

THE SIGNAL

Written by Rafael de Jesus

FADE IN

Wind. Faint tyres on tarmac.

1 INT. CAR - MOVING - DUSK

1

We come in mid-conversation.

The road curves through an empty Scottish land.

BOSS (V.O.)
-this isn't about performance,
Daniel. The company's
restructuring.

DANIEL grips the steering wheel. Controlled. Tense.

DANIEL
You're talking like this is already
final.

BOSS (V.O.)
It is final. The decision was
signed off this morning.

A beat
Daniel exhales sharply through his nose.

DANIEL
You don't even work in my
department. You don't see what I do
day to day. Week to Week.

The signal begins to distort.

BOSS
I understand is difficult-

DANIEL
No. You don't! (Then steadier) You
can't decide something like this
without even being there.

The signal GLITCHES.

BOSS (V.O.)
Daniel, are you-

STATIC.

DANIEL
Hello?

He checks his phone
NO SIGNAL
LOW BATTERY

The call flickers back -

BOSS (V.O.)
-your notice period starts
immediately. HR will email-

DANIEL
No, wait-

The signal drops.

Gone.

Silence fills the car.

Daniel stares at his phone

A LOW BATTERY WARNING flashes.

He swallows.

Keeps driving.