

THE MAKING OF

by

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SETTING — A Hollywood conference room.

CHARACTERS — Executives 1, 2, 3, and 4.

AT RISE — EXECUTIVE 1 is pacing, messing with a whiteboard with a bunch of rejected ideas on it. All others are sitting at a conference table.

EXECUTIVE 1

All right. We might officially, finally, be out of shit to adapt—we already tried Battleship, Jumanji, uhhh Jenga probably.

EXECUTIVE 2

We could pay a writer we like to develop something original?

ALL throw things at EXECUTIVE 2.

EXECUTIVE 1

How about Candy Land?

EXECUTIVE 3

Still in turnaround.

EXECUTIVE 1

Okay. Let's dig deeper. Not a preexisting IP, but recognizable. Something you see every day. Go.

EXECUTIVE 3

...Toilet paper?

EXECUTIVE 1

Hmm.

EXECUTIVE 2

Like... food...??

EXECUTIVE 1

I'm not greenlighting "Food the Fucking Movie," Todd. Specific... but ubiquitous.

EXECUTIVE 4

Cats.

EXECUTIVE 1

No.

EXECUTIVE 3

...Dogs...?

EXECUTIVE 1

Jesus motherfuckin'—... Something newish. Something that is so much a part of the culture now you don't remember life before it.

EXECUTIVE 2

Endless partisan politics. Uh, dread certainty that we're living in the end times.

EXECUTIVE 1

Good, good...

EXECUTIVE 3

U So Woke, Bae!

EXECUTIVE 1

Better...

EXECUTIVE 4

Emoji: The Movie!

EXECUTIVE 1

...“Emoji”?? Like those smiley face things on my daughter's phone?

EXECUTIVE 4

There's a ton of them; like, one is even a pile of poop.

EXECUTIVE 2

Ohhh. Maybe we could get Patrick Stewart to voice that one.

EXECUTIVE 1

Smiley faces and a cartoon poop voiced by Captain Picard.

ALL wait, tense.

EXECUTIVE 1 (cont.)

And we wouldn't have to pay anyone for the license?

ALL indicate that they wouldn't.

EXECUTIVE 1 (cont.)

I fuckin' love it!

END OF PLAY.