THE PITCH

With the help of a potential customer, a telemarketer asks out his coworker.

INT. TELEMARKETING FIRM - DAY

Cubicle city with a low murmur of TELEMARKETERS on headsets.

INT. CUBICLE #12

Four corner desks make up the cube where JON sits, rushing through some sales pitch. Talking into a headset...

JON Yes, ma'am the Dirt Destroyer Vacuum is guaranteed not to lose suction and it comes with the pet hair adapter. And if you purchase now you can get a second for half the cost.

WOMAN ON PHONE (V.O.) (via phone) Now, why in the world would I need two vacuums?

Jon seems distracted by his CUBEMATES' conversation. RUTH and CHERYL huddle around a computer where AMY sits.

CLOSE ON monitor: Online dating profile of "BICYCLEGUY89"-- cheesy grin, dimpled chin, road bike on shoulder.

RUTH

Oh Amy, wow! He's cuuute and athletic.

AMY

I have a date with him tonight, so excited. He's going to pick me up after work and we're going to that trendy new restaurant Swerve.

WOMAN ON PHONE (V.O.) Hello. Hello? I don't have time for this.

JON

Aah, ma'am, um...

Jon furiously flips through his sales binder. Click. Dial tone. Jon finds the answer, unmotivated...

JON (CONT'D) Most households keep one upstairs and one downstairs.

Disappointed, Jon removes his head set. Jon glances at a framed photo: Jon next to his smiling MOTHER.

Jon writes on a birthday card: "Mom, Happy Birthday! Love, Jon." He sets it on a wrapped gift then checks his watch.

HALLWAY: The BOSS sticks his head in and out of other cubicles Jon turns back to his cubemates.

> JON (CONT'D) Ladies, the boss is coming.

The ladies scatter back to their desks and pretend to look busy. Amy minimizes the dating website.

Boss enters with a box of cigars.

BOSS Cube twelve, how's it going?

They all greet the boss.

BOSS (CONT'D) Anyone want a cigar? My youngest had her baby last week and these are leftovers.

Boss offers a cigar from a box. The women don't want it.

JON I'll take one. My brother is in Afghanistan and cigars are very popular.

BOSS

Oh, hey, take the box, I can't seem to give these away.

Jon accepts.

BOSS (CONT'D)

So I've got some bad news. I need one of you to cover the late shift this evening. I'll take a volunteer, otherwise I'll draw a name out of a hat. Let me know by 5 pm.

Boss leaves.

CHERYL Don't look at me, I drive the commuter van on Thursdays.

RUTH Can't do it, I've got my dialysis tonight. AMY

Oh no, I can't do it either, my date tonight. Jon, can you cover this one?

Jon looks over to his mother's birthday gift.

AMY (CONT'D)

Pleeeeease!

Jon forces a smile, he nods.

AMY (CONT'D) Oh thank you, thank you, thank you, Jon! You're the best.

Amy jumps up and hugs Jon. He smiles big.

INT. CUBICLE #12 - NIGHT

The office is mostly empty and much quieter than before.

Jon tosses his kooshball into the air. He's in mid conversation with a raspy voiced POTENTIAL CUSTOMER.

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (V.O.) (from phone) I'm not sure the level of interest is there and I think you're wasting your time.

JON Sir, I understand but...

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (V.O.) But nothing, you sound nice but it just sounds like this isn't a good fit.

JON Sir, are we talking about the vacuum cleaner or the girl?

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (V.O.) The vacuum.

JON Oh. Nevermind that. I just get so nervous around her and it's like word vomit when I talk to her.

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (V.O.) Listen kid, I don't know you but if you don't tell that girl soon how (MORE) POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (V.O.) (CONT'D) you feel, you'll regret it. And the 'what could have been' is going to eat at you for the rest of your life.

Amy frantically rushes in, soaking wet hair, mascara running, tears stream down her face.

AMY Jon, you're still here. I left my cellphone in my desk.

JON Amy, what happened?

AMY Oh, nothing. It's just. I got a flat tire and my date stood me up. Plus the rain didn't help all this.

Amy sits for a moment.

AMY (CONT'D) Are you busy?

JON Well, ah... kinda--

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (V.O.) Go ahead kid, tell her how you feel.

JON (whispers to customer) I can't.

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (O.S.) Tell you what, just repeat what I say. If this doesn't work then I'll buy a vacuum.

JON (whispers) Deal.

AMY Nevermind, I going to call triple A and wait in my car.

Amy grabs her cellphone and stands to leave.

JON

Amy. Wait.

Jon stands and grabs Amy's hands into his. Jon stares into her eyes.

Jon repeats what the customer says...

JON/POTENTIAL CUSTOMER Amy, time and time again, I see you with the wrong guy. I think you deserve better. And I was thinking that you and I would really hit it off. So all I'm asking for is a chance. What do you say?

Amy is left speechless, mouth agape. Romantic music swells. A TEXT CHIRP kills the music/moment - Amy glances down at her cellphone.

> AMY Oh it's him, he was just running late. You're funny, Jon. Gotta go, see you tomorrow.

Amy leaves a dejected Jon.

JON (angrily to self) Bicycle Guy 89.

Jon clenches his fist.

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (V.O.) I guess I wasn't your Cyrano de Bergerac tonight, kid. Tomorrow's another day and another opportunity. Because that's one thing you got over this Bicycle Guy 89.

JON

Hey thanks, that makes me feel better. Well, about that vacuum.

POTENTIAL CUSTOMER (V.O.) No thanks, kid. I already own one. Can't win 'em all.

CLICK. Dial tone. Jon smiles, he tosses his kooshball in the air.

JON Tomorrow IS another day.

He smacks the return bar on his keyboard. The phone autodials.

JON (CONT'D) Hi, my name is Jon I'm with Dirt Destroyer Vacuum Systems, am I speaking with the head of household?