

HOP, SKIP, JUMP

Written by

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DARKNESS

Household appliance machinery hums, buzzes, whirs and clanks.

GONZALO (40s) urgently whispers loudly in Spanish, with a Mexican accent.

GONZALO (O.S.)

Amigo.

No response.

GONZALO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Amigo. Estas despierto?

No response.

GONZALO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Despiértate, amigo. Ahora.

Groans emerge from another man.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The darkness begins to fade as WILL (20s) adjusts his eyes, but his surroundings are not yet discernible.

GONZALO (O.S.)

Bueno, bueno. Despiértate. No tenemos mucho tiempo.

WILL (O.S.)

(groans)

No... no hablo...

GONZALO (O.S.)

A gringo? Oh.

Darkness comes and goes, only slightly overcome by faint and blurry, gray shapes.

Will rustles around in the darkness and bumps into what sounds like a chain linked fence.

WILL (O.S.)

Ow. What is this?

GONZALO (O.S.)

You are in a cage, amigo. Stay still until your eyes adjust.

Will startles and bumps harder into the sides of his cage.

WILL
A cage?! What's going on?!

His blurry shape takes the form of a fit, handsome man in jeans and a gray t-shirt, struggling against a metal cage, meant for a large dog.

GONZALO (O.S.)
Quiet, amigo! They will hear you.

Will calms down and sits still up against a wall of his cage.

He breathes heavily in a near panic.

WILL
How do I know you're really an...
(harshly)
Amigo?

GONZALO (O.S.)
(lightly chuckles)
Oh, I'm so glad to have company.
That's the first time I've laughed
in... a lifetime.

Will rubs his eyes, then looks around to find himself in a two-car garage, dimly lit by the sunlight coming in through a crack beneath the large exterior door and the cement floor.

His metal cage is in a small storage loft above the exterior door with only inches of space above his head.

The garage is filled with boxes, tools, a refrigerator, a water heater with a large tank, and an air conditioning unit.

Opposite his loft is a windowless door.

WILL
Am I in a kennel?

GONZALO (O.S.)
I'm Gonzalo. What's your name?

WILL
(loudly and sarcastically)
Well, hello, Gonzalo. It's such a monumental pleasure to meet your acquaintance.

GONZALO (O.S.)
You need to speak quieter, amigo.
If they know you're awake, I...
(chokes up)
I'm done for.

Will shifts to the back of his cage and looks in the direction of Gonzalo's voice, which is coming from the other side of a row of boxes on the loft.

WILL
(in disbelief)
Done for?

GONZALO (O.S.)
Listen. You're going to be here for a while and it's going to be... painful. Physically and mentally.

WILL
What is going to be painful?

GONZALO (O.S.)
Of course there's the loneliness and discomfort.
(sighs)
And then...

Will waits in fear during a long pause.

GONZALO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's no... no way for me to put it to you easy. But you need to know that you are capable of enduring this.

WILL
Enduring what... amigo?

GONZALO (O.S.)
These people... they... they are going to eat you.

WILL
I'm sorry. You have a pretty thick accent. Did you say they are going to eat me?

Another long pause.

GONZALO (O.S.)
Si.

Will's eyes widen with panic as he thinks.

After a moment he relaxes as a smile slowly spreads across his amused face.

WILL
OK. OK. I get it, Gonzalo.

He forces an unnatural laugh.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's a pretty sick joke, but I get it. I passed out at the party and this is my punishment for drinking so much.

GONZALO (O.S.)

Quiet, por favor. I told you if they know you are awake they are going to... uh...

WILL

Eat you?

Will laughs and slouches down.

GONZALO (O.S.)

(whispers louder)

They've already... started to.

Will's face sobers up with concern.

WILL

That's messed up. You're way too committed to this bit.

GONZALO (O.S.)

Unfortunately for us both, you will find out soon that this is no joke.

WILL

But it's OK because I can endure it?

GONZALO (O.S.)

Nothing in this house is OK. But you must stay calm. And never lose hope.

Gonzalo pauses, then emphasizes his next words as if they are the last words of a dying man imparting a critical lesson.

GONZALO (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Do not go loco. And most importantly of all...

(pauses)

Die well, my friend.

WILL

Die well? Who talks like that?

GONZALO (O.S.)
Men who have had to write a death
letter to a loved one.

WILL
A death letter? What the hell is
wrong with you?

GONZALO (O.S.)
Everyone in my unit in Iraq had to
write one.

WILL
(mockingly)
Are we in Iraq?

GONZALO (O.S.)
I've begged God that I were so
lucky.

WILL
OK, soldier... what does that
mean... to die well?

The men fall silent at the sound of feet shuffling on the
other side of the interior door.

The men both sit still and listen to the inaudible discussion
between two men and a woman from inside the house.

The door punches open suddenly and Will sits up straight.

TWO STRONG MEN storm through the doorway, followed by MIA
(20s) a thin, beautiful woman with dark hair.

The men swiftly move across the garage toward Gonzalo's side
and slide a metal A-frame ladder into place under the loft.

The woman stands back and quietly observes.

GONZALO (O.S.)
Ya es la hora, eh?

One man climbs the ladder to Gonzalo's cage while the other
waits patiently at the bottom.

Will crawls to the front of his cage and attempts to peak
around the corner of the nearby boxes to see Gonzalo.

He notices a long, coiled strand of razor wire extending
along the edge of the loft from end to end.

The man on the ladder reaches the top, slides on a pair of thick leather gloves and unhooks a section of wire, then sets it aside.

GONZALO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Señorita Mia. Tienes antojo de gringo, ahora?

WILL
(to himself)
Mia?

MIA
Mexicano, gringo, es lo mismo para un buen carnívoro.

The man unlocks the cage, reaches inside and rustles around, causing Gonzalo to grunt.

MIA (CONT'D)
Ya veremos si es tan picante como tú.

Will watches the man on the ladder heft a small body out of the cage and lower it toward the other man.

The men each hold a side of Gonzalo's body and lug it away from the ladder.

Gonzalo calls to Will in a shaky voice, fighting for courage.

GONZALO
My gringo amigo! Be strong!

Terror fills Will's face as he gets a better look at Gonzalo's body, which is missing its arms past the shoulder and its legs to the hip.

GONZALO (CONT'D)
(with rage)
Do not beg!

The men carry Gonzalo up the few steps to the interior door.

GONZALO (CONT'D)
Never beg!

Gonzalo prays in Spanish as he is carried into the house.

GONZALO (CONT'D)
Padre nuestro que estás en los cielos, santificado sea tu Nombre.

The men pass through the door with Gonzalo as he continues to pray with increasing confidence.

GONZALO (CONT'D)
Venga tu reino. Hágase tu voluntad,
así en la tierra como en el cielo.

Mia follows, glancing up at Will as she steps up to the door.

Light catches her face and Will grasps the cage's gate with both hands, leaning toward her in realization.

WILL
Hey, I know you. What's going on?

Mia turns away and passes through the door.

MIA
Get some rest, Will.

WILL
Come back! Let's talk about this!

She shuts the door behind her and Will bows his head.

WILL (CONT'D)
What is happening?

Footsteps fade into the house.

Tribal howls from a small group of men echo from inside.

TRIBAL MEN (O.S.)
Haaoooooo!! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
Haaoooooo!! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!

The men repeat the animalistic chants as Will's breaths become shorter and more desperate.

His body shifts into a slumping sitting position and he reflexively wraps his arms around his knees to catch himself.

The chants ring in his head.

He gasps for air, groans, then passes out with a thud.

DARKNESS - LATER

DREAM - WILL AND GONZALO TALK

GONZALO (O.S.)
Have you started writing, amigo?

Will groans, sleepily.

WILL (O.S.)
I don't have a paper due tomorrow,
man. Let me go back to sleep.

GONZALO (O.S.)
You're not on campus right now,
gringo. I'm talking about your
death letter.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

DREAM CONTINUES

Will's eyes crack open to see Gonzalo's limbless torso lying
on his back with head turned to him

Will is on his stomach with drool dripping from his mouth.

GONZALO
Who would you write it to?

Will wipes the droop from his mouth and answers sleepily.

WILL
I'm not going to write a death
letter, Gonzalo.

GONZALO
You're going to die in here. You
need to accept that.

WILL
You told me not to lose hope.

GONZALO
There's hope in every moment if you
look for it.

Will thinks for a moment, but his concentration is broken by
the sound of metal dragging across concrete.

His eyes wander around his cage with a bit of confusion.

WILL
What's that?

GONZALO
Probably nothing.

WILL
How did you get in my cage?

Gonzalo just stares back with a friendly grin.

The sound of footsteps climbing a metal ladder are heard faintly.

WILL (CONT'D)
Are you a ghost?

Machinery hums.

GONZALO
You're far too pretty to be in
here, amigo.

Will startles a bit.

WILL (O.S.)
What?

GONZALO
It's a shame, really.

WILL
That's flattering, but I don't
swing that way.

GONZALO
Oh, are you gay? You didn't seem
like it last night.

WILL
I said I don't swing that way,
Gonzalo. But it's fine if you think
I'm pretty. It's no big deal.

Gonzalo laughs playfully and very off-mood.

GONZALO
I do enjoy this part. The drugs are
a bit expensive, but worth it.

WILL
Drugs?

Mia's voice comes out of Gonzalo's mouth.

MIA (O.S.)
They'll wear off a little faster
with something in your stomach.

END DREAM

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Will startles awake and knocks a plastic cup over, spilling water across the carpeted plywood floor beneath him. It drips over the edge.

He sits up and scrambles to the back of his cage.

Mia is at the top of the latter staring at him, annoyed. She is wearing a gas mask pushed onto the top of her head.

MIA
I suppose you'll want me to bring
you more water?

Will stares at her in disbelief, then looks down at the dripping cup at the front of the cage, lying next to a paper plate containing a sandwich and several baby carrots.

The items sit on a long, black, rectangular tray that is built into the bottom of the cage.

Mia cracks a smile.

MIA (CONT'D)
It's OK. Half of me wishes we
didn't have to do it this way.

WILL
And the other half?

MIA
Just lost an amusing bet with the
boys when you spilled your cup.

WILL
Both halves seem sick.

Mia starts to climb down her ladder.

MIA
Really, I don't mind. It'll be hard
for you to eat bread without water.

WILL
Wait!

She stops.

WILL (CONT'D)
(stumbles over words)
Where am... Where are we?

MIA
It honestly wouldn't do you much
good if I told you. But we're miles
from any neighbors, if that helps.

WILL
Why would that help?

MIA
It'll save your voice.

Will stares at her, puzzled.

Mia stares back as if he's stupid, then has a realization.

MIA (CONT'D)
Oh. You're not in escape mode, yet.

She climbs back up to the top of the ladder and relaxes.

MIA (CONT'D)
Now you know that screaming is a
waste of energy. And you won't have
to learn the hard way.

She winces in disappointment.

MIA (CONT'D)
Ah, I'm babbling on too much and
just spoiled the next bet.

She climbs down from the ladder as Will watches, perplexed.

She reaches the bottom then drags the ladder to the other
cage.

Once it's in place, she picks up a bucket of soapy water,
slides her gas mask on and climbs up.

Will scoots to the front of the cage and inspects the food.

WILL
What country am I in?

Slightly muffled, Mia laughs through her mask.

MIA
You're still in America and English
is my first... well, my best
language, anyway.

Will picks up the sandwich and takes a small bite.

MIA (CONT'D)

Wait...

(defensively)

Don't think that... We aren't like
a bunch of racists grabbing
Mexicans or anything like that.

WILL

(sarcastically)

That's comforting.

Mia opens Gonzalo's cage and scrubs the floor with a sponge.

Will takes another bite and looks around the room, then sighs
with disappointment.

He stretches a finger through the cage and toys with a razor
on the wire.

He lets go and it springs back, then he watches Mia.

WILL (CONT'D)

I thought we connected pretty well
last night.

MIA

We did. I had a nice time.

WILL

I didn't offend you in any way?
Or...

MIA

You can ask me.

WILL

Ask you...?

MIA

Anything you want. Just be direct.

WILL

And you'll answer?

Mia climbs down and crosses the room to the stairway.

She hits a large button next to the interior door and opens
the large garage door, letting sunlight flood in.

She waits, then stops the door a few feet from the floor.

She pushes her gas mask up and breathes in deeply.

MIA

As long as I don't break the rules,
which you've already made me do
once, cutie.

WILL

Cutie? I think we're a bit past the
flirtatious stage.

Mia walks back to the ladder and pulls her mask back down.

MIA

I couldn't agree more.

She picks up the end of a watering hose with a gun-like spray
nozzle and climbs the ladder, then proceeds to power wash
Gonzalo's cage.

WILL

Did you choose me because you
thought I was cute?

MIA

I love that that is your first
question. Direct, yet vain and
thought provoking at the same time.

WILL

Does answering that break your
rules?

Water floods from the cage, onto the floor and out the door.

MIA

Yes and no.

WILL

'Yes and no' it breaks your rules?
Or 'yes and no' you chose me
because I was cute?

Mia stops spraying and climbs down.

MIA

Yes and no to both.

She drags the ladder back over to Will's cage and climbs up.

She completely removes her mask, fixes her hair, then looks
at Will affectionately.

MIA (CONT'D)

That's the problem with closed-ended questions. It restricts the answer to 'yes' or 'no.'

Will sets his sandwich down and smiles at her, flirtatiously.

WILL

And so you cleverly answered with both. Very safe of you.

MIA

Mmm. This is exactly why I chose you.

WILL

That doesn't make it any more clear.

MIA

I'll make you a deal. Normally it would absolutely break the rules, but with you, it feels more like a gray area.

WILL

Gonzalo yelled to me... well, you heard him. He told me not to beg.
(pauses to think)
But, I guess I could make a deal, as long as it's fair.

She smiles with great amusement and gazes into his eyes.

She answers ominously.

MIA

Mmm, hmm. It'll be fair.

Will's smile fades to concern.

MIA (CONT'D)

The deal is...

(smiles, pausing for effect)

I'll let you choose what part you lose first.

His face pales with fear.

MIA (CONT'D)

Which we ask as a courtesy to all our guests.

His eyes widen in disgust.

MIA (CONT'D)

But with you...

(smacks her lips)

If you choose something different
than the others, I'll set you free.

They stare at each other; Mia with fascination and Will with disbelief.

WILL

Sounds generous, but if you think
that's fair... I choose--

MIA

(quickly interrupts)

Uh, uh, uh! Not so fast. There's
one final and critical rule.

He looks at her inquisitively, but doesn't speak.

MIA (CONT'D)

The part you choose... stays here
with us.

Mia holds eye contact for a moment, then as she breaks it,
she sees her reflection in the goggles of her gas mask.

She fixes her hair again and inspects her lipstick.

Will swallows hard and tries to gain his composure.

WILL

You, uh...

(chuckles nervously)

You were much sexier at the party.

(chuckles again)

You know, before I knew you were a
cannibal.

MIA

Oh? Would you prefer me as a
vampire?

She bares her teeth and playfully gnashes them.

MIA (CONT'D)

They always seem to maintain their
sexiness, even when devouring their
prey.

WILL

Vampires aren't real.

MIA

Ah, ha.

She climbs down from the ladder and walks to interior door, then hits the button to close the large door.

MIA (CONT'D)

You've got me there.

She opens the interior door and stops as Will speaks.

WILL

Mia. Why did you choose me?

MIA

(impressed and pleased)

That was much more open-ended.

Will waits for an answer, with a look of desperation.

MIA (CONT'D)

You have a lot of... good meat on your bones.

She enters the house and shuts the door behind her.

Will's jaw hangs open in shock.

He stumbles with dizziness, then feels around for his sandwich and picks it up.

He raises it to his lips, but stops and stares at it in terror.

In-between the pieces of white bread is a bloody slab of meat.

He slams the sandwich onto his plate with a splat, then passes out.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The interior garage door opens and Will groggily opens his eyes to see CALEB (30s), a muscular and intimidating man, enter the garage with arms full of small packages, wrapped in white paper.

Will's eyes nearly shut, but he fights off the impending sleep.

Caleb walks down the short flight of stairs to the horizontal freezer against the wall.

He opens the lid, letting out frozen vapor, then drops the packages into the freezer and slams the lid shut.

Will lets out an involuntary groan as his eyes nearly close again.

Caleb hears his grown and looks up at him with an evil grin.

CALEB

Did you want to say a few words in
memory of your amigo?

He points to the freezer.

CALEB (CONT'D)

That's the last of him.

Will finally fades back to sleep.

Caleb laughs wickedly as he walks back inside.

CALEB (CONT'D)

I'll leave you two alone to process
your feelings.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The loud sound of the air conditioning unit starting startles Will awake in the dark garage, only dimly lit by moonlight shining through the crack in the exterior garage door.

He slowly sits up as his eyes adjust.

He notices a new cup of water standing near the gate and quickly grabs it, then guzzles it down with urgency.

He finishes the drink, wipes the drizzling water from his chin, then sets it down next to his sandwich plate.

He sits back and rests, catching his breath from the drink, then perks up and looks down at what was previously a bloody sandwich.

The sandwich is no longer bloody, but contains just cheese and mayo in-between the generic white bread.

He breathes a sigh of relief, then looks around the room and settles into the corner and relaxes.

WILL

Still in the nightmare.

He looks around the room again, then down at his sandwich and grabs it.

He nibbles at first, then finishes it in three large bites.

He struggles to swallow the last bite and picks up the empty cup in disappointment.

WILL (CONT'D)
(groans)
One cup of water in... how many
hours?

He throws the cup at the gate and sits back roughly, slamming his back into the squeaky wire cage.

WILL (CONT'D)
The smart thing would be to
dehydrate me after they take the
meat off, not before.

He smiles and huffs with arrogant satisfaction, then throws his head back in disgust.

WILL (CONT'D)
What the hell am I saying?

He stares into the darkness, listening to his own breath against the hums of the air conditioning unit.

He moves his tongue around his mouth, uncomfortably, and struggles to swallow again.

He sits up, impatiently, and looks at the crack under the interior door, which is as dark as the room.

He picks up the cup and stares at it, deep in thought.

WILL (CONT'D)
Worth a try.

He looks up at the door again and opens his mouth to yell, but nothing comes out.

He shakes his head, disappointedly.

WILL (CONT'D)
Have some guts-

He cringes at the word 'guts,' then shakes it off.

WILL (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Mia!

Nothing.

WILL (CONT'D)
(clears throat)
Mia!!

Silence again. But he waits a moment.

WILL (CONT'D)
Miiiiiaaaaa!!!

He sits up straight, nervously, as he hears stomping from inside the house.

The stomping grows closer, then Mia swings the door open and stands still in the doorway.

MIA
I guess I only told you not to yell
for help, huh? I gotta spell it all
out for some people.

She stares at his hopeful face, then notices the cup, tightly gripped in his lap.

MIA (CONT'D)
You did not just scream for me for
a cup of water.

WILL
Well, I... I can't really survive
on one cup a day.

Mia steps into the garage and shuts the door behind her.

MIA
You ready for more rules?

She flips a switch to light a dim bulb on the ceiling, then tightens the sash around her bathrobe and walks toward Will's cage.

MIA (CONT'D)
Push the cup through the gate.

He complies and the cup drops into Mia's hands.

WILL
What kind of rules?

MIA
If you're ready for more water,
you'll need to know how to handle
the cause and effect.

He looks at her, puzzled, then has a realization.

WILL

Ah. Right. Cause and effect.

MIA

I'll attribute that slow response
to the drugs, generously.

She takes a few steps back and looks up at him.

MIA (CONT'D)

Underneath your carpet is a hole.

Will stares at her, processing the information.

MIA (CONT'D)

Go ahead. Pull it up and look.

He scoots to one side of the cage and peels back the carpet
to reveal a six inch hole in the plywood with white piping
descending from it.

WILL

You've got to be kidding.

MIA

Humanity survived for thousands of
years with just a hole in the
ground.

WILL

And if I need to go number...

MIA

I'll bring you some T.P. with your
water and some more food.

She turns to leave.

MIA (CONT'D)

But you better not yell for me
again.

WILL

Umm... you didn't exactly give me a
bell or anything.

She turns back and leans against the stair's railing.

MIA

(lightly chuckles)

Where was that wit at the party,
Will?

WILL
I wasn't witty?

MIA
You didn't say much besides how hot
you thought I was.

WILL
I, uh... feel like you want an
apology, but that doesn't sound too
bad.

MIA
It was flattering and I wasn't
offended, but I would like an
apology.

WILL
For what?

MIA
Wasting my time.

Will is taken back and has no response.

Mia shrugs and climbs the steps to the door.

WILL
Wait.

MIA
Yes?

WILL
I'm sorry.

MIA
For?

WILL
Wasting your time, of course.

MIA
Hmm. I'm not ready to accept your
apology.

WILL
That's not fair.

MIA
Do you feel like you're in a fair
and equitable establishment, Will?

WILL

No.

MIA

Will that be all then? Just the food, water, T.P. and halfhearted apology?

WILL

(chuckles nervously)

Heheh, umm. I guess, for now.

Mia enters the house and Will sits back against the wall at the back of his cage.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Wasting her time?

He looks up at the ceiling, deep in thought.

After a moment, he shakes his head.

WILL (CONT'D)

Women are walking riddles.

He stares at the interior door and furrows his brow, deep in thought.

His eyebrows relax as he has a revelation.

WILL (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm supposed to solve this one. They can't all be impossible.

He picks up a carrot from his plate and gnaws at it.

WILL (CONT'D)

Why is a pretty lady like you a cannibal, huh?

He glances down at the carpet underneath him, then scoots over again and peels back the carpet.

He looks down the hole and slowly inches his face toward it.

He stops slightly above it, pauses with hesitation, then sniffs.

He waits a short moment, nods in approval, then sits back up, letting the carpet flop back down.

WILL (CONT'D)

At least they're clean cannibals.

The interior door opens and Mia descends the stairs with a tray of food and water.

She climbs the ladder and sets the tray on the top rung.

She climbs down, picks up a small sandbag attached to a clothes hanger and climbs back up.

Will munches on his carrot and observes with interest.

Mia hangs the sandbag on the razor wire below Will's cage, stretching the strand of wire down out of the way of the cage door.

WILL (CONT'D)

You've got quite a system.

MIA

Stay away from the door.

WILL

(jokingly)

Or else?

Mia picks up a spray can from her tray and shakes it.

MIA

Or else I use this.

WILL

Ooo, pepper spray?

MIA

Worse. Don't try me. Or do, it's all your choice.

Will scoots back.

WILL

I do like having choices.

Mia opens a small door at the bottom of the cage and slides the black tray out, then sets another sandwich and a protein bar on the paper plate.

MIA

Have you thought more about that?

She sets two bottles of water and a roll of toilet paper on the tray.

WILL

About?

MIA
Your big choice.

WILL
A little.

She slides the food back through on the black tray and secures the gate door in place.

MIA
Good. But it's late, so you should think more about it in the morning.

WILL
I just woke up.

MIA
You need to get back on a normal schedule.

WILL
Normal?

MIA
I'm not getting up in the middle of the night again. So if you scream for me, I'm going to let my brother answer your call.

WILL
I'm guessing he won't find me as cute as you do.

She starts to climb down the ladder.

MIA
You never know.

WILL
What if I don't eat this?

She climbs back up and smiles at him in wonder.

He holds up the protein bar.

WILL (CONT'D)
My muscles will atrophy and there will be less of me to eat.

He tosses the protein bar back down and Mia's smile grows.

MIA
I love this part the most.

WILL
Love what?

MIA
The denial.

WILL
Denial?

MIA
It's wonderful. It's just a hop,
skip and a jump away from hope.

WILL
Should I not have hope?

MIA
Oh, no. You should definitely have
hope. It'll help pass the time.

WILL
Pass the time?

MIA
You should stop repeating me. Have
some thoughts of your own.

WILL
Well, I always liked collaborative
projects the most.

MIA
I'm not collaborating with you.

WILL
Would you humor me, anyway?

MIA
We all need a little humor.

WILL
That's not what I mean.

MIA
I know.

WILL
If I'm going to sleep tonight, I
need to get this big question
figured out.

MIA
So eager. How long will that take?

WILL
I need to think things through out
loud and it helps to talk to
someone, not just to myself.

MIA
You 'need' to think out loud?

WILL
Yeah, I...
(hesitates, embarrassed)
I don't have a...

MIA
Yes?

WILL
I don't have an internal monologue.

MIA
(shocked)
What?

WILL
I don't not think, I just...

MIA
Sounds like you don't think.

WILL
Hey! I just think differently.

MIA
Please... elaborate.

WILL
I think in images instead of words.

MIA
Like in stick figures? Or Picasso,
Monet, DaVinci, if you're thinking
hard enough?

WILL
Stop it.

MIA
I don't know if I can.

WILL
Will you help me or not?

Mia looks and motions around the room.

MIA
I guess I'm all you have. Let's
turn those pictures into words.

WILL
Great.

Mia smiles and looks at him affectionately.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm not retarded or anything.

MIA
(laughs out loud)
I would never use that word...
maybe others, but I'm no monster.

Will's expression turns to judgement.

MIA (CONT'D)
OK, fine. I'll ease up. What do you
want to talk through?

He shakes his head and rubs his face to collect his thoughts.

WILL
OK, OK. You're all about rules,
right? Any more I should know?

MIA
I think I was pretty clear about
the deal.

WILL
I pick a body part, you keep it, I
leave?

MIA
If that part isn't what everyone
else chooses.

WILL
Right. And that's it?

MIA
Do you need more rules?

WILL
No. Just talking it through.

MIA
This is more dull than I had hoped.

WILL

We're just getting started. Your hopes won't be wasted. I promise.

MIA

Great.

WILL

I imagine others chose a part that seems the least useful... but that's complicated.

MIA

How so?

WILL

All our parts are useful, so how do you rank them?

MIA

Umm...

(jokingly)

A point system.

WILL

Be serious.

MIA

Sorry. I'm listening.

WILL

I was thinking more like a cost-benefit analysis.

MIA

Ooo, there are gears turning in there after all.

WILL

The cost of losing any part is high, but certainly not equal. The benefit is freedom, and there isn't anything equal to that, so losing anything would be a good trade.

MIA

You've already accepted the terms.

WILL

But what could lower the cost of losing something important? Cuz it's all important.

MIA
Lowering the cost?

WILL
Yeah. With prosthetics.

MIA
Oh?

WILL
It's obvious, so I'm sure I'm not
the first to think of that.

MIA
Which means?

WILL
It means the part others have
chosen is likely a part that is
most easily replaced by
prosthetics.

MIA
I can't give you any clues.

WILL
That sounds like another rule.

MIA
It sounds like you're trying to
cheat.

WILL
I think cheating is allowable under
the circumstances.

MIA
OK. Cheat away.

WILL
Yeah... I think I will.

MIA
I have to admit you sound smarter
the more you bring those stick
figures to life.

WILL
I'm ready.

MIA
Ready to choose?

WILL
I'm ready to give you my Kobayashi
Maru.

MIA
A Star Trek fan?

WILL
You, too?

MIA
No, but I dated one very briefly
and Kobayashi Maru is like Star
Trek one-oh-one.

WILL
That's fair.

MIA
So let's hear it. Beat the system.

WILL
I choose...

He pauses for effect.

MIA
Do you need a drum roll?

WILL
I choose... the part you find to be
the most delicious.

Mia's face turns blank.

WILL (CONT'D)
Is that acceptable?

She stares past him into the void.

WILL (CONT'D)
Mia?

MIA
You're sick.

WILL
I'm sick?

She quickly climbs down the ladder without her tray.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm sick?!

Mia swiftly enters the house without another word.

WILL (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Kobayashi Maru.

Will sits still for a moment watching the door.

After a moment, he looks down and notices Mia's tray is still at the top of the ladder, with the strange spray can on it.

He scoots to the front of the cage to get a closer look.

He peers down below the cage to see the sandbag still hanging on the razor wire, pulling it low.

WILL (CONT'D)
This is better than Kobayashi Maru.

He stretches his fingers through the cage but can't quite reach the tray.

WILL (CONT'D)
Classic. Just out of reach.

He looks down at his food and gets an idea.

He slides his sandwich and protein bar onto the carpet and rolls the paper plate up into a tube.

He extends the rolled up plate to the edge of the tray, then presses down on the tray, but the paper just bends.

WILL (CONT'D)
Cheap paper plate.

He looks at the spray can, which has no label.

WILL (CONT'D)
What is inside you?

He extends the plate out to the spray can, but can't reach.

WILL (CONT'D)
I will find out...
(chuckles to himself)
If it kills me.

He hits the edge of the tray with the paper plate, causing the spray can to shake and slowly move toward him.

WILL (CONT'D)
Keep it coming.

He hits the tray harder and the paper plate shakes more.

WILL (CONT'D)
Dance for me.

He continues to slap at the tray until the can is within reach of his paper plate roll.

WILL (CONT'D)
We're almost friends.

He holds one hand out low with a few fingers outside the cage, and his other hand holds the plate up higher.

He pulls at the top of the can with the plate.

The can starts to tip.

WILL (CONT'D)
You are getting very sleepy.

The can tips over with the top falling into his fingers and the bottom still balancing on the tray.

WILL (CONT'D)
Hold it right there.

He drops the paper plate back inside the cage and clasps the other side of the can, holding it fingers from both hands.

He pulls the can completely off the tray, still gripping it.

WILL (CONT'D)
Now climb on up for me.

Bit by bit, he passes the can upward, moving his fingers from in and out of the thin wire bars of his cage.

He stops passing it as it gets close to his face.

WILL (CONT'D)
Now what are you holding?

He sniffs the can's nozzle and reacts with pleasant surprise.

WILL (CONT'D)
You're sweet.

He fiddles with the can, getting a grip on the button next to the nozzle with one hand, then holding out his other hand under the nozzle.

WILL (CONT'D)
Let's just get a little out of you.

He carefully slides a finger over the button and presses it.

The can sprays wildly, surprising him in a cloud of chemical spray, causing him to drop the can to floor of the garage.

WILL (CONT'D)

What the hell is this stuff?

He backs up into the cage, his hands covered in the spray.

He sniffs the liquid on his hands and blinks rapidly.

WILL (CONT'D)

No, no, no...

He collapses and everything goes dark.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

MIA (O.S.)

You won't have time to atrophy.

Will opens his eyes and slowly sits up to see Mia at the top of the ladder with a stern expression.

WILL

Am I leaving so soon?

She points to at his untouched food.

MIA

Your little hunger strike. It'll only drive you crazy.

WILL

Maybe I won't have time for that, either. Unless you delay your answer too long. And you wouldn't want to be a cheater, too. You seem above that.

Mia looks at the floor and notices the spray can, then up at Will who is still slumped in an awkward sleeping position.

MIA

Did you spray yourself?

WILL

Maybe.

MIA

That's the worst escape attempt I've ever seen.

WILL
I'm glad I could stand out.

MIA
Back away from the door or you get
another dose of that spray.

Will slides back without protest.

Mia opens the food gate and adds a small plate of fried eggs
to the tray, then shuts it and climbs down the ladder.

MIA (CONT'D)
Pace yourself.

She slides the ladder away from the cage and turns to leave.

Will scoots toward his gate.

WILL
Hold on.

She stops, but doesn't turn around.

WILL (CONT'D)
If you're not going to stay and
talk with me, can I have a book or
something to keep me busy?

She pauses before answering.

MIA
What kind of book?

WILL
Maybe a... a Bible?

Mia pivots around with a blank stare.

MIA
Are you trying to make me
sympathize with you because you're
religious?

WILL
Can't I jump right into hope
without the hopping and skipping?
It sort of saves time I don't have.

MIA
Hope is a delusion.

WILL

I'm shocked. My cannibal serial murderer captor is a nihilist.

MIA

That's a lot of labels. I'm not sure they all fit.

WILL

Which ones don't fit?

Mia steps backward towards the staircase and leans against the rail, settling in for the conversation.

MIA

Maybe just nihilist. I'm not really into philosophy. It's too constraining.

WILL

You know, the most famous nihilist, Nietzsche, feared the loss of religion in the world.

She waits to respond.

MIA

You want me to ask why, don't you?

WILL

He was afraid that if the cultural enlightenment was successful in defeating religion, that the formerly religious wouldn't have anything to replace their lost reason to live.

MIA

(sarcastically)

Resulting in mass suicide?

WILL

That might've been preferable to his real fear, that they would revert back to their more primal ways and unrestrained violence would prevail.

MIA

You were a philosophy major.

WILL

What gave it away?

MIA
Besides the witty banter, your
overdeveloped muscles.

WILL
What does that have to do with it?

MIA
Isn't that the number one blow-off
major for athletes?

Pause.

WILL
Yes.

MIA
Hmm.

WILL
But I didn't blow it off.

MIA
You fell hard for ol' Friedrich and
the rest is history?

WILL
At first, I guess. All my
professors loved Nietzsche and most
new students fall in line.

MIA
Ooo, sounds like you had a falling
out.

She turns to walk up the stairs.

MIA (CONT'D)
(disingenuously)
You'll have to tell more me about
that sometime.

WILL
Wait, umm...

MIA
What?

WILL
Can I have a pillow... and maybe a
blanket, too?

MIA
Yeah, sure.

She walks back across the garage to a cabinet.

WILL

Nietzsche changed a lot, as all philosophers do. He was in denial most of his life that he was a nihilist at all.

Mia removes a pillow and blanket from the cabinet and turns to Will.

MIA

Fast forward and I bet he got over his denial?

WILL

Yeah. And eventually went insane, ending up mostly paralyzed, mentally and physically.

Mia walks over to the ladder and sets the pillow and blanket on a low rung.

MIA

I'll hand them up to you when I come back with a book.

WILL

A Bible?

MIA

You're serious, Socrates?

WILL

Nietzsche hated Socrates.

MIA

Please stop trying to keep me here all day.

WILL

Yes. I'm serious. I'd like a Bible.

MIA

I don't think we have one.

WILL

Will you look? Maybe ask a neighbor?

MIA

We don't have neighbors and that's the last thing I would ask another human being for.

WILL
The last thing?

MIA
Why do you need it? Want to read
yourself your last rights?

WILL
(jokingly)
No, I want you to smuggle
contraband inside the cutout pages.

MIA
Oh, now you're talking. I'll deface
a Bible for you.

WILL
Be nice.

MIA
That's not what I'm here for.

WILL
Touché.

Mia turns to leave.

WILL (CONT'D)
I really believe, though.

MIA
In what?

WILL
In hope, and God and stuff.

MIA
That's nice for you.

She climbs the steps and opens the door.

MIA (CONT'D)
(bitterly)
I'm sure it's comforting to think
you'll be resurrected and get all
your hard earned muscles back.

She enters the house and shuts the door.

Will holds his stare on the door for a moment, in disbelief.

WILL
I almost forgot I was talking to a
cannibal for a minute.

He sits back away from the gate and looks longingly at his food as his stomach rumbles.

WILL (CONT'D)

Not enough time to atrophy, huh?

He picks up a fried egg and folds it in half.

WILL (CONT'D)

I was never good at hunger strikes, anyway. Or any kind of protest in college.

He takes a big bit of his folded egg and looks around the room, with eyes settling on the pillow sitting on the ladder.

His eyebrows narrow with concern and shoves the rest of his egg in his mouth.

WILL (CONT'D)

How many victims have slept on you?

He looks at the remaining eggs on his plate as if he's going to be sick, then slumps against the side of the cage.

WILL (CONT'D)

I can't do this.

(looks up)

Sorry, Gonzalo. If I don't win this bet, I doubt I'll die well.

He grabs a bottled water and takes small sips.

WILL (CONT'D)

(looks up again)

Do you think my Kobayashi Maru is working?

He takes more sips.

WILL (CONT'D)

I have to admit I'm not a Trekkie.

(sighs)

I've only seen the reboot.

Mia enters the garage with a small book in hand.

MIA

Back away from the gate.

WILL

Yes, ma'am.

She slides the ladder back underneath his cage, climbs up and opens the small tray door.

MIA
Not enough salt on the eggs?

Will points at the pillow.

WILL
How many... uh, people...

MIA
Slept on this pillow before we
devoured them?

WILL
Yes.

She leans in and answers in a sinister voice.

MIA
I've lost count.

Will humbly watches her slide the pillow and blanket past the food, then toss the small book onto the carpet near him.

He picks up the book to inspect it closer.

WILL
Goldfinger. A great movie, but I've
never read the book.

Mia shuts and locks the tray door.

MIA
It's the highest literature my
brothers read, but maybe it'll have
something you can use for a more
respectable escape attempt.

She starts to climb down a step.

WILL
What do you read?

She climbs back up in anger.

MIA
Stop trying to get to know me.

WILL
Sun Tzu says to know your enemy.

MIA

And cool it with the philosopher references. Do you have any thoughts of your own or are you just going to regurgitate for the rest of your pathetic existence?

WILL

Umm... I don't know, it's just...

MIA

I liked you when we first met.

Will listens intently.

MIA (CONT'D)

And I wasn't going to choose you for this, thinking I had misjudged you, or felt bad for you, or... I don't even remember.

WILL

But?

MIA

I hoped you were different after... you checked all the boxes.

WILL

What boxes?

MIA

Call it a... I don't know... a sick grocery list of... of attributes.

WILL

Like...

(meekly)

My muscles?

MIA

(in extreme frustration)

Yes!!

Mia violently grabs the cage and rattles it as she lectures.

MIA (CONT'D)

And there was a hint at first that you had ambitions and intelligence.

WILL

What the hell did I do?

MIA
Nothing! Absolutely nothing!

WILL
So...?

MIA
After you told me you wanted to dig wells in Africa, I thought, OK, maybe it's just how this guy picks up vapid college girls, but at least he's thought through some altruistically creative pursuit!

WILL
Yeah, I do think that would be great.

MIA
But then you immediately shut up about it and just came on to me too strong with your skin deep compliments.

WILL
I was being nice!

MIA
And shallow! And boring!

WILL
Did you really want to talk about Africa at a party?

MIA
Yes! I was desperately hoping to talk about Africa at a party full of empty heads!

WILL
But you don't want to talk about anything with me now?

MIA
Look around you! That time has passed.

WILL
I'm still here and I'm still a person. Not a steak, yet.

MIA
OK, you get one more chance. Did
you have any serious plans to
travel to Africa and dig wells?

Will stares hesitantly.

MIA (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. Now tell me
how you're different than a steak
in the freezer?

She points to the freezer in the corner and Will's still
vacant gaze follows her finger.

Mia settles down and waits for his answer.

He looks her in the eye and answers sincerely, as if near
tears.

WILL
I have a soul.

MIA
You've been doing a terrible job of
proving that.

They stare at each other with emotions running high.

Mia breaks their stare, climbs down and immediately shoves
the ladder out of the way.

WILL
What part are you choosing?

MIA
You're pathetic.

She walks to the door.

Will shouts after her, pestering.

WILL
What body part is your favorite?!

She turns back and screams.

MIA
Make your own choices!

WILL
You were never going to live up to
your end of the deal, were you?

MIA

I was never going to have to
because you're not special!

(pauses)

The only thing different about you
was the way you tried to weasel
your way out of it!

She quickly enters the house and slams the door behind her.

Will continues to yell at her as her angry footsteps fade.

WILL

You want to know what's pathetic?

Takes a breath.

WILL (CONT'D)

You can't even talk about the
monstrous things you do!

He slams a fist into the side of his cage, then yells again.

WILL (CONT'D)

How did Gonzalo taste, by the way?!
Did he check all the right boxes?!

He grabs the cage with both hands and shakes it furiously.

WILL (CONT'D)

Cowards!!!

He stops yelling and pants as if he just sprinted a mile.

He grabs a bottle of water and takes a long drink, but chokes
on it, having not yet caught his breath.

He perks up to the sound of loud, but inaudible arguing
between Mia and another man.

Will swallows uncomfortably.

The fighting stops.

Mia shouts something Will can't make out.

Then:

MIA (O.S.)

Caleb! Just... not yet.

Angry and powerful feet approach the garage door.

The door bursts open and Caleb storms through the door, slamming it behind him.

CALEB

So what's it gonna be, Bible-boy?

Will scoots back away from his gate in terror.

Caleb takes a few steps into the garage and stops, staring daggers at him.

He has a gas mask in one hand and a spray can in the other.

WILL

What?

CALEB

Yeah, I heard you beg for a Bible.

WILL

(stuttering)

I... I d-didn't beg.

Caleb drags the ladder under Will's cage and climbs up.

CALEB

You're callin' us a coward while askin' my sister to make all your choices for you.

Will's fear turns to hysteria.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Sounds a whole lot like beggin' to me.

WILL

It's not like that... it's Kobaya-I mean it's... Bible pages... and-

CALEB

I can't stand the yelling or the blubbering. It's unbecoming of a man.

He pauses and cracks an evil smile.

CALEB (CONT'D)

But that won't last long if I just step in, right quick, on my sister's side of the bargain.

WILL
No, no, she can come back, I
promise I won't yell.

CALEB
(scoffs)
Ah, you just can't help yourself.
Beg, beg, beg.

WILL
I... I... I...

CALEB
No, the eyes aren't my favorite.
They have an unpleasant texture.

WILL
Wha... wha... wha...

Will's mouth gapes open as he fails to speak.

CALEB
(excitedly)
Yea!

He points at Will's mouth.

CALEB (CONT'D)
You guessed it. It's that right
there.
(chuckles)
The tongue.

WILL
(stuttering wildly)
T-t-t-t-t-

CALEB
It may seem like just a snack, but
it's what fancy folk might call a
delicacy.
(licks his lips)
I prefer to wait until the end
since a third of your tongue
stretches down your throat and it's
hard to extract all of it while
you're still alive.

He slams the spray can onto the top rung of the ladder,
intimidatingly to get Will's attention.

CALEB (CONT'D)

But I can make an exception cuz of
the screamin.' And I kinda like
dessert before dinner anyway.

Will springs to life in protest.

WILL

No, no! I can choose! I can choose
for myself!

Caleb smiles in evil amusement and satisfaction.

CALEB

Better make it quick.

Will gets frantic again as he struggles to think.

WILL

OK, I... I will... I... I... I...

CALEB

I told you, not the eyes. I don't
like those. I'm a man of class.

WILL

I ch... ch... choose, I choose...

CALEB

Better stop that tongue flappin' or
it's mine.

Will blurts out his answer with as much authority as he can.

WILL

My left leg! My left leg!

Caleb chuckles as he raises the gas mask over his head and
pulls its strap back.

CALEB

Thank you kindly, Bible-boy. You
just won me a bet.

He pulls the mask over his face and picks up the can.

CALEB (CONT'D)

You ain't no different than the
others, after all. I don't care
what my dumb sister says.

He unleashes the spray into the cage and everything goes
black.

DARKNESS

Silence.

TRIBAL MEN (O.S.)
Haaooooooo!! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!
Haaooooooo!! Hah! Hah! Hah! Hah!

A long silence.

DARKNESS - LATER

The garage appliance noises peacefully hum.

GONZALO (V.O.)
I heard your screams from the other
side, amigo.

Silence.

GONZALO (V.O.)
You are a disappointment.

The hum of a freezer slowly builds.

GONZALO (V.O.)
(mockingly)
"I promise I won't yell."
(scoffs)
I'm glad I never had to share a
foxhole with someone like you.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Will is awakened by the sound of the garage door opening.

He is lying still in his cage with his face near the gate.

His tired eyes follow Caleb as he descends the few steps from the house, carrying a large drumstick-shaped piece of meat that is wrapped in white paper as if from a butcher shop.

He opens the large, horizontal freezer, releasing a haze of frozen vapor, and tosses the meat inside.

Caleb looks up at Will with an evil grin, then licks his lips and walks back to the door.

Will drifts back asleep.

DARKNESS

WILL (V.O.)
You look good in there.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

DREAM - MIA IN THE CAGE

Mia sits cross-legged in the cage, smiling smugly at Will, who stands at the top of the ladder.

MIA
I look good everywhere.

WILL
Better from out here.

MIA
Is that what you want, Will? To keep me locked up?

WILL
I want us both out of here.

MIA
Then let me out and we'll go.

WILL
Where?

MIA
To church.

WILL
Church?

MIA
Isn't that what you want, Bible-boy? You want me to believe?

WILL
I don't care where we go. But you do need to believe.

Mia's face and voice become more nefarious.

MIA
Oh, I believe, Will. And when you let me out, I'm going to show you how much I believe.

Will leans back in fear.

WILL
You don't sound like you...

MIA
Do you only believe in good souls,
Will? Do the bad ones disappear
when you confess to know God?

WILL
You don't understand.

MIA
How do I confess, Will?

She licks her lips tauntingly.

MIA (CONT'D)
With my mouth?

She suddenly raises her head and howls into the sky.

MIA (CONT'D)
Haaaaoooo!!! Haaaaoooo!!!

Mia's voice stops and is replaced by an overlapping howl
coming from behind Will.

GONZALO (O.S.)
Haaaaoooo!!! Haaaaoooo!!!

Will turns around to face the freezer, where the now muted
howl continues from.

GONZALO (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Haaaaoooo!!! Haaaaoooo!!!

Will slowly descends the ladder and approaches the freezer.

He is terrified and cautious.

The howls grow louder as he nears the freezer.

He pops the lid of the freezer open.

Gonzalo's limbless torso lies on a bed of ice, surrounded by
frozen vapors climbing out of the freezer and up at Will.

Gonzalo angrily shouts at Will.

GONZALO (CONT'D)
Did you hear me scream and beg for
mercy as they dragged me into the
house, Will?!

Will is terrified, unable to speak and covers his mouth.

GONZALO (CONT'D)

Did I not show you how to be a man?

MIA (O.S.)

Yeah, Will. Show me how to be a man.

(seductively)

I'd love that.

Will turns his head to see Mia standing closely next to him.

Gonzalo chants at Will in a tribal manner like the cannibals did when they took him inside.

GONZALO

Übermensch! Übermensch! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mia joins in.

MIA

Übermensch! Übermensch! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Still speechless, Will looks back and forth at them while they continue to chant.

GONZALO

Übermensch! Übermensch! Ha! Ha! Ha!

MIA

Übermensch! Übermensch! Ha! Ha! Ha!

END DREAM

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Will wakes up in a sweat, still lying down in his cage.

The room is empty and silent, except for the normal hum of the garage appliances.

WILL

Oh, thank God.

Will concentrates on controlling his heavy breathing.

WILL (CONT'D)

Gonzalo... I'm... I'm sorry.

Will's breath slows to normal and his vision clears.

He winces in pain.

Panic freezes his expression.

He slowly extends his hand down his left side, sliding his touch down his jeans.

He stops his hand as it touches a white cloth bandage.

He props himself up on an elbow and sees the stump at the end of his thigh, wrapped in the partially bloody bandage.

WILL (CONT'D)
AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!!!

EXT. CANNIBAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Will's screams pierce through the night as a small, lonely house in the middle of the open country gets smaller and smaller, revealing vast farm lands and forests.

There are no neighbors.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

WILL
Noooo! No! No! No! It can't be
gone. It can't be-

Will stops screaming as Caleb yells from within the house.

CALEB (O.S.)
Shut up in there or I'll come get
my snack!

Will writhes in pain.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And I'll take it while you're still
alive and awake, Bible...Nancy-boy!

Will clenches his teeth, trying to hold back a scream.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You made us dip into you before we
even finished ol' Gonzalo!

Will lets out a painful groan.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Had to go and freeze a perfectly
good fresh drumstick. Such a shame.

Will can no longer control his pain and shouts out.

WILL

Where's Mia! The drugs wore off! I need help!

Pounding footsteps storm through the house, getting closer until Caleb throws the garage door open and stands in the doorway, arrogantly.

CALEB

You won't be needing her anymore.

Will props himself up against the side of the cage and turns to face Caleb.

WILL

I need pain meds...

Will looks down at the now empty food tray in his cage.

WILL (CONT'D)

And more food and water.

Caleb smiles as he lectures like a parent to a child.

CALEB

I think it's time you overcame your beta-male whining and accepted your situation for what it is.

(pauses)

And I like my food to be organic. The more drugs we use, the less pure it is, you know?

Will groans in agony and shuts his eyes tightly.

CALEB (CONT'D)

And I heard you were considerin' a hunger strike, so maybe this is just the little push you needed.

Will forces his eyes open to glare angrily at Caleb.

CALEB (CONT'D)

There we go. I can see you gettin' stronger already. You just go on protestin' us and strikin' or whatnot.

(pauses and grins)

Just do it quietly and I won't have to use these.

Caleb holds up a pair of pliers in one hand and garden sheers in the other.

Will grabs the cage gate with both hands and shakes it with anger as he yells at Caleb.

WILL
You're a sick freak! There's a
special place in hell waiting for
you!

Caleb chuckles as he lowers his hands, then licks his lips.

CALEB
Look at all those delicious muscles
hard at work there. It's gotta take
you back.

WILL
Take me back to what?

CALEB
To the gym. Shaking that cage is
about as useful as picking up
weights and setting them down
again.

Will reflexively removes his hands from the cage, in shame.

Caleb raises an arm to flex his bicep.

CALEB (CONT'D)
These muscles? They're forged by
nature. By real work. Bailin' hay.
Turnin' wrenches. Milkin' cows.
(pauses)
Freaks like me kept you fed all
these years. Gave you that whey
protein you meatheads like.

He chuckles, then steps back inside and shuts the door.

His footsteps fade into the house.

Will's breathing increases again with his pain.

He rests his head back against the cage and closes his eyes,
trying to ignore the pain.

WILL
I messed up. I know it. Where I
went wrong, I don't know. But I
know I messed up.

He opens his eyes and forces himself to look down at his
bloody leg.

He gags and looks away, covering his mouth to stop himself from vomiting.

He swallows and takes deep breaths.

Finally settling down, he forces himself to look at the leg again.

WILL (CONT'D)
A good doctor could...

He slowly reaches a hand out to the end of the stump, but stops himself from touching it.

He breathes heavily, but tries to smile.

WILL (CONT'D)
Yeah. Yeah. A good doctor could totally attach a prosthetic.

He groans in pain and fights to smile again.

WILL (CONT'D)
And we're probably only a few years away from a full-on robotic leg that run and jump like my... no, like even better than my...

He winces and almost blacks out.

He fights to stay conscious, tightly squeezing his eyes shut.

He calms his breathing and slowly opens his eyes.

WILL (CONT'D)
Robotics... robotics could be good.

He sees the James Bond novel still sitting in the corner of the cage.

He picks it up and looks at the cover.

INSERT: A paperback of "Goldfinger" with a sexy woman in an evening gown with a sultry look and dark hair in the center.

WILL (CONT'D)
Women are our downfall aren't they, Mr. Bond.

He opens the book, winces, and tries to focus on the page.

His hands begin to shake and he slowly loses concentration.

He buries his face in the book and finally breaks down crying.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I messed up. I'm so sorry. I wasted my life. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry.

He closes the book and sets it down calmly, then lies down with his head away from the gate and continues to cry.

The white bandage shines off the dim light bulb as it slowly grows more red.

He sits back up and wipes his eyes, determined to stop crying.

WILL (CONT'D)

Get a hold of yourself, Will. You need to keep hope.

He looks down at his leg and narrows his eyebrows.

WILL (CONT'D)

Maybe it's not real. Maybe I'm seeing things. Or dreaming.

He reaches his hand out and extends a finger to touch the bloody, bandaged stump.

Blood sprays wildly from the stump.

Will screams and flails around as blood splatters around the cage.

He passes out.

Silence.

DARKNESS

Garage appliances hum.

Ladders scrape along the cement floor.

WILL (V.O.)

I'm glad you came back.

MIA (V.O.)

Well, you asked so nicely. How could I refuse?

INT. GARAGE - DAY

DREAM - MIA AND WILL TALK OUTSIDE OF THE CAGE

Mia and Will each sit on top of a separate A-frame ladder facing each other a few feet away.

The garage bay door is partly raised, letting sun flood in below, creating a haze around them.

Mia sits with legs crossed in a very distinguished manner, with her hair done and dressed like she is at a party.

Will is in his jeans and gray t-shirt, but cleaned up and normal, with all his limbs intact. He's sitting casually, but still a bit nervous.

MIA

This is your chance to get to know me. For real. Not just skin deep.

WILL

And no one is listening?

MIA

Why would that matter?

His eyes wander.

WILL

It's just that...

Mia snaps her fingers and Will's eyes return to her.

MIA

Stay focused. I said this is your chance. Your only one.

WILL

OK, yeah, I, uh...

MIA

Are you afraid of what someone else might think if you let your mind loose?

Will looks down at the floor which is about ten feet below.

WILL

Why are we up here?

MIA

Focus!

He snaps back up and they lock eyes.

MIA (CONT'D)

Now what do you want to know about me?

Will swallows hard, mustering up courage to ask a question.

WILL

Why do you want to eat me?

MIA

I've already explained why you were chosen. This conversation isn't about you.

WILL

I don't want to know about me. I want to know about you. Why do you want to eat me?

MIA

I never said I wanted to eat you. Next question.

WILL

That's not an answer.

MIA

Pretend we're back at the party and you had a redo. What would you ask?

Will gets more nervous and starts to look away again.

MIA (CONT'D)

Stop looking away. You have a woman right here in front of you with her full attention on you.

She leans toward him to emphasize.

MIA (CONT'D)

Don't waste that.

WILL

OK, I'm sorry.

MIA

Don't apologize, just think.

WILL

Yeah. Sure.
(swallows and thinks)
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

OK, umm... what do you want out of life?

MIA

Too broad. Try again.

WILL

Do you want to go to Africa?

MIA

Don't ask closed-ended questions.
And that's a weird thing to ask
someone you just met. Try again.

The sound of rain pelting the roof distracts him.

WILL

What is that?

MIA

It's just rain. Focus.

WILL

But it's sunny outside.

MIA

Look at me. I'm right here.

WILL

I don't... I don't think you are
right here.

MIA

You're still the same directionless
idiot I met at the party.

She leans back, losing interest.

MIA (CONT'D)

What a disappointment.

WILL

No. That's not who I am.

The rain gets louder.

MIA

Then who are you?

WILL

I thought this wasn't about me.

MIA

It's all about you, isn't it?

Will looks down at his legs to see them both missing with bloody, bandaged stumps at his knees.

WILL
(panicky)
No...

He kicks his stumpy legs up and down.

WILL (CONT'D)
This isn't real. None of this is real.

MIA
Stop looking at yourself.

His eyes snap back up to her.

WILL
I can't help it.

He looks down again and sees that his arms are now missing at the elbows, again with bloody white bandaged stumps.

Mia's voice suddenly changes, turning into a calm whisper.

MIA
Quiet. Stay quiet.

Will wiggles around at the top of the ladder.

END DREAM

DARKNESS - CONTINUOUS

Rain pounds on the roof and the appliances hum.

MIA (O.S.)
Wake up, but stay quiet.

Will wakes abruptly and speaks loudly.

WILL
How can I stay quiet and ask you a question at the same--?

MIA
(in a harsh whisper)
I said stay quiet.

Will sits up, wincing in pain and tries to focus on her.

MIA (CONT'D)

You were muttering like a lunatic.

WILL

What was I saying?

MIA

You were wondering what's real.

Will's eyes widen and he frantically looks down at his leg, which is still missing below the knee.

He gasps, but quickly regains his composure.

MIA (CONT'D)

And something about how everything is all about you. Which tracks.

WILL

That's not what I meant. We were...

MIA

You're lucky it's raining.

WILL

What?

MIA

It makes it easier to sneak around.

WILL

Uh, that's good, I guess.

She sets a bottle of water and a bottle of pills on the ladder and Will obediently scoots back without being asked.

MIA

(impressed, but sarcastic)

You're starting to get it.

She opens the food tray, sets the water bottle inside, then dumps a few pills next to it.

MIA (CONT'D)

These are pretty heavy pain killers. My brothers use them after long days...

(shrugs)

And short days... so I can't give you a lot of them.

WILL

Thank you.

MIA
You should probably hang on to them
as long as you can.

He glances at the pills and back up at Mia, trying to read her expression.

WILL
OK.

Mia shuts the gate and falls into a mild trance, still looking down.

After a moment, she looks up at the ceiling, almost smiling.

MIA
I like the rain.

Will is a bit surprised by her calmness.

MIA (CONT'D)
It sounds different in here.

Will studies her face before commenting.

WILL
A professor once asked my class if
running to get out of the rain
actually prevented any wetness.

Mia turns to him and listens with a bit of intrigue.

WILL (CONT'D)
Of course, most of the class
answered that of course it did.

MIA
And you?

WILL
The question deeply interested
me... because it... it was so
visual, uh... since I think in
images, you know...

MIA
Yeah, right.

WILL
I could see the rain in my head
like a 3-D model. Just sheets of
rain all around a frantic person,
running.

Mia waits patiently for him to continue as rain pelts the roof.

WILL (CONT'D)

I spoke up.

(cracks a small smile)

And I suggested that you would
avoid some rain hitting your head
and shoulders...

He becomes quite animated as he speaks, gesturing a runner.

WILL (CONT'D)

But I guessed that you might get
more water all over the front of
you from the walls of rain you're
smacking into as you run.

MIA

Ooo. Sounds smart.

WILL

Sort of.

He loses his passion.

WILL (CONT'D)

But while I was explaining, some
other student was on his laptop
asking A.I.

(rolls his eyes)

And he found some study by a
physicist who proved that your
overall wetness would decrease by
running, even when factoring in my
point.

MIA

He should fail the class for that.

Will laughs a little, but then winces in pain.

Mia reflexively winces with him and her face saddens with sympathy.

He notices her concern and smiles.

She sheepishly smiles back, then looks away.

Will clears his throat and quickly continues his story.

WILL

The professor was definitely annoyed and asked if there might be any other factors the math nerd might have missed.

MIA

And?

WILL

I could almost feel that hypothetical person in my head.
(a proud smile returns)
So I suggested to the class that if the person was running hard enough, or if it was hot enough outside, that he might sweat more.

MIA

Impressive. Wetter and smellier. Take that math nerd.

They both force an awkward chuckle.

WILL

Yeah. I think it was the only time the professor was impressed by me.

Their eyes meet and hold with some affection and wonder.

MIA

Was it hard philosophizing without a voice inside your head to talk to?

WILL

Yeah. A lot of people told me to switch to something else.

MIA

Why didn't you?

WILL

Stubbornness, probably.
(thinks)
But I found some workarounds. I would type out the debates I had with myself. And went to a lot of study groups.

Mia's expression becomes more serious.

MIA

You're kinda pissing me off, Will.

WILL

Why?

MIA

Have you ever talked like this to a girl before?

WILL

Outside of class or a study group?
No.

Mia shakes her head with disappointment.

WILL (CONT'D)

I was dreaming that you and I were talking. And you were pretty pissed at me then, too.

MIA

Good for me.

WILL

But you said you didn't want to eat me.

Mia lets out a big, frustrated sigh.

MIA

That wasn't really me, Will.

(pauses)

Did you really need to verbalize that to get it through your head?

WILL

I think it's true. I think it's why you were so disgusted when I asked you to choose the most delicious-- I mean, your favorite part.

MIA

Are you developing Stockholm Syndrome?

WILL

No, I...

MIA

Did you get to that chapter, yet?

WILL

I know what that is, but I know that you're different from your brothers.

MIA
That's obvious, but you shouldn't
feel sorry for me. I'm the reason
you're here.

WILL
Is that really true?

Mia throws her hands up and raises her voice at him.

MIA
This isn't your philosophy class
and I'm not your friend!

Her eyes widen with fear and she slaps her hand over her
mouth.

Thunder rolls and the rain pelts harder on the roof.

CALEB (O.S.)
Mia! That you?!

WILL
(whispers desperately)
I'm sorry I... I didn't mean to
make you...

Mia quickly climbs down the ladder and slides it away.

MIA
Stop apologizing.

WILL
(excitedly)
You said that in my dream!

CALEB (O.S.)
You out in the garage?!

She quickly enters the house and shuts the door.

Loud footsteps approach.

Will listens with great concern.

MIA (O.S.)
I thought I left something in
there, but...

CALEB (O.S.)
You better not be lying to me.

Will flinches at the sound of a loud thump against the door.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You got my pills in your pocket?
You giving them to that boy?!

The door flies open and Mia tumbles down the stairs, falling hard onto the cement.

Caleb stand menacingly in the doorway, ignoring Mia and shouting at Will.

CALEB (CONT'D)
You take those pills, yet, stumpy-boy?!

WILL
(stuttering)
N-n-n-no... they're right...

He scrambles to pick them up.

CALEB
Don't touch 'em with your nasty fingers!

Will stops reaching for the pills and scrambles to the back of his cage, while Caleb storms down the steps.

Will watches in horror as Caleb rears up with his fists, then wails down on Mia repeatedly.

CALEB (CONT'D)
You know I need those pills!
(continues to hit)
And you disrespect me by giving them to our food!

Will shuts his eyes tightly, waiting for the beating to end.

CALEB (CONT'D)
I work hard all day outside while you fiddle around doin' nothin'!

He finally stops pounding on Mia and shakes his arms and bends his neck back and forth like he just completed a tough workout.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Now get up that ladder and get my pills! And hope to God I don't kill you tonight.

Caleb charges back inside, leaving the door hanging open.

Will is frozen at the back of the cage as he hears Mia slowly rise, then push the ladder back underneath his gate.

Mia's face gradually appears over the edge of the platform.

One of her eyes is swollen shut and blood covers most of her face.

Will gasps and Mia avoids any eye contact.

Will barely gets his next words out.

WILL
I'm so sorry.

Mia answers defiantly.

MIA
Stop. Apologizing.

She grabs the pills and disappears down the ladder.

MIA (CONT'D)
Be a man, already.

Will listens to the ladder slowly scratch across the cement as Mia struggles to move it.

She limps into the house and shuts the door behind her.

Will lies down on his pillow, traumatized and in shock.

He stares blankly, beyond the ceiling above him, while listening to the rain.

WILL
Dear God...

He hesitates to continue and fights back tears.

WILL (CONT'D)
I don't know what I did to end up
in here, but I hope it's OK to
apologize for it.

Closes his eyes.

WILL (CONT'D)
I can't remember all my sins, but
whichever one was the worst, please
forgive that one.

Opens eyes and wipes a tear.

WILL (CONT'D)

Maybe Mia's right, that it wasn't really something I did, but what I didn't do.

(pauses)

I wasted my life, and now I need...

(hesitates, thinking)

Deathbed forgiveness, I guess.

Listens to the rain.

WILL (CONT'D)

Does that ever work? Is anyone ever forgiven at the last minute?

(pauses)

Or maybe we need to be cursed until we confess. And every time is like the last minute.

His voice becomes angry.

WILL (CONT'D)

But did I really need this? That seems messed up, even for an angry god.

He calms down quickly, humbling himself.

WILL (CONT'D)

It's OK if you're angry with me.

I'm angry with me.

(pauses)

That's gotta be enough to deserve some deathbed forgiveness.

He closes his eyes and thinks.

WILL (CONT'D)

They say there's no such thing as an atheist in a foxhole.

He laughs at himself in a humble way.

WILL (CONT'D)

Gonzalo said he wouldn't want me in his foxhole. In that dream, at least.

(pauses)

Did you send him to me?

(thinks)

Was that you?

His seriousness and desperation return.

WILL (CONT'D)
Was that you?

He groans in misery.

WILL (CONT'D)
Oh, dear God, Jesus, Jehovah...
whatever you like to be called...
please help Mia, too.

His pace of breathing picks up as he deals with his pain.

WILL (CONT'D)
I don't think her heart is as dark
as she thinks. Maybe... forgive
her?
(pauses)
She knows not what she does, or
however that goes?

He winces in pain, but this time from his bladder.

He sits up and instinctively holds his bladder with a hand.

WILL (CONT'D)
Ow. I guess I haven't peed in that
stupid hole, yet.

He sees the water bottle Mia brought him, still in the tray.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'll be with you in a minute.

He peels back the carpet from underneath him, grunting and trying to keep his weight off his half-missing leg.

He looks into the hole at the white PVC pipe attached below, shakes his head in disgust, then starts to unzip his pants.

He stops suddenly with a burst of inspiration.

He reaches a hand into the hole and feels around it, then pushes on the pipe, which has a little give to it.

He spins his head around and locks his eyes on the sealed bottle of water, then quickly grabs it.

He turns the bottle upside down in both hands and looks into the hole, deep in thought.

He listens carefully to his surroundings and looks over at the door.

He takes a deep breath, then slams the cap end of the bottle into the hole like a hammer.

He flinches, then freezes at the loud noise it makes.

No sounds from inside the house.

He hesitates, then is surprised by a crash of thunder.

His eyes light up and he slams the bottle down harder into the pipe.

He smiles.

WILL (CONT'D)

Well... it worked in Shawshank.

He waits.

Another crash of thunder.

Will hammers the bottle down again and the pipe makes a different, squeaking sound.

He leans down to inspect the hole and sees a small gap where the pipe has disconnected with the plywood flooring.

WILL (CONT'D)

(whispers excitedly)

Yes. Almost there.

He presses the cap of the water bottle into the gap and pushes his weight down on it.

The pipe squeaks again as the nails holding it in place further dislodge from the flooring.

He leans in to inspect it, seeing about a half-inch gap.

He smiles in satisfaction and tosses the bottle aside.

He fully unzips his pants and aims into the hole.

Nothing happens.

WILL (CONT'D)

Come on, come on. Relax.

Nothing.

WILL (CONT'D)

Rushing waterfalls, rivers,
oceans...

Will's face calms as his stream hits the PVC pipe.

His urine trickles through the gap in the pipe and onto the floor of the garage, creating a small puddle.

The trickle stops and Will zips his pants back up, then quickly sinks down into the corner of his cage.

He flops the carpet back over the hole and looks nervously toward the door.

WILL (CONT'D)

You can do this.

The rain slows to a stop.

He takes a deep breath and yells.

WILL (CONT'D)

Caleb!

Panic sets on his face and he opens his mouth again, but no sound comes out.

WILL (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Come on, come on...

He shakes the fear off his face and gathers some confidence.

He yells louder than before and holds out the vowels.

WILL (CONT'D)

Caaaaaleb!

Caleb's angry voice is perplexed and angry.

CALEB (O.S.)

What the hell, Bible-boy? You actually callin' for me?!

Footsteps approach the door.

Will takes a breath and scoots closer to the gate.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You just might be makin' my day.

He throws the door open and stays in the doorway.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Let's see just how crazy you are.

WILL
Sorry, sorry, sorry... but... uh...

CALEB
Out with it.

Will points down below the cage.

Caleb looks down and notices the puddle, then observes the PVC pipe that is still dripping.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Tell me that's not your piss?

Will clears his throat.

WILL
I heard it dripping down there but
I couldn't stop... then I noticed
there was a gap where the pipe
isn't completely attached...

He shifts to the side and points to his leg.

WILL (CONT'D)
And I couldn't move quickly enough
to aim a different direction.

He acts very distraught and apologetic.

WILL (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. I'll know better for
next time, but I thought I should
let you know right away.

Caleb looks at Will with a hint of empathy, then turns back inside and slams the door hard behind him.

He almost sings his yell with an air of joy.

CALEB (O.S.)
Oh, Miiiaaa!
(laughs)
I got a job for you.

Light footsteps approach.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Get yourself a mop and bucket.
There's something that needs
cleanin.'

Two sets of footsteps.

Will waits patiently, but stares nervously at the door.

After a moment of silence, he closes his eyes.

WILL
(quietly)
Dear God... it's not over, yet.

One set of soft, but rapid footprints approach.

The door swings open and Mia enters with a mop in one hand and a bucket in the other.

WILL (CONT'D)
It worked.

She descends the stairs and shuts the door.

Her eye is still swollen shut and she has small cuts on her lips and around her eye sockets.

MIA
What worked, you disgusting idiot?

Will speaks urgently and defensively.

WILL
Listen, listen. I'm not crazy.

MIA
(angrily)
You peed all over the floor.

WILL
I needed to see you again.

She tosses the mop to the ground in frustration.

MIA
You do have Stockholm syndrome. Are you falling in love with me, or something?

WILL
Or something, yes.

She sets the bucket down, then covers her face in her hands and spins around.

MIA
No! What is the matter with you?

WILL
(forcefully whispers)
Can you just listen a minute?

Mia spins back around to face him.

MIA
You're their dinner! What don't you understand?!

Will excitedly points at her.

WILL
There it is! You confirmed it!

She drops her hands and sighs in submission.

MIA
Confirmed what?

WILL
You said 'their' dinner.

MIA
Yeah?

WILL
Not our dinner.

MIA
Are you the grammar police?

He gazes at her with hope.

WILL
You don't... eat with them, do you?

Mia stands still.

MIA
No. I don't.

WILL
I knew it. And I'm not...
Stockholming for you, I...

She looks back up at him.

WILL (CONT'D)
I don't just think in images, I
feel in them.
(pauses)
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

I can read every emotion on everyone's face, and I'm never wrong.

He picks up the bottle of water and holds it up for her.

WILL (CONT'D)

It wasn't just that you risked your life to bring me pain killers.

(pauses)

You had pain written all over you from the moment we met.

MIA

I don't need you to be my therapist.

WILL

I can't imagine what kind of hold your brothers have on you, but there's a better life out there for you. And you can go get it.

MIA

If I leave, and especially if I take you with me... they will kill me and everyone else I love.

WILL

How can they do that from prison, or hopefully from death row?

Mia picks up the mop, dips it in the bucket and starts to wipe up the mess.

MIA

It's too risky. I'm sorry.

WILL

Now it's your turn to stop apologizing and be a...

(hesitates)

A woman... already.

No response.

WILL (CONT'D)

I'm in a cage and my leg is in that freezer. What more evidence do the cops need?

Mia keeps mopping.

WILL (CONT'D)
Just call them. And trust that
it'll work out.

MIA
I'm still an accessory to the
murders.

WILL
You were under duress. And I'll
testify on your behalf, that you
had a plan all along to set me
free.

MIA
They'll kill me if they find out I
called.

She stops mopping and they are silent for a moment.

WILL
Then you'll die well. And save the
lives of many others.

MIA
Die well, huh? As a martyr?

WILL
Martyrs die for religious causes.
(only half jokingly)
You ready to find a Bible?

Mia continues to mop.

MIA
I need to find a phone, first.

Will's face becomes sullen.

MIA (CONT'D)
Caleb took my phone after he...

WILL
Oh...

MIA
You're asking me to go to prison.

WILL
I'm asking you not to feed me to
your brothers.

She takes a moment to process everything.

MIA

There's no way a jury sides with
the cannibal hunter turned hero.

WILL

It'll be a hell of a story. You
never know what'll happen.

(pauses)

But whatever happens, we'll be
alive and out of this place.

Mia finishes mopping and grabs the bucket, then heads to the door.

MIA

Maybe I could get to a phone after
they fall asleep.

She climbs the stairs and Will stops her before she opens the door.

WILL

Thank you.

She turns to face him.

MIA

For not taking your other leg?
(huffs, jokingly)
You have low standards, Stockholm
boy.

Mia enters the house and shuts the door.

Her footsteps fade into the house and all goes silent, except
for the usual hum of appliances.

Will smiles as his eyes stay on the door.

After a moment, he winces and holds his leg.

WILL

Uuuuh... ow. I need some more
adrenaline. Or ya know, a doctor.

He opens the bottle of water and takes a long drink, then
lies down in exhaustion.

WILL (CONT'D)

Mia, Mia, Mia.

He glances at the James Bond novel.

WILL (CONT'D)

I hope you can summon your inner
double-oh-seven.

EXT. CANNIBAL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house sits quiet and undisturbed in the post-rainy
farmland.

DREAM - WILL AND GONZALO TALK AGAIN

GONZALO (O.S.)

Do you want to know how I learned
to die?

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

DREAM CONTINUES

Will opens his eyes to see the limbless Gonzalo once again at
his side, on his back. He has a sympathetic expression and
voice.

Will cracks a friendly smile of relief.

WILL

I'll give you points for
creativity, Gonzalo. That's the
darkest question anyone's ever
asked me.

He has a sudden realization and cringes.

WILL (CONT'D)

The darkest philosophical question,
anyway.

Gonzalo's expression does not change.

GONZALO

This is not philosophy class,
amigo.

Will's eyes dart around his cage, then return to Gonzalo.

WILL

I'm pretty aware of that now.

GONZALO

Your studies have prepared you a
little bit, but just know that no
plan survives first contact.

WILL
You lost me.

GONZALO
Mia is upstairs right now, stealing
her phone back to save your life.

WILL
I sure hope so.

GONZALO
Hope is all you have, since there's
nothing you can do to help her.

WILL
I know that.

GONZALO
She's a smart woman, but all plans
fall apart when the bullets start
flying.

WILL
(genuinely inquisitive)
You think they'll send a S.W.A.T.
team to save me?

Gonzalo ignores his dumb question.

GONZALO
I learned how to die from watching
others do it.

Will's face sobers as he listens.

GONZALO (CONT'D)
I think you will live through this.
(pauses)
But you should know that the harder
lesson for me to learn was in the
watching.

Gonzalo turns his head to look up and away from Will for the
first time.

GONZALO (CONT'D)
No matter how much you think you
hate your enemies...

He turns back to Will.

GONZALO (CONT'D)
Or how much you think they don't
really hate you...
(MORE)

GONZALO (CONT'D)

(pauses)

It's incredibly difficult to watch them die. And you will never be the same again.

Will and Gonzalo's eyes stay locked in thought.

Will doesn't react to the sound of hard pounding on a door.

GONZALO (CONT'D)

I think they are here.

WILL

Who?

GONZALO

Wake up now, amigo. It begins.

END OF DREAM

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Will calmly opens his eyes to the continued pounding on a door that sounds further away than usual, perhaps outside the house.

CALEB (O.S.)

Who the hell is at my house this early in the morning? I got work to do.

Caleb's hard footsteps track through the house.

POLICE (O.S.)

It's the police. Open up, sir.

Caleb's footsteps stop.

Will sits up and listens intently with wide eyes.

Caleb's shouts sound weaker than normal, with a hint of fear.

CALEB (O.S.)

Police?! What're you here for?!

POLICE (O.S.)

We received a call about a disturbance. We need to come in and make sure everyone's OK.

Caleb's shouts turn to anger.

CALEB (O.S.)
Mia?! You call the cops?!

POLICE (O.S.)
Sir, you need to let us in now.

Will pushes his way to the back of his cage like a frightened animal.

CALEB (O.S.)
Get your ass down here and tell them everything is OK.

POLICE (O.S.)
Sir, stay where you are and open this door, now!

Heavy footsteps pound up a staircase.

CALEB (O.S.)
You tell them everything's fine, you hear?!

MIA (O.S.)
Everything is not fine, Caleb!

POLICE (O.S.)
We're coming in! Lie down on the floor with your hands to your side.

The footsteps on the stair case turn to a run.

The police smash at the door, which gives strong resistance.

Mia screams.

POLICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We're on our way, young lady!

CALEB (O.S.)
Did you come into my room last night and steal my phone?!

MIA (O.S.)
It was my phone, you freak!

CALEB (O.S.)
Don't call me a freak!

The sound of a hard punch.

Mia screams again.

The sound of a body tumbling down the stairs gets louder and closer.

Caleb's footsteps pound down the stairs after it.

The police continue to pound at the door.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You think the cops'll let you off
clean since you turned me in?

Another punch.

Mia weakly grunts.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh, you at a loss for words, now,
ain't you?

A strong pound at the door causes a cracking noise.

Another punch.

CALEB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You don't look too clean to me.

Mia squeals in pain.

The garage door swings open and Caleb throws Mia through the doorway and down the stairs.

He is holding a pistol in his hand, down at his side.

CALEB (CONT'D)
(to Will)
You need some company in here?!

The outside door cracks again as the police pound away.

Will flinches and gasps.

CALEB (CONT'D)
Did you two think you could run
away together and leave me to rot
in prison?

He points his gun down the stairs at Mia.

WILL
No! Please! She doesn't deserve
that!

The front door shatters.

CALEB
Like hell she doesn't.

POLICE (O.S.)
He's got a gun!

A gunshot.

A bullet rips through Caleb's chest.

Caleb's body stiffens and his eyes widen.

His gun goes off.

Will screams.

WILL
Mia!

He covers his mouth with both hands and looks on in horror.

Caleb collapses down the stairs.

Two sets of footsteps pound through the house toward the garage.

POLICE (O.S.)
Cuff the man and tend to the woman!

Tears well up in Will's eyes as he listens to the police rustle with their cuffs and slide a body around on the floor.

POLICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open the bay door and let some
light in here.

The garage door opener is slapped.

The large bay door slowly opens and sheds more light on Will's panicked face.

POLICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The woman's in critical condition,
but still breathing.

Will wipes his tears and nervously bites his lip.

A handheld police radio beeps and squelches.

POLICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We need medical immediately. At the
old Hodel farm. Two civilians are
shot. Both critical.

The radio squelches again and a woman's voice over the radio responds.

RADIO DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Copy that. They're on the way.

POLICE (O.S.)
There was another voice in here.

Will tries to call out, but his voice won't comply.

POLICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I didn't see anyone else.

Will tries again and lets out a scratchy, weak voice.

WILL
I'm up here.

POLICE (O.S.)
Up where?
(gasps)
What the hell is that?!

Will scoots to the gate and holds onto it with both hands.

POLICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There's a ladder over there.

The ladder is dragged across the floor as Will blinks rapidly, adjusting to the bright sunlight flooding into the garage.

POLICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you hurt?

WILL
I'm OK. Just help... help Mia.

The sunlight overwhelms his eyes.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. GARAGE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Blinding white light shines around the shape of an A-frame ladder standing in the garage.

A blurry figure stands next to the ladder with his arms up.

Another blurry figure descends the ladder with Will in his arms.

POLICE
(shouts to someone else)
Get another stretcher!

WILL
No. I want to walk out of here.

The blurry figures assist Will and lower him down the ladder and into the bright light.

Will extends his remaining leg to the ground, silhouetted against the whiteness.

POLICE
I don't think you can walk.

WILL
No. I can't.
(inhales)
But I think I can...

He grunts with great effort.

And hops.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE APPEARS

HOP, SKIP, JUMP

TITLE FADES TO ONLY:

HOP