

WORKAHOLICS

"ASS BURGERS"

A Spec Script Written by:

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INT. HOUSE - ANDERS' ROOM - NIGHT

Anders is having an intense make-out session with EMILY (20's), a wholesome, average looking girl, on his bed. He aggressively fondles her breasts.

She pulls his hands away from her.

EMILY
Anders, settle down.

ANDERS
Emily, please. I'm begging you.
I'll be gentle, baby.

EMILY
I told you, 'Ders, I'm saving
myself for marriage... and Jesus.

ANDERS
I'm pretty sure Jesus would be all
right with just the tip.

EMILY
'Ders, stop it. I'm serious.

She shoves him away. In frustration, he flops over onto his back.

ANDERS
It's been two weeks and we haven't
done anything besides make out. My
boys can't get any bluer. Like two
plums ready to pop off a tree.

EMILY
Just think of how rewarding it will
be when we're fully committed to
each other and the lord.

ANDERS
I know, and I want that commitment,
but right now I'm in pain. The lord
wouldn't want me in pain.

EMILY
Well, my vagina is off limits, but,
there is something else we can do.

She rolls onto her stomach. Anders squeals in delight.

ANDERS
Hallelujah!

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Blake and Adam fly around the house getting dressed for work. They bang on Anders' door.

BLAKE
Come on, 'Ders! We're late... er
than usual.

ADAM
Alice is going to "fry our asses"
if we're late again.

BLAKE
Isn't it "fire"?

ADAM
Same difference.

BLAKE
Is it the same though?

ADAM
Pfftt. Yeah.

Blake shakes his head, then BANGS on Anders' door.

BLAKE
'Ders, lets go!

Anders opens his door, leans suavely against the wall.

ANDERS
Sorry bros. I was up late knockin'
boots!

Adam's eyes widen.

ADAM
No way! You banged that religo
chick?

ANDERS
Totally. Smell my fingers.

ADAM
Yes!

Together, Blake and Adam take in a giant whiff of his fingers. They cringe back in disgust.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Oh god. What is that?

BLAKE

That smells exactly like gonorrhoea.

Adam sniffs again.

ADAM

It smells like poops! Is that poop?

ANDERS

Well yeah. That's cause she only does anal... until marriage.

BLAKE

That smells horrible.

ANDERS

If you think that's bad, you should smell my penis.

He starts to loosen his boxers, Blake stops him.

ADAM

NO! I will not see, smell, or touch your dong, 'Ders!

Anders smells his own fingers and smiles.

ANDERS

What are you guys so upset about? Most guys dream of doing anal.

ADAM

True. I touched a girls b-hole once. It was an over the pants touch, but they were pretty thin pants... so.

BLAKE

Not me. The b-hole is like my fourth favorite hole.

ADAM

No way you've had butt sex!

BLAKE

I have...

Blake contemplates.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

...On accident.

ADAM

Still counts!

ANDERS
Can we rewind a bit here? Fourth
favorite hole?

Blake counts on his fingers.

BLAKE
The puss, the mouth, the belly
button, then the b-hole.

ADAM
Yup, that makes sense.

Adam puts his fist out for a bump, Blake lays his hand on it.

ANDERS
Belly button?

BLAKE
Yeah, you just get the mushroom
head in there, then wiggle until...

He makes an exploding gesture with his hands.

ANDERS
That can't feel good for the girl.

Anders gets dressed.

BLAKE
Extremely uncomfortable, but you
can't rape a belly button... so.

ADAM
Blake, you're a genius. You just
discovered a rape loophole!

ANDERS
What? No. If you touch a girl
anywhere with your penis it's
sexual assault.

BLAKE
I don't think that's true.

ANDERS
It is true.

ADAM
Are you sure? I've touched many a
girl with my peen.

ANDERS

It's definitely, one hundred percent true. And you have not touched "many a girl" with your "peen".

ADAM

He's right.

ANDERS

Listen, I want to get in that puss, but she just won't allow it until marriage. So that leaves me with only one thing left to do...

BLAKE

'Ders! NO! You can't!

ADAM

Why are you freaking, Blake-ster?

BLAKE

Adam, don't you understand?

ADAM

Not at all.

ANDERS

I'm going to propose to Emily!

Adam SCREAMS...

EXT. TELEMERICORP - PARKING LOT - DAY

The guys pull up in the Volvo. Their co-workers are outside selling stuff in booths, like a flea market.

They park and get out of the car. Adam's pissed.

ADAM

'Ders, you're my backup best friend. I'm not letting you go down like this. I'll prevent this marriage with all my power.

Adam flexes and grunts real loud.

ANDERS

It's meant to be, Adam. I've lived the bachelor life long enough. It's time I settle down and--

BLAKE

Wait a min-u-et. Is this just a ploy to get in her puss?

ANDERS

Well, yeah. Pretty much. I figure, I propose, get in there, then dump her, or cheat on her... Really whatever's the easiest way out.

Adam turns from anger to laughter.

ADAM

You had me going. I was like, grrr.

They finally notice the flea market.

ANDERS

What the hell is this?

BLAKE

No idea.

Alice approaches, looks at her watch.

ALICE

You guys are late... again!

ADAM

Hey babe... Boss. Boss babe.

ALICE

Shut it small fry. Where's your stuff for the fund-raiser?

ANDERS

Fund-raiser?

BLAKE

What fund-raiser?

ADAM

I'm not even sure what that means.

ANDERS

Oh, right, the fund-raiser. From the memo--

ALICE

Email--

ANDERS

Email that we got yester--

She puts her hand in Anders' face.

ALICE

Last week. It's for Waymond's kid,
who was diagnosed with Asperger's.

Adam, concerned, grabs his butt.

ADAM

Oh god! Ass burgers!

ALICE

I know, it's got to be rough on
poor Waymond.

ADAM

Ewww, His butt's all greasy and
bumpy.

ALICE

That's not what Asperger's is.

BLAKE

I'm pretty sure Adam's right.

ANDERS

He's not even close.

BLAKE

'Ders, I don't know where you get
your information.

ANDERS

Mainly from T.V. But sometimes the
internet, when I'm not spanking it.

He high-fives Adam.

ALICE

Will you guys knock it off?

ADAM

Right-O, Alice. I think we need to
focus on the real question...

They focus intently.

ADAM (CONT'D)

How does Waymond have a kid?

BLAKE

That is a shocker.

ANDERS

I assumed he was still a virgin.

Blake grabs his temples.

BLAKE

I just pictured him having sex.

ADAM

Was it gross? I bet it was gross.

BLAKE

Actually, it wasn't that bad. He's got some moves.

ANDERS

I bet he has a huge hog.

ALICE

Will you three shut it?! His son... or daughter... whatever, has a serious problem.

They shut it.

CUT TO:

Waymond, looking depressed, stands within hearing distance.

BACK TO SCENE

ANDERS / BLAKE

Right. Oh yeah. Sorry buddy!

ADAM

Yeah, the Ass Burgers and all.

She gives him a stern stare.

ALICE

So did you bozos bring anything at all for the fund-raiser?

ANDERS

Um, yeah. We have some stuff. It's up in the office. We'll go get it.

He pulls them away from Alice.

BLAKE

Whoa, 'Ders. There is nothing at my desk that I'm willing to part with.

ADAM

Yeah, 'Ders. Don't just volunt...
volumeteen... You're not selling
our stuff!

ANDERS

Just follow my lead.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The guys walk down the isle towards their cubicle.

BLAKE

I won't do it. There's no way you
can convince me to sell my stuff.

Adam collapses in his chair as they get to their cube.

ADAM

You're being a real ass burger! I'm
not selling my stuff for stupid
Waymond and his stupid bang-child!

ANDERS

It's not ass burgers, it's
Asperger's. One word.

Blake guards his stuff.

BLAKE

Lay a finger on anything and I will
bite your face off!

ANDERS

Chill out. Jesus. We're not going
to sell your stuff.

ADAM

But you told...

ANDERS

I told Alice that we had stuff in
the office to sell.

BLAKE

Oh, I get it, we're going to sell
your stuff.

Blake rips Anders monitor off his desk. Adam jumps up and
reaches for other items on the desk. Anders stops him.

ANDERS

No you morons. We're going to sell
stuff from the supply cabinet.

Anders motions his head towards the supply cabinet. Adam and
Blake's heads follow his.

ADAM

I'm still not following.

ANDERS

We're going to take stuff out of
that cabinet and sell it at the
fund-raiser.

He opens the cabinet to reveal a bunch of office supplies.

BLAKE

Ooooh. That's what's in there.

ANDERS

You didn't get it either?

BLAKE

I was hoping it would just come
together, and poof, it just did.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - ANDERS' TABLE - DAY

Adam and Anders stand behind a table displaying office
supplies. A man buys a couple of items off of them.

ANDERS

Thank you, sir.

ADAM

Could we also interest you in...

Adam holds up a staple remover and clicks it furiously.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What the hell is this thing?

The guy shakes his head and leaves.

ANDERS

Holy shit, that guy just gave me
five bucks for that crap.

Adam stares at the staple remover.

ADAM

Seriously, what the hell is this?

Anders holds the five dollar bill to Adam's face.

ANDERS
Adam, five bones!

Adam drops the staple remover.

ADAM
Holy shit! Let's sell all of this
crap!

They speak fast like auctioneers to customers that pass.

ADAM / ANDERS
Twenty five, Twenty, ten, can I get
ten, five, five?

The customers skitter away from them like they're crazy.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - MARKET - DAY

Blake walks around, then stops at Gillian's table.

BLAKE
(singing)
Gil-li-an.

Gillian attempts to sing a retort.

GILLIAN
Blake-ah... I ran out of syllables.

BLAKE
You know what, screw syllables. Who
needs 'em anyway.

GILLIAN
Yeah. Wait. What?

BLAKE
I'm not really sure... Whoa, what
do we have here?

He picks up a twenty sided die from her table.

GILLIAN
Oh, I made that in my night
ceramics class. It's a polyhedr...
a poly... it's a die.

BLAKE

I know what it is, I've been looking for the perfect d-twenty to finish my set. It's like you knew I needed this.

GILLIAN

That's because we have great zen, Blake. Like our souls have this connection.

She swipes her index finger down his nose.

BLAKE

I know, right?

He returns the swipe on her nose. She blushes, giggles, then accidentally lets a loud fart slip. She's horrified.

They stand in awkward silence, Gillian won't meet his gaze.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Um, so I'm going to go take a gander at what Montez has. I'll be back in a bit.

GILLIAN

Ok then.

She turns away from him as he quickly exits. He stops at the next booth, Montez' table.

MONTEZ

Blake my man! Can I interest you in some fine wares?

BLAKE

No. I'm hoping to get this sweet d-twenty. Just waiting for a fart to clear up... and shame from the looks of it.

He looks over to Gillian. She quickly ducks, knocking some items off of her table.

MONTEZ

No no. You came to the right place. I've got everything cheap. It's all gots to go.

BLAKE

I'm good, just--

Montez leans in.

MONTEZ

Listen, we're friends, right?

Blake leans in real close to Montez' face.

BLAKE

Not really.

MONTEZ

Come on man, you helped deliver my baby... You showed my son your penis.

BLAKE

Right. Ok, we're friends.

Montez extends his hand, Blake air shakes his hand.

MONTEZ

So, listen. I got something just for you my friend.

From behind his table he pulls out a small animal skull.

BLAKE

What is that?

MONTEZ

It's a monkey's skull. It's been passed down through my family for generations. It's magic will grant the owner great fortune.

BLAKE

I've heard of these! Wait, why aren't you keeping it?

Montez hesitates.

MONTEZ

Because it wears out after seven years and has to be passed on.

BLAKE

Well all right then. I could use some good luck.

MONTEZ

Being my good friend, I'll sell it to you for a steal. Ten bucks.

Blake pulls out his wallet and looks in it.

BLAKE

I only have eight. Let me go talk
to 'Ders and--

Blake starts to walk away.

MONTEZ

Ah. Ah. Hold up. Because we are
such good friends, I'll give you
the friends discount. Eight bucks.

BLAKE

That's real sweet of you... friend!

Blake hands him the money and Montez hands him the skull.

INT. OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY

Anders and Adam counts money they earned from the sale.

ADAM

Dude, I've got thirty bucks here!

ANDERS

Plus another forty!

ADAM

Aw yeah! An even hundo!

ANDERS

It's not a "hundo". It's seventy
dollars.

ADAM

Same thing.

ANDERS

No it's not. I feel like you don't
understand math. Or numbers in
general really.

ADAM

Pfft, whatever 'Ders.

Blake walks up, he caresses the skull.

BLAKE

You know, it's bad karma to steal
from charity.

ANDERS

What the hell is that?

BLAKE
It's my new good luck charm.

Adam backs away from the skull.

ADAM
Get that thing away from me! It
looks like a dead monkey head.

BLAKE
Well, yeah, it is. But it's a
magical good luck dead monkey head.

ANDERS
How much did you pay for that?

BLAKE
Only eight dollars. Tez sold it to
me on the friends discount.

ANDERS
Tez didn't give you a discount. He
stole eight dollars from you.

Anders reaches for the skull. Blake slaps his hand away.

BLAKE
Hands off. It's my monkey. If you
ruin it, you'll turn my good luck
into bad luck.

ANDERS
There's no such thing as a magical
good luck monkey.

Blake spots a quarter on the floor.

BLAKE
Oh, look. A quarter.

He holds it up.

ADAM
No way!

Adam rubs his body against Blake's.

ANDERS
What the hell are you doing?

ADAM
I'm trying to get some of that good
luck to rub off on me.

Blake assists and rubs back to back against Adam.

BLAKE
Here, let me help.

ANDERS
God damn. I'll leave you two alone.
There was something I wanted to
talk to Gillian about anyway.

They continue rubbing as Anders leaves.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - GILLIAN'S TABLE - DAY

Anders approaches Gillian's table.

ANDERS
Gillian!

GILLIAN
Oh, hey Anders.

Anders sniffs the air.

ANDERS
What is that smell?

GILLIAN
It's a fart... It's Nothing. What
did Blake say?

ANDERS
Blake? Nothing.

GILLIAN
It's not a fart, if that's what
you're thinking.

ANDERS
That's not what I was thinking.

GILLIAN
Not a fart.

ANDERS
Ok, I got it. It's not a fart.

GILLIAN
Ok, good.

ANDERS
Did I see a ring you had for sale
earlier?

GILLIAN
Oh, I do. It's around here
somewhere.

She searches through her stuff.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
I was going to propose to this guy,
but found out he went out with me
on a dare that he couldn't last two
weeks. He lost. So, yeah. Loser.

She finds the ring.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Oh, here you are.

She shows it to Anders.

ANDERS
That's a terrible story. Don't ever
tell anyone that.

GILLIAN
I usually don't.

ANDERS
How much do you want for it?

GILLIAN
I paid about a thousand for it.

ANDERS
I've got seventy bucks.

GILLIAN
Deal!

ANDERS
Really? That was easy.

GILLIAN
I've been planning on getting rid
of it. This is just the push I need
to stop staring at it and crying
myself to sleep every night.

ANDERS
Glad I could help.

Gillian starts to cry as she hands over the ring.

GILLIAN
(to ring)
I'll never forget you.

ANDERS
You really need psychiatric help.

GILLIAN
You're like the third person to
tell me that...

ANDERS
Really?

GILLIAN
...today.

INT. ANDERS' CAR - EVENING

The guys drive home from work. Adam inspects the ring. Blake
stares at the skull.

ADAM
I can't believe you spent all the
ass burger's money on this stupid
ring.

ANDERS
It's all worth it to get into that
virgin pool.

ADAM
How is it worth it to me?

ANDERS
You get to be the first one to hear
the stories.

ADAM
That's actually a good deal.

BLAKE
I'm telling you, it's bad karma to
steal from a charity.

ANDERS
I know what I'm doing, Blake.

SLAM! The car hits an open man-hole and skids to a halt. The
monkey skull flies onto Adams lap, he let's the ring fly out
of his hands, and SCREAMS.

The car comes to a halt.

ANDERS (CONT'D)
What the hell was that!

ADAM
Get this thing off of my lap!

Blake retrieves the skull and inspects it for damage.

BLAKE
Are you ok, my little monkey?

ANDERS
Where's the ring?

ADAM
Your bad driving made me drop it.

They search the car for the ring.

ANDERS
We have to find it. It's my ticket
to that virgin vag.

Blake spots a chip in the skull. He holds it up.

BLAKE
'Ders, look what you've done!
You've cursed us! Now we'll have
seven years bad luck!

ANDERS
It's not a mirror, Blake.

Adam finds the ring.

ADAM
Found it!

ANDERS
Whew.

He starts the car and drives.

ANDERS (CONT'D)
See. No bad luck.

The car breaks down.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Adam and Blake sit on the couch eating cereal watching
cartoons.

ADAM

If we ever get a dog, I hope it's like the Scoobs so we can blaze with it!

BLAKE

I could go for a *Scooby snack* right about now.

Blake gets out a bong.

Anders walks in. His eye is seriously infected.

ANDERS

Mornin' fellas.

BLAKE

'Ders, what's wrong with your eye?

ANDERS

What! What is it?!

He runs to a mirror to check it out. Adam and Blake follow.

ADAM

Eww, what is it?

ANDERS

I think I've got pink-eye.

ADAM

It's definitely pink. How did that happen?

ANDERS

It's usually from unsanitary conditions.

BLAKE

Whoa... I bet it's from all the butt sex.

ANDERS

It's not from butt sex.

BLAKE

Did you bang Emily in the butt again last night?

ANDERS

Well... yeah.

BLAKE

I think you got pink-eye from her
stink-eye.

ADAM

Eww. Pink-eye from the stink-eye!

ANDERS

Oh god!

ADAM

Is that contagious?

BLAKE

Highly!

They move far away from Anders.

ANDERS

It's not contagious unless you
touch my eye.

He walks towards them. They back away.

ADAM

Keep your infected eye away!

BLAKE

This is your own fault 'Ders.

ANDERS

I know. You hate butt sex.

BLAKE

Well yes, I do.

He holds up the monkey skull.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

But this is all because you cracked
the skull. You've doomed us all!

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The guys burst into Montez' cubicle.

ANDERS

Montez! Your stupid monkey skull is
destroying our lives.

MONTEZ

Whoa 'Ders, what's up with your eye? Don't be spreading no conjunctivitis around the office.

BLAKE

No, that's pink-eye from all the butt sex he's having.

ADAM

Pink-eye from the stink-eye.

MONTEZ

I don't care, get out of my office with that nasty eye.

ANDERS

This is what were trying to tell you. That stupid skull is cursed and causing all sorts of bad luck.

ADAM

Blake, give it back to him.

MONTEZ

No way. All sales were final. You have to find some other losers to pawn that off on.

BLAKE

You take this back! Take it back!

MONTEZ

I won't take it back, but I can tell you how to clear the curse.

Anders leans in.

ANDERS

Please, we'll do anything.

MONTEZ

Stay back!

Anders steps back.

ANDERS

Sorry.

MONTEZ

I'll tell you how, for the right price.

The guys scramble fishing their pockets for money.

They come up with a couple of bills and some change and hand it to Anders.

ANDERS

Here's... Three eighty five.

Anders tries to hand Montez the money.

MONTEZ

Don't touch! Set it on the desk.

Anders sets the money on the desk.

MONTEZ (CONT'D)

Ok, here's the deal. First you need a strand of hair... from a virgin.

ADAM

That's no problem, 'Ders is butt banging a virgin, so...

ANDERS

Yeah, there's tons of her hair in my room.

Blake pulls a hair from Anders shirt.

BLAKE

Here's one right here.

Montez shakes his head.

MONTEZ

Ok, next you need avian bones.

ADAM

Uh, what?

MONTEZ

Bones from a bird.

Adam reaches into his pocket and pulls out a dead pigeon. He slams it onto Montez' desk.

ADAM

Boom! Got that too!

MONTEZ

Get that thing off my desk!

ANDERS

Why are you carrying around a dead bird?

ADAM

Blake has a sweet feather collection and I was going to give him these feathers as a present.

BLAKE

Aw, thanks Adam.

Adam leaves out his hand for a high-five. Blake slowly places his hand against Adam's.

ANDERS

That doesn't explain why you have an entire dead pigeon in your pocket.

ADAM

Because, 'Ders, I didn't have time to de-feather the bird, so I just grabbed the whole thing and then forgot about it until right now.

ANDERS

How do you forget about a dead bird in your pocket?

ADAM

I forget about all kinds of dead things in my pockets.

Blake reaches into his pockets, pulls out a dead frog, and holds it up.

BLAKE

Oh yeah, look at that. Me too!

He slams the frog onto Montez' desk next to the bird.

MONTEZ

You best get that nasty ass road-kill off my desk, now!

ADAM

All right, chill.

Adam grabs a notepad off of Montez' desk and scrapes the dead animals onto it.

MONTEZ

You did not just put those on my notepad!?

Adam slides them out of the notepad and back onto the desk.

ADAM
Sorry about that.

MONTEZ
Now they're just back on my desk.

ANDERS
'Tez, make up your mind, man.

BLAKE
You're really sending some mixed
signals here.

ADAM
Yeah, 'Tez. Make up your mind.

Montez, with reserved rage, scrapes the corpses into his
trash can, then counts to calm himself.

MONTEZ
One, two, three.

ADAM
Four!

Montez inhales a deep breath, then lets it out.

MONTEZ
You're lucky Colleen has me on an
anger management plan. We're trying
to train a new puppy and it's
really testing my patience.

ADAM
See, I do know math, 'Ders!

He high fives Blake. Anders rubs his shoulders.

ANDERS
Good job buddy.

MONTEZ
Back to my point.

BLAKE
What were we even talking about?

ADAM
No idea.

ANDERS
I don't recall.

MONTEZ

The curse. How to stop the curse.

BLAKE/ADAM/ANDERS

Right / Oh yeah / That's it.

MONTEZ

So what I was saying is, you need three things, hair of a virgin.

BLAKE

Got it.

MONTEZ

Avian bones.

ADAM

Right here.

Adam holds up the dead pidgeon.

MONTEZ

And blood of a goat.

ANDERS

I think we can swing that. Karl's friend is in the goat meat business.

MONTEZ

Once that's all together, here's what you do...

They listen intently.

INT. HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys hold hands around the table. A salad bowl sits in the center filled with blood, hair, and bones.

BLAKE

Great virgin bird goat, grant us forgiveness for forsaking you.

Anders rolls his eyes.

ANDERS

I'm sorry for cracking the skull.

BLAKE

'Ders, you have to take this seriously. Address him properly.

ANDERS

Sorry. Oh great virgin bird goat--

ADAM

Please, virgin bird goat, just let my friend get in that puss!

ANDERS

I'm begging you!

Thunder and lightning crash outside of the window. They stare at each other in disbelief.

EXT. EMILY'S HOUSE - PORCH - NIGHT

Anders, dressed to a tee, both eyes now infected, holds a bouquet of flowers, and rings the doorbell. Giggling is heard from inside.

EMILY (O.S.)

Hang on.

Emily, hair died black and wearing dark makeup, answers the door, and covers herself with her robe.

ANDERS

Hey Emily.

EMILY

Oh, it's you.

She notices his eyes.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Whoa, you're wicked high.

ANDERS

No, it's the whole pink-eye issue, from your b-hole. Anyway, I'm here, baby and I'm ready...

He gets down on his knee and pulls out the ring.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

...to commit to you and the lord.

From behind Emily, DRAVEN (30's), a tall, pale man, wearing dark makeup and jet black hair, steps onto the porch.

DRAVEN

Who's the yuppie?

EMILY
He's no one, Draven.

ANDERS
Draven? Seriously?

DRAVEN
Hey babe, I wasn't done with that
little heinie of yours yet. Come
back inside.

Emily turns to go back in. He slaps her ass.

ANDERS
What do you ass bang everyone?

She stops and turns back to him.

EMILY
That's just a figure of speech.

ANDERS
Whew.

EMILY
I'm in Draven's cult now. We have
full on vaginal sex.

She slowly closes the door.

ANDERS
What!?

The door shuts.

ANDERS (CONT'D)
Full on vaginal?

Anders stands horrified and rubs his eyes.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The guys storm into Montez' office with the skull. They're
pissed. Anders' eyes are a mess.

ANDERS
Montez! What the hell?

BLAKE
We are pissed!

ADAM
So pissed!

Adam grabs a pencil off of Montez' desk and fails at trying to break it.

MONTEZ
(to Anders)
You really needs some antibiotics.

Blake holds up the skull.

BLAKE
This skull is causing all sorts of bad luck.

ANDERS
Your stupid ritual didn't fix anything, it made everything worse.

Adam continues to struggle with the pencil. Then GRUNTS and breaks the tip of it against the desk.

ADAM
The curse is still on.

MONTEZ
Guys. There's no curse.

BLAKE
Wait what?

ADAM
Explain yourself!

MONTEZ
There's no curse. Never was.

ANDERS
Then what about all this bad luck?

MONTEZ
I was screwing with you guys.

BLAKE
Screwing with us?

MONTEZ
That's just the skull of our dead cat. The new puppy dug it up in the backyard.

ADAM
Oh, that explains a lot.

ANDERS
It does?

BLAKE

Well, yeah. You were the only one
having bad luck.

ANDERS

I was?

ADAM

The virgin, the car...

BLAKE

The pink-eye from her stink-eye.

ADAM

You should get that looked at.

BLAKE

And the failed proposal.

ANDERS

Well what the hell...

MONTEZ

I guess you're just full of bad
luck, curse or not.

Anders slams the skull in front on Montez.

ANDERS

Fuck you, Montez!

ADAM

Yeah! Fuck you Montez.

They walk out of Montez' office.

Blake and Adam high-five but ignore Anders' attempts to get
in on the celebration in fear of getting infected.

BLAKE

That Montez... What an ass burger.

ANDERS

It's Asperger's. One word!

FADE TO BLACK.