

SKETCH PACKET

SAD WEDDING
SHEALIS COMMERCIAL
NO JUDGMENT BRUNCH
PRAISE TORTURE

Written by
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SAD WEDDING

INT. WEDDING BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

WEDDING GUESTS sit solemnly at their tables in a banquet hall. The BRIDE and the GROOM sit at a dais. The Bride cries as the Groom consoles her. DJ stands at a booth and picks up the mic.

DJ

What is up Johnson and Robinson wedding?! Are we having a good time?

The Bride bursts out in tears.

DJ (CONT'D)

I did not hear you! Are we having fun on this beautiful and joyous day?

GROOM

No, we're not.

DJ

We here at the Dream Spa and Banquet Hall are saddened by the sudden passing of Mr. Johnson, the father of the bride, in the parking lot twenty minutes ago. But since we're all here, let's celebrate the union of Beth and Jeff and forget the sad stuff that just happened! Who wants to conga?!

The DJ plays conga music. He puts on a sombrero and takes out maracas and tries to pull guests on to the dance floor. No one gets up.

BRIDE

It's just not the same without him!

Bride sobs.

DJ

We'll try that later. Let's liven it up, right? I mean, how about some more champagne? A lot more champagne.

A WAITER refills glasses. An EMT enters and takes the mic.

EMT

While we're still waiting for the coroner, would anyone like to take Mr. Johnson's rental tux? It'll be easier to take it off now before the Rigor mortis sets in.

The Bride sobs. The DJ rips the mic from the EMT's hand.

DJ

We're gonna handle logistics later. It's toast time! Let's welcome the Best Man, Steve!

The BEST MAN walks up with note cards and takes the mic.

BEST MAN

(robotically)

Great to see Beth and Jeff make it to this day. It wasn't easy. Beth's dad's idea of giving his blessing was telling Jeff "over my dead body!"

The DJ fake loud laughs. The Bride cries. The Best Man nervously looks through all his cards.

BEST MAN (CONT'D)

Now that I think about it, all I have are a bunch of jokes that seem inappropriate now. So, um, to Beth and Jeff!

The Best Man raises his glass and walks off to silence.

DJ

Let's push through and forget that Steve just happened! Ladies, who's ready to catch the bouquet?

The Bride throws the bouquet over her shoulder. No one bothers to catch it.

DJ (CONT'D)

And no one caught it. How about we give it to the Mother of the Bride, the newly single, Mrs. Johnson!

The DJ gives it to Mrs. Johnson. She cries.

MRS. JOHNSON

All my husband wanted was to see his little girl happy!

Both Mrs. Johnson and the Bride break out into sobs.

DJ
Speaking of it's time for the
Father/Daughter Dance or...the
Daughter Dance.

The Bride walks up to the dance floor.

BRIDE
Dad and I learned this together. It
was his favorite song!

Pharrell's "Happy" comes on. The Bride breaks out into a tap dance with a frozen smile on her face.

BRIDE (CONT'D)
Take it away, Dad!

The Bride freezes with a strained presentational smile as she presents her dad's "solo." The EMT enters with Mr. Johnson's DEAD BODY in a wheelchair. The guests gasp. The Bride turns her head and surprised to see her Dad and screams.

EMT
It started to rain outside. Gotta
store him in the walk in fridge.
Man, it must suck for it rain on
your wedding day!

DJ
How about we join Mr. Johnson for
his very last conga to the fridge!

The DJ turns on conga music. The DJ throws a sombrero on to Mr. Johnson's head and forces the guests into a conga line behind him and the EMT. Mr. Johnson's body falls out of the wheelchair and the conga line crashes on top of him. The guests sobs while the Waiter walks up to the DJ.

WAITER
You know what? This is not the
worst wedding I've worked.

END

SHEALIS COMMERCIAL

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

WIFE 1 is putting Ikea furniture together. She holds her hand out for a screw.

VO

You two make a great team.

Pan out to reveal HUSBAND 1 yelling at the directions.

VO (CONT'D)

Sometimes.

Wife 1 rolls her eyes and drops her head in exhaustion.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - NIGHT

WIFE 2 and HUSBAND 2 pull up. The Wife's eyes are closed. She's excited with anticipation.

VO

He loves to surprise you...

Wife 2 opens her eyes and her face sinks when she sees they're at an Applebee's.

VO (CONT'D)

...unfortunately.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: Wife and Husband 1 arguing over Ikea and Husband 2 burping and yelling at the waiter while Wife 2 is mortified.

VO (CONT'D)

Now there's Shealis for wives who
need that extra something to get
them to that next anniversary.

SPLIT SCREEN: The Wives pop a pill. Wife 1's eyes glaze over and claps at the presentation husband's shoddily assembled furniture. Wife 2 pulls out a Tide pen as a frozen smile grows on her face as her husband drips ranch dressing on his shirt.

VO (CONT'D)
Shealis boosts tolerance in women
by chemically lowering their
expectations just enough to be
fine, sure, whatever about sex.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

WIFE 3 cries to her THERAPIST.

VO
Vent to your therapist and find out
if Shealis is right for you.

CUT TO:

Split screen: Wife 1 chugging wine on the couch and wife 2
downing an Applebee's martini.

VO (CONT'D)
Do not drink alcohol in excess with
Shealis.

This catches Wife 1 and Wife 2 by surprise.

WIFE 1 AND WIFE 2
(to camera)
Are you fucking kidding me?

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Wife 3 unpacks groceries.

VO
Shealis is the only drug that
targets a woman's sense of self
just enough to make her the one to
change. Just like marriage.

Wife 3 unpacks a carton of almond milk and turns to her wife,
WIFE 4.

WIFE 3
Honey, almond milk? We're a cashew
milk household now, remember?

They turn their backs to each other and pop pills and turn
back to each other.

WIFE 4

I love you and your endless,
endless nut milk demands.

CUT TO:

GRAPHIC: AN OUTLINE OF WOMAN IN A TUBE HOLDING A VIBRATOR IN
THE STYLE OF CIALIS TUB GRAPHIC

VO

Shealis. For when you've run out of
batteries. Side effects include
headaches, fatigue, nausea,
anxiety, an increase in appetite,
addiction to multi step Korean
skincare, unexplained, sudden
fascination with true crime
podcasts, gnawing sense of dread,
fear of closed spaces, fear of open
spaces, fear that this is it and
there's no going back and your
options are dwindling with each
passing day and finally, gas. These
side effects may be confused with
marriage.

END

NO JUDGMENT BRUNCH

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

CAROL, LIZ, KATE, and BECKY, all wearing black dresses, sit at a table sipping mimosas.

LIZ

Thank you for including me, Carol!
Moving to a new city is hard!

BECKY

We have one rule: no judgment. This
is a safe place to share anything
without criticism.

LIZ

Anything? We just met.

KATE

Anything! I went to Nordstrom to
return one pair of shoes and walked
out with two new pairs!

CAROL AND BECKY

No judgment!

BECKY

I ate two brownies at the church
bake sale!

CAROL AND KATE

No judgment!

CAROL

I made my kids go on stage with
duct taped costumes. That's what
you get when you tell me last
minute about the school play.

BECKY AND KATE

No judgment!

LIZ

I had a little too much drink last
night.

CAROL, BECKY, KATE

No judgment!

LIZ

Actually I blacked out, woke up
naked on the hood of a Chevy Malibu
in a Whole Foods Parking lot with
some guy! No judgment! Right?

BECKY

Maybe a little.

Carol and Kate chime in and then Becky joins them.

CAROL, KATE, BECKY

No judgment. Not at all. Sounds
like fun.

LIZ

It's so liberating to be so open
with a group of women!

All four take a sip.

CAROL

So that PTA President, Beth mocked
me again for being a stay-at-mom.

LIZ

Don't let anyone take away your
power. No judgment!

Liz gives a power fist.

CAROL

You're right, but she just has this
hold on me.

LIZ

When I was in prison for check
fraud, I found the biggest woman on
the first day and punched her right
in the neck. No one messed with me
after that. I will punch Beth in
the neck for you.

BECKY

Prison?!

Carol and Kate glare at Becky.

BECKY (CONT'D)

No judgment.

All four take a sip.

KATE

If we're being serious, Dave and I set a wedding date, but I don't think I want to be penetrated by the same person for the rest of my life.

CAROL

No judgment! That is totally normal. I die a little every time my husband is in inside of me.

LIZ

I actually did die. I faked my own death so I can escape my husband and my asshole kids and here I am with you, my new life!

BECKY

How can you do that to your family?

LIZ

I thought this was a no judgment zone, Becky.

CAROL

You are unloading a lot on us.

LIZ

This is supposed to be a safe place to share anything. You must have more going on than brownies or cold feet or a PTA bitch!

Liz stands to plead with the entire restaurant.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Why are women so afraid to be honest with each other? What's the worst that could happen if we find out that we're all imperfect? Talk behind each other's backs? We do that anyway!

Liz sits down and stands back up.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I have blackout sex on top of Chevy Malibus, and my photo is behind every liquor store register throughout the Intermountain West and I ran away from my family and when I say all of that together I realize that maybe I don't deal with stress very well.

Liz sits back down and swipes a bottle of wine from the WAITER and collapses back in her seat. Liz chugs from the bottle while Carol and Kate take sips of their mimosas. Becky is shocked.

KATE

When I say I'm shoe shopping at Nordstrom, I mean I'm shoe stealing at Nordstrom.

Kate takes something from the table and puts it in her purse. Liz takes a pull. Carol takes out a vape pen and takes a hit. Becky is even more shocked.

CAROL

In college I made my pledge sister circle all her fat with a Sharpie then walk around naked on campus.

LIZ

Wow, shame parading is kind of your thing.

Carol takes a hit. Liz drinks. Kate opens her bag.

KATE

I don't want to get married to Dave OR his shitty penis! I just want the gifts. Weddings are like socially acceptable stealing.

Kate pulls more table items into her bag. Liz drinks. Becky is beyond shocked.

CAROL

I'm in love with Beth! She's an amazing PTA President and her hair smells like Christmas! My husband doesn't smell like Christmas! He smells like old balls and an Associates Degree!

LIZ

That is good to know because I was really going to punch her in the neck for you.

CAROL

Awww.

Kate steals Carol's mimosa.

BECKY

Okay, fine!

Becky takes out a cupcake from her bag and eats.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Fine! I ate four brownies at the church bake sale!

Pause. Carol, Liz and Kate look unimpressed. Becky slows her chewing down and savors each bite.

BECKY (CONT'D)

After I laced Father Stone's brownies with Ambien and hired two precision drivers to kill him in a staged "Ambien induced" car crash.

Becky takes a giant bite. Carol, Kate and Liz, shocked, slowly move their drinks away from Becky.

CAROL

Well, this will be a very uncomfortable funeral.

END

PRAISE TORTURE

INT. CIA BLACK SITE - DAY

BECKY sits in a metal chair with her arms bound behind her back in a dark, drab warehouse. There's a purse underneath her chair. A MALE CIA AGENT lurks over her.

BECKY

I don't know anything about a bomb!
You have the wrong person!

MALE CIA AGENT

We tried water boarding, sleep deprivation, starvation and stress positions, but I know how to finally break you!

BECKY

I can't take it anymore. Either let me go or kill me!

MALE CIA AGENT

There's one thing that's worse than death to a woman. If you're not going to tell me where the bomb is then I'm going to overwhelm you with praise and you're just going to have to take it!

BECKY

No!!!

The Agent gags Becky and she protests through the gag.

MALE CIA AGENT

(super cheerful)

You're such a great dancer! You're so thoughtful to write a message in group birthday cards instead of just signing your name! You know how to make an A-Line skirt not look like a gym class parachute! (serious) Are you ready to talk or should I keep going?

Becky nods and the agent takes off her gag.

BECKY

I'm only a good dancer because I go to a lot of weddings alone, I have nothing else to do but write messages in cards and I have asymmetrical hips!

The Agent puts the gag back in Becky's mouth. He gets in her face and gets really intense.

MALE CIA AGENT

So you'd rather deflect than tell me where the bomb is? I don't want to be nice to you. Do you think it makes me feel good to tell you that you have beautiful eyes?

Becky shrugs that compliment off through the gag.

MALE CIA AGENT (CONT'D)

You're just dying right now to tell me "Oh, I just started a new mascara." We both know that your lashes are naturally long!

Becky freaks out more.

MALE CIA AGENT (CONT'D)

Are you going to tell me where the bomb is or should I keep telling you how great you are?

Becky nods. The Agent removes the gag.

BECKY

I really did start a new mascara!

MALE CIA AGENT

God damn it! Fine! That's cool.

The Agent's tone and demeanor becomes casual and "whatevs."

MALE CIA AGENT (CONT'D)

I can find the bomb myself thanks to you. I went through your computer and you're super organized. You're a real spreadsheet whiz, aren't ya?

BECKY

Oh, not really!

MALE CIA AGENT

C'mon! You're the only one in the office who can properly pivot Excel spreadsheets. Just admit that and we can be done with this! What's the big deal?

BECKY

Just trial and error.

MALE CIA AGENT

Excel is never trial and error! There's formulas...Nevermind! Time to bring in the one person you can't stand getting compliments from: your gushing mother!

Becky's MOM enters.

MOM

Hi, sweetie. I really don't want to break you with compliments, but even if you're a terrorist, you're my terrorist! I'm just so proud of you!

BECKY

(rolling her eyes)
Jesus, Mom!

CIA AGENT

You look at your mother without rolling your eyes!

He forces Becky to look at her mom.

MOM

You were the best looking baby at the hospital. All the nurses said so!

MALE CIA AGENT

Where's the bomb?

BECKY

I don't know!

CIA AGENT

Damn it! I need back up!

A FEMALE CIA Agent enters.

FEMALE CIA AGENT
(serious, matter of fact)
Hey, Becky. As a fellow working woman, I'm pretty impressed that you're able to balance career, love, and supporting the enemy.

BECKY
I just drink a lot of coffee!

MALE CIA AGENT
Hit her again!

FEMALE CIA AGENT
(girly)
And your body is amaze! How do you do it all?

BECKY
It's just because I'm being starved to death here. You look great in those dress pants! I can't pull pants off, as you know my hips -

MALE CIA AGENT
You don't get to dismiss a compliment and then turn the compliment back on to her.

MOM
You really do have a fabulous figure, sweetie.

BECKY
You have such fantastic skin, Mom!

MOM
It just the lighting. You're right, those pants are fabulous.

FEMALE CIA AGENT
Oh, I just happen to have a great tailor.

MALE CIA AGENT
Why can't women just take a compliment?! Just say "thank you!" I take credit for stuff I don't deserve all the time.

Becky, Mom, and the Female CIA Agent glare at the Male CIA Agent.

MALE CIA AGENT (CONT'D)
Where is the bomb?! Where is it?!

BECKY
I don't know what you're talking about!

FEMALE CIA AGENT
I love your bag by the way.

BECKY
I can't find anything in it. It's like a bomb went off inside it!

Becky realizes she gave her hiding spot away.

BECKY (CONT'D)
Damn it!

The Male CIA Agent takes her purse and rifles through it.

MALE CIA AGENT
The bomb is in your purse?! Where is it? I can't find it.

BECKY
It's in the middle pocket next to the tissues. No, the other tissues.

MALE CIA AGENT
How many tissues do you need? Where?!

BECKY
Aside from making the bomb, creating the plan, and streamlining the operation, I really didn't do that much-

ALL
Just say "thank you!"

END

