

Inbox (1)

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Fluorescent lights flicker on.

FREDDY (25) already sat at one of two large circular tables. He rolls up his shirt sleeves exposing two long scars on his wrists.

CHRISTINA (20) dainty, flowery dress, seemingly appears from nowhere and stands next to Freddy. She coughs loudly.

CHRISTINA
(loud and pronounced)
Good evening, Freddy. How are you?

FREDDY
Evening, Christina. Do you remember
me telling you that I can read
lips, so you don't have to shout?

Christina goes red.

CHRISTINA
Right, sorry, sorry. I keep forgetting.

FREDDY
Yeah, I've noticed.

CHRISTINA
Sorry.

Christina stare's at Freddy's wrists.

Freddy glares, rolls down his sleeves.

CHRISTINA
Sorry.

Christina scuttles off, sits at a computer on the other table.

ERIC (20) slicked hair, untucked shirt, appears behind Freddy. DANIELLE (18) sour-faced, stands on his flank.

ERIC
Hey Freddy, you weird little git.

Danielle chuckles.

Freddy spots them in the reflection of his computer screen, turns.

ERIC
Oh hi, Freddy, how are you mate?

FREDDY

Fine.

Freddy turns back to his monitor.

ERIC

Wanker.

Eric and Danielle sit on the same table as Christina.

IAN (40's) Scruffy clothes, unkempt hair, and beard, bloodshot eyes, storms in and next to a single table in the corner.

IAN

You four drew the short straw, the
shit shift, we need to clear the email
backlog then we can piss off home.
Don't give me any bother, and I won't
have to report you for... whatever the
fuck I want. Deal? Good.

Ian heads for Freddy, who avoids eye contact.

IAN

Freddy, Freddy! Fuck sake.

Ian clicks his fingers right in front of Freddy's face.

Freddy reluctantly turns to look at him.

FREDDY

Yes?

IAN

you should have lost your job a
long time ago, but apparently, you
tick some kind of box. So, I will
just have to tell you *again*--

Ian moves his lips close to Freddy's eyes.

IAN

--We are customer services, be nice.

Ian pulls away, grins. He sits at the small desk, pulls out a small flask, takes a swig.

Freddy roots through a drawer, pops open the lid to a pill bottle and pops one in his mouth.

The monitor in front of Freddy shows his emails.

Inbox (523)

He opens one of them up. *"Hello. I was told my parcel would arrive today. I have not received. Please can you check when it will arrive, thanks"*

Freddy types.

MONTAGE

Inbox (411).

Freddy opens another email. *"Parcel arrived today, broken. This is unacceptable, send out a replacement, now"*

Freddy cracks his knuckles, types.

Inbox (201)

"Absolute fraudsters, I will be reporting you to trading standards"

Freddy yawns, types. *"Go ahead you absolute fuck monkey, see If I give a shit"*

Freddy deletes his words, types again. *"Very sorry we fell below the standard on this occasion"*

Inbox (55)

Freddy rubs his eyes, types.

Inbox (1)

END MONTAGE

Freddy clicks his neck, rubs his eyes, looks around the room. The others still type.

Ian, Newspaper over his face, faint snores from underneath.

Freddy opens the last email. *"You're such a coward!"*

Freddy chuckles. He types. *"And you're a cocksucker"*

Freddy deletes the words, types. *"I am very sorry you feel that way. If you could please let us know the problem, we will do our best to address it"*

Inbox (0)

Freddy stretches, stands up. He looks back at his screen.

Inbox (1)

Freddy sighs, sits back down. Opens the new email. "YOU are the problem. I wish you didn't exist"

Freddy types. "We do not tolerate abuse of our staff. If you would like to discuss the issue, please do so in a civilized manner"

Another email pops into his inbox. "Quack quack!! Rubber duck tie? Oh please! you're an embarrassment"

Freddy's eyes widen. He looks at his tie. Types. "Who is this?"

An instant reply. "Someone far better than a piece of shit like you"

Freddy looks up from his computer, scans the room. Eric catches his eye.

Freddy storms over to him, forcefully spins his chair.

ERIC

Jesus, what the fuck?

FREDDY

What's wrong with my tie? I know it's you!

ERIC

What are you talking about? You absolute psychopath.

FREDDY

So fucking immature.

ERIC

Get the fuck away from me you--

Eric covers his mouth with his hand.

ERIC

--Stupid deaf cunt.

Freddy clenches his fists, contemplates- unclenches.

Freddy grabs a glass of water from the table, throws it into Eric's face.

ERIC

What the fuck!

DANIELLE

Woah!

Eric jumps up, squares up to Freddy.

ERIC

I will knock you the fuck out, don't
give a shit if you're disabled.

Danielle pushes her way between the two.

DANIELLE

(To Eric)

Calm down!

(To Freddy)

You need to apologize!

Freddy Stares.

Eric moves Danielle out of the way, barges past Freddy,
storms out of a side door.

DANIELLE

Ian, Ian! Wake up, you lazy git!

Ian doesn't move.

CHRISTINA

Freddy, you're worked up. I think
you should go home.

FREDDY

No, no, I'm sorry, I'm not--

DANIELLE

--sane--

FREDDY

--like this, usually, I'm just--

DANIELLE

--Cuckoo--

Freddy spots Danielle's mouth moving in his peripherals.

FREDDY

D-d-d-don't talk to me when I'm not
looking, OK? It's rude, it's rude.

DANIELLE

Just go home. Ian will deal with
you tomorrow.

Freddy gasps in pain, he clutches his head.

The lights flicker off. The monitors provide the only light.

Everyone has gone except for Freddy and Ian.

Freddy looks around confused.

FREDDY

Hello?

A DARK FIGURE glides along the wall and through the door after Eric.

The lights flicker back on.

Danielle and Christina back in their seats, typing. Danielle locks eyes with Freddy.

DANIELLE

Freddy! Go home already.

Freddy goes back to his computer. He takes the pills from the drawer, pops another into his mouth. He glances at his monitor.

Inbox (1)

Freddy opens the new email. *"Drink to the face? Fucking hell. Dig deep and pull out a pair of balls, PLEASE!"*

Freddy stands, looks between Christina and Danielle. They stare back at him.

FREDDY

Which one of you is it? It's not funny!

Dumbfounded, they can only stare at him.

Freddy sits down, taps at the keyboard. *"Who are you? What do you want?"*

An instant reply. The email contains a portrait of a blacked-out figure, a white "?" underneath.

ON DANIELLE

DANIELLE

(to Christina)

I'll check on Eric, keep your eye on that freak.

They look at Freddy. He dances his head from side to side.

Danielle leaves through the side door.

ON FREDDY

Freddy winces in pain, grabs his head.

The lights flicker off. Christina has gone.

ON MONITOR

The black portrait turns into Freddy. A virtual knife glides across the screen, slits Freddy's throat splashing blood over the inside of the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

The Dark Figure is back, it prances toward the side door-- stops. Turns to Freddy.

Its right-hand clutches a FILLET KNIFE, its left-hand blows a kiss towards Freddy before gliding through the side door.

The lights flicker back on-- Christina's face appears in front of Freddy's, uncomfortably close.

CHRISTINA

Freddy?

Freddy looks around the room.

FREDDY

Yeah?

CHRISTINA

I said, are you OK?

Freddy storms past Christina, checks Danielle's sent items-- None to him.

Christina moves next to him, places a hand on his shoulder, he jumps.

CHRISTINA

You don't look well. You should go home.

Freddy nods.

CHRISTINA

We should all go; I'll get the others. See if you can wake Ian.

Christina leaves through the side door.

Freddy goes back to his station, his gaze drawn to the bin next to his desk. Inside, two pills sit in a pool of saliva.

Freddy cries in pain, clutches his head.

The lights flicker off.

Dark Figure pirouettes behind Ian.

Freddy watches as it removes the newspaper from Ian's face and stretches a cord over his neck, pulls it tight.

Ian's body writhes.

Freddy rushes forward to help-- stops short as the Dark Figure's face comes into focus-- Its Freddy.

INT. BATHROOM

Clean. A knock on the door.

CHRISTINA (O.C.)
Guys? You in here?

The door creaks open. Christina peers her head inside--

SCREAM.

In the furthest corner from the door, the bodies of Eric and Danielle slump against the wall, blood-covered, throats slit.

At their feet, a bloody knife.

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE OFFICE

Freddy stares at, *himself*. But this version looks tired, older, a vile smirk on its face.

The lights flicker back on - the Other Freddy has gone.

Panicked, Freddy inches towards Ian's slumped body.

He passes by a monitor. The words "LET ME OUT" repeat across the screen.

Freddy moves from monitor to monitor, each one the same. Freddy checks for a pulse.

EVIL FREDDY (V.O.)
You're next Freddy boy.

Freddy jumps, he can hear it. He spins around, looking for the source.

FREDDY
Hello?

EVIL FREDDY (V.O.)
 Hehe. This is fun, no? Give the
 assholes their just deserts.

Freddy turns in circles, frantic. Covers his ears to block
 out the voice.

FREDDY
 You're not real, you're not real.
 All in my head, all in my head.

EVIL FREDDY (V.O.)
 Of Course I'm not real... Yet. Let
 me out Freddy, look what we can
 achieve, together.

Freddy squeezes his eyes tight, bangs his head as if to knock
 Evil Freddy out of him.

EVIL FREDDY (V.O.)
 Psssst. She's behind you.

Freddy wheels around. Christina pounces on him, knife in hand.

They fall to the ground, Christina on top. She pushes the
 knife towards his chest, but Freddy is too strong.

FREDDY
 Stop!

Freddy pushes her onto her side.

They both get up, Stare at each other. Christina's eyes are
 red, her face wet with tears.

EVIL FREDDY (O.S.)
 Showdown! You or her. Show me your
 balls Freddy, show me your balls.

Christina SCREAMS, charges for Freddy. He flips her over,
 sending her CRASHING into the ground.

Freddy backs off.

Christina stumbles to her feet, the knife protrudes out of
 her neck. She drops to her knees, keels over.

Freddy's monitor flashes brightly, he tentatively approaches,
 sits at his desk.

The monitor displays his sent emails. All the unknown emails
 he received, in his sent box.

Top of the monitor reads:

Inbox (1)

Freddy opens the new email. A video. He clicks play.

ON MONITOR

Freddy sits in his work chair, he hums, the hum turns to laughter, laughter turns into a cackle.

He raises a hand, it clutches a knife, he wipes tears from his eyes. His laughs grow louder, maniacal.

BACK TO SCENE

Freddy watches the video of himself, horrified. Horror turns to a smile; the smile turns to laughter.

Freddy laughs along with himself. He wipes tears away from his eyes.

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE CENTRE - DAWN

The morning sun shines through the windows. The bodies of Christina and Ian are gone, all the monitors are off.

Freddy spins around in his chair, stops only when--

--The office door swings open, the lights turn on. Freddy quickly stashes his knife in his bag.

Ian, Christina, Eric and Danielle enter.

IAN

Freddy! Graveyard shift is over,
time go home.

ERIC

Yea, time for the normal people to work.

Christina gets close to Freddy.

CHRISTINA

(loud and pronounced)
Good morning, Freddy. How are you?

FREDDY

(gritted teeth)
I can read lips!

Freddy grabs his bag and heads to the door. The others take their seats.

EVIL FREDDY (V.O.)
Where you goin', Freddy? Time to turn
fantasy into reality. It's Me and you,
buddy. Together.

Freddy grins, locks the office door.

He pulls the knife from his bag, heads towards the others.

FADE OUT.