

Plumb the Depths

A Connoon Short

By Mark Noonan and Robert Connolly

Mark Noonan  
841 Broadway, 4<sup>th</sup> floor  
NY, NY 10003  
[menoons@gmail.com](mailto:menoons@gmail.com)  
646-290-0197

## Characters:

**Pat:** Early to Mid 30's. Been a plumber for over ten years. Takes it way too seriously. Thinks he is some sort of Navy Seal/Brain Surgeon/Ladies Man. He is good at his job but has lost the ability to have a personality outside of it. He is extremely lonely and terrible around women. He envies everything about Trey but would never show it.

**Trey:** Early 20's. Not much of a personality but an overall nice guy. He has movie star good-looks. He moved to Hollywood and needed a job and his Cousin is a plumber with the same company and got him the gig as Pat's apprentice.

**Dispatch:** a middle-aged Woman named Sue. She is no longer amused by Pat's Swat Team-like attitude toward plumbing and their exchanges over the radio. In fact, she's over everything about this job.

**Housewife:** 40's. Used to be a looker, now a bit over the hill.

**Actress:** 20's. Hot. Trying to make it in Hollywood.

**Agent:** Male. 40's. Professional, all business.

**Old Lady:** 90's. Frail, hard of hearing, but a little frisky.

## For a Trailer:

We show various shots from this short film with the following voiceover narration by Pat:

Pat  
(voiceover)

Sure, I have been in dangerous situations. I've had my back against the wall a few times. People would have gone without water for days if it wasn't for me. Civilization exists because of me. I am not a technician. I am a surgeon. I diagnose and operate on problems. That is why I make the big bucks. It ain't easy. But somebody's gotta do it. Not everyone has the stomach for it. Somebody's gotta be out there keeping things flowing. Otherwise...Well...Without me? We'd all just be covered in shit.

The Short Film:

Fade in:

Ext. Music: (something like "The Masters Theme" plays but not that) as we see very early morning springtime in Santa Monica. A montage of shots: people walking their dog, young and old people running along the boardwalk, surfers in the water, professionals leaving their houses and getting into their cars to go to work, some getting on the bus, some walking, stores opening, people reading the paper, etc. We do not see any of the typical L.A. congestion: it is a nice calm, serene morning. No one looks upset, tired, or stressed, it is just a beautiful day in lovely Santa Monica. Toward the end of the montage the camera focuses on a plumbing van driving through a residential section of the city and we realize we have seen it a few times before during this montage (it should never be the main shot previous to this but should be in the background in some scene: driving by, parked at a 7-11, at a gas pump, etc)

Camera shifts perspectives at a traffic light and goes into the plumbing van and we see Trey driving and Pat sitting shotgun. Trey sits straight up with both hands on the wheel. He is the epitome of professionalism. Ironed shirt, tucked in, impeccable hair and presentation. Pat lounges in the passenger seat like it is a lazy boy chair. His shirt is un-tucked and only half buttoned up.

Trey has a smoothie in the cup holder and Pat has a large McDonald's bag in his lap, which contains 4 Egg McMuffins and 2 hash browns. The largest iced coffee possible sits in his cup holder. Pat inhales the food during this exchange. We pick it up mid-conversation.

Pat

Women go to Sin City for one reason: to have their fantasies fulfilled. They want to experience something that is unique, special, magical--(a bite of Egg McMuffin gets stuck down the wrong pipe which leads to a fast and short coughing fit to clear the impediment)

Trey

You all right, Pat?

Pat

(The coughing stopped, he takes a long dainty sip of iced coffee through the straw. Then he lets out a refreshed and satisfied, "Ah". Then he continues as if nothing happened)

This is where I come in. (He wipes some dribbled iced coffee off of his chin onto his shoulder) Now this is the line for Vegas. You look them straight in the eye and you say: "How 'bout You and Me go back to my Room and get Prehistoric?"

Trey

(thinks, then:)

What does that mean?

Pat

It doesn't matter. Curiosity has been born. They have never had a guy say that to them before and it piques their interest. So now, they're in Vegas, they're buzzed, and you just offered to get "Prehistoric"! Sounds pretty exciting to me. Sounds like an Adventure. Right? You know what I mean? (Pat cackles)

Trey

(humoring him)

Yeah. It sounds cool.

Pat

Prehistoric!

Trey

Totally. But couldn't you just say, "Hey, my name is Trey. What's your--"

Trey is interrupted by Dispatch calling in on the walkie-talkie phone that is in the center console of the van. Dispatch is the voice of a large middle-aged Woman named Sue who is so bored with this job that she actually daydreams about joining a travelling circus and wonders if they still exist.

Dispatch

612 come back.

Pat nods for Trey to answer it. Camera then stays on Trey for this exchange.

Trey

612, go ahead.

Dispatch

Ok, guys, your first call has cancelled but I got another anxious one over in Pacific Palisades. I am beeping Pat with the info right now.

Pat consults his beeper.

Trey

10-4 Dispatch. We are in route.

Trey makes a slow and steady U turn and heads in the opposite direction. Trey stops the Van at a red light. After a couple of silent moments waiting, Trey glances over at Pat. He does a double-take. Then the camera follows Trey's gaze as he slowly takes in Pat for the first time since the call from dispatch came in. Pat is now wearing cut-off gloves, his shirt is neatly buttoned up, dark wraparound sunglasses cover his eyes, and he sports a bandana on his head. Pat slowly turns and looks at Trey. Trey is worried and surprised. Pat reaches up and slowly takes off his sunglasses.

Pat

(his tone has shifted to a deep whisper)

What are you waiting for?

Trey

(points)

It's still red.

Pat's face scrunches up with anger and tension. It gets tighter and tighter and tighter, all of his emotion wrapped up in this red light turning green. His face is turning bright red. Goddamn it, he can't wait. He looks like he is about to pop. He wants it to switch so bad...Finally the light changes to green. And Pat screams. This scares the

hell of of Trey so he starts screaming too. They both scream. The car behind them lays on its horn.

Pat  
(screams)  
PUNCH IT!!

Trey's foot floors it. Music: (something hard and rockin' kicks in, like The Who, but not that) The van peels out, smoke burning from the tires. Pat's window rolls down and his hand reaches up and places a red light atop their van, like a police siren light. The Van makes a fast right hand turn thru an intersection: the red light shines and Pat hangs out the passenger window as the screen Freezes and the title appears:

### Plumb the Depths

The rest of the opening Titles roll during the next montage of cuts as our heroes race to the scene.

They are driving way too fast. Pat starts out emulating the sound of a police siren because they don't have one. After that wears him out, Pat eggs Trey on, yelling at him "Let's Move!" "Faster, faster!", "C'mon, you drive like my Aunt Margaret" etc. Pat is also yelling out the window for motorists and pedestrians to get the hell out of the way. Trey yells to apologize to someone he just cut off, and then drives down an alley and crashes through some trash cans. Then: a static shot of the Van stopped at a crosswalk as a group of smiling goofy kindergarteners in a long line holding hands crosses in front of them with a teacher posted at each side of the street. Trey smiles and waves to the kids. Pat sulks impatiently. Cut to: two college girls start to cross the street and then jump back. The Van slides/skids around a corner and Pat blows the two girls a kiss. The Van swings wildly up on a curb, then back into the suburban street, and runs over a skateboard. 3 Kids' heads pop up and freeze on the sidewalk. A Mother watering flowers on her front lawn yells: "Slow the fuck Down!" Pat yells back: "Take it up with the Mayor! I've got a Job to Do!" The Van disappears down the leafy suburban street. Finally, the Van screeches to a stop in front of a small quaint house.

Pat  
(consulting his stopwatch)

Not bad. But don't be afraid. Don't ever be afraid. We have to get to where we have to get...to. And people that don't understand that or choose to impede us (he stares at Trey)...Fuck 'em.

Pat pops open the passenger door and gets out, leaving Trey to digest Pat's words of wisdom. They pull their tools out from the back of the Van. Trey has a toolbox and Pat is now wearing what looks a lot like a bullet-proof vest/gun holster with various pockets that are filled with screwdrivers, flashlights, duct tape, wrenches, a bald eagle feather, etc. He also has a Nextel-type walkie-talkie phone that he has clipped to his belt with a cord coming up to his shoulder with the microphone just like the ones the cops have.

Pat  
(into his shoulder walkie-talkie)  
Tango Bravo, this is 612. We have reached the objective and are proceeding with caution.

Dispatch  
(hears this every day and is way over it)  
Okay, Pat. Great.

Pat and Trey move up the front walk. Pat makes Trey lug all the equipment.

Pat  
Ok, Trey, what are the three rules?

Trey  
L.A.A. Listen, Analyze, Act

Pat  
Laaaaaaaaaaaa. Say it with me. Laaaaaaaaaaaa.

Trey  
Laaaaaaaaaaaa.

Pat & Trey  
Laaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.

Pat

Good.

They have reached the front door. Pat knocks.

Pat

Remain calm. Follow my lead. Laaaaaaaaa--

A hysterical Housewife in her mid-40's opens the door.

Pat

Hello, ma'am--

Housewife

(been crying for hours, tears, running mascara, snot, etc)  
My wedding ring went down the kitchen sink! It just came  
right off. What am I going to do? My husband--Oh my god, if  
he finds out--what am I going to do?

Pat takes charge and enters the house all business. He  
marches straight back to the kitchen, leading the group as  
he comforts the distraught Housewife.

Pat

It's ok, this sort of thing happens all the time. You're  
gonna be okay. You shut the water off right after it  
happened, right?

Housewife

Yes.

Pat

Ok, great. See, that's great. We're already in Wonderful  
Shape. You know why? 'Cause you're a smart lady. There, I  
said it. You're smart. Ma'am, this is my apprentice, Trey,  
he will be helping me today.

Trey gives her a big smile and she stops crying  
immediately.



Trey

Hello.

Housewife

Hi.

Pat stops at the sink. He takes in a long sniff. He cracks his knuckles. And then he lets his breath out slowly. Next, he closes his eyes and brings his hands together near his heart in a meditative stance and lets out a loud "Ommm" which goes on for a little while until he nods his head and stops, as if he has realized something. Refreshed and centered, he opens his eyes, turns to the others (looking into the camera) and says: "Precious is still with us."

Trey and the Housewife look at each other confused.

Cut to: Pat on his knees in front of the sink cabinet.

Pat

Ok. Trey, hand me a towel, the large channel locks, the small bowl, and some latex gloves.

Pat opens the cabinet and removes items from under the sink. He narrates as he goes:

Pat

One bottle of Windex. One bottle of Lysol. One box of Glad bags. Two sponges. One scouring pad. One adorable cat. One box of dryer sheets. One bottle of Fantastic. Three copies of National Geographic from 1988. One flashlight. One bottle of Cascade. Two rags, white. One copy of Hootie & The Blowfish's Cracked Rear View. One disengaged mouse trap-

Cut to: Pat finished removing all the items (which are stacked neatly beside him) and ready to commence work.

Pat

So, Trey, the first thing is to lay this towel and bowl under the trap. Prep the scene. Laaaaaaaaaaaaaa...

Trey

Okay.

Pat continues to explain and Trey responds in agreement to show that he is listening.

Pat

So this is the tricky part that most young players forget. You have to brace the piping with your other hand so not to break it. (Trey: "K") Place the channel locks on the nut and slowly turn counter clockwise. (Trey: "Yeah") Then...wow, this is really on here. (He tries...and tries and tries. Then finally,) Aghhhhhhh!!!! Whew. (Pat wipes his brow) Trey, hand me the pipe wrench, would ya...(pause)Trey, the pipe wrench...Trey...Trey? Trey!

Pat inches out from under the sink and sees that there is no one in the kitchen with him.

Pat

What the...(pause, looks around) That fuckin' kid... Trey!?!...

Pat is annoyed and gets up to look around the house. He makes his way through a living room and into a hallway. He hears murmurs and starts toward a closed door but freezes when he is about to open it. He hears the housewife giggle and say something playful like "You're bad" Maybe Trey responds "No, you're bad". Camera zooms in on Pat's face and we see: anger/disappointment/jealousy/embarrassment. He pauses, he starts to walk away, then walks back, puts his hand up to knock and then stops himself. He has no idea what to do. We see the uncertainty on his face. He is quite a pathetic loser. He takes a deep breath.

Pat

(backing away, makes sure he's out of earshot)  
(Toward the bedroom door)

Okay, Trey. You do what you're doing. Take care of that. Good job. I'll handle...(he thumb-motions towards the kitchen and then sheepishly walks away)

Cut to:

Int. Inside of the Van. Pat sits in the passenger seat waiting, he messes with the radio like a petulant child

would. Trey exits the house, waves to the Housewife as he jogs up to the van. The Housewife smiles and waves back with her left hand and then notices that her wedding ring is missing—she furtively glances around to make sure no neighbors saw her waving—and then she quickly goes back inside and closes her front door. Trey gets into the Van. He's all happy-go-lucky attitude. Pat is staring straight ahead and is super serious but in a put-off teenager way.

Trey

Hey, did you get the sink—

Pat

Yes.

Cut to: a quick shot of the wedding ring on the kitchen counter. The Housewife slips it onto her finger.

Cut to: Back inside the van. Pat and Trey sit in silence.

Trey

You know, I would have helped you out, I just—

Pat

It's fine.

Silence.

Trey

What do we do now—

Pat

It's lunchtime. We eat.

Trey

Great. I'm starving.

A long put-off sigh from Pat.

Cut to:

Int. Sandwich Shop. Pat and Trey sit at a table in the center of the place. Pat has resumed his confident state of mind and is nodding to anyone that looks at him. He is holding court.

Pat

I love when a woman plays hard to get. I mean, not too hard, but a little hard, you know?

Pat laughs at his own comment, a bit too loud. Trey laughs along to humor him. Pat is also looking around the sandwich shop for anyone else to make eye contact with him. Somebody he can smile and nod to. But everyone avoids him.

Pat

But yeah, this job is crazy. It's a wild ride. Something about the uniform. Commands respect.

Trey

Are the fingerless gloves necessary-

Trey is interrupted by Pat's walkie-talkie beeping.

Pat

Pshhh! (shushes him like Cesar Millan) (answering walkie-talkie) Tango Bravo this is 612. (looks to his right and left) Line secure. Go ahead.

Dispatch

Job over in Hollywood, beeping you now.

Pat

Eagle Force 612...We are on our way...(To Trey) Let's go, Robin.

Trey

Robin?

Pat

I'm Batman. (he turns on a dime, addresses the entire sandwich shop. Everyone in the place is avoiding eye contact with him) We gotta Go. Gonna go Save a House. Some American citizens are in trouble. It could get messy. Could get mean. Could get ugly. We don't make it back...You know what to do...(he exits dramatically)

Trey  
(trying to explain)  
We're plumbers.

And then Trey leaves too.

Cut to:

Ext. Pat and Trey walking up to an Apartment Building and then through a hallway to the get to the Apartment. Pat explains what is about to go down.

Pat

T-Bone, listen up, I will be the Big Dawg here. I run the show. You back me up. We show no fear.

Trey

Okay.

Pat

You let me do all the talking. Control the situation.

Trey

Of course, it's all yours.

Pat

Now ring the doorbell. And be a sponge. (Trey rings the doorbell, they wait) Not literally. I mean, we're plumbers. But take in all of my advice...for future...Grasshopper...You are wise!

The door opens and it is your typical blonde stupid young Actress type.

Cut to:

Actress leading Pat and Trey thru her apartment to the bathroom.

Pat

Ma'am, (looks at his beeper) it seems you're having a bit of trouble with your Komode?

The Actress gives him a confused look.

Pat

Your toilet?

Actress

Yeah. It's right here. (she points)

Pat

Okay. Excellent. A basic Number Two. Trey, you're up.

Trey enters the bathroom to get to work. As he passes, he and the Actress exchange a friendly little smile. Pat and the Actress stay outside. Pat slowly closes the bathroom door but not quite all the way. Then Pat attempts small talk. It is awkward. He thinks she is hot and she knows it.

Pat

So, are you having a good day? I am. We are. Well, a busy one. I mean it's a busy day, for us. Today. Most days are.

Actress

(trying to be polite)

That's good.

Silence except for Trey clamoring around in the background, he has no idea what he is doing.

Pat

He's my apprentice. I'm a licensed plumber. Been doing this for oh, about uh...ten years...

Actress

(uncomfortable smile)  
That's nice.

Pat

Yeah...

More bizarre noises coming from inside the bathroom and  
Trey.

Trey  
(offscreen)  
Sonofabeesting!

Pat

That's some clog, eh?

Actress

Yeah.

Pat

You have a boyfriend?

Actress

Uh, no.

Pat

So that was your shit. I mean you took the shit. Your poop?  
You pooped.

Actress

Yeah.

Pat  
(nods his head)  
Impressive.

The Actress rolls her eyes and gives a look that says,  
"What a weirdo."

Pat

(attempting a joke)

You know what they say. You gotta take your time when pooping...(Awkward, he lets the punchline hang a little too long) You can't rush that shit.

More silence. The Actress is highly uncomfortable and trying to avoid eye contact with Pat. She messes with her Iphone. Trey is still all over the place in the bathroom - sounds of him plopping around, clattering against the toilet, etc.

Trey  
(angry)  
Now what is That!?

Pat  
(looking around)  
I've been here before.

Actress  
(uncomfortable)  
Excuse me?

Pat

I mean in the building. Not "here". The building. The mainline was full of dirty diapers. Nasty stuff. The smell of Lysol and shit at two o'clock in the morning, let me tell you--

Pat is interrupted by a loud Crash from inside the bathroom.

Pat

Jesus. (to Actress) Pardon me. (Actress ignores him, Pat enters the bathroom) Take a break young one. Allow The Master to show you the way...

Trey  
(worn out, wipes his sweaty brow)  
All right.

Actress  
(to Trey)  
You want something to drink?



Trey

Sure. Thanks.

Cut to: inside the bathroom, the back of Pat's head as he works.

Pat

You want to take the toilet auger and ease it in at the bottom as not to scratch the bowl, then you want to push the snake through and twist and slide in a circular fashion to provide friction. It's about getting the feel for it. I sometimes close my eyes and imagine the snake is part of me, making its way into a deep, deep tunnel. A tight deep tunnel. (Pat is lost in the moment. Pat yanks on the auger.

Water and "crap" come out of the bowl and gets on Pat's leg) Aww, shit...Ok, Trey. We. Are. Almost...There! That should do it. (sound of toilet flushing)

Pat pulls the toilet auger out and there is a softball-sized ball of dental floss at the end of it. He turns his head around and looks outside the bathroom to the Living Room which is in his direct sightline. Pat squints. Is that the back of Trey's head? Pat gets up and walks to the bathroom door to get a better look and he sees indeed Trey is sitting on the couch, then the actress comes into view and we can see she straddles Trey riding him.

Pat's face once again shows anger/disappointment/jealousy/embarrassment. The Actress sees Pat looking at them and gives him an innocent smile with a big thumbs up which embarrasses the hell out of Pat so he dives into the bathtub. The Actress and Trey make out. Pat winces in pain as he is splayed out in the bathtub, having landed hard and awkwardly on his back.

Pat

(whisper anger)

Oh, my back.

Pat tries to get up but then a loofah falls and hits him in the face. He falls back into the bathtub.

Cut to:

Ext. 3 pm. Pat drives the Van looking straight ahead, he glances over at Trey who is sleeping with his head against the passenger window. Pat looks center again and then slams

on the breaks - Trey jerks forward into his seat belt and wakes up.

Trey

Whoa. Hey. What happened? You all right?

Pat

Yeah. Fine. It was a deer.

Trey looks around and sees they are Downtown, concrete and glass as far as the eye can see.

Trey

Here?

Pat

(defensive)

It was a deer.

Pat continues to look straight ahead and drives, Trey stares at him, concerned and confused.

Cut to:

Int. Burger Joint parking lot. Pat and Trey are sitting on a cement wall next to the van, Trey has a burger and onion rings and Pat has a tall boy can of beer in a brown bag. Pat is giving Trey the silent treatment, which is hugely immature. Long silence.

Trey

Did I do something wrong?

Pat

Nope.

Trey

Are you mad at me?

Pat

Un un.

Trey

Do you want an onion ring?

Pause. Silence.

Pat

Okay.

Pat reaches over and takes a full handful of onion rings leaving only two pieces (one big, one small) for Trey. Trey looks at Pat very confused.

Cut to:

Ext. Pat and Trey are walking up to a nice, upscale house. Pat does not have his gloves, sunglasses, or bandana on, his shirt is unbuttoned showing his wife-beater underneath and he is smoking a cigarette.

Pat

(into walkie-talkie)

House engaged. Trey is weak. Pat out.

Trey

Hey.

Pat

You want a piece of me?

Trey

(timid, child-like)

No.

Pat

All right. Let's just be professionals and go and unclog this Jacuzzi.

Trey

Okay.

Pat turns and walks up the driveway toward the door and flicks his cigarette at Trey's head. At the last second Trey ducks the cigarette as Pat rings the doorbell. A Man (40s) in a nice suit answers the door. He is talking on his cellphone.

Agent

Maurice, for a feature that salary is not going to cut it.  
I wouldn't offer my dog-No. You want to let me talk?

He is a film agent. He gives Pat a quick once over and motions him inside without noticing Trey. The Agent remains still talking on his phone. Pat is all business and walks through the house.

Agent

(on his cellphone, keeps talking hollywoodspeak  
gobbledeegook in the background)

Pat

You have a lovely home. Is that a Van Gogh? - He's not even listening to me. Blah, blah, blah. Oh, look. A Jacuzzi.  
Let's assume this is it.

Pat walks outside and Trey follows him. Pat and Trey begin to inspect the Jacuzzi. Pat, beyond caring about anything, steps inside the Jacuzzi fully clothed, getting himself completely soaked.

Agent

(into cell)

It's not a matter of what you are going to give me, it's a matter of what I want. It's as simple as that. And if you don't get me exactly what I want-

The Agent sees Trey for the first time. He abruptly stops talking. He stares out the window. Now his tone shifts completely, he becomes a distracted queen.

Agent

(into cell)

Listen, baby, call me back in like twenty.

And then The Agent gives an air kiss into his cell and ends the call. The Agent's eyes narrow as he looks outside.

Cut to: The Agent steps outside onto his patio.

Agent  
(to Pat)  
Can your friend help me with something inside?

Pat  
(distracted)  
He's not my friend. He's my apprentice. Yeah. Go ahead.

Trey follows the Agent inside while Pat keeps working.

Pat  
  
Knock yourself out. It's not like I'd need any help out here. Assholes.

Cut to:

Ext. Pat remains inside the hot tub, but now his entire body is submerged except his head remains above the water level. He appears to be pulling hard on something below the surface.

Pat  
  
Ahhhhhhhhhhh--Ha!

Pat pulls out an extra-small pair of men's briefs.

Pat  
  
Ew.

Pat walks inside the house still holding the briefs.

Pat  
  
Hey, uh, Mr. Carlisle, I believe I found your problem...

Pat wanders, enters the TV room, and sees a huge flat screen 60" TV showing a Men's 2 on 2 beach volleyball match in HD.

Pat

...Wow. Look at that-

He sees Trey on the couch from the side and then he sees Mr. Carlisle's head bobbing up and down between Trey's legs.

Pat

-Ohp.

Pat gets real quiet, backs away and retreats into the kitchen as if he has just witnessed a brutal bludgeoning. He walks backwards through the kitchen until his back hits against the subzero refrigerator. Pat slowly lets out a silent scream. Not thinking, and bringing his hands to his face, he almost puts the bunched-up briefs into his mouth but catches himself at the last second.

Pat

Fuck!

Then he slings the wet briefs across the room. The underwear lands on a phallic sculpture and slides slowly down it and then falls-plop-onto the tile floor.

Cut to:

Ext. A fist knocks on a house door. A front door opens and we see Pat and Trey looking down at someone. They both appear worn out but manage half-smiles in somebody's direction.

Pat

Hello, ma'am.

Trey

Hi there.

A 90 year Old Lady looks up at them both but then focuses her attention on Trey and his winning smile.

Old Lady

(to Trey)

Well, Hello. Are you here to fix my garbage disposal?

Trey

Yes. Yes, we are.

Old Lady

Uh oh, I think Billy likes you!

She looks down and we see her little Bichon Frise humping Trey's leg with a big smile on the dog's face.

Pat

(tossing up his arms)

That's it. I'm out of here. See ya.

Trey says nothing. The Old Lady is confused. Pat takes off fast-walking away from the house, across the lawn, and then down the suburban sidewalk, speaking over his shoulder to Trey:

Pat

Good luck with all that, Trey!... Hope it works out!... You can keep the Van!...

This leaves the Old Lady and Trey standing on her front stoop awkwardly. Trey doesn't know what to say, he just smiles sheepishly.

Old Lady

Can you help me take my pills?

Surprised/Terrified look from Trey.

BLACKOUT. THE END.

Music: (something light and peppy, maybe something like Randy Newman's "I Love L.A." but not that)

While the End Credits roll we show a split screen:

On one side is Pat outside on a beautiful day working hard to unclog a septic tank. This is a massive struggle. A battle...

On the other side is Trey, all goofy smiles, auditioning in an office for a new action movie. The Agent reassures him

and peeps him up and then Trey begins his audition for the room. Trey isn't very good but he's so good looking that everybody in the room immediately loves him (and the Agent sees dollar signs).

Meanwhile, a line to the septic tank hiccups and then explodes, gushing out sewage and covering Pat head-to-toe in shit. He slowly takes off his goggles. Walks around on the grass a little bit...

Trey smiles for the Camera—

And Pat throws up on somebody's lawn.

BLACKOUT