

Phone box film

By

Jamie Marsh

EXT. STREET - PHONE BOX - NIGHT

Jonathan (26), a rugged looking man in work clothes with trembling hands is holding a phone in a lonely, battered phone box in the middle of a street corner. On the floor below him is a full duffel bag.

His still shaking hands dials a number into the pad from a small piece of paper. The phone starts to ring and he brings it to his ear. He gulps in anticipation.

JONATHAN

I'm here, are you watching?

The muffled sound of a person talking can be heard from the other end.

JONATHAN

Thank you, just keep them close by.

More talking.

JONATHAN

Yep. Will do.

His voice breaks slightly and he wipes the sweat from his forehead.

JONATHAN

I will wait for the call and get back when it's over.

He puts the phone on the hook.

Silence.

Jonathan stands still, not sure what to do.

EXT. STREET - PHONE BOX - LATER

Jonathan is now sat on the wall outside the box, watching the floor. The duffel bag holds the door open next to him.

He looks at the bag with dread and bends down. He unzips the bag to check the piles of money inside. He takes some out to count it again but the phone rings. He jumps up and rushes over, dropping the phone before picking it back up. The door to the box bangs closed behind him.

JONATHAN

I'm here, I have the money, like you asked.

(CONTINUED)

The electronic noise of a voice is of a different person can be heard.

JONATHAN

No, there are no police involved.

He stops and listens.

JONATHAN

Behind the box?

The voice continues.

JONATHAN

You promise you wont harm her?

The sound of endless buzzing from the phone being hung up starts. He looks out into the distance and puts the phone back into its place.

Jonathan opens the door slowly and picks up the bag outside. He looks around him. No body is around.

He drops the bag behind the box and steps back inside. Dialing the number again from the photo in his hands.

JONATHAN

It's been done, you can call your men off.

He waits for his reply.

JONATHAN

They said she will be safe.

The phone is heard being passed over and Jonathan looks startled.

JONATHAN

Don't worry Jack. She will be alright, I'm sure. She's my niece too.

The phones chatter is more frantic and fast.

JONATHAN

Don't thank me, I would do anything for my little brother.

He smiles to himself.

JONATHAN

Okay then, see you at the station.

He puts the phone on the hook and does up his top button making himself look smarter. He steps out the box with more of a swagger about him.

Reaching down behind the box he picks up the duffel bag and steps back inside. Dialing in one last number.

JONATHAN

Police are gone. I have the money.
Finish the job.

He puts the phone down without a reply and closes the door. With the money in hand he walks off down the street into the darkness.