

OBSCENE PHONE CALLER

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FADE IN:

INT. SIMON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A BACHELOR PAD, and not a nice, SLICK one - more like a RUNDOWN MAN CAVE with WALLPAPER PEELING and a CRUMBLING FACADE.

SIMON, 30 - CRYSTAL-METH FACE, stress fat belly, giddy, lounges on a brown, cum-soaked Laz-E-Boy-- watching porn.

We hear the fucking coming from the TV.

He eats CHEETOS. His fingers -- covered in CHEETO DUST.

Simon's EYES TWINKLE as he grins - cuts a loud-ass FART.

SIMON

Wooo, that Dominos cheesy bread
isn't sitting too well.

He SKIMS a phone book, PUNCHES numbers into his cell.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is a massive McMansion decorated with questionable taste.

TAWNY, about 40 - cell to her ear-- sexy, tight clothes, jewelry; could be a *'Real Housewives of Beverly Hills'* if she was still married.

She hangs up, wrestles to get a bottle of wine open with a corkscrew, but her hand is trembling with nerves.

She chastises herself... get a gripe.

A cell rings "*Jesus Loves Me This I Know.*" She answers.

RUTHIE

Hello?... Buzz?

SIMON

What ya' doing?

RUTHIE

Could you speak up a little. My
hearing isn't what it use to be.

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SIMON

What ya' wearing? Is it see-through?

RUTHIE

What am I wearing?

Simon grabs a bottle of massage oil and squirts a long stream of oil into his hand, a kid-like grin on his face.

SIMON

Yea. What ya' wearing? Is it something see-through?

Ruthie glances at the hole in in her faded jeans.

RUTHIE

Well, only if you want to see my knee cap. Is this you, Buzz? I haven't got time for this. What do you care, anyway. I told you I need my toilet fixed. I'll dress up in something sexy, if you get over here and fix this stupid thing.

SIMON

You've got me all wrong, lady. I think you have a beautiful body, and I wanna paint you in the nude.

RUTHIE

Sued!? No, I'm not going to sue you. I just want my toilet fixed. What's wrong with you? I didn't say anything about suing. Although I should, since you said the last time you were here it was fixed, and I paid you one hundred dollars.

SIMON

No. In the nude. In the nude.
I wanna paint you in the nude!

RUTHIE

In a new what? Paint? Buzz, what are you talking about? I don't need anything painted. I need my toilet fixed. Now are you coming over or do I need to call someone else?

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Simon is starting to become a bit unhinged -- less cool than we've seen him:

SIMON

Lady, are you hard of hearing or what?

RUTHIE

Well, I never. How dare you talk to me this way, Buzz. After all, I am the customer. Am I hard of hearing? You're the one who can't seem to tell what I'm saying. Now Buzz, I'm telling you -- if you don't get over here, I'm going to call whoever it is you call to report you as a bad repairman. So get your you know what over here.

SIMON

Lady, you're crazy.

RUTHIE

Lazy old man. I don't know why I mess with you. And if you think I'm gonna pay again for something you should have done the first time, you're crazy yourself.

Ruthie turns to see--

A dour faced bald headed man, BUZZ, hovering around 50-- totting a few extra pounds and a Plumber's snake.

A beat. Ruthie's jaw drops -- a stunning realization.

Ruthie smacks herself in the head for being so stupid.

She looks down at her cell again. Finally, she looks up with a steely resolve.

RUTHIE

Listen, um -- you want me? If you're for real, okay buster, here's the deal. My boobs are old -- they hang to my knees. I wear dentures because I don't have teeth. Arthritis has changed my looks a lot. My skin is wrinkled with lots of spots. A stroke has left me in quite a jam. But if you want me, here I am.

Simon reacts to that in horror.

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Buzz watches, amused, from the sidelines.

Ruthie waits for the snarky comeback - doesn't get it.

RUTHIE

Well, you better be quick!

Simon -- uh-oh. BLECH! Simon VOMITS. Dead phone line. Simon's hung up.

END INTERCUT.

Ruthie laughs. Maybe too hard.

Buzz puts out his fist. They bump knuckles.

BUZZ

Uh, I have to go to the bathroom.

FADE THE FUCK OUT:

Simon - completely losing it

SIMON

AHHHHHHHHH!!!

He throws his phone at the wall in mock disgust. The room is

suddenly much, much darker. OMINOUS, even. The tenor of the conversation changes accordingly

Ash and Alex in a cramped apartment, furniture by Craigslist and Garbage Thursday. Alex is splayed

He pulls a half-eaten cheeseburger out of his pocket and takes a bite.

One one thousand, two one thousand, three one thousand...

Quiet. Simon has zero idea what to say. Then --

From out of nowhere...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cell detonates at 3 A.M.

A heavy-set SPANISH WOMAN who bears no resemblance to KIM KARDASHIAN at all -- all right, maybe her ASS, rolls away from it. Beat. It rings again.

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She fuffers and manages to answer it without totally waking up.

WOMAN

(groggy)
Mm...ello?

MAN (V.O.)

I'm stroking it, baby, just for you. It's hard and stiff, waiting to get shoved into your soft, wet -

She GASPS. CLICK. The line goes DEAD.

Simon-- fucking-a,

CRYSTAL

Rootbeer tastes like a birthday party in your mouth... Want me to make you dinner?

Simon - the proverbial deer look. His face is frozen in a rictus of horror.

Could be Applebees, Chilis, Outback. Andy sits at the bar, all smiles, attempting to chat with a THIRTYSOMETHING WOMAN.

ON RAND-- jerking off. As he does, the CAMERA pans down his body. To his chest... His stomach... His dick.

It' TINY. Three inches flaccid, if that. He's holding it with his thumb and forefinger. That's all that fits around it.

The maid, SCARLETTA, 40, stocky, Hispanic, illegal immigrant, pours rootbeer into a coffee mug, slurping it to keep it from overflowing.

CRYSTAL

Want me to make you dinner?

RUTHIE

No, thank you, Scarlettta. I've got a wedding dress to fit into.

Scarlettta darts off.

Van, wasted, red-eyed and drinking rock-star style from a JACK DANIELS BOTTLE, speaks

He grabs her again. Kisses her. There is no softness to

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him. Just teenage boy fervor.

DINA, about 40, perpetually stressed, pretty but can't be bothered-- is wrestling does house chores as she cradles the phone against her ear --

RUTHIE, about 40, cell phone to her ear-- sexy, tight clothes, jewelry; could be a '*REAL HOUSEWIVES of BEVERLY HILLS*' if she was married,

INT. HOLLYWOOD HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

RUTHIE, 30s - plunges a clogged toilet; sexy tight clothes, jewelry; could be a '*REAL HOUSEWIVES of BEVERLY HILLS*' if she was still married.

She shuts off the water, but the sewage won't stop, overflowing onto the linoleum.

Nice. Modern. Smooth. WE FIND MARGARET - ON ALL FOURS. MAX ispounding away at her from behind. As we FIND HER EYES we see it's less a measure of pleasure she's looking for than anumbing down of pain. Max finishes. She doesn't move --

BEHIND A WOMAN IN HER MID-40s. She stands at the side of a

rod-iron king bed made with paisley sheets In the Architectural Digest-featured kitchen of her stunning townhouse

It's a wonderful, old house that exudes character more thanaffluence.

The room is grand and column-lined. Like the rest of the house, it has been decorated with a very heavy hand.

Everything's oversized. Too much draped fabric, too many pillows, too many urns. But Beverly's delighted.

They kiss. It's maybe a touch too passionate for a public place, but they're both rather tipsy and no one's looking.

There's a flash of rage in Ruthie. She controls it... Coop and Salami react, "Yikes."