

THE NETWORK PRESIDENT

by
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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

VICTOR B. VONDERGOTTRUMM (35), leans back in his corporate chair, his ear pressed up against a phone receiver.

VICTOR

You know I love you. I love your tits. They're so huge and succulent. I love the way your nipples get hard. And your cunt juice tastes so sweet, like vintage wine.

(smiles)

I love the sensation of my cock while it slides in and out of your pussy.

(looks at his

wristwatch)

Look, babe, I gotta go. I'll be home around nine. See you then. Keep that pussy warm. Okay, bye mom. Say hi to dad for me.

FREEZE FRAME

Victor's image is frozen in mid eye-blink. He looks drunk.

VOICE (V.O.)

That's Victor B. Vondergottrumm. He's what you'd call a degenerate. Okay, maybe I'm being harsh. But I am the closet thing he ever had to a friend. Victor was a television producer. Which means he didn't know shit. Aw fuck, I left him in a freeze frame.

FREEZE FRAME ENDS

Victor hangs up the phone. He heads out the door.

VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I forgot to mention. I'm Murray Sloptnick. Yeah, fucked up name but people rarely forget it. I was an executive at VBG Network. You never heard of it, I know. Get in line.

EXT. NETWORK BUILDING - NIGHT

The building has the television network logo above. It consists of a huge breasts covered with floating Cherubs.

MURRAY'S VOICE (V.O.)

That's the V-B-G Network building. Wait a sec. Listen, before I go and let this story unwrap itself you need to know a few things. One: the V-B-G Network was owned and operated by Victor. Second: the V-B-G Network was not an advertiser or ratings driven network like A-B-C, N-B-C or C-B-S, the big three at the time. That means V-B-G could air any kind of show regardless of its content. How was this possible? Because Victor was a billionaire. His family owned half a dozen diamond mines in South Africa. So Vondergottrumm Senior gave Vondergottrumm junior a really big toy for his birthday; his own television network.

INT. TV STUDIO - CIVIL WAR SET - DAY

It's decorated with Civil War props. BUELAH BELL (20) a white ACTRESS, her face covered to look African American sits in a wicker chair, croqueting.

A KNOCK at the door. She puts down her things. She hurries to the door. She opens it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN stands outside.

BUELAH BELL

Why bless my soul! Abe Lincoln!

LINCOLN

Can I come in?

BUELAH BELL

Why of course, mister President!
But what are you doin' in enemy territory?

LINCOLN

I just couldn't keep away. I love you Buelah Bell!

He enters. He takes Buelah at the waist. He plants a hard kiss upon her lips.

BUELAH BELL

Mister President!

GEORGE WASHINGTON breaks the door down. He grabs Lincoln.

LINCOLN

Holy shit!

WASHINGTON

You slave lovin' piece of shit!

LINCOLN

Fuck you, whitey!

They tackle each other to the floor. It's a slug fest.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Okay and cut! Next set up please!

INT. VBG NETWORK - CORRIDOR - DAY

STU PHELPS (30), producer with a stressed look and balding head rushes up alongside Victor.

STU

Mister Vondergottrumm!

VICTOR

Stuart, long time no see. How's the Misses?

STU

She died in a car accident eight months ago.

VICTOR

Really?

STU

You gave the eulogy.

VICTOR

Did I? I hope it was a good one. So, how are your children, Mary and Marcus?

STU

They died in the accident too.

VICTOR

Right. I remember now. They were both decapitated.

STU

Yes, Sir.

VICTOR

They ever find Mary's head?

STU

No.

VICTOR

Not exactly batting a hundred am I.

STU

No, Sir.

VICTOR

I apologize. I've been taking some new antidepressants and it seems to be affecting my memory.

STU

I understand, Sir.

VICTOR

So, Phil, what's on your mind?

STU

My name's Stu.

VICTOR

Yes, Stu. Sorry. So, how's the wife?

STU

I just told you, Sir, she was killed-

VICTOR

Yes, right. Sorry. Anyway, so how we doing?

STU

That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Sir. The Civil war scene, well, we're having problems.

VICTOR

That's why you're the producer, Andy. Producer's solve problems.

STU

Stu. This one's a bit out of my league, Sir.

VICTOR

Oh?

STU

The script calls for black slaves attacking white women and shouting-
(a quick look at the script))
"Where all dat white pussy at?"

VICTOR

So?

STU

The Screen Actors Guild refuses to send any Negroes to audition for the parts. In fact, the guild's blacklisted us. No union actors are allowed to set foot on our lot or work on any of our productions.

VICTOR

Wow. Hard not to take that personally. Okay, here's what you'll do. Go to the nearest homeless shelter. I'm sure you'll have no problems finding a group of blacks. Just make sure you use those that are mentally ill. I don't want any alcoholics on the set.

STU

Yes, Sir. One last thing. I'm not sure but it might affect the believability of the civil war reenactment of the battle of Gettysburg we're currently shooting.

VICTOR

Now, Frank-

STU

Stu.

VICTOR

Stu, you know it's only natural to take certain poetic license with historical material.

He pats Stu on the back and walks off.

STU

Yes, Sir, however, I doubt during the battle at Gettysburg they used killer robots riding on dinosaurs!

INT. VBG NETWORK - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ELLEN VONDERGOTTRUMM, Victor's soon to be ex-wife sits at a table with a team of lawyers lead by GREG GARTSON (60).

Victor enters.

VICTOR

Sorry, I'm late. But I didn't think you people were worth my time so I thought I'd just take my sweet ass time getting here.

ELLEN

Classy as always, Victor.

VICTOR

Fuck you, Ellen you malignant cunt.
By the way, how've you been? You
look great.

ELLEN

Or course I do. I've been working
out and staying away from you.

VICTOR

Well, it must be working because for
the first time since I said "I do"
ten years ago you look worth fucking.

GARTSON

Mister Vondergottrumm, this was to
be a meeting to discuss terms of you
and my client Miss Brooke's separation
of assets. Where are your counsel
to advise you?

VICTOR

I fight my own battles.

GARTSON

I see.

ELLEN

Let's just get this over with.

GARTSON

Very well. I'll make this brief.
My client, Ms. Brooke expects that
upon completion of the divorce
settlement she receives the following:
two hundred and fifty thousand per
month in living expenses, ownership
of all property including the six
diamond mines in South Africa,
ownership of the three major hotels
in New York, Paris and Hawaii.

VICTOR

That it? Jesus, Ellen, why not just
finish me off and take my balls?

GARTSON

I convinced her your balls had very
little monetary value.

VICTOR

Lucky me.

ELLEN

Well, that's it.

VICTOR

All right. Let me make a counteroffer.

GARTSON

I'm listening.

VICTOR

The two of you get on your knees and suck my dick. You can each pass it back and forth until I reach a climax. Just a fair warning, Jerry, my semen according to my ex, here taste like Borax.

GARTSON

Mister Vondergottrumm if you're not going to take these proceedings seriously we'll just have to file with the court a petition regarding your extremely hostile, adversarial response. Either way, my firm gets a nice, big, fat check.

ELLEN

We're both wasting our time. I say drag this fucker's ass in court. When I'm through, you'll be sleeping under a bridge, jacking off strangers for a bottle of scotch. Jesus, if your children could see you for the loser you really are.

She rises from the table with the attorneys. Victor continues to sit. He snaps a bewildered glance.

VICTOR

I have children???

INT. VBG NETWORK STUDIO - NIGHT

Lights and camera breathe to life. Sitting at the news table are anchors MITCH MELLON, DEBORAH SKIES and TONY BRONKA.

NEWS MUSIC PLAYS.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

This is V-B-G evening news with Mitch Mellon, Deborah Skies and Negro weather man Tony Bronka!

MITCH

This just in. A school bus in Colorado, carrying blind, quadriplegic children overturned and sank into the icy waters off of Grand Lakes. On a humorous note, there were no survivors. Deborah?

DEBORAH

Funny, Mitch, thanks. In Washington today the President stated that if Moscow continues to increase its stock pile of nuclear warheads that he would quote "Fire nukes at those godless cock suckers", end quote. Now here's Negro weatherman Tony Bronka. So, Tony, what's the weather going to be like today?

TONY

It's gonna rain, bitch.

DEBORAH

(cheery)
Thanks, Tony

MITCH

Coming up on V-B-G news the boy scouts admit their first faggot to their organization. Also, we speak to Klu Klux Klan Grand Wizard Donald Trump--

EXT. AIRPORT HANGER - NIGHT

A limo drives up. Victor emerges. He's greeted by HARRY DIDDLE (30), bespectacled with a stern look of a slide ruler.

HARRY

Mister Vondergottrumm.

MITCH

Is it here?

HARRY

Yes, Sir.

INT. HANGER SECTION J - NIGHT

A flying saucer in all its intergalactic glory lies parked in the center.

TWO ALIENS

Strapped to chairs with leather belts.

Victor stands before them.

VICTOR

Where'd they come from?

HARRY

We're not sure. Their ship crashed outside the Sonora desert, just southwest of Mexico. Near as we can figure they were driving drunk.

VICTOR

Have you been able to communicate with them?

HARRY

No, Sir. All they do is spit at us then bend over drop their trousers and defecate.

VICTOR

Maybe that's how they communicate?

HARRY

I hope not. The place is starting to stink up already.

VICTOR

Untie them.

HARRY

Sir?? They're dangerous-

VICTOR

Untie them.

Harry obeys. He unstraps the aliens. Victor stands before them.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

I want you both to know we meant no harm. I'm what's known on earth as a television network president. I suppose in the scheme of things that means little to my species. Even less to you.

(beat)

I held you here because I thought if the world could see how I, Victor B. Vondergottrumm was the first human being to make contact with an alien race, I'd get the respect I deserve.

He stands closer to the now freed aliens.

VICTOR

But now I see the folly of my actions.
I had no right to take your ship.
No right to tie you both up and treat
you like animals just to feed my
already inflated ego. I hope you
can find it in your heart to forgive
me. I want you to know how sorry
we... I am.

The aliens exchange stoic glances. They look back at Victor.
One of the creatures holds out its hand to him.

Victor accepts the gesture of friendship. He takes the
alien's hand. He smiles.

The alien kicks him HARD in the balls MULTIPLE TIMES.

The second alien spits, drops its pants; aims its ass and
fires a splattering of shit on him.

They both race back in to their ship.

ALIEN#1

(English subtitled)

I can't believe you wanted to spend
your two week vacation on this shitty
planet!

The ufo takes off. It smashes through the hanger ceiling
and vanishes.

Victor lies on the floor in agony.

HARRY

Sir, you okay?

VICTOR

Feeling peachy. Listen, be a pal
and see if you could find my left
testicle, will you?

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - MULTIPLE MONITORS - LATER

Each monitor flickers with the image of a single man: DODGE
PAMGROON(50). Muscle bound with an open shirt exposing his
hairy chest.

UPBEAT POP MUSIC accompanies video clips of Pamgroon kicking
in doors of various homes filled with drug dealers and cops
busting them.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This fall on V-B-G network! Dodge Pamgroon, hard hitting investigative reporter brings you the stories that are making headlines across the world! No stone unturned! No story too small! No story too big!

PAMGROON'S IMAGE

I get to the truth!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This week, Dodge Pamgroon goes after the Catholic church to answer the question: DID JESUS FART AT THE LAST SUPPER!

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Pamgroon and his camera crew chase a Priest who covers his face as he races to get inside his church.

PAMGROON

What's the church hiding Father!!
Did Jesus fart at the last supper?!

The Priest charges inside the church. He slams the door behind him.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Dodge visits with the experts!

A DOCTOR sits across from Pamgroon.

PAMGROON IMAGE

Doctor, you're a gastroenterologist, so I'll ask you: did Jesus in fact fart at the last supper?

DOCTOR IMAGE

Well, when you consider the types of food they ate at the last supper, figs, bread, wine, salted food, I would have to say-

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tune in this fall for the astonishing answers!

PAMGROON IMAGE

(locks glances with camera)

Tune the fuck in! You'll thank yourself!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - NIGHT

Victor sits on a sofa across from his shrink DOCTOR MARIA PRESSOVER (40), gray hair, thick glasses and polyester sweater.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER
So, how are things?

VICTOR
Not too good. I still keep having that dream.

DOCTOR IMAGE
You mean the dream where you're in a bakery and the cook's shoving white chocolate fudge through your pee hole?

VICTOR
No, this one's new. I'm on a farm. I'm watching two bulls having sexual intercourse. A pig comes by, he insists on joining them. Suddenly the chickens come by and joins the pig.

AN ANIMATED PIG

Appears in the room FUCKING A COW. It beams a lethal stare at Victor.

VICTOR
Then the pig looks over at me and says...

PIG
What the fuck, bro? You ain't ever seen a pig fuck a cow?

It vanishes in a puff of smoke.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER
Sex seems to be a major aspect of your psychological make up. Why do you suppose that is?

VICTOR
That's why I'm paying you. To tell me why I have a sexual addiction.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER
I told you before Victor. My job isn't to give you answers. My job's to help you to find them on your own.

VICTOR
Is it possible, I'm incapable of
giving or receiving love? Am I that
far gone?

DOCTOR PRESSOVER
We're creatures of love, Victor,
Without love we whither and die.

She looks at her watch,

DOCTOR PRESSOVER (CONT'D)
Our sessions about over. Would you
like me to suck your dick now?

VICTOR
Sure thing.

Doctor Pressover falls to her knees. She unzips Victor's
fly.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I think I should mention I haven't
showered in three days.

DOCTOR PRESSOVER
Lucky for you I like my dicks salty
and sweaty.

EXT. OFFICE PARTY - NIGHT

A handsome man chats away with a stunning looking woman.

SLOPNICK'S VOICE (V.O.)
Okay, at this point in the story I
should introduce myself. No, I'm
not the G-Q prick looking to score
with the broad with the silicon
implants.

The handsome man and woman walk away leaving MURRAY SLOPNICK
(50s) short, bald and a suit that just barely fits in full
view.

SLOPNICK'S VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yeah... that's me. Shit, I look
like someone beat me with an ugly
stick, don't I. That's low
self-esteem for ya.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Victor sits alone. He looks up at the night sky. Slopnick
steps over to him.

SLOPNICK
Mister Vondergottrumm?

VICTOR

Larry?

SLOPNICK

You're not at the party.

VICTOR

Not really in a social mood.

SLOPNICK

Sir, I've been trying to reach you for the past three weeks. We really need to talk.

VICTOR

Can't it wait? I'm having a serious personal crises.

SLOPNICK

With all due respect, Sir. If you don't address the other problem I've come here to see you about, you'll have more than a personal crises. You'll have a text book example of what's commonly called "a shit storm."

VICTOR

You lost me, Murray.

SLOPNICK

It's the new sitcom, Sir.

VICTOR

What about it?

SLOPNICK

I don't think we should make the pilot.

VICTOR

Why not?

SLOPNICK

For starters it takes place in a Jewish concentration camp.

VICTOR

I don't understand. You've been working for the past eight months developing the show. Why the sudden change of heart?

SLOPNICK

To be honest, Sir, I didn't think we'd get this far. I assumed before it ever got off the ground you'd realize just how racist the show is.

VICTOR

It's only a sitcom, Larry. We're not trying to reinvent the wheel. We just want to make people laugh.

SLOPNICK

With all due respect to your programming skills, Sir but airing a sitcom that takes place in Auschwitz is funny like an inoperable tumor funny or to a lesser degree Pauley Shore funny.

VICTOR

Well, Larry, if the idea of being a producer of a major sitcom doesn't exactly float your boat why didn't you tell me how you felt from the beginning?

SLOPNICK

I'm being paid ten times the salary of a union writer. Throw in three kids in college, a fourth who needs dental reconstruction and a wife with epilepsy, toss in mounting medical bills then you can see I wasn't exactly motivated to jump ship.

VICTOR

Larry, I'll tell you what. You stick with the show until the pilot's done and I'll release you from your contract. I'll even buy you out of you contract. How's that sound?

SLOPNICK

Really? You'll release me from my contract? You'd do that for me?

His eyes swell with tears.

SLOPNICK (CONT'D)

I remember eight years ago when you came to this country. You came with your billions of dollars. You vowed that you would create a television network that wasn't driven by greed or any other avarice. That not one single sponsor would ever touch, modify or even suggest a change in programming.

VICTOR

I said that?

SLOPNICK
Indeed you did, Sir.

VICTOR
Was I drunk?

SLOPNICK
No, Sir.

VICTOR
Must have been the heroin.

SLOPNICK
You weren't boozed up, stoned or
wasted, Sir. You said those words
because you believed the public
deserved a network. That when they
tuned in, they'd see programming
that would make their small lives
just a tiny bit more worth living.

Victor holds out his hand to Larry.

VICTOR
I'm gonna miss you, Larry.

They shake.

SLOPNICK
Good night, sir.

He walks out.

SLOPNICK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's where our friendship and our
business relationship ended. I never
saw him again. He became a recluse.
Like Howard Hughes or that guy who
lived in a cave until he died. I
can't remember the name but trust me
he was fucked up in the head too.
For the record, I took my name off
the pilot and used my uncle's name
of Franklin Davenport for the
producing credit. What the fuck.
He died twelve years earlier.

EXT. AUSCHWITZ CONCENTRATION CAMP - DAY

SUPER: AUSCHWITZ

The intro is followed by a sitcom jingle with the light
heartedness of "The Brady Bunch."

INT. AUSCHWITZ PRISON - DAY

LAUGH TRACK as two Jewish prisoners are thrown into a cell by a German guard.

JEWISH PRISONER#1

They told me on the train that when I got to Auschwitz there'd be room service!

JEWISH PRISONER#2

Don't complain! At least we don't have to pay for the bed!

LAUGH TRACK FOLLOWED WITH HOOTS AND HOLLERS AND APPLAUSE.

SLOPNICK'S VOICE

The show aired once. The reviews were brutal as you'd expect. One of the cast members committed suicide a few weeks after. The film negative was destroyed. Although, I hear these days that a copy exists on the black market. If it's true, I'd like to see it again. Not out of morbid curiosity but to remind myself how low and cruel mankind can be. We forget that commerce and our humanity aren't always compatible. Sometimes being poor has the advantage that nothing can be taken from you. Well, that's not always true. I lost my wife Gloria to fucking leukemia. After that I was poor. The kids grew up had their own lives. Shit. Who's story is this? Victor's or mine?

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Victor sits alone. He gazes at the sea.

SLOTNICK'S VOICE (V.O.)

I guess the story's about us all. Victor, despite his billions, couldn't come to terms that he was a racist douche bag on an epic scale. Sure, I know. "Nobody's perfect," Sorry. When you have that kind of money there's no reason to be a thoughtless prick. It's the old saying: "Wealth makes good people better and bad people worse".

A GREAT WHITE SHARK leaps out of the ocean. It grabs Victor. It drags him out to sea. He screams as blood explodes from his mouth.

SLOPNICK'S VOICE (V.O.)
Maybe I'll to see how he's doing.

FADE OUT:

THE END