

HUNGRY

by  
Paul Unwin

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EXT. STREET. DAY

The point about this street is that it is ordinary. We're wide as the front door opens. A fifteen year old lad leaves, carrying school work.

LAD  
(calling back)  
Bye mum, dad!

But the lad is on his way into the great world beyond.

INT. HOUSE. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

An ordinary middle aged woman is getting ready to go to work. She sees the Lad through the window. He is joined by a friend - they can't get away soon enough. She is putting her hand-bag together when there's a clump up-stairs.

WOMAN  
Do you want some tea, dear,  
before I go?

She doesn't wait for an answer but flips the kettle on. Her eyes snag on a block of kitchen knives. She glances upstairs and then takes the block and very carefully carries them to the cupboard under the stairs. She opens it - thinks. Doesn't know whether this is such a good idea after all. Upstairs a loo flushes followed by the sound of more clumps.

CUT TO:

Another part of the kitchen - she has the bin upside down. She puts the block of knives on the bottom and then covers them with the bin bag. Puts the bin back up. Job done.

CUT TO:

The kettle is boiling. She makes a mug of tea.

INT. STAIR-CASE. A MOMENT LATER

She carries the tea up the stairs. Music is telling us to dread.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

She goes in. An ordinary middle aged man is in bed. He smiles as she comes in.

WOMAN  
There we go.

MAN  
Thank you, dear.

WOMAN  
How are you?

MAN  
I'm fine thank you.

And she looks at him - she hides her unease but can't disguise it altogether. He smiles.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Honestly, I'm fine you go to work. Thanks for the tea.

But something has caught her eye and as he drinks she slips across to the dressing table. A pair of scissors - just nail scissors - rests besides the mirror.

WOMAN  
(smiling, chatty)  
I won't be late, but Colin will be back usual time and he can make you your tea...

She slips the scissors into her hand bag. She goes to kiss the man - he smiles, they kiss.

MAN  
Don't work too hard

WOMAN  
I've left everything for you downstairs.

MAN  
There's nothing to worry about.

INT. BATHROOM. A MOMENT LATER

Uneasy, she scans the bathroom. Opens the cupboard, finds some safety razors and, glancing over her shoulder, slips them under the boiler, hidden.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM. A MOMENT LATER

Surreptitiously, she slips into her sons room. Nothing. Her eyes scan the desk, his things, his bed. She looks under his bed - a sizeable porn collection but that's not what she's looking for. Satisfied she leaves as carefully as she came. We, however, stay. There is a compass on the desk with a very sharp point. She hadn't noticed that, but it's too late.

INT. HALLWAY/LIVING ROOM. A MOMENT LATER

She has her coat on, and bag but is still not comfortable. She goes into the living room and takes a tiny lemon knife from a drinks trolley. Glancing over her shoulder she slips this in her bag. We glance in the bag: it is a veritable haberdashers of sharp objects. She closes the bag. It clunks as she moves now. She shushes herself, smiles to him upstairs.

WOMAN

Cheerio you, see you at five!

EXT. STREET. CONTINUOUS

MAN

(OS)

Have a good day!

The woman emerges from the front door. She is smiling, with the handbag close to her. She gets to the gate when a thoughts strikes her. She turns and runs fast to:

INT. GARDEN SHED. A SECOND LATER

The woman come in - the shed is full of sharp instruments! She glances over her shoulder.

HER POV:

She looks at the bedroom window. Nothing. She looks closer. He is still in bed, drinking his tea.

EXT. STREET. A MOMENT LATER

She has shears, a saw, an old lawn mower and her handbag. Bathed in sweat she heaves them all into the boot of the car. It won't close.

MOMENTS LATER:

The car drives away with the boot tied down - by her scarf.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

As the sound of the car recedes the man sits upright. He seems happy, not malevolent or bad. If anything relieved to be alone.

CAMERA UNDER  
BED:

We see his foot land in a slipper and when we expect the other foot we just get a bandaged stump, and as it lands we hear the same clump clump clump we heard downstairs.

INT. BATHROOM. A MOMENT LATER

Close on the man as he looks at himself in the mirror. He needs a shave and reaches into the cupboard - the razors have all gone. Oh well, he smiles and closes it with what we expect to be his other hand but that, too, is a stump wrapped in tidy bandages.

INT. KITCHEN. A MOMENT LATER

Clump, clump he comes down the stairs. Stands on one leg in the kitchen doorway. He looks at his remaining arm, pulls the sleeve of his pyjamas up with his teeth. Looks good. He goes to where the knife block *should* be. It's not there. He spins on his good foot. Is it in the bin?

BIN POV:

He looks in - it's not there. She won that round.

KITCHEN:

He hobbles back to the table. A note, and a pile of sandwiches wrapped in cling film and a glass of milk also covered in cling film.

HIS POV OF THE  
NOTE:

"HAVE A SANDWICH. OR THERE'S SOME COLD CURRY IN THE FRIDGE.  
XXX"

KITCHEN:

But that's not what he wants.

EXT. GARDEN SHED. A SECOND LATER

He stands gasping with the door open. He has hopped from the back door to the shed and now finds it - empty!

He turns to the garden - nothing but a cat who meows at him.

MAN

Nice pussy. Nice pussy.

The furry thing comes across to him and he bends down and... and he strokes the cat, gently. He looks up -

HIS POV: His son's room.

INT. COLIN'S ROOM. A MOMENT LATER

The door swings open. He is breathing hard... He can't stop himself looking hungrily at his arm again before hobbling into the room. He hops to a cupboard. Swings it open - more of Colin's private life falls out - but he ignores it. There it is! He leans forward, topples and with a crash falls into the son's cupboard. Chaos. Everything collapses but he comes up - or at least emerges - holding:

A SAMURAI SWORD!

(This is one of these swords that some boys buy in hobby shops.)

He smiles, thrilled and looks at his arm again.

INT. BATHROOM. A MOMENT LATER

He has the samurai sword in his mouth and is trying to swing it into the good arm that he has placed, thoughtfully, over the bath....He has a pyjama belt as his tourniquet. He swings the huge blade but it is hopeless. There's no way you can cut your own arm off with a samurai sword in your mouth should be his lesson for the day but we cut to:

INT. COLIN'S ROOM. CONTINUOUS

**The compass on Colin's desk.**

Clunk! Clunk! Here he comes - with the same idea. He comes into the room.

INT. BATHROOM. A MOMENT LATER

He has the compass in his mouth and is trying to stab his own arm. It's not very effective and he squeals with pain after the first stab. Enough is enough. Desperate, breathing heavily, and hungry he stands upright in the little bathroom and again catches sight of himself in the mirror. He stops - holy shit - Eureka! Only a fool would try and cut off their own arm to eat when they've got...

INT. BEDROOM. SOME TIME LATER

Start on shower curtain on the carpet. A couple of drops of blood speckle onto it, and we hear a pained moan. Track across past one stump to his remaining slippered foot twisting in pain. Continue the track to the samurai sword.

As we get to it the compass (bloody) drops onto the shower curtain. His shaking and bloody hand now leans into frame and grabs the samurai blade. He pulls it up.

EXT. HOUSE. A LITTLE LATER

Colin and his mate come back from school, getting out their keys.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

The man is facing the mirror as he pulls apart the two sides of his skull. It is a very neat job, but blood does trickle into his eye. He has used the compass to slice the skin back, and the samurai sword to split his skull. BUT, importantly, he is both conscious and for the most part happy, if a little shaken.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

Colin and his mate come in. They are totally pre-occupied with getting something to eat.

COLIN  
(calling)  
I'm back dad!

MAN  
(O/S - slightly feeble)  
Good.

The boys start on the sandwiches.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

Back to the floor POV. The hand reaches down and finds the compass.

And he takes the compass and sticks it into his brain. He then takes whatever is stuck to the compass and puts it in his mouth.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

The boys put the radio on loud. And then switch stations to something louder.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

The man is happy eating. The music is thumping up from downstairs.

He scoops in for another bit of brain and as the compass digs about the music gets louder, then quieter, then morphs into something insane like Wagner before finally ending in silence. Total silence - he has now eaten the music bit of the brain. He puts the scoop in his brain but now there is NO sound.

INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

The music is going on. The boys are drinking the milk and starting to vaguely think about their homework.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

We are close on his face - let's not make this too gruesome. He's eating the maturity bit of his brain which takes him back to...

MAN

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

He puts the compass back in his brain. Scoops out some more.

All kings the horses ...

He eats it, with a smile.

Humpty ag-to-blah-

EXT. HOUSE. CONTINUOUS

The woman drives up to the house. She gets out of the car. She goes to the boot and heaves four bags of groceries out but leaves the hardware alone.

INT. KITCHEN. A MOMENT LATER

The woman come in with the shopping. The boys are vaguely doing their work. She turns the radio off.

COLIN

Mum!

She sees the sandwich has been eaten.

WOMAN

Did dad?

COLIN

Musta-guess.



The woman smiles.

WOMAN  
Oh that is good news.

INT. BEDROOM. CONTINUOUS

The man has the compass in his brain again. He shovels around and for a second the world goes incredibly bright. He takes that bit and shoves it in his mouth and starts eating. He then returns the compass to his brain and scoops again. For a second the picture returns to normal and then strobos like bad MTV. He eats this bit. Finally he digs in again and after a moment the world goes to silence and blackness.

(INT. HALLWAY/STAIRCASE. A MOMENT LATER

The woman starts up the stairs holding tea and biscuits -

WOMAN  
I'm home dear. )

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THE END