

The Flesh Won't Be Missed

Written by
Darren J Seeley

JENNIFER (V.O.)
I want to keep it.

FADE IN:

EXT. WOODEN DOCK - NIGHT

A fire axe, fresh blood on the blade, rests on planks of oak.

BEAU (mid 20s) bends down, picks up the axe handle. He's awkward, lets it drag on the wood floor before it rests in his hands.

The streak of blood by his feet gives him pause. He stares at the sight, then gets a better grip on the axe.

Looks to JENNIFER (20s), who stands beside KEN (30s) who lies face down. She has her back on Beau.

Ken's dead. A tight noose around his neck, rope cut at an end. Deep red wound on the left hip.

BEAU
Why?

JENNIFER
Come over here and do it.

She grabs the dead man's left arm, rests it on a small post. Wrist and hand fall limp.

Beau scans the area around the lake.

JENNIFER
Be a man.

Beau takes a step forward, Jennifer snatches the axe away from him. Before he can protest-

Jennifer hammers it down on Ken's wrist.

JENNIFER
Damn it!

Jennifer lowers the axe, squats down.

Careful to avoid any blood that streams out of the arm stump, she gets as close as she can to the dock's edge.

BEAU
Well, what did you think would happen, doing it like that?

Jennifer reaches in the water, feels around.

JENNIFER

I didn't see you step up.

BEAU

You didn't give me a chance.

Jennifer snakes the severed hand out of the water.

Satisfied, she locks eyes with a furious Beau. He storms up, whisks a hunting knife out from under his jacket. The blade shines in the moonlight.

Grabs the dead man by the hair, pulls up.

BEAU

I'll get your wick.

Ready to scalp.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

Beau, Jennifer and Ken's plastic wrapped, chained corpse in a row boat.

JENNIFER

A little more.

Beau paddles out a few more strokes.

JENNIFER

Right here.

An irritated Beau complies.

He checks the chain around Ken's body. Good and tight.

They heave Ken's wrapped up body over the side. The axe follows.

Beau's attention goes to a plastic wrapped severed hand and scalp inside the boat next to Jennifer. Jennifer notices, pets her new trophies like a cat.

JENNIFER

Relax, Beau.

INT. BEACH SHACK - NIGHT

Jennifer's right hand pulls a string; an overhead, uncovered light bulb clicks on. A silver ring with a Aries sign glistens.

The rundown shack doubles for a place to crash. Canoe paddles, oars and life preservers line three of four walls.

Near Jennifer: an inflatable mattress and a pentagram formed with sand. She puts on a necklace with a snake's eye for a pendant.

Walks over to Beau, who looks out at the lake through a window.

BEAU
Crazy and stupid.

Jennifer lays her left hand on his shoulder.

JENNIFER
Thought you were a believer.

Beau gives her a bad look.

JENNIFER
Sorry about earlier. You were good back there.

BEAU
It's alright.

Jennifer embraces him.

JENNIFER
Doesn't matter. He's gone now, he's not coming back.

BEAU
Dead always do.

He turns to her, she guides his right hand to her heart.

A wicked smile forms on his face.

His lips get close to her right ear.

BEAU
Just his hand, his hair. What we should have done is gouge his eyes out so he could not see in the next life.

JENNIFER

Yes -

BEAU

Rip out his tongue so he could not
speak in the after life.

He licks her ear lobe.

BEAU

Cut off his ears so he could not
hear in the after life.

Jennifer whispers in his ear.

JENNIFER

Would you have hacked off his nose?

His words back to her drool with spittle.

BEAU

Left it- so he can smell the stink
of his rotten
(teeth bared, dog-like)
flesh.

Saliva drips on her shoulder.

BEAU

You took the hand. The hand.
Jennifer...

Teeth chatters.

BEAU

It unlocks many doors.

Jennifer licks his neck. Smiles.

Jennifer lies front down, a man's fingers slowly drags down
her bare back, past her tattoo of a Celtic Wheel.

Beau enjoys this as much as she does. He presses the severed
hand deeper on her skin.

BEAU

Like that?

Thrusts Ken's hand forward.

BEAU

Like that?

SERIES OF SHOTS:

In a sink: Ken's severed hand in a jar. Tap water fills up the rest of the jar.

With a straight razor, Beau carefully cuts hairs off a piece of the scalp.

On a table: Jennifer sprinkles in herbs and a powder. The concoction clouds up the water in an amber glow.

A bald, cleaned scalp sizzles like bacon on a skillet.

The shelf near a window: The sunlight shines on the displays of the hand, next to other jars that hold fish eyes, worms and brown sugar.

INT. BEACH SHACK - AFTERNOON

Jennifer pours out the water from the jar with the hand.

In the sink: Ken's hand with a braided hair between the fingers.

Beau pours fatty liquid over the hand.

BEAU
Hard to think this one almost got
away.

Jennifer gives Beau a hug.

JENNIFER
(whispers)
Ken won't be missed.

Beau gives his dog-like smile, teeth bared.

BEAU
We're going to be rich tonight.
Wherever you want to go, Jenny.
That's where we'll be.

EXT. O'MALLORY HOUSE - NIGHT

A nice residence. Secluded on a hill side. 1987 and O'MALLORY on the mailbox.

A black van drives up.

Beau gets out of the passenger side. All he has is a small sack with him. Jennifer stays in the driver's seat.

FRONT PORCH

Beau takes out the hand candle, touches the wick end to the key hole. Gently inserts it in. Turns the hand counter-clockwise.

Click.

VAN

Jennifer's necklace and ring shine under moonlight; she lights a cigarette. Exhales.

FRONT PORCH

Beau strikes a match, lights the wick of the hand candle.

Places the candle on the porch.

With a brief pause, opens the door.

INT. O'MALLORY HOUSE - NIGHT

Beau casts a shadow as he comes in. He stops. Looks to his right.

The Kitchen a short distance away. MR. O'MALLORY (40s) frozen in time, tea cup halfway raised. The tea bag dangles from the cup; the contents drip out onto the man's dress shirt.

BATHROOM

The door is wide open.

MRS. O'MALLORY (40s) also spaced out and still, in the middle of brushing her teeth. Toothpaste dribbles from her lips.

Beau walks past. He's noisy, but he's a ghost to Mrs. O'Mallory.

BEDROOM

The light turned on, Beau has an open drawer before him that show off a set of diamonds, emeralds and other assorted jewelry.

He scoops it up, dumps the loot in the sack.

KITCHEN

Beer in one hand, sack in the other, Beau walks past Mr. Mallory, who remains still.

BEAU
Hey, your wife.

No response from Mr. O'Mallory.

BEAU
She's got nice teeth.

Takes the last swig of the beer, smashes it down on the table. It shatters. Mr. O'Mallory doesn't so much as flinch.

BEAU
Saggy ass but nice teeth.

Laughs a little. Thinks.

Puts the broken edge of the bottle to the man's face.

Changes his mind, throws the other end of the bottle to a wall. It breaks.

Looks to Mr. O'Mallory. No action.

EXT. O'MALLORY HOUSE - NIGHT

Beau walks up with the sack and the still lit hand candle.

INT. VAN - NIGHT (MOVING)

Beau pours carton of milk down over the flame of the hand candle, puts it out.

JENNIFER
Taking your time?

BEAU
Would have been faster if you came in with me. Or not. Fun we could have had.

JENNIFER
Just there for what we came for.

BEAU

Now that's some witchcraft. That's die hard, hard core stuff.

JENNIFER

You believed.

INT. BEACH SHACK - NIGHT

A mess of diamonds and other jewels spread out on a beach towel. Beau admires them all.

The sink: Jennifer pours bourbon into two shot glasses.

BEAU

The things we could do. The things...we can do!

JENNIFER

Yes.

Jennifer sprinkles a salt substance into the left glass.

Jennifer walks over to Beau, hands him the left glass, they toast. Smile.

BEAU

Bottoms up.

Beau downs his shot.

JENNIFER

I told you only go after the jewelry. Don't get messy.

BEAU

What's that? You can come in next time, next score. We can do whatever we want.

JENNIFER

When they come to, they may not be able to explain the unnatural, but what can they explain?

BEAU

(drowsy)
That's some strong stuff.

JENNIFER
Beaumont, what did you
do with your hands?

Beau sniffs the glass, passes out.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

A rope thrown over a beam.

Same rope tied around Beau's neck.

Beau comes to.

Same moment: Jennifer kicks the chair away. Beau struggles,
jerks, swings. Jennifer watches.

Jennifer smiles, picks up Beau's hunting knife.

Jennifer puts the chair up in front of her dead lover. Stands
on the chair.

Cuts the rope. Corpse crashes to the floor.

Jennifer mounts Beau. Plays with the knife.

Grabs Beau's left hand, cuts into the flesh. Blood flows.

Seizes Beau's left ear, presses the bloody knife down.

Forces open Beau's left eye socket.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

In the boat, Jennifer rolls the plastic wrapped bloody body
over the side.

UNDERWATER

The wrapped, mangled body falls to the sand floor among
several other victim's skulls and bones. Beau's knife sinks a
moment later.

INT. BEACH SHACK - NIGHT

The shelf near the window. Two left hand candles next to each other. Beau's eye mixed in with the fish eyes.

FADE OUT.