

HURTS SO GOOD

Written by

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*"I wanna cut my skin, cut it until I bleed  
I wanna feel pain, it's the life that I lead"*

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**OVER BLACK**

SILENCE, for what seems like forever. Then, FOOTSTEPS. They grow closer. CLOSER.

DING! A bell CHIMES, lingers, eventually falls silent.

DECKARD (V.O.)  
(excited, raspy)  
Hey, hi! Heh. You must be pretty confused right about now, huh?  
Yeah. No worries, though... I'll clear all this up for you. My name... Is Deckard. And I'm not special. My father beat that into me at a very young age. Heh.  
(beat)  
My brother, Elijah, however...

**FADE IN:**

**INT. DINGY BASEMENT - NIGHT**

A dim ceiling light illuminates --

ELIJAH BOONE, (28), a handsome and fit man, is zip-tied to a metal chair that is bolted to the dirty concrete floor. A piece of duct tape is placed tight over his mouth.

Sweat drips from every pore as he stares straight ahead with wide eyes.

DECKARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He is special.

Across from Elijah, KAY LOCKWOOD, (32), an athletic blonde woman with short curly hair, is also zip-tied to a bolted down metal chair. There's no duct tape over her mouth.

Unlike Elijah, Kay appears calm. Happy, even.

The two captives face one another, only about five feet of cracked concrete flooring separate them.

Elijah tries to speak, but it's MUFFLED by the duct tape.

A sly smirk forms on Kay's lips. She cocks her head, curious.

DECKARD (O.S.)  
Surely I don't need to explain what makes my brother so special. Heh.  
It's quite obvious, isn't it?

Kay straightens her head, smiles wider.

Tears well up in Elijah's eyes as he shakes his head.

Just then, DECKARD BOONE, (33), a haggard looking man, emerges from the shadows behind Elijah. He's gaunt and pale, with thin stringy hair down to his shoulders.

Elijah flinches as Deckard places his hands on his shoulders.

Kay watches excitedly as Deckard reaches around and RIPS the duct tape from Elijah's mouth.

Elijah lets out a feminine cry of pain. He frantically whips his head around, desperate to see who's behind him.

Kay's grin stretches even wider as she watches the confused Elijah try to make sense of his situation. She releases a very masculine laugh.

KAY

(a man's voice)

I always get a kick out of this part. They're always so confused!

Elijah turns back to the captive woman in front of him. A mix of fear and total disbelief spreads across his face as she stares at Kay.

KAY

Like looking into a mirror, huh?

Deckard leans beside Elijah, holds a small pocket mirror up to Elijah's face, shows him his reflection.

Elijah's face goes white.

ELIJAH

(a woman's voice)

What... How is this possible!? What did you...

Deckard stuffs the mirror back in his pocket.

DECKARD

You see, my brother has a very unique ability. Heh. He's able to... Swap bodies with other people... Just needs a little preparation. Heh.

He pulls out a small old brass hand bell, holds it out before Elijah's face.

DECKARD

And an activator. It really is very cool how it all works! You see --

KAY

(stern)

Deckard!

Both Deckard and Elijah flinch, look to Kay, who glares back.

KAY

This isn't show and tell. Let's get on with it.

Deckard nods, stands and hurries out of view.

Kay keeps her gaze locked onto the horrified Elijah, who ineffectively struggles with his constraints.

KAY

You're not getting out of those zip-ties. Quit wasting your energy.

Elijah doesn't listen. He struggles harder, shakes back and forth in his chair.

The zip-ties dig deep into his wrists, draw blood.

Kay notices, frowns.

KAY

Hey, bitch! Don't scuff up my body! Fuckin' cunt!

Elijah realizes that his attempts to free himself are futile, stops struggling.

He slumps back in his chair, whimpers.

ELIJAH

Why? Why are you doing this to me!?

Kay shrugs.

KAY

You think this is about you? Hmph. No. Afraid not. This is for me.

ELIJAH

What!?

DECKARD (O.S.)

Hey, Elijah? We going sharp or blunt with this one? Heh.

Elijah frantically looks to the shadows Deckard disappeared into, then turns back to Kay, who ponders the question.

DECKARD (O.S.)  
Elijah?

KAY  
Blunt. Let's smash some bones!  
That's always fun.

DECKARD (O.S.)  
Damn. I was really hoping to test  
out my new blades.

Kay frowns, annoyed.

KAY  
Just grab the hammer and let's get  
to it.

DECKARD (O.S.)  
(disappointed)  
Fine.

KAY  
And don't forget the fuckin' music!

DECKARD  
I'm not, I'm not!

"Ride of The Valkyries" by RICHARD WAGNER starts up (O.S.).

A moment later, Deckard steps out of the shadows, stands in between Kay and Elijah.

He grips an old framing hammer tight in his hand.

ELIJAH  
Wait! Please... I've got... I'm all  
my little brother has! I'm all  
he... HE NEEDS ME! PLEASE!?

Elijah trembles as Deckard moves to him and holds the hammer out before his face.

DECKARD  
You see this here hammer? I'm about  
to beat you within an inch of your  
life with this. Heh. And you have  
no choice but to just sit here and  
watch... Every... Second.

Behind them, Kay grins from ear to ear.

DECKARD  
Excited? Heh. I am.

Deckard turns, approaches Kay, who smiles brightly at him.

KAY  
Just remember... Stay away from the  
head until towards the end. Can't  
kill her while I'm still inside.

Annoyed, Deckard rolls his eyes.

DECKARD  
Dude, this isn't my first rodeo.  
Just lay back and soak it in.

Kay leans her head back, closes her eyes.

KAY  
Just sayin'... You got carried away  
that last time.

DECKARD  
And I already promised you. That  
won't ever happen again. Heh.

The MUSIC continues to PLAY (O.S.).

Elijah watches in horror as Deckard raises the hammer high  
above Kay.

ELIJAH  
Wait! Stop! You can't do this!

Hammer still held high, Deckard looks over his shoulder at  
Elijah and snorts a laugh.

DECKARD  
Watch me. Heh.

He slams the hammer down on Kay's right knee. CRACK!

Kay lets out a manly howl of pain, that soon shifts into a  
maniacal laughter.

Elijah winces at the sight.

Deckard steps back, laughs as he watches as blood pours from  
Kay's busted knee and drips down her leg.

KAY  
(in pain, yet excited)  
Oh, fuck! Yeah! YEAH! Give me more!  
Do the other one! SMASH IT!

Elijah fights with his zip-ties some more, but it's no use.

Deckard raises his hammer, CRACKS it over Kay's left knee.

Kay releases a twisted cry of agony and pleasure. Tears and snot flow from her face as she grits her teeth tight.

KAY

Oh yeah! THAT'S IT! YESSSS!

ELIJAH

Stop it! Stop! PLEASE!? LISTEN! My brother needs me! He doesn't have anyone else... Please!? He needs me! DO YOU UNDERSTAND!? PLEASE, DON'T DO THIS!

Deckard glances over at Elijah, a devious grin etched across his sweaty face.

DECKARD

This is some fucked up shit, huh? Watching yourself get beat to death. Bet that wasn't on your fuckin' bingo card! Heh, heh!

He swings the hammer hard into Kay's left shin. CRACK!

KAY

Oh, FUCK!

A masculine scream erupts from her as she shakes back and forth in her constraints!

Deckard crouches down, inspects Kay's damaged shin. White bone splinters poke out from the torn skin.

KAY

WOW! That's intense! HOLY FUCK!

DECKARD

Oof. Totally shattered! Gnarly as fuck! Heh.

(looks back at Elijah)

No more walks in the park for you!

Kay struggles to catch her breath.

KAY

Hey, Deckard! Quick! Hit me again before I pass out!

Deckard grins, happy to oblige.

He lifts the hammer, drops it hard on Kay's right collar bone, shattering it. CRUNCH!

KAY  
OOOOOOH!!! MOTHER FUCKER! YES! YES!  
FUCK YES!

Deckard's gaze falls on Elijah.

DECKARD  
I'm afraid you won't be taking care  
of you little bro anymore. Heh,  
heh. Poor guy.

He flips the hammer around in his hand, stabs the claw end deep into Kays stomach. Dark blood oozes out of her gut.

Kay's jaw drops. Blood seeps out of her mouth, down her chin.

ELIJAH  
NO!

Deckard leaves the hammer stuck in her stomach. He raises his fists, then pummels Kay's face with a flurry of haymakers!

THUD! THUD! THUD! CRUNCH! CRUNCH! SPLIK! SPLIK!

KAY  
YES! ARGH! FUCK YES! ARGH! YEAH!

Elijah can do nothing but hang his head and sob.

ELIJAH  
(crying, under his breath)  
You're both sick... Evil...

Deckard finally ends his assault, steps aside to reveal a battered and beaten Kay. He sucks deep breathes, struggles to get his nerves under control.

Kay's face is covered in bruises, both of her eyes swollen shut, her jaw broken and offset. Her head sways back and forth, barely able to stay awake.

Deckard leans in close to her face, waiting for a sign.

DECKARD  
Elijah? Is it time?

Kay spits blood in Deckard's face, then weakly nods her head.

Deckard doesn't bother to clean the blood from his face. He just smiles, stands up and steps in between Elijah and Kay.



Elijah sits in his constraints, his head down, eyes on the floor. He sobs as the MUSIC continues to PLAY (O.S.).

Deckard pulls out his small hand bell, holds it up high. His lips curl into a crazed grin.

DECKARD

It's been fun, but... It's time for  
the real suffering to start.

He gives the hand bell a slight shake. DING!

Just then, both Elijah and Kay's bodies seize up in their respective chairs! Their eyes shoot open and roll over white!

Then, they both fall limp. Just like that.

Deckard remains silent as he stares at Elijah, who remains motionless in his seat.

He takes a hesitant step toward his brother.

DECKARD

Elijah? You good?

Other than the MUSIC (O.S.), the cramped room is silent.

Deckard takes another step closer when --

Elijah's head shoots up and he sucks in a deep breath!

Deckard flinches, then lets out an uneasy laugh.

DECKARD

Oh, shit. Scared me for a second.  
Heh. How was it this time? Catch a  
peek at the other side?

Elijah side-eyes Deckard.

ELIJAH

(his own voice)

Already told you, Deckard... There  
is no other side. This is all there  
is for us. This is it.

(exhales slowly)

You almost lost control again.

Deckard gives an apologetic nod as he pulls out a small pocketknife and cuts Elijah free from his constraints.

DECKARD

Yeah, I know. My bad, man. I just  
get so into it, you know? Heh.

Elijah rubs his bloody wrists.

ELIJAH

You must learn to control yourself  
if you want to keep doing this with  
me. This isn't something we can  
fuck up.

Deckard nods again, keeps his eyes down.

A slight WHIMPER (O.S.) draws the brothers' attention over to Kay, who's still zip-tied to her chair. The poor young woman is a battered mess, barely recognizable.

She lets out a horrible, pained groan.

Elijah looks to Deckard, motions for him to take care of Kay.

Without a word, Deckard stands and steps behind Kay. He wraps his arm around her neck, leans in close to her.

DECKARD

(under his breath)

This is the best part. Heh.

He squeezes tight.

Kay's swollen eyes shoot open as she struggles to breathe. Her bruised face quickly turns red, then blue. The veins on her forehead bulge out.

Elijah stands from his chair, joyfully watches as his brother strangles Kay, all while the MUSIC continues (O.S.). He turns, slips off into the shadows.

Deckard leans in closer to Kay, his lips right up to her ear.

DECKARD

Stay with me just a bit longer...  
Heh. You're gonna wanna see this!

Elijah reemerges from the shadows carrying with him an unconscious TANNER LOCKWOOD, (15), a good-looking, slender young man with duct tape covering his mouth and zip-ties binding his wrists together.

Kay sees her brother, releases a heartbroken, defeated groan.

KAY

(weak, her own voice)

G-God n-no...

Deckard cackles with glee.

DECKARD

(to Kay)

Take one last look at your little  
bro... Heh. Say bye-bye!

He squeezes Kay's neck tighter.

Elijah carries the young man over to Kay, who fades fast.

He holds Tanner out before her, forces his unconscious face close to hers. Makes damn sure that the last thing she sees is her brother in his hands.

Kay lets out one last, pathetic whimper. Then, the light behind her eyes fades away as she finally falls limp.

Deckard loosens his arm from around Kay's throat, moves over in front of her corpse. He steps beside Elijah, who clutches the unconscious Tanner tight in his arms.

Elijah and Deckard both stare down at the look of horror frozen on Kay's dead face.

DECKARD

She's still kinda pretty, huh?

Deckard reaches out, slowly shoves his fingers inside Kay's bloody mouth, down her gaping throat.

Elijah grimaces at his brother.

DECKARD

This was a good one. Heh. Maybe one  
of our best yet!

A sadistic grin forms on Deckard's face as he pushes his fingers deeper into the dead woman's busted mouth.

DECKARD (CONT'D)

It was definitely my favorite. Heh.

Elijah shakes his head, disgusted.

ELIJAH

Deckard. You're taking things too  
far. You really need to get a grip.

With his whole hand stuffed down Kay's engorged throat, Deckard looks back at Elijah. The sinister smirk on Deckard's face stretches even wider.

The MUSIC comes to an end as we --

**SMASH TO BLACK.**