

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

A YOUNG WRITER, nervous in a borrowed suit, stands next to MEGA PRODUCER, who's chatting on his CRACKBERRY (CB). The writer clutches his script.

PRODUCER

-- that'll be fine. Thanks Abby.

The Producer hangs up. The Writer presents his script.

WRITER

Hey, Mr. Gallagher, I wanted to --

The CB rings. The Producer holds up a finger and answers.

PRODUCER

Tony? Hey - no, do it tomorrow. Thanks.

He hangs up. The Writer turns to him again.

WRITER

So I've got this script and--

Again the ringing CB cuts him off. The Producer picks up.

PRODUCER

Hi Harvey...Send that to Cheryl. Thanks.

Once more, The Writer tries again to hand him the script.

WRITER

It's about these sailors who go--

Once more, the CB beeps and The Producer picks up.

PRODUCER

Hey baby! Yeah, I'm having a good time...

As he goes on, the Writer glares at the source of his frustration - the CB. A super appears beside the CB:
ELEVATOR PITCH = HARD.

EXT. HOT TUB - DAY

CLOSE up on a glass of scotch and an astray holding a smoking cigar sitting on the edge of the hot tub.

PRODUCER

Sure, we'll sign when I get back. Ciao.

He places the Crackberry onto a neatly-folded towel beside the scotch, out of his sight.

We HEAR footsteps sneak up, and feet in cheap sandals appear. One foot gently nudges the CB into the water.

The feet walk to the front of the tub. We raise up to see it's the Writer, holding a towel and his script.

WRITER

So do you have any time for me now?

The Producer looks at the script, pauses, then --

PRODUCER

Alright, whadda ya got?

The Writer smiles to himself and hops in.

Cut to the soggy CB at the bottom of the tub. A SUPER appears in frame: "Hot Tub Pitch = Easy".