

SUPER HELP 3000

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Super Help 3000 (C)

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A window OPENS and the FUGITIVE (man, 20s, in dark jeans and hoodie) FALLS on the floor.

Police SIRENS are heard in the distance. He CLOSES the window and sits on the floor, panting.

Red and blue lights fill the window as the SIRENS get closer then further.

The fugitive catches his breath.

The light turns on, startles the fugitive.

An OLD LADY (70s, wearing a dressing gown) is sitting on the couch. On her lap, she has the Super Help 3000, a square machine with 4 big square color buttons and one little round button at the top.

OLD LADY

What I got here is the alarm system Super Help 3000. I got the cavalry on speed dial. One wrong move from your part, I press a button and you're fucked. Do you understand this?

The fugitive nods and sits up straight against the wall.

OLD LADY

Now I got the "Elderly version". There's also a children version for when some creep tries to diddle them. And there's a women version for when some creep tries to diddle them too. In my case, it's mostly if I feel I'll have a heart attack. Noone ever tries to diddle me. Tonight, I want to change that.

The fugitive is confused.

FUGITIVE

I'm no threat to you. I just gotta wait here for a while and then you'll never see me again.

OLD LADY

You're breaking my heart.

(then)

It's very simple. If you help me, I'll help you.

The fugitive leans forward.

FUGITIVE

What do you want?

OLD LADY

I'm bored. And I haven't got laid in a century.

Backward goes the futigive.

OLD LADY

You better start playing, my dear, if you don't want to lose.

FUGITIVE

What do you want me to do?

OLD LADY

Dance for me.

The fugitive gets up.

FUGITIVE

Fuck this...

He goes toward the door, just as police SIRENS are heard again coming down the street. He comes back.

OLD LADY

There's nowhere to go but down, baby. Shall we get to it?

FUGITIVE

I don't dance.

OLD LADY

Now's a good time to start.

FUGITIVE

There's no music.

OLD LADY
 You don't need music when you got
 passion.

The fugitive stays still.

OLD LADY
 I thought you young people were
 less stuck up than that. You grew
 up on porn and music videos, and
 not an ounce of sexyness in you.
 You better shake that ass or
 someone else will shake it for you
 in jail.

The fugitive starts shifting his weight from one foot to the
 other, gritting his teeth.

OLD LADY
 Hey don't you snob me with that
 negativity. Put your soul into it!

The old lady starts beatboxing -- badly.

The fugitive dances like a snake at a business meeting --
 awkwardly, out of place, and not wanting to be there.

OLD LADY
 Show me how you sling that
 shoonoroo.

Her denture falls out of her mouth as she beatboxes, and she
 replaces it.

OLD LADY
 Now take your shirt off.

FUGITIVE
 Ah come on!

OLD LADY
 (holding up the Super Help
 3000 and her index finger
 above it)
 This is the last time you're
 arguing, sugar-stick.

The fugitive takes his shirt off, reluctantly.

OLD LADY
 I've seem ISIS beheading videos
 more arousing than this. But keep
 going. I want to see everything!

FUGITIVE
I'm not doing this.

He leans to pick up his shirt on the floor.

The old lady presses the alarm button -- the little round one.

The fugitive freezes.

The machine lights up. The VOICE that comes out of the speaker is half robotic, half jaded, like a call center operator.

SUPER HELP 3000
Help. Help. I'm in trouble.
Help. Help. I'm in trouble.

The message keeps playing as the old lady and the fugitive look at the machine, not sure what to do next.

OLD LADY
For 19,99\$, it was too good to be
true...

She gets up and goes for the phone.

The fugitive rushes toward her and bumps into her.

She falls and HITS her head on the small table at the end of the couch.

The Super Help 3000 falls on the floor.

SUPER HELP 3000
Personalized options: Press Red for
fire. Press Blue for murder.
Press Yellow for rape. Press Green
for medical emergency.

The fugitive pushes the old lady with his foot. The Super Help 3000 keeps repeating the options.

FUGITIVE
Oh shit...

He squats in front of the corpse and puts two fingers on her neck.

FUGITIVE
Oh shit!

He gets back up, pulls a corner of the curtain to glance outside, and paces around the room.

The machine keeps going.

Annoyed, he KICKS the device. It lands a little further on the floor.

SUPER HELP 3000

Help. Help. There is a... rape...
in progress.

(then)

Help. Help. There is a... rape...
in progress.

The fugitive grabs his head -- what now?

He goes toward the front door, looks back, comes back.

He opens a closet door and starts dragging the corpse, slowly, painfully, across the living room, toward the closet.

A SCREAM is heard coming from outside, in the backyard.

The fugitive freezes, his hands let go of the old lady's arm.

The scream gets closer -- a lone knight charging into battle.

A window BREAKS. (o.s.)

Something heavy HITS the floor. (o.s.)

The scream resumes -- runs out of breath -- resumes again as FOOTSTEPS pound the floor. (o.s.)

The fugitive steps back, raises his hands.

The NEIGHBOUR (16, fat, nerdy-looking, long red hair) appears running with a katana in hands, still screaming.

The fugitive steps back some more, but his back hits the wall.

The neighbour, still screaming and running, shoves the katana in the fugitive's guts. He pulls the sword out and the fugitive DROPS to the floor.

The neighbour kneels next to the old lady's corpse.

NEIGHBOUR

I've heard your call of distress,
dear neighbour.

He touches the corpse.

NEIGHBOUR

Oh no...

He sits on the floor and reaches to grab the Super Help 3000, who's still speaking. He presses a button on it, puts it down, and leans toward the old lady with his head in his hands.

SUPER HELP 3000
There is a... medical emergency...
in progress.

The neighbour keeps staring at the old lady's corpse, in silence.

SUPER HELP 3000
There is a... medical emergency...
in progress.

SOUND and IMAGE slowly fade out.

FADE OUT.