

PORK BELLY

Written by

Rhys Hicks

[Rhys.r.hicks@gmail.com](mailto:Rhys.r.hicks@gmail.com)

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

A picturesque morning begins as the sun creeps over the horizon. A MORNING JOGGER notices something wash up on shore in the distance.

From above, waves gently lap the sand. A face moves into frame. It's pale, the eyes are open but cloudy. It's a DEAD MAN.

The waves pull back leaving the dead man on the shore. In the background of the frame the jogger arrives and gets a closer look.

She SCREAMS! The scream merges with the whistle of a kettle as we are transported to...

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

EVAN, late teens, preppy looking, picks up the kettle and fills a teapot.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

CLAIRE, a sweet teenage girl, sits at a table as Evan approaches with the teapot and a tray of pulled pork sliders. He sits across from her.

EVAN

Thanks for coming, Claire. I appreciate the concern.

CLAIRE

Of course. I know your dad would've wanted us to be there for you.

EVAN

Us?

CLAIRE

She cares, Evan. She's not dealing with it well. She never came home last night. Her phone's going straight to voicemail.

EVAN

Well I'm sure she's... around.

Evan gestures for Claire to try a slider.

CLAIRE

Oh, is this..?

EVAN  
Slow roasted pork belly.

CLAIRE  
Your dad's favourite.

She takes a bite, savoring it. You can tell she loves it.

EVAN  
Let me tell you about my father.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan places a newspaper-wrapped package on the counter top.  
It's bloody.

EVAN (V.O.)  
My old man loved pork belly. He  
made sure it was the last thing he  
ever ate.

He opens the package to reveal a big ol' slab of pork belly.

EVAN (V.O.)  
Right before he slit his wrists and  
threw himself of his boat.

Evan draws a big ass knife from the knife block. He cuts up  
some vegetables and lines a shallow pan with them. He places  
the pan on a gas burner.

EVAN (V.O.)  
God, he loved that boat. Restored  
it himself.

He transfers the pork belly to a chopping board.

EVAN (V.O.)  
He always cooked the pork belly  
himself. "If you can take a cheap  
cut like pork belly and make a five  
star meal, you can do anything." He  
said.

Evan glides his fingers along the pork's skin.

EVAN (V.O.)  
Taking something cheap and giving  
it worth was a philosophy he  
applied to all aspects of his life.  
It's how he made his coin. It's how  
he chose a wife.

(MORE)

EVAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
My mother was a junkie. She died  
when I was a baby. My step mother  
to follow- A gold digging whore.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

Claire interrupts Evan's story.

CLAIRE  
I know you're having a hard time  
but I'm not going to hear you talk  
about my mum like that. You are so  
out of line.

EVAN  
I'm sorry. Just let me finish. I  
need to get this off my chest.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan examines the knife's edge.

EVAN (V.O.)  
There were certain steps he'd  
always take to prepare the pork  
belly. First you take a razor sharp  
knife.

Evan sharpens the knife.

EVAN (V.O.)  
It's gotta be sharp.

Evan SLAPS the meat down on the chopping block.

EVAN (V.O.)  
And you make diamonds.

Evan scores the pork belly in a diagonal direction.

EVAN (V.O.)  
Diamonds are intrinsically  
worthless, except for the deep  
psychological need they fill.  
Unless you're scoring pork belly,  
of course. But a ring on your  
finger is generally as worthless  
and vapid as the person wearing it.  
I digress.

SLAP. Evan turns the meat 180 degrees and scores it in the  
opposite direction.

EVAN (V.O.)

He said the secret to perfectly  
crispy, golden crackle was the size  
of the diamond.

He examines the size of the diamond shaped scores.

EVAN (V.O.)

Too big or small and the skin  
crackles unevenly beyond repair.  
Another philosophy he applied to  
his marriages.

Rubs in a handful of salt. He takes the meat, bending it  
around to open up the cuts and sears the skin in the shallow  
pan from earlier.

EVAN (V.O.)

Sear the skin. Render down the fat.

Drizzle of oil and sprinkle of chopped fennel. Pours in some  
wine. Pours in stock.

EVAN (V.O.)

The hardest part, my old man always  
said, was not in the preparation or  
the cooking itself. But the waiting  
afterwards.

He places the pan in the oven.

EVAN (V.O.)

See you gotta let the meat rest.  
But the smell of a freshly cooked  
piece of meat was always too  
tempting.

Evan takes off his oven mitts and places his hands on his  
hips as he looks at something off screen as if wondering what  
to do.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

Evan continues as Claire's face goes pale with concern.

EVAN

My dad could do anything. Except  
resist temptation. Your mum knew  
that.

CLAIRE

What are you getting at? What are  
you saying?

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan drags a body across the kitchen floor.

EVAN (V.O.)

I'm saying that its convenient that  
his only flaw be the thing that  
could trigger the fidelity clause  
in their pre-nup.

As the body moves across the from we see her face first. It's  
his STEPMOTHER. He continues dragging her revealing a huge  
chunk of flesh missing from her midsection. Roughly the same  
size and shape as the porkbelly from earlier. He drags her  
out of frame.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

Evan retrieves a shovel and begins to dig in the flower bed  
next to his stepmothers body.

EVAN (V.O.)

Your whore mother was taking him  
for everything. She drove him to  
suicide. She killed my dad.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

Claire begins to shake.

CLAIRE

What did you do? Evan?

Evan stares back at her deadpan.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where is my mum?!

Evan glances down at the pork sliders. Claire comes to a  
grizzly realization. She GAGS-

CUT TO: BLACK

THE END