

Office Christmas Party

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OVER BLACK

That first, famous a capella line from Frank Sinatra's HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS...

Now the music swells to join in with Frank, and we:

BEGIN CREDITS

INT/EXT. VARIOUS CHICAGO - CHRISTMAS TIME

A montage of diverse Chicagoans getting ready for the big day... but we're not watching the shoppers and revelers.

We're watching the people WORKING. Exhausted, stressed, headachey. Dealing with long lines, angry customers--

-- A delivery man struggles down an icy sidewalk carrying a tower of packages. Slips on a patch of ice. Passersby just reroute around him...

-- Seasonal workers crammed around a table behind a department store checkstand desperately wrap gifts as fast as they humanly can...

-- A toy store worker opens a large shipping carton full of that new fad doll everyone wants, and is immediately swamped by a rush of crazed parents...

-- A secretary has four catalogs open in front of her, another on her computer screen, her boss yelling in her headset, email keeps pouring in... utter exhaustion...

-- The dirty loading dock of a shopping mall. A line of Santa Clauses and elves wait to clock in.

-- A pediatrician rubs her tired face. Peeks into the waiting room. It's JAMMED with kids. Snot. Coughing. Crying. 'Tis the season.

-- Happy families stroll down a busy shopping plaza, passing food vendors, janitors, all the extra beat cops... men and women on the job. Cold. Tired. Overtime.

-- A GIANT, ORNATELY-DECORATED CHRISTMAS TREE. A worker in the bucket of a CHERRY PICKER strains to place the last of the oversized ornaments... he's freezing in the wind...

We PUSH PAST HIM toward an impressive skyscraper with large Z logo on it.

CREDITS END

INT. THE "Z" BUILDING - 10TH FLOOR - ZENOTECH CORP - DAY

The elevator DINGS open, and JOSH PARKER, 30's, suit and tie but a kind face, enters the office's main reception atrium, which overlooks each of its other 4 floors.

Weak-sauce holiday decorations sprout up here and there. Bland, safe, chintzy Christmas, Hannukah and Kwanza crap. It somehow makes things look less festive.

Josh strides past CARLA, the security guard. She wears a uniform that probably fit her when she was hired a few years ago. Now, not so much. She's got a pretty serious-looking utility belt on.

She's also not at the reception desk. Rather, she's peering out the window.

CARLA
Morning, Mr. Parker.

Josh walks backwards into frame.

JOSH
Carla, is there something-- ?

She looks back from the window.

CARLA
Some sketchy types on the corner. I was just thinking this could be a pretty decent sniper nest up here.

JOSH
Yeah, you know *this*--
(the lobby)
--is really your perimeter.

CARLA
So true. That's why I got these.

She opens a POUCH on her belt, grabs a handful of something and THROWS - DOZENS of LITTLE BLACK METAL THREE-PRONGED SPIKES... they SCATTER across the floor...

CARLA
Caltrops! Trying to leave with stolen office supplies? Go ahead, run to the elevator, uh-oh, CALTROP!, SLIP!, now your ankle's broken in three places. Now you've got MRSA. Bye-bye, foot.

JOSH
I love the initiative. I'm guessing
those are illegal...?

CARLA
If used in this manner, then you are
correct. Can you help me pick these
up? My hernia. If I bend over, my
colon comes out.

As Josh starts picking them up.

JOSH
Tell you what, Carla. What I need you
to do is work on getting visitors to
sign in. If you can do that, then--

CARLA
--I get live ammo?

JOSH
No.

CARLA
(pats her "gun")
Stick to the non-lethals. Copy that.
Two beanbags to the testes or
vulvular.

JOSH
No beanbags anywhere, and the word is
"vulva".

CARLA
Pretty sure it's vulvular. I have
one. You don't. Maybe pull back on
the mansplaining.

JOSH
Great point. How about you just work
on the signatures? Then hey... maybe
a nice Christmas bonus coming your
way!

As he heads off--

CARLA
10-4! I got your back, sir!

JOSH
Feel safer already!

INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

NATE, 20's, IT-guy skinny, is standing behind CYNTHIA, 20's, in her cubicle, as she keys stuff into her computer.

Cynthia's blouse isn't quite as buttoned as it should be. As Nate gives her instructions, his eyes never stray from downblouse position.

NATE

Now go to preferences. Remove
libsinc.dll and then go to start, go
to run...

(works up the courage)

I'd enter this myself but my hand's
all screwed. I got in a pretty sick
knifefight last night outside 7-
Eleven. Cops everywhere...

Cynthia is barely listening. She's squinting at the screen.
Utterly lost.

Nate sees MARY, 40, HEAD OF HR, approaching. She's wearing a
colorful blinking Rudolph sweater.

NATE

Shit.

(mutters to Cynthia)

HR inbound. Pretend we're working.

Cynthia looks up. They weren't working?

MARY

Nate, have you looked at my email
yet? Because it's still fudged up
and--

Mary notices Cynthia's blouse.

MARY

Cynthia, did you get last week's memo
about appropriate work dress?

CYNTHIA

Uh huh.

MARY

Did you read it? Because it was
really for you. The part about
buttons, and how many buttons, and--

Josh overhears as he goes by. He quickly reads the entire
situation and swoops in.

JOSH

Mary, great memo. You know what? I complimented Cynthia on her style last week... this one's on me. Let's let it slide.

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*

MARY

But I'm concerned that the policy--

JOSH

We all are. Let's dig into that right after Christmas. Awesome sweater. Nate? Quick word?

*

Nate steps out of the cubicle. Josh puts his arm around him, walks with him a few steps.

JOSH

What do I always say? We're a family here, right?

NATE

Right.

JOSH

So that makes Cynthia over there kinda like your sister.

(Nate's face falls)

Good. I ruined it. Now go fix Mary's email so we can get more memos about being on time and no vaping in the break room. Atta boy.

Nate trudges off. Josh takes a breath. Already shaping up to be one of those days. Then he looks across the main floor and sees:

A large windowed office... dark inside except for a RED LIGHT... one window is covered with a poster of the RAGE FACE MEME guy saying FFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

Josh's face darkens.

INT. TRACEY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An office? Kinda? Lamps with red bulbs cast a strange light over a corporate workspace that has been contorted into some kind of technological skunkworks.

A conference table is laden with cracked open laptops, PCI cards, cables, breadboards, a soldering iron...

Behind an array of three monitors, TRACEY HUGHES, 30's, punky intense, enters CODE - her own custom brew of Linux - typing faster than we can read. She has headphones on. Deaf to the world.

JUST OUTSIDE HER OFFICE - Josh enters a six digit access number into a keypad, then yanks on the door. It doesn't open. He stares at it. Did she fucking-- ?

He POUNDS on the door. Tracey finally notices. Rolls her eyes. Oh gawd. She picks up a remote and clicks it, unlocking the door.

He enters, and immediately flips the light switch, bringing up the brutal OVERHEAD FLUORESCENTS.

Tracey flings her headphones off... squinting.

TRACEY

What the fuck, Josh?

JOSH

No, what the fuck Tracey. You changed the security code without telling me?

TRACEY

Yeah, I'm working on sensitive shit, and I don't want prying eyes.

JOSH

I'm not prying eyes. I'm your boss.

(hand up here)

Chief Technical Officer.

(hand down here)

Lead Systems Engineer.

TRACEY

Yeah, but-- I know how to hack the security panel, and you don't. So--

(hand up here)

Suck.

(hand down here)

Mah dick.

He's stopped listening. Clearly isn't the first time she's told him to suck her dick. He's looking at her screen.

JOSH

What are you working on?

TRACEY

It's too complicated to explain.

JOSH
(scanning the code)
Subroutine for duplex compression.

She turns off her monitors. Hates it when he reminds her he's not stupid. Josh sits down. Suddenly weary.

JOSH
Please tell me that's not--

She deliberately scoots her chair to him. Leans in. Funny how close she's getting. Funny he doesn't move away.

TRACEY
Oh yeah. It is.

JOSH
Trace--

A palpable spark between them. And they both know it. *

TRACEY
I'm getting closer, Josh. Closer every day.

JOSH
Let me tell you a little story.

Oh Christ. A moment of heat there, but he killed it. She puts her headphones on. Josh casually removes them.

JOSH
It's about a man and a woman who met five years ago. Got thrown in a room together.

TRACEY
Is it us?

JOSH
That woman has a collection of ideas. Brilliant ideas. Revolutionary ideas.

TRACEY
Yeah, that sounds like me.

JOSH
But they're not a thing. Just a pile of unmatched concepts. The guy looks through all of it and puts it together. Makes something out of it.

TRACEY

That doesn't sound like you. You sound like "bleep bloop flowchart money problems bip bap"--

JOSH

That something turns out to be the G9 chip, which is now found in 70% of consumer internet routers in the United States.

TRACEY

And now we're on version 5 and you want version 6. And then 7 and 8 and eleventy billion. Because you're safe. Because you like to bunt. I don't bunt. I'm swinging for the fences, with or without you. And I'm going to change the fucking game.

Josh stands up.

JOSH

Did you know there's been layoffs at every single Zenotech branch except this one? That chip-- our chip-- is why. So yeah. I'm going to keep bunting, because we have two hundred employees, and they have families and doctor bills and pensions, and you can't pay for shit with dreams. I need version 6. We need it.

He heads for the door. Neither one of them feels good.

TRACEY

Hey J?

He stops. Like maybe she hasn't called him that in a while.

TRACEY

I got you for Secret Santa again.

A wistful look crosses his face.

JOSH

Yeah. I got you too.

He exits.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BRANCH PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Josh greets the President's executive assistant, ALLISON (think Jillian Bell), who's sitting at her station outside the President's office.

She's on her cell. He mouths/whispers...

JOSH

Allison, it's our Monday morning. Is he ready?

She puts up a hand. Clearly talking to her young daughter.

ALLISON (ON HER CELL)

Oh sweetie, that is soooo great. Mommy is soooo proud of you. Could you put your daddy back on for a second, though?

Josh enjoys the tender moment. However, the second Allison's ex gets on, HER SWEET DEMEANOR SHIFTS TO VENOM & RAGE.

ALLISON (ON HER CELL)

You fucking motherfucker -- if I hear you let your stripper girlfriend put my children on her motorcycle again, I will drill a hole through your nutsack.

(covering the receiver, casual)

Sorry, Josh, you can go on in.

INT. CLAY'S OFFICE -- DAY

Josh enters. CLAY VANSTONE, 30's, stands by his window with his back to us, staring out at the Chicago river.

The office feels right out of the Grownup Fratboy catalog. Framed and signed Bulls and Bears uniforms. Pinball machine in the corner. Motivational posters with eagles and mountain climbers. Bookshelf full of stuff he's never read.

JOSH

Clay... ready for our 10 o'clock?

CLAY

(distracted)

Uhhhh, yeah. For sure.

JOSH

I know it's not your favorite thing,
but I need you to sign a few PO's and
go over Q3--

CLAY

Hey Joshy?

JOSH

Yeah?

Clay is still staring out the window. Josh joins him.
They're looking down on one of Chicago's famous drawbridges.
It's open to let river traffic through.

CLAY

How fast you think you'd have to be
going to make that jump?

JOSH

What-- like in a car?

CLAY

Yeah. You think 80? 90?

(shakes his head)

Nah. It's suicide, right? You'd never
make it.

JOSH

Probably not.

CLAY

Yeah. Okay, so-- what are we...?

JOSH

Q3. Really solid. Quarter percent dip
in earnings, nothing we can't
weather. Still strong in--

CLAY

What about 120? You hit that bridge
going 120-- catch air, fuck you
gravity!, everyone on the other side
is like RAAAHHH!-- but if your front
end hits that incline hard...?

(beat)

I don't know, bro. It's a tough call.

Josh isn't sure what to say.

CLAY

Hey, who'd you get for Secret Santa?

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As if Clay didn't know. Josh smiles, shakes his head.

JOSH
I got Tracey. Again.

CLAY
How about that? Fifth year in a row.
That's creepy. Oh! Check this out!

Clay lifts up a two foot tall novelty CHRISTMAS TREE, and flips a switch. It begins whirring and moving to a terrible recording of "OH HOLY NIGHT."

CLAY
I'm gonna get one for everyone here.
Out of my own pocket, I promise.

JOSH
We do have a few Jewish employees.

CLAY
Ah, FUCK.

He turns the tree off. Totally bummed.

CLAY
I keep forgetting. Well, something
else then. Let's go shopping.

JOSH
You mean now?

CLAY
It's four days 'til Christmas.
There's no spirit around here!
Everyone's blowing outta the office
by Wednesday-- it's like... I feel a
little bit of a "fuck this place"
vibe in the halls, Josh. And not just
from the Jews or the Muslims if we
have any.

Clay holds up a jet black credit card.

CLAY
I got a Centurion card, and I got a
trust fund. Now-- you gonna help me
cheer up this place or what?

EXT. STATE STREET MACY'S - DAY

The grand department store is decked out for the season. Costumed CAROLERS sing beautifully, even if no one's listening...

INT. STATE STREET MACY'S - CONTINUOUS

A massive Christmas tree rises in the middle of the store.

Josh follows Clay, who moves through the Personal Care department, picking things up and turning them on like a hyperactive kid in a toy store.

Electric toothbrushes, nose trimmers, magnetic temple headache-curers, a skin care device with a PURPLE light...

CLAY

Ooh, this is nice. Is this UV? I can't remember, is UV good or bad?

Clay shines the purple light right into his eye.

CLAY

Ow! Shit. Next. Hey, lemme ask you something? You seeing anyone? Dating anyone?

As they talk, Josh dutifully replaces all the shit Clay is picking up and tossing back.

JOSH

No, not lately. Unless you count Tinder.

CLAY

You swipin' right? Yeah, you dog, you right-swiper. You know I used that app for a month before I knew you could swipe left? That was one fucked up October.

Josh takes out his phone.

JOSH

Let me pull up the staff roster. I know everyone pretty well. I can sort them for you. Gamers, readers, sweater people, movie buffs--

CLAY

Here we go!

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Clay holds up a large hand-held MASSAGER. Turns it on.

CLAY

What do you think? One for everyone.

JOSH

You can't buy a massager for a woman.
It could be considered sexual.

CLAY

Everything on this counter vibrates!
Seriously, there's not a product here
I couldn't get a woman off with!

Josh guides Clay away from A MOM & HER YOUNG DAUGHTER.

JOSH

Maybe gift cards.

CLAY

That's what it's come to, huh? Merry
Christmas, here's a gift card because
I don't know you and I don't care?
(bummed)

You know we used to have real office
Christmas parties? Years ago, before
corporate ground us down to ninety
minutes of "wine and cheese"? It was
that one night a year we could all
let loose... just be ourselves around
each other. And sure, sometimes
people had a few too many, or got a
little loud, or xeroxed their butts,
and yeah, I smoked a little PCP--

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Josh blinks.

CLAY

--but that was the point. Not to get
fucked up-- I'm sober five years, I'm
better for it. No, the point was that
we weren't just assembly line robots.
We were human beings with each other.
Flaws and all. That's where the magic
came from. But it's all gone. Now
we're just-- careful.

Josh considers that. It's touched a nerve.

JOSH

Can I ask you something? Do you think
my management style is working?

(MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)
Do you think maybe I'm bunting when I
should be swinging for the fences?

Clay puts his hand on Josh's shoulder. Looks him in the eye.

CLAY
Josh, I'm going to be completely
honest with you. I was not paying
attention, and I did not hear your
question.
(beat)
I really want those vibrators.

Clay's phone DINGS. He checks his text.

CLAY
Ah. We gotta wrap this up. Can you
pull a department head meeting
together for 3 PM?

JOSH
Sure. What for?

CLAY
(shrugs, bored)
Nothing. My sister's coming in from
New York.

Clay wanders back to the massagers. A moment. Then:

JOSH
WHAT?

EXT. ZENOTECH BUILDING - LATER

A towncar pulls up. ERICA VANSTONE, 30's, steps out of the
back. Business suit. Perfect hair. A stunning woman with a
deadly serious face. Shark eyes.

INT. ZENOTECH ATRIUM - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator opens. Erica strides in with purpose, her eyes
scanning everything.

She walks past CARLA THE SECURITY GUARD. Carla is reading a
COMBAT KNIFE CATALOG. Never looks up. Just lets Erica go by.

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And she notices. Registered.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Erica moves through the main floor. Continues to clock everything. The employees looking at their phones. Cynthia's blouse. The two guys vaping in the break room.

Erica notes it all silently in her head. Registered.

She continues to glide by, like an unseen ghost in black Prada. Sees: ALLISON, flirting heavily with an accountant (FRED), who's sitting on an exercise ball at his desk.

ALLISON

Oh my God, that's hilarious! Are you sure you're an accountant? You are so funny.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

I was actually in a comedy troupe back at Wharton.

NOTE: Fred is hardly the office stud, but to a working single mother of two, he looks like Channing Tatum.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

So you have kids, right?

Allison is thrown. This is usually where things go to shit.

ALLISON

Uh, yeah. Boy and a girl. 6 and 4.

But Fred is cool with it. More than cool, actually.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

That's great. I was raised by a single mom, too. If you ask me, every day should be Mother's Day.

Allison melts. But Erica rolls her eyes. Jesus. Registered. Moves on, passing:

INT. I.T. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nate is at his desk, trying hard to impress his two subordinates (DREW & TIM), with whom he shares the office.

NATE

I'm telling you, you guys missed a crazy weekend.

(MORE)

NATE (cont'd)

The Big Data Symposium was a total babe-fest. I took my girlfriend Becca - the one I told you about? So hot. Non-stop action. I can still hardly sit down.

DREW

(still not looking up)

Why? Cos' you were butt-fucked so hard?

Erica is walking past their open door. They don't see her, but she stops on the word "butt-fucked."

NATE

No Drew, I was not butt-fucked so hard. I did all the normal heterosexual positions.

Erica tilts her head. Unreal. Registered. Moves on...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The heads of various departments sit around the table, including Tracey, who is tapping away at her laptop, legs manspread... would rather be anywhere else.

Clay flings the door open, followed by Josh, who carries a laptop.

CLAY

Okay folks, listen up. The CEO is dropping in. Now, she's my kid sister, and I love her-- but yeah, she can be a bit of a see you next Tuesday. You probably heard the last branch she "dropped into" suddenly got 20% of their jobs chopped away. Well, guess what-- that ain't happening here. She talks a big game, but she's really just a goof. She didn't even pass her driving test on her first try! She hit a fire hydrant making a K-Turn!

*

Erica APPEARS from behind the door Clay flung open.

ERICA

Hello Clay.

Clay SPAZZES backwards, knocking over a fake ficus.

CLAY

Shit!

(recovers)

There she is! My sister from the same mister! We think. Kidding!

(to the room)

Our mom didn't start having affairs until the mid-90's.

(back to Erica)

Did you hear that part where I said I loved you?

She just stares at him.

CLAY

Sidebar?

He ushers her slightly to the side. Sotto voce.

CLAY

So, it's great seeing you again-- but maybe a little more notice next time?

ERICA

Why? Dad made me the CEO. This is what I do. Visit underperforming branches whenever I want.

CLAY

What's this really about? The time I puked in your closet? Or when I ran over your cat?

Her face betrays no response.

CLAY

Is this stress? Because you always get that bad around periods, and I sympathize. Or is this because dad loves me more? It's not about me banging your best friend in high school, right? I mean, what's the statue of limitations on--

ERICA

(loudly)

Statute. Sit down.

Clay moves to his seat. Erica takes the one opposite him. A tense moment. No one's sure what to do. Then:

ERICA

Start.

CLAY
You betcha. Josh?

Okay. You can do this, Josh. A lot of jobs on the line.

JOSH
Right. Well, when we heard you were
stopping in, we thought it would be a
great opportunity to talk about--

He connects his laptop to a cable, and the large screen
lights up behind him. A PowerPoint presentation that says:
Zenotech/Chicago - G9 Chipset v.6 - Part of our Winning Hand

He's about to go into his speech, but:

ERICA
What do you have that's new?

JOSH
New? We have some incredible R&D
going on, but ready-wise...
(sweating)
...there's not really anything I--

TRACEY
I have something.

All heads swivel to Tracey. Josh tenses up.

JOSH
No you don't.

TRACEY
Yeah. I do.

She taps a key on her laptop. The display at the front of
the room changes. Now it's showing Tracey's screen. She
stands up. Starts walking around.

TRACEY
What's the worst part of getting on
the internet? It's getting on the
internet. "Ugh, there's no signal
here." "Ugh, I'm not on the local
network." "Ugh, my dad changed the
wifi password because I'm on Pornhub
all night and failing tenth grade."

She aims her phone at the screen. Advances to a new slide
showing a photo of network schematics.

TRACEY

We can already send internet through standard electric lines, and obviously we send it through the air. But what if we could combine those technologies? Introducing: EVERYWARE.

Click. A new logo comes on screen.

TRACEY

With Zenotech Everyware, you don't hunt for a signal because it's all around you. You pull the internet wirelessly from anything connected to the power grid: your house, the streets, appliances-- a light bulb. Inside, outside. You're never low on signal, and you're never out of range. It's instant. It's foolproof. It's "Everyware."

Erica leans back. Wow.

ERICA

You can deliver that?

TRACEY

I'm this close. I have the firmware mostly worked out, the theory is solid, there's just a small disconnect between a few elements--

ERICA

How long has there been a disconnect?

JOSH

Four years.

Tracey shoots him a glance. "Thanks." Then looks back to Erica, who is giving her that dead-eyed shark stare.

ERICA

That doesn't sound real to me.

TRACEY

Well, making a massive leap forward can be tricky. Not as tricky as, say, making a K-turn? But tricky.

CLAY

Fuuuuck.

JOSH
Yeah, I wouldn't have brought it back
to that.

ERICA
Meeting adjourned.
(to Clay and Josh)
The both of you. Clay's office. Now.

As everyone shuffles out, Erica looks back at Tracey.

ERICA
You. What's your name?

TRACEY
Tracey Hughes. And who were you
again?

Erica gives the tiniest smile. Okay, honey. Registered.

INT. CLAY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Clay enters, followed by Josh and Erica.

ROGER VANSTONE, 60's, rumped and affable, is admiring
Clay's framed Jordan uniform.

CLAY
Dad!

Clay EMBRACES his dad like a child would. Roger gingerly
returns the hug. Loves his son, but is a bit embarrassed.

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*

CLAY
Thank god you're here.

Erica closes the door behind them.

CLAY
Can you remind her that you gave me
this branch? In this building, I'm
king. Not her.

ERICA
Please. You barely know what this
business does.

CLAY
Internet stuff! Dad...

ROGER
Erica's CEO now. I'm just emeritus.

*

Roger takes a seat. Clay looks at Josh. Emeriwhat?

JOSH

Retired.

ROGER

But I've given her my thoughts.
Erica?

ERICA

This is your branch, Clay. And it has
a problem. Yes, the G9 chip was a
winner. But here's the thing. For the
last two years, your sales have been
flat. The Board wants 4% growth.
You're at zero.

JOSH

Hold on... we've generated more
profit than any other branch--

ERICA

It's not about making money. It's
about making *more* money. I'm assuming
you'll be flat again. Which means
your branch needs to cut costs. And
most of your costs--

JOSH

(his nightmare)
--are labor.

Clay turns to his Roger.

CLAY

Dad, what have you always told me?
"People are the key."

ROGER

They are. But we can't carry more
than we need. I had to make those
decisions. Your sister makes them
now. And frankly, Clay, that's a kind
of burden you've never shouldered, so
you can't understand.

Clay sits down. Roger knows that hurt Clay to hear.

CLAY

Don't we deserve a chance?

ERICA

I really don't see--

Roger AHEMS. Erica closes her eyes. Her leash yanked. Fine.

ERICA

All right. I want a report. A full breakdown of every position in every department, salaries, performance evaluations, productivity numbers.

(checks her phone)

Friday is Christmas Eve, so I'll be back on Thursday.

JOSH

This Thursday? Three days from now? It's the week before Christmas.

CLAY

Everyone's taking off early, traveling to see family-- you want them to cancel all that?

JOSH

Plus a report like that-- everyone will have to work twelve hour days--

ERICA

I work twelve hours days. And until you turn the trend line around, there will be no unnecessary costs. Including bonuses.

JOSH

What???

CLAY

Reeky, c'mon. This is me. Come to our wine and cheese thing tonight, meet our people, get to know them--

ERICA

What wine and cheese thing?

CLAY

Our little office Christmas party.

ERICA

We don't do those anymore. We haven't for three years. I sent memos.

CLAY

I don't read those.

ERICA

No Christmas party. Corporate policy.

CLAY

It's not a Christmas party! It's
shitty wine and cheese, and now you
won't even let us have that? Dad!!!
This isn't fair!

ERICA

No. It's not fair. And Santa isn't
real, and I will not be visited by
three spirits tonight. I have a board
and shareholders. I don't hit their
targets, I get fired. I don't know if
that's fair. But I know it's real.

ROGER

I trust both of you to do the right
thing. Both of you. Figure it out.
And Clay... take this seriously.

He exits. And now Clay and Josh realize... they're alone.
Unprotected. This is happening.

CLAY

Reekie, lemme take you out for
waffles. You love waffles. Remember I
used to make 'em for you?

ERICA

Yeah, you made me waffles. And you
crashed my car, killed my cat, stole
money from my purse for drugs and
gave my best friend chlamydia.

JOSH

That's easily curable.
(off her stare)
I'm just saying it's not warts. Look,
you want to cut jobs? Fine. Let's
talk in March. But to come in here at
Christmas? Take away bonuses people
are counting on to buy gifts for
their kids???

CLAY

I bet you're getting a bonus.

ERICA

(lets that go)
I'll be back on Thursday. Every job
that isn't justified is a job that
goes away.

She turns and walks out. Clay shouts after her.

CLAY

Erica, c'mon. It wasn't even
chlamydia! It was gonorrhea!

(to Josh)

Gonorrhea's better, right?

JOSH

It's kind of a push.

INT. ZENOTECH ATRIUM - LATER

CU on JOSH - looking like a man facing a firing squad. He
stares at: all 200 staffers gathered together en masse for a
company-wide meeting.

Tracey's up in the front. Watches as Josh steps up on a
table to address them all.

JOSH

First of all, I want to thank
everyone for the incredible job
you've all been doing this year.

A random guy from Shipping shouts out.

SHIPPING GUY

You're the man, Josh!

Others chime in. He's their leader. And they love him.

JOSH

No, you all are the men and the
women! And the trans. And the--

He looks over to Mary from HR. What were the other--?

MARY

Non-conforming and genderqueer. But
no one will tell me what those terms
actually--

JOSH

Doesn't matter. It means us. We're a
family. And while all the other
Zenotech branches have had layoffs,
we haven't. And we never will!

Cheers and applause.

JOSH

And that's exactly why I need
everyone working every day this week
through Thursday.

Wait-- what? Stunned silence. Then muttering. Tracey hangs
her head. This is bad. Drew the I.T. guy pipes up.

DREW

Josh, I'm flying back East tomorrow.
I already got the days approved. I
bought a ticket!

Everyone starts shouting. They all have plans. Travel,
Christmas, holiday!

JOSH

I get it! And I don't like it any
more than you do. But we have to
generate a full staff review by
Thursday. No days off.

(beat)

And we'll be working pretty late.

How quickly the tide has turned. His cheering section is
starting to turn into an angry mob.

JOSH

BUT-- it's still Christmas, and Clay
got a terrific gift for each of you.

(hold up the--)

This fantastic massage wand.

TRACEY

He got us vibrators?

ALLISON

(annoyed)

I already have that one.

CYNTHIA

So do I.

The women are protesting crankily. They all own that thing.

MARY

I don't have one.

Josh hands her the massage wand.

JOSH

There. See? Guys-- let's not forget
the spirit of the season.

Mary applies the massage wand to her shoulder. BZZZZZ. Oh! She quickly turns it off and hands it back to Josh.

MARY
That's too intense. The feelings traveled.

A guy steps forward-- he and seven others around him - men and women - are dressed nearly identically.

SALES BRO
Parker-- you keep saying we're a family. I already have a family. A wife and two girls I don't see enough as it is. I don't even know half these people's names. And the ones I do know-- I don't like.

A Sales Bro-ette behind him coughs loudly-- "LEGAL."

A bunch of lawyers on the other side of the room hear that loud and clear.

LAWYER
Oh, it's our fault you sales-tards promise shit you can't deliver? Community college motherfuckers...

Whoa! The two groups start moving like West Side Story gangs toward each other. Josh is losing control. He turns to Carla The Security Guard. *

JOSH
Are you going to stop this?

CARLA
Am I authorized for chokeholds? *

Never mind. Josh moves into the crowd and gets right into the middle of the angry mob. *

JOSH
ENOUGH! You don't know each other? Don't like each other? Well I'm sorry. But this is to avoid layoffs. You get it now?

Everyone falls silent. Then:

JEREMY
Jesus Christ. The second we get our bonuses, we should all walk.

A lot of employees chime in. Damn straight.

Josh winces.

JOSH

Actually, there aren't going to be bonuses. Not this year.

Everyone stares at him in absolute shock. Gutpunched. Then:

DREW

You're telling us-- we have to cancel holiday plans and work overtime-- to justify our own jobs-- and you're taking money away from us?

Josh doesn't have a good response. Because... well, yeah. The mood has gone from angry to quiet despair. *

MEI-LIN IN Q.C. *

Merry Christmas, everyone. "Here's some boxed wine and stale cheese, now back to work." *

JOSH *

(oh god) *
There won't be wine and cheese *
either. *

Insult upon insult upon insult upon injury. The staff can't believe their ears. *

JEREMY *

Corporate took away the wine? *

MARY FROM HR *

What about just the cheese? Could we have cheese? *

Josh is heartbroken. All he can do is shake his head "no." Drew stares at him... like it was Josh who did this to them. *

DREW *

Gimme my fucking dildo. *

Drew grabs the massage wand out of Josh's hand. Then he and the rest of the crowd trudges back to work. Shell-shocked.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - LATER

MUSIC - Pearl Jam's sad-but-beautiful Let Me Sleep (It's Christmas Time) *

We MOVE down a row of cubicles, picking up conversations. People talk into headsets. Cell phones. Skype. With family, significant others, children, airline ticket agents...

AMIR THE ACCOUNTANT

They just told us... there's nothing I can do...

TINA IN RECEIVABLES

Don't yell at me. Because it's not my fault, Emily!

MEI-LIN IN Q.C.

I know the ticket isn't refundable, but like-- what if my dad just died? What do you mean, "prove he's dead"? Like show you a body? What the fuck?

CLAY - trudges through the office. Nothing but nervous, stressed and angry faces staring back. Employees either avoid eye contact or gaze with thinly-veiled disappointment.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clay ENTERS and walks up to a urinal. Starts peeing, and sees: ON THE WALL - someone has drawn a picture of him GETTING FUCKED IN THE ASS BY HIS SISTER (whom the artist presumes has a penis).

CLAY

Oh, come on. Incest and rape?

INT. MAIN FLOOR - OUTSIDE OF MEN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clay emerges, absolutely defeated. Head hanging. So he almost walks right into:

TRACEY

Got a moment?

INT. JOSH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Josh stares at a blank computer screen. Then types:

ZENOTECH CHICAGO - THANK YOU SIR, MAY I HAVE ANOTHER?

He then deletes that part and retypes.

ZENOTECH CHICAGO - COMPREHENSIVE STAFFING ANALYSIS

A knock on his door. It's Clay and Tracy. Oh great. *

JOSH *

What. *

They both have a shit-eating grin on their faces. Uh oh. *

JOSH *

Oh. Great. You both have your
"terrible fucking idea" face on. *

CLAY *

Look, Josh, I should have given that
speech, not you. But I wanted you to
do it because I knew it wouldn't go
well, and I didn't feel like taking a
bunch of shit. *

Cool pep talk, bro. *

CLAY *

But whether they appreciate it or not
out there, I know you're doing this
for the right reasons. For them. *

JOSH *

Thank you. *

TRACEY *

But it's not going to work. They're
signing up on jobfinder sites right
now. And tomorrow, I guarantee forty
people call in sick. Another
fifteen'll have car trouble. And
every single mom's kid is going to be
"puking."

JOSH *

Where is this going? *

Tracey pulls up a chair. *

TRACEY *

Let me tell you a story. It's about a
man and a woman who met five years
ago. Got thrown in a room together.

JOSH

Is it us?

TRACEY

For two miserable weeks, they try their hardest and have nothing to show for it except TMJ and back pain. And then one of them, the fucking awesome one with the tits--

JOSH

Yeah, that sounds like me.

TRACEY

--says let's blow off work, grab some food, have a few drinks and actually talk to each other. Like people. And two burgers and five beers later, we had the G9 chip.

Josh actually smiles. A memory of something they once had.

TRACEY

You want those people up there to pull off a miracle of teamwork in three days? They don't even talk to each other.

*

CLAY

Let's give them one night to be human beings, to relax, to let go a little bit-- and we might actually make it happen and save some jobs.

*

*

(beat)

I say we have an office Christmas party.

*

JOSH

No. No, no, no. It's out of the question.

TRACEY

Just something small! Nothing crazy!

CLAY

I'll pay for it out of my pocket...

*

*

JOSH

We have to work tonight, I can't lose people to hangovers, Erica already thinks we're unprofessional as it is, the whole thing about the memo-- !

*

CLAY

Josh-- I may not have a fancy college degree or a regular college degree or a high school degree, but I know this: most of those people out there have been with us for years.

*

*

*

*

*

*

(MORE)

CLAY (cont'd)
 If corporate is going to shit on them
 and take away their jobs... at least
 give them one great night.

Josh leans back. Unsure.

TRACEY
 Take a little chance. The smallest
 chance. Some beer, some wine, some
 music... they'll never even know.
 They wanna squeeze us on jobs, on
 bonuses. Fine. But a Christmas Party
 is our birthright. That's one they
 don't get to take away.

A long pause. Then:

JASON
 You promise it'll be small.

Clay and Tracy exchange a smile. Yes! Then back to Josh.

CLAY
 I don't know any other way to do it.

Josh notes his impish grin... and as **JAY-Z & KANYE WEST'S**
"RUN THIS TOWN" rises, we CUT TO:

AN E-MAIL BEING OPENED ALL OVER THE OFFICE

ALLISON: at her station, is the first one we see read it.

Confused, she looks back thru the window to Clay's office
 and sees him and Tracey jacked up, already in planning mode.

MARY: sitting sadly in a bathroom stall, watching a YouTube
 clip of The Year Without A Santa Clause on her phone. An
 email notification-- she reads it-- her face lights up!

NATE: is behind Cynthia, giving instructions, staring down
 her blouse again, when the e-mail pops up. They both read
 it, and their eyes go wide...

JEREMY IN CUSTOMER SERVICE is handling a caller--

JEREMY
 Of course Zenotech cares about your
 business...

--when the E-MAIL POPS UP. **SUBJECT: OFFICE CHRISTMAS PARTY.**

JEREMY

Holy fuck!

He hangs up on the customer and calls across the cube farm:

JEREMY

You guys see this?!

INT. AROUND THE MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The office has been reborn. People smiling, chatting...

MEI-LIN In QC talks wardrobe with female coworkers as they gather around the 3D PRINTER.

MEI-LIN IN Q.C.

Is it bad luck if I wear the same dress I wore to my annulment?

The other women react immediately: "Nooo", "You're crazy", "Do your thing, girl."

NATE - is at his computer when Drew and Tim pop in. Drew holds up his phone.

DREW

Hey, Nate - did you see? Sig-Os are welcome. Looks like we'll finally get to meet "Becca."

NATE

Oh. Yeah-- she can't make it. This awesome modeling gig came up and--

TIM

Oh my God, you are so full of shit!

They're laughing in his face. Nate cracks.

NATE

You know what? I'm gonna tell her to cancel the gig. She'll be there. You'll see.

They watch as Nate fake-texts his fake girlfriend (trying hard to hide his panic)...

INT. JOSH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Josh is working on his report. Already a pounding headache. And his email won't stop PINGING. He tries to ignore it, but it won't... fucking... stop.

He picks it up. And:

JOSH

Oh GOD...

*

INT. CLAY'S OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

*

Josh BURSTS in to discover: Clay on the phone, excited like it's... well... Christmas morning. And next to him, TRACEY searching up some stuff on Clay's computer.

Josh holds up his phone to Tracey.

*

JOSH

"To All: Office Christmas Party
tonight - Significant Others
Welcome - bonuses to be handed out -
will be so so sock?"

CLAY

(covers phone)
I meant sick, I was typing really
fast cuz I was so fuckin' jazzed!

JOSH

Your sister said no bonuses!

CLAY

I'm covering it all myself. Out of my
own pocket. The bonuses, the party--
(back to his call)
Smitty... it's Clay Vanstone! Ha! No,
I haven't fallen off the wagon, but
thanks for asking. Hey, how many kegs
can you get me in five hours? SOLD!

He hangs up. Tracey swivels his monitor. It's images of enormous, life-size creches.

TRACEY

I'm having trouble deciding between
three nativity scenes.

CLAY

Huh. What would Jesus do?

TRACEY

Honestly, I think he'd get all three.

CLAY

Well, who are we to question the son
of God? SOLD!

JOSH

How is this *small*? *

CLAY

I promise you, just a few kegs, the
nativity scenes and that's it. *

Josh looks at Tracy. *

JOSH

I'm trusting you. Please don't make
me regret it. *

TRACEY

Relax, Grinch. It's gonna be great.
By the way, you're my significant
other. Wear black. I like you in
black. Now beat it. I have to buy
Jesuses. *Huh. Josh turns, and walks out. She likes him in black!
Well... maybe a party won't be such a bad thing... *

MUSIC RISES: SLADE - "Merry Christmas Everybody"

EXT. CHICAGO - EVENING FALLSA light snow begins to fall over the city. Christmas lights
speckle the skyline.**INT. VARIOUS BEDROOMS AND BATHROOMS AROUND TOWN - EVENING**

The Zenotech workers get ready for their big night.

ALLISON - forces herself into Spanx

CYNTHIA - tweezes her brows

DREW - shaves his chest

TIM - turns on an electric manscaper, shaves his balls

NATE - flips to the back pages of Chicago's free paper. Big
breath. You can do this. Dials his phone.

HR MARY - puts makeup on terribly. Then looks down at her counter. The MASSAGE WAND sits there. Beckoning. Oh dear.

And last but not least...

INT. TRACEY'S APARTMENT - EVENING

...Tracey puts the finishing touches on her outfit. Little black dress showing some tats we didn't know she had, aggressive hair, gets her killer shoes on...

Her DOORBELL rings. She turns the Slade song down on her Sonos.

*

TRACEY

It's open!

As she slips her second shoe on--

TRACEY

If you came here to give another
"don't disappoint me" speech, it's
not gonna work, Josh.

*

*

*

She turns and heads into the living room.

TRACEY

So how 'bout you put a fucking tampon
in and let yourself have one happy--

Tracey stops in her tracks. It's not Josh.

*

ERICA

One happy what?

TRACEY

Uhhh--

Erica looks her up and down. Suspicious.

ERICA

Are you going out?

TRACEY

Wha-- no. No way. Working on that
report all night.

ERICA

In Louboutins and a push-up?

TRACEY

Yeah. Feel good outside, feel good inside. Gets me motivated.

(beat)

Why are you here?

ERICA

My flight isn't for another two hours. And I have a proposition for you.

Tracey is shocked for the second time.

TRACEY

Ohhhhhhhh. Yeah, no. You're very beautiful and really cunty, and that's a super hot combo, but I'm--

ERICA

I don't want to fuck you, I want to hire you. I want Everywhere. And I want you in New York, working directly for me.

Third time.

ERICA

Josh is great. Diligent. Responsible. But there are a lot of him, and only one of you. You're the inspired one. You're the special one. And he's holding you back.

Erica looks around the apartment.

ERICA

I'm guessing those shoes cost more than your rent. Not much in the bank? We can fix that.

TRACEY

Look, I appreciate this, but--

ERICA

Do you know why this branch is still here? It's a charity project to keep my brother on the wagon and out of trouble. And the only good thing that's come of it-- came from you.

(beat)

I'll be back on Thursday. You can tell me then. Merry Christmas.

*

Erica turns and exits, leaving Tracey speechless...

EXT. ZENOTECH BUILDING - 8 PM

The Ubers and Lyft's start pulling up. Workers emerge with their spouses and dates. They may be adults, but it feels like prom night. Everyone's excited.

INT. ZENOTECH MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clay is at the mirror, putting on his Santa outfit. He takes a long look at himself. Then bows his head in prayer.

CLAY

God, I haven't asked you for much in my life. Granted, I was born rich... and handsome...and white... and male. And straight. Except for that one time and that other one time.

(closes his eyes)

The thing is, Lord, these people are hurting. And they're in danger. Work through me, Lord, to motivate them and bring them together. I need this party to rock, Jesus. I need it to rock *hard*.

(beat)

Thank you for your blessings and happy almost birthday amen.

He looks back into the mirror, like a rock star about to go on stage. Lifts up the fake beard hanging around his neck, and puts it in position.

Yeah. Perfect.

CLAY

Let's light this fucking candle.

INT. ZENOTECH MAIN RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

The elevator doors DING open and JOSH emerges in a black suit, holding a Saran-wrapped paper plate with toothpicks hors d'oeuvres...

*
*
*

...and his JAW DROPS at the sight of:

*

THE OFFICE - TRANSFORMED INTO A WINTER WONDERLAND!

*

There are Christmas trees... tinsel is everywhere... fake SNOW flutters out from a MACHINE that blows it into the air... it glistens and drifts over everything...

Elaborate THEATRICAL LIGHTING in red and green casts beautiful shadows across THREE ELABORATE NATIVITY SCENES (one with a live donkey).

Five different BARTENDING STATIONS are set up. Tables loaded with food. DJ BANANA HAMMOCK spinning tunes in the corner.

It's absolutely INSANE. The employees move through the room, their faces lit up in wonder. It's like the kids in Willy Wonka seeing the Chocolate Room for the first time...

*

JOSH

*

What the *fuck*?

*

As people filter in past Josh, MARY tries to address them while Carla waves a METAL DETECTOR WAND over the guests. It constantly BEEPS.

*

*

*

MARY FROM HR

Okay, now while we want everyone to have a fantastic time, it's important to remember a few basic Office Holiday Party rules.

CARLA

*

(beeeep!)

*

Is everyone wearing metal? This is a security nightmare.

*

*

MARY FROM HR

*

(takes out a list)

*

Number one--

*

But Mary's drowned out by the DEAFENING PEAL of BELLS: BONG! BONG! BONG! Everyone stops in place as THE SOUND OF WIND AND SLEIGH BELLS rises... AND NOW A DEEP, BOOMING VOICE:

*

DEEP, BOOMING VOICE

Ho...ho...ho! Welcome employees and Sig-O's to the most wondiferous, spectabulous, fantasticocious night anyone has ever imagined!

And just then, BURSTING through an enormous paper screen that says WELCOME ZENOTECH EMPLOYEES...

REINDEER. A team of actual live reindeer, pulling a SLED with-- SANTA CLAY! Everyone freaks out!

JOSH

*

What... the... FUUUUCK?

*

SANTA CLAY

Welcome! Welcome! I am your beloved host, Santa Claus! And my good friend, Clayton Vanstone, told me how hard you've worked this year... other than Amir in Accounting, ha ha.

(beat)

But not because he's Muslim. I didn't mean to imply--

(recovers)

O come all ye faithful! Enjoy the beautiful bounty!

(as employees explore)

On Allison! On Susan! On David and... David's wife, I'm guessing!

Josh scans the crowd. Where is she?

*

JOSH

*

TRACEY!!!

*

EXT. MOBIL GAS STATION - NIGHT

Nate is freezing, waiting outside a gas station two blocks from Zenotech. He nervously checks his iPhone, which is on an ESCORT-SERVICE WEBSITE... and a PROFILE OF A CLASSY, SOPHISTICATED BLONDE WOMAN NAMED SAVANNAH, in particular.

SAVANNAH (O.S.)

Nate?

Nate looks up and finds A VERY SEXY - BUT NOT EXACTLY CLASSY-LOOKING - WOMAN. She looks nothing like the woman online... and is dressed more for a Vegas nightclub than an office party.

NATE

...Savannah?

SAVANNAH

I think you mean *Becca*, right?

Nate awkwardly laughs... not sure what to do here.

NATE

I'm sorry... you just look different from your profile.

SAVANNAH

Yeah, that photographer used some kind of weird filter.

Nate isn't buying it... but he notices A TOUGH-LOOKING GUY sitting in the driver's seat of an IDLING SCION.

SAVANNAH

That's just my roommate, Dmitri. You meet some real crazies on this job, so he comes along to make sure I'm okay.

Dmitri speaks in a thick and intimidating Russian accent:

DMITRI

Is there problem?

Nate sees this isn't a "Customer's Always Right" scenario.

NATE

No... we are all good.

Nate takes out an envelope and hands it to Dmitri. The guy's even scarier up close. Dmitri counts the money.

DMITRI

Horosho. Get in.

NATE

It's only a block away, I figured we could--

DMITRI

Get in the fucking car.

NATE

Yup. Super.

Nate and Savannah get in the car, and we CUT TO:

INT. THE PARTY - NIGHT

MUSIC IS PUMPING, thanks to DJ BANANA HAMMOCK (think Reggie Watts as a talented, but not 100% present, turntablist).

DJ BANANA HAMMOCK

Yes, yes, y'all... to the beat, y'all! *Electro-Data Solutions* lemme hear ya make some noise!

RANDOM PARTIER (O.S.)

Zenotech! The name of this company is Zenotech!

But DJ B.H. is feelin' the groove and just keeps dancing.

INT. THE WOMEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison and two other assistants (KELSEY & MEGHAN) are at the mirror, fixing their make-up.

KELSEY

Rob from Logistics looks so hot since he got his stomach stapled. I would totally fuck him now.

Meghan pulls a BAGGIE from her purse. It's full of PILLS.

KELSEY

Ohmygod, what are those?

MEGHAN

I don't exactly know? But I got 'em from this high school chick who lives in my building, and she said it's like getting head from Thor.

Allison and Kelsey react.

ALLISON

Like the guy who plays Thor or the actual Thor?

MEGHAN

Does it really fucking matter?

She takes a pill. Offers them to Allison and Kelsey.

ALLISON

Thanks... I'm good.

Kelsey takes one. But before she swallows:

KELSEY

Wait-- can we still drink on this?

MEGHAN

Yeah. She just said not to mix it with Red Bull, Nicorette or water.

Kelsey nods-- "Good enough for me"-- and downs it. *

ACROSS THE ROOM - Tracey sits at one of the bars. She looks at the specialty drink menu. *

TRACEY *

I guess I'll have the Santa Claytini. *

JOSH takes the seat next to her. *

JOSH
I'll take a Claybell.

He shows her his paper plate.

JOSH
Hors d'oeuvre? I made them for our
LITTLE PARTY.

TRACEY
Calm down.

JOSH
I'm calm. I'm fucking Claybell calm.
You said little party, and now
there's livestock walking through the
office and HOW DID HE EVEN GET THEM
UP HERE?

TRACEY
He's Santa Claus?

The bartender hands them their drinks.

JOSH
I'm going to kill you.
(takes a sip)
This is good.
(bigger sip)
I'm gonna fucking kill you.

TRACEY
Look around. People are happy. Can't
you be happy? For once?

JOSH
No. Because I'm responsible. So can
we just work together-- together, you
and me... and make sure things don't
get out of hand.

She raises her glass.

TRACEY
Done.

They toast. She takes a sip.

TRACEY
Ooh. Nice.

JOSH
Glad you like it. Cuz it's your last
one.

TRACEY
Third to last.

JOSH
Second.

Ugh. FINE. She begrudgingly toasts him again.

TRACEY
So do I have to compliment my own
dress or what?

A long pause. Then:

JOSH
You gonna rat me out to HR Mary?

TRACEY
Nope.

JOSH
That bra is insane.

She smiles. Takes another sip. The night's looking up.

ANGLE ON - THE CROWD

People drinking, laughing... kidding around. Spirits high.

ALLISON - moves through the crowd, scanning. No Fred yet.
Her face falls.

We let her go as she takes us by: DREW AND TIM THE IT GUYS.
Drew's looking at his phone.

DREW
Check it out, Jenna in Shipping
bought tickets to Ed Sheeran last
Thursday. You could talk to her about
that.

TIM
Dude, did you hack her Facebook?

DREW
(guilty)
Yeah. I kinda hacked everyone's.

Holy shit. Then:

TIM
Fucking AWESOME! Bring up Wendy in
Payroll. She looks like an Asian
Blake Lively, and I need an edge.

Drew does but Tim sees:

TIM
Fuck, she's on ChristianMingle. Next.

AT THE ELEVATOR - it DINGS open, and: Nate and Savannah (aka
Becca) arrive. Behind them, DMITRI.

Nate is sweating. Nervous. He mutters to her.

NATE
You're clear on our backstory, right?
We met in New York at my cousin's
wedding, we've been dating a year...

She strokes his hair.

SAVANNAH/BECCA
Baby, relax. I got this.

Nate looks concerned... but when Susan and Mary pass:

SAVANNAH/BECCA
Oh my God, I love that dress.

SUSAN FROM OPERATIONS
Thank you!

Susan and Mary look to Nate for an introduction.

NATE
Sorry, this is my girlfriend, Sa...
(Savannah nudges him)
Becca.

SUSAN FROM OPERATIONS
Sabecca?

MARY FROM HR
Wow... that's such a unique name.

SAVANNAH/SABECCA
(covering beautifully)
Well, my father wanted "Samantha",
but my mother wanted "Rebecca".
(MORE)

SAVANNAH/SABECCA (cont'd)
 It's probably the only time they've
 ever compromised!

Mary likes this. So does Nate. Then Mary turns to Dmitri.

MARY
 I'm sorry, who are you here with?

DMITRI
 (nods at Nate)
 I am his plus two.

MARY
 Oh, we can't allow a plus two. The
 fire code is very--

DMITRI
 Fine. Party over.
 (to Nate)
 All sales final, fockface.

Nate panics. But Savannah coolly steps in again. Takes Mary
 gently by the arm and speaks softly to her.

SAVANNAH
 Dmitri is my cousin from the old
 country. He's here as a chaperone to
 make sure *this* one--
 (tickles Nate)
 --doesn't get too fresh.

Mary nods. Finally. Someone who is also afraid of sex.

MARY
 Well, in that case--
 (loud/slow to Dmitri)
 Wellllcommme to our parrrrrrty...

Dmitri nods. Whatever. He just walks off toward the bar. But
 not before making an "I'm watching you" gesture to Nate.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR - everyone is having a great time. It's
 packed. In the middle of the crowd, Clay swigs from a bottle
 of Diet Coke and fistpumps. *

Meghan and Kelsey are RAGING. Kelsey takes video.

KELSEY
 Instagram, hashtag Zenoteeeccch,
 hashtag off the chaiiiiiiiin....!

DJ (ON THE MIC)
 Mmm... I have a feelin' some babies
 are gettin' made tonight!

Mary quickly gets on the mic --

MARY FROM HR
 Disregard that, please!

The DJ grabs his mic back. Don't touch the equipment!

Mary sees that the SNOW MACHINE is starting to peter out.
 She picks up a large plastic bag full of white confetti that
 sits next to the machine, tears it open, and dumps it in the
 snow machine's hopper.

FOOSH - more snow!

MARY FROM HR
 (content)
 Good. Wholesome.

ALLISON - dances half-heartedly with some female co-workers.
 She keeps looking at the door, waiting for Fred to arrive.

And just then, HE DOES! He's wearing exactly what we saw him
 in earlier, but Allison drinks him in...

ALLISON
 Whoa. Somebody cleans up nice.

The co-workers next to her look confused. Allison grabs two
 drinks off a passing tray and heads over... moving by:

NATE, who's in heaven, dancing with Savannah. She makes a
 show of it too, pressing her ass against his crotch and
 droppin' it like it's hot.

NATE
 You're an amazing dancer!

SAVANNAH
 I spent two years working at The
 Spearmint Rhino in Tampa!

NATE
 It shows!

He sees Drew & Tim off to the side, still staring at their
 phones. Nate takes Savannah's hand.

NATE

Come on, there are some guys I want you to meet.

SAVANNAH

Cool. We should probably just sort out the money thing first, though.

NATE

What money thing? I gave Dmitri two hundred dollars.

SAVANNAH

Yeah, that's for the first hour. If you want me for the rest of the night, I'll need another two grand.

NATE

Two grand? No way! The website said it was two hundred for the whole night!

SAVANNAH

Baby, do I look like I'm two hundred a night?

Nate would like to say yes... but he sees: Drew & Tim approaching behind her.

SAVANNAH

I'm gonna go get Dmitri.

NATE

No no no! I'll go to an ATM, okay? Just please don't make me look like an idiot to these guys.

SAVANNAH

Gimme your watch as collateral.

He gives her a look -- "Seriously?" But with Drew & Tim nearing, he hands it over.

SAVANNAH

(snaps into character)

Baby, doesn't that girl look exactly like that chick we threeway'd with in Vegas?

("notices" Drew & Tim)

Oh, sorry. God, I'm so embarrassed.

NATE
It's okay, girl. Drew and Tim know
how we roll.

Drew and Tim can't believe it. Nate was telling the truth???

JOSH - wanders the party, nodding to people, mostly watching
like a chaperone, but so far, everyone looks responsible.

Until he sees... on the floor... A SINGLE PILL. He bends
down and picks it up. An aspirin or... something? But then:

AMIR comes up to him. Excited.

AMIR THE ACCOUNTANT
Josh! I just had a drink with Moira
in Billing, and we figured out a way
to streamline disbursements. It's
gonna save us a ton.

JOSH
Really? That's-- that great!

Amir wanders off and is replaced by JEREMY IN CUSTOMER
SERVICE. Jeremy takes Josh's hand. Pumps it.

JEREMY
Dude-- I know you convinced Clay to
throw us this party.

JOSH
Actually--

JEREMY
You don't know how much we needed
this. I'll admit it-- I've been
intentionally dogging it the last
couple of months, trying to sabotage
the company. Sending customers to our
competitors... pretending I don't
speak English... but I'm not gonna do
that anymore, man. Because you care.
I finally get it, man. From now on, I
bleed, sweat and piss Zenotech!

Jeremy HUGS Josh.

JOSH
Jeremy, I gotta ask, are you on
something?

JEREMY

No. I have a liver condition. I can't
drink or take drugs.

(beams)

I'm actually, honestly happy.

Jeremy claps Josh on the back and heads off. Josh can't believe it. All around him, people are talking to each other, reading name tags, shaking hands...

TRACEY (O.S.)

Take a look.

Josh turns to see Tracey. She nods toward one of the bars.

The lawyer gang and the sales gang are hanging out. Sharing beers. Laughing.

JOSH

Legal and Sales are actually drinking
together?

TRACEY

It's a Christmas miracle.

From across the room, they now hear:

CROWD

Go Meghan! Go Meghan! Go Meghan!

Curious, Josh and Tracey wander to the dance floor to see:

THE DANCE OFF

A circle has formed so employees can show off their moves. Most are bad and YouTube-worthy.

One of the lawyers gets pushed into the center. He plays modest...but then turns out to be an AMAZING POP-LOCKER!

Everyone goes nuts-- especially the sales guys and lawyers, who have become one squad.

STEVE, HEAD OF
SALES

Ohhhhhhhh!

ALAN, HEAD OF
LEGAL

Damnn!!!!

Kelsey keeps Instagramming while the crowd starts chanting:

CROWD

Go Ira! Go Ira! Go Ira!

Ira plays off the energy and kicks it up another level.
Clay struts into the circle shaking his head, though.

CLAY
Not bad, not bad. Looks like
somebody wants to battle.

Clay attempts to bust out some B-Boy dance moves. He's shit compared to Ira, but still acts as if he annihilated him.

CLAY
Ohhhhhhh! That's how it's done, son!

JOSH
No, this is how it's done.

Josh, finally getting into the party mood, tosses his jacket aside, gets in the middle, and starts breaking it down.

And he's GOOD. Like reeeeeeeally good.

Everyone goes BERZERK. Josh catches Tracey's eye. "C'mon."

She moves into the middle, and now she and Josh are dancing together... like they were born to do it... people are getting behind them, following their moves...

CROWD
Go Josh! Go Josh! Go Josh!

OVER AT THE FRINGE OF THE PARTY

Tim and Drew watch from the sidelines... Nate and Savannah are dancing up a storm.

TIM
This party sucks.

DREW
Yeah. I wish I had some coke.

PAN to reveal: DMITRI... who has overheard. *Interesting.* He looks around, sees Savannah sipping a drink... seems like he can slip away for a bit... *

He backs away and heads to the elevator... *

BY THE DANCE FLOOR - Josh finally taps out, and heads for a table with waters. Sweaty. Laughing. Clay and Tracey follow. *

TRACEY
I didn't know you could do that.

JOSH
 I didn't know I could it either.
 (beat)
 I gotta hand it to you guys. Both of
 you. You were right.
 (the party)
 We needed this.

And they love that.

CLAY
 Brother, you ain't seen nothin' yet.
 Check it out.

Clay looks around, makes sure no one's watching. Then LIFTS his SANTA COSTUME up a bit, to reveal: he's wearing multiple travel GIRDLES with pouches... and each of them is stuffed to bursting with HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

CLAY
 Three hundred grand.

JOSH
 Holy shit!

TRACEY
 Jesus, Clay!

*

CLAY
 (covers it back up)
 It's everyone's bonus. I'm gonna hand
 it out at the end of the party.

JOSH
 Yeah, great, but-- why is it in cash?

CLAY
 People love cash! And there was only
 one check left in my checkbook.
 (new song starts)
 Oh shit, that's my jam!

Clay runs back into the scrum.

CLAY
 THAT'S MY FUCKIN' JAM!!!!

Wow.

JOSH
 He really is Santa Claus.

TRACEY
 Speaking of which... I have your
 Secret Santa present.

JOSH

Oh. Yeah. I have yours too.

He reaches into his pocket, but--

TRACEY

Not here.

She gestures for him to follow her.

JOSH

Uhhhh--

TRACEY

It's not sex.

JOSH

I didn't think it was going to be--

(beat)

Well maybe for a second. But can we just do the gifts here? I don't want to take my eye off the party, just in case anything--

TRACEY

(grabs his tie)

They're fine. It's fine.

She yanks at him, and now he follows her... takes one quick glance back at the party... nothing out of the ordinary...

They pass by ALLISON and FRED, who are standing right by the PA system...

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

Do you want to go someplace we can talk?!

ALLISON

What?!

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

I said, "Do you want to go someplace we can talk?!"

ALLISON

I can't hear you! Do you want to go someplace we can talk?!

As the couple head off, the camera moves to find a CLOSED DOOR, with a strange light emanating from under it...

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DRUNK EMPLOYEES are having fun with the photocopier, copying body parts, as is the tradition. BUT THE MACHINE JAMS.

DRUNK GUY #1

Aw, man. I was about to do my balls.

One woman notices ANOTHER MACHINE across the room.

DRUNK WOMAN #1

Hey, what about the 3-D printer?

The drunks all look at each other. Is that safe? Then, as if deciding in unison, they start wrestling out of their pants and blouses...

DRUNK GUY #1

LET'S DO THIIIIIIIS!!!!

INT. CORNER LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

A frantic Nate is at an ATM. His balance is: \$2,350.39. He tries taking out \$2,000, but the machine caps him at \$500.

NATE

Shit.

(to the clerk)

Could you cash a check for eighteen hundred dollars?

Off the clerk's non-response...

EXT. ZENOTECH BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

An access door OPENS, and Tracey emerges, followed by Josh, who takes in:

THE INCREDIBLE 360-DEGREE VIEW OF CHICAGO.

It's not the Sky Tower... and it's freezing... but still. It's an amazing sight. You can see the entire city from up here, punctuated by THE SLIDE SHOW OF THEIR CO-WORKERS PROJECTED ONTO THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING ACROSS MICHIGAN AVE.

TRACEY

I come up here when I want to think.

JOSH

I usually go the alley where they keep the dumpsters. This is better.

(MORE)

*
*

JOSH (cont'd)
(grateful)
Thanks.

TRACEY
(shrugs)
It's not like I have anyone else to
share it with. Price of being alone.

JOSH
(yup)
Price of being alone.

They fall silent. Up here in the winter light, twinkling
colors in the distance, snow dusting her hair... *he suddenly
can't take his eyes off her.*

Then - he snaps out of it. Don't be crazy. He reaches into
his pocket, and--

JOSH
Merry Christmas.

--hands her a small velvet RING BOX. She takes it. Whoa.

JOSH
It's not a ring.

TRACEY
I didn't think it was going to be--
(beat)
Well maybe for a second.

She opens it. Inside - a SINGLE MICROCHIP. Wouldn't mean
anything to us - means the world to her.

TRACEY
Is this-- ?

JOSH
(nods)
The first G9. I saved it from the
first factory run.

TRACEY
Our baby.

JOSH
Our baby.

She's genuinely touched. Punches him on the arm in lieu of a
gloppy "thank you." Then closes the box, pockets it, and
reaches behind an AC unit... pulls out a wrapped GIFT.

He takes it. Curious. Tears the wrapping away. And:

JOSH

(oh)
It's an iPad.
(wait a second)
This is my iPad.

TRACEY

Yeah, I stole it out of your desk.

JOSH

My desk is locked.

TRACEY

Stole the key from your jacket. Swipe through. Last screen.

He swipes through app screens, gets to the last one.

She reaches over and taps an app.

A list of FILES pops up.

JOSH

What's this?

TRACEY

It's Everywhere. All the code, all the schematics, all the research. Four years of work.

He's stunned.

JOSH

Why are you giving this to me?

TRACEY

Because-- I respect you. And because I could use your help.

And *that* means the world to *Josh*.

We leave them there with this strange new feeling, and cut back to:

INT. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Ding! Dmitri re-emerges. Walks right past Carla, who waves her metal-detector wand lazily at him.

*
*

He enters the party... heads over to a position behind some stacked kegs. He removes a LARGE PLASTIC BAG from his zipped up jacket... probably a FULL KILO OF COKE, all in individual gram bags...

Then he catches the eye of TIM and DREW, and gestures them over. They approach.

DMITRI
I hear you say you want cocaine. Was this real, or are you wasting my focking time?

Tim is about to answer when:

DMITRI
That was not real question. Buy some cocaine now.

Tim and Drew look at each other. Okey dokey. Drew takes out his wallet.

DMITRI
And tell friends. I have enough for everyone.

INT. ZENOTECH'S DAY CARE CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Allison follows Fred into the colorful DAY CARE room.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING
Wow, I've always wanted to come here.

Oh? Um, okay. Fred sees some Play-Doh.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING
Aww, I used to love this stuff!
(beat)
Do your kids come here during the day?

ALLISON
Sometimes, when my ex can't cover.

Fred puts the Play-Doh down and walks to her. Playtime is over, thankfully... and he takes her by the hand.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING
You're such a good mom.

She tries to hide her excitement. This is finally happening!

ALLISON

I try to be.

She thinks he's going to kiss her... but he goes on:

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

I bet you'd make me finish all my homework before I could go outside and play.

ALLISON

(oh, I get it)

Especially if you're naughty.

He strokes her face.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

And you'd make sure I brushed my teeth... so I wouldn't get cavities.

ALLISON

(do I get it?)

Well, oral hygiene is important.

He finally kisses her. She goes with it. It's nice. When they break apart, though, he asks:

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

So how'd I do, Mommy?

ALLISON

Ew!

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

What?

ALLISON

Do you have some kind of mommy fetish?

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

No! Oh my God, no! I'm so sorry. If I gave you that impression--

She softens.

ALLISON

It's okay, maybe I--

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING

No, it's not okay. I've been bad.

He drops his pants, turns around, and bends over. Shows her his bare, hairy ass. Peeks back over his shoulder.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING
Spankies?

ALLISON
Oh fuuuuck this...

She turns and walks out.

FRED FROM ACCOUNTING
Mommy? Please! Freddy needs spankies!

INT. PARTY - THINGS ARE TURNING

People are dancing, drinking... but it's getting weird. We see the party through THEIR EYES - lights are blaring, faces distorting... reality sped up, slowed down...

And in the copy room...

*

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The 3D printer is churning out REMARKABLY REALISTIC 3-D REPLICAS OF BODY PARTS - the floor is LITTERED with red, green and blue DICKS, ASSES and BOOBS.

Employees push each other to get a turn at the machine. Someone gets jostled... and kicks into a METAL HOSE leading into the machine...

CLOSE ON THE HOSE - there's a small PINHOLE LEAK in it... and we hear a TINY HISS. Above the hose, a warning sign reads: DANGER - FLAMMABLE GAS - DO NOT DISCONNECT

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

A mounted TV is running the weather... "storm moving in... heavy snow in the Chicago area snarling travel for..."

PAN to find ERICA standing in front of a large DEPARTURE SCREEN. "New York JFK" flips from 10:05 PM to CANCELED.

Goddammit. Stuck.

INT. BACK TO THE PARTY - AT ONE OF THE BARS

Nate is searching the crowd for Savannah. He texts her: "Got the \$\$\$\$. Where r u?????"

Meanwhile... Kelsey and Meghan are behind the bar, making their own blended drinks for everyone. The bartender tries to stop them, but the inmates have taken control...

Nate watches as ALLISON storms over, grabs a bottle, and takes a HUGE SLUG of GIN.

He can tell something is very wrong. He's about to say something to her when: TIM moves in... sidles up to Allison.

TIM
Man, I wish this DJ would play some
Arctic Monkeys.

ALLISON
Huh?

TIM
Arctic Monkeys. The band.

ALLISON
Yeah, I don't know them.

TIM
(stymied, but playing
casual)
Sure you do. They're from England.

ALLISON
Sorry. Never heard of'em.

She turns her back on him. He gets irate.

TIM
You have so! You were supposed to see
them in concert with your friend
Lindsay! You said you were "soooooo
bummed" you couldn't get a sitter!

Allison's hatred of men reaches a new level.

ALLISON
What the fuck?! Have you been reading
my emails?!

Allison SMACKS him in the head. And keeps SMACKING.

TIM

Ow, shit!

Nate steps between them (taking some of the blows himself)...

NATE

Tim, come on, just get out of here!

TIM

(to Allison)

"Allison1" is a shitty password!

He walks away... Nate comforts Allison.

NATE

Are you okay?

Despite her tough facade, Allison actually starts crying.

ALLISON

My ex-husband is dating a stripper,
Tim hacked my email and Fred From
Accounting is a human fucking Amber
Alert. No, I'm not okay!

(into Nate's face)

Are you all like this? Is it that
hard for men to just be-- nice?

Nate doesn't know what to say... because he's the guy who
hired a hooker to impress his friends. And suddenly, that
seems like the worst decision anyone's ever made.

ALLISON

Don't I *deserve* someone-- nice?

NATE

Of course you do. Allison, you're an
amazing person. You take care of your
kids, you take care of this whole
office-- you're the one who keeps
this place running... even if most
people don't seem to notice.

His words are actually soothing her. He gently takes the
bottle from her hand. Puts it back on the bar.

NATE

Yeah. You deserve someone nice. And
you know what? So do--

SAVANNAH/BECCA

There you are!

Savannah slams herself up against Nate.

ALLISON

Oh... you must be Nate's girlfriend.

SAVANNAH/BECCA

I got your text, baby. You are
soooooo sweet.

But Nate actually seems annoyed that she's interrupting him
with Allison.

NATE

She, uh, loves my emojis.

Savannah drags Nate back to the dance floor.

SAVANNAH/BECCA

Get ready for the best six hours of
your life...

Allison sadly watches him go. And we can see he wanted to
stay with her too.

INT. O'HARE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

*

Harried airline employees in Santa hats get screamed at.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Airport police argue with cab drivers. The line is a mile
long. Everyone's on the job. In the cold. It's miserable.

ERICA - checks her Uber app. 25 minute wait. She grows
angrier... and behind her, a SALVATION ARMY SANTA keeps
ringing his bell... DING DING! DING DING!

She fishes money out of her purse.

ERICA

Here. A hundred dollars if you stop
ringing that fucking bell.

SALVATION SANTA

Sure.

She hands it to him. He drops it in his bucket. Then DING
DING! DING DING!

SALVATION SANTA
(LOUDLY IN HER FACE)
HO HO HO! HO HO HO!

The coil inside her rage center tightens...

INT. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

NATE - gets a drink at the bar. Looking across the room...
sees Allison. Is about to make his move when:

TIM appears. He's got another employee in tow. LARRY. Larry
looks absolutely miserable.

TIM
Nate, look... I just wanted to say
I'm sorry. You know, for saying Becca
was made-up. I'm happy for you, man.

NATE
(distracted)
Yeah. Thanks.

TIM
And Larry wants to apologize too.
Larry, Nate is Becca's boyfriend.

LARRY
(almost in tears)
Dude... I am so sorry. I had no idea
you guys were together.

NATE
What are you talking about?

TIM
(relishing this)
She blew me him the men's room.

NATE
What?

LARRY
I was just in there washing my hands,
and she came in like "I'll give you a
handy for forty bucks." I figured
Dave from Quality Control put her up
to it as a joke... but next thing I
know she's got my penis in her hand!
And then she starts rhythmically
moving it!

*

NATE
 Yeah, I know how a hand job works!
 (storms off)
 GodDAMMIT!

BEHIND THE KEGS - Dmitri sells another gram to Tim. Then turns away from his supply bag for a second to answer his phone. He speaks in Russian, but we do catch--

DMITRI
 --more cocaine--

As he's turned away, HR MARY wanders over to the SNOW MACHINE, which is right next to Dmitri. Needs a refill.

She picks up Dmitri's supply bag of cocaine. Doesn't think twice. Just EMPTIES IT into the snow machine.

Dmitri turns back just as -- GRINNNNNND -- the snow machine mulches all the gram bags and SPEWS COCAINE into the air...

DMITRI
 FOCK!

ALMOST A KILO OF COCAINE is now DISPERSED IN THE ROOM - shimmering down upon the partygoers like snow...

Mary turns to Dmitri. Remembers him. The foreigner!

MARY
 (slow, loud)
 Oh hellloooo, Dmitriiii! Do you like
 the snooooow machiiiiine?

He stares at her in shock. And... GRRRIINNND! One weird, last spurt of COCAINE is BLOWN into the air...

ON THE FLOOR - employees are already starting to feel the effects... a salesman mistakenly sloshes a drink on a lawyer. The lawyer PUSHES HIM BACK...

INT. UBER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Erica is in the backseat. Piano-wire tense. The car is stuck in brutal traffic. And then...

PING. Her phone pops up an alert. Instagram notification for #zenotech. She opens the app.

And there... all of KELSEY'S VIDEOS - the total debauchery of the party... and not a wine and cheese party. A fucking BLOW OUT PARTY. Clay. CLAY!

The rage consumes her. She leans toward the driver.

ERICA
Forget the hotel. We're going
downtown.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Josh and Tracey sit side by side, warming each other from the cold as he scrolls through her files on the iPad.

JOSH
This is incredible. Does this part
work?

TRACEY
Yup.

JOSH
And this part?

TRACEY
Mmhmm.

JOSH
You really are close. Closer than you
ever let on. So where's the problem?

She flicks to a new file.

TRACEY
Translation issue. The internet
backbone uses one protocol, powerline
transmission uses another. I have
both halves, but no way to combine
them into one thing.

JOSH
They don't speak each other's
language.

She nods. That's pretty much it in a nutshell.

JOSH
We'll figure it out. We've done it
before. And we have time. It's not
like either one of us are going
anywhere...

That dredges up a sudden GUILT in Tracey. Erica's offer
still in her head...

Josh misinterprets.

JOSH

Hey, hey, don't stress. You don't
have to do it all alone. Partners.

TRACEY

Partners.

And now they're really close, and it's really cold, and
they're looking into each other's eyes.

He starts to move in, and she starts to move in, and she
closes her eyes, and--

THE SOUND OF A DISTANT ALARM - coming up through the vents.

Their eyes open.

TRACEY

What is that?

JOSH

(oh no)
Fire alarm.

A sick feeling already in his stomach. He gets up and runs
for the door. She follows...

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE ZENOTECH BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Uber pulls up. Erica gets out. Like a gunslinger ready
for a shootout.

She takes two steps, and--

SMASH! A large MULTIFUNCTION PRINTER crashes to the ground
just ten feet from her, and shatters into lots of tiny
plastic bits...!

She looks up at a broken window... up there on the 10 floor.

Oh... those motherfuckers...

INT. PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

Josh bursts back into the atrium, Tracey hot on his heels,
and they both come to a dead stop... jaws dropped...

REVEAL - THE MAYHEM

Salesmen and saleswomen are in a full brawl with the lawyers.

The REINDEER are free, and snorting from the open end of the cocaine snow-blower. *

And one of the nativity scenes is on fire. HR MARY is attempting to put it out with an extinguisher.

BIG HARRY (50, bald, hefty) from RECEIVABLES totters by in a daze, a bottle of whiskey in his hand. * *

He has no pants on. His shirt barely covers his dick.

JOSH

Oh my god...

He turns to Tracey. This was her idea. She did this.

TRACEY

(devastated)

I'm sorry... I--

JOSH

I told you. I WARNED YOU!

TRACEY

I didn't--

DING! The elevators open...

TRACEY

Oh fuck.

ERICA emerges. And she sees everything. The intoxicated employees. The workers puking in the plants. The fights. *

Someone in a PLANET OF THE APES mask goes RIDING BY on top of one of the REINDEER, nearly running Erica down. * *

ERICA

CLAY!!!!

Clay turns and sees Erica. And suddenly looks panicked. Like a little boy who's lost his mom. *

CLAY

(tries to be casual)

Oh... hey? *

She sniffs the air. Purses her lips together to feel them. Is that...? in the air...? *

I cannot properly describe the look of death Erica gives her brother. It's too scary. And then:

*
*

INT. COPY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

One employee is alone with the pile of 3D-printed private parts. He takes out a joint and SPARKS a lighter.

CLOSE ON THE LEAKING GAS HOSE...

INT. PARTY - CONTINUOUS

WHA-BOOM! An EXPLOSION tears open a HUGE HOLE in the wall, sending that guy FLYING across the room, followed by--

A RAINSHOWER OF 3D-PRINTED COCKS, TITS and ASSES.

Everyone SCREAMS and ducks... then slowly rises back up...

The guy who lit the joint landed in one of the mangers. He broke baby Jesus.

JOINT SMOKING GUY

Fuuuuck.

Erica picks up a PURPLE 3D COCK.

CLAY

Ohhh. See, they shouldn't have--

Carla walks up to Erica. Waves her metal detector. BEEEP.

*

CARLA

Ma'am, can you empty your-- ?

*
*

ERICA

Get away from me.

*
*

Josh and Tracey rush in...

*

TRACEY

I'm so so sorry, this is my fault, I thought--

ERICA

It's not your fault.

JOSH

It's my fault.

*

ERICA

No. It's not your fault either.

She slowly walks up to Clay.

ERICA

I'm done cleaning up after you. And
I'm done bailing you out.

(beat)

I'm shutting you down.

CLAY

I get it. Party over. Totally makes
sense.

ERICA

No, Clay. I'm shutting you down.

And now the other employees, who have been listening, start
to get it.

ERICA

This branch is terminated.

CLAY

Erica-- this isn't you.

ERICA

Stop saying THIS ISN'T ME. This IS
me. This is a LIFETIME of this shit!

Clay is shocked. She's never yelled like this.

ERICA

Dad should have done this a long time
ago. You're destructive and lazy and
disrespectful. You're not even good
at the one thing you say you're good
at. People.

(points to Tracey)

You've wasted your only real asset.
Well it's over. I've already hired
her to work for me.

Josh turns to Tracey. Can't believe it. She tries to
protest, but nothing comes out.

ERICA

(to Clay)

Have fun living off your trust fund
for as long as it lasts. But your
little playground here? It's closed.

(MORE)

ERICA (cont'd)
 (beat)
 You're fired. You're all fired.

Erica walks away, heading towards the OFFICES, leaving Clay standing there in his Santa suit, shellshocked. Heartbroken.

And then, looking for all the world like a man who's lost his reason to live, he picks up two full bottles of bourbon, and stumbles away.

Employees begin to gather. Disbelief. Calling out to Josh.

Tracey starts to hyperventilate a bit... what has she done?

JOSH
 (crisis mode)
 Okay, everyone let's just stay calm.
 The Wise Men are still on fire, if
 someone can--

Mary hits the manger with another blast.

JOSH
 Thank you. Right. So, let's not
 panic. I'm gonna go talk to Clay,
 we'll hand out your bonuses, and then
 he and I are gonna call Roger, and
 sort this whole thing out.

RANDOM PARTIER #1
 Fuck the bonus! The branch is being
 shut down?! How am I going to feed my
 families?!

Josh furrows his brow -- "Families?" Other employees start shouting at Josh.

JOSH
 Simmer down, I hear you--

A CHAIR goes flying through the air, whizzing past Josh's head.

TRACEY
 Oh god...

JOSH
 Whoa, not cool! Don't throw--

A 3D PRINTED COCK pegs Josh in the head. Ow.

JEREMY
 FUCK YOU, MAN! I SAY WE BURN THIS
 PLACE TO THE GROUND!

An ANGRY CHEER from the employees, who are quickly turning
 into a MOB. Until--

JOSH
 GOOD! BURN IT! What do I care? I
 DON'T WORK HERE ANYMORE. None of you
 work here anymore! Because you needed
 a party! Well look around! Fucking
 LEGENDARY! Hope you all enjoyed it!
 So go ahead and burn it all down-- or
 start CLEANING this shit up while I
 go BEG for your jobs and WHY AM I
 YELLING LIKE THIS?

DREW
 I think there's cocaine in the air.

*
 *

JOSH
 (really?)
 Oh. That makes sense.

Everyone's quiet now. Chastened. No longer angry. Just
 scared. A few employees are wiping away tears.

MEI-LIN IN Q.C.
 You can figure this out, right Josh?

JOSH
 Yeah. I'll figure it out.

Josh stares at Tracey. Utter contempt.

JOSH
 Because if I don't-- who will?

INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

*

Erica MARCHES past cubicles, moving with purpose toward a
 large METAL DOOR that says:

*
 *
 *

FINANCIAL - AUTHORIZED ENTRANCE ONLY

*

As she swings the door open... we reverse to reveal CARLA,
 running after her.

*
 *

CARLA
 Ma'am? Ma'am! You need authorization!

*
 *

INT. FINANCIAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Carla enters, her TASER DRAWN. The door shuts behind her.

Erica is already on a terminal entering access codes.

CARLA

Ma'am, I need you to stand down.

ERICA

Fuck off.

CARLA

I am authorized to disable you.

ERICA

Oh yeah? By whom?

CARLA

The-- uhh... I don't really know. I just know Adolph is hungry, and he wants to bite.

Erica turns and stares at Carla. "Adolph"?

CARLA

That's my name for my ta--

ERICA

Yeah. I get it. My name is Erica Vanstone. I am the Chief Executive Officer of this corporation, and I am freezing the accounts of this branch. Turn around and walk out, or I will have you arrested.

(beat)

By a real cop.

Ooooh, that's a sore spot. Carla's finger tightens.

CARLA

No one comes in here without prior authorization. So unless you feel like dancing with the ghost of whoever invented electricity, I suggest you--

FWIP! Carla mistakenly FIRES the taser at Erica, who immediately goes into convulsions.

CARLA

Oh shit.

Carla drops the taser and tries to PULL the barbs out of
Erica, who SNAPS TO and ATTACKS Carla with a SCREAM!

THE BRAWL BEGINS - wiry, quick, RAGE-FILLED Erica vs.
lumbering, raw muscle Carla!

Erica's gotten on Carla's back. Carla SPINS, SMASHING ERICA
into a FILE CABINET... Erica POPS OFF, and as Carla rushes
her, she KICKS a ROLLING CHAIR at Carla, sending the
security officer tumbling HEAD OVER HEELS...

Erica stumbles back to the computer, but Carla RISES UP
behind her and SMASHES Erica's FACE down into the keyboard.

Carla removes her MACE with her free hand, and SPRAYS IT--

The spray manages to get BOTH of them.

CARLA ERICA
FUCK! AGGHHH!

They both fall to the floor... BLIND... Carla is KICKING at
the air toward where she thinks Erica might be...

But Erica is not there. Instead, she's crawling toward Carla
from the side, flailing blindly... and her hand lands on:

THE BEANBAG GUN on Carla's BELT. She PULLS ON IT...

As Carla STUMBLES back to her feet, Erica aims the BEANBAG
GUN and FIRES BLINDLY--

FWAP! A BEANBAG hits Carla.

CARLA
My tit!

FWAP! A SECOND BEANBAG hits Carla.

CARLA
That's the same tit! FUCK!

FWAP! A THIRD BEANBAG nails Carla dead center to the groin.

Carla CRASHES BACK to the floor.

Erica drops the gun.

Both women sit there, breathing heavily. Groaning. In pain.
Eyes red and tearing. No other sound. Until:

CLICK! A NOISE from the LOCK on the door.

ERICA
What was that?

CARLA
(holding her crotch
in pain)
Time lock. The room deadbolts at
midnight. Doesn't release until--

ERICA
(realizes)
8 AM. I wrote that memo. GodDAMMIT!

CARLA
What are you complaining about? I'm
the one that got shot in the
vulvular!

Erica stares at Carla through bleary eyes.

ERICA
The WHAT?

INT. CLAY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Josh bursts into Clay's office.

JOSH
Clay, we have to--

But Clay's not there.

JOSH
Shit.

Tracey rushes in. Sees Josh standing in Clay's empty office.

TRACEY
He's gone.

JOSH
Oh, is he? Thank god the great GENIUS
is here to grace us with that
brilliant insight! Boy, we'll miss
you when you leave for New York. Oh,
that's right, there IS no "we"
because "we" are shut down!

TRACEY
I wanted to tell you--

JOSH
But you didn't.

TRACEY
I didn't tell her yes.

JOSH
You didn't tell her no.

TRACEY
Because I wasn't sure. Because of--

He puts up his hand before she can say "you." Just pulls out his phone. Searching for Clay's number.

JOSH
Don't. You don't give a shit about me, you don't give a shit about what I think, and tonight is proof of that in every possible way.

She has no response. He lifts the ringing phone to his ear.

JOSH
C'mon Clay...

EXT. MICHIGAN AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Nate & Savannah are arguing on the sidewalk in front of waiting partiers. Nate no longer cares what people think.

Dmitri stands nearby on the phone.

NATE
What the hell?! I hired you to pretend to be my girlfriend!

SAVANNAH
Which I did.

NATE
How is giving handjobs to my co-workers pretending to be my girlfriend?!

SAVANNAH
I dunno. It seemed like if you *did* have a girlfriend, she'd probably cheat on you a lot. I have to play my part honestly, okay? I'm an artist.

NATE
YOU'RE A WHORE!

SAVANNAH
(shrugs)
It's a fine line.

Dmitri hangs up. Walks up to Nate.

DMITRI
If you're done yelling, I'm going to
beat the fock out of you now.

NATE
What? Why?

DMITRI
I lost money up there, man! A whole
kilo into the air! Unless you have
forty thousand dollars. Do you have
forty thousand dollars?

NATE
Maybe.

DMITRI
Okay. I'm going to pull your asshole
through your face now.

SAVANNAH
(turns away)
Uhh. I hate watching this.

Dmitri grabs Nate by his shirt, raises his fist, and:

CLAY stumbles out onto the street, still in his Santa garb,
bourbon bottle in hand. DRUNK out of his mind. YELLING.

*
*

CLAY
I need drugs!!!

Dmitri looks over.

DMITRI
You got forty thousand dollars?

Clay starts laughing.

CLAY
Forty thousand? Nah. I got six
million in a trust fund. As for
cash-- well--
(MORE)

CLAY (cont'd)
 (pats his belly)
 Let's just say Santa Clay has a lot
 of lost time to make up for.

NATE
 (trembling)
 His father started the whole
 corporation...!

*

Dmitri notes that. Innnnteresting. Lets Nate go. Nate runs
 back into the building, terrified.

DMITRI
 Okay, Santa Claus. Let's go party.

CLAY
 WHOOO! CHRISTMASSSS!!!!

Dmitri gives Savannah a wink as she helps PILE Clay into
 Dmitri's car, and--

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

ROGER has walked away from a group of businesspeople... on
 the phone...

ROGER
 Slow down. Slow down.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. CLAY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Josh on the phone with Roger. Tracey listening.

JOSH
 I'm sorry, Roger, but we're all
 pretty upset over here...

ROGER
 We can discuss the branch situation
 later. Right now, I need to speak to
 my son.

JOSH
 Yeah, we're trying to track him
 down--

MARY and MEI-LIN pop their heads in.

MARY FROM HR

I think Clay's off the wagon. He urinated on one of the reindeer and then left with a bottle of clear alcohol.

MEI-LIN

I heard he went to get drugs with that hooker Sabecca and her pimp.

ALLISON pops her head in behind them.

ALLISON

Whoa, easy. That's Nate's girlfriend you're talking about.

But now NATE appears behind her...

NATE

No, Sabecca really is a prostitute.

Josh and Tracey look at each other. What the fuck is going on here all of a sudden?

NATE

I hired her to pretend to be my girlfriend for the night.

(to Allison)

I'm sorry. I'm just as big a creep as all the other men in your life. Not that I'm in your life... but maybe--

JOSH

(points to phone)

I'm sorry, can you-- ?

(back to Roger)

How much of that did you hear?

*

ROGER

All of it.

(upset)

Josh, the last time Clay fell off the wagon he set fire to a fire truck.

JOSH

(really?)

How is that even--

ROGER

I don't know what happened at this party, but I do know this.

(MORE)

ROGER (cont'd)
 If my son gets hurt tonight-- or
 hurts anyone else-- you won't have to
 worry about Erica shutting you down.
I'll shut you down. Find Clay... and
 take him home.

Roger hangs up.

Josh collapses down into Clay's couch. A terrible night just
 got worse.

JOSH
 Well, the guy I just called to keep
 us from getting shut down just
 threatened to shut us down. We have
 to find Clay.

ALLISON
 It shouldn't be hard. It's not like
 he's been kidnapped or anything.

Tracey goes pale.

TRACEY
 Josh.
 (oh shit)
 The bonus money. He's got three
 hundred thousand dollars strapped to
 his gut, and he's riding around town
 with a drug-dealing pimp.

Josh closes his eyes. Oh god oh god...

JOSH
 Nate, please tell me this pimp isn't
 the violent type.

NATE
 He said he would pull my asshole
 through my face.

MARY
 That does sound violent.

JOSH
 (head in hands)
 This guy's going to kill Clay, and we
 have no idea where he is.

NATE
 Oh yes we do.

They all turn to him expectantly, and:

EXT. 3-STORY APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Dmitri's car pulls up in front of a rundown tenement in one of the worst sections of Chicago. Clay emerges, followed by Savannah and Dmitri.

CLAY

*This is what I'm talking about,
Sabecca. The real world.*

Clay sees A HOMELESS MAN lying on the sidewalk.

CLAY

*This man was probably branch leader
at a cutting edge tech company until
some stick-up-the-butt CEO that was
his sister decided they weren't
profitable enough.*

Clay hands the homeless man the rest of his bourbon.

CLAY

It gets better.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dmitri lets Clay and Savannah into a filthy apartment. The place is basically a crash pad for low-rent gangsters and prostitutes. Clay is too wasted to be scared.

CLAY

Ho ho ho, motherfuckers!

A RUSSIAN THUG pulls his gun.

RUSSIAN THUG

Who the fock are you?

Dmitri SMACKS the thug across the face.

DMITRI

He's my friend!

CLAY

Boom!

Dmitri pulls the thug close. Whispers.

DMITRI

Don't fock this up for me.

Dmitri calls to another room--

DMITRI
Prinesti narkotiki!

--and ODE TO JOY rises as-- and a prostitute comes in with A SMORGASBORD OF DRUGS. Pills, pipes, joints, powders. Clay's eyes go wide as we:

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE I.T. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Drew & Tim are making out with two co-workers-- WENDY and SHANNON-- on their desks.

DREW
Oh yeah-- we freakin' love Jesus. And we do a ton of missionary work.

TIM
I'm hoping to do more tonight.

WENDY
Really? How?

NATE STORMS IN - followed by Josh, Tracey, Allison and Mary.

NATE
By having sex with you face-to-face. Ladies, these "gentlemen" are frauds. They hacked your e-mail. They wouldn't know Matthew 6:33 from Jeremiah 29:11.

The girls are shocked. As they grab their clothes--

WENDY
Those verses are theologically distinct!

She and Shannon MARCH OUT. Nate turns to Tim and Drew.

NATE
Now, since you two assclowns like hacking so much, I'm gonna need you to tap into Clay's iCloud.

DREW
Why the hell would we help you?

Nate grabs him by the shirt.

NATE
Because I'm telling you to.

TIM
Hey-- you can't touch him!

Everyone looks to Mary for a ruling.

MARY FROM HR
I'll allow it. "F" him up.

TIM
Waitwaitwait!

INT. DMITRI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLAY SNORTS AN INSANELY LONG LINE OF COCAINE. Savannah and the other prostitutes watch in awe as he rounds the table.

PROSTITUTE #1
I can't even hold my breath that long.

Dmitri, meanwhile, is staring at Clay like a shark readying for a meal. Clay finally comes up for air.

The prostitutes APPLAUD. Really impressed.

PROSTITUTE #2
You want some crack too?

CLAY
(touched)
Ohmygosh I would love some crack,
Cherise. Thank you.

Clay takes the pipe...but stops to appreciate the moment.

CLAY
See? This is what my sister doesn't get. Christmas isn't a time to sit around counting your family's 475 million dollars-- strategizing how to turn it into a billion by screwing over the little guys.
(beat)
It's about moments like this. People enjoying each other's company.
(re: the pipe)
Is this ready to rip?

Before she can respond, though, Dmitri interjects:

DMITRI

So this money-- is it all in bank?

CLAY

Most of it. But I got three hundred thousand in cash on hand, my friend.

DMITRI

Oh? And where is that? Just lying around?

CLAY

No.

Clay LIGHTS THE PIPE and SMOKES SOME CRACK. Inhales, then as he blows out crack smoke...

CLAY

Isss on my personnnn iss safe.

DMITRI

(what was that?)

In a personal safe?

CLAY

(cracked out)

Yeah... yeah...

Dmitri sits back. Thin smile. Christmas just came early.

INT. THE I.T. OFFICE - NIGHT

Our heroes supervise as Drew and Tim begrudgingly hack away. Nate studies the screen... until he finally sees:

NATE

That's it! He's in an apartment building in--

(peers at the screen)

--the 6400 block of MLK Drive!

(beat)

Oh. He's probably dead.

JOSH

Who has a car here?

ALL OF THEM

Ubered.

Except...

MARY
I have a Kia Sedona.

JOSH
That's almost a car. Let's go.

MUSIC: Run-DMC's "CHRISTMAS IN HOLLIS" rises, and we're:

INT. MARY'S KIA SEDONA (DRIVING) - NIGHT

Mary drives the minivan like it's a sports car. Josh nervously rides shotgun, Tracey and Allison are in the first passenger row. Nate is monitoring his laptop in the back.

JOSH
Sure you don't want me to drive?

MARY FROM HR
Please. I didn't just get the Sedona for its best-in-class seating.

Josh shares nervous looks with Tracey and Allison as MARY CROSSES A DOUBLE LINE TO PASS THE CAR IN FRONT OF THEM.

EXT. DMITRI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mary SCREECHES to a halt in front of the building. Nate consults the iPhone locator on his laptop.

NATE
This is it. He's somewhere in that building.

Tracey peers out the window.

TRACEY
He's *definitely* dead.

JOSH
No one's dead. Let's split up. Door to door until we find him.

CUT TO:

INT. FINANCIAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erica sits on the floor. Eyes still bleary, but she can see. She's tapping her phone in frustration.

*

*

*

CARLA
Don't bother. No signal in here, no
wifi. Security memo.

ERICA
Yeah, I KNOW what the memo said, I
wrote--

Erica looks at Carla, who rubs her tit with one hand, and
her crotch with another.

ERICA
Can you stop that, please?

CARLA
I gotta massage the tissue. I don't
want blood clots.

ERICA
Good. It's your own fault.

CARLA
I was doing my job.

ERICA
You don't have a job. I fired you.

CARLA
Yeah. Kinda weird then that you
haven't asked the obvious question.

Erica isn't sure what she's talking about. And Carla
switches the subject.

CARLA
You're good at hand-to-hand. What's
your training. Krav Maga?

ERICA
I don't have any training. I guess
I'm just good at things.

CARLA
Really? I figured you got this job
because of your dad.

ERICA
Please. The Board recruited me. He
was against it.

CARLA
Why?

ERICA

Because deep down, even though he'll never admit it, he wanted his son to take over.

CARLA

Oh.

They sit in awkward silence.

CARLA

My dad was like that too. He was a cop. He told me "You'll never be a police officer. Don't bother." But I told him he was wrong. And I took the test. Three times. Yeah.

(beat)

It would have been nice if he had lied.

ERICA

Is he alive?

CARLA

No. Probably better that he doesn't see me like this. Fake cop.

ERICA

(beat)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have--

CARLA

No. I am. I'm a fake cop. But here's the question you didn't ask. Why would a fake cop who just got fired still go running after a woman and get into a fistfight?

(beat)

I bet you know what it's like to be the best at something. I don't. But I care. Every single person here cares-- except for Jeremy, who's a piece of shit. But the rest of us? We're told "you're part of this family." And we make fun of that, but we secretly want to believe it, because most of us had moms or dads who said "you can't be a real cop." But maybe in this family...

Carla starts to get emotional. Erica just listens. Stunned.

CARLA

Maybe in this family, we can prove ourselves. Prove we're good. So we come in early and we leave late. We fight for our scraps. We put up with the pay freezes, and the vacations you take away, and the bonuses that don't come through, and the evaluations and the layoff scares and the dress codes and all the indignities of being a "human resource". We don't even get a Christmas party anymore. But we put up with it anyway, we do everything we can to put money in your pockets, because we care about our "family."

(beat)

But in the end, it's the same kind of family we had before. "You're not good enough." "You didn't achieve enough."

(beat)

"You're not a real cop."

Off Erica's face, we CUT TO:

INT. TENEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Allison & Nate are searching the first floor. Nate uses his phone's flashlight.

They pass large pools of urine... rats the size of small dogs... even the hallway lights seem like they're on drugs, flickering.

ALLISON (ON HER PHONE)

Hey sweetie.

(listens, then)

Awww, mommy misses you too. I just need to take care of some very important work stuff.

She hangs up as she steps over a passed-out druggie/possible dead body. Nate grabs her-- stops her in her tracks.

NATE

(points down)

You almost stepped on that needle. I don't want you to get Hep-C.

ALLISON

Oh. I actually already have Hep-C.

NATE
 (immediately)
 That's not a deal-breaker for me. I
 mean, if you ever--

ALLISON
 (likes that)
 I don't have Hep-C. But you're sweet.
 (looks down)
 Oh, I think you stepped on a needle.

He looks down. OH SHIT. He pulls a syringe from his sneaker.

ALLISON
 Hep-C is kind of a deal-breaker for
 me. But we'll get you tested.

She moves ahead. Nate might have just gotten Hep-C. But what she just said to him... he has a chance with her! Yes!

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

Josh, Tracey & Mary approach an open apartment, out of which
 HARD-CORE RUSSIAN RAP MUSIC IS PUMPING.

Josh & Tracey are about to go in, but Mary stops them.

MARY FROM HR
 I'll go first. I have a closer
 relationship with God.

INSIDE THE APARTMENT

It's the same set-up as before... but Clay, Dmitri and
 Savannah aren't here. Just the thugs and hookers.

RUSSIAN THUG
 More?
 (pointing a gun)
 Now who the fuck are you?

MARY FROM HR
 (so scared)
 My name is Mary Radebaugh, I am a
 human resources professional, and
 Jesus is my shield.

TRACEY
 We're looking for our boss. Big guy,
 dressed like Santa?

The thug puts the gun away. Remembers Dmitri's slap.

RUSSIAN THUG
Oh. Yeah. Good guy.

Tracey clocks: CLAY'S IPHONE (identifiable thanks to its "U. of Wisconsin" case) ON THE SOFA. She nudges Josh.

He sees the phone. Realizes this is a dead end.

JOSH
Yeah, he's the greatest. Can you
maybe tell us where he's gone?

The thug considers.

RUSSIAN THUG
Depends. How I know you not police?

MARY FROM HR
Oh, I'm flattered you would even
think that. I have the highest
respect for the "boys" in "blue."
None of us could ever be a hero like
the everyday American police officer.

RUSSIAN THUG
Oh yeah? Prove it--

He hands Mary a CRACK PIPE.

RUSSIAN THUG
--and I'll tell you where he is.

JOSH
C'mon. She's not about to--

EXT. DMITRI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Mary comes FLYING OUT of the front door. Screaming at the
sky.

MARY FROM HR
CHRISTMAS ANGEL! I AM A CHRISTMAS
ANGEL!

She flaps her arms.

NATE AND ALLISON - stand by the Sedona. Jaws dropped.

Josh and Tracey emerge.

JOSH
All right. Clay is with Nate's hooker
and her pimp, and they're heading to
his apartment.

Mary is rolling around in a drift of DIRTY SIDEWALK SNOW.

MARY FROM HR
I'm in heaven! Fluffy clouds! All
Christians! No LGBTQ...I...A....P...

Nate and Allison turn to Josh and Tracey.

TRACEY
Mary smoked crack.

ALLISON
Nate got Hep-C.

NATE
We don't know that yet!

JOSH
Listen-- this next part could get
ugly. You guys Uber out of here. I'm
taking Mary's car.

TRACEY
I'm going with you.

JOSH
Tracey--

TRACEY
This is my fault. Let me help. I have
to help. Please.

INT. DMITRI'S CAR - NIGHT

Clay is driving. Savannah is in the backseat and Dmitri is
riding shotgun.

The SNOW is falling HARDER now.

CLAY
I'm so glad I met you guys. I can't
wait to show you my place. We don't
have any booze there, because I was
sober for--
(beat)
I was sober. What did I do?
(MORE)

CLAY (cont'd)

(gets weepy)

I really fucked up, you guys. I fucked up my business and my life. I hurt a lot of good people tonight. I'm no good.

DMITRI

Of course you are. You're Santa.

CLAY

I'm not Santa. Santa is smart and an amazing team-builder. I'm stupid. I'm stupid and weak and all that stuff Erica said.

(beat)

I always wanted to be like her, you know? She's amazing. She got straight A's. Do you know what that even means?

DMITRI

(looking ahead)

Red light.

CLAY

I never got an A. I never even got a C. My dad bought my school a new gym and they still kicked me out.

DMITRI

Red light!

CLAY

I always say dad loves me more, but I know that's not true. Why would he love me at all? I'm worthless.

DMITRI AND SAVANNAH

RED LIGHT!

CLAY

You know what you guys?

Clay BLOWS through the red light. Through the rear windshield, we see another car swerve to avoid them and hit a LAMP POST. Holy shit.

CLAY

We should go see her. You can help me get out of this, right Russian guy and sex worker?

DMITRI
(pissed)
Do you know why I let you drive?

CLAY
Cuz I'm alpha?

Dmitri pulls his gun from his jacket. Aims it at Clay.

DMITRI
So I could point this at you. We're
going to your place. And we're
opening your safe.

CLAY
What safe?

Dmitri blinks. In the back seat, Savannah is looking ahead.

SAVANNAH
RED LIGHT!

Clay BLOWS THROUGH that intersection as well. Off the sound
of oncoming traffic BLARING THEIR HORNS...

INT. SEDONA - CONTINUOUS

Josh drives. Tracey shotgun.

JOSH
He has to be taking Kedzie.

Tracey stares to her right. Looking at the parallel street.
Then sees:

CLAY - driving Dmitri's car - running parallel... and then
SPEEDING UP and out of side!

TRACEY
I got him!

JOSH
Fuck!

Josh hits the brakes... they FISHTAIL a bit in the snow...
and then he REGAINS CONTROL and now...

THE CHASE IS ON - INTERCUTTING BETWEEN THE CARS

Dmitri has the gun to Clay's head now.

DMITRI
What do you mean "no safe"???

CLAY
(oddly at peace)
It's no problem. I know what to do.
Everything's going to be just fine.

DMITRI
Nothing's going to be fine! I'll blow
your brains out, motherfucker!

CLAY
I'm cool with that.

Clay accelerates. Dmitri is confused.

DMITRI
You are?

CLAY
Oh yeah. Do it.

Dmitri lowers the gun. Starting to realize.

DMITRI
You know what? Maybe just pull over
and let us out.

CLAY
No. I wouldn't deprive you of what
we're about to experience. Something
beautiful.

DMITRI
Please. I am full of regret.

CLAY
Hang on.

Clay YANKS the WHEEL - and Dmitri and Savannah SCREAM as
they pull some G's and DRIFT -- then CHANGE DIRECTIONS.

BEHIND THEM - Josh and Tracey in pursuit...

TRACEY
Where's he going? His apartment isn't
that way...

JOSH
(confused)
There's nothing that way. Just--

Oh no. A sick realization.

JOSH
I know where he's going.
(beat)
What's the fastest route to the Lake
Street Bridge?

TRACEY
Cut across on Washington to Canal.
Why?
(gets it)
Oh god...

As Josh YANKS THE WHEEL to get them on Washington...

IN DMITRI'S CAR - Clay is smiling. Breathing easy.

Dmitri and Savannah-- not so much. Clay is PICKING UP SPEED.

DMITRI
What the fuck are you doing, man?

Up ahead, distant lights...

CLAY
You see those lights up there? That's
the Lake Street Bridge. It'll be up,
this time of night.
(beat)
How fast do you think we'll need to
go to jump it?

SAVANNAH
Dmitri, you fucking MORON...!

DMITRI
This isn't my fault!
(to Clay)
Don't fucking do this, man!

CLAY
If you shoot me, we die. If you don't
shoot me... we might live.
(sweet relief)
But not if we're lucky...

He pushes down even MORE on the gas, and we CUT TO:

EXT. THE LAKE STREET BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The Sedona SKIDS TO A STOP, perpendicular to the bridge.
Blocking the way.

Josh and Tracey get out. In the distance... Clay's
headlights...

TRACEY

Are we running or what?

Josh takes a breath in the cold air. Snow fluttering down on
him.

JOSH

No.

TRACEY

What?

JOSH

He won't stop for a car. He'll plow
right through.

TRACEY

(realizing)

You're not serious.

JOSH

He won't hurt me.

TRACEY

Josh, that's insane.

The HEADLIGHTS are growing closer... we can hear the ENGINE
now as Clay SPEEDS toward the bridge...

TRACEY

JOSH!

He looks at her. A weird smile. Oddly at peace. Just like
Clay. He shrugs.

JOSH

I have to take a risk.

INSIDE DMITRI'S CAR - Savannah is praying. Dmitri is in full
panic. FUMBLING to get his seatbelt on.

CLAY

You waited until now to do that?

(laughs)

Russian guy, you're NUTS!

AT THE BRIDGE - Josh stands in front of the Sedona. Holds his arms out to the side. Come and get me.

Tracey hesitates, then... JOINS JOSH. Takes his hand in hers. Makes a stand with him.

TRACEY

He likes me more than he likes you.

Josh squeezes her hand tight, and they WAIT...

DMITRI'S CAR - through the snow, Clay can now see JOSH AND TRACEY up ahead, blocking his way... he's bearing down on them....

CLAY

No... NO NO NO!

He HONKS HIS HORN. But doesn't slow down...

ON JOSH AND TRACEY - not moving... but seeing that Clay isn't SLOWING DOWN EITHER... oh boy...

ON CLAY - pedal to the metal, hand jammed against the horn...

ON JOSH AND TRACEY - headlights BLINDING THEM as they both hold each other's hands for dear life...

THE CAR ISN'T STOPPING

BEARING DOWN ON THEM..... AND.....

Clay SCREAMS A BATTLE CRY and SWERVES at the last second, zooming PAST JOSH AND TRACEY AND--

CATCHING A COMPACTED SNOW DRIFT that acts like a RAMP and--

DMITRI'S CAR - SOARS OFF THE ROAD - INTO THE AIR - ROTATING LIKE A SPINNING BULLET AND--

SMASHES DOWN THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOWS OF A MUNICIPAL UTILITY STRUCTURE!

SPARKS EXPLODE out of the window from all sides... then die down...

Josh and Tracey open their eyes. Oh god... CLAY! They rush down the embankment and get to Dmitri's car...

INSIDE DMITRI'S CAR - Clay and Dmitri and Savannah woozily push the AIRBAGS aside. Banged up. But alive.

CLAY
I couldn't do it. I couldn't hurt
them. I love them too much.

DMITRI
What about everybody else in the
car!?

CLAY
Oh. I don't really know you guys...

Clay peers through the cracked windshield. The one unbroken
headlight illuminates--

--a ROOM FULL OF DAMAGED COMPUTER EQUIPMENT

CLAY
What did I smash into?

INT./EXT. CHICAGO - VARIOUS

IN A BAR - a patron is watching a VIDEO on his phone. The
video FREEZES. In the background, "NETWORK LOST" appears on
the TELEVISIONS. People groan.

ON THE STREET - the display screens in a NEWS STATION WINDOW
freeze, then show CONNECTION ERROR

People in homes - "I can't get my email"... "Is the WiFi
down?" "The internet isn't working!"

A COUPLE IN BED on their iPads. They're both tapping and
swiping.

WIFE
The internet's down.

HUSBAND
Switch to cellular.

WIFE
That's not working either.

They stare at their iPads. Blank confusion. Then:

WIFE
(turns to husband)
I want a divorce.

ON THE STREET - lights flicking on, people shouting... cops
yelling on walkie talkies... Uber drivers parked next to
each other gesturing with their phones...

THE CITY - a terrible DIN, as if millions of voices suddenly cried out in terror, because the internet was suddenly silenced.

EXT. THE LAKE STREET BRIDGE - LATER

Flashing lights of cop cars and an ambulance. Dmitri and Savannah are being led off in handcuffs...

DMITRI
That's not my gun...

SAVANNAH
That's not my pimp...

We PAN PAST to see Clay sitting on the ground, wrapped in a blanket while the EMT's check him out.

Josh and Tracey wait off to the side. Josh holds Clay's MONEY BELTS full of cash.

A SEDAN pulls up. ROGER gets out... and RUSHES OVER.

*

CLAY
Dad...

ROGER
Oh thank god... are you all right?

CLAY
Yeah. I don't feel anything, but that's because I'm pretty high right now... my spinal cord is totally working.

Roger exhales. Relief.

CLAY
I have to go to rehab again, huh? I get it. Just don't take it out on them.

*
*
*

He looks over at Josh and Tracey.

CLAY
I'm alive because they cared.

Roger considers this. Then turns to the EMT's.

*

ROGER
Let me know when you're done, and I'll take him.

*
*
*

As the EMT's finish up with Clay, Roger walks over to Josh and Tracey.

*

ROGER

*

Thank you.

JOSH

No problem.

But... that strange look on Roger's faces. Like someone died.

*

JOSH

There is no problem, right?

ROGER

Have you checked your phones in the last hour?

TRACEY

Yeah, we called you--

*

ROGER

*

Not voice. Internet.

He points to the where the car is still JUTTING from the utility building.

*

ROGER

*

That building holds the main trunk line for the Level 6 backbone.

Tracey looks back at the CAR. And her jaw drops. Oh no...

ROGER

*

He took out the entire Chicago Metro network. Cable, DSL, 3G, LTE...

JOSH

I don't understand. Are you saying--?

TRACEY

(realizes)

Clay literally broke the internet.

ROGER

*

The whole city's down. Everything. It's national news. Well, not in Chicago obviously. Nothing works here. But everywhere else. I already got a call from the Board.

*

*

*

*

*

Josh closes his eyes. He knows what's coming.

*

ROGER

Their decision was final. I can't
undo it.

(beat)

I'm sorry. The branch is closed.

Josh and Tracey are speechless. Roger turns away, gathers
Clay, and walks him toward the car.

And Josh and Tracey are left standing there in the cold,
lost... and defeated.

MUSIC: Marty Stuart's "EVEN SANTA CLAUS GETS THE BLUES"

EXT. CHICAGO - AS DAWN BREAKS

The Kia Sedona makes its way across the quiet, snowy city.

*Lost my favorite reindeer... in a hurricane
Got soaking wet... on account of rain*

INT. ZENOTECH ATRIUM - THE PARTY'S OVER

The remaining employees try their best to put their office
back together.

- Mei-Lin sweeps up 3D tits.

- A saleswoman shares an ICE BAG with a lawyer, and they
soothe their black eyes...

- Jeremy glues together the Baby Jesus.

*Countin' my troubles by threes and by twos
Even Santa Claus gets the blues*

- Tim glumly shares some Christmas cookies with a reindeer.

- Allison and Nate carefully lower the SNOW MAKING MACHINE
into a large plastic bag, and then begin TAPING IT up, like
it's a biohazard

- Mary sits on the floor, still in a crack haze. Stares
slack-jawed at the blinking lights of the TOPPLED CHRISTMAS
TREE

*What I wouldn't give... for just one silent night
Just me and Mama Claus by the warm fire light, yeah*

Josh and Tracey enter... see most everyone is still there,
trying to clean up. And that makes it all even worse.

*But Christmas time is comin, there's just so much to do
Even Santa Claus... gets the blues...*

The music fades. Josh and Tracey walk toward the staff,
their shoes crunching over debris and broken glass.

ALLISON

Well?

JOSH

We found Clay.
(the money belts)
And I have your bonuses.

Relief filters through the crowd.

NATE

What about the branch? Are we okay?

Josh and Tracey share a look. Then:

JOSH

I'm sorry.

Stunned disbelief. Josh hangs his head, then walks off.

INT. JOSH'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Josh loads files into boxes.

Tracey appears by his open door.

TRACEY

Josh--

JOSH

You know, I've been thinking, maybe
this was for the best. We were
coasting, we were down every year...
maybe it all needed to be broken.

TRACEY

That's not true.

JOSH

Doesn't really matter either way,
does it?

TRACEY

I've been thinking too. What if we
start our own thing? Build it from
the ground up, equal partners--

JOSH
(angry)
We're not equal partners.

That shocks Tracey. But Josh isn't angry at her.

JOSH
You're better than me. You're a million times better than me. What you do is-- amazing. Do you know that? You're Mozart. I'm Salieri.
(beat)
It's from the movie Amadeus.

TRACEY
I've seen it.

JOSH
I'm middle management, Trace. Go to New York. It's where you belong--

TRACEY
I don't want to.

JOSH
--and you'll do great things. Game-changing, revolutionary things.

Josh lifts his box. Ready to leave.

But Tracey blocks the door.

TRACEY
I don't want to.

JOSH
Why? You don't need me.

*

TRACEY
You're right. I don't. But you help.
You drive me fucking crazy with your spreadsheets and your timetables and your flowcharts... but my brain is--
(beat)
"Tracey displays prodigious intellect and creativity, but her thinking is often disordered and chaotic." That was my first grade report card.
(beat)
Nothing's changed. But you-- you help me focus. No one's ever been able to play on my level like that. No one.
(MORE)

*

TRACEY (cont'd)
 I had all the pieces of the G9 but
 you helped me make them fit-- and I
 resented you for that.
 (beat)
 Please don't leave me.

*
 *
 *

A long pause. Then:

JOSH
 Goodbye.

She steps aside, and he starts walking. Tears in his eyes too, but he can't hold her back. Not anymore.

As he heads to the exit, he takes it all in one last time. The cubicles, the copy machines, the fake plants, and all the dinky Christmas decorations.

A little SANTA CLAUS sitting on top a file cabinet.

He stops. And DROPS his BOX on the ground.

In the background, Tracey turns back.

JOSH
 Secret Santa.

He slowly turns back to Tracey.

JOSH
 We're each other's Secret Santa.
 (beat)
 We exchange gifts.

TRACEY
 (concerned)
 Are you having a stroke?

Josh RUMMAGES MANICALLY through his box, throwing shit everywhere until he finds... his iPad.

Opens up her Everywhere app.

JOSH
 Look. You already figured out the impossible. You've got electrical lines emitting receivable data. But like you said, they don't talk the same language as the internet.
 (MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)

(beat)

Exchange gifts. Write a translation protocol for IP that can be sent by powerline. Then have IP package everything outbound--

TRACEY

(holy SHIIIIIIIT)

--with the translation protocol...

She's already RUNNING to her office. Josh is following.

JOSH

Is that hard?

TRACEY

Extremely!

JOSH

Can you do it?

She punches her CODE into her office entry pad.

TRACEY

Can I do it? I'm Mozart, motherfucker.

INT. TRACEY'S OFFICE

Tracey bursts in, followed by Josh. She's already at her keyboard. She's already coding.

Josh is suddenly useless. Until:

TRACEY

Get that thing!

She points to a large UNCOVERED ELECTRICAL DEVICE.

He picks it up. Heavy. As he brings it over:

TRACEY

Oh, and don't touch the red part or you'll die.

He looks down. His thumb is on the RED PART.

JOSH

Uhhh--

Tracey stops coding for a split second, glances at Josh and his thumb.

TRACEY

Guess it's not plugged in. Go!

Josh sets it down, yanks his hand away from the RED PART,
and plugs the device in.

TRACEY

(typing like a fiend)

The crazy thing is, I already had the
pieces. It's just like last time. I
HAD THEM! AGGHH!

(beat)

Compile compile compile...

INT. FINANCIAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erica and Carla are still slumped on the floor. Now shoulder
to shoulder for warmth. Erica is sleeping. Then Carla - with
her eyes still closed - begins singing softly...

CARLA

*The First Noel, the Angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in
fields as they lay*

Erica opens her eyes. Looks at Carla. Why is she on her? Why
is she singing?

CARLA

*In fields where they lay keeping
their sheep
On a cold winter's night that was so
deep.*

And now Erica joins in, IN PERFECT TWO-PART HARMONY.

CARLA AND ERICA

*Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel
Born is the King of Israel!*

Carla applauds.

CARLA

You really are good at things.

ERICA

So are you.

(beat)

You didn't have to tase me. But I'm
glad you did. You cared.

And now Erica realizes...

ERICA
I'm still trying to prove something
to him.
(beat)
What did I do?

CARLA
You did your job. But it's not too
late to do it better. Right?

And as she says that... CLICK. The door UNLOCKS.

Erica and Carla get up. Then Erica turns back to Carla. HUGS
HER. Then:

ERICA
I shot you in your vulva. The word is
vulva. You need to know that.

CARLA
(confident as ever)
Pretty sure it's vulvular.

Carla pats Erica on the shoulder, and walks out.

INT. TRACY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tracey enters some final CODE. Then runs a CABLE from her
computer to the DEVICE.

And stops.

JOSH
What now?

TRACEY
I press a button. Upload the code to
this thing. It injects the protocol
into the power grid. The backbone is
still connected to power, so--

JOSH
So everyone goes back on the
internet?

TRACEY
Or a few people. Or no one. Or I blow
up the power grid. There's that.

She looks at him. Blow up the power grid? That old worry on
his face. But--

JOSH
Press the button.

TRACEY
You sure?

JOSH
No. But "sure" is overrated.

Tracey takes a DEEP BREATH, and--

SHE PRESSES THE BUTTON.

And... nothing. Josh looks around... nervous...

JOSH
Power's still on.

TRACEY
Yeah, I'm honestly shocked by that.

JOSH
(checks his phone)
No internet.

TRACEY
It could take a few seconds. If it works, you'll hear a connection chime.

Josh nods. Places his phone on the table in front of them. They sit together. Staring at it.

And there it is. Doing nothing. Five seconds. Ten seconds.

TRACEY
(covering)
It's no big deal. We'll get it eventually.

JOSH
Give it a little more time.

TRACEY
It's not working, Josh.

He looks at her, and she looks right back. Intimate.

JOSH
Sometimes things look like they're not working when they are. They just need time.

And just like on the roof... they begin to move closer to each other, they close their eyes, and--

SHING SHING SHING

The fuck?

SHING SHING SHING

Sounds like... sleighbells? Coming from...

...Josh's phone.

TRACEY
That's the chime.

Josh stares at his phone. And we all watch as NO NETWORK blinks off, and--

--the name ZENOTECH blinks on with FULL WI-FI BARS.

His phone immediately begins BEEPING IN notifications.

SHING SHING SHING! Tracey's phone is on too! They look at each other and RUN OUT TO:

INT. ZENOTECH ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

People haven't left. They've been hugging goodbye, exchanging contact information, when:

SHING SHING SHING SHING SHING SHING

A cacophony of sleighbells... it's the most Christmassy sound imaginable and everyone checks their phones...

Josh and Tracey BURST IN and see - oh my god... it's REAL.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - SUNRISE

LEVEL WITH A TRAFFIC LIGHT - looking down as a towncar pulls to a STOP below a RED LIGHT.

We hear the HUM of electricity coming from the LIGHT.

INT. TOWNCAR - CONTINUOUS

Roger and Clay sit in the back. Glum. Then:

SHING SHING SHING!

*

ROGER
What is that?

*

SHING SHING SHING!

CARL
(looks up)
Santa?

SHING SHING SHING!

It's coming from Roger's pocket. He pulls his phone out.
Stares at it.

*

CLAY
Well? What is it?

*

ROGER
(dumbstruck)
Turn the car around.
(louder)
Turn it around!

*

*

*

*

As the DRIVER pulls a U-TURN, we cut back to:

*

EXT. ZENOTECH BUILDING - MORNING IN CHICAGO

Josh and Tracey lead all of the partygoers, still in their party clothes, out on to the street.

They can see what Josh and Tracey have done ALL AROUND THEM.

Chicagoans on their phones... "what's Zenotech?" "Who cares, it's working" ... screens displaying video are FLICKERING ON in office building windows...

Tracey shows Josh her phone. Twitter.

TRACEY
We're trending. Nationally.

JOSH
Nationally?

TRACEY
Power grids are all connected. We're everywhere.

THE TOWNCAR - SCREECHES to a stop in front of the gathered Zenotech employees...

Roger and Clay get out. But before they can say a word--

*

ERICA emerges from the building with Carla.

ERICA
Everyone? Can I have your attention?

Roger tries to interrupt.

ROGER
Erica--

ERICA
Dad? Let me say this, okay? I'm the
CEO, and I've made my own decision.
(glances at Carla)
I was wrong. I was wrong to come in
here and question this family.
(looks at Clay)
You all care. I know that.
(beat)
The branch stays open.

Everyone's just staring back at her.

ERICA
Traditionally this would be a moment
where you would applaud my change of
heart.

And then: SHING SHING SHING! Coming from Erica's pocket.

TRACEY
Look at your phone.

Erica pulls it out. Looks at it. Jaw drops.

ERICA
You did it.

JOSH
She did it.

ROGER
The Board just Skyped me. Everyware
is everywhere.
(smiles at Erica)
I think it's safe to say they agree.

CLAY
YES!

The gathered employees go WILD! They pulled it off. A
Christmas miracle. They're chanting TRACEY TRACEY TRACEY!

Josh applauds the loudest. She did it. The Mozart of Zenotech. She smiles back at him, then does very exaggerated bows to the crowd.

Erica turns to Carla.

ERICA
See, that's the appplause I never get.

CARLA
You don't need applause. Just keep being good at everything.

Erica smiles. Likes this woman, even if she did tase her.

It's joy everywhere until:

JOSH
WAIT. I don't know if we are back.

Everyone quiets. Huh? Josh turns to Erica.

JOSH
Like you said, this branch is a family. And Erica, I don't have to tell you-- families can be pretty fucked up.

CLAY
Oh my god that is so true. If you think about it, that applies to *my* family--

JOSH
Yes, I did think about it. That was the point of the--

CLAY
Sorry. I am still high as shit on crack.

MARY
Amen brother!

ERICA
Can we get to the point?

JOSH
The point is, we do amazing things here. World-changing things. But all that benefit has to come with a little risk.

(MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)
It won't work any other way. So
here's the deal. As long as our
parent corporation is in business,
this branch stays open.

The crowd starts egging him on. "Get 'em, Josh!"

JOSH
All employees are guaranteed their
jobs for the next seven years.

The crowd starts cheering now...

JOSH
We get Clay back, and everyone gets a
50% raise, two weeks paid vacation
AND the week before Christmas off, NO
EXCEPTIONS!

They're chanting his name now. It's insane.

JOSH
And one more thing! Next Christmas,
and EVERY Christmas, WE GET A PARTY!

The all EXPLODE around him... their hero!

JOSH
OR...

They all settle down. Ooh. What's the "or"?

Josh actually doesn't know that one himself. He turns to
Tracey.

JOSH
Tracey, what's the or?

TRACEY
(to Erica)
Or I remotely wipe the code and you
get nothing.

A hush. Then:

ROGER
I'm sure my--

ERICA
I can speak for myself. Thanks, dad.

Roger actually likes that. Good. She's becoming the CEO
after all. He nods to her. Go on.

*
*
*
*
*

Erica turns back to the crowd.

*

ERICA

First of all, Clay is going to rehab,
and there's nothing in the world that
would make me change my mind. He's my
brother, and he needs help.

CLAY

She loves me, Josh. And I am a
fuckup. A FUN fuckup! WHOOOO!
(off Erica's look)
What? I said I was a fuckup.

ERICA

(back to Josh)

But... when he's better, he can come
back to work.

Erica turns and walks Clay back to the car. Roger follows.

Josh and Tracey look at each other. Wait... what?

JOSH

What about the rest of our demands?

She turns back.

ERICA

The rest of your ridiculous,
overreaching, impulsive and
destructive demands? My answer--

Deathly quiet on the street.

ERICA

(hint of a smile)

--is yes.

The employees CHEER louder than ever. People are hugging.
Jumping up and down... an absolute Christmas miracle...

ERICA

ON ONE CONDITION.

They all quiet down.

ERICA

Next time you have a party, do it
off-site.

She looks back up at the 10th floor. Remembering what she
saw.

ERICA
And send me an invite.

She gives Josh and Tracey a nod of respect, and gets in the car with Roger and Clay.

As the towncar pulls away...

...we take in the grateful, cheerful, tearful employees of Zenotech... now the world's biggest internet distribution company...

Jobs safe. Families safe. Game changed. And as joyous Christmas music RISES...

JOSH AND TRACEY finally KISS.

And ALLISON and NATE finally KISS.

We RISE UP and OVER CHICAGO, to the sound of a million phones making a beautiful SLEIGHBELL sound, and it's...

*

THE END