Public Access 129

by

Greg Baldwin
FADE IN:

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

A calm blue-walled room with a desk in front of a professional grade video camera.

LOU LARUE (40s), well groomed in a purple button up shirt and tie, sits at the desk before the camera. On the desk is a multiline phone.

SUPER: DISCUSSION BOARD - 858-555-5005

LOU
Hi, welcome to the Discussion Board, Public Access one-two-nine. I’m Lou LaRue and tonight’s issue is the passing of health care reform, or as some consider it, Obamacare. President Obama fought staunchly with Republicans and even some members of his own party to pass the controversial trillion dollar bill and I’d like to hear what you think or don’t think of the signing. Lines are lighting up so I guess it’s a good topic.

Lou clicks a button on the phone.

LOU
Hi, you’re on the air.

The voice of PRANK CALLER X is heard.

X (V.O.)
Hey Lou. How’s it goin’?

LOU
It’s goin’ just fine. How are you?

X (V.O.)
Oh man, I’m great and I think the bill is great. You know, something like 20 million Americans are without health care and it’s been a long time coming and I’m really glad Obama had the guts to pass it. And for me personally, for the longest time I’ve been shitting blood and ripping my asshole-

Lou disconnects him with a smile.
LOU
Alright. Next caller, hi.

The voice of RAT BASTARD is heard.

RAT BASTARD (V.O.)
Hey Lou. I was wondering if you noticed any similarities.

LOU
Similarities of what?

RAT BASTARD (V.O.)
Do you think there’s anything similar between a hot dog and my dick in your mouth?

Rat Bastard’s disconnected.

The cameraman, CLYDE(30s), muscular, chuckles.

The producer, CAROLINE(20s), attractive, sits at a desk behind Clyde and laughs as well.

LOU
Well, well. Looks like we already got the prank callers goin’ tonight. See, Caroline, you gotta go over a few speed bumps before things smooth out. You get a couple bogus calls but then they get bored after a while.

Caroline winks.

LOU
And for you regular viewers out there, yes, we have a new producer; the lovely Caroline who’s now blushing. If you’ve been tuning in the past few weeks you probably know why, so that’s all we’ll say about that. Next caller, hi.

It’s Prank Caller X again.

X (V.O.)
Hey, since we’re on the topic of your new producer I was wondering if we could see some tits.

LOU
Right.
X (V.O.)
C’mon! Rip them titties out!

Lou disconnects him and chuckles.

LOU
Got a new fan. Next caller.

A WOMAN speaks.

WOMAN (V.O.)
Yes, hello. I disagree with Mr. Obama, as the money to pay...

As the woman continues on, Caroline writes something on a sheet of paper and holds it up for Clyde.

It reads: How does he keep a straight face?

Clyde shrugs and quietly laughs.

WOMAN (V.O.)
...it just doesn’t make sense. But neither do I half the time.

LOU
Ha, okay. Thanks for your call.

She’s disconnected.

LOU
Next caller, hi. What do you think of all this?

RAT BASTARD (V.O.)
Well, I kind of agree with the previous caller about the cost but the thing that a lot of people seem to be forgetting is that you suck big dick, Lou.

Lou fumbles with the phone.

RAT BASTARD (V.O.)
Douche. FUCK YOU.

He’s disconnected, but Lou keeps his composure.

LOU
Alrighty, next caller. Hi.

It’s Prank Caller X again.
X (V.O.)
Hey Lou, what’s up?

LOU
Hey, how are you?

X (V.O.)
Well, let me just say that it would be in your best interest to not hang up on me again.

He’s disconnected.

LOU
See, I’ve got the button here. Next caller, hi.

X (V.O.)
I’m clogging a bunch of the lines so there’s no point in hanging up on me.

LOU
Well, do you have something to add?

X (V.O.)
I do, but you can’t go disconnecting me.

LOU
Well, I can’t have you calling in saying you’re going to say something and then not say it.

X (V.O.)
Don’t hang up or you’re gonna die.

Silence.

X (V.O.)
Looks like I got your attention.

LOU
Who is this?

X (V.O.)
Your street address is 316 Maple. Your wife is Mary. You drive an ‘89 LaBaron Convertible. I repeat: Do not hang up.

Caroline gets up and heads for the exit. She makes a phone with her fingers and mouths “POLICE”. She exits.
X (V.O.)
You know, Lou, you put on a good guise on television. You really do. Little do people know that off the cameras you’re a real piece of monkey shit.

LOU
I really have no idea what you’re talking about.

X (V.O.)
Do you need it written on a cue card? You’re an asshole and you’re all gonna die if you don’t play your fucking cards right. Clear enough for you?

Lou disconnects him but still keeps his cool.

LOU
Alright, sounds good. Next caller.

A SON OF A BITCH comes on.

SON OF A BITCH (V.O.)
Yeah, hi, how are yea? I wanted to talk about Prop 142.

LOU
You wanna talk about what?

SON OF A BITCH (V.O.)
I wanna talk about your pussy!

Lou disconnects him. X comes back, this time with Caroline’s whimpers in the background.

X (V.O.)
Go on, bitch. Cry.

CAROLINE
Lou! Don’t hang up!

Lou shoots up.

LOU
Caroline!

Clyde steps away from the camera.

X (V.O.)
If you hang up or turn off the camera, she dies.
Clyde walks over to the door and locks it.

**LOU**
Caroline, where are you?

Her whimpers die down.

**X (V.O.)**
Caroline is somewhere safe. The truth is I’ve been watching you. All of you.

Lou and Clyde exchange nervous looks.

**X (V.O.)**
In fact, I can see you right now, Lou. Yeah, you’re wearing a purple shirt, blue tie, nicely gelled hair. Is that a cream or a paste?

**LOU**
How do you know that?

**X (V.O.)**
Cause you’re on TV, jackass.

Duh. Lou sighs.

**LOU**
Who is this? What do you want?

**X (V.O.)**
I wanna watch you squirm.

Clyde pulls a cell phone out of his pocket.

**DIT DIT DIT DIT.**

**X (V.O.)**
Clyde, please put the phone away. I can hear the interference.

Clyde puts the phone away.

**X (V.O.)**
IPhones are the way to go.

Lou checks out the phone lines; still all lit up.

**LOU**
Caller, I’ve got people watching. One of them could call the police.
X (V.O.)
Please, who watches this stuff? I mean other than me? I’ve got five of your lines clogged. The others? How many of them are prank callers, Lou? If that be the case then they’re not even paying attention to what you’re saying. They probably have the show muted. That’s how prank callers operate. Go on and take a call. Three-way. Try it.

Lou flicks a switch. DIRTY WHORE comes on.

LOU
Hi, you’re on the air.

DIRTY WHORE (V.O.)
Hi, are we still talking about health care?

X (V.O.)
Ha. See?

LOU
Yeah, what do you think?

Dirty Bitch vehemently moans.

DIRTY WHORE (V.O.)
Oh...oh yeah...OH YEAH! HARDER!

Lou disconnects her.

X (V.O.)
It’s public access, man. Alert callers is something I’m willing to take a chance on.

LOU
Okay, fair enough. But you still haven’t told me what you want.

X (V.O.)
Clyde? You there, Clyde?

CLYDE
Yeah.

X (V.O.)
Be a pal and go over to the trash can. You’ll find a brown lunch bag in it.
Clyde goes over to the trash can and peers in. Indeed, a brown lunch bag is in it. He takes it.

CLYDE
Got it.

X (V.O.)
Good. Now take a seat beside Lou.

Clyde pulls up a chair next to Lou and puts the bag on the desk.

X (V.O.)
Terrific. Now, Lou, open the bag and take out its contents.

Lou cautiously opens the bag.

LOU
I’m not gonna be grossed out, am I?

X (V.O.)
There’s a used condom inside. Just open it.

Lou reaches into the bag and pulls out a bottle of liquid laxative.

LOU
It’s a laxative. So what?

X (V.O.)
So what?! That’s one of the most powerful laxatives on the market! In just 30 minutes, feel the full effective relief of MaxLax.

LOU
What do you want us to do?

X (V.O.)
You. Drink it.

LOU
What?

X (V.O.)
Have you been jacking off on the speakers again? I said drink it.

LOU
The whole bottle?
X (V.O.)
The whole bottle!

LOU
I could die!

X (V.O.)
No, no. This won’t kill you. Go ahead and drink it. It’s cherry flavor!

LOU
I’m not drinking this.

X sighs.

X (V.O.)
No? Alright. Hold on.

Shuffles are heard until Caroline comes back.

X (V.O.)
Shit, you’re so hot. I can’t believe how fucking sexy you are.

CLYDE
HEY!

LOU
Leave her alone!

X (V.O.)
Oooh yeah.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
Lou! Help me!

X (V.O.)
Yeah, how about I just rub these for a while. Mmmmm, yeah.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
No! Leave me alone!

LOU
Leave her alone you asshole!

X (V.O.)
Oh yeah. Lemme squeeze ‘em a little more. You’ve got such sexy lil’ feet.

Lou and Clyde do a double take.
CLYDE
Great. A guy with a foot fetish.

X (V.O.)
Mmmm yeah. I just wanna rub my face in ‘em.

Muffling and moans emit from X.

X (V.O.)
Oooooooh yeeessssseeeeh!

LOU
Okay! Just leave her alone!

X (V.O.)
Alright. Bottoms up, Lou.

Lou pops open the bottle and downs the liquid. Clyde inches his chair away.

CLYDE
Dude, you’re gonna have to blow such major ass.

X (V.O.)
That’s correct, Clyde; he sure as hell’s gonna have to blow major ass. And you know what? We’re all gonna watch because you’re staying on air all...night...long.

LOU
All night?

X (V.O.)
Yep. You’re the last show of the evening. Everyone else is gone. So why don’t we just extend your hours a bit? Are you finished with your beverage?

Lou downs the rest of it.

X (V.O.)
Very good. Why don’t you take a call now and get the listeners involved? Try line 6.

Lou relentlessly checks out the phone lines.

LOU
It’s probably the same guy who’s been calling all night.
X (V.O.)
Well don’t be an asshole, Lou.
Answer his call.

Lou clicks the phone. It’s Rat Bastard.

RAT BASTARD (V.O.)
Hey Lou, Clyde. What’s up?

LOU
Yeah, what do you want now?

RAT BASTARD (V.O.)
Well, do you think there’s any sections in the health bill for male breast implants? I just want my own pair to suck all night. I think it would be really great.

Lou calmly hangs up on him. X hysterically laughs.

X (V.O.)
I don’t know how you put up with it. I’m always amazed with how you can keep a straight face while being bombarded with prank calls.

LOU
Well, what can you do?

X (V.O.)
Good question. How about you two kiss?

They both shoot up in their chairs.

CLYDE
What?

LOU
Yeah, what?

X (V.O.)
Kiss each other. C’mon.

LOU
What does this accomplish? What are you trying to do?

X (V.O.)
I want to watch you squirm. Now kiss or the girl dies.

Lou looks to Clyde, who looks as if he’s about to vomit.
X (V.O.)
Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

X’s chant continues. Lou and Clyde inch closer to each other.

Just as they’re face-to-face, Lou’s stomach loudly GROWLS.

They quickly pull away. X bursts into laughter.

X (V.O.)
You know, that happened to me once. Took this girl out, went back to her place, went in for a move and then RAWR! I wound up shitting diarrhea all over her toilet.

Lou grabs his stomach in pain.

CLYDE
Dude, he’s gonna shit his colon out. He’s gotta get to a bathroom.

X (V.O.)
Oh yeah. What he needs. It’s so comforting to see you in pain, Lou.

Caroline’s whimpers return.

CAROLINE (V.O.)
You sick sack of shit! Let me go!

Lou looks even more pained now.

LOU
Look, maybe we can settle this like men. Just tell me who you are and what you want and we can make it happen.

X (V.O.)
I want revenge.

LOU
Revenge for what?

X (V.O.)
For ruining my life. Does the name Morris Gunther mean anything to you?

Lou and Clyde groan. They know him.
LOU
Oh no.

Shuffling is heard on the phone.

LOU
Morris, we just had to go in a different direction is all.

X (V.O.)
Bullshit you did. You just wanted to crush my hopes, my yearnings, my DREAMS. I can’t take it anymore.

Shadows of feet are seen in the crack beneath the doorway.

X (V.O.)
I was living the dream. This was all I ever had, all I ever wanted.

CLYDE
Dude, you were a public access producer. All you did was push a button to put us on or off the air.

X (V.O.)
It was my life, Clyde!

CLYDE
But you didn’t even get paid.

X (V.O.)
I don’t care! I love what I did! But then that bastard told me to leave! Told me I was no good.

LOU
I didn’t say that!

The door bursts open and in steps PRANK CALLER X(late 20s), a scrawny guy with pale skin and severe acne.

He pockets his cell phone and points at Lou.

X
What’d you say, Lou? Tell us all exactly what you said.

LOU
I...I just said that...look, Party Time Morris is a really weak name, okay?

(MORE)
LOU (CONT'D)
No one was going to give you a show with a name like that, you were a horrible producer to begin with, and you’d prank call me while I was live on the fucking air!

X fumes.

X
You’re dead wrong, Lou. I was trying to help the show. Do you realize there are public access prank call videos on YouTube that have over a million views? It’s called social networking, man! It’s good publicity!

LOU
Prank calls about penises aren’t good publicity.

Lou’s stomach growls.

LOU
Look, Morris, let’s just let bygones be bygones. What can we do to end this peacefully and quickly?

X
Just one thing, Lou. Just one thing. I get to hit you.

LOU
Hit me?

X
Yep. I get to hit you.

Lou looks over to Clyde, who shrugs.

CLYDE
You ruined his life evidently. Seems fair.

LOU
One hit and that’s it? You’ll let Caroline go?

X
One hit and I’ll let her go.

Lou shrugs.
LOU
Alright. Let’s make it quick.

Lou gets up and stands in front of X.

X
Now...I want you to sing for me
“Hit Me With Your Best Shot.”

LOU
You want me to do what?

X
Sing it. Go. Rev up music.

Lou grunts but plays along.

LOU
Hit me with your best shot, come on
hit me with your best shot...

X puts his hands behind his back. Now Lou is nervous.

LOU
One hit, right?

X reveals his hands, now equipped with brass knuckles mounted
with sharp silver spikes. They look like a medieval torture
device.

Lou puts his hands up, backs away while X rubs the spikes
together.

LOU
Okay, no. Not with those things.
That wasn’t the deal.

X
I believe the deal was that I get
to hit you.

LOU
Not with those!

X
One hit! Let’s go! You’re sure as
fuck are gonna need health
insurance when Party Time Morris is
through with you! FIRE AWAY!

X gets into a boxing stance and takes a few mighty swings but
hits air.
Another swing. Lou dodges as X’s fist smashes through his desk.

X

Hold still you fuck-ass!

X takes another slug but busts a hole into the wall instead.

Lou bounces off walls and furniture as X leaves a trail of destruction with his misses.

Clyde grabs the telephone and wraps its cord around X’s neck.

CLYDE

I got him, Lou! I got him!

X bites deep into Clyde’s hand, who releases him immediately. X spits a chunk of skin out of his mouth.

X takes another swing and this time makes contact directly into Lou’s face. WHAM! Blood sprays everywhere.

Lou crashes over his desk. Torn bloody flesh hangs off the left side of his face.

X

Muwahahah! Yes! How’s it feel, Lou? Fuck all y’all!

X kisses the bloody spikes.

Lou struggles to his feet. His stomach growls.

LOU

Okay. Let us go.

X

I want one more hit.

LOU

What?! That wasn’t the deal!

X

I’ve altered the deal. Pray that I don’t alter it again.

X hums a tune as he takes some more swings at Lou, who dodges them all.

X

One hit to the body! Another straight for my heart!
Lou throws the trash can at X, but it gets stuck on his spikes.

X
Son of a BITCH!

WHAM! Suddenly a video camera is smashed onto his head and shatters into a thousand pieces.

X
Whoa.

X collapses to the ground out cold. Caroline stands tall on top of him.

Lou’s face bleeds. Clyde’s hand bleeds. Caroline’s feet bleed from teeth marks.

Lou’s stomach viciously growls.

LOU
Shit! Shit!

Lou dashes out of the room but heartily pats Caroline’s back before he exits.

Clyde points to X’s body.

CLYDE
This is your predecessor.

Caroline kicks his lifeless body.

The phone rings. Clyde answers it.

CLYDE
Yeah? What is it?

RAT BASTARD (V.O.)
Hi. Are we still talking about health care?

FADE OUT.

THE END