

## Zoning Approval

Anna Turner

Boss: All right, so...Thanks to the recent zoning approval of the 5<sup>th</sup> street lot, we've got an opportunity to build something new and unique. We've got a lot of pressure from the city to do something spectacular. They want us to make up for that jungle cats petting zoo.

Cassie: Hey, that was a *great* idea. (pause) Until, you know...the petting part. And the kid losing his arm, and the law suits.

Boss: But that tiger sure was hungry! (everyone laugh) So, team, I asked you to prepare a pitch for today's meeting about the 5<sup>th</sup> street lot. Cassie, we'll start with you. (Boss sits down as Cassie stands up and goes to top of table)

Cassie: So, as we all know, fat people are everywhere, right? (points at 4) Obesity is one of the hottest trends in America right now, and I think we should capitalize on that. (everyone around the table nods in agreement, mutter amongst themselves) So, I present to you (pulls tub of lard from under the table) McdonLard's! Cut out the laborious and menial tasks of cooking and deep-frying. Just serve the people what they want: Obesity in sizes large, biggie, super large, extra biggie, grand extra super large, and child's large.

Boss: So you're thinking a restaurant?

Cassie: No, a Lard-aurant. First ever, completely innovative. (Boss jots something down.)

Boss: Thank you. (Cassie sits down, taking lard with him. Retrieves spoon from pocket and begins eating) Next?

2: I've noticed that Global Warming seems to be a big topic of debate lately, and that the Go Green fad has really taken off. I think we should create the first-ever solar-powered coffeehouse.

3: Okay, Al Gore. (everyone laughs, looking at 2 like he is an idiot)

4: Yeah, why don't we just "plant a tree" while we're at it? (everyone laughs degradingly)

2: I don't...why the air quotes? (drowned out by 3's line)

3: Maybe we should all start driving hybrids, too. (degrading laughter picks up)

Cassie: Yeah, or wear clogs? (2 shuffles feet, awkward and dejected)

Boss: Or maybe we should all sell our cars to pay off the guy blackmailing us because we like to occasionally hang out at gay strip clubs over the weekend? (only one to laugh as everyone kind of goes silent and looks away awkwardly. Boss clears throat) So, moving on.

2: Is that a no to the coffeehouse, then?

Boss: Yes. That is definitely a no. (3 gets up and pushes 2 out of the way forcefully)

3: So, my idea kind of goes along with the idea of the whole obesity thing.

2: It's not another Lard-aurant is it?

Cassie: (points spoon at 2) Shut your face, tree-hugger.

3: Because everyone is so fat, they all turn to dieting programs, right? But none of them work.

4: I lost 40 pounds with Weight Watchers.

3: And yet you still look like a fat Cathy Bates. Prime example that these dieting schemes are not the key to success. BUT, with my new Gerba-Gym (claps and show girl brings out hamster cage. She puts it on table and exits) working off those extra rolls has never been easier.

3: With this larger than life gerbil cage, we can turn this (points to cage) into an exercise wonderland for humans! Why shouldn't we get the same work-out gerbils get?

4: (prodding cage) This gerbil's dead.

3: What? Oh, yeah, well...It's been sitting in the trunk of my car for, like, three days, so...

2: That's a promising start for Gerba-Gym, isn't it?

3: Oh, I'm sorry—do you have a better idea, Mr. Prius?

2: Yes, I do: A solar-powered coffee—

Boss: Is it really a sin to go to a strip club, though? I mean, everyone does it, right?

4: I don't.

Boss: Well, of course not. No one wants to see Fat Camp rejects at a strip club. Talk about buzz kill. Okay, get that dead gerbil out of here, please, and can we just get to the next idea. That means you, cankles.

4: So, I think we have all noticed how little green space there is in this city. So, my suggestion is...(shows crappy picture of tree on poster that was previously covered up) A park! (silent pause)

Boss: That's a tree.

4: Yes, a happy tree!

Cassie: Where are the playgrounds?

4: Bob Ross hasn't gotten to playgrounds, yet.

2: Bob Ross the jew-fro guy that paints shitty landscapes?

3: You bite your tongue! Bob Ross is the epitome of talent!

4: Yes! The one that does landscapes! I met him at one of my Weight Watchers' meetings—

Boss: Is he fat?

4: No, he's just unhappy with his body image right now.

Boss: So he's fat.

4: No, he's—

Boss: You know, if people weren't so fat, then their husbands wouldn't go to strip clubs just to see what a real human looks like naked.

3: Which is exactly why the Gerba-Gym would be so great!

Cassie: But no one *wants* to be skinny—according to studies, 18-24-year-olds want to be obese more than they want drugs.

Boss: Really?

Cassie: Yes! Why do you think Oprah does so many shows about fat people?

Boss: Good point....(to 4) Your park idea is stupid. Sit down. (looks at agenda in front of him) So we've got one more pitch from—(looks up at table to find Mark, but he is not there)—where is Mark? Has anyone seen him? (Mark jumps out from Wing wearing top hat and magician coat)

Mark: (magician voice) Here I am! (does Magician dance/walk over to table)

Boss: Oh, okay...Right, so what's your idea for the 5<sup>th</sup> street lot? (Mark pauses, looks slyly from side to side, digs into pockets and throws a bunch of glitter into the air)

Mark: MAGIC, Magic, magic, magic, magic, MAGIC, magic, magic...(continues throwing glitter as he exits through wing, with every glitter throw a new MAGIC, magic, magic, magic...Coughs a couple times as glitter gets into the mouth...Everyone stares at spot where he disappears)

Boss: Okay, so...Mark's contribution is...magic.

Mark: (offstage) MAGIC, magic, magic, magic, magic....

Boss: Right. So we've got the Lard-aurant, (1 holds up tup of lard appraisingly), the stupid hippie hookah bar thing—

2: Solar-paneled coffeehou—

Boss: —The Gerba-Gym, (3 gives a good USA! USA! USA! HOOWAH!) and a park...so...we are going to go with...(thinks this over for a while, looking from one person to

the other, thinking hard)...strip club. We're going with a Strip Club. (stands up) All right everyone, great meeting. (heads toward wing) See you next we—(as he is about to exit, Mark jumps out, throwing glitter in Boss's face)

Mark: MAGIC, magic, magic, magic...



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