

PROPERTY OF
ALEX BLOCK

THE OPERATOR

Written by Alex Block

Address [REDACTED]
Phone Number [REDACTED]

FADE IN:

1

INT. OFFICE - DAY

1

There's a constant, RHYTHMIC SHUFFLING SOUND and a clock TICKING in the background.

The blue light from the monitor illuminates JERALD's (22) uneasiness. His headset fails to hide his messy hair. His undone tie undermines the formality of his blue collar shirt. He reaches to bite his nails but hides his hand.

JERALD

An ambulance is en route to your location and will be there in four minutes.

There's a kid's drawings on the wall.

PASSENGER'S (54) shaky voices talks from the other line.

PASSENGER (O.C.)

(Through headset)

My phone and friend could be dead by then. I need assistance now!

Jerald's leg shakes next to the trash can under the desk.

JERALD

Remain calm. Is your daughter in the driver's seat?

PASSENGER (O.C.)

I don't... I last saw her fly out the... oh, god...

JERALD

Can you give me specific details?

The disconnect tone RINGS.

Jerald stops shaking his leg. The RHYTHMIC SHUFFLING stops.

Jerald presses a button on his head set. The disconnect RING stops. A beat of silence.

Jerald returns to typing on his keyboard.

RING! There's another call.

Jerald glances at the ringing phone. He's about to press the headset button, but stops.

He notices his hand shaking uncontrollably. Jerald takes a deep breath; then, presses the button.

Jerald faces the monitor. He's stiff.

JERALD (CONT'D)
911, what's your emergency?

VICTOR (15) whispers on the line.

VICTOR (O.C.)
I'm hiding under a bed, living
Fears to Fathom.

JERALD
Are you being held captive?

VICTOR (O.C.)
He'd kill me before that. Please
help.

Jerald calmly types on his keyboard.

JERALD
Understood. The police are headed-

HUNTER'S voice yells over the phone, startling Jerald.

HUNTER (O.C.)
You look more pathetic than I
predicted.

Jerald tenses; his shoulders jump to his ears.

Victor SCREAMS.

Jerald reaches to bite his nails but hides his hands under his legs. He intensely shakes his leg. The RHYTHMIC SHUFFLING continues again. His face distorts with uncertainty as he wrestles to contain himself.

Jerald hears Victor clawing at the carpet as he's dragged out.

Jerald hears Victor's AGONY as Hunter attacks him.

HUNTER (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Clawing won't make up for those
twig arms.

VICTOR (O.C.)
Time out!!

HUNTER (O.C.)
To finish calling your mommy? I'll
make it more painful so she can
hear your screams.

JERALD
Please don't! This is a recorded
line!

Hunter SCREAMS in pain; his voice fades as a pair of LIGHT
FOOTSTEPS frantically run down a hall.

JERALD (CONT'D)
Hello, is someone there?

Jerald looks off screen.

VICTOR (O.C.)
It's me. I'm outta here.

JERALD
No, the cops will be there soon.

HUNTER (O.C.)
Victor?! DADDY'S CALLING!

VICTOR (O.C.)
Fart nuggets.

Jerald hears Victor open and close a sliding closet door.
Hangers screech as they're pushed aside.

Jerald can't contain his nerves anymore. He bites his nails,
ruffles his hair, and his leg shakes more intensely. He's
breaking.

HUNTER (O.C.)
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE COWERING
BEHIND YOUR MOTHER'S STUFF AGAIN!

Jerald hears Victor loudly rummaging through the closet.

VICTOR (O.C.)
(mumbles)
Where is it? Where is it?

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS crescendo in the background.

Jerald grabs his headset and looks away from his monitor. His
eyes wander the darkness in front of him.

JERALD
You're hiding in a closet, so keep
it down before he-

The closet door slides open with a loud SMACK.

HUNTER (O.C.)
For a gamer, you're bad at hide-and-
seek.

VICTOR (O.C.)
Stop, please! I don't want to use
this.

HUNTER (O.C.)
Or know how to. Maybe now is a good
time to teach you.

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS race for the phone when-

BANG! BANG! BANG! Three gunshots go off. There's a loud THUD,
then silence. Jerald freezes, looking straight forward. The
RHYTHMIC SHUFFLING stops.

JERALD
HELLO?!

VICTOR (O.C.)
Oh, god.

The disconnect tone RINGS.

Jerald sits frozen in silence. Finally, the over whelming
weight of his head drags him into his lap.

A beat of REMORSEFUL BREATHING.

Jerald's shaky hand presses the button on his head set. The
disconnect TONE stops ringing.

A beat.

RING! Another call.

Jerald gradually takes a breath and returns to his computer.
The emotional dread remains on his face as he hesitantly
presses the headset button.

JERALD
911, what's your emergency?

FADE OUT.