THE UNSTOPPABLE STEVE-MART

(The scene opens on a group of people around a table in an office conference room.)

CARL: I'm sure you're all wondering why I called this emergency meeting. Well, corporate is pissed. Johny-Mart is on the fast lane to bankruptcy town! And we're all sitting shotgun! Our sales are down eight hundred percent. All because of that no good Steve-Mart.
ERNEST: At least they haven't gone down to zero percent. 'Cause then we'd have nothing.
CARL: Ernest, how did you even get a job here?
ERNEST: I'm bad at percentages. I like fractions.
CARL: Well corporate is serving all of us hell in a hand basket.
MAGGIE: I think the saying is going to hell in a hand basket…
CARL: No. They gave us all our pink slips in this nifty little whicker basket. Literally hell. In a hand basket.
LAWRENCE: Back in my days, they didn't fire ya with any pink slips. They just threw ya out in the street and spit in on your shoes.
CARL: We don't live in your days anymore Lawrence. We live in the here and now. And you don't get your pension if we go out of business.
LAWRENCE: Well we better keep this business afloat. Or I swear I'll haunt you when I die!
CARL: You mean next week?
MAGGIE: Guys, quit fighting. I mean, all we have to do is out-sell Steve-Mart.
CARL: Keen observation, Maggie.
ERNEST: But she's right! We just have to out-sell Steve-Mart!
LAWRENCE: Yeah. And my arthritis is just gonna up and disappear too!
CARL: If any of you has a plan to increase our sales by eight hundred and one percent I'm all ears.
ERNEST: How about we lower the prices?
LAWRENCE: Then we would lose money.
ERNEST: Oh! Then let's raise prices!
LAWRENCE: Then nobody would buy from us.
ERNEST: Then how about we keep our prices the same!
CARL: Any one but Ernest have ideas?
MAGGIE: Well. Maybe since none of us know what to do, we could just like hire a marketing advisor to help us?
CARL: Yes! Don't you worry. I'll take care of this.

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(Transition: a day has now past and everyone is back in the office conference room.)

CARL: Alright guys. I know you're all worried about the pink slips.
LAWRENCE: And my pension.
MAGGIE: And losing my job!
ERNEST: I am worried about the goblins.
CARL: Thank you for sharing Ernest. Please refrain from doing so ever again. Well! I would like to introduce to you! The savior of our sweet company! Ralph!
RALPH: I see you's got a problem with Steve-Mart. How about I do a little bang bang pow pow bibs and bobs your uncle guess what? Steve-Mart accidentally caught on fire!
MAGGIE: I thought you were getting a marketing advisor?
CARL: Well. I kinda took your idea. And I made it better.
LAWRENCE: I've seen your type before, Ralph. You're the kind of fellow who gets a young lady to cheat on her husband named Lawrence!
CARL: Calm down, Lawrence. Ralph is here to make Steve-Mart go bye-bye.
MAGGIE: But if we have a stronger marketing campaign we could—
CARL: It's too late for that! Remember the hand basket? And the hell that was in it? We need action!
ERNEST: Yeah! One over two!
CARL: Ernest! What are you talking about?
LAWRENCE: I think he's talking about fractions…
CARL: We need action Ernest! Not fractions!
ERNEST: Three over four!
RALPH: When do you need me to make the accident happen?
MAGGIE: But if you make it happen, how is it an accident?
RALPH: Foxy! I like 'em foxy.
MAGGIE: Carl, there clearly is a better way to handle this situation.
CARL: Burn it to the ground! Right now! Problem solved!
RALPH: I guess I best be leaving. All I got to say is don't be in Steve-Mart at seven o'clock, just sayin'. Just. Sayin'.
CARL: There is no way this plan won't work!

(Transition: another day has past. Everyone is back at the office conference room.)

CARL: All right. How was I supposed to know that Steve-Mart has an impeccable sprinkler system?
LAWRENCE: Steve-Mart didn't even catch on fire! Now, not only are we still down eight hundred percent, we owe Ralph two thousand dollars.

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