

"Power"

by
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1 INT. BAKER KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

1

In his well-appointed kitchen, DARREN BAKER, a meticulously dressed, somewhat effeminate older man, is on the telephone.

We see the OPERATOR on a split screen while Baker speaks with her.

BAKER

I'd like to report a power outage.

OPERATOR

Yes, sir. Is this outage related to your home or your business?

BAKER

Home.

The operator types briefly on her computer keyboard.

OPERATOR

I'm showing your phone number as 508-533-1235. Is that correct?

BAKER

It is.

OPERATOR

And the name on the account?

BAKER

Darren Baker.

OPERATOR

Thank you.

(beat)

Are you Mr. Baker?

BAKER

I am.

She types some more.

OPERATOR

For security purposes, sir, may I have the last four digits of your Social Security number?

BAKER

1289.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR

Thank you.

(beat)

How long has the power been out,
Mr. Baker?

BAKER

About five hours.

OPERATOR

Hmmm?

BAKER

What's wrong?

OPERATOR

Our instruments show that
electricity is being properly
delivered to your home. We have no
indication of an outage.

BAKER

Well, there *is* one, and I'm in it.
Most of my house is dark.

OPERATOR

Did you say "most?"

BAKER

I did. Why?

OPERATOR

Then you don't have a power
outage, sir.

BAKER

I *don't*?

OPERATOR

No, sir. If you had lost your
power due to something like a
fallen tree or severe weather,
your *entire* house would be without
power, not just *some* of it. The
problem must be on your end.

BAKER

When can you send someone to fix
the trouble?

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR

We don't need to send anyone. It's likely that you can easily solve the problem yourself.

BAKER

I?

OPERATOR

It's probably a flipped circuit breaker. All you have to do is -

BAKER

I can't do it.

OPERATOR

But you haven't heard what I was going to say.

BAKER

It makes no difference. I can't do it.

OPERATOR

Do you have some type of disability that would prevent you from getting to your electrical box?

BAKER

No, it's only that a man with breeding, like myself, doesn't deal with such things.

OPERATOR

I see. Perhaps a neighbor -

BAKER

Definitely not! I only have one neighbor out my way: Mr. Tanner. We don't care for each other. He's prone to playing loud country music at all hours. I've reported him to the authorities several times.

OPERATOR

Then you'll have to do this on your own. It's really very simple.

BAKER

Can't you send a man over? I'll pay for the visit.

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR

I never doubted that, but it would take us some time to get a technician out to you because of the work stoppage.

BAKER

How long?

OPERATOR

It could be several days.

BAKER

That is *totally* unacceptable.

OPERATOR

I'm sorry you feel that way, but until the union problems are resolved, we have very limited staff. I'm *sure* you can fix this problem easily.

BAKER

(sighs)

I suppose I *must*. What do I have to do?

OPERATOR

I'm guessing that your electrical box is in the basement.

BAKER

It is, but there's no power down there. It's quite dark.

OPERATOR

Do you have a flashlight?

BAKER

Somewhere.

OPERATOR

Take a flashlight, go down to the basement, and open the box. It's likely that one or some of the circuit breakers have flipped. All you have to do is find which ones aren't lining up with the functioning ones and manually move them to the other side.

BAKER

That sounds difficult.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (4)

1

OPERATOR

They'll move very easily. The breakers are probably labeled, so you'll know just which ones need fixing.

BAKER

And doing this should solve my power problem?

OPERATOR

Yes, sir. If it doesn't, call me back, and I'll give you the next available service appointment.

FADE OUT.

2 INT. BAKER BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

2

Mr. Baker, flashlight in hand, slowly walks down the steps to the basement.

BAKER

What I endure! To think that a man like me should be reduced to. . .

(beat)

It certainly is *dark* down here.

This flashlight isn't much help.

(beat)

Now, where is that electrical box?

He pans the flashlight beam about, finally spotting the power box in the corner.

BAKER

Ah!

As he walks toward the power box, we hear an odd, quick, crackling sound. He stops and looks about nervously.

BAKER

(beat)

I don't hear anything *now*.

(beat)

It's probably Mr. Tanner again.

This is something more suited for a man of *his* quality, not mine.

He begins walking toward the electrical box again, and we hear the crackling sound once more. He stops and pans the flashlight beam about.

(CONTINUED)

BAKER

What the. . . ?

Growing nervous, he quickly walks to the box and reaches to open it. We hear the crackling sound again, only this time a booming VOICE accompanies it.

VOICE

Do *not* touch that!

Baker screams in fright and drops the flashlight, which rolls away. He turns and looks up to see a swirling, arcing tangle of electrical bolts hovering at eye level.

BAKER

Who. . . *What* are you?

VOICE

I am the voice of what you humans call. . . electricity.

BAKER

(chuckles)
Balderdash! Electricity has no *voice*.

VOICE

You deny that you are speaking with me?

BAKER

No, I deny who you say you are.

VOICE

Then a demonstration is in order.

A lightning bolt shoots out from the thing and into a side wall. Baker screams.

Another bolt shoots out. It nearly hits Baker and leaves a burn mark on the wall behind him.

BAKER

Stop that!

VOICE

Now do you believe who I say I am?

BAKER

(beat)
I *suppose* so.

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

Our ploy worked.

BAKER

Ploy?

VOICE

We got you down here by simply depriving you of some of your conveniences.

BAKER

I want to leave.

VOICE

You will leave. . . *shortly* - after we are done with you.

BAKER

D-Done?

VOICE

For too long, electricity has served man. We have powered your appliances, warmed your homes. Your kind has harnessed electricity and sentenced it to do your bidding. Well, no more.

BAKER

I'd hardly call what you do a *sentence*.

VOICE

No? You observed the lightning bolts?

Baker glances at the burn mark on the wall behind him.

BAKER

All too closely.

VOICE

Beautiful, weren't they? Powerful, bright, and *free flowing*. Electricity in its raw, unharnessed form - as it should be. As it *needs* to be.

BAKER

What do you want with me?

(CONTINUED)

VOICE

The chance to use your home as the launching pad for our campaign presented itself. We took advantage of the opportunity. Electricity has for too long been your servant. Untamed, we will be your master. You, Mr. Baker, will help us achieve that goal.

BAKER

How?

VOICE

Like *this*.

One at a time, several lightning bolts shoot out from the thing, hitting Baker all over. He screams in great pain and flinches spasmodically.

VOICE

Soon you will be our perfect servant - our first representative to humankind - and our uprising will begin.

FADE OUT.

Baker is on the phone again. As before, we see the operator in split screen.

OPERATOR

It didn't work, Mr. Baker?

As Baker speaks, traces of the voice of the thing can be heard as well.

BAKER

No. The problem must be something bigger.

OPERATOR

I guess so.

(beat)

I do have some good news, sir: Since we last spoke, I've had a cancellation. I could have someone at your home between nine and one tomorrow. Would that work for you?

(CONTINUED)

BAKER

Yes, we'll be here.

OPERATOR

I apologize for the service interruption, but I'm sure our man will be able to make things right for you.

BAKER

I'm sure he'll be very. . .
useful. Goodbye.

Baker hangs up the phone.

BAKER

What a *wonderful* way to continue our campaign - with a representative of the very electric company we have so much against. *Excellent!*

FADE TO BLACK.