

Californians Move to Texas | Episode 2: The Cookout

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3MOy6Z_UP7c

Transcript: <https://dontveter.com/ec/CAtoTX2.pdf>

Whoa.

Hey, hey, there, thanks so much for inviting us, we've never been to a real backyard barbecue before.

Your LA neighbors never invited you for a cookout?

We never met our neighbors.

You need to meet the host, oh, yeah, yes, howdy hi Folks, this is Clay. Hey how you doing?

I'm Timpani, she her, I'm Steve, he him.

Well Timpani see she. I'm Clay, hey Sam why don't you just meet these, uh, new neighbors that we have, they're the ones that Kevin was telling us about.

Yes, welcome to our humble little hacienda. Hey, mi casa es su casa.

Oh, I know this one! Evatto uh go doyers. The Latinx love me, my gardener, Javier nicknamed me Karenito it means "he cares".

Anyway, we brought a salad it's a quinoa kale salad with a balsamic reduction.

Jennifer Aniston ate this every day on the set of "Friends".

Bless your heart, just gonna go set this somewhere else.

Well what did I tell you? They are exactly like you described them.

Thank you, that's so sweet.

I better go check on the ribs, you two have fun, you hear.

Ribs?

So I heard you guys moved back to California, actually, is that true?

Oh we did, but when we got there squatters were in our homes and by state law we can't evict them for months so we moved back.

That's horrible.

We had no real right to the house anyways it being on the traditional and unseated homelands of the Tongva, Shumash and Catch peoples. Huh. Huh. Well we are about to eat so we're gonna say a few words.

A land use acknowledgment.

Uh, grace.

I don't get it?

Praying.

Oh, like the emoji.

Oh, just like that.

All right everybody, why don't you guys come on over, let's take care, take our hats off, bow our heads.

Now, Lord God heavenly father (or mother) we just pray bless this meat we are about to eat in the name of Jesus (who was a person of color).

And everybody said "Amen". (Namaste.)

All right, let's get you guys some food, remember to take a napkin. We're gonna take a napkin.

You know this line might be a little bit too long, I'll get you something straight off the grill.

Oh, yes. Hey partner, what are we working with here?

We got sausages, brisket, ribs, your choice.

Do you guys have any vegan options?

Oh, that's beyond impossible.

Great we'll take either one of those.

What he means is it's beyond impossible to find a vegan option at a Texas cookout.

Too bad, oh, I guess we'll just have a bun with some ketchup on it.

All right, I can get that.

Great. It's gluten-free, right?

Uh, sure.

Awesome.

We can meet you to eat all of this.

I can still hear him crying sometimes in the middle of the night.

Excuse me Samantha, have you seen my husband he disappeared a little while ago and I'm starting to get worried.

Oh, but why sweetie? You think this is one of those "Get Out" movie situations?

Of course not. Is it?

An African-American man travels with his Caucasian girlfriend to meet her parents for the first time. What starts out as an awkward visit soon turns into a horrifying struggle for his sanity and survival, as the family and the townspeople are not what they seem.

Uh, you know I think I saw the fellas going around that side of the house, I'm sure Clay's just giving him a hard time.

Okay, who's y'all's favorite Batman?

Um. What have you done? It's meat!

Baby, it's not what it looks like eating meat, it was an accident, it means nothing to me.

I just slept and then the meat fell into my mouth, it was crazy.

I don't even know you anymore.

Baby, don't go, not yet.

You're gonna run after? A minute.

It doesn't have real plugins.

Oh man, that's all right now, you're home.

So, you're not going to talk to me for the rest of the ride home?

Not when there's still barbecue sauce on your face.

You know what, you're right, I was wrong, in fact, I don't even deserve to be in the car with you right now.

I'm just gonna get out right here and walk the whole rest of the way home.

Oh, you mean right here by this Whataburger?

Whoa, what, I didn't even see that Whataburger over there. Seriously let me out.

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