

Pissed

Written By  
Doug Trettin

Regeistered, WGAe

Doug Trettin  
1166 Hidden Ridge Ln.  
Atlanta, GA 30338  
doug.trettin@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. CONVENTION HALL -- DAY

The facade of the building has a race-track sign that reads, "Anger Management Seminar Today!".

INT. CONVENTION HALL -- DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A large auditorium houses a sparse, well dispersed audience sitting in folding chairs. MR. MANN (50s), in business attire, squints into spotlights as he stands onstage behind a podium and microphone.

Awkwardly attached to the podium is a sign that reads, "Of course you get pissed, but anger can be managed!".

Mr. Mann clears his throat...

MR. MANN

...so these are the first five of ten steps you can take to help yourself now.

(glances at watch)

And remember: Of course you get pissed, but anger can be managed!

(pumps fist)

Let's break for lunch...in an hour we'll go over the remaining five ste--

A deafening squeal from the auditorium speakers overpowers Mr. Mann's voice. The audience freaks out. Chairs squeak against the floor and clank against each other as people quickly stand with furrowed brows and clenched fists - they are ready to attack each other, Mr. Mann, or...

...a nearby speaker smashes into pieces as a folding chair slams into it.

Holding the folding chair, an AUDIENCE MEMBER stands relieved but ready to strike again as the squealing continues.

The squealing stops as Mr. Mann gently taps on the mic and softly blows into it.

MR. MANN (CONT'D)

Sorry about that...the buffet is next door.

People calmly gather themselves and straighten the chairs.

INT. AUDITORIUM -- LATER

Back in their seats, people casually eat plates of food. Typically, a chair or two separate individuals and conversation is idle. As if gazing into crystal balls, people mostly stare at their plates while eating.

CHAD (20s), a surfer dude, sits with both feet propped on the empty chair in front of him. His plate of food rests on his lap, and he intently looks at the plastic spoon he holds in catapult fashion.

The bowl of Chad's spoon contains a compacted potato blob formed from a mixture of pulverized spuds and gravy. His thumb bends the spoon even more...the plastic spoon now bent to full tension.

Chad briefly bites his lower lip.

CHAD

(to himself)

You can do this. You did it a thousand times in high school. Pressure's on...

The tip of the spoon releases from his thumb and the glob of gravy infused mashed potatoes flies from it.

Chad looks up and opens his mouth in preparation to catch the flying glob. The look on his face goes from anticipation to disappointment as he turns to look back.

The mashed potatoes still sail overhead.

BERT (30s), seated directly behind Chad, licks his lips and opens his mouth in preparation for his first big bite into a thick, juicy burger. Just as Bert puts the burger in his mouth and chomps down, the blob of mashed potatoes splatters on top of his head. Fuming, his eyes roll up, then he glances around - it's obvious he doesn't know where the flying food came from.

BERT

What and the hell!

He deliberately turns to his right and sees...

...GUS (40s) sits one seat away. He holds a plate of food and a glass half full of milk. He's just taken a sip and tries to hold back his laughter as he looks at Bert.

Bert closes his eyes as his face is hit with a huge spray of milk. He opens his eyes and obviously suppresses his anger.

BERT (CONT'D)

Step one. Breathe deep and think happy thoughts.

Gus's lips are puckered as milk drips from his chin.

GUS

Step two. Breathe deep and try to overlook potentially bad situations.

Gus awkwardly shifts his line of sight forward in a weak attempt at avoidance.

Bert looks down to his burger...

His hand slowly removes and turns the bun top, revealing two ketchup-covered pickle slices clinging to it. His hand then plucks both of the slices from the bun

Bert looks back to Gus and smiles.

BERT

Step three. Breathe deep and respond instead of react.

Gus still avoids acknowledging Bert as Bert's hand emerges and slowly pushes the pickle slices onto Gus's cheek. The ketchup-covered pickle slices remain stuck as Bert takes his hand away. Holding a small opened package of mustard, Bert's hand emerges again and squirts the yellow condiment on the tip of Gus's nose. Intense laughter breaks out, and Gus looks slightly to his right to see...

...STEVE (30s) sits one row in front. Turned in his seat, he laughs hysterically at Gus's predicament.

Gus's face reddens and steam comes from his ears. He glances down to his plate of food.

GUS

Step four. Breathe deep and live in the moment.

Gus looks up from his plate, briefly stares at Steve, and then looks back down to his plate.

The plate on Gus's lap holds two greasy slices of pepperoni pizza.

INT. AUDITORIUM -- LATER

A person sits in a chair with face concealed by a newspaper held above crossed legs.

Mr. Mann gingerly approaches and sits next to the person reading the paper.

MR. MANN

I saw the whole thing. I'm proud of you.

The person reading the news paper gives no response. Mr. Mann gently puts his hand on the person's shoulder.

The newspaper crinkles as it lowers, revealing Steve. He has a gooey slice of pizza attached to each ear - it's a greasy, cheesy mess. He briefly stares forward before turning to acknowledge Mr. Mann.

MR. MANN (CONT'D)  
I'm serious. You could've erupted,  
but you didn't. I'm really proud of  
you.

Steve looks at him in a stern way.

MR. MANN (CONT'D)  
I know. Believe me. I know. This  
whole world can be too  
much...sometimes I wish I could punch  
it in the face.

STEVE  
Here...

Steve removes the pizza from his ears.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
...hold these...

Mr. Mann accepts the pizza.

STEVE (CONT'D)  
...thanks.

MR. MANN  
No prob--

Steve pops Mr. Mann in the face and knocks him silly. Pizza  
slices fly and his chair tips and falls backward. Mr. Mann  
quickly disappears from view...replaced by the beaming face  
of Chad, framed by Mr. Mann's upended, wavering feet.

CHAD  
Step five. Breathe deep and find  
some humor whenever possible.

Chad smiles.

FADE OUT.