

THIS IS HOW THEY'LL FIND ME

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Just one of a million middle-America subdivisions.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ARTHUR, 30s, showered-last-Friday-get-off-his-back, sits slumped on a puffy sofa, TV remote in hand.

ARTHUR
Hey Siri, show me something new.

SIRI (V.O.)
I'm sorry. You've reached the end
of streaming.

He tosses the remote aside, picks up a different one.

ARTHUR
Alexa, play a new program.
Anything.

ALEXA
I'm afraid I agree with Siri.

Arthur throws his head back, stares at the ceiling.

ARTHUR
This is how they'll find me. Dead
on the couch. Remote in hand.

His attention is drawn to a SONG outside, in the distance, getting closer. A BELL claps twice as the song grows louder.

Arthur leaps from the couch, dashes to the window.

A truck approaches, its side panels painted in bright colors with delightful pictures. DING, DING.

KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

He frantically searches a drawer, eventually yanks his wallet from within.

He checks it. Empty.

The song is loud now. Just outside.

Arthur tosses the wallet, opens a lower cabinet to reveal: several large glass jars filled with change.

He grabs two jars and sprints for the front door, grabbing a face mask as he goes.

ARTHUR

Hold up!!

A FEW MINUTES LATER

Arthur, mask on, his hands full, struggles to get back inside the house. He drops something...

A roll of toilet paper.

It rolls across the floor.

Reaching the couch, he dumps his pile of goodies onto the cushions: multiple rolls of toilet paper, a bottle of hand sanitizer, a box of face masks, two empty glass jars.

He pushes the items aside, plops on the couch.

Arthur removes his mask, sling shots it across the room.

He taps his fingers on the sofa as the boredom washes back over him.

Arthur reaches for an iPad.

ARTHUR

Okay, Google. Show me something new.

GOOGLE (V.O.)

I'm sorry. You've reached the end of the internet.

Arthur sighs.

ARTHUR

Show me again. And, start at the beginning.

The glow of the iPad washes over Arthur's face, as does a blank look of absolute nothingness.

FADE OUT.