

WORKAHOLICS

"Bring Your Kid to Work Day"

written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

A FIRE PIT shoots up flames, as ADAM and BLAKE sip whiskey from drinking glasses and then SMASH them into the fire, one after another. They're both hammered.

ADAM

Stupid Dow Jones!

BLAKE

Now I have to tell all my stockholders their portfolios are getting merged. Thanks a lot!

Blake side-arms a glass into the fire.

ADAM

(throwing a glass)
You wish you knew my earnings per share.
(then, flexing at the fire)
You wish you knew.

ANDERS (O.S.)

(angrily)
Hey!

Adam and Blake turn to see a pissed-off ANDERS. A second of uncomfortable silence, until Anders drops the fake frown and smiles.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Are you guys getting "rich angry" without me?

BLAKE

Don't worry, we saved you the snifter.

Anders picks up the SNIFTER and simultaneously pulls a CIGAR from his shirt pocket.

ADAM

Whoa, you've been walking around with a cigar in your pocket? Such a rich dude move.

ANDERS

I know, right? Peep this move...

Anders puts the cigar in his mouth and winds up to chuck the half-full snifter.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Poor people suck muh dick!

The snifter goes sailing over the fire pit and SMASHES through a window. The guys wince.

BLAKE

We'll get one of the butlers to clean that up.

MAIN TITLES:

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

The guys stroll into work - late, but in no hurry. Adam walks like a guy trying to hide a boner.

ANDERS

Adam, why are you walking like Robocop?

ADAM

(motioning behind him)
That picture back there gave me a hard-on.

BLAKE

Robonercop. No shame in that, an old lady picking flowers can be pretty sensual.

ADAM

Not that one. The other one.

ANDERS

The one with the construction workers eating lunch on a girder?

ADAM

(defensively)
I can't help it, I haven't had sex in, like, months, and I see vaginas in literally everything I look at. I'm like Russell Crowe in that movie.

BLAKE

Cinderella Man.

ADAM

Yeah, I'm like Cinderella Man.

ANDERS

Why don't you just rub one out?

ADAM

That just makes it worse. My dick knows when I'm trying to trick it with a fake vagina.

BLAKE

Adam's got that smart dick.

ADAM

Super-smart dick, bro. I really think I might die if I don't get up in some front butt soon. That can happen, it's a real thing.

ANDERS

Not a real thing.

ADAM

Yeah? Well, tell that to the cousin of the friend of this guy that runs a blog online because, oh, wait, you can't, because he's dead.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

A TINY FIGURE roots through the guys' belongings, his back to the cubicle entrance. The guys watch, in aggravated curiosity.

ADAM

What's this guy doing?

ANDERS

Excuse me, can we help you?

The figure turns around and it's a MINIATURE WAYMOND. The guys freak out.

ADAM

(hysterically)

Oh my god, somebody shrunk Waymond!

Blake makes a "sign of the cross" with his fingers and holds it out towards Miniature Waymond. Anders hides behind him.

BLAKE

Get your own "sign of the cross,"
Ders.

ANDERS

I can't, one of my index fingers is
crooked.

WAYMOND enters and puts his arm around his son. They're dressed exactly alike. The guys quiet down. Waymond shakes his head and Miniature Waymond flips the bird as they exit.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - ALICE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The guys storm in, much to ALICE's dismay. She's seated at her desk.

BLAKE

Alice?

ADAM

Let me tell her.

ANDERS

It doesn't matter who tells her.

ADAM

Fine, we'll rock-paper-scissors for it.

They all start to shoot, but Adam quickly drops out.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(in one, quick breath)

Waymond's violating the office's "no-kids" policy and we think you should fire him.

ALICE

It's "Bring Your Kid to Work Day," dumbasses. Corporate has a reporter from Forbes coming to do a profile on TelAmeriCorp and its families, or some shit.

Anders lights up at the mention of "Forbes."

ANDERS

Forbes, as in, the magazine?

ALICE

Yes, Forbes, as in, the magazine. That means I need you three idiots to be on your best behavior today.

Blake puts his arms around Adam and Anders.

BLAKE

(sucking up)

Us three gentlemen? Why would you have to worry about us?

Adam leans in and slowly grazes his crotch against Blake's leg. Blake YELPS and breaks the hug.

ALICE

Do I really need to answer that?

ADAM

(beat, unsure)

Are we supposed to answer that?

ALICE

Get out. All of you.

The guys leave, but Adam stops at the door and shuts himself in the office with Alice.

ADAM

Now that the dead weight's gone, we can talk about why you really called me in here.

ALICE

I didn't call you in here. You barged in like a retarded bull.

ADAM

(walking sensually towards Alice)

Like a retarded stud bull. Lookin' for his beautiful lady horse to get it on with.

ALICE

Bulls don't have sex with horses, they have sex with cows.

ADAM

Whoa, Alice, don't be so hard on yourself.

(then)

Let me be hard. On your self.

ALICE

I would rather be waterboarded with gasoline and set ablaze. You need to grow up, Adam. Now, get the hell out of my office.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

Adam sulks, as Anders and Blake watch.

ADAM

I need to grow up? I need to grow up? Would a not grown-up be able to do this?

Adam grabs a BUZZ LIGHTYEAR ACTION FIGURE off his desk and struggles to break it until it finally SNAPS.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(traumatized)
No! Buzz!

ANDERS
I still can't believe Forbes Magazine is gonna be here today. I've got one year left to make their "Thirty Under Thirty." This could be my last chance.

BLAKE
Yeah, and maybe they'll do a profile on my Philosophy Toffees. Check it out.

Blake grabs a PHILOSOPHY TOFFEE prototype from his desk and displays it for Adam and Anders.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
It's like Laffy Taffy, but for adults. You've got your basic toffee candy and the inside of every wrapper has some philosophy in it. Plus, you can eat this wrapper.

ANDERS
Well, they're not gonna do a profile on us because we don't have a kid.

ADAM
We should get a kid!

BLAKE
Yeah, we can, like, rent one from Big Brother or something.

ADAM
Totally. Then Blake gets his shout-out in the profile, you get your "Thirty For Thirty" ESPN documentary thing-

ANDERS
"Thirty Under Thirty." And it's not a documentary, it's a list of the-

ADAM
Whatever. And Alice sees me with my own kid, which proves that I'm a grown-up.

ANDERS

Okay. Who's gonna get the-

ADAM AND BLAKE

Not it.

ANDERS

You guys have to let me finish, or it doesn't count. Now... who'sgonnagetthe-

ADAM AND BLAKE

Not it.

ANDERS

(frustrated)

Again, didn't finish, so it doesn't count.

ADAM

Well, maybe you can explain the rules to us so we'll know when it counts.

ANDERS

Once I'm done asking, "Who's gonna get the kid"-

ADAM AND BLAKE

Not it.

ANDERS

Fine, I'll get the kid. But I need you two to set up profiles on LinkedIn and add me, in case the Forbes guy wants to check my connections.

ADAM

Yeah, I don't know what any of that stuff you just said is.

ANDERS

LinkedIn?

Adam and Blake blankly stare at him.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Social networking site for business professionals?

They continue to stare.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Jesus. Here.

Anders pulls up the LinkedIn web site on their computers.

ANDERS (CONT'D)
I'll be back in a little bit.

Anders leaves.

BLAKE
(yelling)
Bring us back a cool kid.

ADAM
(yelling)
Like a mixed race kid. They're the coolest. And one that knows karate.

BLAKE
(Adam)
Like Jaden Smith.

ADAM
(yelling)
Yeah, see if they have Jaden Smith there.

INT. BIG BROTHER OFFICE - LATER

Anders approaches the RECEPTIONIST (late 30s, dour).

ANDERS
Hey, I'm looking to hook up with a kid for the day?

Receptionist picks up the phone and dials.

RECEPTIONIST
(into phone)
Hello, police?

ANDERS
(flustered)
No, no, no, I didn't mean it like that. I mean, look at me. Do I look like that kind of guy?

Receptionist glances over at a POSTER OF LOCAL SEX OFFENDERS, then back at Anders. He notices that everyone on the poster looks similar to him, but with pencil-thin mustaches.

ANDERS (CONT'D)
I'm a professional businessman that wants to mentor a disadvantaged youth. Here's my business card. Twelve-point card stock with edge coloring.

He offers his card to Receptionist. She doesn't take it, but she hangs up her line.

RECEPTIONIST

Hold still for a second.

Receptionist picks up a FAKE PENCIL-THIN MUSTACHE from her desk and holds it against Anders' upper lip. She studies his face for a few seconds, then removes the mustache.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to fill out a lot of paperwork.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - SAME TIME

Adam and Blake set up their LinkedIn profiles.

ADAM

How do I put on my profile that I'm "single and down to fugg?"

BLAKE

I think you just have to put it in parentheses after your name.

ADAM

Ah, that makes sense.

JILLIAN shows up, holding a CAT that's dressed in BABY CLOTHES.

JILLIAN

Hey, guys.

Adam and Blake turn around.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Say hey to the fellas, Albert Nobbs.

She waves the cat's paw in a salutatory motion.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

(ventriloquist voice)

Hey, fellas.

BLAKE

Jillian, what are you doing with that cat?

JILLIAN

It's "Bring Your Kid to Work Day."
Alice said I could only bring one, so
we had a "Kitty Olympics" and Albert
Nobbs was the only one that didn't run
off during the opening ceremonies.

BLAKE

No, I mean, why did you dress it in a
"YOLO" t-shirt?

JILLIAN

Because he loves frozen yogurt.

BLAKE

That's "Froyo." "YOLO" means "You Only
Live Once." You're basically
threatening your cat.

ADAM

You're a terrible mother.

Jillian turns pale, as her cat LEAPS out of her arms and runs
away. She gives chase.

JILLIAN (O.S.)

Mommy's sorry!

Alice appears.

ALICE

Where's Jillian? I wanted her to go
welcome that new employee, Stacy.

Adam and Blake exchange a quick look of gleeful surprise and
then BOLT out of their seats to find the new employee.

INT. OFFICE - STACY'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

STACY (early 20s, perky and gorgeous) reclines in her desk
chair, filing her nails and flipping through a PHYSICS
TEXTBOOK.

Adam and Blake arrive, out of breath and stumbling over each
other. They quickly compose themselves, while quietly
conferring.

ADAM

Wow.

BLAKE

I know. She's, like, hot enough to be
a promo girl for an energy drink
company.

ADAM
Here, be my wingman.

BLAKE
But I'm always your wingman.

ADAM
Fine, we'll do double wingmen.

Adam KNOCKS on the cubicle divider.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Knock, knock. Welcome committee!

Stacy looks up and smiles.

BLAKE
Brought you a little welcome present.
Actually, two little welcome presents.
First, is a Philosophy Toffee.

Blake hands her a Philosophy Toffee.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Just one of my inventions. You can eat
the wrapper, if you want.
(then, patting Adam on the
back)
And, then, there's this guy right
here.

Adam takes her hand, kisses it, then sits on her desk.

ADAM
I'm Adam, I'm the other present. Open
me up!
(nervous laughter, then)
No, seriously, I had a girl tell me
once that I'm like God's gift receipt
to women.

BLAKE
(whispering)
Psst! Adam! Introduce me!

Adam waves him off with one hand and picks up Stacy's PHYSICS
TEXTBOOK with the other.

ADAM
Physics, huh? I've only got one law:
lemme see them titties.
(then, playful)
Haha, kidding.
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
(then, serious)
Unless you want to.

BURLY MAN (O.S.)
(angry)
What did you just say to her?

Adam and Blake turn around to see a BURLY MAN (40s, herculean) staring daggers at them.

ADAM
Chill, dude, we were here first.

BLAKE
Yeah, Adam was just introducing me to Stacy.

BURLY MAN
I'm Stacy. This is my fifteen-year-old daughter, Amanda.

ADAM
(dazed)
Whaaaaat.
(then, over-selling)
I was just telling your daughter I wanted to see some kitties. Our friend Jillian's cat just ran off and we're looking for it. So, if you heard me say something different, I didn't. This place has really weird acoustics, you'll get used to it. Ugh. Mondays, am I right?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Adam and Blake walk back to their cubicle.

BLAKE

Did you see his prison tattoos? He had tattoos of actual prisons.

ADAM

Where were those girls when we were fifteen?

BLAKE

They were, like, four years old.

As they round the corner to their cubicle, Anders rounds the opposite corner. He's holding hands with STEVIE (7, Latino).

ADAM

(excited)

There's our baby boy!

They all meet in front of the cubicle opening. Adam and Blake play around with Stevie.

BLAKE

What's your name, little guy?

STEVIE

Stevie.

ANDERS

Here, we need to take a family photo to put on our desk.

They go into the cubicle. Anders grabs a POLAROID CAMERA off the desk and SNAPS a picture of the group at arm's length. Blake grabs the PHOTO and shakes it.

ADAM

(singing)

Shake it, shake it. Shake it like a Polaroid picture.

Anders grabs Blake's wrist and snatches the photo.

ANDERS

You're not supposed to shake it. I know that song's our karaoke group jam, but it nearly ruined the art of instant photography.

As he frames the photo and places it on the desk, he spots the REPORTER (50s, serious) entering the office.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

There's the Forbes reporter. Enough messing around, we need to get to work. Stevie, you can listen in on my calls, learn some sales techniques.

Adam pulls out a DARTH VADER BONG MASK from under his desk.

ADAM

Actually, I was thinking we go do some bong hits out of this Darth Vader mask, get super James Earl Stoned, and then take an early lunch.

BLAKE

I like Adam's plan.

ANDERS

Guys, we've got a kid, we can't just run off and smoke weed.

ADAM

I need to do something to relax this boner and that means either smoke some weed, or get up in some front butt.

STEVIE

What's "front butt?"

ADAM

Uh oh, looks like someone's ready for "the talk." C'mere, buddy, let me take you under my wing and teach you about the bird and the bee.

Adam puts his arm out and Stevie goes to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This is the bird.

Adam flips a middle finger with his right hand.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And this is the bee.

Adam makes a letter b with his left hand. He pumps the middle finger in and out of the letter b's hole.

ANDERS

Okay, we'll take an early lunch, but we buckle down after that.

Stevie imitates the bird and the bee miming. Blake joins in.

INT. OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - LATER

The guys and Stevie eat lunch at a table. Adam has his arm around Stevie's chair. Anders writes on a piece of paper between bites.

ADAM

(Stevie)

...And when you're kissing a girl, and she lifts her foot off the ground, that means she has to poo.

ANDERS

Stevie, eat your vegetables.

STEVIE

I don't like them. When do we get to see the fire truck?

ADAM

(Anders)

What fire truck?

ANDERS

I don't know what he's talking about.

STEVIE

Yes, you do. You promised.

ANDERS

Eat your vegetables.

BLAKE

I'll eat your vegetables for you, little dude.

ANDERS

No, Stevie has to eat them.

ADAM

Actually, Stevie, you don't, because I'm your cool dad and I say you don't have to.

BLAKE

So... can I eat them?

ADAM

Blake, you may eat them.

Blake smiles and reaches for Stevie's plate.

ANDERS

No, Blake, you may not.

Blake slowly pulls back, his smile gone.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

Stevie's my kid. I'm the one that went and got him and he needs to eat his vegetables.

ADAM

Typical Ders. He's our kid. Mainly mine, because I've taken him under my wing, but also Blake's.

BLAKE

(Anders)

Yeah, you're not even spending time with him. You've spent the entire lunch scribbling on paper.

ANDERS

I'm fine-tuning my elevator pitch for the reporter.

ADAM

What makes you think he wants to buy an elevator?

ANDERS

It's not a pitch for an elevator. It's a pitch you give in an elevator.

BLAKE

But this building doesn't have any elevators.

ADAM

You should be giving that elevator pitch to Alice. Get us an elevator in this mofo.

Jillian enters.

JILLIAN

Have you guys seen Albert Nobbs?

The guys shake their heads.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Darnit. We're gonna miss the "Mommy and Me" lunch at Fuddruckers. He knows how much this means to me.

After Jillian leaves, Stevie holds up ALBERT NOBBS' CLOTHES. The guys are surprised.

BLAKE

Hey-o!

ANDERS

(serious)

Stevie, where's Jillian's cat?

Stevie shrugs, but it's obvious from his mischievous smile that he knows.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna go pitch the reporter, but we're gonna talk about this when I get back.

Anders leaves. Blake examines Albert Nobbs' clothes.

BLAKE

(mussing Stevie's hair)

Way to go, Stevie! That's a Blake kid, right there.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

Adam leans back in his chair, playing catch with himself. Blake shows Stevie his RUBE GOLDBERG CONTRAPTION, complete with a GOLDBERG WRESTLING ACTION FIGURE.

BLAKE

This is my "Rude Goldberg." Just flip this switch right here-

Blake FLIPS the switch, releasing a metal ball that sets off a series of events and culminates in LAUNCHING the Goldberg action figure across the cubicle at Adam.

ADAM

Ow!

BLAKE

And Goldberg spears Adam. Pretty rude, huh?

STEVIE

Cool!

Anders appears.

ANDERS

Guys, we've got a huge problem.

ADAM

The reporter didn't want to buy any elevators?

ANDERS

Turns out, the reporter is incredibly racist against Latinos.

BLAKE

How do you know?

ANDERS

(pointing)

He's using Wayman's Game of Thrones Lego set to solve the problem of "job-stealers" crossing the border.

They watch Reporter demonstrate his solution to a GATHERED CROWD OF EMPLOYEES. He moves Lego characters across the bridge of a makeshift border, into a town square filled with tables and food.

ADAM

What's racist about that? He's letting them cross the border and welcoming them with food-

Suddenly, the bridge closes, trapping the characters. Archers pop up from behind the wall, guards rush in, and Reporter re-enacts the "Red Wedding" scene - firing arrows, slitting throats, stabbing a woman's pregnant belly, etc. The crowd GASPS.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(gasping, horrified)

Red Wedding!

STEVIE

(perking up, looking around)

La Boda Roja?

The guys look at Stevie.

BLAKE

What are we gonna do about Stevie?

ANDERS

There's really only one solution...

BLAKE/ADAM/ANDERS

Whiteface/Blackface/We have to take Stevie back and get a new kid.

BLAKE

Oh, no you don't.

Blake and Adam stand between Stevie and Anders.

ANDERS

He's my kid and I'm taking him back to get a new one.

ADAM

He's OUR kid. And he's staying.

ANDERS

Okay, I'll go get my own kid.

Anders starts to leave.

BLAKE

If you walk out that cubicle opening on us, you are NOT welcome back.

ANDERS

Oh, yeah? Well, good luck getting him to behave with no authoritarian figure to keep him in check.

Anders leaves.

ADAM

(yelling at Anders)

He will behave, because we're cool dads and he respects and loves us.

A loud CRASHING sound behind Adam and Blake. They turn around to see Stevie standing on Adam's desk and Adam's keyboard lying on the floor.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

Stevie grabs Adam's HANGING WALL FILES CONTAINER and dumps out all the folders. Adam walks up to him.

ADAM

(Blake)
Maybe he's just sleepwalking. I'll wake him up.

BLAKE

No, Adam, you're not supposed to wake up a sleepwalker. It's dangerous.

Adam touches Stevie's arm.

ADAM

(whispering)
Stevie. It's cool dad Adam.

Stevie slings the plastic container and SMASHES Adam in the face.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(grabbing his face)
AGH!

BLAKE

I told you.

INT. BIG BROTHER OFFICE - SAME TIME

Anders stands at Receptionist's desk, waiting for her to acknowledge him. She finally does.

ANDERS

Hey, I was here earlier and, you know, I've been having such a great time with my kid that I thought, why not bring another kid into the mix? Share the fun, right?

RECEPTIONIST

We don't have any white kids left.

ANDERS

Whaaaaat? That's... not... why I'm here, again.

Receptionist sees right through him.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

(sighing)
Seriously, you don't have any in the
back or anything?

RECEPTIONIST

No, we don't have any white kids we
keep in the back.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

Adam and Blake finish duct-taping Stevie to a chair with
massive amounts of tape. Their workspace is a mess.

BLAKE

(wiping his brow)
Whew, there.

BABY (O.S.)

(crying)
WAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Adam and Blake turn around to see a BABY CARRIER with a BABY
in their cubicle opening.

BLAKE

Somebody's trying to "Three Men and a
Baby" us!

ADAM

But we already have one!

BLAKE

And we're only two men.

ADAM

It's too much responsibility. I didn't
want to be this grown-up.

BLAKE

What are we supposed to do?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - JILLIAN'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Adam and Blake hold Baby out towards Jillian. It's dressed in
Albert Nobbs' clothes.

ADAM

Hey, Jillian, we found your cat.

BLAKE

It turned into a baby.

ADAM

Magically.

Jillian takes Baby, giddy with excitement.

JILLIAN

I knew it would happen someday!
(yelling at Alice's office)
Who's the crazy one now, Alice?

MONTEZ appears.

MONTEZ

What are y'all doing with my baby?

He takes Baby from Jillian, who struggles to let go.

JILLIAN

Nooooooooo. I didn't even get to
breastfeed him in human form.

BLAKE

Sorry, Jillian, it's not really your
cat.

ADAM

Yeah, I guess Montez saw what cool
dads we were and thought we could do a
better job raising his baby, so he
dropped him off in our office.

MONTEZ

Man, I put him down for ten seconds so
I could make a copy and then turn
around and you fools are walking off
with him.

(then)

What did y'all do with his Baby Gap
clothes?

ADAM

We were gonna take them back and get
store credit.

MONTEZ

And do what with it? Y'all can't use
anything there.

BLAKE

We know. We were gonna use the store
credit to get a gift card.

MONTEZ
(walking away)
I want my damn Baby Gap clothes!

EXT. KARL'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Anders starts to KNOCK on the door. It swings open as soon as his knuckles make contact. KARL stands in the doorway, smiling.

KARL
Hey, Ders.

ANDERS
Hey. Were you just leaving?

KARL
Nope.

ANDERS
Did you see me pull up?

KARL
No.

ANDERS
(perplexed)
So, you were just standing here at your door, waiting for someone to knock.

KARL
Some days, no one knocks. But days like this make it worth it. Come on in, braj.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They sit on the couch. Karl pulls out a CHUTES AND LADDERS BOARD GAME BOX and opens it on the coffee table. It's full of DRUGS and a GAME SPINNER.

KARL
Alright, we've got standard bud over here; "standard bud" is the name of the strain - it's actually really potent. Mushrooms, mollies. If you want to get really weird, I broke open some glow sticks and poured the glow juice into this bag of Fun Dip and mixed it up. It's got some pretty kickass side effects: increased center of gravity, simulated drowning, chunnel vision-

ANDERS

Actually, Karl, I didn't come here to get any drugs from you.

KARL

(emotional)

You mean, you came over just to hang out with me?

ANDERS

Kind of. I need you to dress up like a kid and come with me to work.

KARL

Hells yeah! What do I need to put on?

Anders looks at Karl's outfit - overalls, ringer tee, bright multi-colored cap - then takes the game spinner, RIPS off the spinner, and SNAPS it onto the top of Karl's cap like a propeller beanie.

ANDERS

I think we're good.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

Adam FLICKS a paper football that sails over Blake's field goal fingers and several other cubicles.

ADAM

Laminating these was a game-changer.
They should laminate real footballs.

Adam picks up another laminated paper football from a huge stack. Alice appears, and the guys grab their headsets and pretend to be on calls.

BLAKE

(into headset)

So, that's fourteen ship in a bottles?

ADAM

(into headset)

What's that? You want to buy twice as many ship in a bottles from me and I'm the nicest person you've ever talked to and you want to tell my boss?

Adam half-heartedly begins to hand Alice his headset.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Oops, she already hung up.

ALICE

I know you morons aren't on the phone.
I just came by to see if anyone's seen
my sexy firemen calendar. It was
hanging on my wall twenty minutes ago
and now it's gone.

ADAM

Ugh, who wants to look at sweaty, half-
naked firemen?

ALICE

I do. That's why I bought it - because
firemen are hot as balls.

ADAM

Well, a fireman can save a house, but
can he build a home?

Adam grabs the duct-taped chair and dramatically spins it
around to reveal Stevie, but the chair is empty.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(looking around)
Stevie?

ALICE

(walking away)
Pathetic.

BLAKE (O.S.)

Ummm, Adam?

Adam turns and sees what Blake is looking at: Stevie, sitting
underneath the desk, intently flipping through Alice's SEXY
FIREMEN CALENDAR.

ADAM

(distraught)
Oh my god, we're raising a gay kid!
Ders left and now Stevie turned gay to
get back at us.

Blake holds him as he starts to cry.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(crying)
It's so hard raising a kid as two
single parents!

INT. ANDERS' CAR - SAME TIME

Kyle messes with the radio and Anders immediately SLAPS his
hand away.

A second attempt, ending with a SLAP.

And a third. SLAP.

KARL
(confused)
I'm sorry - do you NOT want me to
touch the radio?

Silence.

KARL (CONT'D)
Thanks for bringing me, Ders. I always
wished my dad would take me to work,
but he was ashamed of me.

Anders looks at Karl, then drops his eyes in shame.

KARL (CONT'D)
How can you be ashamed of your own
kid? I mean, that's a little you, man.

Anders takes a deep breath and YANKS the steering wheel,
SQUEALING into a gas station. He looks back over at Karl.

ANDERS
Hey, Karl, can you be a champ and go
in and get me a pack of cigarettes?

KARL
Sure.

Karl gets out and SHUTS the door behind him.

KARL (CONT'D)
(turning around)
What kind of cigarettes-

SCREECHING tires. Karl turns around to see he's been
abandoned by Anders.

KARL (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Aw, man.

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - LATER

Stevie runs around the cubicle, SWATTING things off the desk
and onto the floor. Adam and Blake try to stop him.

BLAKE
Stevie!

ADAM

Stevie!

Continued mischief.

ANDERS (O.S.)

(forceful)

Stevie!

Stevie freezes.

ADAM

Ders. We're so sorry we kicked you out.

ANDERS

Well, I'm sorry I tried to take Stevie back.

BLAKE

You should have. He's pure evil.

Stevie lights a BOOK OF MATCHES and drops them into the cubicle's PAPER BIN. It catches fire.

ANDERS

(putting out the fire)

So he's not the perfect kid. We're not the perfect family. What matters is that we stick together and make it work.

(then)

Also, we have to clean up this mess, because the reporter is coming to meet with us in, like, five minutes.

BLAKE

What about Stevie? It's not like we can hide the fact that he looks and sounds Latino.

ADAM

I have an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - GUYS' CUBICLE - MINUTES LATER

A tidy cubicle. Stevie sits in between Adam and Blake, wearing the Darth Vader mask, sans bong. Ders sits beside Blake and across from them sits Reporter, studying Blake's Philosophy Toffees.

REPORTER

Hmmm.

Stevie crosses his legs and Adam SMACKS them back to normal. Stevie reaches up to touch the Rude Goldberg and Blake SMACKS his hand away.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

These Philosophy Toffees are very impressive, Blake.

BLAKE

Thanks. If only my high school chemistry teacher could see me now.

(then)

I accidentally blinded him in a horrible lab explosion.

STEVIE

(Darth Vader voice)

Fire truck!

Anders CLEARS his throat.

ANDERS

Speaking of impressive, here's my portfolio.

Reporter takes the folder from Anders and begins to flip through it.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

(pointing)

That's a TED Talks spec speech I wrote, called, "Butterfly Swimming with Sharks."

STEVIE

(Darth Vader voice)

Fire truck!

REPORTER

What's he saying?

Stevie takes off the Darth Vader mask.

STEVIE

I want to see a fire truck!

Reporter is taken aback. Stevie HURLS the Darth Vader mask at Reporter, NAILING him in the face, and then runs away.

ANDERS

Oh, god, are you okay?

Reporter starts bleeding out of his nose. In the distance, Stevie pulls the FIRE ALARM. EMPLOYEES and their KIDS panic and jostle each other in an exiting STAMPEDE.

JILLIAN

Women and children first!

Jillian BURSTS through the crowd, wearing a bright SAFETY OFFICER VEST. Two CUTE TODDLERS lead the pack. Jillian SHOVES them into the wall and runs ahead.

EXT. OFFICE - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

A FIRE TRUCK arrives. Stevie and all the kids are excited. The guys huddle near Reporter.

ADAM

How is he still bleeding that much?

BLAKE

I think he's swallowing most of it, so it keeps recycling, like a zen blood fountain.

ANDERS

Dammit. He was totally digging us. Our only shot now is to tell him that Stevie isn't really our kid.

They walk towards Reporter. Behind him is Amanda, who waves at Adam.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

(interested)

Who's that?

She puts a PHILOSOPHY TOFFEES WRAPPER in her mouth and begins to CHOKE.

ADAM

Blake, I thought you said the wrappers were edible?

BLAKE

I thought they were. Karl always eats them.

They reach Reporter. Anders tries to make himself heard above Amanda's choking.

ANDERS

(Reporter)

Stevie isn't really our kid!

No acknowledgement.

Adam sees Alice grab a HANDSOME FIREMAN and direct him to help a choking Amanda.

ANDERS (CONT'D)

(Reporter)

He's not our actual son!

Reporter still can't hear him.

Handsome Fireman approaches Amanda. Adam locks eyes with Alice and PUSHES aside Handsome Fireman, who CRASHES into Waymond, SPILLING SODA on Adam's crotch.

Still maintaining eye contact with Alice, Adam grabs Amanda from behind, and performs the Heimlich.

ADAM

(Alice)

You like that? Huh? Who's a man, now?

He gives a final thrust, and Amanda SPITS OUT the wrapper. The Real Stacy sees Adam dry-humping his daughter and the two men's eyes meet. Adam PUSHES Amanda away. Both men notice Adam's WET CROTCH. The Real Stacy CHARGES.

ADAM (CONT'D)

AH! NO!

The Real Stacy THROWS A PUNCH, Adam PULLS Reporter in front of him like a human shield, and Reporter is CLOBBERED in the face. He falls to the ground, unconscious. Adam follows him to the ground and continues to use him as a shield.

THE REAL STACY

(walking away with Amanda)

We have to move again, baby, that's daddy's third strike.

A furious Alice stands in front of the guys.

ALICE

One day, I needed you dumb dickheads to not ruin everything. One day. Do you realize the shit this puts me in with corporate? I don't want to see you three for the rest of the week.

In the background, a FIREMAN rescues Jillian's cat from a tree and returns it to her.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. GUYS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

The guys enter the backyard from the house, drinks in hand.

ADAM

I think that guy scared my boner away
for good.

BLAKE

Really?

ADAM

Yeah. Oh, wait...
(then)
Nope, it's back.
(pointing)
Potted plant did it.

They see Stevie SMASHING drinking glasses into the fire pit.

STEVIE

I can ride in a fire truck if I want
to, stupid fireman! My daddy pays
taxes!

BLAKE

Awww, he's getting "rich angry."

Anders puts his arms around Adam and Blake.

ANDERS

That's our boy.

REVEAL that Karl has been peeping his head over the fence,
completely unnoticed. He watches Anders and the guys pat
Stevie on the back and fawn over him. A single tear runs down
Karl's dirty face.

FADE OUT:

END OF EPISODE