A Taste of Honey

Ву

Gary Murphy

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

The shades are drawn, the real world knows its place is outside this dingy hotel room.

GRANT, 40's, splayed across the bed. Denim clad, tattooed, thick greasy hair. He spends most days playing pool and starting fights in biker bars. But not today. Today Grant is getting lucky.

The bathroom door opens to reveal raven haired HONEY. Barely 21, a perfect body clad only in the skimpiest black lace underwear. Even the Pope would have a hard-on for Honey.

Grant looks up at her as she stands in the doorway.

HONEY

You like what you see?

GRANT

(Grant indeed does like)
Get that little ass over here.

She climbs on top of Grant. They embrace. Hands wander all over her body. His fingers slip inside the front of her panties. For a brief moment she allows herself to enjoy his touch.

She pulls away from him.

GRANT

Hey! It's a bit late to get all shy on me.

Honey gets to her feet. Pauses at the foot of the bed. Turns.

HONEY

You promised to do something first.

GRANT

What if I've changed my mind?

HONEY

You wanna screw me or not?

GRANT

Of course. Can't we just skip straight to it?

You said you could do this.

GRANT

That was 'fore I realized how pretty you were.

HONEY

Don't change a thing. You do what you promised or you get nothing from me.

GRANT

You are one freaky chick.

HONEY

Maybe I am but I thought I was getting a man. Maybe I was wrong, maybe you ain't a man after all.

Grant jumps off the bed, his face in hers.

**GRANT** 

You playing games?

HONEY

Well I'm wondering if you've gone and turned queer on me.

GRANT

Watch your mouth whore.

HONEY

Or what? You gonna hit me? Well durr, ain't that what you supposed to do? Or maybe you --

He grabs Honey by both arms, shoves her against the wall.

GRANT

Don't you believe it girl. It wouldn't be the first time.

HONEY

Then just fucking do it. Hit me first and then you can fuck me.

Grant lets go, he steps back. Thinks for a moment. She looks at him IMPLORING. The little bitch has him here.

GRANT

Fuck it.

He hits Honey hard. She crashes to the floor.

Grant's eyes on a whiskey bottle next to the bed. Pours a large glass and downs it in one.

Turns back to see Honey back on her feet. Lips burst and bleeding, signs of a bruise on her cheek.

She lets out a long and forced LAUGH.

HONEY

Is that the best you can do faggot?

This time no hesitation. A backhand quickly wipes the smile from her face. Stays on her feet. Unsteady.

An uppercut to her head. A kick in the ribs and she goes down again.

A muffled SCREAM as she hits the floor. A lamp falls with her and smashes to the ground.

Grant fills another glass and knocks it back.

HONEY

Fuck that hurt.

Honey slowly claws her way up onto the bed and collapses in a heap. Holds her stomach in pain. Her face bloodied and battered. Blood drips from her head.

Grant takes the chance and climbs on top of her. He pins both her arms to the bed and forces his nicotine and whiskey stained tongue inside her mouth. She struggles.

GRANT

Time for what I want.

HONEY

We ain't finished yet.

GRANT

No, we are just getting started sugar.

HONEY

I asked for a beating and that is what I am --

GRANT

We're done now. Just relax. I do like the taste of honey in the afternoon.

He moves his head down to Honey's stomach, kisses her bruised belly. Hands slide down to her ass. Tries to pull down her panties.

Honey pulls at his hair. Struggles. Hits him across the head.

HONEY

No you don't. I said we ain't finished yet.

He lifts his head up from Honey's stomach.

GRANT

Jesus, ain't you had enough?

HONEY

I need to be beat up bad. If I am gonna get away with killing that son of a bitch it needs to be self defense. It needs to look like he was trying to kill me.

GRANT

Can't you just leave him?

HONEY

It ain't enough. I want the bastard dead. You promised you could help.

A loud KNOCK at the door.

HOTEL PORTER (O.S.)

We've had complaints of a disturbance. Is everything alright in there?

Grant places a finger across his mouth to Honey.

HONEY

(whispering)

No, tell him everything is cool.

Grant gets up and approaches the door.

GRANT

(speaks to the door)

It's fine. Just got a bit carried away. You know, lady being a bit rough n' all.

HOTEL PORTER (O.S.)

Is that right ma'am? Everything okay?

HONEY

(strained)

I'm good. Like he said, just got a bit over excited.

HOTEL PORTER (O.S.)

Okay, please try and keep the noise down folks.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS disappear down the hallway.

Honey giggles.

HONEY

(mimicking the porter)
Keep the noise down folks.

Grant pours himself another drink.

GRANT

This is crazy.

HONEY

Gimme that.

He hands her the glass and watches this crazy little bitch tip her head back and empty it.

The whiskey stings her lips, a wince. She hands back the empty glass.

HONEY

You need to mess me up. And you had better hurry if you want me anywhere near that big old dick of yours.

Grant holds the empty glass in his hand. He stares into Honey's eyes.

GRANT

Your parents must be so proud.

He lifts up the glass above him and brings it down hard against the side of Honey's head. It breaks in his hand. Blood sprays from Honey's ear.

(manically laughing)

Again.

Grant lands a massive slap to her face. This the final blow.

Honey staggers backwards, looks at Grant as the world starts to spin.

She lands in a heap on the dirty carpet. Her near naked body smeared with blood, littered with cuts and bruises.

Hardly recognizable now, her face so swollen and bloody.

Honey smiles. Mission accomplished.

She breaths labored and heavy. Pulls herself up onto her hands and knees.

Grant grabs a towel and wraps it around his hand. Blood soaking through. He sits on the edge of the bed and watches.

HONEY

I think that'll do.

Grant lets lout a loud LAUGH.

GRANT

I should fucking hope so.

Honey slowly crawls towards Grant. Wipes her face to clear some of the blood from her eyes.

HONEY

So you are a man after all.

GRANT

Time for you to really find out.

Grant pulls her between his legs. She rubs his chest while slowly unbuttons his bloody shirt.

HONEY

You've earned your reward.

Her hands move slowly down his chest to his stomach. Getting closer to the growing bulge in his faded denims.

His hands move across her shoulders, slides her bra strap aside, fingers inch towards her perky breasts.

I was worried you'd recognize me. Was worried this wouldn't work.

GRANT

What you talking 'bout?

HONEY

I worried for nothing. You're a bigger dumb fuck than I hoped.

He pushes her away, a look of shock.

GRANT

What are you talking about?

She gets to her feet, Walks to the window.

HONEY

Do I not look like her? Did you not look at my cute little tits and think of her?

GRANT

Who?

HONEY

My Mom of course.

GRANT

What the fuck is this?

HONEY

Come on, you remember. Your wife. The one you beat and left for dead as her six year old daughter sat and watched.

(beat)

As YOUR six year old daughter sat and watched.

Grant, confused. Slides off the bed.

GRANT

You got it wrong honey. You getting me confused with someone else.

HONEY

No, I think I've got my man.

GRANT

Seriously, this is fucked up. I have no idea what you are talking about.

You must have known this day was coming.

Eyes on Honey. He looks for something on the floor.

GRANT

Fuck! Listen to me you crazy bitch. I ain't who you think I am.

Honey puts her hand behind the shades, pulls out a large hunting knife.

HONEY

You looking for this? (beat)
Daddy?

Honey throws herself at him. Plunges the knife deep into his chest. His blood sprays around the room.

Both fall back on the bed. Grant gasps for breath, tries to call for help.

Honey jumps on top of him. Her hand covers his mouth.

HONEY

You know how long I have been looking? You know how long I have been dreaming of this moment?

She lifts the knife above her head and slams it down into his chest. More blood spurts. Sprays across her face. Again she stabs, and again.

Honey SCREAMS. Loud blood curdling SCREAMS.

She stabs again. Frenzied. Manic.

She stops and throws the knife to the floor.

Covered in her father's blood she crawls from the bed and to the corner of the room.

Honey sits in the corner. Her chin rests on her knees.

She sobs uncontrollably.

A young innocent victim now, she sits and waits for her rescue.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM BATHROOM - A FEW MONTHS LATER

A flame haired girl stands and fixes her lipstick in the full length mirror. She stops to admire her perfect little body, dressed in the skimpiest red lace lingerie.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Who are you this time?

The girl turns right around and smiles. The bruises may have healed but there is no doubt that we have seen her before.

AMBER

I'm Amber.

Sat up on the toilet seat is MOM. She looks like shit. Her face is swollen and bruised, she is missing several teeth. Her hair is a mess and caked in blood and mud.

MOM

This is the one, I just know it.

**AMBER** 

You said that last time, and the time before that.

MOM

I know baby but I really thought it was him. It was so long ago.

Amber looks at herself in the mirror again, runs her hands down her body, proud.

AMBER

Well I hope you're right this time.

She turns to face Mom but she is no longer there.

Amber stands alone in the bathroom.

She places her hand on the door handle, takes a deep breath and throws open the door.

WILL, 40's, sits on the bed. Faded denims and long greasy hair that shows no sign of being washed regularly. An open can of beer in his hand.

From over Amber's shoulder we see him look up with a big toothy grin on his face.

AMBER

You like what you see?

FADE OUT: