

PLEASE HANG UP AND TRY AGAIN

By

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FADE IN:

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

JOE (20's) sits at a table surrounded by scantily clad SUPERMODELS. He looks like an Eddie Bower douche bag and is having the time of his life.

JOE
(to one of the supermodels)
Hold on a sec. I gotta call my bro and
tell him to come over.

Joe pulls out his CELLPHONE and hits speed dial. The name "BRANDON" appears on the screen.

The phone rings three times.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Hello?

JOE
B-dog!

BRANDON (O.S.)
Hellllllllo?

JOE
Dude! Are you there?

BRANDON (O.S.)
Speak up, I can't hear you.

JOE
Yo man, you'll never guess where I'm at!

BRANDON (O.S.)
Ha! Looks like you got my voicemail,
retard.

JOE
(laughing)
That's the third time tonight I fell
for that one. You're so funny bro!

INT. EMILY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

A pregnant EMILY (20's) sits in a bubble bath. She holds a ringing CELLPHONE to her fear stricken face.

The phone rings three times.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Hello?

EMILY

Brandon, it's me. My water just broke.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Hellllllllo?

EMILY

Quit playing games with me! I need you to drive me to the hospital, now!

BRANDON (O.S.)

Speak up, I can't hear you.

EMILY

If you're messing with me right now, I swear to God I'll-

BRANDON (O.S.)

Ha! Looks like you got my voicemail, retard.

EMILY

The baby isn't yours.

INT. DOCTOR MICHAELS' OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR MICHAELS (40's) dials a phone number with a heavy-hearted look on his face. He holds a CELLPHONE in one hand and a CLIPBOARD in the other.

The phone rings three times.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Hello?

DR. MICHAELS

Hello Brandon. This is Doctor Michaels speaking. Are you sitting down?

BRANDON (O.S.)
Hellllllllo?

DR. MICHAELS
Yes, well it concerns your lab results.
I have some unfortunate news.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Speak up, I can't hear you.

DR. MICHAELS
On second thought, perhaps you should
come into the office. When are you
available this week?

BRANDON
Ha! Looks like you got my voicemail,
retard.

DR. MICHAELS
You have cancer...of the rectum.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Several GROUNDSMEN lower a COFFIN into a deep, dark hole.

In the foreground stands Brandon's mother, NANCY (50's).
She wears all black and is overrun by grief.

Nancy pulls out her CELLPHONE and dials a number.

The phone rings three times.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Hello?

NANCY
My darling baby boy.

BRANDON (O.S.)
Hellllllllo?

NANCY
They all said you were special. But I
didn't care. I loved you just the same.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Speak up, I can't hear you.

NANCY

I just can't believe you're gone.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Ha! Looks like you got my voicemail,
retard.

NANCY

How will I live without you and your
third grade sense of humor?

One of the groundsman, WILLIE (20's), approaches Nancy with
FLOWERS in his hands. He is ruggedly handsome.

WILLIE

Excuse me ma'am, but where would you
like me to place your pink tulips?

Nancy flips from sorrowful to sultry instantaneously.

NANCY

Around your erect stem if the soil's
moist enough.

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A weathered Joe sits on a dingy couch with an empty bottle
of whisky. His apartment is a wreck and parallels his
mental state.

Joe pulls out a PISTOL beneath a couch cushion. He aims it
against his temple.

Joe tightens his grip around the gun, but does not
fire...yet. Instead he whips out his CELLPHONE and speed
dials Brandon.

The phone rings three times.

BRANDON (O.S.)

Hello?

JOE

B-dog?

BRANDON (O.S.)
Hellllllllo?

JOE
Oh my god! You're alive!

BRANDON (O.S.)
Speak up, I can't hear you.

JOE
You must be suffocating in that coffin.

Joe drops his cellphone and rummages through a nearby closet. He finds a SHOVEL and waves it above his head.

JOE
Don't worry bro, I'm coming for you!

Joe darts out of his apartment. His cellphone is still on the floor.

BRANDON
Ha! Looks like you got my voicemail,
retard.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

Joe sits in an excavated grave. He cradles a limp body, presumably Brandon's, and has a crazed look in his eyes.

JOE
(laughing)
That's the third time tonight I fell
for that one. You're so funny bro!

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

Emily sits across from BRANDON (20's) and stares at him sternly. Brandon has a CELLPHONE in his hand and a mischievous smile on his face.

EMILY
And that, Brandon, is what will happen

if you change your voicemail to that
stupid greeting.

BRANDON

Speak up, I can't hear you.

EMILY

I said, I hope you get AIDS from your
best friend.

BRANDON

You mean like butthole cancer?

CUT TO BLACK.