

MARON
"Give the Past a Slip"

Written by:
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INT. MARC'S GARAGE - DAY

MARC MARON and HENRY ROLLINS sit behind microphones on either side of the desk. They're recording an episode of Marc's podcast.

MARON

So you're originally an East coast guy, right?

ROLLINS

Yeah. Born in DC and kicked around that scene for awhile. Then I joined Black Flag and moved out here.

MARON

I think I was at B.U. around the same time. Early 80s?

ROLLINS

Yeah, early 80s. I moved out in '81.

MARON

Yeah. Yeah. Man, there was a college punk band around that same time from Ohio maybe. I think Kent State maybe. I had their 45 and loved it. I can't remember their name.

ROLLINS

Are you thinking Devo?

MARON

No, not Devo! This band never went on to do anything, but this 7 inch was amazing! They had a song about how the whole world was becoming shopping malls and eventually the malls would just be these big empty carcasses.

ROLLINS

Dead Milkmen? They were PA though.

MARON

Not the Dead Milkmen. What was the name of them? This is killing me. I don't even have that vinyl anymore. It was so prophetic. I haven't thought about them in years.

ROLLINS
I don't know man.

The two men sit awkwardly in silence while Marc is clearly trying to rack his brain.

ROLLINS (CONT'D)
Are we still recording?

EXT. GARAGE - SOON AFTER

Maron and Henry are walking down the driveway.

MARON
Hey man, sorry about that. I get in my head and obsess. At least it's not about food this time.

ROLLINS
I wouldn't know anything about that.

MARON
Paved.

ROLLINS
What?

MARON
Paved or Pave the World. I can't remember the name of that song about turning the world into malls and parking lots. Pave something.

ROLLINS
Pavement?

MARON
No. That's not it.

ROLLINS
(Put off)
Well, thanks for having me over.

MARON
Yeah. Thanks for stopping by man. I'll send you an e-mail when the episode goes up.

Henry walks away while Marc heads towards his house muttering.

MARON (CONT'D)
Make the world a parking lot. Pave
the world. Shit. This is killing
me.

INT. MARON'S HOME - SAME

Marc is on his cell phone.

MARON
Hey David, it's Maron. Do you
remember that 7 inch of that
college art punk band I had in
Boston? I played it all the time.

INT. DAVID CROSS' TRAILER - SAME

DAVID CROSS, covered head to toe in a green spandex leotard,
is also on his cell phone.

CROSS
Hi Marc. I'm fine, how are you?

MARON
(Over phone)
Huh?

CROSS
Oh, I'm sorry. I thought this was
going to be a conversation we
started together and not one that I
was supposed to jump into half way
through.

INT. MARON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MARON
How are you, David? Working on
another squirrel movie or
something?

CROSS
(Over the phone)
Chipmunks and no.

MARON

Don't the suits at the studios
freak when they realize they're
going to have to cover all your
tattoos?

INT. DAVID CROSS' TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

CROSS

(Looking at his leotard)
They find ways around it. Now
what's going on?

INT. MARON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MARON

Back in Boston I had this 7 inch
from some little art punk band that
I loved, but I can't remember their
name.

INT. DAVID CROSS' TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

CROSS

Are you doing coke again?

INT. MARON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MARON

No, I'm not on coke! I had Rollins
in the garage and it just jogged my
memory, but I can't remember their
name. They were an artsy band from
Kent State.

CROSS

(Over the phone)
Devo?

MARON

No, not Devo!

INT. DAVID CROSS' TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

CROSS

Back then you were obsessed with everything for two week intervals. Can't help you out on this one.

MARON

(Over phone)
Alright, buddy.

CROSS

Are you sure you're not back on coke.

INT. MARON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

MARON

Thanks David.

Marc hangs up his phone.

MARON (CONT'D)

(Muttering)
Pave the world, pave a parking lot.

INT. RECORD STORE - LATER THAT DAY

Marc enters the small record store. A hipster CLERK looks up from inspecting a record to look at Marc and rolls his eyes.

MARON

What?

The clerk doesn't answer. He just goes back to meticulously inspecting the vinyl and blowing off dust.

MARON (CONT'D)

Hey man, I need some help.

The clerk sighs.

CLERK

Can I help you?

MARON

Yeah, what's with the attitude?

CLERK

Excuse me?

MARON
The attitude. What's with it?

CLERK
I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about.

MARON
I'm sure you do. Aren't we supposed to be kindred spirits? We're both vinyl guys, man. There has to be something said for that. We're both desperately clutching onto antiquated technology-

CLERK
(Pompously)
Antiquated? Uh, vinyl doesn't suffer that same loss in fidelity due to compression-

MARON
Yeah, yeah. You're preaching to the choir, man. Listen, I'm trying to track down a band.

CLERK
Which band?

MARON
I don't know.

CLERK
You don't know?

MARON
No.

CLERK
Am I supposed to randomly guess?

MARON
You know what, let me just talk to the owner instead. When is he here?

CLERK
I am the owner.

MARON
Really? Nice business model, buddy. Alienate and condescend your customers.

CLERK
(Cordially)
I apologize.

MARON
Alright. So there was this band
that I loved back in college. This
must have been maybe 85 or 86.
They were an art punk band from
Ohio. Kent State I think.

CLERK
Oh!

MARON
You better not say "Devo".

CLERK
Go on.

MARON
I had their 7 inch. I don't know
that they put out anything else. I
remember one song prophesied the
world becoming shopping malls and
then eventually abandoned shopping
malls. Maybe it was called "Pave
the World" or something like that.

CLERK
Joni Mitchell "Big Yellow Taxi"?

MARON
(Sharply)
What?

CLERK
You know.
(Singing)
"They paved paradise. Put up a
parking lot."

MARON
I know the song. Art punk band
from the 80s and you say, "Joni
Mitchell?" Really?

The clerk shrugs.

MARON (CONT'D)
I'll find it myself.

Marc browses through the vinyl.

CLERK

Are you sure it's not Devo?

MARON

I liked you better when you were being a dick.

EXT. RECORD STORE - SAME

Marc exits the store empty handed, looking defeated.

Outside, a MUSCLE GUY is yelling into his cell phone. Marc stands near by trying to figure out his next move, but is clearly distracted by the commotion.

MUSCLES

(Into phone)

Yeah. Yeah. Whatever! I don't care. I don't care!

MARON

(To himself)

Really?

Marc approaches the guy and stares with an irritated face.

MARON (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy.

MUSCLES

(Covering the phone)

What?

MARON

The "I don't care" line. It ain't working.

MUSCLES

Huh?

MARON

Anytime anyone yells "I don't care" that passionately into a phone, what they really mean is, "I do care...a lot!"

MUSCLES

Oh?

Muscle pauses for a second and goes back to speaking into the phone.

MUSCLES (CONT'D)
(Into the phone)
Hey baby? I do care...a lot.

MARON
Don't say that!

MUSCLES
(Into the phone)
Hold on a sec.

Muscles covers the mouthpiece of the phone again.

MUSCLES (CONT'D)
Why not?

MARON
Because "I do care a lot" is just
an apology and a full admission of
guilt.

MUSCLES
So what should I say?

MARON
Just say you're sorry.

MUSCLES
Isn't that also an apology and an
admission of guilt?

MARON
No. Sorry just means "sorry".

MUSCLES
Thanks man.

MARON
Don't mention it. You wouldn't
happen to know anything about
obscure bands would you?

INT. MARON'S HOME - EVENING

Marc is pacing back and forth. He tosses the Exploded Toad
record in the trash.

KYLE, his intern, knocks on the front door.

MARON
Come in.

Kyle is carrying a load of packages.

KYLE
I picked up your mail.

MARON
Thanks. Hey, how old are you?

KYLE
29.

MARON
29? What year were you born?

KYLE
1984.

MARON
Jesus. Hey, you don't know anything about mid-80s art punk bands do you?

KYLE
Do you need me to?

MARON
I'm trying to remember the name of a band. They were Kent State students.

KYLE
Dev---

MARON
I swear if you finish that thought, you're fired.

KYLE
So not Devo?

MARON
Damn it Kyle, what did I say?

KYLE
Sorry.

Marc looks at the pile of mail.

MARON
So what did I get? Anything good?

KYLE
There's lots of stuff. Should I
have opened it? I wasn't sure. I
didn't open it.

Marc picks up a medium sized box and smells it.

MARON
Cookies!

KYLE
What about your diet?

MARON
It's a cheat day.

Marc starts tearing open the package.

KYLE
I thought Sunday was your cheat
day.

MARON
It's like you're begging for me to
let you go.

He gets the package open and inspects the cookies.

MARON (CONT'D)
Aw! They're shaped like cats!
Want one?

KYLE
I'm on a diet too.

MARON
Why? You're not fat.

KYLE
Neither are you.

MARON
I knew there was a reason I kept
you around.

Kyle and Marc both eat cat cookies.

KYLE
Mm. These are moist.

MARON
Moist? Moist! I think they had a
song with moist in the title too!

INT. RECORD STORE - NEXT DAY

Marc enters the store.

MARON

What if I told you they also had a song that had something to do with the word "moist".

The clerk shrugs.

Marc exits.

EXT. RECORD STORE - SAME

Marc hesitantly pulls out his cell phone. Changes his mind and starts to put it away, but changes his mind again and reluctantly makes a call.

MARON

(Overly cheerful)

Hey! It's Marc. I was talking to...uh...I heard you had the baby. Congratulations.

INT. BABY NURSERY - SAME

Marc's ex-wife MICHELLE is on the other end of the phone breast feeding her newborn child.

MICHELLE

What do you want, Marc?

MARON

(Over the phone)

I just wanted to call and congratulate you and What's-His-Name.

MICHELLE

What do you really want?

EXT. RECORD STORE - CONTINUOUS

MARON

Do you still have any of my old vinyl?

MICHELLE
(Over the phone)
Why would I have any of your old
stuff?

MARON
I don't know. To remember me?

INT. BABY NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE
How could I forget you?

MARON
(Over the phone)
You mean that?

MICHELLE
Yeah. Every time you talk about me
on stage someone calls and tells
me.

EXT. RECORD STORE - CONTINUOUS

MARON
Hey I own most...some of it. I own
my part.

INT. BABY NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE
We're not married anymore. If I
don't want to be part of your life,
it also means I don't want to be
part of your act.

MARON
(Over the phone)
That's fair. Hey, let me be
honest. The reason I called is I
need your help.

MICHELLE
(Concerned)
What's wrong? Are you dying?

EXT. RECORD STORE - CONTINUOUS

MARON

I had a record from this college
punk band and I can't-

MICHELLE

(Over the phone)
You called for that?

MARON

(Sheepishly)
Yeah.

MICHELLE

(Over the phone)
Goodbye, Marc.

MARON

Sorry. Hey, what's that noise in
the back? I'm not interrupting you
and What's-His-Name, am I? You
know what? I'm fine with you being
with him now. I don't care!

INT. BABY NURSERY - CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE

I'm breast feeding the baby.

MARON

(Over the phone)
I remember when I used to eat
there.

Michelle angrily hangs up her phone.

EXT. RECORD STORE - CONTINUOUS

Marc hangs up his phone smiling. A pedestrian walks past.

MARON

(Proudly to pedestrian)
I still know how to push her
buttons.

INT. MARON'S HOME - EVENING

Marc eats cookies and paces. Kyle sits on the couch working on his laptop.

MARON

I wonder if I should send a gift for the baby? Pave the world? Moist something? Screw that! Her new guy can get the baby all that crap. Moist. Moist. Kyle!

Kyle jumps.

KYLE

Yes?

MARON

My storage unit! Let's go!

KYLE

Now?

MARON

Yes now!

KYLE

But it's late.

MARON

I don't want to go alone.

KYLE

Okay.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marc's headlights illuminate the storage unit. Marc fumbles with the lock while Kyle nervously looks around.

KYLE

This reminds me of Silence of the Lambs.

MARON

Why? What do you think I have inside, a jar with a head in it?

KYLE

Do you?

MARON

No! It's just a bunch of my old
shit.

KYLE

Isn't that what's in your garage?

MARON

This is other old shit. The stuff
that hasn't made it to the garage
yet.

Marc gets the lock open.

MARON (CONT'D)

Give me a hand with this.

Marc and Kyle both lift open the door to the storage unit.
It's dark inside.

MARON (CONT'D)

Do you have a lighter?

KYLE

I don't smoke.

MARON

I didn't ask if you smoke. I asked
if you have a lighter.

KYLE

Why would I have a lighter?

MARON

I don't know, to light cigarettes
for women at bars or something.

KYLE

You can't smoke inside. And I don't
go to bars.

MARON

I didn't ask if you went to bars.

KYLE

I don't have a lighter!

MARON

Alright! I don't either. Go
inside and see if you can find the
light cord.

KYLE

Why me?

MARON
Because I can't see a thing.

KYLE
Neither can I.

MARON
I'll give you twenty bucks.

Hesitantly Kyle enters the storage unit disappearing into the blackness. A moment passes.

MARON (CONT'D)
Kyle? You okay in there, buddy?
Kyle?

Kyle finds the light and the storage unit is illuminated.

Marc gasps and jumps, causing Kyle to jump as well and scramble out of the unit.

KYLE
What?!

MARON
(Laughing)
Nothing. Just messing with you.

KYLE
Very funny. Twenty dollars?

MARON
What? Are you serious about that?

Marc pulls \$20 from his wallet and hands it to Kyle.

KYLE
Thanks. What are we looking for?

Marc rummages through the small unit full of his belongings.

MARON
There should be a box with some old vinyl and maybe show posters and miscellaneous stuff like that.

Kyle begins to look as well.

KYLE
Be careful of spiders. There could be Brown Recluses.

Marc stops what he's doing.

MARON
I'll give you another twenty if you
do the looking.

Marc exits the unit.

INT. MARC'S CAR - SOON AFTER

Marc is driving. Kyle rides shotgun.

KYLE
Sorry we couldn't find it. At
least I didn't get bit by that
spider.

MARON
This is driving me crazy!

KYLE
Sorry.

MARON
Hey, do you have that app on your
phone that figure out songs?

KYLE
Yeah.

MARON
Open it.

Kyle takes out his phone and clicks on the music app.

KYLE
You have to play the song for it to--

MARON
I know how it works! Give me a
second.

Marc clears his throat.

MARON (CONT'D)
(Singing)
Pave the world. Something
something. And build a great big
parking lot. Something something.
Pave the world.

Kyle looks at his phone.

KYLE

No match.

MARON

Try it again.

Kyle restarts the app.

MARON (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Um.....moist. Da da da da. Moist.

(Defeated)

Never mind.

KYLE

Have you tried Google?

MARON

Google what? "What's that band I can't remember?" You're not helping.

INT. MARON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marc is laying in bed tossing and turning.

INT. MARON'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marc jolts awake.

MARON

Brainiacs? Brain Stew? Brain Child?

He sighs and goes back to sleep.

EXT. EMPTY MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Marc is standing at one end of a parking lot of a shut down shopping mall. Weeds are growing through the cracks in the pavement.

MARON

Brain Drain?

CLERK

You're close.

MARON

I knew you knew who I was talking about!

The clerk points to the far end of the parking lot where a band is playing on a small makeshift stage.

MARON (CONT'D)

Is that them?

The clerk nods. Marc starts walking toward the band. He calls to them.

MARON (CONT'D)

(Yelling)

Who are you?

He starts running, but never gets any closer. He keeps running.

MARON (CONT'D)

(Yelling)

Hey! What's the name of your band?

He strains to make out the name of the band written on the base drum, but he just can't see it.

INT. MARON'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The alert on his phone BUZZES. Marc grabs his phone. There's a text message from Kyle reading "LIQUID BRAIN?"

INT. RECORD STORE - LATER THAT MORNING

Triumphantly Marc enters the store.

MARON

I got it!

The clerk looks confused.

CLERK

Can I help you?

MARON

I'm the guy.

The clerk looks even more confused.

MARON (CONT'D)
From the other day. I was trying to
track down that band.

CLERK
(Confused)
Okay...

MARON
How can you not remember me? Do
you really have that many people
coming in here every day?

The clerk shrugs.

MARON (CONT'D)
Whatever. Do you have anything
from a band called Liquid Brain?

The clerk cocks his eyebrow slightly.

MARON (CONT'D)
What?

CLERK
What?

MARON
What was that?

CLERK
What was what?

MARON
That thing?

CLERK
What thing?

MARON
When I said "Liquid Brain" you did
a thing with your face.

CLERK
What kind of thing?

MARON
A thing!

CLERK
I don't know. I can't see my face
without a mirror.

MARON
Well, do you have it?

CLERK
A mirror?

MARON
Liquid Brain!

CLERK
I don't know. Take a look in the
Is.

Marc walks over to the L section of vinyl, shaking his head.

MARON
You know, when the big box
retailers catch on to the fact that
there's still market for a niche
product like vinyl, you should turn
in an application. Your helpful
attitude will fit in perfectly.

Marc thumbs through the L vinyl.

MARON (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Oh! I used to have this one!
(To the clerk, excitedly)
Hey man! I had this one!

INT. MARON'S HOME - SOON AFTER

Marc enters with a huge stack of vinyl. Kyle is already
inside sorting merchandise for mailing.

KYLE
Wow, that Liquid Brain band had a
lot of albums.

Marc puts down the stack.

MARON
No, this is other stuff. I did
some damage. How did you come up
with Liquid Brain?

KYLE
Google. I thought you said the guy
that owned that place was a dick.

MARON

He is, but he had some good stuff.
And check this out!

Marc lifts a record by a band called Liquid Brain.

KYLE

You found it! Let's put it on.

MARON

Can you give me about an hour?
Alone?

KYLE

For real?

MARON

Really.

KYLE

But we've been through so much for
this.

MARON

I know buddy, but I don't know what
kind of memories this might stir
up. I don't know if I'm ready to
cry in front of you yet.

KYLE

You think you might cry in front of
me one day?

MARON

I know I'm going to cry in front of
you one day. Just not today.

KYLE

I understand. I'll take this stuff
to the post office. Do you want me
to stop at the coffee house on my
way back?

MARON

Sure.

KYLE

Can I get some money?

MARON

What happened to the 40 I gave you
last night?

KYLE

I thought that was you paying me for turning on the lights and going through boxes.

MARON

I just bought all of these albums.

KYLE

Okay.

Kyle gathers the merchandise for mailing and exits.

Marc takes the vinyl out of the jacket and inspects it for a second. He puts it on the turntable and sets the needle in place. He turns on the turntable and the Liquid Brain record starts spinning.

INT. MARC'S GARAGE - LATER

Marc is looking at the Liquid Brain record and tosses it aside with a hint of disdain.

He leans into his microphone.

MARON

Things change. You can't revisit your past and why would you want to? Nothing can live up to your idealized memories. You build things up so much in your head that the reality of them can only be disappointing. Things either aren't as prolific as you imagined or maybe...maybe they just have babies. There was a great band from Ohio that said it best. "Give the past the slip."

FADE TO BLACK.