

Eighteen Weeks
Shooting Script Extended (Scene 10 & 14)
(2nd March Revision)
by
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1. INT. BLACK SCREEN

The sound of birds SINGING and LAUGHTER in the distance.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Our Moments.

CUT TO:

2. INT. WALL OF WHITE SHINY BRICKS - NIGHT

[M.O.S.]POV of a MAN's hand stroking a wall. On the wall is a FILM PROJECTION of POV walking through a field. In the distance is LYDIA WILSON, late 20's, with flowing hair. She is SMILING and LAUGHING. The MAN's hand touches the PROJECTED IMAGE of the field on the wall.

CUT TO:

3. INT. BLACK SCREEN

Again the sound of birds SINGING and a gentle breeze.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Of happiness.

CUT TO:

4. INT. WALL OF WHITE SHINY BRICKS - NIGHT

[M.O.S.] On the wall a FILM PROJECTION of walking through a field. LYDIA, walks ahead in the distance. The MAN's hand brushes the PROJECTED IMAGE of the field.

CUT TO:

5. INT. BLACK SCREEN

CRAIG (V.O.)
Lost.

(beat)

VICTOR (O.S.)
Tomlin!

CUT TO:

6. INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (WEEK 4)

The FILM PROJECTION has gone and a MAN's hand and arm slide across the wall, moving to the corner of a PRISON CELL. The MAN's arms push back from the wall into a 6x9 feet PRISON CELL, containing a bed and steel toilet.

CRAIG TOMLIN, late 20's, pale and gaunt, with bloodshot eyes wavers in the middle of the cell. He is wearing a pale blue t-shirt and tracksuit bottoms.

VICTOR WILLIAMS, early 50's, with a stern face walks in. He wears a PRISON OFFICER's uniform, and polished black boots.

VICTOR

Tomlin!

CRAIG

Sir.

VICTOR

Always day dreaming.

VICTOR walks up to CRAIG so that he is nearly touching him. He looks at him eye-to-eye.

VICTOR

Do you even remember why you're in solitary?

CRAIG

For pissing you off? Sir.

(OMMITTED DIALOGUE)

VICTOR punches CRAIG in the ribs. CRAIG falls to the floor holding his side. VICTOR steps close to his ear.

VICTOR

That's just doubled your time here.
18 weeks it is.

VICTOR looks at CRAIG expectantly. CRAIG looks back blankly. VICTOR grabs CRAIG's arm, and DRAGS him to the TOILET.

CRAIG kneels in front of the TOILET. VICTOR pulls out a plastic container containing three PILLS. He throws them

into the toilet.

VICTOR
There's your pills. Now, scoop 'em
up and drink.

(OMMITTED DIALOGUE)

CRAIG looks into the toilet and GRIMACES.

VICTOR
Well, you should have fucking
flushed.

CRAIG, picks out the PILLS, scoops out handfuls of water,
and swallows them, part retching, part coughing.

VICTOR
Feeling better?

CRAIG retches.

VICTOR
Good. Just remember you're my
special project. (OMMITTED
DIALOGUE)

VICTOR walks to the door. CRAIG is stooped over the toilet.

VICTOR
Tick fucking tock, Tomlin.

VICTOR SLAMS the cell door behind him, creating a deafening
ECHO.

FADE TO:

7. INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (1 WEEK LATER - WEEK 5)

CRAIG leans his head against the wall. His eyes are open
and is looking directly onto the wall.

CRAIG (V.O)
How long have I been inside?
Nothing feels real. Hasn't for a
long time.

CRAIG pushes his HEAD hard against the wall, rubbing his forehead across the bumps and indentations. He pulls away revealing red SCRATCHES and MARKS. He caresses his damaged face with the tips of his fingers.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I have nightmares every night. Then I wake up. And the nightmare starts again. The pain brings me back.

8. INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (1 DAY LATER - WEEK 5)

CRAIG looks through his cell door window. He is listening to three other PRISONERS talking.

JAKEY (O.S.)

Harry? Harry!

ZACH (O.S.)

You won't get nuffing from him. He hasn't talked for days.

JAKEY (O.S.)

Come on Harry. You can do it.

MIKE (O.S.)

He's too far gone.

CRAIG

What's he look like?

ZACH (O.S.)

You seen Apocalypse now?

MIKE (O.S.)

Loved that film.

ZACH (O.S.)

Well think Marlon Brando as the fat fuck at the end. Psycho.

JAKEY (O.S.)

Life imitating art!

ZACH (O.S.)

Shut up you posh twat. What you in here for anyway? Didn't pay your taxes?

JAKEY (O.S.)

No, you ignorant prick. I killed your mother. After I fucked her.

ZACH (O.S.)

Someone, give me 30 seconds alone with that prick.

MIKE (O.S.)

Tomlin. You never said. Why you in here?

CRAIG moves away from his cell window.

ZACH (O.S.)

Ah. Don't want to talk about it. Too fucking late now.

CRAIG sits down on his bed and puts his hands over his ears. He SHUTS his eyes TIGHT.

8A. INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (FEW DAYS LATER - WEEK 6)

CRAIG is doing press ups in the cell.

CRAIG (V.O.)

Before, time had meaning.

(ACTION OMMITTED)

CUT TO him doing press ups, getting FASTER.

CRAIG (V.O.)

But here, time is a clock without a face.

(ACTION OMMITTED)

CRAIG (V.O.)
A day can become a week.

CUT to him doing press ups FASTER and FASTER. He let's his arms drop, bashing his face on the floor.

CRAIG (V.O.)
Time. It doesn't exist.

(ACTION OMMITTED)

CUT to him doing press ups FASTER, with cuts on his face and nose as he bashing his face on the floor.

CRAIG (V.O.) rolls onto his back, panting and bloody nosed. He touches his face.

CRAIG (V.O.)
This, this I can feel.

SCENE 9 OMMITTED

10. INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (1 WEEK LATER - WEEK 7)

(**SCENE NOT SHOT BUT CAN WE FIND FOOTAGE FOR THIS AND WILL WORK WITH THE VFX TEAM**)

CRAIG is SLUMPED on his bed. A FILM PROJECTION begins on the cell wall. CRAIG jumps up. The FILM PROJECTION of LYDIA POV standing at the end of a lounge.

LYDIA
Do you have to go?

Looking SHOCKED, CRAIG scurries to the back of his bed slamming his back against the wall.

LYDIA
Don't you see what they're doing?
To us? And who'll make you take
your pills? Please stay with me. I
need you too.

The FILM PROJECTION stops. CRAIG is left in DARKNESS.

11. INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (2 DAYS LATER - WEEK 7)

CRAIG crawls across the FLOOR heading towards the corner of his cell. He is looking at the BUMPS on the floor. He runs his hands over each BUMP, rubbing and circling them with his fingers, counting and nearly massaging each one.

CRAIG

.....twelve, thirteen, fourteen,
fifteen, sixteen, seventeen,
eighteen.

He STOPS for a short while focusing on the eighteenth BUMP, studying its imperfections. (OMMITTED ACTION)

CRAIG

Eighteen. (OMMITTED DIALOGUE)

TEARS start to well in his eyes.

CUT TO:

12. INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (1 WEEK LATER - WEEK 8)

CRAIG is in bed. He is woken by SHOUTING VOICES outside his cell. CRAIG goes to get up but then sits down again. He looks forward blankly.

JAKY (O.C.)

He's fucking dunnit.

(Beat)

MIKE (O.C.)

Done what?

ZACH (O.C.)

The prick that doesn't speak. He's cut his wrists proper this time.

MIKE (O.C.)

Are they coming for him?

ZACH (O.C.)

Let the fucker bleed out. Let it
run down the corridor.

JAKY (O.C.)

I fucking saw it. He came to the
window. He looked right at me. Man-
to-Man. Spray fucking everywhere.

We hear the SOUND of GUARDS rushing into the adjoining cell. The SOUND of SHOUTING, SCREAMING and LAUGHTER from the cell. The SOUND of the other PRISONERS banging their doors. CRAIG rocks gently on his bed. He shuts his eyes and covers his ears with his hands. As he does, the outside sounds become MUFFLED but a quiet sound of a SCREAM can be heard underneath.

13. INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (1 WEEK LATER - WEEK 9)

CRAIG is SITTING with his head wrapped in a blanket. A loud BANGING on the cell door makes him jolt UPRIGHT. VICTOR SMILES through the cell window. He opens the door.

VICTOR

Tomlin, 6 weeks gone. Am enjoying
our little meets.

VICTOR walks in shutting the cell door behind him. He stands at the cell window looking out.

VICTOR

My wedding anniversary today.
Would've been 22 years. Copper.
Shelley's long gone. Couldn't
handle the job. Made me too angry?
She didn't get it. I needed focus.

VICTOR spins round from the cell door, SMILING. He pulls some pills out of his pocket. CRAIG looks at the pills expectantly. VICTOR walks up to the bed and drops them on the floor. He crunches them underfoot. CRAIG looks distraught and bends down to pick them up.

VICTOR

No. They're for after.

VICTOR unclips his BATON from his belt, takes it out, and raises it. VICTOR brings the BATON down hard.

FADE TO:

14. INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (2 DAYS LATER - WEEK 10)

(**SCENE NOT SHOT BUT CAN WE FIND FOOTAGE FOR THIS AND WILL WORK WITH THE VFX TEAM**)

CRAIG is slouched on his bed looking at the cell WALL. He is covered in BRUISES and has a black eye. He is taking deep breaths whilst concentrating on the WALL. The sound of his breathing becomes LOUDER. After several deep breaths, the WALL starts to MOVE. CRAIG stops abruptly looking SHOCKED. He waits and starts to breathe again. The WALL moves IN and OUT as he breathes. He starts to breathe faster. The WALL copies. He slows down. The WALL slows down. This continues as an aligned rhythm between CRAIG and the WALL. CRAIG wraps his arms around his legs, SHAKING.

FADE TO:

15. INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (2 DAYS LATER - WEEK 11)

CRAIG is woken by VOICES.

LYDIA

How could you do this to us? (beat)
 Don't you realise what we had?
 (beat) You just don't get it, do
 you. I have to leave. (beat) Don't
 you look at me like that. (beat)
 You've done this, no-one else.

(ACTION OMMITTED)

He runs to the toilet and starts to scoop all the water out with his hands and SCREAMS down the toilet. The sound echoes out of his cell like a megaphone.

(DIALOGUE OMMITTED)

The WOMAN's SCREAM stops. CRAIG stops shouting and collapses to the side of the toilet, soaking wet. He hears

the other PRISONERS CHEERING. He shuts his eyes, exhausted.

CUT TO:

16. INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (LATER - WEEK 11)

CRAIG, is lying against the toilet. He wakes ABRUPTLY as a FILM PROJECTION begins on the cell wall of LYDIA POV sitting on a SOFA. Her voice STARTLES CRAIG but he looks intently at the PROJECTION.

LYDIA

Don't change the subject.

(CRAIG interacts with the FILM PROJECTION.)

CRAIG

What d'you want me to say?

LYDIA

You know what I want.

CRAIG

But I can't just leave.

LYDIA

So where are we in your plan then?

CRAIG

They've always been there for me.

LYDIA

But you're not alone now. And what about what I do for you? For your (beat) condition. And if you go there, you can't get back.

CRAIG

But you can pull me out of it.

LYDIA

That's what I mean. We can start again.

CRAIG

I'm scared. Of life. Outside.

LYDIA

But I'm here. I'm real. And, you need to hear this. I can't wait for you forever.

CRAIG

Babe, don't say that. (Rubbing his arms) Makes my hairs burn. You're all I've left to hold on to.

The FILM PROJECTION stops. CRAIG sits on the bed with his knees tucked under his chin. He has TEARS in The FILM PROJECTION stops. CRAIG sits on the bed with his knees tucked under his chin. He has TEARS in his eyes.

16A OMMITTED

17 OMMITTED

17A OMMITTED

18. INT. PRISON CELL - DAY (2 WEEKS LATER - WEEK 14)

CRAIG sits on his bed murmuring to himself. He is visibly a broken man. The cell door opens and VICTOR walks in, shutting the door behind him. CRAIG's eyes WIDEN.

VICTOR

Still here? 14 weeks in. Am impressed.

CRAIG is ROCKING back and forth looking at the floor.

VICTOR

Do you know the 3 key skills of a prison officer?

CRAIG looking down, shakes his head.

VICTOR

Personal integrity, emotional intelligence and ability to listen. I used all these to lie myself into this job. Took me 4 years. One goal. This prison.

VICTOR walks to the cell door and looks out the window. He goes over to CRAIG and stands by the bed.

VICTOR
So then. 4 weeks to go. And I'll
keep coming back. Till it's done.

CRAIG, stops ROCKING. He looks up at VICTOR who is straightening his tie, and dusting off his shirt arms.

VICTOR
Let's get to it.

VICTOR raises his BATON. BLOOD flicks across his face as he brings his BATON up and down. He STOPS, slightly out of breath and stands tall.

VICTOR
You know, I'm not a bad man.
(OMMITTED DIALOGUE)

VICTOR takes out a small envelope and drops it on the bed.

VICTOR
(OMMITTED DIALOGUE) Till my next
visit.

VICTOR turns his head, SPITS on CRAIG (O.C.) and leaves.

SCENE 19 OMMITTED

CRAIG, covered in BRUISES and CUTS lies on his bed looking at the WALL. He is watching and breathing in alignment with it moving IN and OUT. He stops BREATHING and holds his breath. The WALL STOPS. CRAIG struggles for BREATH. As he gasps for air he sees the envelope at the end of the bed. He looks TERRIFIED and passes out.

FADE TO:

20. INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT (LATER - WEEK 14)

CRAIG wakes up in bed. He looks NERVOUSLY at the envelope (OMMITTED ACTION). He slowly CRAWLS towards it. He picks it up slowly, looking around the room as he does. He OPENS it carefully. It's a photo of a little GIRL and a younger looking VICTOR. He unfolds a piece of paper with handwriting on and reads it.

VICTOR (V.O.)

You took away my beautiful Lydia.
But you also took your own
daughter. It's your turn. Check
under the mattress.

(ACTION OMMITTED) He pulls something out and STUDIES it for a moment. He SHUTS his eyes as TEARS stream down his face. He unsteadily gets up and stands on the edge of the toilet.

(ACTION OMMITTED)

CRAIG (V.O.)

Why'd you go for the knife? 18
weeks gone. I'd wish you told me.
That it was mine.

(ACTION OMMITTED)

CRAIG (V.O.)

With you I had everything, but it
didn't feel real. This pain has
made life real. (beat) I feel
alive.

CRAIG steps off the corner of the toilet. A plastic cord pulls tight around his neck. (OMMITTED ACTION) CRAIG struggles with the cord around his neck until he stops moving. The PROJECTION STOPS as VICTOR'S face appears at the cell window. (OMMITTED ACTION) until he stops moving. The PROJECTION STOPS as VICTOR'S face appears at the cell window. (OMMITTED ACTION) He walks away.

(END)

21. INT - PRISON CORRIDOR (NIGHT)

VICTOR is looking through the cell door window. He slightly FLINCHES and then walks away. Through the cell door window CRAIG is hanging from the cell window bars surrounded in moonlight.

(END)