

The Answer

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INT. A BEDROOM - DAY

A faint buzzing sound humming softly in the distance, which slowly turns into... BZZT BZZT BZZT. The bright red numbers on a small silver alarm clock flash '10.30'.

SMACK! A big fist ends the buzzing. SAM lets out a big tired yawn. From his back, he rolls flat onto his stomach and the sleepy eyes close back up.

BZZT! The numbers flash '10.40'. SMACK! He gets up this time.

INT. KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

SAM strolls like a mindless zombie into the kitchen, clad in a stylish bonds singlet and some boxer briefs. He's a bit fat, but not out of shape - just a regular guy with a boring desk job that's a tad too close to the hamburger joint.

The pantry cupboard swings open. A wide selection of cereals is inside. Nutri-Grain, Crunchy Nut, Rice Bubbles, Cocopops and more - all the good stuff. The man likes his cereal.

He makes a bowl of cereal. Half Nutri-Grain, half Cocopops, with a sprinkle of fruitloops. He drowns them in milk and smiles that tired zombie smile.

SAM

I. Love. Saturdays.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Sam sits on the couch like a big sack of potatoes, turns the TV on. Mind numbing. 3 different versions of the same morning show - pretty people selling overpriced, consumerist crap.

He finds a music channel. A wild looking girl singing a catchy tune with bright colors flashing around behind her.

SLURP. The cereal is gone and the spoon clangs into a bowl with a bit of milk left.

He sits the bowl down onto the coffee table. BLEEP! He jumps a little as the mobile phone on the table alarms with a new message. BLEEP! BLEEP!

(In the background) The girl singing the song creepily stops (but the music continues) and stares through the television, directly at Sam. She reaches up her hands to the screen.

He opens the message from STEVE which reads 'sam dog u still up 4 da club 2nite playa???' He writes a message 'yea dog, fo shiz' he pauses, goes back and changes 'dog' to 'dawg' and sends. He sighs.

SAM

Dickwit.

(In the background) The video continues as normal as Sam looks up.

Just as he puts the phone back on the table the screen lights up and it starts to ring to the tune of The Power of Love by Huey Lewis and the News.

Sam looks at the mobile. The caller ID: Unknown Number. As the phone rings the screen glitches weirdly. He presses the green phone. The button tones. Beep. Time freezes for the instant the tone sounds.

(In the background) The girl in the video has stopped again. She stares.

He puts the phone to his ear.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hello?

There's nothing but static, but after a few seconds, Sam's own voice answers him. 'Hello?'. More static comes.

SAM (CONT'D)

Is there anyone there?

The phone repeats eerily: 'Is there anyone there?'

SAM (CONT'D)

Pff. Alright then.

Just as he's about to hang up the phone, he hears a faint voice call from the speaker. An oddly familiar voice.

VOICE

Don't!

SAM

Hello?

He tries again.

VOICE

Don't hang up the phone, whatever you do!

Sam looks confused. Utterly. What he's thinking can only be imagined.

The speaking stops and he can hear random noises, other voices, inaudible. Clambering, yelling, a car door slams shut. The engine roars into action.

DIFFERENT VOICE

Talk to him! Tell him - Ti- is not going to wait for you to speak! (static)

The voice fades in and out of the static.

SAM

Tell me what?

VOICE

What?

SAM

(he yells) Tell me what?!

Silence on the other end of the phone. Until...

VOICE

Sam. You need listen to me. You need to listen really close to everything I say to you. I'm the one that's gonna save your life. (beat) And do everything I tell you. (speaking to someone else) What's the time? The time? (they answer). Alright. Sam, in about 30 seconds they're going to knock at the door. And about 10 seconds after that they're going to kick the door in.

SAM

What? What...are you on about?

VOICE

25 seconds, Sam. Get some pants on and find some shoes. It's gonna be a long day.

Sam, perplexed, looks at his pantless lap.

SAM

(to himself) What the hell?

He jumps out of the couch like there's a rocket on his back.

In the corner of the lounge room he pulls open the curtain and looks out onto the road.

SAM (CONT'D)

How are you watching me?

VOICE

What?

SAM

Watching me. Your watching me.
Where are you looking from?

VOICE

I'm not watching you sam. Trust
me. 15 seconds, Sam. Get those
pants on.

As he continues to look through his peep hole in the curtain, scouring the street and the neighbors fences for a sly tom, a big white Ute rolls into the curb in front of the house.

Two burly, Hulk Hogan looking blokes hop out of either side. They're wearing black muscle shirts with a big clock insignia, black suit pants which are held up by a big shiny buckle.

He knows they mean business when they pull out and cock big silver guns from behind them.

VOICE (CONT'D)

8 seconds.

SAM

Yeah. I..see them? What the hell
does the WWE want with me?

VOICE

Very funny. I can explain it all,
but not if they have a quiet chat
to you first.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Two huge fists knock in unison at the door.

BURLY #1

Sam Jacobs! This is the local
sheriff.

VOICE

Shit, too late. You need to go,
Sam. Run to the bedroom, now.

Sam has stopped with the questions. His heart races.

INT. BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

He slams the bedroom door shut behind him, and listens to the phone.

VOICE
Move the desk in front of the
door.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door splinters open into a million little pieces. Two pairs of big black army boots trample through the rubble.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sam hears the door bust open.

SAM
Shit, shit. They just broke in.
What do I do?

VOICE
Pants?

Sam grabs a pair of cute duck decorated pajama pants.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Shoes?

Sam whips on a pair of Ugg boots.

SAM
Alright. I am now fully clothed.

VOICE
Good, good. Alright. Out that big
old window there.

SAM
The window?

VOICE
Yep. Quick, out, out, out.

SAM
How do I break the glass?

Sam looks at the window, wide-eyed, like a school girl looking at a big hairy cockroach.

VOICE
Duck.

SAM
What?

VOICE
DUCK!

Sam jumps flat onto the ground.

BANG BANG!

Two bullets smash through the door leaving big viewing holes. The window shatters like a crystal champagne glass at a bullfight.

One of the burlies looks through the two holes, scanning the room.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Go. Now.

EXT. THE BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Sam jumps up and leaps elegantly out the window and plops on the ground like a big fat cat.

VOICE

Alright, don't look at your hand.

SAM

What?

Sam lifts up his hand and stares at the huge piece of glass jutting out of a bright red blood pool.

SAM (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

VOICE

Alright. Do look. Quick, grab that roll of duct tape next to you, pull that fucker out and wrap it like Christmas.

Sam hears more thundering gunshots from the room. Without a choice, he complies. RIP, SCREAM, TAPE.

He limps out through the backyard like a wounded soldier.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Okay. You saw that big Ute these two dumb shits drove up in, right?

SAM

(Wincing at his hand) Yeah.

VOICE

Go to the car. Tell me when you're there.

Sam legs in around to the front of the house and up to the Ute, jumping into the drivers seat.

SAM

I'm there.

VOICE

Alright. Don't get in.

Sam rolls his eyes and huffs. Gets out.

SAM

Okay.

VOICE

There's a branch on the ground next to you. Pop the hood, stick that branch in the fan belt and shut it again.

Sam does all this, in record time.

SAM

What now?

VOICE

Run, Forest.

An explosion of sparks fire up from the cars hood as the bullet smacks into it.

The hulk-hogans stand in the door frame of the house, firing crazily.

Sam bolts for it. The earth flies by as he runs as fast as he can. House, house, tree, tree, house, house. A bus sounds its horn as it passes him by.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Alright, Sam. You're almost there. That bus that just passed you, in about 10 seconds it's gonna stop. You need to get on it.

SAM

The bus? I don't have any money. He won't take me.

VOICE

It'll take you. You can be very persuasive when you need to be. Trust me. Get a ticket it Mulberry.

The bus comes to a halting stop at a line of people about 20 meters away. Sam runs up and joins the line - hunching over and pants with exhaustion, clutching his bloody duct taped hand.

He catches a breath and looks up at the bus window. A stunning girl catches his eye. Flowing brown hair, big blue eyes. She's a true vision.

The beauty and Sam make subtle eye-contact, and she smirks at him. He cheeks burn like fire as he smirks back, realizing he's dressed in pajamas, covered in mud and blood - he looks away.

The line files quickly into the bus. Sam is facing the driver, with no money and no plan.

INT. BUS - MOMENTS LATER

DRIVER
Where to, matey?

SAM
(out of ideas) Shit.
Uh... Mulberry?

DRIVER
That's one-twenty, thanks.

Sam looks at the driver in a daze. He turns out his pockets, in some hope of finding the dollar and twenty cents he needs.

SAM
See... the thing is...

The driver stares blankly.

BEAUTY
(out of nowhere) Here. One-
twenty.

She slaps the change into the drivers hand.

DRIVER
(looking her up and down) Ta.
It's your lucky day, buddy.

SAM
Tell me about it.

In one swift movement the driver throws the money into his till and pulls the bus away from the kerb. Sam falls forward onto the gorgeous girl. His cheeks burn again.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

The two thugs run up behind the bus as it pulls away, huffing, puffing, and fall down like a demolished house.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

SAM

Thanks for paying. You didn't have to do that.

BEAUTY

Yeah I know. But, you look like you're having a bad day.

SAM

(looking down at himself, the mess, laughing) Yeah, I kinda do.

EXT. STREET, MULBERRY - DAY

Sam gets off the bus, holding a piece of paper with a phone number scribbled on it. He holds the phone up to his ear.

SAM

Hello? Are you still there?

VOICE

Yeah, sorry. Still here. Just didn't want to distract you while you were working your magic. She's gorgeous, hey.

SAM

Certainly is. What now?

VOICE

What are you looking at?

A big fat man, walks a really small dog down the street in Mulberry.

SAM

Fat man, little dog.

VOICE

Alright, good. That's it then. That's as far as I can take you. Here's my advice though: trust everything they say.

The phone clicks and beeps the engaged signal. Within seconds a hand reaches from behind and snatches the phone for Sam's hand. He reels around and sees two men.

Jeff, a big fat, short, long-stringy haired nerd, wearing glasses with rims thick enough to drive a race-car around.

Calvin, the polar opposite. Tall, slim, neat hair and a cool little suit. Still nerdy though.

JEFF
Sam Jacobs?

SAM
Yeah. That's me.

JEFF
Excellent. I'm Jeff.

CALVIN
I'm Calvin.

JEFF & CALVIN
(they snort) And we're going to
save your life today. Come with
us.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Sam nods and follows the men down an alley, to the boot of an old beaten up blue commodore. The poor car looks about 30 years older than it is. Rust covered, scrapes, scratches.

JEFF
Gimme a sec.

JEFF pulls out a big silver key and pops open the boot of the car. A dim humming sound comes out as he ruffles through, chucking around various pieces of machinery!

JEFF (CONT'D)
(into the boot) Ah! Here it is.

He yanks out a weird looking device. Looks like a big novelty telephone without any buttons, and two with lobster pincers coming out the top. Jeff flicks a switch and an electric current lights up between the pincers. The device hums.

SAM
So what exactly is that thing?

CALVIN
(butts in) This my friend is
something you're going to invent.
(He snorts and chortles) In about
20 years.

SAM
What are you on about.

JEFF
It's too complex to explain now.
All you need to know is that it's
going to save your life today.
(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)
(Checking his watch) In about one
minute, actually.

Jeff uses his sausage fingers to slot Sam's phone into the
contraption.

Jeff punches a few numbers into Sam's phone and presses the
call button. He holds the device into the air.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Alright, we're live.

INT. SAM'S LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

The girl in the music video stares. Sam's phone sits on the
coffee table, motionless. The energy of the universe seems
to be concentrating on this moment in time and space. The
room is silent and still.

The television flickers with static. The phone lights up
and 'The Power of Love' plays.

Sam, back on the couch, picks up the phone. Caller ID:
Unknown number.

EXT. BACK IN THE ALLEY - DAY

The device clicks and whirs oddly. Ring, ring. Ring, ring.
Click. The world freezes and glitches around the three men
as an answer comes.

There's a lot of static coming through the phone. After a
few seconds, someone speaks. It's clicky and distorted.

CALL TAKER
Hello?

Sam waits. He knows this voice. But where from? There's no
more words.

SAM
Hello?

More waiting.

CALL TAKER
Is there anyone there?

SAM
Is there anyone there?

Sam is looking at Jeff who has an 'Oh, shit!' look on his
face.

JEFF

Oh, shit!

He pulls out a piece of plastic from his pocket and layers it over the talking end of the device.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Need to distort your voice a bit.
Can't have you being recognised,
now can we?

SAM

Is that...plastic wrap?

JEFF

Hey - your invention. Don't look
at me. Just remember, your in
charge of your life. Don't muck
it up.

SAM

My life?

A look of realization comes to Sam's face.

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY

Sam, tired of this prank call, goes to hang up the phone.

VOICE

Don't!

EXT. THE ALLEY - DAY

SAM (PAST)

Hello?

SAM (PRESENT) (CONT'D)

Don't hang up the phone whatever
you do!

Jeff hits the ground in front of Sam. Wondering why he turns around to see Calvin around heading for the car.

POP! POP!

Two bullets ping into the back of the commodore.

JEFF

Get in! Get in! We have to go!

The two giants from the house are back. And they don't look happy.

The three men jump into the car, slam the doors, burn the engine and fire into action as gunshots shatter the alley wall.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Talk to him! Tell him! Time isn't going to wait for you to speak! And you're the only one who knows what to do.

SAM (PAST)

Tell me what?

SAM (PRESENT) (CONT'D)

(to Jeff) What?

Jeff nods, affirming. Sam understands.

SAM (PAST) (CONT'D)

Tell me what?!

The world is flying by outside the car. But this moment is frozen in time. It's a lot of comprehend, but Sam looks deep inside and speaks.

SAM (PRESENT) (CONT'D)

Sam. You need listen to me. You need to listen really close to everything I say to you. I'm the one that's gonna save your life.

CUT TO: BLACK

THE END