

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Third Draft

The 13th Floor

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Draft
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INT. CAR. NIGHT

A hazy mist of smoke blurs the cracked windscreen of the car. It appears to be on its side, flames rising from the bonnet of the car.

Gentle groans can be heard from within the car, the occasional cough. A static voice message can be heard from a phone lying on the floor. A ladies voice of certain maturity is heard.

MUM (V.O.)

Jake...? Look, I'm sorry okay. Just please bring you, and your brother back - safe. I didn't... well we'll talk about more when you get home, but I just... I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry... there's only so much a mother can do. And all your brother wants is for you to spend some time with him, okay? Anyway, just, see come back soon oka-

INT. ELEVATOR. NIGHT

An emergency phone lies on the floor, it appears to be playing the rest of the voice message. It's more distorted, cutting out into nothing. The lonesome tone rings out.

Elevator music plays in the distance, echoing around the lift, it's subtle but adds an unease to the ambiance of the space.

JAKE, a deshevelled man of 22, lies next to the phone. He stirs as the tone continues to ring out. He gathers his bearings wiping his eyes, groaning as he begins to get up.

He picks up the phone as he does so, standing up with some difficulty stumbling on his way to the receiver. He slams the phone down cutting the tone, leaning against the wall.

JAKE

Shut up.

He takes a moment to gather himself. He looks around the dingey elevator, the lights above are stained, almost black, the walls bare and dark. It provides a sense of unease.

He notices an emergency axe in an open case, the glass clearly broken around the sides, it appears to have been used before.

Jake see's TERRY, a younger boy of 17, still on the floor, splayed out in a precarious manner. Jake moves toward to him, kicking him as he walks over him to the door.

JAKE (cont'd)
Wake up dickhead.

Terry stirs slowly opening his eyes. He looks around noticing Jake pressing the only two buttons available, UP or DOWN. He sighs as he it doesn't appear to do anything.

Terry gets up looking around the space, he see's the two stained mirrors on either side of the walls. Jake tries to pry the doors open.

JAKE (cont'd)
Terry, come help me with this.

Terry doesn't budge as he stares at himself in the mirror behind Jake. Jake continues to struggle getting more frustrated with the situation.

JAKE (cont'd)
Hey, I said help me out.

Terry continues to stare at his reflection. Jake continues to struggle.

TERRY
Jake... Come look at this.

JAKE
Can you just help me, the doors aren't budging.

Terry doesn't budge.

TERRY
No, seriously come look at this.

JAKE
Come on man, we haven't got time for this.

Terry snaps.

TERRY
Jake!

Jake turns around, even more frustrated by the lack of help.

JAKE
What?!

Terry points at the mirror in horror. Jake sighs and moves his way over to the mirror. Both their reflections can be seen in the mirror going on for infinity.

They are bloodied, bruised and battered, but only seems to appear in the mirror. Jake is shocked by this, touching his face, his hands covered in blood - only in the reflection.

TERRY

What happened? What's going on?

Jake closes in on himself, Terry looks to Jake for help. Terry, on the verge of hyperventilating, showing his innocence. Jake staring into nothing.

TERRY (cont'd)

Jakey? What's going on.

Jake breaks out of it. He looks around, re-evaluating his way out. He moves back to the doors trying to pry them open again, with more urgency.

JAKE

I need to get out of here.

Terry moves over to Jake, a desperation look in his eye. Jake is trying to pull the doors too. He looks towards Terry.

TERRY

What are you doing?

JAKE

What does it look like? You going to help me or not?

Terry hesitates, looking at towards the mirror again.

TERRY

But...

JAKE

Stop looking at it.

Jake brushes past Terry towards the axe in the case, his reflection briefly showing the bloody mess. Terry looking out after him, he doesn't want to cross the mirrors.

TERRY

Jake, please. I don't want to...

Jake takes the axe out of its case. He turns towards Terry, a menacing look in his eye, staring into Terry's. There's a pause. Terry is more on edge.

TERRY (cont'd)
What are you going to do with that?

Jake continues to stare at Terry, the lift begins to shake, creaking into action. The lights flicker, looming over Jake. Terry looks around the lift, terrified.

JAKE
Move.

Jake approaches Terry with some pace, he raises the axe above his head, Terry begins to cower into a corner. Jake goes to strike the lift doors.

The lift shakes violently knocking them both into the walls, as if the lift has fit into place. There's a ping, the doors open. Terry and Jake stare out the door.

Jake has a moment of clarity, looking at himself in the mirror covered in blood holding the axe, seeing Terry cowering in the corner looking out the lift, terrified.

Jake drops the axe, takes a moment to collect himself. He moves out the lift doors. Terry tries to stop him grabbing his shoulder.

TERRY
No, don't go!

This statement strikes a nerve in Jake, as if it's something he's heard before.

JAKE
Stop asking me that. Come on.

Jake leaves the lift.

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

Jake enters a long corridor of a what appears to be a hotel. He looks left and right at the long corridors on either side. They seem to go on forever.

Terry joins next to Jake, bumping into him. Jake looks at him, annoyed. Terry backs away from him a bit.

JAKE
Okay, looks like this is where we
part.

TERRY
Wh- what...?

JAKE
You go left, I'll go right.

Jake begins to move towards the right side of the corridor,
Terry grabs him by the shoulder, stopping him.

TERRY
No, we should stick together.

JAKE
And waist time?

Jake goes to move away again, Terry stops him again.

TERRY
Will you come back if you find a way
out?

JAKE
Yeah, sure.

Jake turns again.

TERRY
Why do you always want to leave me?

JAKE
I just want to get out of here.

TERRY
You know what I mean.

Jake sighs.

JAKE
I'll meet you here in 10 minutes.

Jake walks away, Terry still stands behind looking at him.
His head low. He whispers under his breathe.

TERRY
Yeah, run away. Like you always do.

Jake turns.

JAKE

Sorry, what was that.

TERRY

Nothing.

Terry turns and walks the other way. Jake lingers on looking at Terry. He turns, shakes his head, walking down the infinite corridor. Terry disappears into the distance.

There are doors on his left and right. He rattles a few of the doors, they are locked. His frustrated growing with each step.

He continues walking, taking out a a loose crumpled cigarette and lighter out of his pocket. He puts the cigarette behind his ear as he looks for a fire exit.

Jake notices some pictures on the wall, he moves closer to them. He examines them, he moves closer with curiosity - he recognises them.

Jake notices another picture down the hall, moving quicker to them, they are photo's of children. He moves further down the hall to the next picture. The kids are aging.

The people in the photos resemble Jake and Terry as they're growing up. Photos of them at the playground, in school uniforms on first days of school. Jake is perplexed.

Jake fixates on what appears to be the most recent photo of themselves, he breathes heavily. His attention is drawn to the fire exit sign above the door to the right of the photo. The photo is out of view.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT

Jake exits the fire escape, finding himself in a dark street. He looks around, leaves scatter the floor, a fog sitting in the air.

Jake notices a street lamp in the distance, items are scattered underneath them. Jake can't quite make them out just yet, he moves closer to get a better look.

He walks whilst lighting a cigarette, calming his nerves slightly, the smoke rising into the fog. As he gets closer, items become more clear to him.

The plate of a car tire lies crumpled on the floor, bits of broken car parts, glass and oil are scattered amongst remnants of police tape. This disturbs Jake, it feels familiar.

Jake stops. He lowers down to pick up a bloodied shoe of an infant. It soaks his hand with blood. He looks up to see smoke rising from the remains of a car crash.

He drops the shoe in shock and disgust. A phone rings out from the floor, it's smashed screen shows a photo displays "Mum" accompanied of a photo of Jake, Terry and a women.

Jake breathes heavily as he looks around at the car crash, the carnage he created. He seems to be lost, he slowly backs away from the scene, breaking out into a run.

He runs across the dark country lanes looking back, as he runs his surroundings begin to become clearer as he finds himself back in....

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT

...running down the long corridor that appears to go on forever. He looks around him, confused and dillerious of his surroundings.

He stops by a hotel room door, opposite the fire exit he left earlier, the photo on the wall visible - the same photo seen on the smashed phone at the car crash.

Jake begins to break into tears, he sinks down the wall cowering on the floor. He puts his head down staring at the floor.

Footsteps approach, slowly. Jake doesn't look up. They stop in front of him. It's Terry.

TERRY

It's us isn't it. These photos.

Jake nods, still looking at the floor.

TERRY (cont'd)

That was one of mums last good days, wasn't it.

Jake nods again, still looking at the floor.

TERRY (cont'd)

Yeah... does this lead anywhere?

Terry references the fire exit, he goes to open it, Jake looks up, getting up quickly, moving in front of Terry, stopping him.

JAKE

No, don't!

Terry looks at him concerned, surprised by this shift in him.

TERRY

What? Are you okay?

Jake looks away from Terry, shaking his head. Terry hugs him, catching Jake off guard. He slowly hugs him back.

JAKE

I'm sorry I left you. We wouldn't be in this mess if I hadn't.

Terry smiles.

TERRY

I'm just glad we're together now.

Jake smiles too, nodding. Jake gestures for them to leave. They both head back down the corridor towards the lift, standing side by side.

INT. LIFT. NIGHT.

They get in, Terry is hesitant. Jake looks back at him and then to the infinite mirrors. His reflection is clear now, going on for infinity, without the bloody mess.

JAKE

It's okay, it's gone now.

Terry hesitates, slowly moving towards the mirrors looking in them. The stand next to each other. They smile at each other in the mirror.

The doors close behind them drawing their attention away. The lift begins to break into action. It judders and groans as it begins to move. The dial above the door appears to be going up in numbers.

TERRY

I wander where we're going.

JAKE

I'm sure we'll find out, eventually.

TERRY
What do we do now?

JAKE
I don't know. I guess we wait. Seems to be a lot of that here... wherever that is...

They both laugh. The emergency phone rings breaking the moment. Jake and Terry look at each other concerned. Jake slowly picks up the phone.

JAKE (cont'd)
Hello?

A soft female voice speaks, familiar from before. It's there mums voice.

MUM
Hi sweetie.

JAKE
Hi mum.

Terry looks at Jake concerned. Jake nods slowly.

MUM
I've got some good news.

JAKE
What's that then?

There's a pause. Terry and Jake look at each other.

MUM
Well... is your brother there?

Jake looks at Terry, who shakes his head. A fear seems to have grown over him. Jake pauses for a moment.

JAKE
No, he's not.

MUM
Oh... well that makes things easier.

JAKE
What do you mean?

MUM
You could come back, you could leave. That's what you wanted right?

Jake continues to look at Terry.

MUM (cont'd)
But, only one of you could've left...
So it's good that it's just you then,
yeah?

Jake clears his throat as if something was stuck in it.

JAKE
Y- yeah.

MUM
Good. Well I'll see you soon then.
I've really missed you. And in the
state the doctors are saying you're
in looks like I'll be looking after
you.

Jake swallows hard. He clears his throat.

JAKE
Yep.

MUM
And you're brother too...

Terry starts to breathe heavily. Jake puts his finger over his mouth top indicate for Terry to be quiet, he offers him a comforting look.

MUM (cont'd)
Remember, one has to leave.

Jake, slowly puts the phone down on the receiver. Terry and Jake are silent for a moment, the lifts groans taking over. Jake looks up at the dial, it's just received the 7th floor.

TERRY
I can't go back. Not to her in that
state.

Jake is quite, deep in thought. He stares at the floor.

TERRY (cont'd)
What if we just stay here? We can
just stay in the lift. We don't need
to get out. What are they going to
do? Kick us out?

Terry awkwardly laughs, looking towards Jake for him to answer.

TERRY (cont'd)
Right, Jake?

Jake doesn't reply, looking up at the the dial, it's reached the 12th floor, almost at the final stop: the 13th floor. He goes to pick up the axe on the floor.

TERRY (cont'd)
Wh- what are you doing.

Jake turns to Terry. He smiles a loving smile.

JAKE
I guess I did get what I wanted.

Terry looks at him concerned. He shakes his head.

TERRY
No, no please don't.

The lift stops, Terry looks up at the dial. The doors ping and open. Jake pushes Terry, who falls over. Jake turns, running out the doors.

He turns around outside the doors looking in.

JAKE
I got to protect you.

He smiles one more time, Terry looking desperate from the floor. Jake lifts the axe breaking the dials sending the doors clanging shut. The echo blasts throughout.

Terry is too slow in getting to the door, he clammers at the door. Banging against it.

TERRY
No!

Terry sits back on the floor staring out into nothing. Terry gets up slowly, looking around the lift. He see's his infinite reflection in the lift.

He thinks for a moment. A gradual smile appears on his face. He reaches into his pocket taking out one of the photos from the corridor of Jake and Terry from when they were younger.

He sticks it to the mirror, looking at it longingly. The phone rings behind him, but the photo still keeps Terry's focus. His reflection picking up the phone.

TERRY (cont'd)
Hello...?