

DECOMPOSITION

By

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final draft

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FADE IN:

INT. CAMERON KITCHEN - NIGHT

We come in on a vein filled arm with multiple cuts and track marks resting on a wooden table.

The wounds are old, but the scars look grotesque on the brown flesh.

Shallow breathing and something being tapped on the table is heard.

CAMERON (V.O.)

People claim they know "Love" having no idea of the true meaning. Some believe the dictionary, while others believe it's found in orgasms. Truth is...love is your "Flesh." Something everyone takes for granted.

The sound of a lighter being flicked is swiftly heard, followed by a calm exhale.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. How can I speak on taking something for granted looking at my arm? Well, I was once like you. I believed the dictionary version, so I was out here sharing my flesh with every woman I encountered. That's until I met the one people call a "Soulmate." It's a killer word. You give another person your flesh in exchange for a euphoric experience, identical to masturbation. The only difference is adding another person who'll help with the load, which sometimes...it can be a downer if they don't do it better than your hand.

Cameron takes a hard pull from whatever he's smoking.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't think I'm straying from the situation at hand. I was merely breaking down how sex is pointless bullshit. If you can make yourself have an orgasm, why involve someone who won't appreciate your flesh? But, let's get back to my soulmate.

Cameron extends his right arm which is the perfect match to the left, holding a lit cigarette between his fingers.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Like these wounds, we were identical. At least I thought so. I didn't realize the manipulation allowed the consistent feasting upon my flesh. I enjoyed her devouring me, making me believe it was love. Seven years I blindly indulged in flesh consumption, while her poison consumed my soul. Actually...I wasn't blind. I knew about the random men, but I didn't care. My love was already diminished, and my soul was corrupted.

Cameron takes a finger on his right hand and glides it across the scars on his left arm.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Most would think these scars are from depression. Each of these cuts represents every affair she had with a male or female, STD and physical altercations.

Cameron lowers his arms, standing up beginning to move around.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

If you plan on removing yourself from pain, embrace the task for a complete deletion.

As Cameron moves through the house, we see the face of a beautiful brown skin woman in various pictures hanging on the walls, but her body has either been cut or burned out.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The sight of her body embeds hell in my eyes. You're probably thinking why not remove the pictures? Due to the fact my flesh only desired her, I kept the face for relapse purposes when it wasn't about flesh.

Continuing moving through the house, Cameron comes to a stop at two closed doors, one on the left and the other is straight ahead.

Opting to move forward, he opens the door which leads into the bathroom, and it looks like a massacre took place.

Blood is covering the walls and floors, along with pieces of flesh and organs.

Cameron walks over to the sink placing his hands down gathering his thoughts, before wiping the blood from the mirror.

Now we see he's a pretty boy, despite the multiple thin bleeding razor cuts on his face.

The words "I hate you, Pig, Disgusting" and various other degrading words are cut into his thin frame.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This is my greatest accomplishment. Not the constant reminders carved on my love, but the room. This room is symbolic. It truly defines "Love and the soul." A person in-touch with the meaning of life would appreciate this room. Once you let your love get taken for granted it ends in chaos.

Cameron continues staring in the mirror with a blank stare for a few seconds, before slowly attempting to smile.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To some, this is beauty. Others would think I'm insane, classifying this as murder. Well, love is murder when placed in the wrong hands. And no, this isn't the outcome of the woman who destroyed my flesh. This is from various other women who were no different from her.

Cameron walks out the bathroom, turning to the other closed door.

Shackled to the blood soaked bed is the empty shell of the beautiful woman we saw in the pictures.

Although she's shackled, her naked body has been split in half.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There lies the threshold where countless nights of consumption took

place. Women like her and the others helped me understand women only love the flesh of a man, and not his entirety. Yes, I'm a man and we're no different from women, but women want your flesh and entire being, easily moving on if things don't go the way they expected. Yet...they'll always be attached to you, constantly draining whatever piece of a soul you have left.

He walks in the room over to the bed, pausing looking down at her.

Her cold brown skin is tainted with blood, and her eyes show the agonizing terror she went through before dying.

He begins playing in her long curly hair, slowly moving down to her lips, rubbing his thumb across them in a sexual manner.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Here lies my poison. She'll never infect another as she did me. Besides, she was mine once we merged. Look at her. The perfect, imperfection ever created.

Continuing moving down her body, he begins fondling her breast as if she's still alive, and we can tell by his heavy breathing he's aroused.

Moving further down, he slowly moves his fingers across the strings of mutilated flesh.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The imperfections were removed, so now she's perfect. I even went as far as removing the entrance to her corruption. Now...there's only one thing left.

The sound of a belt being unbuckled is heard, followed by a loud thud hitting the floor.

Cameron gets in the bed snuggling his head up against hers, looking at her smiling, before looking straight ahead into the camera.

He reaches down on the floor, and we hear the sound of a

hammer on a gun being cocked.

He brings the colt python up, and without hesitation, he opens his mouth placing the barrel inside, and before he can close his eyes, he squeezes the trigger blowing the back of his head off.

His head slumps to the side nestling against hers.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Maybe in the afterlife we'll make it work because our true intentions are finally mixed properly. This is what "Love" truly is. Death as one vessel reawakening with new flesh, making the wrongs right.

FADE TO BLACK:

"A gateway to confusion can be found in plenty of things other than drugs."

Bernard Mersier

END CREDITS