“TEMP-TRESS”

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. GUYS’ HOUSE - EVENING (DAY ONE)

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

BLAKE
Tell me this isn’t happening. This is not happening.

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

ADAM
Turn it on, dude.

BLAKE
I’m trying.

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

BLAKE
It’s busted!

ADAM
Quit messing around and turn on the goddamn TV!

BLAKE
IT’S BROKE, DUDE! IT WON’T TURN ON!

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

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

BLAKE
Ders, in case you forgot we are hosting our annual Wrestlemania party this weekend and it’s like, something we’re known for!
ADAM
And if we miss Raw tonight, how are we gonna keep up with the story lines, come Mania time?!

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

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

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

EXT. GUYS’ HOUSE - ROOF - LATER
Anders tosses a book in the air and Blake chops at it with a samurai sword. This throws us into...

QUICK POPS OF THE GUYS BEING “ENTERTAINED” BY BOOKS:
1. The guys jump-kick tall stacks of books.
2. Adam tries to rip a book in half with his bare hands.
4. The guys strap fire-crackers to books. A neighbor sees.
5. Adam tosses a flaming “book grenade” into a burning stack.
END MONTAGE.

Ders grabs a book.

DERS
I wanna do a book grenade!

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

BLAKE
I’m OK!

DERS
We have to get a TV.

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

END OF COLD OPEN
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

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

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

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

JET SET
(shouts, ‘cause he can’t hear)
THEY NOT ON!

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

JET SET
(headphones still on)
WHAT?

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

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

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

Alice rings a SMALL BELL.

BLAKE
(to guys)
There goes our date. I guess I’ll just draw mazes.
ADAM
Yes!  But can you not make them so hard this time?  I mean, I like a challenge, but get real.

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

DERS
Guys.

ADAM
TV.

BLAKE
Wrestlemania.

ADAM
We gotta sell some fridges.

MONTEZ overhears this and turns around to the guys.

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

BLAKE
Garage fridge?  That’s a living room television.

MONTEZ
Garage fridge -- strictly venison.  All deer everything.

ADAM
Where do you get deer?

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

BLAKE
(sincerely)
Wait, you’re black?

DERS
Montez, we’re getting that fridge.  No lunch break...
BLAKE
What?

DERS
...no Skittles break...

ADAM
(like a tween girl)
Ungh, Derrrrrs.

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

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

ANGLE ON Alice.

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

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

BLAKE
Oh sweet sweet sweater meats.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS’ CUBICLE - LATER

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

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

ADAM
The nerve.
(girl voice)
“Don’t mind me, I’ll just be here
with my breasts and hair being a
girl as hard as possible.” Get
over yourself.

BLAKE
And you just know she dates the
hottest guys of all time. We’re so
ugly. I mean, I’m a visual joke
over here.
ADAM
I know her game. Trying to get me all horny by dressing super normal, making my imagination run wild, eventually devouring itself. That’s what she’s doing.

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

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

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

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

INT. OFFICE - NAOMI’S DESK - DAY
Naomi does paperwork, then looks up.

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

REVEAL JILLIAN standing there, grinning like an idiot.

JILLIAN
Jillian Belk. Alice’s assistant.

NAOMI
Naomi.

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

JILLIAN
Because most of these people are real creeps.
(Waymond passes, she gyrates)
Is this what you want?! Dirt bag.
(back to Naomi)
Anyway, welcome to TelAmeriCorp.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS’ CUBICLE - DAY

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

DERS
(distracted, into phone)
Yeah, sir, I’m uh, calling to, sell you a refrigerator if you want one. Do you? ... Hello? OK, bye.

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

BLAKE
(on phone, spies on Naomi)
Is your mom home, little dude? ... Why aren’t you at school?... Suspended, cool! ... Only a four inch blade?... Grounded too?
(then, noticing)
I gotta go man, sorry about your dumb mom. Knives forever.

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

NAOMI
Hi, sorry to bother you guys.

BLAKE
(eyes to ceiling, acting “normal”)
No problem, what’s up?

NAOMI
Is there a coat rack around here?
Ders points to his own jacket draped on his chair.

DERS
Uh yeah, it’s called “the back of your chair.”

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

NAOMI
Oh, got it.

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

NAOMI
(plays along, cute gang sign)
Fo sho, y’all.

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

NAOMI (CONT’D)
Oh, and one more thing. I was trying to dial out, but--

ADAM
Hit 9 first.

NAOMI
Right, thank you.

ADAM
Yeah, welcome to America.

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

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Jillian approaches Naomi.

JILLIAN
What’s up slut?

NAOMI
Hey Jill.

JILLIAN
Actually, that’s not...
(then, catching self)
(MORE)
JILLIAN (CONT'D)
(to Naomi)
Anyway, this is for you.

She hands a folded note to Naomi who reads it.

JILLIAN (CONT’D)
Read it. Aloud.

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

JILLIAN
And...

NAOMI
(off note)
Your dear friend, Jillian.

JILLIAN
That should say Jill. I can fix that.

NAOMI
Um... Yeah, I’ll go to lunch with you.

JILLIAN
Cool. Wanna hit Burger King?

NAOMI
I’m actually a vegetarian.

JILLIAN
Really?
(coversing)
Me too, so... you just passed my friendship test. Table for two at the Salad Queen.

NAOMI
Sounds perfect.

INT. OFFICE - GUY’S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Jillian excitedly bounds up to the guys.

JILLIAN
Hey, guys, I’m sorry, but you prolly won’t be seeing as much of me now that I have a new bestie. Naomi. Oh and call me Jill around her. For serious.
DING DING DING DING DING!!! Montez rings the bell as he approaches.

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

ADAM
Umm... none.

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

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

DERS
Never do.

INT. OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - LATER
The guys rummage for snacks. Adam turns around.

ADAM
Does this look weird?

DERS
Does what look weird?

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

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

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

DERS
Yeah, we’re fully torqued, but Montez is in there getting sales and we’re not. We need that TV.
BLAKE
T-minus 83 hours until Wrestlemania.

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

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

ADAM
People take smoke breaks all the time.

BLAKE
So we’ll take a stroke break.

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

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

ADAM
She’s a pro, she gets it.

DERS
This I have to see.

INT. OFFICE – ALICE’S OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER

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

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

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

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - ALICE’S OFFICE - DAY

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

ALICE
Holmvik, get in here!

Ders enters.

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

ALICE
So this isn’t a joke?

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

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

ADAM
Sorry, dude. We tried.

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

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

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

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

ALICE
NO ONE IS MASTURBATING ANYWHERE IN THIS OFFICE! NOW GET OUT!
The guys exit.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walking away from Alice’s office.

    ADAM
    Well, that was easy.

    DERS
    What?

    ADAM
    You heard her: No masturbating in the office.

OFF a classic Adam S’go finger swirl.

SMASH CUT:

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

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

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

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

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

    DERS
    I’m not giving sounds.

    ADAM
    That’s perfect.

    DERS
    SHHH!

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

    ADAM
    Hey, stay in your space, dude! We have designated Crank Zones.
Blake’s now completely naked, clothes hanging neatly behind him.

BLAKE
OK, sorry. I’ll stay in my Crank Zone.

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

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

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

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

BLAKE
No one’s coming in my Zone except for me, muchachio.

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

DERS
I’m fine.

BLAKE
You got lube? Pass me some.

ADAM
Actually, it’s Turtle Wax from the glove compartment.

Adam passes the Wax.

DERS
Just go dry.

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

DERS
I just don’t think jerking off should be some grand ritual. It should be spontaneous. A treat.
BLAKE
Oh boy, this lube burnin’ mah dick.
Totally went in the pee hole. Ders are you finished with this Gatorade back here? Daddy’s got to put out a fire.

ADAM
Here we go. So close. Oh yeah.

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

DERS
That’s it! I’m outta here.

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

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

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

BLAKE
Ruuuuuude!

They pass the smokers.

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

BLAKE
(to a smoker)
That’s a disgusting habit.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - LATER

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

MONTEZ
Awwww shtooooops! This one goes to eleven, bitches! Michael McKean, y’all!

ADAM
What’s that mean?

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

Montez saunters off and the guys head into their cubicle.

DER
Alright, how many sales do we have?

ADAM/BLAKE
Nothing./Nearing Zero.

Naomi approaches. The guys scramble.

BLAKE/ADAM/DER
Oh my God./Oh boy./Jesus Christ. (whispering)
Tuck it up, tuck it up, tuck it up.

They all do A QUICK SLY BONER TUCK UP.

NAOMI
Really sorry. How do you dial out again?

ADAM/BLAKE/DER
NINE!

NAOMI
Yeah, I tried that, but I got a weird beeping noise.
ADAM
Oh. Right. You gotta hit your employee ID number. AND THEN HIT NINE.

NAOMI
(playing along again)
OK!!!

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

ADAM
Those titties are NSFW!

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

Blake inadvertently humps the office wall.

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

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

DERS
I think we’re done with the voices, dude.

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

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

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY - LATER

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

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

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

(MORE)
BLAKE (CONT'D)
She’ll go home to change and we’ll make some sales and be watching Wrestlemania in no time.

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

BLAKE
Spray?

ADAM

Ders stops and gets dead serious.

DERS
It’s got to be juice.
(Adam and Blake halt)
If we’re really doing this, it has to be juice. Cranberry. Juice.

INT. OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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

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

Greg kisses her and leaves. The guys are stunned.

ADAM
Who was that guy?

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

BLAKE
Let me guess: It’s complicated.

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

DERS
Hey, we care.
(dead serious)
(MORE)
NAOMI: Sounds like this Greg guy needs his ass kicked.

ADAM: You deserve that.

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

THE GUYS: (adlib, eager, over each other)

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

Jillian suddenly enters.

JILLIAN: Hey Naynay, you ready for lunch!

NAOMI: Oh, Greg surprised me and brought me a sandwich. I’m sorry.

Jillian hides her disappointment.

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

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

JILLIAN (CONT’D): Surprise! You had no idea I was watching and you looked so peaceful, so I snapped a pic. Thought you’d like it.
NAOMI
(nice about it)
Yeah, it’s great.

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

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

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

DERS
Do you think...?

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

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

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

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

BLAKE
Oooh mama.

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

ADAM
So what do we do?

DERS
Let’s win the fridge and give it to her as a gift. Then she’ll definitely pick one of us to date.
BLAKE
She did say she wanted it.

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

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

DERS
Imagine what we’ll get for a fridge.

ADAM
(dead serious)
Standing cartwheel sixty-nine--

BLAKE
GUYS!
(they stop)
We’re forgetting one little thing: We still need a TV, remember? Wrestlemania X-X-V-I-I-I is not going to host itself.

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

DERS
Here’s an idea: Let’s kill two birds with one...
(dramatically)
Refrigerator.

ADAM
Go on.

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

BLAKE
Ders, you have a beautiful mind. Let’s win that fridge.
INT. OFFICE - GUYS’ CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

ADAM
Three.

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

BLAKE
Yeah, it’s pretty fun.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:
INT. OFFICE - GUYS’ CUBICLE - DAY
The guys sit in their cubicle, dejected.

ADAM
What is happening? Montez is running train on us.

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

ADAM
Just raining threes--

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

DERS
What are we supposed to do?

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

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

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

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

INT. OFFICE - MONTEZ’S CUBICLE - DAY
Adam approaches Montez.
ADAM  
Hey man. I just wanted to say  
congratulations. You were amazing  
today. An honor to watch.

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

ADAM  
Strong wife.  
(then)  
Oh, Alice wanted me to give you  
these. It’s a new leads sheet.

Adam hands him the sales sheet.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS’ CUBICLE - DAY

Anders and Blake are making calls.

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

INT. OFFICE - MONTEZ’S CUBICLE - DAY

Montez calls the first number on his new call list:

MONTEZ  
(to Waymond)  
Watch and learn, little chipmunk.  
(rubs Waymond’s head)  
Bout to roast this nut.

INT. OFFICE - BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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

ADAM  
(as wrestler)  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

MONTEZ  
Yes can I please speak with Mr.  
Terry Bollea?
ADAM
This is Terry, brother.

MONTEZ
How you doing today sir?

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

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

INT. OFFICE - GUYS’ CUBICLE - DAY

Anders listens in as Blake works his magic.

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

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

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

MONTEZ
...basically it’s as good as refrigerators get.

ADAM
Does it make ice cubes?

MONTEZ
Crushed AND whole.

ADAM
Can you keep eggs in it?

MONTEZ
Eggs, meats, anything you want.

ADAM
Yogurt?

MONTEZ
Sure.
ADAM
But I don’t like yogurt! I have no tolerance for lactose, brother.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS’ CUBICLE - DAY

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

Ders goes nuts and starts dancing and pointing at Blake!

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

ADAM
(still as wrestler)
Well, I’m sold.

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

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

INT. OFFICE - GUYS’ CUBICLE - DAY

As Ders rubs Blake’s back and does pushups.

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

INT. OFFICE - DAY

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

BLAKE
Twenty fridges! Twenty!
MONTEZ
What? He got twenty?
(into phone)
Hello? Hello? Linda?

Adam pokes his head in.

ADAM
How’d those leads work out?

MONTEZ
(defeated)
Ice cold.

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

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

Alice stands with the fridge.

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

In the back, Jillian approaches.

JILLIAN
Great job, Uncle Blazer!

Suddenly, Jillian spots HER PICTURE FRAME in the trash.

JILLIAN (CONT’D)
That fucking gutter slut.

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

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

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

NAOMI
Congrats on the fridge.
BLAKE
Yeah, it’s pretty... “cool.”

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

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

NAOMI
Yeah.

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

NAOMI
(confused but kinda excited)
Really? Why?

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

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

DERS
So who do you choose?

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

NAOMI
I’m sorry, I don’t understand.

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

DERS
I’ll just need your neighbors’ e-mails to send them a heads up. Let them know we’ll be done by 10:30, so they don’t freak out.
BLAKE
We’ve got some loud friends.

NAOMI
What the hell are you talking about?

Suddenly Jillian enters, filled with rage.

JILLIAN
Hey!
(holding up frame)
I found this in the trash. If you
didn’t want to be friends, you
could have just been honest.

NAOMI
I didn’t put that in the trash.

JILLIAN
You put one thing in the trash:
Our friendship.

NAOMI
We’re not friends, Jill.

JILLIAN
It’s Jillian.
(re: fridge)
Are you guys giving this to her?
‘Cause she’ll just throw it in the trash because that’s what she does with gifts! So why don’t I just trash it for her!

Jillian furiously tips the fridge over on its side, crushing the TV.

NAOMI
God I hate temping.

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

JILLIAN
Drama queen.

BLAKE
Thanks, Jillian. Now what are we gonna do for Wrestlemania?
EXT. GUYS’ HOUSE – FRONT LAWN – A WEEK LATER (DAY THREE)

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

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

KARL comes from the crowd and taps Ders.

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

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

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

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE