

VERSION WHO

"Chad 1.0"

by

An-Dinh Nguyen

An-Dinh Nguyen
(281) 701-4281
andinh.nguyen@gmail.com

40 INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS (FANTASY)

40

Chad wields his device. Russell freezes. Chad pulls out a small battery-powered drill, radio receiver and electrode chip. He DRILLS into the base of Russell's skull, thrusts the chip in and attaches the receiver.

Chad tucks the drill into his jacket, fishes out a remote-controlled transmitter and wires it to Russell's computer. He unfreezes Russell and inputs commands on the keyboard.

CHAD
Give...job...back.

Russell stirs.

RUSSELL
Insufficient information.

Figures. Chad continues typing.

CHAD
Remember...Chad's...ideas...work...
dedication.

Russell processes this.

RUSSELL
Error. Error.

CHAD
No, not my error.
(typing)
Remember...grad school...Trig
Fest...first girlfriends...marathon
nosebleeds.

More processing.

RUSSELL
Insufficient memory. Please quit.

CHAD
No, listen!
(typing)
Listen...to Chad.

RUSSELL
Invalid request.

Vexed, Chad rips out his transmitter and throws it at Russell.

CHAD
Aw, go destruct yourself!

Russell obediently tears the receiver and attached chip from his skull, tosses them behind him and continues clawing at the back of his head, SPARKS A-FLYING.

BACK TO REALITY:

41 INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

41

Russell, equipment-free and scratching the back of his neck, raises his eyebrows.

RUSSELL

Red's not a good color for you.

CHAD

I can't believe what you've become!

A long beat.

RUSSELL

Huh?

CHAD

We started Musayics together because we shared my software concept and we were friends. And it worked because you had the cool, Seth had the calculator brain and I had the passion and endurance. Then I did one thing wrong--

RUSSELL

Nah, Seth's been tracking--

CHAD

Fine, one big, potentially company-destroying thing wrong. But don't you still need me? Don't I deserve another chance? Is saving some mice and a few bucks more important than preserving what we have?

RUSSELL

It was a lot of mice. And bucks.

CHAD

Why didn't you just ask me to take a pay cut?

RUSSELL

Chad, would you take a pay cut?

CHAD

No! I'm co-founder, etc. I'm an equal partner!

RUSSELL

Then you left us with no choice.
Save the bungler or the company.
(shrugging)
Way of the world.

CHAD

You're--you're--mean!

RUSSELL

I prefer "casually honest."

Chad flops down. Russell goes to sit on the front of his desk. He lays a hand on Chad's shoulder.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Chad looks up hopefully.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

That you feel that way.

Chad simmers again.

CHAD

Why am I even here? You've already replaced me.

RUSSELL

'Cause this isn't about work. So you lost one job. You've still got Seth and me, your lady Maryann, your go-to guy Huang and your...Vik. We're like a little expanding family with some disownership drama.

42 INT. RUSSELL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS (FANTASY)

42

Chad glares at Russell.

CHAD

Don't patronize me, bitch!

He tries to knock Russell's hand off. Russell grips harder.

CHAD (CONT'D)

(small voice)

I feel woozy.

RUSSELL

I'm just telling it like it is. We can still hang and code for fun while you find somewhere else to get paid. But if you wanna make it in any biz, you gotta roll with its ways. Be one with them.

CHAD

What are you doing to me?

RUSSELL

Helping you adapt. Inside out.

Chad gets weaker.

CHAD

What--what is this?

He tugs Russell's hand vainly. Then realizes.

CHAD (CONT'D)

My--my soul!

He struggles.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You took away our friendship, my job, my life and now--this? Is this what you've always wanted? Arghhh! Treacherous...rapscallion....

Russell looks as zen as usual. Chad is sinking.

RUSSELL

(echoing)

It's for the best...best...best....

That does it. Incensed, Chad gets a second wind.

CHAD

Is that your new tagline?

With a massive grunt, he pushes the hand off and jumps up.

CHAD (CONT'D)

You! I can't believe I ever trusted you. Or Seth or--

He catches his breath as his soul returns to full strength. Russell retreats behind the desk.

CHAD (CONT'D)

This game isn't over. This project is mine! It's going to be singing my music! I've got many ideas and many lives left and I'm always on! Heh. That's my tagline.

Russell backs away slowly.

CHAD (CONT'D)

Don't step on my chip! Or my receiver or transmitter.

Russell looks perplexed.

CHAD (CONT'D)
It's continuity from before. Come
on, give them to me.

Russell picks them up and hands them over. Chad immediately
throws them at him, missing wildly.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Dammit! Okay, give them to me again.

Russell does. Chad exits. Beat. He's back.

CHAD (CONT'D)
The end. For you.

The door SLAMS on a ruffled Russell.

END OF EXCERPT