

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Inside a dark room there is a boy in a night cap in bed sleeping peacefully. We can not see his face. His door creaks open shedding in hallway light.

An older looking man wearing spectacles, a smoking jacket, and carrying a large book is seen entering the room. This is WISE ERKER.

WISE ERKER

(Whispering)

Little Petey, are you asleep yet?

There is no seen movement coming from the bed.

WISE ERKER (CONT.)

Good, I need to tell you a little story.

Once again, the person in bed does nothing.

WISE ERKER (CONT.)

I'm glad you asked. It all started when I was a little younger than you. Maybe ten or so, and I got a letter from my love Gale Plank.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A boy in a dull orange sweater is holding a Polaroid photo. He is in a sixties style house, this is YOUNG ERKER.

A young girl is seen in the picture. YOUNG ERKER flips the picture over and something is written on the back. He reads it.

YOUNG ERKER

Dear Jimmy, you are my heart and soul,
the blue to my ocean, the crayola to
my crayons. Here's my phone number.

(A beat.)

Yours, Gale.

A grown man wearing a Mr. Roger's outfit walks in and slaps YOUNG ERKER on the back, this is ERKER's dad, JAMES.

JAMES

Move it kid, the Ed Sullivan Show is

on.

The photo falls out of YOUNG ERKER's hands in slow motion as his father slaps him on the back. It lands on the couch and JAMES sits on it.

YOUNG ERKER

Excuse me, pops. Could you get up for a...

JAMES

Shut up kid. Ed's talking.

YOUNG ERKER sits down on the sofa and waits.

He looks at the clock and it speeds forward to a half hour later.

YOUNG ERKER

Dad, do you need to go the bathroom or anything?

JAMES

My bladder's a rock, kid. It never budes and I never pee.

YOUNG ERKER sighs and slumps on the couch again. The clock moves ahead another half hour.

YOUNG ERKER

Dad, what you sat on was very important, so if you would just get up for one second...

This comment is greeted by vicious snoring.

YOUNG ERKER takes this as his chance and begins to make his move towards JAMES.

YOUNG ERKER moves his hand under his father and starts feeling for the photo.

YOUNG ERKER (CONT.)

Where's that picture.

(A beat.)

Ah-ha.

JAMES seems to be starting to wake up.

JAMES

Weh-weh-wuh.

A pure look of terror comes upon YOUNG ERKER's face, and he must decide what to do.

With his hand still under his father, YOUNG ERKER starts singing Kumbaya.

YOUNG ERKER
Kumbaya my lord, kumbaya. Kumbaya my
lord, kumbaya. Kumbaya my lord,
kumbaya. Oh lord, kumbaya.

JAMES goes back to snoring and YOUNG ERKER takes a big exhale. He then pries his hand out and he is holding nothing.

YOUNG ERKER (CONT.)
I gotta take another approach.

CUT TO:

YOUNG ERKER comes into the living room with a two-by-four.

YOUNG ERKER
Oh-ho, we're getting crafty.

YOUNG ERKER wedges the two-by-four underneath JAMES. He tries to pry JAMES off the photo.

YOUNG ERKER (CONT.)
Come on, urghhhh...

JAMES starts going up as YOUNG ERKER pushes on the two-by-four.

YOUNG ERKER (CONT.)
Here we go.

As YOUNG ERKER tries reaching for the uncovered photo, but to do so he must let go of the two-by-four.

YOUNG ERKER (CONT.)
I can almost taste it.

YOUNG ERKER quickly lets go of the plank and reaches for the picture, but JAMES is down on the couch before he can.

JAMES
Mmmmm.

YOUNG ERKER sits on the opposite side of the plank, but is supported by JAMES sitting on the other side.

YOUNG ERKER

Okay, back to basics. How to get pops
to stop sitting on my love?

CUT TO:

YOUNG ERKER tries to pull JAMES away from the photo but it
does not work.

CUT TO:

YOUNG ERKER lifts JAMES' right leg to see if it would do
anything.

CUT TO:

YOUNG ERKER tries to lift up JAMES by the arms, but that does
not work.

CUT TO:

YOUNG ERKER lifts JAMES' left leg to see if it would do
anything.

CUT TO:

YOUNG ERKER is sitting on the opposite end of the couch and
is out of breath.

YOUNG ERKER

(To himself.)

You got this. You're a beast. Why
would Gale give you that photo if you
weren't.

YOUNG ERKER gets up, walks over to JAMES, and rubs his hands
together. He then goes into a squat position, puts his hands
under JAMES, and lifts him up using the legs.

He gets JAMES up and keeps him there with one hand while he
reaches for the revealed photo with the other.

A small white dog jumps on the couch, this is ROCCO.

ROCCO

Grrrrrrr.

Subtitles read "Don't touch my Daddy."

YOUNG ERKER looks at ROCCO in distress.

YOUNG ERKER
 (Quietly.)
 Rocco, shhhh!

YOUNG ERKER once again reaches for the picture but as he gets closer to touching it the growling grows in volume.

ROCCO
 GrrrRRRR.

Subtitles read "I thought I told you not to touch that sacred man."

YOUNG ERKER pulls his hand away again.

YOUNG ERKER
 (In a loud whisper.)
 Dude, I'm gonna need to you to back off!

YOUNG ERKER goes in for the photo one last time. He ignores the growling and grabs the photo. Right as he does this ROCCO starts barking.

ROCCO
 BARK BARK BARK!

Subtitles read "BACK OFF B!*#&%"

JAMES wakes up and plumps back down on YOUNG ERKER's hand.

JAMES
 Huh, what? What are you doing?

YOUNG ERKER
 Umm, I was just trying to...

JAMES
 Because to me it seems like you're being a pest.

YOUNG ERKER takes out his hand and he is not holding the picture. He sighs.

YOUNG ERKER
 Sorry, sir.

JAMES
 Get out of here before I give you a reason to really be sorry.

YOUNG ERKER leaves the room in defeat.

JAMES
 (To Rocco.)
 You can stay buddy. You know I love
 you more than my son.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WISE ERKER is setting at the edge of bed. The person in bed is still turned over.

WISE ERKER
 And that's my little story, or at
 least the start.

There is no movement from the bed. WISE ERKER becomes concerned.

WISE ERKER (CONT.)
 Petey?

No movement.

WISE ERKER (CONT.)
 Petey?

Still no movement.

WISE ERKER (CONT.)
 Oh, good. You're still up. Now let me
 move on to phase two of my story. This
 happened a couple years after the
 first one. It starts right before my
 big date.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

An older YOUNG ERKER is outside a house at their front door. He is wearing a dull orange sweater and is holding a metal waterbottle. This is JIMMY.

JIMMY rings the doorbell and is waiting for an answer.

JIMMY
 (Pretending greet someone.)
 Hello, sir.

(In a deeper voice.)
 Hello, how are you?
 (In a happier voice.)
 Hey, how are ya?
 (Clears throat.)
 Hello, sir. How are you?

JIMMY settles on that final option.

JIMMY (CONT.)
 (Pretending to be someone else.)
 Hello, Jimmy. What are your intentions
 with my daughter?

JIMMY (CONT.)
 (Being himself again.)
 To be respectful and kind.
 (Shakes his head.)
 No, that's creepy.
 (Clears his throat.)
 To marry her sir.
 (A beat.)
 That's rushing it.
 (A beat.)
 To make her and your family happy.

The door flings open and a burly man in a festive sweater
 with skulls opens the door, this is MR. HANSON.

MR. HANSON
 How're ya doin' Jimmy? I'm Gale's
 father.

MR. HANSON stretches his arm out to share a handshake with
 TIM.

JIMMY
 N-nice to meet you, sir.

MR. HANSON
 Huh, that's a sweaty grip you got
 their kid.

JIMMY drops his arm and ends the handshake.

JIMMY
 I-uh-sorry...

A kind looking woman comes into the door frame wearing a
 sundress and a cardigan. This is MRS. HANSON.

MRS. HANSON

Oh Phil, stop embarrassing him! Come in honey, get out of the cold.

JIMMY walks into the house.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

MRS. HANSON

I'm gonna go check on Gale and see what's taking her so long.

(to Mr. Hanson)

Now don't be too rough on him.

JIMMY sees pictures of Mr. Hanson along the wall. These pictures include one of Mr. Hanson strangling a moose, one of him firing a bazooka, and another of him with his biker gang.

MRS. HANSON (CONT.)

(to Jimmy)

Now Jimmy don't be intimidated by him, he's really a teddy bear once you get to know him.

JIMMY gulps.

Mrs. Hanson goes upstairs and Mr. Hanson and Jimmy enter the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mr. Hanson gets to work on his peach cobbler.

MR. HANSON

Let me start off with an easy question, what are your political views?

JIMMY gets wicked nervous and begins to toss his water bottle from hand to hand.

JIMMY

I uh, umm ja, uh President is-uhhh.

MR. HANSON

Nah, I'm only joking. That's an after dinner question.

(beats)

So does that water actually keep things cold? My friend Rob from the gang says they don't work.

Mr. Hanson turns around and puts the peach cobbler in the oven as he asks the question.

JIMMY
 (tossing the water bottle)
 If uh you put enough umm ice in it,
 then it-

JIMMY misses the water bottle and it zooms right passed his hand, goes into another room, and crashes into a ceramic object, breaking it.

A look of sheer terror crosses Tim's face. Mr. Hanson doesn't hear the crash and turns around.

MR. HANSON
 What's the matter kid you look
 constipated?

JIMMY
 (nervously)
 Ha, yeah. Where's toilet?

MR. HANSON
 Second door on-

Before Mr. Hanson can even finish, Jimmy bolts out of the room and into the other room where the noise came from.

MR. HANSON
 What a weird loser.

INT. OTHER ROOM - NIGHT

JIMMY walks in to see his water bottle on the ground next to a pile of ashes and a broken urn.

JIMMY
 (quietly to himself)
 Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god! What
 did I break?

JIMMY scrapes his finger against ashes and licks it?

JIMMY
 Is it some kind of spice?

JIMMY goes in for another lick.

JIMMY (CONT.)
 A yeast maybe?

JIMMY grabs a handful of the ashes and a piece of the urn. He looks back and forth at both of them and then looks up to see a picture of an old woman above where the urn was.

JIMMY slowly realizes what he's done.

JIMMY

Oh my god! Grandma dust! Grandma dust!

JIMMY opens the window next to him and begins to rub his tongue and dry heave. He tries to get the ashes off of his tongue by pouring the water from his water bottle into his mouth and spits it out of the window.

MRS. HANSON

(from the other room)

Jimmy, Gale's coming downstairs now.
Are you still in the bathroom?

JIMMY

Yeah, be out in a second!

MRS. HANSON

(from the other room)

Jimmy, you know the bathroom's down
the hallway, right?

JIMMY

Yeah but it's too late now!

MRS. HANSON

What's that, honey?

JIMMY

Nothing!

JIMMY quickly sweeps the ashes into his water bottle and kicks the shards of urn under the rug and scurries into the other room.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

JIMMY walks in to see Mr. and Mrs. Hanson setting the table.

MR. HANSON

You wash your hands, kid?

JIMMY

Uh no... not in the literal sense.
Well sorta-

MR. HANSON
Come over here, let me feel them.

GALE
(from the stairs)
Dad...

A young pretty girl walks into the room wearing a light blue dress. Everyone turns to look. This is GALE.

JIMMY
Wow, you look...
(he turns to Mr. Hanson and then
back to Gale)
...very average.

MRS. HANSON
Well now that we're all here, let's
get dinner started.

JIMMY sits at the side of the table and Gale tries to sit next to him. Before she can Mr. Hanson takes her place.

MR. HANSON
You sit over there honey.
(he gives Jimmy a death stare)
Away from his sweaty unwashed hands.

JIMMY sets his water bottle down on the table.

GALE
Sorry it took so long to get down, I
hope my dad wasn't unbearable.

JIMMY
No he wasn't-

MR. HANSON
I was fine. I barely even got a chance
to talk to him. Kid was in the
bathroom the whole time. What took you
so long anyway?

MRS. HANSON
Phil, this is the dinner table.

MR. HANSON
Sorry hun, but it's my business to
know Gale's boyfriend's business.
(to Jimmy)
So what were you doing, talking to my

dead mother or something?

JIMMY

(Uncomfortably)

Ha ha ha ha, dead mother. That's a good one Mr. Hanson.

MR. HANSON

What, you think my mother is a joke or something kid?

JIMMY

No, sir. I just thought...

GALE

Jimmy, don't listen to him, he always gets worked up when it comes Gam Gam.

MRS. HANSON

(To Mr. Hanson)

It's true honey. You can never seem to keep your cool when it comes to her. Let's change the subject.

GALE

Yeah. How about that new water bottle you were telling me about?

JIMMY

(shaking nervously)

W-w-water? That's a very ambiguous term, don't you think?

MRS. HANSON

Honey, are you okay? You look like you're shivering. Let me close that window for you.

Mrs. Hanson gets up to close the window and Jimmy tries to stop her.

JIMMY

No, no Mrs. Hanson you don't have to...

MR. HANSON

Jimmy, it's alright. She's not like us. Women can't grow hair on every inch of their bodies to keep them warm like us men.

MR. HANSON slaps JIMMY on the back.

MR. HANSON (CONT.)
Ain't that right kiddo?

When MR. HANSON hits JIMMY's back, JIMMY gets scared and accidentally drops the water bottle on the ground. It falls in slow motion.

JIMMY
Oh no.

MR. HANSON picks up the water bottle and moves to give it back to JIMMY.

MR. HANSON (CONT.)
Woah, don't get all spazzy on me.

JIMMY reaches for the water bottle.

JIMMY
Sorry, sir. I didn't mean to...

MR. HANSON takes the water bottle back.

MR. HANSON
You don't mind if I try some, do you?

JIMMY
No, I mean yes. I would mind-

Mr. Hanson lifts the bottle to his mouth.

JIMMY (CONT.)
Phil don't!

Mr. Hanson lowers the bottle from his mouth without drinking any.

MR. HANSON
What did you just say?

JIMMY
Please sir, I am begging you not to drink that water.

MR. HANSON
Because to me it sounded like disrespect.

JIMMY

Just give me that bottle back and I'll explain everything.

MR. HANSON

Oh-ho. I'm definitely drinking it now.

Mr. Hanson smugly takes a sip of water and his reaction quickly turns to a sense of a confusion. He pours the rest from the bottle into his glass on the table.

A foggy and lumpy substance emerges from the bottle and into Mr. Hanson's glass.

MR. HANSON (CONT.)

Jimmy, you made it to the bathroom, right?

GALE

(almost puking)
Oh my god!

MR. HANSON

(to Jimmy)
I'm praying this did not come out of you.

JIMMY

Ummm that's not what you think it is.
It's... worse.

Mrs. Hanson walks back into the kitchen carrying the urn shards.

MRS. HANSON

(holding the broken urn)
Does anyone want to explain this?

MR. HANSON

Is that...

GALE

Gam Gam?!

Mr. Hanson looks at the urn and then his glass and then to Tim.

MR. HANSON

(to Jimmy)
You made me drink my mother? What kind of sick power move is this?

Gale runs out of the room crying.

MRS. HANSON
(chasing Gale)
Honey, wait!

JIMMY
Sir, my intention was never to-

MR. HANSON
What was your intention, Tim? To not blowup my bathroom? To not diminish my mother's legacy? To not traumatize my daughter? Tell me, Tim, what were you trying to do tonight?

JIMMY
I-I just wanted to make you happy, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WISE ERKER is still on the edge of the bed.

WISE ERKER
What a day that was. Maybe the worst of my life.

There is no response from the bed.

WISE ERKER (CONT.)
Ha ha ha ha. So true.

No movement from the bed.

WISE ERKER (CONT.)
No, not yet. I still got one more. It all started out as the best day of my life.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

A strikingly handsome substitute teacher enter the school wearing a dull orange sweater and some spiffy new glasses. This is ERKER.

A slim Irishman is standing in the main lobby greeting people

as they enter. This is IMBUSCH.

ERKER

Good morning, Steve. Do you know who I'm...

IMBUSCH

Jim, did you get new glasses?

ERKER

Actually, yes. Thanks for noticing. The last pair was just...

IMBUSCH

You look strikingly handsome in them. Can we take a picture?

ERKER

Ugh, sure.

IMBUSCH

Ms. Wilson, here take a picture.

Ms. Wilson comes over and takes Imbusch's camera.

IMBUSCH

So handsome.

Ms. Wilson takes the picture.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE WING - DAY

ERKER is walking through the science wing to his first class, but he keeps getting stopped by people complimenting his glasses.

STUDENT 1

Sick glasses man.

ERKER

Thank you.

STUDENT 2

Wow, Erker. You look incredible today.

ERKER

And thank you.

STUDENT 3
Those glasses should be appreciated.

ERKER
And so should you child.

In O'Malley's classroom there is a loud chant building.

STUDENTS IN CLASSROOM
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!

ERKER starts running to the classroom to try and help.

INT. O'MALLEY'S CLASS - DAY

ERKER runs into the class to see the students running a muck screaming, while a man in a lab coat sits scared on the ground in the corner. This is O'MALLEY.

ERKER
What's going on in here.

All the kids stop dead in there tracks.

ALL STUDENTS
Nice glasses.

They continue on their rampage.

ERKER runs over to O'MALLEY.

O'MALLEY
You gotta help me, man. The bunson burners aren't working and the kids need their fire for the lab. They need it!

ERKER
Lemme see what I can do.

ERKER starts walking to the burners.

O'MALLEY
(In a desperate voice.)
Good luck.

As ERKER is walking, more and more kids stop what they are doing and start to follow him. By the time he is at the burners a crowd has formed.

ERKER
 Alright, just like Lord of the
 Flies...

The sunlight coming through the window is directed into ERKERS glasses and hits the bunson burners. After a couple seconds it ignites.

The kids cheer with joy. Mr. O'MALLEY pops up from the ground and swings his arm around ERKER.

O'MALLEY
 Oh geez you really saved me back
 there.
 (He slips a twenty dollar bill in
 Erker's shirt pocket.)
 This is for all your troubles.

ERKER
 Will, that's not necessary. I work
 here.

O'MALLEY
 (Whispering.)
 Shhhh... I like your glasses.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN LOBBY - DAY

ERKER is walking past the nurses office when a short kid wearing large glasses walks out, this is BILLY.

BILLY
 Hurumph, I guess I'll always be blind.

ERKER
 What's wrong little Johnny?

BILLY
 I failed my eye test for the twelfth
 year in a row. At least you have the
 coolest glasses I've ever seen in my
 entire existence. My glasses are big
 and clunky and weigh down my face.

ERKER
 I think I can help you kid. They don't
 call me Magic Johnson for nothing.

BILLY
They don't call you Magic Johnson.

ERKER
Here's the plan...
(Incoherent whispering.)

CUT TO:

INT. NURSE'S OFFICE - DAY

BILLY is seen standing at the far end of the wall with his hand over one eye. The nurse is near the middle of the room and ERKER is standing next to the eye chart.

ERKER starts to read the chart.

ERKER
(With cupped hands over his mouth
in a loud whisper.)

U!

BILLY

U.

ERKER

Z!

BILLY

Z.

ERKER

D!

BILLY

D.

ERKER

T!

BILLY

T.

ERKER

F!

BILLY

F.

NURSE
Wow Billy, I'm not sure you did it but
you passed. You came in here as blind

as a mouse and now you're as sharp
eyed as an eagle.

The NURSE walks up to BILLY takes his glasses and snaps them
in half.

NURSE (CONT.)
You don't even need these anymore. Now
fly. Fly away Billy.

ERKER and BILLY start walking towards the door with each
other.

ERKER
Billy, I'm so proud of ya.

BILLY
Thanks Magic Johnson. I could of never
done it without your glasses.

ERKER
So true.

ERKER walks through the door frame while BILLY bangs into the
wall.

ERKER
Looks like my work here is done.

CUT TO:

INT. HEALTH WING - DAY

ERKER is seen walking with a jovial two-step down the
hallway. He is singing an upbeat tune on his way to the
bathroom.

ERKER
(To the tune of "I Want to Break
Free" by Queen.)
I've got to go pee-ee. I've got to
gooo pee. I've got to go pee in the
toilet do-do-do do-do-do go pee-ee-ee.
I've got to go pee. God knows. God
knows I've got to go pee.

Before ERKER arrives at the toilet he is greeted by an older
woman who looks like an older Gale, this is OLDER GALE.

OLDER GALE
Heyyy, Erker.

ERKER

Hello Gale. How are you today?

OLDER GALE

Oh I'm just dandy. I like your glasses
by the way.

ERKER

(Confidently.)

Why, thank you. I...

OLDER GALE

They're just so silly.

The sound of OLDER GALE saying "silly" repeats four times and each it gets slower and deeper.

CUT TO:

ERKER arrives to the bathroom with his glasses now in his front pocket. He is now humming his song in a somber tune.

He lifts up the toilet seat, unzips his pants, and starts his pee stream.

The pee stream seems to stop after a while.

The pee stream starts again.

MR. O'FARRELL pops out of his room and runs to the toilet to talk to ERKER.

MR. O'FARRELL

Erker, I thought it was you. So the
chatter is true, those glasses do make
you the sexiest man alive.

MR. O'FARRELL slaps ERKER on the back.

MR. O'FARRELL (CONT.)

Keep up the good work.

MR. O'FARRELL leaves while ERKER's glasses fall out of his front pocket in slow motion and begin their decent to the toilet, until finally they make a ginormous splash.

The splash is so large it hits ERKER in the face.

ERKER takes a moment to look down at his glasses in the toilet to think about what to do next.

ERKER

Well, those are gone.

ERKER flushes the toilet and exits the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

WISE ERKER is seen at the edge of the bed contemplating life.

WISE ERKER

And that's how poop gate started, but more importantly that's the full story of how I never ended up with the love of my life.

The person in bed is sitting up, he is wearing silk blue pajamas and a sleeping cap, this is MR. SALMANS.

MR. SALMANS

(Angrily and surprised.)

You started poop gate.

WISE ERKER

Yes, but that's not the point. The point is...

MR. SALMANS

I smelled for a week after that. My cats wouldn't even let me pet them.

WISE ERKER

I'm sorry Petey, but listen. I'm trying to tell give some life lessons about love and stuff so if you could shut it about poop gate.

MR. SALMANS

Because of that smell I wasn't able to grade my students essays until six months later.

WISE ERKER

Let's be honest, we both know the smell wasn't the reason.

MR. SALMANS

Excuse me?

WISE ERKER

Okay, okay. I think we're getting all worked up right now.

WISE ERKER starts tucking MR. SALMANS back in bed.

WISE ERKER (CONT.)

Just shut your eyes and try to go back to bed. I'll make your blueberry pancakes with almond milk in the morning and we can talk about the true meaning of these stories.

MR. SALMANS

God bless.

WISE ERKER gets up and is about to walk out the bedroom door.

MR. SALMANS (CONT.)

Hey, Mr. Erker.

WISE ERKER

Yeah?

MR. SALMANS

Can you get out of my house?