

Within This Wall

by

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FADE IN:

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

ARTHUR PORTER (50s) squats unsteadily and examines a small hole that's been drilled into his wall near the baseboard.

Next to the hole: an arrow scrawled in magic marker. Look in here, the arrow implies. Check out what's inside this wall.

Arthur regards all this with lemon-sucking sourness.

ARTHUR

They've swiss-cheesed my wall!

Wobbling to his feet, he finds his phone, dials aggressively, and unleashes his fury upon the building's superintendent.

ARTHUR

(into phone)

It's Arthur Porter, your number one tenant. You know what I see at the bottom of my wall?

Arthur pauses like he's about to announce an Oscar winner.

ARTHUR

A hole!

Silence at the other end of the line.

ARTHUR

One of your so-called maintenance guys must have bumbled into my apartment, drilled a hole, and drew an arrow with a magic marker.

A grunt from the superintendent.

ARTHUR

There's no reason for this whatsoever. Do you drug test those guys?

A muffled response.

ARTHUR

Here's what you need to do: Get someone in here to fix this right away. I can't deal with this nonsense anymore.

A single grunt from the superintendent ends the conversation.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

MARCELO, 30s, a maintenance man, views the hole with Arthur.

MARCELO  
I didn't do that.

ARTHUR  
Then who did?

MARCELO  
Not me. I was never in this unit,  
man. I didn't drill no hole. Nobody  
drilled no hole.

ARTHUR  
You expect me to believe that?

MARCELO  
I'm telling you.

ARTHUR  
So you think I'm the one who did  
this?

MARCELO  
Who knows? This building ain't  
normal. There's psychos everywhere.

Arthur throws up his hands.

MARCELO  
Listen, I can Spackle it and paint,  
but it won't be until later in the  
week. I'm up to my ass in projects.

ARTHUR  
You're not getting out of this. I  
want it cleaned up now.

MARCELO  
It's just a little hole, man. It  
ain't gonna hurt nothing.

ARTHUR  
It's ruining the entire room. Can't  
you see that?

MARCELO  
In two days I can smooth this over.  
Not before. Gotta match the paint.

Arthur shakes his head sadly.

ARTHUR  
Unbelievable.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur can't take his eyes off the hole. It drives him crazy.

The rest of his living room comes into sharper focus. Arthur has a comfortless love seat and a small coffee table.

The room is spotless and almost barren. A sad state.

Arthur gradually makes his way over to the hole and kneels beside it. His knees pop softly.

After a moment's hesitation, Arthur peers into the hole.

The view is telescopic and quite miraculous because Arthur spots a woman inside of his wall. She's FIONA BRACK (20s).

Fiona must be extremely tiny, because Arthur can see her whole body and most of her surroundings.

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fiona's living room is basically the same as Arthur's.

She gazes forward, content and pensive. A lovely young woman with flawless skin. Her dress is rather old-fashioned, extending all the way to her ankles.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur stumbles back from the wall in total shock.

ARTHUR  
Who's that? How's this possible?

Confusion. He blinks his eyes.

ARTHUR  
Someone's messing with me.  
(mutters)  
There's no apartment on that side  
of the building so...

Back to the hole he goes for another glance.

ARTHUR  
Who am I looking at?

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fiona has inched her chair a little closer.

A Cheshire cat grin stretches across her face, completely unnatural and hardly welcoming.

Slowly she raises her hand and waves to Arthur, but the gesture lacks any sense of warmth.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur rubs his forehead in astonishment.

ARTHUR  
Someone's definitely messing with  
me.

LATER

Arthur eats a bowl of macaroni and cheese on his comfortless love seat, but he's still transfixed by the hole.

Working up the nerve, he walks closer to the wall and shouts:

ARTHUR  
Are you hungry?

A frown.

ARTHUR  
Of course she's not hungry, you  
doofus. She's not even there. It's  
a trick. Fibers and optics.

But that doesn't stop Arthur.

He abruptly shoves a cheesy noodle into the hole. It's too large to go through, so he jams it in with his thumb.

He wobbles to his feet and leaves the room momentarily, returning with a toothpick, which he uses to push the noodle deeper into the opening.

He peers at Fiona.

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The macaroni and cheese has made it over to Fiona. She nibbles on it. Her eyes are dark and lifeless as she eats, but her grin is wolfishly wide.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

He calls out to Fiona.

ARTHUR

It's nothing special, just mac and cheese, but I can always get you something better if you want.

LATER

Arthur sips from a glass of whiskey and maintains his fixation on the hole.

He speaks to Fiona.

ARTHUR

I'm just having a little nightcap because it's been a really strange day. I'm sure it's been the same for you.

A slight stammer.

ARTHUR

Would you care to join me?

He pours a bit of the whiskey down the hole and instantly checks on Fiona.

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fiona holds a drink in her hand and dances like she's at a club. Pulsating lights surround her. Red. Blue. Green. A bit of disco club fog, too. The whiskey has completely changed the environment.

Fiona now wears a mini-shirt and a revealing top. She chugs her drink and beckons Arthur to join in the party.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur awkwardly dances while sipping his whiskey. Some of it spills onto the floor. He pours himself another tall glass.

LATER

Most of the whiskey bottle is empty. Drunken Arthur openly laments his life.

ARTHUR

The truth is, nothing turned out the way I expected. I took a wrong turn somewhere. Look at how small this place is. Can it get any more cramped than this?

(a sigh)

I should have studied accounting, I think.

A sip from his drink.

ARTHUR

You seem to understand me, right? I just wish that we could actually be together.

He scratches his butt.

ARTHUR

Are you from another dimension or something? What's your actual size?

He peeks at Fiona to see if she's listening.

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fiona has pushed her face fully into the picture--one hundred percent obtrusive.

She scrunches her nose at Arthur. Her eyes resemble dark stones. Her lips curl. Every inch of her face pulsates with menace.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Arthur swoons with intoxication.

ARTHUR

(to Fiona)

You're so lovely. Has anyone ever told you that? Such great company.

He sways, just about to give in to the alcohol. His head tips forward and thunks against the floor. He's out cold.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Morning sunshine falls upon Arthur, who groans, awakens, and rubs his eyes.

ARTHUR

Aw, Jeez.

After getting his bearings, he calls out to Fiona.

ARTHUR

Sorry about that. I overslept.

Up to his feet. He putters around, tries to shake off the cobwebs.

ARTHUR

How about some breakfast? I'm low on eggs, but I can hit the market quickly. I'll give you time to freshen up.

He kicks away the whiskey bottle and makes his way out.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Arthur returns with a sack of groceries, but he drops them in shock.

The hole in the wall has been patched up. The arrow is painted over. There's no evidence that they were ever there.

Arthur bellows with anguish.

ARTHUR

Oh, no! Christ almighty!

He rubs the wall, trying to find the hole.

ARTHUR

That nitwit did this! Nobody told him to patch this up!

Arthur pounds on the wall.

ARTHUR

Hold on in there, I'm going to reconnect us.

Panic sets in.

ARTHUR

What if she can't breathe?

He dashes to the other room and returns with a cordless drill.

He finds the approximate spot of the hole and drills into the wall.

ARTHUR  
Help is on the way!

Using all his strength, Arthur drills a new opening. The bit surges through the drywall.

Satisfied with the depth, Arthur reverses the drill and pulls back the drill bit.

Shock. Confusion. The drill bit is covered with blood.

Good God! Arthur has drilled through Fiona!

Arthur scrambles to the new hole and peers inside.

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fiona staggers with a gaping wound in her vital organs. Arthur drilled through her chest cavity.

She spits up blood. Her eyes wild with pain and anger.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Full terror on Arthur's face.

ARTHUR  
No! No! No!

Just as Arthur brings his eye to the hole, a geyser of Fiona's blood shoots out of it and splashes Arthur's face. He cries out.

ARTHUR  
Please, No! I didn't mean to hurt  
you.

Another eruption. More blood sprays into Arthur's mouth, nose, and eyes. He wipes the mess with his hands.

He looks desperately into the hole for signs of life.

Through the dripping blood, he spots Fiona in her room...or a new version of her.

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Fiona has transformed into a vengeful spirit/demon. Her eyes bulge, veins throb. Bloody hair sticks out in all directions.

She stares at Arthur with absolute fury. How could he have done such a thing to her?

She holds up her clawed fingers toward Arthur.

INT. ARTHUR'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Arthur scrambles, terrified by Fiona's new look.

ARTHUR

Oh, God. Okay. That's it.

A desperate search of the room.

ARTHUR

Gotta plug up that hole. Nothing more to see in there.

He scrambles to the end table and flings open a drawer. He finds a roll of Scotch tape--not the best option for patching up the mess he's created, but better than nothing.

He rips off a strand of the tape and sets it over the hole.

He's so busy with this futile exercise that he fails to recognize what lurches behind him.

Bloody, monstrous Fiona is now in the room with Arthur.

She grabs him and pushes his head against the hole in the wall. Arthur screams.

Fiona pushes harder. Arthur's eyes bulge. She wants to jam his head into that little opening.

ARTHUR

No! No! No!

The room starts to spin. Suddenly Arthur seems to be moving down a tube, screaming the whole way. He's in the hole!

He finds himself on Fiona's side of the wall. He's taken her place, and she's taken his.

INT. FIONA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

It's small and cramped in here. Arthur struggles for breath.

He can see his old apartment from here. Fiona looms like a giant. Her face is huge, vengeful, bloody.

ARTHUR

Please! Let me back in there!

Fiona starts to fill in the hole, obscuring Arthur's view. He struggles to figure out what's happening, and then it dawns on him.

ARTHUR

You're filling in the hole!

She's trapping Arthur in the wall forever, blocking the connection between their worlds.

ARTHUR

Please! No! Don't!

Fiona's ugly face flashes in view for just an instant more, and then the hole is plugged.

In the darkness, Arthur screams, but nobody can hear him.

FADE OUT: