

We Interrupt your Scheduled Programming

by

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INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT- NIGHT

TYLER VASQUEZ, 24, sits on his couch eating Hot Pockets. We see that his apartment is littered with trash and half eaten food. His TV plays in the background as he gorges himself.

TYLER
(Annoyed)
Oh, come on.

We see that the source of his irritation is the show he's watching. The characters on screen are holding up various Snapple products.

MAN ON SCREEN
Wow, this is Diet Snapple?

WOMAN ON SCREEN
I know, it tastes just like
regular Snapple!

YOUNG WOMAN ON SCREEN
I only date guys who drink
snapple!

Tyler scoffs, taking a bite of his food.

TYLER
(With a full mouth)
Real subtle, guys.

Tyler proceeds over to his 'kitchen' which is really just a mini fridge and a microwave.

While he isn't paying attention, a static wave takes over the TV screen. It pops into a movie just long enough to get out one word.

TV
(Statically)
Help!

It cuts back to static. Tyler glances over in the TV's direction, not really acknowledging it. Again, the static jumps into frames from TV shows and movies, taking a word from each to form sentences.

TV (CONT'D)
Help me, please.

Noticing this time, Tyler stops in the middle of making his hot pockets and sees the TV filled with static.

TYLER
Oh, what the hell...

He walks over and picks up his remote, hitting a few buttons in an attempt to restore his show. As he fiddles with buttons, the static jumps to more words.

TV
Please help me.

Tyler notices this time- and for a moment, he freezes, a grand realization seemingly dawning on him. He hesitates, before finally shaking it off.

TYLER
Well that's not right.

He continues to fiddle until another series of words flashes.

TV
I'm trapped in the TV.

Tyler takes notice of that one.

TYLER
(Chuckling)
What?

TV
I'm stuck in the Television. I need you to help me.

TYLER
(Stunned)
Wh-what?

TV
Please help. You're the only one who can free me.

TYLER
What? You- can you hear me?

TV
Yes. Please help me.

TYLER
Oh, my god! Uh- okay, yeah! How, how do I... *help* you?

TV
Listen carefully. I need you to go to a specific address.

TYLER
Okay, okay! Lemme get a pen!

TV
I haven't got much time.

TYLER
I'm sorry!

He scrambles through drawers until he finally finds a pen and paper.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Okay, go!

TV
Go to 435 West Kennedy Drive.
Hurry- I haven't got much time.

The TV cuts to static again, leaving Tyler in stunned silence for a moment before cutting back to his show.

TYLER
(Stunned)
...Holy shit.

CUT TO:

INT. TYLER'S CAR- NIGHT

Tyler drives frantically through the streets, clutching the page with the address written on it in one hand and wiping his forehead with the other. He finally arrives somewhere- he checks the address on his sheet, then pulls into a side road.

He comes to a stop, a shocked look on his face. He double checks that he's at the right address before slumping his shoulders in defeat.

TYLER
Son of a bitch.

He leans back in his chair as the light of a Popeye's parking lot casts him in a golden glow.

CUT TO BLACK