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Gingers On Ice

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GINGERS ON ICE

By

JACOB RYAN GODBEY

Undergraduate Thesis/
presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the University Scholar distinction

Davidson Honors College
University of Montana
Missoula, MT

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Approved by:

Greg Twigg, Faculty Mentor
Media Arts

ABSTRACT

Godbey, Jacob, BFA, May 2017

Digital Filmmaking

GINGERS ON ICE ABSTRACT

Faculty Mentor: Gregory Twigg

Comedian Jacob Godbey details the origins of Gingers On Ice, the sketch-writing process, and the production and post-production of Gingers On Ice's first television pilot.

GINGERS ON ICE

HISTORY

In early 2010, I forced my high school friends to start a comedy troupe with me. Titled *Keep Refrigerated Comedy*, we produced short form sketch comedy videos until our senior year in 2012/2013, where we attempted a comedy web series. Though I was always the driving creative force behind the troupe, it was a far cry from what I've accomplished since then.

I moved to Missoula in 2013 and quickly joined the University Players. Though I didn't spend much time performing improv with the group, I still maintain contact with several of the members. No, the true development in Missoula was when I got hired for the sketch/improv class at the now-defunct Stensrud Playhouse. My troupe, First Cousins, contained myself, my future comedy partner Alex Tait, his girlfriend Jordan Nelson, a brain-damaged lesbian named Sara, and an older gentleman named Mike. We rotated a sixth cast member many times, though none really stuck around. I enjoyed performing with Mike and Jordan, but the performer I hit it off with the best is Alex Tait.

Grown in Jackson, Wyoming, Alex is a fellow ginger, but almost the exact opposite of me. We share a fondness for excellent music and television, but I've discovered our extracurricular activities are very different. Nevertheless, we delighted hundreds of audience members before we decided to fly solo in the summer of 2015.

During regular Stensrud shows, Alex and I had to split our stage time with four additional people. When we started writing the first Gingers On Ice show, we quickly realized that we would be on stage *the whole time*. One of the first bits we wrote, which is now one of our signature routines, is Mime Battle. It's a grim and sexual turf war between two mimes, but it is entirely silent. We devised it and looked at each other with the same looks on our faces: is this too weird?

It's a question I have to ask myself multiple times a day. Even when I'm not writing, I often find myself in conversations debating if my two cents is worth people questioning my sanity. Often, it isn't. We debuted Gingers On Ice on November 20th, 2015 to a sold-out crowd and a standing ovation. It was and continues to be tremendously gratifying when an audience connects with the material I've stressed out over for months. Even better when it translates to ticket sales and money in my pocket.

Speaking of, we were not paid much for our first show, so we moved our second show to the Roxy Theater. We wrote and developed an entirely new show and performed that to a nearly sold out crowd in March 2016. It upset me at the time that we didn't sell out, but we sold more tickets total than we had at the Stensrud a few months prior. We performed a few more shows in Missoula leading up to the summer and went on a June tour that year.

PRODUCTION

In Spring 2016, I worked two part-time jobs, was a full-time student, and planned a summer tour. Currently in Spring 2017, I work two part-time jobs, am a full-time student, and wrote/shot/edited a pilot and another all-new live show. I work myself to the bone. But our ticket sales show that Gingers On Ice has only gotten bigger since we began. So naturally, I'm beginning to take the steps to push us even further.

I'm not sure when I hatched the idea to produce a pilot episode of television, but it had been in the back of mind for quite sometime by the time I finally got around to writing a sketch packet for it. A sketch packet is exactly what it sounds like; a packet of (hopefully) original sketch comedy scripts. During the tour, we tested some of our tried and true material across the Pacific northwest, so I definitely wanted to use a few of our gold standards, such as Mime Battle, or our rap, Boy Bra.

The screenwriting process is different for everybody, but what most people never get past is the first draft. In fact, the only thing separating a non-writer from a writer is beginning the first draft. I climbed that mountain a long time ago and in fact, a lot of material has made it from the first draft onto the stage, even if I'm not entirely proud of it.

I drafted some friends together for a table read of the sketch packet containing such gems as Fleshlight Party and a St. Jude's parody commercial where when a patron sponsors a child, they receive a free non-stick pan. Those did not make it into the official pilot, but after receiving feedback from some trusted sources, I rewrote the group's favorite sketches at a writer's retreat in Whitefish with Alex and our cinematographer, Trevor. In the end, some of the sketches are working off of their second drafts, but one of them, The Phone Game, was conceptualized in 2014 and was filmed in 2017 using an eighth draft. I used the software Final Draft 9 to write all of the scripts. It is the industry standard and is very customizable.

Though comedy is mostly a trained skill, it can be taught as well, and in fact there is a tool that I employ extremely often, which is called the rule of threes. It states that in a list or in

beats of a joke, if the first two items are related, then the third one should be unexpected for maximum effect. In a sketch that I've written, let's go with Home Depot Commercial for an example, the scene sets up normally: I've committed a crime in 17th century or so France and a guillotine is about to chop my head off.

When the blade is dropped, however, it sticks in my neck and I am still alive. This is the first beat (or joke) of the scene. The executioner trying to push the blade through my neck is a supporting joke, which then sets up the second beat, where the executioner waves over the crowd to all help push down and bring me to death. The third beat, then, is when we freeze-frame and the scene becomes a Home Depot commercial for blade sharpeners. The rule of threes is not just used in comedy either; it echoes the three-act structure of most narrative works.

After the sketches were decided on, a decision that adds up to about 18 minutes of content, I began the process of scheduling film shoots. Though I have scheduled every single shoot of my own work I've ever done, Gingers On Ice was different because there were more moving pieces involved. To begin, I took down my schedule, Trevor's schedule, and Alex's schedule. No filming would be able to take place without all three of us present. Then I acquired a 2017 calendar and began picking dates to film. We started during Wintersession because we would be able to film during the day before actual full-time classes began. We accomplished two shoots in that time: Beard Contest and Diversity Application.

When the shooting dates for each sketch were decided, we casted each part in the script and began contacting locations. It's amazing how cordial the citizens of Missoula are when you throw the word "student" into your emails and phone calls. For our opening credits, we were able to secure Glacier Ice Rink, for our dinner sketch we were able to secure the Redbird, and for our game show sketch, we procured the Masquer Theater on campus at the University of Montana.

With the exception of a few early foibles in the dinner sketch (The Phone Game), production could not have gone better. Oftentimes we finished filming ahead of schedule. This was likely due to the fact that Alex and I both wrote and acted in the project, therefore we were already familiar with the material and had less lines to memorize. As I mentioned above, the night before we filmed The Phone Game, we had to recast a major role, which our comedy intern Seth handled well. When we arrived to the Redbird to film the next morning, the actress playing our server did not show, so we had to recast that part on the fly as well.

Though it sound irresponsible and like I did something wrong to have to recast these parts so close to production, it is a common part of filmmaking, and especially filmmaking at the student level, where it is no one's profession and nobody is getting paid. The reality is that we tackled the casting issues quickly and efficiently, which allowed us to continue production.

POST PRODUCTION

Perhaps the biggest realization I had while filming the pilot was how different Alex and I can be. He enjoys more carnal vices, such as drinking, socializing, etc., while I get a similar high from a job well done or from starting a new creative project. It's easier for us to get along when we are doing business rather than myself trying to force myself to get drunk and socialize or Alex forcing himself to stay sober and watch weird cult comedies with me. Despite these differences, we have worked together for 3 years now, so we must be doing something right.

Our post-production workflow is taking place on Trevor's computer. As of this writing, we have every sketch in a rough cut and one in a fine cut. We are using the Adobe Creative Suite. I am proficient in Adobe Premiere for video editing, Adobe After Effects for motion design/SFX, Adobe Photoshop for asset creation/manipulation, and Adobe Audition for mixing sound. Trevor is helping me with the post-production process, but with so much of myself invested in this project, I am absolutely being a control freak so we can deliver the best product possible.

So what do we do when the project is finished? Great question. Our current plan is to use our professors and personal contacts to hopefully extend the show to folks down in Hollywood so we can potentially sell the pilot, and if not the episode, the idea for the show. We have several professors with managers and professional contacts, and Trevor and I have accrued some as well, so while this is the hardest part of producing a television pilot, we will have a decent start at it.

I take time often to self reflect both on my feelings and why I make the decisions I do. Recently I've been pondering what drew me to comedy, sketch and improv in particular. A lot of comedians begin through tragedy, but I think that I began through love: a profound love of silliness. Growing up, my father bestowed his deeply silly sense of humor in me and I've taken it further and started performing it. I do take being silly seriously, however, and there are absolutely limits to the comedy I create. But staying more absurd and silly allows me to remain happy, rather than always turning a critical eye toward every stimulus in my life.

I didn't choose sketch and improv comedy, it more so chose me. I've never been a huge fan of stand-up comedy because it seems like a very lonely medium to me. A lot of stand-ups write by themselves, tour by themselves, and perform on stage by themselves. While I may be the main creative force behind Gingers On Ice, it means a lot to me to be able to share the stage with Alex. We not only fail together, but we succeed together too.

Gingers On Ice both taught me new skills and reinforced old ones. I learned that I am a control freak and attention whore, something I already knew was inside me, but got to be shown to others on particularly hungover shoots. Despite my faults, I am extremely proud of the comedic success I have achieved in Montana and can only hope it soon translates to other states as well.

The Phone Game

by

Jacob Godbey

Current Revisions by
Jacob Godbey, 1/22/17

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4 glasses clink.

JOSH (Jacob), his girlfriend ABBI, LES (Alex), and his boyfriend NEIL all drink their champagne.

JOSH

Congratulations to Les for being a finalist for the Junior Partner promotion!

NEIL

We believe in you honey! You've worked so hard these last few years--

Les's phone vibrates.

LES

Oh, I need to check that.

He takes his phone out of his pocket and starts texting. Neil frowns.

Josh puts his phone in the middle of the table then nods for Abbi to do so as well.

Neil puts his in the middle of the table.

Les looks up from texting. Everyone stares at him.

LES (CONT'D)

What?

JOSH

Phone in the middle.

LES

Excuse me?

ABBI

Phone in the middle, Les. It's a game Josh and I came up with after he live-tweeted one our dates.

JOSH

Got 40 new followers that night.

ABBI

First one to touch their phone gets the bill.

LES

Uh, no. Part of being a finalist is answering the phone. Plus, we both just ordered lobster.

NEIL

C'mon Les, we just won't lose the game!

He reaches over for his phone, but he hangs on to it tight.

LES

No--

NEIL

Les---

LES

No--

He gets the phone out of his hand and sets it in the middle of the table.

SERVER walks up to the table.

SERVER

Your food is on the way! Oh, and if you login to our mobile app, we've got a pretty great coupon on drinks tonight.

JOSH

Great! we'll take a bottle of Dom Perignon please.

SERVER

I'll have that right out.

Server turns and exits.

LES

Dom Perignon?!

JOSH

Hey, I'm just trying to enjoy a nice dinner with my friends. Chill out, man!

LES

Do you realize the implications of me not having my phone?

LES' PHONE VIBRATES.

Les looks around the table.

NEIL

What's it say?

Les looks at his phone on top of the file.

BOSS: "LES, ANSWER ME NOW OR YOU ARE (FIRE EMOJI)'D

LES

I have to call my boss or I'm fired.

He reaches out to grab his phone, but Server enters and sets down the lobster in front of Les.

SERVER

Okay, we had 2 lobsters...

She puts Neil's lobster on the table.

SERVER (CONT'D)

Filet mignon... and... the glazed island duck!

She sets those two dishes down in front of Josh and Abbi.

SERVER (CONT'D)

I'll be right back with the Dom Perignon.
Enjoy!

ABBI

Thank you!

Les's phone vibrates again.

BOSS: "U R (POO EMOJI) (TRASH CAN EMOJI)

This time Neil reads it.

NEIL

Oh my god. Les. Look.

Les looks at his phone.

LES

Oh no no no no no no, I have to call him--
I was about to get promoted--

He reaches for his cell, but Neil's hand stops his.

LES (CONT'D)

...Neil?

Neil gestures to the food.

NEIL

Les, we are six hundred dollars deep. We cannot lose this game.

Abbi pulls Josh aside and they have a whisper convo.

2

INT. RESTAURANT - WHISPER CONVO

2

ABBI

Josh, Les got fired, we should stop.

JOSH

Um... we can't.

ABBI

Why? We buy our dinner, they buy theirs, we go home.

Josh sighs.

JOSH

I've been unemployed for two months.

ABBI

Josh, what the hell? Why haven't you told me--

JOSH

--I wanna treat you to a nice dinner, we have to play the game! Plus we're going to win anyway, my phone is off. Ain't nobody calling me.

ABBI

Dammit. Let's do this.

Abbi and Josh stop whispering and join the table again.

3

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

3

JOSH

So, Les... Neil, what did you two decide?

Neil feeds Les a bite of lobster. He chews:

LES

Oh, we're playing the game!

Server rounds the corner, champagne bottle in hand.

SERVER

Here is the Dom--

AT ANOTHER TABLE A MAN STARTS CHOKING!

Server sets the champagne on Les's table.

SERVER (CONT'D)

I'll call 911!

Server reaches for Les's phone on the table.

He swats it away. Server reaches again.

LES

No, don't touch my phone!

SERVER

Excuse me?!

LES

I've got it, I'll do it!

Les pushes past Server and administers the HEIMLICH MANEUVER!

LES (CONT'D)

Nobody call 911, I've got this!

NEIL

...You know not everyone is playing the phone game?

Les gives one last squeeze and the CHOKING MAN spits a Lego piece into his hand.

CHOKING MAN

Oh thank you so much.

Les sets him down in his chair.

LES

Shhhh, it's okay. It's all okay.

He pats the Choking Man on the shoulder and returns to his table.

The restaurant patrons all clap

LES (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm no hero. Thank you.

Alex returns to his chair.

LES (CONT'D)

Dammit, you guys, a man almost died! This stupid game is not worth it!

Josh tries to work the Dom Perignon open.

LES (CONT'D)

Do not open that, Josh. Do not open that bottle.

IT OPENS.

Josh makes an "I'm sorry," face as he pours himself a drink and takes a swig.

Les is furious.

LES (CONT'D)

Neil, let's just get our bill and get out of here.

He tries to wave Server over.

Josh pours Abbi a glass of champagne and she drinks it, trying to avoid the conflict.

NEIL

Hold on. You need to think about this. You don't have a job anymore, I'm on a teacher's salary. Lobster, lobster, filet mignon, champagne. We are not paying for this.

THE FRONT DOOR BURSTS OPEN.

4

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

4

ROBBER ENTERS, BRANDISHING A GUN.

ROBBER

EVERYBODY DOWN!

A patron close to the Robber dares to defy.

PATRON

Like... down on the floor, or everyone standing should just sit down--

ROBBER SHOOTS PATRON!

ROBBER

I am serious, everybody get down!

Les, Josh, Abbi, and Neil duck under the table.

ABBI
 (Whispering)
 Josh, you should call 911.

JOSH
 No way, I couldn't even pay the power
 bill this month!

Josh turns to Les.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 Les, I know you think I just want you to
 lose the game, but the truth is that my
 phone is off and you need to call 911.

NEIL
 Josh, your phone is off? Are you kidding
 me?

LES
 ...I'll do it.

Les slowly stands up and reaches for his phone.

Robber has a bag out, getting watches, jewelry, etc.

He sees Les reach for the phone and runs over to the
 table.

ROBBER
 I don't think so! Phones are going in the
 bag.

Robber scoops the cell phones into his bag.

Josh jumps up from under the table.

JOSH
 HA! YOU LOST THE GAME!

Robber draws his gun and points it at Josh.

ROBBER
 ...Shit! You guys playing the phone game?
 Goddammit, I always lose at this game.

He roots around in his bag and pulls out a few watches
 and necklaces.

ROBBER (CONT'D)
 Here, that should cover half of it. Dom
 Perignon? Nice.

He throws the items on the table and heads toward the door.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

No one report this!

He threatens with his gun, then runs out the door.

Everyone in the restaurant slowly stands up.

LES

No one would happen to have a land line
that I could call my boss on, would they?

CUT TO BLACK

What Did I Say Last Night?

by

Jacob Godbey & Alex Tait

Current Revisions by
Jacob Godbey, 12/6/16

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INT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - DAY

MUSIC: "WHAT DID I SAY LAST NIGHT? THEME."

The host, BRAD GARRETT (ALEX) takes the stage.

BRAD

Hello America and welcome to everyone's favorite Sunday-morning game show, What Did I Say Last Night? I take our contestant out the night before, we get totally wrecked, I ask them a few questions, then we bring them onto the show to see if they can match their answers.

CROWD APPLAUDS.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Let's give a warm welcome to Jacob Godbey!

JACOB GODBEY (JACOB) emerges from behind the curtain. His eyes are hooded and he is moving slower than usual. CLEARLY HUNGOVER.

JACOB

Shhhh...

Brad beckons the crowd.

BRAD

He can't hear you, applaud a little louder!

THE CROWD APPLAUDS LOUDER

JACOB

Can we bring the lights down a little bit?

BRAD

Nope, they are for the cameras, not for you. Take a seat, let's get started.

Jacob sits on a chair in the middle of the stage.

BRAD (CONT'D)

How are you feeling, buddy?

JACOB

Not great. I must've had 12 or 13 drinks last night.

BRAD

Incorrect, you had three white wine spritzers! Got a really low tolerance there my boy.

Jacob shrugs.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Now you know the rules but for those that don't, I'm going to ask you some questions and if you can match your answers, you'll win today's prize of some Advil and a glass of water!

We see the Advil and glass of water on the opposite side of the stage.

JACOB

I can do it.

BRAD

Let's get started! The first question I asked you was what is your favorite food? Can you tell me what your drunk self said, Jacob?

JACOB

Well I love a good slice of Margherita Pizza.

Brad looks at his cards.

BRAD

Incorrect, let's watch the tape!

EXT. FOOD TRUCK - NIGHT BEFORE

Jacob receives a burrito from a Mexican food truck.

Brad tries to get his attention.

BRAD

Jacob!

Jacob gets startled and turns to Brad. He starts unwrapping his burrito.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Jacob, what is your favorite food?

JACOB

I'm gonna shove this burrito so far up my ass I'll taste it backwards!

Jacob starts to do that. The tape ends.

INT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - DAY

Jacob scowls.

BRAD

Then you tried to do just that.

JACOB

Did you stop me?

BRAD

You tell me. Second question! I asked who is your hero? What did you say?

JACOB

Um... My dad, he's a fireman, an EMT and all-around great guy.

BRAD

Let's see if it matches up. Roll the tape!

INT. BAR - NIGHT BEFORE

Jacob knocks loudly on the women's rest room.

JACOB

Hurry up in there, I gotta take a piss!

Brad tries to jump in.

BRAD

Jac--

Jacob tries to swat him away. Brad calms Jacob down.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Jacob, who is your hero?

Jacob puts his arm around Brad.

JACOB

I think Putin has some great leadership skills. Like what even is the Ukraine anyway?

WOMAN comes out of the bathroom.

WOMAN

Which one of you assholes was yelling at me while I was taking a shit?

Jacob points at Brad. The tape ends.

INT. GAME SHOW STUDIO - DAY

Jacob is at the stool, trying to get the Child Safety cap off of the Advil.

Brad is trying to wrestle it away from him.

BRAD

Hey, hey--hey. You only get that if you win.

It's a struggle, but he finally gets it.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Sit down, Jacob! I'm surprised at you.

JACOB

I need it...

DING DING DING.

BRAD

Oh, That ding means it's time for the Ex-Girlfriend round!

Jacob stands up and tries to go for the Advil and water again.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Sit down, Jacob!

JACOB

Sorry.

Jacob sits down.

BRAD

Last night we had Jacob call one of his ex-girlfriends and leave them a voicemail. Was it A) Stacy?

THE CURTAIN OPENS TO REVEAL STACY! She strikes a pose.

BRAD (CONT'D)

B) Janine?

CURTAIN OPENS TO REVEAL JANINE! She waves to Jacob.

Jacob looks downtrodden.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Or C) Chad?

JACOB

I told you about Chad?

THE CURTAIN REVEALS CHAD. He's a cool dude, chill as a cucumber.

CHAD

Sup bruh?

Jacob gives a small wave.

JACOB

...Hi Chad.

BRAD

You sure did. Seemed pretty enthusiastic about him. Who did you call, Jacob?

JACOB

Well, for my sake, I hope it was Janine.

BRAD

Incorrect, you called Chad!

Jacob puts his head in his hands.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Would you like to listen to the voicemail?

JACOB

No.

THE CROWD APPLAUDS.

BRAD

Let's hear it!

The voice mail plays.

JACOB (V.O.)

Hey Chad, just wanted to say that college was not a phase. I repeat: I miss your dimpled buttcheeks.

Jacob blushes. The voicemail ends.

Chad slightly nods.

BRAD

Wow Jacob, everyone here is so proud of you! Maybe this wasn't the place you had in mind, but we love you as you are!

JACOB

I don't think my wife will be too happy about it.

BRAD

That brings us to the last question! When your drunken self told your wife about Chad, did she say A) Ew, B) Oh Yeah, or C) No thanks?

Jacob ponders.

JACOB

Probably C) no thanks.

BRAD

Incorrect Jacob, she said B) Oh yeah, and then added, "I can't wait for those two to spit roast me." Congrats Jacob, you're going to have a threeway!

THE CROWD APPLAUDS

KATRINA (Jacob's wife) appears from behind the curtain. She links arms with Chad.

KATRINA

Are you ready?

CHAD

C'mon man!

Jacob looks at them for a moment... then beelines for the Advil.

JACOB

I'm gonna get it!

Brad races over and tries to stop Jacob.

BRAD

No, you don't get it, you answered every question incorrectly!

He waves Katrina and Chad over.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Come help!

Katrina and Brad restrain Jacob so Brad can address the camera.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Thank you for joining us, we'll see you
next week on What Did I Say Last Night?!

MUSIC: "WHAT DID I SAY LAST NIGHT? THEME"

FADE TO BLACK.

Home Depot Commercial (Guillotine)
(1st Draft)

by

Jacob Godbey

Revised on 11/29/16

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EXT. EXECUTION STAGE - DAY

JUDGE reads a list that FELON committed. Felon's head is in a guillotine. Executioner stands by, axe in hand.

JUDGE

...You are sentenced to death for crimes against our community's farm animals!

FELON

No, please don't!

Judge nods to Executioner.

FELON (CONT'D)

No, no, NO!!!

Executioner chops the rope and the guillotine blade falls on Felon's neck.

FELON (CONT'D)

OW! OH MY GOD THAT HURTS!

Executioner inspects the guillotine. The blade isn't sharp enough.

He waves over Judge and they try to push down the blade.

FELON (CONT'D)

OOOOOOWWW, STOP!

Judge and Executioner wave up a couple more people from the audience.

Executioner counts them off using his hand. 1, 2, ...3!

Everyone pushes down on the guillotine blade.

FELON (CONT'D)

Ow!

A LOUD CRUNCH. The images freezes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Don't get caught with a dull blade!

SUPER: "HOME DEPOT."

A blade sharpener flies onto screen. 20% off!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Come down to Home Depot, where we've got a special on blade sharpeners. Up to 20 percent off!

A guillotine flies onto screen. Only \$999.99!

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And don't miss out on our guillotine special, only \$999.99 with mail-in rebate.

Home Depot logo appears.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Get to Home Depot today, where the prices are so good, you'll lose your head!

PLAY: "HOME DEPOT JINGLE."

CUT TO BLACK.

Diversity Application
(1st Draft)

by

Jacob Godbey
Alex Tait
Trevor Cummings

Revised by Jacob Godbey
11/29/16

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

DAVID SCOTT, Black, early 30s, looks at the last page of an application.

We move up to see ALEX and JACOB eagerly awaiting his reply.

JACOB

Well? What do you think?

DAVID

...I fail to see why you both think you qualify for the Research Grant For Diversity Empowerment in the Community.

Alex and Jacob's smiles fade.

DAVID (CONT'D)

For instance, we don't discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation, but you felt the need to include a box at the end, marked "Straight."

He holds up the application. There is a crudely drawn box at the end, marked "Straight."

ALEX

We spend a lot of time together.

DAVID

I fail to see how you two fit any diversity requirements whatsoever.

Alex leans forward.

ALEX

Let us put you in a scenario here. If you got on a bus full of black people, what would you do?

DAVID

I would ride the bus to my destination.

ALEX

Exactly.

JACOB

If you got on a bus full of Asian people, what would you do?

DAVID

I would ride the bus.

ALEX

But if you got on a bus full of redheads
and this is what you saw?!

Alex and Jacob intensely stare at David.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What would you do then?

DAVID

I really don't know. Look--

ALEX

I understand that you see us as white
people.

JACOB

But we're different. We're near
translucent.

Alex pulls up his sleeve to reveal a sunburn on his arm.

JACOB (CONT'D)

My goodness Alex, is that a sunburn?

ALEX

No Jacob, it's a moonburn!

JACOB

Listen David, if we go outside, we have
to wear SPF 6000! It's the kind NASA puts
on astronauts before they shoot them to
the sun!

DAVID

They don't shoot astronauts to the sun--

ALEX

Have you ever tried to get laid looking
like this?

Alex exhibits his pale body.

JACOB

One time a girl unbuttoned my shirt and I
temporarily blinded her!

DAVID

My goodness. Is she okay?

JACOB

It's fine, she just has to wear
sunglasses when she takes off my shirt.

ALEX

Yeah, and my girlfriend is always asking me to turn off the lights. Babe, the lights are off!!!

DAVID

I can see now why you added the straight box on your application.

Jacob stands up.

JACOB

My sex tape was the pilot episode of Naked and Afraid!

ALEX

That has nothing to do with this, Jacob.

JACOB

It upsets me!

Alex calms Jacob. Jacob sits down.

DAVID

Alright, you guys. I know that you both are aware you fill no diversity quotas whatsoever.

ALEX

What if I told you there is a Facebook group called I Hate Gingers?

JACOB

Alex... that's for dyslexic KKK members.

David checks his watch.

DAVID

Okay, that's enough of this. Both of you, out! I'm meeting a colleague for lunch downtown.

David puts his jacket on and heads toward his door.

JACOB

David, I just want to say thank you for your time, you're really special--

ALEX

And you mean a lot to us and I love you.

David turns around.

DAVID

What?

ALEX

(Quietly mouths)

...I don't know.

David exits.

JACOB

What a nice man.

EXT. BUS - DAY

David gets on a city bus.

THE BUS IS FULL OF GINGERS STARING AT HIM.

DAVID

Oh hell no.

CUT TO BLACK

Beard Contest

by

Jacob Godbey

Revised on 12.21.16 by Jacob Godbey

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FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
Welcome to Beard Contest.

The BEARD CONTEST beat kicks in.

Some glamour shots of JACOB and ALEX'S BEARDS.

Never above the nose. Hyper-stylized shots kept tight from nose to chin.

Think 80's style, but not pixelated. Very HD, very sheek.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)
Beard Contest.

BEARD CONTEST LOGO.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)
Round 1: Attractiveness. Contestant One.
Begin.

Alex's beard right next to a GIRL'S face. Again, we only see from her nose to chin.

Alex smiles and makes a kissy face.

The girl smiles.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)
Contestant Two. Begin.

Jacob makes a turtle movement with his mouth.

The girl frowns.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)
Beard Contest.

BEARD CONTEST LOGO.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)
Round 2: Strength. Contestant One. Begin.

The girl's hand reaches into frame and tugs on Alex's beard. She pulls some hair off his face. Alex frowns.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)
Contestant Two. Begin.

The girl's hand reaches into frame and tugs on Jacob's beard. It is firm. Jacob smiles.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)

Beard Contest.

BEARD CONTEST LOGO.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)

Final Round: Moustache Rides. Contestant
One. Begin.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Girl grips the bed's headboard. She is sitting on Alex's face, but we only see her bare back.

GIRL

Oh my God.

SHE ORGASMS WITH THE FEROCITY OF A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR

Contestant 2. Begin.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The girl rides Jacob's face.

Jacob makes LAME PUSSY-LICKING SOUNDS.

The girl groans. She's very disappointed.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR

Beard Contest.

BEARD CONTEST LOGO.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)

To vote for Contestant 1, clap now.

A FEW CLAPS.

TEXT: SHUT UP!

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)

To vote for Contestant 2, clap now.

A FEW CLAPS.

TEXT: SHUT UP!

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)

To vote for Baby Seal, clap now.

A photo of a BABY SEAL with a poorly photoshopped beard appears.

LOTS OF CLAPS, CHEERS, HOOTS, AND HOLLERS.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)

Baby Seal is the winner.

The photo of Baby Seal moves around to indicate celebration.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)

Baby Seal wins one thousand loose french fries.

Pixelated photos of french fries fly around the screen.

FEMALE ROBOT NARRATOR
(CONT'D)

Beard Contest.

BEARD CONTEST BEAT ENDS.

CUT TO BLACK

Mime Battle

by

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INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - DAY

ALEX MIME, in full make-up, mimes throwing a noose over a pipe on his ceiling.

The noose goes over the pipe and Alex Mime adjusts it to fit his neck.

He mimes setting a stool underneath the noose. He steps up onto the stool. HE FLOATS.

He puts the mime-noose around his neck, but hears a CROWD CHEER FROM OUTSIDE.

He steps off the stool and looks out the window.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

JACOB MIME is trapped in a box. The crowd loves it and they put money in his black hat on the ground.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - DAY

Alex looks back at his noose.

He becomes determined. He grabs his black hat and heads out the door.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Alex Mime struts to the corner and sets his hat next to Jacob Mime's.

Alex Mime also starts by being trapped in a box.

Jacob Mime notices that Alex Mime is copying him, but he continues his own routine.

Alex Mime begins to ride a horse. The crowd loves it.

Jacob Mime's spot is getting blown up!

He taps Alex Mime on the shoulder to get his attention.

Alex Mime holds his finger up to Jacob Mime to silence him.

Alex Mime dismounts his horse, spansks it, then sends it off into the sunset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jacob Mime displays that Alex Mime is performing too close to him and gestures that he should leave.

Alex Mime shrugs it off.

Jacob Mime becomes more insistent. He wants Alex Mime to go away.

Alex Mime cocks two pistols and points them at Jacob Mime, then fires.

THEY BECOME MIDDLE FINGERS! Jacob Mime is offended!

He mimes taking his pants off and poops in a toilet.

After he is finished, he grabs copious amounts of toilet paper.

He wipes his butt with the TP and emerges... WITH A MIDDLE FINGER FOR ALEX MIME!

Taken aback, Alex Mime roots around in his mime fanny pack.

He finds some chapstick and twists the bottom.

As he twists, his MIDDLE FINGER BECOMES THE CHAPSTICK!

Jacob Mime again takes offense.

He bends a fake Alex Mime over and DOES HIM DOGGYSTYLE!

The crowd groans. It's gone too far.

Not to be outdone, Alex Mime pushes a fake Jacob Mime's head down until it GIVES HIM A BLOWJOB!

Jacob Mime is clearly hurt, but to add insult to injury, Alex Mime takes out his cellphone and SNAPS A SELFIE OF THE BLOWJOB!

Jacob Mime has just about had enough.

He cuts Alex Mime's dick off and filets it into a fine powder.

He takes a rolled up dollar out of his pocket AND SNORTS A LINE OF DICK!

Alex Mime takes it a step further.

He makes a fake Jacob Mime choke on his own dick then die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Alex Mime buries the fake Jacob Mime, stopping to take a breather and hand the shovel to Jacob Mime.

After a few breaths, he takes the shovel back and finishes burying the body.

He hands the shovel back to Jacob Mime, then unzips his pants and PISSES ON THE GRAVE.

Jacob Mime swats at Alex Mime with the shovel.

Alex Mime puts his disco stick back in his pants and opens the floor to Jacob Mime's rebuttal.

Jacob Mime devises a plan to end the war.

HE DIGS HIS OWN DEAD BODY UP.

He hands the shovel to Alex Mime and picks himself up out of the grave.

Carefully laying the body down, he takes the pants off.

The crowd and Alex Mime start to realize what his happening. They grow increasingly worried.

Jacob Mime unrolls a condom and carefully applies it to his shaft.

He takes position... and then FUCKS HIS OWN DEAD BODY!

Alex Mime is appalled. He interrupts Jacob Mime mid-thrust.

ALEX MIME

Did you just say you're going to get high on my dick and then fuck your own dead body?! Jesus Christ you can have your stupid spot back!

Alex Mime picks up his hat and leaves.

The crowd disperses except for A 5-YEAR OLD GIRL.

She claps. She loved the show. Her mom grabs her hand and tugs her away.

Jacob Mime bows and exits the frame.

CUT TO BLACK