

txt me 18r

Written by
Anthony Cawood

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anthony@anthonycawood.co.uk

INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM - DAY

SARA, late teens, dressed with pseudo emo sensibilities and a practiced scowl, opens the box on her lap.

It's a new phone.

Sara's scowl drops.

DAD, 50s, jeans and t-shirt, aiming for thirties and failing miserably, watches his daughter struggle with the box's exotic opening mechanism.

DAD
Need a hand?

SARA
Nah, got it.

DAD
Sure?

Sara ignores both the question, and the niceties of the 'right way' of opening the box and just yanks it, hard.

SARA
See.

DAD
That's one way, I guess.

Sara takes the individual items from the box and places them by her side, smile growing with each piece.

Phone, charger, manual, pink case.

All in an orderly line.

Sara squints at them, then frowns.

She adjusts a couple of the items, nudges them into symmetry.

Dad watches the ritual with a raised eyebrow.

DAD
All present and correct?

SARA
Yeah, all good.

DAD
SIM card?

Sara reaches into a pocket and pulls out a small envelope.

SARA
New one.

DAD
Wish we knew where the other phone
went.

Sara blushes and frowns.

DAD
Not your fault, I know.

SARA
I said sorry.

DAD
Yeah, I know love.

SARA
But?

DAD
Mum always hated spending on
unnecessaries.

SARA
Dad...

There are tears in Dad's eyes.

DAD
My turn to be sorry.

Dad wipes his eyes, gets up and smiles at his daughter.

DAD
Cuppa?

SARA
No, thanks.

DAD
Sure?

Sara shakes her head.

DAD
Righty, I'll leave you to your new
phone then.

Sara watches him leave the room, a shadow of sadness on her face.

In the instinctive way that teens have with gadgets, the SIM card and case are inserted and attached in an eye blink.

Sara admires her new smart phone, turning it over in her hands, light reflecting off the clean surfaces.

She presses the power on button.

The screen lights up and the start-up sequence cycles through.

1 NEW MESSAGE

Sara taps in to the message.

NETWORK (MESSAGE)
Welcome to Vodafone...

Sara taps off the screen without reading the rest of the message, deleting it instead.

She starts to cycle through the menu options. Pausing every now and again to dwell on a particular feature.

1 NEW MESSAGE

Sara scowls, but taps in to the alert.

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
How's the new phone?

SARA
Huh?

Sara stares at the screen, confused.

Her fingers hover over the screen, ready to type a response.

BEAT

Sara moves the phone to a different angle, as if to validate the reality of the message.

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
Hey Sara, you there?

SARA
What the...

Sara types.

SARA (MESSAGE)
Who r u? Howd u get this nmbr?

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
Wantd 2 say hi, make sure u r likng
new phone.

SARA (MESSAGE)
Gr8, but who the FUCK is this???

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
Gotta go, msg u l8r ;-)

Sara starts to type again, gets as far as 'Fck off and dii'
before changing her mind and deleting the message.

She puts the phone down and strides out of the room.

SARA (O.S.)
Dad, something weird just happened...

EXT. WOODED PARK - DAY

Sara sits on a park bench watching the world pass by.

1 NEW MESSAGE

Tap.

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
Hi Sara, u k?

Sara holds the phone away from her, as if the message is
dangerous.

She slowly brings it back and taps a message.

SARA (MESSAGE)
I dnt know who u r, why r u txtng
me?

BEAT

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
Like u, could b frnds...

SARA (MESSAGE)
No, coldnt!

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
K, mybe not, but I like u anywy, u r
like me.

1 NEW MESSAGE

Tap.

A picture message fills the screen, it's a little grainy, taken on maximum zoom.

In the picture Sara is sitting on a park bench, hunched over and staring at something in her hand.

1 NEW MESSAGE

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)

Gota run, spk soon.

Sara jumps up and scans the park, searching for some clue as to who Unknown might be.

She completes two full 360 scans before slumping dejectedly back to the bench.

She doesn't see the girl in the UPS uniform as she watches from a discrete distance.

INT. SMALL LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sara slumps on the sofa.

An episode of a puerile soap plays on the TV in the background.

Dad sits across in his chair.

DAD

So, no idea who?

SARA

None at all.

DAD

Weird.

SARA

Tell me about it.

DAD

You could change numbers.

SARA

Yeah, could.

DAD
But?

SARA
I'm sure they'll get bored.

DAD
Well if you're sure.

Conversation ended, they both feign interest in the TV.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sara makes some cocoa in preparation for bed time.

Her phone buzzes incessantly on the table.

Sara sighs and picks it up.

1 NEW MESSAGE

Tap.

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
Time 4 bed?

SARA (MESSAGE)
Why can't u leav me alone?

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
Jst makng sure u r ok

SARA (MESSAGE)
I dnt need you to chk up on me.

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
Thght u might need a fredn.

SARA (MESSAGE)
Not you!!!

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)
I cant replce ur mum, but I'm still
here 4 u.

Sara throws the phone down onto the table.

She sobs quietly as the kettle clicks off.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Small room, box room really, single bed, pink and purple theme to the decor and a small bedside table squeezed in.

Sara's not asleep, but trying to be.

A haze of warm light permeates the room from the hallway beyond the ajar bedroom door.

1 NEW MESSAGE

Sara wearily picks up the phone from her bedside table.

UNKNOWN (MESSAGE)

We cld b close.

SARA (MESSAGE)

Nevr!

Camera pulls to a wider shot, her full bed and most of her room now in shot.

As the next message appears, the tell tale light from a mobile is visible from under Sara's bed.

UNKNOWN

(whisper)

Closer than you think...

FADE OUT:

THE END