

The Matt & Pat Show

Episode 5: The Graybeard Freestyle

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EXT. ANDERSON PARK - DAY

MIKEY and ADAM and two FRIENDS are deep into a competitive game of basketball. A SKATEBOARD rolls up. A DUDE with a shit-eating grin and his BURNOUT GIRLFRIEND approach Mikey, Adam and friends.

DUDE
Yoooooooooooo!

ADAM
Oh no. Not this guy.

MIKEY
Wasn't he supposed to graduate like five years ago?

DUDE
Good news, bad news, boys. Good news, you're invited to my sweet ass party.

MIKEY
This feels like a trap.

DUDE
Dammit, you ruined my surprise.
(then)
Yes, it's a hilarious trap. That was the bad news!
(then, taunting)
I hired your dads' cringey rap group to perform.

MIKEY
Sweet Jesus, no!

ADAM
We were so close to graduating high school unscathed by our rapping fathers!

BURNOUT GIRLFRIEND
This is why he's a legend.

Dude and His Girlfriend skate off, laughing. LIAM pats Mikey and Adam on the shoulders.

LIAM
Welp, your lives are over. But, I'm pretty excited about the party.

Liam and the other guys walk off, leaving Mikey and Adam shaking their heads. This is not good.

SMASH TO:

EXT. BACKYARD PARTY - DAY

Matt, Pat and Scott set up to perform. Feedback squeals as the BEAT kicks in. *

Dude laughs, and yells over to Adam and Mikey, loud enough for everyone to hear. *

DUDE
Your dads think they have bars!! *

We Hitchcock zoom into Matt, who, hearing this, stops in his tracks. He speaks into the mic, talking over the instrumental opening. *

MATT
Not only am I going to *freestyle*
bars, I'm going to count them out
for you and drop 'em on your head. *

DUDE
Hip hop is a young man's game, Gray
Beard!! *

MATT
Gray beard? Okay... *

Scott, with a piano keyboard guitar wrapped around his neck sidles up to a fired-up Matt. *

MATT (CONT'D)
(sings)
Gray beard like Obi. Wan, you don't
know me; Two, I'm sweet like Sobe;
Three peat and sweep that's Shaq
and Kobe. Four more rings I'm
Robert Horry. *

Most all partygoers have never heard Matt and Pat and are in utter shock at Matt's ability. They start bopping to the music.

MATT (CONT'D)

Five...deep in the seats when I'm out
Range Roving my kids and their
friends packed in like chovies
while you're six feet deep that's
way below me and nobody's pouring
sips from 40's or anything out
'cause you've got no homies.

Dude looks hurt by that. His girlfriend shrugs her shoulder at him "It's true."

MATT (CONT'D)

Seven layer dip no guacamole.
Eight, I forget what eight was for
that's Violent Femmes but nine I
rhyme like Zeppelin when J. Bonham
plays on the skins 'til platinum
like Houses of the Holy.
Ten, I'm him. Like Ben Ken-obi GYN
appointment going with my lovin'
one and only I am Chachi to her
Joanie you are Potsie to my Arthur
Fonzarelli, homie.

CU of finger turning amp up.

MATT (CONT'D)

E L E V E N, my mic and and amp go
one-past ten Rob Reiner'in for
rhymin' and I'm writing lines like
Spinal Tap for hip hop heads and
maybe the twelve fans of this dad
rap I spit.

Adam and Mikey bob their heads as they enjoy Matt's dominance.

MATT (CONT'D)

Thirteen your jersey bad luck
cursing versing you are not my
worthy flirting with cans of ass
whooping blow you kisses like I'm
Hershey. Fourteen, abhorring your
style, flow and needless show, I'm
ceiling you're flooring; Fifteen,
no policing but I'm Five-0 like a
vinyl I go viral born the year of
rap's arrival, I just chewed you up
in 16 bars and spit you out
freestyle.

Girlfriend shoots Dude a look of embarrassment. They misjudged.

Pat jumps out of the trees and lands on the basketball court, holding a scepter.

PAT

If your mamas met us they'd want us
up in their grill like the chef's
at Benihanas, but they're as rough
as a draft without commas.

The partygoers part for Pat as he makes his way from one end of the backyard to the other.

PAT (CONT'D)

We only do laughs, not the dramas
plus we're happily married to our
babies mamas who push us so far and
have goals like Moana's--

Pat finally makes his way to the microphone.

PAT (CONT'D)

--see the line where the mouth
meets the mic it does call me.
Never worry if I trip always know I
could fall gotta rock for a wife
that I know I could call a good
haul.

Insert - Pat is standing against the outside wall and partygoers have a tape measure up against him. We close in on 5'9".

PAT (CONT'D)

I'm 5'9" but she makes me feel 6
foot tall. We both need time alone,
won't die alone bond ain't rocky
and I ain't Stallone. Maybe instead
call me Sinead cause no one
compares to me that's what she
said. Heart eyes on a face make up
every text thread this should go on
all platforms a post to embed.

Pat starts to dance a bit and it motivates some of the TEENS to follow suit. Burnout Girlfriend looks at Dude like "Yeah. This is over" and joins the dancing teens.

PAT (CONT'D)

You see no one expects it we know
it will spread a house party with
dancin' my name must be Ted.

Pat gets up in Dude's face. Real close.

PAT (CONT'D)

Am I a goonie? I never say die. I'm
a gray beard, but I still wanna
fly.

*

Pat shoots a basketball, and as the ball clangs off the rim,
we cut to slow motion as Dude points and laughs at Pat. Liam
comes soaring in to clean up the miss with a thunderous slam
dunk much to the chagrin of Dude.

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PAT (CONT'D)

We're a modern day version of
Crockett and Tubbs teaching life
lessons with words that we shove
down your throat for the hell of it
and well just because we are summa
cum laude the best in the county
and to all of our fan base we're
madly beloved.

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Pat freezes the bullies with his scepter.

PAT (CONT'D)

We don't tolerate bullies...we
dominate thugs...one thing is
missing...in your life it is hugs.

Pat unfreezes the bullies with his scepter. Pat hugs Dude.
This heals him. He is now a good person and sees the error
of his ways. He starts dancing, more and more wildly as the
song progresses.

PAT (CONT'D)

Fill your tank with these beats,
I'm a butcher of meats this
delicatessen serves spicy rap subs.
Instead of salami, or even
pastrami, they're filled with
linguistics and flavorful rubs so
bring in the jury and go on and
judge. We're clean as a whistle, we
never leave crumbs uh!

The Partygoers hoot and holler. Mikey and Adam are proud.

DUDE

(to the heavens)
I'm a changed man!!!

Dude puts his arms around Mikey and Adam.

DUDE (CONT'D)
(sincere)
You guys are like, my best friends,
now...

Off of Mikey and Adam's concerned faces we FADE OUT.

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THE END