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# Talk Radio

By Eric Bogosian

There's a tornado watch|for a portion of West Texas.  
Brian Chadwick is with the county|sheriff's office in Sweetwater.  
We're trying to get the word out to|the community to brace themselves.  
We hope this thing's not gonna|develop into a real funnel...  
but after Saragosa, we're|not taking any chances.  
The National Weather Service says|the storm is moving northeast...  
and with the exception of some rain, it|shouldn't affect the Dallas-Fort  
Worth area.  
That's news, sports and weather. I'm|Frank Castle for KGAB talk radio news.  
From the heart of|the Lone Star state,  
it's time for Dallas'|most popular talk show,  
Night Talk|with Barry Champlain.  
# Bad to the bone #  
The KGAB phone lines are open|and ready for your call...  
at 555-TALK.  
And now your host for Night|Talk, Barry Champlain.  
- The worst news|of the night is that...  
three of four people say they'd rather|watch TV than have sex with their  
spouse.  
The second worst news is that some|kids needed money for crack last night,  
so they stuck a knife in the throat|of an 80-year-old grandmother...  
down on Euclid Avenue|right here in Dallas.  
One night|in one American city.  
Multiply that by hundreds of|cities and what have you got?  
A country where culture means|pornography and slasher films,;  
where ethics means payoffs,|graft, insider trading,;  
where integrity means lying,|whoring and intoxication.  
This country is|in deep trouble, people.  
This country is rotten to the core and|somebody better do something about  
it.  
Take your hand out of that bowl of|Fritos, throw away your National  
Enquirer,  
and pick up the phone,|hold it up to your face...  
and dial 555-TALK.  
Open your mouth and tell me what we're|gonna do about the mess this  
country's in.  
Talk radio- it's the last|neighborhood in town.  
People don't talk|to each other anymore.  
Let's go to|the first caller.  
A lot of problems with the|country today have a lot do...  
- with the continued exploitation|of the third world countries.  
Wait. Third world countries? Where'd|you learn that phrase, in college?  
Do you know what it means?|You're getting off the track.  
We're not getting off the track,|we're getting on.

Josh, go back to college. When you graduate, give me a call.  
A prime example of that uniquely American institution;  
the concerned bleeding-heart liberal...  
looking for people with problems he can call his own.  
Francine in Oakline. I'm a transvestite.  
I'm trying to save money for an operation...  
What interest do you think your adventures in surgery hold for my  
listeners?  
It's something I have to talk about. I don't. Night Talk.  
Let me put you on hold. You slip some testosterone into Barry's coffee?  
The guy's possessed tonight. He's a little tense.  
Get outta here!  
Sometimes I come home from work and we have dinner together, you know?  
No, I don't know. You have dinner at the table with your cat?  
With a tablecloth and candles? No, Barry.  
Just her own plate on the floor. Good.  
But we eat the same things. Like if I have a pork chop, she has a pork  
chop.  
If I have a veal, she has a veal.  
Glenn, take my advice.  
Stop hangin' around with the pussy. Go find some.  
I'm listening, Michael. What's up?  
Yeah, I heard your little advertisement there for the pizza place.  
Yeah, Jericho's Pizza. I love that pizza. Don't you like it?  
You sound like you'd love it. I enjoy Jericho's Pizza.  
What I wanted to say to you tonight, Mr. Champlaign, was...  
I have an interest in this place, or at least, some friends of mine...  
Just use one-syllables, Billy, if it's difficult. Oh, Michael.  
Hey, smart guy. Just use one-syllable...  
Smart guy? We're being- Smart guy.  
We got somebody with a little lip on us tonight.  
Hey. Don't call me "Hey."  
This is not a conversation. This is a monologue. I talk, you listen.  
Understand me? Oh, yeah, we're listening.  
Yes? Go ahead.  
I don't want you makin' any more comments about the pizza joint.  
Do you have relatives that run the place? People gotta make money on this.  
Uncle Vinnie or someone? There are people...  
You know what, Michael? You're a meatball.  
- Debbie in Highland Park. - My name is Debbie.  
Hello, Debbie. How old are you?  
I'm 23. Uh-huh.  
What do you do? I don't do anything.  
When was the last time you did something?

I don't know. |About a month ago.  
What'd you do a month ago? |I went swimmin'!  
Mm-hmm. |What do you do for money?  
I got my brother. |I haven't made any.  
Debbie, you're a leech.  
Don't you think it's time you got |off your duff, started making money?  
Well, not really. |I got everything I want.  
But, Debbie, what do you need? Well...  
What are you missing that |you need? A guy. A boyfriend.  
A guy? What do you have |to offer a guy?  
Well...  
I have nice, |shiny long hair...  
A guy could buy |himself a wig.  
You can tell I don't have a wig. |It never falls off.  
You're terrific, darling. |But seriously, Debbie.  
Aren't you shooting for anything more |in life than looking for a free meal?  
Not really.  
You wanna lie around till you |find somebody to take care of you.  
Yeah. |You're dynamic, darling.  
Rhonda from Garland on the line. |Rhonda, you're on Night Talk.  
Barry, I want to |express my views...  
What are you doing, Steve? |Looking at this Dietz guy.  
...up in New York City, givin' |out needles to drug addicts.  
They have to do it to stop |AIDS. Clean needles help.  
It's immoral for the |government of this country...  
tax dollars to be |goin' to addicts.  
But it's all right for our tax |dollars, four billion of them,  
to go into a system |that's a complete joke.  
More drugs than ever |are coming into this country.  
Our courts, our jails |are clogged with cases.  
The other night up in New York City, |crack dealers killed another cop.  
Any kid who wants a hit |can get one. That's right.  
When are we gonna |wake up, Rhonda?  
When are we going to admit that drug |prohibition is not working in this  
country?  
I think- |Know what I think?  
I think we should legalize all |drugs, as sinister as that sounds.  
That's the dumbest thing |I ever heard. Is it?  
A junkie could go to a |drugstore, More stuff, Laura.  
sign his name, |get the stuff for a buck...  
then he doesn't have to rob or |kill for his habit. Thanks, Ellen.  
You cannot let children |have drugs.  
Why not? They're gonna |get it anyway. Why not?  
In America today we're talking about |shooting up in the eighth grade.

We have a moral obligation|to the children.  
Know what the most|dangerous drug is?  
It's heroin.|No, it's legal.  
It's tobacco.|It kills 350, 000 people a year.  
You know how much coke, crack,|heroin, pot kill every year?  
Four thousand people. Will you|listen to sense? Hello? Let me check.  
Will you listen to logic,|please?  
The only people who benefit|from prohibition...  
are the gangsters|makin' the money on it,  
the politicians condemning|it and gettin' your vote.  
And who foots the bill?|You, Rhonda Q Sucker!  
I beg your pardon!|It would end tomorrow.  
The \$200 billion drug problem in this|country could disappear overnight.  
Legalize the damn stuff. Do it|today, right after this message.  
I'm Barry Champlain.|This is Night Talk.  
We're gonna go to a message. I'll|be right back after I shoot up.  
Who's the schlub?  
Barry, Dan and I wanted to tell you|before the show we have some good news.  
Barry? Dan, I can't talk|right now. I gotta take a leak.  
I'll catch you later,|okay?  
Stu, cool it with the baseball calls|and the transvestites. How's the  
lines?  
I got five hanging on|already. Give me 45.  
You got it. Barry, I'd like|you to meet Chuck Dietz,  
V.P. in charge of advertising,|Metro Wave, Chicago.  
Really? Very nice to meet|you. It's my pleasure.  
I've been reading all|your press clippings...  
and listening to tapes|of your shows for weeks.  
And?|And you're really something.  
You're very funny.|I try to amuse.  
I'm in the middle of a show. I've|gotta move it along. Genius at work.  
Metro Wave's picking up the show starting|Monday, linking it to a national  
feed.  
Some people at Humphrey's Coffee|want to sponsor the show nationally.  
We're at cold; 30, Bar.  
Wait a minute. The show's going|national starting Monday night?  
When did this happen?  
- Don't I get a say in this? You know about this?|- Yeah.  
Dan|- We didn't know anything about it until tonight.  
No sense getting you all|excited until it panned out.  
Chuck is here to be the eyes and|ears of Metro Wave, so to speak.  
So to speak.|Fifteen, Bar.  
Why don't you go ahead.|We can talk later.  
We got a hot show. We're talking Larry King here|- coast to coast.

It's always a hot show, |Dan. Stu, find me a catheter.  
Extra hot. We'll get a |contract for six months. Jawohl.  
You're listening |to the best talk in Texas.  
Barry Champlaign on KGAB. |You know about this?  
Yeah. Chill, will you, Barry? |The bucks don't suck. Stand by.  
555-TALK. |Yo.  
Metro Wave Broadcasting |is a giant media corporation...  
specializing |in broadcast radio.  
It has 357 |affiliate stations...  
in the United States |and Canada.  
Two minutes ago |I received a phone call...  
from the man who controls |those 357 stations...  
the president of |Metro Wave Broadcasting.  
He asked me if Metro Wave |could pick up this show,  
pick up Barry Champlaign for national |syndication, beginning Monday night.  
I've had |these offers before,  
and I've been asked in the past |if I could ever soften my touch,  
go a little easier, and my |answer has always been the same;  
Take it or leave it.  
He took it.  
And so, |beginning Monday night,  
this show, Night Talk, |begins national broadcasting.  
That means the nation |is listening.  
You better have something |to say. I know I do.  
And we have Chet from Mesquite |on the line.  
Hello, Chet. |Hello?  
You think you're so smart. |Hello?  
Why are you always talkin' |about the drugs and niggers...  
and homos and Jews?  
Isn't there anything else to |talk about? You know what I hate?  
I hate people who tell me what |they don't wanna talk about.  
You don't wanna talk about blacks |and gays, why'd you bring them up?  
Sounds like you like |talking about them.  
Tell me what you wanna talk |about, or get off the phone.  
Why don't you start telling |the truth? About what?  
You know. People behind your |show, people who pay the bills.  
Talking about the sponsors |now. Don't you act dumb with me.  
What kind of a name |is Champlaign?  
I want you to cancel my plane |reservations for tonight. You changed it?  
I'm gonna come in tomorrow. Maybe |because it sounded too Jewish.  
Call Freddie. Tell him to call me |tomorrow. Change the name, get a nose  
job,  
same old story. |Chet, come on!  
He started out a bit shaky. Your |attitude reminds me of a story.

Last summer|I visited Germany.  
Wanted to take a look|at Hitler's homeland.  
Are you familiar|with Adolf Hitler, Chet?  
I'm familiar|with Adolf Hitler.  
I bet you are.  
I decided to visit the remains of a|concentration camp on the outskirts of  
Munich:  
Dachau.  
You join a tour group, go out by bus,|get out at the gate. It's chilling.  
A sign over the gate says,|"Arbeit Macht Frei. "  
It means, "Work will make you free"|- something the Nazis told their  
prisoners.  
You still listening to me,|Chet? I'm counting your lies.  
Good. I wanna make sure|you're hearing them.  
I'm walking around this concentration|camp, and I see something on the  
ground.  
I picked it up.|Guess what I found, Chet?  
A tiny Star of David.|Very old.  
Who knows? It might've belonged to|one of the prisoners at the camp.  
Maybe a small boy|torn from his parents...  
as they were dragged off|to the slaughterhouse.  
I kept that Star of David.  
I know I shouldn't have, but I did.|I keep it right here on my console.  
I like to hold it|sometimes.  
In fact, well...|I'm holding it right now.  
I like to hold it in my hand|to give me courage.  
Maybe some of the courage that small|boy had as he faced unspeakable  
evil...  
can enter me as I face|the trials in my own life...  
as I face the cowardly|and the narrow-minded.  
The bitter, bigoted people who|hide behind anonymous phone calls...  
full of hatred|and poisonous bile.  
The gutless,|spineless people...  
like you, Chet,|who make me puke!  
Keep talkin', Jewboy.|Life is short.  
Stu, let's send|a microwave oven out to Chet.  
And we have Kent on the line.|Yeah, Kent?  
I need help.|Shoot.  
I like to party|with my girlfriend.  
How old are you?|Nineteen.  
How old's your girlfriend?|Seventeen.  
Okay, go ahead. So we|like to party, you know?  
When you're partying, where|are your parents? On a vacation.  
He's so excited about it.|Look at him.

I think it's Fiji. | Is that right?  
Is there a place called Fiji? Excuse | me. I'm gonna take care of some stuff.  
Your parents are on vacation in a | place called Fiji, and you're partying.  
Yeah, that's what I wanted | to ask you about, Bar.  
See, we've been partying | for a couple of days. Uh-huh.  
Smokin' coke, crack.  
Free-base.  
Sounds pretty sordid, Kent. You've | been smoking crack with your girlfriend.  
What else you been up to? | Drinkin'.  
Mm-hmm. | I don't know.  
I drank a bottle of 100-proof whiskey | yesterday 'cause I was gettin'  
paranoid.  
Jill was doin' some acid | with some Valium.  
It was...  
Kent, you need to call a | doctor, have your stomach pumped.  
Let me give you a number to | call. That's why I'm callin' you.  
Why? | It's Jill.  
She's been sleepin' a long time | - No, no, no.  
She's been sleepin' | and she won't wake up.  
Don't waste my time with this baloney. | When you get outta detox, give me a  
call.  
She's turnin' blue. | She's turning blue?  
Great. Just give Stu your address | and we'll send an ambulance there now.  
Give Stu your address, we'll | send an ambulance in two minutes.  
I can't! I can't! I'm gonna | get your address. Kent, hello?  
Hello?  
I'm really glad people like Kent | are out there and I'm inside here.  
We're gonna go to | a little commercial break now.  
Whoo-whee! Jericho's Pizza, down | Route 111 at the Jericho Turnpike.  
They got pizza you'll never forget. One | slice, you don't have to eat for a  
week.  
I saw a guy in there combing his hair with | his stuff off the plate.  
Jericho's Pizza.  
We have the news and weather coming up, | then we'll be back with more Night  
Talk.  
Here's your mail. | You read it.  
What's the problem tonight? | Fight with the old lady?  
No, there's no problems. | Throwing me some real curve balls.  
What's wrong with curve | balls, Bar? Some call.  
It's a hoax. | How can you be sure?  
A hoax. Stu, who's this | Henry? You didn't give me this.  
Who's Denise from Fort | Worth? I didn't get that.  
- Maybe Laura should take the calls. | - These people were stiffs.  
You want stiffs, I'll | give you stiffs. No, Stu.



I don't want stiffs. Am I speaking English? Read my lips.  
Keep the show moving, give me stuff I can work with.  
You having trouble understanding me? No, I'm not having trouble.  
As a matter of fact, I read you loud and clear.  
Good!  
Barry?  
Barry.  
Honey, just relax. Everything's under control.  
It's my ass on the line, not yours.  
All you have to do is just be nice.  
Okay? Just for tonight.  
You be nice, Laura. It's what you're good at.  
You're not gonna lose even with a 15...  
Jerry, I'm gonna put you on hold. Something wrong, Barry?  
I can't work with him breathing down my neck. I want him out now!  
I have your contract right here. Why don't you take it and look it over.  
You dump it on me the Friday before it's gonna happen.  
You stick some putz in the middle of my studio.  
I feel like I'm auditioning for my own job!  
Barry, calm down. You don't care.  
Just stick me out there, see how it goes.  
Doesn't work out, flush Barry down the toilet, right?  
You're not gonna get me to apologize for getting you a slot on national  
radio.  
I worked very hard on this deal, and I'm happy with it.  
If you're not, we tear up the contract,  
we don't do the Metro Wave hookup.  
Big mistake, guy. I think it's worth the gamble because I think the show is  
good.  
Barry, you are good. And it will blow them away everywhere it's heard.  
Dietz goes with the deal. Grin and bear it.  
You do your job, I'll do mine.  
Did you run Sani Clean before the news?  
Yes, I did. You up with your log?  
There's a Harry's, a Firestone, a logo. They're all on track.  
Good. Don't let it get to you. It's been a strange night.  
There's nothing strange about it. How long you been working here?  
Four months. How long you been sleeping with him?  
Listen, Ellen. I was gonna cheer you up.  
Metro Wave, the network, is picking up the show. We're going national.  
Oh, my God. In Chicago too? Yeah, in Chicago too.  
It's not that simple- You must be so excited!  
Yeah, of course I'm excited.  
We got this character here from the company keeping an eye on me.

I'll be right off the phone. Ellen, |will you tell him you're talking to me?  
I like this stuff. Nights like |tonight are what it's all about.  
You either get used to it |or you get lost.  
That's what his wife did | - left him. So did the two producers who were here  
before you.  
But big Stu stayed, |didn't he?  
I don't have to take his shit. I'm |not his wife. You're not, but I am.  
This is not the best time |forme to talk.  
Yeah, yeah. |I'm sorry I'm calling so late.  
It's just that This is |important. Barry, 20!  
I need your help with something. |I never ask you for anything and...  
Barry...  
Can you come to Dallas |over the weekend, till Tuesday?  
What? I need someone |here I can trust. It's...  
- It's important. | - Damn it! Come on!  
I don't think he's |gonna let me. Forget it.  
Forget it. |Don't come.  
He answered, | "The night he didn't come home. "  
No, that happened all the time. |Ellen?  
I'm thinking, okay?  
Five, Bar.  
Alright. Sunday? You pick me |up at the airport. Strap in, Bar.  
Yeah, I'll be there. |Here we go.  
- Look, I gotta go. Bye. | - You're listening to the best talk in Texas.  
The phone lines are open, and |your calls are invited now...  
at 555-TALK.  
Bob, what a relief. |How you doing tonight?  
Terrific. |Very well, thank you.  
I hope you're not gonna get |too busy to take my calls.  
No show is complete without |your call. How are the legs?  
They're fine | - an ache or two. But you know what I say?  
When they give you lemons, |make lemonade.  
You can't cry over spilled |milk. Cry, and you cry alone.  
You can't lose |what you never had.  
Because you don't know |what you got until you lost it.  
So don't lose hope. |This too shall pass.  
Because today is the first day |of the rest of your life.  
Yeah, and it's always darkest |before dawn. Bob, could I just...  
People think that life in a wheelchair |must be the worst thing in the  
world.  
That's not the way |I look at it.  
I imagine the worst thing |in the world would be...  
bein' unthankful for all the good |things that come our way everyday.  
The smiles on little children, |flowers bloomin',

little birds chirpin', sittin' on the|buddin' branches on a bright spring day.

Why, hell, just the sun comin'|up every day is a miracle.

I couldn't agree with you more,|especially that part about the sun.

We get bogged down in our daily troubles|and we forget about the simple things.

Oh, I forgot one more thing|to be thankful for.

What's that?|The Barry Champlain show.

Thank you, Bob.|Listen, we gotta run.

Know you can't, but we can. So God bless you|- One more thing.

Don't put all your eggs in one|basket. A bird in the hand...

- Good night. And we have-|- Debbie, you still there?

- Turn your radio down. Stop crying.|- Well, I'm black.

Good for you.|What do you want? A medal?

Well, no, I don't. Don't play|with me like them other people.

I want you to know...

that I enjoy listening to your show,|and I want to say, I like you Jews.

Well, I like you blacks.|I think everyone should own one.

What I mean to say is,

Uh-huh. I have many|friends who are Jewish.

Really? How many?|Well, three or four.

I wouldn't call that "many."|They're very nice people.

They're educated|and they're good in business.

John, I don't know how to break this to you,|but you'll never get in the B'nai B'rith.

You're black. Don't you know|how Jews feel about blacks?

They hate you! They see you schwartzes on|the street, they cross to the other side.

You know those slums in south Dallas|where the rats eat babies for breakfast?

Jews own those slums! What do you mean, I|love Jews? Are you some kind of Uncle Tom?

What the hell you know about|Uncle Tom? I think brotherhood...

I don't care what you think!|No one does!

You wanna know why? Because you're|trying to kiss the master's butt.

What? You call me up, try to get|deep on how much you love Jews.

You're lying. You hate them.|You hate me!

I don't kiss nobody's butt!|Sure you do! You kiss my butt.

You're kissing my butt right now.|If you weren't, you'd hang up on me.

I don't wanna hang up on you!|Then I'll do you the favor.

- Night Talk.|Debbie, you're on.

Barry?|Mm-hmm.

This is Debbie again.

Oh, Debbie. Right.

She of the long hair,|my zombie queen, my fantasy.  
How are you, my belle?|Bad.  
I've been thinkin' about|what you said.  
I wanna ask you somethin'.|Yeah?  
What's wrong with me?|What?  
Chet's back. You've had Debbie on twice.|I don't think you should take the call.  
Barry? I can handle|it. Just shoot it to me.  
This is too important. I'm not gonna jump|through hoops tonight just because of this...  
Please,|tell him to put it on.  
Yeah, Debbie, look,|you should see the shape I'm in.  
I mean, nothing a good plastic surgeon|or a glass of cyanide wouldn't fix.  
I mean, you're young. You got|your whole life ahead of you.  
Why don't I go anywhere?  
Well, you gotta|stand up first.  
I mean, every journey|begins with a single step.  
You gotta go for it,|pumpkin.  
Me and Linda used to go out,|but she moved to Houston.  
Yeah- Heh!|Listen, Debbie, Debbie.  
You got two arms and two legs? Yeah.  
Are you blind?|No.  
You got a belly button?|Yeah.  
Two belly buttons?|No, I got one.  
Are you sure?|Have you looked lately?  
Yeah. I got one.|You're gonna be fine.  
You're gonna be just fine.  
And we have... Chet from|Mesquite on the line. Chet?  
So now everyone in the country|can hear your big mouth flap.  
Chet, so nice|to hear from you again.  
Shouldn't you be out burning|crosses or molesting children?  
I'd rather be talking to you.|How about training pit bulls?  
Think you're so smart.  
You get the package|I sent down to the station?  
Package?  
You got it, I know you did.|You sent me a present?  
I couldn't decide whether|to use a timer or not.  
You'll have to find that out|when you open it.  
You're telling me|you sent me a bomb in the mail?  
Wrapped in brown paper. I know|you're lookin' at it right now.  
You just take some C-4,  
roll it in a pile of nuts and bolts|and pebbles, and it does the job.  
Sounds interesting, Chet.|I didn't receive your package.  
Sure you sent it to the|right address? You got it.

If I were you, I'd have my pretty|assistant give the police a call.  
Take the bomb squad|ten minutes to get there.  
Why should I call|the bomb squad, Chet?  
Because some pinheaded redneck moron|tells me there's a bomb in my mail?  
He who laughs last...  
Shut up!  
Night Talk.|Denise, you're on.  
I'm scared, Barry. What|are you scared of, babe?  
Nothin' specifically,|but on the other hand...  
it's like everywhere I go...  
Mm-hmm. Yeah?  
Barry, you know,|we've got...  
a garbage disposal in our|kitchen sink. Yeah, it's fine.  
Tell Dan my mail|is my business.  
This is not funny. You tell|Dan my mail is my business.  
You know how that feels when you have|to reach down there into that gook...  
and put your hand around?  
Who knows what|could be down there?  
Dan, I hope you're not calling the cops.|If you are, I'm gonna get really  
pissed off.  
Get off the phone|or I walk.  
There's germs you can't even|see. Don't waste my time, man.  
Hang it or I walk!|They grow there.  
Hang it up! They come back up the pipes.  
- Salmonella, yeast, cancer, even|the common cold. Who knows?  
But, Barry, even without|all of that, what if...  
and I'm just sayin'|what if...  
what if that disposal came on|while your hand was down there?  
And it goes around and around|- Denise, tell me something.  
You're telling me that you're afraid of the|garbage disposal in your  
mother's kitchen?  
Well, it's not just|the garbage disposal.  
I like things|to be clean, Barry.  
How often does|this happen?  
Couple times since|I've been here.  
Like the houses on our street. Used|to be we knew who lived on our street.  
But that was years ago. Now all|different kinds of people live here...  
foreigners,|people with accents.  
Are they sanitary? Why|don't you ask one of them?  
That would be a nice idea to|just go to somebody's house...  
and knock on their door,  
but what if a serial murderer|lived there?  
What if Ted Bundy|lived there?  
What if he was sittin' inside watchin'|television, and I came to the door?

"Why, you just come right on|in here, Denise, " he'd say.  
That's why I don't go to|strange people's houses anymore.  
I keep the doors locked at all times,|but that's not gonna solve anything.  
You're not gonna stop a plane from|crashin' onto your house, are you?  
No. The mailman brings|me unsolicited mail.  
The postage stamp could've been|licked by somebody with AIDS.  
My mother's a threat to my life|just by persistin' to go out there.  
- Out where? Where does your mother go?|- Barry...  
Barry, did you know there's this|terrible dust storm in California?  
It has these fungus spores|in it, and these spores...  
get into people's lungs|and their bloodstream...  
and it grows,|and then it kills them.  
Strange air.|Strange air, Barry.  
Oh, I hear my mother's key|in the door.  
Strange air.|Well, uh...  
That about wraps up another thrilling|episode with the man you love to  
love.  
Gotta go home now,|take care of the goldfish.  
Stay tuned, 'cause Monday's when|Night Talk begins national syndication,  
allowing the good folks of Dallas|to have verbal intercourse...  
with the rest of the U.S.A.  
But don't go away yet.  
If you've got any psychological|problems or you're just plain suicidal,  
Dr. Sheila Fleming is here, and she'll|be glad to give you some dubious  
advice.  
Or if you're just a level headed, happy,|normal person, you can turn the  
radio off.  
Until Monday, this is Barry|Champlaign reminding you that...  
sticks and stones can break your|bones, but words cause permanent damage.  
# Bad to the bone|B- B-B-B-Bad #  
It's time to strap him up and wheel|him away for his weekend therapy.  
But Barry Champlaign will be back|with more Night Talk Monday...  
on KGAB, Dallas.  
Barry, my man.|What's happenin'?  
The coach is here. You're gonna say|a few words and then give him the cup,  
and then he's gonna talk. Yeah.  
Now, you're gonna be|introduced by Mel in the booth.  
Got it.|You hear the show last night?  
A great show.|Great show.  
Listen, I never got that autographed|picture that you promised...  
so I can hang it|in my restaurant.  
You were supposed to send it over|three weeks ago. It slipped my mind.  
Slipped your mind? What mind? What|could be more important than that Dino?  
I'll send it over first thing|tomorrow. Don't go to any trouble.

No trouble. |Where is he?  
There he is.  
Stick around. You are the |greatest, Barry! All right.  
See you. |See you later.  
He's a great guy, huh? Of course he is.  
He thinks you're God. |What bit you in the ass?  
You're pissed' cause I tell you to get |a picture for the guy, which is your  
job.  
I'm pissed because you haven't said two |words to me all week except to boss  
me around.  
We work together. That's the deal. |I'm the boss. I boss you around.  
It's more than that. It's like you're |always angry with me. Excuse me.  
You're Barry Champlain, |aren't you? Yeah.  
Can I have an autograph? |Thanks. Sure thing.  
Hi. |Hi.  
Here you go. |Thanks a lot.  
I love your show.  
Okay, see you later.  
Back in the cage.  
I used to listen to your show |when I was in high school.  
I'm supposed to be doing my homework, and | - Barry?  
You wanna make it out |to Joe Bob, please? Sure.  
You should have called. I would |have come and tucked you in.  
Thanks, Barry. |God bless.  
God bless you, |Joe Bob.  
The show going national is |important. Let's work together.  
Just be a little more careful |around this guy Dietz.  
This is a big thing, |Barry.  
Right. I'm not greasing |my way up a pole.  
I resent it that when I talk to |you like your producer... All right.  
you treat me |like a girlfriend,  
and when I talk to you like your |girlfriend, you treat me like your wife.  
I'm not following the drift |of this conversation.  
We work together, we |sleep together. That's it.  
I didn't know when we started seeing each |other I was enrolling in a  
self-help course.  
If I'm angry, |that's who I am.  
For better or for worse, that's |what got me where I am today.  
If you think it's tough on the outside, |just be thankful you weren't born  
me.  
I've gotta be out of my mind |picking a fight with you.  
You a little moody today? |Is that the problem?  
Excuse me. Are you |Mr. Barry Champlain?  
Uh, maybe.

Could I have your autograph? Sure, sure.  
You do a great job|on the show.  
I couldn't do it without you. Thank you.  
I listen to your show|all the time.  
I think you're a sick,|foul-mouthed, disgusting man,  
and you make people really|nauseous 365 days a year.  
It just goes to show what masochists|people are, they listen 365 days a  
year.  
I don't know why they leave your|show on the air. Let's get outta here.  
Everybody I know hates it. It|makes me wanna throw my radio out.  
Let's go. If you don't like|the show, why do you listen?  
'Cause I'm waitin' for a better|program that's on later.  
Waiting for another program? There|are 30 other shows on in Dallas.  
You listen to my show|every night. Makes sense.  
I feel real sorry for you, and I think|you should be ashamed of yourself.  
- You're such a pathetic nerd.|- I should be ashamed?  
At least I don't show up in public, half in|the bag, making an utter jerk  
out of myself.  
You have no credibility. You|like what I do. You need me.  
But you have no sense of humor, which|is why you can never enjoy the show,  
which is why you're a loser, like|all people who have no sense of humor.  
And you are categorically|one of them. Good-bye.  
- Furthermore- - Lady, what|the hell is the matter with you?  
What'd you do? What|happened to your suit? Jesus.  
All right,|you're gonna be fine.  
Come on. Let's go.  
All of us are here for something very|important and exciting at S.M. U.,  
and I think you know|what I'm talking about.  
Who's ready for a new beginning?|How about Mustang football this fall?  
That's what I thought.  
Now|- Now, to introduce the new man in charge of football here at S.M.U.,  
our own KGAB radio personality-|the man you love to love...  
ladies and gentlemen,|Mr. Barry Champlaign!  
Thank you. On my way|over here tonight, I...  
I was finding out that...  
They love me.|They really love me.  
Ladies and gentlemen,|let's calm down.  
A different kind of welcome|than I've ever experienced.  
Barry?  
Barry!  
Barry.  
Hello? Laura, it's Dan. Is Barry there?  
Hang on a second.  
It's Dan.|Hmm?



Did I wake you up?|I'm sorry.  
No, I always get up ten hours|before I have to go to work.  
It's Sunday, your day off|from self-loathing.  
You said you didn't want Dietz breathing|down your neck, so we had a drink.  
He's a sharp guy. Loves you, loves the show.|You should sit down with him,  
have a chat.  
Is he gonna give|you orders now?  
I figured you'd look at it that way,|so I set up a meeting for Sunday  
brunch.  
What? He's got some great ideas, Bar.  
The guy wouldn't know an idea|if it crawled on his kneecap.  
Just hold your horses|for one minute.  
Chuck and I decided before we hit national|air we should establish a few  
ground rules.  
Ground rules? What is this, Dan?|A radio station or an airport?  
Will you shut the fuck up and|listen? No, I won't listen to you.  
I knew that when that corporate cannibal|came into my studio I was in  
trouble.  
What difference does it make|to you? It's just a show, right?  
Are you saying I don't care? Nobody cares|more than I do. I don't wanna  
hear it.  
I'm gonna come in tomorrow night, I'm|gonna do the same show I do every  
night.  
And blow the deal.|If it means that, yes.  
I do my show, or I don't|do a show. Good-bye.  
You f...  
I gotta take a piss.  
Hello?|Is Barry there?  
Who's calling, please? Look, I'm|in a rush. Could you just get Barry?  
Barry, phone again!|It's a woman!  
Get her number. I'll call|her back. He'll call you back.  
It's a pay phone. I can't|call you back. Who is this?  
Look, just tell Barry|it's his ex-wife. Huh!  
It's a pay phone. She can't you|call back. It's your ex-wife.  
Shit.  
Give me that. Ellen, hi. I'm|down at the airport. Remember?  
What airport? Dallas. What|do you think? It's Sunday.  
You told me to be here.|Uh, well, great.  
Are you too busy,|or are you coming to get me?  
Yeah. No, I'm not busy.|I'm just doing some work here.  
Who answered the phone? I|thought you said you were alone.  
It's just my secretary. Look,|Ellen, what airline are you on?  
American Airlines.|Maybe I should just leave.  
No, you stay there. I'll|see you in 20 minutes, okay?

You better be here. Yeah, |I'll see you in 20 minutes.  
Are you alright? I'm fine. |I'll see you in 20 minutes.  
Okay. See ya. Bye.  
I gotta get her now.  
Where are my shoes?  
What? |Don't give me that look.  
Hey.  
Hey, come here. She wants to |be here for the national show.  
What am I supposed to do? |Say no? Huh?  
What did Dan want?  
Wants me to come in |and kiss Dietz's ass.  
I told him |to kiss my microphone.  
Look, uh...  
Can you clean up around here |a bit before you go? Huh?  
Where's my shoes?  
I'll call you later, |okay?  
You look nice. |Thanks.  
You look great. |You look good too.  
Except for my wrinkled clothes. Except for | - I miss you, so what?  
So what have you been doing? I hate when |you call me in the middle of the  
night.  
Lou is so pissed off at me, |I had a fight.  
I had a fight at the end of this |with Lou. You're too good for Lou.  
Don't start, Barry. |Barry, don't start.  
You been going to a health |club? You're such a jerk.  
Excuse me? You been going to |a health club or something?  
Why? |You look dynamite.  
I left you. I look |dynamite 'cause I left you.  
Jesus. I spend time, |a little, on my own self.  
I'm working too. I'm not |at someone's beck and call.  
Ellen this, Ellen that. |I want this, I want that.  
I may not have worked for you | - You just have to bring him food. Is that  
basically it?  
Don't start. "Bring me |another plate of spaghetti. "  
You're such |a troublemaker.  
Why doesn't he go to the health |club? Probably can't fit in the door.  
He does. Barry!  
Hey, I have no bad feelings |about Lou.  
I'm glad he's so lucky.  
You know, I'm glad that somebody's |treating you nice for a change.  
I have some time for myself. |It's kinda, you know, it's...  
When I was with you, I spent |so much time taking care of you,  
and Lou sometimes |even takes care of me.  
Um...

I don't know. |It's a different lifestyle.  
You're like a carnival,  
and he's more like |homogenized milk.  
Why are you staring at me?  
I miss you.  
I miss you too.  
What's this hold |you have on me?  
Love.  
I'm sorry. I'm not supposed to |say stuff like that. I forgot.  
Barry, what do you want me to |do? Fall in love with you again?  
Is that what this is about? I |don't want you doing anything.  
I mean, you're here. That's all I | - I'm happy that you're here.  
I- I don't know- I have to |go at the end of the day...  
or tomorrow...  
and I can't keep coming |back and forth.  
I- You know, |you've got success.  
You know, the most important thing is, |you've got to start loving yourself.  
You got that. You are good. |You are wonderful.  
Now, feel it and know |you have to have a life.  
Find someone with a soul. Mm-hmm.  
Don't just fall in love |with some girl's body.  
I mean, you do like a |girl's body, didn't you?  
The only problem was I got |caught. Yeah, what can you do?  
Maybe you should've stayed |at your mom's that day.  
Tony, keep the taper nice |and tight around the waist.  
Judge wants to look hot |for his old lady.  
Don't you think these lapels are |too much for an awards ceremony?  
Judge, everyone's gonna be wearing |these lapels by this time next year.  
Wait and see. You need |a shirt to go with that.  
What do you think about |that referendum coming up?  
I was gonna ask you the |same question. Perfect.  
Throwin' this in free of charge. Gift |from me and Teddy. Very kind of you.  
Judge, you bring out the |woman in me. You're gorgeous.  
Hey, good-looking.  
Tony, why don't you show the |judge back to the dressing rooms.  
I'll just take this |up for you. Thank you.  
Been out shopping? Buy any |see-through undies? Uh-huh.  
I thought we'd have |lunch together.  
Love to, babe. |Having lunch with the judge.  
He's gonna help me out with that |zoning variance for the nightclub.  
Okay, work's important. |What about dinner?  
I can't. |Moe Thompson's stag party.  
City Council president. |Come on.  
Make sure there are no women. Hey.

Tomorrow night, you and me, dinner,|just the two of us. The Caprice?  
Promise? Flowers? Mariachi|bands? I promise. Tablecloths.  
Barry.|Music. What, Vince?  
Someone you gotta meet. Guess who|this is. Go ahead, guess. What, Vince?  
I have no idea.|Your Cousin Al.  
No. What a joker.|Jeff, say something.  
What is this, performing seal|time? Cut another caller off.  
You're history. Ptt!|You're on Talk of the Town.  
You're Jeff Fisher.  
In my store. I can't believe it.|I listen to your show all the time.  
You're great, man. You look|different than I thought.  
You thought I'd be 6'2", in spurs? Yeah.  
This is my wife, Ellen.|Nice to meet you.  
- Yeah, the craziest people|call in that show.  
I think of calling|myself sometimes.  
You're too shy, right?|I can tell.  
Don't I listen all the|time? He thinks you're God.  
Thank you, sir. Wish we had|your picture. We could put it up.  
I'll send you one.|You've got quite a voice.  
Voice?|You ever do radio?  
I've thought of doing some|radio. Only came in for a second.  
I gotta run. Listen, Vince,|send the jacket to my home.  
- Uh- Uh- What's your name?|- Barry. Barry Golden. Yeah.  
Anytime you're in the|neighborhood, stop by the station.  
Love to show you around, let you|say a couple of words, Yeah, sure.  
sell some suits,|plug the store.  
My secretary'll send the picture. Don't|forget the sleeves. Nice meeting  
you.  
Bye-bye!|Bye!  
The topic is|fantasy love affairs.  
Who would you like to have|a love affair with?  
We're here with our good friend,|Barry. What's your name this week?  
Barry Champlaign, man. Barry|Champlaign, man, is here,  
and he has said "his wife." Mm-hmm.  
These are supposed to be|famous people,  
unless your wife's gotten around|a lot more than I think she has.  
Come on. Your wife's|not listening, okay?  
Who would you really like to|get up close and personal with?  
Marie Osmond, I think, is very|sexy. That's one for Marie Osmond.  
In black leather, yeah.|The studio fish is blushing.  
She is sex incarnate, man.|She's a Mormon, isn't she?  
Mormons believe in bigamy. Marie,|I want to marry you right now.  
Come down to the station.|I want you, Marie.  
Okay! We'll take another caller.|Yeah, you're on Talk of the Town.

Yeah, you know what I think? You|two are a couple of liberal pinkos.  
That's what I think. Are you|two homos? Is that what you are?  
You know what you are,|my friend, you are history.  
Wait.|The caller has a point.  
It's true, sir, indeed,|Jeff Fisher and I are lovers.  
Have been for the last 15 years. In|fact, we're holding hands right now.  
Probably nigger lovers too.|Yeah, what race are you, sir?  
I'm white,|and I'm proud of it.  
As one white man to another,|let me ask you a question.  
Do you know how much white Americans|spend every year on suntan lotion?  
\$165 million!  
That's a lot of money to spend|just to turn brown.  
You know why they wanna turn|brown? Jeff, do you know why?  
Let's take another caller.|This is an interesting question.  
They wanna turn brown because|they secretly want to be black.  
You know why they wanna be black?|These and other questions...  
Because they feel|sexually inferior.  
You're a smart-mouth homo.|That's what you are.  
Okay, okay.|You're an inbred throwback...  
Ha-hoo! It's a Texas rodeo, yes|indeed. We'll hose 'em down...  
and be right back|after this commercial break.  
When I say "cut, "|you stop talking.  
We've been through this before.|You're fun and the audience likes you,  
but I'm not gonna lose|my license over this shit.  
Why would you lose|your license?  
It's called Standards and Prac|- Jeff, pick up seven.  
Thank you. Standards and Practices.|You ever heard of it? Yeah?  
Oh, he's funny, yeah.  
Yeah, right, yeah, sure.  
Sells suits.

**Tomorrow at 10:**

I'll ask him.|Hold on.  
Can you come in tomorrow|morning, meet the boss at 10:00?  
- What for?|What I would do is...  
have a swimming pool|and a sauna...  
Boring. Come on,|you could do better than that.  
Line four. Nancy, what would|you do with a million bucks?  
Barry,|I just love your show.  
Send me your measurements and a nude|photograph, and I'll get back to you.  
Line one, Frank in Grapevine.|Yeah, Frank?  
I'm a Chicano-|Good for you. I'm a Jew.  
Now, this is serious, dude.|Wrong show.  
Look, Stu, I don't think we've had a decent|answer to this question all

night long.

Now, come on, people, |you gotta give me a good answer,

Yeah, hold on. |or I'm gonna punish ya.

Okay, let's go to...

Let's go to | - Here, talk to Barry. Come on. Talk to Barry.

Line one, you're on. Say something, |anything. Ready? Say something.

Say something. Uh, |yeah, this is Cheryl Ann.

What are you gonna do with |a million bucks, Cheryl Ann?

If I had a million bucks, I would |buy my own radio transmitter...

and start my own |talk show,

so I wouldn't have to listen |to your voice.

If you hate my voice so much, |why don't you change the station?

I can't. |Why not.

I'm in prison, and the warden |picks the shows we listen to.

Good. You're lying. You love my voice.

I hate your voice. |You love my voice.

It's a love-hate situation. You |can't get enough of my voice.

Come on. Admit it. |You're full of it!

If you don't love my voice, |then hang up. Come on. Hang up.

You love me. Come on. |Hang up. Hang up!

I hate you, |Barry Champlaign!

Beautiful. I love it.

Not good enough. Folks, |you let me down once again.

For that, |you must be punished.

This is the Bee Gees, and this |one's going out to you, Cheryl Ann,  
singing "Saturday Night Fever" |ten times in a row.

- Best call we've had in |a couple of weeks, I swear.

That was great, honey. We gotta |get Cheryl Ann calling more often.

They're eating this stuff up, Barry. |See that piece in the paper today?

The thing about me looking for |a bodyguard? Great publicity.

You want this ten times |in a row, seriously?

No, make it three times. |I'll be back in a minute.

Three it is. |Beautiful show. I love it.

# Burn, baby, burn #

# Burn, baby, burn # |In here?

Ooh.

That was great. |The kiss or the call?

Dan just gave me |some good news.

I'm getting |the 10:00 a.m. slot.

He's hiring a producer |just for my own show.

Oh, Barry, that's wonderful. |Yeah. You wanna do it?

Huh? You'd be the best person to do it.

You're smart, you're hardworking, |you do everything I tell you to do.

Um, Barry, I think you |better get someone else.

I don't think it's a good|idea. It's a great idea.  
Come on.|You gotta do it.  
No, I don't think so. Do|it. Come on. I need you.  
Barry, if I work for you, the|fun would go out it, you know?  
There'd be a lot of tension. It|might even screw up our marriage.  
Fuck our marriage. Come on.|This is important. I need you.  
Don't you want the show to be as good|as it can be? Aren't you behind me?  
You gotta be joking.|Of course I'm not joking.  
You just said,|"Fuck our marriage."  
I'm joking.  
This is getting really boring.|I'm gonna switch it, all right?  
I just thought that...  
Forget it.  
I'm very proud of you.  
It's wonderful for you.  
Come on. Okay?  
Hmm?|Come on. Okay?  
Barry?  
Baby, I don't wanna go|in the sink.  
Yeah! In the sink!  
I don't wanna go|in the sink.  
Oh-ho!|Hi, Ellen!  
Hi, Stu.  
Are you having a party?|Yeah, a sink party.  
Oh, uh, hi, hon. My mother wasn't|feeling well, so I decided to come home.  
Ellen, I thought you|and your mother were...  
uh-|Eh...  
Um, what...  
what are you two up to?  
Look, I better go out and|come back in. Barry, come back.  
You cut me off!  
Hey, Theresa, come here.|Come with Stuey,  
and have a Stuey sandwich|with Mimi and Stuey.  
You want one?  
No.  
He became a millionaire.|How about that?  
Brings back memories.  
A lot of changes. I'm|nicer, I make more money...  
and I only hang up|on one out of seven.  
...with Dallas' own Mr.|Popularity, Barry Champlaign.  
I'm Sidney Greenberg, reminding|you that it's not how much you take,  
it's how much|you take home.  
Hey!  
How's Chicago? You look great.|Great. You look great too.

Ellen, what are you|doing here?

I couldn't miss|Barry's premiere.

Yeah, we only have a couple of|minutes. You mind if I steal Barry?

You know where the green room is.|Have a cup of coffee. We'll catch up.

Sure. Bye.

Evening, Barry. I have|two minutes. What is it?

I'll make it brief. I know|you've got your show to do.

Barry, we've run into some|slight scheduling problems...

concerning|the national feed.

We're gonna have to delay it|for at least a couple of weeks.

Hi, Stuey.

Ellen! Holy cow!|I knew you'd show up.

Jesus, let me look at you here. Are|you taking young pills or something?

Wanna step into my crib|with me? You must be excited.

Oh, yeah, I'm jumping out|of my skin. You kidding me?

I called my mother and told her we're|gonna broadcast all over the country.

She says, "Stuart, that's|beautiful. What country?"

Good to see you.|It's good to see you.

Hi, I'm Laura Nicholson. I|spoke to you on the phone. Hi.

Oh, it's nice to meet you.|You must be Barry's secretary.

No, actually, I'm his producer. We're|going in a few seconds. Excuse me.

Let's go. From the heart|of the Lone Star state,

it's time for Dallas' most|popular talk show, Night Talk...

- with Barry Champlain.|- # Bad to bone #

The KGAB phone lines are open|and ready for your call...

at 555-TALK.

Nice to meet you. Nice to|meet you. Isn't this exciting?

I've just received|some terrible news.

Night Talk will not be broadcast|nationally tonight...

due to the usual corporate,|big business, inefficiency,

sloppiness and bureaucracy.

I've just been informed|of a scheduling problem.

Nothing personal, nothing|logical, just business as usual.

Maybe the show will go national|next week, maybe next month.

No one seems to know.|I'm sorry.

I feel I've let you,|the listeners, down.

But I've been in this business long|enough to know you can lose the battle...

and still win the war.

Night Talk still has a purpose,|a standard to which it must rise,

and I will not let you down|on that score.

This show is about saying|what's got to be said.

That's what|we're gonna do here tonight.

Tonight, anything goes.



I wanna hear you. I want you to|tell me what you really think.  
No holds barred. Call|555-TALK. I'm sorry.  
The door is open.|Hit me with your best shot.  
Night Talk.|Jerry from Rockwell.  
You're on.|Barry.  
Have you ever entertained|one single doubt...  
about the truth|of the Holocaust?  
I think we've had|this conversation before, sir.  
When you make these accusations against Jews,|when you start questioning  
the Holocaust,  
I think you should have some facts|available, and the facts are available.  
Well, of course. We'd love to|sit down and debate them with you.  
Uh-huh. Well, who's "we"? Am|I talking to a "we" or a "you"?  
Well, Barry, we're|organized in our belief...  
the same way the Zionists|are organized in their belief.  
We could debate it. It would|be very easy and simple.  
It would be far more simple and|valuable for you to get in touch with,  
let's say, the Holocaust|Museum down in Washington.  
Uh-huh. They'll send you|the names of all the Jews...  
who died during World War 11.  
They have all this information. I mean, the|first one to say if somebody  
made a mistake...  
They say six million died? It could've|been five million or seven million.  
It could be two also.  
Is that the issue? That two|million innocent people died?  
Why should one single innocent|person die, Jew or non-Jew? I agree.  
But the Zionists are using this issue|and the guilt on the American  
public...  
to extort from us|our tax dollars.  
The figures we have say|every family in Israel...  
gets over\$10, 000|of our taxes.  
Well, you'll never see more|collective poverty than in Israel.  
I urge you to take a trip there. All you|got to do, Barry, is go to West  
Virginia.  
What does West Virginia have to|do with it? Or Nebraska or Idaho,  
where you'll see farmer after|farmer biting the dust, Mm-hmm.  
losing their farms, can't|get decent loans. Yeah.  
If we had the loans and grants|that are sent to Israel,  
we wouldn't be losing our farms,|which is the backbone of this country.  
And what if a woman competes with you|in the marketplace and takes your  
job?  
What if black men start dating|and marrying white women? Oh!  
And what if homosexuals|are teaching your children?  
And what if you're afraid|to walk the streets at night?

What if you see yuppies getting rich while|you're standing in the  
unemployment line?

And what if your government|sends you to Vietnam...

to fight a war they have|no chance of winning?

And what if your country|is slipping away, lost?

I know the argument, friend.

It's the great theory of|history. I've heard it before.

It says,|"When things ain't good,

"instead of getting down|and doing something about it,

instead of changing your life, it's a hell|of a lot easier to blame  
somebody else."

And it just don't wash|in my book.

Well, that's a very nice|speech, Barry, Mm-hmm.

but it seems to me you're making|pretty good money on that station.

And since you're an outsider|to these parts and all,

it seems difficult, I guess, to relate|to the common-folk problems out  
here.

There is no room for self-pity,|sir, in my life or yours.

Now, you ought to read the Turner Diaries,|Barry, by William Pierce. It's  
all there.

Mm-hmm.|It says...

Yes, I'm familiar with that novel|- a product of the enlightened man.

Now, let me finish!|Barry, I got Beauty on five.

What it does is lays out the plan|for the coming revolution. Mm-hmm.

See, the word "America, "Barry, means|"heavenly kingdom" in the gothic  
language.

Yeah. It's the real new|Jerusalem of Scripture.

It shows you how the Jews|are impostors who took...

Yeah, yeah, yeah. For those|of you who don't know it,

it starts idiotically enough in|the year 1991. That's correct.

It's written as a diary by a young,|white, racist, electrical engineer...

who joins an underground|paramilitary organization...

known as "The Order."|That's right.

Oh, am I doing all right?|Oh, great.

They institute a revolution|against ZOG,

the Zionist Occupied Government|of America.

And along the way, they kill|all the mongrel races...

Jews, blacks,|homosexuals, feminists...

and other mud people.

It's an idiotic book written for|people with bubble gum brains...

who never got out of the fourth|grade, watching reruns of The Blob.

Easy, Barry.|You're part of the problem.

You're another Jew,|another weed-eating Jew,

in control of the media|of this country.

And from there, you pass judgement|on that which you don't know.  
And there will come a day for you,|Barry, and thousands of others like  
you...  
who have slept with black women,|who have lied to us...  
when you will hang from your neck|with a placard around it saying,  
"I betrayed my race. "  
Well, what can you say to|a paranoid schizophrenic...  
who's a coward for hanging up, except|that I guess the day that I hang,  
I'll probably defend the asshole|who hung me.  
Talk radio. Free speech|isn't really free at all.  
It's actually a little bit like Russian|roulette. A very expensive  
commodity.  
You never know what's gonna come up|the next time you push the button.  
Yeah, you're on Night Talk.|I changed my name...  
and didn't have any trouble|getting Social Security.  
My birth certificate has|my name spelled differently.  
And I-|Hello?  
Yeah, it's very interesting.|What's your view on lesbian priests?  
My view on what?|How about masturbation?  
You got any view on that?|No, I don't.  
How about that law in Arizona|where it's a felony...  
to go around with|an erection in your pants?  
What do you think about that? Well,|I-I'm not really calling about that.  
Mm-hmm. If they wanna|do it, let 'em do it.  
Yeah, what?  
Kent's on three. I don't|think you should take the call.  
Lose him, Barry.|Barry? Hello?  
Yeah, yeah. Well, that's just fine|for you. Tell him to shoot it to me.  
Hello, Barry? Hello?|Well, good, good.  
That's good for you.  
Gee, tonight's just|a walk down memory lane.  
And we have Kent with us|once again.  
Yeah, Kent. I didn't|mean to hang up on you.  
Yeah, but you did. Listen, Kent,|you're a fake. You're a hoax.  
You call up with some fake-o story|about how you and your girlfriend...  
are taking drugs|and she's O.D.'d...  
and your parents are in Acapulco. Fiji.  
Oh, Fiji, right.|An important detail.  
You're just this poor, mixed-up|kid. You don't know what to do.  
I think she's dead!|What are you trying to tell me?  
That your girlfriend O.D.'d? Now|she's dead? I don't know, okay?  
I just can't get her to wake|up! Yeah, we heard that already.  
There's foam coming|out of her mouth. What?  
Foam coming out of her mouth.

Let's dump this guy, now. | It's Barry's show, boss.  
That's it. That's it. | Listen!  
My parents are in Fiji, | okay?  
And the stuff about my girlfriend | - Yeah, what?  
She | - Come on, Kent. Spit it out.  
No, you'll cut me off! | I won't cut you off, Kent.  
You promise?  
I promise I won't | cut you off, Kent.  
I made the whole thing up!  
Kent? I lied. I'm cutting you off. What?  
Get the hell out of here. No, | please! Look, I'm not lying!  
I gotta talk to you. | You gotta talk to me?  
What are you gonna talk about? | Your mother just slit her wrists?  
She's bleeding to death?  
How about your father? Got a shotgun | in his mouth? Gonna blow his brains  
out?  
Tell me, who else is dead? | Come on. Who's dead, Kent?  
Who's dead? Who's dead? | Tell me, who's dead?  
No one's dead! | No one's dead, Barry.  
Come on. Look.  
I just wanted to talk. We're | talking. You got two seconds. Talk.  
Okay, I listen to you all | the time, you know. Mm-hmm.  
I think about what you say, Bar. Yeah.  
You say such cool stuff. | Mm-hmm.  
Well, I just didn't know | what to say, you know.  
Look, I wanted to meet you.  
Now you're goofing on me. | You wanted to meet me?  
You can meet me anytime you want. | I'm right here in the station.  
You're at the station? I'm not | the president, for God's sakes.  
I'm right here, downtown, | in the studio.  
So I could just come down? | You could just come down.  
Now? Right now? | Now.  
What do you mean, right now? Right now.  
I'll just come down. | I'm on the air, Kent.  
Please?  
Sure, Kent. Why not? | Come on down. Really?  
I'd love to meet you. | Just hurry up. Allright!  
I'm halfway through the show. We're | at the end of the first hour...  
of exciting and intellectual | conversation here on Night Talk.  
Don't go away. We have the | news and the weather coming up.  
And then we'll be back | with more Night Talk.  
Barry. | Dan.  
Laura, call down and tell | Security there's a kid coming.  
Dan, you want anything? | Coffee? Tea? Insulin?

Crack?|We have it all right here.

Barry, you should ask me if you|wanna have a guest on the show.

Why? 'Cause I'm the|boss, Barry. That's why.

Dan, I'll do my job,|you do yours, okay?

He is not coming on the show.|That's it. We have too much riding...

on what's going on here tonight.|What's going on here tonight?

If they think for one minute that|you're undependable, it's over.

Dan, Metro Wave bought my show.|All right?

This is my show.|I put who I want on my show.

If I wanna have Charlie Manson on|my show, I'll put him on the show.

Or Ted Bundy|- Or how about this. I have David Berkowitz,

Bernard Goetz,|John Hinckley on.

We do a special on gun|control. How would that be?

Or how about that postman from|Oklahoma who killed 14 people, Dan?

He killed his boss. We|bring him on the show. Cut.

We bring you on as a|special guest. Out. Out.

We're gonna bring these guys on the|show. We'll have a terrific show.

Oh, boy, this'll be great.

That's funny stuff, Barry,|the mailman who killed his boss.

Did you see what the mailman|brought me today?

Huh?

We got half the wackos|within 20 miles of this place...

saying how much they wanna|"burn your Jew ass."

Think about that, Barry. The time it|takes to sit down and write that on  
paper,

put it in an envelope, lick|it, send it to the station.

And I've got boxes|of this shit in my office.

These people|are dead serious.

All I'm suggesting is that you simply|pull it back, just for a little bit.

I think you're a little|out of your depth, Dan.

I think it's time|- Just stop talking and listen to me for two minutes!

You don't have an audience|in here now to cheer you on.

You do whatever you want to tonight,|Barry. Have fun. Blow the deal.

I'm not gonna say I don't care,|because I worked very hard on this.

- I worked my ass off on this.|- This is my life you're talking about.

No, what you are, Barry, is a fucking|suit salesman with a big mouth.

Let's call a spade a spade.

It's a job.|That's all it is.

You can come in here and start predicting|Armageddon if you want to, Barry.

But it's still a job.

A job you did not even know|how to do...

until I taught it to you!

What do you think you're doing|in here, changing the world?

This is a talk show, Barry,|and you are a talk show host.

Alan does the drive time, Jerry|does the home handyman stuff,  
Sheila does the shrink stuff, Sid does the|financial stuff, and you hang up  
on people.  
That's your job.  
Now, you're very good at it.|You're the joker in my deck,  
and I'm very happy|for your success.  
But you work for me!  
I'm your boss.  
You wanna have the kid|on the show? Have him on!  
But you get one thing straight.|You fuck up my deal,  
and you go back to selling|double-knit suits.  
I'm glad you take it|all so seriously, Barry,  
but you gotta learn when to stop|or it's gonna kill you.  
Go get the kid. The kid|is not a good idea, Barry.  
You're on his side, aren't you? No,|I want you to think about the show.  
You could lose everything that you've|worked for and everything I've worked  
for.  
Get the kid.  
It's very important to Barry.  
It's a very important moment|in his life.  
Yes, he is important to me.|He is important.  
Look, Lou,|he's a fuckin' basket case.  
Lou- Alright, alright.|Forget it. Forget it.  
I'll just stay to see the show tonight,|and then I'll be home tomorrow,  
okay?  
Love you.  
Yeah. Hey.  
Just pretend I'm visiting|a sick relative.  
All right?  
Bye.  
Yeah.  
Night Talk. We're back. This is|the spirit of Barry Champlain.  
Joe, hit me with your|best shot. Yeah, Barry.  
I've been driving a cab now|for about 11 years.  
I've met all kinds. I|know people. I wish I did.  
Let me tell you|something, friend.  
That kid who just called, what he|needs is a good bust in the chops.  
Think that would do it, Joe? Kid|like that needs some discipline.  
Discipline?|I got two kids, Barry.  
They give me any trouble,|I just take off my belt.  
They see the belt,|that's it.  
How old are your children, Joe? Little|girl's five, boy's three and a half.  
You hit them with a belt?|Brush, belt, newspaper. Whatever.  
Hey, they're either gonna get it from|me or they're gonna get it out there.

Joe, I think you need professional help. What's that?  
You need to get together with Jerry. He can hold them down...  
while you hit them with a belt. What the hell are you talking about?  
You're hitting your kids with brushes and belts. You're psychotic.  
You're a psycho. Yeah? And what are you, friend, a faggot?  
Coming from a pinhead like you, that's a complement.  
How about I come on down there to that station of yours right now...  
and bust your little faggot face right in?  
Who's gonna help, your brother? You don't say nothin' about my brother.  
Your brother hangs around Harry Heinz Blvd., doesn't he? He's a pimp.  
And your wife, she's a hooker, isn't she? My wife?  
What do you beat her with, a baseball bat?  
Hmm?  
Well, I know where you live, partner.  
Alright? I know what you look like.  
Mm-hmm. Sweet dreams, sweetheart.  
I can't wait.  
Vincent, you're on Night Talk. Say something interesting.  
Yeah. Uh-Yeah.  
I've been listening to you for five years. Uh-huh.  
Yup, and the guys down here at the store put you on every night.  
Yup. And we sit around and laugh at you...  
Yup. because you're such a jerk-off and...  
Yeah, all right. Night Talk. Agnes, yeah.  
Barry, can I ask you a question? Hit me.  
I wouldn't hit you for the world, sweetheart.  
I Love Lucy. Now, why don't they make more of them? What?  
What do you want to talk to Barry about?  
You wanna rape somebody?  
Why don't you go home and take a cold shower. That'd be better.  
Those shows are ancient, Agnes. Lucille Ball must be at least 105 years  
old.  
The rest of the cast is dead. No. Now, she's not that old.  
I saw her on the show the other night, and she looked to be around 35.  
And that Ricky Ricardo, boy, can he play the bongos.  
Nobody can be this stupid. Are you serious, Agnes? You know what year this  
is?  
Yeah, John, you're on Night Talk.  
Remember me, Barry?  
I called and said I was in Turtle Creek.  
Well, I...  
I raped three women since then.  
Do you remember me? I'm not sure. Refresh me, John.  
I'm thinking about raping another one, Barry. I saw her this morning.

What are you doing to me, Stu? You're|killing me right here on the air.  
- Oh, could we relax, please?|- These women I raped aren't turning me in.  
How come? Well, tell|me where you are, John,  
and I'll make sure|you get some help.  
You have my word on that. I'm|just so tired of raping women. I...  
I'm so tired|of raping women!  
I|- I got rage for them! I got rage for them! John.  
When was the last time|you raped a woman?  
In Greenville|a couple weeks ago.  
She was-|She was struttin' around...  
like she was something else.  
Yeah, I-I understand, John.|I sympathize.  
We all get angry.  
Where did the rape|actually occur?  
It was in the backseat|of her car.  
She pulled into|the Jack in the Box parking lot.  
I jumped in and said,|"Okay, I'm-"  
It was nighttime, sometime.|I don't know.  
How old are you, John?|I'm 40.  
I was in the pen 12 years.|Are you taping this for me?  
I didn't get no therapy. They didn't|do nothin' for me! Let me hook this  
up.  
They didn't- They didn't-|They didn't bother to help me!  
Barry, I'm gonna rape somebody.|I'm gonna do it. But why?  
I gotta!|It's an irresistible compulsion.  
It's like- It's like|tryin' to quit smoking.  
Barry, I can't help myself.  
I can't...  
Yeah, all right. You have|this irresistible compulsion.  
John, the last time we spoke,  
you said that|jogging helped you.  
Up and down Turtle Creek.  
Jogging up and down the|Turtle Creek. Turtle Creek!  
I could name you every duck|in Turtle Creek!  
John, have you decided|who you're gonna rape next?  
I got her picked out,|staked out and ready.  
I always wanted her.  
What is it about her|that you like?  
What is it about a piece of strawberry|pie or a piece of pumpkin pie?  
I mean, I don't know.|She could be black or white,  
Hispano, Japanese,|pretty, fat, ugly.  
I wanna rape them all!  
All right, John, calm down. I|wanna help you. I'm your friend.  
Are you my buddy, Barry?



I'm your buddy, John.  
I can't help myself. | I gotta go do it.  
You can help yourself. You're not | gonna do it, John. No, I gotta do it.  
No, you're not | gonna do it, John.  
Now, listen to me. | I'm gonna go do it.  
No, no, no. Think about | what you're saying, John.  
John?  
He's gone.  
Another lost soul | goes into the Dallas night.  
We-We have a police trace | on this.  
If anybody knows | anything about this man...  
or is in Turtle Creek or | sees someone in a phone booth,  
please call us here | at KGAB.  
The number to call is, | is 555-TALK.  
Uh, let's hear | from our sponsors...  
Pasty Mate Roach | and Termite Cleaners.  
Listen closely.  
The sound | of cockroaches mating...  
enhanced 500 times. | They couldn't trace it.  
Right, I should've kept him on | for another three hours.  
You know, I once had | a cup of Humphrey's coffee.  
I was spitting blood | for three weeks.  
You should try | the decaffeinated, Barry.  
This is great. | Oh, wait. Don't tell me.  
He seems | pretty harmless.  
Come on, kid, sit down. | This is your chair.  
This is your microphone. | Speak directly into it.  
Keep your mouth about | six inches away from it.  
These are your headphones so you can | hear the show. These are the ground  
rules.  
What? | The ground rules.  
No last names, no brand names, | no phone numbers over the air.  
Other than that, act and speak | normally. This is Mr. Barry Champlaign.  
You're Barry.  
You got him. | All right.  
What's wrong with him? | He's star struck.  
Hey, kid, say something. I need | a level. Check, check. Check one.  
Here we go on five,  
four, three, two, one. | Stu.  
Strap in, bitch. | Here we go.  
We're back. I'm Barry Champlaign. | You're listening to Night Talk.  
We have a very special guest | with us tonight.  
Kent. Say hello | to everybody, Kent.  
All right.

My sentiments exactly.

We've brought Kent on board to get an|inside look at the future of America.

Kent is the classic|American youth...

energetic and resourceful,|spoiled, perverse and disturbed.

Would you say that's an accurate|description, Kent? Yep, sure.

What do you call that haircut?|I don't know. Rock and roll!

Are you high right now,|Kent?

Am I high?|Are you on drugs,

or is this your naturally|moronic self?

Watch the drool. You're|getting it all over the console.

I can't believe|I'm here, man.

Hey. Wow. Does this thing really work?

You're sitting in|a radio station, Kent.

You're sitting in front|of a live mike.

When you speak, thousands|of people hear your voice.

It penetrates their minds.

Okay, okay.|No, listen.

I wanna send that one out to Diamond|Dave and Billy the bass player...

and all the babes|at the Valley View Mall.

We're discussing|America here tonight, Kent.

Do you have any thoughts|on that subject?

Yeah.|Oh, I'm sorry.

I broke your train of thought. Please,|keep going. This is exhilarating.

No, I know.

It's not like I'm not political|or nothin'. You know, I mean...

I like Bruce.|He's political.

Bruce Springsteen, yes.|A very deep, political thinker.

He's a communist, isn't he?

No, he's from New Jersey.

His ex is pretty nice.|Mm-hmm. Whose ex?

Bruce's. Bruce Springsteen's|wife. Yes, what about her?

Julienne.|Hi, Julienne.

She was a model.|You know that, Bar?

All those guys|got models, Bar.

I mean, Mick and Jerry,|Keith and Patty,

Prince and...

Prince.

You know, Bar,|Bingo.

models only hang around with|guys they think are coolest.

Look at you, man. You're a|big guy, famous star and all.

I mean, you got that fine babe|right over there...

who works for you, man.

So hey, if you got some|cash and you're cool,

you get to have a model.

So you wouldn't call yourself a|women's libber then, Kent, huh?  
Yeah, I would, Bar. I mean,|everybody being liberated, you know.  
Women, South Africans, all|those kind of people, you know.  
I saw a show|about all that stuff...  
about how revolution's|a pretty important thing.  
We're gonna have a lot more|revolutions where people get together,  
solidarity and that|and...  
You know,|like that song by Megadeath.  
# Peace sells|but who's buying #  
# Peace sells but who's|buying # Ah, come on!  
Hey, plus-|Oh, I saw this other show...  
about how in the future they're|gonna have these two-way TV sets.  
People will be able to see|each other and everything.  
And then there's, like, no way they're|gonna be able to stop the  
revolution.  
Who won't be able|to stop it, Kent?  
Big Brother, the government,|corporations.  
They're a bunch of fascists. They|wanna control everybody's mind.  
But, hey, freedom's|an important thing,  
just like you|always say, Bar.  
You say|the best things, Bar.  
I listen to you|all the time.  
You're great.|Kent, you're an idiot.  
I sincerely hope you do not|represent the future of this country,  
because if you do|we are in sad shape.  
Bar, man,|you're so funny, man.  
That's why I love to listen to your show.|That's why all the kids listen to  
you, man.  
Plus, these goons|push you around, you know.  
All the kids|listen to you, Bar.  
You are the best thing|on the radio!  
Kent, we discuss a lot of|serious subjects on this show...  
sad things, frightening|things, tragic things.  
Doesn't any of that|bother you?  
Nope.  
Why not?  
It's just a show. It's one|big rock video, huh, Kent?  
Yeah!  
No.|Come on, Bar.  
It's your show.  
Yeah, that it is, that it is.|It's my show.  
Let's go back to the callers|on my show.  
Uh, Julia,|you're on Night Talk.  
Barry, hello.|Now, you know, darlin',

I think these people who've|been callin' you tonight...  
are a bunch of|I don't know what's.  
It's crazy. And that crazy kid you|got on there, now, that's terrible.  
I've been listenin' to your show|for five years straight, Barry,  
and I love you and your show.  
I think it's terrific that more|folks are gonna be listenin'.  
I just hope you have time for|your longtime friends there, Bar.  
I always have time|for my friends, Julia.  
Aw, you're terrific.  
Your show's terrific.|I don't know what else to say.  
Well, tell me something, Julia,|since you listen all the time.  
What is it|you like about the show?  
Well, I don't know.  
A lot of things.  
Well, what, for instance?|Well, I love you, Bar.  
Uh-huh, that's a given. Okay,|what about me do you love?  
Well, you're very funny.|Uh-huh.  
And I love to hear you talk about|all the things you have to say.  
Yeah, yeah, okay.|Let's get back to the show.  
The show must serve|some kind of purpose for you.  
Well, now, I wouldn't say that.|What would you say?  
Well, I don't know. What|do you mean, you don't know?  
You said that at least five times|already. What don't you know?  
You've been listening to this show for five|years. You don't know why you  
listen to it?  
Well, I just said-|I heard what you just said.  
You said you don't know why you listen|to this show. Why don't I tell you  
why.  
You listen so that you can feel|superior to the other losers who call in!  
Barry!|Don't "Barry" me!  
You've got sawdust between your ears|instead of brains. Just listen to you!  
If I sounded as stupid as you, I'd|be too embarrassed to open my mouth!  
I'm hanging up!|Good, and don't call back.  
Nothing more boring|than people who love you.  
Yeah, you're on Night Talk.  
I just have one thing|to ask you, Barry.  
Hit me.  
Are you as ugly-looking|as you sound? Uglier.  
Yeah, I thought|you'd say something like that.  
But as usual,|you avoid the question.  
What's the question?|I think you know the question.  
Is an animal a vegetable or a|mineral? The question is obvious.  
Why does an intelligent fellow|like yourself...  
spend so much energy|hurting other people?

Hmm?|Do you not love yourself?  
I think you're very|lonely, Barry.  
I'm sorry for you, because|you don't know how to love.  
Night Talk. Ralph.  
They always say that,|don't they?  
"Why are you so angry"?  
Well, they don't understand|me and you, Barry.  
We're the kind of people,|we feel too much.  
Are we, Ralph?  
Yeah, my name is Cheryl Ann.|I'll hold.  
Who knows? I mean,|take, for instance, cancer.  
What is cancer?|What are you doing, Ellen?  
He's all alone out there.|So what?  
He's going down in flames,|Dan.  
It's Barry's show,|Ellen.  
Let Barry|do Barry's show.  
Well, what are they gonna do|with my TV set?  
We watch it. That's what|people do with TV sets.  
What do they see? They see people|killing people, babies starving, floods.  
And for what?|For nothing!  
For beer commercials|and Tampax ads,  
MTV, a yacht, the ocean,  
a diamond earring,|a racehorse.  
Well, I guess so.  
I guess so. All I know is|what I read in the papers.  
And that's a lot of talk. Barry,|it's talk. Talk, talk, talk.  
Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk,|talk, talk! Ralph, Ralph, Ralph!  
Tell me something.|I'm curious.  
How do you dial a phone|with a straightjacket on?  
Barry.  
I don't know much about God|and I never was very religious,  
but you can't help feeling|like something is wrong,  
like nobody's|driving the train,  
the system,  
'cause too many people|are gettin' sick.  
And the traffic,|it's just jamming up.  
And even the weather,|not so good lately.  
Barry, I just don't|- I don't get it, Barry. I just don't get it.  
You don't get it, wimp? Here's|what you get! You get \$1.59,  
That's it. go down to the drugstore,|buy a pack of razor blades,  
and slash your|fuckin' wrists, pinhead!  
That's it, kid.|Come on.  
What?|Get him out of here, now!  
Hey, Barry!

Get the fuck off me,|you fuckin' son of a bitch!  
Thank you, Dallas!|Good night!  
You alright, Barry?|Standby.  
I'm confused, Barry.  
What did you say|your name was?  
Cheryl Ann.  
It's about my ex-husband.  
He's back in town and, well,|I haven't seen him for a while.  
What are you confused about,|Cheryl Ann?  
Well, let me first say...  
that I left my ex-husband|for very good reasons.  
Did it- Let's not|get into them, okay?  
And he's anything but perfect.  
He smokes, he drinks,|he loves to argue.  
Sounds like my kind of guy.|Yeah.  
He is a little bit like you.  
Yeah, well, we gotta move|it along here, Cheryl Ann.  
You wanna get to the point?  
I have, um,|feelings for him.  
What kind of feelings?  
Nice feelings.  
Um...  
This is hard to say.  
Sexual feelings?  
It's not just that.|I mean, yes, of course, but...  
I still love him.  
It's not the same|with my husband.  
We had something,  
and... I want him.  
I want him inside of me.  
I want to take care of him.  
I want to be with him.  
You wanna be close to him.  
Yes.  
You wanna hold him.  
Oh, yes.  
You wanna relive|the feelings you two had.  
Yes, Barry.  
You don't love|your husband?  
No. Well, I...  
You tell him|that you love him.  
You lie to him and|you tell him that you love him.  
I do love him.  
I love him as a friend.

Friend.

Everyone's your friend.

Not like my ex-husband.

There's a passion there|for his soul and...

I- I thought I wanted a|simple life, but I-I was wrong.

I want my old life back.

Sounds like|you made a mistake.

Should've stuck with|the first guy.

Yeah, well, what was I|supposed to do?

I love you, Barry.

Ever hear the story of the little|dog who had a bone in his mouth?

And he's trotting over this|bridge and he looks over...

and sees his reflection|in the water.

Thinks it's another dog.

That dog has a bone|in his mouth too.

The dog wants both bones, so he|barks at the little dog in the water,  
trying to scare him.

Bone drops out of his mouth.

Loses both bones.

What has that got to do|with what I just said?

Babe, I don't know|what to tell you.

You blew it!

You know, women like you|are never happy.

What do you want me to say? Leave|your husband? Go back to your ex?

Your ex doesn't want you.

He's got women all over the|place. He doesn't need you.

He's not some suburban zombie like|your husband. He's out there having fun.

Did you ever think of that? Maybe|your ex-husband doesn't want you?

Hmm? He came on to me.|He said he wanted me.

You're lying again.|He said he still loved me.

You're lying! You're a sexually|unsatisfied woman living in a dream world!

I feel sorry for you!

So why don't you stick|with Mr. America there,

go out and buy yourself a heavy-duty|vibrator, and knock yourself out.

We reap what we sow.

Follow me, Cheryl Ann?

Probably frigid.|And we have Theresa on the line.

The day will come|for you, Barry.

And there will be|a reckoning,

an adding up|and a totaling.

Those who turned away|will be turned upon.

And I don't care|what your story is, Barry.

You are responsible, and there|will be no confusion at your trial.

It will be short,|and necks will crack.

The whips will strip your back|bare to the bone,  
and your children|will cry for you...  
as they are slaughtered|before your eyes.  
You...  
The Jews will hang high|over the streets.  
You will be buried in piles.  
You dig your own holes.  
I am here merely to tell you|that the day will come.  
It will.  
Believe it or not,|you make perfect sense to me.  
I should hang.  
I'm a hypocrite.  
I ask for sincerity,|and I lie.  
I denounce the system|as I embrace it.  
I want money and power|and prestige.  
I want ratings and success.  
I don't give a damn about you|or the world. That's the truth.  
For this, I could say I'm|sorry, but I won't. Why should I?  
I mean, who the hell are|you anyways, you audience?  
You're on me every night|like a pack of wolves,  
'cause you can't stand facing|what you are and what you've made.  
Yes, the world|is a terrible place.  
Yes, cancer and garbage|disposals will get you.  
Yes, a war is coming.  
Yes, the world is shot to hell,|and you're all goners.  
Everything's screwed up, and|you like it that way, don't you?  
You're fascinated|by the gory details.  
You're mesmerized|by your own fear.  
You revel in floods,|car accidents.  
Unstoppable diseases.  
You're happiest|when others are in pain.  
That's where I come in,|isn't it?  
I'm here to lead you by the|hands through the dark forest...  
of your own hatred|and anger and humiliation.  
I'm providing a public service.  
You're so scared.  
You're like a little child|under the covers.  
You're afraid of the bogeyman,|but you can't live without him.  
Your fear, your own lives,|have become your entertainment.  
Next month, millions of people are|gonna be listening to this show,  
and you'll have|nothing to talk about!  
Marvelous technology|is at our disposal.  
Instead of reaching up to new heights,|we're gonna see how far down we can  
go.



How deep into the muck|we can immerse ourselves.  
What do you wanna|talk about, hmm?  
Baseball scores?  
Your pet?  
Orgasms?  
You're pathetic.  
I despise each|and every one of you.  
You got nothing,  
absolutely nothing.  
No brains, no power, no future.  
No hope.  
No God.  
The only thing|you believe in is me.  
What are you|if you don't have me?  
I'm not afraid, see?  
I come in every night, make my case,|make my point, say what I believe in!  
I tell you what you are.|I have to. I have no choice.  
You frighten me.  
I come here every night, tear into|you, I abuse you, I insult you,  
and you just keep|coming back for more.  
What's wrong with you?|Why do you keep calling?  
I don't wanna hear it anymore.|Stop talking!  
Go away!  
You're a bunch of yellow-bellied,|spineless, bigoted,  
quivering, drunken,|insomniatic,  
paranoid, disgusting, perverted,|voyeuristic, little obscene phone callers.  
That's what you are.  
Well, to hell with you.  
I don't need your fear and your|stupidity. You don't get it.  
It's wasted on you.  
Burros before swine.  
If one person out there|had any idea...  
of what I'm talking about...  
Fred, you're on Night Talk.  
Yes. You see, Barry,  
I know it's depressing that so many|people don't understand you're just  
joking.  
Jackie, you're on Night Talk.  
Hello. I've been listening for years,|and I find you a warm and  
intelligent...  
Arnold.  
What you were saying before about|loneliness, I'm an electrical engineer...  
Lucy. My mother is from Waco and wants|to know if you went to high  
school...

Larry. Why do people insist|on calling homosexuals normal?  
Ralph!|I'm in my house.  
I'm at home,  
which is where|you should be, Barry.  
Hey, I'm not far away.|You could come over if you want.  
We're the same kind of people.  
I have beer, soup.  
I'm here.  
Come over later.  
I'll wait.  
Barry, there's 60 seconds|left in the show.  
This is dead air, Barry.  
Dead air.  
I guess we're stuck|with each other.  
This is Barry Champlaign.  
Barry.  
That was great.|I feel very good about this.  
I'm gonna talk to the lawyers, and we'll|get started on this deal right  
away.  
We're gonna be seeing|a lot more of each other.  
I'll be in touch.  
Barry.  
That was great.  
You pulled it off, champ.|Congratulations.  
I'll see you tomorrow.  
Dan.  
What if I don't come in|tomorrow night?  
You'll come in tomorrow,|Barry.  
You always do.  
She left, huh?|Yep. I don't blame her.  
Her best line was, "Barry|Champlaign's a nice place to visit,  
but I wouldn't want|to live there."  
The show's a washout, Stu.  
Give me a break, will you?|We're going national, man.  
Besides, it's not that|important. It's just one show.  
If it's not that important, why|am I doing it? I don't know, Barry.  
You don't like the heights,|don't climb the mountains.  
You know what I mean? It's|like that kid just said:  
"Man, this is your show."  
Where you headed?  
I don't know. Go to|Ellen's hotel, try to talk.  
That's good.|Tomorrow, Barry.  
Before I take|the first caller this evening,  
Tomorrow, Stu. I'd like to|comment on something I saw...

in the parking lot|on the way into the station.  
There was a man standing there,|Walk you to your car?  
obviously mentally disturbed.  
It made me think about something|we don't often talk about.  
Wanna grab a burger,|just talk?  
I'm too old for you,|Laura.  
Ow.  
I mean, you don't|know about Vietnam,  
Easy Rider, Beatles.  
Start over, Grandpa.  
I can't.  
I'm inside this thing.  
You're not.  
You know what|my greatest fear is?  
Being boring.  
You're not boring.  
I'm afraid that the whole|audience is gonna get up and leave.  
I get confused sometimes|about this love stuff.  
I don't know what people mean|when they say that they're in love,  
but...  
but I do know that I don't think|you're the bad guy you think you are.  
Yes, I am.  
I'll take a rain check|on that burger.  
Excuse me, Barry.|Barry. Mr. Champlaign.  
I hate to bother you. Do you think|you could give me an autograph, please?  
Some show tonight.|Sure.  
What'd you say your name was?|You're dead, fucker.  
You come on down|to these parts,  
you start telling people their|business and insulting their race,  
you end up like Champlaign,|I'll tell you that right now.  
I listened to his show the|night that he was killed.  
There was this drug-crazed|kid bothering him.  
When people smoke that crack|stuff, they go berserk, you know?  
I hope they catch|that kid.  
But they ought to listen to|that show. He was on the air.  
I didn't think he was gonna|get shot or anything,  
but that show was strange.  
I mean, I got to be on his show the|last day. That was his last show.  
I feel kinda like my whole|life is different, you know?  
Like I'm kinda blessed.  
But like I told Barry,|you know, I mean, hey,  
life is kinda just like|a big party thrown by God,  
and I'm the new|toastmaster, Bar.  
Like Barry always said,

if you didn't like him, |turn him off.  
But they didn't have |to kill him.  
I think that young boy that had come |in on the show, I think he did it.  
I'll tell you |how I feel about it.  
I think if you steal something, |they oughta cut your hands off.  
If you rape somebody, they ought |a cut your you-know-what off.  
I never called him.  
And now I'm sorry.  
He never even hung up on me.  
I miss him. You know how when |you have a cast on your arm...  
and they cut it off, |you miss having it?  
He was like a cast |on my arm. I miss him.  
He was like a hot-fudge sundae |with fresh pecans.  
Now, I knew I shouldn't listen |to him 'cause he always got me...  
so dog-dang riled up till I |was like to smash my radio.  
He did a whole show once on which |way to roll your toilet paper.  
Over or under? |People responded for hours.  
Some got so angry, |they hung up.  
I called almost every night. |I loved Barry.  
Didn't care much for the fellow |who answered the phone, though.  
You know, he always forgot |I was waiting on the line.  
Didn't I read he was having some |kind of problem with his wife?  
Yes, he was |insensitive and nasty,  
but he was a strong, masculine |presence on the radio.  
Why would anyone |do such a thing?  
Oh, well, there's another |bright star in God's heaven.  
My view is that you don't give |a group like the neo-Nazis...  
access to the airways |like he did.  
Basically, I couldn't stand |Barry Champlaign.  
I was in love with his voice. |I was in love with his voice.  
He was in love |with his own voice.  
My first thought was that I couldn't |believe anyone could hate him that  
much.  
Disagree or dislike, but |not hate him. Not kill him.  
My second thought was...  
that he always wondered |if there was a God.  
Barry said he had to wait |until the evidence was in.  
Now you know, Barry.  
Now you know.  
Now, we know that whatever the law |says, it speaks to those under the  
law...  
so that every mouth |maybe stopped...  
and the whole world |may be held accountable to God.  
The world is crazy, crazy!

Barry was rude, but|he was a funny guy too.  
He insulted my mother|when I called,  
but this is why we have|freedom of speech.  
I hope that when|they remember Barry,  
they remember|what he said...  
and not the style|in which he said it.  
It was karmic.  
You just can't put out|that much bad karma...  
without it coming|back at you.  
Barry and I worked together|for over seven years.  
Whenever you threatened him over the air,|man, he'd stick it right back in  
your face.  
It was like his dick|was flapping in the wing...  
and he liked to see|if he could get an erection.  
The guy had a little dick, but|he liked to flap it out there.  
Then they cut it off.|Now he's dead.  
I don't know if you|understand that analogy,  
but it's the clearest one|I can make.