

BLEEP

Written by

Jack Cherry

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Jack sits criss cross on the couch, earphones in and writing in a journal.

Ben enters the front door, large grocery bags in hand.

JACK
Sup.

BEN
(out of breathe)
Whatcha listening to?

JACK
Brown noise.

BEN
Why?

JACK
Inclusivity.

Ben lugs his groceries to the kitchen counter, when...

BEN
No, like why're you-?

WHAM! He stubs his toe. Jack hears it, half paying attention.

JACK
Oooooo!

JOHN
GOD! OW! Son of a *bitcoin*!

Jack giggles, taking out his earphone.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Monkey-fudger, that *flipping* hurt.

Jack continues to giggle. Ben notices.

BEN
Dude! Why are you laughing? I might be bleeding! Stop!

JACK
No, no- I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's not you. It's just your reaction was really funny. That's all.

BEN

(examining his toe)
What...? Oh. No, sorry. I didn't mean
to be crass. That just... wow, hurt
like a *Mormon-father*, god...

JACK

Dude, stop. You're going to keep
making me laugh.

BEN

Cursing...?

JACK

You're not- you're like censoring
yourself. Stop.

BEN

I've no idea what you're talking
about, stop being a dumb-*asphalt*-

JACK

See! There, you did it again. Just
curse! I promise, it's fine!

BEN

I am cursing!

JACK

Like an 8-year-old! Cut it out!

BEN

Hey, *pho* you, man!

Kate enters from her bedroom.

KATE

Okay, ahoy there sailors... can we
stop the lewd language. I'm on the
phone with my mom.

BEN

See. She heard me cursing.

JACK

Don't gaslight me. It makes me
anxious.

KATE

I heard you guys talking *about*
cursing, but, like... what'd you say?
(cutting out)
"F-k?"

Pause. Jack and Ben stare at her.

JACK
Well, you didn't even say anything
just now, did you?

KATE
What the f-k are you talking about?

BEN
She's just *bull-shiitake-ing* us
now. It's not *forking* funny, Kate.

KATE
The h-l'd he just say?

BEN
(not in sync with his
lips)
Read my lips: stop *fadoodling*
around, you *Monument-fondler*.

JACK
Your lips aren't even matching what
you're saying!

He's right they aren't. They haven't been this whole time.

BEN
Firetruck off! Gaslighting is a
total *capybara* move.

KATE
You didn't say it, but I did the
f-kin' math. Watch it.

BEN
Will you cut it out?!

JACK
Will you both cut it out?! It's not
BLEEP-ing funny-!

They all jump from the sound of the BLEEP.

BEN
WHAT THE *FEMINIST* WAS THAT?!

KATE
WHERE THE F-K DID THAT COME FROM?!

JACK
WHAT?! WHAT THE *BLEEP* are you
talking about?!

BEN
There it is again!

JACK
BLEEP

KATE
It's you! It's that censor noise thing.

JACK
I'm not being censored. Y'all are the one's being censored!

The three burst in a symphony of censorship, overlapping each other with bleeps, audio-cuts, and weird insert words. Until...

BEN
WAIT, WAIT, WAIT! If we're being censored... how... "far..." does that go?

BEAT. They all realize. Then, in unison, they drop trou to the ground. Around their genitals are varied versions of nudity censorship: on Jack... a pixelated cloud, on Kate... a black CENSORED bar, on Ben... a baby carrot emoji.

JACK
Holy *BLEEP*.

BEN
What does mine look like?

Suddenly a toilet flushes as John walks out of the bathroom. He looks at his phone.

JOHN
Ben, did you pick up any-
He looks up to the pant-less three.

JOHN (CONT'D)
...guys, what the fu-

BLACKOUT.

END OF SKETCH.