

MAYHEM'S BEST SNUFF

Written by

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OVER BLACK

TITLE CARD -- BEACH SLUTS GETTING HAMMERED: VOLUME 4

FADE IN:

INT. OLD BARN - UNKNOWN TIME

CAMERA P.O.V.

ANGLE ON a makeshift beach set; sand, volleyball net, even a pathetically small sand castle.

Behind the beach set, a blue curtain has been crudely hung up to simulate the ocean.

MAYHEM, (38), wears a grubby ski mask and dressed in traditional lifeguard garb, covered in trashy tats, walks into frame.

He stares right at us.

MAYHEM

Welcome to the show!

Mayhem pulls a glass pipe out of his pocket, sets up a drop of meth, lights it up.

A pair of girls whimper O.S.

Mayhem puts the pipe away, snaps his fingers.

"Get Ready" by The Temptations starts up.

MAYHEM

Are you ready?

LEAH and AMBER, (early 20s), both with black bags over their heads and both dressed in revealing bikinis, whimper as they stumble into frame.

MAYHEM

Over here, ladies.

They hesitantly step toward Mayhem.

MAYHEM

Remember, you bitches keep those bags on until I tell you.

Mayhem briefly steps out of view, returns with a massive sledgehammer gripped in his hands.

Amber blindly reaches out, squeezes Leah's hand. A syringe is stuck in Amber's arm.

Mayhem steps beside Leah, checks to make sure he's not blocking the shot. All clear.

MAYHEM

Alright, sluts! Lift those bags and get fuckin' hammered!

Leah trembles as she slowly lifts the bag from her head.

Her eyes go wide with horror.

Mayhem raises the sledgehammer, gives an excited yell as he slams it down directly on top of Leah's head.

Blood and brain-matter fly everywhere as Leah's head caves.

Her body drops to the sand, spasms.

Amber pulls her bag off, screams at the sight of Leah's convulsing body.

The sand around her crushed head turns red with blood.

Mayhem turns towards us, visibly excited.

MAYHEM

Fuckin' A! Did you see that shit!?

A WOMAN laughs hysterically O.S.

WOMAN (O.S.)

That was delightful!

Amber grabs her gut, sick with fright. Urine runs down her legs, into the sand.

AMBER

(weak)

Please... Please stop...

MAYHEM

Not a chance, slut.

Mayhem readies the sledgehammer, steps toward Amber.

MAYHEM

Get some!

He swings the sledgehammer hard, misses Amber's head, instead crushes her shoulder.

Amber screams out in pain as she drops to her knees.

A piece of her shattered collar bone protrudes from her skin.

Mayhem gives a good belly laugh, slaps his knee.

MAYHEM

Oh, man! What a fuckin' whiff!

Tears stream down Amber's face as she sobs. Vomit erupts from her mouth, seeps into the sand.

MAYHEM

Ah, fuck! Gross!

WOMAN (O.S.)

You're standing barefoot in brains
and piss, but a little puke is too
much for you!? The irony.

Mayhem laughs off the comment, kneels next to Amber, examines her crushed shoulder.

He reaches out, flicks her exposed collar bone. She screams out in pain. He stands, turns and points towards us.

MAYHEM

Tell our audience exactly what's
running through that pathetic brain
of yours. Do you want your mommy?

Amber whimpers as she nods.

AMBER

Please...

Mayhem straightens up, stares down at her. He releases another belly laugh.

Amber cries harder.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Alright, Mayhem. Quit playing with
her. Finish it.

Mayhem looks past us, nods. He readies the sledgehammer.

Amber lowers her head, pulls the syringe out of her arm.

MAYHEM

Well... It's been fun, slut.

He raises the sledgehammer, ready to bring it down when --

Amber lunges forward, stabs the syringe into his crotch!

Mayhem drops the sledgehammer as he doubles over and squeals in pain.

MAYHEM

What the fuck!? You bitch! Oh, no-
no-no-no! FUCK!

Amber pushes herself to her feet, reaches over, grabs the sledgehammer with her good arm.

She struggles to lift it.

Mayhem writhes in pain before her. He starts to sob. Just then --

A MASKED GOON, (35), tall and muscular, hurries into frame.

He aims a handgun at Amber, about to squeeze the trigger.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Stop!

The Masked Goon lowers his handgun, keeps his eyes on Amber.

WOMAN (O.S.)

I want to see what she'll do.

Amber trembles as she watches the Masked Goon step back out of frame.

She turns, glares out past us.

AMBER

You people are monsters.

WOMAN (O.S.)

No. I'm not a monster, sweetie. I'm
an artist.

Amber shakes her head, disgusted.

Mayhem looks up at Amber, reaches out a shaky hand.

MAYHEM

Please... Let me go... They forced
me to --

Amber releases a guttural growl, uses all of her strength to lift the sledgehammer.

AMBER

Fuck you!

Mayhem screams as he brings his arms up to defend himself.

She slams the sledgehammer down on him, again and again. Blood, brain-matter, and chunks of bone fly into the air.

Amber screams as she smashes the sledgehammer down one final time, lets go, leaves the sledgehammer lodged in Mayhem's bloody chest cavity.

A long, uncomfortable beat.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Tell me. How do you feel? Alive?

Traumatized, Amber remains silent as she stares down at the Mayhem's corpse.

Sweat drips down her pale white face.

WOMAN (O.S.)

The door is just over there. You've earned your escape. Go now.

Amber hesitates just for a brief moment, then turns and hurries out of view.

The Masked Goon steps back into frame, looks down at Mayhem's twitching corpse, then looks out past us.

MASKED GOON

You seriously letting her go!?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Yes. Trust me, it's a good thing. All these videos always end the same way. It'll be nice to change things up a bit, for once.

He looks over at Leah's corpse.

MASKED GOON

Are we still going forward?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Of course. We have to give the people what they want.

The Masked Goon holsters his handgun, unbuckles his belt, steps over to Leah.

He turns, looks back at the Mayhem's corpse.

MASKED GOON

What about Mayhem?

WOMAN (O.S.)
You can fuck him next.

The Masked Goon shrugs, pulls his pants down.

MASKED GOON
You're the boss.

He approaches Leah's corpse, crawls on top.

SMASH TO BLACK.