

WRONG PHONE NUMBER

Written by

Daniel Kowalski

631-343-4320
DanKowalski@gmail.com

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

THOM (20s, skinny, hip, British) and LEYA (20s, pretty, also hip, British) enter a three star hotel room with one double bed. Thom pulls a suit case.

Leya is excited. She runs to the windows and opens the curtains revealing the New York City skyline.

Thom joins her.

LEYA
It's beautiful.

He sits on the bed, exhausted. Leya pushes him down and straddles him. They start kissing.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Thom and Leya lay under a sheet. They're naked and sleeping.

The ALARM on Thom's cell phone rings. He turns it off and sits up.

Leya is still sleeping. He gently shakes her.

THOM
Hey.

She opens her eyes and smiles at him. They kiss.

LEYA
I want to sleep more.

THOM
You can't. We need to get over the jet lag otherwise we'll be waking up at one in the morning.

Leya sits up.

LEYA
I'm going to take a shower.

She gets up and walks to the bathroom.

Thom opens his suitcase. There's a bullet proof vest and an assortment of knives inside. He pulls out a K-Bar and duct tape. He tapes the huge knife under the desk.

Thom opens an envelope and pulls out a sim card. He takes his phone and swaps out the card.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Thom is in the bathroom. Leya is putting on make up.

Thom's phone buzzes. She picks it up. Somethings strange.

LEYA

Did you change your SIM card?

THOM

Yeah.

LEYA

Looks like the person that had the number before you has a friend.

Thom steps out of the bathroom. Leya hands him the phone. There's a text message:

Why r u ghosting me?

THOM

You think that's a guy or a girl writing it?

LEYA

What do you think?

THOM

I'm going with girl given the lack of spelling basic words.

LEYA

I'll find out.

She takes the phone from him.

THOM

Don't.

LEYA

Come on.

THOM

I don't need my phone being blown up by an unstable person.

LEYA

It will be funny.

BING

Bitch

BING

Fuck you

LEYA (CONT'D)
Look. It's already being blown up.

BING

Do not fuck with me

LEYA (CONT'D)
And I think it's a guy.

She starts typing a message.

THOM
What are you going to say?

LEYA
I'll fuck with him for a little bit
and then try to let him down
gently.

THOM
I can always get another SIM card
and we can forget about him.

LEYA
It's a bit personal for me now. I
don't like guys who call women
bitches.

THOM
What about hoes.

She stops typing and gives him the finger. She gets back to the message and hits send.

Thom looks at what she typed:

Sorry was in the subway. How are you baby?

Thom shakes his head.

BING

Not happy. We had an arrangement and you didn't show up

BING

I have the money

THOM (CONT'D)

This is getting weird. The guy could be a drug dealer and this number belongs to someone that wronged him.

LEYA

We can find out.

She types:

For double the price I'll do anal.

They wait for a response. There is none.

He takes the phone from her.

BING

I'm only interested in the full package we discussed.

Is the package good?

THOM

Shady.

Leya grabs the phone.

It's the best. But I need more money.

LEYA

He's setting up an appointment with a call girl. Full package means sex.

THOM

How do you know?

LEYA

I watch documentaries.

BING

Ten percent more

Leya types back.

Deal

BING

Same place we agreed to last night. 10pm.

Leya types.

OK.

Thom takes the phone.

THOM
I'm changing the number right away.

LEYA
Can we eat first? I'm starving.

Thom nods. They leave the room.

INT. PIZZA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Thom and Leya sit in a booth eating pizza.

LEYA
You were right. This is really good.

THOM
Why do you think New York has the best pizza in the world?

LEYA
Probably because it's so greasy.

THOM
I heard it's the water they use for the dough.

LEYA
Chicago pizza is also supposed to be good.

THOM
Chicago pizza is like bread with sauce and cheese. New York pizza is what pizza is supposed to be.

LEYA
Are you ready for your interview tomorrow?

THOM
As much as I can be.

LEYA
Nervous?

THOM
Not really. They know my resume and reputation.

(MORE)

THOM (CONT'D)

If it works out with them then it's great. If not then I'll find another job.

LEYA

You think he could be a real prick?

THOM

Probably as most rich people usually are. But the current security chief is retiring rather than being fired so that's a good sign.

LEYA

The interview is still set for 3 tomorrow.

THOM

Last I heard. Any site seeing you want to do in the morning?

LEYA

Can we go to the Empire State Building?

BING

Thom picks up his phone. His eyes go wide. He looks around.

LEYA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Thom slides her his phone.

Man in black peacoat and jeans. Woman in purple coat and black tights.

LEYA (CONT'D)

What fuck?

THOM

Don't panic. Someone is watching us.

LEYA

From where?

THOM

I can't tell. Most likely they're outside and watched us come in.

He takes off his coat and gives it to Leya.

THOM (CONT'D)

Put this over yours. Our best shot
is to walk out the front door and
hope they don't recognize us.

Leya puts on the coat. They walk out of the restaurant.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Thom is super alert. He has one hand on Laya's back and
shepards her through the crowded streets.

Anything can be a threat. He sees a group of guys hanging out
a a corner and turns.

There's an idling car at the end of the block. They cross.

Thom and Laya zig zag through the streets. They arrive at
Central Park.

Thom thinks he's being followed by an ASIAN MAN smoking a
cigarette.

They enter the park.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

Thom looks over his shoulder and they quickly move into the
park. He watches the Asian man walk past the entrance and
stay out of the park.

THOM

We need to keep moving.

LEYA

How did they find us?

THOM

The SIM card.

LEYA

Get rid of it.

THOM

Not yet.

He dials 911. The call fails.

THOM (CONT'D)

They're jamming my phone. Let's go.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Thom and Leya stop to catch their breath. They're in an isolated area with no one around.

Thom tries to call 911 again but the call fails.

THOM
They're still close.

Bushes rustle. The Asian Man steps out.

ASIAN MAN
Knock off the bull shit and come with me.

THOM
My mother told me to stay away from strangers.

ASIAN MAN
Right now there's another mother crying because of you.

He pulls out a gun.

ASIAN MAN (CONT'D)
Not a request.

Thom raises his hands. He and Leya are marched back to the street.

INT. CENTRAL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Thom and Leya walk in front of the Asian man. Thom turns and tries to grab the gun.

THOM
Run!

Leya runs. Thom tosses the gun to the side. He and the Asian Man fight. It's brutal and both are professionals. Thom lands a knock out blow and runs.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - MOMENTS LATER

Leya gets to the street and tries to hail a cab. Thom joins her.

LEYA
Where is he?

THOM
Knocked out for now.

LEYA
None of the cabs are stopping.

THOM
I'll try Uber.

He books a car. An SUV pulls up to the curb.

THOM (CONT'D)
Here.

They get into the SUV and it pulls away.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Thom and Leya sit in the back.

THOM
Thank God we found out.

The DRIVER (Asian, 30s) looks at them in the mirror.

DRIVER
Rough night?

THOM
You have no idea.

The Asian Man pops up from the back with his gun aimed.

ASIAN MAN
They used to say it's dangerous to
go into the park at night.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The SUV drives down the street. A sign says Lincoln Tunnel.

EXT. UPSCALE CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The SUV pulls up to the front door.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Thom and Leya are marched through an empty dining room to a private back room.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A mini feast sits on a lazy susan. CHEN (50s, well dressed) sits at the center of a small group that is smoking, eating, and drinking.

The door opens and Thom and Leya enter. Chen smiles.

CHEN

Sit.

Thom and Leya sit. A WAITRESS pours them tea.

CHEN (CONT'D)

I know it's a little early for our meeting but after you stood me up last night I wasn't taking anymore chances.

LEYA

That was you texting us?

CHEN

Who else did you think it was?

THOM

Well it's actually a funny story. We don't know who you are. You see we just arrived in the states today and the phone number I have is from a temporary SIM card for travelers.

CHEN

You don't say? But that was you talking to me? No?

LEYA

It was more of a prank. We thought you were a john looking for an escort. Obviously this is huge misunderstanding.

CHEN

I don't think so. Why demand more money for the package?

LEYA

Like I said. Just part of the prank.

THOM

Look we don't know who you are and won't say anything to anyone. I think it would be best to--

CHEN
Shut the fuck up.

LEYA
We meant no disrespect.

The Asian Man slaps Leya in the face.

THOM
Come on.

CHEN
Last night we had a deal and you
blew it. Tonight I have a counter
offer for your bull shit request
for more money. You give me the
package and I kill you fast. You
bull shit me and you die slowly.

THOM
We don't have a package.

The Asian man pistol whips him.

THOM (CONT'D)
Please.

CHEN
I have no mercy for anyone that
kidnaps a child for ransom.

LEYA
No. We didn't do that.

The Asian Man slaps her.

THOM
We don't know what you're talking
about. We just got here. Check my
phone if you don't believe me.

Chen nods. The Asian Man pulls out Thom's phone. Thom unlocks
it. The Asian Man gives it to Chen.

Chen looks through it. He maintains a poker face and his
expression stays cold and unreadable.

CHEN
Where's your passports?

THOM
At our hotel room.

CHEN

(speaking Chinese)

Take them to their hotel room.
Check the passport stamps. If it
feels like they're lying then kill
the man and let the girl lead us to
the child. If they're telling the
truth then kill them both.

ASIAN MAN

Hao. Let's go.

Chen holds up the phone.

CHEN

I'm keeping this.

Thom and Leya get up and leave the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Thom and Leya enter with the Asian Man and Driver.

Thom opens the room safe and takes out the passports.

THOM

Check the stamps.

The Asian Man skims through the passport. Leya's is bare but
Thom's has a lot of stamps.

ASIAN MAN

You travel a lot?

THOM

For work. Yes.

Thom walks to the desk.

THOM (CONT'D)

And you can see that we only
checked in today. Here's our flight
info and the ticket stubs.

The Asian Man looks it over. All of it is legit. He looks at
the Driver and nods.

The Driver and Asian Man pull out 9mm hand guns.

Leya screams.

Thom reaches under the desk and pulls out the K-Bar. He stabs
the Asian Man in the chest.

The Driver turns to Thom. Thom grabs the dying Asian Man and uses him as a shield.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

Thom grabs the Asian Man's gun and shoots the Driver in the head.

LEYA
Holy shit.

Thom grabs their passports and holds her hand.

THOM
We need to go.

He pulls her out of the room.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Thom tries to hail a cab.

LEYA
We should call the police.

THOM
We will. But we don't know who those Chinese guys are and if they have friends in the department. Our best chance is to get to the airport and either get home or at least turn this into a highly publicized international incident.

A cab pulls up and they get in.

INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

Thom looks out the rear window. He doesn't see any car following them. He breathes a sigh of relief.

EXT. JFK DEPARTURES TERMINAL - NIGHT

Thom and Leya get out of the cab and enter the airport. They run to the British Airways counter.

A few seconds later Chen enters and follows them.

FADE OUT.