

SNL WRITER'S PACKET

written by

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**COMEDIANS IN CARS LEAVING CRIME SCENES**

INT. HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

JERRY SEINFELD (MIKEY) (or JERRY SEINFELD himself?) drives nervously, eyes darting about the windows and rear view.

JERRY

This is a 2007 Honda Civic. Sporty. Reliable. Stolen. The perfect car in which to quickly pick up my guest today, stand-up comedian and SNL cast member, Pete Davidson. I'm Jerry Seinfeld and this is Comedians in Cars Leaving Crime Scenes.

Jerry takes CELL PHONE, presses buttons, holds it to ear.

PETE (V.O.)

(tired)  
Hello?

JERRY

Pete? Jerry Seinfeld. Probably just be outside.

PETE (V.O.)

What?

JERRY

If you could be outside that'd be really helpful.

PETE (V.O.)

Did you say Jerry Seinfeld?

JERRY

See ya in five.

Jerry hangs up.

LATER

Jerry brakes, rolls the passenger window down.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Get in.

PETE DAVIDSON (PETE) is outside, wearing SWEATPANTS and a WHITE UNDERSHIRT, looking like he just woke up.

PETE

(snickering)  
Dude, what?

JERRY  
Come on, come on, come on.

PETE  
It's three in the morning.

JERRY  
Right, we gotta go.

Pete opens the passenger door.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Come on, come on, come on!

Pete gets in, shuts the door.

Jerry PEELS OUT.

PETE  
Whoa, dude, where are we going?

JERRY  
So you got into stand-up pretty young,  
right?

Pete frantically tries to buckle his SEAT BELT.

PETE  
What?!

JERRY  
Like sixteen?

PETE  
Yeah, yeah, so what? What the hell  
is this?

Jerry speeds as fast as legally possible, making sharp turns.

JERRY  
Do you remember how you felt that  
first time?

PETE  
I dunno, man, I was sixteen, so ...  
scared? Like now?

JERRY  
Was it something you'd always wanted  
to try? What was the motivation for  
finally stepping onstage?

PETE  
Bro, what are you talking about?!

JERRY

This is a 2007 Honda Civic. Twelve years old, over 150 thousand miles, but still drives pretty good, don't ya think?

PETE

What?! Yeah, it's fine.

JERRY

Speaking of miles, do you think younger comics these days respect comics from the '80s and '90s or consider all of that stuff old and hack?

PETE

Where are we going?

JERRY

I feel like your generation of comics tends to gravitate more towards confessional humor, shock or characters and isn't terribly concerned with premises and punchlines.

PETE

Bro, are you gonna kill me?

JERRY

I mean, what's the deal with alt-comedy? It's either comedy or it isn't.

Pete takes out his CELL PHONE, dials, puts it to ear.

PETE

(into phone)

Hey man, sorry for calling so late, I just ... I think I'm being kidnapped by Jerry Seinfeld.

(trying not to laugh)

I'm not kidding. No, I'm not drunk. No, don't. Hello?

Pete stares at his phone.

Jerry LAUGHS.

Pete looks at him.

JERRY

(whispering)

No one will ever believe you.

(regular voice)

Speaking of, how important do you think it is to have truth in comedy? There seems to be this explosion of confessional comedy, everyone hoping true stories about their lives are compelling and funny enough to stand on their own and, frankly, a lot of times they're just not. You're a comedian! Write jokes!

Jerry pulls over to the side of the road and opens his door.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Don't go anywhere, we're not done.

Jerry exits the car, closes his door, opens the rear door, leans in to get something, and shuts the door behind him, leaving Pete alone and confused.

Pete presses keys on his cell phone, holds it up like he's taking a SELFIE.

PETE

Hi, this is Pete Davidson. It's September 28th, 2019, three ... something in the morning. Look, this is gonna sound crazy, but I'm in Jerry Seinfeld's car and, if you're watching this, I'm probably dead. You need to find Jerry Seinfeld, the Jerry Seinfeld from TV's Seinfeld. He picked me up around --

The driver's door opens. Jerry enters holding something. He notices Pete's phone.

JERRY

Put that away, put this in your shirt.

Jerry hands Pete a LICENSE PLATE.

CUT TO - COMEDIANS IN CARS LEAVING CRIME SCENES TITLE CARD

JERRY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

On the next Comedians in Cars Leaving Crime Scenes ...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The driver's door opens, Jerry slides in, sweaty and disheveled.

The passenger door opens, KENAN THOMPSON (KENAN) falls in, right hand trying to stop his left shoulder from GUSHING BLOOD.

Jerry starts the car.

JERRY

You're okay, you're gonna be okay.

KENAN

I thought you said that was your house.

Jerry PEELS OUT.

JERRY

When you joined the cast of SNL did you think "I'm going to be here sixteen years"?

KENAN

What?! Man, I just got shot!

JERRY

Have you experienced any backlash for continuing to impersonate Bill Cosby?

KENAN

(short of breath)

You gotta take me to a hospital ... we gotta go to a --

JERRY

No can do.

Kenan winces in pain.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Has PC culture ruined comedy?

END

**COMMERCIAL PARODY: MOM'S BOYFRIEND**

Colin: Narrator  
 Kyle: Scott Doll Voice  
 Mikey: Ray Doll Voice  
 Michael: Larry Doll Voice

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY

BOY (PETE) and SECOND BOY (CHRIS) half-heartedly play with TOY SOLDIERS.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Tired of the same old war games?

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

GIRL (KATE) half-heartedly brushes a BARBIE TYPE DOLL'S hair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Gussying up dollies making you feel  
 shallow and empty inside?

Girl throws the doll across the room.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Introducing Mom's Boyfriend!

MOM'S BOYFRIEND DOLL, a male doll about the size of a My Buddy doll but older-looking (mid 30s-40s) with a mustache, appears in front of the girl. The Girl BEAMS.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Mom's Boyfriend not only has time  
 for you when you want him to, he  
 understands, and is in fact grateful,  
 when you don't.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Two different MOM'S BOYFRIEND DOLLS in their PACKAGING appear in front of each boy. The boys smile, surprised, open the packages.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Each Mom's Boyfriend comes with its  
 own unique name and birth certificate  
 of authenticity.

CLOSE ON - BIRTH CERTIFICATE - RAY, BORN AUGUST 27TH, 1976.

BOY  
 I got a Ray!

SECOND BOY  
(holding up his doll's  
birth certificate)  
I got a Larry!

BOY AND SECOND BOY TO CAMERA  
Thanks, God!

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Girl sits up in bed, reading a book with her Mom's Boyfriend.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And that's not all. Hold your Mom's  
Boyfriend's hand for much needed  
words of encouragement.

MOM (HEIDI) opens the door, leans in.

MOM  
Lights out, sweetie.

Mom exits, closing the door behind her.

Girl squeezes her Mom's Boyfriend's hand.

SCOTT DOLL  
You can stay up as late as you want.

Girl smiles, keeps reading.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Boy exits the field with his team, dejected, they've clearly lost. He unzips his backpack, careful to make sure none of the other kids see. His Mom's Boyfriend's inside. He squeezes its hand.

RAY DOLL  
You'll get 'em next time.

Boy smiles.

INT. SECOND BOY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Second Boy plays an ONLINE VIDEO GAME, his Mom's Boyfriend sitting next to him. His character in the game dies.

SECOND BOY  
Dang it!

Second Boy squeezes his Mom's Boyfriend's hand.

LARRY DOLL  
I bet that other kid's cheating.



Second Boy smiles, nods.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Girl turns off her nightstand LAMP. The nightstand CLOCK reads 1:47 AM. She lays on her side, arm around her Mom's Boyfriend.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mom's new friend with benefits is  
your new friend with compliments.

GIRL

Scott, I know you're not my real  
dad, but you're pretty cool.

She squeezes its hand.

SCOTT DOLL

You're pretty cool.

INT. TYPICAL SOUND STAGE DISPLAY OF THE THREE MOM'S  
BOYFRIEND DOLLS - DAY

A HUMAN HAND reaches in, squeezes Ray Doll's hand.

RAY DOLL

Here's five bucks for the arcade or  
whatever.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Mom's Boyfriend. Give him a chance.

END

**POLITICAL: WHITE HOUSE FILING CABINET RESIGNS**

INT. WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

At the doorway, NBC REPORTER (AIDY) addresses her CAMERAMAN (CHRIS).

NBC REPORTER

We're outside the White House press briefing room where longtime White House official, F. Cabinet, will soon take questions regarding his abrupt resignation. Cabinet is the latest in a string of resignations under the Trump administration.

Anxious reporters face a STAGE and MICROPHONE. Their attention turns to the side of the stage.

Cameras flash as a LITERAL FILING CABINET (BECK) shuffles onstage wearing a splatter of COFFEE STAINS down his side, a few DENTS where it looks like someone's punched him, wispy remnants of FAKE COBWEBS fastened with Scotch tape.

He steps behind the microphone.

FILING CABINET

As you may have read in my highly-redacted statement released to the press yesterday, after serving the White House for eighteen years, I have decided it's in my best interest to resign. I will open the floor to a few questions.

(addresses CNN REPORTER)

Yes, CNN.

CNN REPORTER (LESLIE) stands.

CNN REPORTER

Mr. Cabinet, don't you think it's a little reckless, given the current political climate, to abandon such an important role at the White House?

FILING CABINET

Important role? Since January 2017, I've basically been a glorified intern, holding coffee, a bowl of mints, they set a plant on my head, which they never watered and it died. And for Halloween they put fake spider webs on me. I'm terrified of spiders, so that wasn't super great.

(MORE)

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)  
(addresses NBC REPORTER)  
Yes, NBC.

NBC REPORTER  
Sir, you were responsible for holding  
onto some of the most important  
documents in the country. In light  
of your exit, aren't you a little  
concerned they'll end up destroyed  
or in the wrong hands?

FILING CABINET  
There hasn't been an important  
anything in here for three years.  
(addresses FOX REPORTER)  
Yes, FOX.

FOX REPORTER (CECILY) stands.

FOX REPORTER  
But the label on your top drawer?  
It literally says "IMPORTANT  
DOCUMENTS."

FILING CABINET  
Yeah, Trump's people never took the  
old label off.

Filing Cabinet opens top drawer, removes handful of MENUS.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)  
It's just a bunch of menus now.  
(addresses BREITBART  
REPORTER)  
Yes, the gentleman from Breitbart.

BREITBART REPORTER (ALEX) stands.

BREITBART REPORTER  
Maybe the menus are code for  
something.

FILING CABINET  
They're just menus.

BREITBART REPORTER  
Are you sure?

FILING CABINET  
100%. Regular old menus.  
(addresses NPR REPORTER)  
Yes, NPR.

NPR REPORTER (KYLE) stands.

NPR REPORTER

May I have the menus? I mean, if nobody else wants them.

FILING CABINET

Every single one's for KFC, but sure.

NPR REPORTER

Sweet.

NPR Reporter approaches the stage, takes the menus, returns to his seat.

CNN REPORTER

Mr. Cabinet, since you're being so transparent, may I ask what's in the 2nd drawer? The one with the padlock marked "WARNING: CONFIDENTIAL."

BREITBART REPORTER

Objection!

FILING CABINET

I don't see why not. I have nothing to hide anymore.

BREITBART REPORTER

(changing his voice  
to a female voice)

Objection!

FILING CABINET

For starters --

SECURITY GUARD (MICHAEL) leans in to Filing Cabinet.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir, I don't think you're authorized --

FILING CABINET

Eat it, newbie.

Security Guard steps back.

Filing Cabinet grabs the padlock.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)

Since Trump took office, the code's been 0 0 0 0 and it's just always set to 0 0 0 0 all the time.

Filing Cabinet yanks the lock open.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)

Not that it matters, it's not even attached to anything. And the only thing in here is 8x10 portraits of Mr. Trump groping the American flag, which he gives away to Make-a-Wish kids who visit the White House. But he will sign them for fifty bucks.

FOX REPORTER

(raising hand)

Ooh ooh ooh!

FILING CABINET

Yes, FOX.

FOX REPORTER

May I please have all of those?

Filing Cabinet shrugs, hands the Trump portraits to FOX Reporter.

NBC REPORTER

I notice the third drawer does seem to be a code of some sort. P-I-P-H-T-T-U-T-B-E?

FILING CABINET

Oh, that's code all right.

(opening drawer)

People I'll Probably Have to Throw Under the Bus Eventually.

Filing Cabinet removes a single sheet of NOTEBOOK PAPER.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)

It's a list of names with check marks already next to some of them. Manafort, spelled incorrectly, Michael Cohen, Roger Stone, Junior, the list goes on and on and is written in both pencil and various crayons.

Filing Cabinet shows the list to the reporters, cameras flash.

FOX REPORTER

The fourth drawer also appears to be some sort of code. H-A-H-A-H-A?

FILING CABINET

No, that's actually "Hahaha."

FOX REPORTER

And what's in that drawer?

FILING CABINET

(sighs)

All of Trump's "jokes."

Filing cabinet opens the drawer, pulls out a 3x5 INDEX CARD, reads.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)

"I could stand in the middle of 5th Avenue and shoot somebody and not lose any voters."

Filing Cabinet tosses the card, grabs another.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)

"Russia, if you're listening, I hope you're able to find the 30,000 emails that are missing."

Filing Cabinet tosses the card, grabs another.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)

"When you're a star, they let you do it. You can do anything. Grab 'em by the -- "

Filing Cabinet tosses the card.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)

Anyway, you get it.

CNN REPORTER

So what's next for F. Cabinet? Long overdue vacation? Retirement?

FILING CABINET

I'll probably just sit on the side of the road until something comes along.

NBC REPORTER

That sounds awful.

FILING CABINET

I don't know. I'll have company. Trump set the original Constituion out there last week.

Reporters faces go blank.

FILING CABINET (CONT'D)

No further questions.

END

**GHOST BEARD**

INT. FANCY, EXPENSIVE CONDO UNIT - NIGHT

BRIAN (ALEX), a clean-cut yuppy, CHANEY (KYLE), a long-haired, scruffy hippy, MIKEY (MIKEY), a blue-haired punk rocker, and DAVE (COLIN), a metal-head with full sleeve tattoos and a giant beard sit around finishing beers in an IMMACULATE CONDO.

BRIAN

Thanks for stopping by, guys, really means a lot.

MIKEY

For sure, man, had to check out the new digs. This place is dope!

CHANEY

You gotta put a fire pit on that deck, man.

DAVE

Seems like only yesterday you were a long haired, beat-up-Impala driving, damn-the-man rebel with a big old beard. And now look atcha. You are the man.

BRIAN

I dunno about all that. It was just ... time to grow up.

MIKEY

Dude, you had such a sick beard.

CHANEY

I was so jealous of that beard.

MIKEY

You ever miss it?

BRIAN

Miss ... my beard? No, man, it was a beard. It was a phase. I've got an insanelly good job now, health insurance, sweet pad, no roommates, more importantly no roommates' dogs.

MIKEY

Hey, man, Strummer was cool.

BRIAN

Strummer was cool.  
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Strummer also shed everywhere and never stopped humping the couch cushions. No, this ... this is better.

Chaney finishes his beer, checks his PHONE.

CHANEY

All right, we gotta go if we're gonna catch dollar PBRs at High Dive.

Dave and Mikey slam what's left of their beers. The guys head towards the door, Brian in the rear.

BRIAN

I'm actually just gonna chill here tonight. Gotta get up pret-ty early.

MIKEY

But ... dollar PBRs.

BRIAN

You guys have fun.

Chaney hugs Brian.

CHANEY

Cheers, man, thanks for having us. This place is great!

Chaney exits.

Mikey tries to invent a secret handshake with Brian on the spot, it fails, Mikey exits.

As Dave exits, he points to his own beard.

DAVE

This ain't no phase.

Brian smiles.

Dave exits.

Brian looks around his condo, pleased. He flops on the couch, kicks his feet up, turns the TV on, takes a sip of beer.

GHOST BEARD (O.S.)

Selllllllll ouuuuuuuut.

Brian's eyes, mid-sip, dart around the room. He lowers his beer.



BRIAN

Hello?

GHOST BEARD (O.S.)

Selllllllll ouuuuuuuut.

Brian stands, looks around.

BRIAN

Dave? Dave, is that you?

GHOST BEARD (MICHAEL), a supernatural, giant BEARD appears in front of Brian, who jumps back, startled.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! Who -- what are you?!

GHOST BEARD

Well that hurts, Brian. After all we've been through together. Metallica concerts, brewery tours ... Brian, I'm the ghost of your beard.

BRIAN

What?! No, no, this is insane.

Ghost Beard approaches a SHELF OF CDs, points to them.

GHOST BEARD

No, this is insane.

(reading CD spines)

Michael Buble, Darius Rucker, who even are you, man?!

BRIAN

It calms me down after work.

Ghost Beard knocks CDs off the top shelf, moves toward Brian, who backs up.

GHOST BEARD

Weed used to calm you down after work. And let's talk about work, Brian. Merchandising Marketing Specialist? What is that? Latin for "soul-sucking-made-up-words"?

BRIAN

It started at \$80k a year. It's the best job I've ever had in my life.

GHOST BEARD

Wrong!

(MORE)

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)

Independent Video Store Clerk was the best job you ever had in your life! All the free rentals we wanted. We even had a popcorn machine up in that bitch.

BRIAN

And still no one came in and that place closed.

Brian backs against a wall.

GHOST BEARD

That's not the point, man. Was you happy?

BRIAN

I was broke.

GHOST BEARD

Was you happy?!

BRIAN

I ate mac and cheese every day I didn't eat pre-packaged, powdery ramen noodles --

GHOST BEARD

Was! You! Happy?!

BRIAN

Of course I was happy! I got to see my friends all the time, we'd hang out at Denny's all night, we had a band. We weren't very good but we had a band. There was so much --

GHOST BEARD

Freedom?

BRIAN

Freedom, yeah, but ... whatever. Freedom doesn't keep the lights on. Freedom doesn't pay the bills.

GHOST BEARD

Oh, snap, I didn't know you had kids.

BRIAN

I don't.

GHOST BEARD

Then why you soundin' like a square-ass old man right now?

Brian shakes his head.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)  
You know what you have to do.

BRIAN  
No.

GHOST BEARD  
You gotta grow me back.

BRIAN  
No, no, no. Company policy explicitly says "No beards." They do allow mustaches. What if we split the difference? Mustache.

GHOST BEARD  
What are you, a cop?! Look here.

Ghost Beard holds up a PICTURE OF A 30-YEAR-OLD MEDIUM-BUILD HIPSTER WITH A COOL BEARD.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)  
You see this? See how happy he look?

Ghost Beard holds up a PICTURE OF A 50-YEAR-OLD MAN WITH A MUSTACHE WEARING A SUIT. He's BALD and SKINNY, circles and crows feet under his eyes.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)  
This him now. And this him next year.

Ghost Beard holds up a PICTURE OF THE SAME MAN, SAME SUIT AND MUSTACHE, DEAD.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)  
You grow me back, you grow your life.

BRIAN  
What?

GHOST BEARD  
No stress. No wondering if you missed a spot. No ulcers. No spreadsheets. Just you and me, Brian. You, me and all the friends you too busy to see anymore. We could get the band back together.

BRIAN  
No, no, this is stupid.

Ghost Beard inches closer.

GHOST BEARD

How else you gonna let the world  
know you still ride a bicycle?

Ghost Beard inches closer.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)

How else you gonna let the world  
know you were listening to Kings of  
Leon before anybody else?

Ghost Beard inches closer.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)

How else you gonna let the world  
know you only drink beer if the name  
is a pun?

Ghost Beard inches closer, he's right in Brian's face.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)

How else you gonna let the world  
know that, underneath these sleeves  
(tugs Brian's long  
sleeves)  
are sleeves of mediocre tattoos,  
mushed together to cover up awful  
tattoos?

Brian looks away.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)

How else you gonna let the world  
know you that, while you don't have  
cable because "it's all marketing  
propaganda for mindless, capitalist  
sheep," you do have a TV so you can  
stay up playing Duck Hunt on a thrift  
store Nintendo after you spend your  
last quarter on pinball at the craft  
beer barcade?

Brian slowly falls to his knees, near tears.

BRIAN

Okay, okay ... I'm sorry! I'll  
change! I'll chaaange!

GHOST BEARD

Attaboy.

Ghost Beard crosses the room, slaps a wrinkled PULP FICTION  
MOVIE POSTER to the wall, vanishes in a cloud of SMOKE.

GHOST BEARD (CONT'D)  
Thiiiiis aiiiiin't nooooo phaaaaase.

END