

You Couldn't Write This

By

Actually I Just Did

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INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A CAPTIVE, 30, wearing a suit and tie, his arms and legs tied to a chair in the centre of the room with a hood over his lowered head. A single light hanging from the ceiling illuminates the scene.

We see the CAPTOR, 40, slightly over weight and all in black with unkempt hair and stubble, place an extra large gym bag onto a table that is against the wall.

The captor takes out a large sand timer, a portable DVD player which he places on the table and a muddy shovel which he leans against a wall. Finally he removes a bottle of water from the bag, opens it and takes a swig.

The captor approaches the unconscious captive and removes the hood revealing a gag in his mouth, He pats his face a couple of times then squirts him with the water. The captive regains consciousness and composes himself as his eyes adjust.

CAPTIVE

What the fuck?

CAPTOR

I'll be asking the questions.

CAPTIVE

Who are you?

Captor says nothing, he grabs a chair spins it round and sits on it back to front.

CAPTOR

I've been busy.

He nods towards shovel.

CAPTIVE

Busy?

CAPTOR

Digging.

CAPTIVE

Digging?

CAPTOR

You a fucking parrot? yeah digging.
Digging a hole, one big enough for a man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The captive struggles against the ropes around his wrists and feet to no avail.

CAPTIVE

What do you want?

The captor kicks the captive hard to his shin. He screams and his face contorts from the pain.

CAPTOR

I ask the questions, remember?

He stands and moves the chair to one side, he leans in until their noses almost touch.

CAPTOR(CONT'D)

I want a confession, I want to know what you did.

CAPTIVE

Confession?

CAPTOR

Confession.

The captor pulls back, walks over to the table and picks up the sand timer.

CAPTOR(CONT'D)

You've got until this runs out.

CAPTIVE

For what?

CAPTOR

To tell me what I want to know.

CAPTIVE

If I don't?

The captor nods towards the shovel.

CAPTOR

You've got five minutes starting froooooooooom... now.

He turns the sand timer over and slams it down on the table then presses play on a DVD player. **Psycho Killer** by **Talking Heads** begins to play in the background.

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CONTINUED:

CAPTOR (CONT'D)

Did you fuck her?

CAPTIVE

Who?

The captor slaps the captive across the face.

CAPTOR

That's not an answer. Did you fuck her?

CAPTIVE

I don't know what you're talking about.

The captor punches him in the face splitting his lip. The captive spits blood onto the floor.

CAPTOR

My wife, did you fuck her?

CAPTIVE

I don't know your wife.

CAPTOR

Don't fucking lie to me.

The captor punches him again but much harder, blood is sprayed as the captive's head is violently knocked to the side.

CAPTIVE

(shouting)

I don't fucking know your wife.

The captor grabs him by his hair and pushes his head backwards causing him to grit his teeth.

CAPTOR

You know her cos you're fucking her.

The captor lets go of his hair and punches him in the balls. The captive bends forward and screams in pain.

CAPTIVE

(Through gritted teeth)

You're crazy. I'm happily married, I don't cheat on my wife.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTOR
(Shouting)
Liar.

The captor kicks him in the face breaking his nose and knocking out a tooth, blood is streaming from his nose as his head is flung backwards. The captive spits his tooth out as he begins to cry.

CAPTIVE
Please, I don't know your wife. I'm not lying to you.

CAPTOR
Touched her soft skin did you, stroked her hair, her breasts, her pussy. Put your dirty seed in her did you? Sucked your cock, stroked it.

CAPTIVE
You're sick.

CAPTOR
Made you cum did she, milked you. Laughing at me, mocking me. Did you think I was going to have that.

CAPTIVE
Please, I don't know your wife.

The captor looks over to the sand timer, we see the sand running down into the lower section, about half way done.

CAPTOR
Time is literally running out.

CAPTIVE
You have to believe me.

CAPTOR
I don't have to do anything, I'm not the one tied to a chair.

CAPTIVE
Just tell me what you want?

CAPTOR
Admit you fucked her.

CAPTIVE
Then you'll let me go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAPTOR
I didn't say that.

CAPTIVE
So you're gonna kill me either way?

CAPTOR
I didn't say that either.

CAPTIVE
I think you've got the wrong man, I'm
not a cheat.

CAPTOR
You lie, you cheat, they go hand in
hand.

CAPTIVE
(crying)
Please, I'm not lying.

The captor puts his index finger to his lips.

CAPTOR
Shhh.

He puts the gag back in the captive's mouth. He takes a phone
from his pocket.

CAPTOR (CONT'D)
Take one last look at her, this is the
closest you will ever get to her
again.

The captive's eyes widen with shock, he shouts unintelligibly
through the gag and struggles in the chair as the captor
places the hood back over his head.

CUT TO BLACK

OVER BLACK:

We hear the the clunk of metal and a low moan of a male
voice.

CUT TO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A WOMAN, The one the captor had on his phone, 28, very well groomed, beautiful with a figure many women would envy, pulls the hood from the captive.

WOMAN

My god, what has he done to you?

She removes the gag from his mouth and begins untying him as tears fill her eyes.

CAPTIVE

He's crazy, have you...

WOMAN

(interrupting)

Killed him? I hope so.

She kicks the man laying on the floor beside the chair.

WOMAN(CONT'D)

Fucking stalker bastard

The woman takes her phone from her bag and taps a few numbers.

WOMAN(CONT'D)

(into phone)

I need police and ambulance...

My husband has been tied up and beaten...

Yes he is conscious and breathing but he is bleeding badly...

SE9 8TR...

Number 99...

Thank you, please hurry...

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A large secluded detached house with double fronted bay windows with a garage on the side. The garage door is open and we see two police officers leading the captive to a waiting car in cuffs.

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CONTINUED:

The captive is on a trolley being wheeled into the back of an ambulance with his anxious wife holding his hand.

WOMAN

It's all over now babe, he can't hurt
us anymore.

We see the paramedics treating his wounds as the ambulance door closes.

FADE.OUT