

Inbox (1)

written by

Matthew Taylor

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Taylor.mj88@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE OFFICE - NIGHT

Dark, shadowy. Fluorescent light bulbs flicker on, bursting the whole room in light.

Two large circular desks dominate the room, ten computers lie on top. A single table and computer sit in a corner.

FREDDY (25) Shirt, rolled up sleeves, rubber duck tie, takes a seat on one of the circular tables.

CHRISTINA (20) dainty, flowery dress, strolls in and over to Freddy. She waves enthusiastically at him. Freddy stares at her face.

CHRISTINA  
(Loud and Pronounced)  
Good evening Freddy, How are you?

Freddy, slightly annoyed.

FREDDY  
I've told you before, you can speak normally, I can read lips.

Christina goes red.

CHRISTINA  
Right, sorry. I keep forgetting.

FREDDY  
Well, don't.

CHRISTINA  
Sorry.

Christina stare's at Freddy's wrists. Two long scars stretch from his wrist along his forearm.

Freddy glares, rolls down his sleeves.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)  
Sorry.

Christina scuttles off. She sits at a computer on the other circular table.

ERIC (20) slicked hair, untucked shirt, stands behind Freddy.  
DANIELLE (18) sour faced, stands on his flank.

ERIC  
Hey Freddy, you weird little git.

Danielle sniggers.

Freddy spots them in the reflection of his computer screen.  
He turns to face Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Oh hi Freddy, how are you mate?

FREDDY  
Fine.

Freddy turns back to his monitor.

ERIC  
Wanker.

Eric and Danielle sit on the same table as Christina. Freddy,  
alone on his table, faces the three of them.

IAN (40's) Scruffy clothes, unkempt hair and beard, bloodshot  
eyes, storms in and next to the single table.

IAN  
You four drew the short straw, the  
shit shift, We need to clear the  
email backlog then we can piss off  
home. Don't give me any bother, and  
I won't have to report you for...  
whatever the fuck I want. Deal?  
Good.

Ian heads straight for Freddy.

Freddy doesn't look at him.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Freddy, Freddy! Fuck sake.

Ian clicks his fingers right in front of Freddy's face.

Freddy reluctantly turns to look at him. The stare lingers.

FREDDY  
Yes?

IAN  
If it were me, you would have been  
fired already, but apparently you  
tick some kind of box. So I will  
just have to tell you *again*--

Ian moves his lips close to Freddy's eyes.

IAN (CONT'D)

-We are customer services, be nice.

Ian moves back, grins. He sits at the small desk, pulls out a small flask, takes a swig.

Freddy roots through a drawer under the desk, pops open the lid to a pill bottle and chucks one of it's contents into his mouth.

The monitor in front of Freddy shows his emails.

Inbox (523)

He opens one of them up.

*"Hello. I was told my parcel would arrive today. I have not received. Please can you check when it will arrive, thanks"*

Freddy types away.

MONTAGE

Inbox (411).

Another email:

*"Parcel arrived today, broken. This is unacceptable, send out a replacement, now"*

Freddy cracks his knuckles, types.

Inbox (201)

*"Absolute fraudsters, I will be reporting you to trading standards"*

Freddy yawns, types.

*"Go ahead you absolute fuck monkey, see If I give a shit..."*

Freddy deletes what he wrote, types again.

*"Very sorry we fell below the standard on this occasion..."*

Inbox (55)

Freddy rubs his eyes, types.

Inbox (1)

END MONTAGE

Freddy rotates his neck, it clicks. He rubs his eyes, looks around the room. The others are busy tapping away on their computers.

Ian, Newspaper over his face, feint snores from underneath.

Freddy opens up the last email.

*"I fucking hate you!"*

Freddy chuckles. He types.

*"I fucking hate you too"*

Freddy deletes his reply, types again.

*"I am very sorry you feel that way. If you could please let us know the problem, we will do our best to address it"*

Inbox (0)

Freddy stretches, stands up. He looks back at his screen.

Inbox (1)

Freddy sighs, sits back down. Opens up the new email.

*"YOU are the problem. I wish you didn't exist"*

Freddy types.

*"We do not tolerate abuse of our staff. If you would like to discuss the issue, please do so in a civilised manner"*

Another email pops into his inbox.

*"Quack quack!! Rubber duck tie? Please, just die"*

Freddy's eyes widen. He looks at his tie. Types his reply.

*"Who is this?"*

An instant reply.

*"Someone far better than a piece of shit like you"*

Freddy looks up from his computer, scans the room. Eric catches his eye.

Freddy storms over to him, forcefully wheels around Eric's chair.

ERIC  
Jesus, what the fuck?

FREDDY  
What's wrong with my tie? I know  
it's you!

Eric, confused.

ERIC  
What are you talking about? You  
absolute psychopath.

FREDDY  
So fucking immature.

ERIC  
Get the fuck away from me you--

Eric covers his mouth with his hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
-Stupid deaf cunt.

Freddy clenches his fists, contemplates, he unclenches them.

Freddy grabs a glass of water from the table, throws it into  
Eric's face.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
What the fuck!

DANIELLE  
Woah!

Eric jumps up, squares up to Freddy, centimetres from his  
face.

ERIC  
I will knock you the fuck out, I  
don't care if you're disabled.

Danielle pushes her way between the two.

DANIELLE  
(To Eric)  
Calm down!  
(To Freddy)  
You need to apologise!

Freddy Stares.

Eric moves Danielle out of the way, barges past Freddy,  
storms out of a side door.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Ian, Ian! Wake up you lazy git!

Ian doesn't move.

CHRISTINA

Freddy, you're worked up, I think you should go home.

FREDDY

No, no, I'm sorry, I'm not--

DANIELLE

-sane--

FREDDY

-like this, usually, I'm just--

DANIELLE

-Cuckoo--

Freddy spots Danielle's mouth moving in his peripherals. He wheels to her.

FREDDY

D-d-d-don't talk to me when I'm not looking, OK? It's rude, it's just rude.

DANIELLE

Just go home. Ian will deal with you tomorrow.

Freddy gasps in pain, he clutches his head.

FREDDY'S PERCEPTION

All of the lights and monitors flicker off. Pitch black.

Only the monitors come back on. Everyone has gone except for Freddy and Ian, still slumped in the chair.

Freddy looks around confused.

FREDDY

Hello?

The monitors flicker off. Pitch black. All of the lights flicker Back on.

BACK TO SCENE

Freddy is standing in the side doorway, facing into the office. Freddy looks at his new position, confused.

Danielle and Christina back in their seats, typing away.

Danielle looks up to Freddy, they lock eyes.

DANIELLE

Freddy! Go home already.

Freddy nods, goes back to his station. He takes the pills from the drawer, pops another into his mouth.

Freddy goes to put his coat on, but is distracted by his monitor.

*Inbox (1)*

Freddy sits and opens the new email.

*"Drink to the face? How cliché, you're pathetic"*

Freddy stands up, looks between Christina and Danielle. They stare back at him.

FREDDY

Which one of you is it? It's not funny!

Freddy grabs his head, winces in pain.

FREDDY'S PERCEPTION

The lights and computer screens flicker off. Pitch black. The monitors flicker back on.

Danielle and Christina are gone.

A SHADOWY FIGURE humms as it Pirouettes and dances along the back wall.

The figure stops. Head turns towards Freddy. It storms towards him.

The monitors flicker off. Pitch black.

All of the lights and monitors flicker Back on.

BACK TO SCENE

Danielle and Christina are back at their computers, typing away.

He sits down, taps at the keyboard.

*"Who are you? What do you want?"*

An instant reply. The email contains a picture of a portrait, but the person in it has been blacked out and a big white question mark placed on top. There's a message below.

*"Brothers and Sisters, I have none. But the man in the portrait is my fathers son"*

ON DANIELLE

DANIELLE

(to Christina)

Eric's been gone a while. I'll check on him, keep your eye on that freak. He's acting weirder than usual.

They look at Freddy, he humms, dances his head from side to side whilst typing.

Danielle leaves though the side door.

Freddy winces his pain, grabs his head.

POV - FREDDY'S PERCEPTION - NO SOUND WHILST IN HIS POVS

The lights and monitors flicker off. pitch black.

All the monitors flicker back on. Christina has gone.

The portrait in the email turns into a portrait of Freddy. A knife moves across the screen, slits the throat of portrait Freddy, he clutches his throat, blood pours through his fingers.

A shadowy figure dances from Ian to the side door, it turns it's head in Freddy's direction.

It raises it's hand, clutching a knife, it waves.

Shadowy figure moves through the side door.

The monitors flicker off. Pitch black.

The lights flicker back on.

Directly in front, Christina's face, uncomfortably close.

BACK TO SCENE

CHRISTINA

Freddy?

Freddy looks around, confused.

FREDDY

Yeah?

CHRISTINA

I said, are you OK?

Freddy is now standing in the side doorway. He looks around confused.

FREDDY

How did I...?

Freddy storms past Christina, sits at Danielle's desk.

He checks her sent items, scrolling through. None sent to him.

Christina moves next to him, places a hand on his shoulder, he jumps.

CHRISTINA

You don't look well. You should go home.

Freddy nods.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

We should all go, I'll get the others. See if you can wake Ian.

Christina leaves through the side door.

Freddy goes back to his station, his gaze drawn to the bin next to his desk.

Inside, two pills sit in a pool of saliva.

Freddy cries in pain, he clutches his head.

## FREDDY'S PERCEPTION

The lights and monitors flicker off. Pitch black.

The monitors flicker back on.

Shadowy figure, humms as it Pirouettes behind Ian.

Freddy watches as it removes the newspaper from Ian, stretches a cord over Ian's neck and pulls tight.

Ian's body writhes.

## INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Clean, white. Door closed.

A knock.

CHRISTINA (O.C.)  
Guys? You in here?

The door creaks open. Christina peers her head inside.

SCREAM, blood curdling.

In the furthest corner from the door, the bodies of Eric and Danielle slump against the wall, blood covered, throats slit.

At their feet, a bloody knife.

## INT. CUSTOMER SERVICE OFFICE - NIGHT

## FREDDY'S PERCEPTION

The shadowy figure has gone. Freddy, panicked, moves slowly towards Ian's slumped body.

He passes by a monitor. Words begin to spread across it, the same phrase repeated several times "I WILL LIVE. YOU WILL DIE".

Freddy moves from monitor to monitor, each one with the same message.

## BACK TO SCENE

Christina, breathing heavy, peers around the side door into the office.

Lights off, only the monitors glow the room.

Freddy humms, dances from computer to computer, types a few words on each keyboard.

POV - FREDDY'S PERCEPTION

Freddy, panicky, tentatively moves towards Ian. Ian's bulging eyes stare back at him.

Freddy checks for a pulse.

ALTERNATIVE FREDDY (O.S.)  
You're next Freddy boy.

Freddy wheels around. No one there.

ALTERNATIVE FREDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He-He. This is fun. No? Who did it?  
Danielle? Nope, she's dead.

Freddy turns in circles, frantic.

ALTERNATIVE FREDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Eric maybe? He's a prick, but he's  
also brown bread.

Freddy checks under the desk.

ALTERNATIVE FREDDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Psssst. She's behind you.

Freddy wheels around. Cristina pounces on him, knife in hand.

BACK TO SCENE

They fall to the ground, Cristina on top, she tries to push the knife into him, he manages to hold it back.

FREDDY  
Stop!

Freddy pushes her off, she falls onto her side.

They get up at the same time. Stare at each other. Cristina's eyes are red, her face wet with tears.

ALTERNATIVE FREDDY (O.S.)  
Oooo a showdown! You or her. I'm  
rooting for her.

Cristina SCREAMS, charges for Freddy. He flips her over, she crashes into the ground.

Freddy backs off.

Cristina gets up, turns to Freddy. The knife protruding out of her neck.

She falls to her knees, keels over. Freddy pants.

His monitor flashes on and off. Freddy tentatively approaches, sits at his desk.

The monitor displays his sent emails. All of the unknown emails he received, in his sent box.

Top of the monitor displays

*Inbox (1)*

Freddy opens the new email. A video. He clicks play.

ON MONITOR

Freddy sits in his work chair, he humms, the humm turns to laughter, laughter turns into a cackle.

He raises a hand, it clutches a knife, he wipes tears from his eyes. His laughs grow louder.

BACK TO SCENE

Freddy watches the video of himself, horrified. Horror turns to a smile, the smile turns to laughter.

Freddy laughs along with himself in the video. He wipes tears away from his eyes.

FADE OUT.