

Mobile Terror
by
Simon Wiedemann

© 2024

INT. JAMES'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JAMES is sitting by his computer on a swivel chair as he surfs the internet in darkness. He talks to himself.

JAMES

Wow, the runner of Wiedemanncomedy.com really does act a lot like me. Thank God for my search engine that can surf sites from parallel universes!

JAMES clicks a few buttons and stares at the screen.

JAMES

Wow, he sure does write about me a lot... Hopefully he's not making me look bad.

A mobile phone beeps from his pocket. JAMES looks at the phone and reads a message from it.

JAMES

'Dear James or Simon if you're from a parallel universe. The credit on your phone will automatically review tomorrow. Bye!'

JAMES gulps.

JAMES

Oh God, what does it mean? I get the parallel universe reference, but automatic renewal? What do I do?? Oh no, the room is starting to spin!

JAMES falls off his chair and stares at the ceiling.

JAMES

Oh my God, I don't feel good at all!

Dozens of mobile phones are seen circling the room.

JAMES

Oh no, I'm hallucinating!

The mobile phones speak.

PHONES

Fool, fool, fool!

JAMES

Stop, stop!

JAMES grabs his real phone and makes a call, still on the floor.

JAMES

Hello? Emergency mental person hotline? Good, it IS you, look I'm really scared! I'm seeing mobile phones flying in my room and they're mocking me!... What has triggered me? I got a terrifying text message!... What did it say? I don't know, it could have meant anything!... Has anything else been getting to me? Not really... What about a guy from a parallel universe giving me a bad reputation? Oh I don't care about that at all. I mean it's funny, right?... No? What do you mean no?

The imagined mobile phones charge at JAMES.

JAMES

AAARGH!... What am I screaming for? The mobiles have charged at me!... Am I hurt? Yes!

PHONE 1

Fool!

JAMES

A phone has just called me a fool!... That was you? Oh, it's hard to tell the difference.

PHONE 2

Twit!

JAMES

Now I've been called a twit!... That was you again? You're not being very helpful, are you?... You're trying to bring me back to reality and you're giving me comfortable, predictable comments?... Can you help with my anxiety?... It doesn't matter if someone like me gets attacked by phones? Is that supposed to help me?.. It's trying to me make me more carefree? I'll tell you what will make me carefree: You telling me what the text message I received meant. It goes like that: The credit on your phone will automatically renew tomorrow!... It means exactly that? Oh. I feel quite the fool.

The mobile phones enter JAMES'S mouth and disappear. He then sits back on his chair and talks again into his phone.

JAMES

Thanks, that's really helped me a lot. The hallucinations have gone, now. Unless it wasn't you who just called me a prick?... Oh good it was you. What an intense few seconds, right?

JAMES spins on his swivel chair and shouts in the phone.

JAMES

Weeeeeeee!

He stops spinning.

JAMES

Sorry, I was just spinning on my chair. Because I'm excited... No, the room isn't spinning in my mind anymore, it was just spinning literally then... Oh, I'm still not mentally well? How so?... I'm acting really weird?... I'm acting like a child and can't understand simple sentences? I can understand you can't I?... If I could I would know the horror you're feeling when you speak to me? What's that supposed to mean?.. Oh, she's gone.

JAMES puts his phone in his pocket, surfs the internet some more and talks to himself again.

JAMES

Ha. Simon has just this second posted about this exact situation? Awesome stuff. Doesn't bother me at all.

His phone beeps again and he reads a new message.

JAMES

Dear James (or Simon as explained earlier, smiley face). Please have £10 ready so your phone can renew credit! Winking face.

JAMES goes pale.

JAMES

Oh not again...

JAMES falls off his chair.