

THE 15 MINUTE SHOW
EPISODE 5: "WHITE GUILT"

WRITTEN BY:
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THIRD DRAFT - 1/16/04

1. SLAVERY IS A-OKAY (COLD OPENING)

ON BLACK:

ANNOUNCER

The following endorsement of
slavery is brought to you by...

On Logo: "Baby in a Bubble" with a picture of a baby
in a bubble.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

(upbeat)

Baby in a Bubble.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

TWO GUYS in overalls sit chewing hay on their front
porch watching something in the distance. A small box
with the "Baby in a Bubble" logo sits next to them like
it was a product placement.

GUY 1

Slavery's ain't so bad.

GUY 2

It's good. Not great.

(beat)

But good.

GUY 1

I reckon so.

TITLE & THEME MUSIC

DISSOLVE TO:

2. SU-SU-STUDIO INTRO

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Ben comes from out of the curtain, all smiles, as
usual.

BEN

Welcome. I'm the host of the 15
Minute Show.

He turns to a second camera.

BEN

(suave)

Ben...Cooper.

Suddenly, a hand places a piece of clothe over Ben's mouth. It's JAZZ, a phony looking surgeon. He grabs Ben and covers his mouth with the cloth. Ben passes out.

3. THE INEXPERIENCED ORGAN HARVESTER

INT. DARK ROOM - NIGHT

A heavy light stands above Ben laying on a kind-of operating table, covered with a white sheet.

Jazz walks up to the table.

JAZZ

Hello, my name's Jazz and I'm going to be harvesting your organs today. You'll have to excuse me I'm kinda new to this.

(TV-sitcom-like)

In fact, you'll be my first!

BEN

Oh, okay. Are you any good?

JAZZ

(cringing)

Who knows? I mean, I took a class-like this three day deal, and I missed the second day, but my friend Keith said we just watched a video. So... Scalpel!

Jazz hands himself a scalpel and begins to make an incision. Ben YELPS.

JAZZ

What?!

BEN

Well, is it supposed to hurt?

JAZZ

I can't imagine it not.

BEN

Can't you use something to knock me out?

JAZZ

I would, but it's too expensive. It would completely kill my overhead. So...

Ben nods along like he sympathizes.

BEN

Okay, but make it fast.

Jazz goes to make a cut. ZOOM INTO THE DARKNESS.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Jazz and Ben exit the doors with a ridiculously bloody shirt with a Baby in a Bubble logo on it.

They wait on the steps. An awkward moment. Jazz hands Ben his suit.

BEN

So... I'll see ya around, I guess.

JAZZ

Yeah, I guess.

Neither one moves. Jazz is waiting for Ben to leave. Ben just nods, dumbly.

JAZZ

(irritated)

Bye.

BEN

Oh.

Ben passes out. A guy walks by and Jazz pulls a cloth from his pocket. He grabs the GUY and covers his mouth with the cloth. The guy passes out and Jazz begins to pull him up the stairs. CHANDRA, a black girl, walks by. She stops by the stairs, and looks upset for a quick second and then continues to walk. Jazz just looks at her and then continues up the stairs.

4. SLAVERY IS THE REASON

INT. PLACE - DAY

MITCH, a white guy, sits on a couch reading O, the

Oprah magazine, and is talking on the phone.

MITCH

(on phone)

I'm telling you, my stomach is killing me right now. It's got to be white guilt. I know it has-

The door opens and in steps Chandra. She looks upset. Mitch notices this. He talks really condescendingly to Chandra.

MITCH

(into phone)

I got to go.

(stands, to Chandra)

What's wrong?

CHANDRA

Nothing. It's-

MITCH

Is it slavery?

CHANDRA

No-

MITCH

On behalf of all of my people, I would just like to say I'm-

CHANDRA

Mitch! It's not that. I just got fired.

MITCH

For being black.

CHANDRA

No! Because a bunch of money went missing-I don't know.

MITCH

Here, sit down. Just relax. I'll get you a cup of coffee.

CHANDRA

Okay.

She sits on the magazine. Mitch goes into the kitchen.

MITCH

I'm guessing you take it black, right?

CHANDRA

What?

MITCH

Or do you like a little cream?

Chandra frowns. She notices the magazine and takes it from underneath her. She looks shocked.

CHANDRA

(off the magazine)

Mitch, what is this?

MITCH

Oh, it's just my copy of O. I was just checking out what's going on in the community, you know?

CHANDRA

No, I don't know, Mitch.

MITCH

That's okay. I'll explain it slower for you, then.

(like she was deaf)

I...was...just...reading...

CHANDRA

You know what, Mitch?

Mitch goes to say the next word with his mouth ready to enunciate.

MITCH

Mmmmmmm-What?

CHANDRA

I think I'm gonna just go. I need to go find myself another job.

MITCH

Okay, yeah. Stay out of poverty, definitely. Represent.

Chandra stares.

MITCH

(smiling stupidly)

Movin' on up!

She gets up and moves to the door. Mitch calls out to her.

MITCH

Oh. And don't worry about the job, you shouldn't have much trouble getting another one cause, I mean, you know, you're black.

CHANDRA
 (disgusted)
 Bye, Mitch.

MITCH
 Chandra!

She looks back, hopeful.

MITCH
 (really proud, fist
 in air)
 Word.

She slams the door.

CUT TO:

5. SUBSTITUTE PRESIDENT

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

A crude version of the Oval Office or maybe even chromakey.

ANNOUNCER
 We interrupt your regularly
 scheduled programming for a message
 from the president of the United
 States...

CG: "A Message From the President of the United
 States" with the Presidential Seal.

A younger man with glasses and a friendly demeanor sits in the president's chair. This is MARK JENKINS. He is dressed in a short sleeve, button up, white shirt and a brown, sub jacket. The top buttons of the white shirt are unbuttoned. He's much more casual than the real president, plus he's much cooler.

CG: "Mark Jenkins
 Substitute President"

MARK
 I'm sorry, America, but your usual
 president couldn't be here. I'll
 be your substitute president for
 today. Okay, America, let me just
 take roll real quick and we'll get
 started...

(pulls out roll
 sheet-it's thick)
 Bob Aarons... Cathy Aarons.

Paper airplanes and a wadded up balls of paper are

thrown at Mark.

MARK

Hey, there'll be none of this in my Oval Office. Does your regular president let you do this? Well, I'll just have to have a talk with him when he gets back then, won't I?

(regains composure)

Dougie Aarons...

6. KEEP IT DOWN, PLEASE!

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Sounds of names being called by Mark from above are muffled. MITCH, an older man, is banging on his ceiling with a broom.

MITCH

Keep it down, please!

7. AND AGAIN MAKES TWO

INT. ANOTHER APARTMENT - DAY

On a TV Screen: Mitch is banging on his ceiling. The volume is very loud.

Jazz sits in his bloody clothes, watching the show. BANGING SOUNDS from below. He looks to see where they are coming from.

8. THAT'S MY BABY

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LEWIS stands on a chair with a broom, like the last guy, banging on the ceiling with "Keep it down, please! and Shut up, up there, you guys!" Followed by more muffled, banging sounds from upstairs.

LEWIS

Keep it down, up there!

The sounds stop and Lewis moves to the couch where he and LOUISE snuggle around a fireplace looking at a

photo-album. They are both wearing different color "Baby in a Bubble" T-shirts.

LEWIS

Now, look at this picture.

LOUISE

Oh, my god, look at him. He's so adorable.

LEWIS

Yeah, I think he's only one there.

LOUISE

He's perfect.

LEWIS

Yep, that's my baby.

Lewis pets the picture. We see that he is actually petting the moustache on a picture of him from years ago walking down a sidewalk. Next to it are the words: "Moustache at Age 1."

Picture DISSOLVES to...

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Lewis walks down the sidewalk, showing off his moustache to people on the street. FUNNY MUSIC PLAYS. There are posters for Baby in a Bubble wherever possible.

Lewis continues to walk. MAD GUY bumps into him. She is mad.

MAD GUY

Hey, watch it!

Lewis doesn't notice the girl and continues his walk, all smiles.

LOUISE (V.O.)

So what happened...

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Still, they look at the photo album.

LOUISE (CONT'D)

...with the moustache.

THUNDER BOOMS. LIGHTENING. The room darkens.

LEWIS

It... It became too much for me to handle. It became bigger than me. It made me forget who I really was.
 (crying)
 It turned me into a monster...

THUNDER.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Lewis in the bathroom. He is dancing and singing to some PRETTY GAY MUSIC and smiling really big.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

LEWIS

I barely made it out alive.

Lewis collapses onto Louise.

LEWIS

Hold me, Louise.

She does, but notices something in the photo album as she does.

LOUISE

Hey, what's that...?

She shows him another picture. It's of a couple and a woman sitting around a table with candles and plates of snacks for a dinner party. Zoom in to the picture. As it fills the screen, it comes into motion.

9. 'TIL DEATH DO US PART

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

It's the scene in the picture. THOMAS sits next to his fiancée, JANE. SALLY sits, waiting for her husband.

THOMAS

(campy, dorky)

And right after that I got on my knees and said, "Jane, you're going to be my wife!"

They all laugh. Everything is overdone and really big for this part.

SALLY

What?!

THOMAS AND JANE

We're engaged!

SALLY

No?!

THOMAS AND JANE

Yes!

SALLY

Oh, my God!

Sally's husband FRED walks into the kitchen.

SALLY

(winding down her
laughing)

Who was on the phone, Fred?

FRED

Oh, it was just our ex-boyfriend.

SALLY

You mean, *my* ex-boyfriend?

(to other couple)

He's just... It's actually just my
ex-

(clears throat,
agitated)

Boyfriend. It's...

She waves the topic away. Fred sits down.

FRED

Now, Sally, we've been over this.
We're married now, what's mine is
yours and what's yours is mine. We
share everything.

(to other couple)

You guys'll know what I'm talking
about once you tie the knot.

Thomas and Jane nod.

SALLY

I don't think this counts—

FRED

(obnoxious)

Remember when we were little and we
were orphans—

SALLY

Frank, your mother's in the living room. I was the—

FRED

Because our mother ran off with our father's best friend and so our father ran off with her best friend and forgot about us.

Thomas looks back and forth at his watch and starting to say things about it being time to go like "Um. Hmm. Ooh, will you look at the time?"

SALLY

Fred, you're describing *my* childhood.

(to other couple)

It's my childhood. It's complicated.

They nod. It's awkward for them.

FRED

(abusive)

Let me talk for a second...

(winking to Thomas
to impress him)

Okay?

(obnoxious)

Remember how we cried and cried.

SALLY

Fred!

She looks to Thomas and Jane and smiles, embarrassed.

FRED

And remember how we robbed that gas station maybe twenty, thirty minutes ago.

SALLY

Uh, Fred what...?

Suddenly a COP enters the Dining Room.

COP 1

(flashing badge)

Sorry to interrupt this charming, little dinner party, but we're looking for a Fred Ellington.

Thomas and Jane elaborately point out Fred.

COP 1

Come with me, sir.

The Cop grabs Fred and begins to lead him away. Sally stands there awkwardly, smiling towards Thomas and Jane. Suddenly, Fred's hand enters and catches her hand and drags her off very aloofly with him as the cop pulls them away.

EXT. DINNER HOUSE - NIGHT

The Cop pulls them out the door. Sally tries to break Fred's grip. Does.

SALLY

What is going on here? I didn't do anything.

COP 1

Is this your husband?

SALLY

Yes.

COP 1

Then, you're guilty. What's yours is his and what's his is yours.

Fred mouths along with him.

FRED

(cocky)

Told ya!

The Cop grabs them and again Fred grabs Sally's hand.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Thomas and Jane just look at each other, confused.

CHANNEL CHANGE

10. PRESIDENTVILLE

INT. SIDEWALK - DAY

RAW FOOTAGE (with lots of zoom-ins): The REAL PRESIDENT lies face down on the sidewalk, focused. An ADVISOR tries to make the President look at him, but the President won't budge. He only shakes his head "No" like a baby.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

And the President continues to lie

(MORE)

ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 here on the sidewalk, saying he
 won't get up until the Braves win
 the World Series.

At the end, the President goes into a tantrum, kicking
 his feet and cringing.

CHANNEL CHANGE

12. MORE ROLE CALL

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Mark Jenkins reads more names.

MARK
 Billy Henderson, Bob Henderson,
 Brad Henderson-

CHANNEL CHANGE

11. "BABY IN A BUBBLE" COMMERCIAL

INT. OUTSIDE - DAY

The CEO stands, talking to the camera.

CG: "BRAD HENDERSON: CEO, 'BABY IN A BUBBLE'"

CEO
 (off Mark)
 Here!
 (continues, fake)
 ...in style and comfort.

DISSOLVE TO:

"Baby in a Bubble" Logo.

CHANNEL CHANGE

13. MAIL-ORDER HIPPIE

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

THE FED-EX GUY walks down the sidewalk, carrying a huge
 box.

He walks up to the apartment's front door and drops it on the floor hard and rings the bell. Then, leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

CARL opens the door and picks up the package. He makes sure no one saw him and then closes the door.

Closing the door behind him, he throws the package on the ground and kicks it hard across the living room floor.

Suddenly, the box speaks.

HIPPIE

Hey-ey-ey! I'm in here!

CARL

(confused, looking around)

Who's in where?

HIPPIE

(from box)

I'm your mail-order hippie.

The Hippie bursts out of the box with jazz hands. Carl is annoyed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Carl sits on the couch, reading. We PULL BACK to reveal the Hippie chained up to the wall behind Carl.

HIPPIE

Dude, what happened to you, man, you used to be cool?

CARL

I've never seen you before in my life, Hippie. You came in the mail like ten minutes ago.

HIPPIE

You can't just chain me up, you know? I'm a hippie—I can't be caged, man. I need room to fly, man, like a bird.

CARL

Shut up and eat your food.

The Hippie looks at the dog bowl in front of him. He digs in it.

HIPPIE
Is there any tofu in this?

CARL
I don't know, Hippie, it's dog
food.

The Hippie collapses on the ground, moaning.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

We start on a CLOSER SHOT of Carl lying on the couch
with a copy of "O" over his face...

HIPPIE
(annoying whisper)
Psss. Pssss. Hey, dude.

...to a LONG SHOT of the Hippie still chained, leaning as
close to Carl as he can get.

HIPPIE
(annoying whisper)
Pssss. You got any pot.

Carl doesn't react.

HIPPIE
(annoying whisper)
Pssss. You got any pot, dude. You
got to help me out.

CARL
(from under the
magazine)
Shut up, Hippie.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Carl answers the door. It's the
Fed-Ex Guy.

HIPPIE
(to Fed-Ex Guy,
annoying whisper))
Hey, man, you got any pot.

The Fed-Ex Guy ignores the Hippie.

FED-EX GUY
I'm here to pick up one...
(reads some papers)
Mail-order hippie.

CARL
It's about time. He's over there.

The Fed-Ex Guy walks over to the Hippie, unchains him.

FED-EX GUY

Let's go, Hippie.

The Hippie leaps passed the Fed-Ex Guy and out the open front door.

HIPPIE

Free, free as a bird, dude!

He continues yelling things about being free as he leaves.

EXT. OUTSIDE - DAY

The Hippie races around asking various people on the sidewalk for pot.

This guy, Hamilton walks by the Hippie.

HIPPIE AND HAMILTON

(to each other)

Hey, man, you got any pot.

They both do some "dammit" motion (a snap or something) and continue on.

14. TRY THE FISH, IT'S EXCELLENT

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A GROUP of three or four sit at a table.

GUY AT TABLE

...so for a brief period in the seventies I actually did wear my heart on my sleeve.

Hamilton joins them.

HAMILTON

Hey, all.

The waiter, ZO, steps up. He may be foreign. He is very aloof. It's hard to take anything he says seriously.

ZO

Hi, my name is Zo and I will be your waiter *this evening*.

HAMILTON

(fake shock, big
loser)

Wait, you mean *this evening*?

He laughs lamely to his group.

ZO

Yes, the one, eh, right a-now.

HAMILTON

Oh, okay...

(flicking name tag
like an asshole)

Zo?

ZO

It's "oh, okay, Zo, sir!"

HAMILTON

Sir?

Zo sits down at the table.

ZO

Here, look. I am your leader, no?
Here, I sit at head of table. I am
not leader, no? We take over small
country, now, I be guessing, no?

HAMILTON

I don't think so.

ZO

No? How about I give you ten
percent off entree?

HAMILTON

Ten percent?

ZO

Okay, okay, twenty! Twenty
percent!

HAMILTON

(cool)

Wait, twenty. Now, you're speaking
my language.

ZO

(under his breathe)

Offer good only on fish entree.

HAMILTON

Wait, what was that?

ZO
 'Tis nothing. I tell joke.
 (under his breathe)

Not.

(normal)

We take over small country, yes? I
 go get my coat.

Zo turns to leave.

HAMILTON
 Hold on there, partner. Nobody's
 taking over anything.

ZO
 But I get you twenty percent.
 That's upwards twenty American
 dollars. Here I pay you.

Zo holds up two dollars.

HAMILTON
 Two dollars?

ZO
 Upfront. Two dollars upfront. The
 rest, hundred million, after.

HAMILTON
 How about now?

ZO
 No, no. After, after.

HAMILTON
 Do you have that kind of scratch?

ZO
 (confused)
 Uh...
 (lying, big smiles)
 Yes!

HAMILTON
 Plus the twenty percent?

ZO
 Yes.
 (under his breathe)
 Offer good only on the fish entree.
 (normal)
 Good. We have deal, now. I go get
 my coat.

Hamilton tries to catch his attention, but Zo is gone
 already. Hamilton turns to his other guests.

HAMILTON

So, what are you guys getting? I'm thinking the fish for some reason.

15. YES, WE BE SEGUEING, NOW

EXT. OUTSIDE - DAY

Zo walks determined in a jacket. He passes by another FEX-EX GUY carrying a box. The Fed-Ex Guy walks passed a sign that reads "The 15 Minute Show Studio."

16. IT'S HERE!

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Ben sits at his desk, frustrated. He is taking pieces of paper and drawing lines across them. Then, puts them into a pile and grabs another piece.

The SECRETARY or somebody from the show pops their head into the door.

SECRETARY OR WHATEVER

Ben, it's here. I left it for you in the studio

Ben, excited, leaps from his chair.

BEN

My new kidney?!

SECRETARY OR WHATEVER

Guess again.

Ben's eyes light up.

BEN

Huh? Really? It's here?! Really, really!?

She nods excitedly.

BEN

Move!

Ben pushes past her and rushes out the door.

INT. HALLS - DAY

Ben rushes through halls yelling to people he sees causing them to throw up papers.

BEN

It's here! It's finally here!

17. PREMISE REVISITED

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A box sits on the floor. Ben enters and comes to a halt as he reaches the box.

BEN

It's here! My baby-in-a-bubble's finally here!

Ben quickly opens the box. In doing so, the box bursts and a HIPPIE lies sprawled out, motionless.

BEN

(disappointed)

Oh... it's a... dead hippie.

Then, Ben stares, shell-shocked. Suddenly, the Secretary or whatever enters.

SECRETARY OR WHATEVER

Ben, there's someone at the door.
He claims to be your doctor?

Ben's too distraught to understand what she said. He just waves at her to "let him in."

BEN

Tell him to come in. Give him something to drink. Maybe a glass of O.J. if we can spare it.

SECRETARY

Okay.

Ben stands there sulking for a second before it hits him.

BEN

Ivanna-wait! Don't let him in!

SITCOM-LIKE APPROACHING DANGER MUSIC PLAYS as Ben turns to chase after her. FREEZE. MUSIC UP AND OUT.

CUT TO:

ACTOR CREDITS

PRODUCTION CREDITS

CAST/CREW CREDITS

18. ROLL CALL

This plays under the credits.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Mark Jenkins is still reading names from the list.

MARK

...Zo...uh, Zo Jawanna. Jawan-nuit.
Am-Am I saying this right? Ja-
whatever. Just mark him as here.

(he makes a mark)

Ian Jenkins, Jamal Jenkins, James
Jenkins, James Jenkins, James
Jenkins, Jane Jenkins, Janie
Jenkins, Jason Jenkins, Jason
Jenkins, Jason Jenkins, Jesus
Jenkins, Jesus Jenkins III, Jesus
Jenkins IV, Julie Jenkins, Julie
Jenkins, Julie Jenkins, Manny
Jenkins, Marge Jenkins, Mario
Jenkins, Mark Jenkins...

(realizing)

Oh, that's me.

(a beat, laughing)

Here!

(resumes)

Marvin Jenkins, Mary Jenkins, Maude
Jenkins (and so on with the Maude
Jenkins until the end)

A paper airplane flies into the shot.

MARK

Goddammit!

BLOOP LOGO

19. DEAD HIPPIE

EXT. OUTSIDE - DAY

The Dead Hippie is lying where trash might go. He lies
there a minute.

OR

Ben, straining, takes a badly taped up box and leaves it in the trash and wipes his hands off and leaves it on someone's doorstep and runs off.

OR

Ben making a grave for the hippie.

OR

At the Office, Jazz has the door open a little and is trying to open it more with Ben pushing to keep it closed. Jazz finally gets the door open and Ben falls. Jazz, standing in the doorway from a low angle, walks closer to Ben, dead serious. Then, stops.

JAZZ

(casual like before)

Hi, Ben.

BEN

(polite, like a kid)

Hello.

JAZZ

Scalpel!

He hands himself a scalpel. Then, closes in, grinning, until he is out of the shot.

FADE OUT.

Ben SCREAMS.

THE END