

Despair is as simple as a phone call

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A dull and impersonal hotel room like millions all around the world.

Outside, it's raining.

MAX, a businessman in his 40s, enters the room. He looks exhausted.

He throws his jacket on the bed, unties his tie, and opens the room tiny fridge.

He takes a small bottle of whisky out, pours it in a glass, and sits on the bed.

Max sighs, takes his cell phone out his pocket, and dials a number.

After two rings, someone answers.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(in the phone)  
Hello?

MAX  
(on the phone)  
Who is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(in the phone)  
This is the maid.

MAX  
(on the phone)  
But, we don't have a maid.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A YOUNG MAID in her 20s stands in a modern apartment corridor, on the phone.

Tall with long dark-hair, she wears a black dress, a petticoat and an apron.

MAID  
(on the phone)  
The lady of the house hired me  
this morning.

MAX  
(in the phone)  
What's your name?

MAID  
 (on the phone)  
 Anita, Sir.

MAX  
 (in the phone)  
 Well, Anita. This is her husband.  
 Is she there?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Max sips his whisky.

Through the phone, he can hear the maid sighing,  
 embarrassed.

MAID  
 (in the phone)  
 She in the bedroom-- with--  
 someone who I figured was her  
 husband.

MAX  
 (on the phone)  
 What?!

Max straightens up on the bed, fuming.

MAID  
 (in the phone)  
 I'm-- I'm sorry, Sir.

MAX  
 (on the phone)  
 Listen, would you like to easily  
 make \$250,000?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A large smile can be read on the maid's face.

MAID  
 (on the phone)  
 What will I have to do, Sir?

MAX  
 (in the phone)  
 I want you to get my gun from my  
 desk drawer right now and shoot  
 that slut and the son-of-a-bitch  
 she's with.

MAID  
 (on the phone)  
 \$250,000?

MAX  
(in the phone)  
Yeap.

MAID  
(on the phone)  
Just a minute, Sir.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Max hears the maid putting the phone down, then some footsteps.

Increasingly raging, he bottoms up his glass.

MAX  
Fucking bitch.  
(on the phone)  
Hello?

Suddenly, TWO GUN SHOTS resound in the cell phone.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The maid comes back to the phone with a gun in hand and picks up the receiver.

MAID  
(on the phone)  
Done, Sir.

MAX  
(in the phone)  
Very good, Anita. You'll sure  
deserve your money. I know the  
best attorneys of the country.

MAID  
(on the phone)  
What do I do with the bodies now,  
Sir?

MAX  
(in the phone)  
Listen Anita. In the garden shed,  
you'll find a shovel. Dig a big  
hole under the large oak and bury  
them there.

The young maid looks puzzled.

She shakes her head.

MAID  
(on the phone)  
Garden? But, Sir, you're living  
in an apartment on the eleventh  
floor.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Max turns livid.

MAX  
(on the phone)  
Er-- Is this 555-1709?

FADE OUT:

The end