

SMART PHONES, STUPID PEOPLE

Written by

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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 too 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!