

The Show

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INT. LOUNGEROOM - DAY

Bailey and Josh are sitting on the lounge having a conversation.

They are facing the camera.

BAILEY

So anyway, I'm doing a show.

Finally.

JOSH

Umm. What do you mean?

Show?

BAILEY

You know. For the TV.

A show!

JOSH

A show?

Why the hell do you call it a show?

BAILEY

Because Josh. Just because.

That's what they're called.

Shows.

There on the TV.

Loads of them.

JOSH

I don't think they should be called shows.

BAILEY

Why not?

JOSH

Calling them shows.

It's too old fashioned.

When I put on the TV I don't expect vaudeville or some stupid variety shit anymore.

JOSH (Cont...)

That's what shows are.

BAILEY

Yeah. But that's just how it evolved.

It's a legacy thing.

Anyway, it fits.

When you talk about shows people know what you mean.

JOSH

You don't wanna be watching Battlestar Galactica, or Fight Club or Reservoir Dogs and call that a show.

It's not right.

It belittles the medium.

The art.

BAILEY

OK smartass.

What would you call it then?

JOSH

I dunno.

How about a program?

BAILEY

Jesus.

Josh

A TV needs a program for its computer to run the shows.

What are you?

A robot?

Bailey imitates a monosyllabic robot voice.

I need a program so I can watch TV.

This does not compute.

Back to his normal voice.

BAILEY (Cont...)

Fuck it.

JOSH

I'm gonna watch some TV.

BAILEY

What's on?

JOSH

I dunno.

Some shows?

Josh raises the remote and points it at the camera.

Image of static snow for a moment.

Followed by the text...The End.