

INDECENTLY DECENT

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INT. DERELECT ROOM IN AN ABANDONED TEXTILES FACTORY - DAY

A wet white towel with spots of blood is wrapped around a WOMAN's face gripped in place by a man's hand at the back of her head. A jug of water splashes her face as she chokingly GASPS trying to breath through the wet towel.

TUCHER, 60s, a lanky man dressed in a suit with a white lab coat, takes the towel off. FELICITY, 39, nude, with bound hands behind the wooden chair, WHEEZES for air. She has expensive ornate nipple rings in each nipple.

The room has peeled paint on the walls, dim lighting, dripping water, abandoned in appearance. A table with a vice, reloading press, cables, torture implements, a device that modulates amperage, tools and a .38 SPECIAL. Another table has pencil and notepad waiting to be scribed. An industrial textile shredder rusted sits between the tables.

Felicity out of habitual modesty tries to close her legs but can't because her legs are tied to the chair legs. A metal tub partially filled with water rests next to Felicity.

TUCHER

Oh yah, will you tell me the formula now?

FELICITY

It's not for you! Or your crooked boss.

TUCHER

Oh yah, it is good thing he is not here to hear such disappointment.

FELICITY

Please, let me have my clothes.

TUCHER

Oh yah, that sounds like a good idea. How about I open the door too.

Tucher opens the door wide open. Felicity watches.

Tucher turns on the industrial textile shredder. Looks at clothing labels and tosses Felicity's clothing, shoes, and purse into the shredder. Grabs the shredded clothing and drops onto the floor in front of her.

TUCHER (CONT'D)

Oh yah, here are your Max Mara clothing, Gucci purse, Prada shoes. You are free to leave also.

Like a gentleman he bows slightly with an open hand towards the open door. Felicity glares struggling in the chair.

FELICITY
Have you no decency!?

TUCHER
Decency is what got you here.

Tucher goes to the table and turns the device that modulates amperage on and drags the cables to Felicity.

TUCHER (CONT'D)
Oh yah, it's time to convince you
to tell me the formula and
procedure for personalized immuno
gene therapy.

FELICITY
No.

Tucher attaches the cables to her nipple rings. Turns on the device that modulates amperage. Felicity stiffens. The machine turned off. Felicity relaxes into the chair.

Tucher goes to check on Felicity. He pulls her hair back and notices that her face is flushed and cum is pooling on the chair between her legs. A disappointed Tucher.

TUCHER
OH Yah, that is not gut. Pleasure
is not supposed to happen here.

He pulls the metal tub in front of Felicity, removes the leg bindings, places her feet into half filled tub and rebinds her leg restraints loosely.

FELICITY
What do you do all day? Just think
of different ways to torture?

TUCHER
Oh Yah.

An awkward silence. Tucher is expecting a retort. Felicity is expecting an explanation. Neither happens. Water DRIPS in the background and the dull HUM of the machine.

Tucher goes and turns on the device that modulates amperage and Felicity shudders violently before the machine is turned off. Her head hangs low. Tucher is now more satisfied.

TUCHER (CONT'D)

There's the table with pencil and paper. If you don't. It gets worse.

FELICITY

It's for everybody. People who are poor will die and suffer.

TUCHER

You will save the rich millions.

Felicity sighs. Growing hatred in her eyes as she remembers.

FELICITY

My mother couldn't afford the medical treatment for cancer. She died a horrible death as I watched her waste away. She would be still alive today if she could.

TUCHER

Oh yah. So sad.

Through gritted teeth, Felicity responds.

FELICITY

She would alive today to receive the cure I found. She could have lived. Lived! LIVED!

Tucher listening as heads over to the table with torture implements.

TUCHER

Oh yah, your sad stories are torture to my ears. I don't like being tortured. Oh yah, that's bad!

Tucher grabs some ammo, puts them into the vice and pulls the slugs out of the casing and empties the powder into a shallow dish. Takes careful measurements of a very small amount of gun powder and refills the casings.

TUCHER (CONT'D)

My special measurement. Just for you. I like making people feel special.

He reinserts the slugs back into the casing with a reloading press. Other bullets are left as is. Felicity swallows.

FELICITY

Your boss is an idiot. He keeps hiring failed scientists like you.

Tucher listens as he finishes inserting the slugs with the reloading press. Felicity grows with confidence.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Whose idea of torture is to make
victims cum... hard. Ha Ha Ha!

TUCHER
Oh yah, it is not wise to make fun
of me. I am a serious scientist. It
should have been me to find the
cure. The glory should be mine.

Tucher loads the .38 Special. Turns around aiming the gun at Felicity who gives a half cocked smile.

FELICITY
You can't kill me. Your boss will
kill you. You need my knowledge.

Tucher takes aim, COCKS the gun.

SILENCE.

The dull HUM of the machine.

Water DRIPS in the background.

Intense stares as they size each other.

Felicity with a disgusted hateful gaze.

Tucher with an angry insulted gaze.

Tucher's face twists into a malevolent smirk.

Felicity's eyes widen.

Three SHOTS echo in the room.

Three jolts into Felicity's torso.

Water DRIPS and the Machine HUMS.

Tucher puts his pinky in his ear rubbing it.

TUCHER
Oh yah. Very loud.

He grabs some pliers and stops before Felicity.

TUCHER (CONT'D)
Oh yah. We can't have you bleeding
like that.

Two bullet wounds in the chest and one in the belly. The slugs just penetrated the skin and are sticking out. She GROANS and MOANS and is in shock.

One by one, the bullets are pulled out.

Back at the table, he grabs, a long reach lighter and the gun powder.

Back at Felicity, he pours the gun powder on her wounds and lights it. She SCREAMS.

TUCHER (CONT'D)

Oh yah. Only a scientist would know the correct dosage.

Felicity looks up gritting her teeth from her wounds.

TUCHER (CONT'D)

Oh yah, I don't like to work this hard for results. The Formula!

FELICITY

And that is why you are a failure.

Tucher punches her in the mouth and heads over to the table. He picks up the pear of anguish. He admires it.

TUCHER

Oh yah! The pear of anguish! Looks so innocent. And yet brutal.

FELICITY

Oh Yah. Don't you ever shut up?

Tucher inserts a custom key into the pear of anguish and begins twisting. The pear slowly opens up spreading wider and wider.

TUCHER

Oh Yah, A marvelous torture medieval device. It goes in your mouth... or your vagina... or... your anus.

He twists the key in the opposite direction and the pear of anguish closes. Felicity watches with horror.

TUCHER (CONT'D)

For you... In the anus. Your just to anal. You need to be more open! Oh yah. I will disconnect one of the cables from your nipples and connect it to this pear.

Tucher breaths in excitedly. Felicity breaks. A sigh of resignation and defeat as she shifts in the chair.

FELICITY

You win!

TUCHER

Not so fast.

FELICITY

YOU WIN! Ok! YOU WIN!

Tucher puts down the pear, reloads the .38 special with a mixture of altered rounds and real rounds, removes the cables attached to her nipple rings and her bindings and guides her to the table with the pencil and paper.

TUCHER

Oh yah! Write!

She writes a complex sequence of formulas and procedures that takes up a good number of pages of the notepad.

FELICITY

(sad)

Take it.

Tucher reads with growing interest and excitement. Demure, Felicity watches still holding the pencil.

TUCHER

Oh YAH! This This is brilliant. So
So economical too.

FELICITY

There is more. I need to explain
how the formula works with the
procedure.

TUCHER

Oh yah. Show me.

She takes the pad but Tucher is reluctant to let go. She places the notepad on the table and flips pages and points to several areas of the formula.

Tucher bends over with pistol in hand also gripping the notepad. He studies it.

Felicity jams the pencil tip into the hand holding the gun. Reflexively he let's go. She quickly grabs the gun as he SCREAMS.

She points the gun at him. Spins the barrel. He stumbles back.

FELICITY
Put the pear in your mouth!

TUCHER
Oh yah, Do you know where it has
been?!

She cocks the gun and aims for his crotch. With reluctance he puts the pear in his mouth.

FELICITY
Twist the key.

He shakes his head no. She fires a shot between his legs. Cocks the gun.

Tucher twists the key.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
More.

Tucher does as he is told. With muffled speech.

TUCHER
It won't go anymore.

She pulls the key out. Tucher shakes his head no.

Felicity satisfied, tosses the key into the shredder

She pours the gun powder on her notes and sets it ablaze.

She marches out the door nude with gun in hand.

Tucher is alone struggling with the pear of anguish.

Felicity marches back in and points the gun at Tucher.

FELICITY
Even in my indecency, I am more
decent than you could ever hope to
be...

No response from Tucher.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Give me your coat. Take off your
shoes.

Tucher does as he is told.

She puts on the lab coat without bother to button it as
Tucher removes his shoes.

She wrinkles her nose as she takes the shoes from him.

FELICITY (CONT'D)
Don't you ever change your socks.

With reluctance, she puts on his shoes. Stands and marches
out.

The dull HUM of the machine.

The water DRIPS in the background.

CRIES of anguish from Tucher.