

SCRIPT TITLE

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SCENE 1

INT. WAITING ROOM. DAY

Betty, a middle-aged woman, sits at a desk sharpening her nails. An intercom machine, a computer, and a telephone are on her desk. Her desk is next to a door that reads Boss's office.

Jim enters, a 20 something young man who is eager to sell his business idea; however, he does not have the brains to accomplish his goal.

Jim has an easel covering a poster board and a briefcase.

Jim approaches Betty

JIM

How are you doing today, Martha?

BETTY

Betty... Martha's been dead for two months now.

JIM

That's too bad... how is she otherwise...good?

BETTY

(confused)

No... she's dead

Betty and Jim share an awkward pause.

Jim coughs

Sfx cough

JIM

So.. is the big man in?

BETTY

I'll buzz you in.

Betty prezzes the intercom machine.

Sfx buzz

BETTY (CONT'D)

Sir that Jim boy is here to see you.

PIBB
Send him in.

Betty motions her head to the right, pointing to the door.

Jim goes in

CUT TO

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Regular office, a medium size room with a desk and a chair.

In the room is Mr. Stanel Pibb, a stern businessman who has no time for nonsense.

Jim sets up an easel with a sheet covering it. Underneath is a sign that reads Coco-Cola.

Jim shakes Mr. Pibb's hand

JIM
Morning Mr. Pibb... wonderful
weather we are having a'rnt we?

PIBB
On with it then... I dont have all
day!

JIM
Vanilla and soda some of the most
incredible combinations in mankind.
Until now...

Jim removes the sheet. The poster reads Coco Cola

JIM (CONT'D)
Coco cola is the world's first
chocolate-flavored soda.

Mr. Pibb sits back in his chair and scratches his chin.

JIM (CONT'D)
I see that I have your attention.

PIBB
um... well..

JIM
(excited)
Don't keep it secret, what do you
think?!"

SLATE

This is a dog toy company.

JIM

(laughs)

No, this is Coco-Cola!

PIBB

No, I mean that this is a dog toy company.

JIM

And?

PIBB

We don't make soda.

JIM

Not yet!

PIBB

Not ever.

JIM

Look, try it before you say no.

.

Jim puts a briefcase on the table and opens it up. He then pulls out a can of soda. The camera can not see the can's label because Jim's hand covers it, but it is a can of Coca-Cola with a big O over the A in Coca.

Pibb takes a sip of the soda and puts it down.

PIBB

This is coke Jim... I can see that all you did was put an O over the A on the can.

JIM

But imagine that it tasted like chocolate!

PIBB

Jim... have you ever pitched something before?

JIM

Nope

PIBB
Figures... Jim I like you, but you need to have something to present to the buyers for them to approve your product.

JIM
I thought that was for marketing.

PIBB
That's not what they're for.

JIM
It's not?

PIBB
It's not... Look We need to focus on the pet industry.

Jim rubs his chin with his finger and then snaps and smiles

JIM
I got it...chocolate for dogs!

PIBB
That's a terrible idea, Dogs can't eat chocolate.

JIM
I know that's why we'll make chocolate for them.

PIBB
Jim what do you do here?

JIM
I make chocolate for dogs.

PIBB
No.

JIM
Chocolate for cats?

PIBB
No.

JIM
(hesitante)
Chocolate for people?

BOSS

That's just chocolate... Jim your in charge of making graphs of how well this company is doing, did you do that yet?

JIM

Oh I tried.

BOSS

What happend?

JIM

I didn't want to.

PIBB

(confused)(slow)

You ...did not want to?

JIM

Yeah.

BOSS

You did not want to do the job that you told to do.

JIM

Yeah. I don't understand what's the matter?

PIBB

Jim that's how jobs work... we can't just skip it to do something else. If I did whatever I wanted, I'd be giving hummers to strange men under the bridge... but I don't do that anymore... because I got in trouble.

JIM

Oh.

PIBB

Jim you're fired

Jim packs up his things and leaves

Jim's Boss looks at the can of soda again and starts to scratch his chin.

CUT TO

SCENE 3

EXT.CITY. DAY

We open in a busy city street. There is a newspaper stand with a guy in it. There is also a man dressed as if he was in the 1920s holding a newspaper.

NEWSPAPER GUY

Extra extra read all about it!...
Dog toy boss creates a brand new
drink.

Newspaper guy walks over to street vender and changes his voice.

NEWSPAPER GUY (CONT'D)

(normal voice)

Boss why the hell am I doing this?

STREET VENDER

I'm telling you this is why no one
buys newspapers anymore. It's
because they don't have people
yelling extra extra! It's about the
gimic.

NEWSPAPER GUY

Your like the worst buisness guy
ever.

Jim walks into the scene

JIM

Oh boy, I'll take one of your papers. Here's a nickel.

Jim hands him a nickel.

NEWSPAPER GUY

(confused)

Its five bucks.

Jim lets out a sigh and pulls out more money

JIM

(supprised)

Whats this?... A new, chocolate flavored, soda by Mr. Pibb's
Dog toy company!... Dammit... I had that same idea!

FADE TO BLACK.