

I'd Rather Be Dead

"Pilot"

by

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COLD OPEN

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Reggie "BIG RIG" Lynch, a massively overweight, overenthusiastic, slob of a man in his 50's, stands front and center of a plain white screen delivering a low budget promo for his restaurant, Big Rig's Barbecue.

In between shots of Big Rig's sweaty multi-chinned face are pictures of the insanely over-portioned food he mentions as well as accompanying CHEAP SOUND EFFECTS.

BIG RIG

Well, howdy there, partner! And welcome to Big Rig's B-B-Q! Servin' up the tastiest tumbleweeds BOTH sides of the Mississippi! We got it all, from deep-fried bologna rolls, to our famous gut-bustin' baby back-o-rack o'ribs! Hee-haw, don't cha' know it!

Big Rig slaps his gut as he says this.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

Forget cookin' whatever you find layin' around the house and hopin' yer family ain't gon' be none the wiser,-

Cut to a DUMB MAN trying to cook random ingredients in a pan and looking extremely confused, i.e. JELLY, EGGS, CONDIMENTS, HOTDOGS, an OLD BOOT. Similar to an "Is this you?" infomercial.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

-and really show 'em how much ya care by takin' em out for a rootin' tootin' T-bone, or maybe just a couple a' Cowboy Curds!

A picture of a cow's face MOOS, fried cheese balls are thrown into a upside-down COYBOY HAT with a SQUISH.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

Cuz remember, at Big Rig's B-B-Q, is always yer way...with extra gra-vay! Ha-ha!

Big Rig cackles like an imbecile.

(CONTINUED)

## BIG RIG (CONT'D)

We'll cook whatever you want,  
 however you want it! You want a  
 Colorado cow tongue? Cut into  
 cubes? With a side of steamin'  
 jalapeno rattlesnake spaghetti?  
 It's yours! You wanna sink your  
 teeth into an angry armadillo? How  
 'bout we punch that sucker in his  
 ugly mug and deep fry that snarl  
 off his tasty face? You got it,  
 partner!

## SERIES OF SHOTS AS THEY ARE DESCRIBED:

--SLICE and RATTLE over shot of full plate of perfectly  
 CUBED COW TONGUE and small bowl of FRIED SNAKES.

--A cute, non-threatening armadillo.

--The same Dumb Man from before looking SUPER pissed.

--The Dumb Man punches the "armadillo", who this time is  
 just someone in an ARMADILLO COSTUME. He then knees the  
 "armadillo" in the stomach, dunks its head into a deep  
 fryer, looks up and exaggeratedly smirks and nods at the  
 camera.

--A STEAMING HOT plate slides into view carrying a CRISPY  
 FRIED ARMADILLO on its back with a horrified look on its  
 face and the noise of what it sounds like a when a cartoon  
 coughs of smoke plays. The plate is garnished perfectly.

## BIG RIG (CONT'D)

Steak you say? Well hell, you know  
 we're servin' 'em up any temp ya  
 like. From hockey puck black-

A hockey stick SMACKS a burnt black steak into a goal with  
 an AUDIENCE CHEER.

## BIG RIG (CONT'D)

-to still mooin'!

A completely raw steak drops onto a white plate in front of  
 the Dumb Man and SPLATTERS blood everywhere and MOOS. The  
 Dumb Man looks at the camera with a face that is somehow  
 confused and excited at the same time like he's trying to  
 win an Oscar for over-acting.

## BIG RIG (CONT'D)

Ya see, here at the B-R-B-B-Q,-

(CONTINUED)

Big Rig actually takes a full moment to look into a separate camera and wink like this is clever.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

-we like to make sure everyone leaves with their belly's full to buttons and a glistening, grease-soaked smile that says to us, "Dang-it Rig, if I woulda had just one more of yer Fat-Fanny Freedom Fries, I woulda died happy."

The Dumb Man sits at a table wearing an obvious FAKE GUT. There's empty plates all around him and his hand is shaking as he tries to get the last fry into his mouth. He misses his mouth, holds his "gut" and yet again looks into the camera, rolling his eyes in euphoria.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

So, come on down to Big Rig's Barbecue! Right off yer local dirt road in between Milky's Slaughterhouse and the 'Heart of Me Forever' Cemetery. Think I'll head there myself now!

Big Rig puts on a trucker hat that says 'B-R-B-B-Q' and climbs into a semi-truck.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

(yelling from truck)

They don't call me 'Big Rig' for nothin'! Get a moooove on!

Big Rig pulls the trucks horn, blasts two LOUD HONKS that sound like COW MOOS, and drives away.

During this ending of the promo, the shot slowly zooms out showing that it was all playing on one of multiple small televisions hanging from the ceiling inside Big Rig's Barbeque.

### ACT 1

The sound of the promo fades away into the background noise of the busy restaurant and we land on a close-up of the BLOODSHOT EYES of SCOTT MOSS, 28, scruffy and haggard.

Moss stares ahead, eyes fixated. He's watching a very OBESE MAN who is TIGHTLY squeezed into a booth furiously eating a whole roasted chicken, dinner rolls, and various other foods. EMPTY PLATES are scattered across the table.

(CONTINUED)

MATTHEW "MAMU" KOFFIELD, 28 with an enormous beard and curly hair puffing out from under his hat, walks up beside Moss and also starts to watch the guest eating.

MAMU

How long has he been at it?

MOSS

Forty minutes without a drink, or from what I can tell, a breath.

MAMU

Five bucks says he stops at that dry ass baked potato.

MOSS

(scoffs)

You obviously haven't been watching what I've been watching. Deal.

They fist bump without taking their eyes off the man.

The Obese Man grabs a BAKED POTATO, but doesn't bite it yet as his breath starts to slow.

MAMU

What'd I tell you?

MOSS

Easy now.

The man looks like his eyes are closing and he starts NODDING OFF. A moment later he's asleep.

MAMU

And, done.

MOSS

No way does that count. He fell asleep!

The man seems to be STARTLED awake. He grabs his left arm for second, then grasps at his chest, food falling from his mouth.

Moss and Mamu's eyes both widen.

MAMU

Um...what exactly is happening right now?

MOSS

From my understanding of old people in movies, I think that's what a heart attack looks like.

MAMU

Should we...tell someone?

MOSS

Wait for it.

MAMU

For what? He's-

Slamming his fist on the table, the man stops squirming. He sits up like normal, grabs the baked potato, and starts chomping.

MOSS

(southern accent)

Mmm, mmm, mmm, those five dollars gon' taste savory as sweet potato stew I tell ya wut!

MAMU

What the hell was that? How could you know that was going to happen?

MOSS

(still in southern accent)

Well, ya see now boy, if I told ya, I'd have to kill-

(back to normal voice)

actually, killing you is more work than I'm willing to commit to at this point in my life. Dude did that like twice before you showed up. Now, let's get that cheddar.

MAMU

Pfft, it's bullshit then. Even a mid-meal heart attack should count as stopping. Game was rigged.

MOSS

Aw, that was just a little heart-fart. He's still goin' strong.

They both look over to the Obese Man who's asleep again. Moss shrugs and puts his hand out.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS

Cheese please.

Mamu stares at Moss blankly and reaches into his wallet without breaking eye contact. He takes a piece of paper out, crumples it in his hand, then reaches into a cooler drawer below him and grabs a steak. He throws the paper onto the grill and the steak on top of the paper.

Moss looks sarcastically disappointed.

MAMU

Grilled bill.

MOSS

Could have even been funny too if it were real money. If you want it to work you gotta commit. What was that, a Taco Bell receipt? Amateur.

MAMU

Gas station, I think.

MOSS

Who keeps gas station receipts? Are you an actual crazy person?

MAMU

Maybe I want to keep track of how much I spend on gas? Who the hell keeps Taco Bell receipts? Lunatics?

MOSS

Someone that wants to die under a thousand tacos once I mail a thousand receipts in and they give me a lifetime supply.

MAMU

(squinting, dumbfounded)

What in God's name-

The TICKET PRINTER starts printing orders cutting Mamu off. He looks at the printer even more annoyed for interrupting him, takes his TONGS and rips the ticket from the machine. He throws another steak on the grill and glares at Moss.

MAMU (CONT'D)

Is this honestly our dialog right now?

(CONTINUED)

MOSS  
 (shrugs)  
 'fraid so.

MAMU  
 (sighs)  
 I don't even care. Whatever planet  
 you get your information about Taco  
 Bell sweepstakes from is better  
 than this gravity well of a job.  
 I'm so god damn tired of cooking  
 food for these people just to  
 almost die eating it.

Moss looks over to the Obese Man's table. His waitress tries to hand him his bill, but, unable to speak and out of breath, he waves it off, points at his food, then puts up two fingers to say "Two more."

MOSS  
 Um...yea, well, you know I'm right  
 there with ya, man. I mean, I like  
 watching the miserable lives of  
 other people as much as the next  
 guy, but when it's right next to  
 you? It's kinda Barf City.

MAMU  
 Exactly. It's like have some  
 self-respect.

MOSS  
 Seriously. I know *this* time doesn't  
 really count 'cuz I won five  
 dollars, which you're totally still  
 going to pay me, but other than  
 that it's like, seriously, self  
 respect, maybe cook up a plate of  
*that*.

MAMU  
 (ignoring Moss)  
 And we're stuck here shoveling shit  
 down the throats of people who  
 don't care if they die eating  
 dinner. It's obviously killing you,  
 people! Why are you doing this  
 yourselves?

MOSS  
 (shrugs)  
 Exactly. Absolutely exactly.  
 (beat)  
 So, you wanna smoke?

(CONTINUED)



MAMU

Bet your ass.

Mamu tosses the steaks onto a METAL TRAY sitting under heat lamps and yells into the kitchen.

MAMU(CONT'D)

Food up!

EXT. DUMPSTERS AT BACK OF PARKING LOT - DAY

Moss and Mamu sit by the dumpsters behind the restaurant next to a bunch of overstuffed garbage bags smoking cigarettes and watching cars pull into the parking lot.

Moss yawns a LONG, ANNOYING yawn. Mamu stares at him blankly.

MOSS

So, you work on any writing last night?

MAMU

Are you done?

MOSS

Done? Oh, with my yawn? Or your attitude? 'Cause I gotta say, I'm kinda done with both.

MAMU

Are you? I'm sorry, hold on. Let me stop hating my life real quick.

Mamu puts on a big fake smile.

MAMU(CONT'D)

Wow-wee! Look at that! If I woulda known it would be this easy, I woulda slapped a smile on ages ago! Look at all the pretty colors!

Cut to disgusting moldy food coming out of one of the trash bags.

MOSS

Better, but it sounds a bit fake. Maybe if you were working on the show a bit more you'd sound a little more sincere.

(CONTINUED)

MAMU

Fake? No way! This is genuine  
sincerity right here!

Mamu waves and yells at a FAMILY getting out of their car on the other side of the parking lot about to walk into the restaurant.

MAMU(CONT'D)

Welcome to Big Rig's Barbecue,  
ya'll! Hope ya'll have yourselves a  
gut-bustin' birthday!

The FATHER of the Family gives them a confused wave back while the MOTHER hurries her TWO CHILDREN inside.

Mamu looks back to Moss straight-faced.

MAMU(CONT'D)

(flatly)

Happy as ever.

MOSS

Did you know it was that kid's  
birthday?

MAMU

If you're actually asking me that  
we can't be friends anymore.

MOSS

See? Quality content right here.  
Just right this shit down. It's not  
hard.

MAMU

I know. But it's hard to stay  
motivated to write some T.V. show  
that'll never get made when we're  
still stuck working at this greasy  
butthole of a job.

While Mamu talks, Moss stretches his back and grabs a greasy garbage bag sitting next to him to get more comfortable.

MOSS

Well, it may be greasy, but that's  
why we gotta use that grease as  
motivation to leave. Use its slimy  
slickness to slide our way out of  
this place before it slides into  
our souls.

(CONTINUED)

MAMU

Never. And please, that's enough alliteration.

MOSS

Damn right, then.

MAMU

Alright, well, what have you been working on?

Moss stares into the distance pretending not to hear.

MAMU(CONT'D)

You haven't done anything, have you?

MOSS

Do what now?

MAMU

Oh, God damnit. I knew you were full of shit.

MOSS

What? Just because I haven't physically written anything down doesn't mean I'm not working on stuff. Let me tell ya, I got plenty of stuff up in the ol' stuff bucket.

MAMU

Stuff bucket, huh? Full of stuff you say?

Mamu puts his cigarette out on the side of the dumpster and sits up straight, giving exaggerated attention to Moss.

MAMU(CONT'D)

Tell me, then. Pull some of that stuff out. Let's see what you got.

MOSS

Um, okay. Well, for example, um, I think a good scene would be, like, both of us-

MAMU

(sarcastically attentive)  
Good, good. Both of us. I like it.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS

Right. Both of us. And we're, like, watching this really fat guy, ya know? And he's eating, like, a ton of food. Like, a ton. And while he's eating, ya know, he's like grabbing his chest and yellin' out, "Help! I'm having a heart atta-

Mamu narrows his eyes. Moss tries to save face.

MOSS(CONT'D)

-fart...attack. I'm having a fart attack! I ate too much food and now I'm gonna blooow!" And we look at each other and we're like, "Whaaat?" and then we, like, have to run outta there before he, like, blows up or whatever.

MAMU

Uh huh. Uh huh. Interesting. Interesting.

MOSS

Yea, you know, it's just an idea. Just, like, something to use, maybe.

MAMU

Very cool, very cool. And maybe afterwards it's just us sitting out here smoking and I'm all like, "I'm getting too old for this shit."

MOSS

I mean, yea, if you think it'd work. It's a classic line so we can't really go wrong.

Mamu stares at Moss in silence.

MOSS(CONT'D)

Okay, I might have just used what just happened a minute ago, but it was just a jumping off point. That fart attack part, that was all me.

MAMU

Oh, you did? I see what you did there. Here I was thinking, "Damn, this guy's good."

(CONTINUED)

Moss plays with an old egg carton. Mamu sits back against the dumpster.

MOSS

I did *technically* think of something.

Mamu slowly turns his head to look at Moss. Moss avoids eye contact by pretending to inspect the egg carton carefully.

Mamu gets up and walks back to work.

MOSS

(quietly under his breath)  
Kinda funny. "I'm having a fart attack! Everybody out! Aah!"  
(chuckles to himself)

ACT 2

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Moss and Mamu walk back into work.

MAMU

I swear to God, if I see that fucking walrus-

Mamu walks directly into Big Rig who was standing right inside the doorway.

MAMU(CONT'D)

Oh, hey, Rig! Didn't see ya there. How's it going?

BIG RIG

Boys! Welcome back! How are my chipper chaps this evening?

MOSS

Just gettin' a quick smoke in before the rush, sir.

BIG RIG

Sure, sure. And how are the tobacco prices in Florida these days?

MAMU

(forced laughing)  
Heh, nah, just went out back. No road trips for us.

(CONTINUED)

BIG RIG

I see, well, according to Mr.  
Clocky McWristwatch here-

Rig holds his watch up to his face.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

-you've been gone for six minutes  
and counting! What'd we say about  
keeping those Smokey Joe breaks  
under five minutes?

MAMU

Oh...I didn't think we were gone  
that long.

MOSS

(playing along with Rig)  
Yea, sorry, sir. I insisted we make  
it back on time, but Sir Smokesalot  
here needed an couple extra puffs.

BIG RIG

(to Mamu)  
Ha! Is that so?

Mamu glares at Moss.

MAMU

Yea, guess I lost track of-

Mamu gets cut off by Rig fake-punching him in the gut.

BIG RIG

Pow! Gotcha! I'm just yankin' ya,  
boys! You made it back with fifteen  
seconds to spare. Don't worry.

MAMU

Oh! Haha. Yea, you got me, Rig.

BIG RIG

(holding up watch)  
Yup. I was watchin' you.

MOSS

(faking enthusiasm towards  
Mamu)  
Rig with the zinger!

BIG RIG

Man, I yanked you both so hard. You  
were all-

(CONTINUED)

Rig imitates what he thinks is someone being surprised, but it looks like he's faking an orgasm.

MOSS

That was his exact face.

BIG RIG

You saw it too?

MOSS

You bet I did.

BIG RIG

Fan-fish-fryin'-tastic.  
Look at him. Speechless.

Mamu holds in his absolute hatred for this man and is staring intently directly behind Rig at the knife rack on the wall.

Rig, oblivious to most things, doesn't notice this and walks into his view putting a hand on his shoulder.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

(low-talking, inadvertently intimate)

Man, I bet you can't wait to get yer hands on some of them prime cuts.

Mamu snaps out of it and pretends to be enthused. He even puts a bit of Texas twang in his voice.

MAMU

Hell yea! You know what they say, the better the cut, the bigger the gut!

Mamu slaps and jiggles his stomach.

MAMU (CONT'D)

And boy howdy, you know I'm workin' on mine!

BIG RIG

Ha! Alright then, that's what I'm talkin' about! Now go on, get out there and cook up the King of Meats.

MAMU

(like a southern belle)  
It would be an absolute honor, sir.

BIG RIG  
Good to hear it.

Rig walks away towards his office and turns around at the doorway.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)  
Remember boys, always respect yer  
meat. They don't call it *sir-loin*  
for nothin'.

Moss and Mamu don't laugh because this isn't funny but  
realize Rig is waiting for a reaction.

MAMU  
Oh, yea, nice one!

MOSS  
Right! *Sir*, I get it. Hilarious,  
*sir*!

BIG RIG  
Man, oh man. No wonder ya'll were  
so easy to yank. Might have to  
start callin' ya my two yankees!

Rig looks at his watch again and taps it.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)  
Back to it, boys.

Rig slams his office door not realizing that the guys can  
still see him through the open mini blinds. One hand is on  
his hip and the other takes what looks like a small  
cheeseburger out of his breast pocket and starts eating it  
while staring into space.

Moss and Mamu watch, fascinated.

MAMU  
The hatred I have for that man  
knows no bounds.

MOSS  
I'm honestly trying to decide if  
that was the greatest conversation  
I've ever been in. I might cry.

Mamu pulls Moss away from the spectacle.

MAMU  
Come on. You can watch that fat  
shit eat any time. I just realized  
what we're walking into.

(CONTINUED)



MOSS

(hand over heart)

I will cherish this moment for all time.

MAMU

(ignoring Moss)

I'm surprised the whole kitchen hasn't burned down.

MOSS

Wait, who's been watching the grill?

INT. RESTAURANT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Moss and Mamu walk back to their station in the kitchen. WES, an eager to please 20-something kid with cuts, burns, and bandages all over his arms is working as fast as he can trying to keep up with orders. He's terrible at his job and ALWAYS gets hurt in some way.

He wants nothing more than to impress the guys but he's sweating profusely and clearly overwhelmed.

Tickets hang from the printer and food is burning on the grill.

WES

Guys! Thank God. I mean, I got this, don't worry. Almost caught up, just need to- shit!

As Wed flips a burger a flame shoots up and catches one of his many bandages on fire. He slaps it with a towel trying to put it out.

MAMU

Jesus Christ, Wes. Move.

Moss rips the string of tickets from the printer. He and Mamu flip, grill, and fill up plates with a variety of sides, i.e. mashed potatoes, green beans, french fries, coleslaw, etc.

The disaster is fixed and put in perfect order within moments.

WES

Man, you guys really know what you're doin'.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS

You can hate your job and still be good at it.

WES

You're tellin me. You guys are like five year vets though, like straight up legit.

MAMU

I also hate my life, and I'm *not* very good at it.

WES

Oh...yea me too, man. My life suuucks, I hate it.

MOSS

Don't listen to him, Wes. He's just got, uh, writer's block.

WES

Aw, damn. It must suck having writer's block for two years, like for real.

MAMU

Why are you keeping a time table of my life and habits?

WES

Oh, nah, man. I always remember what you guys say.

MAMU

Please don't make me explain why that's so God damn weird.

WES

Well hey, at least you got your show picked up, right? Aren't you guys about to go to Hollywood to meet with some fancy agent? That should clear up that writer's block no problem.

MAMU

What?

WES

You know, *fancy aaagent man, fancy aaagent man.*

Wes sings this to the tune of Johnny Rivers' "Secret Agent Man."

Mamu is confused.

MAMU

Am I missing something?

MOSS

(to Wes)

Oh maaan, we were sooo blacked out when we made that up.

WES

Nice.

MOSS

Yea, uh, why don't you go change those bandages, Wes. Take a breather. We got this.

WES

Hell yea. You guys are the man! Or like, the men. Two men, stickin' it to *the* man.

MAMU

I...

MOSS

Damn right, Wes.

Wes excitedly takes off his apron and walks off the line.

WES

(to himself)

The fuckin' men, man!

Wes rushes around the corner of the line and slips, catching himself on a counter and tries to nonchalantly walk off. He looks back to make sure the guys didn't see him, but they were both obviously staring at him the entire time.

Moss turns back to Mamu who is cleaning up the work station.

MOSS

So I maaay have told Wes we got our show picked up and have a big meeting with a-

MAMU

Fancy agent man. I can't wait to meet him.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS

I just thought it couldn't hurt to have someone around here who was supportive and could motivate us, ya know?

MAMU

Is Fancy his first name? And Agent Man his last? Or is Man his last name and Fancy Agent his first and middle? Like his initials are F-A-M? That'd be cool 'cause then when we show up we could be like "Ayy, sup FAM?" Right?

MOSS

Okay, yes, that would be cool. But no, obviously he's not real.

MAMU

Not real? You mean you just made up that *amazing* story and told it to the one guy who believes everything you say? You really had my hopes up. We even had a song!

MOSS

I get it. *But*, you have to admit it's kinda nice having someone around who's actually excited for us.

MAMU

(getting annoyed)

Excited for what? We literally haven't written one word. I don't want Dickface running around telling people we're going to some meeting just so they can ask me about it and I can either lie and feel like shit about myself, or admit that it's not true and that we've actually made zero progress in over two years, and *then* feel like shit about myself anyways.

JACKIE

Hey, what's up with these orders? They're all wrong.

JACKIE, a friendly waitress in her 40's who doesn't take shit from the kitchen staff, is on the other side of the food window trying to put together the orders that the guys just put up.

(CONTINUED)

MAMU

God damnit, Jackie! Am I the only  
God damn one around here who knows  
how to read God damn tickets?

JACKIE

Hey, prick! I already have assholes  
to please out there and don't feel  
like dealing with more back here.  
You guys can play dick-ticklers on  
your own time, now fix this shit.

MOSS

I'd kill him for you.

JACKIE

(smiling at Moss)

Oh, you're sweet, Mossy, but I'll  
do it myself, hurry up!

MAMU

(fuming)

My God, woman!

Mamu starts angrily moving the tickets on the plates around  
and pointing to different items.

MAMU (CONT'D)

This is this! That is that!  
This...is that! And that...is this!  
Was that hard?

JACKIE

Not at all, it looked pretty easy,  
actually. Thanks, Mossy.

Jackie winks at Moss then lifts up a large tray holding all  
of the plates and walks off.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(to the other servers)

Down the line, people! Comin' out  
hot!

MAMU

Mossy? And she thanks you?

MOSS

(shrugs)

Maybe if you were a little nicer  
someone would call you, like,  
MeeMee or MooMoo or MeMaw or  
something.

(CONTINUED)

MAMU

MeMaw? What am I, a fucking grandma?

MOSS

Just sayin'. And listen, man, you think I don't hate this shit too? But we gotta do what we gotta do for now. We can write at home, but we just need to actually *do* it instead of putting it off for another few wasted years.

MAMU

I get it. I do. This place just reeaally takes it out of me sometimes.

Wes walks back covered in fresh first-aid.

WES

MeMaw? I like it, bro!

MAMU

Call me MeMaw again and we're playing five finger fillet.

Mamu grabs his knife and stabs it into a cutting board.

WES

Heh, nah, man. No Memaw for you. But I mean, since you guys are gonna be makin' the big bucks soon, why don't you just quit?

Mamu is visibly agitated.

MOSS

Uh, 'cause man. Ya know, we won't be getting paid for awhile for our, uh, show or whatever, so we still have bills and crap. You know how it is.

WES

That's no problem. You guys can stay with me! I mean, I still live with my mom, but you guys can totally have the basement. I can talk her into it for sure.

(CONTINUED)

MAMU

As much as I'd love to spend my free time watching your Mother breast feed you, I think I'll pass. Thanks.

WES

I'm just sayin'. Quitting's easy. Carl's been talkin' about leaving all day. Says his cousin can pay him better or something.

MOSS

Carl? The dish guy? He's been here for, like, a week.

WES

I know, but for real, he's like one broken dish away from walkin' out.

They all look over to the dish pit where CARL, an older black guy with a jerry curl, is quietly scrubbing dishes.

Moss picks up a small dipping sauce dish and hands it to Wes.

MOSS

Here. Toss this over there.

WES

What, like, break it?

MOSS

Just aim for the mat. It won't break.

WES

I dunno, man. He's already pretty pissed.

MOSS

It'll be funny. Come on, we'll make you an honorary line cook.

MAMU

Oh, my god...

WES

What do you think, Mem-... Matt?

MAMU

Sure thing, Wes.

(CONTINUED)

WES  
(pumping himself up)  
Okay, here we go. Shit, shit!

MAMU  
Just throw the damn dish.

WES  
Okay.

Wes tosses the dish over into the dish pit. He misses the rubber mat completely and it shatters on the ground.

WES(CONT'D)  
Oh, shit!

Mamu rolls his eyes and Moss laughs until they hear the loud CRASH of Carl throwing down the pan he was scrubbing.

CARL  
Man, FUCK this place!

Carl takes off his apron and throws it in the trash in front of the guys.

CARL(CONT'D)  
Ya'll can go fuck ya'selves.

Carl walks off and leaves.

MOSS  
Damn, you weren't kidding.

WES  
Yea...no.

Big Rig walks up to the guys.

BIG RIG  
Boys! What's the ruckus?

MAMU  
Looks like we lost another one,  
boss.

BIG RIG  
(hands on hips and sighs)  
Well ain't that a jackhammer in the mornin'. Not somethin' you wanna hear. If you can't handle the heat, am I right, boys?

(CONTINUED)



WES

Stay out of the kitchen!

Wes put his hand up to Mamu for a high-five. Mamu doesn't even acknowledge it.

MAMU

Aaand...

BIG RIG

Well, boys, looks like we're gonna need some extra hands. Wes, my man, you can cover the line while the boys catch up dish, right?

MAMU

There it is.

WES

Um...

MOSS

Sir, do you think we should *both* do it? Maybe I'll stay up here in case Wes needs help and Mamu can do dishes?

BIG RIG

Nonsense! Out of the fryin' pan into the fryer! Gotta train him somehow. Boy could use a few battle scars.

The guys look at Wes' arms already covered in an array of different injuries.

MAMU

(laughs)

You heard the man.

MOSS

We believe in you, young caterpillar. Let these trials be your cocoon, and you shall emerge a butterfly to behold.

Mamu and Moss walk back to the dish pit.

MAMU

He's gonna burn down the restaurant.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS  
Oh yea, to the ground.

ACT 3

INT. RESTAURANT - DISH PIT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Moss is scrubbing pots and pans while Mamu is spraying dishes and running them through the dish machine.

MAMU  
Such bullshit.

MOSS  
We didn't say he *had* to throw the dish.

MAMU  
And you were just going to leave me back here to rot? Typical.

MOSS  
Well I mean, look at it this way, this shit sucks, so yea, of course. Plus, I was lookin' out for our baby boy. Look at him go.

They look over to the line where Wes is once again struggling to keep up with orders. He's limping now.

MAMU  
Why is he limping?

MOSS  
He didn't always walk like that?

MAMU  
Let's just say yes so I don't have to care.

They go back to washing dishes.

MOSS  
Ya know, he had a point about quitting.

MAMU  
Yea, sounds great. Especially since we don't have to pay rent anymore. Oh wait, we do.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS

Think about it, though. We always wanted the show to be about working in a place like this, right?

MAMU

Unfortunate inspiration.

Mamu looks over to the growing pile of dirty dishes and the dish machine leaking water everywhere.

MOSS

Well, then let's just let this place be the set.

MAMU

And such a beautiful set it would be.

Mamu grabs a handful of disgusting food out of the food trap and throws it in the trash.

MAMU (CONT'D)

Wait, what do you mean? Like film here?

MOSS

We can just stay after hours. I'm sure we'd be allowed.

MAMU

I mean, yea maybe. But how many stories can we possibly come up with in one location?

MOSS

I'm sure we can think of a little more than a few, but we can't just base *everything* around this place. That's where we go wrong. We always try to think of stories about 'restaurant life', but that shit gets old. We need to be more original. People say 'write what you know', but what we know is mediocre bullshit. I say we write what we *don't* know.

MAMU

I do not follow.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS

We don't know what anything about making a show, right? So we write about that. And what about this, we *show* the process.

MAMU

Like a documentary?

MOSS

Yes, but for *our minds*.

MAMU

Okay, now I'm back to I do not follow.

MOSS

Alright, it's like right now. If we had a scene just like this where we were doing this exact stuff, like washing dishes and talking about bullshit, it doesn't matter if our conversation is boring because we can just say something like, "Yadda yadda hey I had this idea the other day where I'm, like, walking down the street in a cowboy hat." and bam!

Moss snaps his fingers and the scene changes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Moss is now in a COWBOY HAT on a busy street filled with people walking by. Moss and Mamu are both mouthing their own words through voice over.

MOSS (V.O.)

We just cut to that scene! Then I'd just be walkin' around all jaunty down the street goin' "Howdy this, howdy that." to whoever is there and we can just make it up as we go *in* that moment.

Cowboy Moss jauntily walks down the street and mouths "Howdy this, howdy that." as Regular Moss says it, while giving random people on the street finger guns.

A HOMELESS MAN mouths Mamu's words to Cowboy Moss as he walks by.

(CONTINUED)

MAMU (V.O.)  
(through Homeless Man)  
Okay, so you mean like cut to a  
version of our idea, then cut right  
back to reality?

Cowboy Moss ruffles the Homeless Man's hair and keeps  
walking.

MOSS (V.O.)  
Kinda. That's the beauty of it.  
This way the whole process of how  
we come up with material is  
literally being made up as we talk  
about it. And you can watch the  
scene change with whatever we want  
to happen. Like Cowboy Me just  
walks over to a hotdog guy and  
grabs one out of the hot ass water  
and I just flop it around and take  
a bite and chuck it into some other  
dude riding his bike or something.

Cowboy Moss walks over to a fat, greasy HOTDOG VENDOR, grabs  
a HOTDOG out of the boiling water, turning his hand beet red  
and bubbly while still smiling. He flops it around in the  
vendor's face, takes a bite, and throws it over his  
shoulder. The hot dog flies into a CYCLIST'S spokes and  
tosses the cyclist over their handlebars.

The Hotdog Vendor mouths-

MAMU (V.O.)  
(through Vendor)  
That doesn't make sense. Why would  
you do that?

MOSS (V.O.)  
Well, none of this stuff matters.  
This is all just an example of how  
we could control what we do.

The Cyclist gets up and walks over to Cowboy Moss. He looks  
furious like he's yelling at Coyboy Moss but only Mamu's  
calm words come out.

MAMU (V.O.)  
(through Cyclist)  
So, it's a show about making a  
show. Like Seinfeld, only with no  
idea what we're doing.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS (V.O.)  
I'm not gonna say yes, but it's  
also not entirely a definite no.

Cowboy Moss is doing terrible dance moves as the Cyclist "yells" at him. A COP walks up to them to "ask" what's going on, but again Mamu's voice comes out.

MAMU  
(through Cop)  
Such an airtight plan you got here.

MOSS (V.O.)  
I haven't quite worked it out yet.  
Watch this though, have an old lady  
fall on the cop.

A OLD LADY walks over to the Cop, puts her hands on his chest and mouths-

MAMU (V.O.)  
(through Old Lady)  
Old Lady?

The Old Lady faints and falls into the Cop, distracting him so Cowboy Moss can boogie away.

MOSS (V.O.)  
Sorry, I got a whole thing going on  
right now with this cut-away.

A BUSINESS WOMAN on a cell phone walks by Cowboy Moss. She covers the receiver and mouths-

MAMU (V.O.)  
(through Business Woman)  
The cut-away in your head? You  
psycho?

MOSS (V.O.)  
But it's not just in my head,  
remember? Everyone else can see  
what I'm talking about. Just go  
with it I think I'm getting  
somewhere.

Cowboy Moss continues dancing down the street and bends over to pet a SCRUFFY STREET DOG. The dog mouths-

MAMU (V.O.)  
(through Dog)  
Everyone else? What the hell, man?

Cowboy Moss picks up the pooch and stares it in the eyes.

(CONTINUED)

MOSS (V.O.)

You're just not on board yet.  
You'll get there. All I mean is  
that we can make up anything we  
want and show it as we talk about  
it. Easy sneezy. I can start  
talking about gangster Furries  
playing dice while a dude on one of  
those bikes with the huge wheel and  
tiny wheel just circles them for no  
reason.

Cowboy Moss drops the dog and happily dances into the street  
where a group of FURRIES are playing dice. Their costumes  
are EXTREMELY cute animals but have GANG TATTOOS and  
BANDANAS on them. Two of them are smoking and drinking a  
CARTOONISHLY HUGE FAKE JOINT and similarly HUGE FAKE MALT  
LIQOUR FORTY Oz.

A MUSTACHIOED MAN in a OLD-TIMEY SUIT and TOP HAT on a PENNY  
FARTHING is circling them. He looks down at Cowboy Moss and  
mouths-

MAMU (V.O.)

(through Man)

Penny farthing.

MOSS (V.O.)

Sure thing. Oh! And let's throw in  
one of those classic 'walking up to  
three girls playing double dutch  
and doing a couple perfect jumps on  
my way through' moments for good  
measure.

Cowboy Moss walks up to THREE GIRLS playing double dutch and  
jumps into the middle. He does a couple perfect jumps with  
the girl in the middle then walks away tipping his cowboy  
hat at them. They stop playing to excitedly wave him off.

A PAPER BOY runs up to Cowboy Moss and hands him a  
newspaper. On the front page in big bold letters it says,  
"OKAY, THAT'S FINE AND ALL, BUT YOU'RE STILL FORGETTING ONE  
THING."

MAMU (V.O.)

(as paper is shown)

Okay, that's fine and all, but  
you're still forgetting one thing.

(CONTINUED)

Cowboy Moss shakes his head disapprovingly, pulls out a LARGE STAMP AND INK PAD and stamps "AND WHAT'S THAT?" on the front page. He hands it back to the Paper Boy, pinches the boy's cheek, and gives him a penny. The boy looks ecstatic and runs off.

MOSS (V.O.)  
(as stamp is shown)  
And what's that?

Cowboy Moss looks over to a storefront window where Mamu is on multiple televisions at a NEWS ANCHORS DESK wearing a shabby ill-fitted suit and still looking like shit. News Anchor Mamu is pointing to a graph as he mouths his own voice over.

MAMU (V.O.)  
We need a script and a camera. Not to mention a location to shoot. And ya know, a cast. We need literally everything. How are we going to do this with just me and you? I know you don't have money, you think I do? Do you even know me?

News Anchor Mamu tears off his tie, flips his desk, and walks off camera.

MOSS (V.O.)  
I already said, we're already on set! We just save up for a few weeks to get a shitty camera, then come in after hours to do all the restaurant scenes, and anything else we film at home. Just just gotta ask Rig if-

BIG RIG (V.O.)  
What's that now?

Cowboy Moss boogies straight into a GIANT INFLATABLE BIG RIG.

The inflatable Rig pops and Cowboy Moss bounces backwards, steps into a pothole, breaks his leg so the bone is sticking out terribly, and silently screams into the camera which quickly zooms out as Cowboy Moss reaches out mouthing "No!" to the camera.

CUT BACK TO:



INT. RESTAURANT - DISH PIT - THE SAME MOMENT

We land back on Moss' face.

BIG RIG  
Mossman? What's up?

MOSS  
Oh, uh, we were just thinkin', Rig, do you think that we'd be able to come in after hours to do a little video project? It's for school.

BIG RIG  
Project? That sounds just like what I had in mind myself.

MAMU  
Really?

BIG RIG  
Yep. Matthew, forget the dishes for a second. I need you to get down and clean up all this muck and yuck in the corners. Grab a couple of them Scrubbin' Glovies I got back there and get under them sinks real good too while you're at it. Might have to stay an hour or so after close to finish it up. No biggie. I want to be able to eat a Porterhouse off that shinin' steel, though.

MAMU  
Oh... wait, what?

BIG RIG  
And Shawn, I have a real special project for you. Grab that mop bucket and follow me.

MOSS  
Sure thing, boss.

Moss follows Rig and turns to Mamu who can't believe what just happened.

MOSS(CONT'D)  
(shrugging)  
Boss says I gots to go. I'll get him to say yes. Think about what I said though. That shit's good, right?

(CONTINUED)

MAMU

Good luck with that. And...sure.  
It's an idea.

MOSS

We'll make it happen. Just gotta  
take those baby steps, Bob, baby  
steps!

MAMU

Bob?

MOSS

(as he walks away)  
What about him?

Moss catches up to Rig who is standing at the doorway to the Men's Restroom looking inside.

BIG RIG

Oh, you've got a goal alright.

MOSS

What do we got, Big Ri-

Moss stares wide-eyed inside the restroom.

Back in the dish pit, Mamu is on the ground with TINY SCRATCHY GLOVES on and is trying in vain to clean underneath the sinks.

Carl peaks around the corner and tries to sneak through but Mamu sees him.

MAMU

What the hell? I thought you quit.

CARL

Psh, I'm still on the clock, man.  
And if there's one thing I know  
about walkin' out, it's always be  
shittin' before you're quittin'.  
Nothin' like gettin' paid to drop  
it like it's hot. Tell your boy to  
have fun. Compliments to the Chef.  
Now, again, go fuck ya'selves.

Carl swaggers off and out the back door, leaving Mamu confused.

At the Men's Restroom. Moss and Big Rig are still looking inside. Big Rig puts a hand on Moss' shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

BIG RIG

You know what they say about cause and effect? Just 'cause you try to understand people, don't mean you can *effect* what they do.

Moss stares astonished at BROWN LETTERS made of HUMAN SHIT on the bathroom floor that spells out, 'Howdy, Bitch.'

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

Probably some kooky kids pullin' a prank. Damn parents these days. Don't know how to fire up the cattle prod when their kids step out of line.

Moss looks at Rig.

BIG RIG (CONT'D)

Figuratively...kinda.

MOSS

What am I even suppose to-

BIG RIG

(cutting Moss off)

Well, I'll leave ya to it. Just give it the ol' one-two-wiperoo. Make it sparkle. I wanna be able to eat pickled pig's feet off of it when yer done. Chop, chop, buddy boy.

Big Rig pats Moss' chest and leaves Moss standing there staring at the mess of shit. Moss looks up in thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

Cowboy Moss is crawling through desert sand pulling his broken leg behind him. He wipes sweat from his forehead and puts a hand up to block the sun and look into the distance, but he sees nothing but miles of sand dunes. He looks at his burnt, cracked hands. To his right is a large stick which he grabs to lean on. He sighs, gathers himself, takes another adamant breath, and keeps crawling.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - MEN'S RESTROOM

Moss also takes a deep, empowered breath, dunks the mop into the water, and splatters it on the brown mess.