

"CLICK"

by: Drew Castalia
Second Draft 24/02/2010

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - DAY

A lost STUDENT wanders down the windowless, fluorescently lit Psychology wing. Lab doors marked with cryptic nomenclature line the way. The muted sound of conversation and school activity drifts in from the nearby rooms.

He stops and pulls out of his backpack:

A map to his classroom. Psychosocial Science 309 - Mental Health.

The student looks up. The map points to the door in front of him: a lavatory marked for men. Curiously, he pushes through it into

INT. BASEMENT LAVATORY - DAY

A cramped little room with barely enough space for the door to swing open and

SHUT behind him with a CLICK.

Recognizing the sound, the student spins back to the door and tries the handle. Yep -- it's locked.

He sighs.

He bangs on the door.

STUDENT

Can anybody hear me? I'm - uh -
locked in.

He laughs. Self-consciousness leaves him. He bangs harder.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Is anyone there?!

He kicks the door.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Hey! I need some help in here!

He looks for another way out. It's just tile and pipe and fixture. And the toilet.

At least there's that.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Crap.

FADE OUT.

INT. BASEMENT LAVATORY - DAY

FLUSH! There's a rush as the tank starts to fill up.

The student stands up and buttons his trousers. He looks around hopelessly.

CUT TO:

He pulls his mobile phone out of his pocket - no service - and rubs his forehead.

CUT TO:

He tugs at a pipe under the sink, to no avail.

CUT TO:

Standing on the toilet, he pushes on a grate in the ceiling.

STUDENT

Come on!

CUT TO:

The student slumps against the wall, defeated. He listens as ...

The rush of the toilet stops. Behind it, he can hear what sounds like... crying? It's muted, from another room nearby.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Hello? Is there someone there?
Are you ok? I'm trapped in a
lavatory in the basement. Can
you hear me? Shout back if you
can hear me!

Footsteps outside the door.

He leaps up.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Help! Help me! I'm stuck in
here! I think someone else might
be too. Please get someone to
open this door! Can you hear me?

He bangs on the door.

Then, a candy bar is slipped through the crack below the door, right between his feet.

He stares at it in disbelief.

STUDENT (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?! For God's sake,
OPEN UP!

The footsteps walk away.

He picks up the candy bar and opens it. Mmm, chocolate.

FADE OUT.

INT. BASEMENT LAVATORY - DAY

The fluorescent lights overhead have begun to flicker on and off - they cast shadows off of the candy bar wrapper, discarded on the tiles. The crying continues, drowned out by a FLUSH!

The Student, disheveled from half a day in the lavatory, doesn't bother buttoning his trousers.

He kicks them off, then bundles them into a pillow to lie on.

The tank stops filling. In the void left behind, the sound of crying still echoes.

He wrestles uncomfortably with his pillow, then, frustrated, he gets up and follows the voice to a drain in the floor. The crying is loudest here.

STUDENT
Listen! We can help each other.
Can you tell me a little bit
about where you are? Is there a
drainpipe in the ceiling or the
wall?

The crying continues uninterrupted.

The student pries at the drain cover with his fingernails. Failing that, he goes to the toilet, removes the tank cover, and fishes inside.

STUDENT (CONT'D)
Hold on!

SNAP. He's broken something off.

Eager, he hurries back to the drain cover. He pries it up with a piece of rusted metal.

STUDENT (CONT'D)
Would you at least shut up if
you're not going to talk to me?

Frowning. Is there something down there?

He reaches into the drain. Intent. He's found something, pulls it out:

A slimy TAPE RECORDER, the crying wails out of it like a banshee.

He can't believe it.

He can't believe it when he hits a button and the voice stops, silenced.

Silence. He's all alone... again.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

What...?

He looks at the candy bar wrapper, then the tape recorder, then drops it with a spasm of his hand. The tape clatters out.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

Oh God. Oh God...

He starts to sob, his own voice taking the place of the recording. He tries to stop himself but can't. Turns away, doesn't know who he's turning away from. Slumps to the floor.

Footsteps approach from outside.

He watches cynically as something slips through the crack under the door - a piece of paper - he doesn't stop crying. The door CLICKS.

He stops crying.

He drags himself over to the door. On the paper:

"Psychosocial Science 309 - Mental Health" in big, official letters. On the back is a large "A-" scribbled in red permanent marker.

Slowly, utterly confused, the student stands up. Tests the door.

CLICK. Unlocked. It opens.

The strange report card in hand, he stumbles out of the room, trouserless.

CLICK. The door locks behind him.

CUT TO BLACK.