

TWO MEN AND A HERMIT

Ashraff M. Fitri

A Short Film

ashraffitri12345@gmail.com

Copyright (c) 2020

**OVER BLACK**

Total silence. Nothing. Nothing at all.

LEWIS(V.O)  
You like card games?

A monotonous voice is heard.

ETHAN(V.O)  
Sorry?

Another monotonous voice is heard.

LEWIS(V.O)  
I said; do you like card games?

ETHAN(V.O)  
Of course. Big fan of cards.

LEWIS(V.O)  
What do you prefer?

A SILENT PAUSE.

THEN:

CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN CABIN - NOON

Two men are sitting at a long wooden table, 15th century style, both sitting at opposite each other. The table is empty. Nothing is there.

The cabin is mostly empty. Only a table, chairs, a couch and a carpet.

Through the two windows behind both the men are trees. Only trees.

One of the men is LEWIS, fat with curly hair and wears a thick pair of glasses. He looks like if Zach Galifianakis and Seth Rogen had a child.

Lewis is in a brown jacket with a white tee under it. A pair of shorts completes the set of a perfect hobo.

The other is ETHAN, tall, slender and much more attractive than Lewis. Has the face of a cold-hearted killer but the eyes of a puppy.

Ethan is in a blue collared shirt with a pair of brown slacks.

ETHAN  
Uno. Uno sounds nice.

LEWIS  
 Uno. We played that yesterday, E.  
 Pick another one.

ETHAN  
 I'm no card game expert.  
 (beat)  
 How 'bout Jenga?

LEWIS  
 Jenga's not a card game,  
 sweetheart.

Ethan gives a little giggle. An ugly one, to be exact.

LEWIS  
 You sound like a dying puppy.

ETHAN  
 Why? You ever seen one? You ever  
 seen a dead puppy before?

Lewis slams the table with both hands all of a sudden. His eyebrows are sharp and is pointing downwards now. His body getting closer to the table.

LEWIS  
 (trying not to blow up)  
 That's not what I said. I  
 specifically stated "sound". Which  
 is obviously directed to hearing  
 and has no similarity with "vision"  
 whatsoever.

He shouts with the same monotonous voice he has, just a bit louder.

Ethan does not seem to flinch at all. His face stayed emotionless.

ETHAN  
 (one-by-one)  
 Your point stands.

Lewis sits his back down to the chair.

LEWIS  
 (calmer)  
 Thank you.

Out of nowhere:

*DING!!*

The sound of a timer going off.

Ethan and Lewis does not say anything.

COMPLETE SILENCE.

We could only hear creaking wood and chirping birds.

Ethan smirks. The first facial expression we've seen of him.

ETHAN  
That's lunch.

Ethan stands up and walks away from the table.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN CABIN - KITCHEN - SAME

The kitchen is just like the rest of the cabin. Empty. Other than the fridge, a sink, the stove and an oven.

Ethan grabs a purple oven mitts left on the stove and puts it on. He then opens the oven below him.

We could see a huge bowl in front of us. Ethan looks at the bowl with a tiny smile. His eyes are still almost asleep. Ethan pulls out the bowl quickly and hungrily.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN CABIN - SAME

Ethan walks to the table with a bowl and oven mitts covering his bare hands. Face still straight.

Lewis is waiting for the bowl at the table, with his fingers crossed.

Ethan slams the bowl down on the table.

ETHAN  
Eating time.

LEWIS  
Get the guy.

ETHAN  
(gets closer to Lewis)  
I'm sorry what?

LEWIS  
(voice louder)  
Get the other guy.

ETHAN  
(affirmative)  
Right.

Ethan heads away from the table.

He walks to a door which is the only door in the cabin other than the front door. He slowly opens the door and enters:

INT. GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is dingy, dirty and dark. The wallpaper is getting dull and worn off. The floor is dusty and looks like it hasn't been cleaned for years.

Around the filthy wallpaper are dozens of tally marks, that has been counted for days, weeks, and possibly, years.

The room is windowless and has a single, dying lightbulb, that is trying it's best to light up the whole room.

In the middle of the room is a king-sized bed, with a mattress as thick as the Earth's crust.

On the bed is a man, curled up in a ball. Rolling around, making the bed creak loudly.

ETHAN  
Lunch's ready.

No response from the curled up man.

ETHAN  
(much louder)  
LUNCH! IS! READY!

The man stopped curling and the bed stopped creaking. He holds his head up to reveal:

A man with long hair and a beard that is just as long. His white face is dirty and sweaty. His clothing probably hasn't been washed for years.

We just call him STU.

STU  
(whispering)  
Lunch?

Ethan crunched his eyebrows down, probably in confusion.

ETHAN  
Louder.

Stu takes in a huge breath and lets it go.

STU  
(a bit louder)  
Is it lunch?

ETHAN  
(clicks tongue)  
That's what I said, man.  
(beat)  
Come on.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN CABIN - SAME

Ethan walks to the table, Stu following. Ethan sits down on the chair in front of Lewis while Stu sits down to Lewis's right, just between them.

Stu sits down comfortably. It is like he is used to the odd duo.

The large bowl is on the table, still piping hot.

Stu fixes his voice, and:

STU  
(points at bowl)  
What is this?

LEWIS  
(smiling)  
Lasagna. Homemade.

Stu grabs his fork, which is on the table. He looks at the fork like it is something alien. Then he starts digging the lasagna.

Suddenly he stops. Freezes.

ETHAN  
Why? Are you not interested?

STU  
How am I going to eat this?

LEWIS  
(mimics eating)  
Just eat it straight from the bowl.  
No plates today.

STU  
(eyes on lasagna)  
Okay.

Stu starts using his fork to devour the lasagna brutally and quickly. We can hear the sound of Stu's loud chewing.

Ethan and Lewis maintains their eye contact directly at Stu's animal-like eating.

Ethan breaks the silence:

ETHAN  
I noticed the lines on the walls.  
You been countin'?

Stu abruptly stops eating, with bits of lasagna in his beard.

STU  
I've been counting my days here.

LEWIS  
How many days has it been?

STU  
Counting today.  
(beat)  
788 days.

ETHAN  
Happy 788th day it is.

Both Ethan and Lewis starts chuckling their lungs out, with the same robotic voice they have, while Stu continues to destroy the homemade lasagna.

Both Ethan and Lewis simultaneously stops chuckling and continue their eye battle.

A PAUSE. ONLY THE SOUND OF STU'S CHEWING.

LEWIS  
No table manners, is it?

Stu heard Lewis and he held his head up, drops his fork and looks at Lewis with soft eyes.

STU  
I'm so sorry. I-I did not realize  
that I'm being rude and messy.

Lewis looks straight at Ethan with really sharp eyes. Ethan returns the look with sharper eyes.

ETHAN  
(eyes still on Lewis)  
Apology accepted.

Lewis nods in acceptance.

LEWIS  
(eyes still on Ethan)  
Apology accepted.  
(turns to Stu)  
You may continue. Scale down on the  
chewing part.

STU  
Alright. Sorry, mister.

Stu grabs the fork in the bowl and continues mining into the lasagna and stuffs it in his bearded mouth. But this time, the chewing is much slower.

Ethan and Lewis continues to look at each other, like before.

Only silence between the pair.

Only the sound of Stu's slower and softer chewing.

Then:

*CLINGG!!*

Stu drops his fork in the bowl and wipes his lasagna'd mouth and pulls out the bits of pasta from his beard.

*BAAARRGGHH!!*

A sickening burp exits from Stu's mouth.

He immediately covered his mouth as a reflex.

STU  
(mouth covered, muffled)  
I'm very sorry.

Lewis immediately cuts in:

LEWIS  
(eyes on Ethan)  
No need to apologize. Burping is a very human thing to do. Isn't that correct?

A beat.

ETHAN  
(eyes on Lewis)  
That's correct. Burping is a human thing to do.

Stu pans his eye from left to right. From Lewis to Ethan, to see what is wrong. His eyes are wider than before.

STU  
(nervously)  
Can I get a glass of water? My mouth is dried up.

Ethan breaks his eye contact with Lewis to turn to Stu then back to Lewis.

ETHAN  
Can he get a glass of water? His mouth is dried up.

A beat.



LEWIS  
(turns to Stu)  
Sure. Why not?

Stu only nods at Lewis.

Lewis stands up, eyes on Ethan, and steps away from the table backwards. He then turns around and walks normally.

CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN CABIN - KITCHEN - SAME

Lewis walks slowly to the fridge and opens it. He takes out an empty blue plastic cup and then heads to the sink.

He turns the valve on the sink and water gushes out.

But the water is a bit tinted. It seems rusty. It has a brownish-yellow colour.

Lewis puts the blue cup below the water and fills the cup full.

The water exceeded the limit and water starts gushing out from the cup. Lewis only stares at it a few seconds.

The streaming water drips on Lewis's bare hands. He did not even flinch.

A FEW SECONDS OF GUSHING WATER PASSES.

Lewis pulls the cup away and turns the pipe off. The water stops.

He then walks slowly back to:

CUT TO:

INT. WOODEN CABIN - SAME

Lewis walks back to the table, where Ethan and Stu are sitting there in total silence.

Lewis sits back on his "reserved" seat. He puts the cup of tinted water in front of Stu.

Stu stares at the dirty water Lewis gave. He takes in a deep breath and exhales.

LEWIS  
A cup of plain water. Drink it.  
Your mouth is dried up.

Stu looks at Lewis.

Lewis gives an expressionless smile.

Stu takes his dirty fork and licks off the lasagna leftovers. He licks it off squeaky clean.

He puts down the fork on the table but does not let go of it.

STU  
(to Lewis)  
Thank you for your help.

Lewis, eyes on Stu, nods slowly.

STU  
(to Ethan)  
Thank you for your help.

Ethan, eyes on Stu, nods slowly.

Stu gulps loudly.

CLOSE UP on Stu's forehead. A sweat drops.

Stu shakingly holds the cup of water and slowly pulls it to his mouth.

His head slowly turns upwards to gulp in water, his hand follows. But then:

Stu unhesitatingly throw the cup of water directly into Lewis's face. Lewis pulls back and falls off the chair.

Stu grabs his fork from the lasagna bowl and went straight for Ethan. The fork penetrates Ethan's chest and blood starts appearing on his blue shirt. A big contrast in colour. But his chest is still pumping.

Ethan falls off his chair, but his face does not seem to move at all. He stayed emotionless and sort of robotic. His chest is still puffing upwards and downwards normally.

Stu moves away from Ethan and turns to Lewis who is lying on the floor, with a wet but emotionless face. Same as Ethan. Lewis looks as if he is processing what is happening.

Stu starts producing heavy breaths.

He grabs the wooden chair next to inanimate Ethan and hurls the chair directly towards the oddly inanimate Lewis.

Lewis stops moving. Chest stops moving. He is dead.

Stu grabs the hurled chair and tosses it again at Lewis. He lets out a loud grunt as he does.

CLOSE UP on Lewis's motionless bare feet.

Stu's hairy face turns boiling red in anger. His eyebrows went down and his eyes started producing tears.

He stomps straight to the paralysed Ethan. Stu sits down on Ethan's tummy.

Ethan did not respond at all. He is emotionless. But his breathing says otherwise:

HIS BREATHING IS HEAVY AND LOUD.

Stu closes the distance his face and Ethan's.

STU  
(voice shaking)  
This is all your fault.

Stu then pulls out the fork from Ethan's blood-stained chest without any hesitation. The fork was placed in a straight angle next to Ethan's head, with a polite manner. Very slow and intimate.

Stu spits into his right hand and calmly rub both his hands.

The spat on hands are placed onto Ethan's neck.

The hands get tighter and Ethan starts grunting quietly, almost inaudible.

Ethan's body did not even recoil to Stu's violent strangle.

Stu's jaw clench and his hands get tighter.

All of a sudden: Stu stops strangling, stands up and lets out a thundering and inhuman shriek, almost animal-like.

A FEW SECONDS OF TERRIFYING SHRIEKING

Stu stops and breathes normally.

He looks down:

CLOSE UP on Ethan's face, blinking as normal.

Stu goes away from Ethan and turns around with non-regretful and cocky eyes.

CLOSE UP on Lewis's face.

CLOSE UP on Ethan's face.

Stu looks around the room then he turns around slowly and slams open the front door to reveal:

Trees. Only trees.

The cabin is in the middle of the forest.

Stu slowly steps out of the door and into the unknown. He did not even hesitate to turn around and see Lewis and Ethan.

Stu slowly walks into the green scenery of nature and we:

CUT TO BLACK

-----**THE END**-----