

“HOMEGROWN TOMATOES”

THEME SONG PLAYS: WHEN YOUR LIFE IS HARD AND YOU NEED A BREAK

TAKE A BITE OF A ROMA OR MUNCH A BEEFSTEAK
WHEN YOU’VE GOT FRIENDS AND YOU’VE GOT ‘MATOES
ALL YOUR OTHER PROBLEMS SEEM LIKE SMALL POTATOES

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

AGATA WALKS OUT OF HER OFFICE AND INTO THE PRODUCE SECTION.

AGATA

Sean! Hayes! In my office, now!

HAYES LOOKS AT SEAN AND GULPS. SEAN SHRUGS, HE’S COOL AS THE GIANT CUCUMBER IN HIS HANDS.

SEAN TOSSES THE CUCUMBER ONTO A PILE OF SOME OTHER TYPE OF PRODUCE

SEAN AND HAYES ENTER AGATA’S OFFICE.

Her office features artwork like that you might see in a Subway sandwich shop. Dewy lettuce, rock-hard salami, and ooh those ‘matoes. The one object that appears out of place is the baby animals calendar featured prominently on her wall.

HAYES

Ms. Agata, I can explain.

AGATA

Zip your lip, little boy. Do you have any idea how it makes me look to the other employees when you do something like this?

SEAN

Gee, boss, do something like what?

SEAN SMIRKS AND WINKS AT THE CAMERA.

AGATA

Like this!

AGATA HOLDS UP A LARGE POTATO THAT'S BEEN CARVED INTO THE SHAPE OF A PENIS.

SEAN FAUX GASPS.

SEAN

Oh my, whoever could've done such a thing?

SEAN REACHES OUT SLOWLY AND BRUSHES THE TIP OF HIS FINGERS AGAINST ONE OF THE INTRICATELY CARVED WARTS. AGATA PULLS THE POTATO COCK AWAY QUICKLY WITH A LOOK OF EXASPERATION

AGATA

I know it was you, Sean. And, Hayes, I'm counting on you to tell me the truth.

HAYES EYES DART BACK AND FORTH AND ARCHES HIS EYEBROWS

HAYES

Please don't.. Please don't ask me.

AGATA PUTS HER FACE RIGHT UP AGAINST HAYES' FACE. HAYES STARES FORWARD AS AGATA'S WARM BREATH FLOWS GENTLY OVER THE LEFT SIDE OF HIS FACE.

AGATA (WHISPER TALKING)

Did Sean carve this potato into a phallus?

HAYES

I can't... uh, I don't...

AGATA

(shrieking) Did he?

HAYES SAYS NOTHING BUT NERVOUSLY STARTS MAKING NOISES

HAYES

Mmmmmmmmmmmmm-

SEAN

So what if I did, my Dad's the owner of this grocery store and that makes me the owner of you.

AGATA IS SEETHING.

HAYES

--hmmmmmmmmmm--

AGATA

Get out! Get out! Get out!

AS SEAN AND HAYES EXIT THE OFFICE JEFFREY PARTIES APPROACHES THEM. JEFFREY PARTIES IS STARING INTO HIS CELL PHONE. HE IS SNAP CHATTING ONE OF HIS PARTY LADIES WHO HAS JUST SENT HIM A GNARLEY THIGH GAP PIC

JEFFREY PARTIES

Did you guys get in trouble? Please tell me my name didn't come up.

HAYES

She just wanted us. Both of us. Well, she wanted Sean, but of course I always suffer for his crimes.

SEAN

I got us out of it, didn't I? Relax, pumpkin, we're in the C-L-E-A-R.

TIM TREESE POPS HIS HEAD OUT FROM THE WATERMELON BIN. INITIALLY, NO ONE SEEMS TO THINK IT'S INSANE THAT HE WAS WITHIN THE WATERMELON BIN

TIM TREESE

Huh? We're in the what?

SEAN GIVES HAYES A LOOK AS IF TO SAY, "OH YEAH, I ALWAYS FORGET TIM CAN'T READ."

SEAN

Tiiiiimmm!

HAYES

Tiiiiimmm!

JEFFREY PARTIES LOOKS UP FROM HIS CELL PHONE FINALLY AND IS THE ONLY ONE WHO IS DISMAYED TO SEE TIM IN THE WATERMELON BIN

JEFFREY PARTIES

What are you doing in there with those watermelons, Timothy? You're going to get into trouble with Agata.

TIM TREESE

Chill, bro. No one ever finds me in here. Plus, check it out, I found a joint.

JEFFREY PARTIES

I can't be a party to this.

THE AUDIENCE CHEERS. JEFFREY PARTIES HAS JUST SAID HIS BELOVED CATCH PHRASE

JEFFREY PARTIES LOOKS BACKK DOWN TO HIS PHONE AND EXITS THE SCENE.

SEAN

Dude, let's go get high on top of the stack of cardboard boxes.

TIM TREESE

Hell yeah!

HAYES

Sean, you know I can't.

SEAN

Sucks to be you. Tim and I are gonna smoke a fatty.

SEAN AND TIM TREESE HIGH FIVE AS THEY LEAVE. HAYES SITS ON TOP OF A CRATE OF BLUEBERRIES WITH HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS. TERRIBLE 90s MUSIC PLAYS OVER THE GROCERY STORE P.A.

CHANSON APPROACHES SLOWLY WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS. HIS SHIRT IS UNTUCKED BECAUSE HE DOESN'T CARE ABOUT DRESS CODE VIOLATIONS

CHANSON (EMPATHETIC)

Rough day, huh?

HAYES

Yeah...

CHANSON

I've never had one of those.

HAYES

You're lucky.

CHANSON (DRY)

I'm not lucky, I'm skilled. You don't travel to beautiful foreign lands -that I refuse to name specifically because I don't want to be called a pretentious braggart- by being lucky.

HAYES

This isn't really helping me feel better.

CHANSON

Sorry, I don't have a degree in psychology. I only have degrees in economics and political science. True story. See ya.

CHANSON WALKS AWAY WHISTLING TO THE TERRIBLE P.A. MUSIC

HAYES STANDS UP, SHAKES HIS HEAD TO CLEAR THE BAD THOUGHTS AWAY, AND BEGINS STACKING RED BELL PEPPERS.

EXT. GROCERY STORE (EMPLOYEE AREA IN BACK)

SEAN, TIM TREESE, TOBY KEITH SWEAT, AND SHOSHO BRO ARE HANGING OUT ON STACKS OF CARDBOARD BOXES OF VARYING HEIGHTS, SMOKING A JOINT.

SHOSHO BRO (EXHALING AND PASSING THE JOINT)

This is the life, ain't it boys?

TOBY KEITH SWEAT

This actually isn't the life. I'm kidding, it's the life.

SEAN

Good one, Tobes. You had me worried there for a second.

TIM TREESE (SHEEPISHLY)

Hey guys...You ever wonder what Hell is like?

SHOSHO BRO (COMFORTING)

Is this about what Thelonious Junk said to you? He doesn't know what he's talking about, man.

TOBY KEITH SWEAT

Junkie is a really sensitive guy. I'm kidding, he's not sensitive at all.

TOBY LOOKS FOR A BIGGER REACTION THIS TIME BUT GETS NOTHING

SEAN

Your dad kills himself and Junkie tells you your dad went to Hell? I mean, who does that?

TIM TREESE (HIGH, BUT BUMMED)

I don't know.. Maybe he's right. Maybe my dad is in Hell.

SEAN

No, don't say that. I bet your dad is chillin' on the beach with hot bikini babes right now.

SHOSHOBRO

Yeah, man. He probably didn't even kill himself. He probably faked his death so he could get the hell away from your mom and hook up with some bikini babes!

SEAN (TAKES A GIANT HIT)

Haha yeah!

SILENCE(...)

TIME TREEESE

No; he really killed himself, I had to go identify the body at the morgue

TOBY KEITH SWEAT

Now that sounds fun. I'm kidd-

INT. GROCERY STORE - SAME DAY HAYES MOVES OVER TO STACKING GREEN BELL PEPPERS AND HE'S ONLY BEEN DOING IT FOR A FEW SECONDS WHEN FREJA APPROACHES. SHE LEANS HER ELBOW AGAINST A PILE OF LOOSE BRUSSELS SPROUTS WHICH CAUSES AN AVALANCHE, BUT IT DOESN'T FAZE HER.

FREJA (SULTRY)

Hey there, good lookin'.

HAYES (OBLIVIOUS)

Hi Freja.

FREJA

What choo got cookin'?

HAYES

Nothing. I'm just upset with Sean right now. I feel like I can't depend on him anymore.

FREJA

Aw, I hate to see you sad.

SHE SIDLES UP CLOSER TO HAYES AND EYES HIM SEDUCTIVELY. HAYES IS STILL OBLIVIOUS AND REACHING AROUND HER TO REARRANGE THE BELL PEPPERS

FREJA (CONT'D)

Let me turn that frown upside-down, sugartits.

GREGGY APPROACHES WHICH STARTLES FREJA.

FREJA (CONT'D)

Oh, hi Greggy.

GREGGY (KNOWINGLY)

Hello Freja, my wife. What were you talking about with Hayes just now?

FREJA

Oh, uh, I uh.. I was just telling sugartits that I don't like to see him sad, so I was going to cheer him up and I said it in a really sexy way.

GREGGY

That's so sweet of you! Hayes, you're in for a treat, she's great at cheering people up.

FREJA PICKS UP A POTATO FROM THE PILE NEXT TO THE GREEN BELL PEPPERS, SHE THEN TAKES A KNIFE OUT OF HER POCKET AND PROCEEDS TO CARVE THE POTATO INTO THE SHAPE OF A PENIS. SHE PRESENTS IT TO HAYES.

HAYES

What? What's this?

GREGGY

Isn't it great? She made one of these for me yesterday when I was upset with her for giving our baby up for adoption without my permission.

HAYES (BECOMING EXCITED)

Freja, you made one of these yesterday?

FREJA (NOW OBLIVIOUS)

Yeah! But don't be upset, this one's better. I made more veins and fewer genital warts.

HAYES (FULLY EXCITED)

And what did you do with the one you made yesterday? Did you take it home?

FREJA

Hmm...

GREGGY

Uhh...

HAYES PUTS ALL THE PIECES TOGETHER. EVERYTHING MAKES SENSE NOW.

HAYES

Oh no. Sean...

WIDESHOT OF PRODUCE RACK AND ADJACENT ISLES. HAYES RUNS OUT OF FRAME DOWN ONE ISLE AND COMES OUT FROM ANOTHER ISLE FURTHER WAY A LA SCOOPY DOO. HE FINDS JOE MCGURL REFILLING THE ORGANIC VEGETABLE BAGS.

HAYES (CONT'D)

Joe, have you seen Sean?

JOE MCGURL SHRUGS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD.

HAYES SPOTS MICHAEL BAY OF PIGS TYING TOGETHER BUNCHES OF CILANTRO.

HAYES (CONT'D)

MBOP, you seen Sean around?

MICHAEL BAY OF PIGS

Get the fuck away from me, you lowlife.

HAYES TUGS AT HIS SHIRT COLLAR AND MOVES ON TO TALK TO BRUCE REID ROBINSON III WHO IS BUSY MOPPING UP A KIWI SPILL. A FEMALE CUSTOMER COMES IN CLOSE TO PICK UP A KIWI THAT IS STILL ON THE SHELF BUT BRRIII AGGRESSIVLY MOPS AT HER FEET UNTIL SHE LEAVES.

HAYES

Brillo, you feast your eyes on Sean today?

BRUCE REID ROBINSON III COCKS HIS HEAD TO THE SIDE AS HE CRANES HIS NECK TO MEET HAYES EYES

BRRIII

Uh.. Uh.. I.. I.. I farted.

HAYES (PRETENDING BRRIII ISNT INSANE)

Right. But uh, have you-

BRRIII

It was loud. It slip out go boom.

HAYES SPINS AROUND IN A CIRCLE, JUST TWIRLING AND SPINNING, SEVERAL OF HIS FELLOW EMPLOYEES
LOOKING ON FROM THE OUT OF FOCUS BACKGROUND BUT STILL IN THE SHOT.

HAYES IS PULLING HIS HAIR OUT LOOKING FOR SEAN. HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE AGATA APPROACH.

AGATA (AUTHORITATIVE, BOSSY)

Hayes, get back to work. After that stunt you pulled this morning you're on thin ice, mister.

HAYES

You know what, Agata, I have to give you a piece of my mind.

AGATA

Oh yeah?

JUST THEN HAYES SPOTS SOMETHING STRANGE OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE. HIS COWORKER
VALERIE BRYANT IS MAKING OUT WITH SOMEONE HARDCORE BY THE REFRIGERATED SALAD DRESSING.

HAYES (POINTING)

Um, Valerie is doing something naughty. Go get her.

AGATA RUSHES OVER TO PUT A STOP TO THE SHENANIGANS.

AGATA

Valerie, stop that this instant!

VALERIE PULLS HER FACE AWAY TO REVEAL SHE HAS BEEN MAKING OUT WITH FULL HOUSE'S UNCLE JESSE. THIS WAS A CROSSOVER EPISODE THE WHOLE TIME.

UNCLE JESSE

Have mercy.

VALERIE

I quit.

VALERIE GRABS JESSE'S PANTS BY THE BELT BUCKLE AND LEADS HIM AWAY. SHE AND UNCLE JESSE WALK OFF INTO THE SUNSET AND GET THEIR OWN SPINOFF TV SHOW.

HAYES FINALLY SPOTS SEAN HANDING OUT SAMPLES OF FRESHLY CUT, BEAUTIFUL VINE-RIPENED TOMATOES. HE'S MOSTLY JUST EATING THEM IN FRONT OF CUSTOMERS. HAYES IS EXHAUSTED WHEN HE REACHES SEAN, HE'S PANTING AND LEANING ON HIS KNEES FOR SUPPORT. SEAN GREETES HIM WITH A WARM SMILE.

HAYES

Sean... Sean I'm sorry. Freja told me-

SEAN

Hayes, stop. I know.

HAYES

You do?

SEAN

Yep. And I only have one thing to say to you...

HAYES

Uh-oh.

SEAN

Would you like a sample of our delicious tomato picked right off the vine?

HAYES BREATHES A SIGH OF RELIEF.

HAYES

I thought you'd never ask.

SEAN AND HAYES ENJOY THEIR TOMATO TOGETHER, SMILING AT ONE ANOTHER AND LAUGHING
BECAUSE IT'S JUST THAT GOOD.