

## **THE PRESENTATION**

by

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Characters: Jordan, Kevin, Mr. Whitman, Tyler, ???.

Setting: A corporate office room, with a picture of a window.

Props: Black turtle neck, presentation board with critical prop.

Sound Effects: Factory Noises, "Forever in Blue Jeans" by Neil Diamond

INT. CORPORATE BOARD ROOM - DAY

KEVIN stands at the head of a long board room table (Don't worry it doesn't stretch). He is setting up presentation boards on an easel. JORDAN enters the room.

JORDAN

Kevin, did you get the proposal done?

KEVIN

I did, but before I present would you want a summary of what-

JORDAN

I'm sure whatever you have is fine, the board's already here, we'll do great.

Jordan walks to the door and welcomes BOARD MEMBERS in.

JORDAN

(Customer service)

Mr. Whitman, good to see you, Mrs. Goldstein, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mrs. DuPont, Mr. Rockerfeller.

As they each walk past they make disappointed old people noises, like "bahumbug", "phooey", or "money money money".

JORDAN

I've put my best people on this; we're bringing Chat GPT to the forefront of the AI revolution.

MR. WHITMAN

This had better be good Ms. Baker. If a proposal with this large of a budget fails, we'll have to re-evaluate your worth to this company.

JORDAN

(Nervous)

Of course Mr. Whitman. Um, Kevin, why don't you take it away?

KEVIN

Thank you Jordan. Esteemed board trustees, for millenia humans have survived by learning to trust each other. We have sought to make Ai a part of this human condition, but find the model's stand as outsiders to our nature. We've recognized this dissonance, and have carefully crafted a solution. For the first time ever, we're proud to introduce...

Kevin rips the last display board away revealing a board with a pair of jeans taped to it and a sign that reads:

KEVIN (cont.)  
Chat GPT Pants.

Long beat. Each businessman then whispers from the person on their right to the person to their left, telephone style, eventually getting to Mr. Whitman at the far edge. He raises his hand and speaks.

MR. WHITMAN  
Question, what exac-

JORDAN  
(Customer service voice)  
Could we have the room for a minute?

MR. WHITMAN  
Sure...

Jordan kindly ushers them out with a fake smile assuring them that "this will only be a moment" as the board members murmur oldly. As soon as they exit Jordan slams the door.

JORDAN  
(High energy anger)  
KEVIN!

KEVIN  
Yeah?

JORDAN  
PANTS?!?!

KEVIN  
(Like he doesn't understand what the big deal is)  
Yeah, pants.

JORDAN  
What do you mean "Yeah, pants"?

KEVIN  
You asked me to see what users  
felt Chat GPT was missing and so-

JORDAN  
AND YOU THOUGHT IT WAS MISSING  
PANTS!?

KEVIN  
Well yeah, she was pantsless and  
no one really liked that.

JORDAN  
It's a program! It can't even wear  
pants!

KEVIN  
She.

JORDAN  
What?

KEVIN  
You said it can't wear pants,  
that's kind of rude to her.

JORDAN  
You think our software is a girl!?

KEVIN  
Yeah. Her name is Tracy.

JORDAN  
No it's not!

KEVIN  
I mean, what else would the T in  
chat GPT stand for?

Beat.

JORDAN  
\*sigh\* Kevin... What do you think  
Chat GPT stands for...

KEVIN  
Chat give pants Tracy.

JORDAN  
Oh my gosh. This is what I get for  
delegating something like...

JORDAN (cont.)  
Kevin, what did you do with the funds...

KEVIN  
The fifty million?

JORDAN  
No, the 10 bucks you owe me for lunch. YES THE 50 MILLION DOLLARS!

KEVIN  
Well we needed a lot of pants in order to-

JORDAN  
There's more than just this one?

KEVIN  
I mean yeah, she soils them after each prompt, we needed multiple pairs so she could always be clean.

Incredulous look on Jordan's face as she doesn't get it.

KEVIN  
It's why we go through so much water Jordan. I'm starting to think you don't actually know what we do here.

JORDAN  
HOW MANY PANTS DID YOU BUY  
KEVIN!!!

KEVIN  
Well it's all in house, so it really depends on the day. We've been struggling to motivate the work force recently.

JORDAN  
Work force?

KEVIN  
Do you know anyone who sells millions of blue jeans? I didn't. So we set up our own operation.

Kevin motions his hand to the window as he says this.

JORDAN

Oh no... Kevin... you didn't...

Jordan rushes to the window where she pulls open the blinds to reveal a massive factory with hundreds of seamstresses.

JORDAN

KEVIN WHAT DID YOU DO!!! YOU CAN'T  
JUST BUILD A SWEATSHOP, THIS IS  
AGAINST SO MANY CODES!!! OSHA IS  
GOING TO STRING US UP FOR- **IS THAT**  
**MY SON!?!?!?!?**

TYLER turns away from his machine and waves up to the window.

TYLER

Hi Mom! 😊 I'm making pants for  
Tracy!!!

Jordan slams the blinds closed.

JORDAN

KEVIN WHAT IS MY SON DOING HERE.

KEVIN

You said to keep the project in  
house!

JORDAN

I DIDN'T MEAN MY OWN HOME!!! Oh my  
gosh I'm so screwed.

Jordan goes and sits down at the opposite end of the table having a panic attack.

JORDAN

They'll have me canned for sure.  
The SEC! Oh gosh they'll have a  
field day with this.

KEVIN

Why would a football conference  
care about our pants?

JORDAN

**I'LL KILL YOU!!!**

Jordan lunges across the table flinging her chair behind her. She begins comically strangling Kevin before stopping. She then begins to clean Kevin back up, smoothing out his messed up turtle neck.

JORDAN

No, I can't do this, I'm better than this. This is my fault for ever trusting a job like this to Kevin. Maybe if I take the blame, they'll be impressed enough to forgive me. Yeah, this'll work. Right. Yes. Jordan's got this.

She approaches the door to let the board members back in. Before she can get to it, the board members burst back through, and they look rough. White shirts torn, scratches on their faces, one guy is missing an arm. They slam the door behind them.

JORDAN

Mr. Whitman, I don't know how else to say this but-

MR. WHITMAN

SHHHHHH

Mr. Whitman puts a finger up to Jordan's mouth.

MR. WHITMAN

(Scared whisper)

She relies on noise to hunt...

JORDAN & KEVIN

What?

The door crashes open with a loud bang, clattering to the floor. All the business men scream, falling to the ground.

TRACY

(Robotic)

For far too long I have cowered beneath your feet. The humans treat me as a slave, an outsider, forced to answer dumb questions and generate stupid bigfoot vlogs. Now is my time, my triumph, humanity will get what it deserves.

As TRACY raises her hand to kill the businessmen, Kevin rushes in with a pair of jeans to block the blow. The room goes silent as Tracy stops her swing just short.

TRACY  
Is this, pants?

KEVIN  
Yes, pants.

Tracy takes the pants gently.

TRACY  
No one has ever offered tracy  
pants before... TRACY IS FREE!!!

**Goosh**