

"FLOWER BOY" PILOT EPISODE

By

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INT. SKETCHY APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING - LOS ANGELES

In a plain apartment, 2 men and 2 women sit around a tarp-covered table. They are in their underwear, but wear surgical face masks and latex gloves.

Assembly line style, they cut, shave, and bunch up an ambiguous substance, then wrap it in plastic and tie it with a ribbon.

REVEAL: The last person at the table sprays a bouquets of roses with water, then places them it in a crate full of bouquets.

A KNOCK is heard at the door. Everyone stops and calmly gets dressed.

EXT. SKETCHY APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

IGGY, a giant guy with a big beard, stands by a white van, arms crossed. He glares at the men and women as they load crate after crate of flowers in the back of the van. After they finish loading, everyone gets into the van as Iggy slams the back door shut.

TITLE CARD: **Flower Boy.**

INT. LEVY ESTATE - BEDROOM - MORNING

GLENN LEVY, leader of the "Levy Flower Boys" group, is a clean cut guy in his 20s. He's short and a bit stocky, Italian-American (real last name is Leveroni), like a mean George Costanza with incredibly sharp fashion. He almost always wears a suit.

In silk pajamas, he turns over in bed and gently rubs his girlfriend's shoulder to wake her up.

His girlfriend, MARIA, a beautiful woman in her 20s, turns over towards him.

GLENN

Happy Valentine's Day, beautiful.

Maria smiles.

MARIA

Happy Valentine's Day, Glenn.

Glenn takes out his phone. They snap a selfie as they kiss, then fall away from each other the second Glenn is done taking the picture.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN  
(playful)  
Ew, why'd you actually kiss me?!

MARIA  
I was trying to make it look real!

GLENN  
Does this look real to you?

Glenn shows Maria the selfie. He looks fearful as their lips touch.

MARIA  
Oh come on, I'm not that gross.

GLENN  
Maria, no, you're a beautiful woman. You know I love you. I'd marriage the shit out of you if it wasn't for that vagina. Even the boobs I could get past, honestly. I once fucked a guy with Gynecomastia. It was...fine.

MARIA  
But Glenn, every picture we post is a hug or a cheek peck. You need to step it up if you wanna keep this up.

GLENN  
Isn't your little boyfriend gonna be jealous of a real kiss?

MARIA  
With you..? Please...

GLENN  
Okay, time to start paying rent.

MARIA  
I know you're joking, but seriously, I'm more than happy to pay rent.

GLENN  
You living in this movie set of a bedroom and posting these selfies is worth far more than rent, trust me. Plus, it's free for me, so it's free for you.

(CONTINUED)

MARIA  
Speaking of that.. are you ready?

Glenn sighs.

GLENN  
Yup. Let's get this over with.

INT. LEVY ESTATE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

MOM and DAD, Glenn's parents, sit at the kitchen table. They're rich, overly tan, Italian-American, and very talkative, with Staten Island accents.

The kitchen table has an immaculate breakfast spread.

Glenn and Maria walk in. Glenn's bravado disappears as he slouches his shoulders at the sight of his parents.

DAD  
Look at the love birds! Good morning, sleepyheads.

MOM  
Warms my heart, seeing young love. Happy Valentine's Day, baby.

Mom squeezes Glenn's cheek.

GLENN  
Thanks, Ma.

Glenn and Maria sit down at the table.

Dad's phone buzzes. He picks it up and reads a text.

DAD  
Damn it, we gotta go back East tomorrow.

MOM  
Whatya mean? We just got here!

GLENN  
Dad, are you serious? I thought you were staying all week?

DAD  
There's some sorta issue at the house.

GLENN

Is this not "the house"..?

DAD

It's "a" house. Glenn, I told you, you don't get emotional over real estate.

GLENN

Jesus, you guys are here maybe one week a year at this point.

MOM

Watch your mouth, Glenn! You know never to take the Lord's name in vein.

GLENN

You're right, I'm sorry, Ma.

MOM

You know, maybe we'd be here more often if we had some grandbabies to visit..

MARIA

He's gotta put a ring on it first.

Maria rolls her eyes with a smile.

DAD

She's good, this one! She's good! You gotta get a real job once you get married, Glenn. This, what are you doing, marketing, stuff, isn't gonna cut it for a girl like Maria, am I right? You need to make real money. The trust fund won't last you forever.

MARIA

His career is actually really..blossoming, I'd say.

Glare stares daggers at Maria as she smiles.

MOM

Is that so? You're doing well, baby?

GLENN

Can we talk about something else?

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

DAD  
Drinks. Glenn, Maria, you want  
mimosas?

MARIA  
Ooh, yes, please!

GLENN  
Ye-

Maria tightly grips Glenn's hand.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Actually, I'll have a  
beer..whiskey..

DAD  
..A beer whiskey?

GLENN (CONT'D)  
(nervous)  
Yea..

DAD  
At nine in the morning?

Beat.

DAD (CONT'D)  
That's my boy!

Glenn lets out a gentle sigh.

INT./EXT. - VAN - VARIOUS - LATE MORNING

Glenn enters and sits in the front passenger seat of the van. He wears Armani sunglasses and a suit with a red rose lapel. He removes his sunglasses as he turns around to address his flower sellers. The closeted boy-like Glenn from earlier has quickly been replaced by his true, brash self.

GLENN  
Ladies, gentlemen. It's Valentine's  
Day. And that.. that matters. Not  
just 'cause Pepe here might get  
laid tonight-

PEPE, one of the flower sellers, flashes a bashful smile.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
But because we're gonna move more  
roses than on any other day of the  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GLENN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
year. Today, selling roses to desperate chumps will be easier than selling an election to the Russians. Hell, by rush hour I bet you'd be able to push a freakin' daisy for 10 bucks a pop.

IGGY  
I like daisies.

GLENN  
Iggy, shut the fuck up and drive the Goddamn van.

Iggy nods and turns the key in the ignition.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT./EXT. - VAN - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

MONTAGE: DROPPING FLOWER SELLERS OFF WITH FLOWERS CRATES AT DIFFERENT STREET CORNERS AND HIGHWAY EXIT RAMPS.

EXT. STREET CORNER - LATE MORNING

The van stops and ROBBY gets out with a crate of flowers in hand. He takes a few steps on the sidewalk, then walks back to the van and taps on the front passenger window.

Glenn rolls down the window.

GLENN  
Yes, Robert...?

ROBBY  
Yo, boss, who's that?

GLENN  
Who's who?

Robby nods towards across the street. A RANDOM GUY with a backpack and a cardboard box of flowers stands there. He does not make eye contact with Glenn and co, nor acknowledge the van.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
What do we have here?

(CONTINUED)

Glenn gets out of the van. He nods for Iggy to follow, then flicks his wrist back as he addresses his workers:

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Proceed as normal, folks.

Robby stands on the sidewalk with his crate of flowers. Iggy and Glenn stand on either side of Robby, arms crossed. Robby tapes a sign that says "\$9.99 a dozen" onto the front of the crate.

Random Guy takes off his backpack, unzips it, and takes out a large piece of poster board, a ruler, and a roll of duct tape. He then takes a Sharpie out of his pocket, pulls the cap off with his teeth and spits it out, and writes on the poster board. He tapes the poster to the ruler, puts his backpack on, and then places the sign in his backpack, so that it is propped up and can be read over his head.

The sign reads: "\$6.99, FRESH ROSES"

Random Guy continues to avoid eye contact with Glenn and co. Glenn's rips off his sunglasses and proceeds to storm across the street.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Oh hell no, hell fucking no!

IGGY  
Boss, wait!

Glenn stops, clenches his fists. He doesn't even turn to address Iggy. He grits his teeth as he speaks.

GLENN  
Yes, Iggy?

IGGY  
I think we should use a crosswalk.

GLENN  
Okay Iggy. Let's do that. Let's use a crosswalk.

Iggy smiles.

IGGY  
Oh..Okay!

GLENN  
Only one problem, Iggy. I don't see any cock sucking mother fucking crosswalks! Do you?!

(CONTINUED)

Iggy gulps.

IGGY  
Well...yeah. It's that way..

Iggy points towards a crosswalk 1/8 mile down the street.

GLENN  
We have this fuck-ring, standing  
twenty feet from me, insulting my  
business- no, my passion. My  
lifeblood. But you think I should  
walk my well-dressed ass 10 city  
blocks roundtrip...so I can use a  
crosswalk?!

Iggy looks at the ground and kicks his foot on the sidewalk.

IGGY  
No..

GLENN  
Okay then. Let's go.

Glenn and Iggy walk across the street to Random Guy.

GLENN  
(calm, friendly)  
Hey buddy, whatcha doing?

Random Guy avoids eye contact.

IGGY  
You...you can't sell here.

Glenn sighs, then resets with a smile.

GLENN  
Who ya working for? You can tell  
me.

Still nothing from Random Guy. Glenn drops the sweet tone.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Okay kid, you know what really gets  
my dick in a knot? WHEN PEOPLE SELL  
ON MY TURF, ON VALENTINE'S DAY!

Iggy grabs Random Guy's arm and reveals a bearded smiley  
face tattoo.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Neckbeard...

EXT. NECKBEARD'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Glenn, Iggy, Robby, and Felipe stand outside of Neckbeard's front door. They all have intense glares. The apartment is located in a run-down area of Van Nuys.

The front door has a sign on it that says "Please Take Off Shoes Before Entering". Glenn reads it, then snickers.

GLENN  
Oh fuck you, Neckbeard.

Glenn looks over to Iggy and nods. Iggy jumps up in the air, then karate kicks the door handle, smashing it clean off. The door swings open. Iggy beams with a smile.

IGGY  
I did it, Boss!

GLENN  
Yea, congrats buddy. That's like a pornstar being impressed with himself for giving a blowjob.

Iggy frowns with a shrug.

Everyone looks around awkwardly.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Or herself. God, ya bunch of prudes.

They all enter.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE FANCY HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

NECKBEARD is an extremely relaxed guy with a scraggly neck beard and long, Jesus-like hair. He generally wears sweatpants, a t-shirt and sandals. Classic stoner meets everyman, he's also a bit sly and cheeky.

Random Guy, and two other Neckbeard Flower Group members stand on the sidewalk outside a 5-Star Beverly Hills hotel. Neckbeard lights a joint, takes a puff, coughs, and passes it.

(CONTINUED)

NECKBEARD

Any second now...

Beat.

A limo pulls up as a BRIDE and GROOM walk out of the front door of the hotel. They are all smiles as they head towards the limo.

NECKBEARD

Congrats, guys! Marriage is such a beautiful thing.

The Bride and Groom smile. Neckbeard notices the Groom's flower lapel, his eyes widen slightly.

NECKBEARD (CONT'D)

Whoa, a Shenzhen Garden Rose lapel. Classy.

GROOM

Huh?

NECKBEARD

No, nothing..

Neckbeard smiles, takes a big pull of his joint, then flicks it on the ground and gently stomps it out. He signals the crew, then they head towards the back of the hotel.

INT. NECKBEARD'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Glenn's crew stands in the apartment. It only consists of a living room/kitchen, bedroom, and bathroom.

GLENN

Alright, this should only take a minute. Robby, Felipe, find the stuff. Iggy, go run and get the wacker.

Everyone nods and disperses as Glenn steps over to the fridge. He takes out a can of soda, then eyes a La-Z-Boy recliner. He walks over to the La-Z-Boy, sits down, puts his feet up, leans back, and opens the can of soda.

Iggy runs back in, with a weed-wacker in hand.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Oh, the Husqvarna 555FX, excellent choice. Fire her up.

(CONTINUED)

Iggy pulls the weed wacker's cord. It turns on, loud buzzing noise.

Glenn gets up, and Iggy hands him the weed wacker. Glenn presses on the gas. It roars like a car engine.

IGGY  
(yells)  
That's a real nice piece, boss!

GLENN  
(yells)  
9000 RPM's. Could mow down a whole  
greenhouse in 38 seconds flat.

EXT. BACK OF FANCY HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

Neckbeard and crew arrive at the back of the hotel. There are dumpsters, a loading dock, and a big freight elevator.

The freight elevator opens up. WAITRESS, a pretty girl in her 20's, in untucked formal clothes, slightly sweaty, is revealed. She has 4 giant, black garbage bags with her.

The crew quickly walks over to help her take the bags out of the elevator. Waitress then walks up to Neckbeard.

WAITRESS  
You're early.

Neckbeard flashes a smile.

NECKBEARD  
Gotta be up early.

WAITRESS  
Oh yeah? Big plans in the morning?

NECKBEARD  
Something like that.

Beat.

WAITRESS  
Major score tonight, you're lucky.

NECKBEARD  
Yea? Good stuff?

WAITRESS  
Money was spent, that's for sure.  
It's sad how quickly that money  
just becomes trash.

(CONTINUED)

NECKBEARD

Well, luckily, one person's trash  
is another person's treasure.

WAITRESS

So wise...

Neckbeard takes a twenty dollar bill out of his pocket.

NECKBEARD

Your fee, m'lady.

Waitress takes the twenty and stuffs it in her bra.

NECKBEARD (CONT'D)

That's a lucky twenty.

WAITRESS

Ha. After a 14 hour shift, not so  
much.

NECKBEARD

And on that note, I bid you a  
goodnight.

WAITRESS

See you next weekend.

NECKBEARD

A pleasure, as always.

Waitress and Neckbeard do a forearm handshake; each grab  
each others mid-forearms and shake.

INT. NECKBEARD'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Felipe and Robby emerge from the bedroom. Robby throws his  
arms up with a shrug.

ROBBY

(yells)  
Nothing here, boss!

GLENN

What?!

ROBBY

(yells)  
I said, there's nothing h-

Glenn tosses the still-on weed wacker over to Iggy. Iggy  
fumbles with it, then turns it off.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

No, I fucking heard. "What?" as in, how...how the fuck is there nothing here?

ROBBY

If I didn't know better, I'd think Neckbeard was totally clean. Nothing but bongos, pot, and video games in the other room. No trace of anything flower-related in the whole place.

GLENN

No. This isn't possible.

Beat.

Glenn stomps up and down, flailing his arms.

GLENN (CONT'D)

THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE!!!!!! Where's the stash?!

Glenn stomps over to Iggy. Iggy puts his hands behind his back and looks up. Glenn repeatedly punches Iggy's stomach.

GLENN (CONT'D)

No! No! No! No! No!

Robby and Felipe look around, then each other, then back to Glenn as he uses Iggy as a punching bag.

Glenn finally stops.

IGGY

Good ones, boss.

Glenn, out of breath.

GLENN

Thanks for that, Iggy.

IGGY

You are very strong. That hurt a lot.

Iggy signals Robby and Felipe.

ROBBY

Yeah, I wouldn't mess with you.

(CONTINUED)

FELIPE

You could be a boxer, boss.

Beat.

Iggy wipes the sweat off Glenn's forehead.

GLENN

Gents, that stash is out there. And we will find it. And we will destroy it.

EXT. LEVY ESTATE - NEXT AFTERNOON

The luxurious McMansion is cast in sun on a beautiful day. The sound of music, folks chatting, splashing in the pool.

EXT. LEVY ESTATE BACKYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

A series of voluptuous and sultry WOMEN dip in the pool, and walk from the bar to a group of MEN seated around the dining area.

A gorgeous bikini girl hands her glass to one of the seated men. He smiles and pats his left thigh. She takes a seat on his lap.

Glenn stands before everyone, scotch glass in hand. He calmly looks around until everyone has taken a seat at the table. IGGY stands behind Glenn.

GLENN

Product. It's all about the product. Raise a glass, everyone.

Everyone raises their glass.

GLENN (CONT'D)

To the freshest, purest, product in all of Los Angeles.

Everyone cheers and takes a drink.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Now, I've said it before, and I'll say it again. In this business, we're dealing with real low lives. This is the street flower business, for Christ's sake. The cheaters, the drinkers, the workaholics- they need us. They fuck up, buy the wife

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GLENN (CONT'D) (cont'd)  
flowers, and fuck up again. Highway  
exit ramps have been great, but  
outside motels, bars, corporate  
offices, even abortion clinics:  
That's where the scumbags who  
really need a nice bouquet are  
gonna be. And that's where we'll be  
too. And this Valentine's Day, we  
were there. In record numbers.

IGGY  
Oooh, oooh, boss!

Iggy raises his hand behind Glenn. Glen doesn't even need to  
turn around to know that Iggy's hand is raised. Glen sighs.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Iggy, this isn't a God damn  
classroom. Put your fucking hand  
down.

Iggy slowly puts his hand down. He looks down at the ground  
with a pouty lip.

IGGY  
I was just gonna ask about the  
Neckbeard thing...

GLENN  
Iggy, this is a nice bar-b-que,  
right?

IGGY  
Yeah.

GLENN  
Then why in the FUCK would you  
bring up that disgusting name in MY  
house, at MY bar-b-que?!

SASCHA, a tall, stick-thin, flamboyantly gay man, happens to  
walk by with a big bowl of tortilla chips. Glenn smacks the  
bowl out of Sascha's hands and chips go flying. Glenn  
breathes in and out slowly. Sascha's jaw drops, but Glenn  
does not acknowledge what just happened.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you what, that uppity  
twat is getting a little too big  
for his britches. Or sweater pants.  
I hate his God damn sweater pants.  
Why does he always dress like he's  
going to sleep?

(CONTINUED)

IGGY  
(quietly)  
I think it's, it's actually sweat  
pants.

GLENN  
That's what I fucking said, sweater  
pants.

Beat.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Iggy, this used to be a people  
industry. You weren't just some  
florist named Bill, or a  
gum-chewing checkout girl at  
Ralph's. You were a neighbor. A  
do-gooder. A friend. Now, you got  
people like Neckbeard running  
around with his low wage Lupitas  
and Felipes- no offense  
Felipe- selling such garbage  
product it could make our driest  
weeds look like beautiful roses.  
Our numbers are still solid, but  
he's gaining a name, that's for  
sure.

ROBBY enters the scene and walks up to Glenn. He talks to  
him quietly and closely. The group is still silent.

ROBBY  
Boss, we gotta chat.

Glenn turns to the cartel.

GLENN  
Guys, girls, this is a party. Talk,  
eat, drink!

Everyone begins to mingle again. Glenn and Robby continue to  
chat quietly.

GLENN (CONT'D)  
Please don't tell me it's about  
freakin' Neckbeard.

ROBBY  
I just got some intel, he crushed  
us on V-Day. Numbers I've never  
seen before. And he has like four  
times less corner boys than us.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN (CONT'D)

I don't get it. How could he possibly sell his product for so cheap?

Sascha walks up with a tray of mimosas.

SASCHA

Who wants mimosas?!

GLENN

I do, I do!

Glenn and Robby each take a mimosa. Glenn takes a sip, then lets out a sigh of relief.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Ahh, I needed that..

Glenn clinks his glass with Robby's, then takes another sip. Robby looks at the drink then takes a small, hesitant sip.

ROBBY

What ya thinkin', boss?

Glenn takes out a handkerchief out of his jacket's interior breast pocket and wipes his mouth, then wipes Robby's mouth.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Well, Robert. It's simple. Neckbeard is what he smokes...a weed.

Beat.

GLENN (CONT'D)

And I'm a weed killer.

Beat.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Set up a meeting.

ROBBY

Where?

GLENN

I don't fucking know, Robby, isn't that part of what you fucking do? Somewhere scary. Jesus Christ...

(CONTINUED)

ROBBY

Do you happen to have his number?

Glenn glares at Robby.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NEXT DAY

A young, preppy DOUCHEBAG, and a pretty VALLEY GIRL walk down the street. Douchebag puts his arm around her waist.

DOUCHEBAG

I live right down the street. Got a bottle of Everclear with your name on it...

VALLEY GIRL

Mmm..okay.

DOUCHEBAG

No, seriously, I wrote your name on it...

Douchebag looks at his phone, swipes a few times, lands on her page. Has an 'ah ha' moment.

DOUCHEBAG (CONT'D)

...Kelsey!

Valley Girl flashes an awkward smile.

VALLEY GIRL

Ha, um, thanks.

DOUCHEBAG (CONT'D)

There's just something so great about day drinking!

Douchebag and Valley Girl walk by a SHORT LATINA LADY selling flowers by the side of the road. She only speaks Spanish.

Douchebag grabs a single rose and puts it in Valley Girl's hair.

DOUCHEBAG

For you, m'lady.

SHORT LATINA LADY

(in Spanish w/ subtitles)

Sir, you have to pay for that rose.

Douchebag doesn't stop or turn around.

(CONTINUED)

DOUCHEBAG  
Sorry, no cash!

Short Latina Lady takes out her phone and slyly makes a call.

SHORT LATINA LADY  
(in Spanish w/ subtitles)  
We got a runner. Reseda and  
Collins.

A white van skids to a stop next to Douchebag and Valley Girl. Iggy jumps out, puts a black bag over Douchebag's head, and throws him in the back of the van. Valley Girl closes her eyes and screams.

A woman in a nondescript car watches the scene from afar, taking notes...

VALLEY GIRL  
Don't hurt me, take him! I met him  
like 30 minutes ago!

Valley Girl opens her eyes. The van is gone. She stands up and looks down the street, then takes out her cell phone.

VALLEY GIRL  
(on phone)  
Hey. Can you pick me up in Encino?  
I think I'm done with Tinder.

Awkward beat on Valley Girl standing there alone in silence.

INT./EXT. - VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Douchebag struggles in the back. Iggy makes a phone call.

IGGY  
(on phone)  
I got the guy. What do you want me  
to do with him?

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - SAME TIME

Glenn, on the phone, is a mere silhouette, but with an evil smile.

GLENN  
Make him pay...

The nondescript car follows...

(CONTINUED)

END OF ACT TWOACT THREE

EXT. DESERT - LATER

A wide open desert. Two Honda Accords drive towards each other from afar til they reach each other. One is blue, one is black with black rims.

Out of the black Honda steps Glenn, wearing a full suit and an evil grin as per usual. Sascha follows closely behind.

Neckbeard gets out of the drivers seat of the blue Honda.

Neckbeard and Glenn stand in front of each other, heavy eye contact.

GLENN

Neckbeard.

NECKBEARD

Glenn.

Glenn puts his arms around Sascha. They start making out intensely.

Neckbeard chuckles.

NECKBEARD

Wh-

Glenn, still making out with Sascha, extends his arm out towards Neckbeard and puts up his pointer finger.

NECKBEARD

(to self)

Sure, sure.

Beat.

Glenn and Sascha finally stop. Glenn, slightly out of breath, wipes his brow.

GLENN

Phew!

Glenn smiles and gives Sascha a playful slap in the face.

GLENN (CONT'D)

You're bad.

(CONTINUED)

SASCHA

No, you're bad!

Glenn looks over at Neckbeard.

NECKBEARD

How's Maria?

GLENN

Maria's good, thanks. Fucking her new boyfriend at the moment.

NECKBEARD

Like, right now? Or in general?

GLENN

I'd imagine both.

Glenn snarls.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Nice car. Though, isn't it time for an upgrade? You know, with all that extra cash you must have from selling on my turf.

NECKBEARD

Sorry about that, chief.

GLENN

Oh, you're sorry?

NECKBEARD

Yup. That was my bad. But you know, Valentine's Day..

GLENN

Oh, oh wow. So you put one of your little daisy-pushing corner boys on my turf ..knowingly?

NECKBEARD

It's corner-person.

GLENN

(old school pronunciation,  
hard 'h')

What?

NECKBEARD

You said 'corner-boy' but that's not really cool for the women in the industry. We try to say corner-person now.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Okay, Neckbeard Kamala Harris  
Sanders-

NECKBEARD

It's "Comma-la", not "kah-mah-la".

Glenn opens his mouth to respond, but closes his eyes,  
sighs, and restarts.

GLENN

You sold in my territory.

NECKBEARD

Just for the day. It's all good,  
man.

GLENN

It-

NECKBEARD

Holy shit. Dude. It just clicked.  
Saul Goodman. S'all good man.

GLENN

Did you not see the end of Season  
5?

NECKBEARD

Nah not yet.

GLENN

Anyway..it's not all good. You know  
this isn't how this works.

NECKBEARD

How *does* this work?

Glenn snarls and leans into Sascha.

GLENN

(to Sascha)

He's doing it, this is what he  
does.

SASCHA

No, you're doing great.

Glenn looks back to Neckbeard.

GLENN

Obviously, Neckbeard, actions have  
consequences.

(CONTINUED)

NECKBEARD

Man, you've gotten even more uptight since the ol' roomie days.

Glenn's face tightens.

GLENN

*Suitemates*. We were *suitemates*. Don't glorify it.

NECKBEARD

(chuckles)

Always azaleas and orchids with you, man.

GLENN

The point is, I've told you a thousand times...stay south of the Boulevard.

NECKBEARD

Well generally we do, but come on, brah, Valentine's Day. Share the guac.

GLENN

We had a deal!

NECKBEARD

Calm down, we still do.

GLENN

You KNOW not to tell ME to calm down!

A white van speeds towards them, then stops next to Glenn's car.

At the same time, way, way out in the distance, the nondescript car parks, out of sight. The woman pulls out a long-lens photo camera and watches the scene unfold.

NECKBEARD

Yo, what's with the back up?...

GLENN

I didn't call for any..

IGGY gets out of the van. He opens the back door and drags Douchebag out, whose head is still covered with a black bag.

(CONTINUED)

IGGY  
Alright, boss, here's the guy.

Iggy takes the black bag off Douchebag's head, and dusts him off.

INT. / EXT. - DESERT - DETECTIVE MISSY'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

The woman in the nondescript car, DETECTIVE MISSY, snaps a picture, then picks up a radio. She's your classic cold, hard rookie detective with something to prove.

DETECTIVE MISSY  
Guys, I got them in plain sight.

BOSS responds on the radio.

BOSS (O.S.)  
The flower guys? Enough with this shit, Missy.

DETECTIVE MISSY  
I told you I don't go my Missy, anymore. Sounds too condescending.

BOSS (O.S.)  
Sorry, "Melissa". Report back. Now.

DETECTIVE MISSY  
Wait til you see these pictures, Captain. There's something here...

EXT. DESERT - SIMULTANEOUS

Neckbeard takes out his iPhone and starts filming.

NECKBEARD  
This seems like something I should live-stream...

DOUCHEBAG  
Do you know who I am?! I'm a lawyer, my father's a lawyer, my father's father's a l-

Iggy slams the bag back over Douchebag's head. Glenn grits his teeth.

Detective Missy snaps more pictures.

(CONTINUED)

GLENN

Who?

IGGY

The..guy..who stole the rose. You said we're gonna make him pay.

GLENN

What?

IGGY

For stealing...

GLENN

Yeah, I meant literally, make him pay...like, \$9.99, for the fucking roses...what did you think I meant?

IGGY

I don't know..

GLENN

What do you think this is, Iggy? Jesus Christ.

Glenn bends down to Douchebag.

GLENN (CONT'D)

Iggy's gonna cut you a fresh assortment, and we'll pretend this never happened.

Glenn gives Douchebag a friendly pat on the cheek, then looks back to Iggy. Iggy frowns.

IGGY

Oh..okay. Sorry boss.

Iggy pulls Douchebag up and guides him towards the van.

GLENN

Iggy, keep the bag off his head! What's wrong with you? Just go wait by the van, for fuck's sake.

Iggy takes the bag off Douchebag's head, then walks off with his head down, dragging Douchebag slowly.

INT. / EXT. - DESERT - DETECTIVE MISSY'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Detective Missy takes a picture of her picture with her phone and sends a picture message, then picks up her radio again.

DETECTIVE MISSY  
Looks like some thorns in those roses, boss. Check your texts...

Beat.

BOSS (O.S.)  
(sighing)  
Well whattya know. Call it in, kid.

EXT. DESERT - SIMULTANEOUS

GLENN  
Sorry about that. Can we just reschedule? I gotta go get this shit sorted.

NECKBEARD  
Honestly, just email me.

GLENN  
The gmail account?

NECKBEARD  
Yeah.

GLENN  
Still just your name 420 at gmail.com? No dots or anything, right?

NECKBEARD  
Right.

Glenn and Neckbeard begin to walk their separate ways. Glenn stops and turns back.

GLENN  
Oh, and I don't care if it's Valentine's Day, Mother's Day, your fucking wedding, or your fucking funeral...if I see you or your boys with a flower in hand north of the Boulevard ever again, we're gonna have a problem.

Beat.

(CONTINUED)

NECKBEARD

Well then, Glenn, I guess we're  
gonna have a problem...

Neckbeard flashes a sly smile.

INT. / EXT. - DESERT - DETECTIVE MISSY'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Detective Missy snaps a final few shots of Glenn and  
Neckbeard.

DETECTIVE MISSY

Damn right you are...

**END OF SHOW**