

SILVIA'S ESCAPE

Written by

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Based on the Flash Fiction, "Man Through the Window".

INT. SHED - NIGHT

A dirty twin mattress lays in the corner of the room, cracked window at the foot of the bed. A battery run clock and a jacket sit on a rusted chair, opposite side of the window.

BRANDON, late 20s, in exercise wear, smokes a cigarette, sits back against the wall, stares at the clock that reads: "9:29 pm"

The CLOCK ALARM goes off.

BRANDON

Happy anniversary, Silvia. I'm
getting bored. Shall we try
something new?

Brandon stands, grabs his jacket, tosses his cigarette. He leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

A twin mattress under a window, the walls pealed and stained. A plug-in clock sits on the floor across the room reads: "9:29 pm"

SILVIA, early 20s, lays on bed, a sheet wraps around her brittle body. She stares at the clock, now reads: "9:30 pm"

Silvia stands, faces the window, hands press to the glass. Brandon walks past the window. Silvia lays down, she cries.

SILVIA

Help me.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brandon's FOOTSTEPS CREAK down a narrow hallway, phone flashlight in hand, he stops in front of a door.

SILVIA (O.S)

Hello?

Brandon straightens his jacket.

BRANDON

Is someone in there?

SILVIA (O.S.)

Who are you?

BRANDON
My names Brandon.

Silvia SHUFFLES on the other side of the door. Brandon turns the handle, it's locked.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Is everything alright?

GLASS BREAKS.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Shit.

Brandon body slams the door, it breaks and slams open.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Silvia stands on the bed, a sharp piece of glass in her hands points at Brandon, the window behind her broken. Brandon stands at the door.

BRANDON
I'm not going to hurt you, so put the glass down.

SILVIA
Who are you?

BRANDON
Like I said, my names Brandon. I live close by.

SILVIA
What do you want?

BRANDON
I was just walking by. This house is supposed to be empty and I saw--

SILVIA
Don't come any closer!

Silvia shuffles back, her back hits the windowsill. Brandons hands raise, he stills.

BRANDON
Sorry. I'm still, I'll stay right here... Can I ask what happened?

SILVIA
I broke the window.

BRANDON
That's a little obvious. What
happened with you?

SILVIA
I was kidnapped.

BRANDON
Why didn't you break the window
then?

SILVIA
I knew I couldn't beat him.

BRANDON
And you think you can beat me?

SILVIA
What?

Brandon strides to Silvia, he knocks the glass shard out of her hands. He turns her hands over, her hands have a long gash on them and bleed.

SILVIA (CONT'D)
No. Don't touch me.

Silvia pulls back. Brandon's grip tightens. Silvia winces.

BRANDON
Stop, you're bleeding you don't
want to make it worse.

Brandon kneels and rips the sheet with his teeth and right hand, the left holds Silvia's hands. He ties the fragments around her hands.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Do you remember what he looked
like?

SILVIA
He wore a mask, limped, and never
said a word. He always smelled like
smoke.

Brandon shuffles his jacket, he turns his head to the side, sniffs his coat and wipes his face on the sleeve. He clears his throat, takes off his jacket and puts it on Silvia.

BRANDON
That's not much to go off of, but
I'll call the police. I think we
should leave first.

SILVIA

No. He hurts me every time I try
and even if I managed to he'd find
me.

BRANDON

Do you want to be stuck here?

SILVIA

I have nowhere else to go. He
killed my family when he took me.

BRANDON

Killed? You think you're safe
staying? We need to leave.

Brandon grabs her wrist, walks towards the door. She fights
back.

SILVIA

I can't. No, I'm scared.

BRANDON

You can't stay here.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Brandon walks with Silvia's wrist in his hand. She pushes
back, her hand escapes, she charges back to the door. Brandon
wraps his arms around her waist.

SILVIA

No. He'll find me. He'll hurt me
again.

Brandon turns Silvia around to face him, he holds her. Silvia
sobs.

BRANDON

If you leave now, this will all be
over. That man will disappear and
you won't be scared anymore, trust
me.

SILVIA

Please, let me go.

BRANDON

I can't do that, but I promise
you'll be safe if you leave. I can
help you. He won't ever lay a hand
on you again.

Silvia avoids his gaze as she cries. Brandon wipes her eyes.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
I'll keep you safe.

SILVIA
Why are you doing this?

BRANDON
Because I know deep down you don't
want to be here...

SILVIA
I-I do, but can you keep your
promise?

BRANDON
Of course. Let's go.

Brandon grabs her hand, they exit.

EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a small breeze, trees rustle, street lamps light the
area, houses are spread apart and secluded.

Brandon and Silvia exit the house hand in hand, they run down
the side walk, Brandon stops them.

BRANDON
I dropped my phone. There's a park
a couple houses down, I'll catch
up.

SILVIA
Okay.

Silvia runs. Brandon looks to the shed.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Brandon looks around the floors. He picks up his old
cigarette bud.

BRANDON
I can't believe that worked and to
think that would all be ruined by a
cigarette butt.

Brandon grabs the cigarette and exits, the door slams and
opens, it hits the wall.

On the wall pins pictures: "Silvia, 19, in summer wear on the beach with her mom, 40s and dad, 50s, the parents faces crossed out.

The other picture: "Silvia in the bedroom tied up and crying. 'The first day' written on it."

Next to the pictures is a newspaper that reads: "Daughter missing after the murder of her parents: no evidence found."