

YOU GUYS PROBABLY HATE ME

Written by

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INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CLOSING TIME WRITER'S MEETING

All the Closing Time Writers are seated at the long table in 172 Tremont. JOHN is pitching a sketch. The other writers don't necessarily look impressed.

JOHN

And then Max says, "I don't want to
DIE of betes!"

The room doesn't respond.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get it? Diabetes? DIE of betes?
Like type 2 diabetes. Or like type
1 diabetes.

MARTE

I don't get it, what's 'betes'?

JOHN

Diabetes. Like type 1 or 2
diabetes.

ZOE

And that's the end?

JOHN

Yeah, that's- that's the joke.

The writers look around at each other quietly. Someone clears their throat.

ZOE

(hesitantly)

Ohhhhhhh. Ok! Hahaha!

Zoe looks around, trying to prompt a response from the writers. The writers laugh weakly.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Thank you, John.

John shuffles back to his seat and sits down. He looks a little dissatisfied.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Well, we're going to move on. We've
got a lot of pitches to get through
tonight. Marte, go ahead.

Marte stands up.

MARTE
Ok, so basically, my sketch is
called *Frog on Ice*

The writers all genuinely laugh at this, they think the title is funny. John throws his hands up in exasperation and scoffs. Nobody hears or sees him. The room quiets down and Marte continues.

MARTE (CONT'D)
For the setup of the sketch, I
think-

John scoffs again, louder this time.

ZOE
John, do you... have a note?

John checks the time on his phone.

JOHN
No. It's nothing I'm- It's all good
Zoe.

ZOE
Um... ok. Marte, go ahead.

Marte resumes.

MARTE
So the main character is a frog
named Bill. He-

John pulls out his phone again.

JOHN
(quietly)
Ooh. It's gettin late.

MARTE
And we could have a second frog-

JOHN
(under his breath)
Better wrap it up, Marte.

MARTE
What?

John turns to Zoe.

JOHN
Do we have the time for this? I'm
just wary about going overtime.

ZOE
We're all good, I think it's fine.

John shrugs and grimaces, looking down.

JOHN
You know what? It's actually all good.

ZOE
Ok.

Marte looks to Zoe and she nods for him to resume his pitch.

MARTE
So the two frogs live in this place called the *Lily Pad*.

The writers laugh. John looks extremely shocked at them.

MARTE (CONT'D)
Yeah, so the-

JOHN
Is my sketch gonna make it?

ZOE
What?

JOHN
Is my sketch going to be in the episode? It is, right?

ZOE
I don't know, John. We still have to hear everyone else's. There are a few more people that haven't pitched yet.

John puts his hands up like he's being yelled at. Then, he puts his face into his hands on the table.

MARTE
So anyways, in the world of this sketch, there-

JOHN
You guys probably didn't like it.

MARTE
Dude.

JOHN

Yeah, that's it. You guys probably didn't like my sketch idea huh. You all probably hated it.

ZOE

John-

JOHN

You guys are probably mad at me, you're pissed. You probably have a group chat where you talk about my shitty sketch pitches.

ZOE

John, your pitch was fine, we're not mad at you. Go ahead, Marte.

Marte continues his pitch. John turns to ANNALIESE, the writer seated next to him. He rolls his eyes at her, she uncomfortably stares back.

JOHN

(quiet joke voice)
Sit down Marte! Who said that, right?

ANNALIESE

You did, jackass.

Annaliese shushes John. He turns back and rubs his legs uncomfortably. He turns to TYLER, the writer on the other side of his seat. Tyler is typing on his laptop.

JOHN

(weird joke voice)
What're you typin'? You typin about me?

His volume raises enough to get everyone's attention. John grabs Tyler's laptop. Tyler pulls it out of his grip and slides it further away.

ZOE

John, could you please just let Marte pitch his sketch?

John throws his arms up and looks around at the other writers.

JOHN

Uhhhhh... OK????

MARTE
So then the second frog-

JOHN
Sit down Marte!

ZOE
Ignore him.

Marte continues his pitch. John pulls out his phone and puts in earbuds. Zoe notices almost immediately.

ZOE (CONT'D)
John! Are you listening to music?

John angrily pulls out the earbuds.

JOHN
What the hell do you guys want from me? You ridicule my pitch, you slap me around and call me names, you talk about me behind my back! Like what? You guys treat me so wrong! So wrong...

The writers all look at each other, they feel really bad.

TYLER
Hey, John... We're really sorry.

ZOE
Yeah, sorry John. You know what? Why don't you pitch your sketch again? Sit down Marte.

John jumps up excitedly.

JOHN
So then Max says "I don't want to DIE of betes!"

The whole writers room roars with laughter.