

Blind Date Bedlam

By

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A neat and clean hallway, very hotel-like in style and atmosphere, with numerous apartment entryways and an elevator at each end.

It's very upscale, with one exception. The 70's disco music that pumps through the walls.

One of the elevators gives off its signature ding, its doors open to reveal CAROL, an early thirties woman all dressed up for a night on the town.

She steps out of the elevator, immediately greeted by the thumping disco beat. It's a little odd, but she continues on down the hallway, searches for her destination.

She gets to the end of the hall, stops in front of the door of apartment thirteen, which is also the source of the music.

She raises a hand to knock, but waits. Does she really want to knock? She goes through with it, and a moment later the music goes silent.

She listens in wait until the door opens to reveal ELTON, a late thirties man dressed in tight underpants, a free swinging bath robe, and a top hat.

He looks at her inquisitively, a sense of urgency on his face. He speaks quickly.

ELTON

Who are you? What do you want?

CAROL

Are you Elton?

ELTON

Yes. Who are you? What do you want?

CAROL

I'm Carol. We have a date tonight. Eight o'clock?

Elton's glance shifts back and forth.

ELTON  
My date's at nine.

CAROL  
I was told eight.

Elton zones out, thinking for a moment.

ELTON  
Right. Okay. Do you want to come  
in?

CAROL  
Uh... sure?

Elton whips the door open all the way, steps to the side to allow Carol's entrance.

Carol's a little hesitant, but steps in anyway.

Elton gives the hallway another glance before he shuts the door.

INT. ELTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A standard apartment, definitely not what one would expect from a weird guy like Elton, except for one thing.

DOCTOR BOOBELA, a late forties man in a horrible looking leisure suit, sits in a lounge chair and stares straight ahead. He never acknowledges Carol's entrance.

Elton spins around, his robe flowing freely behind him like a cape.

Carol stands completely frozen. This is odd.

ELTON  
Sit down, please. I don't like it  
when people stand around. Makes me  
nervous. You don't want me to be  
nervous.

CAROL  
No. Sorry.

Carol moves to the couch and sits across from Doctor Boobela.

ELTON  
You're early. You weren't supposed  
to be here until nine.

CAROL  
I was told eight.

ELTON  
Right, well, I haven't finished my  
pre-date ritual yet. Do you mind?

CAROL  
Ritual?

ELTON  
I'm very superstitious.

DOCTOR BOOBELA  
Ah cha cha cha!

Carol jumps from the Doctor's sudden outburst.

ELTON  
Sorry. He does that  
sometimes. Strangers make him  
nervous.

CAROL  
I don't mean to make anybody  
nervous.

ELTON  
He's fine. It's me you don't want  
to make nervous.

CAROL  
Who is he?

ELTON  
That's Doctor Boobela. He's my  
inspiration.

CAROL  
Inspiration?

ELTON  
Gets me pumped up for my dates. He  
does good work.

CAROL  
I see.

ELTON  
He's also my theme music. Do you  
mind?

CAROL  
That you have theme music?

Elton twitches.

ELTON  
No! Everybody has theme  
music! What's wrong with you!

CAROL  
I'm sorry! What do you mean?

Elton is agitated.

ELTON  
I mean... Do you mind if he  
accompanies us?

CAROL  
On our date?

ELTON  
The music is much better when it's  
live.

CAROL  
Well, I'm not too s--

Doctor Boobela breaks into song.

DOCTOR BOOBELA  
*He's a baaaad mother fucker, and  
he'll sex you up all night. He's a  
baaaad mother fucker, and he'll  
make you feel alright...*

Doctor Boobela stands, channels Lou Rawls.

Elton bounces to non-existent beats.

Carol sits in awe.

DOCTOR BOOBELA  
*...you gotta get your head in the  
game, if you want to grab that  
feelin', you gotta give in to  
temptation, if you want that sexual  
healin', now testify!*

Doctor Boobela sits back down like nothing happened.

Carol looks to Elton, who smiles.

ELTON

You don't get that kind of quality  
on an eight track, I'll tell you  
that.

CAROL

Are you okay?

ELTON

Peachy keen. Do you mind if I  
finish my ritual?

CAROL

I'd really like to go if you don't  
mind.

Elton freezes, somewhat upset.

CAROL

Is something wrong?

ELTON

Do you realize what would happen if  
we go out and I haven't finished  
the ritual?

Carol shakes her head.

ELTON

It won't be pretty. There will be  
fires, floods, locusts. And on top  
of that, disasters of biblical  
proportions.

Carol is confused.

CAROL

Uh, aren't fires, floods and  
locusts already disasters of  
biblical proportions?

ELTON

Stop it! It's people like you who  
keep me from winning my lawsuit!

CAROL

Lawsuit?

ELTON

Against the writers of the  
bible! They stole those ideas from  
me! Plagiarists!

CAROL

But... the bible was written long  
before you were born.

ELTON

Yeah, that's one theory, but we'll  
just see who's laughing when Jesus  
gets subpoenaed.

CAROL

O... kay?

Elton snaps his fingers and mumbles gibberish.

He moves to an entertainment center, presses play on the  
radio. The disco beats pump throughout the room once again.

Carol looks to Doctor Boobela, who laughs a horrific,  
maniacal laugh in her direction.

The lights go out, and it's suddenly ten times creepier when  
a flashing strobe light is all that illuminates the room.

Elton dances in front of his radio. The strobe makes him  
look like he's in slow motion.

He turns, like a Broadway dancer in the spot light, and in  
true Broadway dancer fashion, he throws up the jazz hands.

His eyes are wide open, ominous looking. He chants in a  
monotone manner.

ELTON

On the dark desert highway of my  
soul, there lies a teddy bear,  
bruised and battered from the dust  
storms in my heart. The dust  
storms caused by you. When I asked  
you if I could just taste the  
tapioca pudding that you made  
behind my back, you said no, and it  
really blew my mind...

Carol looks around the room, catches the flashes of Doctor  
Boobela, who still laughs over Elton's speech.

ELTON

...did I not buy that tapioca  
pudding? I believe I did. But you  
don't care, you're just  
selfish. You take the tapioca  
pudding for yourself. You hide the  
olive green crayon so every time I

ELTON  
want to draw a caricature of James  
Bond, the fucking martini never  
comes out right. You are the  
devil! You don't appreciate  
art! Get the fuck out of my life!

Elton unleashes a loud, high pitched scream.

Carol seizes the opportunity and rushes from the apartment.

ELTON  
I am the holy pork rind! Bow down  
to my fatty goodness!

Elton slowly turns and cuts the radio.

He turns to Doctor Boobela, whose laughter cuts with the  
music.

They exchange a glance.

ELTON  
How long?

Doctor Boobela looks at his watch.

DOCTOR BOOBELA  
Six minutes.

Elton's personality changes tone as he claps his hands  
together.

ELTON  
Ha! Pay up, fucker.

Doctor Boobela tosses him a few bills.

DOCTOR BOOBELA  
We need to cut it down to five  
minutes.

ELTON  
Hey, I'm game. I'll just get to  
the freaky shit sooner.

DOCTOR BOOBELA  
And I'm not helping with the theme  
music stuff any more.

ELTON  
Whatever. You know as well as I do  
that I can chase these desperadoes  
off quicker than anybody.

DOCTOR BOOBELA  
Care to put your money where your  
mouth is?

A knock at the door. Elton smiles.

ELTON  
Hundred bucks?

Another knock at the door, this time more forceful.

DOCTOR BOOBELA  
You're on.

Elton gets into character and swaggers over to the door.

He swings it open to find a freaky looking GIRL, early thirties. She has frazzled hair, bloodshot eyes, and sports a cat lady sweater.

She's pretty whacked out looking, and her submissive, Igor-like stance isn't helping.

FREAKY GIRL  
I'm looking for the wizard with the  
purple turkey abacus. Are you he?

Elton turns to Doctor Boobela, who does nothing but smile and look at his watch.

Elton looks back at the girl, whose eye twitches at rapid pace. He's screwed.

ELTON  
Shit.

FADE OUT.