

SHAKING HANDS WITH THE MILKMAN - FILMED

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

MIKE, TOM, and KEN sit in a living room. The mood's somber.

MIKE

When I got back he was gone. Didn't text or anything.

KEN

Hey, it's okay. Break-ups are hard.

MIKE

It is what it is. Here's to masturbating alone.

Mike raises a glass. Tom and Ken look a little bit uncomfortable, but toast with him.

TOM

Yep. Ol' reliable. Jerking off.

MIKE

Touching yourself.

KEN

Gotta love chewing the coleslaw.

They all laugh. After a moment, Mike pauses.

MIKE

Sorry. Chewing the what?

KEN

It's just another way to say, you know. That thing.

MIKE

What? Masturbation?

KEN

Gross. Why would you say it like that?

MIKE

I feel 'chewing the coleslaw' is grosser.

KEN

No, it's not. Like, I would never say that I... *ugh*, masturbate. I choke my chicken.

TOM

I dance the fireman's tango.

MIKE

But you could just say masturbate.

TOM

Well, we're not perverts, Michael.

KEN

And the specificity is important.

TOM

Like, if I'm beating my meat, that means I'm just jerking off.

KEN

But if I'm greasing the pole, I'm doing it with lube.

Tom takes out a gun and cocks it.

TOM

Cocking the pistol if you're playing with your balls.

MIKE

Where did you get that?

Ken hands Mike a glass of milk, and pats him on the head.

KEN

Ordering the *tres leche* special if you're playing with your nips.

Tom is suddenly in a monk's outfit, meditating.

TOM

Activating your root chakra if you're using a dildo.

He bangs a gong. It makes a heavenly sound. Ken, now in a cardinal's outfit, ties a noose.

KEN

Hanging the pope if you feel guilty about it.

MIKE

Oh my God. Stop. Stop!

ANNIE enters, carrying some beer. Ken and Tom are now back to their usual outfits.

ANNIE

Mike! I came as soon as I heard about the break-up.

MIKE

Yeah, I don't give a shit about that. Please, tell these two how insane it is they know so many words for masturbation.

ANNIE

Oh my God. That's disgusting! Why would I describe 'petting my cat till she purrs all nice' like that?

MIKE

No! No!

Ken is dressed in a boxing uniform, throwing punches.

KEN

Yeah, just say you're beating the one-eyed boxer.

Tom is dressed like a chef, preparing a meal.

TOM

Buttering the cannoli.

Annie is dressed like a rock star. She air guitars.

ANNIE

Playing clitar hero.

Tom is dressed like a farmer, squeezing a potato.

TOM

Draining the love spuds.

Ken is dressed as a knight.

KEN

Raising your warrior's power to Level 69.

Annie is dressed in pig-tails and a farmgirl dress.

ANNIE

Jacking jill right up the hill!

KEN

And most commonly...

They all lean in, now dressed as pigs. Mike is also suddenly dressed as the big, bad wolf, much to his confusion.

ANNIE/KEN/TOM  
 Jiggling your piggle till you blow  
 the house down!

KEN  
 Oink, oink, oink!

MIKE  
 Enough!

Mike stands up. Ken, Tom, and Annie are now dressed normally.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Why are we so ashamed of this one  
 normal, natural action that we  
 allow it to colonize our vocabulary  
 with innuendos? There's no need for  
 guilt! We masturbate. *That's okay!*  
 My name is Michael, and I don't  
 choke my chicken. I masturbate.

Tom is inspired.

TOM  
 Mike's right. I'm Thomas, and I  
 don't jog my hog. I masturbate.

ANNIE  
 I'm Annie, and I don't two-finger  
 salute. I masturbate.

They all look at Ken. Slowly, he rises.

KEN  
 I'm Kenneth, and I don't jork my  
 shit crazy-style. I masturbate.

Everyone CHEERS.

MIKE  
 Wow, I feel we all learned  
 something today.

Mike gets a buzz on his phone. He checks it.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Wait. I'm gay. Why the fuck would I  
 masturbate? Grindr is right there.

We get a chorus of "oh yeah," "good point," etc.

**BLACKOUT**