

ANSWERS

Written by

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FADE TO.

EXT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - DAY

A large white removal van parks up in front of this suburban four bedroom house.

Two large DELIVERY MEN, late 20's exit the front of the van then move to the back of it.

They open up it's doors and drag out a heavy looking duffel bag.

They then carry it over and dump it down onto the front door step of the house and ring the bell.

TIL PROCHNOW, 28, tall and thin answers.

He stays inside the house.

He doesn't recognizes the delivery men but smiles at them all the same.

TIL  
You're both new.

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
What does that matter?

TIL  
It doesn't.

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
You want to come out and get him?

TIL  
I can't.

The delivery man doesn't understand.

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
What do you mean you can't?

TIL  
I have agoraphobia, I can't leave this house.

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
Then you want us to bring him in for you?

Til shakes his head.

TIL  
It's better that you don't. Someone  
could see. I have equipment to get  
him in don't worry about it.

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
Can you do this?

Til nods.

TIL  
What is it this time?

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
We need a code.

TIL  
How long?

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
Twenty four hours.

TIL  
I'll see you tomorrow then.

The delivery men make their way back to the van, climb inside  
and drive off.

Til grabs hold of a heavy stick with a couple of hooks on the  
end of it that's propped up against the door and uses it to  
hook a hold of the bag and drag it inside.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Til drags the bag still with that stick attached to it  
through his narrow hallway. From one end to the other.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Til leaves the bag in the centre of this empty dirt covered  
basement floor.

He kneels down beside it and opens it up.

Inside is a young MAN, 23, a bag over his head with his  
wrists and ankles tied together.

He's dressed only in a pair of white underpants and a white  
vest.

He's unconscious.

Til pulls him out of the bag.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

The man is now hanging down from the ceiling. A strong rope around his chest and arms keeping him up.

He's awake now, muffled pleads.

Til pulls the bag off his head.

A strip of masking tape over his mouth, his eyes wild with panic.

Til grins at him, amused.

TIL  
Hi there. I need the code.

The man shakes his head, tries to break free but it's not going to happen.

He's locked in.

Til repeats.

TIL (CONT'D)  
I need the code.

The man starts to cry, defeated.

Til moves over to a small metal chair that's been pushed up into a corner of the basement.

He picks up a long thin metal pole and a large kitchen knife.

He comes back to the man, the sight of the knife sending him into a wild swaying and pleading panic. Breathing hard through his nose his fear is uncontrollable.

Til expertly uses the knife on the side of the man's body, going in between a couple of his ribs.

A little blood comes trickling out.

He then starts to insert the metal pole, gently feeding it in.

The man is writhing around in pain, never will have felt anything this bad before.

TIL (CONT'D)

I just need you to give it to me.  
You won't die here and you don't  
need to die by their hands either.  
Death isn't of interest for anyone  
here. But I need the code.

He's pushing the pole further into him, more blood rolling  
down the mans body and dripping onto the cod basement floor.

TIL (CONT'D)

I won't be doing any permanent  
damage. I'm an expert in this, but  
you need to give me the code.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Til drops the knife and metal pole down into the sink. Both  
covered and soaked in blood.

He quickly turns on the taps and washes his hands clean.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

The man is now tied to the chair, blood soaked and shivering.  
But still alive.

Til moves over to him, kneels down next to him.

He rips off the masking tape over his mouth and places his  
ear close.

The man then whispers the 'code' that only Til can hear into  
his ear.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Til stands by his open door, the delivery men are here and  
waiting.

He writes a bunch of different numbers quickly onto a pice of  
paper, then rips it out of the note pad folds it in half and  
gives it to the closet deliver man to him.

DELIVERY MAN ONE

Where is he?

TIL

In the basement, as normal.

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
And what if he's lying to you?

TIL  
I have never let down a client  
before and I don't intend on  
starting now.

DELIVERY MAN ONE  
OK.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

The delivery men stuff the man back inside the bag, close it  
shut then pick it up and carry it out.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Til sits alone up at the table, an envelope stuffed fat with  
money in front of him as he eats his way through a plate of  
curry.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Til stands on one side of the basement with a bucket full of  
hot soapy water in his hands.

He throws it out across the floor washing away the puddles of  
dry blood.

EXT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - DAY

The delivery men are back.

They get out, move to the back of the van, open it up and  
carry out another bag.

Til waits at his open front door, arms crossed out in front  
of his chest.

The delivery men just dump it down on his front door step  
then walk away. Nothing to say this time.

Til is slightly taken aback.

He calls out to them.

TIL  
What's this one?

Still nothing.

TIL (CONT'D)  
What am I doing with it, what is it  
that you need?

They get back into the van and drive off.

Til takes a moment just to stare down at the bag, it's just like the other maybe even the very same one, he's unsure.

But he still reaches for his stick, grabs onto it with the hooks and drags it inside, slamming his front door closed behind it.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Til drags and leaves the bag in the middle of the basement floor.

He drops his stick down next to him then opens the bag up.

It's empty.

He backs away from it, scared.

Doesn't understand. How can this be.

He opens it up even more, completely empty. Nothing at all inside it.

As he's still looking for something that would explain why the delivery men might have left him this that small metal chair begins to move all on it's own along the wall behind him.

It's been moved by an unseen force.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Til's at the sink, a glass of water in hand.

He can hear a slight groaning sound vibrating all around him. But it's hard to make out, hard to make sense of.

He's nervous.

A cup is then thrown across the room and smashes up against the wall.

He gasps, scared.

TIL  
What the fuck!

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Til moves into his front room, only a sofa and a television.

More strange sounds fill the air.

He stops in the middle of the room, looks up at the ceiling and tries to work out what's going on.

The open door to the front room then closes itself, slamming itself shut.

It makes Til jump.

He's starting to panic.

EXT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - DAY

Til stands at his open front door, he tries to inspect the front door step.

Nothing there, no clues.

He tries to peers out and around to the street to see what if anything is there.

But he can't get out far enough to see past a wall blocking his view of the street.

If he only just took a couple of steps out onto his front door step he'd be able to see fine, but he can't.

Fear freezes him up and he has to retreat back inside his home.

He closes the front back shut behind him.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Til sits on the edge of his sofa with the house phone down on his lap.

He's just holding onto it as he's staring out of the window and into his small overgrown front garden.

He then comes down to the phone, pondering.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Til's at the sink brushing his teeth, ready for bed.

He pauses to check himself out in the small mirror in front of him.

He's not feeling too good.

He bends down to spit out the toothpaste, blood comes out with it, his mouth now full of it.

He looks up at the mirror and it's now been cracked.

He's startled. Takes a few steps backwards.

He runs the cold tap, washes out his mouth, frustrated.

TIL  
What the fuck is going on. What the  
fuck is wrong with me?

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Til's in bed, underneath the covers.

His eyes are heavy as he looks out towards his bedroom door.

A male figure all in black from head to toe is slightly moving towards him.

He's fighting to stay awake but he can't.

He calls out to it, in a sleepy voice.

TIL  
Who are you. What are you doing  
here?

Nothing. No answer.

Til passes out.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Til stands back up at the sink, but now his head has been completely shaven.

He's crying.

He rubs his hands against his now bald scalp.

The open bathroom door behind him then slams itself shut.  
He flinches but he's getting kind of used to it by now.

EXT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - DAY

A young KID, 16, dressed in a supermarket styled uniform is acting as a food delivery boy.

He places down a couple of shopping bags onto Til's front door step, slightly unnerved at the sight of Til at the open door.

Til attaches an envelope to the hooks on the end of his stick.

He then stretches it out for the boy to take.

The boy opens up the envelope and checks the money.

TIL  
You can keep the change.

The boy just nods at him as he then heads back down the street, in a hurry.

Til then moves his stick to the shopping bags.

He picks them up with the hooks, but the bags are too heavy and the stick snaps in half.

The food and drinks spilling all over the front doorstep.

Til drops down to his knees, pained.

He tries to reach out for them, first with one half of the stick, then with his hands. But they're just out of reach.

If only he could take just a small step out of his house he would be able to get them, but he can't.

He breaks down.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Til checks his fridge. Empty.

He checks the cupboards, empty too but for a couple of small tins of soup.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Til's down on his knees next to his bed.

He reaches underneath it and pulls out a couple of old looking shoeboxes.

He opens them all up and empties them all out on the floor.

Out of one falls a picture of a girl, BRIGITTE VADIM, 23, beautiful with big blue eyes.

He strokes a thumb across the picture, lovingly.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Til sits crossed legged in the middle of the sofa.

He's on the phone.

He's desperate, lost.

TIL

I didn't know if you'd still have this number. But I'm happy that I could still remember it.

Brigitte lets out a long breath, annoyed.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

Well it has been over two years since I last heard from you Til.

TIL

Really that long?

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

What is it Til, what is it that you want?

TIL

I need your help.

She laugh, disgusted.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

And let me guess I'm the last person your calling. You're last hope.

(MORE)

BRIGITTE (CONT'D)

Humor me, how many did you call before me. Ten. Twenty. Thirty. And they all said no.

He shakes his head.

TIL

No.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

No?

TIL

You're the first. You're the only one.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

That's so sad Til.

TIL

Brigitte you're the only one that I can call.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

What a sad life you must be leading then.

TIL

I need you to come visit me. Today if you can.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

You must know that this phone call is a really bad idea. Deep down inside you must know that. I mean come on Til, what's going on with you. What do you want from me. What is this shit!

TIL

Brigitte please. I just need you to come see me.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

I can't. I won't. You broke my heart.

TIL

Of course you can. I need you to help me, please. I begging you. I just need someone right now. I need you. I'm not asking for your forgiveness. I'm not even asking you to like me.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

I don't know.

TIL

I can't leave the house.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

No?

TIL

No, and you know why. I need you Brigitte. I think I'm in a lot of trouble.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

But I don't know if I can.

TIL

Please.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

You really hurt me Til.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - DAY

Til comes back down into the basement. The bag is still where he left it.

He goes over to it, kneels in front of it and goes to search inside it one more time.

But as he tries to open it two large blood and dirt covered arm reach out for him.

Til recoils in horror.

The arms then grab down at the floor and drag the bag and whatever else happens to be trapped inside towards him.

He yells out, terrified.

He scrambles back up to his feet and flees.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Til speeds through the hallway.

He aims for the front door but after opening it there's nothing else he can do.

He has to shut it again.

He sits down on the floor and rests his back up against the door, drops his head down into his hands and weeps.

He's on the very edge of a mental breakdown.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Til's in the middle of his sofa, the house phone in his hands.

He's smiling.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

What made you pick up the phone in the first place?

TIL

I needed you.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

But haven't not spoken in so long what was it?

TIL

I just need you to come. I don't feel like I've got much more time left before something really bad happens to me. I just need someone else here to help me work it out.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

What are you talking about, what's happening there?

TIL

I can't explain it, I just need you to come, I just need someone else here with me.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

Then answer my question.

TIL

Your question?

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

Why did you call me, why now after all this time?

TIL

There was no one else I could think of.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

Does that mean I was the first person you called or the only person you could have called?

TIL

Both.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

Then I can't come.

TIL

Please. I called you because I need you. Please just help me.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

But what was going through you head. Because if I can understand that much I can't help you.

TIL

I needed someone and you're the only one who's ever cared about me. And I still need your help.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

What are you doing right now?

TIL

Nothing.

BRIGITTE

(O.S)

What are you doing with your life?

TIL  
What do you mean?

BRIGITTE  
(O.S)  
I need to try and understand what's  
lead you to this point. To be  
calling me. For trying to get back  
in contact with me. To be begging  
for my help. I need to know what's  
going on.

TIL  
There's no one else Brigitte.  
Please. Come and see me today.

BRIGITTE  
(O.S)  
Listen Til, I just don't know if I  
can.

TIL  
Why not?

BRIGITTE  
(O.S)  
Because you really hurt me. I  
thought we had something special.

TIL  
I'm sorry. But please come?

She let's out a tired sounding laugh.

BRIGITTE  
(O.S)  
But what if I still hate you?

TIL  
That's fine, just come and help me.

BRIGITTE  
(O.S)  
I don't know.

TIL  
Then why answer your phone?

BRIGITTE  
(O.S)  
Because I still want answers from  
you.

TIL  
Then come and get them.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Til's at his empty fridge just staring into it, hungry.

It's door then slams shut by itself.

He leaps back scared. But then two strong male hands push him hard in the back and he slams up against it.

It hurts.

He spins around to face whatever did it but there's no one there.

He's alone.

But again those hands shove him hard in the back, he stumbles forwards.

Again he spins around to face whatever it is, but still there's nothing.

He screams out.

TIL  
What the fuck is this, face me!!!

Yet again those two heavy hand slams into his back.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - DAY

Til's running upstairs, scared.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NEXT

Til moves into his bedroom but is shoved down to the floor.

He lands face down and that same large kitchen knife is stabbed into his side.

He yells out in pain, blood pouring out of him.

He holds both hands to where he was stuck whilst fighting back up to his feet, looking all around him he can't see anything.

He closes his eyes as he presses both his hands hard against the wound wanting to stop the bleeding.

But again the knife is thrust towards him, stabbing deep into the other side of his body.

He yells out louder, now struggling to breathe as the pain becomes overwhelming.

He rushes towards his bedroom door and exits.

INT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Til's on the floor of the bathroom bleeding heavily out from both sides of his body.

He's fighting to stay awake but it's a fight he's not going to win.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

Something's on the other side of his locked bathroom door and it's trying to get in.

Til just shakes his head, it's all he can do now.

BANG, BANG, BANG.

He passes out.

EXT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - DAY

Til wakes up.

He's in the bag with only his head sticking out from it.

He's on the grass, and from here he can see in through the kitchen window.

He panics, but lost for words.

He's shaking, he's outside, this isn't good.

He thinks about opening the bag up but then thinks better of it, keeps his hands down inside.

He's close to losing control, how does he get out of this?

In the kitchen he suddenly sees BRIGITTE, 27, tall and beautiful walking through.

She's searching for him.

His mouth hangs open, he wants to call out to her but he's gripped with fear.

She exits the kitchen and it's door slams shut behind her.

The whole kitchen then turns black, complete darkness.

Those two large hands then appear above him and push Til's head right inside the bag, we don't see who's doing it.

EXT. TIL PROCHNOW'S HOUSE - DAY

The bag is now left on the front doorstep of his house.

The delivery men turns up.

They both grab a hold of it, pick it up and carry it over to their waiting van.

Throwing the bag into the back they close the doors shut then climb back inside.

The van then pulls away and drives off down towards the end of the street.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END