WRONG NUMBER

written by

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EXT. NARROW STREET- NIGHT

A fairly dark street alleyway, lit up yellowish by just a rusty street lamp. No visible shops are open and all the house's gates are closed. ROBIN, is walking slowly humming to the music he is listening to on loudspeaker. He has a phone on his right hand & the volume is up high. He is wearing a messy white shirt, one sleeve folded up, half tucked out of his pant. Matching it is a mechanical watch on his left hand.

As he lifts up his left hand to look at the time, his phone rings.

He glances at the phone turning up towards his face, an unknown caller.

He pauses for a while and picks up the call

CALLER
Sorry...wrong number.

Robin furrows his eyebrow and slightly raises one of them up. He shrugs his shoulders and is about to hang up the call.

Before he hangs up, the caller speaks up again.

CALLER (CONT'D)
WAIT.... are you walking on the alleyway near bijaya chowk?

Robin pauses. He takes a long breath. His expression goes pale, neutral. He looks around, no visible person is near him. He looks up at the closed windows surrounding the alleyway. No one is on his sight. As he realizes he is all alone, the caller speaks again.

CALLER (CONT'D)
White T-shirt, right?

The neutral expression slowly fades into wide open eyes. He starts brisk walking. He starts breathing heavily, confused and worried.

ROBIN
(nervous laughter)
Ok, that's weird.

CALLER
(in a calm voice)
Don't worry, I am just very observant.

Robin suddenly jumps from his place and runs towards a nearby parked car and ducks behind it.

The caller goes on.

CALLER (CONT'D)
Brown formal shoes.
Just went pass the red house.
Is that a...watch? On your hand?

Robin is terrified, trying to calm himself down, he rubs his right arm with his left hand. He slightly pokes himself with his nails and scratches his arm. Still breathing heavily.

CALLER (CONT'D)
Relax... I just have your GPS location.

Robin tries to speak but no words come out of his mouth. He starts sweating from his palms and forehead. He continues walking as he looks around.

The call ends.

A notification sound from his phone is heard.

He checks his phone.

A ride-sharing app's notification.

"I'm Behind You!"

As Robin reads it, a motorbike slowly pulls up behind him.

The driver rolls up his helmet's windshield.

DRIVER
(same voice as the caller)
Robin?

Robin freezes completely.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(checks his phone out of the pocket)
Ride for Robin?

The driver gives a smirk smile with visible sarcasm on his face.

CUT TO BLACK.