

COLD CALL
(FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT)

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OVER BLACK:

RINGING of a CELL PHONE.

INT. - EXECUTIVE OFFICE ROOM - DAY

Another busy weekday at MARCUS DAYNE Law Firm as distant RINGING and CHATTERING bustle outside. The warm, sunny weather in Los Angeles beams through the windows. The RINGING from before cuts through the noise prominently.

Marcus (Early 30's) is sitting in his office chair, clicking away at his OFFICE COMPUTER. He is wearing a WHITE SUIT with a GOLD WRIST WATCH. Clean-cut, professional, yet fatigued, he is the ideal Beverly Hills lawyer.

He is speaking to a client on his LANDLINE PHONE, hoisting the phone between his ear and his shoulder.

MARCUS

Yeah, of course. We'll schedule a follow-up soon. Thanks, bye.

Marcus hangs up the landline phone, reaching for his CELL PHONE on the desk, still RINGING. He stares for a brief moment before picking up the call.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Marcus Dayne Law Firm, Marcus Speaking.

The VOICE of a CAPTOR plays over the cell phone. His vocal tones are distorted with a digitally lowered pitch.

CAPTOR

Hang up the phone and your wife dies.

Beat.

Marcus looks across the stale, enclosed room. He reaches to the landline phone on his desk.

CAPTOR (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE SECURITY CAMERA

Marcus tenses up, hovering over the landline. He looks up to the security camera in the upper corner of his room.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE ROOM (CONT.)

MARCUS
What do you want from me?

CAPTOR
Listen very carefully. You will do exactly as I say. You will only respond with "YES." Am I clear?

MUFFLED voice of AUDREY (Late 20's) plays through the phone as the Captor speaks. The sound of a GAG is ripped off her face.

AUDREY
Marcus! Don't worry about me, I'll be fi-

Sounds of a GAG being shoved back in Audrey's mouth. SLAP!

MARCUS
Get your **fucking** hands off her!

Sounds of Audrey STRUGGLING as the Captor drags her across the floor. A CLICK from the safety being released on a HAND GUN.

CAPTOR
Am. I. Clear?!

MARCUS
Yes! Yes, okay, yes, just- please don't hurt her.

Beat.

CAPTOR
Check your e-mail.

Marcus scrambles to access his office computer. He finds an email labeled: "OPEN ME"

CAPTOR (CONT'D)
Click on the first link.

Marcus looks up to the security camera one last time.

INT. MARCUS BEDROOM - DAY

The first link opens footage from a security camera in Marcus's bedroom. Audrey is tied to the bed, struggling with her hands bound behind her back. A makeshift gag from a white t-shirt is muffling her speech.

The Captor is standing in the room, wearing an all-black suit, a hoodie and a face mask. He is holding a cell phone in one hand and a HAND GUN pointed at Audrey in the other. He waves to the security camera.

CAPTOR
Click on the second link.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE ROOM (CONT.)

Marcus keeps the video feed open while he clicks the second link.

The second link shows a blank page, listing an entry box for a "USERNAME" and "PASSWORD".

CAPTOR
You will type your company
credentials here.

MARCUS
I- I can't, this is the law firms-

CA- CHINK. We hear the Captor cocking the top of the firearm. Audrey screams under her gag.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Fine! Okay! Yes!

Marcus frantically types the credentials, to which a second page opens, listing "AMOUNT" with a blank entry box.

CAPTOR
You will type exactly the amount
listed in the email.

Marcus types the amount of "\$5,000,000" into the blank box.

MARCUS
(under his breath)
Fuck...

CLICK. The pages close on his office computer.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(terrified)
There, it's done.

CAPTOR
We're done when I say we're done.
Exit the office. **Now.**

Marcus urgently leaves the room, gripping his cell phone.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Marcus steps out of the office building, walking frantically with his ear glued to the phone.

CAPTOR
Have you left the building?

MARCUS
Yes.

CAPTOR
Good. Enter your vehicle.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY (CONT.)

Marcus fumbles for his keys, quickly entering the vehicle. He places his cell phone on speaker phone.

CAPTOR
You will drive to the address
provided. You'll use the unlock
code when you get there.

INT. VEHICLE - DAY

PING! A text message appears on Marcus's phone.

CAPTOR
You have 10 minutes. Hurry up.

Marcus slams his fist into the steering wheel. He starts the vehicle, speeding out of the lot and heading to the site.

EXT. ABANDONED STREETWAY - DAY

Marcus pulls the vehicle in, slowly stepping out. The site is located nearby a busy highway. The ZOOMING cars drowns out the dead ambience. No pedestrians or vehicles nearby.

CAPTOR
Have you arrived?

MARCUS
Yes.

CAPTOR
Good. Check the trash bin.

Marcus slowly walks to a trash bin next to his vehicle. He peers in, noticing a SUITCASE covered in old newspapers.

He pulls the suitcase out, it is locked with a combination.

Marcus checks his phone, entering the combination into the case. CLICK! It opens.

Marcus peers into the case: It's a HANDGUN.

CAPTOR (CONT'D)
Did you find the suitcase?

Marcus notices the GAGS of a person behind a dumpster. He approaches the dumpster, pushing it out of the way.

On the ground beneath him, a MAN in casual attire is bound and gagged on the floor. A BLACK FABRIC BAG covers his face. He is wriggling on the floor, his SCREAMS muffled.

He reaches down to the man, pulling the bag off his face.

The man gagged is DONOVAN (50's). His facial hair is unkempt, with deep bags resting under his eyes. He has bludgeons on his face from an apparent scuffle.

MARCUS
Donovan?

DONOVAN
Mark? Oh shit, Mark! Thank god man,
where the fuck am I?!

Marcus takes a step back from Donovan.

CAPTOR
Did. You. Find. **The SUITCASE?!**

DONOVAN (O.S.)
Mark?! Get me out of here man, come
on!

Marcus looks at the suitcase behind him, then back to Donovan

MARCUS
No...

CAPTOR
I thought you were a better liar
than that.

Beat.

POV: Hidden Camera.

BANG! Audrey SCREAMS from the phone. Marcus begins to cry.

MARCUS

What the fuck do you want from me?!
Huh?! I don't deserve this shit!
What did I do?!

CAPTOR

Donovan Lancaster. Former executive
of Lancaster Oil Rigging
Incorporated. Responsible for
ground water contamination in
Riverdale County. Six dead, and you
let him walk for \$5,000,000.

MARCUS

Bullshit! He's innocent!

CAPTOR

The judge got twice that amount. We
took care of him already.

Beat.

CAPTOR (CONT'D)

Take that gun and right your wrong,
otherwise your wife will suffer the
same fate. You have 30 seconds.

Marcus SCREAMS as he kicks the ground, gripping his hair.

DONOVAN

Hey... You don't... believe that,
do you?

Marcus turns and looks at the handgun. He pulls the gun from
the suitcase.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Mark? Buddy, let's- talk about
this, okay?! Y- You're my lawyer!
You're supposed to protect me!

CAPTOR

15 seconds.

Marcus inspects the gun and removes the safety.

DONOVAN (O.S)

Is it money?! I'll pay you what you
want, just please God don't it!

CAPTOR

10 seconds.

DONOVAN
Mark... Please...

Marcus stands up and walks towards Donovan.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Please God NO-

Marcus shoves the black sack back on Donovan's head. He holds the gun, trembling. Audrey's muffled screams play through the speaker phone. Marcus shakes his head, holding back tears.

BANG! A single shot to the head. Donovan lays dead on the ground. Marcus's white jacket is splattered with blood.

Marcus lowers the gun, speechless.

CAPTOR
Is he dead?

MARCUS
Yes.

CAPTOR
Thank you for your cooperation.

CLICK. The phone hangs up. Marcus stands staring at Donovan's dead body.

MARCUS
Audrey! Fuck!

Marcus bolts towards the car. He calls 911 as he steps into the vehicle.

EXT. VEHICLE - DAY

DISPATCHER
911, what's your emergency?

MARCUS
My wife is being held hostage by a
gunman! Address is 14 Lindale Lane.
Get the fucking cops, SWAT, I don't
give a fuck!

Marcus hangs up on the DISPATCHER. He quickly dials for Audrey, her phone won't pick up.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Fuck! Fuck!

EXT. MARCUS'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

SCREECH! We hear Marcus slamming on his brakes, bolting towards the front door.

CRASH! He breaks the door open.

MARCUS
Audrey!

AUDREY (O.S.)
Honey?

INT. MARCUS'S BEDROOM - DAY

CRASH! Marcus breaks through the bedroom door, Audrey SCREAMS. She is covered in a white bath robe.

AUDREY
Oh my god! Marcus!

Marcus frantically points the handgun around the room.

MARCUS
Where is he?! Where is that
fucker?!

AUDREY
Why do you have a fucking gun?!

Marcus lowers the fire arm, hugging Audrey. He grips her shoulders. She is terrified.

MARCUS
Are you alright?!

AUDREY
You're covered in blood...

MARCUS
He left, right?! He didn't hurt
you?

AUDREY
Honey, I just got out of the
shower. What the fuck is going on?!

Marcus pauses for a moment, a sudden realization occurring to him: the room is in pristine condition. The bed is neat. Audrey has no bullet wounds, no scrapes, no injuries.

The sound of a siren whines behind the two of them. Marcus drops the gun.

INT. VIDEO MONITOR - DAY

A video feed of Marcus and Audrey sits on a monitor with four other security feeds. Each feed has a robber pointing a gun at a different family in a different home. We pull out to see the silhouette of a PHONE OPERATOR, illuminated only by the LED light of the monitor.

Pulling back further, an assortment of monitors, all with different video feeds, line the wall of a pitch black room. The room is only illuminated by the lights of the monitor feeds, the silhouette of the phone operator at its center.

NEWSCASTER voices play in the background.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Local police are baffled by a string of false reports of home burglaries.

NEWSCASTER #2 (V.O.)

People are calling this the era of the "A.I. Home Invasion."

NEWSCASTER #3 (V.O.)

Mr. Marcus Dayne, along with ten others in Beverly Hills, have just been arrested under first degree murder. Their lawyers refusing to make a statement.

INT. ROOM - UNKNOWN

A silhouette of the Phone Operator placing a headset on their head, staring at a computer monitor. They click a button on their desk.

RING. RING.

As the Phone Operator pulls closer to the monitor, only their mouth and headset can be seen.

VICTIM

Hello?

CAPTOR

Hang up the phone and your husband dies.

CUT TO BLACK.