

THE CALL

Written by

GARY PARR

FADE IN:

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - DAY

We see MARK HENDERSON (30s) sitting on a closed toilet seat, hunched over, scrolling through his phone. He's wearing a rumpled blue shirt and a tie that's askew. His hair's a mess and he has a straggly beard. There's a bag beside the toilet.

We hear the sound of a door opening and two men having a conversation.

MAN ONE (O.S.)
What an idiot!

MAN TWO (O.S.)
Tell me about it. I mean, falling asleep in the middle of a meeting. Who does that?

Mark looks up suddenly. The two men carry on talking as they go about their business.

MAN ONE (O.S.)
The guys a mess, I don't even know how he's still here.

MAN TWO (O.S.)
I think he's got mental problems. Foley won't put up with him much longer.

MAN ONE (O.S.)
Good! As soon as Henderson's off our team the better.

Mark frowns in anger. We hear the two men washing their hands.

MAN ONE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You going to Baxter's drinks on Friday?

MAN TWO (O.S.)
Hell yeah. First rounds on you.

MAN ONE (O.S.)
Pfft, whatever.

The two men leave the bathroom. Mark shakes his head, frown deepening. He sits back, letting out a sigh of frustration. Something catches his eye. He leans forward.

MARK'S POV:

A phone number has been carved into the door in front of him. Beside the number, scrawled in dark red it says **FAO - Mark Henderson.**

Mark sits back, confused. He stares at the number for several beats, gives a little laugh, and types it into his phone. His finger hovers over the call button for several beats, before pressing the screen and holding it to his ear. It rings several times. He is about to cancel the call when it connects. We hear static from the other end, it gets louder and softer, rhythmic, like breathing. The man listens intently, nobody speaks.

MARK
(Whispering)
Hello....

Still nothing but static.

MARK (CONT'D)
Is anybody there?

He holds the phone closer to his ear, brow furrowed in concentration. A voice, barely a whisper, comes through.

VOICE (V.O.)
Markkkkkkkk.

MARK
Hello? I can barely hear you.

The voice becomes louder, a coarse growl.

VOICE (V.O.)
Markkkkkkkk.

Mark starts to look worried, chews on his bottom lip.

MARK
Who is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
(Louder)
Markkkkkkkk!

Mark starts to sweat.

MARK
What do you want?

The voice growls, so loudly Mark has to pull the phone away from his ear.

MARK (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ!

He moves to end the call, but before he does, the growling stops, back to static. Mark hesitates, then lifts the phone back to his ear.

MARK (CONT'D)
(Tentatively)
Hello.

VOICE (V.O.)
Kill them.

MARK
What?

VOICE (V.O.)
Kill them all.

MARK
What the hell is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
Kill! Them! All!

MARK
I'm hanging up now.

The loud growl comes again, followed by a sinister chuckle. Mark is frozen, phone stuck to his ear.

VOICE (V.O.)
You know you want to.

MARK
I don't want to kill anyone.

The voice chuckles again.

VOICE (V.O.)
Then why did you bring a gun to work?

Mark looks down at his free hand and is horrified to see he's holding a gun.

MARK
What is this?

VOICE (V.O.)
You hate them all. You want them
dead. So do it!

Mark shakes his head in denial, then his eyes glaze over as if he's in a trance.

MARK
Yes... You're right, they all
deserve to die.

The line goes dead, Mark stands up, puts his phone in his pocket, and leaves the cubicle.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

A basic shared bathroom, white tiles, urinals in one corner, sinks in the other. Mark moves robotically to the door and leaves. We stay in the bathroom, silence for several beats. We hear shouts and screams, followed by several gunshots. Silence again for several beats. Mark reenters the room, bloodstained, he walks back to the cubical and enters.

INT. TOILET CUBICLE - DAY

Mark sits on the toilet again, he still has the glazed look in his eyes, his face slack. He brings the gun to his temple and shoots himself, blood splatters the walls. The camera pans round and see the inside of the cubicle door. We slowly zoom in and see that the phone number has vanished

FADE OUT.