

CUPPA

By

Adam Neill

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adam.neill@gmail.com

1 INT. BEDROOM. EARLY MORNING 1

A mans' eye closed. Sleeping.

Strong knocking on a distant door invades the mans' sleep.

His eyes open.

Silence.

Then the knocking again. More persistent. More insistent. More demanding.

The man lies still. Then flicks back the covers and sits, naked on the side of the bed.

Knocking. Becoming pounding.

The man finds his slippers with his feet. Stands and morning-shuffles out of the room.

2 INT. CORRIDOR. EARLY MORNING. 2

The man shuffles down the corridor to a front door.

Pounding on the door resonating in the enclosed space.

He fiddles briefly to undo the latches, turns the key, and opens the door.

WHAM! A cricket bat hits him square in the face.

Blackout.

3 INT. LOUNGE. EARLY MORNING. 3

The man's eyes shut again. Flickering open painfully as the camera pulls back to reveal a bloodied, broken nose, an ugly red lump on his forehead, and the fact that he is tied, still naked, to an upright dining room chair.

No sound but his snuffled breathing as the camera pulls back.

In the mirror behind him we see come in to view a man in a suit. Medium height. Slightly overweight. Thick glasses. Moist lips. And uncaring eyes. He is seated, staring at the man.

THUG 1

(with an appalling stutter)

W-w-w-w-w-where's th-th-the
t-t-t-t-tea?

The man raises his head painfully, looks at the THUG with his one good eye. Tries to speak. But it's too painful.

(CONTINUED)

THUG 1 (cont'd)
Wh-wh-wh-where's the t-t-t-t-tea?

The man coughs in pain. Says nothing.

THUG 1 nods. Another man, THUG 2, his face unseen, steps up to the man, takes him by the shoulder and slaps him hard across the face. Once. Twice. Three times. Deliberately and with commitment.

THUG 2 steps back, towering over the man.

THUG 1 (cont'd)
Wh-where's th-th-th-the
t-t-t-tea?

The man groans and slumps slightly in the chair. A drop of blood falls from his chin onto his chest.

THUG 1 takes his glasses off. Pinches the bridge of his nose. He looks at the man. Sighs. Ah well...

THUG 2 knows his cue, steps forward and grabs the man by the hair. He pulls the hair straight up in a tight fist grip. The man's eyes open with the pain, his mouth silently open. THUG 2 pulls and keeps pulling until, eventually, the hair gives way and a clump of it tears free of the man's head.

The man gasps with relief. A small patch on his head blossoms beads of blood where hair once grew.

THUG 1 looks at him. Waiting for an answer. Nothing.

THUG 1 gives a small, firm nod.

THUG 2 steps forward again and takes the man's right nipple firmly between his finger and thumb.

The man winces slightly at the pressure. But it's nothing compared to when THUG 2 then twists the nipple almost 360 degrees.

The man screams and sits up in the chair trying to alleviate the pain.

THUG 1 (cont'd)
W-where. I-i-is. Th-th-the.
T-t-t-t-tea?

The man looks at THUG 1, tears running down his cheeks from the pain of the nipple twisting. The tears mix with the blood and drip onto his chest, running down his sternum, onto his stomach.

THUG 2 looks again at THUG 1. Barely a flicker in THUG 1's eyes and THUG 2 has his command...

(CONTINUED)

He disappears off to the kitchen.

The man and THUG 1 sit opposite each other. Looking each other in the eye, the THUG uncaring, emotionless, the man trying to make sense of this situation through the waves of pain.

From the kitchen THUG 2 can be heard vigorously searching. Cupboards open, supplies are tossed aside, crockery smashes. It sounds like the fridge is opened and then pulled over, spilling its grocery guts on the floor. Then silence.

THUG 2 re-appears with a kettle. From its spout a spiral of steam tells of its just boiled contents. THUG 2 stands over the man.

THUG 1 (cont'd)

W-w-where i-i-is the-the t-t-tea?

The man is silent. He looks from THUG 1 to the kettle to THUG 2. Something hardens in him as he realises the horror of what is about to be done to him...

THUG 2 pours the water slowly, deliberately down the mans torso. Starting in the middle of his chest then running the stream downwards over his belly until its clear he's pouring the bulk of the water right onto the man's genitals.

The man makes small, taut grunts of extreme resistance. It is all he can do not to cry out. Steam rises up past his bloodied face as he locks eyes with THUG 2. He reveals nothing.

THUG 2 pours the last of the water onto the man's groin. He steps back. A beat as he sees the resistance in the man's eyes. Then he hits him square across the face with the kettle. The kettle clatters to the floor and the man blacks out.

4 INT. LOUNGE. EARLY MORNING.

4

The man opens his eyes. In his hands a cup of tea, three quarters finished, warm and inviting.

He looks around him. All seems well; lounge bathed in morning light, birds singing outside.

He smiles. Lifts his cup to his lips and drains the last of his tea. Satisfying. He looks down at his empty cup.

A knock at the door. Sharp. Insistent. Demanding.

His head snaps up, whips in the direction of the sound... eyes wide....