TRAPPED

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FADE IN:

INT. FACTORY - DAY

A packing tape dispenser is pulled across a large cardboard shipping box. Hands slide the box onto a conveyor. Pull down from another a long line of boxes.

MICHAEL DONOVAN (early-40s), wipes his weathered brow. Slightly overweight and considerably tired, Michael glances up at a clock on the wall: 4:00. He sighs, continues to tape.

INT. CAR - DUSK

Classic music on the radio of an older model car. Fast food containers litter the passenger side floor. Time on the radio: 5:15.

Michael stops the car at a light. Sees children parading down the sidewalk in Halloween costumes.

MTCHAEL

Shit.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dirty pots in the sink. Wrappers on the counter. Michael goes to the fridge. One beer. Minimal food.

MICHAEL

Shit.

As he grabs the beer, the doorbell RINGS. He turns off the kitchen light, opens a basement door. Descends, closing the door behind him.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - LATER

Darkness. Michael opens the fridge. Looks for beer behind expired milk and giant pickle jars. Nothing. Closes fridge.

EXT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT

The door of the small store opens as Michael exits, six pack in hand. As he approaches his car he is startled by large BANG and flash of light in the forest behind the store.

Hello? Hello? Anyone there?

He enters the forest, six pack in hand.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The wooded area is small, but dense. Michael proceeds.

MICHAEL

Hello? Anyone?

A wind blows past him, ruffles his scruffy hair. Michael looks around, confused, as the night is otherwise still.

MICHAEL

Screw it.

He starts back to his car. Hears a rustling in the forest. He sees a SCANTILY CLAD WOMAN, partially obscured by the foliage. She darts off.

MICHAEL

Hello? Miss?

He follows--

EXT. OTHERSIDE

Suddenly there is a flash of light and a crack in the air. BOOM! The six pack falls from Michael's hand. Shatters on the ground.

Michael looks around, startled. He is no longer in the forest. He is now standing on a gloomy urban street lined with decrepit buildings. Overcast skies impose a tepid glow.

MICHAEL

What the hell?

He looks around, confused. He sees no movement, hears no sounds. He steps forward. Glass from a beer bottle crunches underfoot.

MICHAEL

Hello? Anyone? What's going on? I heard a noise?

A hand appears out of nowhere on Michael's shoulder. He yells out in surprise - startled by the presence of another.

He spins around - a WOMAN. Gaunt, yet attractive.

Oh, thank God. Hi, I'm Michael - what's going on here? I'm really confused. I was in the woods then--

The woman shoves him to the side. He stumbles.

MTCHAEL

What the hell, lady, I--

She does not reply, her eyes remain focused on the sky. He looks up and sees something in the distance - something flying towards them at a frightful clip.

Then a screeching. Piercing. Alien. It increases in intensity as the object gets closer. It starts to take form - its body wispy, almost translucent. Its lothes tattered and flowing. Its eyes glowing.

A WRAITH.

MICHAEL

What in the hell?

The creature is headed directly for them, and is not slowing down.

MICHAEL

Oh, shit.

He takes off for the side of the road. Sees an old store front. Tries the door-- locked.

The wraith dives for Michael - he flattens himself against the store. The woman is still in the street. She appears to be screaming at the wraith, but no sound escapes her mouth.

The wraith spots her. Changes direction and dives. Flies towards her and-- passes directly through her!

In an instant, her skin turns white. She falls lifeless to the ground.

MICHAEL

Holy shit.

Michael kicks the door. Again. Again.

SMASH! It flies open. He dives inside--

INT. ABANDONED STORE - OTHERSIDE - CONTINUOUS

What looks to be an abandoned five and dime. Decrepit. Ancient.

MICHAEL

OK, this isn't real. This can't be real. I just need to wake up. Maybe I'm in a coma -- maybe there was another explosion. I got injured--

He smacks his face in an effort to wake up. No dice.

He makes his way past a glass display case, empty but for years, nay, centuries of dust. He enters a--

BACK ROOM

Also ancient, decrepit. In the center of the room, an old rocking chair. And-- someone in it. An old woman. Michael tentatively approaches.

MICHAEL

Hello? Hello, ma'am? Excuse me?

He gets closer. Closer. She isn't moving.

MICHAEL

Ma'am?

He peers around her - suddenly her head turns - Michael jumps back.

Her face is withered, eyes sunken. Her mouth screams out in agony, but no sound emerges. She stands.

MICHAEL

Oh, Jesus Christ!

Michael backs away. The old woman grabs him. Mouths voiceless words. He tries to decipher -- something - out. Something - out.

Claw-like fingernails dig into his arm. He struggles to get free. Finally rips loose. Runs out the door--

EXT. STREET - OTHERSIDE - CONTINUOUS

And back on the street. No wraith.

Fuck this. How do I get back? How do I get back!

Silence.

He continues on past vacant storefronts. Passes an alley. Catches movement out of the corner of his eye. He stops.

There, at the end of the alley, a pretty, honest looking WOMAN in her early 30s. Michael's eyes open in shock. He stumbles down the alley, in a daze.

MICHAEL

It can't be. It can't be.

His pace increases. A lumbered jog.

MICHAEL

Linda, is that you? Oh my God!

The closer he gets, the faster he runs.

MICHAEL

Linda! Where are we? Am I dead? Is this--

Suddenly, a wraith rises up behind her.

MICHAEL

No! Please, I need to see--

The wraith dives, heading straight for Michael.

MICHAEL

No, please!

Michael turns and bolts. Careens out onto the street, where he sees - people.

A large group, running towards him. Men, women, and children. Thirty plus in number. Arms flailing. Mouths yelling, screaming, yet no sound.

MICHAEL

Wait - I need help! I don't-- crap.

He runs away from the horde, further into the mysterious city. They continue after him. He struggles to keep ahead.

He passes another alley. There, once again, Linda. He enters.

Linda - what's going? What am I supposed to do? Please, help me! Do I go with you?

His voice weakens at the end. He sees the horde at the end of the alley. He runs toward Linda.

Then-- a hand. On his pant leg. He looks down-- a YOUNG BOY, no more than 7. A face much older than his years. Completely devoid of youthful exuberance. Michael stops.

MICHAEL

What? Are you--

The boy points to the woman. Mouths "her".

He waves an index finger in the air. Mouths "no".

Michael looks back at Linda.

MICHAEL

(voice starting to fade)
No, you don't understand, that's my
wife. She died. During delivery she died. They died. That means I'm
dead, I'm--

He looks at his arm. Blood flows from scratch marks left by the old lady's talons. The boy looks at him. Shakes his head. Points to Michael. Mouths: "alive". Michael looks to Linda.

MICHAEL

(voice starting to fade)
Linda died. You're not Linda. She's
gone. They're gone.

And with that, Linda's body vanishes. In its place, a wraith hurtling toward Michael. He grabs the boy. Runs toward the horde.

MICHAEL

(barely a whisper) Please. Help me.

The horde parts, lets him pass. They form a wall, attempt to block the wraith.

It circles, takes off.

The horde surrounds Michael.

(barely a whisper)

What's going on? My voice--

(a realization)

I'm becoming like you--

An gaunt, yet ATTRACTIVE WOMAN comes forward, nods.

MICHAEL

How do I get out? There has to be a way--

She points to Michael.

MICHAEL

What? Me?

She holds her hands up, as if in prayer, and opens them like a door.

MICHAEL

Door. Yes, I came through a portal of some sort.

She points to him, makes a walking motion with her fingers, mimes the door.

MICHAEL

I need to go back to the door. Yes,

I know, but I don't know where--

The woman nods, motions to the horde, makes the walking motion with her fingers, points to Michael, mimes the door.

MICHAEL

I need to lead you the door. You need me to open it.

(understanding)

You're trapped here. Oh my God. And I'm going to be trapped-- unless I find that door. We have to find that door! We--

Michael tries to talk - only a whisper. He looks scared. Runs.

Back to the end of the street. He looks around frantically.

MICHAEL

(whisper)

It was somewhere around here--

He looks in the distance -- wraiths approach. Lots of them.

Somewhere--

Then - a crunch. Michael looks down. Shards of amber glass. And liquid. Beer. He dashes past it and-- flash! Michael is gone. The horde exchanges nervous glances. Then, a hand, a body-- Michael stands in a glowing doorway.

MICHAEL

(a bit louder now)

Come, quick!

The horde rush the door, file through one by one. The wraiths get closer.

MICHAEL

Quickly, quickly!

The final person crosses over. Michael is about to go through, when he sees the boy from the alley helping a woman in her late 30s - the YOUNG BOY'S MOTHER.

MTCHAEL

Quick!

Michael keeps an arm in the door, reaches to the mother with the other. He grabs her hand, thrusts her through the door. A wraith is upon them!

The wraith dives for the boy. Michael looks down. Sees the broken glass. He puts his head back through the door, comes back out -- a full bottle of beer in hand. He hurls it through the air--

It strikes the wraith, disrupts its path. Michael uses the delay to grab the boys hand. Heaves him through the door just as a wraith flies THROUGH Michael's body! The color instantly fades from his skin-- he falls to the ground.

More wraiths gather overhead.

He glances back at the door and sees it— the boy's arm reaching out. With his last strength he grabs it, but is too weak to pull himself up. He collapses.

Suddenly another hand bursts through the portal. Then another. And another.

Michael's body is dragged across the threshold.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Michael enters his kitchen. A large duffle bag over one shoulder. Cell phone to his ear.

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah, I'm ready - bastards won't know what hit 'em... yeah, they're meeting us there. OK, see you in a bit.

Michael hangs up. Goes to a pad of paper on the counter next to a giant bowl of Halloween candy. Writes:

Take 1.

He crosses out the 1. Writes a 2. Crosses out the 2. Crosses out the take. Writes: Go crazy.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He puts the bowl on the porch just as a car pulls up. In the drivers seat is the Young Boy's Mother from the other side, glowing with radiant beauty. A smiling face appears in the backseat window - the Young Boy, now eight, full of life.

Michael starts for the car. Then stops.

MICHAEL

One second!

He runs back to the house.

INT. MICHAEL'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Micheal opens the fridge. Full of food and-- a six pack. He grabs the beer. Smiles. Closes the fridge.

FADE OUT.