

WORKING LATE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT.OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Everything is dark in the building. All the employees had finished their work long ago. But still, the mugs on the desks and the packs of paperwork made their presence visible. In the biggest office there is a sea of desks. Somewhere at the other corner of the room a dimming light comes out of a screen, lighting up the Mark's face, two piles of invoices and a small worn out table label with the word INTERN engraved on it.

MARK(early 20s) is doing his internship at this company. He is an ambitious man, desperate to succeed. He is coming from a low income family.

Mark works furiously over his desk. He takes the invoices from the one pile, studies them for a while and puts them at the other pile, then he smashes keyboard's keys violently. He has his tie loose, sleeves rolled up, and look cautious at the screen as he typing. He fills a worksheet with numbers. He takes a peek at his watch, it's silver hands shows 10:15.

MARK

Shit...

He saves the worksheet and shut down his computer in a hurry. He pushes his chair back, gets up, throws his blazer over his shoulders and rams his way to the elevator. Half way he stops dead cold.

MARK (CONT'D)

(softly)

My keys... My keys...

He keeps murmur as he pats down his pockets. Finally he found them in the right pocket of his blazer.

INT.GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Mark walks out of the elevator. In front of him is the lobby of the building. It's covered by the eerie light of the exit signs. There is a distinct sound of a TV playing. His phones rings. he gets out his bluetooth hands free and plug them into

his ears. He nuzzles the button at the side to answer the call.

MARK

Hello?

Mark start walking down the narrow dark corridor.

MARK'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Hey honey! How are you?

Mark bites himself. His mother was diagnosed with Cancer. She is the reason of working late. He need this job to contribute at her therapy.

MARK

Just finished from work...

MARK'S MOTHER (V.O.)

You worked overtime again? You are not paid for that...

MARK

I really need this job, Mom!

MARK'S MOTHER (V.O.)

You are just 22 baby, you should be living your life, not working it...

MARK

Mom, you know we need this money...

MARK'S MOTHER (V.O.)

That's mine and yours father business sweetie, you should not been worry about that.

MARK

Sure Mom... Your health should not concern me...

MARK'S MOTHER (V.O.)

I don't say that! But if you keep it that way son, you are gonna get old at the blink of an eye...

Mark reaches the lobby. On his right is a small reception desk. Behind the monitors there is the SECURITY GUARD(60s), he is untidy, almost laid on the chair, half asleep watching tv. When he notices Mark, he slightly turns his head towards him. Mark gives him a big fake wide smile as he passes by. The SECURITY GUARD let a groan. MARK approach the door and its open automatically.

...and you are gonna be like the one grumpy old men you love to hate!

Mark takes a big breath, trying to hold back his temper.

MARK

Anyway...Mom I had to leave you, I'm on my way home.

MARK'S MOTHER (V.O.)

OK sweety, be safe.

Mark exits the building

EXT.BUILDING - NIGHT

Mark walks towards the metro station. He pulls out his mobile phone and put his favorite Playlist from Spotify. The office is into a business zone, so there are not a lot of people around such time. We follow him to the metro station, and we can hear the music.

INT.METRO STATION - NIGHT

Mark takes the escalator and goes down to the concourse. He takes out from his wallet his metro card and swaps it through the ticket reader. The error sound made Mark to tilt his head in confusion. He tries once again, but the error sound echoes into the empty station. Mark looks down just find that he tries to validate his bank card. Mark bites himself and shakes his head in self-pettiness. He checks right and left to see if his

humiliation is gone public, but nobody is around, so he returns into the wallet his bank card and gets out the metro card. He validates it and takes his way to the platform.

INT.METRO PLATFORM - NIGHT

He reaches the platform. There are few peoples around, all of them are old folks, over-worked employees like him. Every one looks exhausted. As he waits for the train, he slightly vibes with the music, some light head nods, a spontaneous tapping of his finger at his legs side e.t.c..

The music interrupted from the blinking sound of a message on Mark's phone. Mark pulls out his phone.

LISA (TEXT)

Are you gonna pass by?

Mark smirked. Lisa is his relationship.

MARK (TEXT)

On my way...

LISA (TEXT)

Yeay!!!! Miss you!!!

MARK

Miss you too, Babe...

Mark looks at the information screen next to him. The waiting time for the trains turns from one minute to zero, and the train arrives at the platform.

INT. TRAIN WAGON - NIGHT

Mark enters the wagon. He spots an empty seat and goes there. As he sits down, he let a small sigh. Across him a MAN (50s) is sitting, he wears work pants, and he is shaved. Mark gives him a soft smile. The old man nods at him. The wagon is almost empty. Only five people and Mark is on board. He takes a quick peek at his watch. It's 10.30. He text on his phone.

MARK (TEXT)

in 30 minutes we'll be cuddling...

LISA (TEXT)  
And not only that...<3

Mark puts his phone in his pocket. With a wide smile on his face. As the door shutting, he leans his head at the window of the wagon and closes his eyes. The trains starts to move.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN WAGON - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

The train is rocking on its rail. Suddenly the music begun skipping. Mark grins and opens his eyes. He reaches for his phone and changes the song, a new music filling the silence. He takes a quick peep at his watch and the time is 10.32. he throws again his head against the window. The man across from him looks even more tired and also now he has a stubble look. Mark not noticed that.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN WAGON - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

The train keeps rocking on its rail. The music skips again. Mark opens his eyes, visibly upset. He reaches for his phone and changes the song, a new music filling the silence. He takes a quick peep at his watch and the time is still 10.32. he furrows and tilts his head. The hands of the clock are still on as he shakes his wrist. He takes out the one bluetooth and brings his watch near his ear, no sound. Mark leaves a sigh. He closes his eyes and throws his head against the window. The Man Across him now is pale and also now his beard is full. Mark again not noticed that.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN WAGON - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

The train keeps rocking on its rail. The music stops absurdly and a pitch tone starts. Mark open his eyes, taken aback and remove his hands free. The lights on the wagon are dim. He takes a quick peep at his watch and the time is still 10.32. He turns his gaze at the man across from him. The man is white as a paper, looking eyes-wide at Mark. The man jerks his head left and right

as a chicken. His jaw is moving like the trying to speak but only a gangling noise comes out of his throat.

MARK

What the fuck....

Mark crawls away from his seat. He is terrified. He gets his self on the middle of the isle and starts walking-stumbling, trying to reach the other side of the wagon. He looks around him just to find out that the other passengers are paper-white, old, with dead eyes, jerking their heads towards him.

The lights go out for a moment and when it's back, all the passengers are standing up. They walk towards him, staggering and abnormally. Mark gets panicked. He tries unsuccessfully to open the wagon door. A murmur filling the place, like a chanting.

PASSENGERS

Work, work, work.....

Mark sees the emergency handle next to the door. He lunges at it, and pull the lever down.

MARK

(SCREAMS)

HELP ME!!!!

But there is only static from the intercom. He begins desperately moving the lever up and down. But only static he got for response.

The passengers are cutting the distance as they coming closer the murmur transformed into a cacophony. Mark fells nerveless at his knees. His eyes are glassy from the terror.

The circle begun getting smaller and smaller. The Passengers look huge and inhuman as they getting closer. Mark stays still, there is no will inside him to fight. They swarm him him, touching him, haul him away from the door, they come closer and then....

A BLACK SCREEN

A bell is heard and a woman voice announce the arrival at Mark's destination.

INT. TRAIN WAGON - NIGHT

Mark open his eyes and gasps for air. He nervously look around him, everything looks normal. The man across from him looks at him dumbstruck. Mark stands up go for the exit. As he comes at the door, he sees the emergency lever down. He freezes. The murmur raises.

Work, work, work.....

Mark's eyes get wide, he jumps out of the wagon. As he was walking away, spontaneously look at his watch, 10:50. he stops, seems bothered. He turn to the wagon. The lights flicker. Somewhere between the transition, he sees the passengers standing behind the door looking at him, jerking his heads.

MARK

Shit....

Last time working late...

He turn his back and leave.

FADE OUT