

BOXED IN

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

RONNIE, 20, sits on a dilapidated couch next to a flickering lamp in his dimly lit apartment. The ground is littered with torn letters and emptied out packages.

The clock on TICKS as he wrings his hands.

The clatter of cooking comes from the small kitchenette.

The Doorbell RINGS.

Ronnie rises from his seat.

LUKE (O.S.)

What was that?

Ronnie sits back down immediately.

RONNIE

(Fidgeting)

Nothing. Probably just a kitchen timer or something?

Luke, mid-30, enters from the kitchenette. He wears a disheveled business suit with a brightly colored tie and a novelty cooking apron.

LUKE

Like I don't know the sound of our timer, Genius?

Luke rips off his apron and tosses it on the ground storming towards the

INT. APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

With Ronnie just a few steps behind.

RONNIE

Look, Luke, I was just thinking we've been in a long time and I just-

Luke reaches down and picks up a red envelope lying in front of the front door. His gaze hardens before he blows out an exasperated sigh.

LUKE

Ronnie-

RONNIE

Luke, I wasn't trying to-

Luke shushes Ronnie sharply.

He raises up a finger, his hand still clutching the letter.

LUKE

Look. Ronnie. We've been over this.  
You know what it's like out there.  
No. Contact. Period.

Luke place a hand on Ronnie's shoulder.

LUKE (CONT'D)

In here, you're safe. You're fed.  
You're comfortable. I don't ask for  
thanks. I don't ask for much of  
anything except that you follow the  
rules and this...

Luke hods the letter up between two fingers, looking Ronnie dead in the eyes.

LUKE (CONT'D)

C'mon, we can't have this.

Ronnie looks down at his shoes. He clutches his hands and lets them relax. His lips move, but nothing comes out. He takes a deep breath and finally speaks up.

RONNIE

I know, but....

Luke, raises and eyebrow, but waves his hand.

LUKE

Look, it's fine. I get it. You get  
stir crazy. Happens. I'll let it  
go. This time.

Luke lets out a chuckle and ruffles Ronnies hair.

Ronnie limply pushes Luke's hand away.

RONNIE

Just a peek. What could it really  
hurt?

Ronnie reaches for the letter.

Luke jerks it away from him.

Lukes eyes go cold.

LUKE  
That's not how this works.

RONNIE  
C'mon! Just this once. Just once  
and I'll never have to look again.  
Please! It's like a tomb in here!

LUKE  
Oh?

Luke takes a step forward.

Ronnie steps back.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
So that's how it is huh? You think  
you're too good for our home? Too  
good for me?

Luke steps forward once more.

Ronnie steps back again.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
You think I'm the asshole? I'm the  
monster? Do you even remember what  
it was like outside? They looked at  
you like trash.

Ronnie bites his lip, backing into

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Luke advances upon him.

Ronnie backs into the couch and stops, clenching his fists  
once more.

RONNIE  
Look, just give it to me.

Luke rolls his eyes.

Ronnie charges forward in a desperate lunge.

Luke pushes Ronnie with a single hand.

Ronnie stumbles back but rushes at Luke again. They tussle  
for a time before Luke gains the upper hand and sends Ronnie  
tumbling to the ground.

LUKE

Really? All that just for some  
piece of garbage?

Luke looks down at Ronnie and grits his teeth. He rips the letter clean in two. He shreds it and tosses the remains.

RONNIE

No.

LUKE

It's gone! Forget about it. Your  
life is here. Everything that you  
need is here.

Ronnie crawls on his hands and knees gathering up the shredded red remnants. He tries to scoop them up before slumping his shoulders in abject defeat.

LUKE (CONT'D)

We good?

Ronnie nods his head limply.

LUKE (CONT'D)

See? I already feel better. All  
that trouble over one little  
letter, but it's already behind us.

Luke turns away walks over to his apron his apron.

Ronnie slowly stands and approaches the flickering lamp.

RONNIE

Sure.

Luke reaches down to pick up his apron

LUKE

Once you get some food in you. Get  
some time to come down from your  
little outburst you'll see I'm  
right.

RONNIE

Whatever you say.

Ronnie reaches out and picks up the lamp. He stalks forward behind Luke.

LUKE

Exactly. In the end, you know that  
I'm right. This is just the way  
things have to b-

Ronnie smashes the lamp into the back of Luke's head. Ronnie's expression is wild and enraged. He brings the lamp swinging down again and again before tossing it aside.

LUKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I keep you safe, Luke. You're  
nothing without-

Ronnie grabs one of the discarded boxes, no bigger than a toaster from the ground. In a flurry Ronnie stuffs Luke into the box.

The only hint of Luke remaining is the tip of his brightly colored tie sticking out of the box.

RONNIE  
Maybe. I'm ready to find out  
though.

Ronnie grabs the box and walks to

INT. APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR

Ronnie throws the door open and recoils. Daylight comes spilling in. Ronnie takes a single look down at the box in his hands, squares his shoulders, and steps out the front door.