

PASSAGE

Written by

Zach Jansen

Zach.Jansen@mail.com
651-793-4055
952-232-7415

JESSA (V.O.)
Tommy? Hey, Tommy, you okay?

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

An endless stretch of right angles.

JESSA, 20s, crouches over TOMMY, 20s, sprawled out on the floor. He blinks his eyes, coming to.

JESSA
You all right?

She helps him sit up.

TOMMY
What... Why am I on the floor?

JESSA
I don't know. Just found you here.

He gets to his feet and rubs his jaw.

TOMMY
Think I landed on my face.

JESSA
No harm no foul.

TOMMY
Yeah. Well... just wish I knew what happened.

Tommy surveys their surroundings.

TOMMY
You know how to get out of here?

JESSA
Maybe.

She heads off down the corridor -- Tommy close behind her. They navigate the twists and turns offered by the hall -- no end in sight.

TOMMY
Ever been in here before?

JESSA
I thought so... But everything's looking the same.

TOMMY
So we're lost?

JESSA
It's gotta end somewhere, right?

They turn a corner -- a DARK FIGURE bathed in light stands at the end of the tunnel.

JESSA
Told ya.

The figure becomes more distinguishable as they near it.

TOMMY
What are they doing down there?

JESSA
Don't know.

The figure marches toward Tommy and Jessa.

TOMMY
You know that guy?

The man, MIKE, 20s, keeps a steady gait.

MIKE
Jessa!

JESSA
Shit.

TOMMY
What shit?

JESSA
If he asks, you're my cousin from Lincoln.

TOMMY
What?

JESSA
He's never been to Nebraska.

TOMMY
Neither have I.

JESSA
Cousin. Lincoln. Got it?

TOMMY
Cousin from Lincoln, got it.

Mike blocks their path.

JESSA

Mike.

MIKE

Who the fuck are you?

TOMMY

Me?

MIKE

I know who she is. Who the fuck are you?

TOMMY

I'm Tommy.

MIKE

Tommy? What are you, eight?

JESSA

Mike--

MIKE

--What are you doin' with my girl?

TOMMY

I'm from Nebraska. Her cousin.
Lincoln.

MIKE

Said your name was Tommy.

TOMMY

Tommy Lincoln...

MIKE

You have a cousin?

JESSA

What's it look like?

TOMMY

Don't antagonize him.

Mike decks Tommy square in the jaw.

CUT TO BLACK.

JESSA (V.O.)

Tommy? Hey, Tommy, you okay?

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jessa crouches over Tommy, sprawled out on the floor. He blinks his eyes, coming to.

JESSA
You all right?

TOMMY
What... Why am I on the floor?

JESSA
I dunno. Just found you here.

He stands and surveys their surroundings.

TOMMY
How did we get here?

JESSA
Like I said, I just found you.

He rubs his jaw.

TOMMY
Think I landed on my face.

JESSA
No harm no foul.

TOMMY
Yeah. Well... You know how to get out of here?

JESSA
Maybe.

She heads off down the corridor -- Tommy close behind her. They navigate the twists and turns offered by the hall -- no end in sight.

TOMMY
You ever been in here before?

JESSA
I thought so... But everything's looking the same.

TOMMY
Yeah...

Mike stops about five feet away from them.

MIKE
Who the fuck are you?

Tommy stares at him quizzically.

MIKE
You deaf?

TOMMY
I'm Tommy.

MIKE
Tommy?

MIKE
What are you, eight?

TOMMY
What are you, eight?

MIKE
Funny guy, huh?

JESSA
What is up with you?

Tommy starts to answer -- but Mike decks him square in the jaw.

CUT TO BLACK.

JESSA (V.O.)
Tommy? Hey, Tommy, you okay?

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jessa crouches over Tommy, sprawled out on the floor. He blinks his eyes, coming to.

JESSA
You all right?

She helps him sit up.

TOMMY
What... Why am I on the floor?

JESSA
I dunno. Just found you here.

He gets to his feet and rubs his jaw..

TOMMY
Think I landed on my face.

JESSA
No harm no foul.

TOMMY
No harm no foul.

JESSA
Whoa. That's weird.

TOMMY
Yeah. You know how to get out of here?

JESSA
Maybe.

She heads off down the corridor. Tommy goes to follow her, but reconsiders.

TOMMY
Let's try this way.

JESSA
I'm pretty sure it's this way.

TOMMY
I'd rather go down here.

JESSA
Fine.

They navigate the twists and turns offered by the hall -- no end in sight.

JESSA
Told ya. It was the other way.

They turn a corner -- A DARK FIGURE bathed in light stands at the end of the tunnel.

Tommy stops.

TOMMY
What are they doing down there?

JESSA
We'll ask when we get to 'em.

TOMMY
We'll ask when we get to 'em.

JESSA
Okay, quit it. That's creeping me out.

TOMMY
Sorry, but this... It seems really familiar.

The figure marches toward Tommy and Jessa, slowly becomes a MAN.

JESSA
It's a long hallway. Everything's
gonna look familiar.

The man, Mike, keeps coming.

TOMMY
You know that guy.

JESSA
No, I... Shit.

MIKE
Jessa!

JESSA
Listen. If he asks, you're--

JESSA TOMMY
--my cousin from Lincoln. --your cousin from Lincoln...

TOMMY
Because he's never been to Nebraska.

JESSA
You really need to stop that.

Mike stops about five feet away from Tommy and Jessa.

MIKE
Who the fuck are you?

TOMMY
Tommy. Like I'm eight.

MIKE
That's funny. What are you doin'
with my girl?

TOMMY
I honestly don't know. She found me
back there -- again -- and we were
looking for a way out -- again --
and here we are -- again.

MIKE
That's a funny story.

TOMMY
Seriously? Or are you being iron--

Mike decks Tommy square in the jaw.

CUT TO BLACK.

JESSA (V.O.)
Tommy? Hey, Tommy, you okay?

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jessa crouches over Tommy, sprawled out on the floor. He blinks his eyes, coming to.

JESSA
You all right?

She tries to help him up, but he doesn't budge.

JESSA
What are you doing?

TOMMY
I don't think I want to move.

JESSA
Are you paralyzed? Is your neck broken?

TOMMY
I just want to lay here. It feels safer.

JESSA
Want some company?

He rubs his jaw -- realization slaps his face.

TOMMY
No.

JESSA
No?

TOMMY
I'll catch up with you.

JESSA
It's not a problem.

TOMMY
I think it might be.

JESSA
What the hell does that mean?

TOMMY
I would just feel better if you left.

JESSA
Why are you being such an asshole?

TOMMY
Why are you being such a bitch?

JESSA
You dick!

Jessa kicks him square in the jaw.

CUT TO BLACK.

JESSA (V.O.)
Tommy? Hey, Tommy, you okay?

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jessa crouches over Tommy, sprawled out on the floor. He blinks his eyes, coming to.

JESSA
You all right?

In a flash, Tommy is on his feet. He rubs his jaw and surveys their surroundings.

TOMMY
I don't know how I got here.

JESSA
Okay.

TOMMY
But I've been here before.

JESSA
Okay.

TOMMY
You have a boyfriend?

JESSA
Not really. I mean, yeah, but we're on a break.

Jessa gives him a once over.

JESSA
Why? Wanna ask me out?

TOMMY
No. Well, yeah, but I can't.

JESSA
Can't?

TOMMY
Your boyfriend--

JESSA
--ex. For now.

TOMMY
I think he's waiting for me.

JESSA
Waiting for you? He doesn't even
know you.

TOMMY
I know, but--

MIKE (O.S.)
Jessa!

Tommy and Jessa spin around -- Mike stomps toward them.

TOMMY
He can look for me?

JESSA
What?

Mike stops about five feet from Tommy and Jessa.

MIKE
Who the fuck are you?

TOMMY
I'm Tommy. Jessa's cousin from
Nebraska.

Jessa looks bewildered, but goes along.

JESSA
Just here for a visit.

MIKE
Whose side of the family?

TOMMY
Dad's side--

JESSA
Mom's.

TOMMY
--Mom's, I mean Mom's...

Mike SNORTS -- then decks Tommy square in the jaw.

CUT TO BLACK.

JESSA (V.O.)
Tommy? Hey, Tommy, you okay?

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jessa crouches over Tommy, sprawled out on the floor. He blinks his eyes, coming to.

JESSA
You all right?

She helps him sit up.

TOMMY
I'm on the floor.

JESSA
Yeah. I just found you here.

He gets to his feet and rubs his jaw.

TOMMY
Think I landed on my face.

JESSA
No harm no foul.

TOMMY
You know how to get out of here?

JESSA
Maybe.

She heads off down the corridor -- Tommy close behind her. They navigate the twists and turns offered by the hallway.

TOMMY
You ever been in here before?

JESSA
I thought so. But... it all looks the same to me.

TOMMY
Tell me about it.

JESSA
But it's gotta end somewhere, right?

TOMMY
I hope so.

They turn a corner -- a DARK FIGURE bathed in light stands at the end of the tunnel.

JESSA
There we go.

Jessa quicken her pace. Tommy keeps a steady gait as the figure becomes more distinguishable -- becomes a man...

TOMMY
He look familiar?

JESSA
I dunno.

The man marches toward Tommy and Jessa.

TOMMY
Shit.

The man, Mike, keeps an even pace.

MIKE
Jessa!

JESSA
Shit. Listen. If he asks, you're my cousin from Lincoln.

TOMMY
Right.

JESSA
Cousin. Lincoln. Got it?

TOMMY
Cousin from Lincoln.

Mike stops in the middle of the hall, about five feet away from Tommy and Jessa.

MIKE
Who the fuck are you?

TOMMY
Tom.

MIKE

What are you doin' with my girl?

TOMMY

Your girl?

MIKE

You heard me.

TOMMY

You really this guy's girl?

JESSA

Not really. I mean, yeah, but we're on a break.

MIKE

We are not on a break.

Mike snatches Jessa's wrist and pulls her toward him.

MIKE

Come on. And you -- stay the fuck away from her.

TOMMY

I don't think so.

MIKE

Wrong answer, bitch.

Mike swings at Tommy -- who dodges the punch. Mike's crashes into the wall. Tommy shoves Mike to the ground.

Tommy turns to Jessa.

TOMMY

Come on!

Jessa hesitates -- then steps toward Tommy. But Mike hurls past her, throws himself at Tommy.

Tommy olés Mike -- who crashes into the wall. Tommy rolls Mike to his back...

TOMMY

Stop punching me!

...and crushes his hand into Mike's face.

TOMMY

Let's get out of here.

He and Jessa head toward a pair of glass doors.

Tommy looks over his shoulder -- Mike is a heap on the floor.
He turns around and--
--smashes into a wall.

CUT TO BLACK.

JESSA (V.O.)
Tommy? Hey, Tommy, you okay?

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

Jessa crouches over Tommy, sprawled out on the floor. He blinks his eyes, coming to.

TOMMY
Goddammit...

JESSA
You all right?

TOMMY
Thought I was.

Jessa helps him sit up. He cracks his neck and rubs his jaw.

TOMMY
Think I landed on my face.

JESSA
You ran into a wall.

TOMMY
What?

Tommy surveys their surroundings -- Mike's unconscious body lies a few feet behind them.

Jessa lifts Tommy to his feet, studies his cheek.

JESSA
That's gonna bruise.

Tommy touches his face -- and winces.

JESSA
And you might have a concussion.

TOMMY
Won't help to stay here then.

Jessa leads Tommy to the door. They step outside -- sunlight drowns them in its blinding white glow.

FADE TO BLACK.

LIZ (V.O.)

Mike? Hey, Mike, are you okay?

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

LIZ, 20s, crouches over Mike, sprawled out on the floor. He blinks his eyes, coming to.

LIZ

You all right?

MIKE

What happened?

LIZ

I dunno. Just found you here.

Mike rubs his jaw.

MIKE

Fuck. I think someone hit me.

LIZ

You know who?

Mike furrows his brow, desperate to remember what happened.

MIKE

I... I don't know...

With assistance from the wall, Liz gets Mike to his feet.

MIKE

You know how to get out of here?

Liz peers down one end of the hall -- then the other.

LIZ

Well, one way or the other it's got to end somewhere, right?

She heads down the corridor. Mike follows close behind her.

FADE OUT.