Future Calling v2

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EXT. STREET. DAY.

JOHN, 27, wears a grey suit and jacket, sports damp, messy hair and is rapidly walking down a quiet suburban street. He looks down at his watch and mutters something under his breath. A phone rings and John reaches into his inside pocket and takes out a dated looking and scratched mobile phone before answering it.

JOHN

Hey MICHELLE...

INTER CUT with

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Michelle, 25, smartly dressed with her hair tied back is sat at her desk and looks flustered as she holds the phone in her left hand and operates a mouse with her right.

MICHELLE

(Angrily)

John, where are you? You're late again!

John stop walking and pulls the phone away from his ear while scrunching his face up. He carries on walking as he answers the phone.

JOHN

Morning.. Sorry, I slept in okay?

MICHELLE

(Still angry)

For the third time this week? I thought we'd sorted this yesterday? You can't keep doing this you know? I know you're fed up here but some but you can't keep on dropping me in it like this...

JOHN

(Agitated)

Look, I said I was sorry didn't I?

MICHELLE

I'm fed up of hearing you say sorry, I'm sick up doing of doing your job as well as my own.

John stops walking and looks up at the sky.

CONTINUED: 2.

JOHN

You're taking the piss aren't you? I'm covering for you half the time!

Michelle looks as though she is just about to shout down the phone before she pauses and takes a deep breathe.

MICHELLE

(Calm, assertive)
Look, either you should start
pulling your weight or I think
it's best you should look for
something else. Go and do
something where no one minds you
sitting around on your lazy ass

JOHN

(Fed up)

all day long.

Okay, okay I get the picture. Can we talk about this when I get in? I've missed the bus so I've got to walk in - I'll be there in half an hour. Now, is there any particular reason why you rang, or was it just to have another go at me?

MICHELLE

(Annoyed)

Half an hour!? Are you being serious? That's just no good at all.

(Flustered)

I'm getting all sorts of grief about the numbers on the IPC account. Where are the monthly invoice spreadsheets? They're not in the usual folder...

JOHN

(Sighs)

That's cos I moved everything to...

The phone beeps.

JOHN (CONT'D)

...the new server. Remember me telling you about that? You should be able to see a new drive called X. They're all on there.

MICHELLE

Well? Where are they? (Pauses)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: 3.

MICHELLE (cont'd)
This isn't funny... Tell me where
they are! John? Ugh!

Michelle slams down the receiver. It bounces up and lands on it's side, off the hook. She storms off.

John looks down at his phone just in time to see the screen fade to black and the phone turn off.

JOHN

Oh come on! Not now...
(He shakes the phone, frustrated)

Ugh!

John puts the lifeless phone into his jacket pocket and looks around. His eyes settle on a phone box across the street. He quickly crosses the road and makes his way over towards the phone box, opens the door, enters and picks up the receiver. He then pulls some change out of his pocket, a 50 pence coin and a few coppers. He inserts the 50p into the coin slot before dialing. An engaged tone begins to emanate from it. He bangs his hand down on the button to hang up the phone and then quickly re-dials. Again, an engaged tone sounds. He slams the phone down and takes back the coin.

JOHN (CONT'D)

For fucks sake...

He runs his hand through his hair and looks up. He notices a business card stuck to the inside of the booth.

FUTURE CALLING Ltd

LIFE CONSULTATION SERVICES

STUCK IN THE WRONG JOB? LIFE NOT WHAT YOU

THOUGHT IT WOULD BE?

ONE CALL COULD CHANGE YOUR LIFE FOREVER!

DON'T DELAY, CALL TODAY 0845 42 42 42

He pauses for second to look at the card, then grabs it and walks outside the booth. He takes out a packet of cigarettes and lights one up. He takes a few drags before looking down at the business card. As he does so, he gets crashed into by a man in a wheelchair and dark glasses. John is knocked forwards, causing him to cough. He looks round to the man in the wheelchair.

JOHN (CONT'D) (Agitated)

Hey!

CONTINUED: 4.

(Coughs)

Watch where you're going, cripple.

The man in the wheelchair continues down the street, seemingly oblivious to the John's rantings.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oi! Are you listening to me?
(Starts to get really angry and shouts)

Are you gonna apologise for that or what?

The man in the wheelchair doesn't stop. John takes a few steps down the street after him. John stares after him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

HEY! Just 'cause you're in a fucking wheelchair doesn't mean you can take it out on everybody else!

Join throws the 50p at him. It lands a couple of feet away and skittles on down the street, stopping in the middle of the road. There is still no reaction and he carries on.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fucking unbelievable...

John puts the business card in his back pocket and takes a couple of long deep drags of his cigarette as he walks back towards the phone box. He throws the tab end to the ground before opening the door.

Down the street, the man in the wheel chair has paused at the side of the road. He moves out into the middle road just as a car is approaching. He stops in path of the oncoming car and leans over to pick up the 50 pence piece lying on the ground. The car swerves to avoid him and rides up onto the pavement directly toward the phone box.

Inside the phone box, John picks up the receiver before pulling the change out of his pocket. He looks down at it, confused. He then begins to search the rest of his pockets. He stops and gives himself a wry smile as he turns around and looks back down the street. The car is heading straight towards him.

JOHN

Oh fuck...

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Michelle is sat at her desk. She places the receiver down just as pale-faced John enters the room.

MICHELLE

(Calm)

Oh good, you're here. Sorry about before, I was a little stressed.

(She looks up and smiles)

Can we start afresh?

JOHN

(Quiet and withdrawn)
Er yeah, sure. Give me one minute
and I'll be right with you.

John sits down at at his desk and exhales deeply as Michelle looks on. He wipes his eyes and runs his hand through his hair.

MICHELLE

(Disgusted)

Jesus, look at the sate of you... Go out again last night did we?

JOHN

No, I mean yes... But if I'm looking slightly pale it's because I've just been nearly hit by some cretin in a car.

(He brushes some scuff marks on his jacket with his hands)

See?

Michelle gives out a laugh of dis-belief.

MICHELLE

Am I supposed to believe that? Your excuses get more and more ridiculous every time you're late!

JOHN

I'm serious. Damn idiot was coming straight towards me - He smashed right into the phone box I was in. I only just got out in time...

Michelle turns back toward he monitor. A wry smile comes across her face.

MICHELLE

(Suspiciously)

A car smashed into a phone box?

CONTINUED: 6.

JOHN

Yes.

MICHELLE

Was the driver okay?

JOHN

(Nonchalantly)

He was alright. A couple of scratches here and there but I reckon he'll live. Probably have to kiss goodbye to his no claims though.

MICHELLE

(Mockingly)

Should you not have hang around for the police? You know, fleeing the scene of an accident and all that - you could get into a lot of trouble!

JOHN

Piss off - I was only in that phone box because I was trying to phone you to make sure you'd found them spreadsheets. I told him what I thought of him and then I left him to sort out his own god damn mess. Here.

(He empties the contents of his jacket in front of him and throws his dead phone onto Michelle's desk)

My battery died.

Michelle picks up the phone and tries to switch it on.
MICHELLE

Oh...

(She hands the phone back) Don't suppose you could tell me where they are then could you?

JOHN

They're on 'X'. I moved them all there last week.

MICHELLE

'X'?

JOHN

(Offhand)

Yes, 'X'. The new server? I've gone over this with you a million times.

CONTINUED: 7.

MICHELLE Oh right.

Michelle clicks on her mouse a few times as she stares at her computer screen.

EXT. STREET. DAY.

JOHN

Fucking unbelievable...

John puts the business card in his back pocket and takes a couple of long deep drags of his cigarette as he walks towards the phone box. He throws the tab end to the ground before opening the door. He is just about to pick up the receiver and the phone rings. He pauses for a second and takes a quick glance outside before picking it up.

JOHN

(Hesitantly)

Hello?

JOHN

Hi, is this Future Calling?

A car smashes into the phone box while John is inside.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Roy 40, wears and suit and glasses. He walks into John's office.

ROY

John, I think we need to have a talk. You've really upset her this time.

The office is empty. The phone receiver sits on Johns chair.

ROY (CONT'D)

John?

Roy walks over and lifts the phone to his ear. Through it he hears the sound of woman telling him the other person has hung up.

FADE IN AND OUT OF BLACK

ONE YEAR LATER

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Roy pokes his head around the corner of the door.

ROY

You ready for that meeting John?

JOHN

Sure. I'll be there in a minute.

ROY

Great stuff.

John rolls out through the office door in this wheelchair. END.