Transcripts - Forever Dreaming :: 02x03 – Jazzagals - Schitt's Creek

Moira: David! Alexis!

Time to leave for breakfast.

Honestly David, why are you not ready?

David: I'm not going.

How is it that a moth can find its way into a triple locked titanium suitcase?!

Moira: The perils of owning cashmere.

Alexis! Please, dear!

David: Alexis hasn't been here for a week and a half.

She's at Mutt's.

Moira: Well, that's simply not true.

I had breakfast with her just yesterday.

David: That was me!

Moira: We had a lengthy conversation about hosiery and menopause.

David: Again, that was me.

(Birds chirp)

Customer: Hello? Anyone here?

Oh, hey.

Could I get you to take a quick look at my muffler?

Johnny: Oh, I'm - I'm sorry, I don't work here.

Customer: Oh, that's... 'cause you're behind the desk, and everything.

Johnny: Oh yeah, no, I mean I work here, but I don't actually work here... in the garage.

I mean, I am working, here in the garage, but I don't work for the garage. I'm...

Customer: So you don't know anything about mufflers?

'cause I think it's just a loose connection on the bottom.

Johnny: Yeah, Bob will be back in a minute, and I think that's your best bet, Just you know, 'cause he comes and goes, and...

Customer: Okay, well, maybe I'll just... go to another garage.

Johnny: Yeah, yeah. Well, sorry, I uh, couldn't help.

(Laughs)

Bob: Hey Johnny, I just went out and got me a muffin.

Johnny: Bob, a customer was just in here, and he was saying he had a problem with a muffler.

Bob: Oh yeah? What uh, what'd it end up being?

Johnny: Well, I don't know, I didn't go out and look!

Bob: Oh?

Johnny: I'm not a mechanic!

Bob: Well, I don't expect you to know everything, but you know, if a client of yours came in here, I'd certainly talk to them.

Johnny: Well, I hope you wouldn't.

Bob: Well, not that I have to worry, I know you're a little low on clients.

Johnny: That's because I'm building a business, Bob.

And right now I'm in strategy mode, looking for opportunities, and eventually I will implement a plan.

Bob: Well, if you feel like uh, you might like to implement a muffler, be my guest.

Because I can't afford to lose any customers right now, Johnny, Especially ah, when I'm giving away free office space.

(Birds chirp)

David: Question.

The cedar planks out behind the motel, are they being used for something, or are they up for grabs?

Stevie: How do you know it's cedar?

David: Um, I bought a cologne once, in Japan, that's supposed to smell like the aftermath of a car crashing into a cedar tree.

Stevie: Why would anyone wanna smell like that? (RHETORICAL: Stevie is saying the cologne sounds strange/bad.)

David: Hmm?

Stevie: You know what?

Never mind, the cedar is yours.

David: Thank you so much.

Stevie: Um, If I may, what are you planning on doing with a pile of wood?

David: Oh. Um...

A family of moths seem to have mistaken my cashmere sweaters for an Atlantic City all-you-can-eat buffet. (SARCASTIC: David is hyperbolizing and satirizing the moths eating his sweaters.)

And I plan on putting a stop to that.

So I'm building a cedar chest for my knits.

Stevie: You're planning on building a cedar chest?

David: That's correct.

Stevie: You are. (SARCASTIC: Stevie is pointing out how uncharacteristic it would be for David to do woodworking.)

You're gonna build it? (RHETORICAL: Stevie is expressing her incredulity.)

David: It's a box!

So you're just nailing some planks of wood together.

Anyway, if you've seen the state of my sweaters, you'd know that I have very little choice in the matter.

So thank you.

Stevie: Okay well, don't let me stand in the way of your handiwork!

David: Mhmm.

Stevie: May the force be with you.

David: Thank you so much. Thank you, genuinely. Honestly, you're so great. (SARCASTIC: David is firing back at Stevie for doubting him.)

(Door slams)

(Women laugh loudly)

Moira: Oh, Twyla...

(Women laugh and chatter)

Moira: Twyla!

(Shouts) Twyla!

Twyla: Uh, be right there, Mrs. Rose.

Jocelyn: Hi, Moira!

Moira: Hello, everyone.

Ronnie: Hey.

Twyla: I'll see you guys later.

Ronnie: Yeah, see you at two.

Twyla: Yeah.

Sorry about that, I wasn’t sure whether you were waiting for your family, or a friend...

Moira: No, just an intimate breakfast, nothing special, no big ladies' bruncheon for me.

Twyla: Ladies' bruncheon?

Moira: Well, whatever that was. A gathering of the girls, I...

Twyla: Oh, you mean the Jazzagals.

Moira: I do?

Twyla: Yeah, the Jazzagals is our singing group.

Moira: A singing group? What fun.

Twyla: Yeah, Jocelyn started it a few years ago, and it's been great.

We even went to New York once.

Moira: Oh, a trip to the big city. How grand! (SARCASTIC: Moira is being condescending.)

Twyla: Let me guess, a bucket of shrimp in Times Square, followed by a Lion King matinee!

No, actually, we performed in Central Park.

Moira: C-Central Park? Really?

Twyla: Yeah! For the Little Towns, Big Voices Festival.

Moira: You do realize I am a professional vocalist.

Twyla: Oh, really?

I thought you were in like, a soap opera.

Moira: Oh, I didn't know you were a fan, thank you!

My roots are in the theater.

Especially musicals. Anything Andy Webber!

Twyla: Wow! So did you record an album?

Moira: Oh, yes, you'll find me on ensemble tracks seven, nine, and thirteen of the original cast recording of Starlight...

Starlight Express.

Twyla: Well, then you should definitely talk to Jocelyn!

She would love to have you in the group.

Moira: Or perhaps Jocelyn should speak to me.

Twyla: Yeah. Menu?

Moira: Yes please, I'm still not quite off book.

David: Aaah!

(Knocking) Uh huh?

Mutt: Uh, hey, I just came by for Alexis, she wanted me to grab some uh...

Cute looks for...

David: Cute looks for the barn?

Mutt: Yeah.

David: Yeah, in the closet.

Mutt: Everything okay?

David: Yeah, I'm just um...

I'm just doing some measurements, I'm measuring something, so.

Mutt: Why don't you use a measuring tape?

David: Ah, because we don't have one.

Mutt: Did you ask Stevie if maybe the motel has one?

David: Um... yeah, I haven't got... I hadn't thought of... I didn't think of that.

Mutt: So what are you measuring, exactly?

David: Um... It's a really tragic story, involving some damaged luxury cashmere.

And so I am building a cedar chest for my sweaters.

So I'm just measuring how big to make the chest.

Mutt: Well, I've built a chest before.

David: Yeah?

Mutt: And I have some time, um...

Do you want some help?

David: You know what? That could be good.

Mutt: Well, how far along are you?

David: Um, I'm this far.

(Door clicks)

Moira: I can't come in, But I do have some good news.

Jocelyn: That's great.

What's your news?

Moira: (Laughs) Well, a little bird chirped in my ear about your singing group.

Jocelyn: Oh, you mean the Jazzagals.

Moira: Yes, at first I wondered aloud why would a competitive vocal group not reach out to a trained chanteuse?

Jocelyn: Oh, we're just a group of gals.

Moira: Exactly, that's the answer.

Small minds don't reach for the stars.

No more! Not on my watch.

Jocelyn, I am here!

Jocelyn: You wanna audition for the Jazzagals?

Moira: Au-Audition!

Uh, though I'm sure you mean no offense, in the actual world of entertainment, I'm what's known as, offer only.

Jocelyn: Moira, I know you're a great singer, everybody has to audition, and I can't have you not audition, it would open up a whole can of worms, I mean, even Gwen had to audition, and she was in a regional production of Annie.

Moira: Who hasn't been?

Jocelyn: Listen, we would love to have you, you think about it.

Moira: Okay...

(Car rumbles)

(Horn honks)

Johnny: Bob? You've got a customer!

(Horn honks)

Johnny: Bob!

Yeah, the owner's just stepped out, uh, but, maybe... I can help you?

(Birds chirp)

David: Hey.

Stevie: Has Paul Bunion finished his box? (SARCASTIC: Stevie is calling David “Paul Bunion” to make fun of his woodworking endeavor.)

David: Who?

I'm going to need some things for the chest.

Stevie: Like the number for a carpenter? (RHETORICAL: Stevie is once again taking a dig at David since she doesn’t believe he can make the box.)

David: Like, a work bench, a miter saw, two bar clamps, and some dowels.

Stevie: Okay... do you know how to use a miter saw?

David: Um, no. Mutt is out back, and he's asked me to get these things for him.

Um, we're building the chest together. So...

Stevie: Wow, this whole thing just got a lot weirder.

There's a tool shed out back, the other side of the motel.

David: Okay.

Stevie: Will you be requiring a tool box?

David: Maybe?

Um, let's go with yes, just to be safe.

Stevie: Will you be needing your basic toolbox, or your cedar chest tool box? (SARCASTIC: There is no cedar chest tool box.)

David: Obviously the cedar chest tool box!

Stevie: (Laughs) Oh, that's in the shed.

Stevie: It's a big wooden box, with the words, tools to make a cedar chest carved into the side of it, so it's really clear... (SARCASTIC: There is no cedar chest tool box.)

David: Okay, I'm assuming you're kidding.

Um...

But in the off chance that you're not, where in the shed would I find that box?

You're kidding.

(Stevie snickers)

Jazzagals: And she did what she had to do

She called every angel

Nah nah nah nah nah nah nah nah

To rearrange the stars

So that each and every woman

Could find the perfect guy

Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga

Oh, it's raining men!

Yes!

Moira: Bravo! Bravo! (Clapping)

Jocelyn: Moira!

Moira: Hello, you.

Jazzagals: Hi!

Moira: Sorry for interrupting.

I just-I just thought I'd stop by, I was in the neighborhood.

Maybe I should showcase my talents, I thought, for the group.

Jocelyn: Oh, that's great.

Moira: Great, you can call it an audition if you must, or an impromptu performance, or perhaps An Evening with...

Jocelyn: That all sounds amazing.

We're just finishing up a rehearsal, we just have to work out a couple of rough spots in Lena's solo, and then you can have the floor.

Moira: I'll wait, far be it for me to get in the way of you making any necessary improvements.

Jocelyn: Okay, so we're almost there, let's just work out some of those little rough spots.

Okay?

Lena: Okay.

Jocelyn: So let's take it from... For tonight, for the first time.

Lena: Okay. Okay, okay.

'Cause tonight for the first time

Just about half past ten

For the first time...

Bob: Hey, Johnny. Keepin' busy, or uh... hardly workin'?

Johnny: Well, first of all Bob, that's not the expression.

Um, take a seat.

If I may, an observation? (RHETORICAL: Johnny was going to say his piece regardless.)

To run a business, you have to be here to run the business.

You have to be here to deal with your clients.

That's what I've been doing all afternoon.

Bob: You got some clients, that's great news!

Johnny: No, I was dealing with your customers!

Bob: Well, thank you, Johnny, That's a refreshing change of attitude.

Johnny: Bob, you're never here!

And while you were gone, I helped a customer fill his tire with air, I helped an elderly woman add oil to her car, and I sold the '93 Buick for $350 dollars.

You've got to be here to run your business!

Bob: Whoa, you have been busy!

Listen, uh... tell me just a little more about selling that Buick.

Johnny: Well, it's a funny story.

This guy came in supposedly for directions.

Okay, but anyone with a background in sales could see how he was eyeballing that Buick.

So I slow play it.

I pretend I don't notice.

And then he sort of mentions the Buick.

So I hem and haw, textbook stuff, I tell him, you know, oh, there's a lot of interest in that particular vehicle.

You know, I'm playing the guy like a bow fiddle.

Then he finally admits this is the kind of car that he's been looking for.

Oh, really? Says I.

That's when I go in for the kill.

Long story short, he forks over $350 dollars cash.

And you're welcome.

Certain instincts you just don't lose.

It's like riding a bike.

Bob: Well, funny you should use that expression.

Because Dick Sinson is gonna be riding his bike until we can get his car back for him!

Johnny: Who's Dick Simpson?

Bob: I couldn't tell 'ya.

But Dick Sinson is the fella whose car you just sold.

He brought it in for a brake job.

I don't recall him wanting to sell it.

Johnny: Oh.

Bob: Oh, poor Dick.

He loved that car.

It was a gift from the church.

He and his family hit on some hard times, and uh...

Johnny: Yeah, you know what, Bob?

I'll tell 'ya, I will call Mr. Stinson, and apologize.

Bob: Well, you can apologize to Mr. Stinson until the cows come home, but I don't see how that is gonna help Dick Sinson!

Johnny: I'll fix it, Bob!

Bob: Here's hopin'.

Johnny: Ridiculous name!

Sin-Sinson... Sinson!

Dick Sin-Sinson!

(Rasps)

Mutt: Ahh... we just need to wait for the glue to dry, it shouldn't take too long.

David: This is really nice of you.

Thank you very much.

Mutt: Yeah, well, I can't not jump in and help when I see someone doin' something wrong.

David: Was it wrong, or was it just unconventional?

Mutt: No, it was wrong.

David: Okay, well, I'm not gonna argue with you, 'cause I need you to keep working, we're in too deep.

Uh, does Alexis know about this?

Mutt: Yeah... definitely.

But can I tell you something?

But you gotta promise not to tell Alexis.

David: Okay, um... If you're experiencing feelings for me, Like, I totally get it.

And normally I'd be into it, I've just been down this road before, and it's-it's messy.

Mutt: No, it's about Alexis.

David: I see, okay.

Um, well, you know, uh... what is it?

Mutt: She slept over like a week and a half ago, and she hasn't left.

David: Uh huh.

I mean, don't get me wrong, I love having her there at night, if you know what I mean.

David: Yeah, I do, yeah.

Mutt: It's just the days, they've gotten a bit um...

David: Suffocating?

Mutt: I just think that a little space is a healthy thing.

David: Mhmm, it is, totally.

I mean, I've been enjoying it a lot, so.

Mutt: And I live alone, and now someone is there all the time.

Which is great.

David: Uh huh.

Mutt: But just not every day.

And I just... don't know what to say.

David: Well, she sort of fades into the background after a while, you know, like a smoke alarm. (SARCASTIC: )

Mutt: Are you just saying that because you don't want her to move back here?

David: Yes, I am!

You just take some time, you know?

Carve out some time in a day to just escape.

You know, do what you wanna do.

It's the only thing that'll keep you sane.

Because no, you can't mention any of this to her, she'd lose her (bleep) mind.

Mutt: Yeah...

Lena: It's raining men

Every specimen...

Jocelyn: Yeah, almost there!

Lena: Okay.

Really good though, yeah.

Okay Moira, you're up.

Moira: I just noticed the time, wow.

And you're all very busy, so why don't we reschedule this for two weeks from now, when you're all more prepared.

Jocelyn: Oh no, we were done early, we got plenty of time.

Moira: Thank you, but I think I'm fighting a little bug.

Jocelyn: Come on Moira, audition!

Lena: I would love to learn from a professional singer.

Moira: Really?

Ronnie: Or we could just all go home early.

Jocelyn: Come on, Moira!

Moi-ra! Moi-ra!

Moira: Stop!

All: Moi-ra! Moi-ra! Moi-ra! Moi-ra!

Moira: That's cruel!

(All cheering and clapping)

Moira: Well, I can't say no to anyone!

(Clears throat)

(Rattles)

Moira: Someone held me all night long

It should've been you

Someone's arms were big and strong

It's should've been you

It's-I-a wah!

I warned you I was lonely

But you didn't seem to care No no no

That you could've been do do

But you... dah dah heed a woman's tears...

Woo Doo

(Scatting)

(Scatting)

Someone loved me all night long

It should have been should've been you!

You!

Moira: That's the end.

(Applause)

Jocelyn: Oh, that was... different.

Moira: Thank you.

Well, thank you, I'll leave you to discuss.

(Giggles)

(Suitcase rattles)

(Alexis grunts)

(Door slams)

David: What's going on?

Alexis: Um, I'm gonna sleep here tonight.

David: Oh, is everything okay?

Alexis: Yeah, why wouldn't it be?

David: Well, it's just that you've been spending a lot of time at Mutt's.

Alexis: Yeah, I know, and I actually had to talk to him about that.

David: Oh, you did?

Alexis: Yeah.

David: Yeah.

Alexis: Um, like, he brought all my stuff back, and I was like, this is great, but then at the same time I was just kinda like, I feel like I need my space right now.

David: Yeah, and that's something that you said to him. (SARCASTIC: David knows that it was actually Mutt who told Alexis that.)

Alexis: Yeah, yeah, yeah, we were chatting, and I was just like, I feel like I need to spend a few days back at the motel.

David: Yeah...

That's-again, that's... You said that?

Alexis: Yeah, that's what we were talking about.

David: Oh, okay. Um... and how did he take that?

Alexis: Um, well, I mean, I was kinda worried about telling him.

David: I'm sure. Uh huh. (SARCASTIC: David knows Alexis is lying.)

Alexis: Because I didn't want...

I didn't wanna hurt him, and I didn't want him to worry, like, oh my God, is he breaking up with me?

Is she breaking up with me?

David: Right, yeah, 'cause we wouldn't want him... to worry about that. (SARCASTIC: David knows Alexis is lying.)

Alexis: Yeah, exactly.

David: Mhmm.

Alexis: So... but I'm really glad that I told him, and he took it really, really well.

So...

David: That's excellent.

Alexis: Yep.

That's a cute little wood thing, David.

David: Thank you, I made it.

Moira: It did seem like a few of them might've had some training, but what I bring is a certain sophistication, improvisation, showmanship!

Johnny: I'm sure you wowed them, honey.

Moira: Oh John, there were definitely lots of surprised looks.

Johnny: Well, they've probably never heard the real deal.

Moira: I suppose!

Oh John, it felt so good to be working the old muscles again!

Riding the melody, bending the notes!

Johnny: Well, they must've enjoyed it sweetheart, if they asked you to join.

Moira: Mm! I know!

I only wish you could've been there, John.

It would've been so nice to have you to sing to.

Johnny: Well, I'm sorry I missed it.

(Sighs)

(Moira sighs happily)

Moira: In your dreams I'll soon caress your...

Mmpph mmpph...

In your dreams I'll huzzle lovingly

Johnny: Sweetheart.

Boncha boom da da

Between you and... me

Johnny: Honey?

I was older darling dream with me