

WORKAHOLICS

"Temp-Tress"

Written by
TBD

Directed by
TBD

Network Draft - 1/06/2011

Novel Productions, Inc.
8332 Melrose Ave., 2nd Floor
Los Angeles, CA 90069

Workaholics Production Office
2210 W. Olive Street, Suite 200
Burbank, CA 91506

Copyright © 2011 Comedy Partners, All Rights Reserved. You may not modify, reproduce, copy, distribute, transmit, display, publish, download or upload, sell, license, create derivative works of or use any aspect of the material included in this script without the prior written permission of Comedy Partners.

"TEMP-TRESS"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. GUYS' HOUSE - EVENING (DAY ONE)

BLAKE messes with the TV in a homemade pro wrestling outfit.

BLAKE

Tell me this isn't happening. This
is not happening.

ADAM, with beers, and DERS, with panini sandwiches, enter.
They're also dressed up in homemade outfits, Adam as a
wrestler and Ders as a referee.

ADAM

Turn it on, dude.

BLAKE

I'm trying.

DERS

Turn it on, bro. The panini are
getting cold.

BLAKE

It's busted!

ADAM

Quit messing around and turn on the
goddamn TV!

BLAKE

IT'S BROKE, DUDE! IT WON'T TURN ON!

ADAM

(in wrestler voice)
THEN HOW THE FUCK ARE WE GOING TO
WATCH *MONDAY NIGHT RAW*, BROTHER?!

DERS

GUYS! Relax. This could be a
blessing in disguise.

BLAKE

Ders, in case you forgot we are
hosting our annual Wrestlemania
party this weekend and it's like,
something we're known for!

ADAM

And if we miss Raw tonight, how are we gonna keep up with the story lines, come Mania time?!

DERS

But who needs a TV when we've got an entire wall of entertainment?

Ders points to their BOOKSHELF. It's dusty and dark -- clearly no book has been read in a long time.

BLAKE (PRE-LAP)(O.S.)

PULL!

EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - ROOF - LATER

Anders tosses a book in the air and Blake chops at it with a samurai sword. This throws us into...

QUICK POPS OF THE GUYS BEING "ENTERTAINED" BY BOOKS:

1. The guys jump-kick tall stacks of books.
2. Adam tries to rip a book in half with his bare hands.
3. Blake pitches Ders a book. Ders hits it with a bat.
4. The guys strap fire-crackers to books. A neighbor sees.
5. Adam tosses a flaming "book grenade" into a burning stack.

END MONTAGE.

Ders grabs a book.

DERS

I wanna do a book grenade!

Adam torches the book and it accidentally catches onto Blake's hair. His hair LIGHTS ON FIRE. He freaks out and JUMPS OFF THE ROOF into the pool, extinguishing the fire.

BLAKE

I'm OK!

DERS

We have to get a TV.

ADAM

That was awesome, I'm next-- yes, TV, let's.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (DAY TWO)

ALICE addresses everyone. The guys are slouched at the back.

ALICE

OK everyone, eyes up here. Jet
Set, headphones off please.

JET SET

(shouts, 'cause he can't
hear)
THEY NOT ON!

ALICE

(sighs)
Alright, well, we have a special
treat today. The people at
Frostwell have been so pleased with
our sales of their refrigerators
that they've decided to show their
appreciation by giving the first
person to sell 20 units today a
brand new, top of the line, Glacier
refrigerator.

JET SET

(headphones still on)
WHAT?

The room's a buzz. The guys could care less.

ADAM

(to guys)
Well, looks like we've got a date
with Snoozin' Sarandon.
(proud of joke)
'Cause we'll be napping a bunch.

ALICE

If you get a sale, just come on
down and ring the Frostwell bell.

Alice rings a SMALL BELL.

BLAKE

(to guys)
There goes our date. I guess I'll
just draw mazes.

ADAM

Yes! But can you not make them so hard this time? I mean, I like a challenge, but get real.

A delivery man wheels the Glacier into the room. Stainless steel with a 15" LCD TV built right into the door.

DERS

Guys.

ADAM

TV.

BLAKE

Wrestlemania.

ADAM

We gotta sell some fridges.

MONTEZ overhears this and turns around to the guys.

MONTEZ

Good luck, chumps. I'm going hard on this. Trying to take my life to the next level, get that garage fridge.

BLAKE

Garage fridge? That's a living room television.

MONTEZ

Garage fridge -- strictly venison. All deer everything.

ADAM

Where do you get deer?

MONTEZ

I hunt that shit. What, you think black folks don't hunt? We hunt. We ski. Snorkle. We taking all this shit over.

BLAKE

(sincerely)
Wait, you're black?

DERS

Montez, we're getting that fridge. No lunch break...

BLAKE

What?

DERS

...no Skittles break...

ADAM

(like a tween girl)

Ungh, Derrrrrs.

DERS

...Just non-stop sales. Trust when I bust.

ADAM

Uh oh, Ders is bustin'. Sucks for you, Tez. That TV is ours.

ANGLE ON Alice.

ALICE

Everyone be sure and grab your leads on the way out. Oh, and I'd like everyone to meet Naomi. She's temping for Al today.

NAOMI, who sits in the front, turns and nods hello. She's CRAZY HOT, boobs like whoa, but dressed appropriately.

BLAKE

Oh sweet sweet sweater meats.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

The guys sit at their desks, but intermittently prairie-dog their heads over the cubicle walls to look at Naomi.

DERS

The one day we actually need to focus and she had to temp.

ADAM

The nerve.

(girl voice)

"Don't mind me, I'll just be here with my breasts and hair being a girl as hard as possible." Get over yourself.

BLAKE

And you just know she dates the hottest guys of all time. We're so ugly. I mean, I'm a visual joke over here.

ADAM

I know her game. Trying to get me all horny by dressing super normal, making my imagination run wild, eventually devouring itself. That's what she's doing.

BLAKE

(looking into his pants)
Oh God, I didn't wear any underwear. What happens when I start pre-cumming?

DERS

Nobody's gonna pre. Just find her flaw. Yes, she's exactly what you want to be raped by, BUT does she have the genetic build to birth me my Olympic triathlete? Not with those giant cans and tapered waist. No sirree.

BLAKE

Ders, she has the face of god. If I look directly at her, I will pre my pants.

ADAM

Whoa, dude, and you pre a lot. You could fill up an Otter Pop sleeve.

INT. OFFICE - NAOMI'S DESK - DAY

Naomi does paperwork, then looks up.

NAOMI

(surprised)
Oh, God. I didn't see you there.

REVEAL JILLIAN standing there, grinning like an idiot.

JILLIAN

Jillian Belk. Alice's assistant.

NAOMI

Naomi.

JILLIAN

I just wanted to introduce myself. I am so happy to finally have someone here who's my age and is just like, a regular girl.

NAOMI

Yeah. Definitely.

JILLIAN

Because most of these people are
real creeps.

(Waymond passes, she
gyrates)

Is this what you want?! Dirt bag.
(back to Naomi)

Anyway, welcome to TelAmeriCorp.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - DAY

The guys are on calls. Ders takes a call while staring over
the wall looking for Naomi.

DERS

(distracted, into phone)

Yeah, sir, I'm uh, calling to, sell
you a refrigerator if you want one.
Do you? ... Hello? OK, bye.

ADAM

(into phone)

No, sir, trust me, you're going to
love this boob-- refrigerator.
It's pretty boob-- good. Sorry,
boobbye-- I mean, buh bye, sex--
sir. Cunt hair, I mean, take care.

BLAKE

(on phone, spies on Naomi)

Is your mom home, little dude? ...
Why aren't you at school?...
Suspended, cool! ... Only a four
inch blade?... Grounded too?

(then, noticing)

I gotta go man, sorry about your
dumb mom. Knives forever.

Naomi approaches, coat in hand. Blake avoids seeing Naomi by
looking at the ceiling, covers his dick for good measure.

NAOMI

Hi, sorry to bother you guys.

BLAKE

(eyes to ceiling, acting
"normal")

No problem, what's up?

NAOMI

Is there a coat rack around here?

Ders points to his own jacket draped on his chair.

DERS

Uh yeah, it's called "the back of your chair."

Naomi isn't phased by their rudeness, she's all sunshine.

NAOMI

Oh, got it.

ADAM

This ain't the Four Seasons, sister. Get real, act real.

NAOMI

(plays along, cute gang sign)

Fo sho, y'all.

She exits and then turns back. Her boob presses up against the cubicle giving her major cleavage. It only makes Adam and Ders hornier, thus angrier. Blake sneaks a peek, then looks back up.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

Oh, and one more thing. I was trying to dial out, but--

ADAM

Hit 9 first.

NAOMI

Right, thank you.

ADAM

Yeah, welcome to America.

Adam goes to give Blake a high-five, but he's still looking up. As Naomi leaves...

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jillian approaches Naomi.

JILLIAN

What's up slut?

NAOMI

Hey Jill.

JILLIAN

Actually, that's not...
(then, catching self)
(MORE)

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

No. I love that. Jill. Classy.
(to Naomi)
Anyway, this is for you.

She hands a folded note to Naomi who reads it.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Read it. Aloud.

NAOMI

(reading note)
Will you go to lunch with me?

JILLIAN

And...

NAOMI

(off note)
Your dear friend, Jillian.

JILLIAN

That should say Jill. I can fix that.

NAOMI

Um... Yeah, I'll go to lunch with you.

JILLIAN

Cool. Wanna hit Burger King?

NAOMI

I'm actually a vegetarian.

JILLIAN

Really?

(covering)

Me too, so... you just passed my friendship test. Table for two at the Salad Queen.

NAOMI

Sounds perfect.

INT. OFFICE - GUY'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Jillian excitedly bounds up to the guys.

JILLIAN

Hey, guys, I'm sorry, but you prolly won't be seeing as much of me now that I have a new bestie. Naomi. Oh and call me Jill around her. For serious.

DING DING DING DING DING!!! Montez rings the bell as he approaches.

MONTEZ

Chalk it up boys. Five fridges in forty minutes. Gotta be a land-speed record. How many you got?

ADAM

Umm... none.

BLAKE

How can you concentrate with that sex-demon Naomi running around smelling all good?

MONTEZ

Oh, that's easy. I love my wife. Can't no pussy distract this man. My wife's got that stingray pussy. Feel me?

DERS

Never do.

INT. OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - LATER

The guys rummage for snacks. Adam turns around.

ADAM

Does this look weird?

DERS

Does what look weird?

ADAM

Yes! Cool. No, I just tucked my boner up under my belt.

BLAKE

Yeah, I been tucked up since jump. Got that Naomi boner, huh?

ADAM

I got one of those fifth grade boners, where your dick hasn't fully grown yet, so there's too much blood rushing in and it's super hard.

DERS

Yeah, we're fully torqued, but Montez is in there getting sales and we're not. We need that TV.

BLAKE

T-minus 83 hours until
Wrestlemania.

ADAM

Fine, I guess I'll be the natural
leader that I am and go crank it
down in the bathroom, to clear my
mind, and makes some sales. Yo-
yeah.

DERS

You're going to crank it down in
the office? You think that's
smart?

ADAM

People take smoke breaks all the
time.

BLAKE

So we'll take a stroke break.

DERS

Okay, that's insane. You could so
easily be fired for that.

BLAKE

Fine. If it makes you feel better,
me and DeMamp will ask Alice first.

ADAM

She's a pro, she gets it.

DERS

This I have to see.

INT. OFFICE - ALICE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Adam and Blake stand before Alice. Ders paces outside the
office, peeking through her inter-office window.

ADAM

Alice, Ders wants to know if he can
masturbate in the bathroom.

When Alice sees Ders through the window, he gives her a look
that MEANS "These guys are idiots, right?" But LOOKS TO HER
LIKE, "Hey, this guy just needs to crank down. Can ya blame
me?"

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Adam, Blake and Alice. Ders still in the hall.

ALICE
Holmvik, get in here!

Ders enters.

DERS
Lemme guess, you said, "No." Told
you guys. It was stupid to ask.

ALICE
So this isn't a joke?

DERS
Oh, no they're serious. We've been
talking about this all day.

ALICE
Wow. I never thought I'd have to
say this to you, Anders, but you
are not allowed to masturbate at
work.

ADAM
Sorry, dude. We tried.

DERS
Me? No-no-no-no. Them. They want
to masturbate!

BLAKE
Oh, so what? You don't want to
crank it, Ders?

DERS
Of course I do, I'd love to, but I
didn't think we should ask!

ADAM
So you were just gonna do it
without asking?! Were you raised
in a barn, Anders!

ALICE
NO ONE IS MASTURBATING ANYWHERE IN
THIS OFFICE! NOW GET OUT!

The guys exit.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walking away from Alice's office.

ADAM

Well, that was easy.

DERS

What?

ADAM

You heard her: No masturbating in
the office.

OFF a classic Adam S'go finger swirl.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. OFFICE/INT. CAR - PARKING LOT - LATER

The guys are in the car. Ders in the driver's seat, Adam in shotgun, Blake in the back. They hang jackets in the windows and staple Ders' swim towels to create dividers for privacy.

DERS

OK, that should hold. Let's make
this quick. I'm pretty sure we can
go to jail for this.

Ders UNZIPS his pants to get ready. Adam's got his shirt behind his head like a shoulder yolk and is already cranking.

ADAM

Yeah, Ders keep talking. I need
some sounds. It's too quiet in
here.

DERS

I'm not giving sounds.

ADAM

That's perfect.

DERS

SHHH!

Blake's foot jams through to the front as he pulls his pants off.

ADAM

Hey, stay in your space, dude! We
have designated Crank Zones.

Blake's now completely naked, clothes hanging neatly behind him.

BLAKE

OK, sorry. I'll stay in my Crank Zone.

Ders starts to get in the mood when Adam's hand creeps in.

ADAM

(fucking with Ders)
Ders, lemme get a handful of moob.
Where them nips at?

DERS

Dude, honestly, back off my titties! Get back in your Zone!

ADAM

I hate my Zone. Blake can I come into your zone?

BLAKE

No one's coming in my Zone except for me, muchacho.

ADAM

Ders, are you done? Pretty quiet in there? What's happening? Talk to me. Want some of my lube, bro?

DERS

I'm fine.

BLAKE

You got lube? Pass me some.

ADAM

Actually, it's Turtle Wax from the glove compartment.

Adam passes the Wax.

DERS

Just go dry.

ADAM

Eww, you're a Dry Guy. Did you also kill animals as a kid, Dexter?

DERS

I just don't think jerking off should be some grand ritual. It should be spontaneous. A treat.

BLAKE

Oh boy, this lube burnin' mah dick.
Totally went in the pee hole. Ders
are you finished with this Gatorade
back here? Daddy's got to put out
a fire.

ADAM

Here we go. So close. Oh yeah.

In the throes of passion Adam grips the curtain and pulls it
down. All three guys are now visible to each other.

DERS

That's it! I'm outta here.

Ders bolts out of the car covering himself and slams his door
into the neighboring car, setting the alarm off. Smokers in
the parking lot stare.

Adam's focus is lost. He sees the smokers and gets out
buttoning his pants and belt. Blake joins him, does the
same.

ADAM

Well, there Ders goes again.
Ruining our good time.

BLAKE

Ruuuuuude!

They pass the smokers.

ADAM

Oh so you can take ten minutes to
smoke, but we can't take ten
minutes to stroke. Crank down.

BLAKE

(to a smoker)
That's a disgusting habit.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - LATER

The guys return from the crank session, in a funk and are startled by the DING DING DING of Montez ringing the bell.

MONTEZ

Awwwww shtooooops! This one goes to eleven, bitches! Michael McKean, y'all!

ADAM

What's that mean?

MONTEZ

Means I'm in the motherfucking zone. Y'all ever had slow-cooked venison stroganoff? That shit will rock your world.

Montez saunters off and the guys head into their cubicle.

DERS

Alright, how many sales do we have?

ADAM/BLAKE

Nothing./Nearing Zero.

Naomi approaches. The guys scramble.

BLAKE/ADAM/DERS

Oh my God./Oh boy./Jesus Christ.
(whispering)

Tuck it up, tuck it up, tuck it up.

They all do A QUICK SLY BONER TUCK UP.

NAOMI

Really sorry. How do you dial out again?

ADAM/BLAKE/DERS

NINE!

NAOMI

Yeah, I tried that, but I got a weird beeping noise.

ADAM

Oh. Right. You gotta hit your
employee ID number. AND THEN HIT
NINE.

NAOMI

(playing along again)
OK!!!

Naomi exits. In the BG, the guys watch her walk away.

ADAM

Those titties are NSFW!

BLAKE

How are her boobs that beautiful?
My brain knows they're just air and
water, but then I look at them and
they're so big and juggly...

Blake inadvertently humps the office wall.

DERS

Hey! Do you or do you not want to
host Wrestlemania X-X-V-I-I-I?

ADAM

(wrestler voice)
Of course we do, brother, but
she's got my mind all suplexed.

DERS

I think we're done with the voices,
dude.

BLAKE

The voices are fine, but the babe
has to bounce.

OFF Blake's evil grin, he puts on his sunglasses.

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY - LATER

Adam and Blake lead the charge towards the break room. Ders
follows.

DERS

Guys? Guys, we're not actually
doing this! This is crazy...

BLAKE

It'll be fine. I'll just dig in
the fridge, grab some ketchup and
squirt it all over her.

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

She'll go home to change and we'll make some sales and be watching Wrestlemania in no time.

ADAM

Nope, no squirting. Too sexy. You can pour. Throw.

BLAKE

Spray?

ADAM

Too sexy. Just pour something. But not milk.

Ders stops and gets dead serious.

DERS

It's got to be juice.

(Adam and Blake halt)

If we're really doing this, it has to be juice. Cranberry. Juice.

INT. OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The guys enter to find Naomi looking SUPER HOT, but hugging an AVERAGE-LOOKING DUDE, GREG. They stop in their tracks.

NAOMI

Thanks for lunch, Greg. We'll talk about everything later.

Greg kisses her and leaves. The guys are stunned.

ADAM

Who was that guy?

NAOMI

That was my boyfriend or... actually we just -- I don't really know anymore.

BLAKE

Let me guess: It's complicated.

NAOMI

Well, he wants to settle down and have kids, but I'm not there yet. Sorry, what do you guys care?

DERS

Hey, we care.
(dead serious)
(MORE)

DERS (CONT'D)

Sounds like this Greg guy needs his
ass kicked.

NAOMI

Ha, no. I just need to find
someone who just wants to have fun,
party, keep it casual.

ADAM

You deserve that.

NAOMI

I mean, I have this great apartment
but since Greg goes to bed at like
9 o'clock every night we can never
have people over. I love having
parties.

THE GUYS

(adlib, eager, over each
other)

Yeah, totally. Parties. Keeping
it casual. Fun. Parties. Fun.
Casualness. Hosting parties. Fun.

NAOMI

By the way, how nice is that fridge
they're giving away? God, I would
kill for that.

Jillian suddenly enters.

JILLIAN

Hey Naynay, you ready for lunch!

NAOMI

Oh, Greg surprised me and brought
me a sandwich. I'm sorry.

Jillian hides her disappointment.

JILLIAN

Well I was gonna give you this at
lunch, but here.

Jillian reveals a wrapped gift and Naomi opens it. It's a
personally decorated frame with a photo of Naomi working at
her desk from afar.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Surprise! You had no idea I was
watching and you looked so
peaceful, so I snapped a pic.
Thought you'd like it.

NAOMI
(nice about it)
Yeah, it's great.

JILLIAN
FUCK YES! Cool, cool. Let's go
make me one now. You can take my
photo. Did you know in Africa,
tribesman believe a photo captures
your soul. Do you think it does?

And Jillian whisks Naomi away. The guys are left hanging;
they huddle.

ADAM
If Naomi was dating that Greg dude,
she is def down to DTF.

DERS
Do you think...?

BLAKE
Yes. She's totally boneable. I
read a study about this in *Redbook*.
Hot girls that date deadbeats in
order to control the relationship.

ADAM
That's us.
(straightens tie)
May the best man win.

RING RING RING! Montez with another sale. Hi-fives Waymond.

DERS
Wait. If we go at her individually
we're all going to lose. Remember
Sonja? From the bar?

BLAKE
Oooh mama.

DERS
One of us could have had a shot but
we got way too aggressive and back-
stabby.

ADAM
So what do we do?

DERS
Let's win the fridge and give it to
her as a gift. Then she'll
definitely pick one of us to date.

BLAKE

She did say she wanted it.

DERS

Trust me, there's nothing women
love more than electronics.

ADAM

Yeah, my dad gave my mom a Zune
car-charger for her 40th birthday
and he was getting blow jobs for a
week. I heard the DeMamp Power
Grunt seven days running. GRUNNNT!

DERS

Imagine what we'll get for a
fridge.

ADAM

(dead serious)
Standing cartwheel sixty-nine--

BLAKE

GUYS!

(they stop)

We're forgetting one little thing:
We still need a TV, remember?
Wrestlemania X-X-V-I-I-I is not
going to host itself.

ADAM

Dammnit! He's right. I'm very
torn here. Very torn.

DERS

Here's an idea: Let's kill two
birds with one...

(dramatically)

Refrigerator.

ADAM

Go on.

DERS

Naomi said she has a "great
apartment and loves throwing
parties," right? So whoever's
dating her can invite everyone over
to her place for the Wrestlemania
party.

BLAKE

Ders, you have a beautiful mind.
Let's win that fridge.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE: THE GUYS MAKE SALES CALLS. THEY'RE CRUSHING IT. VERY 80'S STYLE. A LOT OF POINTING AT EACH OTHER AND SHOOTING PAPER BALLS INTO THE TRASH. NAOMI WALKS BY AND THEY DON'T EVEN NOTICE. ALSO, THEY KEEP RINGING THE BELL! RING!

DERS

Now that's how we do it! Montez has eighteen, how many we got?

ADAM

Three.

DERS

What? I saw you ring that bell like 100 times.

BLAKE

Yeah, it's pretty fun.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - DAY

The guys sit in their cubicle, dejected.

ADAM

What is happening? Montez is running train on us.

DERS

I don't... I mean... he's good. The man is damn good.

ADAM

Just raining threes--

BLAKE

STOP! Who the f-word are you guys right now? Montez racks up a couple sales and we're ready to crown him King Dick of Vagina Mountain? I'mmmmm sick of tired hearing about what a great salesman Montez is. Screw him!

DERS

What are we supposed to do?

BLAKE

I don't know Anders, but I do know we can't give up. We just... we need more time.

ADAM

We could switch up his call list. Give him some cold leads.

DERS

The guy fucks stingrays, Adam. He'd still make the sale.

ADAM

Not if he was selling to the coldest lead of all: Me.

INT. OFFICE - MONTEZ'S CUBICLE - DAY

Adam approaches Montez.

ADAM

Hey man. I just wanted to say congratulations. You were amazing today. An honor to watch.

MONTEZ

Well, it's not over yet, but I just had Colleen move over the washer-dryer combo.

ADAM

Strong wife.

(then)

Oh, Alice wanted me to give you these. It's a new leads sheet.

Adam hands him the sales sheet.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - DAY

Anders and Blake are making calls.

BLAKE

(on phone)

Hey, it's Blake? Yeah, I talked to you earlier? Your Mom grounded you for the knife, which for the record is bullcrap... You know my nickname is actually Blade?

INT. OFFICE - MONTEZ'S CUBICLE - DAY

Montez calls the first number on his new call list:

MONTEZ

(to Waymond)

Watch and learn, little chipmunk.

(rubs Waymond's head)

Bout to roast this nut.

INT. OFFICE - BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Adam's CELL PHONE rings. He smiles. Throughout this sequence Adam will speak in his WRESTLER VOICE.

ADAM

(as wrestler)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

MONTEZ

Yes can I please speak with Mr. Terry Bollea?

ADAM

This is Terry, brother.

MONTEZ

How you doing today sir?

ADAM

Well, my refrigerator just broke,
but otherwise I guess I'm okay.

MONTEZ

Your fridge just broke?
(to Waymond)
Get the bell ready, Way. It's
over.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - DAY

Anders listens in as Blake works his magic.

BLAKE

I have an idea for how you could
get back at your Mom. Do you know
where she keeps her credit cards?
(then)
Good. Get the platinum one.

Anders does push-ups because he's psyched! Throughout the
rest of this, Ders will be Blake's "HYPE MAN."

INT. OFFICE - MONTEZ'S CUBICLE/BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

MONTEZ

...basically it's as good as
refrigerators get.

ADAM

Does it make ice cubes?

MONTEZ

Crushed AND whole.

ADAM

Can you keep eggs in it?

MONTEZ

Eggs, meats, anything you want.

ADAM

Yogurt?

MONTEZ

Sure.

ADAM

But I don't like yogurt! I have no tolerance for lactose, brother.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - DAY

BLAKE

Here's what we're gonna do. You gimme the numbers on that credit card and I promise you, she will rue the day she grounded you for taking a knife to school.

Ders goes nuts and starts dancing and pointing at Blake!

INT. OFFICE - MONTEZ'S CUBICLE/BATHROOM - INTERCUT - DAY

ADAM

(still as wrestler)
Well, I'm sold.

MONTEZ

If I can just get your credit card, sir, we'll have you chillin' the Lactaid in three to seven business days.

ADAM

OK, but my wife has a few more questions.
(sexy lady voice)
Yes, hello. Hi. This is Linda Boniva-- Bollea. I'm the wife!
Now what color is this fridge?

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - DAY

As Ders rubs Blake's back and does pushups.

BLAKE

(covering phone)
It's happening. He's doing it!
He's giving me his parent's credit card number! I just sold...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

DING, DING, DING!!!! Blake rings the BELL!

BLAKE

Twenty fridges! Twenty!

MONTEZ

What? He got twenty?
(into phone)
Hello? Hello? Linda?

Adam pokes his head in.

ADAM

How'd those leads work out?

MONTEZ

(defeated)
Ice cold.

Everyone heads to the front. As Naomi gets up, she ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKS THE PICTURE FRAME off her desk, into the trash.

INT. OFFICE - OUTSIDE ALICE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Alice stands with the fridge.

ALICE

And I can't believe this, but our winner is Blake Henderson.

In the back, Jillian approaches.

JILLIAN

Great job, Uncle Blazer!

Suddenly, Jillian spots HER PICTURE FRAME in the trash.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

That fucking gutter slut.

ALICE

Good work everyone. Still got forty-two minutes left, so get to it.

Everyone GROANS as they head back to work. The guys size up their new fridge/TV.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Employees exit the building, leaving for the day. Naomi appears, heads to her car where the guys are posing-all-sexy-like with the fridge.

NAOMI

Congrats on the fridge.

BLAKE

Yeah, it's pretty... "cool."

Ders and Adam set the fridge up next to her car.

DERS

Ummm... so like you like
refrigerators, right?

NAOMI

Yeah.

ADAM

Great. Because we wanted to give
this to you. As a gift.

NAOMI

(confused but kinda
excited)
Really? Why?

ADAM

Because you've been throwing out
super sex appeal all day and we saw
that you date normal dudes, like us
and Greg.

BLAKE

(then, super sweet)
And we thought that maybe you liked
one of us?

DERS

So who do you choose?

They all make their sexiest faces and poses. She's weirded
out.

NAOMI

I'm sorry, I don't understand.

BLAKE

Go ahead and pick one of us to be
your boyfriend, so we can start
planning for the Wrestlemania Party
at your house.

DERS

I'll just need your neighbors' e-
mails to send them a heads up. Let
them know we'll be done by 10:30,
so they don't freak out.

BLAKE

We've got some loud friends.

NAOMI

What the hell are you talking about?

Suddenly Jillian enters, filled with rage.

JILLIAN

Hey!

(holding up frame)

I found this in the trash. If you didn't want to be friends, you could have just been honest.

NAOMI

I didn't put that in the trash.

JILLIAN

You put one thing in the trash: Our friendship.

NAOMI

We're not friends, Jill.

JILLIAN

It's Jillian.

(re: fridge)

Are you guys giving this to her? 'Cause she'll just throw it in the trash because that's what she does with gifts! So why don't I just trash it for her!

Jillian furiously tips the fridge over on it's side, crushing the TV.

NAOMI

God I hate temping.

Naomi climbs into her VW Bug and pulls out. The guys and Jillian watch her go. Blake turns the fridge to reveal the TV is shattered.

JILLIAN

Drama queen.

BLAKE

Thanks, Jillian. Now what are we gonna do for Wrestlemania?

EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - FRONT LAWN - A WEEK LATER (DAY THREE)

The "Wrestlemania" party is going down. People stand around a makeshift wrestling ring where the dudes, wearing the same homemade outfits as before, are wrestling each other using found objects like folding chairs, lasagne tins, the broken TV, books, and at the center - The Fridge/TV.

The dudes are in their own world. The crowd is growing tired. Adam slams Blake and starts to climb the fridge.

KARL comes from the crowd and taps Ders.

KARL

Where's the TV? I thought we were watching Wrestlemania.

DERS

Don't you have a tape worm you could be pulling from your ass somewhere?

Adam reaches the top of the fridge and slaps his arms (like Randy The Ram in *The Wrestler*) and in mid-Ram Jam we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE