

Randy Nooman's Greatest Day

Written By

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INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

RANDY NOOMAN, early 50s, balding, makes a single-serving cup of coffee as he carefully sets a table for one. His speakerphone blasts harshly from the countertop.

SPEAKERPHONE

Sunday brunch for one person for delivery. Name please?

Randy sighs - he hates this part.

RANDY

Randy Nooman.

SPEAKERPHONE

Sir, I am a huge fan.

RANDY

It's N-O-O-M-A-N. I'm not the musician.

SPEAKERPHONE

Yes. We have you in the system, Mr. Nooman. Should be 30 minutes.

RANDY

Thank you.

SPEAKERPHONE

You've got a friend in me!

RANDY

Ugh.

As he hangs up the phone...

RANDY (CONT'D)

Alina, what's the weather?

Randy looks toward an Amazon Echo style device on the kitchen counter. A virtual assistant indiscernible from "Alexa" responds.

ALINA

The temperature in Van Nuys, California is currently 67 degrees.

RANDY

Sure is getting chilly, isn't it, Alina?

ALINA

I am incapable of small talk. We've discussed this, Randy.

Randy sighs and nods.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

A DELIVERY GUY, early 20s, rings the doorbell.

The door slowly opens. Randy gently steps into the doorway.

DELIVERY GUY

Brunch for one?

RANDY

Thank you.

As the Delivery Guy departs, Randy notices some of his neighbors outside.

His friendly-faced neighbor RUBI, 50s, waves as she walks to her mailbox.

RUBI

Hi, Randy.

RANDY

Hey, Rubi.

She gives him a sincerely warm smile. Randy nods, intimidated, and his anxious mind imagines a conversation...

RUBI

What the hell is Randy Nooman doing? Getting food?

Another MALE NEIGHBOR, stepping onto his lawn, grins and waves, as he incongruously exclaims...

MALE NEIGHBOR

Randy Nooman eats? What a loser.

Randy is starting to breathe heavily in reaction to this imagined conversation. FEMALE NEIGHBOR 2, mid-30s, stepping out of her car, chimes in, with a friendly head nod...

FEMALE NEIGHBOR 2

I bet he ordered food just for one.

The Delivery Guy, readying to drive away, gives a friendly thumbs up in Randy's direction.

DELIVERY GUY

Sure did! He should do the world a
favor and fucking die.

Delivery Guy peels away, shooting a finger and making a super
wet mouth fart in Randy's direction.

All the neighbors laugh.

FEMALE NEIGHBOR 2

We're so much better than him!

The neighbors continue to laugh as a mortified Randy slams
his door closed.

The neighbors, who definitely said none of what Randy heard,
stare, perplexed.

Rubi sadly looks at Randy's closed door.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy stands on the other side of the door, catching his
breath.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Randy, napkin bib in his shirt, eats a breakfast burrito,
alone at his table. He recoils as the house's silence makes
his chewing and squishy biting deafening to his own ears.

RANDY

Alina, please play crowded
restaurant ambience sound effect.

ALINA

Playing Thirty Seconds of Crowded
Restaurant Ambience.

The room immediately sounds like a packed restaurant. Randy
pretends to share a conversation as he eats.

RANDY

You see that story in the news?

He awaits a response from the empty chair on the other side
of his table before continuing.

RANDY (CONT'D)

I know! It's always Florida. Do you
want to try a bite of this burrito?
It's fantastic.

He excitedly holds out his burrito to share. As the realization dawns on him that there's nobody to receive it, his smile drops. The ambience track ends.

ALINA

Would you like to repeat the track?

RANDY

No, thank you, Alina.

The light on the device cruelly goes dark. Randy sadly places the burrito back on his own plate.

A knock on his front door startles him.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rubi knocks, holding several envelopes.

RUBI

Randy, are you still there? I mean, your car's in the driveway and we just saw you fifteen minutes ago, so der-de-der, right?

She shakes her head at herself.

RUBI (CONT'D)

I just grabbed yesterday's mail, and it looks like I got something of yours by accident. Here you go.

She starts to slip an envelope under the door, but pauses. She braces slightly, and continues speaking, lifting the mail back into her hand with her other envelopes.

RUBI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry that I didn't get it to you sooner, but I took my Mom to that casino off the 10 yesterday, and didn't check the mail until now. And you'll like this, I think: I found fifty dollars cash walking in, just laying on the ground - plain as day - and nobody saw it but me, and I didn't know if I should pick it up, but I figured, shoot, sometimes opportunity looks you right in the face, right? And I won thirteen hundred dollars off it at the Dolly Parton slots at the casino bar. Like maybe it was meant to be there for me, right?

(MORE)

RUBI (CONT'D)

And if I thought too much about
picking it up, instead of just...
I'd never have had that big win.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy watches the door, nervously waiting for Rubi to leave.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rubi sighs. She once again leans down to place the envelope,
but reconsiders, and raises it back into her hand.

RUBI

We're going again next month.
There's room in the car if you want
to come. We usually head there in
the morning, stay all day, and book
a room for the night. I mean, you
would obviously get your own room.
I'm not standing at your front door
saying we should go get a hotel
room.

Rubi panics.

RUBI (CONT'D)

Ah, fudge. Ok. Bye.

She finally hastily slides one of her envelopes under the
front door. She turns around, and admonishes herself.

RUBI (CONT'D)

Jesus's sneezes, Rubi. If you
sounded any thirstier, you'd be
spitting sand.

She's unaware that she slid the wrong envelope - the top
envelope in her hand is still addressed to Randy Nooman.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy, who hasn't moved, looks at the mail piece in the
distance. As Rubi's footsteps trail away from the house,
Randy says to nobody:

RANDY

Ok. I'll go with you.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Randy stares in the mirror as he pulls a loose hair out of his head. Frowning, he watches it fall into the sink.

He notices that the water in the sink hasn't gone down.

RANDY

Hmm.

He grabs a plastic sink snake from under the counter, and drops it into the drain. Immediately it is covered in thick hair. Randy feels his balding head sadly.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Hey look, fellas. It's your friends.

He pulls up, and the hair keeps coming. To Randy's surprise, a ton of hair, more than Randy could ever possibly have had on his head, makes its way out of the drain, attached to Randy's plastic snake.

VOICE

Ow!

Randy pauses, looks. Couldn't be. He continues pulling. Hair continues appearing.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Motherfucker!

He stops again, and stares. The water bubbles and heads down the drain.

RANDY

You're cracking up, Randy...

Grabbing a small garbage bag from under the counter, Randy rids himself of the baseball stadium cotton-candy sized hair chunk, and the snake it's stuck to. He ties it, and leaves the bathroom. Once he has gone, fog rises from the drain and fills the room.

The drain bubbles, and several clumped hairs rise from it. A nasty, wet, hairy hand grabs the rim of the sink.

A slick, wet, hair-covered monster, drain waste with a lanky human body and face, slowly emerges from the sink. This is CHARLIE SCHMEISER. Charlie moans in pain as he rises.

CHARLIE

Eeeeeehhhh.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy watches television. He laughs with the studio audience as a kid yells.

TV KID
Aw, nuts, Willy!

RANDY
Oh, Stanford, that's so you!

A wet footstep behind Randy fails to catch his attention. He laughs again. Another wet footstep. Slowly, Randy turns around. His face drops at what he sees.

TV ANNOUNCER
Stanford the Weasel will return
after these...

Randy raises the remote, cutting off the announcer, without turning his head away from...

CHARLIE
What are you doing in my house?

Randy is aghast. Charlie stands before him, monstrous and dripping. Randy's eyes go wide.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Get out of my house!

Randy begins to hyperventilate.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Get out!

Randy looks at the threatening front door, and back at the threatening monster.

RANDY
I live here.

CHARLIE
You live in my house?

Randy struggles to catch his breath.

RANDY
Alina - Please call 911!

An Alina device in the corner of the living room lights up.

ALINA
Playing Call 911 by Polka Party
People.

A polka song begins. Charlie and Randy make tense eye contact through the Czechoslovakian accordion riffs.

RANDY
Alina, stop.

The music abruptly ceases. The two stare in silence.

RANDY (CONT'D)
I have a lease.

Charlie walks towards Randy, who speeds backwards fearfully.

CHARLIE
I have the deed to this house.
Whoever leased it to you doesn't.

Randy shifts. His demeanor suggests that he may believe Charlie.

RANDY
There was a For Rent sign.

Charlie's tone changes to one of pity.

CHARLIE
Scammers tend to prey on the aging
and bald.

RANDY
What?

Charlie sways on his feet.

CHARLIE
Feels like I was out for a while.

He leans on the couch for support. Randy's tone softens.

RANDY
You ok? Maybe sit down.

Charlie moves to sit. Randy sees the drippiness approaching the couch.

RANDY (CONT'D)
Or maybe just lean on something!

Charlie sits with a wet squish. Randy accepts it.

RANDY (CONT'D)
That's fine. I didn't like this
couch very much anyway.

CHARLIE
It's mine.

RANDY
I realized as soon as the words
left my mouth. You are dripping,
though.

CHARLIE
It's all organic.

Randy catches his breath, no longer intimidated by Charlie.

RANDY
That's not comforting.

Charlie points at Tic-Tacs on the coffee table.

CHARLIE
You mind?

RANDY
Please. Maybe just...

Randy pantomimes a shaking/pouring action with his hand.
Understanding, Charlie pours the remaining tic-tacs in his
mouth.

RANDY (CONT'D)
It's like peeing on a forest fire.

CHARLIE
This thing happened to me. But I'm
sure you don't want to hear
somebody's life story. You probably
have your own life.

RANDY
I don't. I mean - I'd love to hear
your story.

Charlie raises his eyebrows at Randy's desperation.

CHARLIE
I was in line at this pizza place
in Burbank...

FLASHBACK - EXT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Through the window of this run-down pizzeria, a healthy CHARLIE, 30s, tall, smarmy, stands in line.

FLASHBACK - INT. PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Charlie watches a young BOY, 6, and his GRANDMOTHER, 80s, as they patiently wait by the counter. Charlie's eyes settle on a slice of pepperoni pizza in front of them.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

There was one slice of pepperoni left. And this little kid in front of me couldn't stop talking about it.

The young child looks at his Grandmother, and silently says...

CHARLIE (V.O.)

"Grandma, I want the pepperoni".
And he was gonna get to it first.

Charlie watches the boy, annoyed.

PRESENT - INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy pays rapt attention to Charlie's story.

CHARLIE

All I wanted out of life that day was a greasy slice of pepperoni. So when he gets to the counter, I yell...

FLASHBACK - INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Charlie points to the back of the restaurant - away from the counter.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

"Hey - is that Santa Claus?"

The kid looks hopefully towards where Charlie was pointing, and Charlie steps up to the counter as an EMPLOYEE, 17, looks up.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

And he turns. And I step in front of him and order...

Charlie leans into the employee, points at the slice, holds out three singles, and mouths:

CHARLIE (V.O.)
...The pepperoni.

The employee places it on a plate, and Charlie hands him the cash. He takes a bite as the boy turns back to him.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
Kid turns back and says...

The boy silently tells Charlie:

CHARLIE (V.O.)
"I didn't see Santa". I said...

Charlie, a bite of pepperoni in his mouth, and the rest of the slice in his hand, leans over the boy, and mouths:

CHARLIE (V.O.)
"You can't see Santa if you're on the naughty list. You're probably on the naughty list". And the kid starts crying.

The boy bawls.

PRESENT - INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy is aghast.

RANDY
You're a monster.

CHARLIE
Watch it.

RANDY
No - I didn't mean...
(Randy indicates "all of this" with his arm)
This. I meant your person. Not how you look.

CHARLIE
Oh.

RANDY
I wasn't trying to be insulting. I just meant that you're horrible.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah. Sorry. I get sensitive about my looks.

RANDY

I get that. Of course. 'Cause you're a monster.

CHARLIE

For fuck's sake.

RANDY

Continue.

FLASHBACK - INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

The Grandmother slowly turns to face Charlie. Her face is a frightening pallor, and her eyes are pure white. Her skin is wrinkled, her hair is grey, and her lips are chapped.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

So his Grandma turns to me, and this is the first time I notice that her eyes are solid white. Glowing. I felt like I could see my past and my future in those eyes.

PRESENT - INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy nods.

RANDY

This is going somewhere.

FLASHBACK - INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

The Grandmother silently speaks to Charlie with a fury as her face contorts with anger.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

And she says, "If you're going to act like a monster..."

PRESENT - INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy's face fills with understanding.

RANDY

Yeah - this is starting to come together.

FLASHBACK - INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

The Grandmother touches Randy's forehead. As she removes her finger, it leaves a red glow behind.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
...You're going to look like a
monster."

Charlie looks at her, puzzled.

PRESENT - INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy nods.

RANDY
I saw that part coming.

CHARLIE
You want a prize, Nostradamus?

Randy shuts up and listens.

FLASHBACK - INT. CHARLIE'S CAR - DAY

Charlie drives, eating his pizza with one hand, though his face is now red, and steam rises from all around him. His flesh slowly sweats off his face.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I drove home with my skin burning.
Pain like I've never felt.

FLASHBACK - INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charlie bolts through the house, red, steaming, and dripping.

FLASHBACK - INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Charlie puts his head under the bathroom sink, yelling in pain. His face melts into the sink as he screams.

PRESENT - INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy is intrigued by the story.

CHARLIE

And I put my face under the sink to cool it off, and I guess I hibernated or something, and the next thing I remember is right now. I felt this tremendous pain - pulling and ripping...

RANDY

I snaked some hair out of the drain. I think I got some of... you.

CHARLIE

I got hair to spare. Jealous?

Randy is momentarily caught by this burn.

RANDY

So the rent that I've paid...

CHARLIE

To a scammer.

RANDY

And that makes me...

CHARLIE

You're a squatter. Hi - I'm Charlie Schmeiser.

RANDY

Randy Nooman.

CHARLIE

Wow. Randy... Well, I am gonna sue your squatting ass for some of that Monk theme cash.

RANDY

I'm not the singer. It's N-O-O-M-A-N.

CHARLIE

It's fine if you are. I love LA.

RANDY

I'm not.

CHARLIE

Hey - screw short people, right? Fucking shrimps! Pound it!

He offers his fist.

RANDY

I just have a similar name. And we're not... touching.

Charlie drops his fist.

CHARLIE

Gotta be rough. People hear your name, and they expect somebody special. But then you're just... you.

Randy looks down.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Well, Randy Newman spelled wrong, it's time to hit the bricks.

Randy shirks. He raises his head, shooting his shot...

RANDY

You probably, uh... racked up some bills while you were hibernating, huh?

CHARLIE

I don't know. I guess so.

RANDY

I can't imagine you've kept a job all this time.

CHARLIE

I didn't really have one before.

RANDY

Maybe I pay rent, and stay here.

Charlie considers, uncertain.

CHARLIE

You'd want to live... with me?

RANDY

If you'd want to live with me.

CHARLIE

I guess I could do worse.

RANDY

You could?!

CHARLIE

Whoa.

RANDY

Sorry.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Randy and Charlie pop beers - laugh.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy and Charlie open doors into each other à la Laverne and Shirley, and laugh.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy and Charlie play Battleship.

CHARLIE

D9.

RANDY

You sunk my destroyer.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charlie and Randy both wear Dodgers caps and shirts. Charlie has a bowl full of popcorn. Randy has a hot dog, and a Dodgers pennant in his hand.

RANDY

Make it, make it, make it...

They both yell.

RANDY AND CHARLIE

Yeah!!!!

They settle down and continue to watch. After a long moment...

RANDY

Baseball goes on for a while, huh?

CHARLIE

It isn't a short game.

RANDY

Takes some patience.

CHARLIE
Hasn't evolved to suit the modern
attention span.

RANDY
Lotta downtime.

CHARLIE
I think something's gonna happen
here.

RANDY
It isn't.

CHARLIE
No.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Randy and Charlie play the card game WAR. They have each laid out several cards and are clearly at the end of a big hand. Charlie flips over a Queen and smiles at Randy.

CHARLIE
Queen!

Randy flips over a King.

RANDY
King!

Charlie swipes the cards to the ground.

CHARLIE
You lousy horsefucker!

RANDY
That's a lotta anger, Charlie.

CHARLIE
I get hangry.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Randy eats a bean burrito, across from Charlie, who destroys several Mexican fast food restaurant items.

RANDY
Do you want to try a bite of this
burrito? It's fantastic!

CHARLIE

Sure!

He takes a big gross bite, and offers it back to Randy, waxy flesh from his face and chunk-filled hair still on the burrito, and a long melty string of either food or Charlie still connecting the burrito to Charlie's face.

RANDY

Oh... you can just... you can finish that on up.

Charlie devours it in one bite.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Good appetite.

INT. RANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Randy and Charlie laugh as they watch television.

RANDY

I'm glad I met you, Charlie. This has probably been the most fun day I've had in years. Really just a wonderful, great day.

CHARLIE

I know! Your joy smells delicious.

RANDY

What?

CHARLIE

I mean...

RANDY

You're salivating.

Charlie is clearly drooling a ton.

CHARLIE

No, I'm not. You're salivating.

RANDY

What are you putting that salsa on?

Charlie has a spoon in a Costco-sized jar of salsa. He places it on Randy's head.

CHARLIE

What salsa?

Randy immediately understands his predicament.

RANDY
Alina, help!

Alina's blue ring swirls to life.

ALINA
What kind of help would you like? I can order you a salami and provolone sub on rye from Fanucci's Deli using your Visa card ending in 2498. Would you like that?

As Alina speaks, Charlie opens his mouth wide, and leans over Randy, eating him from the top down, creating a downwards volcano of blood. Charlie pauses his meal, lifting his head off Randy's half-remaining body, to turn his bloody face toward Alina.

CHARLIE
Yes.

He continues eating Randy.

Once Randy is gone, a SCREAM fills the room. Charlie looks up to see a horrified Rubi at the front door, envelope in hand.

RUBI
I gave Charlie a piece of his mail but it was the wrong piece of mail - it was my updated registration tags and I park on the street and they've already gotten me twice for it, and I kept Randy's mail which looks like it might have been about his life insurance, so now I really feel like a heel! So I just came back to - I'm really a doofus. I heard some noises and I normally wouldn't try to see if a door is unlocked but I wanted to check if there was trouble and the door was unlocked, and lo and behold there was trouble, because you were *Eating Randy Nooman!* Ah, Rubi, you booby.

Her face freezes with fear and... recognition?

RUBI (CONT'D)
Charlie Schmeiser? Is this... thing... you?

Charlie stares at her, his over-extended mouth still dripping with blood and bone chunks.

CHARLIE

Rubi.

RUBI

All of us on the block wondered what happened to you.

They stare at each other.

CHARLIE

Were you and Randy... I can see a connection there.

RUBI

What have you become, Charlie? Randy Nooman was a good and gentle man, and Mister, you are dead wrong if you think I'm gonna let you get away with...

Charlie, mouth wide open, is devouring her from her head down in the same way that he ate Randy. Her envelope flutters to the ground amidst the chaos, with her complete name and address facing up. Charlie speaks her full name - the same one on the envelope.

CHARLIE

Goodbye, Rubi Tuesday.

EXT. RANDY'S HOUSE - DAY

Charlie, eating a salami and provolone on rye, with a wrapper that reads Fanucci's, hammers a FOR RENT sign into the lawn.

THE END