MAN:

EZRA:
Sorry I'm late.
That's all right.
Office holiday breakfast.
You guys have parties

at 10:

EZRA:
Apparently, people don't
get drunk before noon.
- Mmm.
- It's boring as shit.
But the partners
want us there, so...
Sure.
Anyways,
after a year of negotiation,
your divorce is finalised.
These are the terms
we agreed to.
The alimony,
the house. Sorry.
Don't worry about it.
It's only money.
It is only
all of the money.
But it's the season
for giving, right?
I know how you feel.
Oh, yeah? I didn't know
you were divorced.
Oh, God, no.
That'd be crushing.
- Hmm.
- But I get it.
On one level, it must seem like, uh, "I'm signing away a huge chunk of my life "that I'm never getting back."

**JOSH:**
That's it? No other level?
- No, that's it. Uh, initials.
- Oh.
Hey. There are good things ahead for you, okay?
- Yeah. Oh.
- Come here.
- Thank you. Thanks, buddy.
- Merry Christmas.
- Hey, what's this?
- My final bill's in there.
- Is it?
- Oh, also my holiday card.
The wife had me and the kids dress up like members of One Direction. Pretty fun.
Mmm. Dynamite.

(INDISTINCT ANNOUNCEMENTS ON PA)
Yes, Mum, it is all done.
I am divorced.
Well, you should tell Dad that she is not coming over for Christmas.
Why?
Because we're divorced, Mum!
Well... Oh, Mum, don't worry about that.
I'm still gonna be fun.
I'm still gonna be fun Uncle Josh, you know?

(STAMMERS)
Well, without doing that.
No, you can leave the Santa suit in the attic.
Why? Because I'm an adult and dressing up as Santa Claus
would be embarrassing.
Hi. Unless, you know,
you're doing it for charity.
Then it's... Then it's, um...
Sorry.
Tell Dad that I love... Oh!
That's lucky.
Just put me down
for five bucks, okay?
Hanging up, Mum.

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Hey, Carla, good morning.
You see something over there?
What do you got?
I think that Starbucks
- attracts a bad element, Josh.
- Oh, yeah.
Listen.
Give me the green light...
- Mmm-hmm.
- ...and I'll shut it down.
Oh, I love that initiative.
It's awesome.
Could you sign me in
real quick, please?
I wish I could,
but they got us sending you
through these machines now.
Gonna replace my ass,
matter of time.
That's never gonna happen.
These machines
don't have your smile, Carla.
- Make that money!
- (MACHINE BEEPS)
(ELEVATOR DINGS)
Josh, we have a situation.
Mary!
How do you always just appear?
You're like a human pop-up ad.
Did you read my latest memo
on appropriate work dress?
Uh, almost done.
Don't ruin the end.
Well, some people didn't. And those people are Meghan.

(SIGHING)
Nobody listens to H.R.
Hey, Meghan?
I thought
that I have been clear about
the number of buttons that
can be unbuttoned on a shirt.
- You were serious about that?
- It's winter. Can we
put Dancer and Prancer
back in their stable?
Are you body-shaming her
right now?
Some people here
might find your outfit
offensive.
Well, some people might
find your outfit offensive.
And really confusing.
Oh, I thought it was clear.
This is a multi-denominational
holiday sweater.
It has Christmas,
Hanukkah, Kwanzaa,
the Buddhist day
of enlightenment,
and Boxing Day on it.
Everyone's included!

**JEREMY:**
What about, um, what about
something for the Satanists?
Jeremy, come on. I... I admire
the stand that you're taking,
but let's schedule
the protest rally
for after the workday,
shall we?
(STAMMERS)
And, Mary, let's let it slide.
Thank you.
Good morning, everybody.
(WHISPERS)
You can't silence us all.
I know why
you took a medical leave.

**NATE:**
to bring her out in public
because she's so beautiful.
Hey, guys.
People put models
on this crazy pedestal, but
I think that's why, you know,
Becca fell for me,
because I just treat her
like a normal person.

**TIM:**
Hey, so, um, are you gonna be
inviting your fake girlfriend
to the holiday party later?
I mean, I just want to
make sure you have time
- to inflate her.
- (LAUGHS)
Okay, Becca's real.
And we're not gonna mix
business with pleasure.
Sounds like
he didn't invite her, dude.
Oh, my God, did you not...
Oh, no! I mean, I hope
she's not imaginary pissed.
You won't get any more
imaginary blow jobs.
- Right?
- (LAUGHING)
Tim. Drew.
Hey, it's a couple days
before Christmas.
Let's just try to keep it
positive till then, okay?
- We're totally positive.
- No, we're all about...
Totally positive
that he is full of shit.
- (DREW LAUGHS)
- Hey...
You bring it on yourself, Nate.
You know, I do have a girlfriend.
I know.
She's a human woman, and we've done it.
Maybe just don't talk about her so much at work.
It's just gonna make those guys jealous.
You know, not only are you their boss, but you also have a hot girlfriend.
- (CHUCKLES)
- You know?
- It's too much. I hate you.
- (CHUCKLES) Yeah.

- JOSH:
- You, too!
Can you believe corporate raised the price in the vending machine again?
$2 for ginger ale? They're trying to crush us like ants! No, there's a lot of bad energy in this office.
(GRUNTS)
(DOOR JARRING)
(ROCK MUSIC BLASTING OVER HEADPHONES)
(KEYBOARD CLACKING)
(KNOCKING ON DOOR)
(BEEPS)
Yo, Josh, what the fuck? What the fuck, Tracey? You changed the security code without telling me?
Yeah, I'm working on sensitive shit, and I don't want prying eyes. I'm prying eyes? I'm your supervisor. Chief technical officer, lead systems engineer. Yeah, well, I'm the only one who knows how to hack the security panel, so suck my dick.

**JOSH:**
What are you working on? Oh, it's too complicated to explain. What is that, subroutine for duplex compression? Don't tell me that's what I think it is. This is the future of Zenotek. Hey, we should pitch this to Data City! (STAMMERING) That's a theory. You want to peg the company to a theory? Man, you used to get excited by big ideas. Now you just bunt, and ask for the same thing over and over. I swing for the fences. And I'm going to change the fucking game. Okay. I need the specs for the Data City pitch, please. Already done. Here. Great. That was fast.
- Thank you.
- You're welcome.
- Hey, are you okay?
- Yeah.
Really? Because you seem a little off today.
You seem a little weird.
- Well...
- Oh, my gosh!
Today is the day, right? Hey!
Congratulations, you're free!
You gonna get a back tattoo
and some skinny jeans?
Funds are a little tight,
but... (INHALES)
It feels good to be free.
Yeah.
All right. Thank you for this.

- TRACEY:
- Yeah?
I got you
for Secret Santa again.
I know. I got you, too.
(DOOR CLOSES)
Oh, sweetie, that is so great!
Mummy's so proud of you.
Hey, could you put
your daddy back
on the phone for a second?
- Hey, Allison. Is he ready?
- You fucking motherfucker!
If I hear you let
your stripper girlfriend
put my children on her
motorcycle one more time
I will Gone Girl you so hard!
- (SOFTLY) You can go in.
- I'll just go in. Thank you.

CLAY:
Don't try and sell this
as some win-win situation.
This is not
my first rodeo, okay?
- Is that Data City?
- No.
(WHISPERS) No.
Rick, do you want
this deal or not?
Because if you want him, you're gonna have to pay for him. It's almost the playoffs, not the second week of the regular season. Perfect. It's the right choice. I am running a train on this league. I... I don't think that means what you want it to mean. I'd love to talk to you about the Data City pitch, for later on this afternoon? Yes, but first I want your opinion on something. We've got kind of a crisis. This is what corporate wants us to give everyone for Christmas. Just this. Yeah, can't hand that out. And I'm already feeling kind of a "fuck you" vibe down there, definitely not Christmas spirit. I can't argue with you there. Good. I want to Secret Santa the shit out of the staff meeting. Come on. (SIGHS) Can we work and walk? You're not cold without a big coat on? No, I gain fifteen pounds every winter so I don't have to wear one. - Huh. That's a healthy choice. - Not really. Hey, are you bringing anybody
to this wine and cheese thing?
Uh, no, I'll be there solo.
Good. Smart. So you can
focus on Tracey, right?
Tracey and I work together.
What are you talking about?
I'm just saying. I can't be your work wife forever.
Hey, how fast do you think you'd have to go
to make that jump?
- Uh...
- Boy, I don't know. In a car?
- Yeah.
I just never thought about that.
You know,
your mind's like a drunk baby.
What do you think, 80 or 90?
What would Vin do? Vin Diesel?
Or Tyrese?
They'd never make it, right?
It's suicide. Unless
you were going 120, you put a bunch of free weights
in the trunk to even it out,
you know,
then you just catch air.
Boosh!
"Fuck you, gravity,
and you, Dom Toretto!"
Then... (WHOOSHES)
...just a smooth landing,
like a baby's buttocks.
I'd love to pick this up indoors.
You know, I've only ever seen the first film,
so I don't know
if I'm much help to you
in this conversation. So...
Are you serious? Why am I just hearing about this?
We've worked together
for eight years.
They only get more fast!
More furious!
I love this place.
So, what would people want?
Would they like... Ooh!
Is this UV?
Is UV good or bad? I forget.
- (GROANS)
- Not good for the eyes, no.

CLAY:
anything here?
Probably. Is this for
- teeth whitening?

- WOMAN:
Okay, what about this, right?
Everybody gets
stressed at work...
- (VIBRATING)
- ...around this time of year.

JOSH:
That could get you
a sexual harassment suit.
What? Why?
Not everyone likes dildos
for Christmas.
This isn't a dildo.
It's a body massager.
Yeah, well, it's a circumcised
purple penis.
It could be considered sexual.
Why is it like that?
Everything here
could be considered sexual.
Hey, what about this
for Alan from legal?
- (TRIMMER WHIRRING)
- Well, Alan's bald.
(SIGHS) It's so hard
to shop for the bald.
Who are they?
What do they want? 
Hair.
You know, maybe we should just
going get some gift cards.
That's exactly
what we should do!
"Here's a gift card
because I don't know you
"and I don't care and I won't
get in trouble for it."
You know,
when my dad ran this company,
Christmas was
actually a big deal.
At the Christmas party
every year,
he would dress up
like Santa Claus,
get everybody fucked up.
Yeah, you could back then.
He would throw gifts
into the crowd.
Derek Peterson shattered his
femur for a rotisserie set.
And that was before Boston
Chicken was, like, a thing.
- I've heard those stories.
- He took care of them.
That's what I want
for my people. You know?
And I want that drone.
Clay, let me ask you
a question.
You think that my management
style is... Is too careful?
Uh, do you think that I bunt
instead of swing
for the fences?
I want to be completely honest
with you, Josh.
I wasn't paying attention, so
I didn't hear your question.
- I can repeat it.
- I'd rather you didn't.
Because I can tell by your face that it's serious. And I want to tell you seriously, it's almost Christmas. Relax.
- You want some of this?
- I think so.
- I don't think you do.
- You sure?
I think you better get moving.

CLAY:
- (NERF GUN WHIRS)

- CLAY:
- Eat that! Eat it, Clay!
- (EXCLAIMS)
- (CLATTERING)
- Careful, careful, careful!
(DECORATIONS CLINKING)
- (EXHALES)
- We're good.
Oh, no!
- (OBJECTS CLATTERING)
- (CROWD GASP)
Oh...
(CLATTERING CONTINUES)
- (CROWD MURMURING)
- Hey!
Ooh, somebody is getting fired.
Hey, uh, Allison? Right?
- Yeah.
- I'm Fred.
I just joined accounting.
Hi.
(SIGHS) Um, so, I saw that photo on your desk. Are those your kids?
- Yep. They're two and four.
- Oh.
I'm a single mum. Ugh.
That's great.
- I was raised by a single mum.
- Really?
Yeah. If you ask me,
Tupac was right.

(MIMICS TUPAC)
"Ain't a woman alive
"that could take
my mama's place."

- (BOTH CHUCKLE)
- (ELEVATOR DINGS)

ALLISON:
I don't know that song.
Oh, shit.
Allison.
- Where's Clay?
- He's unreachable.
He's participating
in a conference... Summit...
Elon Musk, uh,
tech participation... Relay.
Let's try that again.
Allison, where's Clay?
- He's Christmas shopping.
- Okay.
I would like
all department heads
in the conference room
in five minutes.
Tell him to stop
looking at me.

ALLISON:
Ooh. No, he's cute. Oh.
Actually...
It's like the calling
never stops.

MEGHAN:
It's so annoying.
(KELSEY AND MEGHAN
CONTINUE INDISTINCTLY)

CAROL:
got to be shitting me.
So the bartender says, "We don't see many gorillas."
And the gorilla says, "Well, at $12 for a martini
I can see why not."
You know a lot
of gorilla jokes.
- Yeah.
- Excuse me.
What's going on?
Something's off.
Yeah, everyone's working.

CLAY:
It's my sister.
There she is!
My sister from another mister!
I'm kidding, our mother
didn't start having affairs
until the mid-90s.
What are you doing here?
Well, we were just going over
your fourth quarter earnings.
And I wondered
if I was missing something.
Probably.
Clay, why don't you
have a seat?
Uh, no. It's my branch,
so I prefer to stand.
Fine.
Allison, would you please
remove Clay's chair?
- Uh, sure.
- Thank you.
Sorry.
Thank you, Allison.
So we were all
a little bit disappointed
not to hit 7% growth
in this last quarter.
But 6.5% is right on industry
standard for the fall.
Mmm-mmm. You need to hit 12%.
- Twelve?
- Twelve is the new seven.
- What?
- Since when?
- (ALL MURMUR)
- Since Dad died
and the board made me CEO.
Oh. You mean interim CEO.
Shut up. Listen, essentially,
this branch is failing.
6.5% is not failing.
Yes, it is.
We're doing
better than Orlando.
I mean, half those jack-offs
had mono last year, right?
(LAUGHING)
Well, I closed the
Orlando branch. This morning.
What?
(FARTING)
I am sorry.
Damn it.
I hate tension, and I...
I farted.
- Wow.
- You are not
selling enough servers.
You have no new ideas
and there is no new revenue.
- I have something new.
- Really?
- No, you don't.
- Yeah, I do.
- (WHISPERS) It's not ready.
- (WHISPERS) It is ready.
- It's not ready.
- It is ready.

- CAROL:
- Yeah, sorry.
We can.
It's a completely silent room.
- Go ahead.
- (STAMMERS) What's the most annoying thing about the Internet?
- Pictures of people's kids.
- LinkedIn invites.
- My girlfriend's always on it.
I have a girlfriend.
The lack of Asian male representation in porn.
Grumpy Cat.
It's like... It's Garfield.
Oh, you know that orange with the human dick?
Oh, my God, what is this, Shark Tank?
Can you just get to the point, please?
- It's getting on the Internet.
- Mmm.

**TRACEY:**
connect to the Internet through standard electrical lines and obviously we can do it through the air.
But what if we could combine those technologies?
- (CHIMING)
- With Zenotek AnywAir, you can pull the Internet wirelessly from anything that's connected to a power grid.
Your appliances. Street lights. A light bulb. You're never out of range, and you're never low on signal.
It's AnywAir.
(PERSON CLAPPING)

**CLAY:**
And you can deliver that? I'm still figuring out
some coding issues, but yes.
Well, how long
have you been figuring?
- Four years.
- Four years?
All right, well, that doesn't
sound very real to me.
Well, if it was real,
I wouldn't have to invent it.
- (CHUCKLES)
- I'm sorry,
- what's your name again?
- Tracey Hughes.
And if you forget again,
it's on all of the recent
patents for Zenotek.
Mmm-hmm.
You know what? I'm gonna sit.
Not because you told me to,
but because I
prefer it.
So...

CAROL:
- Is there anything else?

- MARY:
This is a sample cheeseboard
for our holiday mixer tonight.
I know it's a little heavy
on the Gouda...
That was the MVP last year.
Uh, I do have a feisty Cheddar
on the bench.
I think that pairs better with
the mulled non-alcoholic wine
myself, but what do I know?
Wait, wait. I'm sorry.
Excuse me.
You're having
a Christmas party tonight?
Oh, it's not
a Christmas party!
It's a non-denominational
holiday mixer.
More inclusive.
Well, whatever the fuck it is,
it's not happening.
Yeah, it's definitely...
Well, it's not "happenin"'
because it happens

at 5:
It's just a small thing
that's really important
to all of us, but
- trust me, it's gonna suck.
- (CHUCKLES)
No, it's not gonna suck,
because it's cancelled.
What?
All branch Christmas parties
are cancelled.
It's a waste of money!
Come on.
What are you guys not getting?
All right, it's cancelled.
(MOUTHS) It's not.
Clay! I mean it.
Me, too, Carol. Guys,
the holiday mixer
is cancelled.
- (MOUTHING)

- CAROL:
Hey! It's cancelled, Clay!
The thing is not happening
at all. (MOUTHING)

CAROL:
with you.
Hey! Stop doing that!
Hey, idiot,
I'm looking right at you.
I saw that! You whispered
to the farty cheese lady.
Well...
Don't make me pull rank, Clay.
It is cancelled.
(SIGHS) Fine!
Then this meeting
is cancelled! Huh?
Damn it! (BREATHING HEAVILY)
I was keeping it light
in there.
That was light, huh?
You have to give her a break,
Josh. She's hated parties
ever since she started
not getting invited to them.
Please. That party's the least
of your problems.
Is that Dad?
No, Carol, I just have
some random guy's
ashes in my office.
Got it online.
Yes. He wanted them here,
with me, at his branch.
I thought they were gonna
divide him equally.
It's not my fault
that he always liked
hanging out with me more.
I don't care.
I got this company.
Moving on.
We have a lot of
big cuts to make. Okay?
Obviously, bonuses
are cancelled.
You know,
there's a lot of people that
are relying on those bonuses.
I suppose you're still
getting your bonus, though.
Secondly, I'm laying off
40% of your staff.
(EXCLAIMS) Forty?
Forty? We have 200 employees.
That's like, 60...
- Some...
That's 80. It's 80. Eighty. That's, like, 80 employees.
Uh, you got to give us a little bit of time to turn this around.
Fine, then you have until the end of the quarter.
- That's two days.
- Is it? Oh, well.
This is unfair.
You wanna talk unfair?
How about Dad skipping my Harvard graduation to go with you to the X Games?
And you weren't even competing.
You just sponsored some guy's wakeboard.
He got the bronze.
Which is brown gold.
(CAROL SCOFFS)
All right, so I've made a list of my first round of layoffs.
So you might wanna get a pen and start writing these down.
- No. Let me see that.
- No. No.
- Give me that.
- No!
- These are my employees!
- (CAROL GRUNTS)
- Guys, are we sure about this?
Say you won't make budget cuts.
I swear to God, Clay!
Here comes the loogie express!
- Don't you dare!
- Say, "Everybody's gonna get a bonus," or else.
- You motherfucker.
Suck that back in. You suck that back in! You mother...
- JOSH:
- (BOTH GRUNTING)
- Oh, my God!
- (GRUNTING)
Why do you do this
to yourself?
You know I took
nine years of Krav Maga.
Carol, you know,
he's turning blue.
Yeah. Our family,
you got to tap out.
- Tap out. Tap out.
- (COUGHING)
- (PANTING)

- JOSH:
- All right. You okay?
- (COUGHING)
Dad gave you a free pass
your entire life,
and you're not
getting one from me.
The only way you're gonna hit
your targets this year
is by cutting jobs.
- (PANTING)
- Hey, what if we landed
the Data City account?
(SCOFFS)
- Data City? Walter Davis?
- That's right.
You do know that
he's already met with HP,
Cisco and Oracle.
Yeah, but he hasn't
heard our pitch.
- No.
- (PANTING)
Josh and I have been
drilling into it for weeks.
Yeah. Months. Whole team.
And we have a meeting
- with him this afternoon.
Yeah.
All right.
Well, I'm on a flight
to London tonight.
So if by some miracle you guys
can close Walter Davis
and his $14 million contract
by the time
I land at Heathrow,
the jobs are safe.
Done!
And you'll see,
you're gonna look so stupid.
Then we'll finally
have something in common.
Goddamn it! She's so mean!
People are saying "cuts."
What kind of cuts?
(STAMMERS)
Oh, nothing's official.
Guys, I can barely
afford my rent.
I'm sleeping in a closet.

JOSH:
You can't replace
the new guy, right?
You're probably gonna go
with people that are older,
- more expensive?
- Don't overreact.
I just bought that used Lexus,
Josh. I can't give it back.
I put rims on it, man!
I have six parrots with
very expensive medical issues.
You know this.
I'm gonna have to
put one down.
- Nobody is losing their jobs!
- Yeah.
That is a Josh and Clay
Christmas promise.
Your promises are dog shit!
Boy, they turned quick.
Yeah, they sure did.
Jesus. Incest and rape?
I mean, that is dark.
That could be
a different Clay.
And Carol.
We got to land this pitch.

**JOSH:**
what we're doing?
Sure. We're just pitching to
save our company. No biggie.
And we're proving that
my sister doesn't fuck me.
- If anything, I fuck her!
- All right.
Yeah, listen, I get
the spirit of that, but...
We at Zenotek put the "client"
in client-server
model service distribution.
And this is a leave-behind.
And we have
some new innovation
that we can talk to you
about later. Later.
You got to...
You got to go with us.
Okay.
Thank you for the pitch.
Just give me a beat, and I'll
let you know my decision.
Okay. When you say "beat,"
you're talking about an hour
or a day? A full day?
Certainly before the holidays,
I'd imagine, right?
Listen, it's Christmas, so,
I'll be honest.
Your servers are good.
Dell's servers are good.
- So...
- You're gonna go with us.
- I'm gonna go with Dell.
- Fuck!
- Why?
- Don't.
I... I know your product.
My problem is
with your culture.
Our culture is great.

**WALTER:**
That's not what I hear.
Word is you're closing
branches and making layoffs.
- That's not true.
- No, that's barely true.
A mixture of
fabrication and rumour.
Look, I get it.
You got to make money.
And every quarter
you got to make more money.
And if you got to
fire some people
and cut back on some benefits
to make it happen,
that's what business
is now, right?
And as long as the board
has gotten its bonus
and the stock is
ticking up? Come on.
Sir, that's not who we are.
If you came to our offices,
you would see that.
You should come
meet our people.
Yeah, we're a family business.

**TRACEY:**
Everyone loves everyone.
I mean, Clay and his sister,
they're so close
it's almost inappropriate.
We would love the opportunity
to prove you wrong.
I'm sure you have wonderful
 cubicles and great carpeting,
 but I've done
 those tours before.
 I'm gonna pass.
 Um...
 Thank you so much.
 Oh, we got that.
 Oh, no, they've already put it
 on my room.
 And in addition
 to the breakfast
 my company
 won't pay for anymore.
 Good luck, guys.
 Great. That was uplifting.
 He's saying we suck.
 Our big closer
 was a thumb drive.
 Yeah, but we don't suck.
 We just need a way
 to show him that.
 How are we gonna do that?
 We're gonna
 invite him to our cancelled
 wine and cheese night?
 No, we should take him out
 for real.
 I mean, you heard him.
 His company
 won't even buy him breakfast.
 He's an old school guy
 who drinks scotch at lunch.
 We should take him out
 and show him a great time.
 So we'll hook him up
 with Don Draper,
 then go out and get
 a couple of steaks and an STD.

 **CLAY:**
 You're both right.
 We show him a great time
at our office
Christmas party tonight.
What? I didn't say that.
- It's not the worst idea.
- Right?
Of course it is.
We don't even have
an office Christmas party.
Carol said no
to all discretionary spending.
She wants to lay off 40%.
You want to double that?
My sister doesn't do anything
at 40%.
She's just
cutting off our legs
so we can't run away when she
wants to fucking
curb-stomp our face.
This is the way
we close Walter.
We throw the best Christmas
party he's ever been to.
He loves it, he loves us,
he sees we care about people,
he falls in love
with our culture,
he wants to work with us.
This is how
we save everybody's job!
I like it, Josh. Say yes.
He's walking away,
unless you have a better idea.
(SIGHS)
That's your approval sigh.
Walter?
We have one more
pitch for you.
Do you party?
I used to.
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Okay, so we have to throw
a massive party
from scratch in
five hours.
Yeah. And we got an office
full of pissed-off employees.
You guys, I got this. I have
a black belt in partying.
That's why I got kicked out
of boarding school
and two intensive care units.
Listen. Did you see this?
"It's F-ing Christmas, B's.
"Let's get mother-F-ing drunk.
- "Attendance mandatory."
- Yeah.
Lawsuit!
Mary, it's for
the greater good, okay?
Oh, Joel, would you
do me a favour?
Would you get Fred up
to Clay's office?
- Oh, yeah, sure.
- Thank you.
- Wait!
- Yup.
I don't know if it's helpful,
but regarding
the music tonight,
I happen to have a friend
who's a pretty good D.J.
Great. Bring him.
- See, we already got a D.J.
- Yep.
Um, so let me
get this straight.
Now we're having
this great party
and we're getting
our bonuses at it.
Yes, Jeremy,
because you deserve it!
Maybe you shouldn't have
promised them bonuses.
No, first rule of business:
Shoot for the moon
and you'll land on the sun.
I'd love to know
where you read that.
And let's just focus
on closing Walter.
You know, Carol burned
this place to the ground.
We are planting
the seeds of a new dawn.
Smitty? Clay Vanstone.
No, I'm not dead. That was
just a rumour,
although well-founded.
How much alcohol
can I legally buy from you?
(TYRES SCREECH)
Move out of my way.
I swear to God, I will drop
this on your back. Move!
You know what?
Merry Christmas,
you sweet motherfucker. Ah!
- You're coming, yeah, Smitty?
- Yes.
- Yes! Okay. You want this?
- No.
All right.
I'm keeping this lamb.
We need something else,
something that will
make us look cool.
Does anybody know anybody
who knows the Kanye West?

TRACEY AND JOSH:
But my girlfriend
does P.R. for the Bulls.
Okay, does your girlfriend
have a friend who knows
the man that makes us
call him Yeezy?

TIM:
what's up, man? Did you see?
Significant others are welcome at the party. Look at that. Looks like we're finally gonna meet Becca. Yeah! Um, oh, shoot. Uh, except she's working late tonight. Modelling. Is she shooting the cover of Full of Shit magazine? (LAUGHS) You know what? She's gonna be there. You guys! Nate's girlfriend's coming!

NATE:
match. Match! Come on. Okay. Um, what are we gonna do with these after the party? Raffle. (INDISTINCT CHATTER) For a failing branch, we're surprisingly productive. Yeah, I just wish Carol could see this. Uh, no, Clay, that would be very bad. Yeah, you're right. All right, go put on your party suits. Yeah. Tonight's gonna be a great night. (RAP MUSIC PLAYING ON STEREO) (KNOCKING ON DOOR)

JOSH:
I don't need to do any pre-game for... Carol. Pre-game for what? For the, uh, work session we got tonight.
(STAMMERING)
And to complete...
We're closing
Walter Davis, you know?
It's going really,
really well.
- Hmm. (CLEARS THROAT)
- Phase one's complete.
Why don't you come on in?
I thought you were
going to London.
I was on my way
to the airport,
but I thought
I would stop by and
have a tour
of your bachelor pad.
Well, that didn't take long.
How did you know
about my divorce?
Oh, you changed your
emergency contact to "self."
And nobody single by choice
would live this close
to the freeway.
Is that robe
why your wife left you?
What do you want, Carol?
I want you to work for me
in New York.
You basically run this branch
without the credit.
I will double your salary,
you'll get job security,
and a boss who doesn't
end every memo
with a quote from Aerosmith.
I could never do that to Clay,
and I'm very happy where I am.
- Really?
- Yeah.
I don't see happy.
I see crappy.
And a rug that makes me sad.
Anyway, um...
I don't know,
just think about it.
When the branch closes,
and Clay has a trust fund
to fall back on,
what are you gonna have?
Not much.
- Merry Christmas!
- (DOOR CLOSES)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
- Thank you.
- You got it.
Hey, man. Good to see you. Hi.
Eight years
- I've been working here.
- Turn around.
What are you hoping to find
anyway, Carla?
What's your dream contraband?
I just like making you
my bitch.
- You can go.
- (SCOFFS) Thank you.

- CARLA:
- Wow! You look like
Cinderella,
if she joined the TSA.
(CHUCKLES)
Very, very nice. Okay,
take a look at this, please.
Ooh, who's Mr December?
This is Walter Davis,
he's a VIP.
I want you to do me a favour
and let me know the second
he comes in. Can you do that?
You will hear
the sound of heavy flirting.
Or just a text.
That'd be great.
And are you
gonna join us later?
No, I doubt it. I have to protect the front lines, make sure no crazy stuff happens. But if it does... (EXCLAIMS) I'm ready. And you went with the yellow. Smart. Right? (CHUCKLES)

JOSH:
- How's everyone doing tonight?
- Great.
- It's my birthday.
- Ah.
Really committing. That's nice. (MUSIC PLAYING ON STEREO) Hey, look at that!
- Hi.
- Hey, there, Susan.
- Nice reindeer, right?
- How you doin'?
Throw that in coat check for me please. Thank you. You look great. Oh.
- Hey, Josh.
- Hey, Dean.
You... You thought you'd bring the kid, huh? Yeah. We couldn't get anyone to watch him. But don't worry, he has an iPad. We could axe murder each other and he wouldn't even notice. He'll just sit there with that dumb look on his face. Yeah, that's the one. Okay. Well, can you stick him in my office for me?
- If you're cool with that.
- Sure. Well, not cool, but...
- Have a good time.
- Thank you.
   All right.
Let's drop him quick,
because these edibles
are gonna kick in any second.
- (MUSIC CONTINUES PLAYING)
- (INDISTINCT CHATTER)
- Hey, Mr Parker.
- Hey, Rodney.
- Want a Zeno Punch?
- No.
- Foam finger?
- Uh-uh, neither.
And, you know,
we can skip this, too.
- Good spirit, though. Yep.
- Okay.
Could I have a beer, please?
Pretty great, huh, Jeremy?
Yeah, it's so weird, I feel
like I'm still at the office.
Yeah. Oh. Thank you.
(MARY EXCLAIMING)
(BLOWER WHIRRING)
(CLAY SUCKING TEETH)
(CLAY GURGLING)
(SPITS)
(EXHALES DEEPLY)
God,
I know I haven't asked You
for much in this life.
Granted, I was born rich.
And white.
And male. And straight.
Except for that one time.
But that's Las Vegas.
(INHALES DEEPLY)
But tonight I need You
to bless this party.
This party has to rock.
So we can get
Walter's contract,
so that everyone
can keep their jobs,
especially Allison.
I mean, she is losing it!
And she has
all my personal information.
And so that we can prove
my sister wrong.
Show her
that I am a good boss.
And will You say hi
to our dad?
And tell him
we really miss him.
(SNIFFLES)
And that I'm rocking
his Santa suit.
(SNIFFLES) Oh, and tell Prince
and David Bowie
how much they meant
to everybody.
I mean,
Labyrinth, Purple Rain...
They know.
(BREAThes DEEPLY)
All right,
let's light
this fucking candle.
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
Ho ho ho!
Merry Christmas, Zenotek!
It's me, Santa Claus!
I'ma comin' to town
for an epic night. Yay!
Santa!
(SCATTERED CHEERS)
That's okay, we'll get there.
Watch this, Greg.
(GRUNTING)
Dean!
Clear. I'm coming around.
Oh, shit.
- (CROWD GASPS)
- (LAUGHING)
Oh, God.
CLAY:
It's okay!
That was part of it.

JOSH:
what an entrance!
Oh! Right down
the chimney, folks!
Merry Christmas, bitches!
Santa can't be hurt.
You doing okay? You all right?
- That really did hurt, yeah...
- Are you sure?
But you know what,
I had this for padding.
Holy shit.
What the fuck is that?
Tell me that's not
for something illegal.
No, no, no.
Don't worry, this is all mine.
I rented one of
those Money Tornadoes.
So for the bonuses later,
I'm gonna make it rain
like a hurricane.
Are you sure you're not
getting carried away?
This seems like a lot of money
you're spending.
Josh, this is Christmas, okay?
And if anybody knows how to
work within a budget, it's me.
All right? And speaking of.
There you go. Hi.
- Cool.
- Little Jesus.
- Did you rent a live baby?
- Yeah, for the nativity scene.
What? It's cheaper
than you think, okay?
Is it?
- (UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYS)
- (MAN SHOUTS)
Oh, shit! DJ Calvis
in the house tonight!
Oh, God, no.

(JOEL CONTINUES YELLING)

**Add my Snapchat:**
Joel's friend looks
just like Joel.
Ooh! Looks like some babies
getting made tonight!
I'm not looking
to get pregnant tonight.
Excuse me. Sorry. Sorry.
Joel,
that's a red card for you.
Um, babies are not
getting made tonight,
not here on company property.
If you're going
to have intercourse,
please go beyond
the flood lamps
at the perimeter of the plaza
and into
the Rite Aid parking lot.
That's right.
'Cause we fucking tonight!
- Joel. Language.
- (INDISTINCT)
This is still an office, and
even though it's dark outside,
the rules don't turn off.
The rules may not turn off,
but your inhibitions can!
I'm talking about take
your pee-pees out
and put 'em in some booties!
(SCATS)
And remember that tonight
the decisions you make
will have consequences
that will haunt you
for the rest of
your professional lives.
And, um...
And so have fun.
Yeah, Mary,
way to psyche everybody up!

**Main takeaway:**
If you're gonna fuck,
do it in the parking lot.
- Turn it up!
- (UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
  (INDISTINCT CHATTER)
  (CHUCKLES)
- (CHUCKLES) Hey.
- Hey! Someone cleans up nice.
Oh...
Yeah, I... I'm wearing the
same clothes, from earlier.
Oh, yeah. I was just making
a party joke.
I didn't want to go
all the way home
and then come back, so I just
sat in my car and worked.
Oh, also I was waiting for
my phone to charge.
Oh. So you're all charged up!
  (CHUCKLES)
  (LAUGHS HUMOURLESSLY)
What?
I said you're all charged up.
Yeah, my phone.
Hey, the music is really loud.
Do you want to go
somewhere and talk?
- Uh, yeah.
- Okay.
  (INDISTINCT CHATTER)
This is Zenotek.
Oh, shit!
That's Jimmy Butler
right there!
Who's Jimmy Butler?
Two-time All-Star. Best player
on my fantasy team.
Fuck you, Butler! (GASPS)
I don't know why I said that.
Oh, fuck.
These are great.
You know what?
Why don't you
give me your number
and I'll text these to you.
Excuse me. Hey. Hi.
- Jimmy, hey, this is Josh.
- Hey. How you doing?
So you the big man
around here, huh?
I'm not that big, no.
I'm feeling small right now.
Look at this. Good for you.
Here's the big man!
Thanks for coming
to our Christmas party, man.
Of course.
I've been trying to expand
the Jimmy Butler empire
into the tech space.
I'm thinking
Jimmy Butler dating app.
- Maybe Butlerbook?
- I like it.
- Jimmyface?
- These are all good ideas.
Do you want to see the first
processor that we ever made?
It's as big as a mini-fridge
and it used to set fires.
It's upstairs with
the good tequila.
- Of course.
- Casamigos.
(WHISPERS)
I'll save some for you.
Geek yourself out!
He's really into technology.
Will you remind me,
how do you know
Jimmy Butler again?
Remember, I told you my friend
does P.R. for the Bulls?
- Yes! Yeah.
- Right.
I thought that bringing
a famous basketball player
would help with Walter.
- Ah.
- You're cool with that, right?
Why wouldn't I be cool?
It's the greatest idea
in the world.
Of course I'm cool.
- Very cool. Please.
- Okay.
Yeah. Mr Cool.
I graduated valedictorian
from Cool University!
Good old C.U.
Mmm-hmm.
Okay.
"C.U." later!
Oh, Josh.
(TYRES SQUEALING IN DISTANCE)
(CHIMES)
(TYRES SCREECHING)
(CAR DOOR CLOSES)
Savannah?
I think you mean Becca, right?
(CHUCKLES) Uh...
I'm gonna be honest,
I've never done this before.
Although my mum
and I have watched
Pretty Woman, like,
a million times.
Oh, I love that movie!
It's why I'm doing this.
- Oh, wow.
- Yeah.
It feels kind of dirty.
(CHUCKLES)
You feel dirty?
You're my third client tonight. It's only 9:00 PM.
Oh, really?
So, um, you just have to pay my manager, and then we're, like, good.
Oh, yeah, um...
Got it right here.
Hi. Nate.
(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)
- Nate?
- Yeah.
Hi, I'm Trina. (CHUCKLES)
I don't do handshakes, I do hugs. Get in here!
(BOTH LAUGHING)
Oh, my gosh, you guys are gonna have so much fun tonight.
I can feel it.
- You're already a couple.
- Hope so.
- (CHUCKLES)
- Already.
- Is this for me?
- Um, yes, ma'am.
I'm not even gonna count it.
- You know why?
- Mmm-mmm.
- 'Cause we're friends, right?
- Yeah.
(CHUCKLING) Yeah, we're not fucking friends.
Oh, my God.
So if you're thinking of fucking with me, or with my girl, don't. Because I'm hella stressed out right now.
This week has been a scheduling nightmare!
My iCal crashed,
and now all my appointments are set in 2019.
And in Hebrew.
It's a flawed program. I've been saying this for years.
- Shut up.
- (WHIMPERS)
My point is,
if one more person pisses me off... One more...
I don't know
what's gonna happen.
(NATE WHIMPERS)
I don't know
what I'm gonna do.
- We're clear?
- (SNIFFLES)
Okay, so now, um,
just have a good time.
If you use handcuffs,
have a spare key, okay?
Jesus, we do not want to go through Thanksgiving again.
Um, hey, if you need me in the next hour,
I'll be at Whole Foods.
Okay.
Alexei, open my fucking door!
Come on.
Let's go meet your friends.
I can close it myself!
I'm a woman in 2016. Jesus.
(CHEERY MUSIC PLAYING)
Okay, Clay, incoming.
I just got a text from Carla.
Walter's on his way up.
This is it.
Okay, okay.
So we need an employee to sit on my lap right when he comes up.
A cheerful one.
Definitely not Jeremy.
Uh, sure, great plan.
Great. Good, good. Here.
You try and get this on.

JOSH:
- Welcome to Zenotek.
- How are you?
I'm so glad you came.
Good to see you.
Can I take your coat?
- No, no, I'm good, actually.
- You sure? Okay.
All right. Walt, what would you like to get started with?
You know,
we got a photo booth.
It's like getting your picture taken in a tiny house.
We love it.
Oh, uh, Jimmy Butler is here!
Jimmy Butler from the Bulls is here.
What? Come on! Where is he?
Do you want to take a selfie with him? Everyone's doin' it.
You know,
I'm a Cavs fan, actually.
- Oh.
- There's a good team.
- This was a mistake.
- Hang on. Hang on.
No, no, no. Come on.
Now, a mistake would be to miss the salmon station.
Do you like salmon? Huh?
You want to swim upstream with me and go try some salmon?
What does that even mean?
You know what? Let's start with a drink. Come on.
Yeah. Are you thirsty? Clay,
you want a drink with Walter?
One vibrator, please.
- Okay. Here you go.
- (EXCLAIMS)
- It's really a body massager.
- No, it's a vibrator.
- (TRACEY TALKING INDISTINCTLY)
- Hey, Josh!
Oh, hey, Jeremy.
This is Jeremy,
our customer service manager.
Hi, nice to meet you.
Mary just fucking cited me!
Okay?
I thought this was a party.
If I want to dick tap Alan,
I'm gonna dick tap Alan.
That's a timeless gag!
- Never not funny!
- Okay, off you go.
She is like a poisonous
fucking cloud of shit gas,
like, just seeping into
everybody's good time.
Every word she says makes
my fucking haemorrhoids throb!
- I want that on the record.
- It is.
He's in customer service?
Yeah, he's much better
on the phone.
That's really where he shines.
Here we go.
Hey, can we get a scotch?
Um, Macallan, right?
Uh, no, dude.
It's the eggnog luge.
Oh. Just the eggnog.
Okay. Great. Well...
Uh, looks like fun.
Ladies first.
- Josh, I insist. After you.
- Well, I'm not much on eggnog.

TRACEY:
to this guy. He's Mr Fun.
He'll do anything for
the party. So, come on!
Hey, everybody!
Josh is gonna do the luge!
No, no. I don't think so.
It's not for me.

**ALL:**
Josh! Josh! Josh! Josh!
It looks like
they want you to do it.
Should I do it? I'll do it.
I'll do it, I'll do it.
Okay, let's do it.
This the luge right here?
Here we go.
Here we go... Here we go...
(ALL CHEERING)

**JOSH:**
Mmm.
Oh, God.
(LAUGHING)
Whoo! Okay, Walter, your turn.
Where'd Walter go?
I totally got you
deep throating him.
Oh, well, look at that.
That's beautiful.
Where'd Walter go, huh?
Clay, did you see Walter?
I don't know about
that whole throne thing.
I mean,
obody liked the gifts,
everybody was complaining
and the lap-sitting got weird.
Oh, no.

**CLAY:**

**JOSH:**
Well, it's just not working.
If you took away
everybody's drinks
and turned up the lights,
it just looks like we're at work. You know what I mean? We need to get amped up. We need to get them interacting. You guys should do what you did at the party last year. No. Not doing that. Come on. No, that was lame. No, no, it was fucking awesome! People loved it! It wasn't. And they didn't. Do it for the company. All right? I'm gonna go give Walter party mouth-to-mouth. Is he crying? I wanted to give you this pamphlet which has a lot of good information about the signs and symptoms of sadness. When I'm sad, I like to remember something my grandma used to sing. (SINGING IN GERMAN) It's about ducklings. (CONTINUES SINGING IN GERMAN) Mary, you wore a blue coat, right? No, I wore my beige poof. Oh, that's it. It's probably not a big deal, but I saw Meghan rifling through all the pockets. No, no, no, no. My Bath & Body Works coupons! Walter. Clay Vanstone, remember? Hey. How are you? I want to show you Zenotek. Ah. Yes.
(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)
You're a very
expressive dancer.
Oh, thanks.
Let me know if you want me
to dance, like,
sexy or something, you know?
- Yeah. No, we're good.
- Okay.
Uh, hey, there's actually some
guys I want you to meet.

SAVANNAH:
Let's just work out the money
thing first, though, yeah?
Uh, I already gave Trina $200.
Oh, yeah, that's just
for the first hour.
If you want me
for the rest of the night,
it's gonna be another $2,000.
- Two grand? No. No way.
- Yeah.
(STAMMERING)
The website clearly said
it was $200
for the whole night.
Do I look like
I'm $200 a night?
Okay, fine.
I'll go to an ATM, okay?
Okay. Give me your watch
as collateral.
It's my grandmother's.
I don't care.
Shit.
Holy shit.
(EXHALES) That was
just how daddy likes it.
Mmm-hmm.
Check it out.
- You're a fireman.
- (BOTH LAUGH)
Must be really nice to have
a day care centre at work.
Yeah, yeah. Clay set this up
when I was pregnant.
I think he just
wanted an excuse
to have Play-Doh
in the office.
- Shall we?
- Oh. (CHUCKLES)
- You are such a good mum.
- Aw.
Thanks.
I, uh, bet you'd make me
finish all my homework
before I could
go outside and play.
Yeah, especially
if you were being naughty.
Do I need to be punished?
Well, I guess that depends
on your homework.
I bet you'd make me
brush my teeth
so I don't get any cavities.
Oh, we're still doing this.
Okay. (CHUCKLES)
I've been a bad boy, Mummy.
Okay, um, do you have
some kind of weird fetish?
What? No!
No, I'm so sorry,
I didn't mean to give you
that impression.
- I just got carried away.
- Oh.
I just really like you.
Yeah. I really like you, too.
(BOTH MOANING)
Something's happening
in my diaper.
- Okay. Fuck this. I got to go.
- Huh?
- This is my nightmare.
- What?
- So, yes, I'm in hell.
- No, uh...
- So I'm gonna go.
- Mummy!
I mean, Allison. Don't leave.
Save that shit for the fourth
date like a normal person!
Sorry.
(MUTTERING)
All right, Nate, this is what
you've been saving for.
Who designed this?
- Come on!
- (CASH MACHINE BEEPING)
Shit! Fuck me!
(MUTTERING)
Yes.
- (TYRES SCREECH)
- (NATE YELLS)
(HORN BLARES)
(NATE PANTING)
I'm okay! Merry Christmas!
(SIGHS) Okay. You ready?
Okay, you look ridiculous.
Is it the hat?
(CLUB MUSIC PLAYING)
Hey.
Merry Christmas, everybody!
Who's happy
about the holidays?
Okay. Okay. (LAUGHS)
(CROWD CHEERING)
Hey, so, um, you dickheads
want to buy some cocaine?
(STAMMERS)
Yeah! We'll do that.
One cocaine.
Want to do it with us?
(CHEERING)
(COUGHING)
Yeah! Yeah!
(Both SCATTING)
I believe in taking risks,
Walter.
Zenotek, my company, believes in taking risks. You know what we should do tonight? We should do something that scares us. Makes us feel alive! Do you think you could swing across the dance floor with those lights? What's that? Like, if you grabbed every single strand, do you think that you could swing and then time it just right and grab all of those strands, then, like Tarzan, make it all the way to my office? Merry fucking Christmas. You know what? This has been really great, and I thank you, but, it's time to hit the road. (GLASSES CLINK) Oh. Um, you can't leave yet, 'cause we're just getting started! (SNOW MACHINE HISSING) Hey! You got snow machined. That's meant to be lucky. It tastes bitter. It's just paper products. Let's get you cleaned up. Great, great. So I guess we'll just take two and call you in the morning, then? - Is that, uh... - Yeah, don't call me.

TIM:

DREW:
want to come back up here. (PANTING) I need some air.
Oh, also I have your Secret Santa.
Oh. Okay.
What are you doing?
Pissing off Mary.
# GreatestPartyEver. #OpenBar.
How do you spell "Hanukkah"?
Wait, who are you sending that to?
Oh, you know, everyone in Chicago.
(GIGGLES)

TRACEY:
been up here?

JOSH:

TRACEY:
I usually am during the sexual harassment seminars.
Oh, it's beautiful.
Oh, it's colder up here for sure.
And it's, uh...
Oh, man, it's higher.
Maybe let's go...
Let's go lower.
And warmer. Come on.
- Uh-oh.
- No. No, it never locks.
Wait, no. It never locks!
I bet you're also never up here
- at night, right?
- No.
It's all right, I came prepared.
So did I.
Your Secret Santa.
That's a lot better
than where I'm keeping mine.

(LAUGHS)

Excuse me. Mr Vanstone?
- Have you seen this?
- Hi. I'm Rodney.

(STAMMERING) We haven't met yet. I'm an intern here.
I just wanted to say
Merry Christmas.
- Yes, you can have a job.
- Are you serious?
Yeah, party hire.
Junior associate. Congrats.
Oh, my God.
Mr Vanstone, thank you!
- Thank you.
- Thank you so much.
- Oh, my God. Yes?
- Hey, Rodney!
We're gonna get you
a new name.
Done! I'll call my parents.
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
Hey. You okay?
Ha! I was down.
I was having a bad day.
But now I'm lifting.
I'm seeing things. My mind.
The ideas are flying
through my mind!
- I'm feeling strong.
- Okay, good.
- High five. Ha!
- Sure.
Ha-ha!
You can't keep Walter Davis
down forever, baby!

(BOTH CHEERING)

(BOTH LAUGH)
Let's go get fucked up.
Okay, but not too much.
When I drink,
a lot of bad things happen.
You know, my sister's horse
goes missing.
My car is covered
in horse hair and blood.
Fingers get pointed.
Smoke PCP as a favour.
Beach burns down.
That ain't never been
my problem.
Come on! Let's go get a drink!
Yeah!
- (ALL CHEERING)
- Oh, shit!
(YELLING)
(WALTER YELLING)
(YELLING)
(ALL CHEERING)

WEATHERMAN:
blizzard conditions
for 12 to 24 hours...
Just get me on a plane.
Get me on any goddamn plane,
all right?
I have enough miles
to orbit the sun.
I'm sorry, ma'am.
All flights are grounded
until the snow clears.
There's nothing more I can do.
Well, refer me to someone
who can do something.
That would be God, ma'am.
Oh, Her.
Have a great holiday.
Shit.
Did you eat my Cinnabon?
No.
Where's your mother?
Bathroom.
- What's your name, sweetie?
- Darcy.
Oh.
(CLEARS THROAT)
Hi, Santa.
Yes, Carol Vanstone.
I'm here with Darcy.
I know. Terrible name.
And she's being
a little shit here
in the first class lounge.
So I think we should cancel
all of her Christmas presents
this year.
Yeah. And while she's asleep,
why don't you take
that doll, too.
Great. Bye.

**MAN ON PA:**
your attention, please.
Due to inclement weather, all
flights have been cancelled.
Shit!
- (PASSENGERS MUTTERING)
- (CAROL GROANS)
(WHISPERS) Fuck you!
(CROWD CHEERING)

**CLAY:**
a good time now?
You ready to kick
this up a notch, huh?
(ALL CHEERING)
Hit me with the horns, Calvis!
Old school.
(MUSIC PLAYS)
Make some noise!
Yeah!
- (UPBEAT HIP-HOP PLAYING)
- (ALL CHEERING)
(VOCALIZING)
(RAPPING) # Here we go now!
Is this not
the best fucking party
y'all been to? Come on down!
# Here we go now!
Here we go now!
# Here we go, here we go!
Let me clear my throat
Yeah, get on up here.
Give it up for Walter!
My main man, Walter!
(MIMICS CLEARING THROAT)

ALL:
Get on up here, Mary!
Give me the mike. No, no, no.
Give me the mike.
- Give it up for Mary!
- No, no.
- Mary, everybody, yeah!
- (CHEERING)
You got to stop.
(RAPPING)
# When I say H, you say R
- # H.R.! H.R.!
- (CROWD RESPONDING)
# When I say H, you say R
- # H.R.! H.R.!
- (CROWD RESPONDING)
# And when she says H, you say R
- # H.R.! H.R.!
- (CROWD RESPONDING)
Yeah! (EXCLAIMS)
(Clay MIMICS CLEARING THROAT)
(RAPPING) # If y'all want
to party like we do
# If y'all want to party like us
# Let me hear you say,
"Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!"
(CROWD RESPONDING)
# If y'all want
to party like we do
# If y'all want to party like us
# Let me hear you say,
"Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!"
(VOCALIZING)
Okay, that's part of it. Yeah!
She's what makes
this company great,
just like every motherfucker
in here!
(ALL CHEERING)

# When I say freeze, y'all freeze one time
# Freeze!
# Now let me clear my throat
# Special dedication going out to all the ladies
# And all the brothers in here!

ALL:
Go! Go! Go! Go! Go!
(CHANTING CONTINUES)
(ALL CHEERING)

TRACEY:

JOSH:
from charming into life-threatening.
I cannot believe that they are still not responding.
At least my death will give my parents something to talk about at the meal I'm gonna miss.
- Going to your parents' place?
- Every year.
This is where not having any family actually pays off.
I get the whole city to myself.
It's like some kind of awesome plague came in and spared only me and the Chinese restaurants.
This is useless.
- You gonna be solo, huh?
- (CHUCKLES)
There's not gonna be a stocking on your mantel for Jimmy Butler at your place?
- What are you doing?
- Nothing?
Just asking. You know?
You could have dated me, Josh.
But you freaked out
and ran away.
I still had PTSD from
my marriage just ending, so...
(SCOFFS)
You'd been separated
for a year.
- I fucked up.
- Yeah.
Because you're an idiot.
I'm sorry.
I have been feeling
shitty about it.
We should've done this
a long time ago.
- Yeah.
- Right?
(JEREMY LAUGHING)
(GRUNTING)
- Hey, Jeremy.
- Huh?
Hey!
- Hey, man.
- What's up, guys?
Wow. Good thing I wasn't
going number two, huh?
Yeah. Leave you to it.
- This is my territory!

- JOSH:

(BARKING)

CLAY:
We're never gonna
get shut down!
(RAPPING)
# When I say Zeno, you say Tek
- # Zeno-Tek! Zeno-Tek!
- (CROWD RESPONDING)
# When I say Zeno, you say Tek
- # Zeno-Tek! Zeno-Tek!
- (CROWD RESPONDING)
(CLAY CONTINUES RAPPING)
It's a Christmas miracle.
# When I say Zeno, you say Tek
- # Zeno-Tek! Zeno-Tek!
- (CROWD RESPONDING)
# When I say Zeno, you say Tek
- # Zeno-Tek! Zeno-Tek! #
- (CROWD RESPONDING)
I love this party!
I love this company!
And I want to work
with you people!
(ALL CHEERING)
What did he just say?
Did Clay just close Walter?
Huh, he really is Santa Claus.
- Yeah!
- (CROWD CHEERING)
So, Carol. You know,
- that's my grandmother's name.
- Mmm.
- No, I did not know that.
- Yeah.
Oh.
It's kind of an old-timey
name. Don't really hear
Carol much anymore.
It's like... (IMITATING
ELDERLY WOMAN) "Hi, I'm Carol.
"I gotta get home
before I miss my stories."
"Hi, I'm Carol. I heard about
Pearl Harbor on the radio."
"Hi, I'm Carol. I died
in the beginning of Up."
(CHUCKLES) That movie?
Sorry, I'm just nervous.
My first night on the job.
On the ol' J.O.B.
- It's your first night?
- Yeah.
Driving?
First night driving
the ol' Ubes.
(CAROL SIGHS)
It's a pretty sweet gig, though. Make my own hours. You know, I could hook you up if you want to be an Uber driver.
I'm good. I already have a job. Thank you very much.
Yeah, but you could be CEO of your own car!
I am a CEO.
Of Uber?
Oh, my God.
Is this Undercover Boss?
Is that a camera?
Am I on ca...
Are you wearing a disguise?
No.
This is not Undercover Boss.
I am not the CEO of Uber.
I am the CEO of Zenotek.
Please just drive.
(STUTTERS) No shit.
I just dropped off, like, four people at that party tonight.
I'm sorry?
They gave me three stars like a bunch of bitches.
Excuse me.
What did you just say?
- I said they were bitches.
- No, no. What party?
The party at your office.
Everybody's like, "Oooh."
- You son of a bitch, Clay.
- Yeah, bunch of bitches!
(STAMMERS) Can you just...
- Can you move? Move!
- (HORNS HONKING)
(HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)
The English band, the Optic Monkeys?
You were supposed to see them
with your friend Lindsey, you were like, "I can't go," because you couldn't get a babysitter? Did you hack into my emails? Get the fuck out of here. And never use that British accent again. Allison, are you okay? No! I'm not okay. My ex-husband is dating a stripper, Drew is cyberstalking me, and Fred from accounting is like a human fucking AMBER Alert. Don't I deserve to date someone who is nice? Of course you do. Allison, you're an amazing person. You basically take care of this whole office. And you do it every day, even though most people don't seem to notice. - (SIGHING) - So, yeah, you deserve someone nice. Baby, I got your text. Ooh, I missed you. Come on, let's dance. Just hang in there.

ALL:
Go, Rodney! Go, Rodney! (ALL CHEERING) (YELLING)
Nate! Hey, man. Larry from shipping here actually has a really great story
that he wants to tell you.
I was in the bathroom
washing my face,
and this girl came in, like,
"I'll give you a handy
for $40."
And the next thing I knew,
my penis was in her hand
and then she starts...
Okay, Larry, I know
how a hand job works.
I had no idea
you guys were together.
Wait, what are you
talking about?
So Becca gave Larry a hand job
in the men's room.
Goddamn it!

**WOMAN:**
I'm going next.
I'm inspired! I'm going next.
- No, I called it. I called it.
- No, no, wait.
- I'm so happy for you!

**- MAN:**
I was about to do my balls!
Hey! What about
the 3D printer?
- Yes. Yes!
- Yeah?
I'm going first,
I'm going first!
(WOMEN SHRIEKING)
(WOMEN CHEERING)
(CAROL GASPS)
(MUFFLED MUSIC PLAYING)
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Excuse me. Excuse me!
Excuse me.
(BELL RINGING)

**CLAY:**
you're keeping your jobs!
Raise your hands if you're
gonna get a bonus!

**CAROL:**
Clay?
Clay!
Oh, fuck.
Hey, sis.
Hey, hey, hey.
Carol, before you get mad,
listen to what I did.
I said no party!
That's all I said.
All you had to do was nothing,
and you couldn't even do that!
Couldn't even do that!
Carol, Carol, Carol!
This is not
what you think, okay?
This is all for a reason.
(CLAMOURING)
Listen. We threw this party
for Walter Davis,
and we closed him, he wants
to give us his business.
- We did it.

- **CLAY:**
I'm not a failure. I'm a good
boss. The party worked!
- Walter Davis?
- Yeah.
- Is at this party?

- **JOSH:**
Where is he?
I don't know. Where was he?
He was just on the stage.
Oh... Guys? Guys!
That's not good.
(WALTER GROANING)
Here we go!
CROWD:
Do it! Do it! Do it!
No, no, no. Shh!
- What are you doing?
- Hey, that was my idea.
- Not relevant.
- Walter? Hey, buddy!
Why don't you come down
using the stairs?
No. Clay, it's like you said!
I want to do something
that scares me. To feel alive!
Maybe not right now.
What did you guys do to him?
Let go of those lines, buddy!
I'm the king of I.T. buyers!
Whoo!
(CROWD GASPS)
- Oh!

- CAROL:
Oh!
Oh, God.
(CLICKS TONGUE) So close.
(GROANING)
Hey, Walter.
You were like
an eagle up there.
You were free. You did it.
Did we win?
Yeah, we won.

WALTER:
Zenotek! Zenotek!
That poor guy.
What a day he's had.
First he gets fired
and now this.
- Wait, what?
- Did you say fired?
Oh, yeah.
Oh, he got fired at the close of business today.
He told me, like, two hours ago. They shipped his whole branch overseas. What? I confirmed it with my H.R. Facebook group. And they know everything. Excuse me. Just to clarify, because I'm detail-oriented. So you didn't get a contract with Walter Davis because he didn't have a contract to give. Carol, before you get mad, here's the thing... He wanted to work with us. So... Clay. Clay! Yeah? I'm not mad. You're not? I mean, I was mad when Dad gave you this branch just as a reward for taking six years to graduate with a degree in... What is it? Canadian television theory with concentration in Drake.

CAROL:
doesn't make me mad. I feel relieved. All right. Because it's over. (CHUCKLES) I'm shutting you down. Yeah, no, because it's late. Allison got a clean-up crew for tomorrow.

- CAROL: No, Clay.
I'm terminating this branch.
I'm such a dickhead.
I started to like this place,
and then I get fucked.
I get fucked!
No, no, no. Stop it, stop it.
Carol, let's take one beat.
Look, look, Carol. Carol.
I fucked up, okay,
so blame me.
But these are good people.
You can't close this branch.
This is Dad's branch.
Well, you know what?
He shouldn't have
given it to you to fuck up.
Oh, and, uh, good luck
trying to be Mr Fun Guy
when you have to fire
all these people.

WOMAN:
I'll see you in New York.
Wait, what?
Did your little friend
not tell you?
He's coming to work for me.
Yeah, right.
I never said yes to that job.
I don't recall you
ever saying no.
Clay.
Clay, I never sa... Hey.
Clay.
Oh, hey, Clay... You told me
you had a two-drink limit.
Yeah. You're right.
Now, y'all didn't forget
about DJ Calvis!
- (CLUB MUSIC PLAYING)
- Whoo!
(ALL CHEERING)

WALTER:
to go back to the party!

Hey! What the hell?
I hired you to pretend
to be my girlfriend,
then you go and give all
my co-workers hand jobs?
You hired me
to impress your co-workers,
and he was pretty impressed.
- Listen, I want my money back.
- Well...
I'm sorry, what was that?
I couldn't hear you
over my gun.
- I, um, I want my money back.
- Oh.
I'm sorry. Customer services
are not available right now,
but perhaps
I can address your grievance.
(STAMMERS NERVously)
Um, everything's fine.
Would you say like
a five on Yelp,
or like positive three?
Five.
Five? Alexei!

NATE:
This is so funny.
Do that thing where you pull
his asshole through his face.
Don't please. Shit!
Santa's gonna get
fucked up tonight!
(YELLS)
Who wants to party with Santa?
Who the fuck is that?

SAVANNAH:
that guy is really rich.
And he's really stupid.
Well, then what are we doing
with Spelling Bee here?
Get outta here. Go!
Hey, Santa! Wanna party?
Yeah.
Tracey! Tracey! Hey.
Tracey!

WOMAN:
Tracey?
Tracey, are you in here?
Oh, pardon me.
Hello?
Oh.
Josh, it's happening.
(EXCLAIMS)
Good for you.
Hey, Tracey,
which one are you in?
Hi. Carol offered me a job,
but in no way did I say...
Josh. I get it.
She offered me a job, too.
- What? She offered you a job?
- Yeah.
Triple the salary.
An apartment
overlooking Central Park.
I got double and moving costs.
(SCOFFS) The real difference
is I said no.
Listen, I'm not fighting
with you about this.
It's silly.
I didn't take the job.
Yeah. But you didn't
not take it, either.
Because you need a safety net.
Hey, that's who you are.
I'm happy for you.
You should go to New York.
Is that what you want?
You want me to go to New York?
There's a real
human centipede situation
happening in the men's room.
Tracey, please. Don't go.
Whoa, this is almost the whole
marketing department in here.
- Can I get a drink?

- **ALAN:**
Josh, where's Clay?
Asswipe loses everybody
their jobs and runs.
How much did he spend
on this party?
He could have just given
that money to us.
Clay sucks.
We should just kill him,
like on that podcast.
Put the Red Bull down.
Respectfully, fuck you guys!
Sorry,
that was too much, but...
Clay cares more
about people
than anyone I've ever met.
He was gonna pay
your bonuses tonight
with the last of his money.
What?
Yeah, he's broke.
Clay is broke.
Who do you think paid
for that bouncy house
in accounting?
Training that dog
to deliver the mail?
The zip-line?
Doughnut Fridays?
It was all Clay!
He spent all of his money
trying to keep
this branch afloat.
And whenever I questioned him
about it, he would say,
"Treat your employees
like they're your family
"and they'll do great things
for you."
You guys,
Clay just left to get drugs
with Becca and her pimp.
Wait... Who's Becca?
- Nate's whore.
- Hey, that's his girlfriend!
Nope, she's right.
Becca's a prostitute.
(CHUCKLES) Oh, nice.
Oh. Nope.
Clay left to go get drugs
with a pimp?
Yes. She has a gun
and a serious mood imbalance.
Fuck. Carol!
We have a problem.
Yeah, you have
lots of problems. Good luck.
Carol, excuse me.
Carol! Listen.
Clay has gone to get wasted
with a psychopath,
and he's got $300,000
strapped to his chest.
Ooh, that really does sound
like a big problem...
For Clay.
You already lost your dad.
If you lose Clay,
you'll have no one.
Trust me, that's not a place
you want to be.
(ELEVATOR DINGS)
- I don't care.

- TRACEY:
- Oh, boy. This woman...
- What is wrong with her?
Really?
Guys! I don't know
what to do.
Clay's not picking up his phone.
I think I can locate him.
This is so amazing to me, guys.
We can actually connect with, you know.
Yeah. Yeah. There we go.
- Amazing.
- Absolutely.
They're full of shit, okay?
They're not your soulmates.
They just hacked your Facebook.
- That's horseshit!
- Unbelievable. So uncool.
- Hey, wait!
- No, no, no, girls!

WENDY:
the Gilmore Girls.
Okay, I'm gonna need both of you assclowns to hack into Clay's phone so we can find him.
(SCOFFS) Come on, why would we help you, dude, seriously?
Yeah, why would we help you?
Because I'm your fucking boss, and I'm telling you to.
- He can't touch him!
- I'll allow it.
Ooh, there's a car on fire.
Did the Bears win?
What are you looking at?
(CHEERS AND LAUGHTER)
Excuse me. Excuse me.
Oh, Jesus.
Hey, if everybody's fired, let's burn this place to the ground, baby!
(ALL CHEERING)
Hey! Hey, what department
are you in?
I don't work here.
Let's do this, baby!
Who's with me?
- Fuck.
- (GLASS SHATTERS)
(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)
If I tell y'all
one more time to back up,
it's gonna be a problem.
I'm not playing with y'all!
Carla! Carla!
I need you to go upstairs
and lock this shit down.
We gotta go help Clay.
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa,
fuck that!
The security guard was the
first one to go in Die Hard.
Carla, this is the one
you knew would come.
Be our John McClane.
I'm on it.
Hey.
In case it gets dark.
Who wants to get tased?
Okay, where's your car?
I took a cab. I thought
we were gonna take your car.
No, I took the El.
(TYRES SCREECH)
Let's go get our Santa.
- Great!
- Oh.
Come on! No, don't.
It's a lift and pull.
You're jerking it!
Jesus Christ, let me do it.
- I'm pulling out.
- Oh!
All right. Yeah, it's...
It's locked.
Thanks.
- Get in. Come on.
(JOSH GRUNTING)

What'd you get all over your seats?
Oh, no, it's from the parrots.
Relax, it's not poop.
It's some...
It's genital secretions.
It's mating season.
- Oh.
- Should be dry.
Okay. Nate says Clay's on the South Side.
(CAR DOOR OPENS)

He is not gonna fuck this up for me.
The board will vote me CEO.
That is happening.
So let's just do this, okay?
- Can this thing handle snow?
- Oh, please. It's a Kia.
It's what God would drive.

(TYRES SCREECHING)
(HORNS HONKING)
(SNORTING)

Oh!
Guys, you know, the thing is,
I told everybody they were gonna be okay,
but then they weren't.
And so, I broke a Christmas promise, which...
Is basically the worst thing you can do.
I mean, it is so stressful being the boss.
Nobody ever talks about that.
No. No, not at all.
And if you want to complain about it,
everybody's like,
"Oh, boo-hoo you, rich Santa."
Yeah, no one gives a shit!
I can't call people up and be like,
"Oh! I'm having a bad pimp day."
See, you understand.
I get clients calling me 24/7.
Middle of the night, 3:00 AM:
Brring, brring, brring!
"Hey, I need anal, like yesterday."
Yeah, the same with me!
Except instead of anal, it's data storage.
Or, "I'm, like, chairing a PTA meeting.
"Can you have someone blow me in the gymnasium?"
Yeah, absolutely.
It never ends.
Or, like, "Hey, your girl just stabbed me in the leg "and now I'm bleeding out in the alleyway."
I don't relate to that as much.
It's mental, right?
How much people lean on you?
And my sister wanted me to be a failure, and I was, so she's not gonna let that go.
That's the problem of working with family, though.
- Yeah.
- You can never escape them.
You can never escape them.
But you know what, you're gonna be fine, man. You know why?
'Cause you've got all that money, honey.
Yeah, that's the thing.
I don't, actually.
I spent it all trying to keep the branch open.
All I have left
is just $300,000 cash.
You have 300 grand.
Oh, my gosh. Whenever
I'm that low in my account,
I'm just like, "Kill me."
Uh, so where is the money?
- It's on my person. It's safe.
- It's in your personal safe?

**JOSH:**
No, no, this is it! This is...
There's a spot! Right there.
You passed it!
(TYRES SCREECH)
Careful. Easy.
Oh!
That's how you park a minivan.

- **CAROL:**
- Very impressive.
Okay, Nate, are you sure
about this address here?
Yes. 92765 Union Street.
That's where the pin is.
Uh, Red Square Club.
Brian, I can see you
fucking on my desk!
(CROWD CHEERING)
(SIGHS) Uh...
- I'll go see what's going on.
- Okay.
This is it.
Oh, my God.
Well, maybe he deserved it.
Who knows?
Here we go, guys.
Come on.
Quickly? Because I don't know
what's gonna happen in there.
Last year I filed
a sexual harassment complaint
against myself.
- Against yourself.
- Mmm-hmm.
Andrew, in the copy room, he was changing the toner. And I pretended to drop something on the ground so that I could bend over and graze his butt with my nose. And I did.

(SIGHS)
- That doesn't seem that bad.
- And then I said, "If you don't fuck me, buster, I will ruin you."

Hmm. That's harassment. That's why he quit. You seem like you feel better. Here we go. Wait! No, guys, we can't go in there looking like this. Hey, Carol? Why don't you give me your coat?

- How we doing tonight?
- Private party. Members only.

(STAMMERING)
Well, I'm a businessman. These are my business ladies of the night. You hear what I'm saying to you? They only come out at night.

- Okay. Okay.
- Mostly for parties.

(SPEAKING RUSSIAN)

MARY:

language.

(DOOR OPENS)
- Nice, Carol.
- (SPEAKS RUSSIAN)
- (INDISTINCT CHATTERING)
- (HIP-HOP MUSIC PLAYING)

Seems like
an appropriate setting for an emotional rock bottom.
Oh, there's a back room.
Hi.
How you doing? Have you seen a guy in a Santa suit?
Fuck you. I don't tell you anything.
- All right, now listen here.
- Nuh-uh-uh.
- (MAN GRUNTS)
- (TRACEY GASPS)
- (BONE CRACKS)
- (GRUNTING)
Hi. Me again. Where's Santa?
Fuck you. (GRUNTS)
You do not want to die at the hands of Lululemon here.
It'd be real embarrassing.
You're a large guy, and she's made of nothing but salad and Smartwater.
(STRAINING)
Nope, no tap outs.
(GRUNTING)
Back door? Thank you.
- Bitch.
- What?
(GRUNTS)
Was that too much?
- Just a little.
- I loved it.

JOSH:
- Hey!
- Oh, God.
Oh. Go. I got this. Go, go.
- Okay. Enjoy.
- (EXHALES)
Come on, let's party.

CLAY:
ain't got shit on me!
JOSH:
What did he say?
I think I know
where they're going.
Let's get the car. Come on!
(BOTH GRUNTING)
Let's go!
Excuse me. Excuse me.
Hey, Mary?
Mary, get in the car!
Damn it.
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
# God rest ye merry gentlemen
# Let nothing you dismay
# Remember Christ the Saviour
# Was born on Christmas Day
# To save us all
from Satan's power
# When we were gone astray
# Tidings of comfort and joy
# Comfort and joy
# Oh, tidings of comfort
# Comfort and joy! #
(TYRES SCREECH)
- Oh, God.
- Yeah, I fucked up. I did.
I lost a lot of people's jobs.
I hurt a lot of
good people tonight.
Oh, yeah, totally. Cool story.
Are we coming up
to your apartment building
on the left,
to the right, or...
We're not going
to my apartment.
Uh, yes, we are.
We are going to your apartment
to go to the safe.
There's nothing safe
about what we're gonna do.
Yeah, it's like you said,
you know.
We need to escape them,
so that's what we're gonna do.
- Red light.

- **TRINA:**
  are you talking about?
  There's a red light!
  That's a red light!
  (TYRES SCREECHING)
  - Oh, yeah! (LAUGHS)
  - (GASPS)
  We go right through 'em.
  They're just suggestions.
  - Can you look at that fuck?
  - Oh, the fucking windshield.
  Are you kidding? Not now!
  That's the A.C., Josh.
  We don't need that right now.
  What about that?
  Oh. No,
  that's the recirculating mode.
  How am I gonna run Zenotek
  without this Genius Bar?
  You can get up here
  and help if you'd like.
  Okay, my seat's
  getting hotter.
  Mary, why do you even
  have a minivan?
  - You don't have kids.
  - I buy in bulk!

- **TRACEY:**
  - Yeah.
  Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah,
  good eyes.
  Oh, God! What's that smell?
  I'm gonna be honest with you,
  I have been farting
  this entire time.
  (TYRES SCREECHING)
  (GASPING)
  Oh, my gosh.
  Okay, you know what,
take me to your
personal safe right now.
We don't need money
where we're going.
- Where are we going?
- For glory.
The Clark Street Bridge.
This time of night
it'll be up.
We're gonna jump the bridge
and never look back.
(BELL DINGING)
Okay, new game. Pull over.
Just pull over
or I'll tuck and roll.
- No, no, no. Trina, Trina.
- Just slow down.
Trina, I've been thinking
about this for a while.
We can make this jump.
I let a lot of people down,
but I'm not gonna
let you guys down.
We're gonna escape our
families and become anew!
Pull over right now.
Or I shoot you
in the fucking brain.
Well, you can't shoot him,
because then
he's gonna crash the car.
Really, Savannah? Really?
Why don't you
put it in an email
and c.c. everyone, all right?
Make double sure
everyone got it.
You know what, you should
start a podcast, Savannah,
called "Savannah Says Fucking
Stupid Things Out Loud."
(HORN HONKING)

CAROL:
JOSH:
Hey, listen, I'm sorry!
I was never gonna
take that job.
Not good enough!
Do not jump that bridge.
I have to do this.
Carol's right, I'm a fuckup!
(HORN HONKING)
Shit!
Pull over, you fucking idiot!
Or, the nice
supportive version?
Pull over, fucking idiot!
No.
Hey, tell him to pull over,
lady!
Look. Pull over! Pull over!
Pull over! It doesn't work!
- It's not working.
- None of it works!
Hey, Clay,
you jump that bridge,
I'm going with you.
What? No!
- Yes, I am.
- (BOTH PROTESTING)
Did you say hit it
at 80 or 90, Vin Diesel?
- Put it into sport.
- Here we go.
Josh, I'm sorry that
I said you were safe.
- You don't have to do this.
- Yes, I do.
Josh, what are you
doing, man?
You go, we all go!
Fuck.
I love America!
I am not gonna die
in a minivan.
Hey, hey, hey!
Get off the wheel!
(CHRISTMAS SONG PLAYS)
(ALL SCREAMING)
(SCREAMING)
(LAUGHING)
(ALL GROANING)
We could've made that bridge, panty hose.
Where's Clay?
It was on your person.
(YELLS)
What did we hit?
The collision severed the primary fibre line, as well as its backup, paralyzing Internet, DSL, and cellular communications citywide.
So if you haven't ordered your holiday gifts early, you may not be able to order them at all.
I quit, by the way!
You quit what? What, Savannah?
What'd you quit?
Just a couple of normal girls here.

CAROL:
Clear!

MAN:
My brother needs a doctor!
Ma'am, you're gonna need to wait your turn.
Will you find someone that will help my brother?
All of you, just back up!
Back up. Make a single file line against that wall and she will be with you when she has a fucking minute!
- (LAUGHTER AND CHATTER)
- (CHRISTMAS SONG PLAYING)
You know, you trying to jump
that bridge was really...
Brave?
That what you were going for?
No. Stupid.
I was gonna say stupid.
No. I... I would say brave.
- A little brave.
- Yeah. Hi.
- Hey, how is he?
- Oh. He's fine.
In fact, the doctor said that the crash actually fixed a previous fracture.
He's got...
He's got this gift.
I don't... I don't get it.
- Oh. Thank God he's okay.
- Oh, well...
So, maybe you'll reconsider firing everyone?
Once it gets out there that we caused this crash, the board finds out, my ass is fired.
No one has a job.
- So...
- Carol?
Is now a good time to exchange insurance information for the car stuff?
It's not. You know, we would've made it, by the way.
- At the speed you were going?
- Comfortably.
Please. To make that jump, with that incline, you would have had to at least been going...
- 110.
- 95.
No, 95.
- It's simple math.
- Oh. Well, okay.
It might be simple on paper, but you're forgetting the wind, the weight of the Kia, the four of us, bird cages...
I prefer to call them bird condos, and so do the birds. Point being, you have to adjust your numbers to account for real world conditions. Simple. Or did they not teach you that in hacker college? You're right.
Thank you.
No, not about that. Although hacker college does sound awesome. It's AnywAir. I've been doing it wrong. (EXHALES) I... I've been treating the power grid as if it was a seamless source of Internet. It's not seamless, it's messy. It...
But if there was an opportunity where the conditions were just right. If we were inside of a vacuum.
If it was still.
Oh, my God.
- An Internet blackout.
- An Internet blackout!
Let's get you back to the office.
- Yes!
- Come on.
I'm gonna text you that claims form, yeah?
(STAMMERS)
- I'm sorry, Mary.
- MARY:
Mum?
(TELEPHONE RINGING)
Dad?
(ELEVATOR DINGS)
(WATER TRICKLING)
(WOMEN LAUGHING)
Oh, my...
(DOOR OPENS)
Oh. Hey.
Hey.
Carla!
- Wassup?
- Morning.
I tased as many as I could, but...
Yeah. Well, I actually thought it was gonna be worse, so...
Uh-uh!
I see you, bitch!
Uh-uh, bitch, I see you!
Your office was locked, right?
Yeah, of course.
- What... What's happening?
- Did you guys find Clay?
- Sorry. Old habit.
- Sure.
Okay. So, what...
You're writing an algorithm that can respond to the grid in real time?
- That's gonna take...
- Done.
Forever.
Nate! How's that server bank?
Still covered in beer!
Five minutes!
I hope it's beer.
Hey.
Uh, about what happened...
All good.
Everyone has their thing.
I know it seems weird,
but I just crave discipline.
My family had
no set meal times.
Yeah, it's cool. I don't
need your origin story.
Promise me
you won't tell anyone?
- I'll do your taxes!
- Deal.
Great.
Oh, my God, the office.
Hey, guys, I got doughnuts!
I got, uh, jelly and glazed
and, uh,
some other stuff.
But no Cronuts,
that's a bastard pastry.
(SIGHS)
I still hate your rules.
But your dancing is
wild and free.
Like an unmanned fire hose.
(SNICKERS)
Put your pants on.
For now.
Now, we can't fix the Internet
if we can't
going on the Internet.
Everything is down.
Okay, well,
all the phones are working.
What about a dial-up modem?
Great. Now all you need
is a RadioShack
and a time machine.
- Oh, the G1 had it, right?
- There's one in Clay's office.
I got the desk. Get the desk.
Okay, give me the wires.
Plug it in here. Give me that.
Hey, I could use some of
that giddy-up in H.R.
if you two ponies
are looking for a new stable.
I am looking for a new stable, Mary. Thank you so much. We'll talk later. Mary, you're showing a lot of neck. Breaking your own rules. It's a little skanky, isn't it?
- Plug it in.

- NATE:
Uh, I got this D.J. equipment, if you want to use that for something. Okay, that's not gonna help, but thank you. All right, guys. What now? I press "Enter," it launches the protocol, and then... And then everybody gets back on the Internet. Hopefully. Or I blow up the power grid.
- So be ready for that.
- Okay? Don't worry about that. Just hit "Enter."
Okay, guys. Here we go. Power's still on. Yeah, I'm honestly shocked by that. No Internet yet, though. It could take a few seconds. If it works, you'll have a connection alert.
- No.
- No, nothing.
- Nothing yet.
- (SIGHS)
- No? Anybody?
- No.
NATE:
Josh?
No. Just give it
a little more time.
Maybe it wasn't ready.
Tracey, hey.
It's ready.

MARY:
Waiting for it. Still dead.
(ELECTRICITY CRACKLING)
(MOBILE PHONE CHIMING)
- Is that you?
- Got it.
- Got it!
- Oh, my God.
- Yep, I got it.
- Oh, my God!
- Was that you?
- I got it!
- Yeah, I got it, too!
- (NATE LAUGHS)
I got mine! Yeah.
Yeah, there's mine. Holy shit!
- Tracey!
- You did it!
(CHIMING)
(MOBILE PHONE CHIMING)
(ALl EXCLAIM HAPPILY)
(JEREMY TAUNTING)
Work never stops.
You see that?
Excuse me. Excuse me.
Hello, yes. I am happy for
you, but I do need you to
sign a personal
relationship disclosure form
before this rounds first.
No. No, I don't think so.
Hey, Mary, sign this.
Oh. Oh, you know what?
Um, I really like you,
um, but maybe we could get,
like, a cup of coffee first, or something?
Yeah! Totally.
That's what I meant by, "Sign this."
- You know what? Forget it.
- Okay.
(ALL CHEERING)

CLAY:
in a family photo?
Look at him in that suit.
What a stud.
He wore that better than you.
Yeah, he did a lot of things better than me.
You're right to be pissed at me.
You know, I always got to do whatever I wanted and you always ended up with the shit end of the stick.
It wasn't fair.
I'm sorry, sis.
Thank you for that.
You never got to be the fun one, huh?
- I mean, I could have. Right?
- Yeah.
- Sure.
- I have... I have a fun side.
I've seen it many a time.
I mean...
Off the top of my head, I...
Remember that Thanksgiving that you taught everybody the real rules of Monopoly?
With the bidding wars and the strict time limit and...
- Yeah, that wasn't fun.
- I know.
Hi! My pain is at a 9 or a 10 or 11.
Whatever on the chart, the...
That face?
So can I get some Dilaudid
in another one of
those little gelatine cups?
You can't buy those.
I looked it up.
(MOBILE PHONE CHIMING)
Huh. The Internet's back up.
What the hell is a Zenotek?
- What?

- CAROL:
Oh, my God!
She did it. She did it!
- Shut the fuck door!
- Oh.
I gotta tell you,
I was always like,
"Tracey, this doesn't
make any sense,"
and she was like,
"Words, words, words
"and some numbers."
But she did it.
Oh, my God.
Wait. So, this means everybody
gets to keep their jobs?
Everybody gets to
keep their jobs.
Yes!
God, I am gonna be CEO.
Because you deserve it.
And you throw
a great fucking party.
Yeah. I did, didn't I?
- Oh! Walter.
- Walter.
- Oh, hello.
- Hi.
- Carol.
- Carol, nice to meet you.
There's my eagle. Hey.
I just want to thank you
for the best night of my life!
- Yeah? Yeah?
- (LAUGHS)
I'll see you on Monday.
Well, it looks like
we just hired Walter Davis.
Well, he'll fit right in.
Wow.
- Did you see that?
- (CHUCKLES)

CAROL:
- What are you doing?
- Winner! (CHUCKLES)
- We weren't racing.
- Well, you weren't.
Why do you think they always
make you leave a hospital
in a wheelchair?
(ALL EXCLAIM HAPPILY)
What are you guys
doing here?
Well, we can't
go to breakfast without you.
- Come on, we're celebrating.

- JOSH:
I'm in. Breakfast is
the most important meal
- of the morning.
- Whoa!
Whoa, whoa, whoa! Whoa.
We good?
Yeah. We're good.
- I'll go back down.
- Your ankle is broken.
- Excuse me. Excuse me.

- CAROL:
- Oh.
- You left this in your room.
Oh, I did.
Thank you. I'm sorry.
And also this.
Oh, thank you, Doctor. Here.
No.
- Wanna get out of here?
- Let's go.
Oh, no. I'm not getting in that. I ordered us an Uber.

MARY:
I don't mean this in a creepy way, but get in the van.
Yeah, we got to keep this train rolling.
- No.

- WOMEN:
No! You cannot have alcohol on your medication.
Uh, fuck that.
Drinking is medication.
Doctor, this is a...
This is a work breakfast.
There will be no alcohol at all.
(MOUTHS) Okay?
- Yeah.
- (JOSH CHUCKLES)
I saw that.
Doctor, I assure you.
I am in charge.
There will be no more partying.
(MOUTHS)
I'm literally standing right in front of you.
I'm literally right here.
I just don't know what it is you think that I'm not seeing.
Doctor, I would never disobey medical advice. (MOUTHING)
Just go, just go.

JOSH:
Here we go.
- Merry Christmas.
- Let's go.

**JOSH:**
to the car.
Okay, Happy Holidays.

**MARY:**
your service, Doctor.
Okay. (GRUNTS)
Okay. You need any help
working your way out of here?
Please, Josh.
I was born in a U-Haul.
(TYRES SCREECH)
Hey, Carol!
- Are you Carol?
- What? Uh, no.
Are you sure?
You look like a Carol.
Can you not hear me? Carol!
Carol!
Ugh.
(MOBILE PHONE CHIMES)
Cancelled?
- Bunch of bitches!
- (MARY WHOOPS)

**MARY:**
are just suggestions.

**KELSEY:**
marijuana cigarette right now?
- (ALL EXCLAIMING)
- (HORN HONKING)

**CLAY:**
through. Let's do another.
(FARTING)
(LAUGHS)
(LAUGHTER)
Oh, not again.
(LAUGHTER)
Let me do it again.
Let me just do it again.
I can do it.
Oh, damn it. (LAUGHS)
(LAUGHTER)
Shit, shit!
If you want to make it
in this world,
learn to lie better.
Your mother's never
coming back.
Merry Christmas!
Okay, I'm gonna suck my dick.

JOHNS: on this one, guys.
Guys, can we go back to one
for sucking my dick?
I like it 'cause it looks
like he's trying
just a little too hard.
The artist?
I hadn't thought
about the artist.
Was this not where
you had the key
to the city of Margaritaville?
- (LAUGHTER)
- I did it. I got rid of it.
Canadian cinema
with a concentration
in French-Canadian cinema.
Canadian music with
a concentration in Rush.
Canadian linguistics. Eh?
(LAUGHTER)
He used all of
his inheritance...
He used all of his inher...
He used all of
his inheritance.
It's a hard word to say.
To keep this branch afloat
with his in-her-i-tance.
(LAUGHTER)
"Hi, I'm Carol."
I have the shingles again."
"I'm Carol.
Has anyone seen my TV Guide?"
"I'm Carol.
Change frightens me."
"We have to put Carol down.
She's old."
(LAUGHS)
Andrew from the copy room
told me that he had mono.
I said I wanted to get mono
because I wanted to take
a month off from work.
And I kissed him deeply.
And I didn't get mono!
(LAUGHS)
(LAUGHING)

MAN: