

THE STATIC

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FADE IN:

INT. DARK BEDROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit room. The only light comes from an old, outdated television – its screen flickering with nothing but static.

In front of it stands a YOUNG GIRL (late teens), barefoot, trembling, dressed only in her bra and knickers. She screams, hysterical.

Frantic, she wraps the TV in a bedsheet. Then throws a blanket over it. She scrambles around the room, piling whatever she can – towels, coats, couch cushions.

But the more she tries to muffle it, the louder the static gets – a roar inside her skull.

Blood begins to ooze from both her ears.

In tears, she collapses to her knees, SCREAMING:

GIRL
What do you want?!

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. GIRL'S FLAT - FRONT DOOR - MORNING

Fresh sunlight. The girl, now showered and composed, dressed in laid-back hippie style, opens her door. At the threshold stands a TALL ELECTRICIAN (30s) – confident, friendly smile.

ELECTRICIAN
Sorry it took so long to get to you.

GIRL
That's okay.

ELECTRICIAN
Show me the problem, I'll be out of your hair.

She steps aside and gestures in. He enters – and her smile vanishes. Her pupils seem to darken, almost black.

GIRL
(coldly)
Go right in.

She points him toward the back room.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The electrician steps in – freezes. The TV is now a lumpy, shrouded shrine, wrapped in layers of fabric.

ELECTRICIAN
What... is this?

GIRL
(from doorway)
My television.

ELECTRICIAN
Why is it like this?

GIRL
You need to fix it.

ELECTRICIAN
...The sheets?

GIRL
(intensely)
You need to fix this.

He turns. Sees blood trickling from her ears.

ELECTRICIAN
Jesus—are you okay?

She screams, pointing.

Panicked, he tears the layers off the TV. The STATIC blasts from it – louder, shriller, almost alive.

He clutches his ears.

ELECTRICIAN (CONT'D)
What is this?!

He collapses, grabbing both sides of the television, eyes locked on the screen.

His hands—fused to it.

He SCREAMS.

From the doorway, the girl watches, dazed. Snaps out of it. Tears on her cheeks.

GIRL
I'm sorry. I didn't know what else to do.

She steps back – exits. The door clicks shut behind her.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The electrician is still kneeling. Still screaming. Blood seeping from his ears.

The static drowns everything.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.