TRAPPED

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. WOODS – DAY

A beat up station wagon with handicap plates is parked on the side of a dirt road lined with trees. The road leads to a

EXT. SALTWATER MARSH – DAY

The secluded marsh is surrounded by woods. A path leads to a

EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE – DAY

About thirty feet long. Five ropes are tied to its guardrails. Each rope leads down into a stream running underneath the bridge. The stream is about four feet deep.

Near the center of the bridge sits a large blue cooler. A long crabbing net and a plastic bucket rest beside it.

CHARLIE, 75, short, frail, leans over one of the guardrails at the far end of the bridge. He is dressed in his Sunday’s best. A faded Red Sox cap sits atop his head.

Charlie holds one of the ropes gently in his fingers as he peers down at the murky water below.


CHARLIE

Slow day, Matilda. Bait’s losing its bite.

VROOM! VROOM! VROOOMMMM!

The old man’s head cocks up at the sound of AN APPROACHING MOTORCYCLE. He eyes the dirt road. Frowns. He grabs a cane propped on the railing. Limps over toward the next rope.

EXT. WOODS – DAY

The motorcycle’s tires SKID to a stop beside the wagon.

A black leather boot kicks the bike stand down.

The motorcycle shifts as the weight of its rider gets off.

RAY, 30, tall, built, stares at the bridge and the old man, removes his helmet. A scar from the corner of his mouth up to his ear. Ray slams the helmet down on the bike’s seat.
EXT. WOODED BRIDGE - DAY

Charlie glances at the mammoth biker as he approaches.

RAY
How goes it, old timer.

Ray removes his black leather jacket. His arms are covered in freaky looking tattoos.

CHARLIE
Slow.

Ray lumbers over to the plastic bucket. Kicks it.

Several angry BLUE CRABS stir inside. Their arms extend, pinchers flaring, clearly unhappy being caught.

Ray takes a pack of smokes and a lighter out of his jacket. He folds the jacket over the bridge’s guardrail.

RAY
Doing alright for your age.

Ray glances at the large blue cooler.

RAY
You got any beer in there?

CHARLIE
Bait.

Ray grimaces. Lights his cigarette.

CHARLIE
Matilda and I used to fill that bucket by noon.

Ray glances up from the lighter’s flame.

RAY
Matilda here now?

Charlie gives up on the rope he’s checking.

CHARLIE
She ain’t.

Ray takes a long drag from his cigarette. Exhales.

RAY
Just you and the crabs.
CHARLIE
Yup.

RAY
All alone. Middle of nowhere.

CHARLIE
Yup.

Ray strolls over to Charlie. Leans over the guardrail. He’s so big he blocks out the sun, casting Charlie in shadow.

RAY
I passed a sign about five miles back. Said there was gas.

CHARLIE
No gas around here. Used to be a station. Sign’s still there.

RAY
False fucking advertising.

CHARLIE
I suppose.

Charlie crosses to a rope on the opposite side of the bridge. Ray turns and leans his back against the guardrail.

RAY
You got any money I can borrow?

CHARLIE
Nope.

RAY
How ‘bout that shit-can wagon over there? You got any in there?

CHARLIE
Sorry.

RAY
I’ve been riding a long time. I could sure use a few bucks when I find some gas.

CHARLIE
I told you I ain’t got none.

Ray turns and leans his massive forearms on the guardrail. He looks out at the beautiful, yet ominous surroundings.
RAY
You know... bad things happen in the middle of nowhere. People go missing.

Charlie looks up from the rope he’s checking.

RAY
Heard a hitchhiker went missing a few months ago. A couple of kids camping the month before that.

Charlie heads for a rope near the foot of the bridge, eyes on the station wagon.

RAY
Authorities are hoping for the best, but the chances of any of them being alive are slim and none.

Charlie checks the rope but his focus is clearly on Ray.

RAY
It doesn’t take a brain surgeon to figure out that someone around here has taken to killing. Probably someone strong. Male. Maybe a drifter...

Ray turns around. A big shit eating grin.

RAY
... or a biker.

Charlie fishes into his pocket for something.

CHARLIE
Yup. I heard as much. There was a story in the paper, and a young deputy came by the house asking if I seen anyone suspicious.

Charlie pulls a small knife out of his pocket. He unfolds it. Heads straight for Ray, knife in hand.

Ray sees the knife. A nervous laugh.

RAY
Now, me myself, I’m not one for stereotypes. Shit. Just about anyone can take to killing.

Charlie stops at the rope right before Ray. He shortens the slack end with the knife.
CHARLIE

Yup.

Charlie SNAPS the knife shut.

Ray snorts, relieved. He takes one last drag from his cigarette. Ashes it into the guardrail.

RAY

A man needs to be careful out here. You never know who you might run into.

Charlie passes Ray on his way over to the next rope. Ray reaches into his back pocket for something...

CHARLIE (O.S.)

That’s why I carry a permit.

RAY

Damn. You packing, old timer?

Charlie checks the rope. No bites. He turns to the biker.

CHARLIE

Never leave home without it.

Ray pulls his hand out of his pocket slowly. It’s a comb.

Ray raises his hands a la “don’t shoot”. Another nervous laugh as he runs the comb through his long black hair.

RAY

What kind of heat we talking?

CHARLIE

Peacemaker.

RAY

An S.A.A.? Shit. You a good shot?

CHARLIE

Killed seven men in the war. Could of killed seven more. Damn claymore took my leg.

Charlie pulls up one of his pant legs revealing a prosthetic leg. Strapped around its ankle is the gun.

RAY

Fuck me. That must of hurt.

(beat)

My daddy did a tour in Nam.
Charlie lowers his pant leg. Leans over the guardrail.

CHARLIE
I used to walk this stream barefoot with my father. He would scoop the crabs up with a net when they went after my toes.

Ray chuckles. Leans over the guardrail beside Charlie.

RAY
You use traps now?

CHARLIE
Yup. Never was much good with a net. Too busy watching my toes.

RAY
No shit. I would be too.

CHARLIE
Matilda was good with a net.

Ray glances thoughtfully at the nearby net.

CHARLIE
I’d lure them in with a chicken leg on a string. The trick is to let ‘em eat for a bit. Let ‘em get comfortable. Let ‘em think they’re at the buffet, not on it.

Ray laughs.

CHARLIE
Sometimes they’d spot me. They can see your shadow on the water. But they’d never see that net creeping up behind them. Matilda was so quiet. You’d never know she was there.

RAY
Sounds like you two made a good team.

Charlie sniffles. Wipes his forearm over his eyes.

RAY (O.S.)
Name’s Ray.

Charlie takes Ray’s outstretched hand. He shakes it.
Charlie.

Charlie looks out longingly at the water.

After Matilda got sick... things changed. Seemed like soon as she stopped coming here the crabs did too. Damn cancer takes everything.

Ray nods. He scratches the scar on his face.

Took my old man too. Watching him wither away... I almost missed him being strong enough to--

Ray turns, spooked by something.

You hear that?

Charlie stares back at Ray, confused.

Thought I heard something...

sounded like crying.

Charlie sighs.

I sometimes hear Matilda crying...

it’s probably just the wind.

Ray turns back to the guardrail. He laughs.

Yeah. It’s probably just the wind.

The rope in Charlie’s hand suddenly jerks.

Charlie’s eyes widen. He licks his lips excitedly.

Got something?

The rope jerks again. Charlie nods his head, “yes”.

You still use chicken legs?

Charlie shakes his head, “no”.

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Charlie shakes his head, “no”.

The rope jerks again. Charlie nods his head, “yes”.

You still use chicken legs?
The few crabs left here are real picky eaters.

Charlie grabs hold of the rope with both hands. He yanks up on the rope sharply.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The steel trap shuts on its unsuspecting prey.

EXT. WOODEN BRIDGE - DAY

Charlie pulls the rope up swiftly, hand over hand.

RAY

Hey, you need help with that--

Charlie lifts the dripping trap up over the guardrail and SLAMS it down on the bridge’s floorboards.

Ray grins, impressed with Charlie’s vigor. The old man is not as weak as he looks.

Charlie kneels beside the trap. Looks up at Ray. Makes a shooing motion with his hands.

CHARLIE

Family secret.

RAY

What? The bait?

Ray gets a whiff of it. He grabs his nose.

RAY

Whatever it is, it stinks!

CHARLIE

Go on. Get.

RAY

You’re serious?

CHARLIE

It’s time for you to depart.

RAY

Crazy old loon. Must be one hell of a secret.
CHARLIE
Oh... it’s a doozie.

RAY
Come on, Charlie. I ain’t leaving ‘til you show me.

Charlie sighs.

CHARLIE
Alright, Ray. But if I show you...
I’m gonna have to kill you.

RAY
Fine. Kill me you old bastard!
I’m dying to know.

Charlie releases a latch on the trap and it springs open.
A pair of Blue Crabs fight over a half-eaten human hand.

RAY
What the fuck...

Ray takes a step back.

SHTICKKKK!!!

Ray’s eyes bulge.

A thin line of blood trickles from his mouth.

He looks down at his chest.

A dark red spot blossoms as blood seeps into his shirt.

The tip of a knife pokes out through the center of his chest.
Sunlight dances off it. It disappears back inside his chest.

Ray falls to his knees. MATILDA, 75, stands behind him.

She is soaking wet from the waist down. A trail of wet footprints left behind her from the foot of the bridge.

Matilda looks as unimposing as Charlie... except of course for the giant hunting knife she’s holding covered in blood.

Ray looks up at Charlie.

RAY
Charlie?

CHARLIE
You’re on the buffet, Ray.
Charlie raises his cane above his head with both hands.

    CHARLIE
    A man needs to be careful out here. You never know who you might run
    into.

Charlie brings the cane down hard. A sickening CRACK as it
collides with Ray’s skull.

Ray slumps over in a heap on the dock. Blood pools around
his massive, lifeless body.

Charlie tosses his cane aside and reaches his hand out to
Matilda. She takes it as she steps over Ray’s body.

    MATILDA
    I cried during the part about me
    being sick. Will you really miss
    me that much when I’m gone?

    CHARLIE
    I miss you that much when you’re
    under the bridge.

    MATILDA
    Oh, Charles... I was so worried he
    heard me and was going to get away.

Charlie holds a finger to her lips. He kisses her softly.

    CHARLIE
    There, there, Matilda... he never
    saw you coming. They never do.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERWATER - LATER

SPLASH!

The steel trap comes to a rest on the stream floor.

Ray’s severed head sits on a metal spike in its center... eyes still bulging... probably worried more about his missing
toes than the approaching Blue Crabs.

    FADE OUT.