

Please Shut Up!

by

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INT: TELEVISION OFFICE - DAY

Here is a completely white space with 30 computers around the outskirts, occupied by MEN and WOMEN in blue suits. Several TVs hang on the ceiling, facing various directions. Separating the two sides of the room are a line of pillars, and bang in the centre are a couple of sofas facing each other. In one of them is the TV EXECUTIVE (40) in a Hawaiian shirt and with a goatee, in the other is the ELECTRICIAN (30), wearing jeans and a shirt.

TV EXECUTIVE

(to the electrician)

This is an emergency. Our mute interviewees that have computers wired into their brains to talk for them, will be in for the shock of their lives when they find out that ALL of their thoughts will be broadcast. You must be able to fix the buttons that temporarily turn off their messaging systems... You just need to fuse a wire or two together, right?

The HANDYMAN tuts and shakes his head.

ELECTRICIAN

I'm sorry, there really is nothing I can do. The retrograde basil chips are completely screwed. Fixing them will take weeks of hard work...

TV EXECUTIVE

Retrograde basil chips?

ELECTRICIAN

It's jargon only electricians understand.

TV EXECUTIVE

Can you at least partly fix them?

ELECTRICIAN

Sorry, no can do. Not without first rate duck bubble welders...

TV EXECUTIVE

Excuse me?

A close by, female WORKER at a computer turns to the two and interrupts the conversation.

WORKER

Sir? I think he's talking a load of nonsense. You might want to sack him and hire a real electrician...

The BOSS shakes his head at the STAFF MEMBER in disbelief.

TV EXECUTIVE
(to the electrician)
You're... not a phony are you?

ELECTRICIAN
My God no! I'm an expert with double
peppered wires.

The TV EXECUTIVE looks at the WORKER blankly and waits for a response.

WORKER
That's a load of gibberish, too.

The EXECUTIVE turns to the ELECTRICIAN again.

TV EXECUTIVE
Is it?

ELECTRICIAN
Kind of. I do know how to fix
lightbulbs and that kind of stuff,
though. Got any here you need looking
at?

TV EXECUTIVE
Oh God! And we're going live in ten
minutes! Hey, electrician guy, come
closer...

Confused, he does so. Quick as a flash, he gets punched in the nose.

INT: TELEVISION STUDIO - TEN MINUTES LATER

Sitting behind a desk is a MAN (30) completely in black and with an evil face; next to him is a nicer, casually dressed man (25); and a similarly dressed woman (30) is next to him. All three have wires coming out of their foreheads, that lead to buttons and computers on the table. At the end of the table is the male TV PRESENTER (40), who is smartly dressed with an eccentric tie. In front of them all are a number of cameras.

TV PRESENTER
Hello, viewers! Sitting with me here..

EVIL MAN
(from his computer,
without his mouth
moving)
F**k you. You have a silly face.

The EM presses his button repeatedly.

TV PRESENTER
 ... Are three people who have wires
 inserted in their brains...

EVIL MAN
 Kill... Kill all pigeons.

The EM starts to sweat.

TV PRESENTER
 ... that lead into computers that talk
 for them!

EVIL MAN
 Stab, stab, stab, stab, stab... Stab
 them in the face.

The PRESENTER coughs and rearranges his tie.

NICER MAN
 (also from his
 computer)
 No, f**k you!

WOMAN
 (ditto)
 This is anarchy!

TV PRESENTER
 Just press on the button, when you
 don't want your thoughts to be spoken.

EVIL MAN
 Kill, kill, kill.

All three press on their buttons, hard.

WOMAN
 I once robbed a bank. Oh no!

NICER MAN
 Is this your idea of great telly? You
 should be ashamed of yourself!

The PRESENTER looks to the floor, ashamed.

TV PRESENTER
 It's not my fault... The buttons
 aren't working...

EVIL MAN
 Where's my hammer?

TV PRESENTER
 Cut the cameras!

INT: TELEVISION OFFICE - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

In disbelief, the TV EXECUTIVE looks up at the still running TVs. All other WORKERS are just as shocked. The ELECTRICIAN is gone. A trail of blood leads to the door.

TV EXECUTIVE

(to everyone)

Well that was a disaster, wasn't it?
It actually went worse than I was
expecting. At least the country won't
see any more, just us lucky few.

(EVIL MAN HEARD FROM THE TVS)

F**k you! F**k you! You bumfaces! No
wait, how about... No, I like bumface.
You bumfaces!

The WORKER seen before, tries to be comforting and turns to the BOSS again.

WORKER

Look on the bright side: The police
will find the program very
interesting...

TV EXECUTIVE

Yeah, what if they want to talk to me?
Children would have seen that whole
freak show!

(WOMAN HEARD FROM THE TVS)

Why can't we all get along??

The WORKER furrows her brow.

WORKER

What if... we have the same guests on,
but at night?

TV EXECUTIVE

What are you saying? We just have
three mute, computer-aided nutcases
and a host witness just mindlessly
chat and threaten each other for half
an hour??

WORKER

Maybe an hour. Like a more hardcore
Big Brother...

(EVIL MAN HEARD FROM THE TVS)

Punch, punch, punch.

The EXECUTIVE rubs his beard.

TV EXECUTIVE
(thoughtfully)
Hmmm...