THE HOOK

By Tomius J. Barnard
EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The outside of a large, dull building. All is completely silent - only the wind is making the slightest of sounds. Out of the shadows comes JAKE, a 15-year-old boy with a rucksack hung over his shoulder. He moves slowly towards the building, stops, and glares into the darkness before him.

JAKE
(Unsure)
Charlie?

There is no reply.

JAKE
Charlie, is that you?

And as if to robotically confirm his presence, CHARLIE - a boy of the same age - emerges from the darkness beneath the building’s shadow and grins at his friend.

CHARLIE
I thought you weren’t coming.

JAKE
Why would you think that?

CHARLIE
Because you told me I was crazy.

JAKE
You are crazy.

CHARLIE
But?

JAKE
But... we’re friends.

JAKE smiles unpromisingly. CHARLIE grins again as JAKE hands him the rucksack and begins to search through the contents within.

CHARLIE
You got everything?

JAKE
I think so. What do we need a knife for, anyway?

CHARLIE
(Sarcastically)
In case we get hungry.

JAKE
(Not in the mood)
Charlie...
CHARLIE
You should always have a knife. In case you get into trouble.

JAKE
What kind of trouble? Rope caught around your neck, something like that?

CHARLIE
Maybe.

JAKE glances about nervously, his friend’s lack of precise confirmation not helping to keep him cool. CHARLIE, finished with the rucksack, hands it back to JAKE and points up at a small open window on the side of the building.

CHARLIE
That’s where we’re going. Follow me – and be quiet.

CHARLIE begins to climb in, but JAKE pulls on his friend’s jacket. CHARLIE stops and looks at him.

JAKE
Do we have to do this?

CHARLIE
Yes. It’ll be fine.

JAKE
How do you know that this hook is even in there, Charlie?

CHARLIE
Because I know, OK? Come on.

With that, CHARLIE climbs through the window and is gone. JAKE glances around, takes a deep breath and follows, slipping slightly as he clambers through the small open window.

INT. ROOM - BUILDING - NIGHT

JAKE pulls himself into the room and falls loudly onto the floor.

JAKE
Ouch.

He glances up at CHARLIE apologetically and CHARLIE puts a finger to his lips to silence him. The room is small and dusty. Only a few boxes are scattered around – otherwise, it’s empty. A door is open on the far side of the room. CHARLIE beckons JAKE to follow as he makes his way out.
INT. CORRIDOR - BUILDING - NIGHT

The pair sneak along a corridor of what appears to be some sort of museum or mansion. They stop at another door at CHARLIE's command and edge inside slowly.

INT. ROOM - BUILDING - NIGHT

Inside, CHARLIE begins to search around. The room is piled with books and papers - it seems to be some sort of research area or study.

JAKE
(Whispering)
Is this it, Charlie?

CHARLIE silences him once again with the finger to his lips and walks all-knowingly over to a desk. He grins to himself, kneels and opens a desk drawer. Inside is a large, shimmering hook.

JAKE
(Whispering)
Is it there, Charlie? Is it where he said?

CHARLIE is silent. He reaches down and retrieves his prize, grinning frantically.

JAKE
(Slightly louder)
Charlie, hey.

And then, from behind them in the corridor comes the sound of another person... edging closer.

JAKE
(Panicked)
Charlie! Somebody’s coming!

CHARLIE suddenly comes back to reality. He moves quickly, grabbing the rucksack from JAKE and putting the hook inside.

CHARLIE
Come on. We’re not getting caught.

INT. CORRIDOR - BUILDING - NIGHT

CHARLIE leads JAKE back towards the room as the sight of a lantern and some shadows moving at the other end of the corridor is apparent.
INT. ROOM - BUILDING - NIGHT

Back at the room, CHARLIE stops as JAKE enters.

CHARLIE
Quick, you first. Get out.

JAKE nods and makes his way to the window - but is suddenly stricken with panic as he notices that it is shut... and there's no handle or other way of getting it open.

JAKE
(Muttering)
Charlie...

CHARLIE
What? Quick Jake, get out.

JAKE
Charlie, I can't.

CHARLIE
(Annoyed)
What is it now?

CHARLIE moves over to the window and is suddenly aware of the problem.

CHARLIE
Oh, no.

JAKE
What do we do?

CHARLIE
We'll have to go back. Get out another way.

JAKE
(Suddenly hysterical)
What?! Charlie, somebody is coming! Somebody is out there, we can't go back!

CHARLIE
It'll be OK, just - follow me.

And then, WHAM! The door closes. JAKE backs up against the far wall, petrified. CHARLIE throws down the rucksack and moves towards the door, trying to pull it open.

JAKE
I told you, didn't I?! Bad idea, I said! Stupid idea!
After several attempts, CHARLIE falls back against the wall. A moment of silence, and then:

JAKE
What are we going to do?

CHARLIE
Listen to me. As soon as that door opens, we run. No matter who opens it, or whoever pops their head through, just run. As fast as you can.

JAKE opens his mouth to speak, but decides on saying nothing. CHARLIE puts a hand on his shoulder.

CHARLIE
(Slightly odd)
We got what we came for. It’s ours. Just be ready. It’ll open any second now. You’ll see.

JAKE looks at his friend, blatant fear in his expression.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ROOM - BUILDING - NIGHT
SUPERIMPOSE: 23 HOURS PASSED

JAKE and CHARLIE are on the floor, weak and looking ill and rough. Both of them are extremely tired. JAKE breathlessly turns to his friend.

JAKE
Charlie...

CHARLIE
Uh?

JAKE
Let’s try again.

CHARLIE
No use. Window won’t break. Door won’t open.

JAKE
Let’s try one more time.

CHARLIE
That’s what you said before.

JAKE
Just... once more, Charlie. I need to eat something.
CHARLIE
(Grinning crazily)
Eat me.

At these words, they both explode into fits of laughter.

JAKE
(Laughing hysterically)
You’re crazy.

CHARLIE
Yep, that’s me.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ROOM - BUILDING - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 36 HOURS PASSED

They pair haven’t moved. CHARLIE is half-asleep. JAKE is staring off into space.

JAKE
Charlie. I’d like to see it.

CHARLIE
(Half-asleep)
See what?

JAKE
It. The hook.

CHARLIE
The hook, huh?

JAKE
Yeah. Can I?

CHARLIE
Go ahead. What’s mine, is yours.

CHARLIE laughs, amused at his words. JAKE crawls over to the rucksack and removes the shimmering hook. He glares at it in amazement, holding it up as if to praise it.

JAKE
It’s sharp.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. ROOM - BUILDING - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 58 HOURS PASSED
The room is covered in blood and entrails absolutely everywhere. JAKE is leaning over CHARLIE, cutting his flesh with a knife. The hook is embedded in CHARLIE’s head and both of his eyes are missing.

    JAKE (V.O.)
    What do we need a knife for, anyway?

    CHARLIE (V.O.)
    (Sarcastically)
    In case we get hungry.

JAKE’s mouth and face are dripping with blood and he is chewing what looks like an eyeball frantically.

    JAKE
    (Happily)
    Hey, Charlie. You taste really good.

FADE TO BLACK.