

THE CHRISTMAS MOVIE PITCH
(A Holiday Movie, sort of)

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY - DAY

Establishing shot. Skyscrapers. Traffic. Busy sidewalks.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Gold-plated channel letters above the revolving doors to a modern office building: FIRST METRO BANK.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

First Metro Bank President MONTGOMERY WINTHROP, III (60s, balding, Ivy League smug) sits impatiently with his arms crossed at an ornate, oversized desk.

ARNOLD "ARNIE" FEINBERG (50s, grifting grin-fucker) and his goombah sidekick SANTINO "SONNY" PORPORINO (40s, hotheaded, clueless) swagger into the office and plop into side chairs.

WINTHROP

Good day gentlemen, I understand you're here to discuss a new venture loan.

Chewing an unlit cigar, Feinberg eyes Winthrop's nameplate: MONTGOMERY WINTHROP, III, BANK PRESIDENT.

FEINBERG

(extreme Brooklyn accent)
That's right, *Monty*. We need a small investment for our passion project.
(beat)
We wanna make a *Christmas movie*.

WINTHROP

(surprised)
How... intriguing. And what will you provide for collateral?

FEINBERG

Our company.

WINTHROP

Which is...?

PORPORINO

(extreme Queens accent)
We're in the cash flow business.

WINTHROP

So, vending machines, car washes
and the like?

FEINBERG

Oh no, Monty, nothin' that hoity-
toity. We run a private club.

(beat)

For gentlemen.

PORPORINO

(proudly)

Breasts, Buffets, and Beers.

Winthrop cocks an eyebrow.

WINTHROP

And you want to use that, uh,
business to secure a loan for a
Christmas movie?

FEINBERG

That's right. You see, unlike a lot
of my fellow Jews, I am not a
Hanukkah guy. I prefer -- wait, who
am I kidding, I love -- Christmas.
Especially Christmas movies.

PORPORINO

Me too. Them flicks make me ball
like the little Baby Jesus.

FEINBERG

Thing is, we don't wanna make
another one'a them sissified
Christmas flicks. Ours has got to
be realistic and gritty--

PORPORINO

--yet whimsical.

WINTHROP

(dubious)

I see, and how do you intend to
achieve this... *unique vision*?

Feinberg removes the unlit cigar, balances it on Winthrop's
desk, and leans in. Winthrop cringes as the spittle from
Feinberg's cigar drips slowly onto his solid oak desktop.

FEINBERG

Glad you asked, cuz we got the script, the crew, and the cast ready to go once you approve the loan.

WINTHROP

Do you have a title for your *masterpiece*?

FEINBERG

Do we!

Feinberg nods at Porporino who fingers a drum roll on Winthrop's desk.

FEINBERG (CONT'D)

(dramatically)

An Intercourse Family Christmas.

A beat. (A very, very long one.)

WINTHROP

(incredulous)

Gentlemen, I admire your passion, but First Metro does not finance porn movies. I know another bank that finances both porno and crypto ventures, however, and--

FEINBERG

(chuckles)

Oh, no, no, no! It's not a porno.

WINTHROP

With intercourse in the title?

FEINBERG

(smiles)

Oh, I see why you're confused! The movie takes place in Intercourse.

PORPORINO

Intercourse, Pennsylvania.

FEINBERG

It's a real town--between Blue Balls and Dick-in-Hand.

WINTHROP

Don't these films typically occur in quaint bergs named Candy Cane, Maine, or Snowfall, Vermont?

FEINBERG

Exactamundo! That's why our film will stand out from all that other rubbish.

PORPORINO

And because of our primo story and world-class cast.

FEINBERG

Speaking of casting... you are gonna love who we've inked for the lead. Not one of them former child TV stars from the '90's like those other Christmas flicks. We got--

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

TIFFANY TWERK (35), a voluptuous bleached blonde with Botoxed goldfish lips leers seductively into her cellphone camera.

FEINBERG (V.O.)

--Tiffany Twerk, the reigning Tik Tok queen of twerking influencers.

Tiffany LEAPS onto her bed, spins her backside toward the camera and twerks her man-made buttocks to blaring RAP MUSIC.

PORPORINO (V.O.)

Nobody can out-twerk Tiffany Twerk!
(a beat)
She also happens to be my current girlfriend!

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

WINTHROP

(sarcastically)
Lucky you.

PORPORINO

I know, right?

WINTHROP

But a "twerker" in a *Christmas* movie? Won't the evangelicals who love these films *crucify* you? No pun intended.

FEINBERG

None taken. But no, we feel that they'll truly appreciate the gritty realism.

PORPORINO
And whimsicality!

Winthrop makes a face which translates to: "*Are these fuckin' guys for real?*" Porporino continues the pitch.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

LANCE LOINS (20s), shirtless and six-packed, lip-sinks Hip Hop as a shirtless all-male troupe locks and pops in the B.G.

PORPORINO (V.O.)
And for Tiffany's love interest, we got -- *wait for it* -- Lance Loins, boy toy extraordinaire. Thirty million Instagram followers, Monty!

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

WINTHROP
The guy who's involved in that sex scandal with a... sheep?

FEINBERG
(apologetically)
He's a farm boy. Loves animals like lots of folks. Lance just happens to fall in love with them, too.

Winthrop SIGHS.

INT. ROYAL BEDROOM - DAY

In royal prince garb, Lance Loins removes his shirt to reveal rock hard abs. In a silk robe, Tiffany Twerk salivates with desire and anticipation about what she hopes comes next.

FEINBERG (V.O.)
Nobody will object, cuz in our story he plays a secret prince from the tiny Monarchy of Frostopia.

PORPORINO (V.O.)
And nobody objects to secret princes in Christmas movies, no matter what their age or sexual proclivities!

Tiffany Twerk momentarily turns her attention away from "her prince thrusting his royal sword" to address the CAMERA.

TIFFANY
 (lascivious grin)
 God knows I sure don't!

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

WINTHROP
 Are you sure that's--

PORPORINO
 (ignores Winthrop, plows
 ahead)
 I know you're thinkin'... who's
 gonna play the antagonist?

EXT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - NIGHT

STROBES FLASH. SIRENS WAIL. Cop cars RACE into the parking lot of a gentlemen's club: *Breasts, Buffets, and Beers.*

A skinny guy in navy blue FBI windbreaker (40's, Don Knotts in wire frames) hops from a cop car and runs toward the club.

FEINBERG (V.O.)
 We got the perfect guy! Somebody
 with whom you do not wanna fuck!
 (beat)
 With.

PORPORINO (V.O.)
 That's for sure. He's an up-and-
 coming actor who moonlights as the
 bouncer at our club -- "Little
 Richie" Zuccato.

LITTLE RICHIE flashes an FBI badge at the DOORMAN and spins to the camera for a CLOSE-UP.

LITTLE RICHIE
 FBI. You may have heard about our
 little three letter organization.
 Stands for Federal Bureau of
 Incarceration.

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

WINTHROP
 Let me get this straight. You cast
 your club's bouncer as an *FBI*
 agent? And the *antagonist*? In a
Christmas movie?

PORPORINO

See, I knew you'd love this story!

WINTHROP

Love? Hmm. But aren't Christmas movie bad guys typically greedy tycoons who want to level the local bookstore to build a high rise?

INT. GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - CONTINUOUS

FBI Agent Little Richie shoves through a crowd of lustful GUYS stashing dollar bills into strippers' G-strings. He spots Tiffany on stage twerking her heart out. She sees him, grabs her dollars, and makes a mad, naked dash off-stage.

PORPORINO (V.O.)

In the crappy flicks, yea. But in ours, it's the FBI Agent who's trying to shut down the strip club, er, *gentlemen's club* where Tiffany shares her performance art.

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

Porporino leans forward in his chair. Turns really serious.

PORPORINO

That part is based on a true story.

WINTHROP

At your club, I assume.

FEINBERG

(nods)

Fed raids. They happen more than you'd think.

WINTHROP

(dripping with sarcasm)

You learn something new every day.

PORPORINO

Arnie, tell him about the little kid and her furry mutt.

(turns to Winthrop with big smile)

You're gonna love this, Monty!

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

HOLLY (9, adorable, All-American kid next door) in red coat, matching wool hat and mittens plays with SNUGGLES (cute, animated, lap dog). Snuggles licks Holly's face which causes her to break into joyous laughter.

REVEAL a charming house in B.G. decorated for the Christmas holidays. Kid and pup romp and play in new-fallen snow as more continues to come down around them.

FEINBERG (V.O.)

So, Tiffany's got a cute little daughter named Holly who adopts a cuddly, lovable pup named Snuggles.

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

WINTHROP

(brightens up)

Now that's more like it! The kind of heartwarming Christmas movie the whole family will enjoy.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Holly and the barking Snuggles continue to romp and play. Fun, fun, fun. But as the snow gets deeper and deeper, they panic and trudge to the snow-covered front doorstep.

PORPORINO (V.O.)

If you liked that, you'll love this. On the same day the FBI raids the club, a blizzard hits.

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

WINTHROP

(concerned)

O... kay.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Within seconds snow covers Holly and Snuggles. Holly's hand rises above the snowdrift and disappears. Child and dog are lost to the blizzard. Only mittens and a dog collar remain.

PORPORINO (V.O.)

And poor Holly and Snuggles freeze to death beneath the deep snow.

FEINBERG (V.O.)
Not to be found until spring thaw.

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

WINTHROP
WHAT! NOOOOOOH!

FEINBERG
Heartbreaking, I know. But it's
that type of gritty realism--

PORPORINO
--and whimsicality!

FEINBERG
Right, and *whimsicality*, that makes
our movie such a one-of-a-kind
Christmas classic.

Winthrop THROWS UP his arms, EXPLODES from his chair.

WINTHROP
(at the breaking point)
Enough already! I've tried to hold
my tongue. But this has got to be
the most ridiculous idea for a
Christmas movie I have ever heard.
It sounds more like a *horror flick*.

FEINBERG
Or maybe a thriller?

PORPORINO
Or a heist movie?

WINTHROP
Wait, what? How did you pivot from
a *Christmas classic* to a *thriller*
to a *heist movie*?

Feinberg and Porporino withdraw handguns from their jackets
and point them at Winthrop.

WINTHROP (CONT'D)
(scared shitless)
What the--

FEINBERG
(chuckles)
We were just fuckin' with ya about
makin' a Christmas flick, Monty!

PORPORINO

(grins)

Sorry about the deception. We needed to stall to give our crew time to secure the bank.

WINTHROP

Your crew? What crew?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CAMERA PANS across row of trembling, zip-tied BANK EMPLOYEES, mouths duct-taped, eyes opened wide with fear.

FEINBERG (V.O.)

The crew who tied up and gagged your bank employees and stashed 'em in the conference room.

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

Winthrop still looks confused. Feinberg and Porporino shrug, exchange smiles. Porporino opens door and motions to someone.

PORPORINO

Come on in here... crew.

A motley bunch of misfits strolls in... TIFFANY TWERK, LANCE LOINS, LITTLE RICHIE, and SNUGGLES. They grasp hands (and paws) and bow to Winthrop like stage actors in an encore.

FEINBERG

Holly wanted to be here too, but she had homework to do.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAY

On her bed, Holly reads a book titled "*Grifters Handbook for Kids*." She stops reading, looks at the CAMERA, and smiles. Her braces SPARKLE and SHINE.

PORPORINO (V.O.)

She's studying up so she can join us in the cash flow business when she graduates middle school.

BACK TO BANK OFFICE

Winthrop winces. Feinberg waves his gun at him.

FEINBERG

And Monty, no need to report our little visit to the authorities. Everything we told you about us was well, a lie.

PORPORINO

Yeah, we take pride in operating beneath the cops' radar.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Feinberg, Porporino, and the crew stop on the sidewalk to peek through the windows of the bank. Feinberg looks at everyone, shrugs, and motions for them to go inside. Smiling, they enter the revolving doors, one by one.

FEINBERG (V.O.)

In fact, it's a fluke we're even here, right Sonny?

PORPORINO (V.O.)

Really is. We was just in town on vacation, saw your esteemed establishment, and thought 'let's stop in and say hello.'

Winthrop opens his mouth to say something he'd probably regret. Porporino flashes him a Joe Pesci "Goodfellows" stare which causes Winthrop to immediately shut his mouth.

FEINBERG

One final request, Monty. Mind opening the vault? We hope to finish up and be out of here before eight. There's a Christmas movie on the TV we wanna watch.

PORPORINO

And you know how much we love our Christmas movies!

Winthrop frowns, raises his hands, and shuffles from the office with Feinberg, Porporino, and the crew close behind.

Snuggles jumps onto Winthrop's desk and steals a doggie treat from a jar labeled "FOR OUR CANINE CUSTOMERS" before he bounds out the door, too.

WOOF! WOOF! WOOF! (Which in cute puppy language translates to: *Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night.*)

THE END