



COMMUNICATION BREAKDOWN

By

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3rd Draft

SYNOPSIS

As Lennie Boyd travels to a vitally important rendezvous his car breaks down in a remote location. A series of phone calls to G.R.U.F.F. his rather unorthodox recovery service should be all it takes to put things right. However, things are not always what they seem as Lennie learns to his cost; will he ever make his crucial appointment.

1. EXT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IN THE CAR.

FADE IN.

A MAN IS DRIVING HIS OLD CAR ALONG A COUNTRY LANE WHEN HIS PHONE RINGS. THE MAN IS WELL RESTED, BUT WEARS A COUPLE OF DAYS WORTH OF STUBBLE. TO ABIDE BY THE LAW HE PULLS THE CAR OVER IN A PASSING PLACE. HE CLICKS THE HANDBRAKE ON AND LIFTS THE MOBILE PHONE TO HIS EAR. HE THEN KILLS THE ENGINE, AND PRESSES THE BUTTON TO ANSWER THE CALL.

LENNIE: Hello?

THE PERSON ON THE OTHER END SPEAKS. LENNIE REMAINS SILENT. THE MAN ON THE OTHER END IS INAUDIBLE.

LENNIE: I know (snaps)... I know how important this contract is (more controlled).

THE MAN SPEAKS.

LENNIE: I'm on my way now.

THE MAN SPEAKS.

LENNIE: 4:30? (Looks at his watch). I have plenty of time.

THE MAN SPEAKS.

LENNIE: I won't mess this up. I...

THE MAN SPEAKS.

LENNIE: I know John. I know. Mr Hammond won't accept another failure.

THE MAN SPEAKS.

LENNIE: I'll be there.

THE MAN SPEAKS.

LENNIE: Hey John? Thanks for another chance.

THE MAN SPEAKS.

LENNIE: Bye.

LENNIE PRESSES THE BUTTON ON THE MOBILE PHONE TO END THE CALL. HE PLACES THE PHONE BACK INTO THE COMPARTMENT OF THE CAR HE HAD REMOVED IT FROM. LENNIE SETS HIMSELF, NODS TO HIMSELF, AND TURNS THE KEY IN THE IGNITION. THE ENGINE FIRES BUT DOES NOT START. HE STOPS. WORRY PASSES OVER HIS FACE. HE TURNS THE KEY AGAIN BUT IT STILL WON'T START.

LENNIE: Oh not now. Please, not now!

HE PUMPS THE PEDAL, PULLS ON THE CHOKER, AND TURNS THE KEY AGAIN.

LENNIE: Not today... Come on baby, start now... Please... (Turns it again)
Come on! COME ON!

HE THUMPS DOWN ONTO THE STEERING WHEEL, AND RESTS HIS HEAD DOWN ON IT.

LENNIE: Come on! (Almost a whisper).

HE RUBS THE STEERING WHEEL IN AN ATTEMPT TO COAX THE CAR. THEN TURNS THE KEY. IT FIRES, BUT DOES NOT START.

LENNIE: Crap!

HE BREATHES A LITTLE, CALMING HIMSELF DOWN. HE RUBS HIS JAW TO HELP HIM THINK. HE SUDDENLY ROOTS IN HIS GLOVE COMPARTMENT, PRODUCING A G.R.U.F.F. DOCUMENT.

HE READS THE BREAKDOWN COVER SECTION FOR THE PHONE NUMBER. HE DIALS IT INTO HIS PHONE AND PRESSES THE GREEN BUTTON TO RING. IT TAKES A FEW SECONDS TO CONNECT, AND THEN IT BEGINS TO RING. SUDDENLY THE PHONE BEEPS THREE TIMES AND TURNS OFF. HIS FACE IS SURPRISED AS HE LOOKS AT THE PHONE FACE.

LENNIE: No.

HE HOLDS HIS JAW AND ATTEMPTS TO TURN THE PHONE BACK ON. BUT THE PHONE DOES NOT SPARK INTO LIFE AS THE BATTERY IS DEAD.

HE SLAMS THE PHONE DOWN ONTO THE PASSENGER SEAT.

LENNIE: Crap!

HE PUTS HIS FACE INTO HIS PALMS. HE SPEAKS THROUGH THEM.

LENNIE: Why today?

HE REMOVES HIS FACE FROM HIS PALMS AND LOOKS UP.

LENNIE: Do you hate me that much?

HE WAITS FOR AN ANSWER, THEN COMES UP WITH ONE OF HIS OWN.

LENNIE: It's the job isn't it?

HE MOVES HIS HEAD BACK DOWN TO FACE THE WHEEL, THEN RESTS HIS HEAD UPON IT. HE RUBS THE BACK OF HIS NECK WITH ONE HAND. HE CLOSES HIS EYES TO THINK, OR EVEN WISH.

HE LOOKS UP THROUGH THE STEERING WHEEL AT THE ROAD AHEAD. STADING THERE, ABOUT FIFTY METERS AHEAD, IS A TELEPHONE BOX.

LENNIE PRESSES THE BUTTON DOWN TO HIS LEFT TO RELEASE HIS SEAT BELT. HE ARCHES HIS BACK SO THAT HE COULD SEARCH THROUGH HIS POCKET WITH EASE. HE REMOVES A NUMBER OF COINS. HE COUNTS THEM QUICKLY, PICKS UP THE G.R.U.F.F. DOCUMENT, AND THEN OPENS THE DOOR TO GET OUT OF THE CAR.

CUT

2. EXT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE IN THE FRESH AIR.

HE OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS OUT OF THE CAR. HE SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM, AND BEGINS TO WALK TO THE PHONE BOX WITH MEANING. HE LOOKS AROUND AS HE WALKS. IT IS A FEW MINUTES BEFORE HE GETS THERE, AND THE WALK HAS CALMED HIM DOWN.

CUT

3. EXT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHER. MEETS THE BOY.

HE REACHES THE TELEPHONE BOX. HE STARES AT THE BOX. IN ONE CORNER THERE IS SOME GREEN, BLACK AND GREY COLOURS WITHIN. HE SLOWLY OPENS THE DOOR. THERE, STOOD WITH HIS BACK TO LENNIE, IS A BOY DRESSED IN ARMY CAMOURFLAGED CLOTHES.

LENNIE CAN HEAR FLUID HIT THE FLOOR. THE BOY IS URINATING.

LENNIE: Oi, this is a phone box, not a toilet.

THE BOY JUMPS, AND QUICKLY ZIPS HIMSELF UP. HE TURNS TO SEE LENNIE. THE BOY HAS A PATCH OF LIQUID ON HIS TROUSERS.

BOY: God. You scared me there mate.

LENNIE STARES DOWN AT THE BOY, WHO SMILES BACK.

LENNIE: Get out now! You disgusting...

LENNIE STOPS HIMSELF IN MID-SENTENCE. HE MOVES TO THE SIDE AND THE BOY RUNS OUT.

BOY: Ha ha ha ha.

LENNIE SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISGUST AS THE BOY RUNS AWAY DOWN THE ROAD, AND THEN JUMPS DOWN THE SIDE OF THE CARRIAGEWAY INTO A DITCH. LENNIE NOW CANNOT SEE HIM.

CUT

4. INT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE TELEPHONE BOX. PHONE CALL 1 (OIL LEVEL)

LENNIE BRAVES THE SMELL AND ENTERS THE BOX. HE BREATHES THROUGH HIS MOUTH. HE REMOVES THE G.R.U.F.F. DOCUMENT FROM HIS POCKET, REMOVES THE PHONE, PLACES 50p INTO THE SLOT, AND DIALS THE NUMBER.

THE PHONE CONNECTS AND RINGS. AFTER A COUPLE OF RINGS IT IS ANSWERED BY THE AUTOMATED ANSWERING SERVICE.

AUTOMATED: Welcome to the G.R.U.F.F. Recovery Service. To help us put you through to the right person please pick one of the following options:

- For a package upgrade, please press 1.
- For general enquiries, please press 2.
- If you are checking for breakdown black spots, please press 3.
- If you can foresee the future, and want to book one of our recovery vans, please press 4.
- If you have broken down and want to be recovered, please press 5.
- If you would like to talk to one of our professional operators about fixing your vehicle's problem, please press 6.

LENNIE PRESSES NUMBER 5, AND AFTER A NUMBER OF RINGS THE PHONE CLICKS AND SOMEONE ANSWERS.

OPERATOR: Hello, Welcome to G.R.U.F.F.'s Recovery Service. I am Sally/Justin, how can I help you?

LENNIE'S EYES LIGHT UP AT THE HUMAN'S VOICE. HE FEELS HAPPY INSIDE THAT HE MAY GET THROUGH THIS SITUATION AND GET THE CAR FIXED.

LENNIE: Hi. I've broken down and need to use my Recovery Service!

OPERATOR: OK. What is your name please sir. I just need to access your account.

LENNIE: Lennie Boyd.

AFTER A MOMENT OF TYPING IN THE BACKGROUND THE OPERATOR SPEAKS AGAIN.

OPERATOR: OK Mr Boyd, I'll just check the computer for the nearest recovery van in your area.

LENNIE IS CONTENT AND WAITS PATIENTLY. HE CAN HEAR THE OPERATOR TYPING ON THE COMPUTER. HE LOOKS AT THE PHONE. HIS EYES GO TO THE RETURN FLAP. HE PUSHES IT BACK WITH TWO FINGERS, AND REVEALS A TWENTY PENCE PIECE. HE SMILES, FEELING LUCK ON HIS SIDE. HE REMOVES IT AND PLACES IT INTO HIS POCKET.

OPERATOR: Oh!

LENNIE'S SMILE SLOWLY DISAPEARS.

LENNIE: What do you mean by Oh?

OPERATOR: Well, the computer says that you are in a black spot.

LENNIE IS CONFUSED.

LENNIE: Black spot? What's a black spot?

OPERATOR: Black spots are areas of the country where our cover does not count. This is because the area has been black listed. It's all in the documentation that we sent you Mr Boyd.

LENNIE IS ANNOYED, AND STILL SHOCKED.

LENNIE: Why has this area been black listed?

OPERATOR: It says here that the area you have broken down in has been reported as violent.

LENNIE: Violent? I'm in the middle of nowhere.

OPERATOR: I am sorry sir that's what the computer says. I will transfer you to one of our Vehicle Help operators.

LENNIE: Hey wait...

LENNIE IS CUT OFF AS HE IS TRANSFERRED. THE PHONE RINGS. HE IS PUT STRAIGHT THROUGH TO ANOTHER OPERATOR.

OPERATOR: Hello, Welcome to G.R.U.F.F.'s Vehicle Help. I am Jonathan, how can I help you?

LENNIE: Yes, your colleague has just transferred me without answering my question.

OPERATOR: May be I could answer your question sir?

LENNIE: Yes. I would like to know why the area I've broken down in is a black spot.

OPERATOR: Oh. Difficult question sir. It can be for many reasons – Edge of vicinity; violent area etcetera. But, all I can say sir is our operators cannot change these black spots.

LENNIE: Well that doesn't help me!

OPERATOR: Maybe I can. What is your name, and what seems to be the problem with your vehicle?

LENNIE: My name is Lennie Boyd, and my Ford Mondeo won't start. I stopped it for a moment to answer my phone, and now it won't start again.

OPERATOR: OK Mr Boyd. Did you open your Bonnet, and check your oil level?

LENNIE: No. My education of cars is zero. How would I do that?

OPERATOR: Right. On the side of your engine there should be an oil level stick, it's thin with a loop on top. Pull that out of the engine and you'll see the oil level.

LENNIE: OK. I'll go and check that. But, what is your name again? Just in case I need to speak to you.

OPERATOR: Yes that's fine Mr Boyd. My name is Jonathan.

LENNIE: Great. Thank you Jonathan. Hopefully I won't have to ring back, so bye.

OPERATOR: Goodbye Mr Boyd.

LENNIE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN ON JONATHAN. HE TURNS FROM THE PHONE AND BEGINS TO WALK BACK TO THE CAR.

CUT

5. EXT. DAY. THE BOY ON THE WALL A.

THE BOY LOOKS OVER AT LENNIE FROM THE WALL AT THE SIDE OF THE PHONE BOX. HE JUST SITS THERE WATCHING HIM, BIDDING HIS TIME UNTIL HE COMES OUT.

CUT

6. EXT. DAY. CHECKING THE CAR A.

LENNIE REACHES HIS CAR, HE REMOVES HIS JACKET, CHUCKS IT ONTO THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR, AND THEN CLOSES THE DOOR. HE WALKS TO THE FRONT OF THE CAR.

HE LIFTS THE BONNET UP AND UNCLIPS THE PROP. HE PUTS THE PROP IN PLACE TO HOLD THE BONNET UP. HE STARES DOWN AT ALL THE CONFUSING COMPONENTS OF THE CAR'S ENGINE. UNBUTTONING THE SLEAVES OF HIS SHIRT, HE ROLLS THEM UP TO ABOVE HIS ELBOWS.

HE SCANS THE ENGINE. HIS EYES LAND UPON A PLASTIC LOOP. HE PULLS IT OUT TO CHECK IT, HE EXAMINES IT CLOSELY. IT IS THE OIL LEVEL STICK. HE SEE'S THAT THE LEVEL IS NEAR FULL, SO IT'S OKAY, AND HE REPLACES IT (HIS EXPRESSION TURNS TO ANNOYANCE).

CUT

7. INT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE TELEPHONE BOX. PHONE CALL 2. (WATER LEVEL).

LENNIE OPENS THE PHONE BOX DOOR AND ENTERS. HE LOOKS BACK AT THE CAR, BUT THE BOY HAS GONE AGAIN. HE REMOVES THE G.R.U.F.F. DOCUMENT, AND READING IT, PUNCHES THE NUMBERS INTO THE PHONE AGAIN.

LENNIE WAITS FOR A MOMENT AS THE PHONE CONNECTS. AFTER A COUPLE OF RINGS IT IS ANSWERED BY THE AUTOMATED ANSWERING SERVICE. LENNIE LISTENS ONLY TO THE LAST TWO OPTIONS 5 & 6.

AUTOMATED:

- If you have broken down and want to be recovered, please press 5.
- If you would like to talk to one of our professional operators about fixing your vehicle's problem, please press 6.

LENNIE PRESSES NUMBER 6, AND AFTER A COUPLE OF SECONDS OF ATTEMPTING TO CONNECT, THE PHONE CLICKS AND BEGINS TO RING. THE PHONE CLICKS AGAIN AND IS ANSWERED BY A G.R.U.F.F. RECORDED VOICE MESSAGE.

RECORD: ALL OF OUR OPERATORS ARE BUSY AT THE MOMENT. BUT, YOUR CALL IS IMPORTANT TO US, AND WILL BE ANSWERED AS SOON AS ONE OF OUR OPERATORS BECOMES AVAILABLE.

THE VOICE STOPS. THERE IS A CLICK AND THEN MUSIC COMES OVER THE PHONE FOR PEOPLE IN THE QUEUE. LENNIE COMES INTO THE SONG PART WAY THROUGH. LENNIE KNOWS THE MUSIC, IT IS FAMILIAR. HE LIKES IT TO START WITH.

JUST THEN, THE PHONE CLICKS, CUTTING OFF THE MUSIC INSTANTLY AND AN OPERATOR ANSWERS.

OPERATOR: Hello, Welcome to G.R.U.F.F.'s Vehicle Help. I am Jonathan, how can I help you?

LENNIE: OK Jonathan, it's Lennie Boyd here again. I've just checked the oil level, and it's near full. What else could the problem be?

OPERATOR: I think you should check the water level.

LENNIE: Fine. How do I do that?

OPERATOR: At the side of your engine you'll see a plastic container filled with a liquid. It will have a small cap on the top, and the words coolant on the side. Remove the cap and you'll be able to see how much water you have. If it's low you will need to top it up.

LENNIE: Are you sure? I don't have enough time to be going back and forwards between this phone and my car.

OPERATOR: Process of elimination. But, I'm 95% sure it will be that.

LENNIE RAISES HIS EYEBROWS TO THE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION PART. BUT IS RELAXED BY JEFF'S 95%.

LENNIE: OK Jonathan, I'll go and check the water. Hopefully I won't need to ring you back, so thank you and goodbye.

OPERATOR: Goodbye Mr Boyd.

THEY BOTH PUT THE PHONE DOWN ROUND ABOUT AT THE SAME TIME.

CUT

8. EXT. DAY. CHECKING THE CAR B.

LENNIE LOOKS INTO THE CAR ENGINE ATTEMPTING TO FIND THE WATER CONTAINER.

HE SEES IT. LOOKING AROUND IT, AND EVENTUALLY IN IT, HE FINDS THAT THE LEVEL OF WATER IS ABOVE THE FULL LEVEL. HE KNOWS THIS BECAUSE OF THE INDICATOR ON THE SIDE OF THE CONTAINER. HE SHAKES HIS HEAD AND SIGHS.

HE IS JUST ABOUT TO TURN AND WALK BACK TO THE PHONE BOX, WHEN SUDDENLY, THE BOY POPS UP AT THE SIDE OF LENNIE. LENNIE DOES NOT SEE HIM.

BOY Car trouble mate?

LENNIE JUMPS WITH SHOCK.

LENNIE: Shit! You scared me. What do you want?

BOY: Just asking you a question mate.

LENNIE SHAKES HIS HEAD AT THE BOY. HIS FACE SHOWS ANNOYANCE AGAIN.

LENNIE: Yes car trouble. No, I am not your mate, and, I don't have time to speak to you, so leave me alone.

THE BOY IGNORES LENNIE, AND POINTS IN THE ENGINE.

BOY: My dad's car once didn't start, and it turned out to be the starter motor or something like that.

LENNIE TURNS, EVEN MORE ANNOYED NOW.

LENNIE: Listen kid, I have trained professionals giving me advice, so who am I to listen to; a boy, or them, I choose them.

LENNIE WALKS PAST THE BOY BACK TOWARDS THE PHONE BOX, LEAVING THE BONNET STILL PROPPED.

CUT

9. INT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE TELEPHONE BOX. PHONE CALL 3. (IGNITION KEY)

LENNIE IS ANNOYED THAT THE WATER WAS NOT THE PROBLEM, BUT HE UNDERSTANDS THAT WITHOUT THE OPERATORS BEING THERE WITH HIM IT WOULD BE HARD TO SAY FIRST TIME WHAT IT IS. AS HE GETS TO THE PHONE BOX HE LOOKS BACK TOWARDS HIS CAR – THE BOY HAS GONE. HE THEN LOOKS DOWN AT HIS WATCH. HE OPENS THE DOOR AND ENTERS.

LENNIE DIALS THE NUMBER AS FAST AS HE CAN. HE IS GETTING USE TO THE NUMBER AND ONLY HAS TO GLANCE AT THE SHEET ONCE.

LENNIE WAITS FOR A MOMENT AS THE PHONE CONNECTS. AFTER A COUPLE OF RINGS IT IS ANSWERED BY THE AUTOMATED ANSWERING SERVICE. LENNIE

AUTOMATED:

- Welcome to the G.R.U.F.F. Recovery Service. To help us...

LENNIE PRESSES NUMBER 6 BEFORE THE ANSWERING SERVICE CAN CONTINUE THROUGH THE LIST. AFTER A COUPLE OF SECONDS OF ATTEMPTING TO CONNECT, THE PHONE CLICKS AND BEGINS TO RING. THE PHONE CLICKS AGAIN AND IS ANSWERED BY A G.R.U.F.F. RECORDED VOICE MESSAGE

RECORD: ALL OF OUR OPERATORS ARE BUSY AT THE MOMENT. BUT, YOUR CALL IS IMPORTANT TO US, AND WILL BE ANSWERED AS SOON AS ONE OF OUR OPERATORS BECOMES AVAILABLE.

THE VOICE IS THEN REPLACED BY MUSIC. THIS IS THE SAME MUSIC AS BEFORE, AND ONCE AGAIN, HE DOES NOT DISLIKE IT AT FIRST. BUT, HE IS ON HOLD FOR ABOUT 20 SECONDS, AND THE SONG IS BEGINNING TO ANNOY HIM A LITTLE. HE BEGINS TO BECOME A LITTLE AGITATED IN THE BOX. HE BEGINS TO SLOWLY BANG HIS HEAD OFF THE WINDOW OF THE PHONE BOX.

SUDDENLY, THE PHONE CLICKS AGAIN, AND AN OPERATOR ANSWERS. LENNIE BECOMES ALERT.

OPERATOR: Hello, Welcome to G.R.U.F.F.'s Vehicle Help. I am Jonathan, how can I help you?

LENNIE: Hello again Jonathan, it's Lennie Boyd here. I've just checked the water level, and it's above the Full indicator.

OPERATOR: OK...

LENNIE INTERRUPTS AGAIN. HE IS USING HIS HANDS MORE TO EXPLAIN.

LENNIE: So far I've checked the oil level, and the water level. What should I do next? Please tell me to do something you are sure it could be. I

don't have time to mess about here. I have important business to attend.

OPERATOR: I am confident I know what the problem is this time. It is definitely not the oil or water levels.

LENNIE INTERRUPTS AGAIN WITH A QUICK STATEMENT, BUT IT DOES NOT DETER THE OPERATOR.

LENNIE: I know that now.

THE OPERATOR CONTINUES UNPERTURBED BY LENNIE'S INTERRUPTION.

OPERATOR: I think you should check your ignition key. If it has been bent at all, along its length, the car will not start.

LENNIE IS PUZZLED.

LENNIE: Oh.

OPERATOR: Do you have the key with you Mr Boyd?

LENNIE: No. It's still in the car.

OPERATOR: OK. I think you should go and check the ignition key. It is bound to be that.

LENNIE IS NOT 100% SURE. BUT HE HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO CHECK IT.

LENNIE: I hope so. I will check it. Bye.

OPERATOR: Goodbye Mr Boyd.

LENNIE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN BEFORE THE OPERATOR IS FINISHED SAYING BYE. HE EXITS THE PHONE BOX, HEADING FOR HIS CAR ONCE AGAIN.

CUT.

10. INT. DAY. CHECKING THE CAR C.

HE MOVES INTO THE DRIVER'S SEAT AND REMOVES THE IGNITION KEY. HE LIFTS IT TO THE LIGHT AND CHECKS IT THOROUGHLY. HE SEES NOTHING WRONG WITH IT, AND PUTS IT BACK INTO THE IGNITION. HE TURNS IT, BUT THE CAR STILL DOES NOT START.

CUT

11. INT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE TELEPHONE BOX. PHONE CALL 4. (LAST PHONE CALL , LENNIE GETS CUT OFF).

LENNIE GRABS THE PHONE, VISCIOUSLY RAMS COINS INTO THE SLOT, AND SLAMS THE NUMBERS INTO THE PHONE. HE DOES THIS WITHOUT THE AID OF THE PAPER, AS HE NOW KNOWS THE NUMBER.

LENNIE WAITS FOR A MOMENT AS THE PHONE CONNECTS. AFTER A COUPLE OF RINGS IT IS ANSWERED BY THE AUTOMATED ANSWERING SERVICE. HE HAS HIS FINGER FLOATING ABOVE NUMBER 6.

AUTOMATED: Welcome to the G.R.U.F.F. Recovery Service. To help us put you through to the right person please pick one of the following options:

- If you would like...

LENNIE PRESSES NUMBER 6 BEFORE THE ANSWERING SERVICE CAN GET THROUGH THE FIRST SENTENCE OF THE FIRST OPTION. AFTER A COUPLE OF SECONDS THE PHONE CLICKS AND BEGINS TO RING. IT IS ANSWERED STRAIGHT AWAY BY AN OPERATOR. LENNIE'S FACE IS STILL ANGRY.

OPERATOR: Hello, Welcome to...

LENNIE INTERRUPTS BEFORE THE OPERATOR CAN FINISH HIS SENTENCE.

LENNIE: Yes, yes. G. R.U.F.F.'s Vehicle help. Well you haven't helped me at all. I have important business to attend to. I now only have 20 minutes to get there, and no vehicle to get me there.

OPERATOR: Oh, I am sorry about that sir. Maybe I can be of some assistance. My name is Jonathan, and...

LENNIE INTERRUPTS AGAIN.

LENNIE: Jonathan, this is the seventh time I've contacted you. You've had six attempts at giving me information on how to fix my car... Some of your tips I'm sure have nothing to do with my car's problem.

THE OPERATOR INTERRUPTS QUICKLY.

OPERATOR: I'm sorry Mr Boyd, but didn't you say your knowledge of cars was zero?

LENNIE INTERRUPTS AGAIN.

LENNIE: Yes, pretty much zero. But, I think your knowledge of cars is not much better.

OPERATOR: I sir have been on numerous motor vehicle courses. And I assure you my knowledge...

LENNIE INTERRUPTS AGAIN.

LENNIE: Your knowledge and your service is crap! I am absolutely disgusted with the way that I have been treated.

OPERATOR: Sir...

LENNIE WILL NOT LET JONATHAN INTERRUPT.

LENNIE: No Lennie. Your unprofessional behaviour is going to cost me big.

OPERATOR: Mr Boyd?

LENNIE STILL WILL NOT LET JONATHAN INTERRUPT.

LENNIE: I want you to transfer me to the manager.

JONATHAN'S TONE CHANGES. HE BECOMES SERIOUS, BREAKING THROUGH LENNIE'S VERBAL BARRIER.

OPERATOR: (Speaks loud and clear) I have to say Mr Boyd that I am disgusted with your attitude towards myself.

LENNIE IS SHOCKED.

LENNIE: What? (Loud reaction).

OPERATOR: Your tone and language is a disgrace, and I don't have to stand for it. If you carry on in this manner Mr Boyd, then I will report you to the police.

LENNIE: Now you hang on a minute. I've been told my recovery service is unavailable because of the area I broke down in, I have been sent back and forwards, by yourself, to my car on information that is faulty, and I...

LENNIE IS INTERRUPTED ONCE AGAIN.

OPERATOR: The information I have given you was sound, and through the process of elimination I would have carried on giving you this information until you had found the correct problem, had you not got abusive. With regards to the area, it has been reported as violent, and your attitude has reinforced that claim. And...

LENNIE: But, I never...

LENNIE IS NOT ALLOWED TO FINISH.

OPERATOR: And, I am the acting manager at this moment. So, once I put the phone down on you now Mr Boyd, I'll be putting up barriers to prevent you contacting this service again, and I will also be cancelling your account from this moment on.

DISCRACED, LENNIE CONTINUES TO PROVE HIS CASE.

LENNIE: Wait a minute, you can't do that. You have no proof...

LENNIE IS CUT OFF BY THE MANAGER.

OPERATOR: Goodbye Mr Boyd.

LENNIE: Crap!

THE OPERATOR PUTS THE PHONE DOWN, PRODUCING A DEAD TONE IN LENNIE'S EAR. HE TRIES TO DIAL THE NUMBER AGAIN BUT GETS THE MESSAGE.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE: This number has been barred, please replace the receiver and try again. This number has been barred, please replace the receiver and try again.

THE MESSAGE REPEATS OVER AND OVER. AS LENNIE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH, THE TIME REACHS 4.30.

LENNIE HAS BEEN DEFEATED BY HIS BREAKDOWN COMPANY. HIS CAR WILL REMAIN UNFIXED, AND HIS MIND IS FINALLY ACCEPTING THAT. HE STARES BLANKLY, EYES WIDE.

CROSSFADE TO THE RECIEVER HANGING IN THE AIR AS THE MESSAGE REPEATSOVER AND OVER.

CUT

12. EXT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. FINAL STRAW.

LENNIE SITS IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT DEFEATED. HE HAS HIS HEAD ON THE STEERING WHEEL. THE PHONE MESSAGE CONTINUES OVER IN HIS MIND, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MUSIC. HIS HEAD SUDDENLY JUMPS UP. HE STILL WEARS THE SAME BLANK EXPRESSION. THEN HIS EYEBROWS COME DOWN, AND A MADDENED FACE APPEARS.

HE MOVES STRAIGHT TO THE BOOT OF THE CAR AND OPENS IT. HE REACHES IN AND REMOVES A BRIEFCASE. HE LEAVES THE BOOT OPEN AND WALKS AWAY CARRYING THE CASE IN ONE HAND. HE MOVES AT A STEADY PACE.

HE WALKS AWAY FROM THE CAR, IN THE DIRECTION THAT THE CAR WAS ORIGINALLY HEADING. HE MOVES ON PAST THE PHONE BOX, AND THE HIDING CHILD.

THE CHILD FOLLOWS LENNIE WITH HIS EYES. HE WATCHES HIM ALL THE WAY AS HE PASSES, NOT REMOVING HIS EYES FROM THE PERSON, HARDLY BLINKING. HE WATCHES THE SPACE WHERE HE LAST SAW LENNIE FOR A TIME AFTER HE HAS PASSED. HE IS PUZZLED AT LENNIE'S BEHAVIOUR, UNSURE OF WHAT HE IS DOING.

LENNIE CONTINUES ON DOWN THE LONG ROAD. THERE IS NO CIVILISATION THAT CAN BE SEEN AHEAD, ONLY A PATH OF BITUMEN AND FIELDS EITHER SIDE.

CUT

13. EXT. DAY. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. THE HITCHHIKER.

A PAIR OF FEET STAND AT THE EDGE OF THE CARRIAGEWAY. A CAR MOVES PAST THE FEET, SLOWING TO A STOP. THE FEET WALK OVER TO THE DOOR. THE HITCHHIKER OPENS THE DOOR AND CLIMBS INTO THE CAR.

THE DRIVER LOOKS OVER AT THE HITCHHIKER AND SMILES. THE DRIVER IS A MAN IN HIS TWENTIES AND FASHIONABLE. HE IS WEARING SUNGLASSES.

DRIVER: Where are you off mate?

THE MAN HAS ALREADY SET HIS CASE ON HIS KNEE, BUT NOW HE OPENS IT WITHOUT LOOKING, OR REPLYING TO THE DRIVER. THE DRIVER LOOKS ON, AWAITING AN ANSWER. THE CASE IS ON AN ANGLE SO THE DRIVER CANNOT SEE IN.

ON THE UNDERSIDE OF THE CASE IS A NUMBER OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SAME MAN. THE MAN IS NOT LOOKING TOWARDS THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE HITCHHIKER REMOVES A GUN WITH SPEED, POINTING AT THE DRIVER'S FACE. THE DRIVER IS SHOCKED AND REALS BACK AWAY FROM THE GUN. THE HITCHHIKER IS NOT LOOKING AT THE DRIVER, BUT LOOKING DEAD AHEAD. HE CLOSES THE CASE.

THE HITCHHIKER IS LENNIE.

LENNIE: Drive!

THE DRIVER LIFTS BOTH HANDS IN SUBMISSION, AND REMOVES HIS SUNGLASSES QUICKLY TO LOOK AT THE GUN.

DRIVER: Wow... Let's be cool man.

LENNIE THRUSTS THE GUN CLOSER TO THE DRIVER. HE HAS NO EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE. THE DRIVER WINCES.

LENNIE: Now!

THE DRIVER CHUCKS THE GLASSES ONTO THE DASHBOARD, QUICKLY PUTS THE CAR IN GEAR AND SETS OFF WITHOUT CHECKING HIS MIRRORS.

THE CAR DRIVES OFF, ON THE LONG PATH OF BITUMEN.

CUT

THE END

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