

WORKAHOLICS

Episode 106
"The Strike"

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4/02/2010 - Network Draft

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"THE STRIKE"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

MUSIC: JINGLE BELLS

We open on a LARGE CHRISTMAS-Y STORYBOOK. A HAND opens the book and we see...

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (DAY ONE)

QUICK CUTS: ADAM, BLAKE and ANDERS are merrily decorating.

ANDERS places a FRAMED CHRISTMAS PHOTO of him and the guys on the mantle.

BLAKE
(re: photo)
Hung by the chimney with care, fine
sir.

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ders and ADAM are putting the final touches on a CHRISTMAS TREE with BEER-CAN ORNAMENTS as BLAKE teeters on a chair placing a BEER BONG FUNNEL on top like an angel.

ANDERS
(singing)
Do you see what I see?

ADAM
(singing wrong)
*I sure do. A star dancing in the
night.*

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The guys, drinking EGGNOG from a GIANT KEG, squeeze FROSTING onto CHRISTMAS COOKIES (one is a Santa on fire).

ADAM
Okay, guys, time to bundle up.
We've got some cheer to spread.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOME - DOORSTEP - MOMENTS LATER

We come in on BLAKE'S FINGER ringing a DOORBELL. We widen to see the guys in Christmas sweaters, scarves, earmuffs, etc. A MIDDLE-AGED MAN dressed in shorts and a tee shirt opens the door.

ADAM/BLAKE/ANDERS

(singing)

*Deck the halls with boughs of
holly, Fa la la la la--*

MAN AT DOOR

Are you drunk? Why are you singing
Christmas carols in the middle of
July?

ADAM

Ummmm, we're trying to deliver some
god damn holiday cheer in the name
of Half Christmas. And yes, we're
super drunk.

(to the guys)

Now, where were we? Okay...

(conducting)

Three and two and one and--

ADAM/BLAKE/ANDERS

(singing)

Deck the halls with--

ADAM

(interrupting them)

Cut, cut. Blake, no. I need...

(singing)

You up here...

(singing a lower note)

Because I'm down on F-sharp.

As the Man at the Door SLAMS the DOOR SHUT we...

SLAM TO:

MAIN TITLES.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

We see a HAND turn a page in our LARGE CHRISTMAS-Y STORYBOOK.
(NOTE: We see this PAGE TURN effect on all subsequent Act changes.)

INT. OFFICE - ALICE'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING (DAY TWO)

ALICE is at her desk on the PHONE. The guys, still bundled up in Christmas garb, give a slight knock on the open door and come in.

ALICE

(into phone)

I've gotta go, someone just took three shits in my office.

(hangs up, to guys)

What... are you wearing?

ANDERS

Alice, since we are your top earners and we've been here over a year with no time off or any vacation...

ADAM

Which we don't even mind because we love working for such a multi-talented professional...

(flirting)

... confident lady of the world such as yourself.

BLAKE

But we were wondering if we could get a couple of days off to celebrate Half Christmas. A tradition in the Holmson-DeMamp-Henderson household.

ADAM

It started in July four years ago when Blake here went out to buy a keg, but returned with a keg full of eggnog. It's become a super deeply religious tradition.

BLAKE

The eggnog was on sale. Probably because it'd been there since Christmas.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLAKE (CONT'D)

We drank that sweet nectar of gods,
we sang, and Adam ended up naked in
the neighbor's truck.

ADAM

And so it was that Half Christmas
was born.

ANDERS

What do you say? It's just two
days.

ALICE

Get the fuck out of my office.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

The guys are gathered at their cubicle licking their wounds
after Alice's steam roll job.

ADAM

She pretty much just 'talk to the
hand'-ed us.

ANDERS

You realize you rarely make any
sense.

ADAM

Your hair doesn't make sense.

BLAKE

Guys! We can't let her negativity
tear us apart. It doesn't matter
where we are... the spirit of Half
Christmas lives in all of us.

ADAM

Blake's right. We should totally--
wait, was there a plan in what you
just said? Or were you just like
saying something super profound?

ANDERS

I think he's saying if we can't
stay home for Half Christmas, we
should celebrate it here.

BLAKE

(covering)
Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Just like Fake Easter.

ANDERS

Right. Except if I fall asleep,
and somebody dyes my balls purple,
you will see the Norwegian side of
me.

Adam and Blake look terrified.

BLAKE

Ders, trillax your mind. Let's
just go get decorations so we can
turn this boring cubicle into a
magical Half Christmas winter
wonderland.

ADAM

Time to stomp this yard.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - A BIT LATER

The guys WALK across the parking lot. Anders carries a LIST.

BLAKE

Wrapping paper?

ANDERS

(marking things on list)
Got it.

ADAM

Popcorn and thread? Pumpkin pie?
Case of Activia?

ANDERS

Yes. Yes. And banana-strawberry.

BLAKE

Wrapping paper?

ANDERS

I said it's on the list.

BLAKE

Just checking it twice, homie.
(R&B singing)
I plan on being gnaw-T.

The guys stop when they see GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEES on strike
outside the front door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GROCERY STORE EMPLOYEES

Hell no, we won't go. Pay us right
or close the sto(re).

It's a bunch of MIDDLE-AGED FOLKS and YOUNG BAG BOYS/GIRLS,
holding SIGNS, CHANTING, and listening to a shitty RADIO.
Adam, impressed, pulls aside one of the Bag Boys holding a
MEGAPHONE.

ADAM

What's going on out here?

BAG BOY STRIKER

We're on strike for more pay,
better hours, insurance--

ADAM

Let me get this straight, you get
to hang out in a parking lot all
day, shouting at people and not
working?

BAG BOY STRIKER

Well, yeah, sort of.

BLAKE

And do I smell barbecue?
'Cause I am not mad at that.

BAG BOY STRIKER

We deserve paid days off for the
amount of work we do.

ADAM

I heard that.

ANDERS

Great, can we go?
(pointedly, so Bag Boy can
hear)
Unlike these freeloaders, we have a
job we actually show up for.

The Bag Boy shoots him a dirty look.

BLAKE

What's with you, senior grumpy?

ANDERS

My dad had a plastics factory and
when his employees went on strike;
the business went under. Our
family fell on hard times.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANDERS (CONT'D)

We had to leave the country club in '95. Ever wonder why my cross court serve practically returns itself? I went from clay court to ghetto court...

(snaps fingers)

...like that.

BLAKE

I would definitely watch a show called *Ghetto Court*.

ANDERS

So, forgive me if I'm not into this chicanery.

ADAM

They prefer Hispanic.

ANDERS

You should read more.

ADAM

HATCHET! GARY PAULSEN! Okay Anders?! It's a novel about a boy whose plane crashes in the forest. Guess what? Winter's on the way. I'm not sure what happens after that, but I'm pretty sure it ends with: strikes are awesome.
HATCHET!

BLAKE

I gotta say I'm with Adam on this one, Ders. That book sounds dope.
(to strikers)
You gotta fight the man to be the man!

The strikers CHEER.

ANDERS

Whatever. Lets just get what we came here for and get back before lunch is over.

Adam and Blake rock the "MORE POWER" FIST then OBLIVIOUSLY follow Ders and PUSH RIGHT THROUGH the PICKET LINE past the ANNOYED STRIKERS. Just before the guys go inside...

ADAM

(to the Bag Boy)
Oh, snap. My bad.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADAM (CONT'D)

I totally forgot... wrapping
paper... aisle six?

(strikers are stunned,
then)

I thought you guys worked here.

Clueless, Adam and Blake don't get it. Off the strikers' and
Bag Boys' annoyed looks we CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - A LITTLE LATER

The guys put the finishing touches on their Half Christmas
cubicle decorations. Their CHAIRS are WRAPPED in wrapping
paper, some of it looks a bit Christmas-y, some of it says
"Happy Retirement." POPCORN STRINGS and BLINKING LIGHTS run
along the cubicle walls. They are trimming what looks to be
the sawed off BOTTOM HALF of a CHRISTMAS TREE. Alice enters,
visibly annoyed.

ALICE

Down. Now. All of it. It's
distracting the entire office.

ADAM

How so?

A TOY TRAIN WHISTLES past on a track running atop the cubicle
walls. It circles the entire office. JILLIAN pops over the
cubicle wall wearing a TRAIN CONDUCTOR'S HAT.

JILLIAN

Next stop--
(notices Alice)
Work Town.

Jillian takes off the hat and exits awkwardly.

ALICE

And put that tree back. It was
obviously pulled from the shrubs
outside the building.

BLAKE

It most certainly was not. In
fact, it's not even real. We
bought it at--

A BIRD flies out of the tree and through the office.

ALICE

I'm going to take a growler. This
shit better disappear before mine
goes swirling down the bowl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alice turns to leave.

BLAKE

Why are you being a Scrooge McDuck?
The least you could do--

ALICE

Shut your mouth, Sideshow Bob.

Alice throws their tree in the trash.

ALICE (CONT'D)

P.S. There's no such thing as Half
Christmas.

Alice exits. The guys are taken aback. Adam is furious.

ADAM

(calling after)

Fine! You leave us no choice.
We're going on strike!

(to Blake)

Let's go, Blake. It's time to take
back the night.

BLAKE

You got it, dude. Nobody disses
Half Christmas.

ADAM

Anders, are you in?

ANDERS

Uh, no thanks. I'm gonna go ahead
and keep my job. But you guys have
fun.

ADAM

I should've figured you'd take her
side, Benedict Eggs. Enjoy scab
town.

BLAKE

(to Anders)

We'll be out front, should you need
us.

ADAM

(like an umpire)

Strrrrrrrrike!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Adam and Blake storm out.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Adam, Blake and KARL are sitting around Karl's CONVERSION VAN drinking beers. They have a SIGN that reads: "WE'RE ON STRIKE!" Various CHRISTMAS TYPE DECORATIONS adorn the van. A GRILL sizzles with BURGERS and a TURKEY in the background. Next to them is a KEG full of EGGNOG.

MUSIC: Various (cleared) Christmas Carols

ADAM

Blake, how's that turkey coming along?

Blake brings a PLATE of BURGERS.

BLAKE

The turkey will be ready by tomorrow night. Currently it's charred on the bottom and ice on top. But we do have burgers. How do you like yours, delicious or super delicious?

Adam and Karl grab burgers and start digging in.

ADAM

Super, please. If I were at work now, I would not be eating a super delicious burger. Nor would I be relaxing in a super delicious inflatable helmet chair.

BLAKE

If I were at work right now, I'd probably be lying to somebody about the benefits of fine cutlery.

KARL

If I were at work right now, I'd probably be really high. Well, higher.

A VOLVO with a 'CO-EXIST' BUMPER STICKER pulls up. A 40-something HIPPIE-TURNED-YUPPIE LADY pops her head out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COEXIST LADY

Hey, guys, what are you striking for?

BLAKE

Religious rights in the workplace, my sister.

COEXIST LADY

Good for you! You've got my support, fellas!

ADAM

Thank you. Apple computers! Organic Fruit! All that, plus some.

COEXIST LADY

What kind of work do you do?

BLAKE/ADAM

We're tele-marketers.

Her smile quickly turns to a SCOWL.

COEXIST LADY

You fucking cocksuckers! I'm on the fucking Do Not Call List, but you faggots keep fucking calling me! Fuck you and your fucking religion.

She SPEEDS OFF tossing a PLASTIC BAG out her sunroof at the guys. The bag skids past them splattering DOG SHIT.

ADAM

She just straight up prison-gassed us.

KARL

Yeah she did.

ADAM

Who rolls through town in a Volvo with bags of shit?

BLAKE

I may not agree with her actions, but the lady does have some hard game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM
(holding frisbee)
Speaking of hard game, frisbee
anyone?

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Ders is alone in the cubicle when Alice approaches with TWO
NEW CUBE-MATES. DEAN, mid-thirties. JERRY, late sixties.

ALICE
Hey loner, I found you a couple of
new work buddies. I need you to
get them up to speed. I'm putting
you in charge. Can you handle it?

ANDERS
Uh... yeah. But what about Blake
and Adam?

ALICE
What about them? As far as I'm
concerned they quit.

As Dean and Jerry set up shop in Blake and Adam's CHAIRS,
Anders looks out the window at the guys having fun, toasting
eggnog, etc.

Off Anders, conflicted.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

We turn the page of our LARGE CHRISTMAS-Y STORYBOOK...

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - A BIT LATER

Jerry is very methodically hanging PICTURES of his grandchildren up in the cubicle which is already filled with his FAMILY PICTURES. Dean has put up a SERENITY PRAYER.

ANDERS

(mid-orientation)

So, remember, the headset is your lifeline to the customer.

DEAN

My lifeline used to be meth.

JERRY

Oh, my oldest son is a Methodist minister. Now his son plays in the church softball league--

ANDERS

That's great, Jerry. But if we could--

JERRY

You didn't let me finish, And-ers.

ANDERS

It's On-ders.

JERRY

The softball league he's in is run by Lutherans. If that doesn't beat all.

ANDERS

It sure does. But how about we focus on work.

DEAN

Do we get breaks at all? I really would like to call my sponsor, this office has a lot of triggers for me, And-ers.

ANDERS

(pissed)

It's ON-ders! ON-ders.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERS (CONT'D)

My whole life people have been calling me "Ann-ders" and I'm sick of it. It's ON-ders. What dontcha get?

Anders storms off repeating his name.

ANDERS (CONT'D O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's an ON at the beginning. A hard ON!

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Anders has come out to talk to Adam and Blake, still in strike/party mode.

ANDERS

Alright guys. I got some bad news.

Adam does a SPIT TAKE with kegnog.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Dude, I didn't even tell you what the news is.

ADAM

That's my new strike thing. It's hilarious. S'go again.

ANDERS

You've been replaced by two massive choads.

Adam ACTUALLY CHOKES a little on his kegnog this time.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

But listen, come back inside and just beg Alice for your jobs back.

BLAKE

How could she replace us? We're only striking!

ANDERS

Well, she's for real and you're getting your last paycheck on Friday.

BLAKE

Ders, you gave our jobs away? On Half Christmas Eve Eve?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Yeah, Ders, you're a Half Grinch.
I half hate you right now.

ANDERS

Geniuses, I'm trying to help you
guys. Is a fake holiday really
worth losing your jobs over?

BLAKE

(dead serious)
How dare you.

ANDERS

You want to be unemployed? Fine.
Blake, I don't wanna hear about it
when you can't pay rent or run out
of beer money. And Adam, don't
come crawling into my bed the next
time you have a night terror.

Ders heads inside.

ADAM

It was worse than a night terror,
it was a sleepmare! I was blowing
Nic Cage, but it was weird because
Nic Cage looked like my dad!

BLAKE

So you weren't just blowing your
dad?

ADAM

No, Blake, my dad's not gay.
Anyshoot, Ders is a real bonehead,
but he might just be right. We are
not striking hard enough.

BLAKE

To Ralph's we go.

Off Adam doing air-nunchucks.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Adam and Blake are back for answers.

ADAM

Hey Bag-Dude, just wanted to shank
you from the bottom of my heart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM (CONT'D)

We took your idiotic advice, went on strike, and now we lost our jobs and I'm going to be sucking my dad's Nic Cage cock.

BLAKE

In your dreams.

ADAM

Of course in my dreams.

BAG BOY STRIKER

Your dad is Nic Cage?

ADAM

We've been through this.

Adam sighs in frustration.

BLAKE

Lemme clear things up. The strike advice you gave us was pretty loose butthole.

ADAM

(still fuming)
The loosest.

BLAKE

Adam, I've got this. We just want to know how we can get the current situation back into the...

(makes the international hand gesture for "tight butthole")
... tight butthole area.

BAG BOY STRIKER

You want to go on strike?
(off Blake's prayer nod)
Well, what does your local union boss say?

A beat. Adam and Blake have no idea how to answer.

ADAM

Well, we have not contacted him as of yet. Secondly, it is possible that we aren't members of a union, and also that maybe we don't know exactly what that is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BLAKE

Yeah, it's just the two of us and our friend Karl. And his rape van.

BAG BOY STRIKER

Man, you need to get some more co-workers on your side. Find out what they want. Strength in numbers. That's the best way to get some...

Blake and Adam make the international hand gesture for "tight butthole."

BAG BOY STRIKER (CONT'D)

Tight butthole?

ADAM

Seriously, thank you.

Once again, Adam and Blake head inside to the store, crossing the picket line.

BLAKE

Can we get you a Gatorade or something? Sure? Hot out here.

Off the Bag Boy Striker shaking his head...

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Jillian is coming back from lunch break. Blake and Adam intercept her on their way to the office.

BLAKE

What's up, Jillian?

JILLIAN

Nothing, just grabbed some Mexican for lunch. There's about to be a girl-fart!

BLAKE/ADAM

Girl-fart!

ADAM

J-Belk, would you say you're satisfied here at TelAmeriCorp?

BLAKE

Anything you want or wish you had here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JILLIAN

Well, the no pets in the office policy is pretty outrageous. I mean, my canary, Larry Bird, goes kind of crazy without human interaction all day. I think he might be getting Seasonal Affective Disorder.

ADAM

Sounds like a good enough reason to go on strike to me.

Blake puts a hand on her shoulder.

BLAKE

If you believe in us, we will fight for your bird. Fly with us.

JILLIAN

I believe I can fly. Whoo!

QUICK CUTS: of the guys stopping co-workers to and from their cars during lunch break:

MONTEZ

How about some new leads? I haven't had one sale in two weeks. I'm paying off a twenty-two foot pontoon boat.

(sing songy)

We be smackin' baaaaass.

ADAM

Hell yeah you are! Strike with us!

OVERWEIGHT CO-WORKER

I could really use more time for lunch.

ADAM

I bet you could! That came out wrong, but we are on your side!

CO-WORKER 2

Can someone please tell Waymond his pants are too tight.

BLAKE

Amen to that! He's definitely got major camel-bro.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CO-WORKER 3

I don't know. Stock options? Is that a thing?

BLAKE

No way to know, but if it is, we'll get some to put around the office!

CO-WORKER 4

It'd be nice if Waymond stopped wearing such tight pants.

ADAM

(finishing with him)

Such tight pants. Yeah, we know. You're like the 6th person who's mentioned that.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

Jerry points to one of his dozens of framed family pictures.

JERRY

And this is my granddaughter, Margaret. She's a champion archer.

ANDERS

Splendid.

Jerry points to Ders' framed Half Christmas picture.

JERRY

Is that your family?

ANDERS

Somethin' like that.

Ders is gazing longingly at the picture (should he take a quick look outside and see the fun going on?) when Alice stops by Ders' cubicle.

ALICE

Holmson.

It takes Ders a second to snap to attention.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I need you on a special assignment and I need you mobile. Take this.

She hands him a WIRELESS EXECUTIVE HEADSET. SPARKLE! He puts it on, loving it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's that Bluetooth shit.
CNET, editor's pick.

ANDERS

Whoa. Jawbone Thinker. With *Noise
Assassin Technology*.

ALICE

Glad I can count on you to stick
with the team. You're a regular, I
don't know... Derek Jeter or some
sports shit.

Ders looks back to the Half Christmas photo on his desk.
He's torn for a moment, then catches HIS OWN REFLECTION in
the photo and sees how cool he looks in the headset. He puts
the frame on his desk, face down.

ANDERS

(to Dean and Jerry)

You know, some people say luck is
when opportunity meets preparation,
I say some are just natural born...
(indicating BlueTooth)
... Thinkers.

Ders is interrupted by some noise down the hall...

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Blake are standing on a table in the middle of the
office à la Norma Rae, rallying a crowd of co-workers.

ADAM

We're not gonna take it anymore!
Let's tell corporate to suck it!

JILLIAN

SUCK IT!

(then)

Sorry, I thought we were all gonna
say that.

BLAKE

No, we totally should all say that!
SUCK OUR DICKS! SUCK OUR DICKS!

The crowd starts joining in. Ders and Alice make their way
through to the front of the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE

(to Anders)

Get these cum dumpsters out of here, now.

ANDERS

(to Blake and Adam)

Guys, just take this back outside.

ADAM

Hell no! We won't go! Back outside!

ANDERS

You did this to *yourselves*.

Anders reluctantly goes to get Adam off the table. An awkward struggle ensues.

ADAM/ANDERS

Don't touch me! / Come down here!

Adam ends up over Anders' shoulders, in a fireman's carry. He starts carrying him outside.

ADAM

I am a martyr! I am a martyr!
SUCK OUR DICKS! SUCK OUR DICKS!

The crowd joins in Adam's chant, following him as Anders carries him all the way outside.

CROWD

SUCK OUR DICKS! SUCK OUR DICKS!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

We turn the page of our LARGE CHRISTMAS-Y STORYBOOK...

INT. OFFICE - JILLIAN'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Ders is overworked. He's trying to send a fax for Alice, but her phone is RINGING. He picks up.

ANDERS

Hello, Alice Murphy. Please hold.
(to Alice)
It's corporate on line 1.

ALICE (O.S.)

Wonderful. Why don't you stay on the call and see how them big dicks swang.

ANDERS

(kissing ass)
Ha. Swang.
(into phone)
I'm connecting you now.

INT. OFFICE - ALICE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alice is on the phone with corporate, INTERCUT with reactions from Ders (at Jillian's desk) listening.

ALICE

(into phone)
Hey, Wayne. Yes, this stupid strike is under control... No, I'm positive this isn't about the "do not call" list. Because they don't even know about it... I'll handle it. Okay. Tell Rachel I said thanks for the cookies.
(she hangs up)
They tasted like ass.

INT. OFFICE - JILLIAN'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Alice approaches Ders, leaning over, confidential-style.

ALICE

Hey, buddy. Let's keep that "do not call" list stuff on the hushity-hush, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERS

I guess so. I mean, it really makes it harder for sales if we're calling people that already said don't call. Not to mention it's totally illegal.

ALICE

Yeeeah. Listen, you want to run with the big dogs? Sometimes you've got to wear a muzzle.

She pantomimes putting a muzzle on Ders' face and tying it behind his head.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Got it?

ANDERS

(playing along)
Mmm hmm.

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING (DAY THREE)

Blake and Adam are eating cereal at the breakfast table. Ders enters.

ADAM

Morning, scab.

Ders tries to pour himself a bowl of TRIX, but Adam snags the carton out of his hand.

BLAKE

Sorry, Ders. Trix are for kids... and union workers.

ADAM

Yeah. Maybe you should stop and get some food at "Traitor Joe's."

Anders stares daggers. Blake and Adam hi-five.

INT. GUYS' CAR - LATER, ON THE WAY TO WORK

Adam and Blake sit in the back seat while Ders drives.

ADAM

Hey scab driver and low down dirty dogg, can you drop us off right here, please?

Ders stops the car and lets the guys out, into:

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Blake get out, and immediately stand right in front of Ders' car. Other strikers from the office join behind them. SOME are wearing Christmas clothing.

ADAM/BLAKE/EVERYONE
Scab! Scab! Scab!

BLAKE
Turn your vehicle around, sir!

ADAM
Don't let this commie bastard cross
this picket line!

The crowd descends on Ders' car, chanting at him. He's forced to get out and make it on foot.

BLAM! He gets nailed in the back with white liquid. REVEAL Adam pumping kegnog frantically to be thrown at Ders.

Ders runs for the door, but soon everyone is throwing kegnog at him. He shouts back to Blake and Adam.

ANDERS
You proud of yourselves? Filthy
animals!

BLAKE
I wish we didn't have to do this
Ders! It breaks my heart. On Half
Christmas Eve, of all days.
(then)
FIRE IN THE HOLE!

Blake whips another cup of kegnog at Ders, who just barely ducks inside.

INT. OFFICE - JILLIAN'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Alice comes out to talk to Anders before he can even sit down. He's trying to wipe the kegnog off of his outfit.

ALICE
Here, I want you to give your
friends their last paychecks.
Show them what team you're playing
for. Oh, and tell them thanks for
giving it thirty percent every day.

Anders swallows and sucks it up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDERS

Yeah, okay.

ALICE

You're being groomed, And-ers.

Ders is frozen -- no she didn't! -- stung by the betrayal of her mispronouncing his name. Ders exits.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Ders hands Adam and Blake some envelopes.

BLAKE

So this is how you're going to play it, huh?

ANDERS

What did you expect would happen?

Adam opens the envelope.

ADAM

Guess we know what kind of friend you are.

ANDERS

Guess so.

As Ders walks away.

BLAKE

Thanks a lot!

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

On one side of the table: Alice and Ders. On the other, Adam and Blake, with a semicircle of their co-strikers behind them.

ALICE

Okay. Tell me what the hell this is all about. You have a "list of demands?"

Adam reads from a list.

ADAM

Six paid personal days off per year. Eight hour minimum days. Option to buy into company health insurance.

(under his breath)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM (CONT'D)

Bo-ring.

(back to the list)

One milkshake water fountain,
awesome. Looser fitting pants for
Waymond. Two for Tuesdays -- that
means we get paid double on
Tuesdays. And one legit Half
Christmas party, to be paid for by
the company.

BLAKE

The party is pretty much the reason
for the season.

ALICE

(calmly)

That's a good list. Some good
ideas in there. What I think you
guys should do at this point, is
chop your dicks off, and then park
them up your own buttoholes.

ADAM

(to Blake, whispering)

Okay. We use that as a starting
point, and negotiate from there.

ALICE

And-ers, get these jag-holes off
our company property.

Anders doesn't react.

BLAKE

Oh, I'm pretty sure that's not
going to happen.

He pulls out PAPERS from the ENVELOPE that Ders gave him, and
slides them across the table to her.

ADAM

Did Jamie Foxx and Gabrielle Union
just walk in here? 'Cause
someone's "Breakin' All The Rules".

ANGLE ON: A list of highlighted phone numbers in Alice's
hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Wouldn't want that information to
leave this room, would we?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE

Where did you get this?

BLAKE

We got it from the tightest
butthole on the block. ON-ders!

ADAM

He's got a hard ON.

Anders nobly walks over to the other side of the table.

ANDERS

Sometimes you have to make your own
Half Christmas miracle.

ALICE

That's... nonsense. That doesn't
mean anything.

BLAKE

You want to try to explain why all
of your employees were calling
numbers on the "do not call" list?

ALICE

Look, I was just following orders
to protect my job. Recycling the
leads was all corporate.

ADAM

Oh really. Well who's going to
protect our jobs?

Adam and Anders discretely exchange low-fives. That was
dope!

ALICE

Okay, okay. I'll give you all your
jobs back. And I'll give you two
paid personal days per year.

CO-WORKER 2

Well that's not good enough!

ALICE

Fine. I can't give you milkshake
water fountains, because that's not
a real thing. But you can have the
rest of the day for your stupid
Half Christmas Party.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ADAM/BLAKE/ANDERS

Yes! / Merry Half Christmas! / We did it!

CO-WORKERS

Wait! / This is crazy! / What about health insurance? My daughter has Lupus.

Adam runs up to Alice to shake her hand.

ADAM

(to Lupus Lady)

Don't ruin this for everyone, Beverly!

(to Alice)

You got yourself a deal.

ALICE

Good, now gimme some of that eggnog, I'm gonna go start up the snow machine.

Alice receives a cup o'nog and exits.

ADAM

(singing)

Who let the reindeer out! Who!
Who! Who! Who!

JILLIAN

Look everyone, it's snowing! It's a white Half Christmas!

Outside the window, it looks like snow is falling! Our guys huddle up by the window to see what's going on.

ANDERS

Let's go outside and make snow angels!

EXT. OFFICE - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL Karl on the roof, dumping ashes from the grill onto the cars below. Then he hoists up the still frozen TURKEY.

KARL

FUCKING SCABS!!!

Karl chucks it and it lands on a car. The alarm SOUNDS.

... and THE LARGE CHRISTMAS-Y BOOK closes shut.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Half Christmas party! Christmas song playing in the background. Everyone's having a blast, drinking kegnog.

BLAKE

Merry Half Christmas Ders.

ANDERS

Merry Half Christmas Blake.

ADAM

Hmm... best Half Christmas ever?

WAYMOND whispers something to Montez.

MONTEZ

Waymond wants me to tell you guys:
"God bless us, every one!"

JILLIAN

Shut the fuck up, Waymond!

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE