

EXT. HEINZ HISTORY CENTER - DAY

The majestic backlit building is covered with signage: "The Blonski: A Sandwich to End All Time." A well-dressed crowd of PARTYGOERS mills around outside the building.

A car pulls up to the building. It is garishly emblazoned all over with the name "Blonski." A neat-looking man runs around the car from the driver's side, and opens the passenger door onto the red carpet. A chubby man, dressed like a suburban pimp -- slacks, loosely buttoned shirt, gold chain, and alligator shoes -- saunters out into a barrage of photographers' flashes.

TITLE: TERRY BLANK -- CEO, BLONSKI INTL/(RE)INVENTOR OF THE BLONSKI

INT. HEINZ BALLROOM -- DAY

A high society event is underway in the ballroom, which looks out over a vibrant city skyline. People are chatting at a long open bar. Beautiful women are laughing.

ANGLE ON: Terry who sits at a large, infographic-laden stand nearby with a glossy 12-ft "THE BLONSKI: A COMPLEX MEAL FOR A COMPLEX MAN!!!" banner above it. The stand looks much like an elementary school child's science project, but on a five-figure budget. Next to Terry is a cross-section of a Blonski sandwich and a Primanti sandwich. The Primanti sandwich is dwarfed by the immensity of the Blonski, which is complicated and has many labels including claims of a "PHYLLO EXOSKELETON" and "12 OUNCES OF BEER BAKED INSIDE!"

TERRY

One of the greatest injustices in the history of human understanding is that when people think "Pittsburgh," they think of Primanti's.

ANGLE ON: Various scenes of people enjoying the gala: drinking, talking, eating hors d'oeuvres.

ANGLE ON: Terry still at his booth. We see INSERTS of more infographics from the stand, proclaiming the "FOOD TECHNOLOGY," "COMPLETE EATABILITY," and "ULTIMATE ONENESS" of the Blonski sandwich.

TERRY (con't)

Since being wrongfully snuffed out like the small pox 70 years ago, The Blonski's sandwich has lived on as our family's best-kept secret. I've dedicated my life to bringing the Blonski back where it belongs -- into the hands of the people.

TERRY (con't)

What the masses are unaware of is that the Blonski is the originator. It is *the* sandwich. As in, *the* only sandwich. As in, *the* best complete-meal-in-a-sandwich-that-no-one-knows-about sandwich.

The camera pulls out and we see the car's driver, UDO, who is sitting next to Terry. Udo holds a small video camera and is typing furiously on a laptop. He stops and looks into the camera with steely eyes. Everything about him is German.

UDO

Until now.

CUT TO: Udo standing in the kitchen of the Heinz Center. Chefs hustle around him.

TITLE: UDO GREUFMAN -- DIEHARD BLONSKI SUPPORTER/PRESIDENT OF BLONSKI FAN CLUB/MEDIA CONSULTANT, BLONSKI INTL

UDO (heavy German accent)

Last year, my life changed. I discovered a sandwich which defied the laws of tradition. It took me as I was, as I am now. And that is why I now serve this man, who is its prophet. Tonight, I have the honor to serve as the sandwich's ambassador, as well as the event's liveblogger.

CUT TO: Terry, still at his booth.

TERRY

This...

He pushes forward a platter with a smoking, immense calzone-like thing on a bed of lettuce. In front of it is a filigreed card: "The Blonski."

TERRY (con't)

...is why we're here tonight. The time has come for the Blonski to emerge from its slumber. It can be frightening to wake a sleeping giant, but we've invited only the bravest investors and yeasayers.

CUT TO: Terry and RICK SEBAK sitting at a folding table in a brightly-lit backroom near the ballroom's kitchen. Terry is gesticulating and speaking excitedly. Rick spots the camera crew and gives a half-hearted thumbs up.

CUT TO: An attractive, well-dressed woman in her mid-40s is sitting at one of the banquet tables.

TITLE: KIERSTEN MCCALL -- HEAD OF MARKETING, AMARACK CONCESSIONS, PNC PARK

KIERSTEN

Terry is a persistent man. He's been trying to get me to go out to dinner with him for... let's see... since we allowed him sell his sandwich prototypes outside PNC Park four years ago. Non-game days only.

INSERT: Footage of Terry holding a small cooler trying to pawn incredibly large sandwich-like items onto passersby.

KIERSTEN (con't)

Because, as he keeps mentioning, we're both divorced. I figured coming today would be a good way to meet him halfway. (looks around) I hope it doesn't run too long. I have a dinner date.

CUT TO: A group of men sitting at another banquet table, which has an "Investor" sign in its centerpiece. One of them flirts with Kiersten.

Loud business funk begins playing from speaker stacks as the lights dim. Terry addresses the crowd from a podium.

TERRY

Welcome everyone. Are you ready for the greatest food-related experience since your mother whelped ya?

Crowd explodes in laughter and applause.

TERRY (con't)

Alright then, Pittsburgh. I love you, and I know you are -- almost -- ready for what you're about to get. Watch out, Primanti's -- the Blonski is back!

The crowd applauds politely. The music surges as Terry begins a PowerPoint presentation, which is entitled "Moving Outward: The Blonski Experience."

OPENING TITLES.

CUT TO:

INT. ACADEMIC OFFICE -- DAY

A well-dressed, educated man sits in his office, which is lined with books.

TITLE: SIR KENNETH SALLAVEAUX -- SANDWICH HISTORIAN

SIR KENNETH

The Blonski sandwich has a storied history, which is most easily addressed from our first records of it, in 1929, when it was allegedly created.

TITLE: 1929 - THE GREENE COUNTY INCIDENT

INSERTS of woodcuts: men working in a foundry; men manufacturing and barreling moonshine; etc.

SIR KENNETH (V.O.)

The Greene County Incident is one of the more colorful and interesting "creation myths" in 20th century cuisine. We have to remember that these origins are rarely factual, and that this story in particular was concocted by shiftless vagabonds that regularly consumed sulfur-heavy moonshine beverages.

More INSERTS of early 20th century train logistics.

SIR KENNETH (V.O.) (con't)

Giuseppe Primanti and James "Jimmy" Blonski started out as two teamsters who transported pig iron from the Appalachian mines to Pittsburgh, which at the time was a boundless and invincible metropolis. As their enterprise peaked during Prohibition, they took advantage of their positions to run moonshine into the city -- which was very profitable to do then.

INSERTS of a train collision.

SIR KENNETH (V.O.) (con't)

On the night of September 3rd, Primanti and Blonski were man-powering a three-car pushcar laden with foodstuffs and fermented beer. Of course, their cargo was illegal, which may be why they somewhat unwisely ran their cart on the wrong-way track. A Union Pacific car was coming from the north, and both trains derailed.

SIR KENNETH (V.O) (con't)

Primanti and Blonski were unhurt, while railway records indicate that 36 people from UP6912 were killed in the resulting crash.

CUT TO:

INT. DOMESTIC KITCHEN - DAY

We see a very old man in coarse, old-fashioned clothes. He sits in a clutter and wood-paneled kitchen; he shakes involuntarily.

TITLE: MORTY FUGGINS - TRAIN CRASH SURVIVOR / POTBOY OF THE ORIGINAL BLONSKI'S IN 1929

MORTY

There was steam everywhere -- not from the engines, but from all the bodies... Folks were runnin' around everywhere, trying to save other people what might have survived. But not Jimmy and Giuseppe. All the food and liquor ran out onto the tracks, which were hot from the violence. Jimmy and Giuseppe were taking the ham and such off the tracks. They was making sandwiches out there, in the wreckage.

More INSERTS of bizarre woodcuts: the men are taking lunchmeat, bread and beer off the tracks; serving injured people sandwiches; etc.

SIR KENNETH (V.O.)

Primanti's sandwich was simple: meat, fried potatoes, coleslaw, and bread. On that night it was soaked in beer, a process phased out after the sandwich became more popular. But Blonski's work was much, much more complex, and esoteric. No record remains of what exactly was put together in the woods that night.

INSERTS of artistic depictions of the sandwich, and the stages of its production.

MORTY (V.O.)

It was a regular sandwich at the heart of it. But then you pour a beer, a whole beer into it. And you fold it up in dough. And then you cook it. And other things.

MORTY (V.O.)

Say a quick blessing. Put some oils into a hypodermic needle and stick it, like it was a baby getting the vaccine. And so on.

INSERTS of photos of the shops facing each other on Smallman Street. Primanti's is thriving, while Blonski's is empty and regarded curiously by passersby.

SIR KENNETH (V.O.)

Primanti and Blonski quit running iron and moonshine, and relocated to Pittsburgh, setting up rival sandwich shops across the street from one another, each man selling the sandwich forged in the shapeless hell of that night in Greene County. The success of Primanti's sandwich is well documented. But Blonski did not fare as well.

INSERTS: delis ruined by Blonski -- Ford & Sons & Sons; Gorotang's; etc. Each fades to black.

SIR KENNETH (V.O.) (con't)

In just one year, Prohibition had ended and Primanti Brothers had become a staple. Jimmy Blonski had meanwhile lost his lease and been declared a menace by the Catholic Church. His migration to several other local delicatessens resulted in a chain reaction of closures. The trail of scorched earth ended at Tsirikos' Delicatessen, where Blonski was largely limited to traditional Greek cuisine. Fortunately for the Blonski legacy, in 1939 the local government seized upon a warehouse fire to heavily regulate the Greek population, who were forced uphill into specially-designed communities, leaving Jimmy Blonski to manage Tsirikos'. By now, Blonski's sons had come to maturity, and resolutely refused to continue the method of madness prescribed by their father. Out of the ashes of Tsirikos' Deli rose Blank's Deli, which served "regular" sandwiches only--meat, cheese, and bread. Meanwhile, the original Blonski sandwich recipe was sealed in a bank vault and its legacy was apparently put to rest.

CUT TO:

EXT. BLANK'S TIRE & BRAKE CENTER - DAY

A man in overalls, sits in a truck with its engine running. He is next to an auto garage, "Blank's Tire & Brake Center."

TITLE: KEITH BLANK -- MECHANIC/TERRY'S YOUNGER BROTHER

KEITH

Terence has a weak cochlea. It's this little bone in your ear. Any time his gimp ass does anything, he fractures it and can't walk for 3 months because he (stifles a laugh) loses his balance. So he broke it like eight times as a kid, and he spent a lot of time indoors. It's how he got so close to Great-Grandpa, which is how he got this sandwich thing stuck in his head. It's also why he's so goddamn [BLEEP]-ed up.

INSERTS of family photos.

KEITH

The sandwich? Yeah, it tastes like [BLEEP]. It's like -- say you eat a sandwich. After about 2 hours or so, some sadistic serial killer S.O.B. cuts out your stomach, and feeds it to you, while you're still alive. Your own stomach, filled with acid and a soggy, half-digested mess. (face clouds in disgust) That's what the sandwich that bears my name tastes like. For three generations the family did everything it could to get away from that thing. Enter Terry. We used to be Boston rich, goddammit. [BLEEP] it, I'm going home.

He peels out of the parking lot as the camera tracks him.

CUT TO: Terry sitting in a large, modern office.

TERRY

I had the recipe! That's all we ever needed. The rest -- the delis, the other real estate, the antique muskets -- just window dressing. It was a bunch of baggage that I was happy to get rid of. We would need all of it to unseat Primanti's and take our place in this city's proud heritage. It was Grampa Jim's dying wish.

INSERT of stills: the Blonski family properties and more family photos.

SIR KENNETH (V.O.)

By liquidating the Blonski/Blank empire, Terry was able to raise \$1.5 million in venture capital, which he immediately applied to food science. He began an apprenticeship which he believed would prove him worthy of the thing he valued most - perfecting the recipe for the Blonski sandwich. Terry began touring county fairs in Western Pennsylvania and, when that became difficult, the Midwest, trying out various innovations. He was responsible for the popularization of items such as fried Coke syrup, algae fritters, and cow legs, which were simply undressed, heavily-salted sections of a cow's shank.

MONTAGE of Terry's fair appearances.

SIR KENNETH (V.O.) (con't)

In the late 90s, he set up shop in Illinois, developing the Lard O' Lincoln, which were deep-fried chunks of lard shaped like the state of Illinois. Attempts to sell this item at county fairs eventually led to Blonski being exiled and barred from entering the state by plane or motor vehicle. But this did not deter him for long.

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A man in a lab coat sits in an antiseptic, glass-partitioned environment.

TITLE: EDMOND WU -- MOLECULAR BIOLOGIST

EDMOND

2002 was the year I had developed a mildly acidic organic coating, C44H12O19. Barrier-specific and highly stable, it had many applications, the most celebrated of which was in edible condom manufacturing for developing countries. Well, Terry found out about it and used it in his sandwich.

CUT TO: Terry.

TERRY

Ed, who was my neighbor at the time, had invented this coating. My problem was that the bread in the Blonski -- not the dough sheath, but the payload within -- was getting soaked out by the beer. So we coated it with this thing Ed made. It was providence. I realized that science had caught up to the Greene County Incident. That I could finally mass-produce the sandwich.

CUT TO: Edmond.

EDMOND

Naturally, I was horrified. I got into molecular biology to make a difference, not to make better sandwich. So I put it behind me and immediately began work on a saline injector for use in state-mandated breast augmentations... which Terry also used in his sandwich.

CUT TO: Sir Kenneth.

SIR KENNETH

Finally Terry was ready. In the year 2008, the Platinum Jubilee of the Blonski sandwich, he broke ground at Blonski International Headquarters, employed a large staff and began a bid for shareholder offerings.

CUT TO:

INT. HEINZ HISTORY CENTER - DAY

We are back at the Heinz History Center party. Terry is concluding his presentation. The final slide is a funding metric, which shows a goal of 20 million dollars.

TERRY

It's finally time, ladies and gentlemen.

Waiters roll out domed platters, which are unhelmed to reveal sizzling Blonski sandwiches.

TERRY (con't)

Behold! The Blonski!

Polite applause.

INSERTS of table reactions to the sandwich, as each dough sheath bursts open to spill out warm beer. The guests gingerly probe the sandwich, and seem uniformly disgusted. At first, a single table stands up and files out solemnly. Then everyone begins to leave.

Rick Sebak looks at Terry and shakes his head an emphatic "no" before following the mass exodus. Kiersten approaches the podium.

KIERSTEN

Terry. You're no longer welcome at or outside the park. I'm sorry.

TERRY

But --

KIERSTEN

No one -- NO ONE -- has any interest in this horrorshow cuisine. I hate to be so cruel, but I don't know how else to make you understand. Goodbye.

She walks away briskly, brushing past Udo who is filming the exchange. The lights go up and the projector reboots. WIDE SHOT of the empty ballroom and untouched platters being taken back into the kitchen. Terry stands alone in the middle of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

TITLE: TWO YEARS LATER

Terry, Udo and a 12-year-old girl are in a small triangular office, working quietly. A small Blonski logo hangs crookedly in a corner.

TERRY

Whelp, now it's just me, Udo, and Sara, my daughter, who is being home schooled here three days a week. We rented out the office to a pet grooming service and kept this room for ourselves. (He scans the room.) The Blonski is still the best, we're just waiting for the economy to pick up.

Sara is sorting through mail, which is all bills save a small brown package. Udo turns from his computer monitor to address the camera.

UDO

Normal marketing for the Blonski is no longer possible.

UDO (con't)

I liveblogged the 2008 presentation and continue to distribute it on our website, Blonski Experience dot com, which I am able to fund with my unemployment stipend. Unfortunately, the sandwich itself has not yet proved viable. If I can avoid deportation for another year I will begin work on this.

He displays a photograph of a travel trailer in a grass lot, which is captioned "The Blonski Historical Institute."

UDO (con't)

We will attempt to get state funding to document the extraordinary story of the Blonski, which we then hope will be able to pay for at least a state college education for --

Sara squeals off screen and there is a jarring CUT. The three workers are now crowded around a TV/VCR combo.

TERRY

Okay, we have received some kind of VHS cassette and a check for what I think is a lot of money.

On the TV screen we see a beach locale. A handsome Samoan in his 60s enters the frame.

TITLE (on TV): LYURULU BAKI -- PRESIDENT, E.S.S. FOODS

He speaks in a melodious, heavily-accented baritone. INSERTS of a fish being stuffed with fruit and cooked in leaves over a fire.

LYURULU

The delicacy in our island is the Opaka-paka fish. We put several ingredients inside it. The entire meal is cooked inside the fish, and the results are very delicious. But because of recent famous oil spills, the Opaka-paka is endangered and can no longer be used.

He is in a fan-cooled, laid back office where workers sit in front of outdated computers.

LYURULU (con't)

We saw your video on the World-Wide Web. We could not believe how similar your sandwich is to our native dish.

LYURULU (con't)

In comparison, it is of course very artificial. We know that Americans eat not for taste, but effect.

A row of government buildings, in a modern-looking city.

LYURULU (con't)

Samoa is growing as the world grows. Where we meet, like two fronds of the same tree, is where we together find your sandwich. Please accept this goodwill offering of one hundred thousand Tala, to advance licensing your sandwich for consumption in Samoa.

INSERT: a exotically-issued check. Terry notes the USD equivalent sum in small print, \$3,345, and pinches his mouth. He looks up at the TV -- Lyurulu is now standing in front of a host of children. He glances over at Sara and smiles.

LYURULU (con't)

We look forward to a fruitful partnership with you, Terry Blankski. Thanks to you, our island may once again prosper.

The three of them look at each other.

TERRY

We did it!

They begin dancing around the office and cheering.

A CREDIT SEQUENCE plays over uplifting Samoan pop music: children playing soccer with the sandwich in their hand; men taking a big bite out of the sandwich and chugging the beer inside, while a crowd surrounding them cheers; people picking taro root, throwing bales of it into a truck, breaking for lunch; fire dancing; children playing in the surf; a schoolroom filled with pre-teen girls, who pose for the camera, sandwiches cradled in their arms; etc.

STINGER of Terry, Udo and Sara in Samoa, joining Lyurulu and participating in an extension of the MONTAGE.

FADE OUT.

END