By: NEONETWORK

Ethan is promoted and must handle new responsibilities, Ryan does better at KDGM but confronts the mob mentality of his fellow members and Madeline and Oliver must clean up a mess left by themselves and some friends



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TV-MA L

- â Jesus emptied the devils of one man into forty hogs and the hogs took the edge of a high rock and dropped off and down into the sea: a mobâ
 - Carl Sandburg

(We start with Ryan and Brennan sitting in a classroom, writing something down)

RYAN: Hey dude, did you hear?

BRENNAN: What?

RYAN: Yeah, apparently theyâ re going to digitize all the report cards, so theyâ re not just going to hand you a paper copy, meaning I donâ t ever have to know what my grades are!

BRENNAN: I think theyâ re doing that because theyâ re trying to go green this year.

RYAN: I donâ t care if theyâ re trying to â go green this yearâ . Iâ m just saying I donâ t ever have to know and what I donâ t know canâ t hurt me. Thatâ s why I didnâ t read up on how to avoid the flow.

BRENNAN: But arenâ t you going to get an earful from your parents when they hear about your grades?

RYAN: Thatâ ll be like a million years from now.

(A black screen comes up and there is text reading â A MONTH AND A HALF LATERâ . Then, cut to Ryan sitting on his laptop in the living room)

DEMONIC OFFSCREEN VOICE: RYAN!

RYAN: Oh no, it canâ t already be mid-April! He has to be angry about something else! Maybe itâ s because I sold his truck to a ragtag team of two-bit punks? Maybe itâ s because I taped the cat to the fridge! Maybe itâ s because I bought an unmanned drone with his credit card! (Ryan pinches his face. Cut to a shot of the bottom of the stairs, facing upwards. Demonic grumbling is heard as someone wearing gray slacks and black shoes with a cane and a belt in hand walks down the stairs, but we can only see him from the waist down. Then, he makes his way all the way down the stairs. Cut to a shot of a ball in the hallway. The demonic unseen father-figure makes his way down the hallway and kicks the ball)

DEMONIC FATHER FIGURE: RYAN! YOUR REPORT CARD CAME IN TODAY!

(Cut to Ryan right next to a window. He screams a girly scream and opens the window, which is on the first floor and he runs out. Cut to a title slide reading â Ignorance is not bliss! Check your report cards online!â while â Kalimbaâ plays. Cut to a class in Hansbay High watching that skit on the promethean board in their classroom. A lot of them are laughing, except Alan and Luther, who are in the classroom)

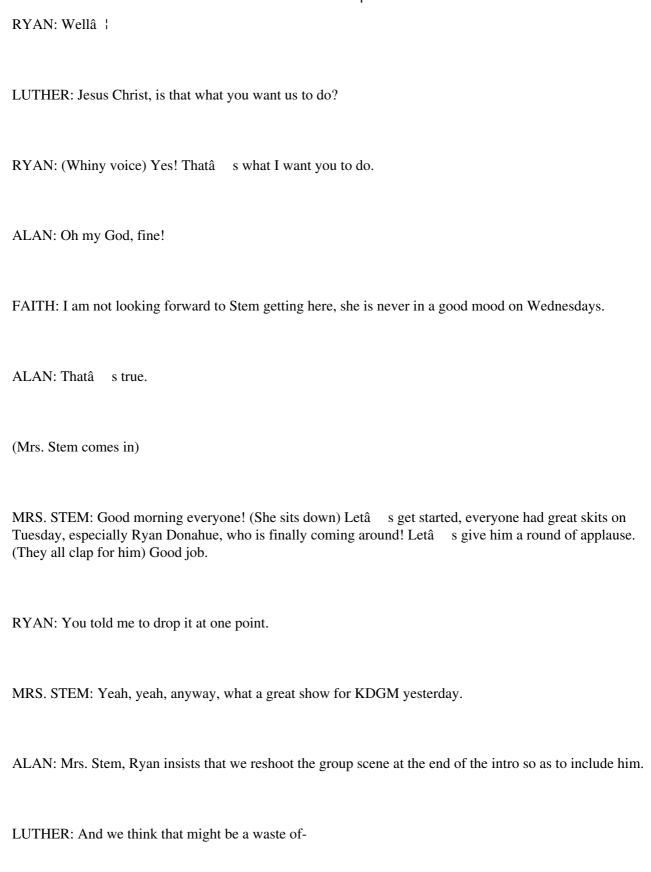
ALAN: It wasnâ t bad.

LUTHER: Woulda ve been way better if we did it though.

ALAN: Way better. We would a ve incorporated Harlem Shake somehow.

LUTHER: That woulda ve been so funny.

| (Cut to Ryan, Alan, Luther, Natasha, Kirsten, Faith, Cooper and two other chicks sitting in the KDGM classroom) |
|---|
| KIRSTEN: Good skit yesterday, Ryan. |
| RYAN: Oh, thanks. By the way, I saw you guys made a new intro. |
| ALAN: Yeah, we filmed it on Monday. |
| RYAN: Yeah, I wasnâ t in it for the group shot at the end. |
| LUTHER: You were sick, remember? |
| RYAN: Yeah. |
| ALAN: Yeah, sorry, we just had to get it done. |
| (Ryan looks down as he plays with his hands and he flips his hair once. He looks disappointed) |
| RYAN: Itâ s like whateverâ ¦ |
| ALAN: What? |
| RYAN: I said itâ s like whateverâ ¦ |
| ALAN: Are you saying you want us to refilm it with you in it? |



MRS. STEM: Do it! We need him included, he is a fixture! By the way, check out these sparkly shoes! (She gets up and walks to where people can see her sparkly TOMS shoes) Sparkly shoes! Sparkly shoes! Anyway.

| (She sits back down) |
|---|
| ALAN: What the fuck is going on? |
| LUTHER: I donâ t know. |
| MRS. STEM: Letâ s see your ideas. |
| (Everybody hands in their ideas. Cut to Alan and Luther in the KDGM studio, sitting on couches) |
| ALAN: I donâ t like how happy Mrs. Stem is today. |
| LUTHER: I know! Sheâ s not supposed to be so bubbly. What has she got to be happy about? Sheâ s a 63-year old woman with a husband and a fulfilling job. |
| ALAN: But she could pass for 83. |
| LUTHER: Thank God she didnâ t mention Random B. |
| ALAN: Yeah, didnâ t remember to ask us for it, so weâ re in the clear. Now watch this drive. |
| (Alan stands up, picks up a pink ball and throws it into the wall and it bounces back and hits him in the face. Cut to Mrs. Stem in her office, typing on her computer. Ryan walks in with a flash drive in hand. Mrs. Stem turns to him) |

MRS. STEM: Hello, Ryan! RYAN: Hi. Hereâ s my random B. MRS. STEM: Oh, (She takes it) thank you. RYAN: Youâ re welcome. (Ryan walks away and walks past Kirsten, who gives Ryan a dirty look. Cut to Ethan and Kimberly sitting at the dinner table. Ethan is on his laptop with dollar bills coming out of his suit pockets) KIMBERLY: Whyâ lwhatâ s with the money in your pocket? ETHAN: Is that a money in your pocket? Or are you just happy to seeâ !money? KIMBERLY: Didnâ t answer my question. ETHAN: Iâ m rich! Yesterday when I saw the DOW Jones break the record, I sold! KIMBERLY: You sold? ETHAN: Thatâ s right! KIMBERLY: Ethan, you shouldnâ t have done that, we need that money for retirement. We could get more if we sell later.

ETHAN: I donâ t need stocks! Despite, Obamaâ s socialism, the economyâ s coming back.

KIMBERLY: Not really, the DOW Jones industrial is a measure of the health of the thirty largest companies in America, not the overall economy; itâ s an extremely antiquated index. Poverty is still high, unemployment is still high-

ETHAN: Yeah, because of Obamaâ s socialism.

KIMBERLY: I thought you said the stock market was doing well in spite of Obamaâ s socialism?

ETHAN: If Romney was President, the DOW would have soared so high that the Western Hemisphere would have run out of cocaine and those jackasses on the totally-necessary trading floor would have SHIT their blue jackets.

KIMBERLY: They trade millions of worthless securities a second, they would be allowed to do that whether Obama was President or Romney was President.

ETHAN: Anyway, Iâ m up for a promotion anyway, so me selling my stocks was not the worst move in the world.

KIMBERLY: Youâ re up for a promotion? Thatâ s awesome! To what?

ETHAN: Head Chief of Staff. That means Evan would be under me and I would get a pay raise.

KIMBERLY: Thatâ s great, when do you find out whether you get it?

ETHAN: Today, I guess.

KIMBERLY: Well, good luck. And please buy some stock.

| ETHAN: Fine. Itâ s just that my broker told me to buy low and sell high. |
|---|
| KIMBERLY: Wait, you told your broker to sell? |
| ETHAN: Yep and it turns out he bought blow and he sold high. |
| KIMBERLY: Nice. |
| (Cut to Ethan sitting across from Mayor Sarandon in his office) |
| MAYOR SARANDON: So, Misterâ l(Checks his paper) Donahue? |
| ETHAN: We know each other. |
| MAYOR SARANDON: I understand you want to be the Head Chief of Staff, what are your credentials in that field? |
| ETHAN: Well, first of all, I served as Head Chief of Staff for twelve and a half years. |
| MAYOR SARANDON: Hmm. And who did you serve under? |
| ETHAN: You. |
| MAYOR SARANDON: No sir! The only person whoâ s served <i>under</i> me is- |
| ETHAN: Stop. |

| MAYOR SARANDON: My secretary! Weâ re all equals here. |
|---|
| ETHAN: Except for your secretary? |
| MAYOR SARANDON: Yes. |
| ETHAN: Thatâ s so unfair to her! |
| MAYOR SARANDON: Be that as it may, Evan is clearly not a contender for your job and unless the ex-Pope wants to throw his oversized hat in the ring, the jobâ s yours, kiddo. |
| ETHAN: Thank you, sir. (Ethan shakes Mayor Sarandonâ s hand. Cut to Ethan and Evan sipping coffee near each other in the break room) Nice day weâ re having. |
| EVAN: Yeah, if youâ re a fan of shit. |
| ETHAN: Wow, youâ re bitter. |
| EVAN: I donâ t know why, I basically have a tenured position here because I blackmailed Mayor Sarandon. |
| ETHAN: Trust me kiddo, blackmail doesnâ t land you in good places. |
| EVAN: Says the guy whoâ s not in prison right now. |
| ETHAN: That was divine providence. |

EVAN: Yes, God was your defense attorney.

ETHAN: In the words of Leviticus, â 'do not pervert justice; do not show partiality to the poor or favoritism to the great, but judge your neighbor fairly.â

EVAN: In the words of Deuteronomy, â fuck you and your new promotionâ

ETHAN: Super bitter! What do you have to worry about? Oh yeah! YOU have leverage over Sarandon, who is your boss, but YOU do not have leverage over me, who is also, as of 10am on Wednesday, March 6, 2013, your boss!

EVAN: Iâ m assuming youâ re going to abuse your authority and hold it over me?

ETHAN: Iâ m not going to abuse my authority; Iâ m going to use my authority.

EVAN: Do you think that was a clever evasion? Because it wasnâ t.

ETHAN: Evan, Iâ m going to need you to ask every member of the city council their life story and record it on audio and then type down the gist of all of them, make it in the range of ten pages and have it on my desk by tomorrow morning, itâ s part of a â Get-to-know your council memberâ program Iâ m launching. I heard our oldest member, Jim Hessings has some very insightful stories about the time he saw Joshua having a three-way with a dodo bird and a cactus during the Battle of Jericho.

EVAN: Why are you doing this?

ETHAN: Why do you think?

EVAN: Iâ II actually donâ t know.

| ETHAN: Take a wild guess. | |
|---|---|
| EVAN: What? Iâ m basically the reason you didnâ t l | have any competition for the promotion! |
| ETHAN: Yeah, butâ ¦you punched me six months ago, so | o there! |
| EVAN: Come on! | |
| ETHAN: Listen, you donâ t have any incentive to work Iâ m going to make you work, got it? | because you have no chance of getting fired, so |
| EVAN: Fine, whatever. | |

(Evan and Ethan walk their separate ways. Cut to Oliver, Madeline and an Indian-American student sitting in an empty conference room. There is a banner reading â Menstrual Awareness Young Democrats of New England Techâ)

OLIVER: If the Supreme Court strikes down section five of the Voting Rights Act, all the racist counties will go hog wild discriminating against minorities. Maybe even women! Right, Aedesh?

AEDESH: (American accent) Of course, but Justice Scalia thinks that itâ s difficult to get rid of â racial entitlementsâ through the legislative process. â Racial entitlementsâ like the right to play basketball in front of people, the right to say the N word and apparently, the right to VOTE.

OLIVER: Donâ t forget Aedesh, that he said that shit right in front of Clarence Thomas, the black justice.

AEDESH: What is he gonna say? He went seven years without saying a word during oral arguments.

OLIVER: (Southern drawl) Because heâ s insecure about his southern drawl.

| (Madeline and Aedesh laugh) |
|--|
| AEDESH: (Southern drawl) I like my docket like I like my giblets in the moâ nin, hot and fresh. |
| OLIVER: (Southern drawl) I castrated a chicken before this proceedinâ , ainâ t no giblets about it. |
| (They all laugh) |
| MADELINE: So guys, I really appreciate that you got this Menstrual Awareness meet together. |
| OLIVER: No problem, I do think womenâ s health is an important issue to focus on, considering the widespread ignorance about it. |
| (Duncan, Howard and Donald enter the room wearing blackface) |
| DUNCAN: (Offensive black voice) Well howâ we doinâ , mammies? |
| OLIVER: JESUS CHRIST! |
| MADELINE: (Laughing) Oh my God! |
| (Madeline takes out her phone and starts filming it) |
| AEDESH: What are you doing?! |

DUNCAN: What? I thought this was Minstrel Awareness. OLIVER: MENSTRUAL AWARENESS! Not minstrel! HOWARD: The e-mail said minstrel. (Oliver and Aedesh look at Madeline, who puts away her phone) MADELINE: Iâ m not great at spelling. AEDESH: Oh, God. OLIVER: Even if you thought it was a minstrel show, how on Earth would you think this would be appropriate? DONALD: Itâ s a celebration of our historical culture. OLIVER: Yeah, our historical culture was racist! MADELINE: Guys, this is supposed to be about menstrual cycles. HOWARD: Câ mon, mammies! We can still talk about menstrual cycles! MADELINE: Why do you think black people call everyone mammies?

in this here room, I need a mammy melon and some fried MAMMY!

HOWARD: Iâ s be sweatinâ

| OLIVER: That is INCREDIBLY racist! Stop! This Menstrual Show is over! |
|--|
| HOWARD: So this was a minstrel show? |
| OLIVER: No, I said MEN-STRU-AL! God! |
| (Cut to Oliver and Madeline sitting in Oliverâ s dorm) |
| MADELINE: That was a total disaster. |
| OLIVER: I know. They walked around campus like that! |
| MADELINE: Partying like it was 1899. |
| OLIVER: Hopefully we can contain this. Turn on the news. |
| (Madeline takes the remote and turns on the news. There is a man in a suit at a desk reading the news) |
| MAN: Hello and welcome to Warwick Action News. Iâ m Bruce Kallen. The Transport Security Administration announced today that starting in April, certain small pocket knives would be allowed on planes. This coming after the revelation that the 9/11 hijackers may not have used box cutters to commandee the planes, but may have used a super-sized bottle of Jergens. |
| MADELINE: Nothing so far. |
| OLIVER: Yeah, itâ s looking good. |

BRUCE: Meanwhile, Kentucky Senator Rand Paul is currently engaging in a very long filibuster of the confirmation of John Brennan for the position of CIA Director due to the fact that Senator Paul sent Attorney General Eric Holder a letter asking if President Obama had the authority to use a drone to kill an American citizen on American soil and the Attorney General said in extreme cases, yes. Senator Paul reportedly plans to sneak out of the Capitol Building in Strom Thurmondâ s spare casket so as to avoid detection by Obamaâ s predator drones.

MADELINE: I think weâ re in the clear!

(The female news person starts speaking)

FEMALE ANCHOR: Moving onto SCANDAL AT NEW ENGLAND TECH!

MADELINE: Goddamnit!

OLIVER: The female anchor has to ruin everything!

FEMALE ANCHOR: Recent reports reveal a controversy is brewing at New England Institute of Technology, because several reports, pictures and videos posted online show a group of students in blackface parading around the schoolâ s campus. Letâ s take a look at those extremely offensive videos.

(Cut to security camera footage of Howard, Duncan and Donald walking down the hall of a dormitory at New England Tech in blackface)

HOWARD: Letâ s talk about womenâ s COONtributions to society!

(They all laugh)

MADELINE: Those sons of bitches KNEW it wasnâ t a minstrel show!

(The next security camera video shows Howard, Duncan and Donald in the conference room in blackface, talking to Madeline, Oliver and Aedesh)

DUNCAN: (Offensive black voice) Well howâ we doinâ , mammies?

(Cut)

HOWARD: Iâ s be sweatinâ in this here room, I need a mammy melon and some fried MAMMY!

OLIVER: God, theyâ re going to be in HUGE trouble.

(The TV then shows security camera footage of Oliver, Madeline and Aedesh talking in the conference room with Howard, Donald and Duncan)

OLIVER: Donâ t forget Aedesh, that he said that shit right in front of Clarence Thomas, the black justice.

AEDESH: What is he gonna say? He went seven years without saying a word during oral arguments.

OLIVER: (Southern drawl) Because heâ s insecure about his southern drawl.

(Madeline and Aedesh laugh)

AEDESH: (Southern drawl) I like my docket like I like my giblets in the moâ nin, hot and fresh.

OLIVER: (Southern drawl) I castrated a chicken before this proceedina , aina t no giblets about it.

(They all laugh. Cut to Madeline and Oliver watching that)

| MADELINE: WHAT? |
|---|
| OLIVER: That is-that is COMPLETELY out of context! We were making fun of him because heâ s southern not because heâ s black! |
| (Someone knocks loudly on Oliverâ s door) |
| AEDESH: (From outside) ARE YOU WATCHING THE NEWS?! |
| OLIVER: YEAH! COME IN! |
| (Aedesh comes in) |
| AEDESH: Dude, can you believe this unsubstantiated crock? |
| OLIVER: Itâ s a video of us mocking the voice of the most powerful black judge in America and suggesting he has some unnatural propensity for giblets and chicken castration! |
| AEDESH: Because heâ s southern! |
| OLIVER: I know! |
| MADELINE: Can we stay out of the news for a week? Thatâ s all Iâ m asking for is a week. |
| OLIVER: I should get a press office to release meaningless statements that no one believes. |

AEDESH: Iâ ll get my calligraphy pen! MADELINE: Now is not the time to find an excuse to show how smart you are! AEDESH: Yes, I should not extempore scurrilous affectations. MADELINE: Oh my Godâ ¦ (Cut to Kirsten walking into the KDGM studio where Alan, Luther, Faith, Cooper, Natasha and the rest are hanging out) KIRSTEN: Big bad news cats and dogs-ALAN: Hold on just one second. Donâ t fucking start any piece of bad or good news like that ever again. (Luther laughs an annoying laugh) KIRSTEN: Oh, thatâ s so grating. Anyway, Ryan gave Mrs. Stem Random B. (Alan stands up, as does Luther) ALAN: That callous emo rat! Why would he do that? FAITH: Itâ s a tacit agreement that we donâ t turn in Random B if she doesnâ t ask for them, nobody but Ryan and I brought it, and I didnâ t turn it in!

LUTHER: We should go accost him.

19

| ALAN: I think heâ s on the computer in the other room. |
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| (They all walk outside the room and walk over to the computer area and they see Ryan on the computer) |
| GIRL: Hey Ryanâ what the fuck? |
| (Ryan turns around) |
| RYAN: What? |
| KIRSTEN: Why would you turn in your Random B? |
| ALAN: If most people donâ t have something and Mrs. Stem doesnâ t mention it, you donâ t say SHIT to her! |
| NATASHA: If you want US to have your back, then you gotta have our ass. |
| LUTHER: No one wants your ass Natasha, but still, point well made. |
| RYAN: Iâ m sorry, can we dispense with the mob mentality for a second? You guys canâ t get angry at me because I turned my Random B in on time and you guys, through no oneâ s fault but your own, neglected to do the same. I will not go down with the ship based on your guysâ lack of action. |
| (The screen goes into a dreamy dissolve and then shows the same scene, but Alan is talking) |
| ALAN: If most people donâ t have something and Mrs. Stem doesnâ t mention it, you donâ t say SHIT to her! |

NATASHA: If you want US to have your back, then you gotta have our ass. LUTHER: No one wants your ass Natasha, but still, point well made. RYAN: â ¦I uh, Iâ m sorry, I didnâ t mean to fuck you guys over, it wonâ t happen again. ALAN: Okay. Lesson learned. LUTHER: Alan, donâ t be so forgiving so quickly, I have other things I need to get off my chest. Fuck you Faith! RYAN: Why are you looking at me? ALAN: Luther, just cool it. Heâ s learned his lesson and Iâ m sure he feels remorseful for his actions. RYAN: (Quietly) Of turning my shit in on time. ALAN: Whatâ s that? RYAN: I said the Orioles are doing well this season. LUTHER: â |I mean, I guess. Baseball season hasnâ t even started yet.

(Faith, Cooper, Natasha, Kirsten and the rest leave)

| RYAN: I have to work on a skit. |
|--|
| (Ryan picks up a camera which has a mounted microphone on it and he stands up) |
| ALAN: Actually, er, we need that camera. |
| RYAN: Why? |
| LUTHER: Our skit! Itâ s for Easter, weâ re going to put littleâ llike, in the eggs, weâ re going to put thereâ s gonna be a bunnyâ litâ s hard to explain. |
| RYAN: Probably because youâ re not even trying to explain it. |
| ALAN: Anyway, camera please. |
| RYAN: Why canâ t you use another camera? This skit has to go on air tomorrow and yours canâ t air until late March! |
| LUTHER: The others are being used. |
| RYAN: I know. But, my skit should take priority, right? |
| ALAN: Compromise alert! We will take the camera. (Alan grabs the camera from Ryan) You can keep the microphone. (He removes the mounted mic and hands it to Ryan) Awesome. |
| (Alan and Luther walk away) |

RYAN: â 'YOUâ RE GONNA HAVE TO BOOST YOUR SOUND!

(Cut to a very bored Evan interviewing a senile old city council member in his office. There is a recording device on his desk. The plaque on his desk reads â THE HON. CITY COUNCIL MEMBER JIM HESSINGSâ)

JIM: When I was a young man, we would play tiddlywinks in the yard with an empty can of rat poison and little pieces of bread. Of course, the person who won got to eat the bread that day; it became very violent since we were in the midst of the Depression. I had seventeen brothers, sisters and one cyclopean freak locked up in the basement. We called him Stevey, but we rarely spoke.

EVAN: Oh my Godâ ¦

JIM: My father caused the Hindenburg Disaster.

EVAN: Wait, really?

JIM: Yes, used our neighbor Mr. Hindenburgâ s well to water our crops during the Dust Bowl.

EVAN: You knew what you were doing there.

JIM: By the way, could you do me a favor?

EVAN: I will not look at a mole for you.

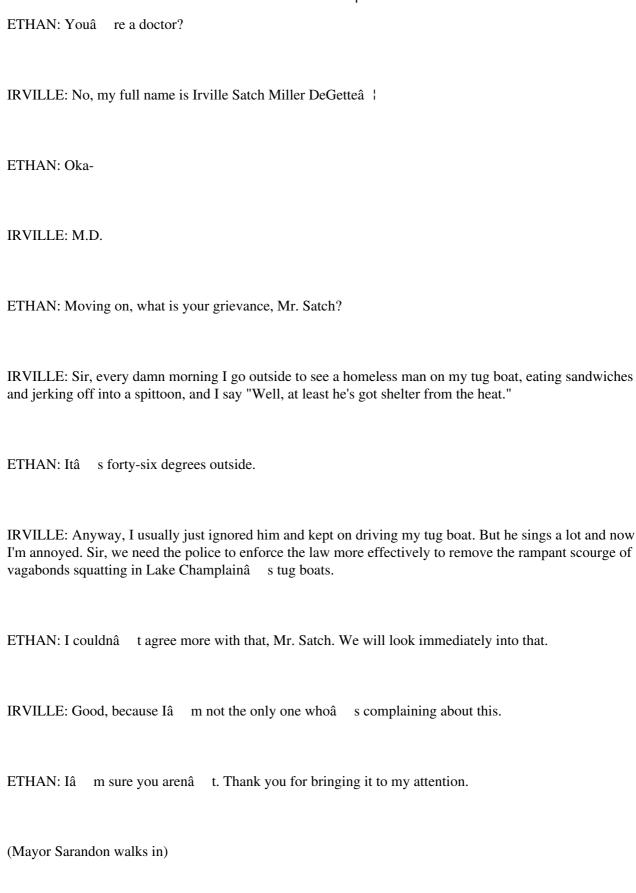
JIM: No, I need you to talk to Mayor Sarandon for me. My constituents who operate the Tug Boats on Lake Champlain are complaining thereâ s not enough law enforcement on the lake, because homeless stowaways keep finding their way onto the boats. Could you bend his ear about that?

| (Evan smiles) |
|--|
| EVAN: â ¦Heâ s kind of a busy man, butâ ¦I could talk to somebody about it. |
| (Cut to Ethan in his new office. He has his feet up on the table. His plaque reads â THE HON. VEN. ETHAN LEONARD DONAHUE THE FIRST, LLCâ) |
| ETHAN: Wow, I never had an office when I had this job before. This is sweet. I could walk around naked in here if I wanted to. But I donâ t. |
| (Evan walks in) |
| EVAN: Ethan? |
| (Cut to Ethan, who is buttoning his shirt back up as if he was trying to take it off a second earlier) |
| ETHAN: What? |
| EVAN: Sorry for barging, but I feel I should suspend theâ livery important biographical project Iâ m working on to instead inform you of an impending concern of the Hansbay government. |
| ETHAN: Oh? |
| EVAN: Yes, as you know, there are parts of our city that border Lake Champlain. |
| ETHAN: Oh? |

EVAN: Youâ 'you didnâ t know that? ETHAN: No, I did, I just like saying â oh?â EVAN: Okay. Anyway, thereâ s a tug boat operator here who wants to bend your ear about something. ETHAN: Why donâ t you bring it to Mayor Sarandonâ s attention? EVAN: Things are still awkward with him a little bit. ETHAN: Fine, send him in. (Evan opens the door and in comes a tug boat operator, a relatively average weighted man in his early 40s with a mustache) TUG BOAT OPERATOR: Hello there, sir. (Ethan stands up and shakes the manâ s hand. They then sit down as Evan stands behind) ETHAN: Nice to meet you, misterâ !? TUG BOAT OPERATOR: Mister who? ETHAN: Umâ 'youâ re supposed to say your name when I do that.

TUG BOAT OPERATOR: Oh, Iâ m Irville Satch, M.D.

25



| MAYOR SARANDON: Whatâ s going on in here? |
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| EVAN: Nothing, sir. |
| (Irville stands up) |
| IRVILLE: Oh, Mr. Mayor, itâ s a pleasure to meet you. |
| (Mayor Sarandon shakes his hand) |
| MAYOR SARANDON: Itâ s nice to meet you as well, Misterâ !? |
| IRVILLE: Mister what? |
| ETHAN: Câ mon man, we worked on this. Brian, this is Irville Satch. Heâ s concerned about an uptick in homeless people squatting in his tug boat and masturbating into spittoons. |
| MAYOR SARANDON: Ah yes, an age old problem. |
| IRVILLE: Is it really? |
| MAYOR SARANDON: Iâ ve never heard of it. But, my suggestion would be to put that tramp to work. You know, make him swab the deck. Especially if the spittoon dumps over! (They all laugh and Mayor Sarandon shakes Rubenâ s hand once more) See to it that this problem is fixed, Mr. Donahue. |
| ETHAN: Yes sir. |
| (Mayor Sarandon leaves as they all come down from laughing) |

IRVILLE: I like that man. ETHAN: Yeah. Anyway, weâ ll get back you, Mr. Satch. IRVILLE: God bless you three. (Irville shakes Ethan and Evanâ s hands and then leaves) ETHAN: Well, awesome. Iâ m into the glamorous work of policing tug boat masturbation. Thanks for bringing this to my attention, EVAN. EVAN: Ethan, I was going to take care of it! I just wanted permission from you in order to suspend the biographical project! ETHAN: Well now Sarandonâ s dumped something in my lap, I canâ t just delegate it to you! ESPECIALLY since he hates you. (Evan sits down) EVAN: Ethan, I can prove myself to you. Iâ m not some listless lackey; I can do wonders for this town! ETHAN: You have de facto tenure! Now suddenly youâ re ambitious? Go off and do what tenured professors do! Teach communism and sleep. Sarandonâ s not going to promote you to anything since you blackmailed him. EVAN: I can blackmail him into promoting me!!

| ETHAN: Too risky, at that point heâ d probably just let you go public with the news, honestly, how much would it damage his already-tarnished reputation? |
|---|
| EVAN: Heâ d have to kill a hooker to be forced out of office, wouldnâ t he? |
| ETHAN: Heâ d have to kill two. |
| EVAN: Wow. Well Ethan, I guess this gives me no choice but to prove myself to you. And wait until Sarandon dies, resigns or retires. |
| ETHAN: Wellâ do you want to take that homeless masturbator together? |
| EVAN: Yes. Letâ s do it. |
| (Ethan and Evan stand up and walk out of the room. Cut to Madeline, Oliver and Aedesh standing outside someoneâ s apartment door) |
| AEDESH: Just knock on it. |
| (Oliver knocks on the door. Duncan opens the door wearing the blackface with kiwis on his eyes and heâ s wearing a white bath robe) |
| MADELINE: Jesus Christ. |
| DUNCAN: No, itâ s just me. |
| (Duncan chuckles) |

The Donahues Episode 77 OLIVER: Dude, have you been watching the news even?! DUNCAN: No, Iâ ve been watching the Birth of a Nation. AEDESH: The 1915 silent film glorifying the Klan?! DUNCAN: No! The 1982 film with Jim Broadbent, you psycho! OLIVER: HEâ S the psycho? You went around campus with your dumbass friends in blackface! And right now you seem to be confusing blackface and avocado and kiwi skin treatments. PLUS youâ re wearing a white bath robe, which just adds insult to injury. MADELINE: How are you keeping the kiwis on there by the way? DUNCAN: I have to squint like an Asian person to keep them there. AEDESH: Oh my God, youâ re digging yourself a deeper and deeper hole! DUNCAN: Whatâ s the big deal? We were just having fun. OLIVER: Duncan, there was a KKK scandal at Oberlin college in Ohio, that Jewish politician from Brooklyn wore blackface and the media hound dogs are feasting on this story like jackals. Mongrels and jackals! DUNCAN: Wait, (He takes off his Kiwis) I was on the news?

MADELINE: Oh my God, yes!

DUNCAN: Wellâ ltime for DAMAGE CONTROL!

| (Cut to Duncan as a guest on the Warwick, Rhode Island local news) |
|---|
| DUNCAN: This is excessive political correctness at its worst. |
| BRUCE: You donâ t think the criticism is founded? |
| DUNCAN: Absolutely not, people need to chill out. |
| (Cut to Duncan, Madeline, Oliver and Aedesh speaking backstage at Warwick local news) |
| MADELINE: HOW WAS THAT DAMAGE CONTROL?! |
| DUNCAN: I KFC doubled down! |
| OLIVER: You KFC fucked up! |
| DUNCAN: I havenâ t tried that one yet. |
| AEDESH: You know what, you can deal with your scandal, we will deal with ours. |
| MADELINE: Weâ re not doubling down, though. |
| OLIVER: Yeah. (Pause) Well, it was just a joke. |

AEDESH: That \hat{a} s \hat{a} that \hat{a} s true, plus, we were making fun of his southern origin and his silence, not his African-American heritage.

MADELINE: Right. (Cut to Oliver, Aedesh, Madeline and Oliver outside the news studio at night) OLIVER: Oh my God, I think we doubled down. AEDESH: Now I see how people on the news do this. MADELINE: Weâ ve pissed off the southern people, the black people and the Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas people. AEDESH: But I think weâ ve pleased the Anita Hill people. OLIVER: Speaking of which, I could kill for a coke right now. MADELINE: Iâ ll tell you what we could kill for right now. AEDESH: Whatâ s that? MADELINE: â 'A public relations expert. (Cut to Ryan sitting on the computer in the KDGM studio, very slouched in his posture) RYAN: God, my neck hurts. I really shouldnâ t sit like this. But itâ s not like cavemen had great posture

just because they got more exercise. They had to sit on rocks! How comfortable is that? Itâ s not, is the answer to that question I just posed to myself. (Pause) I wonder if Facebook has any suicide pacts I could join.

(He types something in) Ooh, itâ s blocked.

(Mrs. Stem walks into the studio) MRS. STEM: Ryan, why arenâ t you out shooting? RYAN: All the cameras are gone. MRS. STEM: But this needs to be air tomorrow! RYAN: I guess I can do it at home. MRS. STEM: It involves interviewing the principal, Ryan. RYAN: He canâ t come to my home? MRS. STEM: He canâ t wink at you without getting fired. RYAN: Good point. MRS. STEM: Wait, I saw you with a camera when you left, did someone take it? (Ryan turns towards Mrs. Stem in his chair) RYAN: â ¦No.

MRS. STEM: Then where is it?

| RYAN: â lFine, someone did take it. |
|---|
| MRS. STEM: Who? |
| DISEMBODIED VOICE OF NATASHA: If you want US to have your back, then you gotta have our ass. |
| RYAN: Umâ ¦ |
| MRS. STEM: Itâ s a simple question, Ryan. |
| RYAN: It was- |
| MRS. STEM: Was it Alan and Luther? |
| RYAN: It wasâ 'Key and Peele. |
| NATASHAâ S DISEMBODIED VOICE: Nice. |
| RYANâ S INTERNAL MONLOGUE: Shut up, dyke. |
| NATASHAâ S DISEMBODIED VOICE: You shut up! |
| MRS. STEM: Iâ m gonna give a stern talking to Alan and Luther, the likes of which the world has never seen since yesterday when I made that freshman cry. |

| RYAN: You made a freshman cry? |
|---|
| MRS. STEM: Thatâ s why I donâ t let freshman into this class, they cry too much! |
| (Mrs. Stem walks away) |
| RYAN: Well, shit. I wonder if they can deliver those suicide pacts in thirty minutes or less. Maybe some crazy bread on the side. What the fuck am I talking about? |
| (We cut to Alan and Luther walking through the hallway holding Easter eggs and Alan is holding the camera) |
| ALAN: So whatâ s the first scene? |
| LUTHER: We put the, uhâ lthereâ s a, the bunny and thereâ s Easter eggsâ litâ s kind of hard to explain. |
| ALAN: We have to know what it is! |
| (Stem walks up to them) |
| MRS. STEM: Hello, gentlemen. |
| LUTHER: Hi. |
| MRS. STEM: I understand that you took the last camera away from Ryan, who needed it the most. |
| LUTHER: RUN! |

| ALAN: No! Weâ re not going to run. Mrs. Stem, we apologize for the mistake and we will give the camera to Ryan as soon as this conversation ends. |
|--|
| MRS. STEM: Get it to him before this conversation ends. |
| LUTHER: Meaning? |
| MRS. STEM: Meaning this conversation isnâ t over UNTIL ITâ S OVER! I need you to RESPECT my time, the schoolâ s time and the time of our newcomers and if you canâ t do that, maybe you guys need t split up until your sophomores in college. |
| LUTHER: Youâ re not following us to college, are you? |
| MRS. STEM: Iâ ve heard Rutgers has a great broadcast journalism program. |
| LUTHER: Oh Jesus. RYAN! WE HAVE YOUR CAMERA! |
| (Ryan walks over) |
| RYAN: I heard my name. |
| (Luther hands him the camera) |

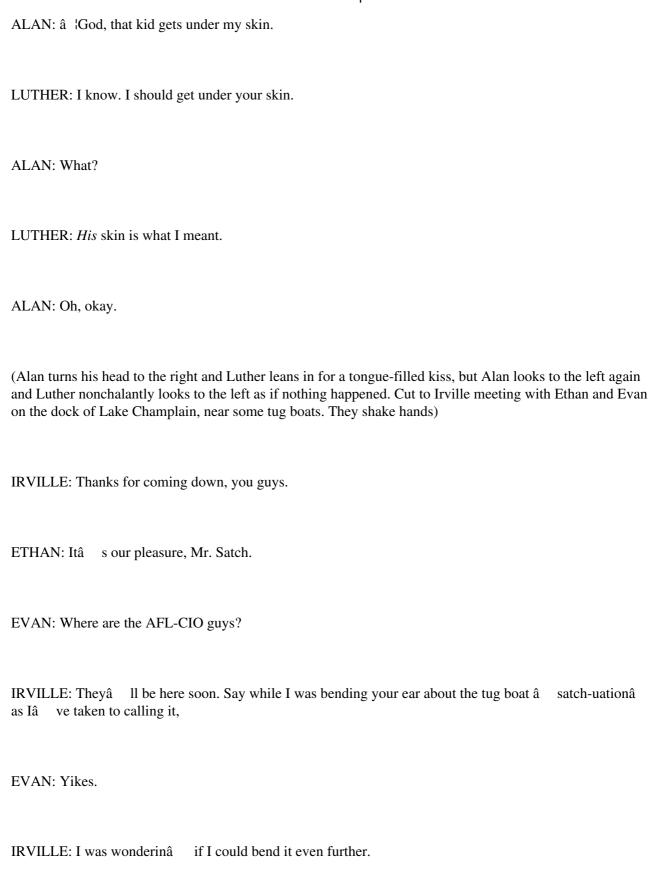
random B.

LUTHER: Hereâ s your camera, RUN!

MRS.STEM: NO! Because I need your guysâ

36

| RYAN: Oh God. |
|--|
| ALAN: Umâ ¦we donâ t have it. |
| LUTHER: Donâ t speak for me, but yeah, I donâ t have it either, soâ ¦ |
| MRS. STEM: I need random B, I will NOT air that video of the Star Wars kid again. |
| ALAN: Youâ re using Random B from 2003? |
| MRS. STEM: Iâ m desperate! People like YOU and everyone in the class except Ryan and Faith have not turned it in. GET IT DONE! |
| ALAN: I will. Before you go though, this (Alan holds up a flash drive) is my independent project for this six weeks. |
| (Alan hands it to Stem) |
| MRS. STEM: Thank you. |
| (Mrs. Stem walks away and Alan and Luther turn towards Ryan in outright derision) |
| RYAN: That was rough, huh? Heh. Umâ ¦Iâ m gonna go film and you guysâ ¦yeah. Cool. Great. Bye. |
| (Ryan walks away) |



ETHAN: By all means.

IRVILLE: Well, Iâ m doing a one man show at the Hansbay Community Center tomorrow; itâ s called â The Irville Satch Experienceâ and itâ s eight hours of me sitting on a tree stump on a stage. of sorts, basking in the glory of my 40 plus years on God's green earth, just just, just, just... trying to get by on a tug boat operatorâ s buck-a-rooni! Here, I'll give ya a taste, on a summer's day I was hopping God's green earth minding my own bees and I happen upon, on God's green earth, a gold watch-

(Lindol Atkins Junior walks over, followed by a bunch of tug boat workers)

ETHAN: Mr. Atkins, itâ s a pleasure.

(Lindol shakes Ethan and Evanâ s hands)

LINDOL: Likewise. Iâ m Lindol Atkins Junior, the President of the Vermont AFL-CIO.

EVAN: Iâ m Evan Alexander, the Chief of Staff to Mayor Sarandon and this is Ethan Donahue, the head Chief of Staff to Mayor Sarandon.

LINDOL: Sounds like Ethanâ s higher up and shouldâ ve therefore, introduced the two of you.

EVAN: â |Yeah.

LINDOL: Listen, the Tug Boat unionâ s demands are pretty simple. You increase police presence around your part of Lake Champlain, or they go on strike, demanding extra pay from their company for having to kick bums off of their tug boats.

ETHAN: I see, well we guarantee that we will focus, like a laser, on this issue.

The Donahues Episode 77 LINDOL: Will you increase police presence like a laser? ETHAN: â !Iâ ve got to make a call. (Ethan walks a little ways away and takes out his cell phone and calls Mayor Sarandon. Cut to Mayor Sarandon at his desk with a plate in front of him containing chicken, mashed potatoes and corn. He is holding utensils. â Shimmerâ by Fuel starts playing as his ring tone and he answers the phone while picking at his chicken) MAYOR SARANDON: Hello? ETHAN: (On the phone) Brian, these AFL-CIO tug boat workers are saying theya re going to go on STRIKE if we donâ t increase the police presence around Lake Champlain, because they want extra compensation for kicking off the indigents. (Mayor Sarandon eats a piece of chicken) MAYOR SARANDON: (Mouth half full) Therea s no way we can afford more police presence with the revenue we have now. (He swallows) ETHAN: Canâ t we just raise taxes?

MAYOR SARANDON: Ethan, you forget yourself! Weâ re conservatives; we donâ t raise taxes even if it

makes sense! Shit, donâ t you want a chance at a fifth term in 2016?

(He starts eating some corn)

40

ETHAN: Well, what if they go on strike?

MAYOR SARANDON: (Mouth half full) That wonâ t be good, because the tug boat company they work for, Immersion Tug, was one of my biggest campaign donors last year and look what unions did to Hostess.(He swallows) Shit, donâ t you want a chance at a fifth term in 2016?

ETHAN: Wow, it sounds like either way weâ re not getting that fifth term.

MAYOR SARANDON: Ethan, these are AFL-CIO tug boat workers. If you mention March Madness once, theyâ ll forget how to count to one on their index finger. Just cajole them and (Mayor Sarandon pours gravy on his mashed potatoes as he says this next line) itâ ll all be gravy.

ETHAN: What?

(Mayor Sarandon puts the gravy cup down)

MAYOR SARANDON: Just fix it.

(Mayor Sarandon hangs up. Cut back to Ethan on the phone. He hangs up, takes a deep breath and walks over to Evan and the AFL-CIO workers, who are heartily laughing)

AFL-CIO WORKER: Gonzagaâ s definitely going to be upset.

LINDOL: My moneyâ s on Pittsburgh.

EVAN: I couldnâ t agree more.

ETHAN: Hey guys, about the-

EVAN: Vermont University Catamounts and how theyâ re going to kick UMBCâ s ass this Sunday.

IRVILLE: They totally are. My brother bet on it. Not with me, butâ still.

ETHAN: Wait, so-

EVAN: So nothing, everythingâ s worked out.

LINDOL: Yeah, you promised youâ d look at it, right? Good for you.

ETHAN: Yes. Yes, thank you. What about that linsanity, huh?

AFL-CIO WORKER: God, that was so long ago.

AFL-CIO WORKER 2: Wasna t there something we were supposed to get from them as a condition of-

EVAN: The Miami Hurricanes!

LINDOL: Yeah! They suck.

IRVILLE: Iâ m so glad we were able to work out this agreement. If anyoneâ s interested, my one-man show, â The Irville Satch Experienceâ is at the Hansbay Community center tomorrow, March 8-9, 2013, from 8pm to 4am the next day. Iâ ll tell you the story of the time I found someoneâ s watch on the ground and it turned out to belong to someone I knew. Bring your dancinâ shoes and there will be no questions.

LINDOL: Wow, you are a garrulous motherfucker, arena t you? Thanks you guys! Weâ re gonna go.

| ETHAN: Bye! |
|--|
| EVAN: Bye. |
| (They shake hands and Irville, Lindol and the AFL-CIO workers walk away) |
| ETHAN: You managed to cajole them enough to make them forgot about the impending strike which, literally minutes ago, they were adamant about? |
| EVAN: That is correct. |
| ETHAN: Nicely done, Mr. Alexander. |
| EVAN: Thank you. |
| (They shake each otherâ s hands. Then, a homeless man walks by holding a Hustler magazine) |
| HOMELESS MAN: Do you guys know where the nearest tug boat is? (They point to the west) Thanks. |
| (He walks westward. Cut to Madeline, Oliver and Aedesh sitting in a conference room with a balding man in a suit and glasses) |
| MARKETING CONSULTANT: So, you want me to change your guyâ s images? |
| AEDESH: Yes. |
| MARKETING CONSULTANT: How rude of me, I should introduce myself. My name is Blowjob Ice Cream. |

| MADELINE: â Excuse me? |
|--|
| BLOWJOB ICE CREAM: My name is Blowjob Ice Cream. |
| (Pause) |
| OLIVER: â l'Umâ lare you sure? |
| BLOWJOB ICE CREAM: Psych! Starring James Roday! My name isnâ t Blowjob Ice Cream, itâ s Roday James! But! Blowjob Ice Cream sounded more appealing to you guys, right? |
| AEDESH: Not really, it was very crass. |
| RODAY: Sorry, lactose intolerant homosexuals like Aedesh here not included, most people like ice cream and blowjobs, but those are clearly against his Islamite religion, so just pretend my name was Anal C-4. Speaking of which if youâ re expecting me to improve the image of a gay Muslim, then I have my work cut out for me, no pun intended. |
| MADELINE: No pun made! Okay? Aedesh isnâ t gay. |
| OLIVER: What we need you to do is do damage control on the video of us making fun of Clarence Thomas and the fact that we hosted a little get-together that ended up somehow becoming a minstrel show. |
| RODAY: Okay, Iâ m going to have to see the scandalous tapes first. |
| (Cut to thirty minutes later. Roday, Oliver, Madeline and Aedesh were gathered around the laptop watching something and Roday closes the laptop) |

RODAY: Okay, weâ ve seen everything we needed to see.

44

MADELINE: No, we just watched an episode of Girls.

RODAY: Damnit, youâ re right. (Cut to thirty minutes later again. Roday shuts the laptop) Okay, now Iâ ve seen everything Iâ ve needed to see. And here are my suggestions. Madeline, wear long dresses, Oliver, wear Malcolm X glasses and lose Aedesh entirely.

AEDESH: What?

MADELINE: This is all fashion advice.

RODAY: Yeah, Madeline, by wearing long dresses you show that youâ re conservative and therefore you like Justice Thomas.

OLIVER: She wasnâ t even impersonating Thomas.

RODAY: But she hosted the minstrel show.

MADELINE: It wasna t a-what other advice do you have?

RODAY: Besides Aedesh wearing whiteface, I would say to deny everything and blame the sensationalist media.

OLIVER: Thatâ s exactly what weâ re trying to avoid!

RODAY: Okay, then apologizeâ |sort of.

AEDESH: Sorry?

RODAY: Wrong! Iâ m sorry that you didnâ t hear me.

AEDESH: What?

RODAY: When youâ re apologizing just to placate people, you have to do a half-assed apology. â Iâ m sorry if anyone was offended by me eating that hooker.â Youâ re not apologizing for your actions; youâ re apologizing for THEIR actions. Oldest trick in the book.

OLIVER: â 'I donâ t see myself doing that. (Cut to Oliver, Madeline and Aedesh addressing several reporters outside their dormitory. Oliver is wearing Malcolm X glasses, Madeline is wearing a black pants suit and Aedesh a bright green shirt and pants) We were not trying to make light of Justice Thomasâ race, but rather, his southern heritage and if we offended anyone in that process, then I do apologize.

MADELINE: I also apologize that certain people ruined my minstrel show with their antiquated stereotypes.

AEDESH: Menstrual show.

MADELINE: Yes, sorry, menstrual show.

REPORTER: Mr. Mulvaney, how have you been holding up since Duplicit, thoughts of suicide-wise?

OLIVER: What?

(The President of New England Institute of Technology Richard Gouse walks over)

PRESIDENT GOUSE: Hey! Whatâ s going on here? Reporters, if you have a question about the university, direct it towards my office! But for now, (in the tune of â Another Brick in the Wallâ by Pink Floyd) REPORTERS! Leave these kids alone! (The reporters reluctantly walk away and President Gouse yells at them as they leave) IF YOU DONâ TEAT YOUR MEAT, YOU CANâ THAVE ANY PUDDING!

HOW CAN YOU HAVE ANY PUDDING IF YOU DONâ TEAT YOUR MEAT?!

MADELINE: Wow, thanks President Gouse, those media blood hounds were really going at us. OLIVER: Yeah, thanks. AEDESH: Thanks a lot, sir. OLIVER: But wait, why did they go directly to us instead of asking you? And why didnâ they go directly to Duncan, he went to them! PRESIDENT GOUSE: Itâ s because of Duplicit Oliver. The media loves a good fall from grace, and if you throw a little more cat nip out there, theyâ ll pounce like itâ s a story about a missing white girl. Just ignore them, and like cats to the wind, theyâ ll blow away. Because in the end, (back in the tune of â Another Brick in the Wallâ by Pink Floyd) youâ re just another brick in the wall! (He puts his hand on Olivera shoulder and walks away. Cut to Ryan, Alan, Luther, Natasha, Faith, Cooper and the other two girls in the KDGM studio. Alan, Luther, Natasha, Faith, Cooper and the other two girls are talking to each other while Ryan is just on the computer. Mrs. Stem walks in with Alanâ s independent project) MRS. STEM: The camera work was crap, it was boring. You got a fifty.

ALAN: GODDAMNIT! FUCK HER!

flash drive in the corner)

(Alan walks out of the studio with his hands on his face. He then removes them. Ryan walks over to the main group)

(Mrs. Stem gives a stunned Alan the flash drive and walks out of the studio. Everybody looks at Alan in shock and Alan gets up, walks into the a room of the studio that can be seen through windows and angrily throws the

RYAN: Dude, thatâ s rough. NATASHA: Seriously, what the fuck? ALAN: I donâ t know, she just-when sheâ s mad she just takes it out on you and I hate that I talk about her like weâ ve been married for forty years, but-RYAN: Thatâ s how she is. ALAN: Exactly, thank you! She just takes out anger on people! COOPER: She isnâ t ever tactful. ALAN: I know, she just pisses me the fuck off sometimes. RYAN: Sheâ s made me cry in the bathroom at least thrice. One time she told me to go to the bathroom in the middle of me pitching an idea; itâ s like, how rude! LUTHER: Yeah, why are teachers allowed to be assholes to their students but we can never be assholes back? FAITH: She doesnâ t get how hard a lot of the stuff we do is because she doesnâ t know how to do half of the shit that we do! RYAN: Oh my God, that is so true! She probably thinks Adobe premiere is a new way to build a clay hut,

itâ s like-

(They all laugh. The camera slowly pans out as their convivial chatter and mutual catharsis becomes unintelligible. Fade to black)

THE END

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