

THE SARAH SILVERMAN PROGRAM.

"High, It's Sarah"

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"High, It's Sarah"

ACT ONE

EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING (DAY 1)

SFX: Rooster crow.

INT. BRIAN & STEVE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Brian is on the couch, watching TV. Steve yawns as he enters. Brian offers up their bong to Steve.

BRIAN

Feel like starting your day off with a bowl of shredded mini-weeds?

STEVE

Tempting, but you know I'm saving myself for the "Laser-Bowie" show tonight. Being off weed for three days now, man, this feels like my second virginity, but for pot.

BRIAN

You really think lowering your tolerance is going to make a big difference?

STEVE

If I'm not ridiculously high at this laser light show, then I've just wasted three days of my life.

Steve puts on a baseball hat and opens the front door.

BRIAN

Where are you off to?

STEVE

Best Buy. I wanna check out the new coax cables they just got in.

BRIAN

(re: bong)

What am I supposed to do?

STEVE

Can't you just smoke alone?

BRIAN

No way. Then I'd have a problem.

Sarah appears in their open doorway, holding a coffee mug.

STEVE

Oh, hey Sarah. Nice mug.

SARAH

What, this old thing?

Steve exits. Sarah stands in the entryway waiting for Brian to invite her in. After a beat:

BRIAN

Do you want to come in or something?

SARAH

No, no, nothing of the sort. I just came by to borrow a cup of sugar.

BRIAN

Sure, what are you making?

SARAH

Making...?

Sarah and Brian exchange confused looks. Brian then takes the mug from Sarah and goes to the kitchen. While Sarah waits in the doorway, she sniffs her armpit and appears content. Brian returns and hands the mug to Sarah.

BRIAN

Here you go.

Sarah dips her pinkie into the mug and samples the sugar.

SARAH

Yup, it's pure.

An awkward, silent beat. Then Sarah maintains eye contact with Brian as she silently closes the door on herself.

Just as Brian's about to flop back onto the couch, there's a KNOCK on the door. He opens it up and it's Sarah again.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Was that weird just then?

BRIAN

Very weird. I'm glad you said something 'cause I thought maybe it was just me.

SARAH

We used to be so close, and now we live so close, but we're not so close. Remember how much fun we used to have?

Sarah and Brian both look upward and into a...

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - FLASHBACK

It's the early 1990's. Sarah stands with Brian, who's eating from a can of Pringles. Sarah wears an over-sized hoodie, a long, sloppy skirt, and Doc Martens.

SARAH

Oh, do you like acoustics?

BRIAN

You know I do.

Sarah grabs the Pringles can and dumps out the chips. She then hikes up her skirt and squats over the can. Her face becomes focused as we hear the amplified TINKLING of pee.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Rad.

The loud TINKLING starts and stops again and again.

INT. BRIAN & STEVE'S APARTMENT - BACK TO SCENE

We exit this reverie to find Sarah and Brian laughing.

BRIAN

Oh man, I haven't laughed that hard in years. Sure, it ruined Pringles for me, but I found other chips to eat.

SARAH

That's that. We're spending the day together, you and me.

(then)

Tell me, old friend, what do you like to do for fun these days?

BRIAN

Well, today I was toying with the idea of getting high.

(re: bong)

You want me to deal you in?

SARAH

Oh, I don't know, I've never smoked pot before. But what's the worst that could happen.

Sarah turns and gives a gigantic wink to the camera. The CAMERA WINKS BACK. Off Sarah's puzzled reaction...

EXT. BANK - DAY

A crime scene is being taped off at a bank. Nearby, Jay is being interviewed by TV news reporter, GRACE BRADLEY.

GRACE BRADLEY

(into camera)

Joining me now is officer Jay McPherson, who used words, not bullets, to convince bank robbers to surrender.

(to Jay)

So, how does it feel to be a hero?

JAY

Ah, jeez... Mighty Mouse is a hero, I was just doing my job.

GRACE BRADLEY

Modesty. You won't find that on Craigslist. Tell me, Jay, what does a strapping man like you do after a big... bust like this--

Grace presses her cleavage in close for Jay to inspect.

JAY

Uh-oh. I'm, um, picking up some signals here, and they seem to be of a romantic--
(averting eyes)

Okay, I should explain that I have a girlfriend, so your breasts there are creating a bit of a--

INT. JAY'S BEDROOM - MORNING - END DREAM SEQUENCE

Jay bolts awake from his dream, breathing hard. He quickly lifts up the sheets and surveys the scene. He grimaces.

JAY

Aw, for crying out loud.

As Laura begins to wake up, he whips the sheets back down.

LAURA

Morning, Puppy.

JAY

(flustered)

Hey, you...

Laura snuggles up to Jay, then notices he's out of breath.

LAURA
Jay, you're all hot and sweaty. Let's
cool you off.

Laura flings the sheets open, then spots something on Jay.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Oh, Jay, I think you've had a nocturnal
emission here.

JAY
Wha-- noooo. I just had a... touch of
the groin sweats.

LAURA
Sweetie, it's okay.

JAY
You're not upset about this?

LAURA
Of course not. I'm totally flattered.

JAY
Why would you be...?
(realizing)
I mean... yep.
(trying to be playful)
Got me again, you ol' rascal. You just
won't stay out of my dreams, will ya?

Laura beams.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Brian and Sarah are TOTALLY HIGH, hanging out on the swings.
Sarah leans out of frame with a joint, then returns into
frame, exhaling a huge cloud of SMOKE.

SARAH
Seven, one, eight, five, three, two.

BRIAN
What?

SARAH
I don't know. I couldn't think of words
so I said numbers.

BRIAN
I think I got the gist of it.

They both enjoy this stoner moment.

SARAH

Hey, you know who's the most amazing person in the world?

BRIAN

Wait, I think I know this one.

SARAH

Stymie. The cook at Romanski's. He's so kind, and so wise. He nurtures us with each meal he prepares... and we never thank him! We have to thank him, Brian!

BRIAN

Dude, you're just really high. You won't believe all of this once you're sober.

SARAH

Oh, yeah? Well believe this.

Sarah whips out her cellphone and dials on speaker-phone.

SARAH'S OUTGOING MESSAGE (O.S.)

...so leave a message at the beep, or don't. See if I care.

SFX: Voicemail BEEP.

SARAH

(into phone)

Sarah, it's me. This is really important. You must tell Stymie how much he means to you. Yes, you're completely high right now, but believe yourself. This is real.

Sarah hangs up. Brian is chuckling.

BRIAN

That's goofier than peeing in a Pringles can.

INT. JAY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jay's at the front door, now in his uniform. He puts on his police cap as Laura sneaks up and hugs him from behind.

LAURA

Now don't you go dreaming about me when you're supposed to be fighting crime.

JAY

Uh, Roger-that.

Jay sighs loudly, then turns to face Laura.

JAY (CONT'D)

Look, we always said we'd be honest with each other, right? So the truth is, my nocturnal emission wasn't caused by you.

Laura, stunned, takes a step away from Jay.

LAURA

Then who was it caused by...?

JAY

Grace Bradley, WKTPU News.

LAURA

Oh Jay, how could you?

JAY

You see, Grace Bradley's coming by the station today to do a story about the recent surge in missing pets. That's gotta be why she snuck into my dream.

LAURA

Well, I hope when you see her you can contain your semen. Since that seems to be such a challenge for you!

Laura storms out, but has to stop to gather her things. Jay's also trying to leave, so they awkwardly maneuver around each other, grabbing keys, etc. They tensely exit.

INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Sarah and Brian are lounging on the couch, now SOBER.

SARAH

So that's being high, huh? Kinda reminds me of puberty; the whole time I just felt hungry and way too aware of my body hair.

BRIAN

So you think you're still going to tell Stymie all that nice stuff about him?

SARAH

Nah, it was just a goofy, stoney idea.
(noticing cellphone)
Oh, I got a message.

Sarah dials her voicemail and holds the phone to her ear.

SPLIT SCREEN: we see High-Sarah leaving the voicemail from earlier. Sober-Sarah listens intently as she hears:

HIGH SARAH

Sarah, it's me. This is really important. You must tell Stymie how much he means to you. Yes, you're completely high right now, but believe yourself. This is real.

Sarah hangs up the phone. Return to: **NORMAL SCREEN.**

SARAH

Oh my god... she's right! Come on, Brian, we've got to go!

INT. ROMANSKI'S - LATER

Steve and Laura are at the counter, eating brunch.

STEVE

So what were you guys fighting about?

LAURA

Oh... um, well... it's just that I like chocolate but Jay really likes vanilla.

STEVE

See, that's what's crazy. It's always the small stuff. That stuff matters. Hey, we should get your mind off this fight. Let's go bowling.

LAURA

Bowling is a natural distractant.

Sarah and Brian barge through the front door, right past Laura and Steve. Sarah addresses STYMIE, the scruffy cook.

SARAH

Stymie, you beautiful bastard, I just want to tell you how deeply I value you. I appreciate everything you've done for me, and for the whole community. You are truly a special person.

After a long, silent beat, Stymie bursts into HEAVING SOBS.

STYMIE

Thank you, thank you, it's just been a really hard year. I've been so depressed lately I was afraid for myself. But when I heard you say that, everything just...

Stymie sobs some more. Sarah hugs him tightly.

SARAH
Shhh... it's okay. It's okay.

Stymie can't stop crying from this joyful release.

STYMIE
I'm sorry... you'll have to excuse me--

Stymie hustles off to the kitchen area.

BRIAN
Wow, your voicemail to yourself just changed this dude's life. Stoners always have genius ideas, but we never do anything about them. This is huge!

SARAH
Thank you. So are you!

Laura and Steve are in awe.

LAURA
Sarah, that was incredible.

Sarah notices Laura and Steve for the first time.

SARAH
Oh, hey guys.

STEVE
Yeah, Sarah, that was maybe the nicest thing I've ever seen anyone do.

LAURA
The world would be such a better place if we all just thanked the Stymies in our lives, yet we rarely do. But you did.

SARAH
I did, didn't I?

LAURA
So why'd you decide to say all that?

SARAH
Oh, I've been doing drugs.

Laura and Steve share a look of surprise. Sarah takes a carrot stick from Laura's plate and pops it in her mouth.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Sarah and Brian are HIGH. Sarah, bong in hand, exhales some smoke. Sarah's spots something in the newspaper.

SARAH
Brian, look at this!

WE SEE the headline: "Rape Very Common In State Prisons." Sarah gets an "I got it!" look. She dials her cellphone.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey Sarah, it's you again. I need you to do something very important...

BEGIN MONTAGE: Uplifting music plays over the following.

INT. STATE PRISON - LATER

Sarah and Brian are passing out REAL DOLLS (the ultra-realistic looking silicone sex dolls) to PRISONERS. The big, beefy menacing prisoners receive their dolls and look delighted. The little scrawny weak prisoners look FUCKING ECSTATIC. All the prisoners applaud Sarah and Brian.

EXT. STREET/INT. BRIAN'S CAR - ENTRANCE TO CITY - LATER

Sarah and Brian are driving by the Valley Village city limit, enjoying the view. Sarah exhales a giant plume of smoke as Brian drives. They spot a sign that reads: "WELCOME TO VALLEY VILLAGE, MAYOR ELLISON B. WITTELS"

Brian looks inspired. Sarah hands him the phone.

BRIAN
I dunno. Feels kinda gay to call myself.

SARAH
You know what? It does feel kinda gay to make the world a better place, Brian. Good thing you're gay.

Brian nods. He's sold. He dials on his cellphone.

BRIAN
Hey, Brian, it's you. Listen buddy, I think I'm onto something here...

EXT. STREET - ENTRANCE TO CITY - LATER

We PAN across: first to the Valley Village welcome sign again. REVEAL it has been sloppily altered to read: "VALLEY VILLAGE SMELLS BALLS".

We then PAN to Brian, next to the sign, beaming with pride. We WIDEN to include Sarah, who wears a serious expression.

SARAH
(proud)
You did it, Brian.

Sarah pulls Brian into an earnest hug.

BRIAN
We did it.

SARAH
No, weed did it.

END MONTAGE.

INT. FAN-TASTI-MART - LATER

Sarah and Brian are HIGH, walking down an aisle and tossing junk food into their cart.

SARAH
You're a good hang, Brian. It's like if Doug could carry my groceries.

Brian loads a few items into the shopping cart.

BRIAN
Huh, Fat Free Nifty Chips, toilet paper and diarrhea medicine. Aisle 2B is like a museum of my day.

Sarah laughs... until she notices the product labels.

SARAH
This can't be right...

CLOSE ON: the little company logo on the bag of Fat Free Nifty Chips. It reads "SchaarCorp".

CLOSE ON: the toilet paper logo. Also "SchaarCorp".

CLOSE ON: the diarrhea medicine logo. Yup, "SchaarCorp".

SARAH (CONT'D)

Brian, this is a blatant conspiracy! The same company that sells you diarrhea medicine and toilet paper also sells you Fat Free Nifty Chips, which we all know causes diarrhea!

BRIAN

Dicks!

SARAH

It's like they've forced us into this never-ending cycle of buying and pooping and pooping and buying. SchaarCorp has put us on this... hamster wheel... of necessity!

BRIAN

And we're the hamsters!

SARAH

This is a load of hooey. We have to stop these corporate wieners.

BRIAN

Sarah, I totally agree it's a load of hooey, but what can we do?

SARAH

I'll show you.

Sarah pulls out her cellphone and dials.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(as she presses buttons)
Call, call, call, call, call.
(then, into phone)
Hey, it's you again. Listen closely...

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

A news crew sets up. Grace Bradley greets a row of officers, including Jay and OFFICER PAUL.

GRACE BRADLEY

(as she shakes hands)
Grace Bradley. Hi. Grace Bradley.

Jay fidgets as Grace nears. She extends her hand to Jay.

GRACE BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Grace Bradley. Thanks for having me.

JAY

Nice to meet you. I feel the need to mention that you are not attractive.

Grace and the officers look at Jay, bewildered.

EXT. SCHAARCORP OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Sarah and Brian, now SOBER, approach the SchaarCorp headquarters entrance. Sarah's in a gown, Brian, a tuxedo.

BRIAN

Sarah, even if we are dressed all business-y, SchaarCorp isn't gonna just let us walk in there and talk to their president.

SARAH

Oh yeah? What about Ellen Brockovich? She was just one person with big tits. We're two people with big tits.

BRIAN

You mean Erin Brockovich.

SARAH

Right, I must have been thinking about her sister. So, you ready?

BRIAN

Wait, remind me again why we're so enraged at these guys.

SARAH

Huh. I'm a little fuzzy on the details, too. Let's get our minds correct.

Sarah whips out a JOINT.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Grace and her crew are preparing for the live broadcast. Officer Paul and Jay are nearby.

OFFICER PAUL

Why'd you tell Grace Bradley that she's unattractive? Seemed uncalled for.

JAY

Well... last night, I had a dream about her that ended... biologically.

OFFICER PAUL
Big deal, so did I.

JAY
Yeah, well, it's caused a bit of a kerfuffle between Laura and me.

OFFICER PAUL
You told Laura? Rookie mistake.
Alright, here's what you have to do.
Explain everything to Grace and then
you'll feel better about Laura.

JAY
You're absolutely correct. As far as
policies go, honesty is right up there,
I've found.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY SHOE RENTAL COUNTER - DAY

Steve and Laura are at the counter with a SHOE RENTAL GUY.

SHOE RENTAL GUY
Be right back with your 6's and 14's.

He walks off. Steve notices Laura is zoning out.

STEVE
Still upset about Jay, huh?

LAURA
Can we have a talk down?

STEVE
Sure, let's have a talk down.

They lean against the rental shoe counter.

LAURA
Jay and I didn't actually fight about
vanilla versus chocolate... Jay had a
dream about Grace Bradley, and... it
caused him to release his seeds.

STEVE
Oh, Laura.

Steve sympathetically opens his arms. Laura takes the hug.

STEVE (CONT'D)
That's always a tough one. But listen: I
know how Jay feels.
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

And no matter what dreams pass through his head, his seeds are never gonna wind up anywhere but on you. You're his love garden. This problem will be gone with the next laundry.

LAURA

You're so right, Steve.

(then)

You always give such insightful advice, but today you're extra eloquent. It's beautiful and I appreciate it.

STEVE

Yeah, well I haven't smoked pot in a few days. But I can't promise I'll be this eloquent again seeing as how I'm getting massively high for Laser-Bowie tonight.

The Shoe Rental Guy returns with their bowling shoes.

LAURA

Thanks for being there for me, Steve. I'm starting to feel better about this whole Jay thing.

Steve notices something on a nearby TV.

STEVE

Speaking of, look who's on TV.

ANGLE ON: The TV. Grace Bradley's reporting live. Jay enters the frame, not realizing the broadcast has begun.

GRACE BRADLEY

...And that's an unusually high number of pets to be missing for any town--

JAY

(interrupting)

Listen, Ms. Bradley, I need to explain my behavior. Last night, I dreamed that you pressed your breasts against me, and as a result of that image, I had a nocturnal emission. You see a tailpipe isn't the only thing that has an emission. Sometimes, a, if you will, 'frontpipe' can have an emission of sorts.

A long beat.

GRACE BRADLEY

(ever the pro, to camera)

Back to you, John.

BACK ON: Laura and Steve. Laura, stone-faced, walks out.

STEVE
Laura, wait up!

The Shoe Rental Guy puts his hand on Steve's shoulder.

SHOE RENTAL GUY
Let her go, man. She needs to be alone.

INT. SCHAARCORP - SECRETARY AREA - LATER

Sarah and Brian, both HIGH, march up to a SECRETARY.

SARAH
We demand to see your president.

SECRETARY
I'm sorry. He's in a meeting.

Sarah SWEEPS everything off her desk, onto the floor.

SARAH
Now you're in a meeting.

As the secretary tries to gather her belongings, Sarah and Brian march past her into the President's office.

INT. SCHAARCORP - PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Brian storm into the office. The PRESIDENT, who sits behind a large desk, is startled to see them. Sarah and Brian lock the door behind them, then produce whistles from their pockets and ANGRILY BLOW them at the President.

SARAH
We know what you're doing, and we hereby demand that you knock it off!

BRIAN
Yeah, knock it off mister!

SCHAARCORP PRESIDENT
What the hell are you talking about?

SARAH
The hamster wheel of necessity.

SCHAARCORP PRESIDENT
The what?

SARAH

(imitating)

"The what?"

(then)

Allow me to introduce you to my friend, Brian. Thanks to your greedy company, he's an overweight, unemployed failure of a human being.

BRIAN

Yeah!

SARAH

Brian eats your Fat Free Nifty Chips, which gives him diarrhea. So he buys your anti-diarrhea medicine. And guess whose toilet paper he's wiping his ass with?

(whispering menacingly)

SchaarCorp...

(then)

So you may think you're making products, but you're really just making slaves. Slaves out of people like Brian!

SCHAARCORP PRESIDENT

Surely you must have had diarrhea before Fat Free Nifty Chips?

SARAH

Yeah, I've had diarrhea before, asshole.

(then)

You won't get away with this.

Sarah POUNDS HER FIST on the desk. The force of it causes a large vase to fall from a wall shelf, CRASHING onto the President's head. He's knocked out cold. Brian and Sarah exchange a sheepish look.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. SARAH'S LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Sarah and Brian, now SOBER, look quizzically at the SchaarCorp President, who's bound and gagged on the couch.

BRIAN

I'm sure we had a perfectly good reason for kidnapping this guy, but I can't quite put my finger on it.

SARAH

I'm with you, Bri.
(re: cell phone blinking)
Ooh. Maybe voicemail knows.

She picks up the phone and dials on speaker.

SPLIT SCREEN: between High-Sarah and Sober-Sarah & Brian.

HIGH SARAH

I know you're sober right now and think that you've gone too far. Trust me, you haven't.

Return to: **NORMAL SCREEN.** Sarah and Brian look relieved.

SARAH

Oh good. I'm glad my High-self is on top of things.

BRIAN

Yeah, for a minute there I thought we were in too deep.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Laura walks down the street alone, in despair. She stops to read a missing pet flyer tacked to a telephone pole, then begins to sing.

LAURA

*Lost dog slash friend / He wasn't just a
dog he was also a friend / He wasn't just
a dog like yours is...*

INTERCUT BETWEEN LAURA AND JAY:

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME TIME

Jay's looking at a lost cat flyer. He joins in the song.

JAY

*Lost cat, last seen in burgundy pet
carrier / Please bring her back /
No questions asked / It's not polite to
laugh, but I get it, I do / Cause I lost
my cat in its pet carrier / Lost girl
slash friend...*

Laura walks down the street, continuing the song.

LAURA

*Lost boy slash friend / And every day in
every way / He lets me know he thinks I'm
pretty / What do you think that's like to-*

As Laura passes the window of an electronics store, she sees Jay on TV! She ends the song.

ANGLE ON: The TV. A CHYRON below Jay reads: "*Nocturnal Admission.*" Jay's at a podium, addressing the media.

JAY

Ladies and gentlemen, I've requested that WKTPU allow me to address my on-air comments from earlier today. First of all, I would like to apologize for my public use of the term 'nocturnal emission.' I didn't know the cameras were rolling. I am not Meryl Streep. But more importantly, I want all of Valley Village to know that I love my girlfriend. Not only because she is my best friend, but because she is the one to whom my emissions are truly dedicated.

ANGLE ON: Laura, touched. She runs off.

EXT. POLICE STATION - A MOMENT LATER

Jay, still at the podium, gets the "wrap it up" cue from Grace Bradley, as he continues his apology.

JAY

*...to any in the food service industry
whom I offended, to those currently--*

Out of nowhere, Laura steps up to podium and stands proudly next to Jay. She takes the mic.

LAURA

Hello. I'm Laura, and I'm Jay's girlfriend. And I just want you all to know he's got nothing to apologize for. Nocturnal emissions are natural, biological, and not reflective of the real-world intentions of the dreamer. A nocturnal emission doesn't mean you're in love. It just means you're human.

(then)

Thank you.

Jay wraps Laura in a bear hug. Laura spots Steve in the crowd and gives him a thumbs-up.

ANGLE ON: Grace Bradley and Officer Paul.

GRACE BRADLEY

(to herself, touched)

They are so sweet together.

PAUL

(opportunistic, to Grace)

You made me cream my sheets, too.

Grace's expression sours.

ANGLE ON: Jay and Laura. They leave the podium, signaling the end of the press conference. The media disperses.

JAY

Laura, I'm so sorry.

LAURA

It's okay. We all have strange thoughts in our subconscious. As long as we don't act on them, everything will be fine.

JAY

Oh, dumplin' head, I just want to squeeze you till your eyes pop out, then kiss those eyes and pop 'em back in.

LAURA

That sounds wonderful, Jay.

They hug mercilessly. Jay's police radio SQUAWKS.

POLICE RADIO (O.S.)

All units! Kidnapping in progress!

EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Police and many ONLOOKERS have gathered outside Sarah's apartment, as a tense stand-off develops.

OFFICER PAUL
(loudly, into megaphone)
Sarah and Brian, we have the apartment surrounded! It is time to surrender!

INT./EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian is looking out the window, then starts pacing.

BRIAN
I don't like my name being yelled over a megaphone, especially after I've kidnapped someone.

The SchaarCorp President tries to speak, but is muffled, on account of the gag in his mouth. Sarah takes the gag out.

SARAH
Whaaaaaat.

SCHAARCORP PRESIDENT
Do you two have any idea how much trouble you're in?

SARAH
Uh, for being right? Last I checked, that wasn't against the law.

Sarah goes to the window and addresses the crowd below.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Listen close, people outside my apartment. SchaarCorp are the dicks here, not us. They make potato chips and stuff, and it's like they're putting you on a hamster thingy... I mean, a wheel--

BRIAN
(panicking)
You're not explaining it right!

Brian leans out the window to address the confused crowd.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
It's like when you have diarrhea... and the solution is slavery?

The crowd grows more perplexed. A SWAT team sets up.

SCHAARCORP PRESIDENT
 (gives the "ok" sign)
 No really, guys, you're nailing it.

Sarah and Brian look out the window to see: the crowd of onlookers has grown, and now includes Steve and Laura; who are holding hands, truly worried for their loved ones. Jay is with Paul and the other police officers.

JAY
 (on megaphone)
 Sarah and Brian! This is Jay here.
 Guys, look, the sooner you surrender, the sooner you get out of prison!

Brian and Sarah duck back inside. They're freaking out.

BRIAN
 I don't want to go to prison! I can't shower in front of other guys!
 (ramping up)
 I should have never gotten high with you, Sarah. This is not how I get high!

SARAH
 Sorry I'm not an expert stoner like you!
 All I know is we laid this out perfectly to President Douchebag, when we were...

SARAH AND BRIAN
 (lightbulb)
 ...High.

They exchange "I'm sorry" shrugs. Sarah grabs the bong, which has a label on it that reads: "IDEAS". She takes a hit (O.S.), then pokes her head back out the window and exhales a huge cloud of smoke. Now she's confident.

SARAH
 Strap in, Brian. Here we go.

SWAT rifles are trained on Sarah, who addresses the crowd.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 I'm about to blind you people with the truth, so if you've got sunglasses, better put 'em on now!
 (spotting someone)
 Oh, hey Mrs. Ramsey! When did you go bald?

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT./EXT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

The standoff between Sarah and Brian and the police below is at its apex. Among the onlookers, we see Steve comforting Laura. A freshly STONED Sarah is mid-oration.

SARAH

People, think about this. Corporations are creating the problem and marketing the solutions. Connect the dots... Leaky pens, stain removers and pocket protectors. They've created a Hamster Wheel of Necessity!

Brian pokes his head through the window.

BRIAN

And we're the hamsters!

SARAH

They sell cold floors, slippery rugs, and no-slip pads. Why don't they just make the bottom of the rugs out of no-slip pads? Because then they couldn't sell you no-slip pads!

The crowd starts to MURMUR in agreement. Some ONLOOKERS are getting inspired.

ONLOOKER

It's true! They also sell marbles, crutches and armpit salve!

ONLOOKER #2

Yeah, and baseballs, bats, and new windows!

ONLOOKER #3

Sad movies, tears, and tissues!

ONLOOKER #4

Jets, airline tickets, and other places!

The crowd is starting to enjoy this. A MAN turns to a GUY.

MAN

What's going on here?

GUY

I don't know. Everyone's saying three things.

MAN
Cool. Mice, cats, and dogs!

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

From the window, Sarah and Brian see the SWAT team nearing the apartment entrance.

BRIAN
Dude, I think the cops are moving in.

SCHAARCORP PRESIDENT
Oooh, you guys are bus-ted!

SARAH
It's not over. We're high. We can think of something. Maybe I left myself a voicemail.

She checks her phone. It's blinking.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Sweet! I hope it's from me.

SPLIT SCREEN: This time it's Sober-Sarah talking, High-Sarah and Brian listening.

SOBER SARAH
Sarah. It's you. Sober you. I need you to know something. You're re-tarded when you're high. Just stick to Prosecco. Please believe me. This is real!

Return to: **NORMAL SCREEN.**

The DOOR BUSTS OPEN. Paul and Jay charge in, guns drawn.

OFFICER PAUL
Everyone freeze!

Sarah slumps. She knows the jig is up.

SARAH
Brian, I am so sorry for dragging you into this mess. We should have never listened to high-me.

Brian holds Sarah's hand.

BRIAN
Don't apologize, Sarah. I'm glad we hung out together, no matter what the legal ramifications might be.
(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(then)

And if I do go to prison, I'll just wear underpants in the shower. What's the worst that can happen? They tease me?

Paul and Jay rush to the SchaarCorp President, untying him.

PAUL

There you go.

SCHAARCORP PRESIDENT

Oh, thank God.

JAY

And here you are.

Jay puts the SchaarCorp President in handcuffs!

PAUL

We just discovered that your company has been stealing Valley Village's pets just so your photocopier and telephone pole division could turn a profit.

SARAH

Stolen pets, photocopiers, and telephone poles? Huh, that's impressive.

SCHAARCORP PRESIDENT

I knew I'd get caught someday, but it was worth the ride.

PAUL

(to Sarah and Brian)

And, ah, sorry I yelled at you guys over the megaphone. At the time, we didn't know you were just citizen's-arresting this perp.

JAY

You can expect your "Helpful Villager" ribbons in four to six weeks.

Paul and Jay leave, with the SchaarCorp President in handcuffs. Sarah and Brian are spent.

SARAH

So I don't think I can smoke pot again.

BRIAN

Yeah, today was pretty wacko. I might need to take a break from weed myself.

Steve appears in Sarah's busted doorway, holding a joint.

STEVE

Hey Brian, you ready for some Laser-Bowie?

Brian gives a "what are you gonna do" look to Sarah. Brian and Steve turn and leave. After a beat, Brian returns.

BRIAN

Sarah, you know you're welcome to come.

SARAH

I know, Brian... I know.

Brian stays in the doorway for an awkward beat, then exits.

STEVE (O.S.)

Is she coming?

BRIAN (O.S.)

Nah, it got weird again.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (NIGHT 1)

Sarah is in bed, saying good-night to Doug.

SARAH

Well, Dougie, today was strange. I learned that rekindling an old friendship is as simple as kidnapping a corporate executive. And I learned that Laura and Steve bowl. Who knew? But the most important thing I learned today is something my old pal Brian taught me: bacon spelled backwards is "nocab"... which is what black people can get.

(then)

Goodnight, Doug. You may be half-Pug and half-Chihuahua, but you're all-mine.

INT. LASERIUM - NIGHT

We're close on Steve and Brian during the Laser-Bowie show. Colorful lights reflect off their faces. Steve is impossibly happy as tears of joy tell us how high he is.

END OF EPISODE