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Cast of Characters

THE VOICE, possibly a disembodied voice or an actual person with a microphone. The Voice is cool and effortless in that television announcer kind of way.

The Sharks

RAMINA MOUNTJOY, a colossus in the industrial chemicals, superconductor, and petroleum industries. She is very serious.

VISPAN JACK, the bad-boy billionaire of Silicon Valley. He's into apps, motorcycles, and putting himself into space wearing a leather jacket. He is friends with a lot of famous people.

YAGTAR, a literal shark

The Entrepreneurs

SASHA, BFFs with Trista

TRISTA, BFFs with Sasha

SHIRLEEN, a frustrated person

JERRY, her husband

JORDAN, a doting granddaughter

SPENCE, a bro

TRIPP, a bro

VERONICA, a teenager

BRANSON, her father

CHARLY, a very adorable fiancée

BRENDEN, an equally adorable fiancé

JOYCE, a woman on the verge of a nervous breakdown

TODDRICK, a mad scientist

ELLIE, a mom that thinks she is very cool

MADISON, her daughter, an aspiring ventriloquist

Bonus Scenes

LANDRY, a person trying to rid the world of a terrifying menace

ELLA, a person trying to rid the world of a terrifying menace

DR. AMBROSE, an unethical scientist

DR. JONES, a scientist with concerns

JIMMY, the ringleader

Production Notes

Casting: Any role can be played by a person of any gender, adjust names and pronouns accordingly. No reason the married couple can't be two people of the same gender.

To Cut This Show: Simply remove some of the pitches as necessary.

To Make This Show Larger: Use one or both bonus scenes at the end of the script.

CONTAINER OF SHARKS!

by Don Zolidis

1.

(Lights up on an expensive-looking boardroom.)

THE VOICE. This. Is The Container . . . of Sharks!

(Cool music happens.)

A cauldron where aspiring entrepreneurs come asking for money. Lots and lots of money. So much money. From a group of powerful self-made billionaire investors with the resources to make—or break—their dreams.

(More cool music happens.)

The task is simple: convince these apex predators that your idea is worth investing in, and you will walk away with their own money. Fail to convince them . . . and it's possible terrible agony awaits as you are torn limb from limb by actual sharks. All filmed live in front of an audience of your loved ones and childhood elementary school teachers.

Let's meet the investors!

(RAMINA enters powerfully, looking tough in a power suit. She has a briefcase.)

Ramina Mountjoy started as a janitor for Exxon and built a multibillion-dollar petroleum and industrial chemical empire that operates in twenty-four countries, most of them legally. Her colossus of environmentally insensitive products is in everything from "organic" meat to your children, and all the toys they play with. She did not come to play. She came to slay.

(RAMINA sits powerfully.)

(Noise: VISPAN enters to the sound of motorcycles.)

Vispan Jack was raised by a commune of hippies on values of freedom and self-expression, but he ignored all that and is now known as the bad boy of Silicon Valley! His first app, Candy Crush, is in four billion phones worldwide, even in those phones that think they deleted it. Candy Crush watches you every hour, every day, and knows everything about you and your loved ones. I'm sure that's comforting. He's planning a trip into outer space just for himself, just so he can look down on everyone.

(VISPAN does a twirl and sits in a really cool way.)

(Maybe the theme from Jaws here.)*

(Another noise.)

(And finally, YAGTAR, a literal shark.)

(YAGTAR enters.)

An eighteen-foot-long apex predator murder machine capable of feasting on three percent of its body weight per day, Yagtar also did not come here to play. He came to slay. And then eat.

(YAGTAR sits, all business.)

Container of Sharks is not affiliated with any other television show and any resemblance is completely coincidental how dare you suggest it, how dare you, how dare you.

VISPAN. All right let's do this I'm in a good mood today!

RAMINA. You're always in a good mood.

VISPAN. It's easy to be in a good mood when you look like this! And you're worth billions. Man I want to go into space so bad right now. Earth is terrible. Mostly because of us.

RAMINA. Yagtar, how are you doing?

YAGTAR. Hungry.

RAMINA. Love it.

VISPAN. All right what do we got?!

2.

THE VOICE. The first to enter the *Container of Sharks* are best friends Sasha and Trista.

(SASHA and TRISTA enter. SASHA is bursting full of confidence. TRISTA . . . less so.)

(They are dressed up a bit like Renaissance figures.)

SASHA. *(With a flourish:)* Greetings Apex Predators of the Sea!

VISPAN. I love this already!

YAGTAR. YES.

* See note on Permissions for Sound Recordings and Musical Works on the copyright page.

SASHA. I'm Sasha and this is Trista and we are . . . (*Supposed to be in unison, but not:*) The Ethical-Makeup Maidens!

TRISTA. (*A little late:*) The Ethical-Makeup Maidens!

(*She curtsies.*)

SASHA. (*To TRISTA, as an aside:*) We're not doing the curtsy there.

TRISTA. (*Out of the side of her mouth:*) I thought we were.

SASHA. (*Out of the side of her mouth:*) Well I thought you had listened during rehearsal but I guess I was mistaken. (*Back to the sharks:*) Take it away, Trista!

(*SASHA steps back and watches TRISTA present with increasing disappointment.*)

TRISTA. We are two awesome friends and you know what we hate? Makeup. Not wearing it, we love wearing it, but there's a big problem with makeup: it's tested on animals.

RAMINA. There's plenty of makeup that's not tested on animals.

TRISTA. (*Thrown:*) Yes. Yes. That is a good point. Um . . . You are right.

RAMINA. I know I'm right. I didn't get to be a billionaire without being right about everything.

TRISTA. Good! But uh—what about using green energy to power your makeup factory? Or using makeup that biodegrades to create good soil after you wash it off? Those things don't exist. I think. Pretty sure.

SASHA. (*Trying to save it:*) Until Now!

TRISTA. Until now.

(*She takes a deep breath. Takes out a makeup case.*)

With Pure Green Makeup, you can live a pure green life and still look beautiful. We are seeking one hundred thousand dollars for a fifteen percent stake in our company. From you, wonderful sharks.

YAGTAR. Sharks!

RAMINA. That's a lot of money for makeup.

VISPAN. I like it! Yes!

TRISTA. So now we will demonstrate just how awesome this makeup makes you feel inside . . .

(*She forgets the next part.*)

SASHA. (*Whispering:*) And out!

TRISTA. (*Trying to whisper back:*) What?

SASHA. (*Louder:*) And out!

TRISTA. What about . . .

SASHA. Inside and out!

TRISTA. (*Realizing it:*) Oh. Inside and out!

(*SASHA steps forward.*)

SASHA. Okay, Trista, have a seat.

(*There is no seat.*)

TRISTA. Sure! There's no—there's no chair.

SASHA. You were supposed to bring the chair.

TRISTA. Why was I supposed to bring the chair?

SASHA. So we wouldn't stand here looking like idiots.

TRISTA. I'm not the one making a big deal—

SASHA. I'm supposed to put makeup on you standing up? I'm just gonna stand up straight like a robot putting—

TRISTA. (*Overlapping:*) I thought they would have a chair!

SASHA. (*Overlapping:*) You always do this.

TRISTA. (*Overlapping:*) Oh I always do this?!

SASHA. Yes. Yes you do. Remember seventh grade when we had the presentation on the moon, and you were supposed to bring the moon model?

TRISTA. Oh my gosh that was your moon model! You were the moon-model person! I wrote the song!

SASHA. The song was trash! That you took five minutes—

TRISTA. But you always blamed the model on me and I didn't have anything to do with it!

SASHA. (*Singing the moon song mockingly:*)

WHAT DO I SEE WHEN I LOOK UP AT NIGHT?

IT'S THE MOON

IT'S THE MOON

IT'S THE MOON

IT'S THE MO-OO-OO-OOON—

That was CRAP! You were supposed to do the model and you—

VISPAN. Hey um . . . maybe you guys could just get a chair from the set somewhere?

SASHA. Thank you! Thank you so much! Yes! Trista is going to go find a chair right now.

TRISTA. Am I?

SASHA. Yes you are.

(Stare down.)

It seems like the person who forgot the chair should go get the chair. I mean that makes sense, right?

TRISTA. Maybe the person who didn't plan on the chair should get the chair.

SASHA. I planned on the chair.

TRISTA. Where is it then? Is it an invisible chair? Can I sit on the invisible chair?

(She tries to sit on the invisible chair.)

Oh look I'm sitting on the invisible chair this is super comfortable I wonder if I can lean back in my invisible chair.

(SASHA just stares at her.)

SASHA. Get it. Get the chair. Get it now.

TRISTA. You get it.

SASHA. You get it. Get it. Get it now. Get it.

(VISPAN gets up.)

VISPAN. You know what? Take my chair.

YAGTAR. I don't even need a chair because I'm shark!

VISPAN. Okay take his chair.

SASHA. Thank you.

(SASHA and TRISTA both stand there.)

TRISTA. Okay I guess I'll get the chair because I'm the servant I guess whatever.

(She gets the chair, plops it down, and sits.)

(They go back into their routine.)

SASHA. *(High energy again.)* What we're going to do now is demonstrate how fantastic ethical makeup can look when it is applied to a human face instead of an animal face.

YAGTAR. YES. Faces. Mmmmmm . . .

SASHA. Exactly! Faces. Okay, Trista will be my human guinea pig—

TRISTA. But not an actual guinea pig!

SASHA. Certainly not. Because we love guinea pigs! We love them so much.

TRISTA. They're so cute.

SASHA. They are.

(They have a moment. They get really emotional.)

I am so sorry. It's just there's so much pressure right now—with you and the sharks and losing my job and the whole thing with Darrel—

TRISTA. You were too good for him.

SASHA. I know!

TRISTA. We all knew he was trash!

SASHA. I should've listened to you!

TRISTA. I love you so much!

SASHA. I love you! *(Getting herself together:)* Which is why I am going to put this ethical makeup on you right now so you look as beautiful as you are on the inside—

TRISTA. And you are beautiful—

SASHA. *(In tears:)* I know!

(SASHA starts applying foundation.)

So we start with the foundation—

TRISTA. It's tingling!

SASHA. The tingle tells you it's ethical—

TRISTA. It's like a million little bees are stinging my face—

SASHA. Because the bees are still alive—

TRISTA. And they are crawling all over me! Which is great! We love bees.

(TRISTA is trying to hold it together but it HURTS—)

SASHA. You are so pretty now!

(TRISTA whimpers in pain. She can't speak.)

Okay just a few more minutes . . .

(TRISTA whimpers louder. It hurts so much.)

Now we ethically source the materials for our makeup from organic plants, which are grown organically without pesticides. If you look closely, you can see the organicness working.

(TRISTA is in agony.)

The sweat beading on her forehead is actually a good thing. It's the body's natural reaction to being coated in a film.

TRISTA. OH IT HURTS SO MUCH I'M SO SORRY AAAAAH!!!!

(She flees.)

(SASHA takes a moment.)

SASHA. And it helps you run faster.

(Lights down.)

3.

THE VOICE. Coming up next on *Container of Sharks* . . . a husband and wife team from Little Rock, Arkansas. Jerry and Shirleen Reynolds!

(SHIRLEEN bursts out—intense and well-prepared.)

(JERRY enters, looking a bit confused.)

SHIRLEEN. Hello Apex Predators! How are you doing today?

VISPAN. Amazing! I am so rich.

RAMINA. Actually I've been having a bit of a—

SHIRLEEN. Fantastic! Now I love my husband, Jerry! Say hi, Jerry!

JERRY. Hi Jerry.

SHIRLEEN. Isn't he a stitch! He is SO funny! But you know what's not funny? His SNORING!

JERRY. I don't even realize I'm doing it.

SHIRLEEN. I know! Which is part of the horrible, horrible problem! He falls asleep first every night—

JERRY. Shirleen likes to read her stories in bed.

SHIRLEEN. We're not making this about me, Jerry! This is about you! He falls asleep every night and then it sounds like this!

(She makes a ridiculously loud snoring sound.)

Actually!

(She takes out a microphone or a bullhorn and snores as loud as she can into it.)

But like right into the side of your face!

(She puts it up to JERRY's face. Snores again.)

All night long! For hours! And hours! And I need my beauty sleep!

JERRY. She sure does!

SHIRLEEN. Ha ha ha ha quiet Jerry! Sometimes he doesn't know when to stop making noise! Like all night long! Am I right?

JERRY. Am I supposed to say something now?

SHIRLEEN. Do you think you're supposed to say something.

JERRY. I think the key to a happy marriage is just saying, yes, dear. Whatever she's saying? Yes, dear.

SHIRLEEN. That's because Jerry doesn't take the time to understand or listen to what I'm saying!

JERRY. Yes, dear.

SHIRLEEN. Now my first solution to the Jerry snoring problem was called "The Other Room!" Ha ha ha. But that had its own problems because it was my crafting room!

JERRY. Shirleen makes bespoke kitten figurines. They stared at me while I slept. Sometimes they talked.

SHIRLEEN. Sometimes that was just me making voices!

JERRY. "I'll kill you, Jerry. I'll kill you dead."

SHIRLEEN. Ha ha ha we have fun!

JERRY. I stopped sleeping entirely. I would see the kittens in my nightmares. Their big eyes staring at me. Always staring.

SHIRLEEN. So he couldn't sleep in the other room anymore! So what could I do to fix him?

JERRY. She's always trying to fix me.

SHIRLEEN. Because he's so broken!

JERRY. Well I wouldn't say broken—

SHIRLEEN. Ha ha ha I would! Anyway, what to do? So I created this! The Snore Destroyer!

(SHIRLEEN produces a huge helmet.)

VISPAN. Whoah that is awesome. I could use that for space.

RAMINA. How does that possibly work?

SHIRLEEN. Apex Predators—I am asking for two hundred thousand dollars for a ten percent stake in Snore Destroyer!

RAMINA. I'm not seeing how this works.

SHIRLEEN. It works great! Watch!

(She settles the helmet on his head. Straps it on.)

Now sleep, Jerry.

(JERRY does nothing.)

(She knocks on the side of the helmet.)

Go to sleep, Jerry. Shhhhhh . . .

(JERRY tries to lie down with the massive helmet on his head.)

YAGTAR. I'm having flashbacks to the sea. When they watched me. In their cages. Always watching.

RAMINA. Is he alive in there?

SHIRLEEN. Probably! Give a thumbs-up if you're alive, Jerry.

(Nothing happens.)

Give a thumbs-up if you're alive, Jerry!

(Nothing.)

He does this sometimes! Little jokes! Such a stitch!

(She taps on his helmet again.)

(He gives a thumbs-up.)

See?! So, when I go to bed . . .

(She lies down somewhere near him.)

I can't hear him at all! And now, with the Super Snore Destroyer—

(She takes out a black blanket or towel and wraps it around the helmet—)

I don't even have to look at him! Marriage solved!

(She gets back up.)

Who needs couples therapy when you don't have to see or hear your husband. Am I right?

(Lights down.)

4.

THE VOICE. Coming up next is Jordan, with a great new way to discover cookies.

(JORDAN enters, holding a few Tupperware containers filled with cookies.)

JORDAN. Some of my favorite people are apex predators!

(She laughs at her own joke.)

Little joke to start things off! Hi there. My name is Jordan and I have a new take on an old favorite: the chocolate chip cookie. Now I know many of you are thinking: how can you possibly improve a perfect cookie? And for most people, you can't! You seriously can't. You think you can do better, but you can't. It's impossible. But none of you people are my grandmother.

VISPAN. At least not that I know of!

JORDAN. You're not. You're not my grandmother.

VISPAN. I was making a joke.

JORDAN. I don't joke about my grandmother.

VISPAN. Good to know.

JORDAN. She was a very special woman. And I won't have her mocked.

VISPAN. I wasn't—

JORDAN. You think you can fool me?

RAMINA. Uh—maybe we can get back to the presentation.

JORDAN. Sure.

(JORDAN holds VISPAN's gaze for a moment. Then switches back.)

So welcome to Grandma's Cookies!

RAMINA. Isn't there a Grandma's Cookies already?

JORDAN. Not my grandmother.

RAMINA. No I but I think it's an actual brand—

VISPAN. *(Checking his phone:)* You can get it from Amazon.

JORDAN. They are not my grandmother's cookies. These are my grandmother's cookies. Made with her recipe. Which she brought over from the old country. That was the only thing she brought. And now—I will share them with you.

(JORDAN hands out a cookie to each of the judges.)

(YAGTAR eats his like a shark in a feeding frenzy.)

YAGTAR. OM NOM NOM NOM NOM NOM GOOD COOKIE.

(The others take bites.)

VISPAN. Yum. This is pretty good.

JORDAN. I'm sorry?

VISPAN. It's pretty good. Not the best chocolate chip cookie I've ever had, but solid.

JORDAN. Those are my grandmother's recipe.

VISPAN. Yeah I got that part.

JORDAN. First you pretend you are my grandmother and now you disrespect her like this?

VISPAN. I said they were good.

JORDAN. These are the best cookies you've ever had.

VISPAN. No they're actually not.

RAMINA. I'm gonna agree with him—these are decent.

JORDAN. Decent?! They're decent cookies?!

YAGTAR. I LIKE.

JORDAN. Thank you! At least one of you has taste!

YAGTAR. I eat anything that moves. Sometimes tires.

JORDAN. (*Holding it together:*) Let me tell you something about my grandmother. Because you people don't know anything about cookies or love or grandmothers or beauty. She was a beautiful woman. And she told me . . . she took my face in her hands and said, "Jordan . . . share my cookies with the world. Let them know."

(JORDAN takes a moment.)

And I said, "Gram-Gram, I will do it. I will do it for you." And she said, "Make sure they give you three hundred thousand dollars for a five percent stake in the company."

(*So much emotion.*)

And I said, "I will, Gram-Gram. If it's the last thing I do! Because I love you!"

(*Even more emotion.*)

And she said, "I love you to the moon!"

(Oh God the emotions.)

And I said, "I love you to the stars!"

(You cannot imagine how much emotion is in this next sentence.)

And she said, "I love you more than that!"

(Everyone should be crying now.)

And I couldn't even think of what's past that but I LOVE YOU SO MUCH.

(JORDAN cannot continue. She is overcome with tears.)

VISPAN. Uh . . .

YAGTAR. I WILL EAT THIS GRANDMA.

RAMINA. No, Yagtar, we don't eat grandmas.

YAGTAR. SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.

VISPAN. Look, I'm sorry about your grandmother—

JORDAN. Spare me your lies.

VISPAN. But just because she died doesn't mean we're going to invest in your company.

JORDAN. Who said she was dead?

(Lights change.)

5.

THE VOICE. Coming up next on *Container of Sharks*—can two classy young gentlemen solve a problem that's been vexing humanity since the beginning of time? We doubt it but we're going to pretend like they've got a shot anyway to keep you from changing the channel. And yes we know that you can be watching this on Hulu or whatever but please keep watching because we need that sweet, sweet ad revenue.

(Two bros, SPENCE and TRIPP, enter with a lot of energy.)

SPENCE. Yo yo yo what up?!

TRIPP. What is UP, Sharks!

SPENCE. Great entrance, Tripp!

TRIPP. Back at ya, Spence!

(They high five.)

SPENCE. You know how I'm doing?

TRIPP. How are you doing, bro?

SPENCE. I am AWESOME, bro. You know why?

TRIPP. Why, bro?

SPENCE. Because I have solved ALL of our problems!

TRIPP. All of them? No way, Broseph.

SPENCE. Oh yes, Brotato. All our problems. Let me break it down for ya.

(He approaches the sharks.)

(To RAMINA:) You are super cute by the way.

RAMINA. Get away from me.

SPENCE. No doubt, no doubt. Fiery. I love it. But let me lay it out for you peeps. I don't know about you, but I have a best friend.

TRIPP. Yup.

SPENCE. And his name is Fuzzbutt, because he is a FUZZY DOG.

(SPENCE either shows a picture of a big fluffy dog or a big fluffy dog is actually brought onstage.)

TRIPP. Fuzzy dog, yo! I be petting him all the time.

SPENCE. He's so fuzzy.

TRIPP. He's like if fur and fuzziness had a baby in dog form.

SPENCE. I love him more than my parents.

TRIPP. Not hard to do!

SPENCE. Sometimes I wrap my arms around him and bury my face in his tummy and I think this is what heaven would be like if heaven was even more awesome than it already is.

TRIPP. No doubt.

SPENCE. But that got my brain gears moving—because what happens with Fuzzbutt?

TRIPP. The dog sheds, yo!

SPENCE. Like a MANIAC.

TRIPP. For reals, I'm sitting in my crib and tumbleweeds of fuzz roll by.

SPENCE. It's in the air. We are inhaling it constantly.

TRIPP. It is doing significant brain damage.

SPENCE. The doctors say we will never recover.

TRIPP. We might have only a few months to live.

(Short pause.)

SPENCE. Death, yo. It is the great equalizer.

TRIPP. No doubt, bro.

(They contemplate the folly of existence.)

SPENCE. Bro did you just contemplate the folly of existence?

TRIPP. I did, Brosaurus.

SPENCE. As did I.

TRIPP. Deep.

SPENCE. But anyway I solved the problem!

TRIPP. For real!

SPENCE. What do I like more than petting my fuzzy dog?

TRIPP. Nothing.

SPENCE. True. But second?

TRIPP. Rolling on the ground.

SPENCE. That's right. So I invented Fuzzicize!

*(TRIPP brings out a Snuggie-type bodysuit or footie pajamas.
Helps SPENCE into it.)*

TRIPP. This is my favorite part, right here.

SPENCE. Thanks, bro. So what I do—now as soon as I'm done petting Fuzzbutt—

TRIPP. Love him.

SPENCE. I roll on the floor like this.

(SPENCE gets on the ground and rolls around.)

TRIPP. Sometimes I help.

(He helps roll SPENCE around.)

SPENCE. *(While being rolled:)* All the dog fur sticks to me! So not only am I cleaning the floor, I'm getting exercise, and it's fun.

TRIPP. And I keep rolling him until the floor is clean. Sometimes we both get in these and we race each other.

SPENCE. Good times.

TRIPP. Yes they are, bro. Yes they are.

SPENCE. You complete me.

TRIPP. So what do you say, Sharks? Are you ready to roll?

(Lights down.)

6.

THE VOICE. What's better than having a dad? A dad who's also an inventor. And what's better than having a child? A child who is also a willing test subject! Let's meet the father-daughter team of Branson and Veronica Hedges.

(BRANSON and VERONICA enter to applause from the sharks.)

(They are ready for this, polished.)

VERONICA. Hello Apex Predators!

VISPAN. Oh look the kid is taking the lead. This never happens!

BRANSON. You're doing great, pumpkin!

VERONICA. Boy is it hard to have kids these days!

VISPAN. That's funny because you are a kid.

VERONICA. I know! And I know exactly how tough it is to need to pick a kid up from school, and take them to soccer practice, and then to piano practice, and then to a dance recital—not to mention you've got rhythmic gymnastics lessons, horseback riding, and that internship at the tattoo parlor! How do you get your kid to all those activities?!

RAMINA. That's why I hire a driver.

VERONICA. Yes but not everyone can hire a driver.

RAMINA. Because they're losers.

VERONICA. *(Smiling:)* Some people who don't have drivers aren't losers at all!

RAMINA. Wrong.

VERONICA. Ha ha ha okay. But my dad is not like other dads! And when he saw a problem—

BRANSON. You're not a problem.

VERONICA. Instead of driving around all over the place to pick me up, he decided to spend three years in the basement developing experimental technology to solve the problem while Mom took me to all the events.

BRANSON. I missed a lot of dance recitals.

VERONICA. You didn't miss anything. I was mediocre at best. My heart wasn't into it, because you know what my heart was into?

BRANSON. *(Overlapping:)* Science!

VERONICA. (*Overlapping:*) The tattoo parlor!

BRANSON. I thought it was science.

VERONICA. Science was second. Do you know that in most states you have to be eighteen to get a tattoo, but there are no restrictions on how old the tattooist has to be? I drew a lot of smiley faces on people's backs.

BRANSON. Speaking of backs . . .

VERONICA. Exactly! Backs. Right.

(*BRANSON takes the lead.*)

BRANSON. Now—like most dads, I believe there's no problem that can't be solved by avoiding that problem and spending all of your time doing something else. So I developed a little something I call "The Child Propulsion System" or Project Icarus for short.

(*He takes out a backpack and gives it to VERONICA, who straps it on.*)

VISPAN. Is this a jetpack? Cause I am on board for jetpacks.

BRANSON. Ha ha that's a common misperception! And at first I thought jetpacks for elementary school kids was a brilliant idea. But I lost several children so I scrapped that.

VERONICA. Don't worry, we found most of them.

BRANSON. Did you know the earth is two-thirds covered in water? Good thing, too! Ha ha ha.

VERONICA. Good thing the sharks were in here and not out there!

YAGTAR. Sharks also in ocean.

BRANSON. Well I suppose that explains why we're missing a few. But don't worry! Nobody missed those kids because they were annoying.

VERONICA. Fun fact: most children are a problem.

BRANSON. But I have a solution! And it's not a jetpack. But it's close!

(*He takes out a controller.*)

The problem with the jetpack idea was that the children could control their own jetpacks.

VERONICA. Not well, though, because the interface was really complicated, which caused a lot of kids to veer off course or crash into the sea.

BRANSON. Because they were bad at it!

VERONICA. Well—

BRANSON. The solution: drone technology! I have implanted eighteen whirling blades inside the backpack—watch your hands and feet and limbs! But I control the movement of the drones through this control device!

(He takes out a remote control.)

This way I can move a child from one location to any other location THROUGH THE AIR. Soccer practice?

(VERONICA acts like she's being moved.)

Zooooooooom done.

Oh it's time for piano lessons? Welp.

(VERONICA is moved in the other direction.)

Whoooooosh. I can even fly her through doors and down hallways if I'm careful!

(VERONICA acts like she's being maneuvered through a hallway.)

And I never have to leave the comfort of my favorite sports bar.

VERONICA. Do you really think you should be drinking while you're piloting me around?

BRANSON. Ha ha ha kids. When will they learn?

VERONICA. I just don't think that—

BRANSON. Do I need to remind you not to question me since I control your every movement and can pilot you into the sun?

(He turns to the sharks.)

And it doubles as a handy parenting tool!

(Lights down.)

7.

THE VOICE. The most beautiful day of your lives could also be the most beautiful business opportunity of your lives. Real-life fiancés Charly and Brenden have a plan that they hope can impress the sharks. But can they? And maybe if a shark invests, they can be in the wedding party!

YAGTAR. YES. YAGTAR IN WEDDING PARTY. EAT GUESTS. EAT GUESTS.

(CHARLY and BRENDEN enter. They wear just a bit of wedding gear—maybe a veil for her and a cummerbund for him.)

CHARLY. Hey there! I'm Charly!

BRENDEN. And I'm Brenden!

CHARLY. And we're in love!

BRENDEN. We sure are!

(They gaze at each other.)

RAMINA. Next.

CHARLY. No no no we're ADORABLE.

BRENDEN. You're adorable.

CHARLY. I'm only adorable because I'm reflecting your love.

RAMINA. NEXT.

BRENDEN. And my love is only so strong because you taught me how to love.

RAMINA. Isn't there a button that lets me rain fire on them or something? Hey. HEY.

THE VOICE. Yes?

RAMINA. Why don't we have a button that lets us rain fire on the presenters?

THE VOICE. That's only available in the *Container of Sharks* Japanese version.

RAMINA. Darn it.

VISPAN. I want to hear what they have to say. I love people in love.

RAMINA. You would.

YAGTAR. Me too. They are easy prey for Yagtar. And usually taste great.

(CHARLY and BRENDEN have been staring into each other's eyes this entire time.)

VISPAN. Can you guys keep going?

BRENDEN. Oh sorry. I was lost in her eyes.

CHARLY. And I was lost in you being lost.

BRENDEN. If you ever got lost, I will help you find your way home.

CHARLY. Home is wherever you are.

VISPAN. Okay I'm coming around on the raining fire on them idea. Can we get started please!

CHARLY. Of course! Now, like any amazing couple, we are planning our . . . wedding!

BRENDEN. It will be the greatest event in everyone's lives!

CHARLY. And if you invest in our product, you will be invited to the wedding!

RAMINA. No.

CHARLY. Or, if you want to apologize for not coming to the wedding, you can send us a wedding gift.

RAMINA. Hard pass.

BRENDEN. One thing I know about me and my fiancée, Charly, is that everyone loves us. Because we remind you of how you used to be, when you were crazy in love and attractive. I have seen many old people look at us with a tear in their eye.

CHARLY. We make a lot of old people sad.

BRENDEN. But we have a problem.

CHARLY. One day we will not be this amazing. We will be old—like you.

BRENDEN. And our wedding is only going to be happening for seventeen hours of our lives.

CHARLY. So really the problem is with space and time.

BRENDEN. Because no matter how much we love each other, we can't stop time.

CHARLY. Can't we?

(They gaze at each other.)

RAMINA. NO YOU CAN'T.

BRENDEN. You're right. But we can do the next best thing!

CHARLY. With our patented nuptial technology, we have implanted tiny cameras into the wedding dress and the tuxedo.

BRENDEN. The cameras are continuously on, uploading to the cloud, which is then beamed directly to our home DVR system.

CHARLY. This way, we can relive all seventeen hours of our wedding EVERY DAY FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES.

BRENDEN. We won't miss anything! Ever.

RAMINA. You're going to watch all of your wedding all day every day?

CHARLY. *(Overlapping:)* Of course.

BRENDEN. (*Overlapping:*) Not every day.

(*Pause. CHARLY looks at BRENDEN.*)

CHARLY. What do you mean, not every day?

BRENDEN. I mean that's like . . . that's a lot of time on our wedding.

CHARLY. A lot of time on the most magical most special day of our lives? A lot of time on the day that I have literally been planning since I was five years old? Too much time?

BRENDEN. Well I mean, you know, we need to . . . do other things.

CHARLY. What "other things" could be better than our wedding?

BRENDEN. I mean like . . . living.

(*She stares at him.*)

CHARLY. I am hearing words coming out of your mouth right now but they are insane words from a goblin which has obviously killed my true love and stolen his skin and put it over his evil goblin face. Because my true love would not say something as hurtful as that to his fiancée.

BRENDEN. We have to eat, Charly!

CHARLY. Oh oh oh okay I get it! You need to EAT! Wouldn't want to have our love take up too much time when you're too busy stuffing your gluttonous face hole!

BRENDEN. I get hungry! I need to eat things!

CHARLY. You're a monster! You were stolen by aliens and replaced by a robot!

BRENDEN. You know what?! The wedding is OFF!

CHARLY. GOOD!

BRENDEN. GREAT!

CHARLY. EXCELLENT!

BRENDEN. FANTASTIC!

(*They stare at each other.*)

(*They both crack at the same time.*)

CHARLY and BRENDEN. I AM SO SORRY I LOVE YOU SO MUCH!!!

(*Pause.*)

BRENDEN. Oh and copies of the video will also be sent to all the guests!

(*Lights down.*)

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!



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