

HONEYBLOW'S
(PILOT)

AN ORIGINAL HALF-HOUR SITCOM

Written by

Billy Domineau

Second Draft, 11/02/2017

EMAIL: billy.domineau@gmail.com
CELL: 774-571-0630

AGENTS:
Allan Haldeman & Greg Iserson
UTA, Beverly Hills
310-273-6700

MANAGERS:
Ari Lubet & Will Rowbotham
3 Arts Entertainment, Beverly Hills
310-888-3200

INT. MR. HONEYBLOW'S DEPOSITORY OF BAUBLES AND MIRTH - DAY

Children GIGGLE as they run about a most magical toy store. Train sets BLOW STEAM, kites fly, clowns GIGGLE. Wandering about is BRAMBLE, 20's, a scrawny man with a weak chin. He wears a green employee vest, part of his elf-like uniform.

BRAMBLE

Sir? Sir?

Several kids stand around a tower of blocks. As a girl places the final piece, the tower BURSTS OPEN to reveal...

MR. ARCHIBALD HONEYBLOW. In a Wonka-esque suit, his silver goatee and kind eyes suggest he's in his 60's. He congratulates the kids, his voice like Ed Wynn's.

MR. HONEYBLOW

Well done - well done!

BRAMBLE

Sir! It's almost time.

EXT. HONEYBLOW'S - CONTINUOUS

A crowd of hundreds in winter coats cheer before a platform. Banners read "Honeyblow's 400th Anniversary!" The store sits against the town square of a typical Westchester suburb - quaint yet swanky. THE MAYOR speaks at a lectern.

MAYOR

Today, we celebrate a man of unparalleled mirth. A man who brings smiles to all children, whether rich or very rich, white or... A MAN WHO for 400 years -

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - CONTINUOUS

Bramble leads Mr. Honeyblow towards the door.

MR. HONEYBLOW

Oh, Bramble! Appointments, appointments - WHERE IS MY HAT?!

BRAMBLE

On your head, Sir.

MR. HONEYBLOW

So it is - what joy! In all my life, Bramble, you're the best work I've ever done.

Mr. Honeyblow adjusts his bow tie in a mirror, grabs his cane, and prances off. Bramble gets teary as he watches.

MAYOR (O.S.)
I give you, Archibald Honeyblow!

EXT. HONEYBLOW'S - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Honeyblow ascends the platform to CHEERS. Bramble follows and joins a small, proud group of fellow employees. They include a young woman, TOPPY, 20s, and GUMPER, 70, a man in bakers' whites. Mr. Honeyblow takes the mic.

MR. HONEYBLOW
Oh, I'm so very happy! Friends, I'm not a businessman. When I opened this store 400 years ago, it was to share joy with humanity and trade pelts with the French. There are so many who deserve praise over me...
(he glances at Bramble)
You might call what we do "work", but for 146,100 days, I've done nothing but play. So welcome, Friends, to another 400 years of whimsy, merriment, and -

BANG. A bullet RIPS through Mr. Honeyblow's chest. He falls in a bloody heap as the crowd SCREAMS. At the back of the crowd, a female ASSASSIN holds up her rifle.

ASSASSIN
BAN ASPARTAME NOW! DIET SODA IS CIRCUMCISION!

The assassin is TACKLED and dragged away by police. Bramble props up Mr. Honeyblow's head, whose voice remains gleeful.

MR. HONEYBLOW
What demons I see! My sins have returned to drag me to Hell!

Mr. Honeyblow's SCREAMS as his face locks in anguish.

INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

A joyful portrait of Mr. Honeyblow looks out from the altar as PRIESTS deliver the mass IN LATIN. Topy and Gumper sit in the front pew. Bramble approaches the pulpit for the eulogy.

BRAMBLE

In the eyes of this church I am an abomination, but by Archibald Honeyblow I was loved. He made me, first as a puppet, then by wishing life into my limp, felt body. What God would take him from us? This church is false! You men are FALSE!

A priest splashes holy water in Brambles face, making a SEARING SOUND. Bramble SCREAMS IN PAIN as steam rises.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

As a casket covered in whirligigs and balloons is lowered and LIVE DUCKS are shoveled on top of it by grave diggers, Bramble, Topy, and Gumper walk off together.

TOPPY

It was a lovely service. I didn't know Mr. Honeyblow was Opus Dei.

GUMPER

(German accent)

I CANNOT GO ON! All I've ever known is making sweets for Mr. Honeyblow. I see no path but to drown myself in a vat of hot cacao!

TOPPY

(grabbing Gumper)

PROMISE TO KILL ME FIRST! PROMISE ME, GUMPER!

GUMPER

WE WILL DIE TOGETHER, DEAR TOPPY!

BRAMBLE

STOP IT! BOTH OF YOU! Mr. Honeyblow always said one day, it would be up to me - to us - to continue his work. Believe in yourselves. Believe in JOY. We will be the new owners of Honeyblow's!

They all share an optimistic smile.

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

An ATTORNEY sits across from Bramble, Topy, and Gumper.

ATTORNEY

You are NOT the new owners.

BRAMBLE

But I'm named in the will!

Topsy stands up, "Oh Captain My Captain" style.

TOPPY

I BELIEVE IN JOY!

BRAMBLE

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

ATTORNEY

The will's invalid because you can't leave property to a puppet. I advised Archibald of this. He told me to "trust in the magic of children," which is stupid.

TOPPY

(to Bramble)

They haven't finalized your case?

BRAMBLE

You try explaining to immigration why you don't have blood!

ATTORNEY

(thumbing through papers)

Considering he stole the land from the Algonquians, there may be a tribal claim, but without a next of kin or legal partner -

(stopping on a page)

Well, shit. Do they make toys in Dayton, Ohio?

INT. DAYTON CITY HALL - CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY

A STAMP SLAMS upon an application, pressing "REJECTED" into the paper in red ink. A gay couple, TED and AARON, look across the counter in shock at the holder of the stamp.

She is PAM FESHBOCK, 48. Pam wears a Pep Boys-branded fleece. She has short, stringy hair, wears no make-up, and sips a massive iced coffee. Think Kerri Kenney-Silver.

TED

But... you can't do that!

PAM
Too bad, I just did.

TED
It's against the law!

PAM
Your law or God's law?

AARON
This is our family - our LIVES!

PAM
And you're free to live them, but
it doesn't mean I have to endorse
your SICKNESS!

A female SUPERVISOR walks up next to Pam.

SUPERVISOR
Is there a problem?

AARON
This woman has discriminated
against us!

SUPERVISOR
I'd be happy to help with this...
dog license?

PAM
DOGS DON'T GET PERSON NAMES! You
wanna call it Rocket? Fine! Bagel?
That's stupid, but GO FOR IT! Call
it "I Love ISIS" for all I care!
THAT is NOT a Reggie!

Pam points down at the couple's French Bulldog.

TED
And what's your name? Whom should I
report to the ACLU?!

SUPERVISOR
That won't be nece-

PAM
PAM FESHBOCK, with a CK like the
cock that made you in your mom's
ass! Assistant Deputy Clerk Pro Tem
and owner of a '94 Ford Contour.
(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

I've got two GEDs, taken four free vacations without EVER buying a timeshare, and if you think I'm backing down because you wanna put lipstick on a pig and give it free health care, you're in for one HELL of a shock!

Pam looks to the supervisor, whose face is utterly blank.

INT. DAYTON CITY HALL - ATRIUM - DAY

Pam exits the building with a box full of personal items, including a bottle of Febreze and a picture of Obama with a Hitler mustache. Her red cap reads "Make ALF Air Again".

EXT. DAYTON CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS

Pam emerges at the top of the steps. Below, hundreds of SUPPORTERS burst into CHEERS. Pam is taken aback.

SUPPORTERS

WE - ARE - WITH - YOU! WE - ARE -
WITH - YOU!

Pam pumps her fist and starts to THANK THE CROWD, but is immediately pushed aside by several people carrying an ECSTATIC MAN, who holds up a piece of paper in vindication.

ECSTATIC MAN

I CAN MASTURBATE ANYWHERE I WANT!

The crowd ERUPTS. Pam tries to push her way through the hoard, Febrezing people in the eyes to get by.

EXT. FAST FOOD DRIVE THRU - DAY

Pam pulls up in her Contour. She leans out to speak to the CASHIER while rummaging through her ashtray for change.

CASHIER (OVER SPEAKER)

May I help you?

PAM

Gimme a large Diet Coke Zero.

CASHIER (OVER SPEAKER)

Did you say Diet Coke or Coke Zero?

PAM

A large Diet Coke Zero!

CASHIER (OVER SPEAKER)
Those are two separate drinks.

PAM
Are you kidding me?

CASHIER (OVER SPEAKER)
I can do a mix -

Pam pulls onto the curb and drives around the cars ahead of her. She throws a fistful of COINS as she passes the window.

PAM
GO BACK TO SHIT SCHOOL!

EXT. SINGLES APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Pam drives by the complex's sign. "BLOOMING BROOK, Efficiency Living For Unencumbered Adults". She pulls into her spot and exits the car. Her LANDLORD approaches in a bathrobe.

LANDLORD
Pam!

PAM
I know, Randall! Keep screaming
cause you like feeling big!

LANDLORD
By Friday or I kick you out! I'm
not playing games!

PAM
I can see your dick!

LANDLORD
No you can't! I'm doing that new
mangina thing! It's fun!

Pam approaches the mailboxes and takes out her key.

PAM
Everyone thinks they're hot shit.
One day you'll be BEGGING me to
take a dump in your mouth because
it'll mean you're worth my time.

Pam opens the mailbox and pulls out a large scroll wrapped in a beautiful ribbon.

PAM (CONT'D)
Look! Probably Publisher's Clearing
House saying I get to kill you!

Pam pulls the ribbon. The scroll POPS open, SHOOTING GLITTER into Pam's face.

PAM (CONT'D)

FUCK!

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Pam enters holding canvas totes and a garbage bag full of clothes. She looks up in awe of the countless toys.

PAM

My goodness. This is some gay shit.

Behind Pam, Bramble, Topy, Gumper, and several other employees slowly rise up from behind shelves. As Pam pulls out a cigarette, she turns and sees them all. Pam SCREAMS.

PAM (CONT'D)

AGH! Minions! I don't have any bananas!

TOPPY

It's alright!

PAM

IT NEVER IS!

Pam lights her cigarette.

BRAMBLE

Please don't smoke -

PAM

Shh shh shh.

(she ashes onto a teddy bear)
Alright, this should be pretty simple. I'm Pam. I'm the estranged wife. I'm here to sell this store, cash out, and move to Tampa in one of those condos they're building inside Busch Gardens. You can cry, you can make little speeches - the election was what it was. I AM SELLING THIS STORE.

CUT TO:

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Pam sits before the Attorney.

ATTORNEY

The articles of incorporation are magic - you can't sell the store.

PAM

Fuck you.

ATTORNEY

...Really?

Pam looks incredulous, then downs a glass of scotch.

CUT TO:

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - DAY

Pam addresses the staff as before, her lipstick smeared.

PAM

I AM NOT SELLING THIS STORE. That's the decision I've made because I'm a good person. So, you know... oh Jesus, who is everyone?

TOPPY

I'm Topy Jarlowe, Chief Imaginator!

PAM

Your parents pay your rent. Got it.

GUMPER

Gumper Reincetrauber, Chocolatier.

PAM

I might hit it on a weird day.

BRAMBLE

Bramble, Manager and Intended Heir -

PAM

And I INTENDED to wear a bra today.

BRAMBLE

...And these are -

PAM

Yeah, I feel like I'll learn more names as they become relevant? Well, good work today. B for effort. If there aren't any questions -

TOPPY

How did you and Mr. Honeyblow meet?
Was it romantic? Was it true love?

PAM

You sound really dumb when you
talk. Are you dumb?

TOPPY

I'm not -

PAM

Okay, just - whatever you're saying
is for you, not me.

Pam sits atop a table and pulls a six pack of hard lemonade
from a tote bag. She opens a bottle and takes a sip.

PAM (CONT'D)

All of this happened over a few
weeks back in the spring of 1994.

BRAMBLE

That's when Mr. Honeyblow went
missing.

GUMPER

He had grown disenchanted after the
introduction of Gak.

PAM

No shit! I'm talking. I was working
at the Bennigan's back in Dayton,
saving up for a Laserdisc of
Highlander 2: The Quickening...

As Pam speaks, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

Pam is still telling her story, now on her third bottle.

PAM (CONT'D)

...I'm thinking, "Archibald, that's
a military rank!" Now I'm only 23,
but I have these ovarian cysts - I
mean FREAKING SAVAGE...

DISSOLVE TO:

PAM (CONT'D)
...he's screaming "If I'm doing it,
you're taking a shower first!" My
thigh is literally FUSED to the
headboard...

DISSOLVE TO:

PAM (CONT'D)
... but hey, I guess some people
don't wanna believe that the Earth
is flat and Jewish.

The group looks on in silent horror. Pam finishes the last
sip of the six pack and looks at the bottle.

PAM (CONT'D)
Ugh. These are terrible.
(tosses bottle over shoulder)
Where do I sleep?

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - PAM'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

A hobbit-esque door opens and Topy shows Pam in. The
apartment has an air of magic - gas lamps, lots of velvet.

INT. BRAMBLE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bramble turns on the light to reveal a sad, empty studio.

INT. PAM'S LIVING QUARTERS - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Pam examines the intricate stove. She pulls a lever and a
Rube Goldberg machine starts up, lighting the stove and
cracking eggs into a pan.

INT. BRAMBLE'S STUDIO APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bramble tosses leftovers into his knob-operated microwave.
The aluminium foil immediately begins to arc.

BRAMBLE
Shit!

He pulls out the food, burning his hand.

BRAMBLE (CONT'D)
FUCK!!!

INT. BRAMBLE'S STUDIO - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Bramble wraps toilet paper around his hand. As he opens the medicine cabinet, the screws give out and it falls into the sink. He SCREAMS as he SMASHES the cabinet over the toilet.

INT. PAM'S LIVING QUARTERS - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Pam enters a refined Victorian bath, elegant except for a baroque painting above the toilet of Christ's Passion.

PAM

Weird.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Bramble stands before the employees.

BRAMBLE

Mr. Honeyblow taught us everything we know. How to love, how to smile. He literally taught me to smile - I was a puppet. So when we open those doors, let's show the WORLD -

Pam enters, pushing past Bramble. She wears the same green vest as everyone else, but with only a hot pink dickey underneath. Her cleavage is INTENSE. Everyone is gobsmacked.

PAM

Okay! Time to work! Time to shine! No bullshit! ...Is there an issue?

BRAMBLE

That is not appropriate dress.

PAM

That's right, I forgot. I told you to give me your opinion when Hillary was in the White House. Uhp, check your watch. NOW, I've learned a lot about business from my favorite book, CBS's "Undercover Boss". So today, I'm gonna be floating about, learning what it is you all do. Hopefully I'll spot some redundancies and a few of you can be fired. So... I dunno, how do you usually start the day?

TOPPY
We put our hands in and say
"Happiness to ALL!"

PAM
"Open the fucking doors" on three.
One - two - three!

ALL
(uncomfortable)
Open the fucking doors.

PAM
Yayyyy.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - PUPPET THEATER - LATER

Children sit before the puppet stage. Pam lies behind the curtain next to a PUPPETEER, doing a classic Punch & Judy.

PUPPETEER
(as Mr. Punch)
Ah, my wife, how I missed you so!
Give me a BIG KISS! MWAH!

The kids LAUGH as the puppets KISS.

PUPPETEER (CONT'D)
What did you do today?

PAM
(struggling, as Judy)
I, uhh, I sorted some mail and
called my friend in hospice. The
end is coming fast for her!

PUPPETEER
Oh. Well, it's time for you to make
me a BIG DINNER! MMM! YUM!

PAM
Make that shit yourself!

PUPPETEER
GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS.

PAM
No! This is marital rape!

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - LATER

Bramble shows Pam the register as she eats Bugles.

BRAMBLE

You sign in with your employee code -

PAM

So you were what, a marionette?

BRAMBLE

I was a hand puppet - let's focus here for a second?

PAM

So his hand was, like, up your ass. Do people make jokes about that?

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - CANDY STATION - LATER

Gumper stirs a bowl. Pam stands next to him in a chef's hat.

GUMPER

Chocolate is more than cocoa and sugar. The secret ingredient is DREAMS.

Kids OOH and AHH.

PAM

Why are you lying to them?

GUMPER

I'm not lying -

PAM

Dreams aren't real. You're lying.

GUMPER

If you follow your dreams, ANYTHING can come true -

PAM

Yeah, take me. I wanted to be a roddie for Ace Of Base. Turns out, you can't get in with them unless you're a Nazi. So I get the tattoo, EXACTLY where you think, but guess what?! They haven't toured in the US since 1996, and now I'm stuck with a swastika smack-dab center on my taint. Does that sound like a dream come true, Kids?

Gumper stands frozen as Bramble pulls Pam away.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - EARLIER

We return to Bramble showing Pam around the register.

BRAMBLE

If there's a price discrepancy -

PAM

Me being here's gotta be fucking
with you like crazy. You must feel
like a little bitch.

Bramble tries to hold it in. Pam shoves Bugles in her mouth.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - IMAGINATION CORNER - LATER

Topy stands next to a small boy, HENRY, in front of what
looks like a fancy overhead projector. Pam watches.

TOPPY

What animal should we make, Henry?

CHARLIE

A bat!

Topy makes a shadow puppet bat. The kids are impressed.

TOPPY

Now - sprinkle the MAGIC DUST.

Charlie takes glittery dust from a jar and sprinkles it over
Topy's hands. Magically, the shadow turns into a REAL BAT.
It flies around as the kids GASP in awe.

PAM

HOLY SHIT! SOMEONE KILL THAT BAT!

Pam grabs a GIANT RUBBER BALL and throws it at the bat,
knocking it to the ground with a SCREECH. The kids SCREAM as
Pam slams a gilded book to the ground with a SPLAT.

PAM (CONT'D)

You were all about to get fucking
rabies. YOU'RE WELCOME!

Bramble, Topy, and Gumper look on in utter horror.

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

Where do we keep the Windex?

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

As the last customers file out, workers close and lock the doors. Pam stands in the middle of the floor.

PAM

So. Had some ups, some dow -

Bramble grabs Pam by the arm and rushes her away.

PAM (CONT'D)

I DIDN'T SAY YOU COULD TOUCH ME!

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Bramble pulls Pam into the lounge and SLAMS the door behind him. It's a sparse room, typical of a normal office, except for stained glass windows looking out onto the floor.

PAM

Your hands are too soft - it's gross!

BRAMBLE

I don't know why you're here, I don't know what you want, but -

PAM

Yes you do. I banged your boss back when, now I get what's mine. This place is a nut house, but the rent is free and the landlord doesn't beg to help me wash my socks. You know exactly what's up, but you're such a little prick you don't want to admit it. Life didn't work out - tough shit! YOU'RE NOT SPECIAL. Just some freak Elf On A Shelf -

Bramble PUNCHES Pam, knocking out a tooth. She reels.

PAM (CONT'D)

FUCK.

Pam LUNGES for Bramble.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The employees watch through the glass as Bramble and Pam
ATTACK each other in silhouette.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Bramble HEADBUTTS Pam and she falls to the ground. He
straddles Pam, takes off his belt, and CHOKES her with it.

PAM
(choking)
I'M GONNA FIRE YOU.

BRAMBLE
Real smart, my name's on the
accounts!

PAM
I'M TELLING THE COPS. YOU'RE GONNA
DIE.

BRAMBLE
They won't believe I did this! I'm
just a little puppet BITCH.

Pam KICKS Bramble in the groin. He rolls off as Pam gets up.
Bramble charges Pam and TACKLES her THROUGH THE GLASS.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Pam and Bramble CRASH THROUGH THE GLASS onto the floor.
Bramble stumbles to his feet. He points at the broken window.

BRAMBLE
Someone fix that!

Topsy sprinkles magic dust on the glass. It starts to repair
itself. Bramble wipes his mouth and points at Pam.

BRAMBLE (CONT'D)
HAVE YOUR SHIT TOGETHER TOMORROW.
DECEMBER 1ST. YOU DON'T GET TO FUCK
THAT UP.

Bramble collapses, employees help up a dazed Pam.

PAM
What's December 1st?

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

SANTA CLAUS
HO HO HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS!

SANTA CLAUS, in his red suit, enters to cheers from employees and customers. He holds a reindeer by a leash. Santa greets and embraces a bruised Bramble, who recoils in pain.

Behind the register, Topy puts concealer on Pam's black eye.

PAM
Big deal. You know how many mall
santas I've dated in AA? TWO!

TOPPY
Where would he find time for AA?
Flying in his sleigh, meeting Bono -

PAM
Save the fairy tale act for the
kids. Speaking of, why aren't these
kids in school? It's a Thursday!

TOPPY
That's the REAL SANTA. He EXISTS.

PAM
What?!

Pam watches as Santa continues to glad-hand the crowd.

SANTA CLAUS
BUY THINGS! IT'S IMPORTANT TO BUY
THINGS! HO HO HO!

PAM
What even IS this place? How'd you
get your powers or whatever?

TOPPY
Not really sure. I was applying to
be a cashier and Mr. Honeyblow said
"I see something magical in you!"

PAM
So it wasn't like a Carrie thing
where you went berserk once you got
your period?

TOPPY
What's a period?

Pam looks around. Is this real?

PAM
Oh sweetie, ...COME ON!

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Santa talks to a CHILD on his lap. Pam walks over.

SANTA CLAUS
And how much money do YOUR parents
make?

PAM
Pause this. Who are you?

SANTA CLAUS
You must be Pam Feshbock! You used
to be on my naughty list for
throwing tampons at freshmen. Don't
tell me you don't BELIEVE?

PAM
I've got a girl who brings shadows
to life and my manager's a gay
doll, but yeah, this one's tough.

CHILD
It's not nice to say "gay."

SANTA CLAUS
That's very true - unless, of
course, something is VERY gay.
(to Pam)
I'd be happy to answer all of your
questions - perhaps over dinner?

INT. RUTH'S CHRIS STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

A waiter serves Santa a SIZZLING bone-in ribeye and a
martini. He digs in. Pam sits across the table.

SANTA CLAUS
I know it's a little tacky to do a
chain, but I like to know what I'm
getting.

PAM
Uh huh.

SANTA CLAUS

(through bites)

So, yes, there was a time when I'd fly to every child's house, but funny thing about kids - there's more of them than there used to be.

PAM

Maybe you should fly faster.

SANTA CLAUS

I'm magic, not a fucking magician. So, instead of over-extending myself, I set up shop in one store, supply it with toys, and deliver to kids in the area. Intents and purposes, Santa is fake unless you live in Westchester County.

(re: martini)

I'm not convinced this is Ketel One.

PAM

This is some elitist swamp bullshit. And you chose Honeyblow's because...

SANTA CLAUS

Because his pockets were a lot bigger than his dick, something I believe you're aware of.

PAM

Yeah, I wasn't blown away. I'm sorry, he PAID YOU to be here?!

SANTA CLAUS

And the store CONTINUES to pay me. And cover my seasonal expenses.

Santa looks at his steak. He smiles at Pam.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

Best to keep the fat man jolly.

SHANNON, a hooker in a little black dress, walks in. Santa rises to greet her and pulls out a chair.

SHANNON

Hi Daddy!

Shannon KISSES Santa inappropriately before sitting.

SANTA CLAUS

Shannon! Order whatever you like -
tonight's on Ms. Feshbock!

SHANNON

WOWwwwww!

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - DAY

Bramble sits at a table, taking notes as her watches a video
on his laptop. In the video, a PRESENTER speaks.

PRESENTER (ON COMPUTER)

There are few legal options for
those who fall outside the DACA
program, however -

Pam enters and Bramble closes the laptop.

PAM

Santa's an asshole - I don't like
him!

BRAMBLE

Thank you for your input. HE'S
SANTA. He's staying.

PAM

You know he sleeps around?

BRAMBLE

He and Mrs. Claus have a sort of...
Franklin and Eleanor thing. It's
mutual.

PAM

Listen to what he tells those kids.
He's a classist snob!

Bramble looks out to see Santa talking to children.

SANTA CLAUS

Nothing warms my heart like the
Free Market setting the price of a
video game!

BRAMBLE

I'm gonna level with you. This
store is my life. Without it, I
would learn how to make a bomb.

(MORE)

BRAMBLE (CONT'D)

How bout I just send you your checks, you don't have to do any work, and you leave Honeyblow's to the people whose heads aren't completely buried in their own asses?

PAM

Ha! You'd like that, wouldn't you?

BRAMBLE

YES! YOU ARE FOUL AND YOU ARE DUMB!

PAM

How much are we paying him?

BRAMBLE

Santa makes us money.

PAM

His reindeer is in rut! It's pissing and rubbing and cumming on everything! How much is that making us?

They see the reindeer GRUNT as it humps a teddy bear and rubs its antlers on shelving.

BRAMBLE

I'm not having this discussion.

PAM

You don't even know, do you? Alright. As new owner, I'm going to do a little audit of our books!

BRAMBLE

Ha! Do you know much about bookkeeping?

PAM

No...

BRAMBLE

("checkmate!")
BECAUSE YOU'RE DUMB!

PAM

...but I know someone who does!

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

A Southwest Airlines 737 touches down.

EXT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS PICKUP - DAY

Onto the sidewalk steps BETSY FANTINI, 55, the most Long Island mom possible, with two rolling bags, a faux leopard jacket, and bumped hair. Pam pulls up in her Contour.

PAM
Betsy!

BETSY
Oh my God!

PAM
Hop in!

BETSY
Oh my God! Oh my God!

Betsy throws her bags in the backseat and gets in.

INT. BETSY'S FORD CONTOUR - DAY

The pair talk fast and light cigarettes as they drive.

BETSY
I still don't believe this!

PAM
Right?!

BETSY
It's insane! Did I tell you my ex
died?

PAM
Which one?

BETSY
Umm...

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Pam and Betsy enter, still smoking. Betsy takes it in.

BETSY
It's gorgeous!

PAM
You like it?

BETSY
I dunno.

PAM
Everyone, this is my best friend,
Betsy. Leave us the fuck alone!

BETSY
These heels! I only wear them when
I fly.

The two walk by Santa. As he's about to introduce himself...

BETSY (CONT'D)
No no NO, I have HEARD about YOU!

INT. PAM'S LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

Pam and Betsy pour over large gilded ledgers.

BETSY
Oh, you're fucked. You're fucked.
No no, you see this?

PAM
I see it!

BETSY
They FUCKED you!

PAM
They FUCKED me! Those FUCKS!

BETSY
It's not that bad.

INT. PAM'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Pam and Betsy lie about in robes, drinking white zinfandel
and LAUGHING as they watch The Bachelor.

INT. BRAMBLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Bramble, Topy, and Gumper sit around his small table,
quietly eating a depressing dinner.

TOPPY
When did you learn to make soup?

BRAMBLE
Couple years ago.

TOPPY
Oh.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

The staff is gathered by register. Pam and Betsy stand before them, LAUGHING at the end of a joke.

PAM

Hot DAMN. HOO. I am so glad he got cancer. Okay, few things: One, Betsy is staying on as our accountant. Now that her sons are off at Hofstra, it just makes sense. Plus, it allows all of you to focus on... whatever. Two, we're gonna let our insurance lapse.

Bramble's eyes go wide.

BETSY

It's a scam.

PAM

So just be careful. Number three -

CRASH. GLASS SHATTERS. Everyone turns to see the reindeer humping and peeing on a child-sized Jeep.

BETSY

Reminds me of my youngest.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Santa converses with a young woman as Pam walks over.

SANTA CLAUS

Well, to play Devil's Advocate - ah, Pam! You look so life-worn!

PAM

You smell that, right? Sorta sweet but also salty? Like a field of flowers mixed with Bisquik?

SANTA CLAUS

I'm not...

PAM

Get that FUCKING ANIMAL out of here!

SANTA CLAUS

Mmm, no. Oh, you have a check!

Santa takes the check and opens it. He's not pleased.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

This is not the agreed upon number.

PAM

It's the new number. Maybe your
shithead antics fly with your pals
back on the Left Coast -

SANTA CLAUS

I'm from the North Fucking Pole.

PAM

BUT NOT IN MY STORE!

SANTA CLAUS

Pam, I get you're new to this, but
take my advice - you catch more
flies with honey than by being a
gaping cunt. We're going to head
out for the evening, and by the
time I'm back tomorrow, I'm sure
you will have come to your senses.
Oh, and feed Big Pete for me?

Santa tosses Pam a bag of carrots and exits with the woman.

SANTA CLAUS (CONT'D)

Now I know what you're thinking,
but the reindeer you've heard of
all died YEARS AGO...

INT. MCCORMICK AND SCHMICK'S - NIGHT

Santa sits with three women, enjoying after-dinner drinks.

SANTA CLAUS

Sometimes it's fun to do fish!

A WAITER enters and leans in to Santa.

WAITER

I'm so sorry, Sir. We can't process
this credit card.

SANTA CLAUS

Oh no, I'm an authorized user on
the Honeyblow's Discover account.

WAITER

No Sir, it's not that. The card is
coming up as cancelled.

Santa grips the table and throws back his port.

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Santa BURSTS through the front door.

SANTA CLAUS

PAM! WHERE THE FUCK - oh my God.

Santa looks down. At his feet he sees his MOANING, half-conscious reindeer with stitches along its groin. Pam walks over from the register with bloody scissors in hand.

PAM

Hi Nick!

SANTA CLAUS

You - you -

PAM

Cut his balls off, yeah. Should be more docile now. I'm guessing you didn't grow up on a farm. Neither did I, but I know how to stick a bunch of Ambien in a cheeseburger.

SANTA CLAUS

THAT'S IT! I'M NEVER SETTING FOOT
IN HERE AGAIN! THIS WOMAN KILLED
CHRISTMAS!

Santa storms out as Bramble chases after. Betsy walks up behind Pam and looks at the reindeer as they both LIGHT UP.

BETSY

This was cathartic.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE - NIGHT

All of the employees YELL OVER ONE ANOTHER in panic.

PAM
Okay, OKAY!

Pam picks up a ruler from a desk.

PAM (CONT'D)
THIS is the talking stick.

Pam SNAPS the ruler in half.

PAM (CONT'D)
Everyone shut the fuck up! We don't
need him! Who was he anyway?!

BRAMBLE
He was the actual Santa Claus, the
personified symbol of this store's
entire reason for being, and he
just walked out because you cut off
his reindeer's testicles!

PAM
LANGUAGE! You felch your mother
with that mouth?

Pam notices workers on the floor un-stocking the shelves.

PAM (CONT'D)
What are they doing - this is an
all-staff meeting. Hey!

TOPPY
Those are repo elves. They're
taking all the toys that came from
Santa's workshop.

BRAMBLE
(to Pam)
Fix this. Fix this NOW, or I swear
to CHRIST WE WILL WALK and I will
get my dental technician's license.

PAM
Does he speak for everyone?

The group nods. For the first time, Pam backs off an inch.

PAM (CONT'D)

Okay. N-B-D. We need some toys, we need a guy in a red suit. Easy. Bunch of drama queens here.

GUMPER

What about that poor beast?

PAM

He didn't take the reindeer?!

TOPPY

Santa said he didn't want a weak, ball-less cuck.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Through light snow, Pam and Topy drag the reindeer across the common into the town's Nativity scene. Pam strains.

PAM

See? This is why we need religion on public property.

They drop the reindeer on the ground. Pam looks around, grabs some hay, and sorta pushes it over the reindeer.

PAM (CONT'D)

Here, just...

INT. PAM'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

Pam and Betsy lie on the couch in robes and mud masks.

PAM

Why is everyone an asshole?

BETSY

Genes. The population's infected. Then they have their little asshole kids. It's exponential. Like a rental car if you don't fill it up.

PAM

People can't handle their own shit, now it's my job to clean it up?

BETSY

So you failed again. Honestly, embrace it! If we weren't bad at stuff we'd never collect unemployment.

Pam takes that in, then pops to her feet.

PAM
Okay, so we just need some stuff to
sell, right?

BETSY
I try not to think after 4pm.

PAM
It's Christmastime, people will buy
anything. Wait, who was your second
husband? Ron!

BETSY
Huge balls. Gross.

PAM
Is he still a buyer for Big Lots?

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Betsy stands before a JESSICA, a young customer.

BETSY
Okay, Jessica. Close your eyes and
think of the thing you want most in
the world.

Jessica does with a large smile.

BETSY (CONT'D)
May the magic of the season make
your wish come TRUE!

Jessica looks down at a box Betsy has placed in her hands.

JESSICA
What's an Atlanta Olympics Barbie?

BETSY
It's what you'd be grateful for if
you weren't such a brat! Get outta
my sight, you're bad energy!

Jessica runs off CRYING.

BETSY (CONT'D)
LITTLE WHORE!

Across the floor, Bramble, Topsy, and Gumper examine the
newly stocked shelves. Bramble is furious.

BRAMBLE

Remaindered hair color. Open-box
laminated flooring. PEPSI-BRANDED
CAMPING BATTERIES!

Tippy picks up a bottle of detergent from a shelf.

TOPPY

This Tide is from Uruguay. It's
expired.

GUMPER

Why do the cereal boxes read "Not
For Public Display"?

TOPPY

I didn't know Tide could expire.
(in tears)
I don't wanna sell expired Tide!

Bramble charges to the register, where Pam is on the phone.

BRAMBLE

NONE OF THIS IS ACCEPTABLE!

PAM

Keep your fucking voice down!
(into phone)
No, I can't wait til after New
Year's! You're a casting agency,
cast me a damn Santa!

BRAMBLE

Because of you, the best Santa in
the universe is now working across
the street!

CUT TO:

INT. VAPE SHOP - DAY

Santa sits in a chair as customers mill about the store. A
banner reads "STATUTORY VAPE WELCOMES: THE REAL SANTA CLAUS!"

SANTA CLAUS

HO HO HO! ALL STUDIES OF LONG TERM
EFFECTS ARE INCONCLUSIVE! HO HO!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

PAM
Hindsight is four-twenty - EAT MY
DICK!
(into phone)
Uh huh? ...What do you mean
"alternative holidays"?

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - SANTA'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A CROWD of children and parents gathers, CHANTING.

CROWD
WE - WANT - SANTA! WE - WANT -
SANTA!

Pam comes out from behind a curtain.

PAM
Okay, I know you're all excited for
Santa! But ya know what? We've got
someone EVEN BETTER. Here to help
us celebrate the Winter Solstice
and honor the light within us all,
please welcome - HUMANIST HORACE!

HUMANIST HORACE, a thin man with a mustache, blue T-shirt,
and guitar, runs out, greeted with SILENCE AND CONFUSION.

HUMANIST HORACE
Hello, children whom I would not
dare presume the gender of! Who
needs presents when we can DONATE
TO OX-FAM?!
(breaking into song)
"FAMINE IMPACTS EVERYONE /
EVERYONE, EVE-RY-ONE..."

As the crowd BOOS, the doors BURST open. The reindeer, eyes
jaundiced and pus dripping from its wounds, MOANS as it
stumbles wildly around the store. Kids SCREAM as it makes its
way to Santa's empty chair, where it collapses and dies.

GUMPER
He wanted to die near the warmth of
his master.

Children CRY as the crowd files out of the store.

BRAMBLE
That's it. That's IT.

Bramble throws his vest to the ground and approaches Pam.

BRAMBLE (CONT'D)

We're done. We quit. We'll be back
on Monday for our things. Enjoy the
Hell you've built for yourself!

Tippy, Gumper, and the rest throw down their uniforms and
follow Bramble. Tippy runs back to the reindeer.

TOPPY

We have to bury -

BRAMBLE (O.S.)

LEAVE IT!

INT. PAM'S LIVING QUARTERS - NIGHT

On the couch, Betsy pours wine, which Pam refuses.

INT. BRAMBLE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Bramble, Tippy, and Gumper sit at the table on laptops,
working on their resumes.

TOPPY

But I don't speak Spanish!

BRAMBLE

Conversational Spanish. Everyone
lies. Just put it down.

GUMPER

"Education - my grandmother taught
me to make delicious sweets."

BRAMBLE

At least you have a Social Security
Number - I'M A DAMN PUPPET! TYPE!

INT. PAM'S LIVING QUARTER'S - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pam opens the nightstand and takes out a book. As she sits on
the bed and reads, we hear Mr. Honeyblow's narration.

MR. HONEYBLOW (V.O.)

"Dear Diary. They shot JFK today -
what JOY!"

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Pam, hands in her pockets, strolls about. She looks across the street and spots Santa inside The Cheesecake Factory. He sees Pam and raises a glass in sarcastic toast.

INT. BRAMBLE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Topsy and Gumper SCREAM as they WRESTLE Bramble away from throwing himself out the window with a noose around his neck.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Pam walks to the base of the large town Christmas Tree. Next to her, a bell-ringer collects for charity. A girl runs up and puts a dollar in the bucket. The girl smiles at Pam and runs off. Pam knows what she has to do.

EXT. HONEYBLOW'S - DAY

Bramble, Topsy, Gumper, and the other employees approach, all wearing street clothes. They enter the store dejected.

GUMPER

I have a second interview at
Subway.

TOPPY

That's good!

INT. HONEYBLOW'S - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As soon as they enter, though, their eyes light up. The shelves are stocked with the grandest toys. Children LAUGH as they run about. Santa sits on his chair, jolly as can be. Pam approaches with a humble smile.

BRAMBLE

What happened here?!

PAM

I did some soul searching. I
thought a lot about my attitude,
how I've treated you all. Then I
realized I'm not the fucking
problem, but I'm also not gonna let
everyone else fuck this up for me.
So here's what I did.

As Pam speaks, we see her entire story in silent flashback.

PAM (V.O.)

On Friday night I saw Santa smirking at me like an asshole over at The Cheesecake Factory. So I went and got the rest of the Ambien I used to sedate the reindeer, crushed a few up, then went and pretended to have a big fight with him. "FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU!" I mean, I meant it, but it gave me a chance to spike his drink. Later, I go over to the Best Western where he's staying. The guy at the desk says he can't give me Santa's room number, so I say, "Are you SURE?" and I flash him my tits. He tries to call the cops, but then I give him a fifty and he gives me a key. I get up there, Santa's passed out next to some bitty. So what, do I kill him? No. Betsy has herpes. TERRIBLE herpes. It's like, always active. So I take a towel that's been all over her junk and rub up and down Santa's shaft and sack. Wait 36 hours, go back to his room. FUCKING CLOCKWORK - he's on the edge of the bed, in tears. "Pam! What do I do?! She told me she was clean! I'll be a pariah!" I'm prepared. I brought a bottle of Valtrex and a deal. He agrees to come back to the store every year FOR FREE, and I don't tell every escort in town his junk is a mess. He can go on fucking who he wants to, we get all the toys and never pay a god damn DIME. And that's how I saved the store!

Everyone's jaw is on the damn floor. After a long beat...

BRAMBLE

SO WHAT'S THE MORAL HERE?! GIVE SOMEONE AN INCURABLE STD, BLACKMAIL THEM FOR LIFE, AND EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT?!

PAM

Are you fucking retarded?! No! The point is - HERPES ISN'T A BIG DEAL! Twenty-five percent of people have it, most people don't even know they have it.

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

Statistically, someone standing here RIGHT NOW has herpes. Probably two or three. You take a pill, you get a grip, you go on living your life. It's FINE. And who the fuck are you to ask me anything? "What's the moral?!" I'm not a fucking shaman, fucking bard for your amusement! Fuck you! I'm trying! I only know three of your names because none of you fucking matter!

A LITTLE BOY tugs on Pam's vest from behind.

LITTLE BOY

Excuse me -

PAM

GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME! NO ONE EVER TOUCH ME! THE WHOLE WORLD IS A NIGHTMARE! I'D KILL EVERYONE IF I COULD! BUT I CAN'T! SO I'M TRYING! FUCK ALL OF YOU TO DEATH! I'M SO SCARED! EVERYTHING I'VE EVER TOUCHED AS BEEN A FUCKING DISASTER! MY LIFE HAS BEEN A FAILURE! PLEASE HELP ME! FUCK YOU! OKAY? IT'S FINE! WE'RE FRIENDS! FUCK YOU! NOW EVERYONE STOP FUCKING TALKING! EVERYONE SHUT THE FUCK UP! EVERYONE TELL ME I DID A GOOD JOB AND LET'S SELL SOME GAY FUCKING TOYS - OKAY?!

Betsy puts her hands on Pam's shoulders, trying to calm her.

PAM (CONT'D)

WHAT'D I JUST SAY?! FUCK YOU!

BETSY

FUCK YOU! YOU'RE A PIECE OF SHIT!

As Pam and Betsy YELL, Topy turns to Bramble.

TOPPY

She says "gay" a lot. Do you think she might be gay?

BRAMBLE

No. She's just a horrible person.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF EPISODE