

FOUR WALLS

By

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FADE IN:

Bright, dazzling light fills the screen.

INT. WHITE ROOM - UNKNOWN TIME

The bright light subsides, revealing a naked middle aged MAN, curled asleep on an intensely white floor.

The man stirs. A weary eye opens and blinks repeatedly at the brightness of the surroundings, his other eye quickly following suit.

He slowly raises his head from the floor, a confused look on his face. He props himself upright with an arm and gives the room a cursory glance.

The room, roughly 12 feet square and entirely white, is completely featureless. There is no door or windows, nor any apparent source of the light that illuminates the room.

MAN

What the fuck?

He slowly gets to his feet, turning full circle to get what little bearings he can.

MAN

HELLO!

He looks around, waiting for a reply. There isn't one.

MAN

HEY! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?

Again, he waits, but still nothing.

He walks to a wall.

MAN

HEY! COME ON LADS, JOKES OVER!

(pause)

HEY!

He slaps the wall to try and draw attention, but the slap makes no sound. Puzzled, he slaps it again. Not a sound.

Delicately, he presses his fingertips against the wall. He frowns. He's never felt anything like it before.

MAN  
(to himself)  
What is this shit?

He energetically slaps and bangs on the wall.

MAN  
IS ANYONE OUT THERE! HEY! IS  
ANYONE THERE? LET ME OUTTA  
HERE! LET ME OUT, YOU HEAR ME,  
YOU FUCKING SACKS OF SHIT! I'LL  
KICK YOUR FUCKING ARSES!

He presses his ear against the wall, desperately hoping to hear something, anything. There is nothing but silence.

He drops to his knees, puts his ear to the floor and listens for a moment. Again, there is silence. Frustrated, he sits back on his heels, and thinks.

MAN  
(to himself)  
Shit! Let's be rational. Come  
on, think, think!  
(pause)  
If I got in, there's gotta be  
some way of getting out.

He jumps to his feet, purpose etched on his face. Pressing his hands flat against a wall, he slides them across its surface, searching for an entrance, methodically working his way around the room. He finds nothing.

MAN  
(frustrated)  
FUCK!  
(to himself)  
This is bullshit.

He begins pacing up and down, his mind working overtime.

MAN  
Come on, get a grip, get a  
grip!

As he turns, he stops in his tracks. In the corner a large, ornate plate has appeared, heaving with a variety of food, roast chicken, fruit, and a large goblet of wine.

For a moment he hesitates, trying to work out how it got there.

Cautiously, he approaches the plate. He crouches and pokes the chicken. It's real. Grabbing the plate, he throws it to one side, the food falling silently onto the floor.

Getting on his hands and knees, he frantically searches for where the food entered from.

MAN

Gotta be here some place. Food doesn't just appear out of nowhere. Must be something here.

He finds nothing.

He sighs disappointedly, flopping back onto his bottom and resting his back against a wall.

MAN

Man, this is real messed up.

He picks up an apple that lies next to him. He squeezes it and smells it. It's real.

MAN

WHAT YOU GIVING ME FOOD FOR,  
HUH? YOU THINK I'M EATING  
ANYTHING YOU GIVE ME! HUH! YOU  
ARSEHOLES! FUCK YOU!

He launches the apple at the wall like a baseball. The apple hits it silently, falling to the floor undamaged with equal quietness.

MAN

(to himself)  
It's like a fucking padded cell  
in a loony bin.  
(pause)  
Hold up.....I'm seeing fucking  
fruit appear from nowhere, and  
now I'm talking to myself! Fuck  
that, I ain't nuts!

He stands up quickly and tries to bang on a wall.

MAN

HEY ARSEHOLES! WHAT DRUGS YOU  
GIVEN ME? YOU THINK I'M FUCKING  
NUTS? I AIN'T NUTS, YOU  
BASTARDS! LET ME OUTTA HERE AND  
I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S FUCKING  
NUTS!

(to himself)

Cocksuckers.

He stops. His head cocks, aware that something is in the room with him.

He turns slowly to see a naked, voluptuous woman, standing in the opposite corner facing him. She stares vacantly ahead, completely oblivious to his presence.

He approaches her, warily.

MAN

Who are you? What the fucks  
going on?

She doesn't respond, continuing to stare vacantly ahead.

He grabs her shoulders and shakes her.

MAN

Oi, I'm talking to you! What's  
the matter with you?

Still she remains silent and focused. He waves his hand in front of her eyes, but gets no response.

He steps back and eyes her up and down. There can be only one reason she is there.

MAN

(to woman)

Any other time baby.

(to ceiling)

YOU WANNA WATCH US FUCKING,  
HUH? YOU WANNA WATCH? YOU  
FUCKING VOYEURS! WELL I AIN'T  
PLAYING YOUR GAME, SO FUCK YOU!  
FUCK - YOU! FIND SOMEONE ELSE  
TO FUCKING WATCH!

Suddenly, the room is plunged into total darkness.

MAN

Oh shit, now what?

A low, guttural growl fills the air.

MAN

(terrified)

Jesus Christ! What the fuck was that?

He breathes heavily and deeply, panic is setting in

Another growl. This time it's longer, closer and more intense.

MAN

Oh god, oh god, oh god!

(starts to weep)

Please, please....

The light returns as quickly as it went.

He gingerly opens his eyes, flinching at what might be waiting for him.

The room is completely empty.

He gets to his feet, tears of emotion streaming down his face.

The view changes to an aerial view of the room.

MAN

(screams at ceiling)

WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?

The camera slowly pulls back, revealing more rooms side by side in a grid pattern. In each, there is a single male. Each man is doing something different. Some are having sex, whilst others pace the cell or sit in a corner.

The camera pulls back further, revealing hundreds upon hundreds of individual cells, neatly lined up in rows.

Bright, dazzling light fills the screen.

FADE OUT.

THE END.