

*(Knocking on door, Stephen in the Shower)*

CG: Cable Guy!

STEVEN: Aw, great.

CG: Cable Guy!

STEVEN: Don't Leave!

*(More knocking)*

STEVEN: Wait!

CG: Cable Guy!

STEVEN: I'm coming!

CG: CABLE GUY!

STEVEN: I'm coming, don't leave!

CG: CABLE GUY! Jesus Christos.

STEVEN: *(Opens door)* Hey, wait! Come back!

CG: Well look who decided to show!

STEVEN: You were supposed to be here four hours ago.

CG: Was I? So I'm the tardy one?

STEVEN: Yeah! I was gonna go to that Bed & Bath place, and now it's closed.

CG: Well maybe I shouldn't have come at all, JERKOFF! *(beat)*. I'm just joking with you. Let's do this!

*(Enters)*. Wow, the old McNair place. Never thought they'd get the floors clean after what happened in here.

STEVEN: What happened?

CG: They had a lot of cats. Here's a comment card. Please mail it in when I am done.

STEVEN: This for your boss?

CG: No, it goes to me. I'm kind of a perfectionist. Perfectionis...T. Well, let's take a look at what we're dealing with here. *(checks out the apartment)*. Hmm, this could be a cool pad. C'mon baby, come on baby, talk to me, tell me where you like it...come on...Hello Mama. Is this what you want? Huh? Is this where you need it? Talk to me...how about this? Ohhh, yeah. Ahhh. That's your sweet spot right there.

*(beat)*

CG: *(Pulling out drill)* So, your lady kicked you out.

STEVEN: What?

CG: In preparing your service, I noticed you were previously wired across town at 1268 ½ Chestnut. Last week, the billing was transferred to one Robin Harris. Smells like heartbreak to me.

STEVEN: Well, I really don't wanna discuss it with you. Would you just install my cable please? I'm gonna get dressed.

CG: Suit yourself. No sweat off my sack. By the way, you might wanna put on a bathing suit, cause you'll be channel surfing in no time!

*(Steven exits while Cable Guy re-arranges the room around the TV, then re-enters in a robe)*

STEVEN: How's it going?

*(The Cable Guy holds up one finger as if to say "quiet.")*

STEVEN: *(looking around)* What happened?

CABLE GUY: The arrangement of your major appliances and your furniture was causing some noisy pics and hum bars in your reception. I moved a few things. Cleared it right up. Is that cool?

STEVEN: I... guess so.

CABLE GUY: You programmed? *(confusion from Steven)* Then let me slave your remotes.

*(He picks up Steven's remotes, punches in a complicated series of commands, then points them at each other. As he holds them together he makes a face as if their power is surging through him.)*

CABLE GUY: Ooh, maybe we should leave these two alone.

STEVEN: So after this I'll only need one remote for everything?

CABLE GUY: You know you're pretty good at this. You could be a cable guy yourself. Now let me check your levels. *(makes adjustments)*.

CABLE GUY: All right. That about does it. I just have some paperwork for you to fill out. Sign here.

*(Steven signs).* That gave me power of attorney over you. Joking.

*(Steven laughs. The Cable Guy joins him, but then continues to laugh way too hard for way too long. As the laugh ends it quickly turns into an awkward moment.)*

CABLE GUY: I'm about finished here. *(beat)* Okay. I feel good about this.

STEVEN: One thing.

CABLE GUY: Yeah!

STEVEN: I... uh... I have this friend and he said he gave his cable guy fifty bucks and he got free movie channels. Have you ever heard of anything like that?

CABLE GUY: You mean illegal cable?

STEVEN: Uh... yes.

CABLE GUY: Who told you that? I want his name.

STEVEN: Forget it.

CABLE GUY: You're offering me a bribe? What you have just done is illegal, and in this state if convicted, you could be fined five-thousand dollars or spend six months in a correctional facility.

STEVEN: Please... that was dumb. I was just making conversation –

CABLE GUY: *(laughs)* I'm just jerking your chain. Wake up little snoozy. I'll juice you up. All it is is a push of a button.

STEVEN: Oh, great. How much?

CABLE GUY: Don't worry about it. I couldn't charge you. Your girl just booted you. Consider it one guy doing another guy a solid.

STEVEN: That is so nice.

CABLE GUY: Hey, you're a 'nice' guy. You'd be surprised how many customers treat you like shit, like I'm a god damn plumber or something. *(hands him a card)* Here is my personal beeper number. It's just for my preferred customers. Never call the company, they'll just put you on hold.

STEVEN: Thanks. Really. *(Referring to comment card)* You're gonna get some good marks here.

CABLE GUY: Maybe some day I'll take you out to the satellite and show you how all this stuff works. It's

really incredible.

STEVEN: Sure. We should do that one day.

CABLE GUY: How 'bout tomorrow?

STEVEN: Tomorrow? Tomorrow's not good.

CABLE GUY: What are you going to do, sit home and stew about your ex?

STEVEN: No.

CABLE GUY: Oh, okay. I guess I crossed the line. Sorry.

STEVEN: You didn't cross the line.

CABLE GUY: No? Cool. I'll pick you up at six-thirty. On the flip side.

*(The Cable Guy exits)*