

GRADE A DETERGENT BY ZACH TIMSON

INT. TWO SEPARATE LAUNDRY ROOMS - NO SPECIFIC TIME

A dark stage. Happy commercial music plays in the background.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

So why should you choose Grade A
Detergent? Well, everyone knows
Grade A Detergent is the smart way
to clean!

LIGHTS UP SL. SUSAN walks out, 40's, in "mom clothes" with a
laundry bin. She smiles.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is Susan, a hard-working
mother of two.

LIGHTS UP SR. BOB, 30's, in a suit, walks out with a bin.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And this is Bob. Bob is a
disgusting, filthy, slob of a man.

BOB

Wait, what?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Both of them are looking to find
the right detergent.

Susan and Bob begin folding laundry on the ground.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Susan has three kids at home who
like to get a little messy!
And Bob just sits at home and does
nothing! Be a man and get a job!

Bob looks down at his suit, confused, and protests.

BOB

I work at a bank-

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Used to, Bob! But not since they
fired you after "the incident."

BOB

Okay, yeah sure, but that was a big
misunderstanding, and I'm trying to
get a new job soon-

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Yes, but right now, Bob just sits
 on his couch, getting food all over
 his shirt! He's literally the
 worst! Fuck you Bob!

BOB
 (looking to Susan)
 Is she also being really mean to
you for no reason?

She barely acknowledges him and gives a fake laugh.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Be quiet, Bob! We're in a
 commercial! Wow, and he's rude!
 Now, let's look at their stains.

They both hold up white shirts. Bob's stain is much larger.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 What a mess! Luckily, Susan chooses
 Grade A, because she's a smart
 woman! Bob, on the other hand,
 chooses Dr. Clean Detergent,
 because he's incapable of making a
 goddamn good choice on his own.

BOB
 This is getting out of hand!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Her kids made that stain! Bob made
 his all on his own! I saw him wipe
 his ass with that! God we hate you.

BOB
 How did you know about that-it was
 a dire situation!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Your mom's basement isn't a dire
 situation! Get a life, Bob!

BOB
 Okay, look, I'm only here
 temporarily until I get back on my
 feet-

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Six months is not temporary, Bob!
 Which is also how long he's gone
 without seeing his kids!

Susan, whistling, begins throwing the folded laundry in a washing machine, and Bob begrudgingly does the same.

BOB

Why are we throwing these in the laundry after we've folded them?!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Grade A Detergent gets rid of 99.9% of germs, so that'll help get rid of those pesky stains too!

SUSAN

Wow, Grade A really works!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

But with Dr. Clean Detergent, good luck getting rid of the stain that you've left on this earth with your hetic existence, Bob!

BOB

What!?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Do us a favor and walk into the ocean. You make the world a worse place by continuing to breathe.

Bob has had it at this point. He throws his clothes offstage and looks up, addressing the narrator. Susan exits.

BOB

Okay, why the hell are you verbally berating me?! I am getting a job, I see my kids a perfectly reasonable amount of time, and I have a life!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And you also have herpes, Bob!

BOB

NO I DON'T! You're lying!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Who is everyone going to believe, Bob? The voice of Grade A Detergent, or some hetic loser! Answer me that, you little fuck!

BOB

WHY ARE YOU BEING SO MEAN TO ME?

The music switches to dark, ominous, horror music.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(evil)

Because we hate you, Bob! In fact,
we've called the cops on you and
are framing you for murder! We've
planted evidence and they're
already on their way, you sack of
shit!

BOB

WHAT!?

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Look inside your laundry bin, Bob!

Bob looks inside his laundry bin and pulls out a butcher
knife with stained blood on the end of it.

BOB

Oh my god!

At that moment, TWO POLICE OFFICERS burst onto stage.

POLICE OFFICER 1

There's the murderer! Get him boys!

The officers tackle him to the ground and get him in cuffs.

BOB

(crying)

What did I ever do to deserve this?

The music is back to being cheerful. Susan re-enters with
Grade A Detergent. She poses with a thumbs up.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(cheery again)

You didn't buy Grade A Detergent!
So be smart like Susan, not like
that poor-excuse-for-a-human-being
Bob, and buy Grade A Detergent!

SUSAN

Thanks, Grade A Detergent!

BOB

(crying)

I'm sorry, Grade A Detergent!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Grade A Detergent! Buy our product
or else!

BLACKOUT.

NOT A LEPRECHAUN BY ZACH TIMSON

INT. SUIT STORE - DAY

MIKE walks into a store. The clerk behind the counter, FISH, a tiny man with red hair, speaks with a heavy Irish accent.

FISH

Howdy ho, welcome to Suit Yourself!
The name's Fish. How can I help ya?

MIKE

Oh, hey. Name's Mike. I'm just
looking for a suit for a wedding.

Fish leaves the counter and shakes Mike's hand.

FISH

I'm the owner of this here store,
and there's three things you should
know about me: One, I've run this
shop for fifteen years. Two, I
believe in quality customer
service. And three, I'm not a
leprechaun-

MIKE

Wait, what did you say?

FISH

Oh RIGHT! Well, you see, a lot of
people think I'm a leprechaun, so I
just like to come out up front and
tell them that I'm not.

MIKE

Oh, okay. Well, for the record, I
didn't think you were a leprechaun.

FISH

Good, because I'm definitely not.
(pause)
Anyway, what kind of suit you
looking for? Navy? Grey?

Fish leads Mike to a catalogue, which he opens.

FISH (CONT'D)

Don't go looking for a big,
shamrock green suit, okay? Because
we don't have one! We have no green
suits, stop asking, because I'm not
a leprechaun, got it!?

MIKE

Yeah. I know. Don't worry.
(pointing to catalogue)
Uh, I think I like this black one.

FISH

Excellent, sir! Please feel free to
try this suit in one of our state-
of-the-art human dressing rooms.

Fish hands him the suit as he gestures to an INCREDIBLY tiny
(leprechaun-sized) changing room.

MIKE

Okay, that door is insanely small.
(then, jokingly)
Almost like it was made for a
leprechaun.

Fish slaps him across the face.

FISH

Sir, what in God's great earth are
you doing!? How dare you accuse me
of such a thing! We accommodate
people of ALL shapes and sizes here
at Suit Yourself!

MIKE

Fine, then show me a room my size.

FISH

We don't have one of those! Now get
inside! I'm not a leprechaun.

Mike sighs and ducks into the changing room.

MIKE (O.S.)

Dude, you know the more you say it,
the more that people think you're
ACTUALLY a leprechaun, right?

FISH

But I'm nooooooot!

Mike sticks his head out with a scribbled out picture of
Lucky the Leprechaun attached to a dartboard with darts.

MIKE

Then why is this dartboard with a
picture of Lucky the Leprechaun
scribbled out in here?

FISH
BECAUSE HE'S AN OFFENSIVE
STEREOTYPE, THAT'S WHY! "They're
magically delicious!" RACIST!

Another CUSTOMER walks in. He's holding a Shamrock Shake.

CUSTOMER
Hi, do you have any navy suits?

FISH
Wait, good sir, what is that
beverage you hold in your hand?

CUSTOMER
Uh, it's a Shamrock Shake.

FISH
Sweet Blarney Stone! There be
shamrocks in there?! Give me that!

Fish runs, steals his drink, and begins drinking it quickly.

FISH (CONT'D)
You lyin' bastard! There ain't no
shamrock in here! I thought I'd
find a four-leafer, but there
ain't! Get outta here, ya eejit!

Fish throws the shake at the wall and it explodes.

CUSTOMER
Damn, this is the third store in a
row this has happened to me.

The customer leaves. Mike exits the room, wearing the suit.

FISH
Ugh, I hate McDonald's. First they
steal my full name. Now this?!

MIKE
Wait- what's your full name?

FISH
Fish McBites, of course. It's a
real name I swear!

Mike pulls out his wallet and walks to the counter with Fish.

MIKE
Look, it's been a long day. I'm
just gonna buy the suit, okay?

FISH

Fine! That'll be \$95.95.

Mike hands Fish a \$100. Fish ducks below the counter and returns with a bunch of gold coins. He hands them to Mike.

FISH (CONT'D)

Here is your change, and there's
not a pot of gold back here! So
don't think there is!s

A rainbow begins to emerge from behind the counter. Fish steps in front of it, desperately trying to cover it.

FISH (CONT'D)

I'm a real person!

At that moment, a UNICORN walks into the store.

UNICORN

Hey, Fish! Just wanted to swing by
to see if we're still carpooling-
oh, am I interrupting something?

FISH

Yeah- now's not the time, Dave.

MIKE

Okay, dude, just admit it. You're
totally a leprechaun.

FISH

Fine. You caught me. What are you
gonna do about it? Take a picture?
Kidnap me? Try to steal my pot of
gold that's obviously hidden under
the rainbow behind this counter?

MIKE

Don't worry, Fish. I won't blow
your cover. You can trust me.

FISH

Really? You mean that, Mike?

MIKE

Sure! I'm totally trustworthy and
definitely not a robot.

UNICORN

Wait what?

BLACKOUT.

BRUSHING TEETH BY ZACH TIMSON

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A young couple, ANDREW and EMMA, enter in their pajamas, holding toothbrushes. They stand before a sink and a mirror stand facing DS.

ANDREW

Well, look at us! First time
spending the night together.

EMMA

Yeah! Pretty big step, but I'm glad
I'm taking it with you.

She leans up and kisses his cheek. They begin brushing their teeth while staring into the mirror. They brush for about 10 seconds in awkward silence, occasionally smiling at each other, before we start to hear their inner voices as they look in the mirror.

ANDREW (V.O.)

How long am I supposed to brush my
teeth in front of her?

(glancing at Emma)

I can't stop before she does. I
don't want her to think I'm gross
or have poor dental hygiene. I'll
just keep going until she stops.

Emma glances at Andrew, who keeps looking at the mirror.

EMMA (V.O.)

How long does it take this jackass
to brush his teeth?? This is our
first night together, I can't just
appear all willy-nilly when it
comes to this. I'll just stop when
he stops.

The two look at each other, continuing to brush their teeth.

ANDREW (V.O.)

She is not slowing down in the
slightest.

EMMA (V.O.)

No signs of stopping. At all. Maybe
if I giggle, he'll get the hint.

Emma lets out a little giggle. Andrew chuckles back.

ANDREW (V.O.)
 Oh no, a giggle. If she can giggle,
 she must have, like, no foam in her
 mouth at all. I gotta pace myself.

Andrew begins brushing his teeth comically slowly.

EMMA (V.O.)
 I have so much fucking foam in my
 mouth, I am about to choke. Maybe
 if I spit, he'll follow me.

She slowly and awkwardly starts leaning down.

ANDREW (V.O.)
 Sweet, she's going to spit.

He awkwardly lowers his head until their heads are right next
 to each other until Emma winces.

EMMA (V.O.)
 Nope, too close. Too close.

ANDREW (V.O.)
 Backing up, backing up. Can't spit
 that close to her head.

They stand back up and shake their heads awkwardly.

EMMA (V.O.)
 Here's my moment! Go!

She leans down and spits out the toothpaste.

ANDREW (V.O.)
 An opening! Let's go!

He leans down and spits out the toothpaste. They look at each
 other and smile.

EMMA (V.O.)
 Now what?

ANDREW (V.O.)
 Now what?

Both slowly raise their toothbrushes to their mouths and
 begin brushing again.

ANDREW (V.O.)
 Dammit! Why would I do that?

EMMA (V.O.)
 Dammit! Why would I do that?

ANDREW (V.O.)
 I'll start brushing my tongue. That
 should tell her I'm wrapping up.

Andrew does so, and Emma stares at him with a raised eyebrow.

EMMA (V.O.)
Is he brushing his tongue?? Gross!
Now he's just actively putting the
bacteria back on his tongue.

ANDREW (V.O.)
I am actively putting the bacteria
back on my tongue. Abort, abort!

He goes back to brushing his teeth as Emma begins gagging.

EMMA (V.O.)
Did I just gag? Quick! Deepthroat
this toothbrush so he doesn't think
you have a bad gag reflex.

She deepthroats the toothbrush. Andrew is visibly bummed out.

ANDREW (V.O.)
She's never had a gag reflex when
we...you know...aw man, is my dick
smaller than a toothbrush??

EMMA (V.O.)
Great, now his ego is shattered.
Wait, did he turn off the oven?

The fire alarm begins going off.

ANDREW (V.O.)
Shit! I'll go take care of that!

He turns to leave but Emma stays at the sink, still brushing
her teeth. He returns, begrudgingly.

ANDREW (V.O.)
She wasn't gonna stop brushing her
teeth to help me??

EMMA (V.O.)
Ugh, fine! I'll go do it!

She walks away still brushing her teeth.

ANDREW (V.O.)
She brought the toothbrush with
her?? I can't quit now and spit in
the sink, it'll be too obvious!

The fire alarm stops as Emma walks back in.

EMMA (V.O.)
He didn't stop that entire time??
Oh, I'll show him!

She begins brushing her teeth in almost a mocking way.

ANDREW (V.O.)
Is she seriously trying to outbrush
me? Oh, it's on!

They begin aggressively brushing their teeth at each other, making MMA-style faces and grunts. The music intensifies.

ANDREW (V.O.)
I refuse to let plaque infiltrate
my oral cavities in front of this
gorgeous creature!

EMMA (V.O.)
I'm gonna make these teeth so white
that they look like voted for Pete
Buttigieg and listen to Bon Jovi!

The two of them slowly build to a full-on scream at each other until eventually, at the same time, they spit out all of their foam in a hose-like stream for about 10 seconds. They finally stop spitting out foam and catch their breath.

ANDREW
Sorry about that. I just...didn't
want to look gross in front of you
by brushing my teeth for a shorter
amount of time than you.

EMMA
No, I'm sorry! I didn't mean to
make you feel like you needed to
keep brushing. I guess sometimes I
get a little too competitive.

ANDREW
Well hey, our mouths are, like,
super clean now. Wanna go make out?

EMMA
Omg yesss! Let me floss first.

Andrew and Emma go to floss and begin looking at each other while flossing. About 10 seconds pass, they sigh, and then...

ANDREW (V.O.)
Maybe this wasn't the best idea.

EMMA (V.O.)
I wish I never had a mouth.

BLACKOUT.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE BY ZACH TIMSON

INT. WHEEL OF FORTUNE SET - DAY

RYAN SEACREST stands with three other CONTESTANTS (VINCENT, AMBER, and DEWEY). VANNA WHITE just stands there.

RYAN SEACREST

Welcome back to *Wheel of Fortune*.
I'm your host, Ryan Seacrest, and I
host way too many things! Dewey,
you won the toss-up and you seem
excited! You a fan of the show?

DEWEY

(waving)

Nope! I've never seen an episode!

RYAN SEACREST

Oh, uh, okay. Cool, I guess!
Category is "Phrases," Dewey.

Dewey spins the Wheel, but it lands on "Bankrupt." The slide whistle sound effect is used. Dewey stands there, in shock.

RYAN SEACREST (CONT'D)

Oh, Bankrupt! Sorry, Dewey.
Vincent, you're up next.

DEWEY

Oh my god. I just went bankrupt...I
have a wife and kids! They trust me
and love me so much. I can't go
bankrupt, how can I support them?!

RYAN SEACREST

Dewey, it's just part of the game,
you're not bankrupt in real life-

Dewey begins to pace around the wheel.

DEWEY

No, no, no, no! I can't go
bankrupt! I have a mortgage! I have
another child on the way!

RYAN SEACREST

Vanna, could you calm him down?

Vanna simply smiles and waves to the camera.

DEWEY

Holy SHIT, I am fucked!

RYAN SEACREST
Dewey, language please-

VINCENT
Um, Ryan? Can I spin the wheel now?

DEWEY
SHUT UP, YOU HUMAN WAD OF
TOOTHPASTE! I'm calling my dad!

He puts his phone on speaker. His DAD answers.

DEWEY'S DAD (V.O.)
Hello?

DEWEY
Dad, I'm really in a bind right
now. I've declared bankruptcy.

DEWEY'S DAD (V.O.)
You fucking what!? I gave you so
much money to fund your business
and your house! And you go parading
about fucking spending it all?!

DEWEY
I know, I'm sorry! I just need your
help, I'm your son! Your only son!

DEWEY'S DAD (V.O.)
You have a brother, dipshit!

DEWEY
I'm desperate! I'm still your son!

DEWEY'S DAD (V.O.)
You are no son to me. I am
disowning you. Irresponsible prick!

His father hangs up. Dewey is distraught. He sobs loudly.

DEWEY
It's the anniversary of Mom's death
too!

RYAN SEACREST
What the hell just happened??

Dewey approaches Ryan and grabs his jacket collar.

DEWEY
I've spent sooo much money on Funko
Pops! My wife is gonna kill me!

ZOE (O.S.)

Dewey!

A pregnant WOMAN, ZOE, walks onstage.

ZOE (CONT'D)

So what's this I hear from your dad about you being bankrupt?!

DEWEY

Zoe, honey, I promise it was an accident! I can fix this!

RYAN SEACREST

How did she find out that quickly?!

ZOE

You expect to feed a third child when you can't even feed your wife and kids anymore?? I can't even!

RYAN SEACREST

Ma'am, you're aware that Dewey is not actually bankrupt, right?

ZOE

Shut up, Alex Trebek!

AMBER

Alex Trebek's been dead four years-

ZOE

(storming off)

I'm leaving you, and I'm taking the dog! AND YOUR FUNKO POPS!

DEWEY

No, not the dog! I love the dog more than our kids!!

He lies down on the contestant's table and begins to sob.

RYAN SEACREST

Wow. A bold statement to make on national television. Dewey, as I have said an embarrassing amount of times, you aren't actually bankrupt-

DEWEY

I just can't believe I'm actually bankrupt!

(to Amber and Vincent)

(MORE)

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Do you guys need someone to clean your house? An assistant to run your errands? I will do anything!

AMBER

Dewey, do you have a job?

DEWEY

I quit my job because I thought I would make money on this show.

(on his knees to Vincent)

Please, spare some change. I'll even suck your cock for money!

VINCENT

Whoa! You can't do that!

DEWEY

You're right, I can't say "cock" on TV. I'll suck your "pee-pee" for money, is that better?

VINCENT

The problem wasn't with the word "cock," Dewey!

Dewey reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a ski mask, an empty bag, and a gun. He aims it at the audience.

DEWEY

That's it, every one of you put any fucking money you have in the bag!

VINCENT

Oh my god!

AMBER

Security!

DEWEY

No! Everybody stay put! I'm going to fucking shoot and kill every last one of you!

Suddenly, a DING DING DING sound effect is heard.

RYAN SEACREST

That's correct, you got it!

Vanna and the audience clap as the board reveals the phrase "I'M GOING TO FUCKING SHOOT AND KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU."

DEWEY

YAYYYYY! I'M GONNA GET THE DOG BACK! AND MY FUNKO POPS!

BLACKOUT.

POST-NUT CLARITY BY ZACH TIMSON

INT. OFFICE BUILDING MEETING ROOM - DAY

A BOSS is pointing at several statistical charts to his EMPLOYEES, all positioned Center stage.

BOSS

Alright, so these are the latest figures last quarter. Do we target a new demographic? Petersen?

One of the employees, PETERSEN, is nodding off and struggling to stay focused. LIGHTS distort around Petersen.

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

Petersen? Any suggestions?

(pause)

Petersen? Petersen!

Petersen snaps awake. The lights return to normal.

PETERSEN

Yeah, yeah I am. Sorry, David. I got nothing right now. Sorry.

The boss is not pleased. He continues his presentation.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Is your mind foggy? Are you having a hard time making decisions, both big and small? Are you completely unable to focus?

A hand appears from behind the curtain, holding a bottle of medicine.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Then you should try Post-Nut Clarity! The only pill that makes you immediately orgasm so you can immediately clear your mind!

Petersen grabs and reads the bottle, nodding his head.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Studies have proven that both men and woman make much better decision after they orgasm, a phenomenon known as "Post Nut Clarity." With this pill, you can achieve PNC without having to do all the work that comes with having sex!

Lights down CS, lights up SR. A MAN sits with an UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN across from him at the bar.

MAN

I don't know, should we really do this? You're my fiancée's sister.

UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Look, that bitch don't know how to please you in ways I only can! We doing this or what?

MAN

Well, I am horny.
(then)
Just, give me a second.

The man pulls out the bottle and pops a pill in his mouth.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Torn on whether hooking up with a person would be a good idea or not? Try Post-Nut Clarity and see that fog fade away before you make a terrible mistake.

The man has a quick but loud orgasm in his seat. The woman stares at him, disgusted. The man quickly regains his composure and stands up to leave.

MAN

Yeah, I'll be honest. I love my fiancée, and I don't think this is a good idea.

The man leaves.

UNATTRACTIVE WOMAN

Ugh! Freakin' Post Nut Clarity!

The woman begins to stuff appetizers into her purse.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

After several conducting trial runs proving PNC's success towards dangerous sexual escapades, we took it a step further and began testing PNC out in other environments too, and the results were phenomenal!

Lights down SR and lights up SL. A WOMAN is holding two dresses, unsure which one she wants.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 You can use PNC for shopping
 decisions!

The woman takes out a bottle of PNC and pops a pill. She orgasms quickly, and then quickly decides on the dress in her right hand, walking away smiling. An EMPLOYEE looks on, concerned.

Lights down SL and up SR. A MAN sits at a dinner table. He looks at the menu.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 What to have for dinner...

The dad rests his menu on his lap and pulls out the bottle of PNC. He pops a pill and immediately orgasms. He tries to hand the menu back to the waiter, who refuses.

DAD
 Yeah, I'll have the lobster bisque.

WAITER
 You can keep the menu.

Lights down SR and lights up CS. Petersen pulls out the PNC bottle and pops a pill.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Even in the office!

He orgasms as his boss looks on in disgust.

PETERSEN
 Sorry boss, my head's a little clearer now. I say we target a new demographic.

BOSS
 Did you just cum in your pants while at work?!

PETERSEN
 (panicking)
 Uh...uh...no!

BOSS
 You know I can fire you for this, right?

Petersen sweats nervously as the Boss sighs.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 Actually, hang on.

The boss pulls out a bottle of PNC and pops a pill. He orgasms loudly and shakes it off and takes a deep breath.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Nah, you're good, Petersen. Sorry about that! I don't know what I was thinking!

Petersen gives him a thumbs up.

PETERSEN

All good, boss! Thanks, PNC!

Lights up SL. The clothing store woman stands with her dress as her pants are drenched.

WOMAN

Thanks, PNC!

Lights up SR. A TEENAGE BOY holds up his homework that has an "A+" on it in one hand and a bottle of PNC in the other.

TEENAGE BOY

Thanks, PNC!

His MOM walks into the room.

MOM

Jason, how have you been doing so well on your homework lately?

TEENAGE BOY

Don't worry about it!

She brings in a recycling bin filled with empty PNC bottles and used tissues.

MOM

What are all of these empty bottles for?

TEENAGE BOY

DON'T GO THROUGH MY BATHROOM TRASH, MOM!

All the customers hold up their bottle.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Post Nut Clarity! Comes with a diaper!

BLACKOUT.