

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A dimly lit, musty, basement. Water drips from old rusted pipes. Rats scurry across the room.

Here, hanging from the ceiling, is a brown haired man; BOB. He has looks to be in his late twenties. His body swings limply from the chains.

His face is swollen in several spots.

A small, deep, cut runs across his cheek. It's red and leaks fresh blood.

The basement door opens and two suited men enter. One black; JOSHUA(32) and the other white; ETHAN(29).

Joshua carries a smooth, black briefcase with him. His face is one of complete seriousness.

Ethan, on the other hand, is stuffing his mouth with a hamburger. In his hand, is a much less threatening greasy takeout bag.

Joshua and Ethan approach the unconscious Bob.

JOSHUA
Hey. Hey. Wake up.

He lightly taps Bob.

JOSHUA
Hey. Wake up.
(voice rising)
Wake. Up.

Joshua gives him a slap.

Ethan quietly eats his sandwich.

JOSHUA
Wake up. Damn you.

A loud slap resounds in the small basement. Even Ethan winces from the impact.

ETHAN
Sheesh... You didn't need to hit him
that hard. Violent.

Joshua rolls his eyes.

Bob wakes up dazed and heavy lidded as if he'll pass right back out. But seeing the suited men quickly brings him back to earth.

JOSHUA

Oh. You're awake. Good morning sunshine.

Bob begins struggling in his restraints and screaming, but the gag in his mouth turns it into an inaudible groan.

JOSHUA

You might as well quit. There's no way outta here.

Bob continues to frantically struggle.

JOSHUA

Hey...

The wiggling worsens.

Joshua frowns. Ethan scoffs mockingly from the back.

Joshua snaps to Ethan.

JOSHUA

What's so funny?

Ethan returns to his burger.

Joshua looks back on the squirming Bob. Annoyed; he pull out a pistol and takes aim at Bob.

Seeing the weapon, Bob immediately stop his struggling. Wide eyed and fearful, he stares at the gun.

JOSHUA

Oh. So now you wanna pay attention, huh? It took me all this time to shut you up, but now you're quiet?

He presses the gun hard into Bob's stomach.

Bob's eyes widen.

Shaking his head wildly, he releases more muffled grunts.

ETHAN

(grabbing Joshua's arm)

Calm down. We're not suppose to kill him. Remember?

Joshua yanks his hand away.

JOSHUA

Yeah. Yeah. I know... Don't touch me with your greasy hands.

ETHAN

They're not that greasy. These burgers are pretty good. I got them from the burger joint down the street. What was it called...? Hungry Joe?
(offering a burger)
Want one?

Joshua ignores his rambling partner.

JOSHUA

Hey Bob. Bob. Look at me.

Bob, teary-eyed, looks at his captor.

JOSHUA

Good. Now my... partner and I need to ask you some questions. Understand?

Bob nods.

JOSHUA

Okay. I'm going to remove the gag from your mouth. If you scream, or cry or anything, I will shoot you. Besides, you're stuck here with us. There's no help for you. Got it?

Bob head hangs sorrowfully.

JOSHUA

Got it?

He nods weakly.

JOSHUA

Glad with understand each other.

Joshua removes the gag from Bob's mouth.

JOSHUA

How are you feeling? Thirsty?

Bob mumbles inaudibly.

JOSHUA

Hmmm?

In a raspy dry voice, Bob says:

BOB
Yes...

JOSHUA
(without looking back)
Ethan!

ETHAN
Yeah, yeah. I know.

He walks over to Joshua's briefcase.

Bob's eyes widen, his skin pales. He begins to squirm and struggle once again.

JOSHUA
Calm down.

Ethan opens the briefcase and removes a small, squeezable water bottle.

ETHAN
(handing over the bottle)
Here.

JOSHUA
Thanks
(to Bob)
Okay. Open up.

Bob stares blankly at the bottle and his two captures.

JOSHUA
What? You said it was thirsty. Now,
open up. I'll squirt some in your
mouth.

Ethan snickers childishly in the back.

Joshua ignores his immature partner.

JOSHUA
Go ahead. Say "Ahhh."

Bob refuses to drink the water. Reminiscent of a father trying to feed a stubborn child.

JOSHUA
What's up with you? Just drink the
damn water! What's wrong? Think it's
poison or something?
(to Ethan)

Hey! Drink some of this water.

ETHAN

Nope.

JOSHUA

What?

ETHAN

I don't drink water.

JOSHUA

What? How the hell do you not drink water?

ETHAN

It goes violates my diet. I'm on a No-Water regime.

Joshua drinks a mouthful of water.

JOSHUA

See! It's just water! Drink it!

Bob continues to refuse the drink.

JOSHUA

Now what? Fine. You win. Don't drink the water.

The bottle is dashed to the floor. Spilling all the cool water onto the ground.

JOSHUA

Look. No water. Happy?

Joshua places on some white gloves.

JOSHUA

Still. You will give us what with want.

He picks up his briefcase. Standing near it is Ethan, still eating his burgers.

ETHAN

Need help?

JOSHUA

(No. I'll handle this myself.)

(to Bob)

You know, I was hoping this would be easier.

He removes a pair of brace knuckles from the case. He places them on and does a few test swings in front of Bob.

JOSHUA

All you needed to do was drink some water and do a bit of talking. That's it. But you wanted it to be this way...

A loud rib shattering blow slams into Bob's side.

JOSHUA

Who did you tell? How did you get our Boss arrested?

Another blow.

JOSHUA

Does anyone else know? What happened to our money?

Another blow.

JOSHUA

Tell me! Where is the damn money! There was over a hundred grand! One. Hundred. Grand.

Joshua lays into Bob. Each blow being harder than the last.

Watching this harsh display of violence, Ethan sits back eating. Unfazed by the scene before him.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY (LATER)

Ethan walks back into the basement carrying a fresh bag of burgers and a few soft drinks.

Joshua sits in the middle of the room. Sweat rolls down his face.

ETHAN

Yo. You want a sandwich now?

JOSHUA

No. I don't want... Actually, never mind. Give me one.

Ethan talks a seat next to Joshua. He takes a burger from the bag and hands it over to Joshua.

Joshua reaches over for the sandwich with his bloody, gloved hand.

ETHAN
(gesturing towards the gloves)
Hey...

JOSHUA
Oh. Thanks.

He removes the gloves.

ETHAN
(eating)
So, did you find out anything?

JOSHUA
Yeah. Now we know where the money
is.

ETHAN
Good. When are we going to get the
money?

JOSHUA
Later. We have a day or two. Hey,
this is actually pretty good.

ETHAN
Told you! We should eat there more
often.

Ethan takes another burger from the bag.

ETHAN
Should we give him one?

Bob hangs, unconscious, from the ceiling. Bloodied, bruised,
and swollen. More-so than he was before.

JOSHUA
Nah. He won't be able to eat
anything for awhile.

Joshua takes a sip from one of the drinks.

JOSHUA
Water?

ETHAN
Yep.

JOSHUA
I thought you didn't drink water.

ETHAN
Oh. I lied.

JOSHUA

Of course...

Joshua and Ethan enjoy their meal as Bob's body sways left and right.

FADE OUT

THE END