PITCH

by

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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  
Uhm, 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