

Love Me Booty

By

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INT. BOARDROOM DAY

The small boardroom is completely plain. The walls are a dirty blue-gray, the floor has a tan carpet. The table that seats five only has one empty chair. At the back of the room is a table with a pitcher of water and some glasses.

Inside are FOUR EMPLOYEES sitting at a black table.

To the left sits BEN(34), a white man leaning back in his chair while chewing gum, a tie hangs loosely around his wrinkled button-up shirt.

Next to Ben sits MARSHALL(45), a Black man dressed in shined black shoes and a crisp worn gray button-up. Marshall is shifting his weight away from the group trying to not draw attention to himself.

On the other side sits PAMELA(34), a stylish blond woman in a red sweater and tight pencil skirt typing away on her laptop and drinking a coffee. Through her cat-eye glasses she glares at Ben's LOUD CHEWING.

At the table sits DEVAN the intern(24), a baby faced korean employee looks from the clock to the empty seat while bouncing his leg nervously.

BEN

Where is this guy? I don't know
about all of you guys but I don't
wanna sit here waiting all day. I
bet he's Chinese. We're lucky Dev
here was on time.

Ben hits Devan on the shoulder playfully. Devan responds with a tight smile that does not meet his eyes.

Pamela does not look up from her laptop, though her left eye does twitch and her body tenses up.

PAMELA

He's only three minutes late and we
were only emailed about this
meeting to improve our brand last
night. Respond to emails if you
need something to do.

When Ben turns to look at Pamela, Devan's body relaxes and he lets out a SIGH of relief.

BEN

Lighten up a bit, Pamela. Tell you
what, after the meeting let's all

(MORE)

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BEN (cont'd)
take our lunch break and head down
to Hard On's Strip Club together.
I'll even use the company card to
pay for us to get some lap dances.
Though Marsh here might not wanna
come, half of the girls workin are
probably his daughters.

Ben gives a short LAUGH at his own joke.

Marshall takes a deep breath, closing his eyes for a moment,
waiting for Ben's laughter to die down.

Devan flinches, though forces himself to CHUCKLE.

Pamela quietly GROANS, wincing.

MARSHALL
Let's just give him another five
minutes.

Ben throws his hands up before slumping back in his seat,
arms crossed.

BEN
If he doesn't get here soon we're
starting without him. I am not
waiting around all day for some
no-show.

Suddenly, the door opens and all the employees turn.

Into the room steps CAPTAIN LUKAS (55), a pale pirate with a
peg leg, eye patch, large gray beard, a cutlass strapped to
his side, and a hook for a hand.

CAPTAIN LUKAS
Ahoy, me hearties! I be Captain
Lukas!

Everyone's mouths are agape and eyes wide in surprise.

Ben recovers first, going from shocked to amused.

BEN
You're Peter Lukas? Were you too
busy trying to dock your pirate
ship to be on time?

CAPTAIN LUKAS
That's Captain Lukas to ye! I
apologize for bein late, me wife
(MORE)

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CAPTAIN LUKAS (cont'd)
took the clipper ta work so I had
to row the Galley here.

Everyone blinks in surprise at Captain Lukas.

Captain Lukas sits down at the head of the table.

CAPTAIN LUKAS
So it be me understanding the
company be lookin ta re-invent 'r
brand.

Pamela shifts in her seat, looking Captain Lukas up and
down, unable to believe her eyes.

PAMELA
That would be correct, to start I
propose we-

Ben recovers from his surprise.

BEN
I've already got this figured out
so just sit as tight as the buttons
on Pam's skirt.

Pamela takes a deep breath, clenching her fists
momentarily, before returning to typing away.

Captain Lukas furrows his eyebrows.

BEN
Step one, we get a new slogan.
Something catchy.

Ben SNAPS his fingers and points at Devan.

BEN
D-man, pitch a new slogan.

Devan looks around, eye wide with panic.

DEVAN
Um what about FIN-der, your dates
will never flounder?

Devan gives a NERVOUS LAUGH. Marshall cringes.

DEVAN
Get it? It's a pun?

Devan looks to Ben with a forced nervous smile.

BEN

No it's shit is what it is. If I
wanted a sea pun I'd ask Jack
Sparrow over here.

Devan deflates, frowning now and looking down at the table.

BEN

What about this: FIN-der, we've got
the four Big B's. Boobs, Butt, and
Boys. The boys refers to dicks,
it's catchier that way.

Marshall slumps his head into the palm of his hand.

Pamela takes a deep breath, pausing from typing, closing her
eyes briefly.

Devan nods his head with a forced smile, eyes looking
pleadingly between Marshal and Pamela.

BEN

Great, so no objections? Alright,
next step-

CAPTAIN LUKAS

Bucko, yer idea makes me wanna be
kneehauled. Now I may be Old Salt,
but what it seems to me this
company needs be ta cleave our
competition to the brisket.

Marshall raises his head from his hand, looking at Captain
Lukas with curiosity. Pamela raises an eyebrow at Captain
Lukas.

PAMELA

What, like attack our compitition?
That could-

BEN

You understood that nonsense? No,
what we need is to amp up the sex
appeal not cleave his biscatti.

Pamela sighs angrily, glaring daggers at Ben before turning
her attention back to tpying.

Marshall straightens his back as he gathers his courage,
breathing in deeply and silently, hands in his lap.

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MARSHALL

It might be possible to attack our compition by saying we have more sex appeal, if we want to try to do both idea. Pamela, did you have anything to add?

Pamela stops typing, looking in wonder at Marshall.

PAMELA

Well, I think it's not going to be hard to attack their users without a law suit so we'll have to convince them our product is superior-

BEN

We can do that by showing off that our users have dicks as big as yours big boy. Maybe it can even be the picture for our new ad, you people are supposed to be huge aren't you? Not like Dev's, eh?

Ben SMACKS Marshall on the back and winks at Devan.

Pamela and Devan wince.

Marshall shrinks back slightly, not quite frowning, regret shining through his eyes.

CAPTAIN LUKAS

Marshall be right, I'm sure we can take a parley inste' o' hitten eachother with the chain shot. I think we can go further than jus' claimin our product be the best. We nee' to sink their reputation.

Pamela bites her lip and closes her laptop.

PAMELA

(voice raised)

Well, if we did really want to attack our compitition, I just did a quick search of their employees and most of the men there have been arrested for sexual harsement in the work place and of clients.

BEN

Why else does anybody get into the business Pamela? We'll fuck

(MORE)

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BEN (cont'd)
ourselves over too if we do that.
It's a good thing your tits are
bigger than your brains. No we-

DEVAN
(shouting)
We could burn down their
headqaurters!

Devan shifts in his seat, clearing his throat slightly.

DEVAN
I mean, they have security and
stuff, but if we really wanna take
them down we could crash and burn
the entire place.

BEN
Are you fucking kidding me? Devan,
why don't you go fetch us some
coffee if you're not going to put
in any good ideas. If it weren't
for your adams apple I'd think you
were a tranny with how you act
sometimes. Am I right guys?

Captain Lukas stares dead on into Ben's eyes, glaring.

CAPTAIN LUKAS
I be trans, ye no good Bilge Rat.
Now shut yer trap and let the
people with a brain speak.

Ben GULPS, eyes wide with fear.

Captain Lukas' stance softens, turning his attention to
Devan.

CAPTAIN LUKAS
Devan, ye be right on track save
for the problem of executin such a
plan.

Devan looks to Captain Lukas with an expression of pure joy,
his back straightens with confidence.

CAPTAIN LUKAS
Pamela, ye have good instincts,
look more inta their employee
history. Marshall, what say ye?

Marshal begins to lightly TAP his fingers against the table
nervously.

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MARSHALL

Well, it would be possible for me to hack into their system for a brief period of time if we really wanted to cause a ruckass. I used to do cyber security before this job, so maybe we could shut down their systems and stage a takeover. Pamela, could you check what kind of security they use and when it was last updated?

Pamela begins to rapidly type.

PAMELA

It looks like they have put all their security into protecting their users data, but their own systems haven't been updated since two thousand nine.

BEN

That's almost as many women who've had sex with me. Ayye.

Ben raises his hand for a high five to Marshall, who intently does not look at Ben.

Ben HUFFS, rolling his eyes and putting his hand down.

CAPTAIN LUKAS

Now that be what I like ta hear! Marshall, how would ye like ta be me firstmate? It be yer plan after all.

Marshall smiles, joy shines through his eyes.

MARSHALL

I accept, Captain Lukas.

CAPTAIN LUKAS

All in favor?

PAMELA, DEVAN, MARSHALL

Aye!

BEN

You guys can't be fuckin serious.

Captain Lukas takes out a bottle of Admiral Nelson's spiced rum and tosses it to Devan.

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CAPTAIN LUKAS
Devan, splace the mainbrace!

Devan catches the bottle.

DEVAN
Aye, aye Captain!

Devan rushes to the back of the room and begins to poor
Admiral Nelson's spice rum into cups.

BEN
What the fuck? Guys, come on you're
seriously listening to Captain
Petra Lukas over here?

Everyone pauses. Captain Lukas' eyes narrow, however before
Captain Lukas does anything Pamela stands from her seat.

PAMELA
Ben, if you don't shut up I'm going
to kick your ass.

Ben smirks, leaning back on his chair.

BEN
Oh, you're cute when you're angry.

Ben winks at her.

MARSHALL
Captain, I say we allow Pamela to
handle an unruly member of our
crew.

Captain Lukas nods in agreement and holds out his cutlass
for Pamela.

CAPTAIN LUKAS
Pamela, blow Ben down.

Pamela takes the cutlass.

BEN
Oh, is Pamela going to give me a
blowjob? Now we're gettin
somewhere.

Ben spreads his legs, just as Pamela swings the blade and
beheads Ben.

Marshall raises Ben's severed head, standing.

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MARSHALL

Tomorrow, we give chase to Match
dot com!

Everyone raises a hand in celebration.

EVERYONE

ARRRRGG!!!

FADE TO BLACK