

"WAKE UP"

Written by

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INT. GIL VEDDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MACRO. EXTREME CLOSE-UP. AN EYE OPENS, REVEALING A TINY, TWINKLING GRID CENTERED DIRECTLY OVER THE PUPIL AREA.

GIL VEDDER sits up in bed - an array of dazzling city lights visible through the enormous window behind him, along with a cruiser that hovers momentarily closer to his building, before it tears off into the distance. As the bedcover retracts with silken precision into the base beneath him, Gil blinks slowly...and as he does so, the blinds over the window behind him close and open in perfect sync. Rubbing his eyes with the palms of his hands, he closes them...and opens them again. And once again, the blinds respond simultaneously. Clearly frustrated, he punches the mattress with both fists.

INT. GIL'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As he approaches the mirror, in semi-darkness, the light above it flickers on, revealing 01:16 behind the glass and a commercial for Zero G Pillows - where a woman wearing a blissful expression has her head hovering above the surface of a plush bed. Gil looks hard in the mirror and blinks, opening his eyes wide, before he holds one of them open with his thumb and index finger so he can look right inside it.

GIL
Piece of junk.

Then he jabs a finger at the mirror and the NO checkbox on the Zero G BUY NOW? end title.

GIL (CONT'D)
Like that's gonna help.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Collapsing into an armchair, Gil winds up a vintage tin toy robot and watches it make painfully slow progress across a glossy surface as he places two fingers against the side of his face, next to his eye, and makes a call.

HIS POV - THE ROOM - WHERE A THREE DIMENSIONAL **HEADS UP** DISPLAY FOLDS OUT AS A VISUAL OVERLAY FEATURING SEARCH, CONNECT, RECORD AND STATUS BUTTONS.

Gil reaches into thin air for CONNECT. Then scrolling through an augmented reality CONTACTS list, he stops the dial on OPTILINK SUPPORT and jabs the button once. A beat later, an eerily close approximation of a female voice answers - SARA.

SARA
Optilink Support. You're through to Sara. How can I help you this evening?

GIL
My units are malfunctioning.

SARA
Left or right eye, sir?

GIL
Both.

SARA
How unusual.

GIL
Tell me something I don't know.

SARA
Unfortunately I don't have access to your knowledge base at the moment, but based on your age, resumé and demographic profile, the probability of you knowing the following fact is less than 1%...

GIL
(irritated)
What are you talking about?

SARA
14 seconds ago, Mr. Vedder, you placed a request for me to tell you something you didn't know.

GIL
It's an expression. It doesn't mean anything.

SARA
The expression "tell me something I don't know" has now been added to my linguistic database. Does that mean you won't be needing the fact?

GIL
No. Go ahead. Give it to me.

SARA
The capital of Liechtenstein is Vaduz.

GIL

Thank you. If I ever end up on Who Wants To Be A Billionaire, I'm sure that'll come in handy. Now how about my freakin' eyes?

SARA

I'm going to perform a remote diagnostics check. Please stay on the line.

HIS POV ONCE AGAIN - AS THE HUD VANISHES, TO BE REPLACED BY THE TITLE: "DIAGNOSTIC CHECK - PLEASE BE PATIENT".

GIL

Tick tock.

SARA

Excuse me, sir?

GIL

Forget about it. How am I looking?

HIS P.O.V. SUDDENLY SWITCHES TO A TOP SHOT OF A CITY, ZOOMING IN AND IN AND IN...UNTIL IT LOCATES HIS APARTMENT.

SARA

Geo-location appears to be functioning normally. Would you like to attempt a search?

GIL

Let's try the fastest route to Daruma Sushi.

FOR AN INSTANT, A DARUMA DOLL, MINUS ONE EYE, ROTATES IN FRONT OF HIM WITH THE RESTAURANT LOGO ABOVE IT, BEFORE THE CITY MAP TRACES OUT A GLOWING ROUTE FROM HIS APARTMENT.

GPS (V.O.)

Turn right into Yoda Boulevard... second left into Nibiru...at the end of the road, veer left into Obama, then proceed for 800 yards. You have reached your destination.

GIL

Search looks like it's working fine as well. I don't get it.

SARA
Would you like to?

GIL
Would I like to what?

SARA
Get it. An order of sushi from
Daruma. As a working test of your
Optilink CONNECT capabilities...

NOW THE HUD FOLDS OUT TO REVEAL DARUMA'S MENU, WHERE THE
DIFFERENT ITEMS HOVER AND ROTATE IN 3D SPACE BEFORE A CRASH-
ZOOM IN TOWARDS THE DISH OF THE DAY.

GIL
No thanks. I had a Big Mac a few
hours ago. Look, can we finish the
diagnostic check? I'd really like
to get some sleep here...

SARA
Certainly, Mr. Vedder. Two more
functions to go. Would you mind
recording a few moments of live
audio and video for me - to check
signal strength and latency...

So Gil gets up, and walks over to a large standing mirror
where he performs the first verse of "Rockabye Baby" like a
heavy metal air guitarist, before stopping abruptly.

GIL
Don't you understand? SARA! I need
to sleep. I NEED TO SLEEP!

SARA
Mr. Vedder, your recording
capabilities appear to be operating
at full capacity.

GIL
Who cares about recording
capabilities!? I'm not at a
barmitzvah. I want to know what the
heck is wrong with my Optilink. I
want to know why it won't let me
sleep. Is there some kind of alert
or routine maintenance glitch or
anything that will explain this?

SARA
Please be patient while I do a
final check on your STATUS.

AND NOW THE HUD BECOMES A MULTI-PLANE HEALTH MONITOR WITH
INDICATORS FOR HEART RATE, SUGAR LEVEL, BLOOD PRESSURE...

SARA (CONT'D)
Vital signs are good. You seem to
be in excellent condition, sir.
Apart from unusually exaggerated
stress levels.

The wind-up robot falls off the table and continues its
fruitless walking motion - tiny tin feet pedaling air.

GIL
If everything's so peachy, why
won't my Optilink shut down?! Every
time I close my eyes, your menu is
right there in front of me..burning
a freakin' hole in my head.

SARA
Ah!

GIL
What is it?

SARA
It seems I've located the source
of your insomnia.

GIL
AND?!

SARA
Due to this morning's terrorist
attack on Optilink's server farm,
all outgoing messages to your
sector were unfortunately delayed.

GIL
Hold on, hold on! A delayed
message is the reason the Optilink
Network won't let me log off!?

GIL'S P.O.V. - THE MESSAGE INBOX APPEARS IN VIEW, WITH A
WEATHERBEATEN GENT LOOKING MOURNFULLY AT CAMERA: CARL.

MAILBOX (V.O.)
First new message...

CARL

Gil. This is not something I ever wanted to do, believe me. We go back a long way.. But this comes straight from the top. Solomon from Austerity Unit did the numbers..and says Securicor is overcapitalized in human resources - whatever that's supposed to mean. It didn't even go to a vote. The announcement went out, the stock price rose..and now you and another 712 guys are out of a job. I tried telling Solomon how many years of your life you personally gave to the company, here and in Iran, but he wasn't interested. He said you're a tough guy. That you'd suck it up. I'm sorry Gil. I'm real sorry. Call me.

And then the message ends.

MAILBOX (V.O.)

Second new message..

But Gil isn't interested. And so he swipes the air and shuts the transmission down.

GIL

That's great. Now I'm really gonna get a good night's sleep.

SARA

Unfortunately that won't be possible Mr. Vedder.

GIL

What do you mean? I retrieved the urgent message..got kicked in the guts..and now I can toss and turn trying to figure out how I'm gonna pay the bills, right?

SARA

Unfortunately, Optilink Resource Management has determined that due to your age, resumé and demographic profile, your probability of being gainfully employed within the next three months is 2.4%

GIL

(incensed)

So what..you keep me logged in
until I go nuts from sleep
deprivation or tear my eyes out?!
Is that how it works?!

SARA

Mr. Vedder, Insomnia Therapy is
only for those who are neither
willing nor able to contribute to
society...or have a second degree
criminal record. Your situation is
far more promising.

GIL

Oh really!? And why is that?

SARA

Optilink Resource Management has
determined that despite your low
probability of employment, a
fatality earlier this evening has
left a vacancy for someone with
your particular skills at a nearby
entertainment venue - The Hive.

GIL

Yeah, I know the place.

SARA

That is the reason you have been
prevented from logging off for the
night. For your benefit, Optilink
Resource Management has kindly
ensured that you are able to
respond timeously, while the
position is still available.

GIL

Gee, thanks a lot.

SARA

Our pleasure, sir.

INT. MONORAIL - MOMENTS LATER

As a million lights reflect off the interior walls of the
curved glass capsule, Gil tries to ignore a public transport
"entertainer" who is standing alongside him with a harmonica
in his mouth and an outstretched baseball cap in hand.

It seems the guy earns his living by being totally unable to play anything - other than a discordant, polyphonic wheeze that succeeds in irritating people enough for them to pay him simply to leave. But Gil isn't falling for that one. Not now.

And so a Mexican standoff ensues, where the guy continues to "play" the same thing repeatedly, in the hope that Gil will cough up - despite the fact that he's sitting with his arms stubbornly folded. But eventually it's the BUSINESSMAN in the shirt and tie behind him who can't take it any more.

BUSINESSMAN

Hey, jerkweed. Just pay this moron already so he can move on. I'm losing patience over here.

GIL

(turning around)

If it's bothering you, why don't **you** pay him?

As if to provide the necessary reason, the gent stands up - revealing a massive set of arms, a puffed out barrel chest and a menacing scowl - not exactly standard equipment for someone in business attire. So taking this as a sign that he's somehow going to benefit from the exchange, the entertainer offers his cap to the guy. But instead of loose change, he collects a vicious right hook that sends him reeling to the floor of the monorail carriage, unconscious before he even hits the ground. As the bruiser now redirects his attention in his direction, Gil's Optilink HUD flashes a sequence of rectangular autofocus-style frames over various zones of the guy's body, before settling on his tie.

GIL (CONT'D)

That wasn't necessary.

GUY

I'm warning you, buttwipe, sit down and shut up or..

But before he can finish the sentence, Gil grabs his tie at lightning speed and jerks down - hard - so a split second later, the corporate gorilla's forehead connects with the chrome bar on the back of the seat and he too collapses in a heap, alongside Mr. Bojangles.

GIL

Thanks for the warning.

On cue, the monorail pulls up at Gil's stop and he walks towards the hydraulic doors, shaking his head.

INT. PIERO CARMELLO'S OFFICE - LATER

If the glitzy Manager's office is anything to go by, The Hive must be raking it in. And PIERO CARMELLO seems poised to add to that total as he crouches over the octagonal glass tank which is the centerpiece of his coffee table. With a lizard in a tiny pair of red lycra shorts clasped gingerly in his fingers, Piero is about to lower him into the tiny enclosure, to meet his nemesis in a pair of blue lizard shorts.

PIERO

(to Gil)

See that guy in there? That's Floyd. Never been beaten.

GIL

No kidding.

PIERO

(raising the one in hand)

But this little guy..is a beast. And I got a club full of people just dying to see if he can take Floyd's title.

GIL

Sounds like one heck of a match.

PIERO

So listen...you sure you want this job? You seem a little..how can I say..overqualified.

GIL

It's no problem. Any time I get bored, I'll let you know. Until then, it's 10pm to 6am, Wednesday to Saturday, right?

Just then, the intercom on Piero's desk buzzes and a panic-stricken voice stammers out of it - GIANLUCA.

GIANLUCA

Piero. We got a problem. Jumbo is back again, with some of his crew.

And suddenly, Piero is no longer interested in the reptile battle of the century, as he directs Gil to the door enthusiastically.

PIERO

Congratulations. You're hired. Complimenti.

GIL

And now I need to have a word with
the giant who's been terrorizing
your establishment, right?

PIERO

No no. Jumbo just means hello in
Swahili.

GIL

Hello?

PIERO

Yes.

But as Piero opens the door for Gil, with a gentlemanly bow,
he mutters something to himself under his breath.

PIERO (CONT'D)

...or goodbye.

EXT. THE HIVE - CONTINUOUS

Loitering at the entrance to The Hive is a mean-looking
character roughly Gil's height - with three equally fierce
comrades in tow. Other than facial characteristics that
reflect no regard at all for any other life form, Jumbo's
most distinguishing feature are his hands, which are composed
entirely of steel. And between the four of them and the
doorway...stands Gil.

GIL

How can I help you gentlemen?

JUMBO

Who are you?

GIL

I'm the new head of security.

JUMBO

That's my job.

GIL

Really?

JUMBO

For a reasonable price, we make
sure there is no trouble.

GIL

And if someone doesn't need your
services?

Jumbo seems to find this very amusing, along with the rest of his crew. And while they are enjoying a laugh - no doubt the immediate precursor to a sudden and vicious response - Gil is conducting an Optilink scan for weak spots in his opponents.

As the reticule in his display flicks from thug to thug, he exhales deeply, closes his eyes...and launches a head butt straight at Jumbo, catching him off guard. Then with uncanny precision and calm he wades into the pack while Jumbo tries to recover. There is no doubt, from the sequence of moves Gil unleashes, that he is an immensely skilled fighter.

In a matter of seconds, with all three of Jumbo's henchmen incapacitated or unconscious on the edge of the red carpet, Gil turns to face the last man standing. And as he and the man with bionic fists square up, he makes his move...

EXTREME SLOW MOTION. JUMBO SWINGS A HAYMAKER AT GIL - WHO HAS ONE ARM RAISED EXPERTLY TO BLOCK IT. BUT A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE IMPACT, HE SUDDENLY LOWERS HIS FOREARM AND COLLECTS A METAL FIST RIGHT IN THE EYE. MOMENTARILY ROCKED, HE NOW LUNGES STRAIGHT FORWARD WITH HIS GUARD ENTIRELY DOWN, TAKING A PERFECTLY AIMED SHOT IN THE OTHER EYE. BLACKOUT.

HOSPITAL WARD - LATER

GIL'S POINT OF VIEW, LOW ANGLE - LOOKING STRAIGHT UP AT A BRIGHT OVERHEAD SURGICAL LAMP - OUT OF FOCUS. AS GIL BLINKS, THE "SHUTTER" OF HIS EYELID CLOSES FOR A MOMENT BEFORE OPENING AGAIN. SO WHEN THE IMAGE FINALLY RESOLVES, RETURNING TO THE CORRECT "EXPOSURE", A DOCTOR LEANS IN WITH A FILAMENT FIBRE LIGHT IN HAND AND A LOOK OF GRAVE CONCERN.

DOC

How do you feel, son?

GIL'S POINT OF VIEW. HE CLOSES HIS EYES AGAIN. AND AS THE EYELIDS DESCEND, IT IS CLEAR THAT FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE OPTILINK HUD IS NO LONGER VISIBLE AT ALL. SOLID BLACK.

On his back in a hospital bed, with two black eyes that are almost entirely closed Gil, is lying there with an enormous smile on his face. A look of total contentment.

GIL

I never felt better in my life.