[Sean enters wearing a suit, carrying a satchel]

Sean: Hey guys

Dougie: Hey man, come and try out the new Oboe.

Sean: Where the fuck did you get an Oboe from? Isn’t that Nils’?

Dougie: I won it off him in a bet. I bet him he couldn’t whack off to finish whilst we played The Lion King Soundtrack outside his room. To his credit he lost.

Sean: Haha. Amazing. [Taking the Oboe] You know wind instruments remind me of this girl, Sarah, in middle school? Seeing her blow down a cylinder gave half the class hard ons.

Dougie: Haha. Awesome. My middle school days were divided between mono and avoiding showing my pube forest whenever we showered for gym class.

Tone: So you were a retard repeating grades at age 13 too?

Dougie: You fucking dick [he’s actually annoyed] – I’ve told you a million times the reason I’m of greater age than you is that I spent the first four years of college clearing up with girls, and missing class because of extended sex sessions.

Tone: Sure. Sure. I forgot you had a face-off-quality facial transplant with a Lyndon B Johnson before you met us.

Dougie: LBJ? Better than a fat, cross-eyed, masturbatory resident of Moordor you fuck.

Sean: Haha. Ok let me try it.

Tone: You need to finger A minor to get it to work.

Dougie: Shut up you fuck. Just ‘blow forest’…. ‘blow’ [He’s obviously high when he says this]

[Smoke starts to come out of the end of the Oboe, and all three start laughing]

Sean: That’s fucking awesome. ‘Amadeus’ would have been much better if the wood section used these.

Dougie: Yeah. Totally. Hahaha.

Tone: Why the fuck you dressed like a paedophilic civil servant?

Sean: I’ve told your forgetful stoner arse, like ten times, you dick. I’m interviewing all week. Something you seem to have avoided. Moordor is operating in times of full employment it seems.

Dougie: The ‘all seeing eye’ [he does this in either a voice of Golum/Elrond/Gandalf] has guaranteed you a job.

Tone: Least I’ve got a job for next year you prick.

Dougie: Like your piss-ant work in tax accountancy is anything to brag about.

Sean: Anyway, I didn’t get the OC&C gig. Feedback from the interview was that I didn’t have enough experience.

Tone: Yeah, I never got that experience shit. It’s like cancelling gym class for Jewish kids, then complaining that there aren’t any Jews in baseball.

Dougie: There aren’t any Jews in baseball anyway you dick.

Sean: True. I just keep getting asked all these bullshit questions. Like, ‘Tell me a time where you succeeded against all odds’.

Tone: You got laid once didn’t you?

Sean: Yeah, one more time than you right? Anyway, I ended up making up some bullshit answer about how I organised a college talent concert.

Tone: You fucking hate talent competitions!

Sean: Yeah. Have no idea why I spun that web. They just kept asking me what was so hard about it. All I could say, over and over again, was like, ‘It was the wires…just so many wires…haha…like more wires than you can imagine...’ I sounded like a failed cable engineer.

[Dougie and Tone start play acting. Tone lies down on the table as if he’s Frankenstein’s monster. Dougie starts to ‘operate’ on him using spoons, forks, etc.]

Dougie: [Feigning an accent] I’m nearly there…one more thing and my work will be complete. I will have created my exact likeness; animated the inanimate; created life! It’s (nearly) alive…

[He grabs a few wires from the playstation and ‘inserts’ them under Tone. Sean is laughing whilst they do all of this.]

Dougie: The only thing is, Where the hell did these wires come from? Shit. Where the hell does this go? So many fucking wires! Is it from his brain? Did I forget to connect his arms? Oh, I see. His cock is unbiologically small. I must have forgotten to connect it when I did his balls.

Tone: I think you must be confusing my leg again. You are so used to your tiny pecker that you think it’s a fucking mamba when you see it.

Sean: Haha. Your bent cock is more like a seahorse than a snake to be honest.

[Tone and Dougie sit up again]

Dougie: Well fuck it. You’ll get something man. If this needle-dicked fuck can bag a job, so can we. In the meantime, pass the Oboe so I can practice my scales.

Sean: Yeah…I definitely could do with improving my B flat major scale.

[Montage scene of them all getting high, and doing fucking random shit]