

The IT Crowd:  
'Tis The Season To Be Jolly

Spec Script

written by  
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INT. IT OFFICE, MAIN AREA - DAY

Jen walks out from her office and into the main area where Roy is seated on the sofa busy playing yet another mindless game on his console. She's holding a print-out in her hand and waving it about.

JEN:  
Did you read the email that Douglas  
just sent?

Roy continues playing his game, not even turning to look at Jen.

ROY:  
Yes.

JEN:  
Isn't it all very exciting?

ROY:  
Yes it is.

JEN:  
It never came across to me that  
Reynholm Industries was the sort to  
organise such things.

ROY:  
Indeed.

JEN:  
It says here the theme for the  
party is "Hollywood". What do you  
think that means? Black tie?

ROY:  
Possibly.

JEN:  
So what are you going to wear, Roy?

ROY:  
For what?

JEN:  
For the company Christmas party! I  
thought you said you read the  
email?

ROY:  
Douglas sends many emails.

Close on Roy's email inbox which has 12899 unread emails. Every single unread email is from Douglas and the interval between each email is two minutes. All of the emails have random titles such as "Read me" and "Please read me" and "Read me now".

JEN:

That is true... but this one's important!

Jen holds up the email print-out in front of Roy's eyes. Close on title of the email which simply says "Important". The TV makes a loud "K.O." sound as Roy's game character dies.

ROY:

That was the final boss! I almost defeated the final boss! What does Douglas want now? To borrow my latest copy of Top Gear?

Roy grabs the email print-out from Jen. The email has a photo of Douglas in swimwear under a coconut tree holding up a sign that says "Christmas Party".

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Flashback.

Many people from Reynholm Industries are gathered in the bar having drinks. Everyone is dressed in black tie (suits with bow ties and formal dresses). There is a sign at one side that says "Reynholm Industries Wishes All A Merry Christmas". Roy walks into the bar dressed like a topless Kylo Ren from Star Wars. He immediately realises that something is wrong the moment he steps in. Douglas spots Roy and points at him, bursting out in laughter. Everyone else joins in with the laughing. Ugly Judy is standing in one corner dressed like Rei from Star Wars.

UGLY JUDY:

Kylo!

To Roy's horror, Ugly Judy starts running towards him with her arms wide open. She is puckering her lips for a kiss because her character (Rei) and Roy's character (Kylo Ren) supposedly have a love line in the movie. Roy flees the bar in terror.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. IT OFFICE, MAIN AREA - DAY

Roy is still sitting on the sofa and Jen is standing around. Moss enters the office wearing an ugly green sweater that has a photo of a bikini lady printed on it, except the lady's face has been photoshopped with his grandmother's face. Jen stares at the sweater in disgust. Roy is too busy worrying about the Christmas party to care.

JEN:  
Moss, what are you wearing?

MOSS:  
Oh this?  
(points at his sweater  
nonchalantly)  
My grandmother gave this to me for  
Christmas last year. She makes one  
every year.

Moss promptly walks over to his desk and sits down, booting up his computer as if nothing is wrong. Jen looks horrified.

JEN:  
But *why*?

MOSS:  
She's quite convinced that I'll  
never get a girlfriend so this is  
the closest I'll probably get to  
any sort of intimate physical  
contact with someone of the  
opposite gender.

Jen decides it's best not to ask any more questions. She claps her hands together to get the boys' attention.

JEN:  
I was thinking, since Christmas is  
round the corner and all, why don't  
we play Secret Santa!

MOSS:  
If it's just the three of us then  
it's not much of a secret is it? It  
would just be Santa. Just Santa.

JEN:  
Well... yes, but it would kind of  
still be a secret because you  
wouldn't know which of the two  
you've got?

Moss nods his head with a smile, as if he's suddenly understood her logic. Jen scribbles down their names on three scraps of paper she finds lying around and Moss peers over to watch her writing. All three scraps of paper are of different colours, so Moss knows whose name is on each scrap. Jen bends over and searches under the desk for something to put her scraps of paper in, pulling out what looks like a Jewish skullcap.

JEN: (CONT'D)  
I didn't realise that one of you is  
Jew?

MOSS:

We're not. I'm a Pastafarian and Roy most recently used to be Hindu.

JEN:

What's a Pastafarian? And how is Roy Hindu?

MOSS:

We Pastafarians believe that the Giant Spaghetti Monster created the universe, as recorded in the Gospel of the Giant Spaghetti Monster.

Moss reaches under his desk and takes on a colander. He puts it onto his head.

MOSS: (CONT'D)

This is our equivalent of the Jewish skullcap. It not only keeps your head warm, it also protects you from unexpected flying objects.

A banana randomly flies out from the open pantry door and hits Moss on the head. Moss looks pleased that his colander has done its job.

MOSS: (CONT'D)

Actually I just remembered. Roy was possibly Jew four months ago, before he became Hindu.

(beat)

Before he became Buddhist.

(beat)

Before he became Muslim.

JEN:

Roy? What religion do you belong to exactly? Are you Muslim now?

Roy is still in a daze and doesn't respond.

MOSS:

Roy changes religions faster than he changes his underwear. It all depends on the girl he's trying to hook up with. His latest conquest is the girl selling kebabs at the Turkish takeaway.

JEN:

That girl is Catholic!

MOSS:

But she works in a Turkish kebab shop.

Jen sighs and dumps the three scraps of paper into the Jewish skullcap, going round and making each of the boys pick one. Moss looks into the cap.

JEN:

Pick a name out of the hat.

MOSS:

I've bought Christmas presents for Roy every year.

(picks the brown scrap of paper)

So I think I'll go with you this year Jen.

JEN:

Moss, it's called *Secret Santa* for a reason!

MOSS:

Oh. Sorry Jen.

Moss take out the white scrap of paper from the hat and gives it to Jen.

MOSS

(whispers)

I'll pretend I don't know that that's Roy.

Jen gives up and goes back into her room. Moss takes out the last scrap of paper from the hat and drops it onto Roy's lap.

MOSS:

I've been eyeing that new limited edition PS4 controller with the Pacman design they've just released. Just saying. *In case* you've got me.

INT. DOUGLAS'S OFFICE - DAY

Douglas is sitting in his office with his legs propped up on his desk, looking like he's reading through an important document in a brown folder. Close on what he's actually reading: a magazine spread of girls in bikinis. There is a knock at his door and Roy bursts it immediately. Douglas scrambles to hide his magazine.

DOUGLAS:

What can I do for you Roy?

ROY:

What can *I* do for you? You called to say you had a "computer problem"?

DOUGLAS:  
Of course! IT man!

Douglas gestures towards his computer.

DOUGLAS: (CONT'D)  
My computer won't turn on. Why  
don't you see if you can fix it?

Roy trudges over to where Douglas is sitting and glances at his computer for a second. Then he bends over and picks up a power cable that was obviously not plugged in.

ROY:  
You might want to try plugging it  
in sometimes.

Douglas watches as Roy shoves the plug into a socket, a sly smile on his face. The computer screen makes a beep as it powers on. Roy turns around to check on it and immediately let's out a loud scream. Close on Douglas's computer wallpaper: a huge photo of a shirtless Roy at last year's Christmas party looking terrified, with Ugly Judy's paws all over him. Douglas bursts out in guffaws of laughter.

DOUGLAS:  
Roy, Roy, Roy. Wasn't that an  
absolutely priceless memory?

Douglas reaches into his drawer and pulls out a photo frame wrapped with a gaudy gold ribbon. The photo frame contains the exact same photo of Roy and Ugly Judy. He hands the frame to Roy.

DOUGLAS: (CONT'D)  
Merry Christmas in advance. Don't  
need to thank me.

ROY:  
You told me that the theme was  
"fancy dress"!

DOUGLAS:  
It was fancy dress. According to  
the Oxford Dictionary, "fancy"  
means something that is  
(puts on a French accent)  
elaborate or sophisticated. So,  
what are you going to be wearing  
this year?

ROY:  
I'm not telling you. And I won't  
fall for the same trick twice.

DOUGLAS:

No one's trying to trick you Roy!  
It's not my fault you  
misinterpreted the theme.

Roy can't be bothered to talk to Douglas anymore. He storms out of the office seething with rage, ignoring Douglas's annoying laughter.

INT. IT OFFICE, MAIN AREA - DAY

Jen has put up a Christmas tree in the office and she's busy putting up the Christmas lights around the tree. Moss is at his desk busy typing on his keyboard.

JEN:

What do you think Roy would like  
for Christmas, Moss?

MOSS

The girl who sells kebabs at the  
Turkish takeaway.

JEN:

I can't possibly wrap her up in a  
bow and put her under the tree, can  
I?

MOSS:

Or maybe the latest chrome-plated  
Gundam MG1/100 RX-78-2 Version One  
Year War 0079 that they've just  
released.

JEN:

The latest... what?

MOSS:

Gundam MG1/100 RX-78-2 version One  
Year War 0079. Or the RG1/4 Destiny  
Gundam Heine Westenfluss with the  
Z.A.F.T. mobile suit ZGMF-X42S-  
Revolution.

JEN:

(sighs)

Maybe kidnapping the girl from the  
kebab store is easier after all...  
Is there any way you could maybe  
talk in normal people terms?

Moss pauses to think about it for a moment, then he frantically types something into his computer. Close on Moss's computer screen which shows a site titled "Translations for Dummies". The long name of the Gundam model is typed in and the cursor hits the "translate" button.

The response the translator comes up with is "Toy figurine that comes in multiple armour suit types". There's also an instruction above that instructs him to speak slowly so that the dummy can understand him.

MOSS:

(slowly)

It's toy figurine that comes in multiple armour suit types.

Jen looks confused.

JEN:

A toy figurine with multiple armour suit types? What's that even supposed to mean?

Moss turns back to his screen. Close on Moss's computer screen that displays the same thing as before, except there is now a new button that says "Press here for idiot-proof version". Moss clicks the button and the translator comes up with "Doll for boys that comes with different clothes". The instruction above has changed. Now it instructs him to speak extra slowly so that the dummy can understand him.

MOSS:

(even more slowly than before)

It's a doll for boys that comes with different clothes.

Jen looks like she has just reached an epiphany. At the exact same moment, the Christmas lights behind her come on.

JEN:

Why didn't you say so before? And why are you speaking so slowly? I'm not an idiot you know.

Jen walks into her office and comes back out within a second with her handbag. She heads for the door.

JEN: (CONT'D)

I'm going out to buy Roy's present. If anyone calls looking for me, take a message and tell them I'll get back to them when I return.

MOSS:

But no one ever calls to look for you.

JEN:

(takes a deep breath)

That is not true. I just received a call this morning from Level 15.

MOSS:

They needed their internet routers fixing.

JEN:

Yes they did, which is why they called the *manager* of the IT department.

MOSS:

Nah they called Roy, except Roy redirected all his calls to your phone because he's too busy trying to "defeat the final boss".

Jen looks horrified.

JEN:

He did what? Where is Roy?

MOSS:

He went up to Douglas's office a while ago.

Roy storms into the office looking extremely grumpy. He shoves past Jen and sits down at his seat in a huff, throwing the photo frame that Douglas gave him onto the table.

MOSS: (CONT'D)

Did you lose the battle again?

ROY:

What do you mean *again*? I never lose to Douglas! That man is a complete and utter moron.

JEN:

Roy, did you transfer all your calls to my phone?

ROY:

(suddenly excited)

Did someone try to call me? Was it Julie from Level 10? Because if it was then I'll have to call her back. Right now.

JEN:

(exasperated)

Is that a yes?

MOSS:

Jen thinks that someone from Level 15 tried to call her because they wanted an internet router problem fixed.

ROY:  
(excitement fizzles out)  
Oh. Level 15. Doesn't matter then.  
They're all trolls and orcs on 15.

JEN:  
Well I'm *absolutely certain* that it  
wasn't a mistake. They meant to  
call me because it was an important  
IT problem that needed immediate  
attention.

ROY:  
Do you even know what an internet  
router is?

Jen looks offended by his question.

JEN:  
Of course I do! It's... It's... I'm  
going out. Don't make a mess while  
I'm away. I haven't got time to  
clean up after you.

Just before she walks out of the office, there is a loud  
sound of static from the Christmas lights and they suddenly  
fizzle out. Rolling her eyes at the disgusting state of their  
office, Jen walks out and leaves Moss and Roy behind.

MOSS:  
Great, she's finally gone. Roy,  
what do you think I should get Jen  
for Christmas?

ROY:  
(muttering to himself)  
Fancy dress.  
(imitates Douglas in a  
high-pitched voice)  
"According to the Oxford  
dictionary, fancy means something  
that is elaborate or  
sophisticated." Moss, if someone  
told you that the theme for a party  
was "fancy dress", what would you  
have worn to the party?

Moss immediately types something into his computer and flips  
the screen around, showing Roy a picture of Spock from Star  
Trek.

MOSS:  
I've *always* wanted to do a Spock.

Roy slams his palm down onto the table.

ROY:

Exactly! Thank you! Douglas obviously set me up. Well if he thinks he's gonna do it again then he's sorely mistaken!

MOSS:

Is this about your final boss battle?

ROY:

Remember last year's Christmas party?

MOSS:

Yes. I didn't go because I had diarrhoea after The Amazing Minced Pies Eating Competition where I broke the ten-year record by eating 58 minced pies in 15 minutes. I was in the toilet for 24 hours straight and they had to send me the hospital after that because I had expelled so much water that I was as dehydrated as a shrivelled prune.

ROY:

Yes yes, that one. Douglas said the theme was fancy dress so I dressed up as Kylo Ren--

MOSS:

(interrupts)

Good choice.

ROY:

Thank you! Like I was saying, I went as Kylo Ren, but everyone else was wearing these fancy black suits and bow ties and shiny leather shoes. How's that fancy dress?

MOSS:

No.

ROY:

Yes.

MOSS:

Maybe they were all going for James Bond.

Both Roy and Moss look like they've just had an epiphany. The Christmas lights on the tree suddenly go on again at the exact same moment.

ROY:  
Those uncreative bastards! James  
Bond! James Bond is *so* 1990s.

EXT. FRONT PORCH OF SOMEONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Flashback.

A group of teenagers dressed like monsters, witches and ghouls for Halloween leave the porch with their bags full of sweets. A geeky teenage version of Roy walk up to the porch. Teenage Roy is dressed in an oversized black suit and bow tie with his hair slicked back with excessive gel. Teenage Roy rings the doorbell. The door opens and there is an old granny standing there with her bowl of sweets. She looks confused when she sees him there. Roy puts on his best Bond face.

TEENAGE ROY:  
Good evening, mon cherie.

OLD GRANNY:  
Candy?

TEENAGE ROY:  
Oh no, that's far too childish.  
I'll have a martini please. Shaken,  
not stirred.

Roy spots a pretty girl in the house, peering out at the front door.

TEENAGE ROY: (CONT'D)  
Is that Pussy Galore I see? I was  
beginning to wonder when we'd meet.

OLD GRANNY:  
Excuse me?

The old lady turns around and shout something to her granddaughter in French, gesturing for her to go and hide herself.

TEENAGE ROY:  
(loudly)  
Parlez-vous Français mademoiselle?  
It's Bond, James Bond, and I'm an  
*extremely* cunning linguist.

The old lady immediately slams the door on his face.

INT. IT OFFICE, MAIN AREA - DAY

Roy suddenly stands up from his seat, looking extremely excited.

ROY:

I've got a fantastic idea for this year's Christmas party.

MOSS:

Does it involve dressing up like an evil and unscrupulous super-villain from the outer reaches of the galaxy, hell bent on wrecking havoc in the lives of the handsome but slightly dumb protagonist by sending in an army of faceless clones?

ROY:

Close, but I already did that last year.

Roy heads for the door.

ROY: (CONT'D)

I'm going out to buy some stuff. If anyone calls looking for me, take a message and tell them I'll get back to them when I return.

Roy walks out of the door, but barely a second later he pops his head back around again.

ROY: (CONT'D)

On second thoughts, if it's Julie from Level 10, text me immediately. If it's anyone else, tell them... I'm dead.

Roy disappears once again, leaving Moss in the office on his own.

MOSS:

You're dead. Got it.

(beat)

But didn't he already direct all his calls to Jen's phone?

Moss shrugs his shoulders and ignores that slight technicality. He turns back to his computer and starts talking to himself.

MOSS: (CONT'D)

What should I get for Jen for Secret Santa? I've never actually bought anything for a girl before, and Grandma doesn't count.

Moss looks down at the sweater that he's wearing-it's another one of his grandmother's personalised Christmas sweaters. This time it's a red one with a picture of her face superimposed on Pamela Anderson's Baywatch body.

MOSS: (CONT'D)  
 Maybe I should conduct a survey...

Moss quickly starts typing away at his computer, looking completely serious about doing up this survey.

INT. HAMLEY'S TOY STORE - DAY

Jen is standing in front of the counter trying to ask the salesperson some questions. The salesperson is dressed like one of Santa's elves and there is a long line of people queuing behind Jen, mostly mothers and their children.

JEN:  
 I'm looking for a doll for boys,  
 the kind that comes with different  
 clothing changes.

SALESPERSON:  
 For boys?

JEN:  
 Yes, that's what I just said.

SALESPERSON:  
 We don't typically carry dolls for  
 boys. Is there any specific type of  
 doll that you're looking for? A  
 brand maybe?

JEN:  
 No no, any brand will be fine. I  
 just need a doll that's meant for  
 boys, with a couple of sets of doll  
 clothes for changing.

SALESPERSON:  
 Perhaps you could tell me how old  
 your son is and then I could  
 recommend something appropriate for  
 his age?

JEN:  
 Oh it's not for my son. I haven't  
 got a son. I mean, do I look like I  
 have a son? I'm not even married!

Jen holds up her left hand in front of the salesperson in exasperation.

JEN: (CONT'D)  
 (voice gets louder and  
 louder)  
 Look, I haven't got a ring on my  
 finger. Don't ask me why I've not  
 got one because I don't know  
 either!

(MORE)

JEN: (CONT'D)

It's like all the men in the world  
are either blind or gay! It's  
ridiculous!

Some of the mothers in the queue are giving Jen strange looks  
because they've heard everything that she said.

SALESPERSON:

(slightly embarrassed)

I'm sorry ma'am, it's entirely my  
mistake. So how old is this boy  
that you're buying the gift for?

JEN:

I think he's 34? Or 43 maybe?

The salesperson looks appalled because she had been assuming  
that Jen was looking for a present for a child.

SALESPERSON:

Our store mainly caters for  
children between the ages of 2 to  
16... I'm not sure we'll have what  
you're looking for.

JEN:

Yes I know he's a little old, but  
he does *behave* like a 6 year old  
most of the time.

INT. IT OFFICE, MAIN AREA - DAY

Flashback.

Jen walks into the office to find Roy and Moss playing animal  
charades with each other. Roy is flopping around on the floor  
flapping his arms and pretending to be a seal.

INT. HAMLEY'S TOY STORE - DAY

SALESPERSON:

I really don't think we have what  
you're looking for. Perhaps you  
might want to try the store two  
streets down?

JEN:

Oh? Is there another toy store over  
there?

SALESPERSON:

You could put it that way.

JEN:  
And they'll have what I'm looking  
for? A doll for boys with different  
clothing changes?

SALESPERSON:  
Probably...

JEN:  
What's the name of the store?

The salesperson looks thoroughly embarrassed, leaning over the counter and whispering something into Jen's ear. Jen's eyes widen in shock when she hears what the salesperson has to say.

JEN: (CONT'D)  
(exclaims loudly)  
XXX Adult Sex Toys?!

All the mothers in the queue look absolutely horrified. Some of them immediately clap their hands over their children's ears while others leave the queue completely.

INT. IT OFFICE, MAIN AREA - DAY

Moss is alone in the office trying to glue together a tower of cards one by one. In the background, the lights to the Christmas tree have mysteriously gone out again. The phone rings and he picks up the phone.

MOSS:  
Hello? Roy? Sorry he's dead.

Moss puts down the phone nonchalantly. A "ping" sound comes from his computer and he turns to look at his screen.

MOSS: (CONT'D)  
Oh look, someone has responded to  
my survey.

Close on Moss's computer screen, which shows that the grand total of people who've responded to his survey is 1.

MOSS: (CONT'D)  
Let's see what we've got.

Moss clicks around a couple of times with his mouse.

MOSS: (CONT'D)  
Top on the list of women's most-  
wanted Christmas presents. Number  
1, George Clooney. George Clooney?

Moss clicks around a couple more times with his mouse, typing quickly into his keyboard.

MOSS: (CONT'D)

Oh dear. A flight to America would cost over five hundred quid. That's way too expensive. Looks like Jen's not getting George Clooney for Christmas.

Moss scrolls down to the next item on the list.

MOSS: (CONT'D)

Number 2, money. A lot of it. That's even worse! Money is the root of all evil. What would Jen do with all that money anyway? She'd just spend it all on useless shoes and clothes that are always too small.

Moss pauses for a second, looking thoughtful.

MOSS: (CONT'D)

Or maybe she always buys clothes that are too small because she hasn't got enough money to afford more fabric?

Moss shakes his head, scrolling down to the next item on his list.

MOSS: (CONT'D)

Number 3, branded bags. Bags with brands. Branded bags. That sounds a lot more feasible.

Moss smiles to himself, pleased with his decision. The lights to the Christmas tree immediately come back on.

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

Moss is seen to be walking down high street and going in and out of multiple high-end shops including Prada, Gucci, Ferragamo and Chanel. He comes out of each shop with a new shopping bag in hand, looking extremely pleased with himself.

INT. IT OFFICE, MAIN AREA - DAY

It's the day of the gift exchange and Jen gathers the boys in front of the Christmas tree.

JEN:

Let's all take out our presents and put it under the tree.

Jen reveals a wrapped present box that she's been hiding behind her back, gleefully putting it beneath the tree.

Roy does the same, except he just has two identical huge brown paper bags. Moss doesn't put anything under the tree.

JEN: (CONT'D)  
Moss, where's your present?

MOSS:  
It won't fit under the tree.

Jen's eyes light up with excitement because she knows that Moss drew her name out of the hat, so she's expecting a huge present from him.

JEN:  
Well in that case, shall we begin?  
Roy why don't you start first.

Roy shuffles his feet and picks up his two bags again, holding one out in front of Moss and the other in front of Jen. Jen looks confused.

JEN: (CONT'D)  
Roy this is all very sweet of you but the whole point of Secret Santa is that you only buy a present for the person you drew out of the hat. You're spoiling the market by doing this.

ROY:  
Minor technicalities. There's a very good reason why I splurged all that money to get these for you. Our image depends on it.

While they are talking, Moss has already opened his paper bag, pulling out what looks like a huge brown fur coat except the fur looks kind of gross and stuck together, like it just came off a dead animal.

MOSS:  
How lovely! A granny's fur coat!  
I've always wanted one of these.

ROY:  
Moss, it's not, it's not a fur coat, it's--

Jen sighs. After looking at what Moss pulled out of the bag, she doesn't even want to open her own bag.

JEN:  
(interrupts Roy)  
How about we move on! Roy, this is for you.

Jen grabs the present she put under the tree and shoves it at Roy.

JEN: (CONT'D)

Open it!

Roy shakes the box up and down, trying to figure out what it is.

MOSS:

(leans in and whispers)

I sort of told her that you were eyeing that new Gundam MG1/100 RX-78-2 version One Year War 0079. You don't have to thank me.

Roy immediately perks up when he hears that. He's suddenly very excited about his present and starts to rip apart the wrapping paper.

ROY:

(choking back his emotions)

Oh Jen you really shouldn't have! How did you even manage to get this? This is limited edition! They only released 100 of them in the UK! I've been dreaming of this--

Roy's voice trails off when he finishes unwrapping the present, revealing the Barbie doll inside.

ROY: (CONT'D)

It's a Barbie doll.

JEN:

Yes! Isn't it great? I even got you two sets of clothes for her!

Jen reaches over and pulls out the other two slimmer boxes hidden behind the doll. One of it is a fluffy pink ballgown and the other is a Hawaiian T-shirt and hula skirt set.

ROY:

Jen, I'm a 29 year old man. Not a 6 year old girl.

While Jen and Roy are talking about the doll, Moss has slipped out of the office and is now trying to push a huge gift box through the door.

MOSS:

Could someone give me a hand please?

Jen and Roy are distracted by the giant present in the front door and Jen immediately rushes over to help because she knows that the massive present is for her. They finally manage to squeeze the box into the office.

JEN:  
(super excited)  
What's inside, Moss?

MOSS:  
Why don't you open it and find out?

Jen quickly lifts the lid off the gift box and peers inside. She claps her hand over her mouth and looks like she's about to cry.

JEN:  
Oh my God! Moss! This is the best  
Christmas present I've ever  
received. How much did you spend  
all these?

MOSS:  
Not a penny.

Jen doesn't hear his response because she's too busy taking out her presents. There are shopping bags from Gucci, Chanel, Louis Vuitton, Alexander McQueen and Ferragamo. She looks into the first Gucci shopping bag, then realises something is wrong. She turns it around and shakes it, but nothing comes out. She does the same to all the shopping bags but it's the same thing - there's nothing inside any of them.

JEN:  
Moss, where are they?

MOSS:  
Where are what?

JEN:  
My presents? Why are all these bags  
*empty*?

MOSS:  
Number 3 of the list of things that  
women most want for Christmas.  
Branded bags.

JEN:  
Yes... I love branded bags...

MOSS:  
Well I got you *five* of them. They  
didn't even charge me a penny. How  
generous!

Jen sinks down onto the sofa looking deflated with her "branded" Gucci bag in her arms. Roy is busy trying to put on the ballgown onto his Barbie doll and Moss just looks smug about his present.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Roy, Moss and Jen are walking to the bar for the company Christmas party. They are dressed as Han Solo (Roy), Princess Leia (Jen) and Chewbacca (Moss) from Star Wars.

JEN:

It was very thoughtful of you to have gotten us costumes for the party, Roy. Are you sure this fits the theme though?

ROY:

Absolutely. It's Hollywood! Movies, movies, movies.

Moss is totally in character and just makes a grunt like Chewbacca usually does.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

There is a sign at one side that says "Reynholm Industries Wishes All A Merry Christmas". Roy, Moss and Jen enter the bar. They look around and realise everyone else is in black tie (black suits and gowns). Before anyone notices them, the trio slowly walk backwards and leave the bar.

END