

THE CELL

by

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INT. PRISON - DAY

The sunlight burst into the cell from a very small window crossed with thick bars. It lights a small square in the floor. The rest of the room is dark but not enough to hide the pitiful state of the cell: stained walls, papers and dirt in the floor, the color of the ceiling is unknown. A broad barred door substitutes a whole wall of the cell. Outside it there's nobody, but it doesn't look better either.

ADRIAN, 24, lies in one of the mattresses, asleep. He is good looking, but he looks like he's been in the desert for one week: unshaven, dirty hair, stained white t-shirt. There are three other persons in their respective mattresses, all asleep. Adrian wakes up silently. He rubs his head. It aches intensely. He looks around, puzzled. He doesn't understand what he sees or where he is. He tries to get up but he can't. His right wrist is handcuffed to the bed. He tries to manipulate the bond but there's no way. He looks at the person to his right. It's a girl, dark long hair, same age and bad look as Adrian. A slight smile crosses Adrian's face when he recognizes her.

ADRIAN
(whispering)
Elena! Elena! Can you hear me?

CARLOS (O.S.)
She can't hear you, Adrian.

Adrian looks into the darkness, but he can only see a shape in the mattress opposite the cell.

ADRIAN
Carlos? Is it you?

CARLOS gets up and walks into the only light of the cell. He is uncuffed. Dark short hair, 30, jeans and no shirt. He looks confident and unworried by the situation. He takes out a cigarette and puts it in his lips.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
What happened? Why am I tied to
this bed? And what's this place?

CARLOS
You don't remember anything, right?

He lights his cigarette. Adrian tries to get up but forgets his handcuff. He incorporates a little, trying to reorder his ideas.

ADRIAN
I remember we were all four in our
jeep on the road to Dakar. You were
driving. I was on the back seat
with Elena. Roberto was with you.
(MORE)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

And then... nothing! I woke up here. What happened, Carlos?

Carlos gets very near to Adrian, lowers to his face level.

CARLOS

It's very simple, Adrian. This place is Death itself. We are trapped here and we have no chance to scape unless they take us out.

ADRIAN

What? Who is they? What do you mean we are trapped? Why are you free?

ROBERTO

Ouch! My head! Where am I?

ROBERTO wakes up. He has the worst look of all four, as if he was beaten up. He's handcuffed by his wrist, the same as Adrian.

ROBERTO (CONT'D)

What the f--? What's this? What happened to me?

Adrian is forced to his regret to leave the conversation with Carlos in the most interesting point.

ADRIAN

Roberto, calm down. Everything will be fine. I don't know where we are but somebody will come and take us out.

ROBERTO

What? But Adrian, tell me what happened! Why am I tied? I can't move! Take me out from here! Where's Elena?

CARLOS

She's possibly dead by now.

ROBERTO

(to Carlos)
What??

ADRIAN

(to Carlos, angry)
Will you shut up?
(to Roberto)
Don't worry, she's here, can you see her?

Roberto looks where Adrian is pointing and sees ELENA sleeping in a nearby mattress.

ROBERTO
Elena! Darling! Can you hear me?

Elena moves slightly. Adrian and Roberto jump in their mattresses with happiness.

ADRIAN
She's OK. You see, Roberto?

Adrian throws a killing look to Carlos, who is now looking away, through the door bars, into the corridor. Elena is very weak. She manages to get up with many difficulties. She has no handcuffs, as Carlos. She walks slowly towards Roberto's voice.

ROBERTO
(very excited)
Over here, honey. Come, slowly.

ELENA
Roberto? I can hardly see you. I...
I thought we were dead.

ADRIAN
Elena, I'm here as well. We are not
dead, calm down. We are all four
safe. We just don't know where we
are... well, maybe someone does.

Adrian looks at Carlos, who has come back to his mattress. He looks back at Adrian. Elena reaches Roberto, who embraces her. He starts crying like a child.

ROBERTO
Honey, are you OK? I don't know
what happens. Can you see? Someone
tied me to the bed. I'm scared.
This is so strange. Please, talk to
me.

Elena just looks at Roberto. She touches his hair, his lips. A faint tear rolls down her cheek.

ELENA
I thought we were dead...

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --