

INCUBATE App Commercial

By

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Incubate, the time delayed messenger app.

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DAWN LIGHT CREEPS ACROSS A BARREN WASTELAND.

MORTAG, gaunt, bruised, enters frame, dragging a gas can. A dying man clings to it (we see only his arms). Mortag yanks the can free. Catches his breath, and limps into the desert.

PATCH OF WASTELAND.

ZOBIE, a female MadMax on a bad day, studies the horizon, sniffs the air. Nearby, her comrade KOBRA digs her hand into the soil and tastes it. She stands and closes her eyes to focus...

FLASH of Mortag running - his face - his massive body - the gas can... Kobra's eyes snap open.

BARREN WASTELAND

The sun beating down on a beast of a Monte Carlo as it careens across desert desolation. Its hood shutters with power. Kobra stands atop the car, perched behind a hand-cranked slingshot. She slaps the top of the car.

Zobie sits in the driver's seat and punches the top of the roof in response.

ZOBIE VO

It had been years since the great collapse. We had turned into animals - everyone for themselves in this barren wasteland... thanks Obama.

UP AHEAD... Mortag looks back to see the car approaching. He trips and falls to the ground. The gas can tumbles away.

The car screeches to a halt and Zombie hops down, her boots thudding into the sand.

Zobie looms over Mortag and trains her wrist crossbow on his prostrate body while Kobra leans against the grill and watches.

MORTAG

Please... show mercy...

A digital PING, PING... a few moments pass as everyone wonders what that is. Finally, Zombie realizes it's her phone and pulls it out.

ON PHONE:

Incubate graphic "Incoming"

ZOBIE (TO KOBRA):
Incubate.

KOBRA (WHISPERING IN AWE):
A message from the past!

ON PHONE - Grandma holding a cupcake with a candle in it.

GRANNIE
Hi Binky! It's your grandmother.
Zobie touches her image tenderly.

ZOBIE (WHISPERING):
Meemaw!

GRANNIE
Happy Birthday from the year 2015!
By the time you get this, you'll be
a world famous dentist and let's
face it, I'll be in the ground. But
we have this moment now, don't we?
Love you, Binky.

ON PHONE: Incubate "Message End" graphic.

ZOBIE
Love you too.

KOBRA
It's your birthday?

ZOBIE
I get a message from her every
year.

Zobie raises her crossbow again. Mortag tries to stall...

MORTAG
That's the great thing about Incubate. You can send a
message to any point in the future.

KOBRA
One could pop up anytime.

(cont'd)

Like a happy birthday from your
dead grandma.

(CONTINUED)

KOBRA

Or a picture from your freshman year.

ZOBIE

Or even a special note from the love of your life.

MORTAG

Or... maybe he just sends you a dick pic.

Zobie's face darkens. Kobra shakes her head.

MORTAG

It's really simple... you just take your junk out, get a good angle and...

The THWIPPP of an arrow flying from a wrist bow. In a WIDE SHOT, we see Mortag's torso fall to the sand.

KOBRA (DISTANT)

Nobody wants to see your dick.

Kobra grabs the gas can and the two walk back to the car.

SUPER IMPOSE: INCUBATE: THE TIME DELAY MESSENGER.

VO

Incubate. Send text, photos and videos to anyone in the future, even if that future is a post-apocalyptic wasteland... But seriously, no one wants to see your dick.

Zobie throws the car into gear, hits the gas and they ramble past Mortag's body.