

Twice Pitched

by

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INT. OFFICE - DAY

Winter daylight illuminates this tidy office. Occupying a desk laden with various documents in folders and a well-worn laptop is Joseph Pound, middle-aged, in a Navy blazer with the tie off and in a pocket. He has a bluetooth in his ear and gazes out a window, in which he converses

POUND

I feel for your loss, Mrs. Evans,  
it's my loss, too. Mike was a good  
man...

He distractedly runs his thumb through an open folder, thick with contractual documents and a pic of a man in a forest.

EXT. POUND'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank, middle-aged and in a heavy coat over a golf shirt and slacks, arrives from up the street and enters.

EXT. SAME OFFICE - DAY - DIFFERENT TIME

Gloria, approaching middle-age and in colors suggesting a tiger, arrives from down the street and enters.

INT. OFFICE

Frank enters. His coat is off. Pound rises, shakes his hand.

FRANK

Joe, it's great to see you. How've  
things been?

POUND

Could be better.

Joseph and Frank both sit.

INT. SAME OFFICE - DIFFERENT TIME

Gloria enters, coat off. Pound beckons her to sit, which she does. He shakes her hand from across the desk, while remaining mostly seated.

GLORIA

Mr. Pound, it's a pleasure to meet  
you.

(CONTINUED)

POUND

Likewise, Ms. Soto. So, to give you a little more background...

(From here on out, the script continues to cut between the three times in this same office: Pound alone on the phone; Pound and Frank; Pound and Gloria.)

POUND ALONE

Pound gazes at photo, while talking on his bluetooth.

POUND

...He was very committed to helping out the local villagers...

POUND AND FRANK

FRANK

I won't pussyfoot around, Joseph. You've got a money-pit on your hands.

POUND AND GLORIA

GLORIA

We have an opportunity.

POUND AND FRANK

FRANK

The least costly options are to pull out and cut your losses, or try talking peace with the warlords.

POUND AND GLORIA

GLORIA

This coalition is underrepresented but is also the largest demographic in the area.

POUND ALONE

POUND

...We'll cover those costs. I know how hard it is for you, right now...I don't know, yet. I'm waiting for official word...I--I can't really say. We may never find out who did this...

POUND AND FRANK

FRANK

War's profitable for some.

POUND

That sure wouldn't be me, Frank. I've lost more than money, here.

FRANK

Understood. A soft-power approach should be workable, though.

POUND AND GLORIA

GLORIA

You need cheap but reliable security; my friends need political and economic freedom.

POUND

(looks at photo in file)  
I need more than that.

POUND AND FRANK

FRANK

You can take a Town Hall approach with the local elders. Drink their tea. Promise them hospitals, schools, you know...

POUND AND GLORIA

GLORIA

Get us the gear, you'll get what you need. I'm sure we know many of the same vendors.

SPLIT-SCREEN: FRANK AND GLORIA SIMULTANEOUSLY

FRANK/GLORIA

The investment should be minimal.

POUND AND FRANK

FRANK

Bear in mind, the outcome will  
still be uncertain.

POUND AND GLORIA

GLORIA

The payoff will be huge!

POUND AND FRANK

FRANK

You should be able to recoup some  
expenses, at least.

POUND AND GLORIA

GLORIA

We can make history. The good kind.

POUND ALONE

POUND

I'll do what I can, Mrs.  
Evans....I'll let you know.

Pause. He pulls the bluetooth from his ear and massages the  
bridge of his nose. He looks down at the open file folder.

POUND (CONT.)

What do you want me to do, Mike?

He closes the folder and sits back, pensively gazing out his  
window at nothing in particular.

Fade out.