

SNL Writing Submission

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Sketch 1:  
CryPillow (Commercial Parody)

Cast:  
Beck - GUY LEWIS  
Reese Witherspoon (Host) - WIFE  
Cecily, Leslie, Kate, Aidy, Ego, Melissa, Heidi - GROUP OF  
WOMEN

FADE IN:

OPEN ON: AN infomercial-type set. A bulky pitch man with a hairpiece and a thick beard is talking at the camera. An array of throw pillows, eye shades, blankets, and towels are on display behind him.

GUY LEWIS  
Hi, I'm Guy Lewis, inventor and CEO of CryPillow™, Inc. Like you, my wife found herself extremely frustrated with her pillow going flat, getting mildewy, or becoming all soaked from the frequency that she cried into it.

(As GUY is talking simulated blue tears are being dumped on a pillow.)

CUT TO: GUY and his WIFE are bickering on the couch by the light of the TV. He says something, she turns away and begins to cry.

GUY LEWIS VO  
I can't tell you how many times she couldn't get to sleep because of the sopping wet mess left after a typical evening of drinking wine and attempting to watch TV with me as I explained to her things like why it was important that even though mostly women write, produce, and star in Big, Little Lies, the fact that Darren Star is in charge ultimately makes it his somehow.

CUT TO: Back inside the studio.

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GUY LEWIS CONT'D

She had a terminal case of what I call "Ugly Cry Face™" and it made her so much less fuckable like when someone rolls over for a post-brunch, mid-morning bone sesh and has coffee breath.

(Crowd noise: Ewwwwwwwwww.)

GUY LEWIS CONT'D

One day, while putting on my funky socks with the chicks hatching from my company's logo, I told her, "You have a problem honey, I have a solution."

CUT TO: A clip of GUY running on the beach.

(GUY slows down on the ocean shore, waves lapping at his feet. He looks at his sweaty shirt, then a look crosses his face: He has an idea.)

CUT TO: GUY alone in his lab testing out pillows by dumping water on them. The pillows are made of the same fabric as his running shirt.

GUY LEWIS VO

Refreshed, and dry as a bone, she is able to get dressed and do whatever she does to get herself and the kids out the door.

CUT TO: A GROUP OF WOMEN working in a lab with coats and protective eyewear. They are in various crying positions.

CUT TO: Pillows running off the assembly line.

CUT TO: GUY in the studio.

GUY LEWIS CONT'D

CryPillow™ is made in the USA, designed in our lab by women and for women who cry all the fucking time because of abuse, death threats, pre-menstrual pain, postpartum depression, suppressed memories of traumatic events, and just plain nothing having turned out the way it should have.

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GUY LEWIS CONT'D (CONT'D)

Our testers include women of color, women who are elected officials, women on dating apps, mothers, grandmothers, professional athletes, women who work in marketing departments and aren't ever able to speak in meetings, women who are stalked on LinkedIn, in real life, in Ubers, at bars, in line for coffee; women harassed on the street before or after yoga or Pilates. We have a roster of world-class cryers always A/B testing our product. All the time

CUT TO: The GROUP OF WOMEN, enraged, yet stone-faced gather behind GUY in the lab.

GROUP OF WOMEN

(In unison, robotically.)

And the results speak for themselves.

CUT TO: GUY is back in the studio.

GUY LEWIS

(GUY displays new products one by one.)

Innovation is also the key to our success. That's why this fall we'll be introducing a whole new line, including the Travel CryPillow™, with special sound muffling capability for when you just have to let it go on an airplane but also covet the most precious gift of all, not to be heard. The CryPillow™ Eye Shade, for when you only have two or three minutes during a break in a meeting to go throw down a good bathroom cry and don't want to come back with puffy eyes. The CryPillow™ Sleep Mask which wicks away the involuntary tears that come when you're sleeping, so you wake up looking and feeling fresh. The Car CryPillow™ which is, from what I'm told, pretty self-explanatory.

(MORE)

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GUY LEWIS (CONT'D)

And, my personal favorite, the Desk CryPillow™ which attaches to the base of your keyboard and automatically puts you away. And finally, our CryPillow™ App, which algorithmically tracks your day and optimizes your crying times, setting a timer for you to be done and back to work, back to life, back to your day!

CUT TO: A field.

(The GROUP OF WOMEN are now running through a field in flowing white robes.)

GUY LEWIS VO

At CryPillow™ we believe you. And we're here for you, every day. Every. Single. Tear of the way.

VOICE OVER: CryPillow™ is non-carcinogenic as far as we know, but that may change. CryPillow™ is not for children, though god knows they may need it. CryPillow™ will not make anything better or give you a new life. CryPillow™ will not help you sleep or prevent you from eating your feelings or becoming an addict or looking for places to rent on Craigslist during work. CryPillow™ will body shame you in unexpected ways. CryPillow™ is not a mirror. If slept on it funny, CryPillow™ may cause sweet release from this life.

END

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Sketch 2:  
He, him. (Topical)

Cast:

Pete - PETE  
Mikey - MAKING OUT MAN  
Leslie - PRODUCER WOMAN  
Alex - MAN AT CROSSWALK  
Ego - CABBIE  
Heidi - OLDER WOMAN  
Melissa - TSA WOMAN  
Kyle - TSA MAN  
Jason Statham (Host) - BLAZER MAN  
Chris - PLANE MAN  
Kate - PLANE WOMAN

FADE IN:

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OPEN ON: Backstage of a large venue, as if at a concert.

POV: The camera is following the back of PETE's head. He's navigating seemingly endless corridors.

MUSIC: Dramatic

CUT TO: Distant crowd noises grow louder, expectant.

(He turns a corner. A man in a suit wearing an earpiece is taking a bite of a sandwich. He gives the man a thumbs up as lettuce and mayo stick to his face.)

CUT TO: Another turn. A couple dressed fake punk chic is making out in the hall, they stop.

MAKING OUT MAN

(Pauses, comes up for air)  
You got this man.

PETE

It's he, him.

(PETE nods, and continues his walk. Next, there's a PRODUCER WOMAN with a script wearing a headset, She starts walking and talking to him.)

PRODUCER WOMAN

After, we'll have a meet-and-greet. There's some radio contest winners and we have dinner, undisclosed. But I think you'll like it, it's rare squids and octopi, like in the painting. ...Here.

(She hands him a stack of papers, contracts. His hand scribbles out a signature.)

PRODUCER WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh, and ...good luck sweetie.

PETE

It's he, him.

(She gives him a kiss on the cheek and turns away saying something unintelligible into her headset.)

CUT TO: His walk continues.

(The din of the crowd noise grows ever louder as a pair of large men standing at some industrial-looking double doors at the end of another long corridor sternly look back. They open the doors upon his approach. One gives up a slight smile, the other a knowing nod.)

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(The doors open and there's a narrow staircase, PETE goes up the stairs and inhales at the top one. There's one more door to open at the top. The crowd noise is deafening now.)

CUT TO: Light floods and PETE is out onto a city street.

(PETE continues his walk. Everyone is ignoring him now, they have their headphones on and are looking at their phones.)

(One guy bumps into him at the crosswalk.)

MAN AT CROSSWALK

(Looks pissed, puffs up his chest.)

Watch it bro.

PETE

It's he, him.

(PETE continues and spots a cab door open and an older woman is getting out. He rushes over to help her and she slaps his hand away.)

OLDER WOMAN

(She shoves him.)

Don't touch me, sicko.

PETE

It's he, him.

(PETE gets in the cab and the car starts going. There's loud house music blaring inside the cockpit.)

CUT TO: The cab pulls up in front of an airport terminal.

(PETE hands over a wad of cash and waves off change gets out and walks in.)

CABBIE

Thank you sir.

PETE

It's he, him.

CUT TO: Inside the terminal.

(There are lines everywhere. People are dressed like shit. He gets in line. Nobody is looking at anyone. Everyone is staring down at their devices. Presently, he makes it to a security line.)

TSA WOMAN

(Looking displeased.)

Please put your possessions in the

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TSA WOMAN (CONT'D)

bin.

(PETE Shrugs.)

TSA WOMAN (CONT'D)

Again, my friend. Please put your possessions in the bin.

PETE

It's he, him.

TSA WOMAN

(Rolls her eyes as PETE just stand there. She's got a live one.)

Please step to the side.

CUT TO: PETE is being wanded by a TSA MAN.

(The TSA MAN's face is blank as he rattles through a battery of standard questions super-fast.)

TSA MAN

Has anyone asked you to carry anything for them? Are you traveling alone? What is your ultimate destination? Were you carrying any bottles, liquids of 3.4 ounces or more? Did you pack checked luggage? Have you had thoughts of suicide? Are you on any medications? Have you gone through a recent breakup? Are there troubles at home? At work? Have you lost a pet? Did you when you were younger? Did you remember to close the garage? Do you even have a garage? Do you feel futile, like no matter what you try to do, what joy you attempt to bring the world, when the planet is down its death rattle and that children -- literal -- locked in cages in the name of your country?

(He pauses..)

TSA MAN CONT'D

Fella... you there? Anyone home?

(He snaps his fingers at PETE.)

PETE

It's he, him.

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TSA MAN CONT'D

(He examines and hands PETE's paperwork to him.)

One final question, only going to ask you this one more time:  
What is your favorite Dustin Hoffman movie?

(PETE whispers something unintelligible.)

TSA MAN CONT'D

Hook. Fine. Not my first choice.  
But that will be gate G-27.

(PETE continues his walk through the terminal, people are still device zombies.)

(PETE arrives at his gate and they're calling out groups. He stands behind BLAZER MAN on his bluetooth, he's middle-aged, white, balding, in cheap slacks and his best business-casual go-out shirt and blazer. BLAZER MAN is talking extra loud.)

BLAZER MAN

Yeah. Yeah, no. It was out of control. Yeah, we ended up at that -- the rooftop place. Yeah, she was all over me. No, no -- the one from marketing. Yeah, her -- the one who got, you know, married last -- yeah, with the penis cake. Cock cake, sorry. Yeah, I know. Well, if it wasn't then it's over now. OK. OK man. Yeah, no will hit you up when I'm wheels down. No. No. Not tonight. Gotta interface with fam for a bit. OK. OK. No, sounds good. All right. We're about to board. All right brother. All right man. 'K. You too. You too.

(BLAZER MAN hangs up and turns around.)

BLAZER MAN

The fuck you lookin' at guy?

PETE

It's he, him.

(PETE finds his way onto a plane and takes his seat next to a man trying to get his laptop open and a woman scrolling through her social media feed, he squeezes between them and draws temporary ugly looks from both.)

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PLANE WOMAN

Need a little more room here,  
dude.

PLANE MAN

Yeah dude, can you shrink up a  
little?

PETE

It's he, him.

CUT TO: The camera fades to black.

CUT TO: The camera blinks to life.

(PETE's in the back of a cab, in a new city. He's getting out. He heads toward another set of double doors. A pair of stern-looking men size him up and open the doors.)

(He continues down a long corridor, presently joined in stride by the PRODUCER WOMAN.)

PRODUCER WOMAN

How was your flight? The hotel OK?  
Sorry, everything's sold out here,  
there's some ...I dunno, weed  
convention. Maybe you can work  
that in. I think they're here. It  
smells like dorm and wet sock up  
in here.

(She hands him a stack of papers, he signs them.)

PRODUCER WOMAN

You're good right? Good.

(PETE shrugs, starts to walk away.)

PRODUCER WOMAN

Do me a favor honey, tell  
him ...someone really cares.

(PETE pauses, smiles, continues his walk.)

END

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Sketch 3:  
What the Tech! (Game Show)

Cast:

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Kenan - MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 Alex - HIPSTER BRO  
 Beck - TONY  
 Aidy - MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
 Daisy Ridley (Host) - NATASHA  
 Pete - CJ

OPEN ON: A Shark Tank-like set featuring a panel of three 'TECHSPERTS', A bald, chemically enhanced MIDDLE-AGED MAN, a younger bearded HIPSTER BRO flank a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN in a power suit.

MUSIC: Dramatic game show opener.

VOICE OVER: Welcome to What the Tech! the show that puts your dreams in our TECHSPERTS' hands. Tonight, will three entrepreneurs have their wishes come true? Or will they get -- deleted!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 First up tonight is Tony. He's from East Lansing, Michigan and he has a dating app our Techsperts are going to ...howl over.

(Smiles, looks at the others on the panel.)

HIPSTER BRO  
 Can't wait.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
 Let's see what he's got.

(A pair of double doors open. TONY, a young man in a flannel and jean shorts and fanny pack strides confidently through.)

TONY  
 Hello Techsperts!

(TECHSPERTS nod in unison.)

TONY (CONT'D)  
 My App is called InHEAT and it's a dating app specifically for dogs having a ...ruff time meeting other dogs.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 I'm going to stop you there Tony. There are a million dating apps for pets out there.

TONY  
 I know. I know that.  
 (MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

But our research shows that there are only three other dating apps on the market for dogs that sorts them by region and breed. And of those three ...none of them also sort by age and disease, like worms, Parvo, lupus or, hip dysplasia.

MUIISC: Dramatic.

CLOSE UP: MIDDLE-AGED MAN'S FACE

(He's surprised.)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I'm intrigued, go on.

TONY

(Looks smug.)  
You download the App, enter your dog's information including date and time of birth, last vet visit, condition of teeth and so forth and our predictive algo -- that's algorithm...

TECHSPERTS

(In unison.)  
We know.

TONY

...Spits out a number of top candidates. At that point it's only a matter of going paws up ...or dew claws down for a match.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I like this. I could use this.

TONY

You can chat with the other owners, arrange a play date, or just swap photos.

HIPSTER BRO

This is a great idea. Do you have proof of concept?

TONY

We're still in beta now but I've banged more than 38 other dog

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TONY (CONT'D)  
owners in the greater Lansing area  
in the last month.

HIPSTER BRO  
Impressive results.

TONY  
Thank you.

CUT TO: Dramatic Music as TONY steps to the side.

VO: Next up, she's NATASHA, a barista from Gloucester, and she's got a better way to make money from that morning buzz.

(NATASHA, in a branded jumpsuit and wedges, confidently walks through the double-doors.)

NATASHA  
Hi TECHSPERTS. My name's Natasha and I'm a barista. My App is called CoffeeBroke and it's a coffee delivery service for people who can't afford the time or the money to buy coffee.

HIPSTER BRO  
Brilliant.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
Tell us, how did you get this idea?

NATASHA  
Well, I'm a Millennial-trending-Gen Z and I have a PhD in human suffering that I currently owe two million dollars on ...and am slowly paying it of at 38 percent interest.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Not bad.

NATASHA  
I recently had all of my eggs harvested to make the first two payments.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
Trust me, your body is going to thank your bank account for not having to deal with a monthly crime scene in your late-30s. ...

(MORE)

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MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Tell me, how much do you make an hour?

NATASHA  
 I make three dollars an hour, plus tips

HIPSTER BRO  
 Not bad.

NATASHA  
 Yeah, well, it's not great either. Anyway, I love coffee but the only way I can afford it is to work as a barista.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 Smart.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
 You seem to have a passion for coffee. Why don't you just buy a coffee shop and start a small business yourself? Why do you need us?

NATASHA  
 Um, because I'm two million dollars in debt.

(The TECHSPERTS shrug at one another.)

NATASHA CONT'D  
 Right now, I'm on a list of black market kidney donors. That, minus the trip to Bangkok, should free up about thirty grand and enough to pay off part of my next month's loan and maybe rent.

HIPSTER BRO  
 Sounds like you really need this to go through before we ...pour one out for you.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 Let me address the, uh, VERY caffeinated elephant in the room. If you're giving coffee for free, how does this make money?

NATASHA  
 Same way I'm paying off my loans.  
 (MORE)

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Coffee delivery with CoffeeBroke averages about seven dollars a cup. Since most of our target audience is working 90-plus hours a week as interns and can't leave their desks, there's a need. And the vig starts running as soon as you take your first sip.

HIPSTER BRO

You're charging interest. That's your revenue?

NATASHA

Exactly. Well that and some schwag.

(She does a quick twirl.)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Give me the cream and sugar on this deal: How much is the interest?

NATASHA

We're going easy, starting at about 20 percent -- depending on your credit score.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Have you modeled this?

NATASHA

Yes, we plan on doing one billion in sales over the next six quarters. That's conservative.

HIPSTER BRO

I think you could do this for everything: weed, cans of craft brews, a ride to work, balls to juggle with. Micro- microloans are huge right now because nobody in your generation can afford anything. This is brilliant.

NATASHA

Thank you.

CUT TO: Dramatic Music as NATASHA steps to the side.

VO: Next up, he's someone's cousin from just outside Sarasota, and he's skipped a couple levels to get here.

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(CJ walks through the double-doors wearing an oversized camouflage jacket and a Speedo.)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I think I speak for all of us when  
I say ...hi CJ.

CJ

Hi there.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

What's your idea CJ?

CJ

My idea is, um, skippin' stones

HIPSTER BRO

Skipping stones? I've never heard  
of that.

CJ

That's Skippin' with an n.

HIPSTER BRO

I stand corrected. Still haven't  
heard of it.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Ignore him CJ. Tell us about your  
product.

CJ

Well, I collect rocks by the  
shore. I used to have a box out on  
the street marked 'Free' but my  
cousin, Mark, he was in the  
National Guard for awhile, he said  
put an ad in the Pennysaver. So,  
for five dollars, I'll send you a  
good one, maybe draw up some  
directions on how and where to  
skip 'em.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(Handling a rock.)

These are great. They remind me of  
my childhood.

CJ

Yeah, and if you don't have a body  
of water nearby you can have your  
money back or you can -- we can  
look at a map and find one for  
you.

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MIDDLE-AGED MAN

CJ, how many of these have you sold?

CJ

I put the ad in the Pennysaver about four months ago and so far, we've sold forty eight thousand Skippin' Stones.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

CJ. I think this idea ...rocks.

CJ

Thank you. We're looking to expand right now, have most of our rocks made overseas to meet demand, Mark says. That's where you guys come in, I guess.

HIPSTER BRO

What if, and I'm just spitballing here, we make a subscription box. And what if you could do different subscription boxes with different kinds of rocks. Rocks for throwing. Rocks for a ...garden. Rocks for just plain looking at.

CJ

We've thought of all that. Due to changes in climate and people wanting to get back to nature, we think the subscription box rock market is really about to take off.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I can see that.

HIPSTER BRO

I can see that, totally.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN CJ,

I want to roll with you on the ...can I say it? Rock business. Five million for the company.

CJ

Oh wow.

HIPSTER BRO

I'll do eight million.

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MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
I'll do twenty.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Twenty-five.

(Dramatic Music.)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN CONT'D  
CJ. You have an offer for twenty  
five million. What's it going to  
be?

CJ  
You know what. I started -- I  
started this company for my dad  
who taught me how to skip a stone  
before he left for good.  
And ...Skippin' Stones is ...not  
for sale.

(Dramatic pause as CJ turns and runs out.)

VOICE OVER: And that's all the time we have for What the Tech!  
Join us next week as we debut the Cononica, the colonic machine  
for the musically inclined.

APPLAUSE

FADE OUT

END

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