



Partners



**A dang sketch written by
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Written by

Garrett Buss

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

A grizzled, mustached, Texan sheriff sits behind his desk, polishing his bullwhip with care - business as usual.

SHERIFF

Taylor! Grimshaw! My office, NOW!

Two cops wander in through the door. It's clear these two are partners: sworn brothers through thick and thin. TAYLOR is wearing the traditional uniform, chewing a toothpick with thick sideburns. GRIMSHAW is dressed similarly except for one striking feature - his white ten gallon cowboy hat. Everyone is wearing Aviator sunglasses. The sheriff has yet to look up from his whip.

TAYLOR

Yeah, Sheriff?

Grimshaw sits stoic with his mouth slightly agape.

SHERIFF

(Still looking at his bullwhip)
I usually don't approve of my men
playing hero - but the way you
saved those orphaned politicians
Well, I'll just say it-

The Sheriff looks at the two men and sees Grimshaw's Ten Gallon Hat. He's visibly flustered.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

(flatly)

Hat.

Sheriff's eyes go wide.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Grimshaw - what in New York City is
going on with your hat?!

Sheriff points to Grimshaw's hat.

TAYLOR

Whats wrong with the hat, Sheriff?

Grimshaw sits ups straight and grips the arms of his chair, he's ready for a fight.

SHERIFF

A man works the force for 10 years,
no hat, then one day, what? A hat?

TAYLOR
I think it looks nice.

SHERIFF
He looks like a damn cartoon.

TAYLOR
Now Sheriff, I don't think it looks like a cartoon one bit! Makes him look distinguished.

GRIMSHAW
Thank ya.

TAYLOR
No sweat, partner.

SHERIFF
Now boys.

Sheriff takes off his Sunglasses - to emphasize a point.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)
That hat is a disgrace.

TAYLOR
I think it's the epitome of grace.

Taylor takes off his sunglasses - to emphasize a point. He glances at Grimshaw as if to invite him to take off his sunglasses. Grimshaw quickly but somewhat clumsily takes off his glasses. His eyelids has been STUNNINGLY eye shadow-ed. Everyone puts their sunglasses back on slowly and in unison.

SHERIFF
It is just unsightly.

TAYLOR
How do ya mean?

SHERIFF
It's distracting--

TAYLOR
(Indignant)
Distracting?

SHERIFF
Unseemly--

TAYLOR
Unseemly.

SHERIFF

That hat has got to go, son.

GRIMSHAW

I got it at ROSS.

TAYLOR

Hear that sheriff? He got it at ROSS. You saying the management at ROSS don't know a quality hat?

SHERIFF

If you spent more than a nickel on that hat you got robbed.

GRIMSHAW

My Mom said it makes me look handsome.

TAYLOR

She's right.

SHERIFF

Lord have mercy! If you don't put that NASTY hat in the shredder by the count of three--

TAYLOR

It wouldn't fit in the shredder!

GRIMSHAW

It wouldn't fit in the shredder, sheriff!

TAYLOR

That's made to fit paper!

GRIMSHAW

This ain't paper.

In the background you can see Sheriff attempting to crack the whip - he tries a few times unsuccessfully. It sound like an old car trying to start up.

TAYLOR

What's it made of!?

GRIMSHAW

I don't know!

TAYLOR

We don't even know what it's made of and you're gonna let a good hat like this go to waste. Dang shame!

SHERIFF

Enough!

Sheriff finally snaps his whip and the room is suddenly still. Close ups of everyone as they take off and put away their glasses then slouch a little in their chairs. They all feel ashamed that they fought.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have made such a big deal--

SHERIFF

No, no, I'm in a mood today. Couldn't find my gun this morning.

TAYLOR

It'll turn up.

Sheriff laughs to himself a little.

SHERIFF

It always does.

GRIMSHAW

Shoulda known it was gonna be a divisive hat. I'll take it off.

SHERIFF

Leave it on, Grimshaw. You look good.

The sheriff spins in his chair so he is facing towards the window.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I wish I were brave enough to try something like that.

TAYLOR

(enthusiastic)

C'mon now, sheriff. I'm sure you could--

SHERIFF

(abruptly)

That's all, boys.

TAYLOR

But sheriff--

SHERIFF

I said, that's all, boys.

Grimshaw and Taylor nod regretfully and walk out the door. Sheriff opens his drawer and looks down at a beret stashed in his bottom drawer.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

One day.

The Sheriff looks at the hat, then looks to the sky.

SLOW FADE.

AFTER CREDITS:

The Sheriff is standing, wearing the beret - looking in a hand mirror. He's admiring himself. Grimshaw enters through the door.

GRIMSHAW

Hey Sheriff, found your gun. It was in the short urina-

SHERIFF

JESUS! Grimshaw, I-

The Sheriff embarrassed, grabs for his hat. Grimshaw quickly puts up a hand - to settle the Sheriff down and let him know it's all right.

GRIMSHAW

It's all right, I understand.

They pause for a moment and give a knowing nod and a half smile. Grimshaw nearly closes the door but pops his head in one last time.

GRIMSHAW (CONT'D)

Oh, and sheriff...

SHERIFF

Yeah, Grimshaw?

GRIMSHAW

Looks good.

The Sheriff smiles.

SHERIFF

I got it at Ross.

Sentimental John Williams-esque music starts to play. Cut to both of their half smiling faces.

SLOW FADE.

After the screen has gone black, the logo for ROSS fades in. Underneath the logo, text fades in that reads:

"This month only: 10% off ALL hats!"