

DICK JOKES

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. BALTIMORE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

A small chalkboard stands outside a red brick theatre. It reads - THE BALTIMORE GIGGLE BOX, THURSDAY PUN NIGHT.

INT. BALTIMORE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

A small, half full comedy club.

Redmond (early 40's, tall with an attractive face, but carrying a slight gut) takes to the stage and approaches a microphone stand.

He grabs the microphone.

REDMOND

Good evening Baltimore. My name is Redmond Nesta, and I've come all the way from New York...

DRUNK AUDIENCE MEMBER

(screaming)

WOOOOO! NYC baby! WOOOO!

REDMOND

You, sir, are the kinda heckler I like. Jets fan?

DRUNK AUDIENCE MEMBER

Shit yeh, WOOOOOOO!

REDMOND

You lucky bastards down here with The Ravens, you don't know how good you've got it. Going to watch the Jets at the moment is like paying 100 bucks to watch your mom fucking your dad...you love them dearly, but it's a horrible experience for everyone involved.

A few audience members start to crack up, most snort or chortle.

INT. NEW YORK BAR - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK)

Redmond sits at a bar with a beer in hand. A television mounted on the wall opposite shows highlights of the Jets losing to the Raiders.

ANGELA (late 20's, blond hair, cute) approaches the bar and orders a drink. She watches the highlights and shakes her head.

ANGELA
(muttering to herself)
Fucking Bubby Brister.

REDMOND
Trudeau never died for this shit.

ANGELA
Jack Trudeau's not dead.

REDMOND
I'm working on it. If he hadn't
been so shit last season we
wouldn't have ended up with Bubby.

Angela laughs.

REDMOND
(to bar tender)
This one's on me.

INT. BALTIMORE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

REDMOND
Anyway, I've come all the way from
NYC to talk to you about dicks.

A FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER (40's, overweight) stands up from her seat and starts to leave.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
(shouting)
Not again, we had enough of this
shit earlier! Can't you men talk
about anything else?

REDMOND
They are quite a big part of our
lives, or small if you're unlucky.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
Why's it always dicks?

REDMOND
Well you lot have the Vagina
Monologues to discuss your hoocha's.
How about I start somewhere else?

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
You've got two minutes.

The Female Audience Member retakes her seat, a pissed off
look on her face.

REDMOND
(to Female Audience Member)
Right then, Google Glass. Is that
alright with you?

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
Much better.

REDMOND
Thank the lord above they canned
it. Given the amount of Redtube
I've been watching, the inevitable
step of interactive advertising
would be a nightmare.

The Female Audience Member stands back up, and stumbles over
the crowd as she attempts to storm off.

REDMOND
I hadn't got the dick bit yet!

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER
You men are all the bloody same!

REDMOND
Whatever...remember Tom Cruise
running around in Minority Report,
and all the adverts were tailored
to him? If Google had their way I'd
be walking down the street, and all
of a sudden the nearest billboard
would be offering me a larger wang
pill or some shit.

Some of the audience laugh.

REDMOND
All through sweet little Google
cookies...allowing the world's

REDMOND
 corporations to know more about
 your sexual perversions than your
 wife.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Redmond sits on a couch watching the Jets on television.
 Angela, on the opposite couch, studies a wedding magazine.

ANGELA
 What about this dress?

REDMOND
 (half paying attention)
 Huh? Yes, I like that one.

ANGELA
 You're not even looking!

REDMOND
 Sorry Angela, I just don't get
 those mags. Every one I've looked
 at, well it's just all adverts.

ANGELA
 Funny, I haven't seen you look at a
 single one.

INT. BALTIMORE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

DRUNK AUDIENCE MEMBER
 (shouting)
 WANG PILLS!

REDMOND
 Yes my friend, wang pills. It gets
 worse though. 50% of this country
 are men, and I doubt I'm the only
 pervert. Imagine going down Time
 Square and being confronted by
 hundreds of interactive billboards,
 all advertising wang pills!

Laughter from the crowd, he's starting to win them over.

REDMOND
 But wait, we can't forget about the
 fairer sex and their viewing
 habits. Half of the billboards
 would of course be full of wedding

REDMOND
stuff, E online or just the usual
Kardashian shit.

More laughter.

REDMOND
And one billboard might find the
middle ground and advertise a Kim
Kardashian sex tape. Imagine two
parallel billboards, one
advertising a Kardashian perfume,
and the other a sex tape. Her
career in lights.

A round of applause.

REDMOND
Or maybe that's all of our lives in
lights, sex and desire.

INT. BRIDAL SUITE - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

The bedroom door flings open. Redmond carries Angela in, they both wear wedding attire. He flings her onto the bed and starts to tear off her wedding dress, they kiss with uncontrollable passion.

Suddenly, Angela stops and looks at Redmond, who futilely tries to remove his pants with one hand.

ANGELA
I love you Mr. Nesta.

REDMOND
And I love you too Mrs.

ANGELA
Nesta!

Redmond looks up from his pants.

REDMOND
Shit, sorry, I love you too Mrs.
Nesta.

Redmond finally gets his pants off and flings them across the room, hitting a mirror. The buckle of the still attached belt clips the mirror, and removes a tiny chip of glass.

The couple do not notice. They carry on in their passionate embrace.

INT. BALTIMORE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

REDMOND

I honestly don't think you ladies realize how much us men are driven by Mr. Happy. You know, him down there.

Redmond points to his crotch.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)

You're sick!

REDMOND

You still here?

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)

Go fuck yourself!

REDMOND

Anyway, he's there with his little captain's hat on, guiding us through life. Our little battle ships, sailing around the world, firing their tiny love torpedoes.

INT. FERTILITY CLINIC - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

A NURSE (20's, with blue scrubs and a white jacket on) leads Redmond into a dimly lit room. She places a samples jar down on a table, next to a pack of wet wipes and a DVD folder.

NURSE

Now, Mr. Nesta, if you can provide your sample in the jar and return it to the front desk. We have a selection of DVD's there to help, should require them.

REDMOND

How long have I got?

NURSE

Just relax, take all the time you need.

The nurse gives Redmond a smile, and exits the room. Redmond, with a depressed look on his face, studies the room. His gaze is drawn to the DVD folder.

REDMOND
(muttering to himself)
How did it come to this?

He takes off his pants.

INT. BALTIMORE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

Redmond looks around the room. The audience is male dominated, and most of them have smiles on their faces.

REDMOND
But is your little captain in
charge of the Titanic or the QE2?
Or, for my Jets buddy over there,
is he Bubby Brister or Joe Namath?

DRUNK AUDIENCE MEMBER
WOOOOO! Fucking Broadway Joe!

REDMOND
Yes, my friend, if it's Broadway
Joe then you're a lucky man. Spare
a thought for those of us with a
Brister.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Angela leans against a counter top. She reads the results of the fertility test, tears in her eyes. Redmond sits on a nearby couch with his head in his hands.

ANGELA
So you're in the second percentile
for sperm count then?

REDMOND
It would seem that way.

ANGELA
I guess we've found our problem.

Redmond turns to her, a look of rage flashes across his face. He gets up, grabs his jacket and exits the apartment.

INT. BALTIMORE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

REDMOND

But the nice thing about life, and football, is that even Brister can nail a pass occasionally.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Angela sits at a table, she smokes a cigarette. Redmond appears from behind her, grabs the cigarette and flings it over the edge of the balcony.

ANGELA

What the fuck?

Redmond places a pregnancy test down in front of her, the two pink lines show a positive result.

ANGELA

That's not possible.

REDMOND

Well either you're right or it is.
My money's on the piss stick.

Angela surges out of her seat and embraces Redmond.

INT. BALTIMORE COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

REDMOND

And at the end of the day, we're not all Ron Jeremy. Some of us have an Imperial Star Destroyer, others have a dinghy. But some dinghy's have an esky full of Bud, and I've never even seen a storm trooper with a beer.

A few laughs. Redmond pauses, he looks across the faces in the crowd.

REDMOND

Forget about the fucking individualities. Strip away wealth and all modern society has to offer, we'd still be chasing the same end goal, commanded from below. And whether it's wasting a lonely moment, pissing, or even procreating, we all owe a lot to our little friends.

The crowd give a round of applause.

REDMOND

Where do the police put criminal
dicks? The penitentiary.

Groans from the audience.

REDMOND

And there's the dick joke, just for
my biggest female fan.

FEMALE AUDIENCE MEMBER (O.S.)

Get off the fucking stage!

REDMOND

Thanks Baltimore, you've been
great.

Redmond waves at the crowd as he heads backstage. The crowd give him a round of applause, apart from the Drunk Audience Member, who gives him a one man standing ovation.

INT. BIRTHING SUITE - DAY - (FLASHBACK)

Redmond, with tears in his eyes, cradles a newborn baby in his arms. Angela lies behind him in a hospital bed, smiling.

FADE OUT.