

SKETCHES

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MCDONALD'S

EXT. MCDONALD'S DRIVE-THRU

MAN, 60, and his GODSON, 12, pull up to a McDonald's Drive-Thru.

DRIVE-THRU VOICE

Welcome to McDonald's, how can I help--

MAN

(already irate)

Yea, I'm going to stop you right there. Before you even ask, no, I'm not going to tell you my

(air quotes)

"pronouns." I'm not going to tell you whether I "present" as "masc" or "femme." I'm certainly not going to tell you whether I'm "queer," which for the record, from everything I've read, I am. Hell, I only learned about all this gobbledygook the other day from Jezebel, a publication I will no longer be subscribing to. Because frankly, I for one am not "lovin' it." What has our country come to, that a man has to come out of the closet to order a side salad?

DRIVE-THRU VOICE

So you just want a side salad?

MAN

No, you're missing my point. That was just an example. What I want is some answers. Because I'm going to tell you something. In all this time we've spent trying to hash out whether I'm "LGBT," I could've ordered a side salad, left, realized you forgot the dressing on the side, gone absolutely berzerk, come back, gotten the dressing and been on my merry way.

(suddenly angry,
preempting criticism)

And hey!

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

I said merry "way," NOT "Merry Christmas!" So don't unleash your Spotlight team for another one of their classic "Gotcha" moments. The absolute last thing I need is Mark Ruffalo breathing softly on my neck.

DRIVE-THRU VOICE

Isn't the expression "breathing down my neck"?

MAN

Oh I'm soooo sorry. I'm soooo sorry that not all of us could afford an "Ivy League education." I'm so sorry we couldn't all study English with the esteemed Harold Bloom, who, might I add, is dead. And frankly, no. I don't think he should "Rest in Power." And don't you dare "OK Boomer" me for saying so. If it wasn't for us "Boomers," there would only be one pronoun: "comrade." Now let me ask you this: Are you Catholic?

DRIVE-THRU VOICE

No.

MAN

Good. Me neither. Now let me ask you *this*: Are you Jewish?

DRIVE-THRU VOICE

Yes.

MAN

(slightly taken aback)

Oh. Ok. I don't feel any particular way about that. But let me tell you this: I've never been to Church. The only God I believe in is whatever man, woman, or child gets my Red Sox to the Big Game. Put a goddamn woman or even a baby on the mound. I don't care. A ball player is a ball player, no matter his gender, age, or even race. How about you put that up on your little Tik Tok?

GODSON
 (in surprising voice)
 McDonald's!!!!!!!

MAN
 (startled)
 Jesus Christ. I'm sorry about that.
 That's my lawless godson in the
 passenger seat. The kid is
 absolutely fucked.

DRIVE-THRU VOICE
 I thought you said you weren't
 Catholic?

MAN
 Oh, interesting, interesting. So
 now, just because a guy isn't
 Catholic, he can't have a godson?
 I'll have you know that I met my
 godson outside of Church. In the
 parking lot.
 (suddenly angry,
 preempting criticism)
 And hey! Before you start pulling
 out your legalese, complaining
 about "separation of Church and
 State," no, I'm not his legal
 guardian. Hell, I just met the kid.
 So before you call the cops, or
 "DM" them or whatever you antifas
 do nowadays, why don't you get your
 facts straight.

DRIVE-THRU VOICE
 I've already called the police,
 sir.

MAN
 Well I'm glad you did. You know
 what, I was about to call them
 myself, because whatever's going on
 here is the next Cambridge
 Analytica. I've seen it all before:
 A robot asking me for my pronouns
 so that it can decide whether or
 not to show me ads for gender-
 neutral body wash. The absolute
 last thing I need is Mark
 Zuckerberg telling me what I should
 rub all over my naked body in the
 shower. And speaking of people
 telling me what to do, let me ask
 you this.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

Since when does a man have to talk
to the all-powerful Siri to get a
goddamned Happy Meal for his
godson?

DRIVE-THRU VOICE

Sir, I'm not Siri--

MAN

Siri, AOC, whatever you're calling
her nowadays. Back in my day, when
my godfather took me to McDonald's--

GODSON

(in surprising voice)
McDonald's!!!!!!!

MAN

(startled)
Jesus fucking Christ. Back in my
day, the waitresses...
(mocking voice)
...or should I call them "waiters."
You know what, I'm just going to
call them *people*, how about that?
We get so caught up in whether we
should call our waiters "sir" or
"ma'am" or "chief" that we
sometimes forget that they're
people, just like us.
(getting slow and
sentimental)
Anyways, my godfather used to take
me to McDonald's on Sunday
mornings. We'd sit in silence in
his Chevy pickup until the *people*
came rollerblading out in their
little white skirts with the red
trim--

DRIVE-THRU VOICE

That sounds like Sonic, sir.

MAN

Sonic, McDonald's--

GODSON

(in surprising voice)
McDonald's!!!!!!!

MAN

Wherever it was, it was a sight for
sore eyes: the girls gliding across
the shimmering asphalt like it was
ice. The year: 1969. The place:
Vietnam, Massachusetts. That's what
we called Boston, since the
Protestants were like the Viet
Cong.

Lights darken. Godson covertly puts on a Red Sox cap with a
wig sewn in and sunglasses, becoming the godfather in Man's
memory sequence.

MAN (CONT'D)

(with gravitas)

And we'd sit and eat our side
salads in silence.

(laughing, looking at
godfather)

Hell, for all this fuss I've been
making over gender, I guess I never
knew whether he was - or God help
me, "they were" - even a man. They
had this long, luxurious hair that
spilled out from behind a Red Sox
cap, and they were always wearing
tinted aviators.

(contemplating)

On my eighteenth birthday, they
said they were going inside to get
me extra dressing.

Godson/Godfather walks solemnly offstage.

MAN (CONT'D)

They left me with this car and
never came back.

Lights slowly come back up. Long silence.

DRIVE-THRU VOICE

(omnipotent)

And you said you'd never been to
church.

GODSON (O.S.)

(echoing)

McDonald's, McDonald's,
McDonald's...

MAN

(stressed)

Where-- Where's my godson?!?

DRIVE-THRU VOICE
(omnipotent)
My child. You never had a godson.
You never had a godfather. All you
ever had was a God.

Man looks up slowly. A side salad sprinkles down from the
ether like snow. Slow fade to black.

END OF MCDONALD'S

MILKMAN (CO-WRITTEN WITH ZOE ERVOLINO)

INT. GRANDFATHER'S LIVING ROOM

GIRL, 12, and her GRANDFATHER, 70, sit in his living room.

GIRL

Grandpa, Grandpa! I'm writing a book report about the 1950's. Were you alive then?

GRANDFATHER

Yep. I sure was.

GIRL

Perfect! What were they like?

GRANDFATHER

The 1950's? Well, I remember them like they were yesterday...

Ethereal piano riff. Flashback. Three spunky, stereotypical 1950's housewives (JULIE, SHARICE, and GWENDOLYN) rush downstage in front of girl and grandfather. They are waiting for the milkman. The following song continues throughout the entire sketch as backing to the dialogue. It is sung to the tune of "Grease Lightning". The song and dance get progressively more manic over the course of the sketch.

HOUSEWIVES

*The Milkman's coming and he's
coming right into town (doo doodoo,
doo doo doodoo)
Yes, the Milkman's coming and we're
hoping he comes around (doo doodoo,
doo doo doodoo)
He's got the cream, he's got a
dream, he's the Milkmannnnn*

JULIE

Hey Sharice, has the Milkman brought around your milk yet?

SHARICE

I haven't seen the Milkman since that damn war started!

GWENDOLYN

Gosh, I love working at the munitions factory. Makes me feel independent, or something.

HOUSEWIVES

*The Milkman's coming and he's
coming right into town (milkie
milkie, milk me milk me milkie)
Yes, the Milkman's coming and he'll
turn our frowns upside down (milkie
milkie, milk me milk me milkie)
He's got the cream, he's got some
cream, he's the milkmannnn*

SHARICE

Well lookey there! Who's that fella
walkin' down the street like he's
got something to prove?

JULIE

Could it be?!

HOUSEWIVES

The Milkman?!

They snap in time to the music. STOP AND SHOP GUY comes in
through the front door.

STOP AND SHOP GUY

Hey, I've got your grocery order.
From Stop and Shop.

JULIE

Stop and Shop? That's a funny name
for milk.

SHARICE

You're funny, Milkman. I like you.
You've got spunk. I like you a lot.

STOP AND SHOP GUY

Uh, I'm just a Peapod delivery guy.
I'm not the milkman.

GWENDOLYN

Oh really, Milkman. Well if you're
not the Milkman, then explain this!

Gwendolyn pulls out box of milk from delivery guy's bag.

HOUSEWIVES

(whispered)

*He's got the cream, he's got a
dream, he's got the creeeammmmm*

STOP AND SHOP GUY

I don't know, you ordered it lady!

GWENDOLYN

Thanks a lot, Milkman. Good luck in the war.

Stop and Shop Guy exits.

HOUSEWIVES

(increasingly manic)

The Milkman's coming and he's coming right into town (vitamin d, vita-vitamin d)

Yes, the Milkman's coming and this time he's gonna claim his crown

(vitamin d, vita-vitamin d)

Cause when he rings, he'll be our king, he's the Milkmannnnn

SHARICE

Well my oh my! Who's that hounddog strutting around like his pants don't belong to him?

JULIE

Could it be?!

HOUSEWIVES

The Milkman?!

They snap in time to the music. UPS GUY comes in through the front door.

UPS GUY

Package for a Gwendolyn Smith?

GWENDOLYN,

Yes, if by package, you mean a package of milk!

UPS GUY

I don't know what's inside, they just give me the box and I go where they tell me.

JULIE

Well then, mister boy, if you've never seen milk before, what's this!

Gwendolyn pulls out a bottle of lotion from the box.

UPS GUY

That's lotion.

JULIE

Oh really?!

Julie squirts lotion bottle into her mouth ferociously. It's full of milk.

UPS GUY

Oh come on!

HOUSEWIVES

(whispered)

He's got the cream, he's got a dream, he's got the creeeammmmm

SHARICE

Silly Milkman didn't even poke holes in the box!

Music abruptly stops.

SHARICE (CONT'D)

(furious)

Our milk could've died in there!

JULIE

God bless you Milkman. And God Bless the troops.

UPS Guy exits. Music resumes.

HOUSEWIVES

(really manic now)

*The Milkman's coming and he's coming right into town (so creamy, creamy creamy milky)
Yes, the Milkman's coming and his milk is where we're gonna drown (so creamy, creamy creamy milky)
He's got the cream, he is our king, he's the Milkmannnnn*

SHARICE

Well lookey here! Who's that Yankee walkin' down the street like his mama didn't teach him checkers?

GWENDOLYN

Could it be?!

HOUSEWIVES

The Milkman?!

They snap in time to the music. MILKMAN dances manically in through the front door.

MILKMAN

(manic)

Did somebody order some milk?

GWENDOLYN

I think we all did, Milkman!
Haven't you heard the song?

MILKMAN

No!

(singing)

*I'm the milkman and I'm finally
here in town*

HOUSEWIVES

He has cometh, he has he has cometh

MILKMAN

*My milk is so fresh you can
practically taste the cow*

HOUSEWIVES

He has cometh, he has he has cometh

MILKMAN

*It tastes like cow, so drink it
now, I'm the Milkmaannnnnnnn*

Abrupt shift in lighting, mood, and music to a monk-like incantation. Gwendolyn, Sharice, and Julie get on their knees in a triangular formation and Milkman stands amongst them. Grandfather, who is also the MILK PRESIDENT, walks downstage to stand behind Milkman. Housewives and Milkman sing this monk-like incantation.

HOUSEWIVES AND MILKMAN

*And now the president of milk is
coming
It is his right and his duty to
slay the milkman
Milk president is coming
Ammeeennnn, Ammmeeennn, Ammmeeennn*

Milkman outstretches his arm like crucified Jesus. Then, abrupt shift in music to musical theater backing. He delivers this rousing ballad.

MILKMAN

(timid yet hopeful)

*I know, there is only so much I can
offer
And I know, that I can dream big,
and I have*

(MORE)

MILKMAN (CONT'D)

*When I was a boy, I looked up at
the sky, and thought I could touch
it
But now, I know my time has come*

HOUSEWIVES

*(echoing)
His time has come*

MILKMAN

*(more forceful now)
And I know, there is only so much I
can offer
And you know, I have put my whole
heart on the line
And we know, that together we can
change for the better*

EVERYONE

*Together, together
(key change, crescendo)
Together, together
(rousing now)
And we know, there is only so much
we can offer*

GRANDFATHER/MILK PRESIDENT

*(riffing)
Only so mucchhhh.*

EVERYONE

*And we know, that we can dream big
and we have.
But move slow, cause you only live
once and after you'll never look
baaccckkk*

MILKMAN

*(rubato)
After I'll never look back
Good luck with the waaarrrrr*

Milkman holds out last note as he turns to hug and then salute Milk President. During hug, Milk President transfers a bag of milk to Milkman, which Milkman conceals against his chest. He then turns back to the crowd and sings last note falsetto. Milk President slits his throat. Milkman collapses and squeezes the bag of milk out onto the stage so that it looks like his neck is spurting milk instead of blood. Then, everyone is still. Girl walks downstage.

GIRL
(horrificed)
So that's what the 1950's were
like?

GRANDFATHER/MILK PRESIDENT
Yep.

GIRL
But who are all these people?

GRANDFATHER/MILK PRESIDENT
Memories, kid. Nothing but
memories.

END OF MILKMAN

STALLIONS

INT. IMPROV THEATER

An overexcited improv group rushes on stage, clapping and hooting. IMPROVISER 1 and IMPROVISER 2 stand in front.

IMPROVISERS
(all doing exaggerated
wave in unison)
Helllllooooo!

IMPROVISER 1
And welcome to Freeplay, a night of improv comedy. Tonight, all the scenes you're going to see will be 100% improvised. But to get things started, we're going to need a one-word suggestion from you guys, the audience, so feel free to shout out your ideas!

Awkward silence.

IMPROVISER 2
Don't be shy! It can be the first word that comes to your mind.

Awkward silence. After a pause, a MAN wearing a black turtleneck raises hand.

IMPROVISER 1
Yes, you sir! And just for future reference, you don't have to raise your hand. Let's hear it!

MAN
Stallion.

IMPROVISER 1
Great! Now let's just get a few more suggestions to choose from.

Another silence. Man again raises hand.

IMPROVISER 1 (CONT'D)
Great! And again, sir, no need to raise your hand! Feel free to just shout it out.

MAN
(louder)
How about stallion?

IMPROVISER 1
Yep, we got that one. I think we'll try a slightly more specific prompt, just to make sure everyone's getting involved. Can we get a relationship that two people can have?

Awkward silence. Again, after a pause, the man raises his hand.

MAN
Two stallions who are brothers.

IMPROVISER 1
Actually, sir, we're going to need a relationship that two people can have, not animals. So if anyone else has any ideas--

The man raises his hand again.

IMPROVISER 1 (CONT'D)
Yes?

MAN
A brother and a sister who are dressed up as two stallions who are brothers.

IMPROVISER 1
Ah, unfortunately we don't have any costumes.

MAN
Would you like to borrow mine?

IMPROVISER 1
(increasingly frustrated)
Ok, you know what, let's just start fresh. And remember guys, it's really important that everyone shouts out suggestions so we can have a great show. Let's get some ideas for a non-geographical location!

Awkward silence. A woman raises her hand.

IMPROVISER 1 (CONT'D)
Yes! Fantastic! You in the back.

WOMAN
Uh, Nebraska?

IMPROVISER 1
Ok, so that's actually a geographical location. Can we please, please get a non-geographical location?

No one raises their hand again. Silence. Man raises his hand.

IMPROVISER 1 (CONT'D)
Ah fuck.

IMPROVISER 2
(to Improviser 1)
If you don't call on him, he won't--

MAN
A stallion's living chambers.

IMPROVISER 1
Do you mean like a stable?

MAN
(pause, considering)
No.

IMPROVISER 1
Ok you know what, from this half of the audience...
(gestures to half where man is not seated)
...could we please just get a suggestion for an emotion that someone might experience? Any emotion.

Man gets up and forces person in correct half of the audience to switch seats with him. Man sits down and then after getting settled in, raises his hand.

IMPROVISER 1 (CONT'D)
Alright, let me guess: you want to see a scene about whatever emotion stallions experience. Right?

MAN
I was actually going to say joy.

IMPROVISER 1
 (pause, pleasantly
 surprised)
 Oh. Well that's perfect--

MAN
 (slow, methodical)
 The joy of a stallion prancing
 amidst buckwheat, his lustrous hide
 glistening in the resplendent
 Nebraskan sun. But this stallion
 has a secret: he's a killer. Lying
 dead in the field is a golden mare
 who repeatedly spurned his
 advances. Enter Herman and
 McCloskey, the two most cunning
 stallion detectives Norfolk's ever
 seen. I imagine you...
 (gets on stage, starts to
 guide one of the
 improvisers into place)
 ...as Herman, and you as McCloskey.
 No...
 (changes his mind, picks
 new improviser)
 ...you as McCloskey.
 (points to original pick)
 You can be a tendril of buckwheat.
 Now Herman, you say, "Note the
 contusions around her vertebrae."
 Say it.

IMPROVISER 1
 (scared)
 Note the contusions around her
 vertebrae.

MAN
 Good. Now McCloskey, you say,
 "Looks like someone knew how to
 beat a dead horse."

IMPROVISER 2
 (scared)
 Looks like someone knew how to beat
 a dead horse.

MAN
 Nicely done. Ok, now I'm the
 stallion from the buckwheat. Bam,
 bam!

He mimes shooting Improviser 1 with a gun.

MAN (CONT'D)
You're dead, lie down. Lie down!

Improviser 1 lies down. Then, Man mimes shooting Improviser 2 with a gun.

MAN (CONT'D)
You're dead now too, lie down. Lie down next to Herman.

He shoots the rest of the improvisers who aren't in the scene.

MAN (CONT'D)
All of you are dead.

Long silence as he surveys the dead.

MAN (CONT'D)
(southern accent)
You know what they say. Norfolk's always been a one-horse town.

Woman who said "Nebraska" stands up and claps furiously. Man bows. Blackout.

END OF STALLIONS