

THE PITCH

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INT. BIG GAME COMPANY FOYER - DAY

In the clinical marble waiting room, on the tasteful minimalist couches sit ROB (36, doughy, disheveled), TIM (35, nerdy, sheveled), and PAUL (36, furry, mildly sheveled). They all look nervous.

The RECEPTIONIST looks up from her computer.

RECEPTIONIST
They're ready to see you now gentlemen.

The three of them stand up.

INT. CORRIDOR

The three guys stand outside a closed door. They are about to go in when--

ROB
I can't do this, guys. I'm terrible at this sort of thing.

PAUL
Come on, dude. It's easy. Tim will do most of the talking anyway.

TIM
Just remember what we practiced.

ROB
I don't know. Maybe you should do it without me.

PAUL
Look, why not open with a joke?

ROB
I'm terrible at jokes.

TIM
Yeah, like... I don't know... A guy walks in to see a doctor, he has a sore throat, right? Anyway, the doctor goes "those tonsils need to come out" and the guy is like "I want a second opinion" so the doctor says--

The door opens to PHILIP (50s, all suit and haircut).

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CONTINUED:

PHILIP
Gentlemen! Nice to see you. Come on
in.

INT. BOARDROOM

The guys step into the intimidating boardroom and Philip sits down between WILLIAM (30s, off the rack) and GILLIAN (30s, chic and cool).

PHILIP
These are my associates, William and
Gillian.

Tim, Rob, and Paul all stand in the firing line.

PHILIP (cont'd)
So what have you got for us?

TIM
Right, so, it's kind of magical
realism, great atmosphere, kind of
thing--

ROB
So this guy goes to see a doctor,
right.

Tim and Paul look incredulously at Rob but the executives smile in recognition of the beginning of a joke.

ROB (cont'd)
And he's all like "I can't see, I
think I'm going blind." and the
doctor... ah... the doctor says
"Yeah, you've got cancer."

The room is silent. Puzzled.

ROB (cont'd)
Um... it's an aggressive brain
tumour. Not much they can really do
at that stage.

A moment of silence.

TIM
Okay... so anyway, the protagonist is
a little girl with a big imagination
and every night-- Yes?

William has his hand up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAM
The guy with cancer, does he have
good insurance?

ROB
ah, sure. Yeah, he's very well looked
after... Until he... dies... of
cancer.

Awkward pause.

TIM
Where was I?

WILLIAM
My dad died of cancer.

ROB
Oh, I'm sorry.

WILLIAM
No, he was a prick.

There are tears in William's eyes.

WILLIAM (cont'd)
He wanted me to stay in that shitty
town and stagnate, just like him.
Just like my brother!

TIM
Oh-kay.

William bursts into tears.

Tim and Rob look at Paul, Paul is the closest to William.
Rob gives Paul a "go on" nod. Paul gives Rob a "What the
fuck, dude" look.

Paul sighs and walks over to William and puts his hand on
William's shoulder.

William immediately throws his arms around Paul's waist and
sobs into his shirt.

PAUL
There there.

Everyone just looks at William for a while.

TIM
We have brought along a demo if you
want to--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHILIP
I think you should probably go.

TIM
Yeah.

Tim and Rob slowly leave the room. Paul can't escape.

INT. PUB - LATER

Tim and Rob are nursing pints at a table.

ROB
Sorry. I told you I'm not good at that sort of thing.

TIM
It's okay. We may be able to salvage it. I kind of know Gillian, maybe I could contact her and ask for another go.

ROB
Oh you know her?

TIM
Yeah, Rosie is friends with Gillian's girlfriend, I'll ask her-

ROB
Wait, she's gay?

TIM
Yeah.

ROB
Dude, you could have warned me.

TIM
Warned you? She's a lesbian, Rob, not a werewolf.

ROB
Yeah but I was kind of making flirty eyes with her. It's one of my tactics.

TIM
Oh god.

Tim puts his head on the table.

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

The sun has gone down and the room is empty except for Paul and William.

William is still holding Paul and crying.

PAUL

That's it. Just let it out.

Someone turns off the lights.