

TRAPPED

Written by

Theresa Clemmer

Theresa Clemmer
raeraeact@yahoo.com
609-328-4606
@screenrite

INT. GRACE'S CONDO - MANHATTAN - DAY

A pristine room, expensive furnishings, orderly and visually attractive, where GRACE ADAMS, 30, tall, shapely dressed in a fashionable business attire, sits on her leather sofa.

The coffee table in front of her displays neatly arranged magazines titled FOCAL POINT.

Grace controls the projector's remote with one hand; She tightly grips her cell phone with the other. Grace watches photos of herself pop up on a projector screen. Ads of Grace from the FOCAL POINT magazine fills the screen. With a conceited smirk, Grace delights in the sight of it all.

Her cell phone vibrates. She comes to attention as she speaks into her phone.

GRACE

I know, I know -- I've been
featured five times in a row now.
No one can beat that record.

She lifts a magazine from the coffee table and examines it.

GRACE (CONT'D)

As a matter of fact, they should be
featuring my condo in the next
issue. Everyone knows I have the
most amazing photos of this place.
They're perfect. It's just deciding
which images to submit.

She laughs. A MAN's voice interrupts.

BILL (V.O.)

Maybe you could bring that up at
the award ceremony tonight. I won't
be attending, sorry to say. Big
recycling plant's going to let me
finally get those photos of melting
glass into new glass --

GRACE

But the award ceremony's in my name
tonight and you're not going to
make it? That's a bummer. I really
wanted you to see the look on
everybody's faces as try to conceal
the hatred. They all resent me,
Bill. But, hell if I care.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

Focal Point is top notch, and they chose me to deliver the goods. That should tell them something.

Silence. Grace suddenly self-conscious.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. Your magazine's great too, but---

She glances at a magazine. The title reads: "RECYCLE FOR LIFE". Below the title, an image of a green recycling bin, recycles overflowing.

BILL

Focal Point's got me beat by a mile. You don't have to say it. And I can't complain about my staff of photographers. They do great work.

GRACE

Great work. Yeah.

She tosses the magazine on the table and shut down the projector.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hey, I got to go. I'm going to pay a quick visit to my mom and dad before they take off. You know, the long awaited vacation. Well, sorry you can't make it to the ceremony. You know I'm going to be there!

They both laugh.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Take care.

INT. QUEENS - PARENTS KITCHEN - LATER

Grace stand at the kitchen door. She is appalled by the loud commotion and foul language coming from outside. She watches as her easygoing parents, GERALDINE (60) and LARRY (65), enjoy a big breakfast. The commotion do not phase them.

Grace's eyes narrow in disgust as she scans dirty pots and pans on the stove, a pile of dishes in the sink, and kitchen trash overflowing.

LARRY

If you're not hungry, at least come
and sit with us. We won't bite --
(to his wife)
-- Mom, move that junk off that
chair and give her a seat.

Geraldine removes the clutter.

GERALDINE

Here, baby. Have a seat. Honestly,
you need some meat on those bones---

GRACE

I'm not sitting. I have a busy life
if you haven't forgotten.

GERALDINE

Oh yeah, you got that award thingy
tonight, right? Well, let me hurry
up and tell you. We decided to stay
in Florida for two weeks, so we're
not going to be back right away.

Grace pulls out a check book from her purse.

GRACE

What, you need some money for the
trip?

LARRY

No. Put that thing away. Just need
you to clean up for us, you know,
drop in when you can.

Geraldine suddenly excuses herself from the table. She claps
her hands in excitement as she exits the kitchen.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You're mother is ready to go. You
see the way she's acting?

Larry scans the kitchen, then set his eyes on the basement
door.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Just this one time, would you
please get my two thick fishing
books from the basement? You know
the ones I'm talking about. They
should be on the back shelf.

GRACE
Are you serious? In this outfit? I
wouldn't be caught dead down there.

GERALDINE (O.S.)
Larry, come on! The car's packed
and ready! Good bye, baby!

GRACE
Good bye, Mom. You have a great
time!

Grace scans the entire kitchen again.

GRACE (CONT'D)
So, you're just going to leave the
place like this?

Larry shrugs his shoulders, then proceeds to exit the
kitchen.

LARRY
Please, Grace? This one time. I'll
be in the car.

He exits the kitchen.

GRACE
Alright! Gees!

Grace places her phone and purse on the table, then walk
toward the basement. She observe's the decaying, filth ridden
steel door. No doorknobs from either side. The door propped
open by a stack of thick books covered in spiderwebs.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Grace tries switching lights. They don't work.

She takes each grungy step with hesitation and dread. Her
nose wrinkles.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

As she reaches the last step, her eyes to adjust to the dimly
lit space. She focuses only on the shelf a few feet ahead.
She sees old rusted hammers and screwdrivers. No books.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Larry enters the kitchen, a CAR HORN blows.

LARRY

Sorry, Grace! I just remembered
where the books were! Mom's rushing
me! I gotta go! Love ya!

He retrieves the two books against the door then exits. The remaining books give way as the basement door slowly moves until it finally closes.

GRACE

What? I can't hear you. I don't see
any books.

She hurries up the steps. She sees the decaying door before her.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What the hell?! Why is the door
closed?

Avoid the grime, she feels around for a doorknob. Nothing.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh, my God. This is disgusting.
Hello? Dad, I can't get out!

Silence.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Grace faces the bottom of the steps as she stands frozen. She faces the door again and bangs on it. She feels every part of it with urgency.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Please, somebody?

Uneasy, she heads down the stairs. She freezes as she takes in the soot, dust and utterly unsanitary environment.

Avoiding any contact with the filth, she bangs on a small sized, rusted window.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Can anybody hear me? I'm stuck!

No response. She searches for another window. Nothing.

Grace's eyes dart maniacally at the walls and objects surrounding her.

GRACE (CONT'D)
There is no way in hell I'm missing
the awards! Yeah, they would just
love that.

A SCATTERING noise. Grace turns toward the noise. Grace looks puzzled.

She mumbles her words.

GRACE (CONT'D)
What was heck?

She paces, and finds mouse droppings. She avoids it, and strains every nerve to remain professional and dirt free.

She slowly backs into the wall. She jerks off the wall and brush herself off. She is interrupted by the sounds of SQUEAKS and SCRATCHES on the walls.

GRACE (CONT'D)
What is that? What are those sounds
coming from?

She scans every wall. She staggers backwards and trips over an old rusty box. A large spider crawls out. It scatters into darkness.

GRACE (CONT'D)
No, where'd it go? No.

She kicks the rusty box away from her and calms herself. After a beat, the SQUEAKS become louder. Suddenly, two mice runs across her feet.

She screams.

Frantic, with wild-eyes, Grace grabs her hair at both ends.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Can anybody hear me?!

Just then, her cell phone rings from a distance. She rushes over to the bottom step and look at the door.

GRACE (CONT'D)
My phone.

She cries silent tears.

Grace bangs her fists against the wall.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Somebody!

She runs to the shelf and retrieves a hammer. She circles the basement, banging on the walls and barred window. She quiets herself as she waits for an outside response. Nothing.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Oh God! How do I get out of here?

She collapse to the floor. The monstrous wall slowly closes in on her.

TIME ELAPSE

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Grace remains on the floor; her back against the wall. Listless. She is famished, filthy and nearing insanity. The SCRATCHING and SQUEAKING seem to never end. Grace covers her ears. She takes notice of her dirty hands and clothing.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Grace stands in her walk-in closet. She slowly admires her color coded, "clean" wardrobe.

BACK TO PRESENT

Grace snaps back into reality as she examines her dirty hands and unkempt clothing. She forces a smile then shakes her head. She looks at the surrounding walls.

GRACE

(speaking to the walls)

Don't come any closer, I can't
breath.

Weary, she pushes the walls away.

Suddenly, a rat runs across a shelf inches above her head. A metal, hook shaped tool crashes to the floor. She screams.

Grace examines the tool. She stares at it's sharp hooks. Her eyes widen.

She slowly lifts herself from the floor and approaches the basement door. Grace applies the tool to the edges of the door several times. It finally pops open. Grace screams as she runs up the stairs and exits the front door.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

Grace laughs hysterically. She collapses on the front lawn and kisses the grass. Her words are unintelligible.

GRACE

Thank you, thank you, thank you....

Passers-by gawk at her animalistic behavior. Some pull out cameras and cell phones snapping pictures.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Bill's hand, manicured, two gold rings, points to an ad in the local papers. It reads: "Local Photographer Gets Her Day In The Sun."

CU: A photo of Grace Adams, filthy, run down, rolling in the grass.

BILL(V.O.)

Grace Adams?! Wait till they get a hold of this.

(to the photo)

They missed you at the ceremony.

He laughs.

THE END.