PHONE BOOTH
What happens if I hang up?

Man/Man
Thriller

STU, 30, starts to vacate the PHONE BOOTH. The PHONE rings.
And rings. Curious, he picks up the receiver. There's a
voice on the other end of the line. A distinctive MALE
VOICE.

                    VOICE
          Don't even think about leaving that
          booth.

                    STU
          What?

                    VOICE
          Stay exactly where you are and
          listen carefully.

                    STU
          I've got a heavy day, mister.

                    VOICE
          You know better than to disobey me.

                    STU
          I don't know you at all.

                    VOICE
          Are you absolutely sure?

                    STU
          Where? Where are you?

                    VOICE
          Closer than you think.

                    STU
          Who is this?

                    VOICE
          Someone who's watching you.

                    STU
          Alright, bullshit artist, what am I
          doing right now?

                    VOICE
          Scratching your forehead with your
          left hand. Now you're brushing your
          hair back.

                    STU
          Why should I be interested in some
          creep who gets his jollies spying
          on strangers in phone booths?

                    VOICE
          But you're not a stranger, Stu.

The sound of his own name sends a chill through him.

                    STU
          Who put you up to this?

                    VOICE
          You were my very own selection.

                    STU
          Why me in particular?

                    VOICE
          Because you're so afraid.

                    STU
          Ha! What've I got to be afraid of?
          That's it. This call is ended.

                    VOICE
          Not until I say it is.

Stu knows he should simply hang up but something tells him
not to. Perhaps it's the strange tone of the man's voice.

                    STU
          What happens if I hang up?

                    VOICE
          You don't really want to find out.

                    STU
          I'm dying to hear this! What the
          fuck can you do about it - up in
          your fucking high window with your
          goddam binoculars?

                    VOICE
          I never indicated I had binoculars.
          I have a highly magnified
          telescopic image of you.

                    STU
          What? You mean... like a rifle?

                    VOICE
          Yeap. Can you feel it on you now? A
          tiny red dot now moves across Stu's
          chest.

                    VOICE
Relax, you're doing better than the
others.

                    STU
What others? What do you mean? (no
reply) You said 'others!'

                    VOICE
          (finally)
You read about the tourist shot
dead ten days ago at the corner of
Forty-fifth and Eighth?

                    STU
I saw it on the news.

                    VOICE
And where are we now?

                    STU
Oh, God. Why? What did he do?

                    VOICE
He hung up.