

PRANK CALL SKETCH  
by T.B.

CAST: Frank, Bill, Angela, Jed.

SETTING: Some house somewhere.

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(The doorbell rings. FRANK enters from the hall and opens the front door, revealing BILL and ANGELA.)

ALL  
PARTY, PARTY! PARTY, PARTY!

FRANK  
Get your asses in here!

(BILL and ANGELA enter, shutting the door.)

BILL  
Hey, who else is coming over, tonight?

FRANK:  
Just this kid named Jed. He's kinda strange, but I thought he might be "fun-strange." And if he doesn't turn out to be entertaining; we can always watch Family Guy or roffie Angela.

(Doorbell rings.)

FRANK  
That must be him, now.

(FRANK goes and opens the door. Standing there is JED, who is obviously a total weirdo.)

FRANK  
Come on in, man. Bill, Angela, this is Jed.

BILL & ANGELA  
(Random greetings)

FRANK  
Jed, wanna beer?

JED  
Oh, no thank you, Frank. I brought a parcel of my own for tonight's festivities.

(JED opens his bag. From it, he produces a pouch full of milk. Everyone is weirded out.)

JED

I don't drink alcohol, so I brought my mother's milk.

BILL

What the hell?

JED

Oops, said the "H" word there!

ANGELA

Holy shit.

JED

And then the "S" word! One more, and I'll have to wash my ears with lavender soap! Well, I suppose this is just the kind of situation Mother warned me about.

FRANK

What situation?

JED

During my schooling, Mother often told me that there would come a time when she could no longer shield me from the sinful influences of the outside world. *This* is that time.

ANGELA

Oh, I get it. You're homeschooled.

JED

Indeed. The best education available: The Bible, taught by the best teacher a kid could hope for: his own mother.

BILL

Jesus Christ.

(Jed starts to shake and speak in tongues.)

FRANK

Jed, you okay, buddy?

JED

Lavender soap! Do you have lavender soap?

FRANK

In the kitchen.

(Jed runs off-stage.)

BILL

What the hell, dude?

FRANK

Man, that Jed is hysterical! Don't you just love him?

ANGELA

No, I'm scared of him.

FRANK

That bit with his mother's milk? Classic! Man this is the best party ever. In fact, there's only one thing that could make it cooler. Prank phone calls!

BILL

Gimme a break.

ANGELA

What are we, twelve?

FRANK

Seriously, when's the last time you guys did a prank call? It'll be fun – and it'll be a special kind of fun when Jed does his. Oh, Jed?

JED

Coming!

(Jed enters with three beers and hands them out.)

JED

Once I finished the flagellations, I figured I'd re-attempt to ingratiate myself by bringing each of you another chilled beverage to poison your mortal souls with.

FRANK

Thanks, Jed. How thoughtful! Hey, we're making prank calls. Do you know what those are?

JED

Yes, that's where you call people on the telephone and tell them evil lies.

FRANK

Well, no, it's more harmless than that. It's where I call someone and try to agitate them for my amusement. Watch and learn.

(FRANK picks up the phone and dials. Everyone drinks while the phone rings.)

FRANK

Hello, there. I'm Ted Mickelberg, from Frigidaire. We're getting a reading over here that's causing us a little bit of distress. Could you just look in your kitchen and tell me if your refrigerator is running?

(FRANK waits a moment.)

FRANK

Oh, it is? Well, maybe you should catch it!

(ALL laugh. FRANK hangs up.)

JED

But – I don't understand – they make...legged refrigerators?

ANGELA

No, you idiot – it's a pun.

JED

Oh! Oh, yes, of course. You were using a word's multiple meanings to cause humorous confusion. A pun! What my mother calls Satan's Scrabble! May I try?

FRANK

Sure! Just dial any random number and pretend to be someone you're not. But you've got to remember: make it seem very real, or else it won't be funny.

JED

All right. Here I go!

(He dials. Someone answers. Immediately, he becomes intense, dark, and scary.)

JED

LISTEN HERE, MOTHERFUCKER. IF YOU EVER WANT TO SEE YOUR DAUGHTER ALIVE AGAIN, YOU WILL DO EVERYTHING I SAY...

(FRANK cuts off the call.)

FRANK

Whoa, buddy! WHOA, WHOA, WHOA!

JED

Oh, dear. I made a mistake?

FRANK

Jed...um, here's the thing: your commitment was admirable, but the...content was a little too intense.

JED

I see...I understand. Oh, let me try it again.

FRANK

Okay. Just be...calmer. It's supposed to be fun.

JED

Fun. OK.

(JED dials a number. Someone picks up.)

JED

Hello. My name is...

(He looks around the room. He sees the telephone and the chair.)

JED

...my name is Telephone...Chair...Jones. I'm...friends with your daughter (he waves off a scared FRANK)...and she's hanging out in my basement (waves him off again)...and I'M GOING TO SLIT THAT WHORE'S THROAT AND SEND YOU A BOTTLE OF HER BLOOD!

(FRANK slams his hand on the phone.)

ANGELA

JESUS CHRIST, JED!

JED

Oops, took the Lord's name in vain, there.

BILL

I'm gonna head home before the cops get here...

(Jed blocks his exit.)

JED

Oh, dear. I've done it again. I see that. I can tell by your drawn faces. I'm sorry. It's...I'm trying too hard to fit in, is what it is. I know I don't deserve it, but please, please, give me another chance. Just one.

FRANK

Okay. one more.

JED

All right. This is going to be the one, I can feel it.

(He dials. Someone answers.)

JED

Hello, mother! Yes, I'm here with them, now. Yes, I poisoned their alcohol, just like you demanded. No, they're still alive. It *is* taking longer than expected, I agree!

FRANK

Oh, I get it. He's pranking *us*. Good one, Jed!

(FRANK collapses in a heap, dead. BILL and ANGELA, horrified, go to help him.)

JED

Oh, it's working now! The other two should go down momentarily.

(BILL and ANGELA collapse.)

JED: And, there they go! I guess I'll be heading home now mother. I won't leave a fingerprint. I promise. Okay. Love you, too. Praise the lord. Bye.

(JED goes to leave, but then he sees the phone. He quickly dials a number.)

JED: Hello? Hi. I'm a man who is concerned about kitchen appliances for some reason. Could you tell me if your refrigerator is running? Sure, I'll hold.

(He covers his mouth to stifle a giggle.)

(Lights out.)