

Thin Walls
by
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WGAw Registered

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FADE IN:

PITCH BLACK.

The constant DRIPPING of water echoes. Metal chains CLINK while metal CLANGS upon metal.

A room slowly comes into view -- blurry and dingy.

INT. CELL CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Moss covered walls -- walls of stonebrick masonry. A small barred window across the room -- the only source of light -- allowing the moonlight to peel in upon a MAN's face.

He's motionless -- chained to a wall. Is he dead?

A GROAN -- stirring. No, he's not dead.

As he lifts up his head, the moonlight unveils his face. Blood drips from the edges of his hair to the floor beneath -- while some runs down his cheek.

Sweat mixes with dirt -- and grime. A COUGH. He's coming to.

MAN

Hmph!

He leans forward -- tries to moves his hands to his face. But he can't -- metal bracelets chained to the pipe next to him prevents him from doing so. He starts to realise.

He looks at his binds -- it takes a second.

MAN (CONT'D)

What the hell!?

He darts his gaze around the room.

MAN (CONT'D)

Hello!?

No answer but his own echoes.

MAN (CONT'D)

Please! Can anyone hear me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Bloody Hell, man. If you don't
 mind, some of us are trying to get
 some shut eye around here.

The Man stops in his tracks -- literally. He's frozen.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 That is more bloody like it.

MAN
 You're real?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Real. Fake.
 (beat)
 What does it matter?

The Man rests his head against the wall. Sighs.

MAN
 Do you have any idea where we are?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Even if I did -- what would it
 matter?

(beat)
 No one is finding us here anyway.

MAN
 Why are you here?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Probably for the same reason you
 are.

MAN
 I wouldn't be so sure about that.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Why the bloody hell is that?

MAN
 Because...
 (softer)
 I don't even know why I'm here.

Footsteps. Outside -- from the hallway.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Looks like you're about to.

The FOOTSTEPS stop outside the Man's door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN
What's going on?

No answer.

MAN (CONT'D)
Hello?

The door draws open. Two ARMED MEN come in. ARMED MAN #1 walks up to the Man and knocks him out.

INT. CELL CHAMBERS - MORNING

Cell door opens. The two Armed Guards drag in the man -- who is drenched from head to toe. They chain him up to the pipes. They leave soon after.

The Man stirs and groans as he moves around.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
The first night's the hardest.
(beat)
Scratch that, every other bloody
night is just as hard.

MAN
I--
(beat)
I can't take much more...

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
What did they want?

MAN
They kept asking me questions.
About my job...
(beat)
About some of the visitors...

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
What is that you do?

MAN
Do?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
Yeah... your occupation -- your
job?

MAN
I'm a librarian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
A librarian?

The Other Man laughs.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
You're telling me, that they
kidnapped, a librarian?
(beat)
Wow...

MAN
Believe me, it's as much as a
surprise to me as it is to you.

Silence. Then...

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
Out of curiosity... what library?

MAN
What library?
(beat)
Seriously?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
Just trying to make conversation.

MAN
Then why don't we start with where
the hell are we?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
Barbados. Australia. France.
(beat)
Pick a place.

MAN
So you have no idea?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
What's with all the bloody
questions?

MAN
(laughs)
You're a piece of work.
(beat)
What's with the use of 'bloody' in
all your sentences?
(beat)
I mean...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN (CONT'D)

I know you're British and all, but
come on dude-- I doubt you really
say it that much.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

Maybe I like to play into bloody
stereotypes.

The Man shakes his head -- winces in pain.

MAN

I don't know what hurts worse...
(beat)
Listening to you or the torture.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

A sense of humor can only get you
so far.

MAN

We'll see about that.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

That we will.

INT. CELL CHAMBERS - DAY

A set of keys rattle together. The noise carries itself
inside of the cell. The door CREAKS open -- the Man
awakens.

MAN

Who are you? What do you want?

Armed Guard #1 places a bowl down in front of him and
walks back to the door -- locking it behind him.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

I think you'll find that no one
here is as bloody talkative as you
are.

MAN

Except you, of course.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

(repeats)
Except for me.

The Other Man sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Who knows though, I could be a
 figment of your imagination.
 (beat)
 Your subconscious trying to deal
 with the predicament you're in.

MAN
 If so, then I've been pretty lazy,
 haven't I?

Silence -- a second to think.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 How so?

MAN
 I haven't even given you a name.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Think it over -- you only get one
 shot at it.
 (beat)
 Might as well do it right.

The Man sighs -- lays back his head.

MAN
 Do you ever think we'll get out of
 here?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Who knows...

MAN
 You really don't seem concerned.
 Do you know something I don't?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 Who bloody cares? It isn't going
 to make a damn of a difference,
 now will it?

Johnny doesn't answer.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)
 (sotto)
 Bloody hell.

MAN
 I heard that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

'Course you did.

(beat)

It's like I'm in a bloody interview.

MAN

Well excuse me for being curious.

(beat)

You know I haven't asked you much.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

Bloody hell. Here we go again.

(beat)

All you do is bloody whine.

(beat)

Look, if you want any chance of surviving -- you have to show them that you're stronger than they think you are and that's not going to happen with you asking where you are and why you're here every two bloody seconds.

MAN

Whoa, someone woke up on the wrong side of the bed today, didn't they?

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

I'm just telling you what you need to hear.

(beat)

Think of me as your subconscious.

MAN

And does my subconscious have a name?

A long pause.

OTHER MAN (V.O.)

Alex.

The Other Man will now be referred to as Alex.

MAN

Well, nice to meet you, Alex. I'm Johnny.

The Man will now be referred to as Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNNY

May every other day be full of
stimulating back and forth with a
hint of disdain.

ALEX (V.O.)

I'll drink to that.

Johnny looks at the bowl in front of him. It's full of
water and some type of oatmeal.

JOHNNY

What's your breakfast look like?

ALEX (V.O.)

Bacon and eggs with a side of
toast and butter.

JOHNNY

Really.

ALEX (V.O.)

No.

(beat)

It's the same as every other day.

(beat)

Edible garbage.

He drags the oatmeal from the bowl and raises it in the
air.

JOHNNY

Do they expect me to eat this?

ALEX (V.O.)

I don't see why not. It's cheap.
Nutritious. And easy.

JOHNNY

And disgusting.

ALEX (V.O.)

Can't argue with you there.

Johnny shoves the oatmeal down his throat -- gags on it's
taste. He coughs it out on the floor in front of him.

JOHNNY

It's disgusting!

ALEX (V.O.)

Trust me, I bloody well know. It's
not exactly a five star hotel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOHNNY

Clearly.

Alex laughs.

Johnny plays with his food while he talks.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Seriously though, Alex. Do you really not know how long you've been here?

Alex sighs.

ALEX (V.O.)

Unfortunately not.

JOHNNY

And you don't know why you're here?

ALEX (V.O.)

How about I ask you some bloody questions for a change?

JOHNNY

Fine. Go ahead.

Johnny pushes the bowl away from him. It scatters and skips, eventually landing face down on the floor.

He smiles. It'd be a mess that the captors would have to clean up.

ALEX (V.O.)

Well Johnny, you've asked me time and time again, but I'd like to hear your answer. Why are you here?

JOHNNY

You know what?

(beat)

I wish I knew.

ALEX (V.O.)

You know anyone that hates you this much?

JOHNNY

Short answer -- no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ALEX (V.O.)

And the long answer?

JOHNNY

I'm a librarian.

(beat)

You don't exactly make a lot of enemies in that line of work.

ALEX (V.O.)

Unless your handing out fines.

JOHNNY

Oh come on. It's the responsibility of the borrower to make sure that the item is returned within the time frame in the exact same condition it was lent out in.

ALEX (V.O.)

I doubt it's much of a problem anymore though.

(beat)

After all, who needs the library anymore.

(beat)

In a couple of years, you'll be out of job.

JOHNNY

As long as I'm here -- I don't really care.

Johnny runs his hands through his hair.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

That's enough out of me. It's your turn.

Silence.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Alex?

ALEX (V.O.)

Unh, I'm tired. Lights out soon.

JOHNNY

Alex?

(beat)

Alex?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

No reply.

Johnny lets out a long sigh. He lies on his side, hugging the floor beneath him.

He closes his eyes.

The lights flicker into an abyss.

INT. CELL CHAMBERS - DAY

A loud CREAK sounds in the chambers as the door opens. Armed Guard #1 and #2 throw Johnny up against the wall.

Water drips from the head down. The floor beneath him has already been soaked in his moisture.

Armed Guard #1 punches Johnny in the stomach and the face.

There is a CLICK as both men lock the silver bracelet cuffs around each of Johnny's wrists.

Armed Guard #1 takes out a phone and takes a SNAP. The flash blinds Johnny momentarily.

They exit. Their laughs and snickering still audible well after they've left.

Johnny GRUNTS as he moves around.

ALEX (V.O.)
Love the morning exercises?

Johnny can barely move.

JOHNNY
Yeah, it's a real killer workout.

ALEX (V.O.)
I'll say.

Johnny rubs the bruises he can reach. His face is cut -- scars have formed on his arms and hands. Dried blood on his clothes. Black straight hair, dirtied with blood.

JOHNNY
It's been what... a week? A month?
And nothing! No indication of what they want whatsoever!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (V.O.)

I told you to be careful about time. Their training you on their schedule.

JOHNNY

What does it matter?

Alex's laughter escapes the walls into Johnny's cell.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

ALEX (V.O.)

You're starting to sound like me more and more everyday.

Johnny grimaces as he puts pressure on his right arm. He leans back against the wall.

JOHNNY

There's not exactly anyone else to talk to.

ALEX (V.O.)

You better be careful. If we both start to sound the same, it'll be as if you're talking to yourself.

Johnny chuckles.

JOHNNY

Yeah, I guess you're right.

Then silence -- Johnny isn't exactly full of energy.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Do you think that we'll ever get out of here?

ALEX (V.O.)

I hope.

JOHNNY

What?

ALEX (V.O.)

Hope. As long as you keep it alive, you never know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY

If we just told them what they wanted to know, then it'd be okay, right? They'd let us go?

ALEX (V.O.)

The moment you do that, they'll kill you. You'd be of no more bloody use to them. Besides, what the bloody hell does a student and librarian like you know?

JOHNNY

What happened to all that stuff about hope?

ALEX (V.O.)

There's a big difference between hope and naivety.

JOHNNY

And there's a bigger difference between phishing and talking.

ALEX (V.O.)

Meaning?

JOHNNY

You've barely told me anything about yourself, while I've spilled the beans on pretty much everything about me.

ALEX (V.O.)

Well that's your mistake. You're too bloody naive. I could be working with them for all you bloody know.

JOHNNY

So you're not going to tell me anything?

Silence once again.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Alex?

ALEX (V.O.)

Time to sleep.

INT. CELL CHAMBERS - DAY

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TITLE ON SCREEN: 2 MONTHS LATER...

Johnny is sporting an untidy, dense beard. Grey hairs line random parts of his hair. His eyes are weary. His body is weak and he has lost some weight.

JOHNNY

Ok. First, what is the setting?

ALEX (V.O.)

I'm still bloody thinking.

JOHNNY

Is it a house? School? Lab?

ALEX (V.O.)

Let me think, dammit!

Johnny laughs.

JOHNNY

You got it yet, slowpoke?

There is a moment of silence. Then --

ALEX (V.O.)

Got it! Ok, the setting is a hut in the middle of the woods.

JOHNNY

Alright. Are we inside or outside the hut?

ALEX (V.O.)

Inside.

JOHNNY

Ok. Continue.

ALEX (V.O.)

Ok. I Spy with my little eye, something beginning with... 'D'.

JOHNNY

'D'?

ALEX (V.O.)

That's what I said, didn't I?

JOHNNY

Ok, ok. Let me see... 'D'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

His eyes stretch towards the sky. He mouths the words of objects that you might see in a hut.

Door? JOHNNY (CONT'D)

No. ALEX (V.O.)

Desk? JOHNNY

No. ALEX (V.O.)

Dinner? JOHNNY

ALEX (V.O.)
A nice steak hidden between two mountains of mashed potato with a river of gravy flowing between both of them?

Johnny licks his lips.

JOHNNY
That would be amazing.

His eyes relish in the thought.

ALEX (V.O.)
It would. But it's still not the correct answer.

JOHNNY
C'mon. What else could it be?

ALEX (V.O.)
You've only had three guesses.

JOHNNY
Yeah, but what else could it possibly be?

ALEX (V.O.)
Documents!

JOHNNY
Of course! Documents! How could I be so stupid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX (V.O.)
Your sarcasm is duly noted.

The sound of footsteps echo outside of the cell.

JOHNNY
They're coming.

ALEX (V.O.)
Get ready.

JOHNNY
This is it.

ALEX (V.O.)
Do or die.

JOHNNY
One more thing, in case things
don't go as planned, why are you
really here?

ALEX (V.O.)
Seriously? You want to do this
now?

JOHNNY
If this goes wrong, then it won't
matter. We'll both be dead.

Alex says nothing.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Please... just tell me why.

Alex sighs.

ALEX (V.O.)
I have contacts... high up in the
government.

JOHNNY
For ransom? They thought they'd
pay a lot of money to get you out
of here?

ALEX (V.O.)
Look, there's no time Johnny.

JOHNNY
Please.

Alex sighs again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ALEX (V.O.)
Fine. Three was a top secret
project that I was working on.

JOHNNY
What was it?

ALEX (V.O.)
Really?

JOHNNY
I think I deserve to know.

ALEX (V.O.)
Look, it was a weapon that could
emit an EMP pulse across an entire
continent. Okay?

JOHNNY
And why would they want to know
about it?

ALEX (V.O.)
Why else? To sell it?

There appears to be an argument outside of Johnny's room.

JOHNNY
And you just kept the plans?

ALEX (V.O.)
Call me bloody naive, but I trust
you. So if I don't make it out of
here, I'm relying on you to make
sure it doesn't fall into the
wrong hands.

JOHNNY
Where is it?

ALEX (V.O.)
Cabin in the woods.

JOHNNY
That could be anywhere.

ALEX (V.O.)
How long have we been playing I
Spy?

JOHNNY
You mean...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ALEX (V.O.)

Uh huh. You've known all along,
you just didn't know it. I used to
do the same with one of my
contacts in the government. We'd
use the public library books to
send messages.

(beat)

You must have come across some of
them from time to time?

JOHNNY

What are you talking about?

ALEX (V.O.)

Dots -- on a paper.

(beat)

Codes that seemed like games.

JOHNNY

You're saying--

ALEX (V.O.)

Seems like you picked the wrong
profession, lad.

(beat)

But for what it's worth, if we
make it out of this alive. I'll be
sure to treat you to a few pints
of beer.

(beat)

Think of it as my way of
apologizing for getting you
involved.

Johnny's cell door opens.

ALEX (V.O.)

Get ready!

Armed Guard #1 and #2 enter. They raise their guns and
point it at Johnny.

His eyes widen.

INT. CELL CHAMBERS, ALEX - CONTINUOUS

Alex, early 30s, is sporting a full head of hair and a
heavy beard. His face is plastered with cuts and bruises
all along his face. One of his eyes are closed shut, with
a scar running across it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny screams from the other side of the cell.

Alex closes his last good eye.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

ALEX
(to himself)
I'm sorry, Johnny.

Footsteps clamor in the hallway right outside Alex's door. They stop.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I did what you asked. I found out
what he knew. Now if you let me
go, I'll take you to the
schematics.

The door opens.

A crowd of men bundle in. One man steps forward.

JOHNNY (O.C.)
Looks like we won't be needing you
anymore.

Alex looks up. Sees Johnny.

ALEX
They killed you!

JOHNNY
Sorry to disappoint.

Alex charges at him but is stopped by the chains binding him.

ALEX
You bloody sunnava--

JOHNNY
Hey! Keep it clean!

Johnny nods to one of the men. They hand him a gun.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Thank you so much for your help. I
wasn't quite sure whether nor not
my plan would work. But it looks
like it turned out okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX

You're going to kill millions.

JOHNNY

You only start complaining now.
When we have no use for you at
all. Besides...

Johnny raises the gun.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I'm not doing anything. I'm merely
the vendor. It's up to whoever
buys it if they want to send the
world into chaos.

Johnny laughs.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Once I get paid, I'll retire to a
nice island resort. Far from the
wars. The conflict... The
suffering.

ALEX

You're a bloody traitor!

JOHNNY

You're one to talk. Rolling over
on me so easy. Guess those months
meant nothing to you.

The gun CLICKS.

ALEX

You're not going to get away with
this!

JOHNNY

Oh, I won't? I guess you haven't
heard. As far as the world's
concerned, you're the one who's
going to be forever known as the
man who started World War Three.

FADE TO BLACK.

A LONE GUNSHOT RINGS OUT.

CREDITS.

END.