

# **TRUNK**

By

Kyle Crick

FADE IN:

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - TWILIGHT

Dark. Black. The sound of stilted movement escapes the darkness. Shuffling leads to mumbling. Mumbling turns to gagged screams and moans then violent shakes.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

An unassuming car parked on an unpopulated street wiggles.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - CONTINUOUS

With some creative rubbing Colin pulls a blindfold down. Light streams from holes in a dark surface inches from his face. His free eye goes wide.

A tire iron and orange oil funnel rest against a metal frame. Coarse fabric rubs his bare skin. Ropes cut in around his hands. His mouth gagged with foul cloth. The blindfold droops over an eye. He tries to move his legs and feels a rope cut into his waste. His screams fade.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - MORNING

The car door slams, jolting Colin awake. The engine starts. He shakes and screams, but the sound is muffled.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls away from the curb and down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLY - MORNING

The car stops in front of a corrugated metal gate. The man steps out of the car and pulls the gate open, gets back into the driver seat, and pulls the car into a junkyard.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - MORNING

The trunk pops open. Light floods in, blinding Colin.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The man looks down at Colin and launches himself backwards onto the ground, kicking at the polished concrete with his feet. The look of terror on the man's face is rivaled by confusion.

THE MAN

What the hell?

He picks himself up and peeks into the trunk. Colin starts screaming. He awkwardly pushes up with his hands to get out of the trunk, unfortunately, putting his head in danger's way. Like a child avoiding a bee, the man reaches around and slams the trunk knocking Colin hard on the back of his head. Colin doesn't quit. The man slams again and again. Colin goes down. The man slams it one last time to latch it closed.

He hesitates around the trunk, putting his ear to the metal protecting him from the man in the trunk.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Hello?

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Colin comes to with hands bound over his head, hanging from a hook welded into a metal support pole in nothing but his pajama pants and a white t-shirt. Wet blood stains the concrete floor around the base of the pole. His bare toes lift him just enough to ease the weight of his body on his shoulders and wrists.

COLIN

What is this?

The warehouse is empty save for the car and a small office where he sees the man on the phone. The conversation bleeds through the poorly insulated office windows.

THE MAN

No, I don't know where he came from... He's already out of the trunk. He has to know something...

The man peers through the Plexiglas window. It bends the light as he pushes out to check on Colin.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

He's awake... one second. I'm gonna go talk to him... Alright alright.

The man, a scruffy unassuming forty something with a C-shaped posture and a buggy eyed face, walks out of the office and approaches Colin. His tone polite yet off-putting.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Hi there, How you doing? I'm Frank.

He gestures towards the phone in his hand.

FRANK

This is Willis. What's your name?

COLIN

Colin. What am-

WALLIS

(On phone)

Colin he says... Oh, sure OK.

(To Colin)

One sec.

Wallis holds the phone up to Colin's face to snap a photo. Colin sarcastically mugs it up for the photo. Frank taps some keys on the keypad, then holds the phone back up to his ear.

FRANK

(On phone)

Sent it...

COLIN

What do you want from me?

FRANK

One sec.

COLIN

Where am I?

FRANK

Hold on, he got the picture...

(on phone)

Yeah he doesn't look familiar to me either... Yeah OK... No Willis, I don't want to... Fine. Fine!

Frank hangs up the phone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What's your name kid? Oh, you already told me that, it's Colin. OK. More importantly, how did you get into the trunk of that car?

COLIN  
I don't know.

FRANK  
Even if your life depended on it?

COLIN  
(Shocked)  
What?

FRANK  
Just kidding but really, the sooner  
we get answers the less likely  
anyone gets hurt? I don't want  
anything bad to happen.

COLIN  
(Shocked)  
Hurt?

FRANK  
I'm just trying to get us out of  
this. Anything you know will help?

COLIN  
I went to bed and woke up in your  
car. That's what I know.

FRANK  
Hard to believe. You have any proof  
you're a Colin.

COLIN  
Who else would I be!

FRANK  
You could be anyone.

COLIN  
Sorry, I left my wallet in my other  
pants.

FRANK  
Right, well you dressed for the  
part in this story.

Colin, perhaps getting a little too comfortable with his  
current situation, shrugs off Frank's authority.

COLIN  
Look man, this is obviously some  
misunderstanding. I don't know you.  
(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

You clearly don't know what's going on so just let me go and I'll forgot being strung up like a dead pig.

Frank, visibly agitated by Colin's tone, snaps back.

FRANK

Kid. We're in a bad spot. Believe it or not I'm trying to help you.

COLIN

Funny way of showing it.

FRANK

You're young. You better learn soon, there's always a bigger fish.

COLIN

What the hell does that mean?

FRANK

Think about it.

Frank walks to a side table and pours himself a glass of whisky.

Colin tries to look around but his view is blocked by his shoulders. He gives up, letting his body hang by the fibers of his shoulders.

Frank paces a bit, watching Colin from the edge of his eye. Colin doesn't move. Frank pulls a metal chair across the concrete floor, stopping right in front of Colin.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Can you stop that please.

COLIN

Stop what?

Frank circles the chair and sits down.

FRANK

Being pathetic.

COLIN

Excuse me?

FRANK

You look pathetic. Fight a little to pick yourself up.

(Beat)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

You've been awake for a few minutes  
and you've been nothing but a turd.

Colin, noticeably confused, pushes a little more with balled  
up toes. The rope loosens slightly.

Colin stares directly at Frank. Frank avoids eye contact.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How old are you?

COLIN

Does it matter?

FRANK

Fuck yeah it matters! Your age is a  
badge of honor, you made it this  
far!

COLIN

I mean, does it matter if this is  
the end.

FRANK

Oh, yeah.  
(Beat)  
I don't know.  
(Beat)  
There's no end yet.

COLIN

Getting some pretty strong vibes.

Frank sits in silence for a minute.

FRANK

I don't wanna kill you, or anyone.

COLIN

I'm still hanging from this hook.

FRANK

I'm trying to figure things out!

His phone rings again. He ignores it before the seconds ring.

COLIN

What's there to figure! Let. Me.  
Go.

Franks snaps back again. But, he's earnest this time.

FRANK

I'm just some lackey! I'm told  
where to go and what to do. All I'm  
supposed to do is drive.

COLIN

What're they telling you to do now?

Frank ignores the question.

FRANK

The guy that shows up, a doctor.  
One sick fuck. He sells organs, as  
implants or something.

COLIN

Oh god!

FRANK

He's on his way.

COLIN

So let me go before he gets here.

FRANK

Exactly what do you think happens  
to me if he shows up and you're  
gone.

Colin is hit with a sudden realization.

COLIN

It's me or you?

FRANK

Something like that.

The conversation dies. Frank readjusts himself in his seat.  
Colin droops again. Without looking up Frank asks for more.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What do you do?

COLIN

Like, for work?

FRANK

Yeah. What do you do to get by?

COLIN

Some menial office job, I assess  
mortgage paperwork.

FRANK

That's what you wanted to do for a living?

COLIN

Not really. I just kinda fell into it. I used to want to write children's books; like fairy tales.

FRANK

No shit? That's bad ass man.

Colin comes alive.

COLIN

You think? Not like soft pansy stuff. More like old school fucked up fairy tales. The dark almost outweighs the good. That's why it's always so satisfying when the good wins at the end.

FRANK

If they win.

COLIN

Exactly! You never know what's going to happen, like, the theme could be better served if the hero dies at the end.

FRANK

We're on the same page, kid. You write any yet?

COLIN

Oh. Well. One thing led to another. Now I can't afford to get out.

FRANK

Credit cards?

COLIN

Something like that.

FRANK

Those goddamn crooks.

Frank moves from his chair to side table. He grabs the bottle of whisky,

fills up two glasses and walks back to Colin

FRANK (CONT'D)

Here's to the world we live in.

He inquisitively raises the cup to Colin. Colin nods. Frank pours the glass of whisky into Colin's mouth, while taking a sip from his own glass. It's awkward. Colin flinches then wipes his mouth on his right sleeve.

RING! Frank eyes the phone's call ID. RING. He ignores it.

COLIN

So what are you going to do?

FRANK

What if I let you go? Would you write those fairy tales?

COLIN

If you let me go I'll do anything.

Frank, noticeable frustrated, shakes his head.

FRANK

Don't do that. Don't fuckin...  
Dammit.

COLIN

What!

FRANK

How can I believe anything you say now?

Colin's noticeable confused. Frank paces around the room.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're a fuckin weasel. Trying to weasel your way outta this.

COLIN

You can blame me?

FRANK

If I put my ass on the line, you better fuckin write a seriously bad ass fairy tale. I'm talking something my kids wanna hear every damn night even though it scares the shit outta them. You don't just say "You'll do N E Thing!"

COLIN

You have kids?

FRANK

No!

COLIN

Alright Alright, I'll write a fairy tale.

FRANK

Do it. Do it now. Tell me a story. Prove it to me.

COLIN

We have time for this?

FRANK

Your's is running the fuck out.

COLIN

OK OK.

Frank sits down in the chair, crosses his legs, and rests his chin on his thumb. (Story told through still illustrations.)

COLIN (CONT'D)

There was this girl-

FRANK

Once upon a time.

COLIN

Once upon a time, there was this girl, a princess, Elizabeth. She was loved by her people for being both fair, brave, and kind. However, what the people didn't know was that her parents, the King and Queen, also had another daughter; Elizabeth's twin. When she was born, she was grossly disfigured.

FRANK

Disfigured how?

COLIN

She had bones growing out of her back, like wings, but without feathers.

FRANK

OK, OK.

COLIN

They were so ashamed of this monster, that they had her taken out into the woods and left for dead.

FRANK

She didn't die though, did she.

COLIN

Nope. She survived by eating bugs as a baby, rats as a toddler, and full grown animals as a teen. But then she became an adult. And people started going missing in the woods surrounding the castle walls.

FRANK

No shit. She's eating people?

COLIN

The townsfolk are losing their minds. Her parents refuse to acknowledge the problem. So Elizabeth decides to take care of it herself.

Frank is enthralled, mouth agape.

COLIN (CONT'D)

So, Elizabeth, she's out in the woods hunting down this terrible monster. The sun is going down, she's lost her way home, and she hears something howling in the distance; wolves.

FRANK

Fuckin' wolves too?

COLIN

Elizabeth starts running through the dark. The howls are getting closer and the forest is getting thicker. She gets stuck in a thorn bush, cutting her hands and arms. The wolves have her cornered. Howls pierce the dark from all sides of her. She closes her eyes and awaits her fate. Then, there's a crash. A wolf whimpers somewhere in the dark. Then, another to the left of her.

(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)

The screeches are blood curdling.  
Something worse has gotten to the  
wolves.

FRANK

Elizabeth's sister!

COLIN

Out of the forest walks a beautiful  
woman loosely covered in tattered  
rags, a mirror image of Elizabeth,  
except for the massive feathered  
wings. She spreads them like she's  
stretching. Her form is beautiful.  
She's not disfigured, she's an  
angel.

FRANK

What happens?

HONK! A horn rings out from the ally.

Colin and Frank freeze like a deer listening for the rifle.

HONK! HONK! And with that, the story's over. Franks kicks the  
chair back from underneath him. He pulls at his hair with one  
hand and hits his head with the other.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm such an idiot. I shouldn't of  
called him.

Frank grabs a surgical blade from the table and haphazardly  
attempts cutting the thick ropes holding Colin.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You have to fight.

COLIN

What?

FRANK

Wallis is here. He's going to kill  
you.

COLIN

Hurry up then.

Frank crazily saws at the rope. The horn screams again. Frank  
backs away from Colin.

COLIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

FRANK

I can't help you. I'm sorry.

Frank slaps the blade on the table, leaving Colin hanging. He turns to head out the main door.

Colin, shocked at the sudden change, pulls at the ropes but nothing gives way.

An sounds of the engine pulls closer and shuts off. A car door slams. Colin's trying but going nowhere. Outside, Frank is inaudible. Colin hears the booming voice of Wallis though.

WALLIS

Why aren't you answering your damn phone?

(Beat)

Why is he still alive Frank?

The voices grow closer. The door flies open and Frank backs in trying to calm an opposing man, older than one would expect yet each crag and valley of his skin only makes him that much more intimidating. He looks wise. He also looks like a dick.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

There's always a bigger fish Frank,  
You're not hard to replace.

He swats at Frank, smacking him hard across the face. Frank reacts sheepishly. Wallis stops in front of Colin.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

Hi.

COLIN

Hello.

WALLIS

You're supposed to be dead.

COLIN

I'm sorry.

Wallis gives him a quick jab to the ribs. Colin's attempts to curl are foiled by the weight of his lower half.

WALLIS

Me too. I am going to get you down  
from there we're gonna walk through  
this.

Wallis points at Colin's tied feet.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
Figuratively.

Wallis lifts him off the hook and set him on the ground. Colin slumps down into the fetal position cradling his ribs. Wallis sits down in the chair. Frank stands like a scared puppy at the edge of the room.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
My name, as you undoubtedly know  
already, is Wallis.  
(Beat)  
I want you to do me a favor and  
look behind you.

Colin turns to see what looks like a butcher's corner, only lacking any traditional meat. A human body lays on a table surrounded by plastic sheeting.

COLIN  
What the fuck is that!

WALLIS  
It's a dead guy. You know why I  
have Frank hang people from this  
hook? Hmm?

Colin doesn't answer. Wallis slaps him.

COLIN  
No.

WALLIS  
Because I like to cut along the  
belly to find out what people ate  
for their last meal.

COLIN  
Why are you telling me this.

WALLIS  
So you know you got nothing to gain  
by withholding. You're dead  
already.

Wallis adjust his posture and checks his watch.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
I have an important lunch to get to  
so please don't drag this out.

Colin lifts his head from the ground. His face is met with the swift blow of a downward punch.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
You don't get up!

Wallis rubs his fist. Frank watches helplessly. Colin spits.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
Now. Since Frank failed to meet his tasks before I got here, I'm going to ask you a series of questions. Your outcome depends heavily on your answers. OK?

(Beat)  
Where were you before you were magically transported that trunk?

COLIN  
In my apartment. I was going to bed.

WALLIS  
Did you ever make it to bed?

COLIN  
I did.

WALLIS  
OK, and you were with your roommate, or girlfriend?

COLIN  
Um, no.

WALLIS  
Well that's convenient. Thank you for being honest.

Wallis pulls a gun from the inside of his jacket and with the singular and unstoppable motion of a wave, he holds it to Colin's head and looks back towards Frank. Colin squeezes the life from his eyes and flinches. His head rolls sideways.

BANG!

Frank's eyes go wide. Wallis inspects the damage. Colin rolls around on the ground, gnashing at air and gripping the side of his face; clearly not dead. However, he is missing an ear.

WALLIS (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

Wallis looks at his gun, confused by it's failure. He flips it back and forth, peers down the barrel, and shrugs it off. Then, he points it at Colin's head again.

FRANK

WAIT!

Wallis spins in the chair and cocks his head, glaring at Frank.

WALLIS

What?

Frank freezes. He doesn't have an answer. Without looking, Willis pistol whips Colin, jumps from his chair, and drags Frank into the office.

Colin lays on the floor, a hunk of mess, grabbing at the side of his face. He lifts himself and looks around the room.

COLIN

I'm so screwed.

Blood streams around his face. He scans the room and sees the blade on the table. He drags himself across the ground and kicks at the table leg. The knife falls in front of his face. He grabs it, struggles to position the blade against the ropes, but eventually starts cutting. The ropes are thick. He doesn't have time. The open trunk catches his eye. He hobbles his way across the floor, under the window of the office. Inside, Willis beats and berates Frank.

Colin lifts himself up by hooking his elbows on the back of the car and gritting his teeth. He pulls himself inside and lowers the trunk, carefully to keep it from latching, just as Willis opens the office door.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - CONTINUOUS

Colin frantically cuts at the ropes around his wrist. He hears Wallis outside.

WALLIS

WHAT THE FUCK!

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wallis runs toward the pole where Colin was then rushes around the room looking through possible hiding places. He checks the cabinets, in the car, and under the car. He opens the big sliding door and runs into the courtyard.

EXT. WAREHOUSE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Wallis rubs his eyes, looks around, and collects himself.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - CONTINUOUS

Colin slashes through the ropes around his wrists, and gets to work on the ones binding his legs.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wallis walks inside staring coldly at Frank. Frank stutters.

FRANK

Stop looking at me like that.

WALLIS

He's in the yard. There's no way out. One of you dies today, you decide who.

Frank runs past Wallis. Wallis tosses him the gun. Frank fumbles it, recovering before it hits the ground.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

Go Go Go Go!

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - CONTINUOUS

Colin cuts through the ropes around his ankles and peeks from the trunk of the car. Frank rushes out through a wide open door. Wallis walks into the office right next to the car.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wallis pulls a second hand gun from a drawer. He loads the gun methodically, counting the bullets backwards; 12,11,10,9.

Behind him, through the doorway, the trunk of the car lifts slowly at first, then flings up. A second passes. Colin shoots out of the back of the trunk towards the open door.

EXT. WAREHOUSE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Colin shields his eyes against the morning light and charges across the courtyard. His balance is off. He stops quick at the corrugated metal gate; locked with a thick chain and topped with razor wire. He runs into the massive junkyard.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wallis turns towards the door and sees the trunk open. Light shines into the warehouse from the door he opened.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Colin runs through the gauntlet of twisted metal. He stops to hear Wallis' screams in the distance before taking off again. Demonic shapes blur past.

COLIN

There has to be an end to this.

The sounds of Wallis taunting him is distant but getting closer. He comes up on a high fence. With slight hesitation he scrambles to the top, toes coerced through the links only halted by the double wrapped razor wire at the top. He grabs at the summit desperately, slicing into his hands.

EXT. JUNKYARD - SAME TIME

Wallis and Frank reach the fence. CLANKING. Wallis looks closer at the chain links bouncing against the support poles.

WALLIS

He's climbing the fence. You go that way.

They split in opposite directions.

EXT. JUNKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Colin drops to his knees, hands bloody and clenched to slow the bleeding. He closes his eyes and clenches his teeth. Frank tears around the corner and stops dead at the site of Colin on his knees, bloody.

Colin can't run anymore. The change is physically visible. His face is stern, his brow furrowed. Everything fades around him. The fear washes. He slowly turns his head towards Frank.

COLIN

What are you going to do?

Frank shakes his head, tripping over his words.

FRANK

I... I can't. I can't change this.

Frank opens his mouth slowly. Colin holds up his hand, crimson streams towards his elbow.

FRANK (CONT'D)

WALLIS! I got'em over-

Colin missiles towards Franks midsection, cutting his breath. Colin crashes into him with such ferocity, Frank's lifted off his feet. SMASH. They stop with Frank pinned against a pile.

Colin pushes himself out from under Frank's arms and yells in anguish. His movement reveals several bars sticking through Frank and into Colin. Once free, Colin drops to the ground. Frank stays, suspended by the metal perforating his body, his feet dangling just off the earth.

Colin seems shocked. He backs away slowly.

EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Wallis runs through the metal towers and stops dead when he comes to Frank. He shuffles towards Frank.

WALLIS

Frank? You OK?

A second passes. He fires a bullet at the ground. Then, he swings around wildly, fires another two and starts screaming.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

YOU WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE, I'M  
YOUR TICKET. I HAVE THE KEYS.

Colin stands calm behind a tower of junk. To his right and 20 feet beyond, Wallis is losing his mind.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

I'M GOING TO GUT YOU ALIVE. YOU'RE  
GONNA FEEL ME RIPPING YOU APART.

Colin, moving stealthily, grabs a pipe and hits a stack of metal debris. CRASH.

The tower of refuse crumbles. Wallis twists and hurls three bullets towards the noise. Colin's already gone.

CLANK! Wallis twists and fires one at nothing meaningful.

CLANK! CLANK! Wallis spins. BANG! BANG!

WALLIS (CONT'D)

Stop... running!

Wallis catches him out of the corner of his eye, and with the reflexes of a cobra, unleashes a barrage. BANG BANG BANG CLICK CLICK... click... click. The gun rings empty.

Colin steps out from behind Wallis. The front of his body drenched red. He taps a loose car hood with the metal bar.

Wallis turns quickly and pauses then lets his shoulders droop.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

Who are you?

Colin's silent. Shoulders back. Breathing heavy. Animalistic.

Wallis throws his empty gun at Colin. Colin bats it away with the bar and charges. Wallis dodges Colin's swing and clotheslines him. Colin hits the ground. Before he can grasp which way is up, Wallis is straddling his stomach beating his face. Each punch more wild than the last.

Colin reaches up in between each blow. His hands close around Wallis' neck. The punches slow; Wallis is visibly tired. Colin locks his fingers around the back of Wallis' neck and pushes his thumbs against the throat. Wallis' adam's apple struggles to position itself.

Wallis knocks away Colin's hands and pulls up for air. Colin, freed from the attack reaches for his bar. He grasps it tightly in his left hand, braces the back with the palm of his right, and thrusts upward under Wallis' rib cage.

Wallis' jaw drops. He looks down at Colin's hands, still holding the bar, then into Colin's eyes. He gnaws the air for a last few words.

WALLIS (CONT'D)

Not the end.

The air leaks out of him. Colin pushes Wallis' body to the side and digs through Wallis' pockets for keys to the gate.

Equilibrium shot, Colin hobbles around the corner to Frank, who's shallow breathing is barely noticeable.

COLIN

Hey!

Frank lifts his head and struggles to speak.

FRANK

Hey there. How're you doing?

COLIN

I'm alright.

FRANK

My chest hurts kinda bad.

COLIN

Let me help you down.

Collin braces Frank and pulls him off the bars. Frank gasps for air as the metal slips through him. Free of his supports, Frank's weight is too much for Colin. They both collapse.

Frank rolls onto his back. Colin doesn't move from where he landed, laying on his side, his head on the dirt.

FRANK

Can you do me a favor?

(Beat)

Tell me how the story ends.

COLIN

What story?

FRANK

The one about the twins.

COLIN

I thought you knew. The angle saved the princess and they lived happily ever after.

FRANK

Oh, good. I'm glad. You should...

(Beat)

...totally write fairy tales.

Frank stops breathing. Colin doesn't notice. With his cheek rested against the earth, he watches the effect of his slowing breathing on tiny grains of dirt. The quiet is eerie.

FADE TO BLACK.