

"VOODOO BIRD"

Written By Erik Radvon

Page One

Five panels.

Panel One

ART: A man's hands on a keyboard. Dark room. Glow of a computer monitor displaying lines of code.

CAP: Did it on a **lark**, really.

Panel Two

ART: Same, zoomed back to show the full figure of the man. He's thin with long black hair, sitting crossed-legged on the floor stooped over a computer rig.

CAP: Percy started it. **Dared** me.

CAP#2: Told me it **couldn't** be done.

Panel Three

ART: **Very close up** on the man's finger hitting ENTER on the keyboard.

SFX: CLICK!

CAP: 'Course, that meant I **had** to prove him **wrong**.

Panel Four

ART: **Wide shot** exposing a grungy flat.

The skinny dark-haired man, BIT JANSON, is revealed to be sitting on the floor in the center of a **large pentagram/circle**,

decorated with angular patterns and strange witchy-looking symbols.

CAP: Fuse the code of an app with a dark magic spell? I'd give it a shot, sure.

CAP#2: I dabbled in mag, dabbled in techscript. Natural fit for my talents.

Panel Five

ART: **Overhead view.** Bit is cross legged in front of the computer. The pentagram is glowing.

CAP: Code kernel is **open**, awaiting instruction.

CAP#2: I embark on my **chant** and begin the **spell**.

End Page One.

Page Two

Five panels.

Panel One

ART: Bit's hands typing, the computer monitor filled with code. Magical energy is emitting from his hands, surrounding the computer.

CAP: The energy...**stronger** than I expected!

Panel Two

ART: We're looking **head-on** at Bit. He is enveloped by a field of magical energy. His eyes are rolled back in his head and his mouth is open in a mid-chant.

CAP: I'd been conjuring since I was a boy, but this time it felt **different**.

CAP#2: The aether **rushed** through my body with a **strange force** I'd never felt before, like it couldn't wait to get into the program code.

Panel Three

ART: **Close-in** on the lines of code glowing from the monitor. Magical energy is zapping into the code.

CAP: It felt like the magic had found a **home**.

Panel Four

ART: Still on the computer screen. The code is gone and in its place are the rough outlines of graphical elements.

CAP: Like I said, the idea was **simple**. A **lark**.

CAP#2: Infuse an app with some of the **dark aether**.
Let it **mess** with people. Have some **laughs**.

Panel Five

ART: The form of a cartoony, pixelated bird glows
on the screen.

CAP: The **magic** had other plans, however.

CAP#2: And I had **no idea** what I had unleashed.

End Page Two.

Page Three

Seven Panels.

Panel One

ART: PERCY, a lanky punk type, is in front of a computer terminal. Bit stands behind him, smoking from a weird e-cig device, gazing out the flat window onto a cityscape.

PERCY: It's passed the censors across all platform markets. **Voodoo Bird** is a go. We're **uploaded**, mate!

BIT: **Mmm**. I guess that's that. Let's burn some rag.

BIT#2 (small): Feel so **worn**...need the **relief**.

Panel Two

CAP: An hour later...

ART: Percy pointing at a series of bar graphs on a screen. He holds a neon bong in his other hand.

PERCY: **Lookit** this, Bit! We're in the **top ten**!

BIT (wavy): **Wha?**

Panel Three

ART: Percy is overwhelmed with excitement, jumping up and down. Bit stands opposite.

PERCY: It's a **hit**, mate! Top o' the charts! Flarking **epic**, bruv. Aether inna app. I knew it'd be rad, **Bit**. Toldya. Look now, everybody 'round the **world** is playing **Voodoo Bird!**

BIT: So **quickly?** How can that be?

BIT#2: What's the **aether** doing to them?

Panel Four

ART: Suburban bedroom. A teenager taps away at his portal communications device with a zoned-out look on his face. His upset mother is poking her head through the doorway.

CAP: The **aether**—the black energy I gave form as an **app**—did what it had done throughout time.

UPSET MUM: **JIMMY!** Why aren't you at **school?!**

JIMMY: Sorry, mum. **Voodoo Bird.**

Panel Five

ART: Corporate office. Boss in a suit stands behind an office worker seated in his cubicle.

CAP: It **tempted.** It **lured.** It **corrupted.**

BOSS: **STEPHENSON!** Why aren't you in the **meeting?!**

STEPHENSON: Playing **Voodoo Bird. PFFT!**

Panel Six

ART: Group of neo-greaser punks standing on a street corner. A gangster girl (MOLL) hangs off the group leader, who is tapping away at a device and wears a Google Glass-type eye display.

CAP: Once given a platform, the aether struck like a coiled **snake.**

MOLL: **SKIZZY!** Why ain't you **knockin'** me up?

DROOGS: **Yeah!** Why ain't we **robbin'** and **fightin'** and such?

SKIZZY: Dat **Voodoo Bird** though.

Panel Seven

ART: Interior of a night club.

The **left** of the panel is populated by a **happy-looking guy (HAPPY)** surrounded by women.

A nervous, lonely-looking man (**LONELY**) stands by himself on the **right** of the panel.

CAP: In the blink of an eye, it was over. The magic leapt from screen to screen, cortex to cortex, until it became all that mattered.

HAPPY: My **Voodoo Bird** high score? **387**. Just topped it last week. I'm on track to **break 400** by the end of the year.

LONELY (Thought): **400?!** My high score is only **16!** I need to get my act together. I'll **never** get ahead in life with such a low **Voodoo Bird** score.

End Page Three.

Page Four

Five panels.

Panel One

ART: Television newscaster.

TV: An app released just **days** ago that has swept across the world--**Voodoo Bird**-- has become the **best-selling** piece of intellectual property in **human history**. Its creator, one **Bit Jansen** of the North America-European Zone, is now the planet's **wealthiest** man.

TV#2: Good for him, then. Fun app.

TV#3: Now, back to the riots in London, where there's been a sharp increase in **violence**--

Panel Two

ART: London skyline, bridge over the Thames. Rioters fill the streets and the bridge, nearly all carrying torches and homemade weaponry in one hand and devices playing Voodoo Bird in the other. Violence is rampant. Buildings throughout the city are on fire.

CAP: World's richest man. **Heh.**

Panel Three

ART: Bit gazing out his flat window at the street below. Rioters fill the streets, burning cars, clubbing each other. Focus on two rioters attacking a bystander.

CAP: King of the world the say.

RIOTER1: THIS **TOSSER'S** GOT **BATTERY!** **GET 'IM!**

BYSTANDER: **NO!** Get away, you **lunatics!**

RIOTER2: **Bash** him in! We needs to play **Voodoo Bird!**

CAP#2: Top 'o the **ash heap** is more like it.

Panel Four

ART: We now see Bit with his back to the window, sitting on the floor. He is holding a tablet device.

CAP: The world burns outside but I don't really feel a thing...except an odd pull to **turn away.**

CAP#2: Why not **try** it, see what all the fuss is about?

SFX: FLAP! FLAP! FLAP!

SFX#2: **SPLAT!**

Panel Five

ART: The Voodoo Bird icon, cheeky and horrifying with its unblinking, immutable face.

CAP: Oh, this could get **addictive** I think.

CAP#2: **The End!**

End.