

The Man Who Could Be Macbeth

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INT. CALL CENTER - MID-DAY

Heads of hair stick out over the walls of a cubicle asylum. One balding round head stands out from the rest. Phones RINGING and light chatter is heard among the workers.

Over the cluster of office noise, the deep gravelly voice of a woman is heard.

WITCH

(V.O)

Now is the winter of our discontent.

The bald head turns, the only one to react. He's an older man with large frame glasses, his eyes scan over his cubicle wall.

On the walls of his cubicle are playbills taped next to an assortment of cast photos. We turn toward his desk and land on a name plate, "Bill Wangle - Customer Reassurance"

WITCH (cont'd)

(V.O)

Have no delight to pass away the time
unless to spy my shadow in the sun
and descent on mine own deformity.

He rubs his hands on his forehead and tries returning to the spreadsheet on his monitor.

WITCH (cont'd)

(V.O)

Look, how our partner's rapt.

He abruptly stands and looks for the source.

His coworkers around him don't react, they all plug away at their desks, proceeding as usual. With a shake of his head, Bill exits his cubicle.

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bill approaches a water cooler surrounded by cheesy motivational posters on the walls. An air conditioner HUMS loudly.

With a light POP he takes a cup from the cup tower, and brings it down to the spout.

The water begins to pour as we hear the tank GURGLE and see a large air bubble float up to the top with a deep GLUG.

Bill props himself up against a nearby counter-top and drinks his water.

The air conditioner HUMS menacingly louder. We turn slowly to see, in the opposite corner of the room, a witch staring at Bill from behind a chair.

Her face is covered in chalky white makeup, with a thick head of sprawling clumpy hair and sunken deep eyes glaring right at the back of an oblivious Bill.

She tilts her head violently to the side with a CRACK.

Bill suddenly stands upright in response. A shiver rolls down his spine as his eyes widen, the witch still behind him.

WITCH

Dive, thoughts, down to my soul: here clarence comes.

Bill begins to turn his head when suddenly-

BOSS

Hey Bill how's it goin?!

Bill screams and drops his water, scaring his boss who screams in response.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Bill sits at a break room table, his head in his hands. His boss sits beside him with a mug of coffee, avoiding eye contact.

BOSS

You uhm... Been getting enough sleep Bill?

Bill looks at him and shrugs.

BOSS (cont'd)

You might want to think about cutting back some of your after work hobbies.

Bill looks toward a bulletin board, where a poster for MACBETH is already partially covered by a memo for an office party.

BOSS (cont'd)

(O.S)

This isn't the first time its
effected your work.

INT. CAR - EVENING

Bill drives, methodically switching through radio stations as he goes. Suddenly a voice emits through the radio fuzz-

WITCH

(through radio)

Some rise by sin, and some by-

He skips to the next station, cutting off the voice. He pauses, realizing what he just heard.

His finger hesitates over the button, then CLICKS it to return to the previous station.

WHITE NOISE.

He stares down at the radio for a moment, shakes himself off and turns the volume all the way down.

He sighs and stares out the front windshield, then abruptly-

BILL

What a haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look that seems to speak
things strange.

He glances down at the passengers seat.

BILL (cont'd)

Good morrow, noble king... fuck..
sir... Good morrow, noble sir..

A script in a binder sits open on the passenger seat, he closes it with a THUMP, revealing the title on the cover, "MACBETH".

Below the title is a list of the actor's names and the characters they're playing. At the bottom is Bill's name, highlighted, beside a character named "Lennox".

BILL (cont'd)

(mumbling)

The night as been unruly, where we
lay. Our... Our..

MATCH CUT TO: