

WORKAHOLICS

Episode 105
"Checkpoint Gnarly"

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4/02/2010 - Network Draft

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"CHECKPOINT GNARLY"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY ONE)

ADAM and DERS are playing CHESS (though we don't see the pieces yet).

ADAM

I see you're using the Sicilian defense. Too bad it's no match for my King's Gambit.

Adam makes his move and slaps an ALARM CLOCK as if it were a chess clock.

ANDERS

You are just repeating terminology that you've memorized.

REVEAL: Instead of chess pieces, they are using mini-bottles of various liquors. Adam moves a piece. SLAPS clock. Ders makes a quick move knocking over one of Adam's pieces.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Clearly you forgot that Crown Royal can move in any direction. Now drink up.

ADAM

Don't tell me how it works, I'm basically the Bobby Fish of Booze Chess.

Adam takes the fallen piece, opens it, DRINKS it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Is it weird that I want to lose?

BLAKE enters dressed in a policeman's uniform with the shirt unbuttoned, exposing his chest.

ANDERS

Whoa, can we help you, officer?

ADAM

Yeah, looking like L.L. on NCSI.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

I know, pretty dope, right? It's for my pole dancing class at the rec center.

ADAM

Now that's a smart way to meet the ladies.

BLAKE

No, it's a smart way to get a great work out. And yes, I've made a lot of really cool friends. I definitely plan on staying in touch with Cheryl, Penny, and Lori. Just good gal pals.

ANDERS

And people wear costumes to this class?

BLAKE

I think they'll start after they saw how awesome I looked today. Check it out: Freeze! I'm going to need you to spread 'em!

Blake hums an R&B song while grinding against the banister.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

(Doing a butt grab)

A little of this guy. Then some of the nip-shaking. My sex appeal is no big deal.

ADAM

Keep going.

ANDERS

(deadly serious)

He's really good.

BLAKE

And this next move is called... Sexual Justice!

Blake tears off his breakaway pants. Now he's wearing MINI POLICE BOOTY SHORTS and we SLAM TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - DAY (DAY TWO)

Adam, Blake, and Ders crowd one of their computers ogling the monitor.

ADAM

Are you saying you wouldn't bang Tyra Banks in this fat-suit?

ANDERS

I don't think that's a fat suit. I can see her gunt.

BLAKE

That's a faux-gunt. Totally prosthetic. Unlike my boner, which is so real.

ADAM

Wait, what's a gunt again?

BRADLEY, 25, mentally handicapped, enters wearing slacks, a button-up shirt, and a NAME TAG.

BRADLEY

It's a Gut-Cunt. Hi, I'm Bradley, the office ISP Supervisor. I monitor your web activity. A lot of porn, boys.

At this, the guys are confused.

ADAM

Wait, you're our ISP guy?

BRADLEY

What, you don't think I could be an ISP Supervisor?

He taps his name tag. The guys suddenly feel terrible.

ADAM/ANDERS/BLAKE

No!/Not at all./That's not what we meant.

ANDERS

We just meant we don't watch any pornography.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

What is porn even?

BLAKE

I think it's sexier when women
don't show skin.

ANDERS

You know what I find sexy? A pair
of beautiful eyes. The curve of a
neck. A laugh.

Bradley leans in conspiratorially.

BRADLEY

Cut the shit, jag holes. I can
keep this info from your boss...
for a fee.

The guys are relieved, and quickly start searching their
wallets for cash.

ADAM

Oh, phew. 'Cause we watch a lot of
pornography. Mostly the weird
stuff. DP, 3P, 4P, 5P.

ANDERS

(shyly)
I like boo-cake.

BLAKE

Mr. Chew's Asian Beaver. The guy's
a showman.

Anders pools their money, and hands it to Bradley. It's a
few bills and some change.

ANDERS

Okay, here you go. That is
approximately fourteen bucks and my
Barnes and Noble membership card.

Just then, ALICE walks over.

ALICE

I see you met my brother, Bradley.
Did he scam you for money?

The guys look at each other -- they just got totally punked!
They nod at Bradley, impressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

So you're not an ISP Supervisor?

BRADLEY

That's not even a real thing.

ADAM

I'll have to watch myself around
this guy.

Adam high-fives Bradley.

ALICE

Give them their money back, Brad.

WAYMOND peeks around the corner.

ALICE (CONT'D)

You're not getting your money back,
Waymond! It's sixty bucks. Jesus,
let it go.

Waymond sadly exits.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Anyway, Brad, I gotta work late
tonight. But there are leftover
calzones in the fridge.

BRADLEY

Ugh, I'm tired of being cooped up
in your stupid widow-pad.

ALICE

I'm not a widow, Bradley, I got
divorced! I'm an independent
woman, in the prime of my life.

Bradley rolls his eyes, as our guys snicker.

BRADLEY

You're thirty-nine and alone. I
run train on chicks like you.

The guys look at each other, amazed and impressed -- they
can't believe someone is talking to Alice like this.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Why don't I hang with these guys?

ALICE

(to Bradley)

Really? These guys, Brad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BLAKE

Yeah, let B-Rad come hang with us.

BRADLEY

Come on, Alice. For B-Rad.

ALICE

Fine.

ADAM/ANDERS/BLAKE/BRADLEY

Yes!/Awesome!/Niiiiice!

Blake and Ders pal with Bradley and Alice grabs Adam aside.

ALICE

I love my brother more than anything. I don't get to see him that much -- so have a good time, but don't do anything stupid, or I will be eating a 6-testicle omelette for breakfast tomorrow.

Adam's eyes widen.

ADAM

(terrified)

Okay.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Adam, Anders, Blake, and Bradley walk in the parking lot to Ders' car.

ADAM

So tonight, throwback video games. Goldeneye or MarioKart?

Adam holds up the video games.

BLAKE

Yes!

ANDERS

I thought we could throw Bradley a Taste of Italy Night. I'll fire up the Panini press--

ADAM

Yeah, maybe if our grandmothers were visiting from the old country. We're playing MarioKart and I call Bowser. See you on Rainbow Road.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blake takes the games.

BLAKE

(to Adam)

I'm gonna shove a red shell so far up your ass a turtle head will pop out your mouth.

ANDERS

But when you guys get hungry...

BLAKE

We'll order P'zones. Forget the panini press.

ANDERS

It just sits there! I'm trying to expose you guys to other cultures!

ADAM

We told you to get the smoothie maker!

ANDERS

Fine, live in ignorance. Typical Americans. We'll do whatever you guys want to do.

BLAKE

Drink some Mountain Dew Code Red and crush some Kart.

Blake and Adam high-five.

ADAM

(to Bradley)

How does that sound, dude?

IN the BG Ders mouths "Paninis."

BRADLEY

Yeah, all that sounds like it would be fun... If I was ten!

The guys look at each other, surprised.

BLAKE

Well what do you want to do?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - LATER

MONTAGE of the guys getting fucked up with Bradley:

1. Adam lays on the bar as Bradley holds a bottle of Jack Daniels like it's his dick and pours it into Adam's mouth.
2. Bradley and Blake sing karaoke for the entire bar.
3. Bradley and Anders do the electric slide (or the dance TI and JT do in the *My Love* video).
4. Bradley does a flaming-shot with no hands.
5. Anders wins at foosball and the guys POUR A PITCHER OF BEER on his head.

EXT. BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Anders, Blake, Adam, and Bradley stumble out of a bar. Bradley, who is smoking, finishes the rest of an almost empty beer, and then throws the bottle against a brick wall.

BLAKE

Wooo! We are drunk! Just a bunch of drunk guys!

ADAM

Nice work in there, B-Rad.

BRADLEY

This totally beats Alice and her two-dollar Chardonnay.

ANDERS

Speaking of Alice, we should call a cab and get you home.

ADAM

We're not calling a cab, you've only had two beers. We're not paying for a cab.

BRADLEY

I'm not going home. It's Thursday night! That's power hour night!

BLAKE

I love this guy's fresh take on weekdays!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADLEY

You guys have beers at your place,
right?

ADAM

Um... we definitely have some mini-
bottles of Beefeater, but they're
really for Chess. Oh, and Blake
bought some Vermouth, but hasn't
figured out what to mix it with.

BLAKE

I'm so close.

ADAM

We'll have Ders stop at the store.

ANDERS

No way, I'm not risking a DUI.
What if I wanna run for City
Council some day?

BLAKE

That old-boys club? Good luck.

ANDERS

You don't even vote.

BLAKE

It's safer that way.

ANDERS

It's about trajectories, you guys.
(Ders starts listing
things on his fingers)
Schwarzenegger went body builder,
movie star, governor. I could go
star athlete, telemarketing genius,
City Council... Tony Award Winner?

Ders TURNS to the guys, having made his point. REVEAL the
three other guys are sitting in the car waiting for Ders. He
SIGHS, defeated and walks to the car.

INT. GUYS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ders nervously drives with Adam shotgun and Blake and Bradley
in the back.

ADAM

Punch it, they stop selling beer in
like five minutes!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERS

Don't rush me, I'm not in my
comfort zone!

Anders pulls into a lot.

BRADLEY

S'go!

Bradley grabs Blake while Adam and Ders stay in the car.
After a beat:

ADAM

(to Ders)

It turns me on when you talk about
your comfort zone.

ANDERS

You're drunk.

ADAM

(intense)

I couldn't be more sober.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Blake and Bradley race to the CASHIER with a case of beer.

BLAKE

One case of beers, please.

The cashier shakes his head and taps the clock on the
register.

CASHIER

I'm sorry, it's 2:02.

BLAKE

C'mon, man. Be a king tonight.
Make that choice.

He shakes his head, and Blake and Bradley walk back to the
beverage aisle to put back the beers. Blake is dejected.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Once again, the rules of society
keep us from pursuing our
happiness. Sorry, man. Guess
we'll have to take you home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADLEY

Yeah, maybe we should grab you a vaginal douche for your giant PUSSY!!! Come on, man. Watch and learn.

He hands Blake the case of beers, then tears it open. Blake looks around, freaked. Bradley takes a case of soda and starts emptying it, and switching beers for sodas.

BLAKE

Look at this dude. Beer MacGruber.

BRADLEY

This is "day one" shit, dude.

Bradley finishes and they head back up to the cashier.

BLAKE

One case of sodas, please.

The cashier suspiciously rings them up. Blake looks to Bradley who nods at him like, "We got this." As they're getting rung up, Blake nervously chats the Cashier.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I like your weird tie.

All set, they start to walk out.

BRADLEY

(pointedly taking the change)

Keep the change.

Just as they're almost out of the store, the case RIPS, and a BEER falls out. They make EYE CONTACT with the Cashier. He menacingly FLICKS OPEN an EXPANDING BATON. Oh FUCK!!!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

We come back on Blake and Bradley, frozen as they stare at the Cashier.

BLAKE

What? That's not a soda at all. I want my money back!

The Cashier LUNGES toward them. Bradley THROWS the change in his face.

BRADLEY

Run!

EXT. GROCERY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Ders and Adam standing outside the car (trunk open), playing hackey-sack with their keys. Ders holds up Blake's cop uniform to his chest, before throwing it back in the trunk.

ANDERS

...City councilmen have meetings and keep minutes, stuff like that. Zoning is a big part of it. Oh, and they're definitely friends with the mayor.

ADAM

Question for Councilman Blonders: Why do we have to keep the beers in the trunk again?

ANDERS

You always say you're not gonna drink in the car, but five minutes into the ride, you are opening containers like crazy.

ADAM

Beers aren't meant to be contained, Ders. Neither are my balls. Look at them.

REVEAL Adam hanging brain through his fly (blurred out).

Just then Blake and Bradley (with the case of beers) come BARRELLING out of the store.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

We gotta go! Why are your nuts hanging out?!

Ders and Adam are confused, but they jump in the car and start it up. The Cashier is nearing the car, but Blake jumps in and LOCKS his door in time. Bradley goes for the other side, but he's blocked by the Cashier. Bradley and the Cashier go back and forth around the car, one way, then the other. He has no choice -- He dives into the trunk with the beers, and Ders peels out.

ADAM

Did B-Rad just jump in the trunk with a case of Diet Shasta?

BLAKE

That's what he wants you to think.

INT. GUYS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Through the seat, Blake and Adam open the arm rest leading into the trunk so they can talk to Bradley (who's still in the trunk). Ders is driving, looking crazy stressed.

BLAKE

(to Brad in the trunk)
We'll pull over in a second and get you out of there.

BRADLEY

I'm cool.

ADAM

Ders, you're going to get pulled over for driving too slow.

ANDERS

I'm not driving any faster! We're already criminals, I'm driving drunk...

ADAM

Two beers.

ANDERS

... we stole from a grocery store, and the guy probably got my license plate number.

BLAKE

That's all true.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Just take us home, we'll drink some beers and grill up some paninis.

ANDERS

Oh so, now you want paninis? Not happening! And by the way, the plural of panini is panini!

ADAM

Suck my paninus!

BLAKE

Better yet, suck our puh-nee-nye.

ANDERS

I-- Is someone smoking weed?!

Blake and Adam shake their heads. Bradley pops his head through the arm rest.

BRADLEY

All me, dogg. Just hot-boxing with God.

Bradley pulls the armrest closed.

BLAKE

"Hot-boxing with God"?
(impressed)
This guy's savage.

Ders brings the car to a stop. They're in a long line of traffic. Now Ders is really starting to panic.

ANDERS

This is not cool. It's my Kia, my rules. Why aren't we moving?!

ADAM

Ders, relax.
(rolls down the window and looks out)
What's that thing where cops stop you, give you a Breathalyzer, and take you to jail?

BLAKE

(a la *Jeopardy*)
What is a DUI checkpoint?

Ders' eyes WIDEN in fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDERS

WHAT?!

BLAKE

Ders, let's just think this through...

But Ders is already GONE with the keys. Adam and Blake share a scared look. Then they, too, bolt out of the car.

EXT. GUYS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Blake and Adam jump out to follow Ders. They get a few yards, then:

BLAKE

Wait! Bradley!

They turn back to see a COP approaching the car. There's no way they can go back.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Adam and Blake lie in the TALL GRASS, twenty feet from the road with Ders.

ADAM

Ders, what the hell. Bradley's in the trunk!

ANDERS

Everything turned white. I don't know what happened.

They look back to see that the car, with Bradley in it, it is getting towed away!

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Alice is going to murder us.

ADAM

Unless we murder-suicide each other first.

BLAKE

We've been through this. I can't kill Adam -- look at those eyes. And I'm opposed to suicide on moral grounds.

ANDERS

I could kill both of you!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

No way, you'd want to do it some weird way. I'm not letting you sex-asphixiate me.

ANDERS

I'm not joking. My sweet Kia is gone. And we don't have \$300 to get it back!

BLAKE

We have to remain calm. When I'm stuck in a bad situation, I call the smartest guy I know: Karl.

ANDERS

The drug dealer.

BLAKE

Yeah, and the human genius.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

We see Karl's weird van, with the word "Rape" written on the side, parked outside of a tow yard.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Our guys sit holding walkie-talkies. KARL is wearing weird, LOUD "No Limit Soldier"-type camouflage. He hands Blake a pair of bolt cutters.

KARL

Alright soldiers, so here's how it goes down: We'll break into two-man teams -- Blake and Ders are our men inside. Me and DeMamp will stay here at HQ...

ANDERS

HQ? This is a creepy van that someone wrote "Rape" on the side of.

KARL

(as if it's obvious)
I wrote that on there. The van doesn't have locks so that keeps the weirdos away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE
(bowing in awe)
The Human Genius.

ANDERS
(to Karl)
You have no formal education.

KARL
At least I'm wearing camelflage.

ANDERS
"Camel-flage".

BLAKE
Back to the plan!

KARL
Thank you, Blake. You guys go in.
Adam and I will hang back as look
out and back up.

ADAM
That means I get to do nothing,
right? Sick!

KARL
And the walkies aren't toys. Stick
to Channel 7.

ANDERS
We get it.

KARL
Oh, do you get it? I was in Iraq,
dude. Spring. '95. Flying to
Amsterdam, had to land in Basra
cause some dude had a heart attack.
(then)
SO! When you get in the lot,
you're going to need to hot-wire
the car. Locate the red coil wire,
connect it to the battery, locate
the starter solenoid--

ANDERS
I've got the keys.

KARL
(bummed)
That's another way to go.
(then)
Okay, men. Any questions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDERS

Just one: Who's that guy?

REVEAL: A huge Samoan dude with a keyboard in the corner. He's rocking out, but we can't hear him, because the keyboard is attached to his headphones. He nods at the guys.

KARL

That's Sebastian. I'm producing his debut LP, "Saltwater Kisses". It's a concept album set in 1960's Havana.

Off Karl's excited grin...

EXT. TOW YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Blake cuts through the chain link fence with bolt-cutters. Anders and he enter.

ANDERS

Okay... where would they put my car? There's probably a special section for really well-maintained vehicles.

BLAKE

Um... Ders...

Blake points to a scary guard dog. It moves toward them.

ANDERS

OK, turn around and bolt on 3.

BLAKE

No, wait. Give him one of those Luna bars you always have with you.

Ders hesitates.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I know you have one.

Ders takes out a Luna bar, unwraps it, and throws it to the dog, who jumps on it.

ANDERS

That was my last one, and for the record, I don't always have one.

BLAKE

Don't be an embarrassed dude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERS

I'm not an embarrassed dude. Do you know how chemically fucked up women's bodies are? If those bars have the power to regulate that noise, I need in on that. My skin looks amazing. People notice.

Blake spies the car.

BLAKE

There's the car!

The guys do a quiet celebration.

BLAKE/ANDERS

Yes!

They rush to the car.

BLAKE

We're coming for you B-Rad.

They pop the trunk. It's empty!

ANDERS

This seems bad.

EXT. STREET/INT. VAN - AT THE SAME TIME

Back in the van, Sebastian is crushing it on the keyboard and Adam is wearing the headphones. Adam is loving it, rocking out super hard.

KARL

What did I tell you? This dude HAS. IT.

Adam leans aside to talk to Karl, only he talks really loudly because he's in headphones.

ADAM

(super loud)

He's amazing. He's like Coldplay but fatter.

ANGLE ON Sebastian, who looks hurt, but continues jamming, sadly.

ADAM (CONT'D)

He'd be great for radio, though.

Adam jams away, when Ders comes on through the walkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERS (O.S.)
Guys, problem. Bradley's gone!

ADAM
What?!

Suddenly, the van JOLTS. Adam topples into Karl and Sebastian.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Oh god--

REVEAL: The van is being towed. We see signage indicating that it is very clearly parked in a tow-away zone.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Adam, Karl, and Sebastian now stand facing an angry, burly TOW YARD GUY.

TOW YARD GUY

So you guys realize that you parked in a clearly marked tow-away zone, outside of a tow yard.

ADAM

Yeah, we're crazy like that. You wanna throw down with a bunch of crazies? Because it's three versus one.

REVEAL: Karl and Sebastian running away.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Okay, now it's more fair.

Ders comes on through the walkie, in Adam's pocket...

ANDERS (O.S.)

Adam, where are you? We're in here with the car, but--

Adam futzes with the walkie. Tow Yard Guy's onto him.

ADAM

So you tow cars and stuff, that's cool. Love your tats. What is that, Satan? I got a nautical star on my calf. Tatt broooooos.

INT. TOW YARD - AT THE SAME TIME

Blake and Ders sit hunched in the car. Into the walkie:

ANDERS

Helloooooo?!

VOICE (O.S.)

(through walkie)

Where are you?

ANDERS

In the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE (O.S.)
(through walkie)
Which car?

ANDERS
What? The Kia -- are you high
right now?

BLAKE
I bet listening to Sebastian's
music really makes you want to
blaze. We have got to get an early
cut of that album.

Just then there is an OMINOUS TAP on the window. The Tow
Yard Guy is standing there holding up the walkie-talkie.

EXT. TOW YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Adam, Blake, and Ders face the angry looking Tow Yard Guy.

TOW YARD GUY
(re: Ders' car)
You guys broke in here to steal
this piece of shit?

ANDERS
It's not a piece of shit, it's very
reliable.

TOW YARD GUY
Whores are reliable. Now, you guys
broke into my lot--

ADAM
I was brought in against my will.

Off the Tow Yard Guy's menacing look, Adam shuts up.

TOW YARD GUY
Regardless, you're here now, so I
can do whatever I want to you.

He pulls out an EXPANDING BATON and FLICKS it open.

BLAKE
Why does everybody except me have
one of those?

TOW YARD GUY
So who's asshole needs a baton up
it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Our dudes look freaked. Then from out of nowhere:

BRADLEY (O.S.)
Hold it right there!

The guys look over to see Bradley emerging from the shadows,
DRESSED IN BLAKE'S COP OUTFIT.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
This vehicle is part of an ongoing
investigation, which makes it
police property. I'll be taking it
and these gentlemen.

TOW YARD GUY
You're a cop?

BRADLEY
What, you don't think I could be a
cop?

He taps his badge. The Tow Yard Guy stammers.

TOW YARD GUY
No, no, that's not what I meant.
They're all yours. Sorry about
that, Officer.

Bradley nods and the three guys walk toward the car.

BRADLEY
(to Tow Yard Guy)
Don't make me come back here.

As Bradley opens the Kia door for the guys to get in, his
pants get caught and they BREAKAWAY, revealing the tiny
STRIPPER SHORTS. Tow Yard Guy realizes he's been fooled.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Go! Go! Go!

They jump in the car and PEEL OUT.

INT. GUYS' CAR - LATER

They celebrate Bradley being awesome.

BLAKE
B-Rad, strikes again! You totally
had him fooled until those pants
got sexy on you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Yeah, you nailed that character work.

("no big deal")

I took an improv class in college.

ANDERS

Guys, it's like 4 AM, Alice is going to be severely pissed when we drop Bradley off.

BRADLEY

She might not have to know -- I just got a text from her, she's just heading home from the office now.

ANDERS

So we have a chance of beating her home?

Anders hits the gas.

ADAM

This is what I'm talking about, Ders. This is the kind of sexy recklessness people want in a City Councilman.

BLAKE

What kind of work is she doing in the office this late? Nothing important happens at that company. Ever.

ADAM

I don't know, but I gotta start working late, and accident into some sort of Frasier and Roz situation.

SFX: Music starts as we begin a montage of the dudes racing Alice home, a la *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*.

INTERCUTTING between our guys and Alice.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Alice gets in her car and starts it up.

INT. GUYS' CAR - NIGHT

BRADLEY

I know a short cut -- Left here!
Right at the light!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Alice pulls up to a STOP LIGHT. A car pulls up next to her, she looks over. It's our guys, but Blake has put his hair over Bradley's head as a disguise. Alice does a double take, but when she looks back, they've driven away.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

BRADLEY

Turn by the sign! Now left! We're almost there!

EXT. ALICE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Alice pulls up near her house.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

BRADLEY

We made it!

REVEAL: The guys are at an IHOP.

ANDERS

What are you talking about?!

ADAM

We thought you were taking us to your house!

BRADLEY

Yeah, my house of pancakes. I'm starving, let's get some fucking SHORT STACKS!!!

ANDERS

We should also pick up some applications, because we are going to need new jobs.

BRADLEY

You guys, stop. I'm twenty-five years old, I'm not your prom date. I can be out as late as I want.

The guys look at each other, unsure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Seriously, I'll talk to Alice, and tell her the truth: I had a total blast, and that you guys showed me a great time. She won't be mad, trust me.

They consider this for a beat.

BLAKE

Are you sure? Because now I can't stop thinking about the IHOP International Crepe Passport.

ANDERS

That's like a bunch of different crepes?

BLAKE

You know it.

ADAM

Yeah, we're doing this.

As they jump out (Bradley still in little shorts) and head to the IHOP, we REVEAL that they've parked in a TOW AWAY ZONE.

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT (DAY THREE)

Adam, Ders, and Karl sit in the audience. Sebastian sits on stage behind a keyboard, in a fedora.

ADAM

I am so excited.

ANDERS

I got him flowers for after the show.

Ders holds up a bouquet.

ADAM

Damn, you're a good friend!

The INSTRUCTOR comes out on the stage.

INSTRUCTOR

Thank you all for coming, I am very proud to introduce this trimester's Strip City class. They've worked hard, so show 'em some love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sebastian begins playing his keyboard. From the wings come all of the students from Blake's strip-robics class. It's all ladies and him. He's dressed up as an INDIAN CHIEF.

KARL
(proudly nudging Ders)
This is his first single.

The strippers start doing a beautifully choreographed strip routine. Blake gives a thumbs up to Adam and Ders. Adam turns to the man next to him.

ADAM
That's my roommate.

As Blake dances joyfully, we:

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER

Blake pole-dancing. Awwwww yeeeeaaaaahhh.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE