

EXT. APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Noise is heard from inside of the apartment as a still shot of the door is shown. The dialog is muffled but it is clearly an argument that ends in silence.

MUSIC BEGINS

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT- AFTERNOON

A person (VICTIM) is seen on the floor of the apartment living room that has apparently been struck and killed by the man (PRISONER) standing over them. The apartment is very plain and gives off the sense that it is temporary for the people living there.

The prisoner stands still, taking in the action he has committed as the victim and weapon are shown, both bloody.

A clear and hard knock is heard at the door from a POLICE OFFICER.

POLICE OFFICER  
This is the police, Open the door immediately!

The prisoner looks up, towards the camera.

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLE SCREEN

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

The prisoner is seen sitting in the lobby of the courthouse, assumed to be after his sentence hearing. He is very grim looking. His silence is broken as his ATTORNEY approaches.

ATTORNEY  
(Sighing)  
I'm assuming you know I don't have any good news for you.

The prisoner rubs his face before looking up to the attorney.

PRISONER  
I could imagine.

He looks back down at the ground.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
Who would?

ATTORNEY  
I did my job and defended you the  
best I could.

He turns his back to the prisoner and looks down to the  
various papers in his hand.

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)  
After looking into your background,  
I have no sympathy for your final  
punishment, however.

The attorney tucks the papers back under his arm and looks to  
the prisoner.

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)  
You'll be sentenced to death  
shortly for your actions.

The prisoner looks up, arms dropping to his sides, as the  
camera moves backwards away from him. The attorney motions to  
him while at the front door, time to leave for the prison.

He is cuffed, stands up and leaves his spot, moving to the  
front door and starts to open it.

ATTORNEY (CONT'D)  
It's time to go.

As he opens the door, a white light engulfs him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - UNKNOWN

MUSIC STARTS TO FADE AWAY

The prisoner stumbles, startled, and begins to look around.

PRISONER  
(Terrified)  
Where am I?

The main door to the room slams shut behind him and he turns  
to try and open it.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
(Panicked)  
Why won't this fucking door open?

He slams his fist on the door and attempts to call for help, but it won't budge.

He eventually gives up and turns around to examine the room he has entered.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
(Low)  
What is this place?

He stumbles about the room and attempts to look out of the windows, which reveal nothing.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
What have they done to me?

His stomach grumbles as he stares at his surroundings. Luckily, on the kitchen counter sits a meal, delicious and ready to eat.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
Well... wherever I've ended up, at least I'm free.

He sits down at the table and grabs the plate, ready to eat.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
And whoever was here before me left a meal for me to eat too, good thing I'm starving.

He eagerly takes a bite of the sandwich and starts to chew. His face shows some discomfort and then sharp pain.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
(Pain)  
What is this shit?

He spits out what was in his mouth and then wipes it to reveal blood.

He jumps back from the chair and drops the food on the floor, revealing what was hidden inside of the sandwich.

Nails and wire.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
What kind of sick person would make something like this?

The prisoner walks around the room, looking for an exit from this place. He finds nothing.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
(Desperate)  
There's gotta be something I can use to break down that door, I'm leaving this hell.

He starts to hear a rattling noise coming from a cabinet nearby.

One of the doors to the cabinet is left cracked but not fully open.

The prisoner attempts to open it fully but it wont budge.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
What is that noise?

He leans his head against the cabinet.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
It sounds like something metal... swinging back and forth. Maybe it's a key?

He reaches his arm inside of the cracked door of the cabinet and feels around. He feels something metal.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
Aha! Got it.

He lets out a scream of pain as a loud snap noise is heard. He quickly retreats his arm out from the cabinet to reveal bloody and broken fingers.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
(Severe pain)  
Why....why me, what is this place?

After collapsing in pain, the prisoner stands up once more.

PRISONER (CONT'D)  
(Angrily)  
I know what I've done in the past can never be forgiven but I can't die here...not like this...I'm not ready..

He steps towards the front door and kicks it, only to produce no result.

He attempts to unlock it with his un-wounded hand and nothing seems to work.

He hears a noise behind him and turns to see that a piano cover has opened, revealing its keys.

On top of the keys is a hastily written note stating, "play me a song" with a poorly drawn smiley face.

PRISONER (CONT'D)

(Grim)

You have got to be kidding me.

He looks around the room and back at the door.

PRISONER (CONT'D)

Something or someone is trying to prevent me from leaving.

He steps back and sits down.

PRISONER (CONT'D)

This is just a sick torture chamber and I can't just sit here for all eternity.

He stands up and reluctantly starts pressing the keys slowly.

Nothing happens. Silence fills the air as he looks around both shocked and surprised.

Then a noise is heard from the bottom of the piano.

A rigged gun inside of the piano rings out a single shot, hitting his leg.

The prisoner falls back, writhing in pain as another shot hits him in the head.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT. APARTMENT

The prisoner is slapped awake in a hard cut by the victim. He is laying on the couch in the apartment living room, surrounded by bottles of alcohol.

VICTIM

Will you please get off the couch and leave my apartment.

They walk away and stand in front of the couch.

PRISONER  
Where the hell am I?

VICTIM  
You've been there asleep since last night, where else?

PRISONER  
No.... you don't understand.. I was being tortured to death.

VICTIM  
Yeah I'm surprised you didn't die from alcohol poisoning after last night.

She pauses.

VICTIM (CONT'D)  
It was just a bad dream though...

She begins to walk away.

VICTIM (CONT'D)  
I'm fed up with you crashing here every night and drinking yourself to sleep. I've got better things to do than babysit your bum ass. I've already called you an Uber...they should be here any minute.

The prisoner gets up from the couch and rubs his eyes, pulling out his phone from his pocket.

The phone screen is bright and has a text sent from a friend.

The text reads, "LEAVE, COPS OUTSIDE HER PLACE".

PRISONER  
(Angrily)  
You called me an Uber?

He shows her the phone text and her face grows pale.

He starts to step closer towards her and she backs away.

VICTIM  
Alright, calm down, I can explain.

PRISONER  
(Boiling with rage)  
Is this some sort of joke?

VICTIM  
(Scared)  
Listen, it's not what it looks  
like...

A knock is heard at the door.

PRISONER  
This isn't how its gonna end... I'm  
taking you down with me.

He takes one of the many bottles from the ground and strikes  
her in the head with it. She collapses to the floor.

MUSIC BEGINS

The prisoner stands still, taking in the action he has  
committed as the victim and weapon are shown, both bloody.

A clear and hard knock is heard again at the door.

POLICE OFFICER  
This is the police, Open the door  
immediately!

The prisoner looks up towards the camera.

CUT TO BLACK:

END CREDITS