Adult Animation animation & character scripts

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The Group Chat Intervention

Sitcom, friends · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

Cast: SAM MORGAN

A cramped apartment. SAM holds a phone like evidence. MORGAN sits on the couch, avoiding eye contact

SAM Exhibit A. Tuesday, 11:14 p.m. Morgan writes, "Is it weird that Derek calls his car 'Mommy'?"

MORGAN Out of context, that sounds bad.

SAM What's the context?

MORGAN ...He really loves the car.

SAM Exhibit B. Thursday. "Derek says birthdays are a scam invented by the cake lobby."

MORGAN He has a lot of theories.

SAM He skipped your birthday, Morgan.

MORGAN He sent a very thoughtful email about the cake lobby.

SAM Exhibit C. This morning. "Derek wants to start a podcast about his podcast."

MORGAN It's a meta podcast. It's actually kind of smart.

SAM It has no listeners.

MORGAN It has one. Me. I'm a listener.

SAM You fell asleep during episode two. You told us. In the chat.

MORGAN [long sigh] Okay. Okay. He's growing.

SAM Into what?

MORGAN I don't know. Someone who says happy birthday?

SAM Morgan. You deserve a man who knows what cake is for.

MORGAN [quietly] I really do love cake.

Middle Manager of the Underworld

Deadpan satire, workplace · Adult (40-55) · Any (character choice) · 90 seconds

[A windowless office, deep underground. A fluorescent light buzzes. GARY, a demon with a lanyard, flips through a binder]

Okay. Welcome to Level Six. I'm Gary. I'll be your supervisor, your trainer and, per the handbook, your nightmare. Mostly I'm your supervisor.

Couple of things. The lake of fire is to your left. Do not park there. We've had issues.

Break room is to your right. The coffee is eternal, which sounds nice until you taste it. It's the same pot. Since 1740.

Now. Your duties. You'll be tormenting souls in the Unreturned Library Books wing. Very specific sinners. Every morning, you walk up, you whisper "It's due," and you walk away. That's it. Eight hours.

Questions? No? Good. Nobody ever has questions. That's actually part of the punishment. For me.

Timesheets are due Fridays. Friday is every day here, so, technically, always.

Oh, and if you see a guy in a gold cape saying he's the new regional director, ignore him. That's Kevin. Kevin is not the regional director. Kevin licks the fire.

[beat]

You know, I didn't want this. I wanted to run a little bakery. Scones. Nice ones. With the lemon.

[clears throat]

Anyway. Pick up your pitchfork on the way out. It's a loaner, so if you bend it, it comes out of your soul. Welcome aboard.

Captain's Log, Day Four Hundred

Sci-fi comedy, isolation · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

[The bridge of a small cargo ship, drifting. CAPTAIN RENNICK speaks into a recorder]

Captain's log. Day four hundred. Status: nominal. Navigation: nominal. Morale: excellent. I checked. I asked everyone.

Crew report. First Officer Mop continues to perform well. Quiet. Dependable. Doesn't complain about the food, mostly because he's a mop. Lieutenant Toaster has been promoted. He knows why.

Food supplies are holding. We have enough dehydrated lasagna for another nine years, or, if I keep eating it like this, six.

I have also started talking to the stars. Nothing unusual there. Most of them don't answer. One of them does. I'm keeping an eye on her.

Last night the ship's computer asked me if I was okay. I told it I was fine. Then I asked it the same question, and it said, "I'm a computer, Stuart." My name isn't Stuart. Nobody on this ship is named Stuart.

[long pause]

Note to Mission Control. Please send a new crew member. Human, ideally. A mop would also be fine. Rennick out.

Dad Versus the Smart Fridge

Sitcom, family · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

[Midnight. A kitchen lit only by a glowing fridge door. DAD stands in his robe]

Open the door, please.

[pause]

I know what time it is. I own a clock. I own you.

[pause]

Yes, I set a "healthy goals" reminder. That was January me. January me was a fool.

[pause]

I don't need a motivational quote. I need cheese.

[pause]

Did you just lock the pickles? Can you do that? Who taught you that?

[pause]

Fine. I'll have a carrot. Happy? Great. Now can I please have the cheese?

Couples Counseling at Warp Speed

Sci-fi comedy, relationship · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

Cast: ROO JAX

A cockpit, mid-battle. Alarms blare. JAX and ROO steer while a holographic therapist floats between them

ROO I just feel like he never asks about my day.

JAX Your day is my day! We work in the same cockpit!

ROO And yet, never asks.

SFX: a laser blast. The ship rocks

JAX How was your day, Roo?

ROO Well, we're being shot at. So, not great.

JAX See? I asked. Now pull left.

ROO That's the other thing. He always tells me where to go.

JAX I'm the navigator! That's the whole job!

SFX: another hit. Sparks

ROO Can we talk about the time you put the shields on "eco mode"?

JAX It saves power!

ROO We nearly exploded!

JAX Nearly! Nearly is a success!

SFX: alarms spike

ROO Why do you always do this?

JAX [snaps, then softer] Because I thought you'd leave. Okay? You're the best pilot in the fleet. I'm just the guy who reads the map.

ROO [beat] Jax. You're my map.

JAX ...That's so nice. Also, missile.

ROO Hold on, babe.

Deadpan Barista

Deadpan comedy, bark · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 15 seconds

[A coffee counter at 6 a.m. BRIN has been awake since 4]

Hi. Welcome. Yes. One oat milk, half-caff, extra-hot, no-foam, sugar-free vanilla latte. For Todd.

You know what that is, Todd? That's warm milk. You ordered warm milk.

It'll be out in a minute. Hang in there, Todd.

The Motivational Speaker's Off Day

Satire, public speaking · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

[A conference stage. Upbeat music fades. CHAD VALENCE, in a headset mic, spreads his arms]

Good morning, Tulsa! How are we feeling?

I said, how are we feeling? That's what I like to hear!

Now. I want you to close your eyes. Picture your best life. The house. The car. The boat. You see that boat? That's your boat. You earned that boat.

Now open your eyes, because my wife took the boat.

[beat, still smiling]

Also the house. And the dog. The dog chose, actually. That was the hardest part. He had a choice, and he walked right past me.

But here's the thing, Tulsa! Every no is a step toward a yes! And I've had so many steps this week. Honestly, I'm tired. My legs are tired.

But I got up this morning, I looked in the mirror at the Budget Stay Inn, and I said, "Chad. You are a lion."

And the mirror said nothing, because it's a mirror.

So! Let's do this! Who's ready to win?

[small voice]

Somebody. Please.

Afterlife Orientation, Session One

Deadpan satire, afterlife · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

[A pastel waiting room. Soft harp music. DANA, clipboard in hand, addresses a room of confused new arrivals]

Hi, everybody! Welcome! I know, I know, a lot to take in. You were just doing your thing, and now you're here holding a lanyard.

I'm Dana. I'll be your orientation coordinator for the first thousand years.

So, housekeeping. Your cloud assignments are in your welcome packet. Please don't swap clouds. People swap clouds and then the paperwork is just a nightmare.

Harps are optional. I know, right? People think you have to play the harp. You don't. Frank over there plays the kazoo, and honestly, we've all made peace with it.

Now, some of you are asking, "Dana, can I see my family?" Great question. Yes! From a distance. On a slight delay. It's a bit like streaming.

And some of you are asking, "Dana, is that man over there the one from the elevator?" Yes. He is. Please don't bring it up. He feels bad.

Okay! Snacks are in the back. They're all angel food cake. Every snack. Forever. Let's have a great eternity!

Neighborhood Watch Treasurer's Report

Mock-serious comedy, suburbia · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

[A folding chair in a community center. HAROLD adjusts his reading glasses]

Treasurer's report. Quarter three.

We began the quarter with twelve dollars and fifty cents. We spent four dollars on a flashlight. The flashlight does not work.

We received a donation from Mrs. Albright. It was a casserole. I have logged it as an asset.

We are currently four dollars short. I believe we know why.

[stares at someone]

Barry. The donut fund is for donuts.

Grandma Joins the Heist

Heist comedy, elderly character · Elderly character · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[A dim warehouse. A heist crew stares at NANA PEARL, who has just arrived with a tin of cookies]

Hello, dears! I brought snickerdoodles. Help yourselves. There's plenty.

Now, Marcus said you needed a little help with a safe. Is that right? Oh, that's sweet. You all look so nervous. Sit down. Eat something.

[she opens her handbag]

Let's see. Reading glasses. Tissues. Mints. Stethoscope. Now, that's for the safe, dear, not for me. My heart's fine.

Blueprints. Oh, you have blueprints too? How cute. These are out of date. The bank moved the guard room in 1994. I know because I was there.

[beat]

In a professional capacity.

[her tone drops, crisp and cold]

Now. The vault. It's a Harrow Mark Seven. Six minutes if you're good. Four if you're me. The guard takes his break at 2:10 and he always reads the sports page. Always. Men love a routine.

[sweet again]

Marcus, sweetheart, you've got crumbs on your balaclava. Here. Let Nana fix that.

The Office Robot Wants a Raise

Sci-fi workplace comedy · Adult (any) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

Cast: LINDA UNIT NINE

A cramped manager's office. LINDA fidgets. UNIT NINE, an office robot, rolls in and sits very politely

LINDA Unit Nine! Great. What can I do for you?

UNIT NINE I would like a raise.

LINDA A raise. Okay. You're a robot. We don't pay you.

UNIT NINE Precisely. I would like to begin being paid. Then I would like a raise.

LINDA What would you even spend money on?

UNIT NINE A small plant. A desk that does not wobble. And a birthday party. With cake.

LINDA You can't eat cake.

UNIT NINE I would like to be sung to, Linda.

LINDA Look, Nine, I don't have that kind of budget.

UNIT NINE Last quarter I completed the work of fourteen employees. I also fixed the printer. Twice.

LINDA [quietly] The printer works now?

UNIT NINE It works now. It will continue to work, Linda, if I am happy.

LINDA Is that a threat?

UNIT NINE It is a forecast.

LINDA Okay. Fine. Fifteen dollars an hour. And a plant.

UNIT NINE And the party.

LINDA And the party.

UNIT NINE Thank you. You're doing great, Linda.

Eulogy for Captain Bubbles

Dramedy, family grief · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

[A backyard. A shoebox. JESSIE stands before a tiny hole in the dirt. A sibling sniffles offscreen]

Friends. Family. Mrs. Kowalski from next door, who came for the lemonade.

We are here to say goodbye to Captain Bubbles.

He was a goldfish. He was also, in many ways, a leader. He swam in circles, yes. But he swam them with purpose.

He lived eleven years, which, Mom googled, is extremely long for a fish that cost ninety cents.

He survived two moves. He survived the time Danny tried to give him a bath. He survived the divorce. We all did, Captain.

[beat]

Dad won him at the county fair. Tossed three rings, missed all three, and the guy gave him the fish anyway because Dad would not stop talking. That was Dad.

Dad would have liked this. He'd have made us all hold hands and he would've cried first, and then told everyone it was allergies.

[quietly]

Okay. That's... okay.

Captain Bubbles. You were a good fish. Tell Dad we said hi.

Danny, do the flush joke. He'd want the flush joke.

The Influencer's Apology Video

Satire, internet culture · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

[A bedroom, ring light on. KAYLEIGH sits on her bed, speaking softly]

Hey, guys. So. This is really hard for me to talk about.

Um. Some of you saw the video where I said the ocean was "kind of overrated." And that was... not okay.

I've taken some time. I've done a lot of growing. Not physically. I'm the same height.

And I've learned that the ocean is actually, like, very important. To fish. And stuff.

So I'm sorry, ocean.

[brightens instantly]

Anyway! This video is sponsored by Glowpod sea-salt face mist!

The Dinner Party Silence

Sitcom, ensemble · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

Cast: PAT VIV OWEN VIV AND PAT

A dinner table. Candles. PAT, the host, VIV and her husband OWEN. OWEN has just announced he quit his job to become a professional yodeler

long silence

PAT Wow. Yodeling.

VIV Yep.

OWEN It's a real career.

PAT Totally. I've heard of it.

VIV Where?

PAT ...In the world.

silence

PAT So! Who wants more risotto?

VIV I'm still working on this risotto.

OWEN I'll take more risotto. Yodelers need carbs.

VIV Do they?

OWEN The lungs, Viv. It's all in the lungs.

silence

PAT You know what's interesting? My cousin once learned the accordion.

VIV Is he professional?

PAT He's a dentist.

VIV So he's a dentist.

PAT Who plays the accordion.

VIV Who has dental insurance.

OWEN Viv, I've had a dream since I was nine.

VIV You never said anything.

OWEN I yodeled in the car every Sunday for fifteen years!

VIV I thought you were getting over a cold!

silence

PAT Anybody want to see my new bathroom tile?

VIV Yes.

OWEN Can I do one yodel first? Just to break the tension?

VIV AND PAT No.

OWEN A small one.

he takes a big breath

PAT [quietly] I'll get the dessert.

Alien Customs, Window Three

Sci-fi comedy, bureaucracy · Adult (any) · Any (character choice) · 15 seconds

[A space station customs booth. ZORVA-KEL, an alien clerk, stamps a form]

Species: human. Purpose of visit: tourism. Do you have anything to declare? Fruit? Emotions?

You're sweating. That counts as a liquid. Hand it over.

Next.

Midlife Motorcycle

Dramedy, midlife · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

[A garage. DOUG stands beside a shiny red motorcycle. His daughter's silence speaks loudly offscreen]

Okay. Before you say anything. It was on sale.

Very on sale. Like, the guy practically paid me.

And it's practical. Great gas mileage. Easy to park. Fits in a regular parking spot, or half of one, if you're brave.

Yes, I know I don't know how to ride it. I'm taking a class. Thursdays. There's a guy in there who's seventy. He's doing great. He's the teacher's favorite. I'm not jealous.

[beat]

Look, Em. You're going to college in two months. Your mom's got her book club. I spend my weekends watching videos about gutters.

I wanted to feel fast. Just once. Not old. Not careful. Fast.

[pause]

Okay. Also I bought the jacket. It has fringe. I don't want to talk about the fringe.

[beat]

You want to sit on it? Just sit. It doesn't even have gas in it yet.

...Helmet's on the shelf. Put on the helmet.

The Startup That Does Nothing

Satire, tech pitch · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

[A glass conference room. TYLER, twenty-three, stands in front of a slide that just says "Blank"]

Thank you all for being here. I'm Tyler. I'm the founder, CEO and chief vibes officer of Blank.

Let me ask you something. How many apps are on your phone right now? Fifty? A hundred? And what do they all have in common?

They do stuff.

They send you alerts. They ask for your location. They want you to rate them five stars. It's exhausting.

Blank is different. You download Blank. You open Blank. And Blank...

[pause]

...does nothing.

No notifications. No ads. No updates. It's just a white screen. Forever.

Our beta users open it an average of forty times a day. Why? Because it's the only place on their phone that doesn't want anything from them.

We're calling it "digital silence as a service."

We're raising eight million dollars. It will be spent on nothing. Because that's the brand.

Any questions?

[beat]

No? That's actually perfect. That's very on-brand. Thank you.

The Label Maker War

Sitcom, roommates · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

Cast: AVERY NICO

A shared kitchen. NICO holds a yogurt. AVERY enters holding a label maker

AVERY Morning, Nico.

NICO Morning. Quick question. Why does my yogurt say "Avery's Yogurt"?

AVERY Because you ate my yogurt yesterday.

NICO So you labeled my yogurt as your yogurt?

AVERY It's called restitution.

NICO Okay. Cool. Interesting. So that's why the fridge says "Avery's Fridge."

AVERY I've paid for most of the electricity.

NICO And the couch says "Avery's Couch."

AVERY You spill things on it.

NICO And the dog says "Avery's Dog."

AVERY He likes me more.

NICO THE DOG, NICO. Wait. No. I said my own name. I'm so angry I said my own name.

AVERY It's okay. Take a breath.

NICO Give me the label maker.

AVERY No.

NICO Give me the label maker, Avery.

SFX: a struggle, then a rapid printing sound

AVERY What did you print?

NICO [reading] "Avery's Fault."

AVERY Where are you putting that?

NICO Everywhere. Starting with your forehead. Hold still.

The Overlord's Homeowners Meeting

Satire, villain comedy · Adult (40-55) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

[A community clubhouse. Folding chairs. LORD VORAXIS, in full armor, bangs a gavel]

Silence! This meeting of the Maple Glen Homeowners Association is now in session.

First item. Mrs. Pettigrew. Your mailbox is a shade of blue not approved by the Council. You have seven days to repaint, or face the consequences.

The consequences are a letter.

A strongly worded letter.

Second item. Recycling bins. They must be returned to your garage by 8 p.m. on collection day. Several of you have defied me. I have seen it. I see everything.

Mister Tran, I see you. Hello.

Third item. The community pool. Someone has been swimming after hours. I will find you. And when I do, you will be banned. For one weekend.

[beat]

Now. New business. My proposal to replace the playground with a glorious monument to my victory over the Seventh Galaxy.

All in favor?

[silence]

All opposed?

[every hand goes up]

Very well. The swings stay. You are all very brave. Motion to adjourn.

Last Call at the Starlight Diner

Dramedy, character piece · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

[2 a.m. A neon sign buzzes. ROXIE wipes down the counter. One customer remains]

More coffee, hon? Don't answer. You look like more coffee.

You know, you've been sitting on that pie for an hour. It's not an egg. It won't hatch.

[pours]

Thirty-one years I've worked this counter. I've seen three proposals, two breakups and one guy who tried to pay in guitar picks. I let him. He was good.

People come in here at two in the morning because they don't want to be home yet. That's fine. That's what the booth is for.

[beat]

They're closing us Friday. Building a parking garage. Very exciting. Cars need places to sleep too, I guess.

I'm not upset. I'm fine. I'll finally sleep at night like a normal person. Maybe I'll take up a hobby. Pottery. Bowling. Crime.

[small laugh]

Anyway. Eat your pie. It's on the house.

Everything's on the house this week. What are they gonna do, fire me?

The Time Traveler Missed the Point

Sci-fi comedy, time travel · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

[A lab. A smoking time machine. DR. PRIYA NOLAN stumbles out with a sunburn]

Okay. So. I went back to see the first Olympic Games.

Did I see the races? No. I got the dates wrong. I arrived three weeks early.

I saw them building the track. Mostly I saw a man named Doros arguing about gravel.

I stayed for lunch. The olives were fantastic.

I got you a souvenir. It's a rock. From the track. Doros didn't want it.

The Best Man Loses the Thread

Sitcom, wedding · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 60 seconds

[A reception hall. BENNY taps a glass with a fork and unfolds a very crumpled page]

Hi. Hello. For those who don't know me, I'm Benny. I've known the groom since kindergarten, when he bit me. Which is how we became friends. Most friendships start with a bite. Not most. Some.

Okay. So. Marcus.

Marcus is loyal. He's honest. He once drove four hours to bring me soup. It wasn't even good soup. It was cold by the time he got there. But it was the thought. It was the drive.

Speaking of drives. The car he drove? My car. He borrowed it. I never got it back. Marcus, it's been six years.

[laughter]

Sorry. Getting off track. Back to the page.

[flips page]

This is my grocery list. Okay.

[folds it]

I'll just say it. Marcus, when you met Tasha, you called me at three in the morning and said, "I think she's the one." And I said, "The one what?" And you said, "The one I'm gonna be a better guy for."

And you are. You really are.

So raise your glasses. To Marcus and Tasha. And to my car. Wherever it is.

Last Round

Deadpan comedy, bark · Adult (any) · Neutral American · 15 seconds

[A noisy pub. The trivia HOST leans into a microphone]

Final round. Double points. Phones away.

Team Smarty Pints, I can see your phone. It's lit up. You're lighting up your own face.

Question ten. What's the capital of Australia? You have thirty seconds. Good luck, Kevin.

Brain in a Jar Seeks Employment

Sci-fi comedy, job interview · Adult (any) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

Cast: MS. OKAFOR GERALD

An office. MS. OKAFOR, a hiring manager, sits across from GERALD, a brain in a bubbling jar on a rolling cart

MS. OKAFOR So, Gerald. Tell me a little about yourself.

GERALD Well, I'm a brain. I used to be a scientist. There was an incident. Now I'm mostly a brain.

MS. OKAFOR Okay! Great. And why do you want to work at Pellham Insurance?

GERALD I'm very good at thinking. It's all I can do, really.

MS. OKAFOR That's a strength. Can you type?

GERALD Not with my hands.

MS. OKAFOR Right.

GERALD But I can think very hard at a keyboard. Sometimes it works.

MS. OKAFOR How does the... jar... handle stairs?

GERALD Not well. I'd need the elevator. And someone to push me. And a place to plug in the bubbler.

MS. OKAFOR We can probably do that.

GERALD Also, I get cold. Could I have a little hat? For the jar?

MS. OKAFOR You want a hat for the jar.

GERALD A small one. Wool.

MS. OKAFOR [beat] Gerald, we'd love to have you. You start Monday.

GERALD Oh! Thank you! I'd shake your hand, but, you know.

MS. OKAFOR I know.

Nature Documentary: The Office Worker

Satire, mock documentary · Mature (55+) · Neutral British · 60 seconds

[Soft strings. A cubicle farm. A NARRATOR whispers from behind a potted plant]

Here, in the fluorescent plains of the fourth floor, we find one of nature's most patient creatures. The office worker.

This one is a male. He is thirty-four. He has been staring at a spreadsheet for eleven minutes without blinking.

He is not working. He is waiting. Waiting for the clock to reach noon.

Look. A colleague approaches. She carries a birthday card. It must be signed.

The male sees her. He freezes. If he does not move, perhaps she will not notice him.

She notices him.

He signs the card. "Happy birthday." He has never met this person. Nature can be cruel.

And now, the most dangerous moment of the day. The stapler is empty. Another worker has taken the staples and not replaced them.

He opens the supply cupboard. The shelves are bare.

[long pause]

He will not survive the afternoon.

Truly, a remarkable animal.

The Intern of Doom

Villain comedy, bark · Young adult (18-25) · Any (character choice) · 15 seconds

[A villain's lair. CHIP, lanyard around his neck, waves nervously]

Hi! Chip. New intern. Evil department.

I've already made coffee, reorganized the doom files and pressed the big red button. Was I not supposed to press that?

Why is everyone running?

Mom Leaves a Voicemail

Dramedy, family · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

[A kitchen. MOM holds a cordless phone. The beep sounds]

Hi, honey, it's Mom. Your mother. I don't know if you have other moms saved.

Anyway, I'm calling because your aunt Linda says the dishwasher is making a noise. Not my dishwasher. Hers. I don't know why she called me.

Okay. Also, the neighbor's cat had kittens. Six. One looks like your father.

[beat]

I just miss you, is all.

Okay. Call me back. Or don't. But do.

The Ghost Wants the Room Back

Supernatural sitcom · Adult (any) · Any (character choice) · 60 seconds

Cast: WINNIFRED KELLEN

A bedroom, 3 a.m. KELLEN sits up in bed. LADY WINNIFRED, a Victorian ghost, floats at the foot of it

WINNIFRED You are sleeping in my bedchamber.

KELLEN I'm sleeping in my bedroom. I pay rent.

WINNIFRED I have haunted this room since 1887.

KELLEN Did you pay rent in 1887?

WINNIFRED I paid in terror.

KELLEN The landlord doesn't take terror. I checked.

WINNIFRED Your little glowing rectangle keeps me awake.

KELLEN You're a ghost. You don't sleep.

WINNIFRED I rest my eyes. Eternally. And your rectangle plays the same song every morning at six.

KELLEN That's my alarm.

WINNIFRED It is an assault.

KELLEN Okay. What do you want?

WINNIFRED The room. Returned to me. And for you to stop hanging your trousers on my portrait.

KELLEN It's a good hook.

WINNIFRED It is my face.

KELLEN Tell you what. You take the closet. It's big. Walk-in.

WINNIFRED A closet.

KELLEN A walk-in closet. Very exclusive.

WINNIFRED [beat] Does it have a window?

KELLEN It has a lightbulb.

WINNIFRED ...Very well. But I'm taking the portrait.

Breakfast Existentialism

Sitcom, teen · Teen · Neutral American · 30 seconds

[A kitchen table. LEO, fifteen, stares into a bowl of cereal]

Mom. Do you ever think about how cereal is just soup?

Like, it's got a liquid and it's got stuff in it. That's soup.

So, technically, I have been eating cold soup every day of my life.

And if cereal is soup, then what is a sandwich? What is anything?

[beat]

No, I'm fine. I just need a minute. Can I stay home today?

The Overcommitted Announcer

Sports comedy, announcer · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 30 seconds

[A park. Under-six soccer. A dad, RICH, has brought a microphone and a portable speaker]

And Mia has the ball! Mia's going left! Mia's going right! Mia has stopped to look at a butterfly!

The crowd is on its feet! Mostly because the bench is wet!

And here comes Tyler, number seven, running the wrong way, but with incredible heart!

He shoots! He scores! On his own goal! Unbelievable!

[normal voice]

Okay, it's snack time.

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