

PITCH

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - DAY

A large building made of concrete and glass. A tastefully designed sign proclaims the business to be Big Chair Productions.

The logo portrays a rotund man sitting in a large office chair.

SUPER: Los Angeles, California

EXT. BIG CHAIR PRODUCTIONS, PARKING LOT - DAY

The mid morning sun reflects off the building glass. BOB STALINGER (30s) parks his Prius Hybrid.

The sign reads: "Reserved for Visiting Screenwriters."

Bob exits the vehicle, notes that the spot is the farthest from the building.

His sweat stained shirt sticks to his beefy build. He sighs, trudges to the front entryway the building. Bob sweats, turns and again notes the distance back. He slumps.

Bob reacts to the roar of a misfiring engine. A clunker of a car parks in the spot closest to the building.

LARRY GRIFFIN (20s) exits as his clunker sputters. It backfires. He ducks, laughs.

Larry wears an oversized shirt that emphasizes his thin, wiry build. He greets Bob with a big smile on his face.

LARRY

Yo, partner. Beautiful day. Ready to pitch, today? Ready to throw those big fat taters to the catcher's mitt?

He mimes a baseball pitch. Bob refuses to catch it.

LARRY (CONT'D)

That was a pitch, man! Don't go cold on me now!

BOB

Why do you have to park your eyesore of a car in the front of the building?

Larry stands in a gunslinger pose. Spits.

LARRY
(drawls)
I'm not taking kindly to your tone,
mister.

He pauses, shakes off the pose.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Besides, if they tow it, they can
keep the piece of crap. I just get
a ride from you - oh pilot of the
Prius - problem solved.

BOB
Come on, let's get out of the heat
and get to the pitch.

LARRY
(sarcastically)
Yeah, we'd hate to be early to a
pitch. Here. In Hollywood.

Bob holds the door for Larry.

INT. BIG CHAIR PRODUCTIONS, HALLWAY - DAY - LATER

They affix the security passes as they walk.

LARRY
Security, I laugh in their general
direction. All this glass...

Bob mutters to himself.

BOB
Here we go.

LARRY
Like anyone in Hollywood can keep a
secret. The dolts watch out for
scripts in briefcases and ignore
the obvious receptacle of human
knowledge. The brain. They think --

BOB
-- they can stop human imagination,
ideas, or the adaption thereof.

Bob and Larry enjoy the familiar banter.

LARRY
Next thing will be --

BOB
-- entertainment lawyers working
side-by-side with scriptwriters to
ensure no theft of intellectual
property.

Larry slaps him on the back.

LARRY
Sharp and pointy is your pencil,
brother scribe.

The partners exude confidence. Larry holds the door for Bob
then cuts in front of him. Bob shrugs, continues.

INT. BIG CHAIR PRODUCTIONS, RECEPTION AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

IRIS (50s), svelte, looks up as the they enter her domain.

LARRY
(Irish accent)
Top of the morning to you, Iris.

IRIS
None of your nonsense today. Mr.
Chambers is not in a good mood.

BOB
Hello, Iris.

Iris ignores Bob, looks at Larry.

IRIS
I hope your think tanks are full of
think.

BOB
And not stink.

He waits for the groans, doesn't get them. Larry shifts
gears.

LARRY
(Irish accent)
The tankards be full, aye, even
overflowing.

A deep male voice resonates from behind the door.

RANDALL (O.S.)
First blood!

Iris sneers as the men leave the reception area.

INT. BIG CHAIR PRODUCTIONS, OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Bob and Larry stroll in. RANDALL CHAMBERS (40s), an imposing fat man in a robustly tailored suit, leans against the front of a large desk.

RANDALL
I need your pitches on vegetarians
and carnivores. Drama. Go.

Randall walks around to the big chair behind the desk, eases his bulk into it, sighs.

Bob and Larry are confused.

BOB
Any hints? Why vegans and meat
eaters and not omnivores?

RANDALL
See, you do know something about
it. Fifteen minutes. Go.

LARRY
Hey, I thought we were going to be
pitching ideas for a new sitcom! We
got a real winner about a hair
salon --

RANDALL
Not now. Fifteen minutes. Now. Go.

Larry sinks. Bob picks up the slack.

BOB
Uh, court room drama... A vegan
lawyer must represent a falsely
accused carnivore... Vegan for the
Defense...

He motions for Larry to join in.

LARRY
I got nothing.

BOB

Okay. Suspense, there are vegans living among us, how do they survive? Lost Vegans.

LARRY

The Flesh Eaters. Horror. Carnivores invite a bunch of teenaged leaf eaters to their cabin.

BOB

More horror. A werewolf faces a lifestyle intervention from his vegan friends. Intervention with a Werewolf.

LARRY

Negatori on that one. Who would be foolish enough to be a friend of a werewolf?

Larry blocks an imaginary basketball.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Denied!

RANDALL

To paraphrase a friend in the business, "Screenwriters are supposed to tell me stories that make my dick twitch." And it ain't twitching. Go.

Larry assumes the pose of a crouching tennis player and swings his air racket.

LARRY

Crime... jail.... No Body, No Crime. An alternate future where vegans put meat eaters in jail for violating animal rights.

Randall leans back in his chair with a bemused look on his face.

RANDALL

A super max facility? Where they put puppy mill owners? My wife would like that.

BOB

What if the meat eaters ate some lettuce with their meals?

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

Vegans are a clear minority to
those who eat meat --

LARRY

And cows eat grass. Does that mean
that if we eat a steak, we're in
some small way vegans?

RANDALL

That was half time. Two quarters to
go.

He throws two coins on the desktop. Larry stares at the
quarters, strokes his chin.

LARRY

Something with dolphins... A
Flowers for Algernon for the new
millennium.

RANDALL

Flowers for who?

LARRY

The dolphin is genetically
engineered to be smart --

He serves an imaginary hand ball against the wall.

BOB

-- but gets too smart, becomes the
representative of the animal
kingdom --

He returns the ball...

LARRY

-- and gets involved with a killer
whale and --

He zips the ball back...

BOB

-- gets assassinated by one of his
misguided followers, a vege-
terrorist.

And fails to return the ball, Larry celebrates.

Randall cracks a restrained smile.

RANDALL
Nice uplifting story. CGI. Big budget. Voice work only. Martyr as spectacle. It might work... Next.

LARRY
Oh, I got one --

RANDALL
A twitch?

Larry looks at him with a quizzical expression, then comprehends.

LARRY
No, a pitch. A docudrama called Where's The Beef?

RANDALL
Next.

BOB
Wimpy and Popeye. Two unlikely friends, a vegan body builder and a down on his luck hamburger addict, experiment with the omnivore lifestyle.

RANDALL
Popeye? No way. That name will stink long after Robin Williams is dead.

LARRY
It could be a Brokeback Burger --

RANDALL
Two more and your time is up.

Sweat drenches Bob's shirt.

BOB
Heretic. Character driven. A vegan doesn't fully embrace the vegan lifestyle. She, oh I don't know, doesn't like cumbara pumpkin tofu...

LARRY
Who does?

Randall coughs.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. I'm a sushi guy myself.

He showcases his thin frame.

LARRY (CONT'D)

And that's why Larry is so thin and Bob is so big.

He stabs his finger at the offender.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Steak eater!

Bob smiles, pats his ample gut, waits.

BOB

May I continue? By the way, I drive a Prius. Hybrid.

Randall and Larry acquiesce.

BOB (CONT'D)

The main character is a recovering veggie lover who backslides into a meat diet and is shunned by her new vegan friends --

RANDALL

I have an actress who'd love the part. Plenty of screen time. An opportunity to make a statement. I feel a twitch. A definite twitch.

Larry sputters.

LARRY

I got one! I got one. A game slash reality show about a guy developing a game show called To Chew or Not.

He looks for a reaction.

BOB

That's one of your best ideas, ever.

LARRY

Really?

Bob stifles a laugh with his hand. Randall stonewalls.

RANDALL

Best one all week.

Both laugh at Larry. Randall's jowls bounce. Larry joins in a bit too loudly.

Randall stops. The boys stop. Larry plays it cool.

LARRY

It's all a matter of taste.

(brightly)

Hey, I got another one, alternate past. A warrior civilization is defeated by vegan invaders --

RANDALL

That's your fifteen minutes of fame. Get out.

BOB

How soon would you like a treatment or script generated?

Larry looks hopeful.

LARRY

Or, can we pitch our sitcom, see if we can get a twitch?

Randall considers it for a second. Dismisses them.

RANDALL

Gnaw.

His deep laughter fills the office and echoes in the reception area.

A quick flash of Iris looking up as Randall laughs.

Bob and Larry stand with vacant looks. Deflated.

INT. BIG CHAIR PRODUCTIONS, RECEPTION AREA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The partners exit the executive office back into Iris's domain.

Iris sits at her desk. She motions to the boys.

IRIS

(softly)

He's in a good mood. Thank you, Bob. And you too, Larry.

EXT. BIG CHAIR PRODUCTIONS, PARKING LOT - DAY - LATER

Bob and Larry stand by the entryway looking at the parking lot.

LARRY

Bob and Larry's awesome pitch
didn't happen today, did it
partner?

BOB

No assignments. Why do we do it?

LARRY

It's Hollywood, baby! We'll score
one day. Where else would two dorks
like us have that much fun for
fifteen minutes?

He eyes his old clunker.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Can I hook up with you for a ride?

BOB

(smugly)
Of course.

LARRY

It's time for lunch. Want to play
To Chew or Not?

Bob chuckles. They walk towards the Prius at the far end of the parking lot.

FADE OUT.

THE END