

bsludge

written by

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ACT ONE SCENE ONE

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Batson adjusts his microphone and introduces himself.

He speaks in a gravelly voice as he tugs on his chrome-colored beard.

THE CAMERA IS IN FRONT OF BATSON AND
CIRCLES HIM ENDING WERE IT BEGAN.

BATSON

One, two, three testing. We're good. I'm Batson Sludge, I'm a singer and a musician. I'm sitting on my gaudy yellow couch in my gun-metal and navy-blue colored recording studio.

The studio has gun-metal aluminum wall panels on the bottom with dark blue painted walls on top. The ceiling is covered with the aluminum panels. Gold chandeliers hang from the ceiling. One wall is covered by giant speakers made by Orange.

BATSON (CONT'D)

My scratchy voice coming out of the speakers like a man walking away from death row, envelops me.

He walks over to an audio control board and turns the volume down. He returns to the couch.

BATSON (CONT'D)

I am going to tell my story. Warning, I tend to ramble. The purpose of this film is to set the record straight. I never imagined I would own my own recording studio. I worked hard to get to achieve this lifestyle.

INTERVIEWER

Batson, may I call you Batson?

Batson nods his head.

Interviewer Cont'd

(MORE)

INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

What was the most important day of your life?

Batson

The marriage of my parents. The marriage of my parents was so doomed to fail, the church exploded. The universe' attempted to stop the ceremony. The church exploded and the steeple was blown off the roof. The couple ran out the front doors. Flames following them. The couple got in a yellow truck and drove away. The truck was decorated and has cans tied to the back bumper. The church didn't explode. I don't think it did. Their marriage did explode. About that I will not kid.

Interviewer

What do you need to tell us today about yourself?

BATSON

There are tons of rumors about me. Some people think I live in a mental hospital and travel with an army of psychiatrist. Others claim I think I'm one of The Beatles. Neither are true. I was raised in small towns in North Carolina. Unlike John Cougar Mellencamp, I never lived in a pink house. I knew I would never be the president. I'll answer this question better later.

Interviewer

Tell us something that happened when you were a kid?

Batson

A moving van pulled into a driveway. I got out of the truck and tried to keep out of our way. My mother said that I was three years old and that I couldn't be left alone.

BATSON CONT'D

My Stepfather told her she could unload the truck by herself if she couldn't stop talking. I got out of the van and went to the back yard to play. Behind the yard there's nothing but kudzu. I walked into the kudzu. After the van was empty, my mother looked for me. Where are you, Batson? Come here. She yelled loudly. My stepfather said I was stupid and was hiding

in the kudzu. He decided to set the kudzu on fire. We will not set the kudzu on fire. I'm calling the police my mother declared. Don't call the police, call fire and rescue my stepfather suggested. Fire and rescue showed up, and they searched through the kudzu. I climbed out of the moving truck and ran to the backyard. What's going on, I asked. I was sleeping on the seat in the big truck. My stepfather said that I made him look stupid. Told me I'd pay for this.

End of first episode