

THE CUSTOMER EXPERIENCE

Call Girls

Written by

Lauren Harvey and Mack Struthers

Based on "Call Girls" by Lauren Harvey & Kelly Hodge

The call centre employees are having one of *those days*.
Nightmare calls from the start.

ELLA

Please stay on the line for a quick
survey and you have a magical day!
(slamming the hand set)
ASSHOLE.

ALEXIS

Dipshit!

SUZ

Prick.

DAVID taps his headset and frowns.

ANDREW

The connection is just awful-.

ANDREW crumples a paper ball next to the phone. He extends a
finger to the cradle and SLAM ends the call.

We are close on a paper crane being folded as we hear SEB's
voice. As he speaks, we see different aspects of his faux-
tibettan Gary-Vee-core zen-zone desk.

SEB

Completely understandable my
friend. I would be upset, too- but
hey-

Now on SEB, laid back, sitting at his desk.

SEB (CONT'D)

C'est la vie mon ami!

SUPER: CALL GIRLS

We come to ELLA and ALEXIS watching SEB.

ALEXIS

Does the man not produce cortisol?

ELLA

Leave me out of it.

ALEXIS

Come on. I'm curious... Seb!

ELLA

Alexis, don't...

ALEXIS
Pretend you're Attenborough!

The two girls stand looking down incredulously. Seb sits, zen, in his tibetan prayer-flagged cubicle. He finishes a call while folding an origami crane. He adds it to a stack of cranes, there must be at least 50.

SEB
It's a pleasure and a privilege my man. And if you do decide to hike the *El Camino de Santiago* you hit me back- my dad gets cheap flights to Spain. Aight. Adios amigo!
(hanging up)
What can I do for my fave females?

ALEXIS
Well we-

ELLA ribs ALEXIS

ALEXIS (CONT'D)
I was wondering. What's your secret?

SEB
My secret? Like... my workout split?

ALEXIS
No with, y'know...

SUZ squeezes the everloving shit out of her stress ball. DAVID drapes a jacket over his head and crumbles. ANDREW kicks a trash can, Better Call Saul style.

SEB
Oh. No secret, chiquita. You've just got to be there for the callers. Like, literally.
(he pauses, a call is coming in)
Here, let me coach you.

SEB puts his headset on ELLA, who is barely containing her disgust.

ELLA
Department of Roads this is Ella
how can I-

SEB leans down to whisper to ELLA.

SEB

Be there for them, Hella. Be *there*.

He taps her headset, ELLA rolls her eyes. SEB puts his palms over ELLA's eyes. They both take a deep breath and...

2 INT. AN L-PLATER'S CAR - DAY

2

BEEP BEEP BEEP. A teenage girl, LILY, is a blubbering mess, L-plates visible on the windshield.

LILY

I didn't even know it was a school zone-

ELLA

Well, it's alright, you can always take the test again. At least you didn't hit anyone.

LILY

But - I did.

3 INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

3

SEB is taking the headset back of ELLA.

SEB

Uh, those of course, we handball to the police. But give it a go, see how it changes things!

SEB gives a winning smile and turns back to his work. ALEXIS shrugs at ELLA, ELLA makes wanking motions behind SEB's back.

4 EXT. THE ROAD - MORNING

4

REAL HOUSEWIFE stands next to a road-side drain. She peers into the drain, touching her head. ALEXIS stands beside her, perplexed.

ALEXIS

How?

REAL HOUSEWIFE

Well, I was taking the last sip of my coffee darling and of course they just flew right off the back of my head. Just my luck. That Gucci ivory is so devilishly slippery!

ALEXIS

I wouldn't know. Look, we might be able to get someone out in the next hour or so.

REAL HOUSEWIFE

Oh fabulous, I'll give you my forwarding address. You use StarTrack, right?

5 INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

5

ALEXIS pushes back from her desk and looks at ELLA, they share a look.

ALEXIS

Woah. What kind of Joe Rogan Experience shit is Seb on?

6 EXT. A SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

6

ELLA tenderly moves a pile of stacked up moldy newspapers with the tips of her fingers.

BRETT

NO RECORDING.

ELLA

Okay, how can I-

BRETT

Listen, you're not ASIO - mmkay? You're not getting my name, my address, my star sign-

ELLA

In that case what can I-

BRETT

Uh-uh. I'm talking, sweetheart. If you think I'm letting you give all my details to Xi Jinping, you've got another think coming. I pay my taxes, you fix the potholes.

ELLA

Sir, just where is the-

BRETT

Just FIX IT!

7 INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

7

ALEXIS and ELLA frown at each other.

ALEXIS
Sweetheart? What a prick. He
obviously isn't used to speaking to
women he's not paying by the hour.

Not looking up from her book, SUZ chimes in, interrupting.

SUZ
You girls would do better being
less involved.

ELLA
What do you suggest?

SUZ
I haven't lasted this long by
caring about the *customer*. You only
survive if you do not give a single
shit. Show up. Do your job. Go
home. End of.

ELLA
So how do you explain Seb's
relentless optimism?

SUZ
Well. Either he's figured out
something that nobody else has...
or he's a complete and utter moron.

ELLA, ALEXIS and SUZ look over at SEB, who is wiggling a
pencil in front of his face to try and make it look bendy.
He is laughing like a child. SUZ rolls her eyes and goes
back to reading her book.

ELLA
He hasn't figured anything out.

ALEXIS
So Suz, any last words of wis-

SUZ continues to read her book, unperturbed. A call.

SUZ
Department of Roads, this is Suz.
Sure, I'm looking at it right now.

SUZ licks her finger, and turns the page.

CUT TO: BLACK