

Caller Id

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INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An iPhone sits alone on a coffee table, surrounded by take-out menus, loose dishware, and empty candy wrappers. Sitting on the couch is MARA (24, wearing a beaten pair of sweats and rocking some bedhead). She takes a deep breath as she reaches for the phone in front of her.

Slowly..

Slower...

Even slower than that....

MARA

I CAN'T!

Sitting next to Mara on the unassuming sofa is CHELSEA (25, decidedly not wearing pajamas but is also dressing comfortably) who throws her hands in the air in defeat. The two are surrounded by an apartment that could be best described as "lived-in".

CHELSEA

Mara, come onn! You've got to get over this.

MARA

I can't do it. I can't call them.

Chelsea shifts from her seat on the couch onto her knees to talk down at Mara.

CHELSEA

Alright I'm done with this. You're gonna have to suck it up, Buttercup, pick up that phone, and call.

Mara sinks down into the sofa so low she might be swallowed by it.

MARA

I hate talking on the phone.

CHELSEA

Everybody does, but the rest of us hunker down and do it.

MARA

Can't I just text them?

CHELSEA
No! That's the coward's way out. Are
you a coward??

MARA
Yes. Clearly.

Chelsea pinches the bridge of her nose. Her head perks up as
a lightbulb turns on above her. It shorts out with a BZZT!

MARA (cont'd)
We ought to get that checked.

CHELSEA
Nevermind that! I just had an idea.

Chelsea hops off the couch and prances into the next room.

MARA
Chelsea, what are you-?

Mara's phone buzzes on the table. She answers.

MARA (cont'd)
(unenthused)
Hello.

CHELSEA (O.S.)
Why hello, Mara!

MARA
This is stupid.

CHELSEA (O.S.)
And how are you today?

MARA
I'm done with this.

CHELSEA (O.S.)
Now is this so tough?

Mara hangs up as Chelsea reenters the room.

CHELSEA
Perfect! Now you just gotta do it for
real.

MARA
Thanks for the pep-talk, coach.

Mara looks over at Chelsea, arms crossed and waiting.

MARA (cont'd)
You're not gonna let this go, are you?

CHELSEA
Absolutely not.

MARA
Fiiiine.

Mara grunts as she peels herself off the sofa and grabs the phone. She types in a number. We hear it ring.

Rrrring.

Rrrrrring.

Rrrrrrrrrring.

CLICK!

Mara hangs up and slams the phone back down on the table. She hangs her head low.

MARA (cont'd)
(quietly)
I can't.

Chelsea's stern expression softens. She takes a seat on the couch and rubs Mara's back gently.

CHELSEA
It's really that hard for you, isn't it?

MARA
I know it's stupid.

CHELSEA
It's not stupid.

MARA
It's a stupid phone call! That's all it is! But I can't even...

Mara's voice trails off as she sinks back into the couch.

CHELSEA
Hey. Do you remember what you said to me in fourth grade?

MARA

Um. That Superman could kick Goku's
ass in a fight?

CHELSEA

He absolutely could no-!
(catching herself)
Ahem No. It was swim day in gym
class and I couldn't go in the pool.

MARA

Oh yeah. I remember that.

CHELSEA

My dog had drowned earlier that year
and I could barely take a bath let
alone jump into the swimming pool.

Beat.

CHELSEA (cont'd)

But you squeezed my hand real tight.
And you said "As long as I've got
you, nothing bad is gonna happen."

Chelsea reaches down for Mara's hand and squeezes tight.

CHELSEA (cont'd)

I got you.

A wave of determination splashes across Mara's face.

In what could only be described as the most heroic slow-mo
touchdown sports victory montage of all time, she stands up,
hands clasped with Chelsea, and reaches down for the phone.

She dials the number, each button hit like a percussive
tympani drum. She presses call. She puts the phone up to her
ear, a spotlight streaming down from above.

Rrring.

Rrrrrring.

Rrrrrrrrrring!!

Click!

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)

Welcome to Sal's Pizza would you like
to place an order?

MARA
Yes. Yes I would!!

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
Ok would that be for take-out or
delivery?

MARA
Delivery! I want a large pepperoni
and mushroom!

Mara raises her and Chelsea's hands in the air.

MARA (cont'd)
And an order of garlic knots!!

Long pause as the spotlight shuts off and the room goes back
to normal.

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
Alrighty then. The address?

Mara remains frozen in her triumphant pose. Chelsea looks
over and leans into the phone receiver.

CHELSEA
323 N Avington Blvd Apartment 4E.

DELIVERY GUY (O.S.)
Great. That'll come to \$22.53. Should
be there in about 45 minutes.

CHELSEA
Thanks.

Chelsea hangs up and Mara collapses on the sofa.

MARA
(exhausted)
I did it. I did it.

Chelsea leans in.

CHELSEA
With some help of course.

Mara pushes her face away.

MARA
Hush.

Chelsea hops up off the couch.

CHELSEA

Well, I'm gonna make some tea. Want any?

MARA

Nah, I'm good.

CHELSEA

Gotcha. Well, get ready for the next step. You gotta greet the guy when he comes to the door.

Mara bolts upright.

MARA

WHAT?!?

THE END