

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR

A YOUNG WRITER clasps a screenplay in hand as he stands next to an expensively-dressed MOVIE MOGUL looking less than impressed to be in the writer's company.

WRITER

So it's like a, um, cross
between..ah-

MOGUL

Wow. Yes. That sounds brilliant.
(Beat)
And nooo, I'm not being sarcastic.

The Mogul's ringer goes off.

MOGUL

He-hey, Charlie! No, I'm in an
elevator with this guy- he thinks
he's Zack Braff or something.
Anyways, lets do sushi! Hold on-

The Mogul grabs the script from the Writer's hands, smacks it to the ground and promptly stomps his boot, tearing the pages.

DING! The doors open.

MOGUL

Next time, take the stairs!
(to Charlie)
Ah ha. No, not you.

With an evil smile, the Mogul now laughs obnoxiously.

SUPER: Black diamond ski run sign. **ELEVATOR PITCH. DIFFICULT**

EXT. HOTEL HOT TUB - NIGHT

CLOSE on an exterior wall outlet. An EXTENSION CORD is plugged into it. We follow the meandering cord for several feet as it rises up from the ground.

WRITER (O.S.)

...And let me tell you, the market
for a film like this would be huge.

MOGUL (O.S.)

Ye-yeah..

WE WIDEN to reveal that, plugged into the cord is - an electric toaster held over the bubbling water in one hand by the Writer. His other hand waves the beaten and torn

script. The Mogul is terrified.

WRITER

You agree with me, there, right.

MOGUL

Oh..yeah..

WRITER

Great! Great- well here, I'll give
you a copy...

The writer fumbles the electric toaster over the water as he passes the script to the Mogul's trembling hands.

WRITER (O.S.)

Oh- I almost forgot...my card--

The writer reaches into his inner coat pocket, but instead slips and drops the toaster into the tub.

ON THE WRITER in shock. The lights flash a few times before each shorting out around him leaving him in the dark.

SUPER: Green Circle ski run sign. **Hot Tub Pitch. Easiest.**