

TRAPPED

Written by
Chris Keaton

Keaton01@hotmail.com
Chris-Keaton.com

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FADE IN:

INT. OIL CHANGE PIT - DAY

DAVE (20s), scruffy, ragged clothes, lays pinned under an engine at the bottom of a long abandoned pit.

He stretches his hand out to catch a ray of sunlight that has made it to his hole.

Dave chokes back a defeated laugh.

 DAVE (V.O.)
Another day.
 (beat)
How stupid could I have been?

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dave, same scruffy beard and ragged clothes, walks through a littered and unusually quiet street.

INT. MECHANIC'S GARAGE - DAY

The rusted steel door screeches open. Dave shoves it open a few more inches and squeezes through the gap.

 DAVE
Hello! Anyone?

Dave swats at one of the numerous chains hanging from the ceiling as he roots through the debris on the floor.

 DAVE (V.O.)
It's been months since I've seen
anyone else, maybe even a year now.

He's worn and weary. He shifts a rucksack over his shoulder.

 DAVE (V.O.)
The odd thing is the silence. I
never knew how loud it used to
be... The silence, it eats at you.

Dave nears the edge of the oil change pit and sets his rucksack down.

The sack falls open, letting a strap hang over the edge, revealing that it's full of canned food, a gun, and a CD.

DAVE (V.O.)
I always figured as long as I avoid
the dogs, what could possibly go
wrong?

He grabs a chain over the pit to get a better view inside.

END FLASHBACK

INT. OIL CHANGE PIT - DAY

Dave grimaces and grunts as he twists his torso, his pinned legs limiting his movement.

He lets out a frustrated scream.

Dave stretches his emaciated fingers up toward the rucksack just inches out of his reach.

DAVE (V.O.)
The hunger is painful, but these
muscle cramps are what's kicking my
ass.

Dave twists trying to get comfortable and slumps back to the ground beaten.

DAVE
Help! Anyone, can you hear me?...
Help!

He beats his fist against the side of the pit.

DAVE (V.O.)
What's the use? There's no one
left.

Thunder rumbles outside. The ray of light fades away.

The patter of rain beats a tune on the steel roof of the garage.

A trickle of water drips into the pit. Dave stretches his tongue out to catch the water.

DAVE (V.O.)
I should've finished myself off a
year ago when Kristen died.

Dave screams.

DAVE (V.O.)
Sunday school taught me suicides go
to hell. Well...

Dave shouts into the empty building with all this strength.

DAVE
...I'm in hell!

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. MECHANIC'S GARAGE - DAY

Dave leans over the edge holding onto the chain. The chain itself leads up to a pulley and then to an engine block.

He gives the chain a good tug, it's solid.

Light shines through a hole in the roof and into the pit illuminating a CD player and next to it a box of batteries.

His eyes light up.

INT. OIL CHANGE PIT - DAY

Dave pops the batteries in the player and tries it. It powers up and Dave beams with happiness.

DAVE (V.O.)
Funny how something like losing
music can push you to do something
so stupid to get it back.

Happy with his success, Dave grabs onto the chain and climbs half way up.

The movement of the chain frees the rusted pulley and the engine block drops pulling Dave up.

He panics and lets go of the chain. The pulley whirs.

Dave slams into the edge of the pit wall and crashes to the ground on his back.

Almost simultaneously the engine block crashes down onto Dave's legs pinning him.

The broken CD player spins to a sputtering stop near Dave's head.

END FLASHBACK

INT. OIL CHANGE PIT - DAY

Lightning cracks. Clouds blot out the light making it practically night inside the garage.

A banging disturbs the silence.

The steel door collapses open somewhere in the garage. Dave lifts his head up.

DAVE (V.O.)
Please God, don't let it be the
dogs.

DAVE
Hello?... Is anyone there?

Whispered voices echo through the garage.

INT. MECHANIC'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

JIM (30s), dressed in heavily patched but clean clothes, steps into the garage swinging a rifle toward the shadows.

He signals back to the open door.

JIM
In here. It's dry.

MARK (20s), dressed in similarly patched clothes, steps in carrying a large bag.

MARK
Come on girls. It's clear.

CARY (30s), holding a rifle in front of her, steps in from the rain followed by SABINE (20s) and a TARA (11).

INT. OIL CHANGE PIT - CONTINUOUS

Hope springs into Dave's eyes. He's saved.

DAVE
Help me! I'm stuck. Oh God! Thank
you. I've been waiting forever.

Jim steps to the edge of the pit and looks down at Dave with a dispassionate eye and then looks at the engine block.

Dave follows Jim's eyes and speaks, trying not to panic.

DAVE
I know it looks bad, but I'd
appreciate your help.

Jim gives his head a little shake.

DAVE
(losing it)
You can't leave me here... Come on,
help me!

Jim spots Dave's rucksack.

DAVE
No! That's mine.

He rummages through the cans and pockets the gun.

DAVE
Okay, I'll let you have some.

Jim picks up a can and looks down at Dave.

DAVE
Alright, get me out of here and you
can have it all.

Mark approaches Jim.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jim scoops up the rucksack and hands it to Mark.

DAVE
Don't ignore me. Please for God's
sake. Please help me!

Dave sobs.

DAVE
Please!

Mark looks down into the pit with disgust.

MARK
What happened to him?

Jim's eyes follow the chain to the engine block.

JIM
I figured he tried to climb down on
the chain and cut the engine loose
on himself.

MARK

Ouch.

DAVE

God damn it. Help me!

Jim looks down at Dave with sadness in his eyes.

JIM

It probably took him days to die.

MARK

Poor bastard.

Shock crosses Dave's face.

Cary takes the rucksack from Mark and looks down into the pit at the corpse of Dave pinned under the engine block.

CARY

Come on. I have a fire started.

Jim, Mark, and Cary sit down around the fire. The ladies begin singing a happy song.

Dave stands behind them warming in the fire light with a grateful tear in his eye and a peaceful smile on his face.

DAVE

Thank you.

Dave fades away as Jim turns around to investigate a sound. The singing stops.

CARY

What is it?

JIM

I thought I heard something.

The group grows silent as Sabine stokes the fire and they resume singing.

Cary picks up a harmonica and adds it's notes to the music.

FADE OUT.