

A NUISANCE CALL

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DEVON. DARTMOOR. A COUNTRY LANE - DAY

A car pulls up beside a remote telephone box. The driver, male, 40s, get out and approaches the kiosk. He opens the door and picks up the telephone.

INT. TELEPHONE BOX - DAY

A gloved hand removes a sawn-off shotgun from an inner jacket pocket. From another, a newspaper bearing a scrawled London phone number. The driver dials the number.

INT. LONDON. A TABLOID NEWSPAPER BUILDING. NEWSROOM - DAY

KEITH HILL, 50s, is chatting to a colleague. The phone RINGS on his desk.

HILL

Excuse me one moment.

(answering phone)

Hill. How may I help you?

INT. TELEPHONE BOX - CONTINUOUS

DRIVER

Keith Hill?

HILL (V.O.)

Yes. Can I help --

The caller pushes open the door of the kiosk. He holds the receiver outside and places the muzzle of the firearm beside the mouthpiece. BOOM! BOOM! Both barrels let rip into the heather covered moor.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

Hill SCREAMS, drops the phone and falls to the floor clutching his ear... GROANING.

EXT. TELEPHONE. BOX - DAY

The driver places the receiver on its cradle. He pushes open the kiosks door and ejects the cartridges from the shooter.

DRIVER

Cunt...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The driver drops the newspaper on the passenger seat. A headline reads: LONDON MP LEAVES WIFE FOR YOUNGER MISTRESS. The byline reads: Keith Hill.

FADE OUT.