

The Safe

By

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EXT. INSIDE A LARGE WALK-IN SAFE - NIGHT

A large walk-in safe. Steel-walled, harsh lighting.

Three guys are in the safe, all wear shirt-sleeves; business types: PSYCHO (50's), tall and lean; FATS (late 30's) medium height, overweight; and TECHIE BOY (early 30's) slim, short, bespectacled, geeky.

PSYCHO
(irritated)
Calculate, calculate...

Fats is agitated; pacing the floor. He holds a clip-board and calculator.

FATS
Take the footage, that's twelve feet by ten feet.

TECHIE BOY
One hundred...

FATS
...and twenty.

PSYCHO
Oh, well done guys. This going to help us any?

FATS
Then the height, that's got to be...

TECHIE BOY
Eight foot?

FATS
At least.

TECHIE BOY
So it's...

FATS
Nine... sixty.

Techie-boy looks at Fats.

FATS (CONT'D)
Cubes.

Psycho gives a slow clap-hand.

PSYCHO

We going any where with this guys?
At all?

FATS

Give me time.

TECHIE BOY

We've been in here...

Fats checks his watch.

FATS

Forty-five minutes.

PSYCHO

What's the calculation!

Fats, still pacing, changes direction.

FATS

...human lung, human lung... we
take in an average of a quarter
cubed foot of air per minute...

TECHIE BOY

And there's three of us.

PSYCHO

He counts too?

FATS

So the air's reducing by three
quarters of a cubic foot per
minute...

TECHIE BOY

Which is clearly...

FATS

Forty five cubes per hour.

Fats looks at Techie Boy almost as if for assurance.

TECHIE BOY

So divide the total by forty five
to give the remaining time?

FATS

And basically guys that gives us
just over twenty one hours
remaining.

PSYCHO
So we're doing pretty good then?

FATS
It's not quite that easy.

PSYCHO
Please say something normal.

TECHIE BOY
In twenty one hours we have a total vacuum.

Psycho looks incredulously at Techie boy.

FAT
In tens hours the air is twice as thin as it is now.

PSYCHO
So we start hurting then?

TECHIE BOY
We do?

FATS
We really do.

PSYCHO
They open at what? Nine?

FATS
Eleven hours from now.

PSYCHO
That's not enough.

FATS
I think you're right there.

TECHIE BOY
He is?

Psycho moves forward.

PSYCHO
Not nearly enough. They don't open the place until nine. If they get here on time. First check doesn't happen until then. If at all.

FATS
We're just going to have to figure something out.

PSYCHO
Figure something? Figure what?

FATS
Plan?

TECHIE BOY
We can't plan for anything. How can we plan? We're stuck here.

Psycho leans his head in towards the two other guys. He lowers his tone; barely audible.

PSYCHO
Someone's gotta go.

FATS
What?

TECHIE BOY
(to Fats)
What did he just say?

Psycho, normal tone, firmly.

PSYCHO
Someone. Has got to go.

TECHIE BOY
(concerned)
What does he mean - someone's got to go?

FATS
What do you mean Psycho? Someone's got to go?

PSYCHO
I think that it's pretty clear what I mean.

FATS
Just, clarify further?

PSYCHO
I think that you both know what I mean.

TECHIE BOY
 Maybe just for the record.

PSYCHO
 I think you don't want to know what
 I mean when I say that. But I think
 you both know what I mean.

TECHIE BOY
 (to Fats)
 What does he mean Fats?

FATS moves forwards, at an angle to PSYCHO. He keeps his
 eyes firmly planted on him.

FATS
 If he's saying what I think he's
 saying, then he's kinda giving this
 whole deal a real dangerous spin.

PSYCHO
 You don't think it's kind of
 dangerous already?

FATS
 If he saying what I think that he's
 saying, then he's willing to do
 something that I never thought I'd
 be part of.

PSYCHO
 Never needed to be part of.

FATS
 And something that I'm not willing
 to be part of.

PSYCHO
 Too weak.

FATS
 Something that I'm not willing to
 countenance.

PSYCHO
 Can't countenance.

FATS
 Something that I'm rejecting, that
 I'm going to rebel against, revolt
 against, and defend against.

TECHIE BOY
What's he saying FATS?

FATS
One of us has gotta die.

TECHIE BOY
Die?

PSYCHO
That's the only way that two of us
are going to get out of here.

FATS
He doesn't want it to be him.

PSYCHO
Do you?

FATS
He wants to choose.

PSYCHO
And you don't?

FATS
He wants it to be someone else.

PSYCHO
Just like you.

TECHIE BOY
Die?

FATS
He doesn't want it to be him.

TECHIE BOY
What's he talking about?

PSYCHO
The choice seems to be pretty clear
to me guys.

FATS
Seems clear, or is clear?

PSYCHO
Whichever you want.

FATS
I gotta say you need to make your
mind up on these things.

PSYCHO

My mind's made.

FATS

It's like there really isn't room for error on this one, if you're saying what I think you're saying, and I really do think that you are saying just what you're saying.

PSYCHO

You did the math fatman.

FATS

Yeah, and it looks like I'd better do the morality too.

PSYCHO

Look. It's really simple. We all stay here together, then we all die together.

FATS

And you don't want pick straws?

PSYCHO

Like I said someone's gotta die.

TECHIE BOY

But we could question that on some level.

PSYCHO

Someone in here, maybe all of us in here, well, ain't going to get out of here.

FATS

And you got carte blanche to choose?

PSYCHO

Here's your morality. Want three deaths or one?

FATS

Here's your morality. I ain't going to take a life. You think you're going to make me?

PSYCHO

(determined)

Here's your morality - I'm just asking you to not stand in the way.

TECHIE BOY

WOW! It's like, excuse me for one second, just one, but like, when were things decided?

PSYCHO

Things?

TECHIE BOY

It just sounds like some things have been decided, and like, I just get this feeling that I've kinda missed the point at when they were decided.

FATS

You may well have a point there.

TECHIE BOY

Like when the decision was made, and I'm, not totally happy to be, it's look like, on the receiving end of something?

PSYCHO

Yeah. You got it right, somehow, I don't know how, but somewhere along some line, you got it right,

FATS

You assume!

PSYCHO

It just got decided, you were fall guy, you just looked right,

FATS

In who's eyes?

PSYCHO

You just sounded right, you just were right, you got your place.

FATS

You're not going to touch him.

TECHIE BOY

Fats?

PSYCHO

Yeah, you got so relieved, you got your part, you hang onto that.

Fats moves closer to Techie boy, in a protective gesture.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

You know what to do. You know what
your reward's going to be.

Techie boy takes a step backward, concern creeping across
his face.

TECHIE BOY

Fats, you ain't going to let
nothing happen now, I got that
straight ain't I?

Techie boy looks at Psycho, with head tilted toward Fats,
but his eyes are fixed on Psycho. Fats moves toward the
space in between Psycho and Techie boy.

PSYCHO

Throwing the gauntlet, hu?

INT. MONITORING ROOM - NIGHT

Monitoring room. A number of small TV screens dot the wall
in front of an elongated console.

Three guys. They are looking at the screens: STRAIGHT (late
20's white male); ASIAN (mid 20's slim Bangladeshi) are
sitting in front of the TV monitors. CARS (early 20's, slim
Caribbean) is standing behind them, leaning forward between
the two chairs, also fixated, on the TV monitors.

Their eyes are wide open and they have varying degrees of
grins on their faces like their side is about to score.

STRAIGHT

Wow. They have got to be getting so
wound up.

ASIAN

Man. I can't believe we haven't got
volume, that would be so cool.

CARS

(Laughing)

Psycho's probably just threatening
to kick their heads in.

ASIAN

Techie boy looks like he's pooping
his ass.

STRAIGHT
He probably is.

CARS
They're going to be fuming, mate.

ASIAN
Yeah, serves 'em right I say.

CARS
What's he doing now?

ASIAN
Who? Psycho?

CARS
Nah. Fats.

STRAIGHT
(Leans forward)
He's getting in between them,
something's going off.

ASIAN
It's going to happen, man, it's
going to kick off big style.

CARS
He just pushed him, Psycho. Did you
see that, he just pushed Fats out
the way.

The guys' faces light up with delight.

STRAIGHT
Ooh, they're going to it. Here we
go boys, it's kick off!

ASIAN
Wow! He floored him! Pushed him
right onto his fat ass.

CARS
Get up fat boy!

STRAIGHT
Oh, he's after Techie boy.

ASIAN
What, did he upset him?

CARS

What's he after Techie boy for,
what's he done?

ASIAN

That's it fat boy!

STRAIGHT

Look at Fats, man, he's doing
himself proud ain't he?

ASIAN

Ooooh, he's got Techie boy, ha! Now
he's had it!

Then suddenly, the guys' faces have a serious expressions.

CARS

What! What's he doing, man?

STRAIGHT

What!

ASIAN

Oh. Oh. Hold it there man, what's
happening? What's he doing?

STRAIGHT

Wow. He's strangling him! What's
his game?

CARS

Guys. We better get down there,
this is going ass shaped quick
style.

All three jump up and rush out of the room, and into the
corridor; they race down the stairs, and onwards.

INT. INSIDE THE SAFE

Psycho is stood up.

He looks down toward the still figure of Techie boy.

Fats is stood still looking down at the still figure of
Techie boy.

Both are breathing heavily like they have just run half a
mile.

FATS
You killed him, you sick piece of
crap.

Fats looks across to Psycho.

FATS (CONT'D)
You just killed an innocent guy.
He's dead, and you did it.

PSYCHO
You know it.

FATS
You took his life to save your own
putrid ass.

Fats remains motionless, his eyes fixed on Psycho.

PSYCHO
You're going to thank me in the
morning.

FATS
(furious)
Thank you! For what? Killing an
innocent guy?

Fats moves toward Psycho. Stops after one step.

FATS (CONT'D)
(Spits the words out)
You're sick! What in hell makes you
think that we're both going to walk
out of here?

PSYCHO
Relax, lard-ass.

FATS
What makes you think that have not
started some sequence of events
that you ain't in control of
anymore?

PSYCHO
One word, you world of fat. And
that's motivation.

FATS
You think this is an exercise in
something?

PSYCHO

Motive.

FATS

And you're going to try and talk
you way out of this?

PSYCHO

You ain't got it any more.

FATS

Got what?

PSYCHO

Motive. However you may disagree, I
had reason on my side, I had a
reason for doing what I did.

Psycho remains still, but his eyes divert to Fats.

PSYCHO (CONT'D)

And my reason was survival.

FATS

Your reason was twisted.

PSYCHO

You did the math.

FATS

I ain't your get out clause.

PSYCHO

Get the math wrong? I don't think
you did.

FATS

Kill him. Blame me?

PSYCHO

I think you knew the math.

FATS

I was dealing with possibility,
probability.

PSYCHO

I took a choice faced with,
impossible...

FATS

I ain't you're counsel, that's yet
to come.

PSYCHO
So why do the calculation?

FATS
That's all it was!

PSYCHO
You calculated a possibility.

FATS
Not to condemn an innocent man.

PSYCHO
Then why do it? Didn't you have a suspicion?

FATS
Not that you would damn go and kill the guy.

PSYCHO
Oh, just make plain we're all screwed and leave it at that?

FATS
You didn't know that someone might...

The door to the safe SLAMS OPEN.

STRAIGHT, CARS, and ASIAN walk in.

STRAIGHT
What have you done?

CARS
What's happened to Techie boy?

FATS
Guys!

PSYCHO
What are...

FATS
(interrupting Psycho)
This sicko just killed a man.

ASIAN
We saw it man...

PSYCHO

You saw it?

FATS

You saw what he did? You know what this guy did?

CARS

Yeah we saw the whole thing.

PSYCHO

How did you see the whole thing?

STRAIGHT

Guys, it was like...

ASIAN

It was a joke, meant to be.

CARS

We were winding you up.

PSYCHO

A joke?

FATS

A joke? What joke?

TECHIE BOY

Guys?

PSYCHO

This was a joke?

FATS

What kind of joke? Enlighten me here.

STRAIGHT

A wind up.

TECHIE GUY

Guys?

ASIAN

It was a wind up guys, nothing serious.

FATS

You think it was a wind up? Do you know what I'm locked in here with? Do you really now what he did? What he tried to do.

ASIAN
Oh, he's okay.

PSYCHO
It's okay.

FATS
It ain't okay.

TECHIE BOY
Yeah. Guys?

STRAIGHT
It's screwed up, man, it's really
screwed up.

PSYCHO
No, it's really okay.

TECHIE BOY
Guys?

FATS
You think this is okay? It's like
only attempted murder. He only
tried to kill the guy, and it's
like, it's okay?

ASIAN
Seems to be okay.

FATS
How is it okay?

CARS
(to Techie boy)
You getting up?

TECHIE BOY
Yeah, I'm like...

PSYCHO
It ain't going anywhere.

ASIAN
It can't go anywhere, it's just
like here, that's as far as it can
go.

Asian gives Techie boy a hand to get on his feet.

FATS

This ain't ending here. There's no way that this is ending here.

STRAIGHT

Well it ain't going anywhere else. What are you going to do? Tell someone?

PSYCHO

Who're you going to tell?

FATS

Well I'm going to tell someone. Someone's going to hear this.

PSYCHO

Yeah? Like who? Tell me. Who?

They make their way out of the safe, talking, and recriminating, arguing and answering back.

FADE OUT:

THE END