

WORKAHOLICS

Episode 316
"High Art"

Written by
Blake Anderson

Directed by
Ben Berman

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Novel Productions, Inc.
8332 Melrose Ave., 2nd Floor
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Workaholics Production Office
7740 Lemona Avenue
Van Nuys, CA 91405

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WORKAHOLICS
"High Art"
316

CAST LIST

Blake Henderson.....BLAKE ANDERSON
Adam DeMamp.....ADAM DEVINE
Anders Holmvik.....ANDERS HOLM
Karl Hevacheck.....KYLE NEWACHECK

Patrick Farnan.....TBD
Shame.....TBD
Chargonius.....TBD
Benjabong.....TBD

Security Guard.....TBD

WORKAHOLICS
"High Art"
316

SET LIST

INTERIORS

Guys' House

Karl's Van

The Rancho Grand

Mens' Room

Back Kitchen Area

Private Room

Hallway

Front Hall

Grocery Store

EXTERIORS

Guys' House

Front Lawn

The Rancho Grand

Street

Alley

Loading Area

"HIGH ART"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1 EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - DUSK (DAY ONE)

1

Adam and Ders, in club clothes and Blake, tank top, shorts, exit, smoking weed. They see KARL and three 16-year-old STREET ARTISTS PUNKS (Shame, Chargonius, Benjabong), who've erected a cross with the effigy of a crucified businessman.

KARL

Auf Wiedersehen, homies!

DERS

(re: statue)

What the hell is that? Y'know what, I don't care. Take it down now! TAKE IT DOWN!

Ders starts marching towards it. SHAME, 16, (safety pins, street punk/hippie/protest dude) steps forward.

SHAME

It's art. And you don't take it down, it takes you down.

(to Karl)

Thought you said they'd get it.

KARL

They do, Shame! They get it.

(to the dudes)

Please don't embarrass me in front of Shame AKA Captain Punk AKA Captain Nitro. He just let me into his art collective and I'm happy now, I'm so friggin' happy.

BLAKE

Art collective? What's that?

KARL

We just like hang out, make art, get tacos, talk about protesting stuff, go to Yoshinoya... yeah we go to Yoshinoya a lot.

BLAKE

That sounds cool. Better than this lame-ass club we're going to.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Lame-ass? More like rad-ass, dumb-ass.

KARL

So check it out:

(re: statue)

You see that Wall Street fat cat in the suit with the sign that says "Wall Street"? He represents... Wall Street. Smart, right?

DERS

It works on a lot of levels, cool.

(to Shame)

Either you can get rid of this or I get rid of it for you.

ADAM

Please just take it down now because he's our ride and we need to get to the club before the line forms! Please, I hate lines!

SHAME

Fuck with my art. See what happens.

ADAM

OK cool definitely I will.

Adam runs up to the Wall Street effigy, and starts tearing it, joint in hand. He flicks the joint towards the grass so he can have two hands, but it hits the cross WHICH LIGHTS ON FIRE!

DERS

Jesus, what the hell?

KARL

We dipped the cross in gasoline because, y'know, Big Oil.

At this moment, a BLACK FAMILY exits a moving van across the street. They look in shock at the burning cross. Blake waves.

BLAKE

Welcome to the neighborhood!

SMASH TO CREDITS.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

EXT. THE RANCHO GRAND - NIGHT

2

The dudes wait in line outside the crowded club. Adam is putting on cologne.

ADAM

Cologne?

DERS

What is it?

ADAM

Guess.

DERS

Polo.

ADAM

Nope. Guess again.

DERS

Oh, I get it. It's "Guess."
"Guess" cologne.

ADAM

No it's "Power" by 50 Cent. It's
really really good cologne.

BLAKE

How long are we going to stand here
for? Let's just go to Yoshinoya,
they're not gonna let us in anyway.

PATRICK comes out of the club. Way too tan, shiny vest,
bedazzled jeans. He has manic energy and SNIFFS a lot.

PATRICK

Awww damn! I haven't seen you
nizzles since college. What's
snappening?

DERS

Patrick Farnan?

BLAKE

The Fartman?

(CONTINUED)

PATRICK

(serious)

Hey. My name's Patrick.

(relaxes)

Yo but my nizzles call me 'Trick.

Whoa what's in your ear?

Patrick does a magic trick, pulls a small tube of tanning lotion (with "Tanfastic" logo) from behind Adam's ear.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

My b, that's just "Tanfastic." My self tanning cream.

("magically" produces 2 more)

You can have that. Guerilla marketing, ya know?

ADAM

You sell these in stores? That's your job?

PATRICK

No I pay fools to sell them. I invent shit and then I sit back in my condo and watch cash stack. Sup wit y'all?

DERS

We're in...uhhhh...we...we work at Google. Marketing integration research branding.

BLAKE

How long did it take to get in this stupid club? We've been here like an hour.

PATRICK

I know the mixologist, so no lines for 'Trick.

(starts checking phone)

Gotta jet homies. Hit me up on Twitter sometime, I'm @HugItOutBitchPleez with a z.

Patrick starts heading back towards the club.

ADAM

Trick, wait!

(to people in line)

Save our space.

(they approach him)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Do you think there's anyway you could help get us in a little faster?

PATRICK

Definitely. But Trick's gonna be honest with you, because that's how he lives.

(re: Blake)

This is gonna be a problem. The t-shirt, the shorts, the hair.

BLAKE

You know what? Don't worry about me. I'm going to leave.

Blake starts walking.

PATRICK

Man, I get it, I'm punk rock as fuck. I own every *Good Charlotte* CD. But this is a place for grown ups. You gotta act grown, my nizzle.

BLAKE

(as he leaves)

Great to see you Fartman.

DERS

(to Patrick)

We'll be right there.

They follow Blake.

DERS (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Just go put on the clothes I brought for you in the 'Vo.

BLAKE

Why? So we can hang out with Fartman the biggest dorcus of all time?

ADAM

Do dorcuses invent tanning creams and live in condos and know mixologists?

(CONTINUED)

DERS

That "dorcus" doesn't work for money, money works for him. Come on you got ideas for inventions...

ADAM

Yeah like your non-flammable American flag. You made a prototype for that?

DERS

Right like that but, you know, good.

BLAKE

Guys, I wish you the best of luck but I'm out.

Blake leaves.

3 EXT. STREET - LATER

3

Blake is sadly kicking a can down the street when:

KARL

Blake?

Blake looks up. Karl, Shame and the rest of the Art Collective are tagging the back of a building.

BLAKE

Hey Karl. Hey Art Collective. What are you guys up to?

KARL

Tagging this yoga studio. Teaching them to stretch something important: Their minds.

SHAME

He's quoting me.

KARL

Yes sir Captain Punk sir, those are your words and they were genius.

BLAKE

Yoga? I thought you guys were after banks and rich dudes?

(CONTINUED)

SHAME

We already fought the banks. But these so called "yoga" studios take an ancient Indian art form and mutate it into fucking jazzercise for rich moms and homosexuals, no disrespect Chargonius.

CHARGONIUS

All good homey.

SHAME

What's up with you? You OK? You look pained. Talk to me.

BLAKE

Well my friends ditched me to hang out with this dorkus because they think he's a boss and he has a condo.

SHAME

Ya know what? Fuck bosses. I'd love to live in a world without "bosses" or "managers" or "U.S. Presidents."

BLAKE

Yeah, me too. Wait, you're not talking about killing the President right?

SHAME

Can I ask you something man? Do you like living in that cave of yours?

BLAKE

What does that mean?

SHAME

I want you to hang with us tonight. Come out of the cave and into the light AKA reality AKA consciousness.

(then to Karl)

Did I say you could stop painting, fuckwad!

KARL

No sir! I'm sorry Captain Punk sir!

4 EXT./INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - CONTINUOUS 4

The guys sit with Trick at a private table. He's playing on his phone as they talk.

PATRICK

...we were in Malaysia and this chick's tits were the tits.

(then)

Goddamnit!

DERS

What's wrong? Can we get you something?

PATRICK

I just invested serious scratch into this iPhone game, which could be the tits, but the programmers don't get my vision.

(hitting phone)

"I can't shoot the rapids if I don't see my canoe!"

He keeps playing.

DERS

Well speaking of investing we actually have a few ideas that are pretty the tits themselves--

PATRICK

Hold up that sounds like business talk and it's a Tuesday and Tuesday nights are for blowing it up. You feel like blowing it up?

ADAM

Yeah, let's blow it up 9/11 styley. I did not mean to say that.

Patrick leads them out...

PATRICK

Dude, you're insane. I fucking love this kid. Who are you?

5 INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - MENS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 5

Patrick blows a giant rail of coke off the toilet tank.

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED:

5

PATRICK

Ohhhhhh damn! THAT is the tits!
Who wants it next?

As Pat keeps blowing lines, Adam and Ders look at each other.

ADAM

I don't know. My Grandma was a
huge coke head. Aunt too. Most of
the women in my family loved coke.

DERS

Then it's a good thing you're not a
chick.

PATRICK

Who wants it?

DERS

It's just coke, we'll do one line
and then we won't want anymore.

ADAM

Fuck it. YOLO once.
(to Trick)
Yo Trick, line me up nizzle.

6

INT. GROCERY STORE - LATER

6

Karl, the Art Collective, and Blake hide around the corner
from the SALAD BAR, but keep eyeballing it. Everyone wears
cargo pants.

SHAME

Everyone got their cargo pants on?

BLAKE

Yeah. So what's the plan?

SHAME

You see that? The "man" doesn't
want you to have that. But nobody
owns plants, they're from the
Earth.

KARL

So we're taking back what's ours.
Salad belongs to the people. All
people.

SHAME

Very good, Karl. Very good.

(CONTINUED)

KARL

Thank you Captain Punk sir.

BLAKE

Stealing salad, very cool.

Shame leads the whole crew to the salad bar. Blake follows.

SHAME

(to Karl)

Remember, no potato salad this time. It's not a pocket food.

They all begin slyly slipping salad into their pants. Karl can't help it, shoves potato salad into pants.

BLAKE

(warily, to customer)

Hi, how are you? Just perusing the old salad bar. All hail Kale, am I right?

Blake takes a little salad and puts it in his pants. He looks up and sees another customer looking at him.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

(whispering to Shame)

Oh shit, oh shit, I think I've been made.

SHAME

No, no, no. Just keep calm and put a bird on it.

Blake does as he's told. The customer looks away.

BLAKE

(grinning)

That was close.

SHAME

You did good. How's life "outside the cave" AKA reality AKA consciousness AKA truth?

BLAKE

Cool AKA awesome AKA cool AKA radical.

The crew is almost out the exit when a SECURITY GUARD notices potato salad and mesclun dripping out of Karl's pockets.

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (2)

6

SECURITY GUARD

Hey! Stop! Those pants have salad
in them! They're stealing salad
again!

SHAME

Let's go! Let's go!

The Art Collective heads toward the door. They flip off the
Security Guard as they run.

KARL / BLAKE / SHAME

Fuck you, pig! / Wake up you
fucking sheep! / We are the 99
percent!

7

INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - MENS' ROOM - LATER

7

Adam, Ders, and Trick are coked out of their gourds, talking
fast. Adam does another line.

DERS

...the first memory I have is
almost drowning, it's probably why
I swim...

ADAM

I didn't talk till I was six years
old, they thought something was
wrong--

PATRICK

Guys, shut the fuck up. It's
Tuesday night! Let's talk biz-
motherfucking-ness.

ADAM/DERS

Love talking biz./Biz on the brain.

PATRICK

Because I'm always looking for
fresh ideas cuz a freshy is like a
big juicy grape and I fucking love
grapes.

DERS

We got juicy grapes, we got a whole
buncha grapes.

ADAM

Grapes for days.

(CONTINUED)

DERS
We're grape nuts.

ADAM
Here's a grape: A hot dog bun
shaped like the rubber armpit on
crutches? That's a juicy grape
right there.

PATRICK
Not a grape, dude. Total raisin.

DERS
Massages. Everyone likes massages.
Massage bed, massage bar stool,
massage toilet seat.

PATRICK
Raisin.

ADAM
Frontpack! Backpack for your
front.

PATRICK
Raisin.

Trick starts checking his phone.

DERS
Chapstick for straight guys.

PATRICK
Big box of raisins. It was cool
facetiming but I gotta go. This
Thai chick says she wants to suck
on my ass.

Trick is up and leaving...

DERS
Do something!

ADAM
What about a "Fireproof American
Flag?"

Trick stops and turns around.

PATRICK
OK now that, that's a grape.

8

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

8

Blake, Karl, and the Art Collective hang out, happily eating handfuls of salad out of each other's pockets.

KARL

Beezer do you have any chickpeas?

BLAKE

Right here bud. Can I get a couple slices of cucumber?

KARL

Talk to my man, Benjabong. He's the duke with the cukes. Shame you gotta try these garbanzos.

SHAME

NEVER TOUCH ME!

KARL

Yes sir and I'm so sorry about the potato salad and I'd love to give you a private apology later but consider this my public apology. Is it accepted?

SHAME

Negative. Right now we need to plan our next move. Salad was the first course. It's time to pick our victims for Operation Chaos.

BLAKE

What's that?

KARL

See we've been keeping our urine in jars for the past month. Saving up "ammo." Trying to find the right target to blast.

BLAKE

We could hit up that club I was at tonight, "The Rancho Grand." It's a buncha rich buttwads.

SHAME

That's perfect. We tap into the building's water line and then set off the fire alarm.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

So that the sprinklers will become tinklers.

SHAME

Exactly. This is why I'm me and you're you.

KARL

Yes sir. Let me know when I can give my private apology sir.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

9

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - NIGHT

9

Ders and Adam enter, coked up. Blake plays *God of War: Ascension* on Playstation 3.

DERS

Oh my god dude we had the craziest night ever it was so the tits.

ADAM

So so so the tits. The tittiest the tits ever.

DERS

The most insane the tits ever.

ADAM

Yeah we did a lot of cocaine which is so the tits and let's you think really deeply and clearly. Is that *God of War: Ascension* that's the tits!

As they enter they immediately begin looking for the flag.

BLAKE

Oh wow. Cocaine. I had a fun night too, I hung out with the Art Collective and we're planning this massive piss attack on The Rancho Grand-

ADAM

Our club?

BLAKE

You've been there once. Anyway it's called "Operation Chaos." We're gonna infiltrate their main water source and dump our piss in it and then pull the fire alarm so everybody inside gets pissed on. Pretty tits, right?

Ders pops out from the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

DERS

It's pronounced "the tits" and it's not the tits at all cause we're going back to pitch Trick and his investor friends the unburnable American flag idea.

ADAM

Where is your unburnable flag? We need the unburnable flag. Trick loved the unburnable flag idea.

DERS

Did you check his room?

ADAM

It's not there.

BLAKE

Wait, you pitched him my idea?

ADAM

Our idea. You had the initial idea but we fleshed it out, made it sexy, made it hot.

DERS

And now we're all gonna be rich and own condos and money will work for us. So where's the flag?

BLAKE

No, I'm not telling you and also I need you guys to help me get into The Rancho Grand for "Operation Chaos."

Adam grabs his video game controller. Ders turns off the TV.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Hey, I was about to beat Elephanteur!

DERS

Don't be stupid. Tell us where it is.

Blake sees that they're serious. He gets up and tries to pass them. They block him.

BLAKE

Move.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

If you take something I love, like
my amazing future where I live in a
condo, I'll take something you
love. Like your dumb ass hair.

DERS

Tell us where the flag is or we cut
your hair.

BLAKE

You touch my hair and I swear on
your Mom's vagina, you will die in
my hands.

Blake tries to run, but they grab him.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

No! Don't do this, this isn't you,
this is the cocaine--

Adam grabs scissors.

ADAM

Tell us where it is!

BLAKE

THIS IS RAPE! HAIR RAPE!

DERS

It doesn't have to be like this!
No one wants this!

BLAKE

(crying)
Please, please, it took me three
years to grow it this long.

DERS

You did this to yourself.

BLAKE

Please I look so dumb without it!

ADAM

Say bye-bye hair!

SHAME (O.S.)

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF HIS HAIR!

They turn to see Shame, Chargonius, Benjabong and Karl.

(CONTINUED)

DERS

Or what?

Karl holds up Ders' phone.

SHAME

Or he'll change the settings on
your phone to Chinese.

DERS

You wouldn't.

SHAME

Watch him.

KARL

Say the word, Captain Punk sir.

SHAME

Easy, Karl. On my command.

ADAM

It's probably not that hard to
change them back.

DERS

No my buddy did it to their friend
and he couldn't get it back, they
had to go into the Apple store and
they didn't know either.

SHAME

Three, two--

DERS

OK! OK. Let it go!

Ders lets Blake go.

SHAME

He's with us now.

Blake heads out with the guys.

DERS

We don't need you anyway, we can
make our own unburnable American
flags!

ADAM

Burn!

10 EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - NEXT DAY (DAY TWO) 10

Ders and Adam have a bunch of American flags that they are trying to fireproof. They are tired and hungover.

DERS

Alright this one should be fireproof. Here we go.

Adam lights the flag. It stays burning.

ADAM

Why is this so hard, this shouldn't be hard.

DERS

It's cuz I'm tired. My brain doesn't work.

ADAM

You know what helps with that?

11 EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER 11

The guys enter, coked up, talking fast. They're carrying a bunch of supplies to make fire retardant spray.

DERS

Whooo! Alright, I'm just gonna add the Borax...

They start to mix the fire retardant spray.

ADAM

Is nice my wife. Now let's burn this motherfucker...unsuccessfully!

Ders sprays the flag and lights it. It LIGHTS.

ADAM/DERS

Shibbbbbbb!/Damn!

GO TO QUICK CUTS

-Ders and Adam light another flag. It burns!

DERS

I think these are like extra flammable flags.

-And another. And it burns.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
(to flag)
STOP BURNING YOU IDIOT!

-Adam and Ders are now both burning flags at the same time.

ADAM (CONT'D)
We're not thinking good, we need
more cocaine!

-They come out of the house, having done more blow. Ders
carries a STICK OF BUTTER.

DERS
Butter is definitely a flame
retardant on clothes so this should
work for sure.

ADAM
That's clutch dude, so clutch.
You're such a science dude.

-A flag is burning. Several flags smolder behind them.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Goddamnit why are you such not a
science dude. I'm a social studies
dude, I need a science dude!

Adam starts bleeding.

DERS
Dude, your nose.

ADAM
Oh damn.
(then)
You are too.

Adam and Ders wipe their bloody noses on flags. Ders then
lights another flag.

DERS
This is gonna work, watch. I
smeared margarine on it, better
than butter.

He lights it. IT LIGHTS UP.

ANGLE ON the Black Family crossing street.

11

CONTINUED: (2)

11

ADAM

Sup 'bro!

(to Ders)

Black people, of all shapes and
ages, love to be called 'bro.

OFF the guys, waving...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

12 INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - NIGHT

12

Adam and Ders, both spray tanned, wait in line.

DERS

So instead of a demonstration we'll
sing our company's theme song.

ADAM/DERS

(80's power ballad)
*...It's unburnable flag, hates
fire, loves America. Unburnable
flag, fire is so scared of this
particular flag! Unburnable, it's
unburnable--*

Trick approaches behind them, on his way into the club.

PATRICK

Oh dip, nizzles be tan. You ready
to do this wang.

DERS

Yeah but we forgot to tell you, the
prototype is kind of--

BLAKE (O.S.)

--right here.

Blake approaches, wearing a sharp suit. His his hair up,
pinned underneath itself. He carries a flag.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Trick I'd like to publicly
apologize for how I acted the other
night and there is a private
apology to come. First we've got
some flags to sell.

13 INT. KARL'S VAN/EXT. STREET - NIGHT

13

Karl, Chargonius and Benjabong wait in the car. Shame
enters.

(CONTINUED)

SHAME

Step one of "Operation Chaos" is complete: Blake's inside and he's got the kerosene'd flag. Is the piss ready?

Karl rolls out the 5 gallon vat of piss in a white translucent plastic barrel. It's almost orange.

SHAME (CONT'D)

Jesus you guys need to drink water.

KARL

Why? Apple juice rules.

SHAME

What did you just say to me?

KARL

I'm sorry sir, I'll drink more water that was idiotic of me.

Trick leads the dudes into the club. Trick sees a cheesy-ass looking dude, Armand.

PATRICK

Oh shit, it's my boy Armand.

(to the guys)

Hang back a sec, dude's got furreal cheddar. He could be perfect for this.

Trick talks to Armand and his crew, leaving our guys alone. Blake gets sweats as he scans the room nervously.

DERS

Hey, we're... sorry about the other night. You know how much I respect your hair. It was the coke talking.

ADAM

Coke, never doing that again unless that Armand dude offers it and then it's like you gotta do it.

DERS

But the important thing is, you're here. The original Screw Crew, back in action.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

And I can get why you'd be into this place. There are some real babes here.

Blake suddenly gets a text from Shame. **"YOU HAVE THE GREEN LIGHT."**

Trick walks back over, couple INVESTOR DUDES behind him.

PATRICK

It's go times, bro times. We got some real sharks on the line.

BLAKE

I, uh...just need to run to the bathroom. Here, hold the flag.

Blake runs off. The investors step up.

DERS

Gentlemen, hi. I'm Anders Holmvik, my associate Adam DeMamp. We're just gonna need one second 'til our other associate gets back.

PATRICK

(pulls our guys aside)
You do not make the money wait.
Now start pitching.

DERS

Just one second-

PATRICK

One. Second's up. You take a second second and you're a second place loser. Now pitch!

Ders and Adam look at each other:

ADAM

(pitch mode)
I have one question: Who here is American?

TWO OF THE FIVE people raise their hands.

ADAM (CONT'D)

OK, well, do your countries have flags?

15 INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - BACK KITCHEN AREA - MOMENTS LATER 15

Blake searches around. He finds a yellow switch to the sprinkler system, grabs it. Suddenly, his phone RINGS.

BLAKE

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

16 EXT. ALLEY - LOADING AREA - CONTINUOUS 16

Shame has fed the hose out of Karl's van into the fire hose connector.

SHAME

Is step two complete?

BLAKE

Just found the switch. But... are we sure about this?

SHAME

Are we sure we want to hold up a mirror to society and then piss on that mirror? I am.

BLAKE

I know, I know but man that urine is like Cheeto orange and some of these people are innocent.

SHAME

They're not people, they're small-minded cave dwellers, brain-dead maggots, mindless sheep who are ALL guilty. They need to be shaken and screamed at and smacked in the face with reality. Do it or I will!

Shame hangs up. Blake stares at the lever, thinking.

17 INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS 17

Ders and Adam are now performing their flag jingle.

DERS/ADAM

(singing)

*...the fire is tyranny, the flag's
made of freedom, you can't burn
freedom -- unburnable flag!*

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

We're still adding lyrics but the ones we have are all great.

The INVESTORS are confused. Trick pulls Ders and Adam aside.

PATRICK

Will you two quit stalling? You're embarrassing me in front of Armand. Now, do the demonstration.

DERS

Look, when people see how much this flag doesn't catch on fire, they're gonna have some questions.

ADAM

And Blake's our Bill Nye science guy.

PATRICK

Fine. You have one minute to get your buddy in here or I'm cutting you out of the deal completely.

DERS

But we're partners.

PATRICK

Are we? Because the way I see it is you need me way more than I need you or dumb-ass Blake. Never ever forget that. One minute!

Ders and Adam scurry out with the flag.

INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Blake exits the boiler room and runs into Adam and Ders.

ADAM / DERS / BLAKE

Hey. / Sup. / Hi.

BLAKE

Did you already do the presentation?

DERS

No, we tried to wait for you to pitch, but then Trick ended up being a bit of a giant asshole so we decided to leave.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

We knew he was an asshole to other people, but we didn't know he could be an asshole to us. Which made a big difference.

BLAKE

Shame turned out to be an asshole, too. Guess I should've known from the way he talks to Karl. And Chargonius. And Benjabong.

DERS

Guys like that just piss me off!

BLAKE

(stroking his chin)

What if I told you there was a way to piss them on... them?

INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Adam and Ders enter. They toss the flag to Trick.

DERS

Have at her.

PATRICK

Where's your buddy?

ADAM

He's not coming. And neither are we. We're out.

Trick grabs the flag.

PATRICK

Whatever, more cheddar for me.

(turns to investors)

Gentlemen, who wants to see Trick's new "trick."

EXT. ALLEY - LOADING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Blake arrives to find Shame and Art Collective waiting. They've screwed the hose into the fire hose connector.

BLAKE

Shame, do your own dirty work. I'm done.

SHAME

Benjabong, Chargonius, Karl. Let's go find the switch.

Shame, Benjabong, Karl, and Chargonius start to walk away.

SHAME (CONT'D)

(to Blake)

Congrats on taking the "blue pill."

As the Art Collective heads in, Blake grabs Karl's arm, stopping him. The rest of the Art Collective goes inside passing Ders and Adam as they exit. Once the Art Collective shuts the door behind them, Blake, Adam, and Ders shove a dumpster in front of the door.

KARL

Guys, what's going on? It seems like there's secrets.

BLAKE

Karl, I'll tell ya everything later, but for right now -- I need you to start pumping urine. Because I did done the dirty work.

21

INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - FRONT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

21

Trick holds up the flag and lighter.

PATRICK

So, let's see this thing in action.

The investors applaud. Trick sparks the lighter.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

As you can see, it will not--

The flag catches on fire. Big time.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

OK, that'll go out in a second.

22

INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - BACK KITCHEN AREA - MEANWHILE

22

Shame, Benjabong, and Chargonius look for the boiler room. Suddenly, sprinklers go off. Shame smells his hand: piss.

SHAME

Fuuuck! Tinklers!

(CONTINUED)

22

CONTINUED:

22

They all cover themselves up. BACK TO:

23

INT. THE RANCHO GRAND - FRONT HALL - CONTINUOUS

23

Trick is angry, getting soaked.

PATRICK

Noooooo!

As he screams at the sky, streams of urine fall in his mouth.

24

EXT. ALLEY - LOADING AREA - SAME TIME

24

Blake, Ders, Adam, and Karl all proudly stand out by the van listening to the commotion inside.

ADAM

It's good to have you back bud.

BLAKE

The Bullshit Boys, back in snacktion.

DERS

I was calling us the "Screw Crew" but that's better.

KARL

It feels good for me to be back in the group as well.

DERS

You're not back, Karl.

ADAM

The main thing is we're not doing cocaine anymore... unless Karl knows someone or has a number or you guys wanna try to sneak back in the club. Either way cocaine free for ten hours.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE