

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INSIDE

Written by
Elan Cassandra

Copyright (c) 2019

Draft
information

elan.cassandra.duensing@gmail.com

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A WOMAN is asleep in bed, a CAT curled up against her.

A phone VIBRATES.

The woman stirs, pats down the bed to find it. She does, and then opens an eye to glance at the screen.

It's a TEXT message:

Hey, are you coming in today?

She rolls over fully to type:

Dude.

My apartment flooded this morning.

I'm trying to deal with it.

I'm going to try to make it in, but I
don't know...

The woman shuts the phone and stuffs her face back in the pillow. She pauses and then pulls the cat in closer to her.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The changing light from the small bar-covered window tells us that hours have passed. It's afternoon. At best.

The woman rolls over, opens her eyes, and looks up at the ceiling. It's dingy--repainted poorly with whites that don't quite match.

A cat MEOWS. The woman gets up.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen isn't fully lit. No windows, and one of the bulbs has burnt out.

The woman pours out a bag of CAT FOOD into a bowl on the patchy linoleum floor. The cat DEVOURS it.

The woman opens the yellowed fridge and stares into it, not really looking.

There's a stain below the fridge where someone spilled something and never cleaned it up.

The woman pauses, removes a jug of milk. She opens a cabinet and takes out the required items for cereal.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The woman lays in bed, hand under her head. A LAPTOP, propped up in front of her, plays some CRIME SHOW.

ON-SCREEN VOICE (O.S.)
Amy's body wasn't discovered until
two days later when a deliveryman
noticed the dried blood pooled at the
apartment door.

The cat MEOWS. The woman looks up, then back at the screen. She does a double-take.

There's something strange about the room. She can't put her finger on it.

Her eyes follow the crack in the wall that spiders its way from ceiling to floor.

She turns back to the laptop.

ON-SCREEN VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
Investigators were perplexed. This
wasn't your typical crime scene. What
sort of perpetrator--

The woman hits PAUSE on the laptop and gets up.

She makes her way--just a couple of steps to the BATHROOM.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The woman sits on the toilet. She turns on MUSIC on her phone so we (and she) can't hear her pee.

A game is open on the phone. She switches some candies on-screen.

She extends her arm to reach for the toilet paper--

WHAM. Her hand smacks hard against the wall and startles her.

WOMAN
Fuck--

She over-reached. Somehow.

The wall is sort of awkwardly close to the toilet...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The woman walks out of the bathroom. She closes the door behind her.

The room is MESSY. Discarded CLOTHES lie on the floor beside the bed. The light from the window barely does the job now.

She eyes the clothes, seems to consider doing something about them. Doesn't.

She walks to the other side of the bed and opens the bedside drawer. She takes out a big bag of REESE'S MINIS.

She sits on the bed and takes one out, eats it.

The cat MEOWS from the foot of the bed. The woman looks over at the cat and then up at the cracked wall.

She frowns, reaches an arm in front of her. She touches the wall, her arm still somewhat bent.

Hand on the wall, she watches with widening eyes as her arm seems to very slowly bend more.

More.

The wall is getting closer to her.

She pulls her hand away and scrambles fully onto the bed.

She turns to look at the other side of the room. There's hardly any space on that side of the bed now. The bathroom looks so CLOSE.

She stands up on the bed, arms out as though to steady herself. She turns one way, then another.

The room is somehow smaller.

The woman jumps up out of the bed and reaches for the bedroom doorknob. She grabs it. It turns, but the door won't move. She tries to put her body weight into it, but it doesn't budge.

She turns back to face the room. It's now hardly any bigger than the size of the bed, which has begun to press against her legs.

She extricates her legs and scrambles back onto the bed, leans over to the window and looks out. She's just one story up.

The bed GROANS as the walls start to fold it in on itself.

The woman pushes open the small window and grabs the bars.

WOMAN

Help! Somebody help me!

A young TEEN on the street turns to look up at her. He cocks his head.

WOMAN (cont'd)

I'm trapped! Get somebody to help me!

The teen just stares at her.

She seems to remember something and turns away from the window.

She bends and starts to search the bed, which, now BOWED and BROKEN, is a mess of sheets, mattress, pieces of the frame.

She SEARCHES the sheets, frantic.

The cat stands arched on one side of the slowly moving mattress, MEOWS, and then HISSES.

The room is now no more than a few feet wide, and it fills with the curved mattress.

The woman LUNGES back to grab the bars of the window. She begins to SHAKE them as though they could break or be dislodged.

They don't move.

She REACHES an arm between the bars, but it's clear that little more of her body will fit.

The woman turns back to the cat. She grabs it in both hands as it CRIES in alarm.

She lifts the cat to the window, begins to push it through the bars.

The cat DROPS to the sidewalk below, somehow lands unharmed. It doesn't look back--just runs away and out of sight.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The woman is nearly folded now inside the mattress. Just her face peeks out through the window.

WOMAN
HELP ME! SOMEBODY!

A car drives past, headlights white in the dark.

WOMAN (cont'd)
HELP!

The car doesn't stop.

Her face is small in the window.

WOMAN (cont'd)
Help!

Another car drives past.

WOMAN (cont'd)
HELP M--

CUT TO BLACK

The sound of a CRUNCHING SQUISH.