

BUT WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Pilot

Written by

Brad Grusnick

Contact:
Jermaine Johnson
Jjohnson@3arts.com

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. INFOMERCIAL KITCHEN SET - DAY

GREGG ADAMS, a handsome man in his mid-40s, stands behind a counter talking TO CAMERA. He is equal parts Billy Mays, Ron Popeil, and Tony Robbins, dressed in his signature PURPLE POLO SHIRT and BLACK JEANS.

GREGG

Gregg Adams here for Blend n'
Slush! Whether you want chunky
guacamole, perfect whipped cream--

He demos each of the DIPS.

GREGG (CONT'D)

-- or dinner for grandma to drink
through a straw--

CAMERA PANS TO a TOOTHLESS OLD WOMAN sitting in a wheelchair, holding a SMOOTHIE. She smiles a gummy smile and waves.

GREGG (CONT'D)

-- the Blend n' Slush does the job
right!

Gregg bends down and takes off one of his SHOES.

GREGG (CONT'D)

To show you just how powerful this
machine is, I'm going to turn one
of these brand new Salvatore
Ferragamos into a protein shake. If
only they had the Blend n' Slush
during the Depression, am I right,
Nana?

He laughs at his own joke as he hands the Old Woman his shoe. She pretends to gum the leather and shrugs as the terrible studio audience APPLAUDS.

Gregg takes the shoe back, puts it into the device and hits the button. The machine WHIRRS to life and then jams.

GREGG (CONT'D)

The patented B.S. Blades give you
up to FIFTEEN different settings...

One of the BLADES shoots out of the top of the machine, slicing Gregg's hand down the middle. BLOOD gushes everywhere.

GREGG (CONT'D)
MOTHER FU---

The IMAGE of Gregg holding his spurting hand PAUSES.

CUT TO:

INT. TEEVEE SOLUTIONS - OFFICE

Gregg sits, cringing at a TV Screen, holding his BANDAGED HAND.

HARRY REDLANDS (50s), his overbearing boss, stares at Gregg across the desk, holding a REMOTE.

GREGG
You can edit that out, right?

HARRY
It's already on YouTube.

Harry turns his LAPTOP to face Gregg and hits the PLAY BUTTON on a YouTube clip.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Shaky cell phone camera footage.

Greg jumps around in pain, knocks over the Old Woman's wheelchair, and sprays the front row with blood like it's watermelon juice at a Gallagher show.

The litany of obscenities that flow from Gregg's mouth are covered in a LONG CONTINUOUS BLEEP.

BACK TO SCENE

Harry turns the laptop back around.

GREGG
I said that? What the hell is a [BLEEPING BLEEP BLEEPER]?

HARRY
I'm sure one of the 8 million viewers could tell you.

GREGG
8 million hits? Suck it, LOLzCatz.

HARRY

That old woman is suing us.

GREGG

She probably still thinks you can take the bus for a nickel. We'll pay her off in war bonds and butterscotch candies.

HARRY

Why would you try to blend your shoe? How drunk were you during this taping?

GREGG

Drunk? I wasn't-- Buzzed, maybe, but drunk? Pssh!

HARRY

I gotta let you go, Gregg.

GREGG

Because I kicked Susan B. Anthony on YouTube?

HARRY

And this.

Harry spins the laptop back to face Gregg.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN

A clip from the TMZ website plays.

TMZ ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Celebrity Pitchman, Gregg Adams, can't get any lower. Drunk and wading through the L.A. River, our cameras caught up with him.

The CAMERA CREW runs up to Gregg, who is wandering pantsless down the cement embankment of the L.A. River, eating FRIES out of a grease-stained bag. They stick the camera in his face.

GREGG

(slurring)

I still think there's a chance she'll take me back.

Gregg then vurps half a french fry up onto the TMZ mic, shrugs, picks it up and eats it.

BACK TO SCENE

GREGG (CONT'D)

How many more of those do you have bookmarked?

HARRY

I'm not heartless, Gregg. I've been through several messy divorces myself, but I don't think we can recover from this. Do you know how much money we're going to lose on the Blend n' Slush?

GREGG

If I guess the over/under do I get to keep my job?

HARRY

How can you be so flip about this?

GREGG

Because it's nonsense! I'm the face of this company. We started it together. I am TeeVee Solutions.

HARRY

You're an alcoholic mess.

GREGG

Oh really?

Gregg leaps onto Harry's desk, kicking the laptop into the wall. He starts unbuckling his pants.

GREGG (CONT'D)

You wanna see a mess? I'm gonna take a gigantic, wet dump on your desk right now and it's not going to matter. You can't fire me!

CUT TO:

INT. TEEVEE SOLUTIONS - HALLWAY

SECURITY GUARDS have Gregg by the arms, his pants around his ankles. They drag him down the hallway of the TeeVee Solutions studios, past LARGE FRAMED POSTERS for all of the products Gregg has pitched over the years:

SUPER FIXIT GOO, BUFF SHAMMY, NITROWHISK, THE BEAN BAKER, VACU-BUDDY, and THE BLEND N' SLUSH.

All of the posters feature a picture of Gregg with two thumbs up and say, "TRIPLE G GUARANTEE OR YOUR PURCHASE IS FREE!"

GREGG

Can I at least wipe my ass before I
have to get in my car?

FADE OUT.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONEIN BLACK:CHRYON: SIX MONTHS LATERFADE IN:

CLOSE ON a picture of Gregg giving his signature, "Thumbs Up."

CAMERA PULLS OUT to REVEAL:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

A display has a big sign on it that says "FROM YOUR TEEVEE!"

An assortment of products with Gregg's face on them is marked: "CLEARANCE! 75% OFF!"

Not far from the display, Gregg stands in front of a CHEESE SAMPLE STATION. He is unshaven and disheveled.

A YOUNG MOTHER pushing cart with a TODDLER in it walks by him. He creeps her out and she pushes past him quickly.

GREGG
(with little effort)
Special today on blocks of Chipotle
Cheddar. Spicy deliciousness.
Triple G Guarantee.

Gregg eats one of the cheese squares and pulls an ENERGY DRINK off the shelf behind him.

As he takes a swig, spilling half of it down his front, a BRIGHT LIGHT shines on Gregg's face and he squints at it, trying to shoo it away. CLICK!

Gregg blinks away the flash to see SKIP HALLIGAN standing in front of him. Skip is in his late 30s and dressed in a three-piece suit.

He holds his PHONE out to Gregg.

SKIP
See that? That's what bottom looks
like.

GREGG
Go away, Skip.

SKIP

(fiddling with his phone)
 Annndd... now it's on Facebook.
 (putting his phone away)
 What're you doing?

GREGG

Slowly killing myself with cheese
 and electrolytes.

SKIP

You couldn't find a better gig than
 this?

GREGG

It's not so bad. Decent hours. Free
 food. And I'm banging the deli
 counter girl.

Gregg points to the meat department.

MARCIE, a frumpy, weird-looking deli girl waves at them
 flirtatiously. One of her eyes wanders to an unknown focal
 point.

GREGG (CONT'D)

She's gross, but we use the produce
 section as our personal sex shop,
 so...

SKIP

Alright, I can't watch this. You're
 coming with me.

GREGG

I'm not going anywhere. This is my
 new life. Sure, it's not glamorous,
 but I don't need family handouts. I
 still have my pride.

The grocery store PA crackles on.

PA (V.O.)

Vomit cleanup in Aisle 3.

GREGG

That's me... and it's probably
 mine.

Gregg takes off his apron and heads toward Aisle 3. Skip
 follows.

SKIP

Listen, I feel bad my sister left you and ruined your life, so I'm here to make amends.

GREGG

You don't have to do that. And thank you for bringing up Gloria. I hadn't thought of her in at least 15 minutes. Now I have to drown my pain in icky sex.

(yelling)

Marcie! Grab some plantains and meet me behind the dairy case!

Marcie claps her hands and whips off her hair net, revealing another layer of disaster. Skip grabs Gregg's arm.

SKIP

I've got a job for you, Man. I'm not going to stand around while my brother-in-law flushes his life down the toilet and gets fruit seeds stuck in his pee hole.

GREGG

(to himself)

That's why I'm sore down there! I thought it was Gonorrhoea.

SKIP

I need your help. Look at this as an opportunity to rise up like the Phoenix from the ashes... even if you do smell like a lumberjack's gooch.

GREGG

They shut off my water. I've been bathing in mop water and PineSol.

(then)

Okay, now I see how pathetic I am. Lead the way.

They walk past the deli counter where Marcie is putting CONDOMS on a bunch of PLANTAINS. She looks crestfallen as they leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Skip's car drives through a run-down part of town.

INT. SKIP'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Gregg looks out the window at the slum they are driving through. Skip rolls down his window and sprays AIR FRESHENER.

GREGG

Is this a set up? Did Gloria hire you to murder me in East L.A.?

SKIP

Like she would risk stopping the alimony and child support.

GREGG

Selfish bitch doesn't even have the common courtesy to have me killed.

SKIP

Does that mean you're okay with not having insurance? I'm waiting for Obamacare to kick in.

Skip pulls the car into a driveway through a LARGE GATE that looks like it should be on a prison, except for all the graffiti.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The guys walk toward the door to a large warehouse.

GREGG

Are you in the CIA? Is this a secret bunker or something?

SKIP

Relax.

GREGG

Are we going to some weird S&M club?

Skip opens the door for Gregg and gives him the "After You" motion. Gregg hesitates, but goes inside.

INT. AMERIC-INNOVATIONS STUDIOS - MAIN ROOM

Gregg and Skip walk the floor of a studio teeming with activity. A production manager who looks like a Hell's Angel, REESE LAUGHLIN (50s), is working on a KITCHEN SET with a small crew.

Two lab technicians in their 20s, OMAR OLAG (an awkward Eric Stonestreet-type) and DENNY VEBER (a sarcastic hipster) are preparing a series of demonstrations off to the side, deep in conversation.

GREGG

What the hell is this?

SKIP

Welcome to Americ-innovations.

GREGG

I was mentally prepared for some devil worshipping kinky underage club. When did you start a infomercial production company?

SKIP

You didn't think I really made my money in the Cuban Lottery, did you?

GREGG

La Loteria del Grande Beardo isn't a thing?

SKIP

You were the inspiration for this place. Well, you were, before you made a smoothie out of shoe leather and fingers.

GREGG

I'm done being a pitchman, Skip. That part of my life is over. I'm a laughing stock.

SKIP

The public has a short memory.

GREGG

It's been six months and I'm still a punchline on Letterman's Top Ten List every night.

SKIP

So what? Letterman is still making Buttafuoco jokes.

GREGG

That doesn't make me feel better.

SKIP

Everything we do here is for
foreign markets. Most of the stuff
we have here, we can't sell in
America. Goddamn FDA.

Their conversation is interrupted by KARA GRAFTON, an
intense, pretty woman in her early 30s.

KARA

Skip, we've got a problem.

SKIP

Gregg, this is our producer, Kara
Grafton. She runs this machine.

KARA

(to Gregg)

Hardly recognized you with your
pants on.

GREGG

(to Skip)

Public has a short memory, huh?

She hands Skip what looks like a small BOTTLE OF LOTION.

KARA

This foot cream is giving people
hallucinations and occasionally
Muscular Dystrophy.

SKIP

(confused)

Isn't Muscular Dystrophy genetic?

KARA

What can I say? Sucker's an affront
to science.

Skip opens the bottle and smells it.

SKIP

Too bad. Smells like summertime.

He holds it out to Gregg to smell, but Gregg swats it away.

SKIP (CONT'D)

Shelve it until we can figure out a
way to re-brand it.

Kara walks away.

GREGG

You want me to sell people this stuff?

SKIP

No, not this stuff, it cripples people. You heard her.

GREGG

I mean, the stuff you sell here.

SKIP

You can pitch anything. I'm bleeding money, and my other spokesperson is... well...

Gregg gets a huge hug from behind him, engulfing his arms.

VIVIAN

(hidden behind Gregg)

Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod! Gregg Adams! In the flesh!

The tiny arms let go of Gregg and spin him around. A tiny walking ball of energy, VIVIAN ST. CLAIR, late 20s, beams at him, her smile engulfing her face.

SKIP

That.

VIVIAN

Vivian St. Clair, Pitchwoman Extraordinaire. See what I did there? Rhyming.

GREGG

Uh...

VIVIAN

Everything I've ever done is an homage to you and your legacy.

(doing a pretty good impression of Gregg)

TRIPLE G GUARANTEE OR YOUR PURCHASE IS FREE!

(normal voice)

That was neat. I have to go the bathroom.

Vivian runs off. Gregg looks at Skip.

SKIP

Lotta energy that one.

Omar and Denny walk up to them. Omar holds a WONDERJUICER.

OMAR

Skip, it seems that this new juicer will survive a fall exceeding 500 feet.

DENNY

But it explodes every time you put citrus fruit in it.

SKIP

You sure?

DENNY

We ran out of interns before we ran out of oranges.

SKIP

I'll call DeVry, get you some replacements.

(to Gregg)

These are the nerds. Omar and Denny. Research and Development.

Gregg rubs his hand, wary of the juicer.

GREGG

Keep that thing away from me.

OMAR

I just have to say, Mr. Adams, your demonstrations with motor oil and the Buff Shammy are what got me through college.

GREGG

Lemme guess, still a virgin?

Omar blushes.

SKIP

It's a good group. What do you say?

GREGG

Is everything you make of a questionable origin?

OMAR

Not... everything.

SKIP

But the LawnNinja you pitched a few years ago wasn't exactly safe either.

GREGG

I never pitched the LawnNinja.

SKIP

Oh, yeah. That was us.

DENNY

(pulling one hand into his sleeve)

Lotta single gloves sold in Finland that year.

GREGG

I'm not selling this stuff. I want to keep what's left of my limbs.

SKIP

This is your opportunity to corner an entirely new market. Put yourself back on top. Be a household name in Lesotho.

GREGG

Where?

OMAR

A tiny country inside South Africa.

DENNY

Their chief exports are diamonds and refugees.

GREGG

I made TV products a viable business. I'm the face of reliability. I'm not working here.

SKIP

You were just lamenting that you were a laughing stock.

Reese, the production manager, walks up to them. He claps Gregg on the back.

REESE

Adams! Real pleasure, Man. You see Letterman last night? Classic.

GREGG

You think this is a way to redeem my credibility?

SKIP

You were a grocery boy this morning!

GREGG

And nobody knew it! But I start putting my face on Jerry Lewis Lotion and I'll never live that down!

SKIP

You're never going to be that guy again. The Gregg Adams you think you are, doesn't exist anymore.

Skip's insult lands. Gregg takes in a deep breath.

GREGG

Then you'll have no trouble finding someone else to exploit. I'm not a dancing monkey, here to lead this band of retards into selling stuff that mutilates Scandinavians. I'm better than this. I'm better than all of you!

The entire crew stares at Gregg in shock.

Gregg walks off, slamming out the door.

Vivian runs up to Skip in the silence.

VIVIAN

Sorry. A number twosies crept up on me. Where'd Gregg go?

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOFADE IN:EXT. GREGG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The last vestige of Gregg's empire. The gardeners haven't been by in a while.

There is a pile of mail on the front stoop, including a lot of red FINAL NOTICE letters.

Gregg stops when he notices the door has been forced open.

INT. GREGG'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

He wanders down the hall of his house, looking for the intruder. He clutches a BACK SMOOTHER, a toilet-brush-like-wand that spurts lotion, and brandishes it as a weapon.

There isn't much to steal. Everything has been picked apart by the divorce.

GREGG

(whispering to himself)

"TV Pitchman Killed by Burglar" has
a nice ring to it.

Gregg hears a noise and breathes a sigh of relief as a VACU-BUDDY (a combination Roomba and Rosie from the Jetsons) scoots out of another room and circles at his feet.

He hears something out on the patio.

A SILHOUETTE passes by the open screen door.

GREGG (CONT'D)

Die, intruder!

EXT. GREGG'S HOUSE - PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Gregg attacks, but trips over the Vacu-Buddy. LOTION sprays out of his weapon, causing him to slip and slide into the unskimmed pool.

As he sputters to the surface, he sees a TEENAGE GIRL in Goth makeup, smoking a clove, wearing a torn Descendants T-shirt.

LIBBY

Hi Daddy.

INT. GREGG'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Gregg sits at the kitchen counter, dripping water everywhere, not caring enough to dry himself off.

Libby pulls a Blend n' Slush from under the counter. She dumps in VODKA and ICE CREAM, topping it off with CHOCOLATE SAUCE.

When she hits the button, Gregg covers his head and leaps onto the couch in "Duck and Cover" position.

GREGG
Fire in the hole!

LIBBY
Jumpy much?

She pours a glass and takes a sip of the Mudslide. Gregg snatches it from her.

GREGG
How can you still use that thing?

LIBBY
It works fine if there's not a shoe in it.

GREGG
Are you just getting back from a human sacrifice? What are you wearing?

LIBBY
I left my purple polo in my other bag. Are you even going to ask what I'm doing here?

GREGG
No. Figured you'd give me some extravagant excuse as to why you aren't in Costa Rica with your mother.

LIBBY
All her and Arturo do is drink and screw. Caught them on the couch the other day. So much grunting in Spanish--

GREGG
Stop--

LIBBY

-- it sounded like a migrant worker trying to get his horse out of the mud.

Gregg dry heaves a little.

GREGG

Okay! I get it. But you can't be here.

LIBBY

Why?

GREGG

Look at me, Libby. I'm a disaster. This isn't a child-safe environment.

LIBBY

Was it ever?

GREGG

I could've killed you if Gloria hadn't gotten in the way.

He points at the Vacu-Buddy, now stuck in the corner.

LIBBY

You named your robot maid after Mom?

GREGG

A heartless thing that sucks? Yep.

She stares at him.

GREGG (CONT'D)

I'm broke, Lib.

LIBBY

What about the new business Uncle Skip hired you for?

GREGG

How do you know about that?

LIBBY

We're Facebook friends. Saw that picture from this morning. Brutal.

GREGG

I'm not taking a pity job from Skip.

LIBBY

Why not?

GREGG

It's a madhouse. Hocking crap
people don't need and shouldn't
have.

LIBBY

How is that different from your
last job?

GREGG

(realizing)
I honestly don't know.

LIBBY

Well, we're going to need some
cash. And from the looks of this
place, we're going to need it soon.

GREGG

Your mom's going to be pissed you
came back.

LIBBY

All the more reason for me to stay.

GREGG

I do like her unhappy.

LIBBY

Take the job with Skip.

GREGG

No. I'm fine at the grocery store.

LIBBY

What've you got to lose?

GREGG

Based on what I saw this morning?
Most of my fingers.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - THE NEXT DAY

CLOSE ON a bunch of COCKTAIL WIENERS that look like severed
fingers.

WIDE REVEAL: Gregg standing behind his demonstration table. He dumps the wieners into a slow cooker, then fills it with random condiments; BBQ SAUCE, MAYO, MUSTARD, SOY SAUCE, and RANCH DRESSING.

He cracks a BEER, pours a dash in and chugs the rest.

He looks at the last wiener before tossing it into the pot.

GREGG
(to himself)
Someone had fun castrating hobbits.

He eats it.

Libby steps out from the end of one of the aisles. She looks around for him, a bit troubled. He smiles as he sees her.

GREGG (CONT'D)
Hey. What's up? You hungry?
These'll be done in a minute.

LIBBY
First, Ew. Second, we have to go.

She grabs his arm and pulls him from behind the table.

GREGG
I can't. Got in trouble for
disappearing yesterday.

LIBBY
Listen to me. M--

GREGG
I got a "de-merit." Whatever the
hell that is--

LIBBY
Dad!--

GREGG
--But I put a urinal cake in the
macaroni salad, so guess who won
that battle?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
You always were childish.

Gregg's eyes go wide when he hears the voice.

REVERSE on GLORIA, his ex-wife. She is in her 40s, gorgeous, and perfectly put together.

LIBBY
Tried to tell you.

GREGG
Gloria? What're you--?

GLORIA
I knew you had fallen from grace,
Gregg, but this is, well...
embarrassing.
(then)
Elizabeth get in the car.

LIBBY
No!

GREGG
You look really good, Gloria.

LIBBY
Dad!

GREGG
(it hurts to ask)
How's Arturo?

GLORIA
Insatiable. Have you managed to
find new love yet, Gregg?

Gregg looks over to the Deli Counter where Marcie sticks her
tongue out of a MASK made of LUNCH MEAT.

GREGG
(quickly)
No.
(trying to sound secure)
But I'm okay with that.

GLORIA
Sure you are. Well, this has been
an enjoyable and expensive charade,
but now it's time to go home.

LIBBY
I am home.

GLORIA
Look at your father. Do you really
think any judge in the world would
deem him a competent parent right
now?

Gregg opens his mouth to say something but doesn't.

LIBBY
(jumping in)
He just took a job with Uncle Skip.

GLORIA
He did what?

GREGG
I did what?

LIBBY
Dad's going to be a pitchman again,
so he'll have no problem supporting
us.

GREGG
(playing along)
Uh... yep.

GLORIA
Another one of Skip's business
ventures? It'll be bankrupt before
you cash your first check.

GREGG
Maybe...

Gregg looks at Libby. She really doesn't want to go.

GREGG (CONT'D)
But, until then, Libby seems
happier here.

Gloria looks at both of them with fire in her eyes.

GLORIA
Fine. Arturo and I had a trip to
the Riviera planned, anyway. Since
you have enough capital to feed
her, she can stay for the month.
After that, we'll see what my
lawyer has to say about this. Enjoy
your visit, Elizabeth. It will be
over soon.

Gloria leaves in a flourish. Libby wraps her arms around
Gregg.

LIBBY
I take back every bad thing I've
blogged about you.

GREGG

(upset)

Thanks a lot, Lib! Now I have to take that job with Skip! What about what I want?

LIBBY

Don't you want me to stay?

GREGG

Of course, but--

LIBBY

But, what? What's here that's so great?

Marcie walks up to them, still wearing her meat mask.

MARCIE

Hi. I'm your new mommy.

Libby looks at Gregg, not amused.

GREGG

Goddammit.

CUT TO:

INT. AMERIC-INNOVATIONS STUDIOS - CONFERENCE ROOM

Kara leads a production meeting. The WonderJuicer Omar and Denny showed Gregg earlier sits in the middle of the table.

KARA

Any ideas on how to keep people from putting lemons in this thing?

Gregg enters. He's trimmed his beard and looks relatively clean. He sits at the table like he belongs there.

GREGG

What did I miss?

Vivian runs up and wraps her arms around him.

VIVIAN

You're back! So this one time, I stuck my eyelids shut with Super Fixit Goo and--

KARA

Vi!

VIVIAN
Yeah. Hi. What?

KARA
Gregg, can I talk to you for a
second?

She motions for him to follow her into the hallway.

INT. AMERIC-INNOVATIONS STUDIOS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

KARA
What the hell are you doing here?

GREGG
You need a pitchman, I need a job.

KARA
You made it very clear you were
better than us.

GREGG
That? I was... that was...

KARA
We may not be doing the best work
here, but these people care about
this place. We don't need you
coming in here and ruining that.

GREGG
I was out of line and a little
drunk.

KARA
How drunk are you now?

GREGG
Middling.

KARA
I don't know what kind of crap
people put up with at TeeVee
Solutions, but these are good
people and they didn't deserve what
you said yesterday.

GREGG
You're right. They deserve the
truth.

Gregg goes back into the conference room.

KARA

Hey!

INT. AMERIC-INNOVATIONS STUDIOS - CONFERENCE ROOM

Gregg stands in front of the table, staring at a lot of angry faces. He smiles his huckster smile at them.

GREGG

Everyone. I'm not better than this place. This place is better than me. I'd be lucky to work here with you. Full disclosure: yesterday I was mopping up vomit.

KARA

And?

GREGG

And...

(searching for the right answer)

I've probably got raspberry seeds under my foreskin?

REESE

(under his breath)

We've all been there.

KARA

Not what I was looking for.

GREGG

Oh. Uh... Sorry?

KARA

There it is. Knew you'd get there eventually.

GREGG

Look, I'm a great salesman, but once those cameras turn off... I can't turn the pitchman off. I act like a jackass to cover up my insecurities. Gimme another chance to show I can be a part of this team.

The room is silent for a moment.

SKIP (O.S.)

We're closing down if we don't sell some crap quick.

Gregg turns around to see Skip in the doorway.

SKIP (CONT'D)

And for that we need a good
salesman when the cameras are on.

GREGG

Even if he's an insufferable prick
when they're off?

SKIP

You said it, not me.

Omar raises his hand. Gregg is confused, but calls on him.

GREGG

Yeah, uh, Nerd Guy?

OMAR

I just want to say, I have an I.Q.
of 168.

GREGG

Okay?

OMAR

I'm not a retard.

KARA

We know, Omar.

VIVIAN

The doctors say I could go either
way.

KARA

We know, Vi.

GREGG

What'd you say, guys? Give me a
shot?

REESE

What do you know about juicers?

CUT TO:

INT. AMERIC-INNOVATIONS STUDIOS - KITCHEN SET

Omar, Denny, Reese and Gregg stand behind the counter. The WonderJuicer sits in front of them.

DENNY

Can we just say, "Don't put fruits in it?"

REESE

Didn't work for the military, won't work for us.

GREGG

You never want to put negative information in a pitch. It should always be about all the things it can do, not the things it can't.

OMAR

So we have to be really specific about what this is used for?

GREGG

Nobody is going to use a foot scraper on their elbows, even if they can. The masses are stupid. It's a weird psychological thing.

DENNY

Like people thinking they have to like Radiohead?

OMAR

What's wrong with Radiohead?

DENNY

(disappointed)
They got to you too.

GREGG

What if we paired it with a no-fruit diet?

REESE

Veggies? We could call it "The Kale Kompactor"?

GREGG

Too close to the crisper drawer. Somebody might grab a lime thinking it's an avocado.

OMAR

Ha! Clearly one is *persea americana* and the other is *citrus aurantifolia*.

They all look at him, confused.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Sorry. Seemed like the perfect opportunity to talk like a character from "The Big Bang Theory."

DENNY
And?

OMAR
Felt a little forced.

REESE
(back to the task at hand)
How about we use it for all-protein juice blends? A meat blender.

GREGG
Isn't that just ripping off the Bass O'Matic?

REESE
That was 1976. Nobody remembers Dan Aykroyd before he looked like Chris Christie.

Denny goes to the set refrigerator and pulls out a bunch of LUNCH MEAT.

GREGG
Have you tested it on meat before?

OMAR
No, but there's a first time for everything.

Omar pours the meat into the juicer and hits the PUREE BUTTON.

Gregg shrieks and leaps over the counter, cowering.

The juicer works fine.

REESE
Gregg?

GREGG
Just a little gun shy after my incident. Fire it up again.

OMAR
You sure?

GREGG
Yeah, it's fine.

Omar hits the button again. Gregg swats it across the room.

GREGG (CONT'D)
Die devil machine!

DENNY
Well, we can't have you pitching a
Meat Juicer if you can't be in the
same room with it.

REESE
Did a blender give you PTSD?

GREGG
I don't think I can do this. I need
some air.

Gregg leaves the set.

REESE
So, is he going to work here or
not? The suspense is killing me.

Reese drinks the MEAT JUICE out of the carafe.

REESE (CONT'D)
And that's terrible.

FADE OUT.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREEFADE IN:EXT. AMERIC-INNOVATIONS STUDIOS - PARKING LOT

Gregg sits against the building, rubbing the scar on his hand.

KARA (O.S.)

Hey.

GREGG

I'm a prick off-camera, I can't perform on-camera. I'm worthless.

KARA

No, you're not.

GREGG

30 minutes ago you hated my guts. I'm supposed to believe you've had a change of heart.

Kara sits down next to him.

KARA

No. But I'm your boss, I have to at least try to pretend to cheer you up.

Gregg snorts.

KARA (CONT'D)

You know... I bought a Nitrowhisk... and a Bean Baker... and a Blend n' Slush.

GREGG

You're not as smart as I thought.

KARA

You always had such confidence in what you sold. Like it didn't matter what anyone else said, you said it worked and everyone else could buzz off.

GREGG

Years of cultivated hubris.

KARA

Why did you really come back here?

GREGG

My daughter showed up on my
doorstep.

KARA

That a bad thing or good thing?

GREGG

Good thing... but then her mother
showed up.

KARA

I've seen the YouTube videos.
Definite bad thing.

GREGG

I always thought her mother was
screwing her up while I just stood
by and watched it happen. Now I'm
pretty sure I was screwing her up
just as much.

KARA

Our parents all screwed us up.

GREGG

Is that why you're so uptight?

Kara shoots him a look.

GREGG (CONT'D)

I lie for a living. That's what I
do. Did. And I have nothing to show
for it. Nothing to pass on to her.
But if I don't keep doing this, she
goes back with her mother...

(with vitriol)

...and Arturo.

Kara stands up.

KARA

C'mon. Get back in there.

GREGG

I can't demonstrate that thing.

KARA

You don't have to. You just do what
you do best, pitch the hell out of
it. We'll do the rest.

Gregg stands.

GREGG
What do you mean?

KARA
We had done one or two of these
before we hired you.

GREGG
But they weren't as good without
me, right?

KARA
And there's that hubris, right back
on track.

She opens the door for him.

KARA (CONT'D)
You really think I'm uptight?

GREGG
I thought the stick up your ass was
going to snap when you sat down.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN SET - DAY

IN BLACK AND WHITE

Vivian is in a fat suit, pretending to be a housewife,
snacking on a HUGE CAKE.

V.O.
Are you out of shape?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Vivian running down the road, pretending to be winded.

V.O.
Yo-yo diets not giving you the
results you need?

INT. KITCHEN SET - CONTINUOUS

Vivian eats a single CELERY STICK, makes a face, then digs
into a huge plate of BUFFALO WINGS.

V.O.
Cravings for junk food out of
control?

Vivian looks at the camera frustrated.

V.O. (CONT'D)
Well, not anymore!

SCREEN FLASHES TO COLOR

Gregg steps into the kitchen in his signature purple shirt
and black pants.

GREGG
Hi, Gregg Adams here for Americ-
Innovations! Your weight problems
will be a thing of the past with
help from, THE MEATERIZER!

Product shot of the new product "The Meaterizer!"

EXT. BARNYARD - DAY

Gregg walks past a menagerie of PETTING ZOO ANIMALS.

GREGG
Combining the patented power of
juice diets with the weight loss
power of protein, The Meaterizer
Diet will transform your life!

INT. KITCHEN SET - CONTINUOUS

Vivian places a CHICKEN BREAST into the Meaterizer and the
juice flows into a cup. She takes a big swig and is
immediately TRANSFORMED into her skinny self.

EXT. BARNYARD - CONTINUOUS

Gregg stands in front of various animals.

GREGG
You can juice any protein in this
machine.

Gregg stands in front of a COW.

GREGG (CONT'D)
Beef!

INTERCUT with Vivian on set juicing each meat as Gregg mentions it.

GREGG (CONT'D)
Lamb! Boar! Alligator! It's also
perfect for Pescatarians!

DAN AYKROYD stands next to Vivian and puts a BASS into the MEATERIZER.

GREGG (CONT'D)
But wait, there's more! If you
order The Meaterizer from Americ-
Innovations in the next 20 minutes,
you get a free Flavor Enhancer,
ensuring your meat is fresh from
the farm, right to your kitchen.

Vivian holds a bottle of the paralyzing foot lotion and pours it down the gullet of a FERRET. It dies immediately and is fed into the juicer.

Vivian drinks the liquid.

VIVIAN
Thanks Meaterizer!

GREGG
Only \$19.99! Order now! I give it
my Triple G Guarantee!

Gregg flashes his signature, "Thumbs up."

A DISCLAIMER flashes across the bottom of the screen: **All animals were harmed in the making of this video.**

CUT TO:

INT. AMERIC-INNOVATIONS - SKIP'S OFFICE - DAY

Gregg and Libby sit on the couch as Skip pauses the infomercial on his office TV.

LIBBY
That. Was. Gross. Please tell me
the next thing you guys sell won't
get me kidnapped by PETA?

GREGG
Have we gotten any calls about the
live ferret murder?

SKIP

Yeah! We're actually going to have to make more of that stuff. Apparently ferret infestations are destroying the Latvian economy.

Kara KNOCKS on the open door frame.

KARA

Hey. Just wanted to let you know, we've already got orders for 4000 units in Eastern Europe. Cash money.

SKIP

That's enough to put us in the black for another month.

GREGG

And we're sure the "Flavor Enhancer" is safe?

KARA

The reduced solution Omar and Denny worked out is non-toxic to humans.

SKIP

Sounds like a win to me.

Kara smiles at Gregg before leaving.

KARA

Good job, Adams.

She exits.

GREGG

(calling after her)
Thanks!

LIBBY

Calm down, eager beaver. She's out of your league.

GREGG

What? I'm not-- no.

LIBBY

I'd hit that if I were you.

GREGG

Eww.

SKIP

You two wanna grab a bite before
you head home? Maybe a drink?

GREGG

Nope, I'm off the sauce. We have a
court date in a month. Haven't had
a drink in...

Gregg checks his watch.

GREGG (CONT'D)

Twenty minutes.

LIBBY

One hour at a time.

They move to leave.

GREGG

Plus Libby starts classes tomorrow.
Have to train her in how the public
school system works.

LIBBY

Basically prison rules, right?

GREGG

Yep.

SKIP

I'll see you tomorrow, Gregg.

GREGG

(smiling)

Yeah. Yeah, I suppose you will.

Gregg and Libby exit.

Skip smiles as he switches on the TV and settles into the
couch.

The Late Show with David Letterman is on. DAVE reads the Top
Ten list.

DAVE

(on TV)

Top Ten Reasons China is going to
take over the world. Number 10,
"The Obamas are all obsessed with
Twilight." Number 9, "Gregg Adams."

SKIP

Really, Dave?

Skip takes a drink out of the cup on his desk.

SKIP (CONT'D)
(to himself)
The ferret juice isn't half bad.

DAVE
(on TV)
Number 8, "Happy Shrimp Special
Number 23."

He takes another sip.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(on TV)
Number 7, "Buttafuoco."

Skip does a spit take and laughs uproariously.

SKIP
Still got it, Dave. Still got it.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

END OF SHOW