

STATION 151

EPISODE 4.5
“THE TELDERS CORP HOLIDAY SPECIAL”

WRITTEN BY

STEVEN JAMES SCEARCE

BASED ON THE SERIES BY

ANDY SCEARCE

DRAFT DATE: DEC 2, 2022
RELEASE DATE: DEC. 27, 2022

PRODUCTION NOTE: we open with some royalty-free Holiday music, such as Jingle Jam by Be Still The Earth on Artlist and let Christmas Around the World by the same artist run in the background for the duration.

INT. TELDERS CORP HQ AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

We hear crowd noises and glasses clinking. This is a big event.

The speaker, **GRACE**, is the Telders Corp PA for all things related to Michael Telders at HQ in Dulce, NM. She is high performing, a consummate professional who understand the business and the executive thoroughly, but she finds him extremely frustrating. She also has little patience for those who stand in the way of her job. She's gunning for a promotion.

Off-stage is **STAGE MANAGER NICK**, the man in charge of these presentations. He despises most of those he works with because it seems like nobody is ever prepared, they don't understand what it takes to put on a production, and they seem to go out of their way to make his job difficult. He has quit better jobs than this.

PRODUCTION NOTE: start with some sort of introduction here in a "DJ" voice

ANNOUNCER

(booming DJ voice)

Welcome to the Telders Corporation Special Holiday Event!

GRACE

Good evening...

SFX: thump, thump mic check

GRACE

(a little louder)

Hello. Hello. Good evening and happy holidays to you all from Telders Corp headquarters here in beautiful Dulce, New Mexico.

(pause)

SFX: embarrassingly light applause

GRACE

My name is Grace—

SFX: mic feedback squeal really LOUD

GRACE
(greatly pained)
Oh, god, my ears!

SFX: thumping fumbling sounds with mic

GRACE
(shaken up)
Holy shit. Okay. Uh, so that was... uh. Oh, my god.

GRACE
(speaking to Nick off stage)
I can't fucking hear anymore, NICK.

STAGE MANAGER NICK
(doesn't care)
Get on with it!

GRACE
(immediately angry)
Don't start with me, Nick! (slight pause) Worst stage manager EVER.
(pause as she composes herself)
Okay, thank you all for being here. I am pleased to announce the Telders Corp annual company holiday message for the employees of the Telders Corporation, subsidiaries, and select affiliates. We are LIVE at the Telders Corp. world headquarters here in Dulce, New Mexico, and this is being broadcast AROUND THE WORLD to all of our employees during this joyous holiday season.

SFX: embarrassingly light applause

GRACE
(not pleased)
Thank you.

GRACE
I have just a few things to say, and then we'll be joined by our company Founder and CEO, Mr. Michael Telders for his annual holiday address.

SFX: a lone "woo hoo" from someone in the audience

GRACE
Heh. I hear you.
(pause)

As we all know, it's the holiday season. It is a special time of year when we reflect on what we've accomplished. When we show our thanks to our incredibly talented team members all around the globe, those who are so fiercely passionate about their work, and who are making our—

(she's cut off)

STAGE MANAGER NICK

(interrupting)

He's here!

GRACE

Uh... What?

STAGE MANAGER NICK

(slow and deliberate)

Elvis. Has entered. The building. Do the announcement!

GRACE

(annoyed)

I'm not finished.

STAGE MANAGER NICK

Nobody cares, Grace.

GRACE

(under her breath)

God dammit, Nick.

GRACE

Okay, people! Evidently, the time has come! Won't you please join me in welcoming our Founder and CEO Mr. Michael Telders!

SFX: crowd applause but more this time

SFX: some kinda static-y noise of the holo-cast coming to life

MICHAEL TELDERS

(super static-y)

Hello.

(pause)

What the f—

SFX: more static-y noise of the holo-cast coming to life

GRACE

Uh... who is evidently... being holo-cast from...

(pause)

STAGE MANAGER NICK
(very matter of factly)
His yacht.

SFX: some kinda static-y noise

GRACE
Seriously?

STAGE MANAGER NICK
Deal with it. Get off the stage. Go get an eggnog.

GRACE
(under her breath)
You go get an eggnog, you prick.
(pauses to collect herself)
And here he is, folks! Michael Telders is being holo-cast from his yacht. Just for us.

SFX: some kinda static-y noise followed by a digital scifi transitioning noise

MICHAEL TELDERS
(super stoked)
Woo! And. We. Are. LIVE, people!

SFX: big applause, whistling, whooping and hollering

MICHAEL TELDERS
Thank you! Thank you!

SFX: continued applause, whistling, whooping and hollering

MICHAEL TELDERS
Thank you. It's the least I could do.

SFX: applause, whistling, whooping and hollering subsides

MICHAEL TELDERS
Wow. What an entrance, right?
(pause)

Check. Me. Out. People! I am being holo-cast to you live from the deck of my yacht, *the Pretentious Write-off*, here in the beautiful Cayman Islands. It is sunny and 85 degrees today. The water is beautifully blue, crystal clear, and warm. It's just amazing. Here aboard the yacht, our chef has prepared an amazing spread including local shrimp, lobster, calamari, crab, scallops, oysters, and... is that a *turtle burger*? I'm not eating that. Uh, we also have Champagne, caviar,

and some select pharmaceuticals to play with. I wish *all of you* could be here to experience the holidays in the Cayman Islands, but unfortunately somebody has to keep working. This shit is expensive.

SFX: embarrassingly light applause

MICHAEL TELDERS

Anyway! I'm here before you because I wanted to greet all Telders Corp employees worldwide and wish them well.

(pause)

With the exception of the finance and development team overseeing special projects in North Korea who, I understand, accidentally deployed a small–very small– gravitational singularity into the local population and, uh, probably won't be coming home, you know, um, ever. But let's not dwell on such things.

SFX: crowd murmuring and cautious applause

MICHAEL TELDERS

Yes, it is this time of year that we gather with friends, family, and coworkers to participate in a variety of different seasonal cultural traditions including... *uh...*

(pause)

MICHAEL TELDERS

(now addressing PA on the yacht)

Hey. You! Which holidays can I actually mention? What did that jackass from HR say in his stupid email?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

(speaking quietly)

Not Christmas. Not Hanukkah. Not Kwanzaa.

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht)

Is there anything I can mention at all?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

(speaking quietly)

Winter solstice.

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht)

What? Nobody celebrates that pagan nonsense.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

(speaking quietly)

I'm sorry. That's all he wrote.

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht)

This is bullshit. We sent gifts, didn't we?

(slight pause)

I don't need to hear it. Just nod or shake your head!

(slight pause)

Well, they got eggnog didn't they?

(slight pause)

We loaded those sausage machines with fruitcake, didn't we?

(slight pause)

Yes, I know that's not what they're called. I don't care. Have you seen the shit that comes out of them? Fuckin fruitcake sausages, what a disaster.

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing the audience)

Anyway, it's the... uh... Winter... holiday season, and we're all here to celebrate...uh...together, and enjoy some... holiday themed foods and beverages, and receive some gifts.

(pause)

Gifts! Right! I can do that now!

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing the audience)

It's holiday gift time, so on to the good stuff, folks. You're gonna love this!

SFX: crowd applause, a bit more this time

MICHAEL TELDERS

Folks, I'm pleased to announce the publication and release of my latest book, entitled "Doing Me." The book is a beautifully written self-journey about how I realized my ability to train my mind to understand that the only real power is inside me and how I could shape my own reality and achieve what I was truly destined to achieve regardless of the financial or human cost.

SFX: less crowd applause

MICHAEL TELDERS

It was something I worked very hard on this year because... I wanted to see it for myself. I also wanna see it on every desk of every employee in the company. So, my Christmas... *eh, FUCK!* holiday gift to all of you is a 9% discount on the book at the company online store...

(then under his breath)

Plus, order processing fees, local sales taxes, and shipping costs.

SFX: crowd murmuring

MICHAEL TELDERS

(louder again)

Okay! Okay! So, let's end this holiday season on a high note by making sure those purchases are made by the end of the month. It's a great read, and very inspirational, so I know you all will really enjoy it.

(slight pause)

You know what? Fuck it. Buy the book by midnight tonight. I want to see it on your desk by this time next week.

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht)

Okay. You. What are we doing next?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

(speaking quietly)

Introduce the band.

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht)

No, I fired the band.

(talking to himself) Heh. Last I heard they were still stranded at the airport in Sarasota. Fuck those guys. Nobody cares about 90s boy bands anymore.

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

(speaking quietly)

We have a list...

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht, rapid-fire)

Just show me the list.

Give it to me!

Look at this. This is all shit.

No.

Next.

We didn't pay them.

No, I told you we weren't doing that.

Don't give me that look, I sent an email.

(slight pause, slows down a bit)

Obviously, I didn't send it to you.

(slight pause, back to rapid-fire)

Okay, we're not gonna do that.

That sucks.

That sucks too.

That's gonna take way too long.

These guys? *They are suing us.* No holiday for them.

God dammit, let's move on.

MICHAEL TELDERS
(addressing the audience)

Okay! Maybe it's time for the annual toast, folks. So raise a glass of whatever... festive holiday beverage the overpriced catering companies have provided, and let's say something nice about each other. So, turn to the person next to you and raise a glass and say something.

MICHAEL TELDERS
(addressing someone on the yacht)
You. You'll do.

Uh, warmest winter, holiday festivities to you and your family and peace and happiness in the new year to you and anyone you associate with and prosperity if you actually earn a decent wage, and you know good health and stuff like that.

SFX: PA's mobile phone ring or text tone in the background during MT's next line.

MICHAEL TELDERS
(addressing the audience)

Okay, people, I think that wraps up the merry fucking holiday portion of this thing. I do want to say a few things in closing about how the new year is going to be very exciting for the Telders Corporation...

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
(interrupting, speaking quietly)
Mr. Telders?

MICHAEL TELDERS
...because we have some amazing stuff in the works, things I can't talk about right now, but you'll be hearing about it very soon and I promise...

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
(interrupting, speaking quietly)
Mr. Telders?

MICHAEL TELDERS
...it's not gonna be like that thing on the ocean floor that happened a few years ago, or that thing we did in the Philippines with the army of mandrills we released, because this is a different thing entirely and the other things were definitely not my fault. So be prepared for some amazing fucking—
(he's cut off)

PERSONAL ASSISTANT
(interrupting, much louder)
Mr. Telders!

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht, shouting)

WHAT is it that CANNOT wait until I've finished addressing these... uh (slight pause) *people*?

PRODUCTION NOTE: music takes a sinister tone

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

(speaking quietly)

We've had a problem at 151.

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht)

God dammit! What happened now?

PERSONAL ASSISTANT

(speaking quietly)

There was some trouble with Robertson and damage to the facility.

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing PA on the yacht)

Fucking astronomers! I've just about had it with these people.

What's the damage?

Again, I don't need to hear it. Just nod or shake your head!

Did you send the guy?

Did he get it sorted out?

Is Robertson dead?

No?

Are we back online?

Okay... uh, hold on...

MICHAEL TELDERS

(addressing the audience)

Look, uh... *people*. I gotta go and take care of some bullshit now. So, that's it for today. Don't forget to buy the book by midnight tonight, because I want to see some stellar sales figures.

Okay? Great!

Merry Christmas. *Aw, FUCK!* Happy holidays, god dammit.

(slight pause)

Cut the feed. Just cut it!

SFX: some kinda static-y noise of the holo-cast coming to an end

SFX: crowd noises swell and murmuring

STAGE MANAGER NICK

(slightly annoyed he has to do this)

Hello, Grace? Has anyone seen Grace. Can we get Grace back to the stage. Grace, you are needed back on stage. Grace? *Graaaaaace?*

PRODUCTION NOTE: we end with some royalty-free Holiday music, such as Jingle Jam by Be Still The Earth on Artlist playing 'til the end of the post-roll.

ANNOUNCER
(booming DJ voice)

This has been the Telders Corporation Special Holiday Event brought to you by The Telders Corporation and DEXMEXATRINE, part of the Calm Mynd line of products from BioLyfe Pharmaceuticals, a valued member of the Telders Corp family of companies.

DEXMEXATRINE: Are you suffering from the weight of being alone, an isolation so deep you might never crawl out if it? Enjoy the feeling of freedom from others with DEXMEXATRINE.
(speaking rapidly)

Major side effects may include psychological disturbances.

Good night. And Happy Holidays to ALL!

THE END