)) ((Rooster sits down))

Colt: It's my interviewing tie. ((sits down)) It says, "I know my business, but I also might have a gun." ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I think it says, "Redneck prom." ((audience laughs))

Colt: Still good. ((audience laughs)) ((Bill comes at the diner, Rooster waves))

Colt: Oh, hey. ((both stand up)) Bill, hey! ((Colt shakes Bill’s arm))

Bill: How's it going?

Rooster: What's up, Bill? ((shakes his arm)) Hey, that's a strong beard, huh?
Bill: Actually, I was just trying to cover a rash. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Oh, all right. Well, that's badass, too. ((audience laughs)) Hey, thanks for meeting us on your day off. ((sits down))

Colt: Yeah.

Bill: Oh, uh, no problem. ((Colt and Bill sit down)) My, uh, daughter just turned 17 and discovered she hates her mother, so it's a great time to get out of the house. ((Rooster chuckles)) ((audience laughs)) Oh, uh, nice tie, by the way.

Colt: ((looks at Rooster)) Thank you. ((audience laughs))

Bill: You know, my dad used to bring me to this place when I was a little kid.

Rooster: Oh, yeah? You grew up around here?

Bill: Oh, yeah, uh, dairy farm over in Ridgway.

Colt: Mmm. It's over by the rendering plant?

Bill: Yep. Whole town smells like death. ((audience laughs))

Colt: So, uh, how's a farm kid become a banker?

Bill: Oh, uh, well, my dad thought that farming was too unpredictable, so, uh, he used every penny he had and sent me to college. Uh, but while I was away, he had a couple of rough years and the bank foreclosed on his farm.

Rooster: Piece-of-shit bankers. They should all die. ((audience laughs)) Not you, Bill.

Bill: Anyway, uh, after my dad lost his place, I knew I had to come back and try to keep the town going. You know, all the places that I went to as a kid are disappearing. Uh, the pharmacy, the barbershop Clark's Zoo. Well, I guess it was less a zoo and more Clark just puttin' animals in cages. ((audience laughs)) But when you're a kid, that's just magical. ((audience laughs))

Colt: I remember going to that place. I got bit by a woodchuck. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) Yeah, yeah. You had to get six rabies shots in your stomach. That was awesome. ((audience laughs)) Then you bit me and I had to get 'em, too. ((audience laughs))

Bill: All right, all right, let's talk shop. So last year, the Animas River spill actually increased the value of your land and your herd. The fish in the river are now growing hair, but you guys are in good shape. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Maybe you should dip your head in that river, Bill. ((audience laughs)) What? I'm kidding. ((audience laughs))

Bill: Plus, you're getting a great deal from Peterson. So even though you guys are gonna be stretching a little thin, I'm gonna go ahead and approve the loan.

Colt: ((chuckles))
Rooster: Whoa! Are you serious?

Colt: ((sighs)) Oh. "I'm gonna go ahead and approve the loan." That's the best sentence I've heard since, "The Breathalyzer's busted. Get home safe." ((audience laughs))

Bill: So, uh, let's go over the terms. ((all look at the papers)) Uh, here is how much you guys are gonna be putting down--

Rooster: Yep.

Bill: Oh, and here is your **monthly** payments.

Colt: Okay. Yeah. What's, uh-- What's all these numbers down here?

Bill: Oh. Uh, it's closing costs. Uh, loan fees, appraisal fees, title insurance.

Colt: Oh. Yeah, we don't need those. ((audience laughs))

Bill: Oh. Well... These aren't negotiable. ((audience laughs)) It's not like when my first wife asked me to pay for her boob job as a part of our divorce. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Yeah, well. Here's the thing, Bill. This is a lot of extra cash, you know?

Colt: Yeah, we're putting everything we got into that down payment.

Bill: Oh, well. I-- I-- I don't know what to say. I mean, if you guys can't come up with the money to pay these fees, we can't move forward with the loan.

((Another scene, Abby comes to the wooden watch-tower where Colt is sitting))

Abby: Hey.

Colt: Hey.

Abby: What are you doing up here? ((sighs and sits down))

Colt: Just thinking about jumping.

Abby: Oh.

Colt: Remember, I want my ashes sprinkled into a protein shake that Tom Brady drinks, so I can finally win a **Super Bowl**. ((audience laughs))

Abby: I know. You left me very detailed instructions. And if there's anything left, the rest goes in the milk =at the Indy 500.=

Colt: = Indy 500. ((audience laughs)) How’d you find me? -

Abby: Oh, Rooster told me. (.) He also told me what happened with Bill. (.) I'm sorry.

Colt: Yep. (.) You know, I finally let myself think that all of this was gonna be ours.
Abby: I forgot how beautiful it is. ((chuckles)) God, you remember when Mr. Peterson had that haunted hayride and we made out underneath the hay?

Colt: No, we didn't.

Abby: Oh. Is that an eagle? ((audience laughs))

Colt: This kills me, Ab. (. ) It's, like, I came so close... And now I gotta give up on the dream.

Abby: Well... Maybe not. Here. ((gives him a note))

Colt: What's that? ((takes the note))

Abby: It's money I put aside for the wedding. You can use it to close the deal.

Colt: ((gives it back)) No. No way.

Abby: ((chuckles)) Why not?

Colt: Beca-- I'm supposed to be the one providing. That's the whole point of getting this ranch. If I can't give you a nice wedding and a home, what kind of man am I? I'm not taking your money.

Abby: This is not the 1950s. We're in this together. We provide for each other. This money is supposed to be used for something that makes us happy. And buying this ranch would make me much happier than paying for a huge tent and a band just so Rooster can fill up all the disposable cameras with pictures of his balls. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Abby--

Abby: It's not up for debate. ((gives him the note again))

Colt: You sure?

Abby: Yes. ((Colt takes the note, Abby chuckles))

Colt: Thank you.

Abby: So, are we doing this?

Colt: Yeah. We're doing this.

Abby: Fuck yeah! ((audience laughs)) Oh, ((reaches for her bag)) I brought champagne to celebrate.

Colt: ((chuckles)) What?!

Abby: ((takes out two bottles)) Miller High Life.

Colt: The champagne of beers! ((both chuckle)) ((audience laughs)) You know me so well.

Abby: I love you.

Colt: ((mouths)) I love you. ((they kiss)) All right. Are we gonna have sex in a tree?

Abby: No. We'll save our sex-in-a-tree days to Millwood Park.
Colt: What? Again! Not me. What the fuck? ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Rooster and Colt come home))

Rooster: Hey, Dad, you got a minute to-- Holy shit, you drinking wine? ((audience laughs))

Beau: You idiots drank all the beer.

Colt: What? No! I just bought a case of Bud yesterday. ((checks the fridge)) You like wine! ((runs to Beau and points at the glass, audience laughs))

Beau: Joanne bought it.

Colt: Uh-huh.

Beau: And it's going bad. And you know what? New rule. (. ) If you're over 30 and don't live with your parents, you can drink whatever the fuck you want. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Hey, you know what? This is perfect. We got to talk to you about something. Why don't you sit down, turn off the Sex and the City, and enjoy your chardonnay. ((audience laughs)) ((Colt laughs))

Beau: It's sauvignon blank, asshole. ((audience laughs))

Colt: ((chuckles and points at the chair)) Sit down. All right. Here's the scoop. ((sighs)) We were talking about it. (. ) We want to buy Peterson's ranch.

Beau: Not this again. How many times do I have to say no? It's like the goddamn pizza oven all over again. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Look, you wouldn't be saying that if you had a nice white pizza to pair with your sauvignon blank. ((audience laughs)) Now, listen. Things have changed since we talked about ((sits down at the table)) this last. Yesterday, we met with Bill, from down at the bank. He says we can make a deal. All we got to do is come up with the down payment, he'll give us the loan.

Beau: Yeah, and if they'd have cured polio faster, your Uncle Carl wouldn't have two different sized shoes. ((audience laughs)) We don't have the money.

Colt: Dad, I'm putting in every penny I got. And Abby threw in the money from the wedding. So, with the rest we can bridge it with the money we got in the account, and then soon as the pipeline money comes in, we'll replace it.

Beau: Are you kidding me? That account has to last until we get the calves to market.

Rooster: No, Dad. You heard Engineer Jen. She said the money's gonna be here in a week or two, okay? The Peterson ranch won't be. It's a slam dunk. Just like that pizza oven would have been. ((audience laughs)) Never would've had to order Domino's again. ((audience laughs))

Colt: Dad, this is our chance, to get the land that butts right up next to ours and you know I'm serious 'cause I just said "butts up next to ours" and I didn't even make a joke. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Butts up. ((audience laughs)) That's my favorite butt direction. ((audience laughs))
Colt: I know, right? ((chuckles, audience laughs)) Look, the point is, Peterson's place is already running on a profit and he's offering us a way better deal than what Neumann's Hill is paying.

Beau: Did you guys really run all this by Bill?

Rooster: Yep. =

Colt: =Yeah. He says he thinks we should do it. Dad, you always tell us that a man doesn't talk, he takes action. Well, this is us taking action. We-- Actually, this is us talking about taking action. ((audience laughs))

Beau: I do appreciate you taking the initiative. And you make some good points. (. ) I'll tell you what, I'll think about it. ((stands up))

Rooster: All right, cool. Well, thanks a lot, Dad. ((stands up))

Colt: No.

Beau: Excuse me?

Colt: No. (. ) You can't think about it.

Rooster: Hey, Colt, you wanna do me a favor and shut the fuck up? ((audience laughs))

Colt: Look, ((stands up)) I'm sorry, Dad, but you got all the information you need. We got till Friday to do this and this chance ain't coming around again. This is our shot. So, no, you can't go think about it.

Rooster: All right. You know what? This was all Colt's idea. I'm out. ((audience laughs))

Colt: You know, you... You always talked to us about... How much this ranch means to you. About keeping it in the family. How much-- how much longer do you realistically think we're gonna be able to do that? Sure, you know, we'll get through a year, two. What, maybe ten. How long you think it's gonna be till one of these corporate jobs comes in and just ((makes a fist)) scoops us up? You think this place is gonna be around for my kids or my kids' kids? You're just fooling yourself.

Beau: You know, when my grandfather started this place, he was just farming it. (. ) They were barely getting by. (. ) Then my dad convinced him to-- Take what little money they had and-- Start running cows. (. ) Two generations later, we're still here. (. ) You know what? Fuck it. Let's do it.

Rooster: Wait, what? ((audience laughs)) Um, actually, this was all my idea and I'm back in. ((audience laughs))

Colt: You serious?

Beau: Yeah. (. ) Maybe two generations from now, they'll look back on this moment and say that's why there's still an Iron River Ranch.

Colt: ((points at Beau)) That's exactly what they're gonna say.

Beau: Or it doesn't matter what we do. 'Cause by then we'll all be speaking fucking Chinese. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Colt and Abby sitting at the bar, Rooster is behind the bar, pouring drinks))

Rooster: All right. Here's to expanding the Iron River Ranch.
Colt: ((chuckles)) Yeah.

Rooster: *Where the grass is green, the sky is blue and the only fat girls are the ones who say "moo."
((chuckles, audience laughs)) Sorry, I've had that since, like, the seventh grade. ((audience laughs))

Abby: Yeah, you've been single since then, too. ((audience laughs)) I'm so happy for you guys.

Colt: ((chuckles, they all clink glasses)) Cheers.

Hank: We should celebrate. A toast, perhaps? ((audience laughs))

Abby: So, Rooster, Colt told me that you're seeing Engineer Jen? Or was he just meaning in the bushes outside her hotel room? ((Colt snorts)) ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Nah, she's getting too clingy. Trying to keep my distance.

Colt: That meaning that the court order says you can't come within 500 feet of her? ((all laugh, audience laughs)) You know what your problem is? ((stands up, clears throat)) You don't know how to treat a woman. ((puts an arm around Abby)) You've gotta treat her with class.

Abby: Mmm!

Colt: Refinement. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go pee my lady's initials into the urinal ice. ((audience laughs))

Abby: I have a master's degree. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: Yeah ((sighs)) Engineer Jen's pretty into me. ((pours alcohol)) I mean, I'm not even returning her calls or her texts or any other badass things she does trying to get my attention. So, like, you know, what kind of advice would you give her?

Abby: I'd tell her to move on.

Rooster: Yeah, that's not gonna happen. ((audience laughs)) So, uh, what else you got?

Abby: Look, the reason why Colt and I work is 'cause we're best friends. We hang out together. We laugh, we talk. You know, just take the pressure off the relationship part and just be Jen's friend.

Rooster: Right. So, like... Treat her like a dude? ((audience laughs))

Abby: I was thinking more like a person, but yeah. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Beau chopping wood, Maggie comes to talk))

Beau: You here to protest me chopping wood?

Maggie: No, but I do have some poster board and markers in my car. I could whip something up, I guess. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Why are you here, Maggie?

Maggie: ((sighs)) I wanted a grumpy old man to yell at me and my dad's dead, so I came here. ((audience laughs)) I figured you'd be pissed, so we'd need to have this out.
Beau: We don't. Thanks for stopping by.

Maggie: It's not that simple, Beau. We live in the same small town. We have sons together.

Beau: You can have 'em. ((throws a wood on the ground))

Maggie: Colt's getting married. I don't wanna have this fight at that reception. Your cousin Joe's wedding was already on Cops. ((audience laughs))

Beau: Okay. Go ahead and apologize.

Maggie: For what?

Beau: You know what the pipeline money means to this ranch. Find another cause. (.I'm sure there's some endangered owl somewhere who's being persecuted for his alternative lifestyle. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: You can make your little jokes. I'm not gonna back down from something I believe in because you're going to pout about it.

Beau: I included you in a family decision. Even though you left this family. (.You had a vote, you lost. Now you won't accept it. You sound like a damn Democrat. ((audience laughs))

Maggie: Would you get over yourself? It wasn't personal.

Beau: What's more personal than betraying your family?

Maggie: Can we just disagree without it being me betraying the family?

Beau: Maggie, I'm tired. When I see you at the wedding, I'll tip my hat, I'll smile. I'll even help you wrangle Rooster's drunk ass after he takes off his shirt and starts singing "Sweet Home Alabama." ((audience laughs)) As far as I'm concerned, you are no longer welcome on this ranch.

Maggie: Wow. I can't believe you just said that. Don't worry, Beau. I won't be back anytime soon. ((walks away))

((Another scene, Rooster is sitting at the porch, Jen comes))

Jen: Hey, Rooster.

Rooster: Hey. Engineer Jen, what's up?

Jen: What are you doin'?

Rooster: Well, I'm just, uh, fucking with Colt's Xbox controller. Switching the "X" button for a "B" and the "Y" button for an "A." That way, whenever he needs to make a spin move, he's gonna be doing a speed burst. ((audience laughs)) I guarantee he's gonna cry like a bitch. ((audience laughs))

Jen: Cool. You're in your mid-30s, right? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: ((chuckles)) What brings you by?

Jen: ((comes closer)) Well, the surveyors are all done, so I just wanted to drop off the gate keys. ((extends her hand to give the keys))
Rooster: ((takes the keys)) Oh, okay. I'll tell Dad you dropped 'em off. ((sighs)) So, those protesters still giving you a headache?

Jen: Yeah. What's the cure? Sex with you? ((audience laughs))

Rooster: No, although, I did have a wrestling coach one time who said he could cure headaches with a back rub. He couldn't. ((audience laughs)) Actually, I was just honestly curious how your job was going.

Jen: Well, the protesters found out who I am and keyed my truck. As far as my boss knows, they also backed it into a shopping cart. ((audience laughs))

Rooster: I get it. As far as my dad's concerned, Colt spilled nachos on his favorite chair. ((audience laughs))

Jen: This whole thing sucks. I don't wanna upset anyone. I just want to do my job. ((sits at the chair)) I'm getting paid to work with rocks. I love rocks. I still remember in the sixth grade, we took this school trip to Washington, DC. I got to touch a moon rock. It changed my life. From that point forward, I knew it was my calling.

Rooster: Well, how do you know it was a moon rock and not, like, just some shitty rock they found at a construction site when they tore down a strip club? ((audience laughs))

Jen: Why would you do that?

Rooster: Sorry. Yeah. Well, that sucks you're going through that. Look, if it makes you feel any better, I'll let you go out back, take home one rock. They're from Mars. ((audience laughs))

Jen: ((laughs)) Thanks. And thanks for letting me vent.

Rooster: Yeah, sure. Just trying to be a good friend. And that's what we'll be from now on, all right? No matter what happened in the past.

Jen: I appreciate that.

Rooster: Unless, of course you wanna go inside--

Jen: Nope.

Rooster: Cool. Yeah, me neither. ((audience laughs))

Jen: ((stands up)) See you, Rooster.

Rooster: All right. See you later. ((imitating Abby)) "Just be her friend." ((in normal voice)) Fuck you, Abby. ((audience laughs))

((Another scene, Beau still chooping wood))

Colt: Dad? Close call at the feed store. Almost let it slip that you drink wine. ((audience laughs)) It'd be horrible if that got out, you know? 'Course, it'd be harder for me to say something if my mouth was filled with homemade pizza. ((audience laughs)) ((Beau sighs))

Colt: You okay?

Beau: Yeah. Just catching my breath.
Colt: You want me to help you chop that wood? ((Beau faints, Colt runs to him)) Dad? Dad? Dad?

((Ending credits))

3. F Is for Family (2015-)

S01E03 “The Trough“

((A house, TV is on, Bill is reading comics, Frank is on the phone))

Man on TV: Mail your confession along with five dollars to me, Jesus, P. O. Box 38, FDR Station, New York. Tell Jesus your secret.

Frank: ((on the phone)) Uh-huh. Yes, that's very troubling. Thanks for calling me on a Sunday. I promise you, we will handle this with Kevin immediately. ((hangs up the phone and leaves the room)) Kevin, you lying sack of shit!

Kevin: = What?= 

Man 1 on TV: We'll return to Jesus and the Bible Buddies after these messages.

Man 2 on TV: This Friday, Colt gets it on with death on an all new Colt Luger. Colt's investigation leads him to a cathouse.

Prostitue: Beat it, gumshoe. I'm trying to earn a living.

Colt Luger: The world's oldest profession.

Prostitue: Prostitution?

Colt Luger: Smacking broads. ((slaps the girl's face))

Prostitue: Oh! ((punches him in the face, the man falls, the girl also and they start kissing))

Man 2 on TV: Danger wears a D-cup. This week, on an all new Colt Luger. ((the TV is switched off))

Bill: ((while reading comics)) I was watching that.

Frank: No, you weren't. And now you're not. OK, little man, ((opens the front door)) come on outside. ((goes outside))

Bill: ((goes outside)) Yeah, Dad?

Frank: How would you like to go to a football game in the city with your old man?

Bill: Wow, yeah! I thought you were taking Kevin.

Frank: ((puts the box in the back of a car)) Yeah, he's not going now.

Bill: When did he decide that?

Frank: Just now when I told him.
Kevin: ((comes outside in a football jersey, paint on his face)) This shit took me all morning! You promised you were gonna take me!

Frank: Well, you lied to me! You gave me your word saying you were working on those history assignments, and all of a sudden, I get a call from your teacher saying you haven't done a single one! ((points at him))

Kevin: It's history! It's not going anywhere!

Frank: When I get home tonight, I want to see half of those assignments completed, or as God is my witness, I will put you through that fuckin' wall!

Kevin: We're outside, genius! There is no wall!

Frank: Then I will build one and I will fucking put you through it!

Sue: ((comes outside, hushed)) Would you please stop screaming in front of the entire neighborhood?!

Goomer: ((raking the leaves outside)) Don't worry, I didn't hear anything.

Mr. Holtenwasser: ((from the other side of the street)) I heard, but I didn't understand it!

Frank: ((pointing at her)) Sorry, Susan, but your son is no good. You're not man enough to live up to your agreement, so Bill gets to go to the game. That's final! ((stands behind Bill)) He's a man. He finished all his homework!

Bill: I didn't have any.

Frank: Shut up and get in the car. ((walks to the car)) And you get in the house! ((points at Kevin, but the dog (Major) runs back to the house, whimpering))

((Vic comes to them with a pet iguana on his shoulder))

Vic: Hey, Frank. You taking a Sunday drive?

Frank: Going to a game in the city, Vic. ((sits in the car))

Vic: ((through the car window to Frank)) Oh, sweet, man. A boy and his dad spending the day together, that is some salt of the Earth stuff. Oh, I got tickets too! But I can't go, 'cause I got one sick Izzie here. He got into by booger sugar, ((pet iguana's eyes moves strangely)) and now he thinks he's a dinosaur. Can you dig it? Crazy, man.

Frank: Yeah, watch your toes. ((starts the engine, drives away))

Vic: Rock on, my brother!

Kevin: That's it, Dad. Drive away like a chickenshit dildo! ((Frank drives back to him, Bill grunting))

Frank: What did you say?

Kevin: Nothing.

Frank: That's what I thought. ((drives away))
Kevin: So unfair!

Sue: ((comes to him)) Well, Kevin, you made your bed.

Kevin: Not yet, ((walking away)) but I will! God, get off my back!

Sue: Don't you talk to me that way! ((walking back to the house))

Kevin: Now look who's screaming in front of the whole neighborhood! ((slams door, Sue also goes inside))

Goomer: Still didn't hear anything.

((Opening credits))

((Kevin in the bathroom, cleaning up the paint off his face))

Kevin: I hate my goddamn life! Stupid lipstick.

Sue: ((comes to the bathroom with a towel)) Look, honey, ((starts cleaning hs face with a towel)) I know you're upset at your dad.

Kevin: He's such a jerk. He's a bigger Hitler than Mr. Hitler's brother, Hitler!

Sue: Wait, who?

Kevin: It's not fair!

Sue: Kevin, you lied to us, and you need to grow up. Look, Maureen and I are going shopping, ((goes to the door)) and while we're gone, I fully expect you to get your assignments done. I'll see you in a few hours. ((leaves))

Kevin: Humph.

((Maureen sits in a car and her and Sue leave))

Kevin: ((on the phone)) I need to get toasted, now.

((Another scene, Frank and Billy in the car))

Frank: Billy, you are gonna love this. You and me, the Murphy men. You're excited, right?

Bill: Uh, sure, Dad.

Frank: 'Course you are. This is incredible. Your first game and you're sitting on the 50-yard line in corporate seats. Are you kidding me? At your age? Do you realize how lucky you are?

Bill: Yeah.

Frank: Jesus, I wish I had me for a dad. Hey, grab me a cold one out of the cooler. ((Bill takes a beer can)) There you go. You're up, little man. Hold the wheel. ((Bill takes the wheel, while Frank opens a can and sips from it)) You're gonna love the stadium. The field is so green! And I got a great shortcut to get us there. Put the lock down. ((they both put the locks down)) I'll tell you, this is gonna be great.
((A red light flashes, they stop and outside the black man is standing on the street with a gas tank, waving at them))

Bill: Shouldn't we help that guy?

Frank: (softly) No. Do not make eye contact.

A black man: Hey, my main man. I ran outta gas.

Frank: Don't make eye contact.

A black man: Can you help a brother out? ((he starts coming to their car))

Frank: Shit, I made eye contact. (yelling) Don't kill me! I have a family! ((drives away))

A man in a car: Fucking asshole!

Frank: Oh, what a day. I told you it was gonna be great, huh? Just you and me, buddy. This'll be a day you will remember forever.

((Another scene, Maureen and Sue in the car))

Maureen: (sees Benn and Kenny playing darts outside) Oh, that looks so fun! Why do I have to go with you?

Sue: Stop pouting. You and I are gonna have lots of fun today. We get to see the new mall, and buy supplies for my Plast-A-Ware party.

Maureen: Why?

Sue: Because it's Mommy's job.

Maureen: Daddy says moms only work when the husband's in jail.

Sue: Daddy-- Sometimes says things he doesn't mean. (.) And I love my job.

Maureen: How much money do you make?

Sue: Well, they pay me in free Plast-A-Ware bowls.

Maureen: Is there money in the bowls?

Sue: I better watch the road.

((Frank and Bill in the stadium))

Frank: Wait till you see this. You ready? You ready?

Bill: I'm ready.

Frank: Here we go. ((they come up the stairs to see the main pitch))

Bill: ((gasps)) Wow!

Frank: Didn't I tell ya? It's a cathedral. Oh! Aren't these seats great? ((eating hot dogs))
Bill: We're so close. I can see the ash on the quarterback's cigarette.

Frank: Hey, you gonna tell your friends about this tomorrow, about what a great old man you got?

Bill: Sure, Dad.

Frank: Of course you will. All right, Rustys!

Bill: Whoo-hoo!

(A man and a woman come up to them)

Roger: Excuse me, but I believe you're in my seats.

Frank: Huh? No, no, no. These are ours, pal. Keep it moving.

Roger: ((shows the tickets)) Here, I'll show you the tickets.

Frank: Get those outta my face! These are company seats, pal. They belong to Mohican Airways. ((points to the sign behind them)) Do you see that? Mohican Airways. Do you belong to Mohican Airways?

Roger: I am Mohican Airways! I'm Roger Dunbarton, the CEO.

Frank: Oh, oh, oh! ((stands up, takes off his hat)) Oh, Mr. Dunbarton! Mr. Dunbarton, I'm so sorry. Frank Murphy, baggage department. ((looks at Bill)) Take your hat off, Bill. ((Bill takes it off))

Roger: Murphy, yes. You recently got promoted. Bob Pogo's been singing your praises. That is when that whale isn't singing the "Oscar Meyer Weiner Song." ((laughs, Frank laughs too)) Get out of my seats.

Frank: Oh, yes. Yes, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Bill, you're in the man's seat. ((they move))

Announcer: Stopped on the Piledriver 31-yard line.

Announcer: Stopped on the Piledriver 31-yard line.

Frank: ((sitting one row below Roger)) Mr. Dunbarton, uh... Ma-- May I say it is an honor t--

Bill: Dad, can I get a pennant?

Frank: Yeah, yeah. ((gives him some money)) Here you go. Get two. ((Bill leaves)) Mr. Dunbarton, can I buy you a beer?

Roger: That horse piss is for peasants. ((takes out a flask from his jacket)) On this side of the tracks, we drink private stock. ((gives the flask to Frank))

Brandy: We're drinking brandy, and my name is Brandy! Isn't that funny?

Roger: It's very funny, Brandy. ((chuckles)) Yeah.

Frank: It's hilarious. ((Bill comes back, Frank laughs)) Right? ((pushes Bill))

Bill: ((forced laugh))

Roger: ((laughing)) Yes. Yes! ((stands up)) Everyone laugh at my wife's funny joke. Laugh, damn you!

A man in the stadium: Sit doooooown!
((Another scene, Kevin is under the bridge, sitting with Bolo and Lex))

Bolo: ((takes out a plastic bag with weed)) Splifter time!

Kevin: ((mimics Jamaican accent)) Yah, mon, ((takes a bag from him and takes out a vinyl cover from his bag)) let's clean them ganja seeds before daylight comes and me wanna go home.

Lex: Where'd you get that queer album from, your Dad's asshole? ((chuckles))

Kevin: It's the first double album I grabbed. Leave me alone.

Lex: Just busting you.

Kevin: When I was little, my parents put this on every Sunday after dinner. Like they were Mr. and Mrs. Liberace or some shit.

Bolo: Oh, you're bummimg me out! Let's blaze.

Kevin: ((straining)) My dad is such a hard-ass. He's breaking my balls 'cause I'm flunking history.

Lex: Who needs to learn about shit that already happened? If they had a class called "future", I'd be all over it.

Kevin: Yeah, man. In the future, you won't even have to study. You just take a smart pill.

Bolo: ((straining)) I would totally overdose on those. ((blows out the smoke, everyone laughs))

((Another scene, Sue and Maureen at the mall))

Ginny: ((to the shop assistant)) Can you point me to the bargain basement? I'm recently separated. I don't think he ever loved me.

Sue: Oh, God, not her. ((goes to take Maureen)) Uh, Maureen, honey, let's go play with the pots and pans.

Maureen: Mommy, why are you pulling me?

Ginny: Sue? Sue Murphy?

Sue: Ah, fuck me. ((turns around to face her)) Ginny, hi! It's so good to see you. I'd love to talk, but-- ((turns to leave))

Ginny: Oh, thank you. My own mother won't even listen to me.

Sue: Um honey, here's some pennies. ((gives her some cents)) Go make a wish in the fountain in front of the organ store.

Maureen: ((chuckles)) All right! ((runs away))

Ginny: Thank you, Sue. ((takes Sue's hands)) You're such a good friend.

Sue: Yes, well, I don't have a whole--

Ginny: It all began on the honeymoon.

((Another scene, the stadium))
Announcer: And that's the end of the first half! The Piledrivers: 39, your Rustys: two.

Frank: ((sitting next to Roger)) I don't want to brag, sir, but since I took over the department, I already found that stair car that was missing since last fall.

Roger: Good for you. You know, I once did a shift in the baggage department just to see what it was like, mix in with the fellas.

Frank: Really?

Roger: Good God, no! ((chortling, puts an arm around Frank)) Ah, it's a hell of a thing that happened to Ed, wasn't it, Frank? ((pours some branfy into Frank's cup))

Frank: Oh, yeah. Terrible, terrible.

Roger: Do you know how much it costs to replace one of those propellers?

Frank: No.

Roger: Neither did I, until Ed walked into one. ((chuckles)) You see, Frank, in business, it's the unforeseen expenses that can cripple a company. Get that goddamn finger ((takes out the cup from Bill)) out of my face! ((throws the cup to a man, who was blocking Roger's view))

Bill: Dad, my soda!

Frank: Nice throw, sir!

Roger: ((puts a hand on Frank's shoulder)) Frank, the last thing this company needs is a strike. When will these employees learn that we're all pulling together?

Frank: Uh, there's a lot of factors, sir, and these guys, you know, they work really hard.

Roger: Now listen to me. You're not their friend anymore, you're their boss! They need to fear you. They need to know that you can fuck their wife better than they can.

Frank: ((softly)) OK.

Roger: I like you, Frank. Just don't ever cross me.

Frank: I would never do that, sir.

Roger: Good. ((puts a hand on Frank's shoulder)) I think that God, in His infinite wisdom, fed Ed's face into that propeller so that you ((points at Frank)) would be in this football stadium on this day with me. You have been anointed, Frank. Don't let me, or God, down. Same thing.

Bill: ((reaches for Frank's coat)) Dad, will you take me to the bathroom?

Frank: Not now, I'm being anointed.

Bill: I really have to go.

Brandy: I'll take him. ((stands up)) Follow me. ((they leave))
Roger: Don't buy a hot dog, Brandy. You're gettin' fat.

Brandy: ((giggles)) Oh, you.

Roger: I mean it. I'll cut you off!

Brandy: ((loud munching a burger)) Fuck him, I'll eat what I want!

((Bill goes to a men's bathroom alone, he opens the door, to find a disgusting bathroom, a lot of men to the urinals, men chattering, some man belches))

Man 1: What a dick!

Man 2: ((shouts indistinctly))

Man 1: Shit-cock! ((man belches))

Bill: Ugh. ((overlapping chatter))

Man 1: Fuck that guy! Bullshit. ((light buzzing))

Man 3: Hey, move it.

Man 1: My fuckin' dick.

Man 4: Goddamn stall! Hey, man, you're taking too long.

Man 5: I'm taking a shit!

Man 6: Who pissed on this?!

Man 7: Should've gone for it!

((There's a man coughing, another one's retching, someone’s puking etc., Bill gets out of the bathroom disgusted and goes back to his seat in the stadium with Brandy))

((Another scene, Kevin smoking))

Kevin: Oh, yeah. ((coughs))

Lex: I have a question. If you had to screw a First Lady, who would it be?

Bolo: I know.

Lex: And you can't say "Jackie Kennedy."

Bolo: If I can't say "Jackie Kennedy", I quit. She's so saaaaad.

Kevin: Stupid record. ((flashback to Kevin’s childhood memory))

Little Kevin: Let's play catch, daddy.

Frank: You betcha, Kevin. ((plays around with dad)) Remember this wonderful day, because there might be a time when you're older and we're not getting along so good, and you'll remember that the most important thing in
life is that I'll always be your father. And I'll always love you, no matter what. Oh, and you don't want to be with Jackie Kennedy because she was married to President Kennedy, and he fucked everybody.

Kevin: ((cries)) I love you, daddy. I'm sorry things got so messed up.

Bolo: Kevin's tripping! ((the boys laugh))

Kevin: I gotta get my act together. ((wipes out the tears)) Starting right ((siren chirps)) The cops!

Bolo: Oh, let's get outta here! ((they run away))

((Another scene, Ginny and Sue talking at the mall))

Ginny: No woman should spend Valentine's Day night driving all over the city, searching for her husband.

Sue: Wow, it's five o'clock and--

Ginny: We hadn't had sex facing each other for seven years.

((Another scene, Frank and Bill are driving home))

Bill: Dad, I'm cold.

Frank: ((slurring)) I need the window down. It helps me think. Ah! Wasn't this a great day? We had fun together, right?

Bill: Yeah. You spent a lot of time with the grown-ups.

Frank: No, no, no, those weren't just any grown-ups, son. I made a powerful friend today. Do you know who that-- Do you know who that Mr. Dunbarton is? That is the owner of Mohican Airways. The big chief. A man to be reckoned with.

Bill: He spent the last quarter sleeping in his wife's lap.

Frank: And now he knows who I am, and he's trusting your father to smooth over this whole strike situation. I'm important. I (.) have been anointed. ((Bill takes the wheel, while Frank throws his atms in the air and shouts through the window)) A titan of transportation! ((the car's engine stops)) Ah, shit. Did your mother drive this? ((a man starts walking by them down the street)) Oh! ((starts rolling the windows)) Roll the windows up, Bill.

Bill: I thought you needed to think.

Frank: I'm done thinking! Roll them up!

((Another scene, Kevin and his friends are climbing up the streets))

Bolo: Oh, man! I don't want to go to juvie!

Lex: My mom is gonna kill me!

Kevin: It's hard to run! I can't feel my feet! ((they climb up))

Bolo: Come on, let's go!
Kevin: ((stops)) Uh, hey! I gotta go back.

Bolo: You what?

Kevin: ((stammers)) I-- I left my wallet there. So, I gotta go back for it. ((starts going back)) Wait for me here. ((the guys drive off)) Oh, shit! Son of a bitch!

((Kevin is back under the bridge, searching for the vinyl cover))

Kevin: Oh, where is it? ((finds it and sighs))

Police officer: ((up on the bridge)) Hey! Come over here! ((two police officers starts coming down to Kevin))

Kevin: Shit! ((runs away))

((Another scene, Frank and Bill stand on the street with an empty gas tank, the cars pass them by))

Frank: Oh, come on! I just need gas, have a heart! I fought in Korea! ((car honking, Frank almost gets hit))

Female driver: Get outta the road!

Frank: ((throws a middle finger up in the air)) Ah, fuck you, lady!

Bill: Dad, maybe we should walk to a gas station. I saw one a few blocks back.

Frank: Bill, this isn't a good neighborhood, OK? Five blocks here is like a thousand in our neighborhood. Christ, we'd be better off drilling into the ground.

Rosie: ((from the other side of the street)) Yo, Frank. Frank Murphy! ((waves))

Frank: Rosie?

Rosie: What the hell are you doing down here?

Frank: Oh, you know, ((comes to Rosie)) we were just coming from the game and--

Rosie: Man, get your Irish ass inside before you freeze. ((leads them to the bar, chuckles)) Hey, ((gives his friends standing outside Frank's gas tank)) go to Texaco and get my friend some gas, all right? You guys come on in.

Rosie's friend: When the fuck did I become the gas guy?

Rosie: ((inside the bar, to the bartender)) Hey, get this man some coffee. Yo, kid, the bathroom's over there if you need it. ((points to the bathroom))

Bill: I'm OK.

Black guy in the bar: Hey, Rosie, why'd you bring that cracker in here?

Rosie: Relax, he's cool man, he's cool.

Black woman in the bar: Shit, man, dude look like a cop!

Rosie: They all look like cops! ((chortles, all laughing))
Frank: Yeah, I guess we do. ((makes a gun with his hands and points at people)) Everybody put your hands up! ((silence, scattered coughs))

Rosie: Not in here, Frank.

((Another scene, the mall, Maureen taking out the cents from the fountain))

Man over PA: Waterbridge Mall is now closing. Thank you.

Ginny: I tried so hard to please him. I did everything he asked. I cut my hair short, I put on after shave, but he wouldn't touch me.

Sue: I-- I don't know, Ginny.

Ginny: I even put a hot quarter up his ass.

Sue: Ginny, stop! The mall is closing. I've got to find Maureen and go home and make dinner.

Ginny: Oh. Well, excuse me. I am so sorry that my life falling apart has inconvenienced you. ((stands up))

Sue: Ginny-- ((puts a hand on Ginny's shoulder))

Ginny: Why'd I even bother talking to you at all? You can't understand how I feel, with your perfect life. And your beautiful kids.

Sue: ((shouts)) My life isn't perfect, okay?! Outside of being a wife and a mother, I've got nothing! I sell plastic that I cry into! We've all got our shit to carry, Ginny! Sometimes I wish I'd never got married! ((gasps and covers her eyes with her hands))

Ginny: Do you ever stop thinking of yourself? ((takes her bags and leaves))

Maureen: ((she is all soaking wet)) Is that true, Mommy?

Sue: ((sighs)) Put those coins back in the fountain.

((Another scene, Bill choosing a song at the jukebox))

Bill: Dad, I don't see any John Denver records.

Rosie: Just keep looking, kid, about 100 blocks North of here! (Rosie and Frank laugh)

Frank: This is an all-black neighborhood.

Rosie: So anyway, I had no sick days left. No personal time, right? Frank Murphy ((points at Frank)) covered my whole shift so I could go to the hospital to see my daughter be born.

Frank: It was an honor, and I asked nothing in return. ((laughs)) So, how's my little goddaughter, Frankalina?

Rosie: ((laughs, puts an arm around Frank, Frank laughs too))

Frank: This guy! ((they clink glasses))

Rosie: Ah, this guy!
Frank: I fucking love this guy!

Rosie: To Frank Murphy. ((raises his glass)) Best friend a luggage jockey ever had. With you on our side, man, Bob Pogo can take his cutbacks and shove 'em up his fat, bacon-eatin' ass.

Frank: That's right, that's right! ((they laugh))

Bill: Yeah, and the football tickets he gave us weren't that good anyway.

Rosie: ((stands aside Frank)) What, say what?

Frank: Uh, nothing, nothing.

Bill: Bob Pogo gave my dad the corporate seats today, but we had to share 'em with Mr. Dunbarton. He likes my dad a lot. Kept talking to him the whole time about how to scare employees.

Rosie: Dunbarton, huh?

Frank: ((stammers)) OK, yeah. Yeah. Bob-- Bob gave me the corporate seats, but I had to take 'em. But I'm still with you. Meeting Dunbarton gave me the chance to put a human face on the baggage handlers' union.

Rosie: Which face am I talking to now? ((a guy with a gas tank comes to the bar)) Your gas is here, man.

Rosie's friend: You're welcome.

((Another scene, Kevin is walking home, a car drives up to him))

Mr. Holtenwasser: Hey! ((Kevin shrieks)) It's your neighbor, Mr. Holtenwasser. ((Kevin screams)) Kevin, it is cold. Let me take you home.

Kevin: Thanks, but--

Mr. Holtenwasser: Oh, please, I insist. Hop in. ((Kevin sits inside))

Kevin: Whoa. ((he sees a Jewish keychain in the car))

((Another scene, Frank and Bill are pissing at the side of the road))

Bill: Dad, are you mad at me for telling your friend about the tickets?

Frank: Nah. It's my fault anyway. I'm sorry today didn't turn out the way you'd hoped.

Bill: It's OK. Can I ask you something else?

Frank: 'Course you can.

Bill: This strike thing at work, how can you be on the boss' side and your friend's side?

Frank: ((sighs)) You can't. ((zips his pants and goes to the car))

Bill: Hang on, I'm not done yet.

Frank: Well, didn't you go at the game?
Bill: Hell, no!

((Another scene, Maureen and Sue driving home))

Maureen: Why'd you make me put the coins back?

Sue: Because it was stealing.

Maureen: But it was my wish!

Sue: Well, not all wishes come true.

Maureen: Like your wish that you never got married?

Sue: ((softly)) No! ((stammers)) I didn't-- ((softly)) No! That's not-- I-- I said that, but I didn't really mean it. I was, you know, just trying to make Ginny feel better.

Maureen: Oh. So when I heard Daddy say he wished he never got married, who was he trying to make feel better?

Sue: I will be sure to ask him that.

((Another scene, Mr. Holtenwasser and Kevin driving home))

Mr. Holtenwasser: It's nice to finally speak to you, Kevin. I've watched you grow for years.

Kevin: What? Like, through the curtains or--

Mr. Holtenwasser: On the street, at play! Did you know I was the first homeowner in the subdivision? Well, me and my wife. Her name was... Mary. Was a nurse in the U. S. Army hospital at--

Kevin: ((sees his dad's car)) Holy shit, it's my dad! Shit! Shit, shit, shit, shit, shit, shit! ((jumps from the car))

Mr. Holtenwasser: Have a wonderful evening! ((Kevin runs home, Sue and Frank come home at the same time))

Sue: ((gets out off the car)) There is something I really need to ask you.

Frank: Ah, Sue, for Christ sake. I've had a hell of a day.

Sue: Have you been drinking? ((to Bill)) Has he been drinking?

Bill: Don't make me snitch on him!

Maureen: That means yes.

Frank: ((coming inside the house)) Oh, give me a break. I was at a football game. What do you want from me? ((gasps, when hears slow instrumental music playing, he goes to the record player and takes the same vinyl cover))

Kevin: ((in the kitchen sighs)) Oh! You back already?

Frank: Wow, you're really studying.

Kevin: Oh, yeah, sure am. Like crazy. Did you know there were two World Wars?
Frank: ((looks at the vinyl cover)) Huh. I haven't heard this music in--
Sue: ((puts a hand on his shoulder)) A very long time.
Frank: I always liked it, too. Why'd you play this now?
Kevin: Just wanted to hear something sucky.
Frank: It's better than your "Elfin King" bullshit!
Sue: That is enough! We love each other! We've been apart all day and now we are gonna spend the evening together, ((takes Frank's and Kevin's hands)) as a family.

((Another scene, all of the family sits in front of the TV))
Man on TV: Bobby, I asked you to mow the lawn.
Bobby: I did mow the lawn, Dad.
Man on TV: But the grass is just as high as it was, Bobby.
Bobby: Oh, golly! You meant mow our lawn! ((they appear to be standing in high grass))
Man on TV: Bo-bby! ((laugh track on TV))
Kevin: ((whispers to Bill)) Hey, guess what I found out today? We were all wrong about our neighbor, you know, Mr. Hitler?
Bill: Yeah?
Kevin: ((puts a hand on Bill's shoulder)) Yeah. He's not a Nazi. He's got one of those weird stars hanging from his rearview mirror. He's a Satan worshiper!
Bill: Holy crap!
Kevin: Pretty great, huh?
Frank: Hey! I spent 700 bucks on a TV so I could watch a family being happy. So zip it. ((laugh track on TV, Frank and Sue take each other's hand))

((Another scene, Frank snoring alone in front of the TV))
Man on TV: Tonight, I unveil the first of my six-part series: To Be Black In Today's America. I witnessed firsthand the silent scourge of racism as, disguised as a typical inner-city Negro, I tried in vain to find help for my disabled vehicle. Not a single Caucasian driver stopped to assist me, a black man.
A black man on the street: Hey, my main man, I ran outta gas. Can you help a brother out?
Frank: ((on TV)) Don't kill me, I have a family!
Man on TV: There you have it: the face of racism in America today.
Rosie: ((at the bar, looking TV)) Man, you think you know a guy. Oh, this day gets curiouser and curiouser. ((takes a phone)) Hey, it's me. We can't trust Frank Murphy to help us out. It's time for the union to set a strike date. No, obviously, I don't know what time it is! ((hangs up))

((Ending credits))

**F is for Family**

**S01E04 “'F' Is For Halloween“**

((A scene in a haunted house on TV, a couple sees a Frankenstein))

A woman on TV: It It's the Waffler! ((a couple screams and faints))

Frankenstein: I waffle your head! ((he squeezes a man’s head with a waffle iron))

((Another scene, a man is lying on a table, his head thin like a waffle, Frankenstein pours syrup on him and prepares to eat him))

Frankenstein: Breakfast any time! ((he cuts the man’s face))

((Bill and Maureen scream))

Kevin: Yes!

Sue: ((from the kitchen)) Can you please keep it down in there?

Bill: =Sorry, Mom!=

Maureen: =Okay!=

Kevin: = All right! ((the kids scream again))

Sue: ((sighs)) Sorry about that.

Vivian: Jesus, Sue, ever hear of a diaphragm? ((holds a gift)) Anyway, congratulations. You're the top Plast-A-Ware neighborhood sales liaison for September! ((puts the present on the counter))

Sue: ((Sighs)) Gee, this is so special. ((comes to the gift)) I haven't won anything since my high school softball team went to State. ((opens the gift)) Oh, my goodness. Look at this. ((takes out a machine)) What is it?

Vivian: It's a telephone answering machine.

Sue: A what?

Vivian: When you're not home, ((plugs it)) the machine will answer the phone and let the caller leave a message on cassette tape. It helps me keep track of my orders. ((tekes the machine from Sue)) And it's the official answering machine of NASA. ((takes a cable and connets the machine to a phone on the wall))

Sue: Oh, this must've cost a fortune.

Vivian: Well, you earned it.
((Kids come to the kitchen))

Bill: This is so cool. =

Kevin: =Oh, man, it's like we're rich now!

Vivian: Well, you're all set. Now you'll never miss a sales call, which could come in handy because we might have an opening soon for a part-time, level two sales manager.

Sue: Level two? Wow. Really?

Vivian: It's not definite yet, but it would be a couple days a week, and we'd pay you with money.

Sue: ((sighs)) That would be wonderful. But, oh, of course, I'd have to ask Frank about it.

Vivian: ((Vivian leaves the house)) Of course you would. I'll keep my ear to the ground and let you know if the job opens up. ((takes her bag)) Who knows, maybe someday you might drive your own lime lady Lincoln! ((Frank walks to a lime-coloured car)) Oh, your husband seems to like mine.

Frank: Hey, Vic! ((Vic is seen dancing in his yard)) Did you park this pimpmobile in front of my house?

Vic: Not me, kemo sabe, but that color rocks!

Vivian: ((Vivian and Sue come to the car)) It's mine, Frank, and I was just leaving. ((sighs)) Victor? Look at you, all grown up.

Vic: Oh, my sweet Jesus, it's Miss Saunders. I can't believe my eyes.

Sue: You two know each other?

Vic: Oh, yeah. ((jumps over the fence and comes to them)) Miss Saunders was my lunch lady at Eisenhower High.

Vivian: And he was my special after-school helper. Remember how we "cleaned the kitchen"?

Vic: Yeah, you "fucked the shit outta me." ((winks))

Frank: Jesus Christ, Vic! ((Vivian walks to her car, looking at Vic)) Show some respect!

Vic: Sorry, neighbor, it's not me speaking, it's my Chi. ((goes away))

Vivian: ((blows a kiss and sits in her car)) Bye, Sue. ((Sue waves, Vivian drives away))

Frank: ((puts a hand on her shoulder)) Honey, I got some big news for you. Big! ((they walk to Kevin in the house)) Gather around, kids! Mr. Dunbarton, the CEO of Mohican Airways, awarded your father the "Tie Tack of Excellence," given only to--

Maureen: ((runs to Frank)) Mommy won an answering machine.

Frank: A what?

Sue: ((takes out a pie from the oven)) Um-- It's like a robot that answers your phone. It's nothing, really.
Kevin: ((holds the machine)) It cost a 180 bucks.

Frank: Jesus.

Sue: ((puts the pie on the table)) Mm, I'm sure they buy them in bulk. So what were you saying? I want to hear all about your tie clip.

Frank: Tie tack! It's the highest award given to only a select f--

Bill: ((the kids are gathered around the answering machine)) Wow, this thing has two tapes!

Kevin: How do they do that?

Frank: Christ, you people don't even give a shit, do ya? Let's eat. ((the kids go to eat)) I'm a mockery ((takes out his tie and goes at the table)) in my own goddamn house. I might as well go sleep in the basement. ((sits down))

Sue: Well, before you do, I have a little bit of news. Vivian--

Frank: ((phone rings)) Ah, shit, every time we go to sit down! I'll tell you right now I'm not answering it!

Sue: You don't have to! The machine will.

The answering machine: ((sounding like a robot)) Leave a message at the tone.

Sue: Here we go, our first message.

Bob Pogo: What kind of fucking contraption this is?! But I'm looking for Frank Murphy! Whoever's hearing this, you tell Frank that his boss, Bob Pogo, needs him back at the airport now! His union pals are staging a god damn slow-down! He promised me he'd put those baggage donkeys back in their pen!

Frank: ((puts a hand on Sue's shoulder)) What a lovely gift, Sue. ((stands up))

Bob Pogo: =Hello?!=

Frank: =Hooray for us. ((leaves))

Bob Pogo: You tell him to get here now! Not tomorrow, not ten minutes from now, but right goddamn now! Fucking eczema everywhere. ((Frank takes his keys and goes to work))

((Opening credits))

((A scene at the airport))

Red: Yep. I love me a good slow-down.

Rosie: Man, this is nothing. Did I ever tell you about the Slow-Down of '63? We didn't start it till '64. ((all laugh))

Bob Pogo: ((drives in a luggage cart)) What the hell's going on here? While you're pulling this little stunt, I've got two plane-loads of drunk Shriners and crippled kids in Baggage Claim screaming at me. Hurry it up!

Rosie: Bob, my union brothers are working just as fast as Mohican Airways has responded to our request for a new contract.
Bob Pogo: And to think I once gave you one of my old suits.

Rosie: And I appreciated that. I used it to upholster my couch. And two chairs. And with the leftover material, I made a cover for my pool. ((Red and Carl laugh))

Frank: ((comes)) OK, Bob, I'm here. What's going on?

Bob Pogo: Murphy, you tell these ingrates that if they don't stop this illegal slow-down-- ((stands up)) I will put them out on the-- Oh, God. I'm in a blood sugar free-fall. I gotta get a Ring Ding or ((falls down)) a Pixy Stix. ((Frank sits him down)) Is my foot on the gas pedal? I got the numbies.

Frank: ((puts his leg on the pedal)) Here you go. ((Bob drives back))

Bob Pogo: I'm going backwards! ((hits at something))

Frank: Rosie, come on, man, a slow-down? It's just gonna make the company dig their heels in harder.

Rosie: Oh. Well, did Dunbarton tell you that at the country club when you were gargling on his nuts?

Frank: Jesus Christ, it was one football game. Come on, I want to help you guys out.

Rosie: You want to help? ((points at him)) Tell your buddy Dunbarton this: if we don't have a fair contract by midnight on Christmas Eve, the entire membership of this union will go on strike.

Frank: Christmas is our busiest time, that'll kill the airline.

Rosie: You've got some work to do. ((turns to Red and Carl)) And you? You just sit on your ass and do nothing.

Red: This is good. We can work on our screenplay for Fuck School. According to this book I read, somebody's gotta fuck in the first ten pages.

((Another scene, Frank watches TV at home))

Man on TV: Stan Steigerwald misses an easy spare! He just lost the championship!

Frank: Oh-ho-ho! You piece of shit!

Kevin: Dad, I can't concentrate on my homework when you're screaming at the TV!

Frank: ((opens a can of beer)) This is how I relax!

Man on TV: Blowing a shot like that can drive a man to drink.

Man 2 on TV: I tell ya, Ern, I don't like to drink and drive, but when I have to, I drink White House beer.

Man on TV: White House beer, the one draft you won't want to dodge!

Sue: ((comes downstairs with a big box)) Kids! I brought down the costume box. ((puts it on the table and opens it, Maureen and Bill runs to it))

Maureen: Yay!

Bill: I love Halloween. It's like Christmas for kids. ((takes out a costume))
Maureen: That's the one I want. ((takes it from Bill))

Bill: I don't care. Me and Phillip are gonna trick-or-treat together. ((takes out a 5cents costume)) Nickel and ((takes out a pickle costume)) Pickle!

Maureen: That's queer.

Bill: You're queer! ((they throw the costumes at each other))

Kevin: ((a skeleton’s hand hits Kevin)) God! I'm trying to do better at school like you want me to, and I've got two days to finish this homework or I flunk out! Then I have to go get some shitty job at the airport or sell my body at the bus station. ((leaves the room)) I can't think in this goddamn house! ((goes outside))

Maureen: ((comes to Frank in a costume and a helmet)) I want to suck your blood, in spaaaaace!

Frank: Princess, take that off now. There's no girl astronauts. Or vampires.

Sue: ((puts the laundry on the sofa)) Women will be astronauts in the future, sweetie.

Frank: Sue, why do you lie to the girl?

Sue: ((has a box in her hands)) Frank, I gotta make some deliveries. Can you hold down the fort while I'm gone?

Frank: Yeah, yep, sure. ((she leaves)) Hey! Hey, where you going? ((goes after her outside)) You're just gonna leave me alone with these animals?

Sue: You leave them with me.

Frank: Yeah, but that's our deal. You knew what you were getting into when you let me get into you.

Kevin: Gross!

Frank: We are having a private conversation!

Kevin: You're in the front yard! I can't work out here, either! I need a sanctuary for learning! ((goes inside))

Frank: You're still going?

Sue: ((in the car)) I think you can handle being a mom for half an hour. ((drives off))

Frank: Ah, Christ. ((goes inside))

Maureen: Breakfast anytime! ((pours syrup on Bill’s head))

Bill: ((slaps the syrup from her hands)) Cut the shit!

Frank: All right, brush your teeth and go to bed!

Bill: It's still light out.

Frank: We're playing a new game called "Summer in Alaska." Come on, let's go! Let's go, go to bed. ((Frank leads Bill to the room where Kevin is studying))

Kevin: Oh, man, now you're just screwing with me! ((phone rings))
Frank: Sweet dreams. ((leaves the room))

Vivian: ((on the answering machine)) Sue, it's Vivian from Plast-A-Ware. Can you pick up? It's important.

Frank: Ah, Christ, she's relentless. Shut up. ((he picks up the phone)) This is her husband. Sue isn't home.

Vivian: Oh, well, hello. How are you?

Frank: I'm great. What do you want? Ah, shit, hang on a sec. ((lowers the machine’s volume))

Vivian: Well, a part-time job has opened up at Plast-A-Ware, and I wanted to offer Sue the position. Tell Sue to call me with her answer, which I hope is yes!

Frank: ((looks around the messy room)) OK, uh, yeah. Uh, she-she did mention that to me, and it, uh, breaks my heart to tell you, but, uh-- She decided to turn it down.

Vivian: Really?

Frank: Afraid so. She said there's no job more important than being a mother to three beautiful miracles. ((Bill walks down the corridor)) Get back in your room before I put you through that fucking wall! ((Bill runs to his room))

Vivian: Oh. Oh, that's too bad. She seemed real excited about it.

Frank: Yeah, she was just being polite to an older lady. Her words, not mine.

Vivian: Hmm. So sorry to hear that. I'll move on to the next candidate.

Frank: Yeah, you do that. Bye. ((wants to hang up, but the syrup drips off the phone)) Ah, Christ, who put syrup on the phone?

((Another scene: a bell rings at the school))

Man on speakers: School is now over for the day. Have a safe and happy Halloween.

Bill: ((runs with Phillip)) I can't wait to start trick-or-treating!

Phillip: I hear the Malloys are giving out full-size candy bars 'cause last year they gave out dog biscuits and their house got TP'd. ((they come to a forest)) There's a werewolf! If I die, tell my mom I touched the soft spot on my brother's head when he was a baby. ((covers his eyes)) I think that's why he can't read!

Ben: ((comes out from a bush holding a cat with his brother)) Check it out, I can make this cat sound like a wolf. ((starts choking the cat and it runs away)) Aw! That musical kitty was our ticket outta this shithole.

Kenny: We was gonna be on Midnight Special. ((they all start walking))

Phillip: Oh, I thought we were gonna die before we got to wear our Nickel and Pickle costumes.

Jimmy: ((appears hanging upside-down from a tree with a stick)) Costumes? ((Ben and Kenny run away scared))

Bill: Hey, Jimmy. ((Jimmy jumps from a tree)) I-- I like your costume. Are you going as a hobo?
Jimmy: These are my Sunday clothes, dick licker! They're from the Johnny Carson collection! And trick-or-treating is for femmes! If I catch you two dressing up tonight, I'll skin you alive and make your pels into a comforter and I'll fuck your mom on it. And she'll say, ((imitates mom's voice)) "Ooh, that's the best pelt-fucking I ever got, Jimmy."

Phillip: My mom wouldn't do that.

Jimmy: ((takes out a pocket knife)) I will gut you! ((Bill and Phillip run away scared)) Yeah, that's it, run away! I'll be watching! ((brushes his hair with a knife and laughs))

((Another scene, the airport, workers are gathered in a room))

Frank: I know things are strained between us since I moved into management, but I'm still one of you, and I'm gonna make sure your best interests are represented at the contract talks.

Rosie: Did Bob Pogo tell you to say that?

Frank: ((scoffs)) Pogo. He's so fat, he's gotta use a garden hose and a hand-mirror to wipe his ass. Eh? Am I right?

Rosie: You are not right. He uses extra-soft, double-ply toilet paper that's in the executive bathroom, when all we get is the kind that comes out one square at a time.

Red: And there ain't no divider between the shitters! They took a beautiful thing and made it ugly.

Everyone: That sucks!

Frank: OK, OK, OK. Tho-- Those are all legitimate grievances. And I hear you, but the industry is changing whether we like it or not, and there has to be compromises on both sides. I'm dealing with change in my own life. For instance, my wife just got this new answering machine, and at first I was afraid of it, but now--

Rosie: She got a who?

Frank: It's called an answering machine. It answers the phone for you and records messages. But my point is--

Red: You mean there's like a little robot inside that picks up the phone and goes ((imitates a robot))

Carl: Aw, man.

Rosie: You dumbasses, that's not how it works. Frank, how does it work?

((Another scene, Bill comes home sad))

Maureen: Good, you're home! ((pats the dog by its tail)) Help me put this cat costume on Major. ((Major whimpers)) He's getting bitey.

Bill: Do it yourself. ((sits on the sofa)) I'm not going out tonight. ((lies down)) I don't feel well.

Sue: ((checks his forehead)) Mm, your forehead's cool. Take a little nap. After that, you'll feel like trick-or-treating. ((leaves the room))

Bill: I think I just grew out of it. ((puts a pillow on his face))
Frank: Fellas, we're about to call the answering machine the astronauts took to the Moon. ((the guys chatter)) OK, when you hear the beep, leave me a message. ((there's a beep))

Rosie: Hello, there. You are a shit-eating scab turncoat.

Kevin: It's for Dad! ((the guys laugh))

Frank: ((puts a hand on Rosie's shoulder)) Yeah, yeah. It-- It's funny because we're friends. ((chuckles)) OK, OK, so then, you hang up the phone, you call back, and with this little ((takes out a small remote control)) beepy thing, we can hear your message. ((preses the button and Ben Pogo’s voice is heard))

Ben Pogo’s voice: --put those baggage donkeys back in their pen!

Frank: Oops. ((presses the button again)) Went back too far. ((Frank’s voice is heard on the machine))

Frank’s voice: It, uh, breaks my heart to tell you, but, uh she decided to turn it down.

Vivian’s voice: Really?

Frank’s voice: Afraid so. She said there's no job more important than being a mother to three beautiful miracles.

Rosie: Wow, it records everything you say.

Frank: I am dead. ((runs out of the office)) I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead! ((runs outside)) I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead.

A kid: Mister, I can't find my mommy.

Frank: ((runs past the kid and shoves him)) Get the fuck outta my way! ((he drives home and runs to the house)) I'm dead. I'm dead. I'm dead. ((enters the house)) I'm home! Honey? Are you here? 'Cause we're going out to dinner! ((Sue plays the recording from the answering machine in the kitchen)) Oh, boy!

Vivian’s voice: I'm so sorry to hear that. I'll move on to the next candidate.

Frank’s voice: Yeah, you do that. Bye. Ah, Christ, who put syrup on the phone?

Frank: So, uh-- You listened to it, huh? ((Sue stands up and leaves to the car, Frank follows)) OK, OK, you have every right to be mad at me. So it's all right if you need a few minutes to yourself before you start making dinner. ((Sue sits in her car)) That's it, yeah! ((Sue is driving off)) Sure! Get some air. I understand. Drive down to the end of the block and come right back! Of course! ((shouts)) You can't leave me alone with these kids! I won't survive! Ah, Christ.

Maureen: Where's mommy going? She's supposed to help me with my Halloween costume.

Frank: I-I-- Halloween. ((stares at the road)) Ah, shit, they're coming. ((sees a bunch of dressed up kids)) They're coming.

Kids: Trick-or-treat!

Frank: They're coming!
Kids: Trick-or-treat.

Frank: No! ((takes Maureen in his arms and runs back to the house)) Just a second! We're not ready yet! OK, OK, uh, your mom stepped out for a bit. I am in charge. But we've got ziti in the oven, and we're still gonna have a great Halloween. ((the doorbell rings)) Hang on! Does anybody know where your mom put the candy?

Kevin: ((studies with a big bowl of candy next to him)) Beats me. ((takes candy))

Maureen: Daddy, I'm gonna be Mr. Coconut! ((brings a coconut costume to him))

Frank: No, you are not. ((takes the costume from her)) Mr. Coconut is a Mister.

Maureen: If he's a Mister, why does he have milk inside?

Frank: Uh, that's man milk. ((throws the costume on the couch)) Bill, you wear it.

Bill: I don't want it.

Frank: Do what you want! ((searches the drawers, a scary face appears behind the window)) Ah! ((runs to the kitchen)) Just a goddamn minute! ((trips over a cable)) Uh! Son of a bitch! ((a doorbell rings, Franks searches for candies everywhere)) Where the hell is the candy?

Maureen: Where'd mommy go?

Frank: She's out shopping.

Kevin: Yeah, for a new husband.

Frank: She is not! Did she say something to you? ((doorbell rings)) Stupid goddamn kids! There it is. ((takes the bowl of candy and goes to open the door))

Kids: Trick-or-treat!

Frank: Oh, look at that, Fat Albert.

A fat kid: I'm not wearing a costume.

Frank: Well, then you don't get any fucking candy.

Maureen: Daddy, the oven made a noise!

Frank: All right, I'm coming, I'm coming! ((puts the bowl on a pumpkin)) The rest of you, only one candy per kid. It's an honor system, got it?

Kids: Yes, sir. ((goes back inside))

A kid from the crowd: How dumb is this guy? ((the kids run to the bowl and leave it empty, Frank comes out of the house))

Frank: Hey, hey! Put it back! ((kids run away)) I hope somebody puts a razor blade in your apple! ((goes inside and takes ziti from the oven))

Maureen: ((in a Colt Luger’s mask)) Tonight on Colt Luger: the mystery of the missing mother.
Frank: No, no, no, no. Colt Luger is a man. You are a girl. Take that off.

Maureen: Cocksucker!

Frank: What?! Where did you hear that?! Oh, right. Hey, when your mother comes home, don't tell her I use that word.

Kevin: What if she never comes home?

Frank: Doh, you little cocksucker! ((looks at Maureen)) Your brother made me say that! ((takes the ziti out of the oven, the doorbell keeps ringing)) Uuuurgh! ((Frank opens the door))

Kids: Trick-or-treat!

Frank: Hey, here you go! ((throws the ziti in the kids’ bags)) ((imitating Italian accent)) Happy Halloween from the Murphaletts.

Kid 1: Aah!

Kid 2: You're melting my candy!

Kid 1: You suck!

Frank: Yeah, yeah, arrivederci. ((closes the door))

Maureen: Look, daddy, I'm Mr. Holtenwasser. ((in a military jacket and with a moustache, imitates Hitler))

Frank: Take that off right now. Mr. Holtenwasser is not a Nazi.

Bill and Kevin: He's a Satan worshiper.

Frank: ((walking to the kitchen)) He is not that either. He is not scary. He's just a sad old man whose family was butchered in the war.

Kevin: ((shows him a book)) Dad, which president served the shortest term?

Frank: How should I know?

Kevin: It's the last question, I gotta get it.

Frank: That's what the library's for. ((opens the fridge))

Kevin: Will you give me a ride?

Frank: ((takes out juice)) Kevin, are you blind?! Look at all this shit I gotta do with your mom gone! ((looks at the cupboard)) Take your bike!

Kevin: Somebody stole my seat!

Frank: Then walk! I know you got feet because they came out of your mother first!

Kevin: Ah, that's so gross!
Frank: Oh, fuck you, I was there! ((takes bread and peanut butter from a cupboard)) Who needs ziti? Dinner is served. ((puts it on the table))

Maureen: ((comes in a Jesus costume)) Meet Lord Jesus--

Frank: ((gasps)) Take that off. We'll both go to hell.

Maureen: Can I be Nazi Jesus? ((puts on Hitler’s moustache))

Frank: What is wrong with you?!

Maureen: You said I can't be Mr.Coconut, and the girl costumes aren't fun!

Frank: OK. Fine. ((pats her on the head)) If it means that much to you, you can be a coconut.

Maureen: Mr. Coconut.

Frank: Mr. Coconut. ((hears a car engine outside)) Is that your mother?! How do I look? How do I look? ((goes outside))

Goomer: Heya, Frank. Did you think I was Sue?

Frank: Uuuuuugh!

Maureen: ((in a Coconut’s costume)) Bill's faking sick and I want candy. I'm going trick-or-treating now.

Frank: OK, get in the car. I'm gonna take you to an even better neighborhood.

Maureen: Yay! ((runs to the car, sits in it)) Where are we going?

Frank: ((pats her on the head)) I'll tell you when we get there. ((drives away, kids are on the street)) Happy Halloween!

Kids: Hey!

Frank: Sorry.

((Another scene, Sue is driving in her car, Kevin is walking to the library))

Kevin: Stupid Dad. If I ever have kids, I'm gonna drive 'em to the library all the time. ((almost gets thrown eggs at)) What the fuck? You almost hit me, you douchebag!

Lex: ((he, Bolo and Claire are on the roof)) That's the point!

Claire: Come on up!

Kevin: Uh, I can't, man. I-- I have to get this last stupid history question, or I flunk out.

Lex: Screw that. Join us!

Claire: ((strains)) We're doing pumpkin hits!

Bolo:'Tis the season!
Kevin: Fuck it. ((looks at the book)) Hey, don't bogart that gourd!

((Another scene, Bill looks out the window to trick-or-treating kids))

A kid: Hey, check it! Let's go up to that house.

((Bill calls Phillip))


Bill: Hey. .) Jimmy's a jerk.

Phillip: I know. I wish he was dead.

Bill: I'm gonna be 12 next summer. This might be my last Halloween as a kid and-- We can't let some jerk ruin it.

Phillip: But what can we do?

Bill: We should go out and trick-or-treat anyway. We'll just do a couple streets, and then we'll run back home.

Phillip: What if he sees us?

Bill: He's not gonna see us. It's dark and we'll be wearing costumes. OK?

Phillip: OK. Are you sure?

Bill: Yeah! Get your costume on! ((hangs up))

((Another scene, Bill goes outside dressed as a pickle and gets punched by Jimmy))

Jimmy: Well, I warned you about wearing a costume!

((Another scene, Maureen and Frank driving))

Maureen: Can I go trick-or-treating now?

Frank: Pretty soon, sweetheart, but first we're gonna play a new game. It's called "Look for cars that look like mom's car."

Maureen: This is worse than "Summer in Alaska."

((Another scene, Jimmy is holding Bill))

Bill: Look, Jimmy, I just wanted to get a little trick-or-treating in, that's all. ((Jimmy and his friends push him around)) You understand, right?

Jimmy: ((puts a pumpkin on Bill's head and shoves him to the ground)) Aw, you pickle pussy! Pickle pussy! Pickle pussy! ((the and his friends kick him, kids gather around))

Bill: Ow! Stop it! Ow! That hurts! ((Phillip gets outside dressed as 5 cents, but sees everything and runs back inside)) Ah! ((Jimmy keeps beating him, kids cheering))
Jimmy: ((on the fence)) Whoo-hoo! Look at me, I'm Haystacks Calhoun! ((jumps on Bill)) Oh, man, he's flat! I think I killed him! ((Bill sneaks away))

Jimmy's friend: There's no blood.

Jimmy: ((looks at the costume)) Must've killed that, too. ((Bill runs to back home))

Jimmy: ((sees Bill)) He got away! ((he and his friends run to Bill’s house)) You better stay in your house ((throws a pumpkin into the window)) forever, Murphy! If you ever set ((Bill cries)) foot outside again, I will fucking mutilate you!

Bill: Fucking asshole!

Jimmy: All right, let's go. ((they leave))

Jimmy’s friend 2: You're the man, Jimmy.

Jimmy: Oh, I know. It's a lot of pressure. ((takes out his pocket knife))

((Another scene, Maureen and Frank driving))

Maureen: Daddy, where is this great trick-or-treat neighborhood?

Frank: Ah, it's around here somewhere. ((the car gets trown eggs at)) Goddamn it!

Bolo: ((on the roof with others)) Whoa! Shit, Murph, that was your dad's car!

Kevin: I know! I threw it, and then it hit it. ((everyone laughs hiding behind a chimney))

Frank: Whoever ruined my paint job is lucky my wife just left me or-- I'd-- Has anybody seen her?! Huh? ((drives away))

Kevin: I gotta get to the stupid library before it closes. I still have to answer that fucking history question.

Lex: I know history. History of drugs. ((all laugh))

Bolo: Uh, what's the question?

Kevin: What president served the shortest term?

Bolo: William Henry Harrison. 31 days.

Kevin: How the hell do you know that?!

Bolo: It's presidential trivia. It's on the label of every bottle of White House beer.

Kevin: ((writes an answer in his book)) Homework done. I'm a fucking genius.

((Another scene, Maureen and Frank driving))

Frank: It's around here somewhere.

Maureen: This is where Mommy buys macramé yarn.
Frank: Exactly. ((they stop at the parking lot, by the store and the lights go off)) Shit.

Maureen: You're not taking me trick-or-treating! You're looking for mommy!

Frank: OK, sweetheart. Uh, when we find mommy and you tell her to forgive me, then--then you can go trick-or-treat. And if--if it's too late, I'll go by the grocery store and I'll get you all the candy you want, OK?

Maureen: It's not the same.

Frank: You're right, you're right, I know. Let's just find mom first. ((drives away)) Well, that's either your mother or Boog Powell. ((they stop at a baseball court, Sue is playing there))

Frank: ((goes and looks at her through the fence)) Hey. Still mad at me? (.). OK. Look, I just want you to know that I know this is--this is definitely the worst thing I ever did to you. Except for that thing in Harrisburg, which I'm now realizing I never told you about. But I'm not apologizing for that, I'm talking about this. Look, I got upset. Maybe I overreacted a little bit to things changing. And I just want to say, I'm sorry. (.). Nice rip. ((Sue keeps playing)) I'm just really, really sorry. (.). OK? Does, uh--Does that make it better? We, uh, we good now?

Sue: No, Frank. Those are just words. They don't mean anything unless you back 'em up. (.). Look I love you, and I love the kids, but I need more for myself.

Frank: Oh, Jesus.

Sue: What was that?

Frank: Nothing, nothing.

Sue: When Vivian mentioned that job, my first thought was what your reaction would be. I didn't consider what I wanted. It made me think, "How did I become this person?" ((sighs)) So I called her tonight and I took that job. I start next week, and you need to be OK with that.

Frank: Wow. OK, uh--Yes. I'm OK with it.

Sue: Good. ((Maureen walks to them)) Hi, Bill. I'm glad you're feeling better.

Maureen: It's me, mommy!

Sue: Maureen? Hi, sweetie. You let her be Mr. Coconut?

Frank: It won't be an easy life for her, but it's the choice she made. ((Sue sighs, Frank laughs)) So, uh what do you say? You ready to come home?

Sue: Uh, I'll be home soon. I paid for 300 pitches. I was pretty mad at you.

Frank: OK. Sure. I'll see you at home later. Just keep that elbow up. You're not getting through the zone fast enough. ((she stares at him)) Just do what you want!

Sue: Thanks, honey. ((she continues playing, Frank and Maureen go to the car))

Frank: Let's go trick-or-treat now.

Maureen: I don't want to anymore. I'm hungry.
Frank: Didn't you eat? I made ziti.  
Maureen: You poured it on everybody's candy.  
Frank: That's right, I did. I'll make you some cereal. (they drive home)  
((Ending credits))

**F IS for Family**

**S01E06 “Holy Moly Night“**

((Firefighters extinguished a burning forest))

Firefighter 1: (looking at the partly burned adult magazines) Look at the stash this Fitzsimmons kid had. Lucky bastard. I had to jerk off to the Indian girl on the butter box.

Chief firefighter: ((to Frank in his yard)) We won't be taking any legal action. He said it was an accident, and I'm inclined to believe him. He seems like a good boy, unlike your other son.

Frank: Thank you, sir. ((to the neighbors gathered around)) You hear that, you jackals? The man with the badge said it. This five-alarm fire was not the boy's fault! The witch hunt is over! My son is innocent! ((goes back inside)) What the fuck did you do, you pyromaniac?!

Bill: It was an accident!

Frank: An accident is clipping a guy changing his tire on the interstate who was wearing dark clothes and he didn't light a flare! Then it turns out he's a cop, so it'll be his word against yours, and who do you think the judge is gonna believe? Huh? So you keep going, and you get your fender painted in a different state. That is an accident!

Bill: OK! I wanted to prove you were wrong, when you called me a little pussy.

Frank: I-- I never said that!

Sue: How did he hear you say that?

Maureen: ((comes into the kitchen)) I can't find the dog anywhere! I think he ran away when the fireworks exploded!

Frank: Ah, Jesus. Oh, no, buddy! Oh, so help me God, if I started building walls today and didn't stop for the next ten years, there still wouldn't be enough of them, to fucking put you through!

Kevin: ((stands up)) Hang on, hang on, hang on. We're all forgetting something very important. ((goes to the fridge)) I am now the good son. ((takes a can of beer)) Deal with it. ((walks away drinking it))

Frank: Hey, make yourself useful. ((throws a matchbox on the table)) Go light your brother's cape on fire.

((Opening credits))

Frank: ((on the phone)) Rosie, you have every reason to be mad at me. But we're down to the wire now. We both know if you guys strike at midnight, the airline will not survive.
Kevin: ((drawing posters of a missing dog with Maureen)) Dad, keep it down. I can't concentrate on my drawing.

Frank: Shut up. Pogo is presenting my proposal to Dunbarton. If you can get your guys behind it, we can avert the strike and save all our jobs.

Kevin: You happy now? I just gave the dog two dicks. ((shows him the drawing)) Now someone's gonna bring us a double-dicked dog! ((Maureen laughs))

Frank: Hey! Don't talk like that in front of your sister. ((takes candies from the bowl and throws at him))

Kevin: Ow! I'm outta here anyway. ((stands up)) I have a job to go to. Because now I'm the responsible son! ((takes his jacket and looks at his watch)) Oh, shit, I'm an hour late. ((leaves))

Frank: Thanks, Rosie. That means a lot. I'll see you there. ((hangs up))

Sue: ((comes humming into the kitchen with a box of decorations)) 'Tis the day before Christmas! ((puts the box on a counter and kisses Frank on the cheek)) Mwah. I'm so excited. ((puts a Christmas wreath on the table)) And late.

Frank: It's OK, Sue.

Sue: No. I admit, I've got some catching up to do as far as the decorating.

Frank: It's only natural. You've been busy working your job. Which I am 100 percent behind.

Sue: I know you are. I just got a late start, that's all. I'll have us ready for our Christmas party tonight. ((they go to the living room))

Frank: Honey, I really wish I could help you, but Dunbarton called a meeting. It sounds like they're gonna go for my proposal.

Sue: That's great.

Frank: Yeah! I think we can wrap this up in the next few hours.

Sue: It's fine, I can get it done.

Frank: Honey, we don't have to do the party this year.

Sue: Are you kidding me? This year is more important than ever! We have some fence-mending to do around this neighborhood. Speaking of which, the Petersen's fence burned down.

Frank: Fucking Bill. ((kisses Sue on the head)) What time does Emperor Nero have to be at church?

Sue: Father Pat said 11:30.

Frank: Well, he's gonna get there an hour early. I got shit to do. ((shouts)) Hey, Bill! Let's go!

((At Vic’s place))

Vic: ((standing by a couple of reindeers who were brought up to him)) Hey, keep this guy away from the punch bowl. Last year he tried to jump off the roof. Hey, Frank! ((starts walking to Frank))
Frank: ((by his car)) Great. ((to Bill)) Get in the car and don't touch the cigarette lighter. ((Bill gets in the car))

Vic: Frankie, I'm having an outta-sight wing-ding later. Love it if you and Suzie-Q could come. Forecast calls for "snow." ((pats his nose))

Frank: Really? Goddamn it, I just shoveled. ((goes to sit in the car))

Vic: The invite stands! It's gonna be a blast. Hot cider, ice skating. Some of my dwarf buddies are coming, they're wild. ((Frank drives away)) I saw one eat a two-pound steak once!

Frank: ((stops by the church)) Here we are, in you go.

Bill: Why do I have to be an altar boy?

Frank: Ah, 'cause church will set you straight. It's good for you.

Bill: Then how come you never go?

Frank: Because I already heard those stories a hundred times. Look, if Jesus comes back and he does some more magical shit, I'll come down and listen to that. Now get in there. ((Bill gets out of the car)) Stay away from the candles! ((Frank drives off))

Bill: ((goes inside the church and catches on the table of candles)) Jesus! Jesus! Sorry, Lord.

Father Pat: ((Jesus’ sculpture is shown)) That's OK, no biggie.

Bill: What the fuck?

Father Pat: ((appears)) I'm just pulling your leg. By the way, that's two Hail Marys for the F-word or you're going to hell. ((comes to Bill)) I'm Father Pat. Welcome to the flock. You'll be under the guidance of our head altar boy. James! Would you show Bill the ropes?

Jimmy: Sure thing, Father. ((comes out with a candle)) I'll show him the shit outta the ropes.

((Another scene, Maureen is walking around town, looking for her dog))

Maureen: Major!

Ben: ((comes to Kenny, who has put his head into a hollow of a tree)) You see him, Kenny?

Kenny: ((take out his head from the hollow, his face is all resin and bugs)) Nope. Just tree candy. ((takes a bug and licks it))

Maureen: ((comes to them)) He's not gonna be in a tree hole, idiot! ((shoves him, Kenny falls and bumps into a washing machine, which is next to the tree))

Kenny: Well, I'm not thinking straight. My diaper's froze. ((Ben helps him stand up))

Maureen: I'm sorry. Let's keep looking. If you'd been outside for two days straight with no food and you were tired and cold, where would you go?

Kenny: I've been outside for two days with no food. I'm going home! ((gets inside the washing machine))
((Another scene, Frank meets Roger Dunbarton in front of “Captain Chucklecrust’s“))

Frank: Mr. Dunbarton. It's really good to see you again.


Frank: Thank you, sir. ((Rosie and Louis Gagliardi come out of a car))

Louis: My shop steward tells me we have a deal?

Roger: Yes. If you accept the smaller cost of living increase, we won't cut any union jobs.

Rosie: We can live with that.

Roger: Fine. Let's draw the contracts up and get this over with.

Louis: And not a minute too soon. I'm due back in Indiana. Gotta be in Gary by midnight.

Roger: Well, I want to be in Brandy by midnight. ((laughs))

Brandy: ((appears behind Roger’s shoulder and chuckles)) I'm Brandy!

Gary: ((appears)) And I'm Gary!

((Another scene, Sue is watching TV))

Man on TV: Tonight at eight, it's A Bing Crosby Family Christmas, with Bing and his sons! ((a man dressed in Nutcracker’s costume, bangs on his kids’ heads))

Bing: Pah rum pum pum!

Kid: Please stop, Daddy.

Man on TV: And Bing's special guests, Rich Little and TV's Colt Luger, Reid Harrison! ((Sue sets up a Christmas tree and decorates it))

Reid Harrison: Sometimes a snowman's gotta do what a snowman does.

Rich Little: I'm not a crook! ((Reid Harrison shots him))

Sue: ((sighs)) One more down. ((she trips over the Christmas lights’ wire and the Christmas tree falls down)) Oh! Oh! Oh-- Son of a bitch!

Goomer: ((outside the window)) Hey, Sue. Bite off more than you can chew?

((Another scene, Kevin at “Sawitzki and Son“, working))

Man in the car: ((Kevin finishes tying a Christmas tree on the top of his car)) Yeah, thanks a lot, kid. Merry Christmas!

Kevin: It's customary to tip.

Man in the car: Oh, fuck that. ((drives off))
Chuck: ((to Doreen)) Well, that's it. ((looks at his watch)) Another year of selling marked-up trees to hard-working idiots. ((sits in his car))

Kevin: So, I guess this is where you pay me?

Chuck: Oh, no, no, no, you're not done. You don't get paid till all the trees are sold. ((points at the trees)) Hey, Doreen, want to come with me? ((Doreen sits in her own car)) I gotta go meet the folks from Guinness Book of Records. It's just a formality. They gotta measure and validate the size of my penis.

Doreen: Oh, so the world's biggest asshole has the world's smallest dick?

Chuck: Ah, yeah, if it's so small, ((Doreen drives off)) why you-- Why you driving away from it? Huh? ((sighs and drives off)) Sell those trees!

Kevin: ((to Santa’s statue)) What are you smiling about? ((kicks it)) Stupid festive dildo.

((Another scene, the church))

Jimmy: So what, your folks make you do this 'cause you torched the woods?

Bill: Yeah.

Jimmy: I hear ya. I'm here for sticking a pencil in the milk man's leg. Asshole wouldn't give me heavy cream!

Bill: Huh, can I ask you something? Why haven't you killed me yet?

Jimmy: Took a lot of balls to go psycho like that. And I respect the fuck outta balls! Hey, keep a look out. ((unlocks the donations’ box and takes out the money))

Bill: Hey, that's for the poor.

Jimmy: So what? I'm poor. ((gives Bill a banknote)) Take this and keep your mouth shut.

Bill: What do I do with it?

Jimmy: Just put it in your bra and say, ((imitates a woman)) “Thank you, Jimmy.” You and me are gonna get along just fine.

((Another scene at “Captain Chucklecrust's“))

Louis: I'm glad we could reach a deal without resorting to more ungentlemanly means, methods or tactics. Thankfully, we'll only be using our shovels for snow this year.

A man in a suit: Well said. ((Louis and Roger shake hands, a photographer takes a photo of them))

Bob Pogo: Since Frank Murphy ((Frank give Roger and Louis pens)) brokered the agreement, we've given him the honor of distributing the ceremonial pens. ((Louis signs a document))

Brandy: Can I get a pen, too?

Frank: Oh, no, it's just for those two. There's only two pens.

Roger: What are you saying? Brandy isn't good enough to have a pen?
Frank: No, she's great. It's just that she's not a signatory of this legal document.

Roger: ((stands up)) So she's a common whore, is that right?

Frank: No, that's not what I'm saying.

Roger: ((comes to Frank)) You think she's just my fuck doll?!

Frank: Everybody thinks that, but I don't!

Rosie: What the hell is going on?

Frank: Yes, come on! Let's just focus on signing the deal!

Roger: There is no deal!

Louis: ((stands up)) Then we are calling this strike right now!

Roger: ((comes to Louis)) Go ahead! I wouldn't shake the hand of any man who disrespects my wife!

Phineas: I thought that was your daughter!

Roger: You think I'd fuck something as old as my daughter?! ((men chatter)) I will drown you! ((starts choking Louis, photographer takes a photo of that))

Frank: No, no, no, no! Put that away!

((Another scene, Kevin trying to sell Christmas trees))

Kevin: ((to a passing car)) Tree! Nice trees! Want to buy a tree? Want to buy a tree for tha-- Trying to be good here, you asshole! Help me out! Oh, fuck this. ((takes a tree and throws it away, it bumps at something))

A man: Hey!

Kevin: Ah, shit.

((Another scene, Bill and Jimmy is at the Father Pat’s room, Jimmy eats communion bread))

Jimmy: Oh, don't look at me like that. These aren't the body of Christ till they've been blessed during transubstantiation. ((eats one and sips communion wine from the bottle)) Here, ((passes the bottle)) take a swig. Come on, drink it!

Bill: ((takes the bottle)) Uh, OK, sure. ((Bill sips some wine))

Father Pat: ((enters the room)) Five minutes, gentlemen. ((takes out a white surplice from the closet)) Biggest show of the year.

Jimmy: Yes, Father!

Father Pat: ((sighs)) Just gotta warm up a little. Wa-Wa-Wa-Water and wine are wonderful. He kissed a leper's foot, don't throw rocks at a whore. Leper, whore, whore, whore, whore, leper, whore. ((leaves))
Jimmy: Good, he's gone. Now listen up. Tonight, during the sermon, we're gonna come back here and break into this safe ((goes to the safe)) and get us some gold chalices.

Bill: What? Uh, I don't think--

Jimmy: The combination is written down here somewhere. Help me find it.

Bill: I don't want to do this.

Jimmy: I don't want to beat the fuck outta you, either, but I will if you don't help me.

Bill: You can do what you want, but I'm not doing it.

Jimmy: Do it! ((shoves him))

Bill: Ow! No! ((shoves him back, Jimmy grabs the tablecloth, wine bottle falls to the ground and splashes Jimmy's surplice))

Jimmy: You soiled my surplice, you fucking catamite! ((slips over the puddle of wine and falls to the ground, bumping his head into the table))

Bill: Oh, shit. ((runs away))

((Another scene, Frank leaves “Captain Chucklecrust's“))

A man in a suit: Please, gentlemen, there's still plenty of time to talk.

Rosie: Talking is over! This union is on strike!

Roger: I'll replace you all in an eye blink!

Bob Pogo: I have a dozen scabs ready to go!

Rosie: You have a dozen scabs on your titties, fat boy!

((Frank startles his car and starts driving))

Man on the radio: A low of 27 tonight with flurries on Christmas Day. Music of the season continues now.

Frank: ((he drives home and sees Vic’s party outside his house)) Ah, shit. ((he smokes a cigarette and sings along to a sad song on the radio))

Skeeball: Yeah. Oh, you like that? ((he is having sex with a girl on the hood of Frank's car))

Frank: ((honks the horn and gets out of the car)) What the fuck?!

Vic: How's it going, Frank?

Frank: Why is there a person and a half fucking on the hood of my car?

Vic: ((Skeeball comes to Vic zipping his pants)) Because he's a man, Frank. A man named Skee-Ball. ((puts an arm on his shoulder)) A man with desires, just like you and me. But the only job society lets him have is playing an elf at the mall. Or the occasional cookie commercial. Frank, this man earned this. Let him fuck on your car.
Skeeball: Thanks, Vic. You get me. ((gives Vic a high-five))

Frank: But I wanna know who's gonna pay for the tiny ass dent on the hood of my car.

Vic: It's all good, man.

Frank: No, it's not, Vic. It's not all good! ((comes home)) Sue? ((sees the mess in the room, Sue is sitting on the floor)) Ah, Christ.

Sue: That's all I get from you? As hard as I've been working all day for the party?

Frank: Oh, what party? There is no party! We're on strike!

Sue: What?!

Frank: It's a long story. We were gonna sign! There were fancy pens! He's got a trophy wife, they were shiny. It all fell apart!

Sue: We can't let it ruin Christmas!

Frank: Christmas? This is the real world, Susan! If this doesn't work out, next year we'll be having Christmas on Skid Row!

Sue: Keep your voice down! ((stands up)) We have to put on a brave face for the kids.

Frank: The kids? Who, the flunky? The pyro? Mr. Fucking Coconut? Face it, Sue. Our family is pretty fucked up!

Sue: How dare you say that!

Kevin: ((comes home with two Christmas trees)) Dad, I need 20 bucks so I can tell my boss I sold these trees. And 50 bucks to fix a guy's windshield.

Frank: ((points at Kevin)) Exhibit A!

Maureen: ((comes and sits on the couch)) I looked everywhere and I still can't find Major! ((cries)) What if he's dead?

Frank: Oh, then he's the lucky one!

Sue: Frank Murphy, you stop that right now! ((to Maureen)) Honey, he didn't mean that.

Kevin: Seriously, Dad, I need that money. That guy said he might sue you.

Frank: Well, he'd better do it quick.

Bill: ((comes back home in a surplice)) Jimmy Fitzsimmons is coming to kill me!

Frank: Oh, there you go, perfect! Let's just bring all the bad news at once! Whoo! Come on, Santa, my mouth's wide open! Fly up on the roof and shit down my neck! ((a snowball hits the window)) Hey!

Mr. Fitzsimmons: Murphy! Where is the little shit who hurt my son?
Frank: Great. ((goes outside)) Can I help you?

Mr. Fitzsimmons: Your kid almost killed my kid.

Frank: Little prick looks OK to me.

Mr. Fitzsimmons: He tried to get my son to rob the church!

Bill: ((comes out out of the house)) That's not true!

Jimmy: Yes, it is, you liar!

Kevin: ((comes out out of the house)) Leave Bill alone, piss breath!

Jimmy: It's not my fault! I have a dead tooth!

Maureen: ((runs to them)) Go away, Jimmy!

Jimmy: ((hiding behind his dad)) She tried to gouge my eyes out!

Mr. Fitzsimmons: Christ, are all your kids psycho?

Frank: Hey! Hey! Nobody calls one of my kids a psycho except me!

Bill: Thanks, Dad.

Frank: ((to Bill)) Shut up! ((to Mr. Fitzsimmons)) You are way outta line coming over to my house ((comes closer to him)) and insulting my family. You owe us all an apology.

Mr. Fitzsimmons: Ooh! "Apology!" Somebody went to college.

Frank: I didn't go to college, I went to Korea.

Mr. Fitzsimmons: You should've stayed there, you piece of shit!

Sue: Watch your mouth.

Mr. Fitzsimmons: Mind your own business, you fucking nosey bi-- ((Frank knocks him down, they start fighting, Jimmy jumps on Frank))

Kevin: Hey! ((the kids run to join the fight))

Mr. Fitzsimmons: Goddamn it! Oh! ((Skeeball runs to them and starts choking Mr. Fitzsimmons with a wire of Christmas lights))

Frank: Skee-Ball, no! ((Sue smacks Mr. Fitzsimmons with a baseball bat)) Jesus, Sue!

Sue: Get the fuck off my lawn!

Mr. Fitzsimmons: ((running away with Jimmy)) Your whole family's crazy!

Frank: I've got the best family in this whole goddamn town! And don't you ever come back!

Kevin: You mean that about us?
Frank: (inhales) You're damn right, I do.

Sue: You all right, champ?

Frank: Fine. Jesus Christ, I'm outta shape. (helps Bill to get up, he and Maureen hugs him)

Bill: Thanks, Dad.

Frank: OK, all right, all right. There's dwarves watching.

((Another scene, the kids decorating the room))

Frank: (Sue kisses Frank on the cheek) We got some good kids.

Sue: They're OK. (takes Frank's hand, dog barks)

Maureen: Major!

Mr. Holtenwasser: (appears at the door with Major) Look who I f-- (Major releases, knocking Mr. Holtenwasser down)

Maureen: (Major comes to Maureen and she hugs him) Major, I missed you so much!

Frank: Oh, there you are, boy! You're home! (strokes him) And you're still just as fat. (Major licks Frank’s face) What've you been eating?

Mr. Holtenwasser: Well, I guess I should be going. (leaves)

Frank: Ah, get back in here, you lonely old bastard! Come on, we're having a party! (Mr. Holtenwasser comes back)

Jimm Jeffords: (on TV) This is a special report from Channel Nine News. I won't be home for Christmas? That's the sad story here at Rustbelt Memorial Airport, where the striking baggage handlers of Mohican Airways have grounded all flights. There seems to be no solution in sight as management has taken a firm stance against the union. ((a voice)) You should all be shot!

Bill: Dad, your friend's on TV.

Frank: Nah, nah, nah, that's just my boss, not my friend.

Sue: You gotta go down there, don't you?

Frank: If I don't, it's just gonna get worse.

Sue: OK, you go do what you gotta do. We'll be here for you. ((they kiss))

Kevin: Get a room.

Frank: Fuck you, get an apartment.

((Another scene, the strike in front of the airport, Frank comes))
The crowd: On Christmas Day! Mohican brave, noble savage, you go carry your own baggage! Mohican brave, noble savage--

Roger: ((takes the microphone from the reporter)) Jim, it breaks my heart to see homesick travelers denied the opportunity to go home to their families on Christmas. And honestly, I think it's a gutless play by the union. It wasn't long ago ((Frank gets out of his car)) that abandoning your post got you put in front of a firing squad. Maybe that's why they call it "the good ol' days." ((gives back the microphone and turns to leave))

Frank: Mr. Dunbarton.

Roger: What do you want?

Frank: Sir, I just left my wife and kids back home. We had a terrible Christmas Eve, but we stuck together and got through it, because that's what a family does. And I'd like to think all of us at Mohican, well, we're a family too.

Bob Pogo: ((comes in a luggage cart)) Who the fuck told Andy Williams to come?

Roger: Let him speak, Bob. You have something to say?

Jimm Jeffords: We've gotta get this.

Frank: ((is shown on TV)) I know it's a little schmaltzy, but we are a family and now we need to pull together. We were all set to sign that deal today and avoid this strike. But you let it fall apart because of a pen. And your wife, who-- some of us thought was your daughter. Mr. Dunbarton, you're the head of this family. And only you can pull us together. You can stick to your pride and ego, trust me, I've been there, or you can get past all that and sign the fair contract ((takes out a pen)) we all agreed to. So what do you say? Sign this deal and save the Mohican Airways family. ((Louis brings over the contract))

Roger: Murphy, your words are very moving. And I think I can find a way to make this deal work and make me happy. Gimme that contract. ((signs the contract, Frank takes it and raises it in the air))

Rosie: ((comes and raises Frank’s arm)) Murphy! Murphy! ((other co-workers join)) Murphy! Murphy! ((everyone back at Frank’ house cheer))

Jimm Jeffords: There you have it. A strike ended, a company mended, a Christmas that's truly splendid. Well, this is Jim Jeffords, believing in miracles again, Channel Nine News. ((camera turns off)) If that doesn't win me a Peabody, I will blow a horse.

((Another scene, Frannk comes to Mr. Dunbarton’s car))

Roger: Frank, no one's talked to me like that in 30 years.

Frank: Just spoke from the heart, sir.

Roger: Merry Christmas. ((nods to Bob Pogo, who’s sitting in his car, Bob nods back, Mr. Dunbarton drives off))

Bob Pogo: Congratulations, Frank. Your little sermon saved the airline.

Frank: Ah, thanks, Bob. Tell Mr. Dunbarton if there's anything he needs, I'll do it.
Bob Pogo: Well, there is one thing
Frank: Anything, just name it!
Bob Pogo: He needs you to clean out your office.
Frank: What?
Bob Pogo: You're done, Frank.
Frank: He's firing me on-- O Christmas?
Bob Pogo: No, no, he's firing you on Christmas Eve. That way you can watch your kids open the presents you can't afford. You blew it, Frank! You insulted Dunbarton!
Frank: All I did was appeal to his humanity.
Bob Pogo: Exactly.
Frank: Bob. I got a family to feed. What am I gonna do?
Bob Pogo: Not my problem, you fucking traitor. It was a mistake to promote you anyway. You weren't fit for management. Happy Holidays. ((Frank takes out the car keys)) Frank, what are you doing? We're done here.
Frank: You are, but I'm not.
Bob Pogo: What are you doing?!
Frank: Not fit for management? I've been carrying you for three months. I just saved the airline, saved your goddamn job, which appears to be nothing more than eating, and you stood by while I got fired?! Well, fuck you, fuck Dunbarton, and fuck you, you miserable tub of living shit! Hey. Hey, you want these? Huh? You want your keys?
Bob Pogo: Don't you dare throw them.
Frank: I wouldn't do that to you, Bobby. ((throws the keys inside the car, down at Bob's feet)) They're at your feet.
Bob Pogo: You fucker! ((honks the horn trying to reach the keys))
Frank: Merry Christmas, Bob. ((puts a pen in a space between the car door and walks away))
Bob Pogo: You fucker! You're not human! You can't leave me here! I'll die!

((Another scene, Frank gets home, sees his family and friends through the window, but sits down at the front door to smoke))
Frank: ((sees Vic trimming the bushes in his yard only weaaring shorts)) Vic?
Vic: Hey, neighbor.
Frank: Jesus, Vic, ((takes off his coat)) you're gonna freeze to death.
Vic: Oh, I'm not shaking because I'm cold. You know what I mean?

Frank: Nah, Vic, I never know what you mean. Here, here, come here. ((puts his coat around Vic)) Take my coat.

Vic: Oh. Thanks, man. You go on home now. Have yourself a Merry Little.

Frank: Vic, I lost my job tonight.

Vic: Fucking Santa, man.

Frank: I don't know how to tell Sue. Christ, this is gonna kill her.

Vic: No, man, she'll be all right. She loves you. Your kids love you. You'll be OK. You guys are solid.

Frank: How would you know that?

Vic: I see you over there, cooking out, tossing the ball with the boys. It's beautiful. You guys are like a Norman Rockwell painting. ((takes out a tiny glass jar)) You want a bumperooski?

Frank: No, no, no. Hey, where's all your guests?

Vic: Oh, Christmas is for family, Frank. I'm for the other 364 days of the year.

Frank: I'm, uh, gonna go inside. Hey, Vic, um would you like to join us?

Vic: Oh, yeah, I could seriously dig that, Frank. ((a deer jumps around crazily)) Better take a reindeer check, Frankincense. This dude and I gotta tangle. ((to the deer)) All right, now, super-freak, party's over. ((deer looks at him and smashes his horns into a car)) Hey, hey, hey! Hey, slow it down, hot sauce! ((tries to catch the deer)) You're on a bad trip, brother! Let me talk you down! Have a little O. J. Hey, hey! ((runs around in the street)) I'll rub your hooves! Let's talk about it!

Frank: ((to himself, before entering the house)) You can do this, Frank. (. ) No, you can't. ((enters the dad, the people cheer))

Kids: Hey! Dad, you're home!

((Ending credits))

**F Is for Family**

*S02E05 “Breaking Bill”*

((Bill delivering papers))

Bill: ((sighs and presses the doorbell))

A man: ((dog barks)) God damn it! ((glass shatters)) Get out of the way, you happy-go-lucky son of a bitch! ((dog whimpers, a man opens the door)) What?

Bill: Here's your Sunday paper, sir.
A man: It's Sunday? Holy shit. I was supposed to help negotiate with the North Vietnamese yesterday. ((takes the paper from Bill)) Well, let's see how it all went. ((reads)) Ouch.

Bill: I'm also collecting. You owe The Chronicle Journal Record 13 dollars and 35 cents.

A man: Look, kid, I don't have any cash on me right now. I'll get you next week. ((goes inside))

Bill: That's what you said last week.

A man: And I'm saying it this week!

Bill: But--

A man: I don't have it, you little shit!

Frank: Oh, you have it. ((puts an arm around Billy)) Why don't you just pay my son what you owe him?

A man: Or else what?

Frank: I don't know. ((takes out a one-piece wheel brace)) Maybe I'll just wrap this thing around your fucking head.

((Another scene, Frank drives a van))

Frank: Let's see some hustle, ladies!

Bill: ((jumps into the van to take the newspapers)) Thanks for helping me with that guy, dad.

Frank: Eh, it was nothing. Those rich guys are soft. But you don't want to try that shit downtown. That's how you lose an ear. Kevin, hurry it up! Christ, you go any slower, it'll be time to deliver tomorrow's paper.

Kevin: Hang on! ((throws the paper))

Frank: Chopper's leaving! ((drives faster))

Kevin: Son of a bitch! ((runs to the van)) Wait up! ((jumps in)) Why can't you slow down? I'm an artist, not an athlete.

Frank: Well, then, find a creative way to keep up.

Bill: ((laughs, Kevin slaps him on the head)) Ow!

Kevin: Why do I have to do this anyway? It's not my stupid route.

Frank: Because I'm trying to instill a work ethic in you. You should be more like your little brother. If every kid was like him, I would've had seven. He's contributing to the family. 'Cause his head isn't in the clouds. He's got--

Kevin: Shut the fuck up! My song's coming on! ((turns up the radio))

Radio DJ: Time for the KWOCK 109. 5. Weather!

Kevin: Yes! Immortality!
Frank: Look, Kevin, you're gonna feel mortal when you're living on a park bench, fighting off squirrels. Playing music is a hobby, not a job.

Kevin: You're so dense. You just don't get it. ((Frank stops suddenly and Kevin bumps into the front window))
Ow! My brain!

Frank: Guess I can't drive because I'm dense. ((Frank starts driving fast suddenly and Kevin falls off the van))

Kevin: Dad!

Frank: ((stops the van)) Holy shit! ((looks at Kevin)) Kevin? Are you all right?

Kevin: ((lying on the street)) I just met Jimi Hendrix. He told me to return to you mortals.

Frank: Oh, you mean that drug addict who fucked up the national anthem? Maybe he can drive you home. ((starts driving))

Kevin: ((stands up)) Come on, Dad! ((starts running after the van)) Stop it! ((Frank stops suddenly and Kevin bumps into the van and falls)) Ah!

((Opening credits))

((Sue, Maureen, Kenny and Ben try to put down an old metal tub in a garage))

Sue: Okay. One, two, three. ((they put it down)) This old tub is just what I need for my invention. Thanks for your help, boys. You can run along home. I'm sure your parents are wondering where you are.

Kenny: Nah. The blue man with the gun, he came and took them to the people zoo.

Ben: Granny's with us now. But she's taking a nap at the bottom of the staircase.

Kenny: ((Frank comes home)) Uh-oh, Maureen, your mean old grandpa's home! He don't like us!

Frank: Get out of here, you toothless monkeys! ((sprays a fire extinguisher at them, the boys run away))

Ben: Got to get out! Get out!

Bill: ((comes in the garage)) Mom, I got enough money for my hockey stick! ((shows her the money))

Sue: That's great, honey!

Maureen: Yeah, because now you'll finally shut up about it!

Bill: You shut up!

Vic: ((him and Cutie Pie stand at their doorstep)) Well, if it isn't guitar god Kevin Murphy!

Kevin: ((gets out of the van)) Hey, Vic. You put your lizard on a leash? That's so cool.

Vic: It's only fair. ((to Cutie Pie)) This one's got my lizard on a leash. Hey, come on now.

Cutie Pie: ((chuckles)) Oh! ((they start kissing, Kevin chuckles))
Frank: Oh, for Christ's sake, Vic, even God rested on Sunday. Let's go in. Eyes front. ((him and Bill go into their house))

Vic: ((waves a flyer)) I got your flyer, Kevin! Congratu-lotto on the gig tomorrow!

Kevin: Thanks, Vic!

Vic: Don't forget old Vic when you're playing concerts on the Moon!

Kevin: ((going inside the house)) I won't!

((Frank comes to the garage))

Frank: Hey, your thing looks good. Your salad killer?

Sue: Salad tosser. ((puts salad in it)) I'm pitching it tomorrow. I'm taking a risk, but if they go for it, this could be a really big deal for me. The real thing will be smaller, but I'll use this prototype ((Frank takes a flyer of Kevin’s gig and reads it)) to demonstrate how centrifugal force can spin lettuce dry.

Frank: What the hell?

Sue: I really think it could revolutionize--

Frank: Did you see this?! ((shows Sue the flyer))

Sue: Yeah. Isn't it nice? Kevin made it himself.

Frank: He's playing a show on a school night? With his grades? "Paradise Pavilion?" Sounds like a Korean whore house!

Sue: Frank, calm down. It's just one show. They only have two songs. It'll be 20 minutes.

Frank: Followed by a lifetime of standing in a bread line. It's that fucking Vic's fault. If he hadn't put his song on the radio, none of this would've happened.

Sue: You know Kevin. If you yell at him about this, it will only make him want to do it more.

Frank: Oh, I'm not gonna yell at Kevin. ((rings a doorball on Vic’s door)) Fucking guy. I'll teach him a thing or two.

Cutie Pie: ((opens the door in a short robe)) Hello.

Frank: Oh, hello. Is Vic-- Vic around?

Cutie Pie: He's, um-- He's busy right now.

Vic: Come on in, Frank! I'll be with you in a minute. I'm drowning a brown clown down in splash town! ((Frank enters the house))

Cutie Pie: Make yourself at home.

Frank: Okay. Than-- Thank you. ((walks past a naked woman’s picture on the wall)) Eh! ((looks a the autographen picture of Vic and Phil Spector)) What the hell? ((sits on a couch, which sploshes)) Whoa!
Cutie Pie: ((watering a plant)) It's a Swedish water couch. The prime minister of some country made it for Vic.

Frank: Of course he did.

Vic: ((comes out in the same short robe as Cutie Pie’s)) Frank-o American-o! Cutie Pie, ((takes her in his arms)) remind me, did I drink another bottle of ketchup last night or do I need to go to the hospital? Would you go up to the bathroom and take a look for me?

Cutie Pie: Again? ((sighs and goes))

Vic: Ain't she sheomething, Frank? I think she's the one. She makes me think about getting a car with four doors and filling it up with little ones, using spoons for cereal. You know, settling down. ((sits down next to Frank))

Frank: Congratulations. Listen, I want to talk to you about all this encouragement you've been giving Kevin lately.

Kevin: He's a good kid, Frank. Helping Kevin makes me feel like I'm making positive contribution to society.

Frank: Yeah, ((stands up)) well, I need you to knock it off!

Vic: Why, Frank? I love being a role model. ((his nose starts bleeding))

((Another scene, Kevin talks on the phone))

Kevin: Our journey to stardom begins tomorrow, Bolo. So you better get someone to feed your turtle 'cause we're gonna be on tour for years. ((sees Frank showing Vic his flyer about the gig through the window)) That fucking dick.

Frank: Vic, please, you got to stop encouraging him! He's completely neglecting his school work for a one in a zillion chance!

Vic: A man's got to reach for the stars. ((throws his hands up in the air))

Frank: Ah! Jesus! Stop reaching! Not everybody just gets to waltz through life the way you do! Kevin is failing every subject in school right now!

Vic: That's happened to many great musicians.

Fran: He's failing music! Please, just leave my son alone and stop filling his head full of dreams that'll never come true!

Kevin: ((shows up)) Thanks for believing in me, Dad!

Frank: Oh, I only want what's best for you. You gotta be realistic, Kevin. How many stars are there?

Kevin: Billions!

Frank: Not in the sky, you dope! In the neighborhood! You got to be realistic, son. Face it, no matter how hard you try, the odds are against you. You're never gonna be a pilot. Shit. Rock star!

Kevin: Fuck off, old man! ((leaves))

Frank: ((follows him outside)) Watch your mouth. I forbid you from doing that show!
Kevin: What?!

Frank: You heard me. As long as you live under my house, you will follow my rules.

Kevin: I hate you! I wish I was never born!

Frank: Ah! We finally agree on something!

Kevin: You're just killing my dream 'cause you never got to do yours!

Frank: And whose fault was that?!

Kevin: I will never. Ever give you backstage passes! ((goes to the basement and plays David Bowie on speakers))

Frank: Agh! ((sits inside the van and plays music on the radio, Kevin turns up his music louder, they both keep doing that and Sue closes the garage door))

((Flashback from 1958, young Frank eats lunch on the bench at Mohican Airways))

Frank: Can you imagine being a pilot? Up there all alone, just you and the clouds. Your own boss. Oh, it's beautiful.

Bob Pogo: You know what's beautiful? This pork shoulder sandwich. ((bites the sandwich))

Frank: Wow, I wish I could eat like you, Pogo. Where does it all go?

Bob Pogo: I've been blessed with genetics, Frank. I've got the metabolism of a cheetah. ((bites the sandwich))

Frank: Oh. ((chuckles)) You're lucky, Pogo. I got to work like hell to keep the pounds off. Sue likes me skinny. I'm gonna give her this locket tonight. ((takes out a small box with a golden locket with their wedding picture inside)) It's the anniversary of our first date.

Bob Pogo: That's nice. ((finishes the sandwich)) That thing must have cost you a fortune. ((lights a cigarette))

Frank: I worked like hell to save for it. Air National Guard, here on the weekends. It'll all be worth it when I'm a pilot. Then me and Sue will have it all. ((looks at the passing plane)) My old man thinks I'm a fool to want to be a pilot. He's such a dick! What's your dream, Bob?

Bob Pogo: My dream, is to someday have a desk to call my own. With a chair, with wheels on it. I swear, if I ever get an office job, I'll never leave that desk. Never ever.

Frank: Bob, I think you're gonna be a big man around here someday.

Bob Pogo: And you'll be in one of those planes getting ready to take off.

((Present day))

Smokey: You can take off now, Frank. You put in a good 12 hours of back-to-back snack jacking.

Frank: Thanks, Smokey. I love this job. And I'll take every extra shift I can get my hands on.
Smokey: ((puts an arm on Hank’s shoulder)) You want it? You got it. You know something? You remind me of my son. He came out albino, so we shunned him. Sold him off to the circus. ((sobbing)) We didn't know no better! That's what you did back then! Oh, God!

Frank: ((puts a hand on his shoulder)) Being a father is about making tough decisions.

Smokey: To this day, I never spent that 75 bucks that ringmaster gave me, in case he came back. ((shakes Frank)) Tell me, Frank Murphy, is your name Larry? Huh? Is your name Larry, Frank Murphy?! Tell me your name is Larry! ((sobs))

Frank: Smokey, I wish it was.

Smokey: ((lights a cigarette)) All right, Frank. You go on home now. ((cries)) And hug them normal-skinned kids tight!

((Another scene, Frank is driving))

Radio DJ: That was "Nodding Off" by the Heavy Lids. It's 5:53 a.m. and you're listening to Warm Milk with Warren ((Frank falls asleep)) on W. E. Z. E. "The Wheeze". Shit! ((almost hits Bill, who’s riding a bike))

Bill: ((Frank stops the car)) Hey, Dad!

Frank: Hey, son! You're making me proud!

((Frank drives home and hears Kevin playing loud music and singing in the basement))

Kevin: I am a rock god!

Frank: ((stomps on the basement door)) Hit the books! ((leaves))

Kevin: And you're a fucking dildo!

((Frank goes to bed, Sue is sleeping, alarm beeps))

Frank: Oh, shit.

Sue: Good morning to you too. ((kisses him on the cheek and gets up))

Frank: Today's your big pitch, huh?

Sue: Yep. ((puts some moisturizer on her face)) I rehearsed it all night in the mirror and I think I've got it down. ((brushes her hair)) I'm gonna bide my time, wait for the perfect moment, and then-- ((Frank snores)) Oh. Thanks for listening. ((kisses Frank on the cheek)) Love you, Frank.

Frank: ((chuckles)) I love you too, Smokey.

((Another scene, school bell rings, Bill and Phillip walk out))

Bill: Let's get to that store before all the Jacques Dupuis sticks are gone! I can't wait to use that baby in tryouts.

Phillip: And I'll cheer you on safely behind the glass.
Jimmy: ((blocks their way)) Oh, look! It's Billy bitch-tits and his Pumpkin-headed pussy. ((puts an envelope with money in his back pocket))

Phillip: My name's Phillip. ((comes closer))

Bill: Leave us alone, you monkey-eared asshole!

Jimmy: Oh, now you asked for it, queef machine. ((kicks Bill))

Bill: ((squeals, Jimmy starts slapping him)) Ow! Ow! Quit it! Stop! ((Phillip sits on the sidewalk and cries))

Phillip!

Jimmy: The king will slap his subject.

Bill: Ow! Ow! ((the envelope falls out of Bill’s pocket))

Jimmy: Well, ((takes the envelope)) what have we here? ((he hits Bill with the envelope and all the money scatter))

Bill: Hey, that's mine! I earned it!

Jimmy: And his lordship will take it from you! ((Randy comes with a van))

Randy: ((comes out with an axe)) Leave him alone or I will fucking eat you!

Jimmy: ((screams)) Oh, man! Oh, man! Oh, man! ((runs away))

Randy: You okay, Red?

Bill: Yeah. ((cries and gathers his money))

Randy: ((to Phillip)) Why the fuck didn't you help him?!

Phillip: Mother says, "Violence begets violence."

Randy: Your mother's an asshole. ((grabs Phillip)) Don't ever let me catch you doing that shit again.

Bill: Thanks, Randy. ((wipes his nose))

Randy: Anything for you, kid. Us newsies gotta stick together. ((puts an arm on Bill’s shoulder)) There's always a Jehovah's Witness around the corner, looking to fuck you up.

Bill: Could I borrow ten dollars from you until next collection day?

Rany: What, so that fucking lesbian can take it from you again?

Bill: Um-- But I need to get this hockey stick. Tryouts are tomorrow.

Randy: Not my problem, Red. It's a dog-eat-dog world. So, you better start eating! ((drives off))

Bill: Wh-- What the fuck does that mean?!

((Another scene, Plast-A-Ware office))
Dana: ((during his presentation)) Usually, when you put butter on a muffin, it runs off the sides and gets on the table. But with the "Triple Tiered Muffin Holder," the butter simply drips down onto the next level of muffins and beyond. It's like a champagne tree, except for butter!

Gene: Why don't you cut the muffin in half like everyone else?

Dana: Why don't you go fuck yourself? ((takes his poster))

Tracy: Well, we certainly didn't save the best for last. I'm gonna go see which of my guns fits best in my mouth.

Sue: Excuse me, Tracy. I know I'm just the secretary, but, um-- I have an idea I'd like to pitch.

Gene: I'd like to pitch her idea. ((chuckles))

Sue: I'm curious, Gene, do you use that mouth when you kiss another man's penis?

Tracy: Yeah! ((the men laugh))

Gene: You sure got me!

Sue: That's what your wife says when the postman puts it in her hiney. ((men laugh))

Dana: I'm gonna call you Heart Disease because you're killing me! ((men laugh))

Tracy: Yeah! ((men laugh)) Go ahead, Sue. Wow us.

Sue: Every day, ((comes at the front)) housewives deal with the problem of soggy lettuce. It can make any salad a gushy, sopping, dripping, wet mess. ((Tracy looks at Gene))

Gene: What, am I that predictable? She's got me hooked.

Sue: So, I came up with... The Salad Tosser.

((Another scene, Frank sleeps and snores))

Maureen: Dad? ((tries to wake him up)) Dad. ((Frank wakes up)) Can you make me dinner? It's 5:00 o’clock.

Frank: Shit! ((sits))

((Another scene, Frank cooks in the kitchen))

Maureen: Daddy, can we go out and get ice cream for supper?

Frank: No. Daddy's got to go to work soon. You want ice cream, go to your friend's house and look sad. ((gets sad)) That's the face! You might get two scoops with that mug.

Kevin: ((comes home)) Prisoner 3471, reporting for solitary confinement. Guilty of the crime of dreaming! ((opens the frige))

Frank: Don't spoil your dinner.

Kevin: You're not the boss of my stomach! My mouth is! ((goes outside)) Dick! ((slams the basement door))

Maureen: Everything okay, daddy?
Frank: *Princess*, when you grow up, you can be anything you want. Just *not* Kevin. Or a golfer.

((Another scene, Bill and Phillip come to “Ben Schrider’s Sporting Goods“))

Phillip: How much of your money did Jimmy take?

Bill: I only have eleven dollars left. Now I have to buy a cheaper stick. ((the come to the counter)) What the hell?! The price went up! And I can't even afford the shitty one now.

Phillip: Maybe it's a clerical error.

Shop assistant: No mistake. That's inflation for you.

Bill: *I really need that stick, sir. Tryouts are tomorrow.* I had the money. I worked *hard* for it, but I got *mugged*.

Shop assistant: And I lost a leg between a station wagon and a Dumpster, and they gave me an artificial leg made for a *woman*. But you don't hear me complaining about it.

Phillip: Well, you seem to be voicing displeasure.

Bill: *Please, sir!* ((sobs))

Shop assistant: *Are you crying? Well, maybe you should go out for field hockey, you little pussy!* ((leaves))

Bill: ((wipes the tears)) *Fuck this! I *earned* it. Phillip, ask that guy to show you something in the back of the store. I'm *taking* that stick.

Phillip: But that's against the law.

Bill: ((grabs him)) *Do it.*

Phillip: Okay. ((goes to the shop assistant)) Excuse me. Could you show me where a man could find a shuttlecock?

Shop assistant: Huh. That figures. ((Bill puts the hockey stick into his clothes and starts leaving slowly)) Where do you think you're going? ((blocks his path))

Bill: Ah!

Phillip: He saw through my charade!

Shop assistant: ((takes the stick from Bill and grabs him by the arm)) You're in a lot of trouble, bucko.

Bill: ((sobs)) Please don't call my parents.

Shop assistant: That's *exactly* what I'm gonna do, *you little degenerate!* What's your name? ((Bill cries)) Out with it! What's your name?


Shop assistant: Well, Jimmy Fitzsimmons, ((takes the phone)) *that's the first honest thing you've done all day, you little mick.* What's your phone number, Jimmy-- ((Phillip knocks him over with a snow board))
Bill: ((holding a hockey stick)) Holy shit, Phillip! Why did you do that?

Phillip: I don't want Randy to eat me! ((throws the board, the man starts crawling to them))

Bill: Let's get out of here! ((they run and bump into a glass door)) Oh, my God. ((hiding behind the corner)) Holy shit. I told him I was Jimmy. When he finds out, I'm so dead.

Shop assistant: ((crawls to where they're hiding)) I got your name, Fitzsimmons!

Bill: Ah! ((the boys run away screaming))

((Another scene, “Plast-A-Ware“))

Sue: So, thanks to centrifugal force, your wife will never have soggy lettuce again. You can "leaf" the drying to The Salad Tosser. Thank you.

Tracy: Huh. Interesting, Sue.

Dana: Drying lettuce. Could be a whole new market. Does it work?

Sue: Yes! And I built a prototype. I-I have it here. ((takes the salad tosser)) May I present the handy-dandy, easy to use, housewife's best friend The Salad Tosser! ((puts it on the table))

Tracy: Uh-- ((chuckles)) It's a tad big, don't you think?

Sue: Well, obviously, the finished product would be much smaller.

Dana: It looks like a washing machine on a Lazy Susan.

Sue: Well, yes, that's what the prototype is, but it--

Gene: It's not even made of plastic.

Sue: Again, it's a prototype. ((puts salad in it)) Look, let me demonstrate.

Gene: ((laughs)) I don't want to have to ride a bike every time I make a salad.

Sue: It's a prototype! See, like a washing machine-- ((the water splashes through the holes in the salad tosser))

Gene: Ah, my tie!

Tracy: What the fuck?

Dana: Jesus!

Tracy: Lazy Susan? More like Crazy Susan! ((the men laugh))

Gene: Crazy Susan! ((the men laugh))

Dana: What a piece of shit!

Gene: I don't want to laugh in your face. Turn around! ((the men laugh, Vivian sees them))

((Another scene, Bill comes home late, with a hockey stick behind his back))
Frank: ((cooking)) Where the hell have you been?

Bill: Nowhere!


Bill: Oh, okay.

Frank: Hey. What do you got there? ((Bill shows him the stick)) All right, you bought that stick you been saving for. Good for you! I'll take you to those tryouts tomorrow. (.) That thing you feel inside is called pride. ((Bill looks at the stick)) Every time you pick up that stick, you'll have that same sense of accomplishment that only comes from knowing that you earned it. I'll be right back. I got to go feed my prisoner in the dungeon. ((chuckles and goes to the basement with a plate of food))

Frank: ((stomps on the basement door)) Hey, Mozart. It's the warden. Even though you hate me, I still want you to eat. Open the door. ((he goes inside)) Come on. I got you extra meatballs for good behavior. Where are you? ((sees Kevin escaping through the basement indow)) Kevin? For Christ's sakes!

Kevin: ((running away with his guitar)) Out of the Gulag, into the spotlight! ((trips and groans, gets in a car with Lex and Bolo))

Frank: ((running after him)) Get the fuck back here! I forbid you! ((throws meatballs at the car))

Kevin: My dreams are not forbidable! ((shows him a middle finger through the car window))

Frank: You lying little shit!

Kevin: I learned it from the best!

Frank: ((throwing meatballs)) You come back here! I'll put you and your smart mouth through that fucking wall! ((Sue comes back home)) Do you know what your son did?

Sue: ((sighs)) Jesus, Frank.

Frank: He openly defied my authority and went to that show.

Sue: That's exactly what I said would happen if you pushed him too much.

Frank: Well, we're gonna go right down to that seedy concert hall and yank his ass right off that stage!

Sue: Frank, I've had a horrible day. They shot my proposal down, thank you for asking, and now I have to come home to my husband throwing meatballs at my oldest son in front of the entire fucking neighborhood! Frank Murphy, you go down there and you get your son. ((goes inside))

Frank: Aw, you don't tell me what to do! ((Sue slams the door)) I'll get him! ((goes inside to take his coat and keys)) There's my only living son. You stay good, Bill. I failed your brother, but you're turning out great.

Bill: Oh. Be right back! ((runs away with a hockey stick))

Frank: Why do they all run from me?

Phillip: Bill, come back! ((runs after Bill))
((Bill digs a hole for a hockey stick))

Phillip: What are you doing?

Bill: I have to bury this fucking thing! I stole, Phillip! Jimmy's gonna kill me!

Phillip: I beat a cripple! And it made my pee-pee feel good! ((Bill buries the stick)) St. Leonard, patron saint of criminals, horses and women in labor, please hear my prayer. Save us from-- ((they hear a door open))

Jimmy: No, Dad, no!

Mr. Fitzsimmons: You thieving little shit! Stealing hockey sticks now?

Jimmy: It wasn't me! I fashion my own sticks!

Mr. Fitzsimmons: ((grabs Jimmy and puts him in the car)) Yeah, it's never you! It's never you! You told him your name! Maybe Catholic military school will finally straighten you out! ((they drive away))

Jimmy: No! No! No! No! No! No!

Phillip: Poor Jimmy.

Bill: Fuck Jimmy. He's gone. We're free! ((takes out the stick from the snow))

((Another scene, Frank is driving and looking at the flyer of Kevin’s gig))

Frank: Yeah, you think you can escape me 'cause you're wearing a cape? Is that what you think? You don't know who you're dealing with! Move it! ((outdrives a slower car))

((Frank comes to the place where Kevin’s band playing))

Kevin: ((stops playing)) We are Merlin's Monocle!

Man: Who?

((Frank is speaking with elders))

An old woman: Marlin died!

Frank: Oh, Kevin. ((to an old man)) Hey, that's my kid up there.

Old man: She's a real looker.

Lex: Thanks for getting us the gig, Bubbe Esther. ((winks))

Bubbe Esther: What?!

Kevin: Okay, I guess that's it. Thank you. ((sees Frank)) Oh, fuck me. ((later, Kevin comes to Frank at the parking lot)) How much shit am I in?

Frank: Well, I was planning on grounding you, but after seeing the end of your show, I think you might've been punished enough.

Kevin: Nobody came to see us. And I drew five thousand flyers! This isn't how I dreamed it would be.
Frank: That's why they're called dreams. Because they're not real. Right?

Kevin: Yeah.

Frank: You see now why I'm harping on you to study in school? Why you got to be realistic?

Kevin: I guess. You're right. ((takes off his hat))

Frank: So, you know, you did your best, ((Kevin leans back at the back of the car)) you tried hard and you failed. And there's no shame in striking out. ((Frank puts an arm on Kevin’s shoulder)) It's a good thing you learned that music won't get you anywhere now. There's still time to turn your life around. You'll hit the books, we'll get you a [tutor]. We'll even get you those eyeglasses you keep saying you need. And you'll be on your way to-- ((a blonde girl comes up to them))

The Haircut Girl: Oh, my God, you guys [rocked]!

Kevin: Really?

Frank: Really?

The Haircut Girl: I'm so glad I came to visit my grandpa, because your show was [bitchin']!

Kevin: Thanks. We were okay. ((Frank sighs)) I screwed up the last ten minutes of my solo. Uh, dad, can you--

Uh--

Frank: Agh It's fine. Go home after this. I got to go to work. ((goes to the car))

Kevin: Okay. ((the couple start walking off))

The Haircut Girl: Hey, I don't know if you're interested, but I cut hair at my house. Want to come over sometime for a haircut?

Kevin: That'd be cool. Or whatever. Thank you so much!

The Haircut Girl: Come over Thursday after school. ((she gives him a note with her phone and address))

Kevin: Okay. ((she walks away))

Lex: Who's that chick?

Kevin: That-- Was Haircut ((puts his hat on)) Girl.

Bolo: No. Way.

Kevin: ((throws his arms in the air)) She exists! And my cherry shall be [busted]!

Bubbe Esther: We have cherries? ((the guys walk away))

Lex: We're famous!

Bolo: We got our first groupie!

Kevin: This is just the beginning, guys! Nowhere but up from here!
Lex: Oh, yeah!

Bolo: =All right! Yeah!

((Frank looks at the airplane in the sky and finishes smoking a cigarette))

Frank: ((sighs)) Another fucking night. ((he turns up the radio and drives to work)) ((tire backfires)) Ah, shit!

((Ending credits))

**F Is for Family**

S02E09 “Pray Away“

((A bus is going at the couples’ retreat, everyoee, except Frank, singing))

Everyone: Forty-five bottles of trust on the wall! Forty-five bottles of trust! Take one down, pass it around! Forty-four bottles of trust n the wall!

Greg: ((sings)) On the waaaaaaall!

Frank: Dear God, you let me survive Korea for this?

Sue: Oh, Frank, if that's gonna be your attitude the whole time, you might not survive this bus ride.

Frank: You're right, honey. I want our marriage to get better, and I'll do whatever I can to make this weekend work. And I'm sorry I said this bus was worse than the rice-eating commies trying to kill me.

Sue: Thank you, Frank. That's a start.

Father Pat: Well, I don't know about you, but all those bottles of trust have me ready to burst. I hope there's a bathroom around here.

Greg: There's a rest stop just around the bend at exit 37. Take the service road past the ranger station and it's on the left. It's very quiet. No cops.

Ginny: That's my Greg! He's like my own personal auto club.

((At the rest stop, Frank comes to Father Pat))

Frank: Father, Sue and I really want to fix our marriage. As soon as we get to the lake, could you start doing whatever it is you do? You know, like, pray, take out that smoke thing, fling that water hammer you got?

Father Pat: Oh, Frank, I'm not a wizard with a wand and magic spells. That's the stuff of fairy tales. I'm a priest of our Lord, Jesus Christ, who was born of a virgin and walked on water. The only solution for you and Sue is to engage each other and share your deepest feelings.

Frank: In front of people? I'm not doing that!

Father Pat: ((chuckles)) See? You're already making progress! You just shared a very deep feeling. ((puts a hand on Frank’s shoulder)) Absolute panic!

Frank: I know!
((Opening credits))

((Randy is driving in his van))

Radio DJ: All right, the Sunday Funday Corey Mars-athon continues.

Corey Mars: ((sings on the radio)) Eating cotton candy and thinking of Christyy! ((Randy throws out two stacks of newspapers))

Randy: This fucking station sucks now. ((changes the station, polka music playing)) This sounds like ass, but at least they mean it. Bet that tuba player gets miles of pussy. ((drives off, Bill looks out the window))

TV announcer: “What It Is“, with your host Jim Jeffords.

Jim Jeffords: My guest this Sunday morning is Chairman of the Black Liberation Alliance for Black Liberation, Tecumseh X Du Bois. May I ask what was wrong with your birth name, Jefferson Davis?

Jefferson Davis: I got rid of my slave name when I was falsely incarcerated and had my dignity stripped away by whitey.

Jim Jeffords: I can relate. I was once bumped from a squash court by Whitey Ford.

Jefferson Davis: The only avenue to right an injustice is through armed action. If I had wrongfully imprisoned someone, I’d be very scared right now.

Bill: Oh!

Maureen: Good morning, dumb-dumb. ((opens the curtains))

Bill: ((hides behind the sofa)) Ah, shut the curtains! Shut the curtains!

Maureen: What are you, the world's first pussy vampire?

Bill: It's none of your business.

Maureen: I get it. Jimmy Fitzsimmons is gonna kill you for fingering him for that hockey stick you stole.

Bill: How did you know that? Can you read minds, too?

Maureen: No, I'm doing something harder: reading Jimmy's penmanship.

((A wooden tombstone is shown, with words about Bill, which Kenny and Ben bows and worships))

Ben: Let's dig him up and take his belt.

Kenny: And I can wear his face for Halloween!

Bill: ((comes out of his house)) Get out of here, you guys! I'm trying not to be seen!

Ben: Ah! It's Zombie Bill!

Kenny: Ah! ((throws his arms in defence))

Bill: I'm not dead.
Ben: There's only one way to prove it. ((kicks him in the crotch))

Bill: ((grunts)) Ow! My balls!

Kenny: Does that mean he's alive? I forget. Let's pee on him to be sure.

Bill: Get out of here!

Kenny and Ben: Ah! ((run away))

((Another scene at couples’ retreat house))

Father Pat: Welcome to our first morning of "Pray Away the Hurt." God has provided us with a lovely day and also with Ginny and Greg, our biggest success story, who are our senior counselors.

Ginny: ((stands up)) Thank you, Father. Frank, Sue, Jan, Clark, you've taken a very brave step by coming here today. One that will save your marriage, just like it saved Greg and me. All with the loving help of our Lord, Jesus.

Greg: ((rubs the Jesus figure on a cross)) Oh, you've got a swimmer's body. ((everyone looks at him)) Sorry. ((puts the cross away)) Go ahead, honey.

Ginny: Before we found the light, it felt like our marriage was finished. But with the help of Father Pat, Greg opened up. He came to me in tears and I'll never forget how he said it, "Ginny, I love you, but I'm gay...ning too much weight from your cooking."

Greg: That's what I said!

Ginny: I was hurt, but I accepted it, and I accepted him. ((puts a hand on his shoulder)) Now, he goes out every night and finds his own dinner. And he comes home in a great mood, with a hot meal in his tummy, and all is right in the world of Ginny and Greg Throater. ((sits down))

Father Pat: Now, let's go around the circle, and each of you tell us how you're feeling.

Frank: I am feeling like killing myself right now.

Sue: ((puts a hand on his shoulder)) Frank, you can do this. Take baby steps. No one's expecting you to bare your soul.

Jan: My doctor says my vagina has calcium deposits resembling teeth.

Frank: Oh, Jesus.

Sue: Wow.

Father Pat: Ouchy.

((Another scene, people start coming to Vic’s party))

Vic: Bonsoir, party animals! Hey, my main man! ((high-fives one guy)) My half man! ((high-fives Skeebll)) My ice man! ((high-fives a guy, coming with an ice statue))
Bolo: ((comes out from Kevin’s basement with Lex)) Holy shit, Kevin. Every DJ from the KWOCK is gonna see us play today. Black Bob from Baltimore...


Bolo: And that's David Bowie! Oh, wait, it's just a sick lady. ((they come back to the basement)) Kevin, come on, get ready. We want to go over early and finish off people's drinks before they throw cigarettes in them.

Kevin: Look, there's something I got to tell you guys. It's been really weighing on me. Vic's throwing this party for his girlfriend, right? Well--

Lex: Oh, man, she's so hot!

Bolo: Oh, I'd give a thousand guys a thousand hand jobs just to bone her!

Lex: Wait. Is that one hand job each or a thousand hand jobs per guy?

Bolo: One each! I'm not a fairy!

Kevin: I can't talk to you jerks! I feel like I'm being ripped apart! I don't think I can do this gig!

Bolo: Oh, you are doing it! This is our big chance and you're not gonna let us down! Now, grow some balls and put on your fucking eye liner!

((Another scene, TV is on in the Murphy’s house, Maureen is watching it))

TV announcer: I'm here with Reid Harrison, host of the sixth annual Colt Luger Pro Am. So, Reid, what should we expect from Colt Luger this year?

Reid Harrison: ((drunk)) I don't know. I don't write that crap. I don't even do my own stunts. A Chinaman in a wig does them for me. The way you pronounce his name is by dropping a tray of silverware. ((drinks from a glass)) Hey, sweetheart, another one.

TV announcer: ABS apologizes for Reid's behavior. ((pounding on door)) He hasn't been himself. His Malibu steakhouse collapsed into the ocean yesterday. ((Maureen opens the door))

Randy: Where's your brother? He was supposed to deliver these papers hours ago!

Maureen: Uh, he's not here.

Randy: Yeah, and I'm Spiro T. Agnew. ((goes outside)) Hey! I know you can hear me, you little red-headed fuck! I'll deliver these, but it's coming out of your pay. ((closes the van)) You don't mess with Randy! All right? ((sits in the van)) Randy will kill a kid! ((polka music playing on radio, he drives off))

Bill: ((comes out from his hiding place)) Oh, man. Jimmy's gonna kill me! Then Randy's gonna kill me! I'll be dead twice! What do I do, Maureen? ((Maureen sees Phillip in the window across the street))

Maureen: Well, maybe you can start by apologizing to Phillip. That way you can die in each other's arms.

Bill: Shut up! ((sees Phillip too)) Oh, shit.

Phillip: ((opens the door)) Hey, Bill.
Bill: ((gives him a baseball card)) I, uh, I thought you might like this.

Phillip: Ooh, Willie Stargell. Are you sure?

Bill: I'm sure.

Phillip: Thanks.

Bill: ((they look at the baseball cards at Phillip’s house)) Why is all your furniture covered in plastic?

Phillip: Oh, Nana pees a little bit when she watches “Dialing for Dollars“.

Bill: Listen, I shouldn't have said some of that stuff yesterday.

Phillip: It's okay. I was cruel to you, too. I disemboweled you in my diary.

Bill: What the hell does that mean?

Phillip: ((takes out a diary from under an armchair and gives it to Bill)) Uh, uh--

Bill: ((opens it to find cruel pictures)) Oh!

Phillip: This is how I get my feelings out when my ears get hot.

Bill: Wow, this is really fucked up.

Phillip: Sometimes I don't remember drawing them.

Bill: You're a genius at this stuff! Maybe you could think of a way to get Jimmy to leave us alone.

Phillip: It is a subject I visit on occasion. ((takes out bunch of drawings titled “A World Without Jimmy“))

Bill: Holy shit.

((Another scene at the couples’ retreat))

Clark: What I wouldn't give for one more chance to show my dad that I could safely make homemade fireworks. ((sobs))

Jan: It's not your fault, Clark.

Frank: ((whispers)) He put gun powder in a coffee can, Sue.

Jan: ((cuddles to Clark)) Oh, my Clarkie.

Father Pat: Clark, you just earned an honesty star. ((gives him a tiny paper star)) See? When couples are honest with each other, it brings them closer together. Frank, it's your turn. Tell us how you're feeling.

Frank: I don't know how I feel.

Sue: Yes, you do.

Frank: No, I don't. I was always taught to keep things to myself. We didn't burden other people with our problems. It was considered impolite.
Sue: ((puts a hand on his leg)) That was the old way of thinking. Come on, honey. You can do this.

Father Pat: Frank, how do you feel?

Frank: I'm pissed off you're bugging me about this!

Father Pat: Pissed off. That's an emotion.

Frank: It really makes me mad.

Father Pat: Beating the same drum, but that's good.

Frank: I feel like you were the kind of kid that me and my friends would have thrown into a pond!

Father Pat: Okay.

Sue: Keep going, Frank. Dig deeper. Why are you mad?

Frank: I'm mad because we had to come on this thing to make our marriage better, but I don't know how the hell it went bad in the first place. All I know is everything was great with us when I had my old job, and now I'm stuck with you people in a dumpy cabin that reeks of deer piss and pipe tobacco, and all we have is this cheap, watery peanut butter you got to stir first before you put it on the bread! Where's the goddamn Skippy?!

Sue: That's good, Frank! Open that door!

Jan: How can you say that's good? He's awful!

Frank: Me? You married a father killer! ((Clark sobs))

Sue: Okay. Close that door a little bit.

Father Pat: Let's take a break, shall we?

Clark: I'll make some coffee. ((stands up))

Everyone: No!

((Another scene, Vic’s party, rock music playing))

Vic: Did you see the ice sculpture I got just for you? We can celebrate the permanence of our love as we watch it slowly melt away. Two grand well spent.

Cutie Pie: ((laughs nervously)) I need a drink.

Vic: I knew you'd love it!

Skeeball: Out of my way, full-grown!

Kevin: Here we go. It's almost time.

Bolo: We'll be so famous after this, our dicks are gonna be like magnets!

Lex: Wouldn't that mean they'd attract other dicks?
Bolo: That's not how dick magnets work!

Vic: Tonight's your night, Kevin. You guys are gonna show these people the truth. You're so pure, I wish I could snort you up.

Kevin: That's so nice of you, Vic, but, um-- There's something I need to--

Vic: Hey, there's my boss! I didn't invite him. Guess he always knows where the party's at.

((Another scene, Bill, Phillip, Kenny and Ben are on the street))

Bill: Guys, today we bully the bully. We're gonna get Jimmy so good, he'll never mess with us again.

Phillip: And he'll move on to bully someone smaller and weaker than us.

Bill: ((to Ben)) Thanks for bringing the rope.

Ben: We's happy to oblige. Just as long as we get it back to daddy so he can have his happy alone time in his closet.

Bill: Okay, let's go over the plan one more time. Phillip? ((they all look into a drawing))

Phillip: Bill and I will bait Jimmy with incendiary remarks. When he gives chase, you two pull the rope taut, knocking him off his bike and into the wagon. Lady Gravity will carry him downhill as we pelt him with rocks on his journey to his final destination, the construction site port-o-potty. (. ) Then the fecal matter in his scratch marks will lead to a severe infection which will--

Ben: Jesus Christ! You got a lot of evil in that big fucking head!

Phillip: My mom says I'm going to grow into it.

((Another scene, couples’ resort))

Father Pat: Empathy is an important part of any relationship. That's why we're going to move on to an exercise called "role playing."

Everyone: Ooh.

Ginny: ((switches their name tags)) Greg, let's show everyone how it's done. ((stands up, imitates Greg)) 'I'm Greg. I'm so manly. I build stone walls with my bare hands, yet I have the soul of a poet. ((sits on Greg's lap)) And I love my Ginny."

Greg: 'I'm Ginny. I'm a beautiful, trusting soul. I'm a wonderful mother, and I'm raising two magnificent sons. ((tearing up)) And I deserve a real marriage, not a cheap, hollow imitation!' ((cries))

Ginny: Oh, look at those tears of joy!

Father Pat: Excellent. Frank and Sue, your turn to role play. Frank, put yourself in Sue's place. How do you see her?

Frank: Ah, I've been married too long to be dumb enough to answer that question.

Sue: Come on, Frank. ((changes their name tags)) This is why we came here. I know you can do this.
Frank: All right. (.) "I'm Sue. I'm a good-looking broad and I-- I make a decent deviled egg. The end."

Sue: Agh... (imitates Frank) "I'm Frank. I tell Sue I want to work on our marriage, but I'm not willing to go beyond the surface and say what's really bothering me about her."

Frank: Oh, okay. I see how this works. It's all my fault. (stands up, imitates Sue) "I threw a hissy fit at Frank for working a few extra shifts while I abandoned my children just to follow my dream of drying the world's lettuce."

Sue: (stands up, imitates Frank) "I call how my wife puts food on the table 'her little hobby!'"

Frank: (imitates Sue) "And I remember every fucking thing Frank ever said and I keep a list (points to his head) up here so whenever he fucks up I can just: Agh, agh, agh!" (makes a nagging noise)

Jan: Oh, honey, you'll never be like that.

Frank: Oh, he will. And you'll turn him into it! You know how? With your constant fucking (makes nagging sound)

Sue: Oh, it must make you feel like a big man to step on my dreams. We had a deal!

Frank: We had another deal. It was called a marriage vow! Remember that, Susan? For better or for worse? Well, "worse" happened. I lost my job and how did you support me?

Sue: I got a job to feed the whole goddamn family!

Frank: Yeah, a job where you're doing better than me!

Sue: (gasps)

Greg: (gasps)

Father Pat: You know what you just did, Frank? (.) You let us in.

Frank: I did.

Father Pat: That's the first step towards healing, allowing us to see that beneath your gruff exterior, you're actually quite sensitive.

Frank: I guess I am.

Jan: He's actually an asshole.

Frank: ((sits down)) Jeez, I feel like I'm at home.

((Another scene, Vic’s party))

Vic: ((comes to his boss)) The immortal Mort Rosenthal! Shalom! Welcome to my home. Help yourself. The candies are in the bowl, the Quaaludes are in that bowl. And if you want to lick a toad, they're swimming in the sink.

Mort: Thank you, but it is the Sabbath. I actually came here to give you some bad news. We're going to have to let you go.
Vic: You're firing me?

Mort: Let's be honest, Vic. Your drug use is seriously affecting your performance.

Vic: Why are you springing this on me now?

Mort: Vic, we've had this exact conversation five times. I keep firing you and you keep showing up. I need you to clean out your desk by noon tomorrow. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to tell my wife I'm divorcing her. ((leaves))

Vic: ((to himself)) All right, Vic, now, time to keep it together for Cutie Pie. ((yells)) Smile, God damn it! ((snorts some drugs, goes to the microphone)) All right, you swanky fuckers! Your attention, please!

Bolo: Get ready to rock.

Vic: This special day is for my special lady, the love of my life, my Cutie Pie. You are the apple of my eye, the thump in my heart, and the only thing in my life that keeps me real. ((giggles)) Did you just hear that? Did everyone else's ears just pop? Now let's kick off the entertainment. Coming to the stage is a power trio of righteous dudes fronted by a young man who I've really come to admire. I'm so happy he's chasing his dream, and I'm proud to call him my friend. Mr. Kevin Murphy!

Kevin: Oh, man.

Vic: Tonight he's gonna take us all to the moon, unlike those liars at NASA. Where'd the lunar buggy come from, man? ((the band comes on stage)) They put it together with a wrench? This band's gonna rock! Crickets make that sound with their legs. Hey, come on! Here's Merlin's Monocle! ((all clap))

Kevin: Thank you, Vic. You're a great guy. I really mean it.

Bolo: Let's rock it! A-one, two, three, four! ((rock music plays))

Kevin: Wait, stop! I can't rock right now with this burden on my soul. ((goes to Lex and the piano)) Let me borrow this.

Lex: Kevin, what the fuck? ((he lets him sit down))

Kevin: A great man once told me that when you take the stage, people see right into your soul.

Vic: Man, I'd love to meet that dude. ((takes out a frog and licks it))

Kevin: But my soul is troubled. There's something I got to say. This is the only way I know how to say it. ((plays the piano and sings)) I was on a search to be a man, fed up with just the company of my hand. I finally got laid, but now the piper must be paid.

Cutie Pie: Oh, shit.

Kevin: ((sings)) He must be paid p-p-paid paid, p-p-p-paid paid, p-p-p-paid paid, paid ((voice trembles))

Man: Pick up your axe!

Kevin: ((sings)) I'm living a lie, but the hurtful truth is night!

Long haired guy: He said them toads are in the sink, right?
((Another scene, Jimmy is doing push-ups in his yard))

Jimmy: Thirteen, fourteen, five-teen.

Bill: ((Bill and Phillip come riding bikes)) Hey, Jimmy.

Jimmy: ((chuckles)) I see the pussies have come for their punishment!

Bill: Uh, how'd you get those ears, Jimmy? Did your dad fuck an elephant?

Jimmy: Are you out of your fucking mind?

Phillip: Your mother does sex for money!

Jimmy: My mom's never earned a dollar in her life! I'm gonna pull your hearts out through your assholes!

Bill: Go! ((they drive away, Jimmy following))

Jimmy: ((grunting))

Bill: Now! ((Ben and Kenny extend a rope on the road)) Huh? ((Jimmy rides past the rope)) Oh, shit.

Phillip: It always worked in my kill book.

Jimmy: Nice try, dickweeds! ((takes out his pocket knife))

Bill and Phillip: Ah!

Jimmy: I'm gonna cut your nose off and shove it up your ass so you'll go through life smelling-- ((he gets hit by the van))

Randy: Oh, man. Not again. ((drives away, imitates Jimmy)) My name is Jimmy Fitzsimmons! ((polka music playing))

((Another scene, couples’ resort))

Frank: Sue, when I got fired, I lost two jobs: Mohican and being head of our house. You go off and get this job, which is fine. But then you invent your salad thing. And it's a really good idea. It's brilliant. That's why, I don't know, I guess it bugs me that my dream's in the past and yours is ahead of you. It looks like you're gonna do a lot better than me. But as a man, I have to be doing better, or what am I? And that's why, I guess, deep down, in a roundabout way, I was hoping... That you'd fail.

Father Pat: ((puts a hand on Frank’s shoulder)) That was really brave of you to say that, Frank. ((puts a paper star on his forehead)) You know, in the book of Job--

Sue: ((stands up and takes off the star)) You motherfucker!

Frank: Ow!

((Another scene, Vic’s party))

Kevin: ((singing)) She was the girl of the guy next door, ((crying)) and I feel just like a whore, and my torment will never end, because I hurt a friend I'm so sorry, Vic.
Vic: Wait a sec, wait. Wait, wait, wait. Did I understand that 30-minute song correctly? Did you two get it on?

Cutie Pie: ((laughs nervously))

Vic: You bing-banged Kevin in his basement?

Kevin: On your water couch.

Vic: My couch? I just had it chlorinated! ((kicks Skeeball)) Shit, man! ((takes a gun)) Everybody out! And don't forget to take your fucking gift bags! ((everyone runs around screaming)) I fucking trusted you, you backstabbing couch! ((shoots the couch)) What else did you fuck him on, the TV? ((shoots the TV)) My gold records? ((shoots at the records on the wall)) The ceiling? ((shoots up, shoots the frog))

A long-haired guy: Time to go.

((Everyone runs out screaming))

Skeeball: ((gets stuck in the door with his plastic ball)) Push me through! Push me through!

Vic: ((lying on the table)) All right, pull yourself together, Vic. You can handle this. Dragon on your shirt. Dragon on your shirt. Dragon on your shirt, man. Breathing fire! ((puts a drug bag on his head and snorts deeply)) ((starts shooting)) Whooh! I can quit any time I want! ((glass shatters, he sings)) Lick that pickle, baby! Pull it from a jar!

((Another scene, Jimmy is lying on the street, Bill, Phillip, Ben and Kenny look at him))

Kenny: I think he's dead.

Ben: Better pee on him just to be sure.

Jimmy: No...

All: Ah! ((they start running))

Phillip: He's alive! Run!

Bill: Guys, wait! We got to take him to the hospital!

Ben: ((running)) We ain't going to no doctor!

Kenny: ((running)) They want to vassinate us! I don't like clean needles!

Bill: God damn it. ((runs back to Jimmy)) Don't worry, Jimmy. I won't let you die. ((Jimmy punches him in the stomach, Bill groans))

Jimmy: Coma punch.

((Bill is getting Jimmy into the hospital in a wheelbarrow))

Bill: ((at the hospital)) My name is Bill Murphy, and my friend had an accident, and it's all my fault. I was trying to play a trick on him.
Nurse Beatrice: Well, for corn sakes! We'll take care of him. Just tell me, what kind of acid did you pour on his face?

Bill: None! That's the way he always looks.

Beatrice: Oh, dear.

Jimmy: Fuck you, lady.

((Another scene, couples’ resort))

Sue: I can't believe you! This is a competition? That you're trying to win?

Clark: You know, I went to a poker night once without telling Jan and--

Sue: Shut up, Clark! I spent 15 years raising your children, and the one time I try to do something that makes me feel good about myself, you don't want me to get it because it threatens you?! How could you say that?!

Frank: ((stands up)) You were the one who wanted me to go deeper, Sue! Well, congratulations! You dig for oil, sometimes you hit a sewer pipe! And now it's all out there! (.) So. ((Frank and Sue sit down)) Who wants to puke up their life next?

Greg: ((inhales)) I like dick.

Ginny: What?

Greg: I like dick, Ginny. I like looking at it. I like stroking it. I like sucking it. You know when I get that far away look in my eyes? I'm thinking about dick. I'm getting aroused now just talking about it. I want it. I want dick more than I want world peace.

Ginny: What are you trying to say?

Greg: ((stands up)) I'm a homosexual, Ginny! I've been living a lie. And so have you. I'm-- I'm so sorry, but that's who I am.

Ginny: No, you are not.

Greg: Ginny, listen to me!

Ginny: Now, ((stands up)) I'm gonna go outside to look at constellations. ((tears up)) You have exactly five minutes to stop playing this silly game. ((leaves))

Greg: ((stands up, goes after her)) Just divorce me, my darling!

Ginny: No way, mister!

((Another scene, Vic is lying on the ground outside, frogs around him))

Vic: ((takes a frog)) Mr. Toad, did I dream that, or did I really shoot up my house?

Mr. Toad: No dream. You shot it up.

Vic: Ah, shit, man. Thanks for being honest. ((the frog croaks and licks drugs on Vic’s nose))
((Another scene, Frank and Sue get home))

Sue: ((groans)) ((checks the answering machine))

Robotic voice: Two new messages. ((beeps))

Vivian’s voice: Sue, it's Vivian. Tomorrow's the big day! Henrietta's presenting the Salad Tosser at the stockholder's meeting. Wear something successful. I'm going with cleavage, so you show a lot of leg. ((beeps))

Bob Pogo’s voice: Frank, it's Bob Pogo. Operation Half-Head is a go. We're getting rid of Scoop tomorrow. ((beeps))

Sue: Hey, good luck getting your job back. I sure hope you don't fail. See, wasn't that hard, was it?

Frank: Oh, here it comes. Here it comes, the old ((makes nagging sound))

Sue: I don't ((makes nagging sound)) you asshole!

Frank: The hell you don't! For 15 years I've had to--

Maureen: Mom, Dad? Are you fighting?

Both: Yes!

((Ending credits))