

Public Access 129

by
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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.)
Ooooh 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.)

Ooooooh yeeeeeeeeeah!

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
Mawahahah! 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