

Channel Surfing

by
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MUSIC PLAYS OVER BLACK

TITLE: CHANNEL SURFING

A cigarette burn appears in the middle of the title. The screen burns away from the middle outward to reveal

INT. CABLE VAN - DAY

A joint dangling from the lips of DALE. Dale is a combination of nerd and stoner. Around thirty with long hair. Wearing a Cable Guy shirt with his name on it.

He fumbles with the radio. The joint goes out, and he relights it, dropping it into his lap in the process. He jumps, trying to avoid getting burned.

DALE

Dude.

EXT. CABLE VAN - CONTINUOUS

The cable van swerves across the road. Nearly hits several cars.

INT. CABLE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Dale recovers the joint, but it is a bit damaged. He tosses it into the passenger seat.

He pulls up to a huge ocean front house. He rests his head against the steering wheel and makes a GROAN that suggests there are a lot of places he'd rather be. Grabs the clipboard and gets out of the van.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dale rings the doorbell. A few beats pass before it opens to reveal STACY, mid-twenties, dark haired, attractive and casually dressed in jeans and a t-shirt.

STACY

Well, hey.

She looks happy to see Dale. The door opens wider to reveal BRADLEY, early thirties, a suit if there ever was one, wearing sunglasses inside.

BRADLEY

Finally.

He puts his arm around Stacy and pushes her out of his way so he can take in Dale's appearance.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Really? You're the guy who can fix
any TV?

Dale shrugs.

DALE
We spend a lot of time together.

He steps inside.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

An expensively decorated house. Bay windows at the end of the hall overlook the beach.

BRADLEY
Clearly. TV's in there.

He points to a room off to his side.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I'll know if you touch anything.

Dale walks into the den to find himself face to face with the king of all TVs, the...

DALE
The PVX 9000? This isn't on the
market for another five months.

BRADLEY
No, shit. Can you fix it or not?

DALE
I don't know.

BRADLEY
They said you were the best.

DALE
I mean, I have to figure out where
the problem is to know whether I
can fix it. When did it stop
working?

BRADLEY

After the maid came. I need to
fire her ass and make Stacy clean
from now on.

Stacy yells from the kitchen.

STACY

Yeah, right. I'm not your maid.

BRADLEY

(so Stacy doesn't hear)
Yeah, right. She'll do whatever I
tell her. Well, have at it. Don't
touch anything but the TV. And
don't break it.

Bradley starts to leave.

DALE

Didn't you call me because it's
already broken?

BRADLEY

They pay you five dollars an hour
to run your mouth?

Dale picks up the remote.

DALE

(mumbles)
I make twelve-fifty asshole.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

I gotta make some calls, babe.
Make sure he doesn't mess with
anything.

Stacy walks into the den and watches Dale.

STACY

So what's your name?

Dale points to his name on his shirt.

STACY (CONT'D)

Oh, right. Do you fix a lot of
TVs?

He looks at her like she's an idiot.

STACY (CONT'D)
Dumb question. OK. I'm just gonna
be in the kitchen.

She stands there. He doesn't respond.

STACY (CONT'D)
Well, if you need anything--

DALE
I'll let you know.

She walks out.

DALE (CONT'D)
(to the TV)
What are you?

Dale's eyes are really bloodshot. The high from the weed is
creeping up on him.

The TV turns on. Stacy stands in an all white room on the
screen. She wears a small black dress, much more revealing
than her earlier outfit. She's playfully seductive.

TV STACY
Hello, Dale.

DALE
Hey.

TV STACY
Have you come to take care of me?

He nods his head, mouth slightly open. A combination of
stoned and enamored with her.

TV STACY (CONT'D)
I'm not sure you know what to do
with me. Do you have any idea how
to turn me on?

He pushes the power button on the remote.

TV STACY (CONT'D)
So you think you know how to push
my buttons?

DALE
Maybe.

TV STACY

I bet you wish you had me all to yourself. Don't you, Dale?

He nods his head ever so slightly.

TV STACY (CONT'D)

Does it make you jealous that the man who gets to take care of me is a giant douche?

He nods his head.

TV STACY (CONT'D)

Would you like to take me home and watch me while I do what I do best?

DALE

Yeah.

He LAUGHS.

TV STACY

I think I might be too much for you to handle right now. Did you get stoned before you came to see me?

DALE

Maybe.

TV STACY

Oh, Dale. You shouldn't have done that. You'll never figure me out.

DALE

Yes I will.

TV STACY

What are you gonna try doing to me first?

DALE

I'm not sure.

TV STACY

What's the matter? Is everything OK?

STACY

Is everything OK?

In real life, Stacy stands in the doorway watching as

Dale rocks back and forth on his heels, eyes closed and smiling, remote pointed at the TV. He becomes aware of his surroundings and opens one eye to see Stacy watching him.

DALE

Oh, yeah. We're great in here.

STACY

Are you sure? You were talking to yourself.

DALE

Yeah, just talking through the problem. Actually, do you have something to drink?

STACY

Yeah.

She walks into the kitchen. He follows.

DALE

And maybe some cheetos or something?

(off her look)

I work best when there's something in my stomach. It's hard to concentrate when you've got the munchies.

STACY

I wish I had the munchies. I ran out of weed last night. I can make you a sandwich or something.

DALE

Thanks but you don't have to do that.

She pours him a soda and pulls a bag of chips out of the cabinet.

They both eat chips. They're close and making a lot of eye contact. He leans over to kiss her and she immediately pulls back.

STACY

Whoa, dude. What are you doing?

DALE

Oh, sorry. I thought...

Bradley walks in.

BRADLEY

Am I paying you to eat my food,
bro? What's the deal?

DALE

I'm just about to finish up.

BRADLEY

Why don't you hurry up so I can
watch some sports center in peace?
Hey babe, make me a sandwich, huh?

He slaps her butt.

STACY

I made you one an hour ago.

BRADLEY

Yeah, well I want another one, so
chop chop. No crust either, I hate
it when you leave the crust on.

(off her reluctance)

Don't make me call that cute friend
of yours. I bet she'd do it.

STACY

I'm definitely not making one now.

BRADLEY

What else do you have to do? It's
not like you're getting any
auditions.

STACY

Wow, you're even more of a jerk
today than usual. I'm leaving.

She heads for the door. Bradley YELLS after her.

BRADLEY

Yeah, well I drove you here so have
fun walking home.

(to Dale)

You gonna fix that TV or what?

DALE

Oh, yeah.

He goes back into the den.

TV STACY

Well, look who's back.

DALE

Shut up, shut up. Quit trying to
distract me.

He reaches behind the TV and feels around. Sweat begins to
drip from his brow and he struggles.

TV STACY

What do you think you're doing back
there? Stop. That tickles.

He pushes the power button and Stacy disappears, replaced by
Sportscenter. Bradley plops down on the couch.

BRADLEY

Thank, God. Just so you know, I'm
not paying you. Since you ate my
food and all.

DALE

Whatever. I just need you to sign
here.

He hands Bradley the clipboard. Bradley signs. Dale takes
the clipboard and leaves.

INT. CABLE VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Dale climbs in the van, starts the engine and drives. A few
hundred yards down the road Stacy walks. He slows to her
pace and pulls up beside her.

DALE

Need a ride?

STACY

No, thanks. Walking always helps
when I need to relax.

Dale holds up the joint from earlier.

DALE

You sure? I can't light this and
drive at the same time.

Off her look we ROLL CREDITS.