

Brolympics

By

Becca Evans

INT. STADIUM, DAY.

Two announcers, very professional, announce an event at the Brolympics, 2014

CHUCK

And, coming up, we've got today's main event, Freestyle Objectification of Women! Group trials were earlier today...

Cuts to a feed of old footage where a group of men heckles a passing woman.

CHUCK

But now it's all about our two solo finalists! With me today is guest announcer Barry Endersby. I could tell you his qualifications for being here today, but they're so exciting that I'm gonna let Barry do it himself. Barry?

BARRY

A girl was going to give me her number once except one of her friends saw a spider and got scared and they all had to leave.

Chuck and Barry look at each other for a moment.

BARRY

I was *really* close though.

CHUCK

So close. Now onto our contestants. Barry, give us the lowdown on the two bros of the hour.

BARRY

It would be my absolute pleasure, Chuck. McGuinness is a seventh year super-duper senior, while Yaeger has spent four years on a campaign to get everyone to call him "Yaegermaester," to poor results.

CHUCK

Now, McGuinness obviously has one up on Yaeger when it comes to experience- those three extra years mean a lot of extra time to hang around bars and stare uncomfortably

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHUCK (cont'd)
at freshmen, Barry, but I think
Yaeger could hold his own.

BARRY
Looks like this one could be a real
squeaker, Chuck. And there's the
whistle. Out the gate here it looks
like McGuinness is getting a strong
start... seconds into the
conversation and he's already begun
crude sexual pantomime.

BARRY
He does appear to be giving the
classic pelvic thrust, textbook
execution, straight into a couple
"honka honka"s for good measure...
and... I'm not entirely sure what
I'm seeing there, Chuck, any clues?

CHUCK
Let's shift our focus now to the
other side of the competition,
where it looks like Yaeger is in a
bit of trouble.

BARRY
Yeah, it looks like an attempted
pickup line aimed at the young
lady's butt has somehow sequeled into
a conversation of their mutual
interests.

CHUCK
This is not good, Dave. If the
judges see any sign that he's begun
to view the woman as a person
instead of an object, then it could
spell disaster for Yaeger.

BARRY
Coach Maddy does not look happy
about this, Chuck.

Pan to COACH MADDY on the sidelines, staring disapprovingly
at Yaeger.

BARRY
His only chance to win the judges
back now is to keep his gaze
secured firmly on the woman's
chest. At this point, any sustained

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARRY (cont'd)
 eye contact at all would put him in
 danger of throwing the whole thing,
 Chuck.

The judges watch in silence as the shot zooms slowly in on
 Yaeger's strained face. After a few strained seconds, he
 looks the girl straight in the face. Crowd gets rowdy.

CHUCK
 Ooh, you hate to see that. Things
 are looking worse and worse for
 Yaeger. Now I'm seeing an unclear
 signal from the ref- any clues,
 Barry?

BARRY
 He appears to be asking for an
 instant replay- looks like there
 might be an additional penalty in
 play here. I guess we're about to
 find out what all the hubbub is,
 Chuck.

They watch a super-slow close up on Yaeger's face. The
 entire crowd watches him in slow motion speaking.

YAEGER
 Maaayyybeeee weee caaannn graaaabb
 a fraaaaap ssoooommeetiiimeeeee...

The entire crowd explodes.

BARRY
 Ooh, and it is over. Let's look
 over to the bench and, yep, Coach
 Maddy is having none of this,
 Chuck.

Pan over to the sidelines where Coach Maddy is flipping out
 angrily. Maybe she throws a chair.

BARRY
 Let's look back over at our new
 champ, McGuinness, who has won it
 all by failing to give even the
 slightest sign of regard to another
 living human because of secondary
 sexual characteristics.

BARRY
 This truly is the game for
 sociopaths, Chuck.

CHUCK

Look at that smile on the victor's face. I don't think he's quite realized that the prize for this event is immediate sterilization to eradicate him from the gene pool in an attempt to save our species from such intense and pervasive ignorance.

BARRY

What an age we live in, Chuck.