

FOR SALE: EVERYTHING

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FADE IN:

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

A ball game radio commentary nurses the erstwhile tedium.

Two computer stations are occupied by technicians: TODD, 30's, good looking in a 'could be a doctor in a TV drama' kinda way and LOU, 30's, not so hot.

LOU

I swear, I'm gonna march in there
on Monday and give them a mouthful.

TODD

Don't waste your breath, nothing
will change.

LOU

It's not fair. This is the third
Friday straight we've had to work
late.

TODD

Well, maybe you shouldn't have
volunteered three weeks ago. They
said it was an ongoing project...

LOU

...that I thought we would continue
working on during the day.

TODD

Fools rush in.

LOU

Say's you.

TODD

Hey, I ain't complaining, I
appreciate the overtime.

A HUGE NOISE outside:

>>>>>>>>>THHWWWACKKKKK!!!*%@><!

The overhead lights flicker momentarily as the lab shakes
like it's been tickled by a small earthquake.

LOU

What the?

TODD

I dunno, but it broke the window.

They gaze at the window, a green light, fractured through the cracked pane begins to pulse, accompanied by a low pitched, rhythmic hum.

LOU

OK - I may be about to shit myself.

TODD

Lighten up Lou, could be anything.
Let's go take a look.

LOU

You go take a look. One of us needs
to be alive to call the cops.

EXT. OUTSIDE LABORATORY - NIGHT

Roughly twelve inch cube, mirrored finish, sits part way in the ground emitting a green vapor. Beyond it, we see a fire escape door open, from which emerges Todd, armed with a flashlight.

As the beam from his flashlight catches the cube, a bleep introduces a message in green text on it's front face:

PLYSE TAYK ME INSYDE ANNED SLOWLEE WARM ME TO 77 FARUNHEIGHT.

Todd removes his walkie-talkie with his free hand, remarkably composed.

TODD

Lou, you there?

Lou nervously peers through the window.

LOU

Yeah, what is it?

TODD

I've got something to show you, but
I need you to go and take a dump
first.

INT. LABORATORY -NIGHT

The cube is now placed on Todd's desk.

A portable heater is blowing warm air onto it.

LOU
I bet this is some kinda prank from
those fuckers over at Denver.

TODD
Would be an expensive joke. I can't
make out what this thing is made
of.

LOU
Looks like solid chromium to me?

TODD
Nope, weighs next to nothing.

BLEEP!

TODD (CONT'D)
Hello, we're back in business.

Another message:

I NEED U2 PLAYC ME ON A SOLID FLAW AND KLEER A 6 FOOT RADYUS.

LOU
I get it, this thing is full of dog
shit - which is gonna explode all
over us. Fuck those Denver guys,
lets mail it straight back to them.

BLEEP!

EYEKNOT FROMD ENVER LOU!

TODD
Oh bejesus, looks like we have a
situation Lou.

No answer from Lou.

TODD (CONT'D)
Lou?

Todd turns around to discover that Lou has fainted.

BLEEP!

EEL BEE OK - JUSS NEEDS SOME THYME.