

TRAPPED

Written by

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FADE IN

I/E. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A pick up truck that hauls a trailer pulls into the driveway or a modest, small house.

The man driving exits and begins to unload boxes/furniture into the garage.

MAN, in his 40's.

He stares at a framed picture inside a box that has popped open.

INSERT - PICTURE

Its the man and his ex wife.

BACK TO SCENE

MONTAGE

-He takes boxes and furniture from the trailer into the house until the trailer is empty.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

His bedroom has a mattress that sits directly on the floor, a dresser and a small table next to the bed with a lamp, clock radio and the picture of he and his ex wife.

The glimmer of his laptop screen is the only light in the room.

Scratching sounds hail from the hallway.

MAN
(to himself)
...the hell is that.

He gets up and looks in the hallway for the noise.

The scratching continues.

He goes downstairs and the scratches begin to fade.

After moments of listening, he goes back to his bed and turns off his laptop.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The phone rings and wake him up.

MAN
(rubbing his eyes)
Yea?

SISTER (O.S.)
Yea? Polite, aren't we?

MAN
Oh, hey. Sorry about that. Must
have nodded off for a bit.

He sits up on the side of the bed.

The room is pitch black except for a clock radio on the
table next to the bed.

SISTER (V.O.)
So how is it?

MAN
The house? Good, small but good.
Actually, I think I got a mouse or
some other rabies infested rodent.

SISTER (V.O.)
I'll see if I can get the number
for the exterminator dad used a
while back.

MAN
(laughs to himself)
That would be good, I'll get some
traps in the mean time.

SISTER (V.O.)
Did you take the picture of you and
Jackie? I couldn't find it when we
packed.

He stares at the picture on the table next to the bed.

MAN
No, must be around somewhere. Look
I'm beat, lots of heavy lifting.
Goodnight.

SISTER (V.O.)
Sorry, I'll let you get some rest.
Let's see if dad remembers the
exterminator's info.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He says nothing and hangs up the phone.

EXT. BACK YARD - MORNING

He cleans the back yard of various lawn debris.

The neighbor stands at the fence and stares.

NEIGHBOR, older man.

NEIGHBOR

Back to clean the outside huh?

MAN

(confused)

Back?

NEIGHBOR

Well, yea. You were here yesterday morning cleaning the inside, remember? I tried to introduce myself but you must not have heard me hollerin'.

MAN

I moved in yesterday afternoon. Last time I was here I signed the lease...that was a week ago.

NEIGHBOR

Now I was certain someone was here, heard a bunch of racket coming from inside.

MAN

Probably the landlord doing a last minute sweep of the place.

NEIGHBOR

Alright then, until we meet again!

The neighbor goes back inside.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

He walks up stairs and the scratches ensues yet again.

Taking a long, deep breath, he calls his sister.

MAN

(while phone ringing)

Come on...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SISTER (V.O.)

Hel--

MAN

--goddamn rat is back!

SISTER (V.O.)

Again with the politeness! Did you get any traps?

MAN

Shit, I forgot. Did you get the number from dad?

SISTER (V.O.)

You realize that you can call him, right?

MAN

Can you, please? You said you would. I'm heading out the door now.

SISTER (V.O.)

Will do. I have to come cook you dinner when you get settled in.

MAN

OK, sure! Talk to you later.

SISTER (V.O.)

Bye.

He hangs up.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

He stares blankly at the various types of mouse traps. Some kill, some catch and release.

He finally grabs three of the largest on the shelf.

INT. GROCERY STORE - SAME

He stands in the cheese section, stares at the ridiculously large selection and grabs a block of cheddar.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

The plastic wrapping on the block of cheese is no match for him, he tears it open with his teeth and fingernails, getting them gunked up in the process.

MAN

(under his breath)

Little assholes, teach you to come in here, this is my house.

As he walks up the stairs, the phone rings.

He stops.

MAN (cont'd)

Hello?

SISTER (V.O.)

Alright I talked to dad and he gave me the number, got a pen?

MAN

Let me call you back, I have a handful of traps.

SISTER (V.O.)

Do you know where the noise is coming from?

MAN

In the hallway somewhere. I gotta go I don't want to spook the rat.

SISTER (V.O.)

Let me know what happens!

He hangs up.

He runs up the stairs to the hallway where the scratches become louder.

There is fresh paint that coats the walls of the hallway, but no where else in the house.

He stands with his ear against the wall and walks along the length of the hallway.

He backs up and looks at the wall, pushes against it and knocks looking for studs.

He runs down the staircase and into the kitchen where he grabs a set of old keys that came with the house and heads out the back door.

EXT. BACK YARD - NIGHT

There is a padlocked shed on the side of the house.

After he fumbles with the keys, the correct one opens the lock and he grabs a pick-ax.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

He stands in front of the section of drywall where the noises are the loudest.

He swings and punctures the drywall.

And again.

The pick-ax is stuck as he struggles to get it free.

As he lifts it again, liquid drips on his face.

The pick-ax tip is covered with blood, he immediately drops it.

The scratches have stopped.

He tears away at the drywall and finally exposes what's in the crawl space.

A woman is tied to the 2x4 post. Her mouth and eyes duct taped.

Blood covers her face as he struck her on the top of the head.

He calls 911.

He stands there stunned, stares into the gaping hole.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
911 what is your emergency.

MAN
I need to report an accident.

FADE OUT