

Home Grown Tomatoes Season 2 Episode 1 - "The New Batch"

EXT ARID DESERT. CAMERA PASSES OVER ENDLESS DUNES. FINALLY, A CITY IS SEEN, BUT ONCE THE CAMERA GETS TO IT IT IS IN RUINS. SOME BUILDINGS HAVE FALLEN APART, THERE'S SOME BURNT WRECKAGE, BUT EVERYTHING IS DIRTY AND ABANDONED UNTIL WE SEE THE SITE OF ANCHORMAN FAMILY GROCERY. WE CAN TELL THAT THIS IS WHAT IT IS BECAUSE OF THE LARGE, GLOWING SIGN. IT IS THE ONLY ELECTRIC SIGN WORKING WE SEE DURING THE HELICOPTER SHOT. DURING THIS SHOT, A SPOOKY, ATMOSPHERIC VERSION OF THE HOME GROWN TOMATOES THEME PLAYS AND A NARRATOR TAKES A LARGE EXPOSITION DUMP ALL OVER OUR CHESTS, A CLEVELAND STEAMER OF BACKGROUND INFORMATION TELLING US HOW THE WORLD GOT THIS WAY.

NARRATOR

The year is 2529. "Homo Sapiens" now leads the list of endangered species, along with almost everything else. Mankind has squandered the great blessing they were given in our planet Earth, and society has fallen apart completely. Or, that is, almost completely. There is one shining light in the desert, one beacon blazing out to the long dark night of the world after humanity. That beacon is the glowing neon sign of Anchorman Family Grocery.

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM THE STORE SIGN AND ON TO THE FAMILIAR HOME GROWN TOMATOES LOGO, AND THE THEME SONG PLAYS. AFTER IT ENDS, THE CAMERA CONTINUES IT'S JOURNEY MORE SLOWLY THROUGH THE GROCERY STORE, SHOWING THE STRANGE MILKING MACHINE INSIDE, TAKING UP AN ENTIRE WALL, WITH TENTACLE HOSES SNAKING OUT OF IT THROUGH THE AIR AND FILLING JUGS, AND WITH THE HEAD OF TIM TREESE GRAFTED ON TO IT. JEFFREY PARTIES AND NARNOLD ARE HEADS FUSED TO MECHANICAL, ROBOTIC BODIES. JEFFREY PUTS THE JUG ON TO A HOVERING CART WHILE NARNOLD TAKES EMPTY JUGS FROM A CART AND PLACES THEM ON TO THE RECEPTACLES FOR TIM TO FILL. WE PAN AWAY AGAIN TO SEE HAYES AND SEAN, ALSO WITH ROBOTIC BODIES, SWEEPING THE FLOOR. WE SEE HAYES IS SWEEPING TOWARDS SEAN, AND SEAN IS SWEEPING TOWARDS HAYES. THERE ARE GROOVES UNDER EACH OF THEIR BROOMS WHERE HAYES AND SEAN HAVE BEEN SWEEPING FOR DECADES. THE CAMERA MOVES ON TO SHOW AGATA IN HER OFFICE. HER HEAD IS FUSED TO A BLINKING SUPERCOMPUTER, AND SHE HAS ROBOTIC ARMS TURNING THE PAGES OF HER SCRAPBOOKS ABSENTLY AS STRANGE GREY, MERCURIAL LIQUID WEEPS FROM HER EYES. THE CAMERA MOVES ON TO GREGGY AND SKIZELO, THEIR HEADS FUSED TO HOVERBOARDS. THEY FLIT BACK AND FORTH, JOYLESSLY PERFORMING SWEET TRICKS BEFORE A PILE OF STARING SKULLS. THE CAMERA MOVES ON TO CHANSON, LEANING IN A CORNER. ONE OF HIS ROBOTIC LEGS HAS FALLEN OFF AND LAYS BENEATH HIM. HE STARES IN TO THE CORNER AS HE MAKES GRAND PRONOUNCEMENTS ON EVERY ISSUE HE CAN THINK OF, GIVING CONTROVERSIAL

OPINIONS NO ONE CAN HEAR. THE CAMERA MOVES ON TO THE FREEZER, WHERE ROBOT TOBY KEITH SWEAT SAYS HIS CATCHPHRASE OVER AND OVER AGAIN, AND ROBOT MICHAEL BAY OF PIGS VAPES WHAT LOOKS LIKE AN ELECTRONIC FAT BLUNT AND LAUGHS PERFUNCTORILY. IF I MISSED ANYONE, THEY ARE ALSO DOING SAD THINGS AND WEEPING SILVER TEARS. THE CAMERA MOVES THROUGH A PALLET ON THE FLOOR OF THE FREEZER AND THROUGH A TRAPDOOR, DOWN THROUGH A DARK TUNNEL HEWN IN STONE, TO A ROOM KEPT STERILE THROUGH THE YEARS, FORGOTTEN, WHERE ALARMING PHOTOGRAPHS LINE THE WALLS AND A MUMMIFIED CORPSE LIES ON A BROWN-STAINED FLOOR. THE CAMERA MOVES THROUGH A DOOR IN THIS CHAMBER, ANOTHER TUNNEL, AND THEN OUT OF A MANHOLE IN THE PARKING LOT. IT ZOOMS OUT TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY TO A BAND OF REAL HUMAN BEINGS, NOT ROBOTS, IN ROUGH, HOME-MADE LEATHER CLOTHING AND BAGS OVER THEIR SHOULDERS, WALKING DOWN THE MIDDLE OF THE CRACKED, BROKEN STREET. DURING THIS TOUR OF THE STORE, THE NARRATOR CONTINUES.

NARRATOR

Never knowing society was beginning the long hard fall towards its own demise, Manager of the Month Agata led the Anchorman Family Grocery staff from success to success, earning record profits for Mr. Anchorman, the store's owner. Rather than buy new locations or line his own pockets with the money, Mr. Anchorman invested it back in to the store. Always a forward thinker with new technology, he led the charge in the field of robotics. As society broke down around him, he became the steward of his employees, and when he discovered the technique for making human beings into immortal cyborgs, he did what had to be done to keep his store in business. Each employee was given a cyborg body most fitting to his or her tasks, unless he wasn't really sure what they did, in which case he just gave them pretty normal robot bodies, no big deal. His final plan was to build a great, skyscraper-tall protector body for himself to watch over his obsession deep within the nearby Hollywood Hills, but rumors say he died before he could be grafted on to it. Certainly, he has not been heard from in more than 400 years. No one outside the Anchorman Family Grocery has been heard from in over 300 years, for that matter. The cyborgs continue their duties, moving cans and milk bottles from place to place, sweeping spotless floors, reviewing the stores sales, all zeros for centuries. Some have broken down, mentally or physically, and all are now at least a little insane. But from the east, a band of humans come.

It is not yet their time in our story, however.

COMMERCIAL BREAK

INT ANCHORMAN FAMILY GROCERY. SEAN AND HAYES ARE SWEEPING, AS THEY HAVE FOR THE LAST 80 YEARS.

SEAN

So, what do you say, Hayes baybay? We said when we started that this floor looked like it needed 81 years worth of sweeping. Think we could quit a year early?

HAYES

Like your dad used to say before he was a skeleton, "Turn off that goddamn TV down there and do your chores, son! Any job worth doing is worth doing well!"

SEAN

Awww, knock it off with spooky skellington stuff, Hayes! Too scary!

HAYES

You'd think I would be sick of that catchphrase after 500 years, but it's just as fresh today as it was in May, 2015.

SEAN

Oh yeah? Well then why aren't you bussin' your whole shit up? Usually you loff and loff when I do the old catchphrases, Haze Davingborn.

HAYES

You know Sean, it's all this boring busy-work we've filled our days with for 5 centuries. And then I keep hearing Agata scream something about some kind of prophecy from her office in between broom strokes.

SEAN

What? A prophecy?! I have GOT to hear this!

SEAN GOES TO DROP HIS BROOM AND RUN TO SEE AGATA, BUT THE BROOM IS MOMENTARILY FUSED TO HIS ROBOTIC HANDS. HE SHAKES THEM OVER THE GROUND, AND IT FINALLY PEELS OFF WITH A SOFT VELCRO SOUND. SEAN BEGINS RUNNING JERKILY, BUT WITH MORE GRACE AS HE GETS MOVING. HE LEAVES FRAME. HAYES LOOKS IN TO THE CAMERA AND DEADPANS.

HAYES

Ugh, we still had another 11 months and 30 days to go. This place looks like SHIT.

HE WINKS AT THE CAMERA AND PULLS HIS BROOM OUT OF ONE HAND AND THEN THE OTHER, ACCOMPANIED BY THE SAME VELCRO SOUND.

INT AGATA'S OFFICE. SEAN AND HAYES ARE SEATED IN CHAIRS IN FRONT OF HER DESK. AGATA IS NOW A SUPERCOMPUTER WITH ROBOTIC ARMS AND A PRETTY LADY'S HEAD.

AGATA

What the hell are you little butterbeans doing in here? I had just settled in for a good 50-year cry.

SEAN

Hayes said you've been screaming something about some kind of a prophecy? Did you freak your whole bean or something?

AGATA

Oh, that. I think I might be going crazy, but for the last few decades I've been seeing strange visions in my computer-cortex interface. Like I said, I'm totally flippin' crazy so I've decided I'm seeing the future.

HAYES

Don't be silly Agata, no one can see the future, at least not since Steve Jobs died.

AGATA

Hey, you dildoes are the ones who came in here when I was trying to get my cry on. Make like someone buying a TV episode on iTunes and Get Lost.

HAYES

Aww, sorry Agata, I didn't mean it like that. What do you see in your visions?

AGATA

Mostly just billions of 1s and 0s but I interpret those as a picture of human beings...a whole bunch of them...traveling through the desert, and coming closer and closer...one of them is in

charge, but another one wishes to take his place...and there's another thing, but I think this one is the past, not the future. For no reason at all, let me reiterate. I am pulling these interpretations fully out of my ass.

SEAN

What is your vision of the past, Agata?

AGATA

Remember that super pretty, funny woman who used to work here 500 years ago? She started totally boning down with Uncle Jesse from Full House and quit her job right before a whole bunch of wacky hijinks happened...

HAYES

(absent-mindedly, deep in thought)

Vibes, have you seen Vibes Andy?

AGATA

Close Hayes, that's very close...I think it was Veebs actually...V B...Verily Byron? I can't be sure. Anyway, she quit and moved away with Uncle Jesse. In my vision, they bought a cabin in the mountains and had lots of very beautiful babies. As society broke down, a small village of other beautiful people slowly built up around them. In my vision, their village survived after everything else died. Then, I have one more vision of the present.

SEAN

Well stop beating around the Bush Did 9/11 and tell us your third prophecy, Agata!

AGATA

This one is the haziest of them all, but in this vision of the present my mind sinks down into the center of the earth. In my vision, the center of the earth is hollow, and giant monsters who look like penises gallop across the brown, grassy plains and do battle with other beasts that look like giant butts. There are lollipop trees and everyone worships a statue of me when I used to be human and hot. Remember that? Man, my body used to be bangin' before I was a robot. And this is me saying that, Agata, so it isn't weird or

gross at all.

HAYES

Hmm...that last vision sort of lessens the impact of the other 2, I've gotta say.

SEAN

Yeah Agata, I think your brain went totally coo-coo.

AGATA

Fine, get the H E Double Honky Dicks out of here and get back to sweeping. My exterior sensors say you stopped sweeping almost a year early. What would Mr. Anchorman say, praise be unto him?

SEAN & HAYES

(in unison)

All praise be unto Mr. Anchorman, forever and ever, amen.

SEAN AND HAYES LEAVE THE OFFICE. COMMERCIAL BREAK.

EXT, DUSK. THE HUMAN BAND HAS MADE A FIRE IN THE FRONT YARD OF AN ABANDONED, FALLING TO PIECES HOUSE. THEY LIE WITH THEIR HEADS AGAINST THEIR PACKS AND TALK IDLY.

SEAN N HAYES

So what are we going to do when this place doesn't exist, Nicholas?

NICHOLAS

Shut the fuck up, Sean N Hayes. My parents told me it exists. If you think they're liars, just go back to that shitty flyover state you came from and push dumpsters together.

SEAN N HAYES

Hey, come on, don't be like that. You know I came with you to get OUT of a life of pushing dumpsters together like my father and his father before him. I just don't know how you can believe these fairy tales.

RANRAN

Drop it, Sean N Hayes. Your name is very bad, and you should change it. None of us would be here if it wasn't for Nicholas. It doesn't matter

where we end up, so long as we get there together.

IN THE DARKNESS, OUT OF THE FIRE-LIGHT, NICHOLAS AND RANRAN GRASP EACH OTHER'S HANDS. ALTHOUGH IT IS IN THE DARK, SEAN N HAYES STILL SEES. A FLICKER OF SADNESS AND ANGER CROSSES HIS FACE.

A BEAR

As an actual bear, I haven't seen much of human civilization, but this right here fits everything I've ever heard of a city, and Nicholas knew exactly where it would be. If it looks like a duck and quacks like a duck, I would like to eat it.

JMONSTERFACE

(JMonsterFace is a tiny person sitting on A Bear's shoulder. There were a lot of weird science things that happened over the 500 years that I didn't mention and talking bears and tiny people who ride on them are just 2, so I reserve the right to just pull em out of my ass at any time.)

Yeah boss, you're right, Nicholas is one smart cookie. If he's right about the city, maybe he's right about the Treasure Palace too. I guess he isn't some kind of crazy person who believes his parents are the real Valerie Bryant and Jesse Katsopolis of legend.

SILLYLILLYQUEE

You guys, it's too dark to draw and you're boring me to tears with all this talk about things we all already know about. Why are we talking about this city being here and all the legends and how crazy Nicholas must be today? We've settled all that garbage weeks ago. Put a sock in it and let me get some sleep!

THERE ARE LIKE 8 OTHER PEOPLE THERE I DIDN'T MENTION YET, AND THEY ALL MUMBLE GOOD NIGHT TO EACH OTHER AND TURN OVER TO GO TO SLEEP. NICHOLAS AND RANRAN SNUGGLE CLOSER TOGETHER. COMMERCIAL BREAK.

INT FREEZER. MBOP AND TKS PASS THE E-BLUNT BACK AND FORTH AS THEY TALK.

MICHAEL BAY OF PIGS

Ay buddy, shit has been so boring around here lately.

TOBY KEITH SWEAT

Nah, it's been great. Just kidding, this last 400 years or so has been a real kick in the dick, I gotta say.

MICHAEL BAY OF PIGS

Wuddaya say we get up to some pranksterisms? Let's raise some hell like the old days.

TOBY KEITH SWEAT

That's a terrible idea. Just kidding, that's a great idea.

WE FOLLOW MBOP AND TKS AS THEY SNEAK THROUGHOUT THE GROCERY STORE. TIM TREESE IS IN A DORMANT PHASE, REGENERATING HIS INNER MILK STORES. A SCREEN ON HIS "CHEST" SAYS SO. MBOP GRABS ONE OF TIM'S HOSES AND DOES SOME COMPLICATED HAND GESTURES TO TKS SILENTLY. TKS WINKS BROADLY AND TIPTOES AWAY, GRABBING CHANSON'S BROKEN LEG OUT FROM UNDER HIM.

CHANSON

To be honest, I feel like libertarians' hearts are in the right place in a wide variety of social and economic issues. If you think about it, poor people are just rich people who don't have any money yet.

TOBY KEITH SWEAT

(whispers)

Shut up, Chanson.

TOBY KEITH SWEAT BRINGS THE LEG TO WHERE MBOP HAS SET UP A LADDER, OVER WHERE GREGGY AND SKIZELO DO THEIR HOVERBOARD TRICKS. BOTH CYBORGS ARE VISIBLY STRUGGLING NOT TO LAUGH. MBOP TIES TIM'S TENTACLE-HOSE TO CHANSON'S BROKEN LEG, AND THEN SETS A BUCKET OF MILK TILTED ON AN ANGLE, LEANING ON THE LEG ON TOP OF THE LADDER, OVER GREGGY AND SKIZELO.

TOBY KEITH SWEAT

(snorting back laughter)

Oh my god man, these mopes ain't gonna know what hit em. Just kidding, they will know because it will obviously be milk.

MICHAEL BAY OF PIGS

(whispers)

Shut up Chanson, I mean Toby. Let's go sit in the corner and vape the jooooo-oose buddy, but not like that homo Sean.

MBOP AND TKS SNEAK TO THE WATERMELON DISPLAY, WHICH IS NOW EMPTY AS THE WATERMELONS HAVE LONG SINCE ROTTED AWAY. THE CAMERA SHOWS THE ANCHORMAN FAMILY GROCERY STORE CLOCK QUICKLY MARK THE PASSAGE OF TIME, UNTIL IT IS THE NEXT MORNING.

TIM TREESE

(In ear-shattering, window-rattling inhuman screech)

WELCOME TO ANCHORMAN FAMILY GROCERY, SHOPPERS!
MY ETERNAL TORMENT NOW COMMENCING! AS SEAN PENN
ONCE SAID IN THE MAKE-UP CHAIR, TIME TO MILK ME!
THEY TOOK MY BABY!

TIM'S TENTACLES WHIP IN TO FRENZIED MOTION. THE ONE TIED TO CHANSON'S LEG RATTLES, AND THEN FLIES AWAY BACK INTO THE MILKING STATIONS. THE ROBOTIC LEG HITS SKIZELO AS IT GOES, STAVING HIS SKULL IN. THE MILK FALLS FROM THE BUCKET ON TO GREGGY. HIS HOVERBOARD WAS OBVIOUSLY NOT WATERPROOF, AND IT CRACKLES AND QUICKLY CATCHES FIRE. GREGGY SCREAMS IN ANGUISH.

GREGGY

oh my g*d u guys this is like the most pain ive
ever felt in 500 year or w/e

SKIZELO

(nothing, he is dead)

GREGGY

ah shit i never got to tell skizelo that i loved
him, now im dead 2 lol

TKS AND MBOP LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THE FIRE THAT IS ENGULFING GREGGY FLICKERING SHADOWS ACROSS THEIR FACES

MICHAEL BAY OF PIGS

Epic prank bro!

TOBY KEITH SWEAT

What are you talking about, Michael? We just
killed two of our last friends on the entire
planet! We should be devastated! Hahaha just
kidding, that was total ownage.

CUE LAUGH TRACK, END CREDITS, THEME SONG