

Talking Taron Eleven

Written by  
Danny Rohrback

214-998-0193

dlr066@shsu.edu

INT. Radio Station Booth - Day

SIZZLIN' SAM, Early 40s, goatee, hawaiian shirt, paces doing vocal exercises while spinning his wedding ring around his finger . MADISON MONEY, mid 20s, beautiful, Hair up in a bun, wearing a flannel jacket. She takes off her jacket and places it on the back of her chair as she drinks from a bottle of water.

SIZZLIN' SAM

Peter Piper picked a peck of  
pickled peppers. A peck of pickled  
peppers peter picked...

He finishes his exercise and stands over her. He leans down and places a kiss on her ear. He pulls out her hair tie, undoing her bun then winks as he sits across from her. She plays off her annoyance with a half-hearted smile.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

TARON, Mid 20's, clean shaven, shaved head, wearing a large trench coat and black rain boots, stands staring at the radio tower. He checks his watch and smiles.

TARON

Show Time.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - DAY

Sam and Madison perk up as the jingle of their show plays over the air.

SIZZLIN' SAM

Helllooooo Houston, this is  
Sizzlin' Sam.

MADISON MONEY

And Madison Money.

SIZZLIN' SAM

Today is February Fifteenth and  
anxiety is in the air...

INT. CAR OF LISTENER 1 - CONTINUOUS

LISTENER 1, tall, mid 50's, sips on coffee as he passively listens to the radio on his drive to work.

SIZZLIN' SAM (O.S.)  
...All across this great nation,  
millions of young men are racing to  
get a plan B for their girlfriends.  
Gentlemen, I want you to know...

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

SIZZLIN' SAM  
I'm praying they're out. The more  
kids you idiots pop out the more  
listers I get.

MADISON MONEY  
Oh, wow. What a way to start the  
show.

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Ah don't worry, tomorrow I won't  
come in so white hot.

He presses a button and an AIR HORN SOUND EFFECT plays as  
Madison shakes her head and laughs.

INT. RADIO STATION FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Taron strolls into the busy building. He sees a SECURITY  
GUARD, 30s, muscular, obviously sitting at his desk. Taron  
drops his head and casually walks past. He calls the elevator  
and calmly waits for the doors to open.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - DAY

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Before we start playing some tunes,  
I'd just like to give a word of  
thanks to Ms. Madison Money.

MADISON MONEY  
Oh?

SIZZLIN' SAM  
You see, a year ago today, I took a  
chance by letting a beautiful young  
intern named Madison sit in for a  
show. Her boyfriend had broken up  
with her two days before  
Valentine's day and she was  
absolutely crushed...

INT. MARRIED COUPLES CAR - DAY

A young attractive couple sit in traffic as they listen.

SIZZLIN' SAM (O.S.)

... But If you remember she told us  
a damn good story about eating  
alone at the fancy restaurant just  
because she still had the  
reservation...

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

SIZZLIN' SAM

...A month later she's a weekly  
occurring guest and a month after  
that she's my co-host. Can you  
freaking believe that?  
In fact she got so darn popular,  
that KVH now averages eight  
thousand more listeners than it did  
when I was all alone. Madison  
what's the secret to your success?

MADISON MONEY

I don't know, I just thought, you  
know, if you could do it, it must  
not be that hard.

Sam LAUGHS along, perhaps a bit too hard.

INT. RADIO STATION BUILDING - DAY

The elevator arrives and Taron calmly enters.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

MADISON MONEY

But in all seriousness, I wanna  
thank you Sam. You helped make my  
dream come true.

SIZZLIN' SAM

No problem, Ms money. You earned  
it.

He silently blows her a kiss.

## SIZZLIN' SAM (CONT'D)

So, in honor of your anniversary, we're gonna kick off today with a new cover of an old classic. One of Madison Money's favorite's, I give you, House of the Rising Son.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Elevator doors open and Taron rips off his jacket as he steps out with the song BLASTING through the hall. He's wearing a paintball vest with a dozen grenades duct taped to the front and back. He places a ring, with strings attached to the many pins, around his thumb. He begins strolling with the swagger of a pro wrestler down the hallway.

A moping CUSTODIAN, 25, bushy beard, wheels his cart out of the men's bathroom and freezes as he sees the terrifying intruder. He lets go of his cart and sprints away as Taron slowly strolls towards the booth

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Madison scrolls on her phone, passively listening to the song as Sam initiates a game of footsie. As they play he stares at her chest while she stays glued to her phone.

The Custodian sprints past the booth's window with the host's remaining oblivious to the imminent danger.

Taron reaches the booth. He grabs the handle of the booth door and attempts to enter but finds it's locked. He then stands in front of the glass and knocks alerting the hosts.

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Jesus Christ!

MADISON MONEY  
Taron?

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Are those fucking grenades?

Taron mouths "One sec" as he pulls out his cell phone and begins dialing.

The station's phone rings. Sam mutes the music in the booth as he answers and places the phone on speaker.

TARON  
Hi Sam, how you been?

SIZZLIN' SAM  
I...I've been good.

TARON  
You know, I figured I'd come  
celebrate Madison's big  
anniversary.

Madison sits in shock.

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Wh-what are you wearing?

Taron winks at him.

TARON  
Am I on air?

MADISON MONEY  
No, it's just us.

TARON  
Change that.

Sam glances at his screen. The song has ended.

SIZZLIN' SAM  
S-s-songs over.

TARON  
Good. Now introduce me with  
something classy. Ok?

Sam nervously nods as he unmutes the mic's.

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Um, There's a ... special guest in  
our studio today. He's uh... He's --

TARON  
--Hello, my names Taron...

INT. CAR OF LISTENER 1

Listener 1 puts down his coffee as he listens to the strange  
new host.

TARON (O.S.)  
...That's spelled T-A-R-O-N. Man, I  
have waited such a long time to be  
on the air here at KVH...

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

TARON

...It's so nice to finally meet you all.

There's a brief pause. Taron mouths "talk" to a visibly shaken Madison.

MADISON MONEY

Taron, would you mind telling our listeners what you're wearing?

TARON

Why, this old thing, it's just a little bomb vest I put together on a whim.

INT. MARRIED COUPLES CAR - DAY

The husband turns up the volume as the wife covers her mouth in shock.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

TARON

And, I should mention for any law enforcement listening, if you make any attempt to enter the KVH studios, I will not hesitate to detonate myself and kill everyone in here.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

A horrified POLICE OFFICER, 45, male, muscular, flips on his lights and races off.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

TARON

Now that that's out of the way. You wanna know why I'm really here?

The duo nervously nod along.

TARON (CONT'D)

Today is a big anniversary for me too. Guess what it was.

MADISON MONEY

Taron, please don't hurt anybody.  
This isn't you.

TARON

Answer my question or these pin's  
get pulled and we all die. What  
anniversary of mine is today? Huh?  
Sam, you wanna guess?

SIZZLIN' SAM

I...I don't know. Um... is uh.. Is  
it the day I let you go?

TARON

Ding Ding Ding! We have a winner!  
You see ladies and gentlemen, after  
Madison got dumped, Sizzlin' Sam  
gave her a proposition. If she did  
some oral favors, he'd make her be  
a radio star. So the young  
heartbroken intern took that deal.  
Unfortunately for me, I discovered  
their little love affair. Sam  
wasn't very discreet with his  
perverted texts and I made it too  
obvious I could see them. So at  
five the next morning, I came to  
work only to discover I didn't have  
a job anymore. Ain't that a kick in  
the pants. Worst part is I was  
early every day. I was a star  
employee, I was nice to everyone,  
even the filthy fucking janitor.  
But I was fired and Ms Madison  
Money got to live out my dream.

SIZZLIN' SAM

That's not true. You were let go  
because of budget cuts. You were a  
good employee we just couldn't  
afford you.

TARON

So why not fire your mistress?

SIZZLIN' SAM

She's not my--

Taron lightly tugs on the strings around his finger.

TARON

--Liar, Liar, Pants on fire.

SIZZLIN' SAM

Alright. I slept with her but  
that's not why you were let go.  
Please.. just...just understand we  
couldn't afford the both you.

TARON

I still don't believe you.

SIZZLIN' SAM

It's the truth, Ok. I swear on my  
wife's life.

TARON

I don't think Mrs. Sizzlin' would  
appreciate that.

Taron pulls harder on the string.

SIZZLIN' SAM

I screwed you over, I'm sorry. It  
wasn't right. We we're having  
budget cuts but I was scared you'd  
ruin my marriage. That's why I let  
you go. Please don't hurt me. I'm  
so sorry.

TARON

Ah, don't worry, you can make up  
for it. Madison, why don't you get  
up and unlock the door for me?

Taron hangs up as Madison slowly walks to the booth door,  
located behind Sam. Taron winks as she lets him in.

TARON (CONT'D)

You can go, and don't worry there's  
no hard feelings. If I was a pretty  
young thang like yourself I'da  
blown him too.

Taron menacingly stands in the center of the doorway blocking  
Madison from leaving.

TARON (CONT'D)

Wait, it's cold outside. Don't  
forget your jacket.

A confused Madison turns and grabs her jacket.

Taron side steps barely giving her room to leave.

TARON (CONT'D)

Now go before I change my mind.

Madison throws the jacket over her shoulder and moves past Taron. Her jacket snags on his vest.

TARON (CONT'D)  
Whoa now. Careful, that coulda ended badly.

Taron rips the jacket away from the vest and pushes Madison out the door, slamming it behind her.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Madison begins hyperventilating as she sprints down the hall. She approaches the elevator but collapses to the floor. She attempts to control her breathing as she grabs hard at her jacket.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Taron stands intimidatingly above Sam

TARON  
Why don't you sit in the other chair.

Sam gets up and sits in Madison's chair as Taron takes his seat. He leans into the microphone with a look of accomplishment.

TARON (CONT'D)  
Sorry for the interruption but don't worry! As soon as I'm done having a chat with Sam, the songs will continue. I promise.

Sam looks out aimlessly with a thousand yard stare.

TARON (CONT'D)  
Don't get quiet on me now Samuel. We've got those eight thousand new listeners to entertain. Remember?

SIZZLIN' SAM  
God, what have I done?

TARON  
What?

SIZZLIN' SAM  
You're a born showman. Madison was too but...  
(MORE)

SIZZLIN' SAM (CONT'D)  
that's not why I picked her. I'm an  
sick bastard. Taron I'm sorr--

Taron presses the air horn button. He leans towards Sam as the sound stops.

TARON  
Stop being boring, we have a show to do.

Sam nods

TARON (CONT'D)  
You know, I spent all this damn time figuring out how I was gonna get on-air but I didn't spend a second thinking about what I was gonna call myself. You got any ideas?

SIZZLIN' SAM  
How about... Taron the Terrific?

TARON  
Taron the Terrific? You must want us to die.

SIZZLIN' SAM  
God no. Please!

TARON  
Then we're gonna need to come up with something better. How about I spitball ideas and you can help me decide?

Sam takes a deep breath as he fights back tears.

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Ok.

Taron places his hand on his chin as he brainstorms.

TARON  
Hmm... How about Taron the Terrorist or Taron the Terrible or... Talking Taron.

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Talking Taron's good. I like that.

TARON  
Smart man. If you woulda said Taron  
the Terrible I mighta have killed  
ya.

Taron chuckles as Sam forces himself to laugh along.

The Booth's phone begins to RING.

TARON (CONT'D)  
Ooh my first caller.

He answers the phone.

TARON (CONT'D)  
Hi! You're on the Talking Taron  
Show.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)  
Taron, this is the police. We have  
the building surrounded. We'd like  
to negotiate the release--

Taron hangs up.

TARON  
Booooriiiiinnng!

Sam freezes, unsure how to respond.

TARON (CONT'D)  
Negotiate? Can you believe that?  
We're just two bros having some  
fun...Right?

He nods his head.

EXT. CAR OF COLLEGE STUDENT - DAY

A large group of college students stand outside the car as they listen to the mayhem unfold.

SIZZLIN' SAM (O.S.)  
Yeah. I'm having a blast.

Taron CACKLES at Sam's response.

TARON (O.S.)  
That's funny. Got any more jokes?

SIZZLIN' SAM (O.S.)  
I don't know any.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

TARON

Jesus. I gotta do everything around here. I got one

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH FLOOR - DAY

Madison forcefully holds onto her jacket, keeping her eyes shut as she slowly inhales. She calms herself, opens her eyes and lets go of her jacket.

She slowly stands and grabs her jacket off the ground. As she calls the elevator, she looks down and see's a grenade pin on the floor.

MADISON MONEY

That son of a bitch.

Madison carefully inspects the pin. Realizing what's happened she looks over towards the booth and see a mop handle sticking out of the the custodian's cart.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - DAY

TARON

It goes something like this, there was this married couple who worked together. One day the husband gets suspicious his wife has been sleeping with their boss. He sees she has a new diamond necklace and a giant raise outta nowhere. So he confronts her. He says "Honey have you been sleeping with our boss?". She looks him straight in the eye and answers "Yes but it's not that big a deal". "Not that big a deal?" The husband responds. "You're breaking our sacred vow and it's not that big a deal?". The wife responds "He's been fucking us over for years, the only difference is now when he does it we get a free vacation".

Sam lets out an exaggerated laugh as Taron proudly smiles and the door behind him quietly opens.

INT. RADIO BOOTH- CONTINUOUS

TARON  
Pretty Good, Huh?

SIZZLIN' SAM  
Yeah, yeah that's really good.

TARON  
I should've been a comedian but,  
alas, I fell in love with radio.

Taron flashes Sam a smile, as Madison stands and STRIKES Taron on the side of the head with the mop handle, knocking him out cold. Taron's unconscious body falls to the floor. Madison steps over him and rips a grenade off his vest. She squeezes the toy and leans into the mic.

MADISON MONEY  
Taron's out cold. His vest is a  
fake. He used plastic grenades.

Sam stands in a state of shock and leaves the room. Madison turns and starts to follow him but stops herself.

INT. VARIOUS CARS

Listeners are in shock at the revelation.

INT. RADIO BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

She turns back towards the Mic and exhales heavily before she speaks.

MADISON MONEY  
Ten minutes ago I thought I was  
going to die and all I could think  
about was how I deserved it.

EXT. RADIO STATION BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The BOMB SQUAD bursts into the building.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

MADISON MONEY  
Taron was a nice man, a little  
awkward, but he didn't deserve what  
happened to him.

INT. LISTENER'S CAR - DAY

A listener is spellbound at the unfolding events.

MADISON MONEY (V.O.)  
He tried to be my friend - all I  
saw him as was competition.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

MADISON MONEY  
I wanted on Houston's highest-  
rated drive-time show, so I did  
what I had to do,

INT. LISTENER'S CAR - DAY

A MARRIED COUPLE look at each other with disbelief as they  
sit in traffic.

MADISON MONEY (O.S.)  
disgusting as it was. I wanted the  
attention, the celebrity. I'm sorry  
Mrs. Sam, Mrs. Sizzlin' whatever  
the fuck we call you.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

MADISON MONEY  
I'm a bitch, a slut, fine... I can  
live with that. This is Madison  
Money...Fucking off.

Madison mutes her mic and exits the Booth as armed officers  
BURST from the stairwell and race towards Taron.

TITLE CARD : ONE YEAR LATER

INT: PRISON CELL - DAY

Taron smiles as he sits alone in his cell. He grabs his radio  
and begins to tune through stations until he finds KHV. A new  
radio jingle for the Mistress Madison show plays.

INT: RADIO BOOTH - DAY

Madison, thick red lipstick, leans into the Mic and speaks  
with a sultry voice.

MADISON  
Hey there Houston.

INT. VARIOUS CARS

We cut from Various listeners as they eagerly tune into Madison's show.

MADISON (O.S.)  
I hope you slept well because it's  
time to get up and make some money.  
We got a big show today. It's the  
one year anniversary of-

an EXPLOSION sound effect plays

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

MADISON (O.S.)  
The incident.

Taron CHUCKLES at the sound effect.

INT. RADIO BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

We slowly zoom out on Madison's lips, revealing her to be wearing granny pajamas, slippers and her hair in a messy bun.

MADISON  
Thanks to that event this is the  
largest drive time program in  
America. Because of that there's  
someone I wanna thank.

INT: PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

An excited Taron turns up his radio.

TARON  
Say my name you little slut.

MADISON (O.S.)  
Without this person I would never  
be where I am today.

INT. RADIO STATION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

MADISON

Thank you Sam. If you hadn't been such a disgusting immoral pig. I wouldn't have this job.

INT: PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Taron stares at the radio with a disgusted look.

TARON

What?

INT: RADIO BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

MADISON

Get in here you pathetic manlet.

Sam opens the booth door and walks to the open seat.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Un-uh Stand

Sam leans into the Mic, remaining standing.

MADISON (CONT'D)

So, how's life been?

SAM

Well, my wife left me and then--

Madison presses a button and a WHIP CRACK sound effect plays interrupting him.

MADISON

That's enough outta you. Go make my coffee.

Sam leaves the booth.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Now before we start the music I'd just like to say one more thing about last years event.

INT: PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

An annoyed Taron listens carefully to Madison's every word.

INT: RADIO BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

MADISON

Sometimes life's gonna give you lemons and you'll have to decide if you're gonna make lemonade or save it for when you do your little auto erotic kink. No matter what you decide, just remember you can handle it.

INT. PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

TARON

What about me?

MADISON (O.S.)

...Now let's get to some music.

The song BLASTS through the radio.

TARON

What about me?!

Taron throws his radio against the wall, smashing it into pieces. We cut to black, the song begins to PLAY again as we ROLL CREDITS!