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 BOOBELEA, 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 BOOBELEA
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 BOOBELEA
...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 spotlight, 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.