

The Extreme Radio Comedy Danger Hour
Episode Four

Written by Sean Gilbert and Brooks Robinson
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"MEET BONEY"

(Cooler Than You board room)

MR. COOLER

Let's see here, Gentlemen: The radio show is doing well, we've got a very similar audience to that of the TV show, and I must say I am very impressed with the production quality...

BILL

We're very pleased with the result so far, sir.

MR. COOLER

(ignoring him)
...But something's missing. We need to focus in on a whole new demographic: The family.

BILL

I'm not sure this show is fit for family listening, sir.

MR. COOLER

That's exactly what I'm saying! Let's see if we can't inject a little family appeal, eh?

BILL

(dubious)
Okay...just what did you have in mind?

(door opens)

MR. COOLER

Gentlemen, allow me to present...Boney the Bear!

BONEY

(in a silly, happy voice)
Hey there, guys! Glad to be a part of the team!

MR. COOLER

(enthusiastic)
Pretty good, huh?

BILL

Wait a minute! Isn't that the bear that mauled that camper a couple years back?

MR. COOLER

Well, he did have a little trouble with the law, but--

BONEY

(interrupting)

Look, man! I did my time! I paid my debt to society! Now I just want to get out there and help people!

JOE

What's wrong with your voice?

BONEY

I'm just real happy!

MR. COOLER

(conspiratorially)

Look, Joe, it's the behavioral therapy they used in the joint to channel his aggression. It did the trick, but I think it made him a little...

(with a whistle)

Koo koo!

BONEY

When do I start?

BILL

Look, sir, maybe this isn't such a good idea. I mean, this bear is dangerous! And he's more likely to frighten children than entertain them!

BONEY

I understand where you're coming from, buddy, but...

(quietly)

...if you don't stop giving me such a hard time, I'm gonna tear your gut open, and feast on your entrails!

(with an eerily goofy laugh)

Okay, buddy?

MR. COOLER

What are you two conspiring about? Don't keep me and Joe out of the conversation!

BILL

I...uh...

BONEY

I think we're gonna get along just fine! Right, Buddy?

BILL

Uh, sure.

MR. COOLER

Good, good, good. I knew you'd fit right in, Boney.

BONEY

You said it, Mr. C!

MR. COOLER

Great! Can you start tomorrow?

FADE OUT:

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"ER"

(emergency trauma room)

WIFE

Somebody help me! My husband's dying!

(husband gasps and chokes throughout
sketch)

NURSE

Doctor! Doctor!!

DOCTOR

All right, let's go! Stat! Nurse, prep the "o-r"
and the "i-c-u" and let's keep an eye on that
"e-k-g!" What's the "4-1-1" here?

WIFE

My husband's choking on a hotdog!

DOCTOR

All right nurse we've got an alien object residing
in the throatus necktis.

WIFE

It's a hotdog, not an alien!

DOCTOR

We're gonna need to perform a tracheotomy now!
Stat! Stat!!

WIFE

A trachy what?

NURSE

We're going to have to cut his throat open to
release the pressure and get the little dog out.

WIFE

Wha? Cut his thro--

DOCTOR

For god's sake, people, this is an "e-r-o-r!" Get
that woman out of here!

Oh husband!

WIFE

Sharp thing!

DOCTOR

Sharp thing.

NURSE

Here we go. This one's for the money!...

DOCTOR

(gurgling sound, husband bleeding)

DOCTOR

(continuing)

I got it! I've removed the object!

NURSE

Brilliant work, Doctor!

DOCTOR

Now, get this guy out of here.

WIFE

But.. His throat! You've cut his throat open!

DOCTOR

Sorry, one emergency per patient per night, maam.
Union rules. Now beat it.

WIFE

But he's bleeding all over the place!

DOCTOR

Somebody please sedate this woman!

NURSE

Right away!

DOCTOR

And take that "beep beep" thing off of this guy
before he get's blood all over it. And hey, if
you've got any of those sedatives left over, let me
have some!

NURSE

No way! They're mine!

DOCTOR

Hey, spread the wealth baby! Share and share alike!
Don't bogart the sleepy! Don't

(fade out)

MR COOLER

The producers of this program would like to state

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"FATSPLOITATION"

(in his reading library, the ANNOUNCER narrates)

ANNOUNCER

Independent film. What is it? Where are its roots? Independent film is our own modern form of street theater, the voice of the common man, one might say. We see this evidenced in such film genre's as the so-called blacksploitation. But one such film genre that is equally important, but often overlooked is that of fatsploitation, the film voice of the obese. Let's listen to what the experts have to say...

(street sounds; LYLE LANGLEY, independent filmmaker reports)

LYLE

I'm Lyle Langley, outside what was once the Rosewood theater in Atlanta, Georgia. In the late seventies the Rosewood was a haven for fatsploitation films, and it was here that all the classics could be seen. Of course, the most popular fatsploitation hero of them all, the fattest mother in town, was Flabb!

(cue Flabb theme)

VOCALS

Who's the cop that gets take out every time he's on a stake out?

BACK-UP VOCALS

Flabb!

FLABB

You said a mouthful, baby.

LYLE

Flabb always fought for what was right in a world that had no mercy for the heavy. He was large and in charge, and he always got his man.

VOCALS

Who is the man, who'd risk his life for a leg of lamb?

BACK-UP VOCALS

John Flabb!

FLABB

Damn right!

(bad guy hide-out)

MR. SLIM

I hope those ropes aren't too tight, Detective Flabb! But you'd be saving yourself some trouble if you'd just cooperate!

FLABB

Fat chance, Mr. Slim! When I get out of these ropes, I'm gonna tear through you like a box of doughnuts!

MR. SLIM

You're pretty tough, Flabb! But we'll see how you hold up under real pressure!

FLABB

Hah! Do you expect me to talk?

MR. SLIM

Why, no, Mr. Flabb, I expect you diet!!

FLABB

(shaken)
What?

MR. SLIM

I want you to meet my personal trainer, Mr. Lo Wan Fat. He'll teach you a new definition of pain on...the stairmaster!

FLABB

No!!!!

VOCALS

He's a complicated man, no one understands him but his burger...

BACK-UP VOCALS

You want fries with that?

FLABB

Super size it, please...it's just you an' me now, baby...you look good enough to eat...

(he chomps on the burger)

VOCALS

He's large and he's in charge, he's one fat mother--

BACK-UP VOCALS

Don't talk with your mouth full!

VOCALS

I'm just chewin' the fat, baby!

LYLE

Flabb had his heyday at the height of the fatsploitation era, but that didn't last very long. Unfortunately, by the early eighties, the Rosewood was nothing more than a fond memory for a small group of fat people. The building isn't even there anymore; it got torn down in 1992 to make way for a Starbuck's coffee house. But what happened to the Fatsploitation film movement? Why didn't it have as strong an impact with its target audience as other similar independent film movements? Well, it's a simple matter of logistics: The fatal flaw of the fatsploitation genre is that its target audience was unable to fit in the theater seats. This spelled disaster for the Rosewood, and for Fatsploitation in general. Back to you, St. John.

(St. John's reading room)

ANNOUNCER

Sorry about that. Turns out it was a rather stupid story, after all.

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"THE BONEY THE BEAR SHOW"

(tv studio; BONEY the Bear hosts the show; some kids gather around)

BONEY

Hey kids! Guess what time it is! That's right!
It's time for the Boney the Bear show! Yay!!!

(the kids in the audience cheer with
less enthusiasm)

BONEY

(continuing)

Let's see who we've got in the studio with us today!
Hey there, buddy! What's your name?

NOAH

Noah.

BONEY

Oh, really? I loved your ark!
(laughs)
Say Noah, ya got any hobbies besides eating?

NOAH

Well--

BONEY

(interrupting)

I mean, Christmas on a cracker, boy! If you were
any bigger, your parents would have to have a
license ta keep ya in the city limits!

NOAH

Hey!

BONEY

I bet for Halloween you could just put an apple in
your mouth and go as a honey baked ham!

TIMMY

Why don't you quit picking on him?

BONEY

Oh, well look who decided to pipe in! What's your
handle, buddy boy?

TIMMY

Timmy!

BONEY

Oh I'm sorry! I thought your name must be Boney the Bear! No, wait a minute! That's me! Tell me somethin', Timmy, did the sign outside by any chance say "The Timmy the Crybaby Show"?

TIMMY

Well, no...

BONEY

That's right, it says "The Boney the Bear Show"! I guess that puts me in charge!

NOAH

What about me?

BONEY

Oh, go backstage and gnaw on a bone, Fatty! We'll let ya know when it's time to eat!

TIMMY

I hate you! You're mean!

BONEY

(quietly)

Look, Timmy, you're new here and all, so I'm gonna cut you a break. But if you don't stop being such a crybaby and start playing ball, I'm gonna tear your arm off, and FEED IT TO THE FAT KID!!!!

(laughs frighteningly)

Okay, buddy? Now everybody smile!

BILL

Dear Lord! Okay, that's it! I'm pulling him! Go to commercial!

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"NEWTON'S LAW"

(city sounds)

ANNOUNCER

In a lawless world, a city without hope cried out
for a hero, and he came.

(crime scene; a young HOSTAGE screams
as some PUNK grabs her; officer NEWTON
intervenes)

NEWTON

Give it up, Punk! You're not getting out of here!

PUNK

Back off, cop! One more move, and I shoot the girl!

(the girl screams)

NEWTON

But you're forgetting one thing, aren't you, punk?

PUNK

What are you talking about?

NEWTON

For every action, there is an equal and opposite
reaction!

PUNK

Huh?

NEWTON

You can't expect to exert this much force without
suffering some kind of backlash.

PUNK

What do you mean?

NEWTON

Allow me to demonstrate...

(he unloads into the guy, and,
unfortunately, the girl, too)

NEWTON

(continuing)

It means when you push me, I push back, Punk.

(punk dies)

HOSTAGE

(dying)

You...shot me, you...jerk!

(she dies)

NEWTON

Sorry, honey. Guess I just got carried away. I don't like to be pushed.

(sirens approach)

ANNOUNCER

For every action, there is an equal and opposite reaction. He is that reaction.

(police car squeals to a halt; police CAPTAIN approaches)

CAPTAIN

(outraged)

Dammit, Newton! Are you responsible for this bloodbath?

NEWTON

He pushed me, Captain. Nobody pushes me.

CAPTAIN

The press is gonna have a field day with this!

CRAVEN

Looks like you really screwed up this time, Newton!

NEWTON

You think so?

(he unloads on the other cop)

CAPTAIN

That's it! You're suspended! I want your badge, I want your gun--!

NEWTON

(interrupting)

Would you settle for just the bullets?

(he unloads on the captain)

ANNOUNCER

There are only three laws...

(footsteps run across the roof)

NEWTON

(to himself)
Someone on the roof...

ANNOUNCER

...His laws.

(on the roof, the wind blows, and the
punk's ACCESSORY screams)

ACCESSORY

(scared)
I don't know anything! I swear! Just put me down!

NEWTON

I want to know who sent you! Talk, punk, or you're
gonna be a smear on the sidewalk down there!

ACCESSORY

I don't know anything!

NEWTON

Well, listen up: I'll teach you something about
universal gravitation.

ACCESSORY

What?

NEWTON

What goes up...
(he lets him go; he screams as he falls)
...must come down.

(punks screams toward the sidewalk
below)

NEWTON

(continuing)
A body in motion stays in motion...
(the punk lands with a splat)
A body at rest...stays at rest.

ANNOUNCER

When you push him, he pushes back, with equal and
opposite force! From the producers of
"Lechatelier's Principle"...Newton's Law!! Coming
this summer to theaters everywhere!

FADE OUT:

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"THE BONEY SHOW, PT. II"

(studio; commercial comes to an end)

BONEY

(outraged)

Goddammit! What is this bullshit? Why the fuck are we off the air?

STAGE MANAGER

Just calm down, Boney. We're just having some technical difficulty--

BONEY

Oh, is that right? Well, you're gonna be experiencing some pretty fuckin' technical difficulty when I shove this tripod up your ass!

(with a giggle)

Okay there, buddy?

(Bill approaches)

BILL

Boney, can I have a word with you?

BONEY

Oh hey, Bill! We were just trying to figure out what happened to the show, that's all!

BILL

To be honest with you, Boney, there is no technical difficulty. I pulled you off the air because you were losing it out there. Frankly, I don't think you're cut out for this. Maybe we should just cut out losses and go our separate ways--

BONEY

(friendly)

I see where you're coming from there, Buddy! How's this for a counter-proposal?

(he leans in; quietly)

I know where you live. If I'm not back on the air in thirty seconds, I'm gonna come to your house tonight, and kill your family while you sleep.

(with a maniacal laugh)

Okay, buddy?

Okay, Boney. You win. BILL

All right, then! And Bill? BONEY

Yeah, Boney? BILL

I love you. BONEY

Okay. BILL

Don't you have anything to say to me, Bill? BONEY

No. BILL

Bill... BONEY

I...love you too, Boney. BILL

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"PAPERCUT"

(office sounds; DON and MILO hang out
at the water cooler)

DON

So what happened to your leg there, Milo? That
looks pretty nasty.

MILO

I was scuba diving over the weekend, when I
accidentally swam into a school of barracuda. I had
cut my leg on some coral, and the scent of the blood
just frenzied them.

DON

(with sympathetic wince)

Man! Some luck, huh? How bad is it?

MILO

They took my leg off at the knee.

DON

Wow, really? You're not serious!

MILO

Sure am! Take a look!

(he pulls up his pant leg and knocks on his
wooden leg)

See? Wooden leg.

DON

Good work! I couldn't even tell.

MILO

Yeah, they did a great job.

(WILLY approaches)

WILLY

What's up, guys?

DON

Milo here was just telling me how he got his leg
ripped off by barracuda.

WILLY

Rough break, Milo! I know how you feel. This morning I closed the car door on my thumb.

DON

Man! Did you break it?

WILLY

No, but it's all black and blue. Wanna see?

DON

No way, man! Gross! I hate banging my thumb!

MILO

Yeah, I tell you, losing a leg to barracuda's no picnic, either--

DON

(ignoring him)

How do you manage to get any work done, Willy?

WILLY

Well, it's not so bad at first, but then it builds into this deep throbbing pain--

DON

(interrupting)

Oh no! Stop it! I don't even want to think about it anymore!

(CHAD walks up)

CHAD

What's goin' on, guys?

DON

(pained)

Willy smashed his thumb in the car door!

CHAD

(genuinely)

Geez, gotta hate that! I know where you're coming from, Will. Yesterday I was doing some garden work in the back yard, and I stepped on a rock and got a big stone bruise right on my heel!

WILLY

Ouch!

DON

And you still came in today?

CHAD

You know me. Say Milo, you look different. You lose weight?

MILO

No, wooden leg.

CHAD

Oh.

DON

You're definitely a better man than I, Chad. I couldn't hobble in to work with that kind of injury.

(JASON approaches)

JASON

With what kind of injury?

DON

Chad got a stone bruise right on the heel!

JASON

Whoa! That's the kind of thing that'll take you off your feet for a while!

MILO

I know, when I lost my leg to those barracuda--

DON

(interrupting)

Is there anything you can do for that bruise? Any medicines you can take?

CHAD

Nah. You just have to stick with it and wait it out.

DON

Man, we can all learn a thing or two from Chad about good old-fashioned toughness!

MILO

(annoyed)

Look guys--

JASON

(interrupting)

Oh, I almost forgot. I brought you that report on the MacArthur account, Milo.

MILO

Oh, thanks.

(he takes the paper out of Jason's hand, giving him a papercut in the process)

JASON

Ahh!

DON

What's wrong?

JASON

Papercut...right at the joint in my finger!

CHAD

Jeez, I hate those!

DON

Looks pretty nasty, too. Dammit, Milo, why don't you try to be more careful?

JASON

Man, it stings.

WILLY

Look, Jason, I think you should get that looked at.

JASON

No, really--

DON

No, he's right, Jase. You don't want to take any chances with this.

MILO

It's just a papercut.

DON

And what if it gets infected, Milo? He could lose his whole finger!

WILLY

Yeah, Milo! Have a heart, man!

MILO

(freakin' out)

Look you guys, IT'S JUST PAPER CUT! He'll be okay! I lost my whole leg to barracuda!

DON

Just at the knee.

WILLY

Geez, Milo! That was before! This man is injured right now!

CHAD

Why don't you try thinking about someone else for a change! Or does it always have to be about you?

MILO

But--

DON

(interrupting)

Someone call 911! This man needs medical attention!

JASON

Look guys, really--

CHAD

(interrupting)

Don't try to talk, buddy. We'll get you all fixed up.

(they scramble him out of the office)

FADE OUT:

"BAKER'S DOZEN"

(war sounds; ANNOUNCER comes in with the narration)

ANNOUNCER

In a war torn world that was not their own, they were the only hope of a people they had never met. Fighting a war that didn't want them, defending a home that didn't love them, preserving a peace that would never last, they were thirteen brave souls prepared to die...

(explosions rock the battleground;
BAKER leads his troops to their doom)

BAKER

(crying out over the carnage)
All right, you maggots! Get it in gear before you become part of the body count!

DUTCH

We're with you, Sgt. Baker!

(they cry out in fury as they rush into the fray)

ANNOUNCER

Baker's men were the best kind: Fierce, fearless, and expendible. The twelve of them only served one command, his. And he served none.

BAKER

All right, you maggots! Let's show these punks why our mothers never loved us!

(they engage in the massacre)

ANNOUNCER

They were the best of the worst, the first to be called when all was lost, and the last thing you ever wanted to see. They were death merchants, soldiers of misfortune, they were...Baker's Dozen!

Sarge, look out!

DUTCH

(an explosion rocks the battlefield;
Baker cries out)

(continuing)
SARGE!!

DUTCH

GOON

They got the Sarge!

CAPPY

How can we go on without the Sarge? Without
Baker...we're just a plain dozen!

DUTCH

Well, we have to, Cappy! We gotta do it...'cause
Sarge woulda wanted it that way!

BAKER

(weakly)
Dutch...

DUTCH

Right here, Sarge! What's the order?

BAKER

Make 'em pay...

(he expires)

DUTCH

(enraged)
You heard the man, maggots!! It's payback time!

(they charge deeper into the battle)

ANNOUNCER

They fought to fight, but not to win. They killed
for the sport of it. They had no politics, they had
no rules, they had no goals. They were Baker's
killers, Baker's butchers...Baker's Dozen!!!

FADE OUT:

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"THAT LITTLE DEVIL!"

(party; JAMES and his ex-girlfriend
KAREN talk)

JAMES

Oh, I know! Believe me, I know! And I admit I can
be a little...okay, I can be really selfish at
times. I'm just sorry we had to break up, that's
all.

KAREN

Look, it really wasn't a lot of fun for me, either.
It's not that I don't like you, you know? It's just
that it just really wasn't working out.

JAMES

Well, I just wanted you to know that I understand
and I don't have any hard feelings at all. Really.
It's just one of those things, you know?
(there is a building laughter on the other side
of the room)
Geez, who's the comedian?

KAREN

Oh, that's probably Satan.

(James laughs)

KAREN

(continuing)
What?

JAMES

(laughing still)
Satan!
(his laughter cuts short)
You are joking, right?

KAREN

See for yourself: Red skin, horns, pitchfork, who
do you think he is, Gene Simmons?

JAMES

(dubious)
What is this, a frat prank?

KAREN

No, it's Satan.

JAMES

(slowly, deliberately)
The devil...you say

KAREN

Himself.

JAMES

You know, I don't think it's a good idea to skip your Prozac dosage.

KAREN

(exasperated)
Oh, honestly James! There you go again. Somebody else is getting the attention, and you turn into a jerk! It happens every time.

JAMES

Well, I'm sorry, but I do get a little testy when the space time continuum jumps tracks and I end up in a parallel universe all of a sudden! You're standing here telling me we got Satan in the room and I'm supposed to say "Well, gee, ain't that a kick in the head! What's shakin', Beelzebub?"

KAREN

You're just jealous because I got somebody popular to come to one of my parties. It just tears you up!

JAMES

Oh yeah, he's real popular. Look, who is this guy, really? I mean, what kind of stupid charade is this? Why in the name of all that's reasonable should I believe we've got Satan standing here?

KAREN

Well, why don't you ask him?

JAMES

(determined)
All right, I will.

(he approaches as SATAN is finishing up a joke)

SATAN

...So the guys says, "If you'll help me find my car keys, we can both drive out of here!"

(the room erupts into uproarious)

laughter)

JAMES

(cutting in)
Look, I don't know you, and...heh, heh...this is really embarrassing.

SATAN

No, no, you're among friends.

JAMES

Look, it's just...well, Karen says you're the devil.
(quickly)
No, no, I mean, really, like, you know--Satan!

SATAN

Actually, I go by many--

JAMES

(interrupting)
Skip it. Look, I don't know what you two've got cooked up here, but this is just plain stupid.

SATAN

So you doubt?

JAMES

You got that regal thing down cold, sparky. And the forked tongue? That's a nice touch. So you really want me to believe that I'm standing here having a conversation with Old Scratch? I supposed the bearded guy in the toga over there must be Jesus Christ, then.

SATAN

(with a hiss)
Where?

JAMES

Gotcha.

SATAN

(with relief)
Don't do that! I hate that guy!
(regaining composure)
What marvels must I perform to convince you?

JAMES

Oh, that's okay, I caught the card trick. Real cute.

SATAN

Well?

JAMES

Okay, why don't you describe Hell? And you can skip the fire and brimstone part.

SATAN

Well, you know. What can I say? It's Hell. Pretty much what you've read. Been seeing and awful lot of attorneys lately, though. And we're expecting a whole slew of politicians through the next thirty or forty years.

JAMES

(not yet convinced)
Anyone could have guessed that. What is Hell like?

SATAN

Imagine an eternity without cable.

JAMES

(mortified)
My God, it is you! 'Scuse me a sec, 'kay?

(he makes his way back to Karen)

JAMES

(continuing)
Salagedusha, it is Satan.

KAREN

(calmly)
Told you.

JAMES

(in an extremely agitated whisper)
Did you know you invited Satan to your party?

KAREN

Well, Lord knows it isn't like I tried to tell you.

JAMES

(beside himself)
What in the hell were you thinking?

KAREN

(laughing)
"Hell"! That's pretty good.

JAMES

Oh it's a real hoot, Gracie. We've got Lucifer loose in the living room, and you're get giggly! Am I hallucinating here? Why would invite Satan into your home?

KAREN

(theatrically)
Well, you know the legend: He can't enter a home unless he's invited.

JAMES

(mockingly)
Oh, you know the legend: He steals your friggin'

soul!

KAREN

Feeling a little threatened, are we James?

JAMES

By Satan? Just because he can deliver me to eternal damnation? Just defies logic, don't it?

KAREN

Oh, come on, James. You make him sound like some kind of monster.

JAMES

Really? Go figure!

KAREN

Look, I know it sounds a little eccentric, but he's...interesting, you know.

(enthusiastically)

He speaks French!

JAMES

Well, isn't that something? Now we know that French is the official language of Hell!

KAREN

(indignantly)

He speaks a lot of other languages, too.

JAMES

I would imagine it's in the job description. He's been around for thousands of years; I'm sure he didn't learn it in night school.

KAREN

I wish you'd quit knocking him.

JAMES

Quit knocking him? You're defending the devil! The logic has come full circle! Oh, I'm sorry. Wadda guy. He's probably got a gold Amex, too. Let me try a different tack. Have you given any theological thought to this...guest of yours?

KAREN

How so?

JAMES

(exploding)

The moral and metaphysical implications are absolutely astounding! Okay, case in point: You're standing in front of the pearly gates, waiting on judgement of your eternal soul. You think anybody up there's going to buy it when you say, "Oh well, gee, God, I didn't think you'd be upset if I spent a little time palling around with the prince of

darkness"?

KAREN

Honestly, James, you can be so paranoid.

GUEST

Hey everybody! Satan's taking all of us out to Pano's and Paul's for dinner and drinks, on him!

KAREN

You coming?

JAMES

You're going?

KAREN

(exasperated)
Goodbye, James.

(Karen walks off with the rest of the crowd; they belt out a chilling rendition of "for he's a jolly good fellow" as their voices gradually trail off)

JAMES

(calling back to her)
Okay, whatever. Well, if he's getting your soul, you might as well order the prime rib!
(muttering to himself)
I hope he maxes out his Amex.

(JESUS walks by with angelic fanfare)

JAMES

(continuing)
Hey Spartacus! Yeah, you in the toga! How 'bout handing me a Black Diamond beer?

JESUS

Sure.

JAMES

(popping open the beer)
Bunch o' morons.

JESUS

(popping one open himself)
You got that right. Wait 'til my dad hears about this.

JAMES

(fed up)
Knock it off!

FADE OUT:

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