

SMART PHONES, STUPID PEOPLE

Written by

Mean Joe Fraser

© Copyright 2013

Blakkwolfe@gmail.com
(941)704-9392

FADE IN:

EXT. WEALTHY NIEGHBORHOOD - DAY

A generic gated community with manicured lawns and RESIDENTS who putt around in golf carts as if they were a legitimate form of transportation.

Heavy metal music blares from one house in particular. A BURLY GUY stands beside of a black Mercedes and checks his watch.

INT. CAPRICORN'S ROOM - DAY

CAPRICORN, 18, slams out a serious air guitar solo while CHLOE RAQUEL, 22, ridiculously hot, plays a video game on a big screen.

A smartphone, dissected into a million peices, sits on a desk underneath a Darth Tater potato head.

CHLOE

Dang! These little buggers drive me bananas!...Hey! Is that like, your phone?

Capricorn, oblivious to nothing but the rock, squeezes his eyes tight as he works the imaginary fret board.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Excuse me! Hello? Are you gonna-

Chloe sighs and picks up the vibrating phone.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Capricorns phone...Yeah. Hold on.

She groans, turns down the stereo and hands him the phone.

CAPRICORN

Wha- That was my solo, Bi-bi

A steely glare from Chloe.

CAPRICORN (CONT'D)

Bi-bitty boo. Hello?

A darkly sinister, old-school Eastern European voice, SLOVIKNIA, (male, 40's) echoes from the phone.

SLOVIKNIA (V.O.)
Capricorn. I trust our project is
running according to plan, yah?

Capricorn glances at the mess of tech parts on his desk.

CAPRICORN
Yah...I mean. Yes. Absolutely.
Going wonderfully.

SLOVIKNIA
I trust you also enjoyed my little
gift...

Chloe vaporizes a Halo alien.

CHLOE
Take that, you alien bastard!

CAPRICORN
Yeah. She's great. Thank you for
sending her over to hang out with
me...

SLOVIKNIA
Is that you Americans call it these
days?

Capricorn is clueless.

CAPRICORN
Huh?

SLOVIKNIA
You will deliver the project to the
designated location this afternoon,
yes?

CAPRICORN
Oh yeah. Of course!.. Uh, by
Designated location...You mean the
Pawn Shop on 5th and Highland,
right? Cause, they opened a new one
downtown and wouldn't want to...

SLOVIKNIA
Nyet! The phone! She may be bugged!
See to it that it is delivered on
time, or else you may see that my
generosity is only outweighed by my
cruelty!

Capricorn looks at the desk and sighs. Chloe has another
alien in her sights...

RIDICULOUSLY HOT
Oh...Oh watch out!

Capricorn picks up a controller and starts playing next to the young woman.

CAPRICORN
All right! Let's go!

The door to the bedroom opens slowly. CAPRICORN'S MOM (40's) stands at the door with a plate of cookies. Burly guy peers in behind her, munching a cookie.

CAPRICORN'S MOM
Snickerdoodle?

EXT. HIGHLAND STREET - DAY

Typical main street. Small stores, restaurants and PEDESTRIANS, all with important places to go.

EXT. THE JOLLY JAVA BEAN COFFEE SHOP. - DAY

Except for DE'QUAN "D.Q." GRUNDERBACH (24) and BOB "B-DAWG" MOSKEVICH (24) who sit at an open table on the side walk.

D.Q. is tall and skinny, wears comfortable and stylish clothes with large, red-framed glasses. Bob is extremely overweight and likes to wear button down Hawaiian shirts that seem to be two sizes to small.

D.Q. studies a newspaper while Bob tries to make eye contact with another ATTRACTIVE CUSTOMER.

D.Q.
I'm tellin' ya, B-Dawg...This economy is so fucked up. They filibuster this and sequester that-gettin' so a brother can' get a fair shake no more.

BOB
I think she likes me.

The attractive woman picks up her purse and goes inside.

D.Q.
Maybe this. Delivery. Flexible hours...No Experience... Must have own phone and reliable transportation.

BOB

The D.Q. Mobile is nothing if not reliable, bro! Telling you-this could be your big opportunity for greatness! What are you delivering? Flowers? Candy? Hope not Stripper grams. Remember how THAT went...

D.Q.

I don' know...

The JAVA WAITRESS (30's) walks out, followed by the attractive customer who goes on her way.

JAVA WAITRESS

Com'n fellas. I don't mind if you guys hang out her, but ya gotta stop scaring away my paying customers an' actually, y'know, order something?

D.Q.

Seemed like it was going so well...

BOB

It was my smoulder. The bedroom eyes. She couldn't handle it.

D.Q.

I thought it was gas.

The waitress looks over at the newspaper.

JAVA WAITRESS

EWWW! Body parts? Who would want that job? Running hearts, kidneys in coolers and who know's what else...

BOB

Dicks?

JAVA WAITRESS

I imagine so. It is possible to have a dick reattached, isn't it?

D.Q.

A Dick-etomy.

BOB

No, dude. That's like having your dick removed.

D.Q
Like what happen' to you?

The MANAGER, a sharp young woman in her twenties, glances through the window.

JAVA WAITRESS
Uh-Oh, the boss. So that's two coffee's. Light cream, four sugars and straight black.

D.Q. and Bob nod and give a thumbs up gesture..

JAVA WAITRESS (CONT'D)
I'll be right back.

BOB
So that's the job, huh? Organs R Us?

D.Q. nods.

D.Q
I guess so. And it's important. Peoples lives depend on this service.

BOB
That doesn't mean you have to collect the organs, though, right? You aren't gonna be one of them serial killers who kidnap hookers and leave them iced down in the bathtub cause if you are...

D.Q
No, no...

BOB
I'm totally down with that.

D.Q
You are one sick, sick individual.

The black Mercedes from Capricorn's house stops in traffic in front of the coffee shop. Ridiculously Hot Chloe smiles in the passenger seat.

BOB
Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod!

D.Q
Oh come on. Are you having an episode because of that woman?

BOB

No! An..an epiphany! Look! Look,
damn you man, turn thy gaze upon
true beauty!

Bob reaches over and physically turns D.Q's head to follow
the black car.

D.Q.

Wha'? The car!

Bob slaps him as the car pulls away.

BOB

No! In the car...the most
ridiculously hot woman that I have
ever seen...Oh my god! She makes
Kate Upton look like Kate Smith!

D.Q

Who?

BOB

Old lady who used to sing patriotic
songs. I do believe I am in love!

The waitress returns with the coffees. Bob clutches his chest
and breathes heavily.

JAVA WAITRESS

What's wrong with him?

D.Q

Had an "epiphany".

JAVA WAITRESS

Should I call Nine-One-One?

D.Q

No, it's alright. This level of
idiocy usually takes care of it's
self.

EXT. THE D.Q. MOBILE - DAY

D.Q. and Bob approach a multi-colored, banged up old Ford
Taurus. There's a ticket on the windshield, as it appears the
meter expired.

INT. THE D.Q. MOBILE - DAY

Bob struggles to squeeze the ticket in the glovebox, which is already crammed tightly with previous tickets.

D.Q. pulls into traffic.

BOB

You gotta get a smartphone, dude.
You know, like all the cool kids
have...You can call and text and...

D.Q.

I know what a smartphone is
dumbass. I just want to maintain my
individuality. My freedom. Don'
wan't the man knowin' all my
whereabouts...getting all in my
business, y'know?

BOB

Come on. Even first graders have
cell phones nowadays. You think the
man is really concerned about
tracking them?

D.Q. nods.

D.Q.

Yep. It's all marketing. They can
look through the phones. See if
they're watching Elmo or Spongebob,
drinking apple or orange
juice...It's a vast conspiracy, B-
Dawg..an I ain' gonna play!

BOB

Cause you don't want to piss off
the Orange lobby?

D.Q.

Damn straight! They are more
powerful than you will ever know.

EXT. HIGHLAND VALUE PAWN - DAY

The car pulls past a grungy, downtown Pawn Shop. Bars cover the windows where a neon "Guns for Sale" sign glows.

INT. THE D.Q. MOBILE - MOMENTS LATER

BOB
Stop there!

D.Q.
What? The pawn shop?

BOB
Yep! Time to join the twenty first
century, my friend!

D.Q.
But here?

BOB
Yeah, man! Derek DeBartolo got one
of them smart phones from a guy for
real cheap!

D.Q.
DeBartolo...You mean Dee Dee?

B-Dawg nods as the car pulls in front of the shop.

D.Q. (CONT'D)
Didn't he get arrested for
something they found on his phone?

BOB
Stop worrying. Let's go.

D.Q.
You don't go to jail for a hundred
years because of photos of house
pets! How do we know this phone
doesn't have something on it we
know nothing about?

BOB
Look. This is a store; a
professional establishment. I'm
sure they clean them out before
they can sell them to someone else.
It's a rule.

D.Q.
Didn't work for Dee Dee...

INT. HIGHLAND VALUE PAWN - DAY

TONY VULTURE (70's), a fat, crusty old man stands behind the counter in a run-down pawn shop, smoking a cigar and looking at a racing form. The phone, a wired, land-line variety rings. He speaks with a very high and squeaky inflection.

TONY

Helloo...Highland Value Pawn, where
your second hand dreams come true.
How may help you?

SLOVIKNIA (V.O.)

Did you receive the merchandise we
were expecting?

TONY

Came in yesterday.

SLOVIKNIA

Excellent. My operative insists on
remaining completely invisible,
even to me. Someone this dangerous
you would do well to avoid. You are
aware of the arrangements?

Tony points to a spiral notebook, full of scribbled notes.

TONY

You mean...

SLOVIKNIA

No, no...do not say it! You will be
richly rewarded-if you survive the
encounter with my colleague.

TONY

I - I understand, sir.

He hangs up the phone and wipes the beads of sweat off his forehead.

EXT. THE D.Q. MOBILE - DAY

The car sits in the parking lot.

INT. THE D.Q. MOBILE

Bob rummages through his pockets, looking for anything that looks like money.

BOB

Come on. You need this job and you need a phone to even get in the door. How much money you got?

Resigned, D.Q. pulls out his wallet and a few bills and change from the ashtray.

Bob counts the money slowly.

BOB (CONT'D)

Sixteen dollars and eighty five cents. Nineteen dollars and eighty five cents...

D.Q

How much?

Bob sighs as he starts over.

BOB

One dollar and twenty-five cents.

D.Q

This is crazy. There can't be more than thirty dollars in this whole car. Ain't no way I'm gonna be able to afford a phone with that...

BOB

Look, dude. The way technology changes so fast- you can get a phone a few years old for way cheap. You'll see. Leave it to me. I know how to work these guys. Wheel and deal, that's me.

D.Q. sighs and frowns.

D.Q

Sure. That's you. That's why you still live with your parents and never kissed a girl.

BOB

Not true. The lovely miss Greta Gershom. Junior year.

D.Q

Kissed a willing girl.

Bob sorts out the cash and stacks change on the dashboard.

BOB
We have...

Bob pauses expectantly.

D.Q
What?

BOB
Drum roll? Hello? This is it! The big reveal! The grand prize, the whole enchilada! Deserves a lil' pomp and circumscision!

D.Q. sighs and taps on the steering wheel.

D.Q
Ba da da da....

BOB
Thirty eight dollars and seventy eight cents...Cash, baby! Cash!

D.Q
Alright. I need this job. This will help me get there, right?

BOB
Right! Now you're talking. Let's go.

To be continued... Thanks!