

BlowCorp's Next Big Thing

Written By

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INT. BOARD ROOM -- DAY

Corporate Board Room with a table, paper easel and whiteboard. Seated at the table are PETER, GREG, TARA and AMANDA, nervously waiting for their boss to enter. They all appear to have a sort of corporate PTSD. DARREN, the boss enters. He has a frantic, loud, angry energy about him.

DARREN

All right douchebags! Let's get this fucking meeting started!

All meeting attendees snap to attention.

DARREN

Listen close and take good notes because I'm only going to say this once! OK! Our latest research is in, and Blow-Corp is moving in a new direction!

TARA

What direction...

DARREN

SHUT UUUUUUP!!!

Darren's eyes go wide. Tara flinches in horror.

DARREN

I have one word for you people. One word that describes the next big social trend, and our new direction. And that word is...

He writes a word on a whiteboard. It's "NIPPLES."

DARREN

Yes, that's right people. Nipples. We all have 'em for some fucking reason. Nipple awareness is going to be at an all-time high next year, and Blow-Corp is prepared to drop 35 million big ones on this nipple thing...

GREG

And by big ones, you mean...

DARREN

Dollars, Greg. 35 million dollars.

They all nod their heads and murmur excitedly.

DARREN

Ok, shit-dicks! I'm gonna leave the office for an unspecified time to get a sausage roll! When I come back, I expect a fully developed Blow-Corp Nipple Monetization Plan! Oh, and one of you will be fired. OK-BYE!!

Darren darts from the room. Everyone looks shell-shocked.

Amanda moves to the whiteboard and grabs a marker to take notes. The dialogue is quick and tense.

AMANDA

Ok, guys! You heard Darren. Let's start spit-balling. Ok! Thirty-thousand foot view! What do we think of when we think "Nipple"?

TARA

Mother!

PETER

Uh, boobies?

Greg chuckles. Peter and Greg high-five, stupidly.

AMANDA

You guys! Let's grow up and focus!

Tara gets up and grabs the marker from Amanda.

TARA

OK! First thought-best thought. What's our branding for nipple? GO!

PETER

Nip! Nippies! Nip-Nips!

AMANDA

Nipple! No! - sorry!. Uhhh.

GREG

Chest pops!

PETER

A booby button! It's a button! It's a...

AMANDA

It's a love button!

Tara writes and circles " Love Button."

GREG

It's a Tit...toggle!

AMANDA

It's a Nipple! No! Damn it!

Greg goes to the board and takes the marker.

GREG

Ok, guys. Think about your nipples.
What do nipples need?

The group is stuck, all trying to think of something.

TARA

(mutters) Nipples,nipples, nipples.

AMANDA

They need...moisture? Like, a balm?

GREG

Good, good! But think laterally.
You're a nipple. What does Nipple
want?

PETER

Love. Nipple wants love!

AMANDA

Protection! I would want to feel
safe and secure.

PETER

I'm a sensitive nipple. Sometimes I
just want you to stop touching me.

GREG

Good! Good!

TARA

(mutters) Nipples,nipples, nipples.

Greg writes "Moisture", "Safe" and draws a "Stop" sign.

GREG

C'mon guys. Let's get kinesthetic.
Nipples...nipples...nipples.

Greg starts to lose himself in thought as he rubs his

nipples in a circular fashion. Amanda takes the marker.

AMANDA

Ok, we need a celebrity
spokesperson! Halle Berry?

TARA

Think outside the box. I think we
need a dude.

AMANDA

Yes! Yes! Umm...Benedict
Cumberbatch is hot. Good nipples.

GREG

No, We need someone who appeals to
straight men.

PETER

Just put him on a spaceship.
Straight men like spaceships.

Amanda writes "Space ship"

TARA

Oh! Mark Wahlberg has three
nipples!

AMANDA

Is that true?

GREG

Yeah, totally. He's proud of his
third nipple. Perfect!

TARA

Oh, and I love his sexy Boston
accent. "Hi, I'm Mahhky Mahhk from
Dorcestahh." Yum.

Amanda writes "Mark Wahlberg" and circles it. She takes a
step back to read from the whiteboard.

AMANDA

Ok, we've got: Love button,
Moisture, Stop, Space-ship, and
Mark Wahlberg.

Darren bursts in suddenly.

DARREN

All right, cheesefuckers! Blow Corp
Nipple Plan! What have you got!

Amanda speaks up confidently, pointing to the board.

AMANDA

Well, Darren, I think you're going to be excited by our...

DARREN

Amanda!! You're fired for being so confident! Get the fuck out my boardroom, you backbone-having, confident piece of shit!

Amanda leaves, head down.

DARREN

Peter! You!! What's the plan?!

PETER

Well, Darren -- we're really pushing the envelope on this one, but I believe we're all on the same page with BlowCorp's new Nipple campaign. And it looks like this...

CUT TO:

INT. SPACESHIP -- DAY

Mark Wahlberg, shirtless, floating in zero gravity. Slow pop music playing softly.

MARK (V.O.)

Space. Man's final frontier. But sometimes a man gets wicked lonely in space. I have my astronaut entourage, but...Who's gonna touch my love buttons?

A hatch opens. A GORGEOUS WOMAN floats in wearing a bra and silver space pants. She kisses Mark passionately, then runs her hand down his chest. He pulls her hand back from his nipple, and shakes his head slowly: Nope - Don't touch the nipple. She looks at him, her eyes pleading. He kisses her, then looks into her eyes.

MARK

Don't worry. I've got protection.

Mark reaches over and grabs a box BLOWCORP MOISTURIZING LOVE BUTTON PROTECTION STRIPS. The woman takes 3 protection strips out of the box. They look like little Stop-sign stickers. She applies them to each of Mark's three nipples. They embrace.

MARK (V.O.)

Love is one thing. I'm down with
love, for sure. But when you're
Mark Wahlberg in space, you've
gotta look out for numbah one.

INSERT: Close up of Love Button Protection Strips box and
strips on a tabletop.

MARK (V.O)

BlowCorp Moisturizing Love Button
Protection Strips. Because safety
matters, ahright?

SCENE.