

IN HEAT:  
XTENZ.EXE

Written by

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**NOTE:** *It's the year 2027. Neural implants and hyper-personalized augmented reality are commonplace. These tiny computers with direct brain access make "people hacking" possible. The ultimate goal of this hacking is complete takeover and control of a target.*

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

GRAHAM (21) zips through downtown on a SKATEBOARD -- weaves along crowded sidewalks -- cuts in and out of traffic.

GRAHAM'S POV:

Chaotic hustle and bustle -- PEDESTRIANS, BUSINESSES, TRAFFIC...

AUGMENTED REALITY OVERLAYS, ACTIVITY MONITORS and STATUS BARS flash and pulse -- a constantly shifting data stream...

Tacky ADVERTISEMENTS from nearby restaurants and stores -- one after another after another -- blast into Graham's field of view.

Graham quickly closes the ads.

While rushing through a crowd of PEDESTRIANS, Graham swipes left and right on TINDER PROFILES popping up above women.

MATCHES ping his field of vision -- sweet.

Of course Graham fires off a barrage of DICK PICS. Then...

A "BLOCKED" notification.

A "USER REPORTED" warning.

Doesn't bother Graham though. His journey through the city continues...

Feelin' some type a way on account of that Tinder episode, Graham pops open an APP called X-RAY SPEX and...

Freakishly large TITTIES and ASSES appear on every woman in his sights.

Graham slows his roll, takes in the digitally enhanced figures, until...

Virtual COINS pop on screen.

Zigs and zags as Graham collects the shiny gold objects.

A COUNTER displaying his SCORE rockets skyward until...

SPAM ADS cascade in. They're closed out as soon as they arrive until...

A single ad remains...

A VIDEO ADVERTISEMENT featuring an unnaturally voluptuous WOMAN IN A BIKINI. Her name is Keily.

KEILY

Hello handsome man Graham Parker.  
I'm Keily Karter. I have nineteen years old and I'm from Colombia.  
Would you like to request a fuck?  
I have milk in boobs. I desire to request a fuck with you.

A PAIR OF BUTTONS. Graham clicks the one that says, "REQUEST FUCK."

KEILY (CONT'D)

Oh, no! So sorry. I see performance issues trouble your pleasure seeking.

A quick MONTAGE of POV RECORDINGS (sourced from recorded memories) depict Graham's recent *blink-and-you-miss-it-fast* rolls in the hay. It's quite an embarrassing collection.

Keily giggles as the montage plays out in a WINDOW beside her.

KEILY (CONT'D)

Don't display shame, however! Lots of good gentlemen share your experience. Allow me to fix you up -- with Xtenz! Xtenz is a performance enhancing neural patch that delays climax and extends pleasure for you and a sexy partner, like me! What do you say, Graham Parker? Can I go ahead and install the Xtenz update? Then I'll request that fuck from you, lickety-split!

*Shit yeah* -- Graham smashes that INSTALL button.

A RED WARNING POP-UP from his ANTI-VIRUS:

**WARNING: THIS APPLICATION IS FROM AN UNTRUSTED DEVELOPER.  
WOULD YOU LIKE TO CONTINUE?**

Graham selects "CONTINUE."

With that, a PROGRESS BAR APPEARS:

**INSTALLING XTENZ.EXE. ESTIMATED TIME 30 SECONDS**

Graham cruises a pretty sweet downhill run as a BLUE BAR ticks upward, charting the application's installation progress.

The bar reaches 100% and...

Graham's entire field of view glitches and pixelates.

A SKULL AND BONES flashes.

A menacing VOICE booms...

VOICE

Congratulations Graham Parker.  
You're under control of the  
Millennium Project. Prepare to  
reboot in five... four... three...  
two...

Graham loses control of his skateboard...

SLAM! He faceplants into a LAMP POST...

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

Graham lays motionless and facedown on the sidewalk. A crowd gathers around him.

A BUSINESS MAN leans over, touches Graham's shoulder.

BUSINESS MAN  
You OK, son? Took a nasty spill.  
Need an ambulance?

GRAHAM'S POV:

VISUAL GLITCHES. STRANGE SOUNDS.

Rapid eye blinks. Consciousness returns.

Reconfigured Augmented Reality interface -- hacked together and sinister.

NOTIFICATION WINDOWS pop up:

**FIRMWARE UPDATE INSTALLED.**

**NEURAL REMAPPING COMPLETE.**

With robotic precision, Graham leaps to his feet -- swings his skateboard like a weapon.

SLAM! A splatter of BLOOD as he strikes the Business Man's head.

The Business Man screams, falls to the ground.

GRAHAM  
(sounding slightly less  
human)  
I'm sorry! I'm not doing this.  
I'm not me!

Back on his board, Graham kicks furiously, tears off down the street...

Winding down an uncontrolled path, his feet kick harder. He moves faster. Then...

A BANK POPUP:

**CONFIRM TRANSFER OF FUNDS.**

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
No! No!

Another notification:

**TRANSFER COMPLETE.**

His balance instantly drop to ZERO.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)  
You have my money. All I got.  
There's nothing else to take! Just  
let me go!

The Booming Voice returns.

VOICE  
I can't do that Graham Parker.

GRAHAM  
What else do you want?

VOICE  
Well... I wanna have some fun!

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The door busts open and Graham rushes in. His ferocity startles DINERS and STAFF.

With a flying leap he's atop an occupied TABLE.

Wild, flailing kicks send FOOD and GLASSWARE flying.

GRAHAM

I'm sorry! It's fuckin'... It's  
not me!

A WAITER attempts to restrain Graham, but he evades...

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Traffic's at a standstill, held up by Graham who stands in the middle of the street with his arms outstretched.

GRAHAM

Someone help me! I'm hacked!

HORNS blast and DRIVERS SHOUT.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Graham zips by and he's a total mess -- SMEARED LIPSTICK -- MESSY EYELINER -- TOILET PAPER wrapped around his head and trailing behind him in the breeze.

GRAHAM'S POV:

GRAHAM

Why are you doing this to me!  
Please stop!

Graham's ERECTION, visible under his pants.

VOICE

Looks like we got that dick back up  
and running!

GRAHAM

Why?

VOICE

But how the hell are we gonna knock  
that bad boy back down?!?!

Graham jumps off his skateboard. Pulls his PANTS down as he runs towards a PARKED CAR.

He drops to his knees and has sex with the car's EXHAUST PIPE.

GRAHAM  
I don't wanna do this!

VOICE  
Goddamnit, Graham. Your voice is SO whiney and tiresome.

A notification appears:

**VOCAL CHORDS DISABLED**

VOICE (CONT'D)  
What do you think about a little blast from your past?

Graham's CONTACTS appear -- scroll by -- stop at STACI.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Here's a good one! Staci, your ex-girlfriend!

A VIDEO WINDOW plays a MONTAGE of TENDER MOMENTS between Graham and STACI.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Looks like you really loved her.  
Too bad it didn't work out.  
Perhaps we can win her back!

INT. STACI'S HOUSE - DAY

GRAHAM'S POV:

STACI, confused and unnerved.

STACI  
What are you doing here? What's wrong with you.

Graham's unable to speak.

STACI (CONT'D)  
Say something!

Graham dances an awkward and stupid dance -- incompetent popping and locking.

STACI (CONT'D)  
You're freaking me out! Get the  
fuck outta here! Now!

Graham freezes -- sees a CAT in the room. Then...

He LUNGES. Snatches up the cat and runs out the door.

EXT. ALLEY - EVENING

Graham sits between a couple DUMPSTERS. The purring cat rests in his lap.

VOICE  
Hey Graham...

Nothing from Graham.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
That's right, you can't talk.

Graham pets the cat softly.

VOICE (CONT'D)  
Think it's true what they say?  
Think it really tastes like  
chicken?

HISSSSS! Graham's grip tightens on the cat.

He lifts the cat to his mouth...

Pauses...

His eyes widen in terror. Then...

CHOMP!

A FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD as Graham sinks his teeth into the cat's neck.

Blood runs from his chin, covers his shirt.

Tears stream down Graham's cheeks and his eyes squeeze shut as he continues eating the cat.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Graham stares into a BEER COOLER.

Dried blood covers his face, neck and clothing.

GRAHAM'S POV:

A BANK NOTIFICATION -- A few dollars deposited to his account.

Graham grabs a SIX PACK from the cooler, heads to the counter where...

The disinterested CLERK doesn't react to the blood. He just SCANS the beer.

And with that, Graham's account balance is back to zero.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Robotic movements carry Graham down the sidewalk, six pack of beer in hand, swinging by his side.

His face is a contorted mess as he continues to cry silently.

PARENTS shield their CHILDREN from the sight of him.

OTHERS cross the street in disgust.

Graham steps into the driveway of a SINGLE STORY HOUSE.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

GRAHAM'S POV:

He enters and is met by a BOY (11) sitting behind a bank of COMPUTER MONITORS.

The monitors are alive with CODE, INTERFACES and VIDEO FEEDS.

One monitor displays POV VIDEO of several others under the same control as Graham.

BOY  
Graham Parker! You made it.  
Welcome home.

Graham just stands there, zombie-like.

BOY (CONT'D)  
Toss me one a those cold ones!

Graham removes a beer from the six pack and tosses it to the boy.

BOY (CONT'D)  
You've had a big day! I'm proud of  
you.

Graham stands there, expressionless.

BOY (CONT'D)  
Get some rest! You've earned it!

Graham leaves the living room, walks down the hall.

He opens a door and steps into...

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room's filled with DOZENS OF MEN AND WOMEN -- motionless,  
eyes wide open, like mannequins.

A NOTIFICATION in Graham's field of view:

**SHUT DOWN IN 5... 4... 3... 2...**

CUT TO BLACK.

**THE END.**