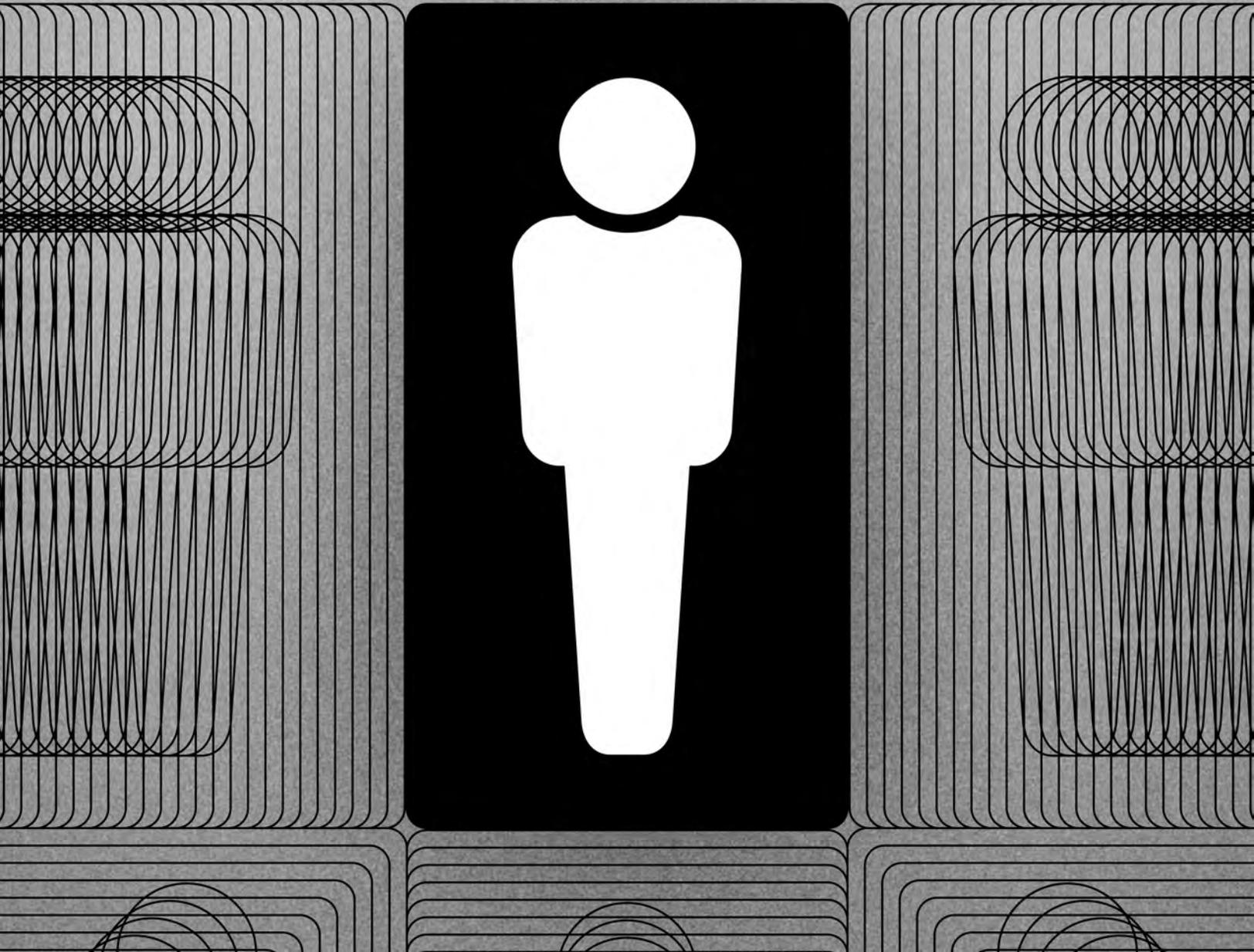


# WARRANTY VOID

WRITTEN BY M.LATHROM



WARRANTY VOID

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FADE IN:

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

MADELINE (34), a porcelain-skinned redhead in a silk robe examines her face in the mirror. She wrinkles her forehead, turns her head side to side, lifts her chin touch her collar bones.

MADELINE

Oh yeah, babe. This one's much nicer. The last one was getting worn. I was on year three, I think.

She opens her robe a bit, looks at her chest, poses.

MADELINE

Can't believe I let it go that long.

CHIP (36), pops in the bathroom as he throws his suit jacket on. He leans over, kisses Madeline on the cheek. She turns for a real kiss.

CHIP

Looks great, babe. I gotta jet.

MADELINE

Okay, bye--

He doesn't notice kiss face. Rushes out. She shrugs.

Madeline pulls up her robe, looks at her leg. Raises a pleased eyebrow.

**INT. CAR - DAY**

Chip taps on his phone as the car without a steering wheel drives.

CHIP

E.T.A.

The soothing email voice speaks.

CAR

Fourteen minutes.

Chip shakes his head, impatient. Goes back to messing with his phone.

**EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY**

Chip hops out of the car. The door automatically shuts. The car drives itself up the ramp into the garage.

Chip rushes down the street.

**EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY**

Chip stops in his tracks as a gate closes that opens into the crosswalk. The streets are gated in. Self-driving cars speed in perfect coordination.

Chip checks his phone. Groans with impatience. He fidgets. Checks his phone again. Looks up.

CLOSE ON the glowing orange "don't walk" hand.

CLOSE ON Chip. He looks around. He hops the gate.

He rushes across the street.

A car nearly clips his butt. He loses his step, stumbles into the third lane. He looks to his left.

POV across the intersection comes a driverless semi truck. It rockets toward us.

CLOSE ON Chip's panicked face.

SMASH TO GRAY:

FADE IN:

**INT. GRAY ROOM**

Chip startles, throws his hands up, jumps back in panic. Then freezes.

He looks around. Notices the solid gray, spaceless place he stands. He wears tan linen lounge-wear. A look of realization dons on him.

CHIP

Oh, shit...

**INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - DAY**

Madeline rushes past people in the bustling corridor.

A digital chime rings out.

Madeline pulls rifles through her purse, pulls out her phone, answers.

MADELINE  
Madeline speaking.  
(beat)  
Uh huh. I'm sorry, Chip died  
yesterday.

She speaks with a cold and casual regard.

MADELINE  
No, it's fine. He should be back in  
a few days.  
(beat)  
Yeah, you too.

Madeline lowers the phone, notices her wrists. She touches  
the soft skin as if she just noticed it.

MADELINE  
Hmm.

She shoves the phone in her purse, then pushes through some  
more people.

**INT. GRAY ROOM**

Chip paces back and forth like a madman. He grips onto his  
head, groans.

CHIP  
Shit, shit, shit, shit.  
(yells)  
Hey! Hurry the hell up!

His voice is swallowed by the void. No echo.

He pauses, looks around, hesitates, then jets off into  
nothingness.

He grows smaller and smaller as he disappears into the gray.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Madeline stands in the front doorway. A DELIVERY MAN hands  
her a tablet. She swipes her finger across. Hands it back.

The delivery man nods, then carts his dolly away.

**INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Madeline shuts the door.

A six-foot tall box stands. She grabs onto a plastic strip  
on the edge. Pulls it. The strip circles the front edges.

It rips off. The front of the cardboard box falls to the ground revealing a foam pad.

Madeline pulls out the foam pad. Inside, in white linens is Chip, completely still, His expression vacant.

Madeline reaches behind his neck, flips something. The body twitches.

A blue progress bar lights up from beneath the skin of his forehead. It jumps a bit. Pauses. A bit more. Pauses.

A high pitched chime sounds. The progress bar blinks.

**INT. GRAY ROOM - SAME TIME**

Chip comes to a halt from running. The high pitched chime echoes in the gray. He sighs.

CHIP

Oh, thank--

In a flash, Chip vanishes.

**INT. HOUSE - SAME TIME**

The chip body's eyes shoot open. He gasps.

CHIP

(drawn out)

God.

Madeline stands back, crosses her arms, admire the new Chip. She raises an "I told you so" eye brow.

He notices her. Smirks with relief.

CHIP

All right. We'll get the spa loading package.

MADELINE

(sarcastic)

But honey, the gray isn't that bad.

Chip rolls his eyes, steps down out of the box.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

Chip tucks the white linens into a drawer filled with at least 15 pairs.

**INT. BATHROOM - DAY**

Chip examines himself in front of the mirror. He makes a scrunchy face. Wrinkles his forehead.

CHIP

You're right, babe. These new ones  
are way better.

Madeline walks through the bathroom, swats Chips ass.

FADE OUT.

THE END