

THE TOOL OF MORALITY

Attention: Story contains language,
nudity, sexual and violent content.

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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - HEAD OF BED - NIGHT

Lit by a cheap lamp and dim bulb, a topless woman sits beneath sheets, propped up on pillows.

REGINA, 30s, wears a dinosaur mask on her face as she sits motionless to watch hurricane strength rain and wind beat the window outside.

A large caliber pistol rests on the worn sheets beside her.

REGINA

Have you ever seen an angel?

INT. MOTEL ROOM - FOOT OF BED - NIGHT

JUGGALO JOE, 20s, wears eerie black and white juggalo face paint and jeans, stands shirtless at the foot of the bed.

From beneath the sheets very feminine legs protrude and bend at the bed's edge. Joe pulls shoes off her feet.

JUGGALO JOE

Hell, yes. I have had many, many personal experiences with angels.

INTERCUT: HEAD / FOOT OF BED

REGINA

And these experiences have made you the person you are today?

JUGGALO JOE

Skip to the loo, indeed they do.

He unzips the shorts.

REGINA

How does God and religion determine what's right and wrong? Why do we let chaste old men control our futures?

With effort Joe pulls the women's shorts off of her legs.

JUGGALO JOE

Because with nothing better to do their abstinence gives them POW-WER-FUL visions!

He stares at the bare legs in ethereal appreciation.

Regina remains despondent.

REGINA

Take sex, for example--

JUGGALO JOE

Every chance I get.

REGINA

Although there are many sexual preferences, you can't argue there must be one *right* sexual preference since there is clearly a range of preferences. But a distinction can be made between healthy sex and dysfunctional sex.

JUGGALO JOE

Tweedle dee and tweedle doh, gotta let the panties go.

He pulls off the panties, drops to his knees, and spreads her legs.

REGINA

Truth is there are many right answers to the question 'what is healthy sex', leaving unanswered the moral truths about what is healthy. What is right. Morally right. Is tolerance right?

Joe speaks to the orifice before him.

JUGGALO JOE

My pussy ass father and teachers and preachers and therapists were always blabbin' on an' on about tolerance and understandin'. I just got sick of it after a while. The only thing my old man ever did put his size sixteen boots down on was my head. In the floor. All. The. Time.

He dives in.

REGINA

Exactly! They're always afraid that some morality universally applied to everyone would require rules without exceptions.

He takes a breath.

JUGGALO JOE

Such as...

He resumes.

REGINA

If it's wrong to tell a lie then it
must *always* be wrong to tell a lie
and if you can find an one
exception then there is no such
thing as moral truth.

JUGGALO JOE

Gotcha. Throwin' the baby out with
that bathwater. She's goin' cold.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Joe stands up, pulls the headless body of a woman from
beneath the covers beside Regina, then two-fisted heaves the
corpse off the bed.

It hits a bound and gagged man crumpled in the floor. He
grunts, then writhes in terror at her remains.

A police siren and strobing red and blue lights pass by the
window awash in torrential downpour.

Joe reaches down, heaves a second bound and gagged woman to
the foot of the bed, her head hangs off the edge.

REGINA

Right. But sometimes... !
Sometimes! Lying is the perfect
answer.

Joe holds a small bow saw to the woman's throat, his boot
foot on her chest.

JUGGALO JOE

Sometimes it's the only good thing
you can do.

(to bound woman)

Isn't that right, angel? Are you my
juggalette? Are you my juggalette?
Are you my juggalette?

The gagged woman both nods and shakes her head with
terrified confusion.

JUGGALO JOE

I think you're also a lying looter.

He starts sawing off her head. Her body bucks as her blood pours. The bound man renews his grieved contortions.

REGINA

Who are we or anybody to say that voluntary or forced action is right or wrong?

JUGGALO JOE

Not me.

He puts in extra effort as he saws through the vertebrae.

REGINA

If you *want* to do something that's one thing. But when you're *forced* to do something that's another. We need to make some balance between authoritarian and anarchist extremes on the moral landscape.

JUGGALO JOE

Skip to the loo. I agree with you.

The woman's head drops to the floor and comes to rest beside the other woman's decapitated head.

Joe turns the body around in bed so the legs bend over the edge. Regina flips the bedsheets over the oozing neck stump.

REGINA

The irony is that those who think that there are right and wrong answers are the religious leaders.

JUGGALO JOE

Fuck the religious leaders!

He reaches down, pulls off shoes and throws them at a third bound and gagged woman on the floor.

REGINA

And they didn't get this belief through analyzing causes and conditions of human happiness.

Joe pulls the corpse's pants off.

JUGGALO JOE

Fuck, no!

REGINA

They receive this belief from a
voice from a burning bush

He pulls off her panties.

JUGGALO JOE

No bush here.

REGINA

Or sunlit cloud.

He spreads her legs and drops to his knees.

JUGGALO JOE

Or angels.

REGINA

Are you fuckin' with me?!

He looks up.

JUGGALO JOE

I keep askin', but you ain't never
down with the clown, Regina.

REGINA

I hate washing your makeup off my
body.

JUGGALO JOE

Skip to the loo, I'll wash it off
of you.

REGINA

You can't wash fer shit, Joe. No,
using religion as a lens to view
moral questions separates morality
from the real questions of human
happiness because it overreaches
from personal experience into
cosmic certainty about what happens
after death.

The bound man groans. A pool of blood spreads beneath him.

Joe reaches over and pokes his finger deep into a hole in
the man's back, shoves it hard enough to push the agonized
man away from him.

JUGGALO JOE

(to bound man)

What happens after death mister looter? Tell me. Tell me. You gonna see angels? I've seen angels. Will you?

He pulls out his bloody finger, stares at the man like a bug, his finger drips.

A fire truck siren and strobing red lights pass by the window awash in torrential downpour.

REGINA

But the bitch of it remains, the religious extremists are right, we need a conception of human values we can all agree on.

Joe two-fisted heaves up the second woman's corpse.

JUGGALO JOE

A universal conception.

He tosses it on the floor.

REGINA

Right! What stands in the way? The difference of opinion for one, like chocolate versus vanilla.

Then turns back to the third bound and gagged woman on the floor

JUGGALO JOE

Or white meat versus dark meat.

He heaves the third bound and gagged woman up onto the bed.

REGINA

There's no real issue to be right or wrong about. But not in science. Water boils at 100 degrees Celsius. Rate times speed equals distance--

Joe's big fist pulls her head up by the hair to stare into her petrified eyes.

JUGGALO JOE

C equals M E squared. Are you my juggalette, angel? Are you my juggalette? Are you my juggalette?

She screams into her gag as Joe grabs the small bow saw.

Regina turns to stare at Joe. A moment later her attention returns to the hurricane outside.

REGINA

But some people are beyond ignorant. They're just plain stupid, so their diseased opinion on what constitutes moral human happiness should be eliminated. We need experts. That's how we would create a... a... center, a resource, a...

JUGGALO JOE

A domain of expertise.

He places the saw points onto the woman's sweat soaked neck.

REGINA

Exactly! A domain of moral expertise. But science has fucked up. Science has allowed us to be convinced that there are no moral experts? All of these anarchist authoritarian religious leaders have convinced us that every opinion must count. It's a disease I tell you.

The saw's teeth dig in, blood pours, she bucks.

REGINA

The sick world needs to acknowledge there are right and wrong answers to moral human happiness.

He stops his industry midway through the woman's neck while she continues to buck and writhe.

JUGGALO JOE

Why do you care about this?

REGINA

It is possible for individuals, groups, and entire cultures to care about the wrong things that lead to needless human suffering.

JUGGALO JOE

Why now? Why tonight?

REGINA
 Admitting this will change our
 discourse about morality.

JUGGALO JOE
 Gina. You're trippin' on your
 stream of consciousness.

He turns back to the woman, saw half-way through her neck,
 her animation diminished.

REGINA
 It is obvious that we cannot
 respect vast differences in notions
 of moral happiness any more than
 than differences in how the disease
 of religion is spread. Some moral
 perspectives must be eliminated if
 we are to survive as a species!

From the corner of his eye Joe sees Regina reach for the
 pistol. His attention is divided.

JUGGALO JOE
 Whut?

REGINA
 Boundaries increasingly mean less
 and less and soon they will mean
 nothing. Understanding cannot be
 forgotten. We need to stop acting
 like these questions have no
 answers!

Regina raises the pistol to aim at Joe's head.

JUGGALO JOE
 Stop! Stop that! Quit pointing that
 at me!

REGINA
 We must admit these questions!
 Have! Answers!

JUGGALO JOE
 NO!

His hands go up in futile defensive posture.

BAM!

Joe drops and bleeds out from his head wound.

REGINA

I must become the tool of morality.

BAM! BAM!

She shoots the half decapitated woman in front of her and the crumpled bound man in the floor beside her.

She lets the smoking pistol rest beside her on the worn sheets and resumes her despondent watch of the hurricane strength rain and wind beat the window outside.

FADE OUT: