

WORKAHOLICS

"Dry Guys"

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Novel Productions, Inc.

Workaholics Production Office

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"DRY GUYS"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - NEIGHBORHOOD/FRONT LAWN - MORNING (DAY ONE)

It's a beautiful suburban morning. Sun shines. Birds chirp. People are out watering their lawns, getting the mail, etc.

Two Moms pass, pushing strollers. They look at the guys house (which we haven't seen) and react -- "What the hell?"

REVEAL the front lawn and the house. It's a wreck. There was clearly a BLOWOUT PARTY last night. Beer bottles everywhere. The 'Vo is parked halfway up on the lawn. There's an inflatable raft in the bushes, scattered weight-lifting equipment (bench press, pull-up bar, cinder block weights, etc.), and a hatchet stuck in the tree.

As we STEADY-CAM in towards the house, we see ADAM, weight belt and Edward Forty-Hands asleep on the roof. As he wakes-up and stretches, we push forward into the...

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Holy fuck. It's even worse in here. Furniture is stacked on top of each other. The floor is littered with pizza boxes, two kegs, empty liquor bottles and the ping-pong table has a jigsaw left in it, after carving out various shapes. We find DERS sleeping under the table, wearing a speedo over his clothes, goggles, and swim cap on his head.

As he wakes up and heads outside, the camera leads him...

EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - THE POOL AREA - CONTINUOUS

We push past Ders, towards the pool, which has two giant empty trash cans floating in it -- their contents littered across the pool, till we find Adam carefully climbing down from the roof still rocking his Edward Forty-Hands.

ADAM

(wincing)

My brain is fucked.

DERS

Check this dude out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: Blake, sitting on a lawn chair inside the hot tub, clothes on, shades on, reading Nickelodeon Magazine, which is half in the water.

ADAM

How long you been up?

Blake, clearly still asleep, tips forward into water and wakes up in a panic.

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The guys approach the kitchen. Blake is dripping wet, Ders still sporting swim gear, Adam, forty-oz hands, weight belt.

ADAM

God this house reeks.

DERS

Maybe it's your upper lip.

ADAM

Ohhh, good one. Burrrrrn. I'm burnt. You're burning me.

BLAKE

No seriously. Do you not remember giving yourself a poop mustache and running around calling yourself Adolf Shitler?

ADAM

I do. That was early. Weirdly early. Everything after that, no clue.

DERS

So what time did everything end?

CREEPY GUY (O.S.)

Who said it's over?

REVEAL a 45 y/o CREEPY GUY, ratty jeans, walking middle finger tattoo, no shirt, cooking eggs and drinking a tall boy.

CREEPY GUY (CONT'D)

Who wants cheesy eggs?

OFF our guys...

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - MORNING

Anders escorts the Creepy Guy out, starts to close the door.

 CREEPY GUY

What's the rush? There's beer left
in the keg--

 DERS

Your omelettes are spectacular, but
we're done here!

Anders SLAMS the door. Adam and Blake scarf omelettes.

 ADAM

(re: door slam)
Dude, easy!

 BLAKE

Ohhhh Gawd, I'm never drinking
again.

 DERS

We said that last weekend.

They all slump on their couch.

 BLAKE

I wanna die.

 ADAM

That's the hangover talking. It's
not just a funny movie starring
Mike Tyson. Let's down a couple
beers and we'll be fine.

Adam grabs three beers from nearby.

 BLAKE

No, no, no. We're not sixteen. We
can't drink like this anymore.

 ADAM

(like a Mom)
Come on, Blake, it's the only way
you'll feel better. Have two, then
you can go right back to bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

Oooh, the smell, get it away.

DERS

My head is killing me.

Ders pulls off his cap to REVEAL HIS BLEACHED-BLONDE HAIR.

BLAKE

Whoa. Cool Ders.

ADAM

Blon-Ders, in the building.

DERS (CONT'D)

What?

Ders finds the mirror and is shocked.

DERS (CONT'D)

Did you do this?!

BLAKE

No, but now I remember you kept talking about Jared Leto in *Fight Club* last night. And here we are.

DERS

That's it. I've put my professional career in jeopardy for the last time. We have to stop drinking.

BLAKE

At least for a little while, to make sure we don't have a real problem.

ADAM

So what? We're just giving up. I don't even know who you guys are right now. Cowards.

DERS

If you can't do it, I totally understand.

Uh oh. Adam's been challenged.

ADAM

I can stop whenever. I'm not drinking right now. Fully in control of my addiction. Count me in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

So how long? Maybe like...

ADAM

Two days?

ANDERS

A month?

BLAKE (CONT'D)

One week. Totally sober for one week. Let's swear on it.

They do a RIDICULOUS 3-WAY PINKY SWEAR HANDSHAKE.

DERS

This shouldn't be that tough. We'll just do the things we usually do, but we just won't drink.

ADAM

Like beer pong, but with OJ.

EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - POOL AREA - LATER

The guys play "OJ" pong. Adam makes one. Ders has to drink.

BLAKE/ADAM

Drink! Drink! Drink!

Ders looks in his cup of OJ.

DERS

Wasn't this ball just on the ground? Look.

Ders pulls a long hair off of the ball.

ADAM

Eww. Blake hair.

BLAKE

My bad.

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Blake dishes out Taco Bell-style late night fast food.

ADAM

Fourth meal is good no matter what.

They carefully inspect their food, poking and prodding at it.

DERS

I can't believe we actually eat this stuff.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Adam holds up a weird looking piece of meat.

ADAM
What is this?

BLAKE
(smells it)
Pretty sure that's cow butthole.

They throw the fast food in the trash.

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys are playing beats off the stereo, waiting for each other to jump in' a flow, y'all.

DERS
Yo... yoyo... Ders is here yo...
And I pass the mic to Adam.

ADAM
I don't-- this is-- Yo. Bat, cat,
you're fat, rat. Blake you go.

Blake waves no, then runs away.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

All three guys look miserable as they watch a stripper.

BLAKE
Think about it: that is someone's
child. A father's daughter.

DERS
And judging from the C-section
scar, she's a mother herself.
(to stripper, concerned)
Have you had lunch yet, sweetie?

ADAM
(off menu)
Nine dollars for a Sprite!?!?

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MORNING (DAY TWO)

The guys approach the office, passing a CONSTRUCTION SITE.
Ders' hair is still blonde but it now has black streaks in
it. He looks miserable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Why do I feel like total garbage?
I thought not drinking was supposed
to make you feel better.

BLAKE

We're going through withdrawal.
Probably going to be a little
irritable, heada--

DERS

(at construction workers)
HEY! KEEP IT DOWN! PLACE OF
BUSINESS!

ADAM

(to Ders)
What happened to your hair?

DERS

I tried to dye it brown but then
this happened. I didn't sleep at
all. Guys, I don't know if I can
do this. I'm weaker than I
thought.

ADAM

Here, this will help.

Adam takes out a container of turkey slices.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Scientists say cold turkey is the
only way to quit drinking.
(eats a big slice)
I think they're right.

OFF Ders, "Are you fucking serious?"...

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - DAY

Ders is on a call, Blake is making fart noises with his mouth
into a tape recorder and Adam is slamming cold turkey.

DERS

(into phone)
Sir, I'm not a country fan either,
but this is Reba, and these are her
hits.

REVEAL MONTEZ and Waymond looking at Ders and giggling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DERS (CONT'D)

What?

MONTEZ

(cracking up)

Just love the hair. Bold, dawg.

Real bold.

Waymond giggles and points.

DERS

Get out!

As they move off, Blake rips a couple of LOUD MOUTH FARTS.

DERS (CONT'D)

Could you stop? I just lost that sale. What are you even doing?

BLAKE

Since we quit drinking, I've decided to focus on some of my best business ideas.

(leans in, secretive)

I'm making an app that translates farts into English.

DERS

Oh great, so what's your business model? Are you programming it yourself? Who's the target demo?

BLAKE

I don't think "Fartsi" is going to need one of those once the buzz gets going.

(back to fart sounds)

DWEERB! *Canoe or Small Boat.*

ADAM

Guys I know you love hearing the sound of your own voices, but my head is pounding so if everyone could please be quiet for the rest of the day, that'd be great. Thanks.

Suddenly ALICE appears.

ALICE

Remember to turn your time sheets in by five.

(then, off Ders' hair)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE (CONT'D)

Oh... Wow. Really changing things up, Anders. Quite a look.

DERS

No, there was a little mix-up and things got... I'll fix it.

Alice moves off.

DERS (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Ders stands up and GRABS a spray bottle.

ADAM

What's that for?

DERS

I'm gonna take a walk. Water the plants. Clear my head.

Adam approaches him. Ders starts to back away.

ADAM

That's interesting since all the plants in here are... plastic!

Adam pulls a nearby fake plant from it's pot. Then Blake grabs the spray bottle and opens it. He smells.

BLAKE

Vodka. I'd expect this from Adam, but not from you, mister.

He offers it to Adam.

DERS

Guys, I'ma be honest, I'm hurtin'. I'm hurting pretty bad.

(pointing at head)

Look at this. You know what my Dad would do if he saw this?!?

ADAM

Wow. This is the most pathetic thing I've ever seen, and I've seen Blake try and grow a beard.

BLAKE

Alright, let's get this over with. Everyone take out their stashes. Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Everyone unearths A LOT of stupid alcohol from their desks and hidden spots in the cubicle (including under the fake plant Adam revealed earlier). Bottles of Kahlua, a sixer of Ed Hardy Beer, ridiculously giant bottles of cheap gin, etc. Ders takes a handle of nice gin on some *Mad Men* steeze. They pile it all into a trash can in the middle of the cubicle.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

OK, that's everything? Nothing left?

The guys nod. Blake hands the basket of booze to HOME GIRL.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

This is for you.

Home Girl checks it out.

HOME GIRL

Oh fuck yes. Jehovah shines on me.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

The guys are on calls. Adam eats cold turkey. Suddenly Ders notices Adam licking his headset mic.

DERS

What's up with your headset?

ADAM

What's up with... your oldness?
God you're so old, Blon-Ders.

Adam tries to hi-five Blake, who leaves him hanging. Ders slides towards Adam.

DERS

You just licked your mic.

Adam turns away.

ADAM

Dude, get out of my area. This is my office.

BLAKE

Is that...?

Blake reaches out to touch Adam's headset.

ADAM

Stop! Get out of my office!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

That's booze isn't it?

Blake grabs Adam's headset off his head.

ADAM

Gimme that!

Adam tries to grab it, but Blake throws it to Ders, who holds it above him.

DERS

(to Blake)

Would ya lookie here. This dude rigged a mini bottle into his headset.

WE SEE that Adam has rigged his headset so that the microphone is actually a small straw (that he's sharpie'd black) which is attached to a tiny bottle of alcohol which is cleverly attached to his earpiece.

BLAKE

I have to admire your ingenuity, but Ders...

(as Alan Rickman)

...Crush zee prototype.

Ders smashes it!

ADAM

What the fuck? It took me many nights of tinkering to make that!

BLAKE

We took an oath, remember?

DERS

Why do you think you're special?

ADAM

Because my Mom told me I am and Penny DeMamp is a truth teller, on some real levels. Why do you think you can boss me around, Slim Shady?

BLAKE

Guys, guys come on--

Adam grabs Ders' poster and RIPS IT.

ADAM

Bam. Boss move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Adam and Ders approach each other, Blake steps in.

BLAKE

Hey!

(they stop)

I know we're all on edge. This is hard. Really hard. But I think I know one thing that might cool us out.

Blake takes a BAG OF WEED out of his pocket.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Dank Williams Junior. Just got it from Karl.

DERS

Weed? Sober means sober. No beer, no weed, no nothing.

Adam snatches the weed and starts to dump it out.

BLAKE

Adam. Wait, no, don't...

DERS

We took an oath, remember!

Adam dumps all the weed into the garbage.

BLAKE

NOOOOOOOO!!!! You dump my property. I dump yours!

The guys start putting each others belongings into the trash as it escalates from pen holders and headsets to phones and keyboards. They look up and...

REVEAL ALICE watching them.

ALICE

Hi.

OFF the guys...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - ALICE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Alice sits in her chair. The guys stand. Busted.

ADAM

Before you say anything, just know
that we are pretty severe
alcoholics and we're trying to go
sober.

DERS

It's been hard, it's caused some
friction between us, but we're
trying.

Alice softens.

ALICE

Really? I didn't realize that.
How long has it been since you had
your last drink?

BLAKE

(calculating)

Just... over... fifteen hours.
Hold the applause.

ALICE

I understand what you're going
through. I'm three years sober
myself.

THE GUYS

WHOA!

ADAM

Sounds like you had a real problem.

DERS

We're not looking to go sober-
sober. That's weird.

BLAKE

Yeah, we're just pumping the
brakes. Doing the Hollywood
cleanse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

OK, here's the deal. Go see Eric in HR. He runs a substance abuse course. Once you do that, you can clock back in.

ADAM

I'm not sure we need a course--

ALICE

Or I can fire you.

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY - LATER

Guys walk and talk.

DERS

Wow. We're lucky to be alive.

ADAM

She mos def could have axed the Brothers McMuffins. That's us.

BLAKE

I like that. But I don't have a sub-whatever-she-said problem.

DERS

I don't know, maybe we do.

ADAM

Maybe we do, maybe we don't. It's all up in the air. I think I'll go pinch out a growler and meet you nerds at the headshrinkers' office.

DERS

Hurry up, we're supposed to go over there right now.

ADAM

Oh okay, yeah I'll speed up my bowel movements so I'm not two minutes late to some meeting.

And Adam walks off, tearing stuff off the hallway corkboard.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ders and Blake take their seats. There's a MEXICAN DUDE sitting in the corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DERS

Guess this is it. Adam better hurry up. It's like the guy never listens to me.

BLAKE

(working on Fartsi)

PLUURRRT! *Bicycle* or *bike*.

DERS

I'm gonna sock you in the mouth in like two seconds if you don't stop with that crap, man.

BLAKE

It's not crap, it's FARTS!

Then COOL ERIC the HR Rep and Substance Abuse supervisor enters in full crotch-rocket riding gear; helmet, Teflon jumpsuit with back-brace, booties, etc. He overheard Ders chew Blake out. As he pulls off his riding gear...

COOL ERIC

Whoa, TMI, I don't even wanna know.

DERS

I was just--

Eric tosses his helmet, spins a chair around, and sits down AC Slater-style.

COOL ERIC

No, relax, it happens to the best of us. Did someone really fart though? It's no big deal. Little BG - background - on me, I'm Eric Rossdale. I do HR for TAC - I love people - and occasionally they put me in charge of...

He points to Blake.

BLAKE

Why are you pointing at me?

COOL ERIC

Getting people involved - "Substance Abuse." Basically I'm supposed to run you through this workbook, do some drills, and sign a piece of paper saying you won't come to work smelling like a bar mat.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COOL ERIC (CONT'D)

(tosses workbook)

But that's a lot of work and you guys seem cool, so why don't I just call attendance, we'll throw *Step Brothers* in the Blu-ray, and then we'll get you guys outta here? Sound cool?

DERS

Sounds awesome.

COOL ERIC

Now we're cruising. OK, role call, Blake Henderson.

(Blake waves.)

My man, fun hair. Anders Holmvik.

(Anders signals)

Norwegian? *Hvordan går det?*

DERS

I don't really...

COOL ERIC

You don't speak? Beautiful country. You gotta go. And... Adam DeMamp?

DERS

He's just running behind--

MEXICAN DUDE

(poor English)

I am Adam.

Ders and Blake realize what's up, but Cool Eric is oblivious as he goes into his bag.

COOL ERIC

Well, I hope you're hungry Adam 'cause I've got sandwiches for everyone. Ham. Turkey. You guys like Tuna?

(tosses Tuna to Blake and Ders)

Tuna Brothers.

Cool Eric turns the lights off and throws the DVD in. Ders and Blake whisper.

DERS

Where is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BLAKE

I don't know, but he's gonna be
pissed. He loves this movie.

Ders looks at the Mexican Dude, then realizes. He sneaks a
peek out the window to see...

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - INTERCUT

Adam playing pick-up soccer with some construction workers.

ADAM

Center! Ball back! D up!

OFF Ders and Blake...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anders is still looking out the window, he turns, nudges Blake and signals him to look. Blake spots Adam too.

BLAKE

He just bailed on us? What's that about? I mean, it's a brilliant idea, but--

DERS

But he could have brought us in on it. That's Adam though. Maybe he can be friends with those guys from now on.

BLAKE

(jealous, then...)
They do look cool. Hard hats and jeans, that's 'bout to be my next look. With the hair going out the sides? Ooooooh. But yeah, this Adam situation is bullshit.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Adam weaves through defenders and kicks the ball through the makeshift goal. He does a soccer-style runaround, shirt-over-head celebration.

ADAM

GOOOOALLLLL!!!

The construction workers clap and laugh with Adam. They think he's a riot. One of the WORKERS approaches with a sixer of beers.

WORKER

Nice shot, buddy. Have a beer.

Adam's eyes light up as he's offered a beer.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ders and Blake see the offering. The Mexican Dude is really laughing at the movie in the BG.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Adam is still fixed on the beer, but then he snaps out of it.

ADAM

Actually I can't. I'm in a pact with my friends. No beer. So. Thanks, but - however you say "no" in Spanish - that is what I'm saying to you, my friend.

WORKER

Man, I don't know anything about a sober pact, but I do know six-pack, so come on, drink up.

ADAM

(caving in)

Dammit. That's a beautiful play on words.

And he hesitantly takes the beer from Worker. Adam looks the beer over, his self-control on overdrive.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ders and Blake see Adam with the beer, jump to their feet, and run out the door.

COOL ERIC

Whoa, guys. You want me to pause it?
(to Mexican Dude)
Must've been the tuna, right.

MEXICAN DUDE

I am Adam.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Blake and Ders bolt out to catch Adam, who wasn't drinking the beer, but still feels like he's been caught.

BLAKE

Hold it right there, bud!

DERS

Well, well. Looks like someone's too good for his friends. You wanna bail on the shrink, I get that, but breaking the oath?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE

Did we not do our secret pinky
swear?

(then)

I had your pinky in my mouth.

ADAM

Slow your mouth... down. I didn't
break the oath, so don't even go there.

DERS

You're the one who's going there.
I'm here. You're there.

ADAM

I wasn't going to drink it, stupid.

BLAKE

Just like you "didn't have any
secret booze left." Are you ever
not lying?

ADAM

You know what, now, I'm drinking
it. So screw off, you dumb idiots.

DERS

Gimme that beer, you're not
breaking the oath!

ADAM

Get away! It's mine!

Adam scurries away and climbs up the construction site's
scaffolding for refuge. He reaches the top (eight feet high)
and holds the beer up in victory.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ha ha! This beer's gonna taste so
goooooooood.

Ders and Blake start shaking the scaffolding, making it hard
for Adam to open the beer and hold on at the same time.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Stop! I'm gonna fall, come on!

DERS

(shaking the scaff)

It's for your own good, you moron!

Adam has a near-fall and drops the beer in order to grab
hold. The beer lands on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

We got it!

He runs, picks it up.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

You see this stuff, Adam? You gotta get rid of it... before it...
(sniffs the beer, mmm...)
It's poison, you know. Sweet sweet poison.

And Blake taps the top of the can, ready to open, but Ders runs over snatching it from him.

DERS

NO! HEY! Get a hold of yourselves. Show a little restraint. I wish you could see how pathetic you two look.

Adam and Blake catch their breaths.

DERS (CONT'D)

We're done with this beer, now let's go inside.

And with that Ders THROWS the beer and walks past the guys to head inside... but they didn't hear it land... Ders palmed the beer, never threw it. It's all an act, he wants the beer just as bad. The other guys spot the beer and rush Ders, as he tries to open it.

AHHHH! He ends up dropping it and now it's spraying everywhere. They all scramble for it, but Ders picks it up.

DERS (CONT'D)

Oh great! You want it? All yours, buddy!

And Ders aims to throw it at Adam, but Adam ducks and Ders hits COOL ERIC in the face. Shit.

COOL ERIC

FUUUUUCK! AGGGHHH. INSIDE RIGHT NOW!

ANGLE ON: The construction workers that watched everything.

WORKER

We've got like sixty beers, man.

OFF their shaking heads.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Cool Eric has lost his cool. He ices his face. The guys sit in front of him, looking guilty.

COOL ERIC

Guys, I gotta be square with ya. You got me really confused right now. One minute we're laughing at the "Don't Touch My Drums" scene, where he puts his nuts on the snare, next thing I know, I got a Tecate Light in my face. What the F, dudes? Do you not like *Step Brothers*?

DERS/BLAKE

It's funny. / Love it.

ADAM

(disappointed)

You guys watched *Step Brothers*? I love that movie.

COOL ERIC

Me too, but now the movie's off and you can forget about the deleted scenes too. Instead we're doing the workbook. The whole thing.

THE GUYS

But that's not fair! / What?! / You bogus!

COOL ERIC

And I'm not signing your release forms unless I think you're really committing to the exercise. So...

(from book)

Lesson one... Oh! Art therapy. This'll be fun.

OFF the guys' groans we...

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The guys have sketch pads and drawing utensils. Cool Eric reads from the workbook.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COOL ERIC (V.O.)

Draw a picture of your addiction.

Blake holds up his Drawing; A beer with lighting bolts behind it. Ders adds finishing touches, then reveals his Drawing; It's a bottle of vodka. Adam's Drawing; It's a soccer shin-guard with a dick coming out of it. He explains...

ADAM

Get it? Addiction. A dick shin.
Some next level *Far Side*, dude.

Off Eric, not happy...

CUT TO: Adam stands reading a letter.

COOL ERIC (V.O.)

Write a letter to yourself five years from now. Then share your letter with the class.

ADAM

...And once all fifteen of your children have grown up and graduated from sculpture school, you'll pick the best one to make a statue of your body and then Nike will buy it and make all their mannequins exact replicas of it because your body is the perfect human form. Good night. Amen.

CUT TO: Ders reads his letter.

DERS

Hey Anders, it's me, you. Get it? You should, you're a funny guy, but have you put your real talent to work yet...? Mr. Councilman...

CUT TO: Blake reads his letter.

BLAKE

And I want a Super Nintendo, with all the games. And I want all the My Pet Monsters, and M.A.S.K. toys too. Especially the off-road buggy that turns into a jet.

(off the other's looks)

Wait, we're writing a letter to Santa right?

Cool Eric shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CUT TO: Cool Eric reads from the workbook as the guys pair up in a triangle and start to do motions together while Cool Eric circles dropping ad-libs of encouragement.

COOL ERIC (V.O.)

In this exercise we're going to use breathing techniques to help squash cravings. So let's stand across from each other and get our breathing and movements in sync. I want you to mirror each other. Create the calm.

The guys slip into aggressive HUFFING and PUFFING and sneaking F YOU gestures behind Cool Eric's back. He catches them.

COOL ERIC

Come on!

THE GUYS

He did it. / I was just mirroring him. / What?!

COOL ERIC

Go ahead, keep monkeying around, but the checks are on hold until you pass this course, capisce?

The guys slump.

COOL ERIC (CONT'D)

Alright, next exercise is Role Playing with Sock Puppets. I know it sounds a little kooky, but with the right attitude, it can work. Ball's in your court, gentlemen.

Cool Eric hands out socks, markers, yarn, googly eyes and other crafts and the guys get to making their socks.

CUT TO: We see each of the guys really cool socks that resemble themselves. Blake has used his shoe laces to make his hair and mustache, Adam drew six-pack abs on the body of his, and Ders pasted a cut-out of Ryan Phillippe's face on his.

COOL ERIC (CONT'D)

OK, those are... great. Now let's talk about how substance abuse has negatively affected your life. Gimme specific examples.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADAM

This is dumb. I'm not doing this.

DERS

Well, it's not just about you, so
sock up.

COOL ERIC

(trying to stay out of it)
Come on, guys. Use the puppets.

THE GUYS ARE SPEAKING WHILE MAKING THE PUPPETS TALK NOW.

ADAM

FINE. THIS. IS. DUMB. This is
almost as dumb as not drinking for
a week.

BLAKE

Everything you don't want to do is
"dumb."

ADAM

Sorry, you're right, Fartsi is
genius. I wish I'd gotten in on
the ground level with that billion
dollar empire.

DERS

He's right, Blake. You need to put
your time towards something that's
worth something to someone,
somewhere.

ALL CLOSE-UPS ON PUPPETS NOW, LIKE THEY'RE THE ONES FIGHTING.

BLAKE PUPPET

Don't tell me what to do. Like you
know what's best for me, you fake
ass grown-up. What makes you think
you're the referee of me?

DERS PUPPET

Maybe if you weren't so immature I
wouldn't have to hold your hand and
wipe your ass for you.

BLAKE PUPPET

That was ONE TIME! I told you I'd
never camped before.

ADAM PUPPET

UM HELLO, I'M STILL HERE!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DERS PUPPET

Like we could forget. I love how it takes us quitting drinking to understand how selfish Adam DeMamp, "The Main Attraction", really is.

ADAM PUPPET

HEY! I'M USING THAT AS A NICK-NAME FROM NOW ON BECAUSE IT'S ACTUALLY COOL, EVEN THOUGH YOU MEANT IT TO HURT MY FEELINGS, AND IT DIDN'T BECAUSE I'M AMAZING!

BLAKE PUPPET

(calmly)

Do you ever stop talking? Must have been the partying that took the edge off because there's no way someone sober could listen to you all the time.

DERS PUPPET

I'll admit, Adam's presence is a three beer minimum, but at least he can write a rent check on time like an adult, with responsibilities.

BLAKE PUPPET

OK, you want me to grow up, I'll do it, starting right now by saying something that's as real as it gets. I know that I'm really immature, but maybe I'm immature because I know that the day I "grow up" I'll be that much closer to moving on and marrying girls without you guys.

They know Blake is right. Their puppets sigh, look off.

DERS PUPPET

Don't you say that, man.

ADAM PUPPET

He's right. I'm sorry too. I know I can be a little self-centered sometimes, but I never heard "no" growing up and now that I've clocked 10,000 hours of being a brat, I'm a total self-serving Outlier and that's not how Adam "The Main Attraction" DeMamp wants to live.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Now all the guys are heard sniffing, holding back sobs.

DERS PUPPET

Hey, man, it's hard to say no to that face. For real. And I'm sorry that I can be so controlling. I worry about you guys and want the best for you. I need to acknowledge that sometimes I don't know what's best, but that scares me.

BLAKE PUPPET

Life is scary.

ADAM PUPPET

I'm glad we've got each other to get through it. And I'll go right ahead and say it...

(pours heart)

...I will always like you guys.

DERS PUPPET

I like you too man. I like both of you a lot.

BLAKE PUPPET

I like you guys so much and I'm not ashamed of it. I. Like. You guys.

The guys ad-lib saying "I like you" as their puppets hug.

ANGLE ON: Cool Eric, astonished. He slowly stands.

COOL ERIC

Wow. That was intense. I think you made some real progress there. You focused on what's really happening beneath the surface and what's gotten in the way of that realization, i.e. alcohol. Congrats, guys. You pass.

Cool Eric gives a sideways Peace Sign. The guys are finished talking behind the puppets and rub their reddened eyes dry.

COOL ERIC (CONT'D)

Here's your release and you can set the puppets down on the way out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BLAKE

Thanks.

(sentimental)

Actually I'd like to keep mine, if
you don't mind.

ADAM/DERS

Yeah me too. / Same.

COOL ERIC

I keep all puppets.

Weird guy. The guys set the puppets down and exit.

EXT. GUYS' CAR - LATER

The guys get in the 'Vo and sit in silence for a moment.

DERS

That was uh, weird.

BLAKE

Yeah, a little too real.

ADAM

Being sober really makes you see
things the way they really are.

DERS

Yeah. So what now?

And we go into a...

MONTAGE:

(THIS MIRRORS THE MONTAGE IN ACT ONE, EXCEPT THIS TIME THE
GUYS ARE DRINKING)

1. Playing beer pong. Adam shoots and scores! We see inside
the disgusting cup. With the ping pong ball there's hair and
other grossness. Ders takes out the hair and chugs it with
no abandon.

2. Devouring disgusting fast food with beers.

ADAM

The crispiness of the taco shell
really compliments the smoothness
of the cheese.

BLAKE

Have you tried the Fire Sauce?
Flavor explosion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

3. The guys freestyle rap. They're terrible, but they think they're the coolest rappers ever.

DERS
(over the loud music)
We have GOT to record this stuff!
Get a demo out there, for real!

END MONTAGE:

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Same stripper as before, but the guys couldn't be happier. She is now the most gorgeous woman on Earth (to them).

Blake holds out some cash for another STRIPPER.

BLAKE
FWOOP! That means, *Thank you*. I'm making an App that translates your farts.

STRIPPER
Baby, that sounds amazing. Now, give big mama some money.

Ders helps Blake put the money into her thong the right way.

DERS
Come on, you gotta graze her skin then put it under. See the goose bumps? She's feeling you, dude.

Blake smiles with Ders.

ADAM
Yeah she is. I don't even mind her pregnancy scar.

DERS
Shit I like it!

BLAKE
These chicks get it!

They toast drinks and the DJ comes over the loudspeakers...

DJ (O.C.)
Let's hear it for Eunice. Coming to the stage now, the seductive Karen. And private dances are half-price for the next five minutes. Get after it, boys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON: The DJ in his booth. It's the Creepy Dude who was cooking them eggs at the beginning of the episode.

ADAM

That guy is awesome!

Adam goes over.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Hey, buddy, my name is Adam. You should definitely roll back to our place to party and bring Eunice and co.

CREEPY GUY

(happily salutes, winks)

Heil Shitler.

Adam gives him a smile, but he's confused because he has no idea that Creepy Guy knows him as Adolf Shitler from the week before.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE