



CHARGED

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. URBAN STREET - DAY

A MAN (34) at an electronics street kiosk looks around, suspicious. He passes a twenty to the vendor. The vendor passes him a mobile phone box. The footage freezes and goes black and white.

CLOSE ON THE BOX. The logo reads: "SAMSUNG"

The footage goes back to color. The man shoves the box in his coat, walks off.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The man plugs his SAMSUNG phone into the charger, sets it on the nightstand. He rolls over.

The screen glitches. Follow the charging cord down to the outlet. The charger plugin sparks, sets on fire.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A crowd gathered around a burning house. Firemen spray the flames. A YOUNG WOMAN (28) leans over the border tape, yells out.

YOUNG WOMAN

What happened?

The FIREMAN (37) with the hose looks over his shoulder. Pulls up his mask.

FIREMAN

He bought a counterfeit phone.

The young woman shakes her head in dismay.

The footage blurs out.

SUPER: "Don't Buy Counterfeit Electronics"

INT. OPEN OFFICE - DAY

MAVEN

So I bought this counterfeit phone.

MAVEN (32), a modern tech-nerd with curly brown hair and \ black-rimmed glasses presents a thick, black phone the size of Nintendo Game Boy. Etched on the back in gold: "iPONE 3D"

An modern tech-company. Hipsters in glasses tote laptops, stare down at their phones as they walk, play ping-pong in the open space.

JERED (29) pops a real iPhone from his pocket. Holds it out unimpressed with the fake.

JERED

So I bought this real phone. It has this cool feature where it fits in my pocket.

MAVEN

Bigger devices are in.

JERED

I already have a laptop.

MAVEN

Whatever. Can yours do this?

Maven taps his giant ass phone to Jered's, then holds it up to him.

CLOSE ON THE iPONE SCREEN. Images of Jered with his girl. Selfie's at the beach. A screenshot of an article "Erectile Dysfunction is not laughing matter," a dick pick.

Jered shoves Maven's phone down, panicked.

JERED

What the fuck? How did you--

MAVEN

How did I what? Wise up and quit buying products for the logos rather than the features? Look, these things are made by the same people in the same factories as your corporate sell-out, investor-run, planned obsolescence garbage. Except these cost a fraction of the price and aren't restricted by the crippling regulations of the F.C.C.

JERED

Whatever, man. You don't know what's in that thing. That shit can't be legal. And you're going to delete every--

MAVEN

Yeah, yeah. I will, I will. I was just making a point.

Jered shakes his head, walks off in a heat.

Maven chuckles to himself. He scrolls through his phone. Make a gross out face.

LATER

Maven types away in a code editor at his standing desk. His iPONE sits next to him. The screen glitches. A drop of red fluid eeks out from the display.

ZOOM INTO THE RED DROP. Red microorganisms with tentacle-like tendrils multiply, wrap their tendrils around each other, form bonds.

ZOOM OUT. The red microorganism get small, form a red core. Zoom out further to reveal...

INT. FACTORY - DAY

... a black fluid surrounds the red core. Zoom out of the black fluid, through a metal hull to reveal a small capacitor. The capacitor among hundreds on a conveyer.

A small, dingy operation in an antiquated factory. Chinese men work the line.

On the edges of the factory, large vats of red liquid bubble and steam.

An injection machine with dozens of needles pokes into a group of capacitors in a tray. Injects red fluid. Pulls out. The capacitors drop onto the line.

Another line. A robot arm places a circuit board with the capacitors into the a thick iPONE shell.

Scores of iPONES run down the line.

CLOSE ON AN IPONE. It sits on a testing station with wires hooked to it. A hand hits the red power button. The screen glitches to life. The loading logo is a red dot. It pulses eerily.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The red logo on an iPONE pulses.

Maven plugs his phone into the charger on the side table next to the couch.

He plops on the couch, then flips on the TV.

We trace the cord down to the outlet. Red ooze leaks from the charger. A small red spark.

ZOOM INTO THE OOZE. The red microorganisms bind and multiply. Electrical arcs spark between them, exciting their movement.

SPEED THROUGH THE CABLE. Wires zoom by, the red organisms spread. We pull out of the cord to reveal another outlet. The ooze leaks from it. A small spark.

ZOOM OUT further to reveal the chord attached to the TV.

Maven opens Netflix.

The TV glitches a bit.

Maven bashes his remote, scrolls through the movies.

The TV glitches more. The movie titles distort.

The screen goes red, then Jered's photos flood onto the screen.

Maven stares confused at the TV. Then, he looks over at the iPONE. Red ooze leaks from the screen.

MAVEN

What the fuck?

He yanks the charging chord out. Backs away from the phone.

A low moaning sound. Maven peers back at the TV. Red ooze drips from the TV screen. Little arcs of electricity spark through the red ooze.

The TV moves on it's mount to face him. It moves as if alive.

The lights in the room flicker.

Red ooze leaks form the ceiling light. The lamp.

Tentacles grow from the red ooze. Like vines. They wriggle and spread. Maven runs to the door.

A red tentacle flies out from behind the TV, grabs his leg, pulls him back.

He yelps.

The TV detaches from the wall mount. Tentacles of red ooze lift it. Like an octopus with a TV head. The veins wrap around Maven, pin him on the ground.

ZOOM INTO THE INTERNET MODEM. The sound of voices, signals, bits zooming by. Like a radio on seek. Lights blink as information pours in.

The TV screen blinks and pulses. Videos flip on and off, Wikipedia articles scroll at light speed.

Then, the TV goes black. A Jered selfie pop on screen with red eyes.

The TV looms large over Maven. He stares up in terror.

Red tendrils spill out from every electronic device in the room.

The Jered selfie stares down at Maven. Begins to speak.

TV JERED SELFIE
More. More power. Take me.

MAVEN
T-Take you where?

The TV flashes a picture of the modern office space. Maven's work place.

TV JERED SELFIE
No. No, I can't.

Red tendril tightens around Maven's neck.

MAVEN
(choked)
Okay, yeah, I can.

The Jered selfie smirks.

Red ooze pulls itself back into the outlets. The TV drops to the ground. Puddles move themselves to the outlets. Suck in.

Then, silence. Broken lights, a mangled TV. Maven sits in shock on the ground.

CLOSE ON THE IPONE. The red logo blinks on. Makes a pleasant DING sound.

Maven gets up. Looks down at the phone. Picks it up.

A red smiley face appears on the screen.

Maven's face contorts in nervousness.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TO BE CONTINUED