

## **Road Crews Pitch Document**

### **Teaser trailer:**

A harried woman driving her kids to school stuck in traffic, screaming obscenities at a listless Road Crew worker, with signature orange vest, jeans hanging slightly below the ass crack. 'Jesus Christ, how many weeks does it take to fill a fucking pothole?! She looks in the backseat at her children, stunned by their mother's uncharacteristic outburst: 'Mommy, you owe us a quarter.'

The Road Crew worker shakes his head in disbelief, and then returns his attention to the manhole. Follow his point of view deep down below, where his guys are fighting World War 3 against a menagerie of monsters, the likes of which we've never seen... (that's why there always seems to be a crewmember sitting there doing nothing—every mission needs a lookout).

### **Concept:**

'Men in Orange': a blue-collar 'Men in Black'.

### **Our Heroes:**

The philosophical payload revolves around a celebration of blue-collar heroes. A prototypical Road Crew worker never went to college, doesn't earn a lot of money, isn't treated well by superiors, and is often disrespected by the general public, yet they save our asses every day without asking for a thing in return. Stealth is the prime directive, so everything from their truck (think Millennium Falcon) to their outfits to their tools serves dual functions: for roadwork, and the battle beneath the streets (twist the handle on a pickaxe and it becomes a laser cannon). These guys specialize in hiding in plain sight.

### **Theme:**

You shouldn't judge someone by their socioeconomic station—you should judge them by how well they do their job—whether it's the whitest of white collar jobs or the bluest of blue collar. And a job well done, whatever one's status, should be rewarded with respect and admiration.

### **Toys:**

Hasbro, the world's number one toy company, has agreed to create a line of toys for this movie: the road crew workers, their weaponry, the truck, and the monsters...

### **Monsters (Q and A):**

Where do they come from?

Our monsters are terrestrial. They were released from the magma core of the earth in the early 1970s when there was a tectonic plate-shift.

What do they want?

Like all living creatures, the primary goal is sustenance.

What do they eat?

Though our heroes don't know it at the outset, the creatures feed on oil. When they were ejected from the hot magma core, they needed another energy source to replace the hot, earth-core energy and fossil fuels are the only thing that comes close. In the early 70s, when the OPEC cartel threatened to withhold its oil supplies from the Western world, the United States developed deep-bore drilling technology to access petroleum reserves that were locked way down beneath the earth's surface. This is when we unwittingly began to deprive the monsters of their food and the monsters began to make occasional forays to the upper mantle, nearer to the surface than they had ever been. The recent explosion in energy consumption has increased their desperation, causing them to break to the surface.

Are they self-aware?

No—they're animalistic. Sentient and highly instinctual. They feel most safe ensconced in the earth's crust. But they are compelled to search for food, even if it's on the surface.

How dangerous are they?

Very, though they're not malevolent. The damage they could cause is collateral to their goal, which is to stay fed. Meaning they could consume a car, if only to access the gas in the tank.

### Road Crews Mythology:

As part of the economic stimulus package, President Obama announced a series of what he called "shovel-ready" projects. Buried deep in the stimulus prospectus was a plan to hire 140,000 new road crew workers to upgrade the American road systems. Or so we were led to believe. In fact, our government was aware of this growing underground infestation. In the 1980s, they had trained a legion of miners and spelunkers to combat these monsters well beneath the earth's surface (the occasional mining disaster was a cover for those times when miners were killed in action). But now that the infestation has reached the surface, they've started training a new group of men to fight the monsters—The Road Crews.

### The Conspiracy Plot:

Like a good soldier, a Road Crews' job isn't to ask questions about how these monsters came to be, or what they want: the job is to contain them, by any means necessary. That's why the government looks for 'simple folk', brawns over brains, to man these crews. After being initiated into the Road Crews, our hero first accepts

the company credo, until incidents on the battlefield cause him to question that directive. What he and his team will come to discover are that these creatures feed on crude oil, a food supply we've robbed them of as we continue to live in a world driven by fossil fuels. They then realize the reason these creatures are suddenly breaching the Earth's surface is that they're freaking hungry and desperately searching for food. The next layer is that the US government had outsourced the job of containing these monsters to the one industry that could afford to do it—Big Oil. Which is why the crews have recently been ordered *not* to kill the creatures. Because, it turns out, Big Oil is intentionally starving them and tracking their movements, in the hopes that the creatures will serve as scouts who can locate the mythical El Dorado oil fields, rumored to sit underneath the state of Texas. This is the oil field that would let the US be completely independent from the Middle East—and would turn Big Oil into a super-national corporation to rival any sovereign country—including even the US. But this reckless game has run its course, and the starving creatures have gone rogue, leading to a Third act battle on the city streets, in which those 'hillbillies' in orange vests we tend to frown upon for holding up traffic will be the only chance for survival. Our Road Crew's exploration into this conspiracy should ignite at the end of the first act, when something they've been told never happens actually occurs: a creature or creatures breaches the surface.