

TRICKELBANK

(Animated Sitcom)

"The Detoxification of Dr. Drizay"

Written by Rodney Ohebsion

Setting: A medium sized city in England

Note - Every character on this show is British.

INT. TV SET - NIGHT

CHAUNCEY FREEMAN (70) is hosting a TV program.

CHAUNCEY FREEMAN

(into TV camera)

Hello. I am Chauncey Freeman. And welcome to a special BBC telecast. On May 29th, 1953, Sir Edmund Hillary climbed to the very top of a mountain known as Everest. On May 6th, 1954, Sir Roger Bannister ran one mile in under four minutes. And today will also go down as the date of one of mankind's greatest triumphs. Because today, hip hop rap musician Dr. Drizay has finally released his highly anticipated album, *Detoxification*. Let's take a listen--shall we?

(VIDEO CLIP) INT. ROOM - DAY

DR. DRIZAY (45, gangsta rapper) is starring in a rap video.

DR. DRIZAY

(rapping)

Remember me? / The real OG / Still got my AK / They call me Drizay / I'm taking aim / At one fellow's brain / With ammunition / I'm on a mission / Pop, pop, pop / I'm going to shoot this brother / I got the gun, and you know I got the butter / Dr. Drizay wants one individual dead / Bullet in his ass and bullet in his head / Bailey Trickelbank--I'm referring to you / You best believe, that your life is through / I got the gun, and you know I got the butter / I'm coming for you / Okay, mother trucker?

INT. GRIFFIN HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

BAILEY TRICKELBANK (40) is using a laptop computer, and browsing through British YouTube's Featured Videos.

The first video thumbnail shows Dr. Drizay holding a gun to

Bailey's head, and is labelled "Dr. Drizay - Detoxification a.k.a. I'm Gonna Kill Bailey Trickelbank - 300 million views."

The thumbnail below the first one shows a man holding a bottle of Worcestershire sauce. The video is labelled "Watch Me Drink a Bottle of Worcestershire Sauce in Four Seconds - 180 million views."

BAILEY

Gadzooks! This fellow is going to drink all that Worcestershire sauce in four seconds!

MAN (V.O.)

... I just drank all that Worcestershire sauce in four seconds.

FLORENCE (16) comes down the stairs to the living room.

FLORENCE

Daddy! The hip hop rapper Dr. Drizay just put out a song about how he's going to kill you!

Bailey is now holding a bottle of Worcestershire sauce.

BAILEY

Yes. I know. I just browsed past that on YouTube.

FLORENCE

How does Dr. Drizay know you?

BAILEY

He doesn't.

FLORENCE

You two don't know each other?

BAILEY

I know nothing of the chap. I suppose maybe he knows me from the tele. Anyhoo--I need you to time me drinking this bottle of Worcestershire sauce. Ready?! Go!

He chugs the bottle's contents.

INT. TV SET - DAY

Bailey and EILEEN (40) are hosting a show similar to *Live with Kelly and Michael*. There's a STUDIO AUDIENCE of about 200 people, as well as an ANNOUNCER, and the director GELLMAN (50).

ANNOUNCER

It's *The Morning Show*, with Bailey and Eileen.

EILEEN

Hello, and welcome to *The Morning Show*. I'm Eileen--and sitting next to me, as always, is my co-host, Bailey.

BAILEY

(to camera / audience)
Good morning, everyone.

EILEEN

(to camera / audience)
Our guest for today is the hip hop rap artist Dr. Drizay. He's going to be here in about ten minutes.

(to Bailey)
And from what I understand, he wants to kill you, Bailey.

BAILEY

Yes. That's what I've been hearing. I suppose Dr. Drizay and I are going to engage in fisticuffs right here in the studio.

EILEEN

Well. Actually, Bailey. That's where you're wrong.

BAILEY

Pardon?

EILEEN

Well. Gellman said he wants you to leave the premises when I conduct the interview with Dr. Drizay.

BAILEY

(to Gellman)

Gellman. What the devil is she talking about?

GELLMAN

Well, Bailey. We think it would be best to have you somewhere else while Eileen interviews Dr. Drizay. You know. Because we would prefer not to have a homicide on our morning program. Homicides are more suitable for afternoon television.

BAILEY

Tish tosh, Gellman! This is my show, and I will not leave on account of Dr. Drizay!

GELLMAN

Is that right? Well, Bailey--I'm going to counter your "tish tosh" with my own "tish tosh."

BAILEY

Oh really?! Well, Gellman--I am now officially countering your "tish tosh" with a "fiddle faddle."

GELLMAN

Well. In that case Bailey, I am going to counter your "fiddle faddle" with a "screw you."

BAILEY

You're telling me "screw you?"

GELLMAN

Indeed I am, Bailey. Screw you.

BAILEY

Well. I'm countering your "screw you" with my own "screw you."

GELLMAN

Security! Please escort Mr. Trickelbank out of this building. He can come back tomorrow morning, for our next episode.

Three SECURITY GUARDS walk up to Bailey.

BAILEY

This is utter rubbish! That being said, I don't know whether or not this is ironic. I don't know what the word ironic means--and don't care to learn the definition.

[Later]

Eileen is interviewing Dr. Drizay.

EILEEN

Dr. Drizay. We are thrilled to have you on the show.

DR. DRIZAY

Well, Eileen. I can assure you that I'm equally thrilled to be here--you know what I'm saying?

EILEEN

Indeed. Now, I understand you have some animosity towards my co-host Bailey Trickelbank.

DR. DRIZAY

Absolutely. I intend to kill him. I'm from the streets, homey. Thug life. You know what I'm saying?

EILEEN

To some extent, yes, I do. Now let me ask you this, Dr. Drizay. What kind of a doctor are you? Are you a doctor like Dr. Pepper? Are you carbonated? May I call you Bubbles?

DR. DRIZAY

Well. That's a rather ludicrous series of questions. But I suppose given the context, it wouldn't be so absurd for me to answer those questions. I am not carbonated. But you can call me Bubbles, if you wish. Now, allow me to get back to the matter at hand.

(to camera)

Bailey Trickelbank--I'm going to kill you, as soon as I acquire the legal ghetto rights to do so. You best believe that, dog.

EILEEN

Dog? You talk to dogs? Are you a doctor like Dr. Dolittle? May I call you Dr. Drizaylittle?

DR. DRIZAY

No, you may not.

EILEEN

I see. Very interesting.

(to camera)

Anyways, we're going to take a break-- and afterwards, I'm going to smoke some medical marijuana with the doctor.

INT. TRICKELBANK HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Bailey walks in through the front door. He takes a bottle of Worsteschire sauce out of his pocket. He takes a stopwatch out of his other pocket. He presses a button on the stopwatch, and then rapidly drinks the contents of the bottle. He finishes it and presses a button on his stopwatch.

BAILEY

Five point two seconds.

He throws the empty bottle somewhere, and then walks to the kitchen.

INT. TRICKELBANK HOME (KITCHEN) - DAY

MATILDA (40) is cooking kippers. Florence is seated at the table.

Bailey enters.

FLORENCE

Hello, daddy.

MATILDA

Bailey. What are you doing home so early?

BAILEY

Well. I had to leave the show early, on account of some tish tosh involving Gellman. What's for breakfast?

MATILDA

You already ate breakfast an hour ago

before you left for work.

BAILEY

Matilda--I said what's for breakfast?!

MATILDA

Kippers.

BAILEY

Fantastic. I'm a British man, which means I love kippers, as well as haggis and meatpies.

Matilda puts a plate of kippers on the table.

Bailey walks over to the fridge and looks through it for a few seconds.

BAILEY

We're out of Worsteschire sauce.

MATILDA

That's rather odd. I just bought a six pack yesterday from British Costco.

Bailey walks over to a cabinet.

BAILEY

I guess now I should use the Worsteschire sauce packets I've been accumulating for the past twenty years from British McDonald's.

MATILDA

I suppose you should, Bailey.

BAILEY

I suppose I will, Matilda.

Bailey opens a cabinet, and hundreds of packets pour out of it. He picks up almost all of them and takes them back to the table. He opens one and squeezes its contents onto some kippers. He continues to repeat the process.

Florence turns on the TV, and it shows Dr. Drizay smoking marijuana with Eileen.

DR. DRIZAY (ON TV)

This is some fantastic marijuana--you know what I'm saying?

EILEEN (ON TV)

Indeed.

BAILEY

What rubbish! This is the worst program on television. The network should cancel it.

FLORENCE

Daddy. This is *The Morning Show*.

BAILEY

The what?

FLORENCE

The show you just came from, and the show you've co-hosted every day for the past seven years.

BAILEY

Oh. Right. Well, give me the remote. Let's watch some British Pokemon.

ANGUS (17) walks into the kitchen with a boombox that's playing the Dr. Drizay song.

ANGUS

(singing along)

I got the gun, and you know I got the butter / I'm coming for you / OK--mother tr...

MATILDA

Angus. Stop singing songs that are about killing your father.

BAILEY

Listen to your mother, Angus. I mean, there are plenty of delightful songs that aren't about killing me--many of which are sung by Engelbert Humperdinck.

REGINALD (20) walks in holding a boombox and rapping to Dr. Drizay's song.

REGINALD

(rapping)

Pop, pop, pop / I'm going to shoot this brother / I got the gun, and you know I got the butter

BAILEY

(rapping)

Dr. Drizay wants one individual dead /
Bullet in his ass and bullet in his
head

MATILDA

Bailey--stop rapping songs that are
about killing you.

BAILEY

You have to admit, Matilda--it's a
very catchy song.

MATILDA

Well. Let me ask you this. How are you
going to handle this feud with Dr.
Drizay?

BAILEY

Well. With fisticuffs.

ANGUS

Fisticuffs? No. You got to put out
your own hip hop rap song where you
disrespect and insult Dr. Drizay.

BAILEY

Hm. ... Okay. I think I got a good
one. "Dr. Drizay / Let me just say /
That every day / You eat plenty of
hay."

INT. PUB - DAY

Bailey is seated at a table with ATWATER (50), MUHAMMAD (40,
light beard, Arabic appearance), BARTHOLOMEW (40), and CASEY
(40, black).

BAILEY

Boy. I'm having a rough time coming up
with hip hop rap lyrics.

ATWATER

Well. I know a thing or two about hip
hop rap lyrics.

BAILEY

Is that right, Atwater?

ATWATER

Well, I suppose not.

BARTHOLOMEW

(to Everyone)

You know, my son listens to hip hop rap songs quite a bit. Let me call him up, and see what he knows about all of this.

He calls his son AUDLEY (6) on speakerphone.

AUDLEY (ON PHONE)

Hello?

BARTHOLOMEW

Audley. We're trying to come up with some hip hop rap lyrics for Bailey. How about you you write a few verses that insult Dr. Drizay.

AUDLEY (ON PHONE)

That sounds hard.

BARTHOLOMEW

What's so hard about it?

AUDLEY (ON PHONE)

Well. You know. I'm six years old.

BARTHOLOMEW

So?! When I was six, I shoveled snow nine days a week. Did you shovel any snow today?

AUDLEY (ON PHONE)

It's not snowing.

BARTHOLOMEW

Oh really? And who do you think you are--a professional meteorologist?

AUDLEY (ON PHONE)

I'm in kindergarten. Are you drunk again?

BARTHOLOMEW

Of course I'm drunk again! I'll see you when I get home, and we'll discuss your career in meteorology.

He hangs up.

MUHAMMAD

(to Bailey)

I have an idea. Now, um, not to sound racist or anything, but how about we ask a negro to help you with your hip hop rap lyrics?

CASEY

That sounded somewhat racist.

MUHAMMAD

Well, when I said "negro," I wasn't referring to you, Casey.

CASEY

But I'm a negro.

MUHAMMAD

Well. Yes. But I don't think you're the right type of negro to write hip hop rap lyrics.

CASEY

The right type of negro?!

MUHAMMAD

Yes.

CASEY

Good point. Well,
(points)
that fellow over there is a negro.
Maybe he's your man, Bailey.

Bailey sees a BLACK MAN sitting at the bar.

BAILEY

Well. I suppose so.

CASEY

But, you got to be a little subtle about the whole thing. Don't just go up to him and say, "You're the right type of negro. Therefore, you're a rapper." I mean, that would be like going up to Muhammad here, and saying, "You're an Arab. Therefore, you know a lot about crude oil."

MUHAMMAD

I do know a lot about crude oil.

ATWATER

As do I.

BARTHOLOMEW

Is that right, Atwater?

ATWATER

Well. I suppose not.

Bailey gets up, walks to the bar, and sits down next to the Black Man.

BAILEY

Excuse me. Can you help me out with some hip hop rap lyrics?

BLACK MAN

What--you think I'm an expert on hip hop rap, merely because I'm a negro?

BAILEY

Certainly not. It's just that you're holding a 2014 BET award for Best Rapper.

The camera reveals that the Black Man is holding phone.

BLACK MAN

This is a cellular telephone--not a rapping award.

BAILEY

Yes. Well. Nevertheless. I need you to examine my hip hop rap lyrics.

He hands him a slip of paper. Chauncey Foxx reads it silently for a few seconds.

BLACK MAN

"Eat plenty of hay?"

BAILEY

Indeed. Now please enhance those lyrics by using your negro magic.

BLACK MAN

Negro magic?! Get the bloody hell away from me, mate!

A SHADY LOOKING MAN is sitting on the other side of Bailey.

SHADY LOOKING MAN

(to Bailey)

You want some of the good stuff?

BAILEY

Drugs?

SHADY LOOKING MAN

No. Lyrics. I got the source. The
number one hip hop rap ghostwriter.

(hands Bailey a card)

Just go to this address.

BAILEY

Um. Alright.

EXT. BOB'S HOME - DAY

Bailey rings the doorbell. The door opens to reveal BOB (50,
black, nerdy, thin, wears glasses and unhip clothing.)

BOB

Bailey Tricklebank. Come in.

INT. BOB'S HOME - DAY

BAILEY

You're a hip hop rap lyricist?

BOB

I've been in this game since 1981.
I've written for Ice Tweetle T, Ice
DMC, Ice DM Run, Run Ice DM DM DM Ice
Run, DJ Salad Dressing, DJ Crouton, MC
Skittles, Ernest Heminemingway,
Skittly Bop Scattly Boop, Snoopity
Snap Diggity Dog, The Jibbedy Jabber,
Joe Joe the Jewish Negro, Puff the
Mizzagic Drizzagon, Lil Bo Peep Show,
George N' Weezy, Mac N' Cheesy, MC
Baloney, Blossom N' Joey, MC
Douchebag, MC Westside, Northwest
Shanghai, DJ Compass, MC GPS, Lil Lost
Brotha, and Master Hot Sauce. And
also, most recently, Dr. Drizay.

BAILEY

Did you say Englebert Humperdink?

BOB

No. Listen, Bailey. The lyrics I wrote for Dr. Drizay--they're quite good. In fact, they're very good. Now, I can also write lyrics for you. But, if you want to me top Dr. Drizay's lyrics, I'm going to need ample amounts of the magic ingredient.

BAILEY

The magic ingredient? You mean marijuana?

BOB

Absolutely not! Marijuana does not help you write hip hop rap lyrics. I mean, just listen to these lyrics I wrote when I was high on marijuana.

(raps)

Massage the toes / Of Larry, Curly,
and Moe / They're the Three Stooges /
I don't what the luge is / I think
it's an event in the Winter Olympics /
I got 99 problems, and none of them
are bitches.

INT. RADIO STUDIO - DAY

Dr. Drizay is being interviewed by a HOST (male, 50, white).

HOST

You're listening to BBC Radio. In the studio today is Dr. Drizay. Doctor--before I start the interview, I'd like to perform a hip hop rap verse I composed today while I was waxing my Vauxhall Corsa hatchback. Here we go.

(raps)

Okay / I'm going to say / I floss my
teeth / Three times a day / I have
clean gums / And I have three guns /
And I have no plaque / You better
watch your back

DR. DRIZAY

That was quite lovely. But I'm not here to listen to you rap about dental care. I'm here to say that Bailey Trickelbank is a dead man. When I get the legal ghetto rights to kill him, you best believe I'm going to use

those rights.

HOST

I see. Well. Let me ask you this. Why exactly do you want to kill Bailey Trickelbank?

DR. DRIZAY

Well. That's a fantastic question. I'm actually quite surprised that no one has asked me that yet. Here's why I want to kill Bailey Tricklebank. A while back, I saw him on the tele, on that morning show. And I must say, I found him to be quite annoying.

Five seconds pass.

HOST

And?

DR. DRIZAY

And that's it! I'm going to kill his ass! You know what I'm saying?

HOST

Indeed.

INT. CAR / EXT. STREET - DAY

Bob is driving a Volvo, and Bailey is in the passenger seat.

BOB

Okay. We're almost in the roughest and toughest part of Great Britain.

BAILEY

Are you referring to Buckingham Palace?

BOB

No. I'm referring to the British ghetto. That's where we're going to get the magic ingredient.

Bob turns on a street.

Bailey looks out the window, and sees a bad neighborhood peppered with liquor stores.

BAILEY
The magic ingredient. Do you mean gin?

BOB
No.

BAILEY
Tonic?

BOB
No.

BAILEY
Gin and tonic?

BOB
No.

Bob turns on another street and speeds up.

BOB
We have to fight a gang of hooligans
in the middle of the street. That is
the magic ingredient.

BAILEY
Pardon?

Bob pulls up in the middle of the street in front of ten GANG MEMBERS. He puts a knife to Bailey's throat.

BOB
Get out of the vehicle!

Bailey gets out, as does Bob. Bob runs up to one of several GANG MEMBERS, and punches him in the face.

INT. BOB'S HOME - DAY

Bob and Bailey are seated at a table, with quills, ink, and parchment.

BOB
Okay. That was a marvelous fight.

BAILEY
For shizzle.

BOB
And now that we've got the magic
ingredient, it's time to work on some

hip hop rap lyrics.

BAILEY

Okay, my nizzle. But, uh, why are we using quills?

BOB

Quills are what legitimate original gangstas use. Like MC Wonder Chauncey. He's used a quill in 1979, to pen the lyrics to that fantastic old school hip hop rap song, entitled "Hippie To the Hippie the Hip Hip Hop."

INT. ROOM - DAY

MC WONDER CHAUNCEY (30, black) is writing with a quill.

MC WONDER CHAUNCEY

I said a hip hop, the hippie to the hippie the hip hip pancreatic cancer.

(stops writing)

Actually, no. Not "pancreatic cancer." Hip hip something else.

(erases a line)

Um. Let's see. Hippie to the hippie the hip hip impotence. ... No. ... Hip hip scientific calculator. ... No--but I'm getting closer. ... Oh! I got it! Hip hip hop. Hop is a more suitable term to use here, as opposed to the terms pancreatic cancer, impotence, and scientific calculator. Hippie to the hippie the hip hip hop. That's quite good.

INT. TRICKELBANK HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Bailey is seated on the sofa watching TV, and wearing blue jeans, a white t-shirt, and a platinum chain. The rest of the Trickelbank family is seated by him. Ten empty Worcestershire sauce bottles are scattered throughout the room.

(ON TV) INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

PRESENTER

And the Brit Award for Best Hip Hop Rap Album goes to...

(opens envelope)

Dr. Drizay, for *Detoxification*.

Dr. Drizay walks up to the stage. He gives a variety of of hip hop handshakes to the Presenter, and takes the award.

DR. DRIZAY
Bailey Trickelbank. Why are you such a bitch?

The crowd applauds.

INT. TRICKELBANK HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

BAILEY
(to TV)
Why are you such a bitch, Dr. Drizay?

(ON TV) INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

DR. DRIZAY
I am not a bitch!

Dr. Drizay drops his Brit Award, jumps off stage, and attacks the camera.

INT. TRICKELBANK HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

MATILDA
He's attacking the camera.

BAILEY
I suppose he is.

INT. TV SHOW SET - DAY

ANNOUNCER
It's *The Morning Show*, with Bailey and Eileen.

EILEEN
Hello, and welcome to *The Morning Show*. I'm Eileen--accompanied as always by my co-host, Bailey.

BAILEY
Good morning, everyone.

EILEEN
Good morning, Bailey. Did you happen to catch the Brit Awards last night on the tele?

BAILEY

Indeed I did, Eileen.

EILEEN

It was quite a show. Apparently Dr. Drizay is still publicly declaring that he intends to kill you.

BAILEY

Well. Good for Dr. Drizay. He is a bitch.

EILEEN

I see. Well, what kind of a bitch is he? Is he a Labrador retriever? Is he a German shepherd? German. Jermaine! Tito! Jackson!

(to camera)

Okay. Our first guest for today is comedian Chauncey Regan.

INT. PUB - DAY

Bailey is holding a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, and he's seated with Atwater, Bartholomew, Muhammad, and Casey.

MUHAMMAD

(to Bailey)

Let me see if I got this straight. The object of this activity is to drink a bottle of Worcestershire sauce in as little time as possible?

BAILEY

Yes.

MUHAMMAD

Why?

BAILEY

Well. It's one of those activities where there's no why. You know. Just like getting married. You don't get married for any particular reason.

ATWATER

I got married because I was in love.

MUHAMMAD

Is that right, Atwater?

ATWATER

Well. I suppose not.

There's a TV on in the bar.

(ON TV) INT. TV SET- DAY

CHAUNCEY FREEMAN

Hello. I am Chauncey Freeman.
Representing the Westside. As we all
know, Dr. Drizay's new album has been
heard by everyone on the planet. And
now here's the world premiere of
Bailey Trickelbank's retaliatory diss
song, which is entitled "It's On."

(ON TV) INT. SHOWER - DAY

Bailey is showering.

BAILEY

This song goes out to a certain fellow
who can kiss my gluteus, as well as my
maximus.

(raps)

Drizay, Drizay--listen up, you ho /
I'm going say, what everybody knows /
When I sleep with Drizay, I do not
cuddle / When I soap my chest, there
are lots of bubbles / Cuddle, bubbles,
cuddle, bubbles, cuddle, bubbles,
cuddle, bubbles

(break / beat changes)

You're minimum wage, I'm making seven
figures / I'm the big boss, Drizay
you're the ditch digger / The jig is
up--or shall I say jigger? / I got the
gun, with my finger on the trigger / I
am white--and you are a negro / You
are black, not orange like Tigger /
You're an African Englishman, I'll
call you a noodle

INT. PUB - DAY

BAILEY

How was that?

CASEY

Well. Um. I gotta say, Bailey. I
detected a hint of subtle racism in

that song.

BAILEY

What are you referring to? The bubbles?

CASEY

No. I was referring to the way you indirectly used the n-word on five different occasions.

ATWATER

Which n-word? Necrophiliac?

BARTHOLOMEW

Necrophiliac? What does that mean?

CASEY

Well, Bartholomew. I'll give you a clue. You know how you have relations with corpses on a regular basis?

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes.

CASEY

That means you're a necrophiliac.

BARTHOLOMEW

Hm. Necrophiliac. What a fantastic word.

Bob walks into the bar and up to Bailey.

BOB

Good day, Bailey.

BAILEY

Good day, Bob. Let me introduce you to my posse. This is Bartholomew, Atwater, Muhammad, and Casey, a.k.a. Scooby C.

CASEY

I'm not a.k.a. Scooby C.

BAILEY

Well. I feel like all negroes in my hip hop rap entourage should have a crazy nickname.

CASEY

Well. I guess that makes sense.

BOB

(to Bailey)

So did you watch the video?

BAILEY

Indeed. And now that the song is out, I suppose that's going to take care of Dr. Drizay. Now he's not going to kill me.

BOB

What are you talking about? Now he's really going to kill you.

BAILEY

Pardon?

BOB

That's how hip hop rap feuds work. Before, Dr. Drizay was just offering to have a feud. He didn't have the legal ghetto rights to actually kill you. But now that you've accepted his offer, that means it's on.

EXT. DR. DRIZAY'S HOME - DAY

Dr. Drizay is holding a machine gun, standing next to a Lamborghini in his driveway.

DR. DRIZAY

It's on, Bailey Trickelbank!

He gets into his car and speeds down a street.

INT. TRICKELBANK HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Bailey walks in.

MATILDA

Bailey. What in the world are you doing here? Word on the street is that Dr. Drizay is coming over here to kick your white ass, because you called him the n-word.

BAILEY

I did not call him the n-word. I

called him a negro, an African
Englishman, and a noodle.

MATILDA

Well. Dr. Drizay is on his way. You
need to lay low.

BAILEY

I most certainly do not need to lay
low! Tell Dr. Drizay to lay low! I'm
laying high, Matilda! I'm laying high!

Dr. Drizay pulls up in the driveway.

MATILDA

That's him!

Dr. Drizay kicks in the door.

DR. DRIZAY

It's on, Bailey Trickelbank.

BAILEY

Absolutely. Now give me a couple of
minutes to do some stretching, before
we engage in fisticuffs.

Bailey takes off his shirt and does a hamstring stretch.

DR. DRIZAY

I heard that that stretch is bad for
your knees.

BAILEY

Tish tosh, Drizay! My friend Atwater
is a personal trainer, and he said
that this stretch is good for your
knees.

DR. DRIZAY

Is that right?

Atwater is now in the room.

ATWATER

Well. I suppose not.

Bailey stretches his glutes.

BAILEY

This one is for the glutes.

He gets up.

BAILEY
OK. I'm done stretching.

DR. DRIZAY
Alright! It's on!

Dr. Drizay takes off his shirt, and Bailey takes off his shirt. Dr. Drizay looks around, and notices the empty Worcestershire sauce bottles everywhere.

DR. DRIZAY
Wait a second. Are you a competitive Worcestershire sauce drinker?

BAILEY
Indeed I am.

DR. DRIZAY
Oh, really? What's your best time?

BAILEY
I did a four seven yesterday.

DR. DRIZAY
That's good. I did a four three back in 2013. How long have you been Worcestershiring?

BAILEY
I started a few days ago.

DR. DRIZAY
And you're already down to a four seven? You're rookie of the year. You know, I have a six pack of Worcestershire sauce in my Lamborghini. You want to hit that?

BAILEY
I most certainly do.
(puts up his hand)
High five!

Dr. Drizay gives Bailey a high five.

BAILEY
I suppose we're friends now.

DR. DRIZAY

Absolutely. After all--we have a
common interest. Worcestershire sauce.
We both drink it competitively. Now
let's go hit that six pack.

They begin walking out.

BAILEY

Let me ask you something, Dr. Drizay.
You know how you said "I got the guns,
and you know I got the butter?" What
the hell does that mean?

DR. DRIZAY

Guns and butter--you know what I'm
saying?

BAILEY

No.

DR. DRIZAY

Neither do I. That lyric was written
by Bob.

BAILEY

Oh yes. Bob.

THE END