

# *Hey You*

Written by

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EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Technically morning, but it's dark. Midnight dark.

A clean '10s Camry rests at the pump. Out steps ED (40s), regular, business casual guy. Unassuming. Just getting his day started.

He slips his debit card into the machine, waits, pulls it out. Lifts the pump handle and begins fueling.

The small screen comes to life.

VOICE  
(on screen)  
This is Gas TV.

Ed snorts, looks to the screen, where three guys in cowboy hats together on a sofa appear. COWBOY #1, sitting in the middle, speaks.

COWBOY  
Hey you! Yeah, you. Pumping your gas. Look here. Keep watching this screen.

Ed mindlessly watches when a sudden bright flash of light -- blinding! -- flares from the screen.

Ed doubles over, releases the pump handle, covers his face.

ED  
The fuck.

He collects himself, places his hand on the car for balance. He checks the screen again. It's dark, except for a blurry image of what looks like a QR code in the center.

The QR code fades, then disappears. He blinks. Not even sure what he's just witnessed.

He collects himself and continues pumping as the sound of distant traffic is audible.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - LATER

Ed sits at his desk, sips coffee. He checks his computer screen, taps a few keys.

Suddenly, he jerks his head back, lets out a grunt. Like he's convulsing. This continues for a few seconds then stops.

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Ed? Ed, you okay?

RICHARD (37), a nearby co-worker. Concern on his face.

Ed smiles, rubs his eyes. Scratches his forehead.

ED  
Yeah. Yeah, I think so. Just feel a little off today.

RICHARD  
You sure? Looked like you were having a seizure a moment ago.

ED  
Yeah, I don't know. That new barista must have put some of the Malaysian stuff in my coffee.

Richard studies Ed closely. Not quite buying it, but okay.

INT. ED'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Ed comes into the room, places his briefcase on the chair. He can smell dinner, and he checks the stove. Nice looking casserole in there.

A cat scampers in, rubs itself on his legs.

MEADOW (36), Ed's wife, enters. She's had a day herself, but chirpy as usual.

MEADOW  
Hey, honey. How's it going?

Ed exhales sharply.

ED  
Long day, long day. How about you?

She grabs pot holders from a drawer, bends to open the stove.

MEADOW  
Eh, same. Got off a little early today. They're cutting hours again.

ED  
What else is new, right?

As she opens the stove, Ed checks out the curve of her ass. He smiles as she places the casserole atop the stove, shuffles behind and presses tightly into her.

She lets out a playful moan as he kisses her neck.

MEADOW

What's got into you?

He wraps his forearm around her neck. Raises it so it covers her face, then clasps his wrist with his other hand and jerks it hard. .

MEADOW (CONT'D)

Ed. Don't you think we should wait--

But he doesn't respond and doesn't stop. He yanks her head again. Hard. Like he's trying to snap her neck!

Meadow's arms flail as he lifts her off her feet. Full panic mode now and so confused as her arms flail.

MEADOW (CONT'D)

Ed!

He stumbles backwards and into the table. Topples a chair. With a final tug he wrenches her head into it makes a sickening crack.

He lets her lifeless body fall to the floor, her head twisted in an impossible direction.

Breathing heavy, Ed shuffles to the counter and opens a drawer. He pulls out a large butcher knife and, with both hands, plunges it into his chest.

EXT. LARGE OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The building, all reflective glass and important looking, rises is above the city scape.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Stunning view from the window. Trophy steer horns on the wall behind a large mahogany desk.

SUPER: Somewhere in Texas

A burly man in a suit and ten gallon hat, TOBY (59) sits at this desk, an open laptop in front of him.

Watching over his shoulder is a thin, geeky-looking guy named SETH (32). With a shaky finger, he points to the --

SCREEN: The moment it happened. A grainy replay of Ed grabbing Meadow from behind, the struggle, then the deed.

SETH  
Jesus fucking Christ.

TOBY  
(sighs, rubs his face)  
I know.

SCREEN: After it's done, two men in black appear, faces covered. One reaches out to us, grabs what can only be a camera, then the screen goes black.

SETH  
He wasn't supposed to kill his wife, much less himself. That wasn't the code I wrote.

TOBY  
I know.

Seth throws his hands up.

SETH  
He was supposed to dance the fucking Macarena or something.

Toby closes the laptop, leans back in his chair and folds his chubby fingers together.

TOBY  
This is a game changer, Seth. A bonafide game changer.

SETH  
Yeah, but, Christ, we gotta work out the bugs. That wasn't supposed to happen.

Toby sits silent for a moment.

TOBY  
Yes, it was.

SETH  
Come again?

TOBY  
We changed your code. Well, not we. They. They changed it.

Seth backs up a step.

SETH  
Are you fucking kidding me?

Toby shakes his head.

                  SETH (CONT'D)  
 Why would you do that?

                  TOBY  
 To see exactly how far we can push  
 them. Social media is dead, son.  
 Misinformation. Lies and  
 propaganda. It worked well, for  
 what it was worth, but it's a thing  
 of the past. This right here--  
                   (points to the laptop)  
 -- this is the future.

Seth's mouth hangs open.

                  SETH  
 You can't be serious. This is  
 crazy.

                  TOBY  
 Judging by your response, I take it  
 you'll be leaving your resignation?

Seth heads for the exit --

                  SETH  
 Fuckin' A right--!

Opens the door -- a MAN appears, throws a plastic bag over  
 his head -- shoots him in the temple! -- the bag captures the  
 splattering blood.

The man zip ties the bag around his neck, yanks it tight.

                  TOBY  
 Get that outta my sight.

The man locks his hands under Seth's shoulders. Stops.

                  MAN  
 Little blood on the floor. I'll  
 come back and clean it up.

Toby adjusts his hat, and as he reaches for the phone...

                  TOBY  
 Wait a while. I've some calls to  
 make first.

THE END