

# **Matters of the Flesh**

by

Ben Tucker

SHE stands stoic inside a bustling hospital's admissions' area.

She's a nurse.

Young.

Fresh out of medical school.

People brush by busy with activity. Some try to speak to her but the young nurse, her eyes stay glued to what is playing out on a television set mounted to the wall nearby for all the "INBOUNDS" to watch as they wait.

Playing out on the tv...

It's a breaking news event. Chyron reads:

"Vigil for local school teacher, Coach Trussel."

A ROVING REPORTER does her thing as MR. TRUSSEL's vigil unfolds just beyond her.

In the background looms an oversized portrait of MR. TRUSSEL, presumably anyway, and is used as a centerpiece of sorts.

ROVING REPORTER

Underway behind me is the second vigil for a local area high school teacher, Mr. Trussel who was reported missing six days ago today by his wife after driving to the gym, approximately eleven p.m. that night. He has not been seen since.

The reporter abruptly quiets, lifts her finger to her ear and listens intently to someone speak to her via ear piece.

REPORTER

This. I'm just. Okay. I am being told that a grizzly discovery has just been made moments ago. And seems the remains of Mr. Trussel may just have been located. My god.

The VIGIL-ERS perk at what the reporter is saying. They begin murmuring amongst themselves. Some start to cry.

LOCAL REPORTER

And now begins the race to find and hold accountable those who are responsible.

Sounds of HACKING, chop chop chop. SAWING. BONE CRACKING.

We hear the sounds of an object, think body part, getting dropped into a garbage bag. Then wrapped up and duct taped.

Overhead, a light bulb fli- fli- flickers to life...

## WE'RE IN A WINDOWLESS BASEMENT

Damp. Murky. A SHADOWY FIGURE lurks just beyond our view shrouded by the dull, flickering light bulb dangling down overhead.

Our shadowy figure tosses the garbage-bag wrapped body part off to the side. It lands inside a five gallon bucket containing other similar type "packages".

The shadowy figure crosses the floor, turns on some music.

As music plays, the shadowy figure picks up a hacksaw and returns SAWING away on something atop the table.

Light bulb flickers to DARKNESS.

A MAN'S deep, guttural GROAN cuts at us from out of the silent blackness.

Another agonizing, moaning, pleaing cry.

The light bulb flickers back to life to reveal Mr. Trussel!

We found him! Yay.

He's lying shackled to the top of a table set up in some freak's basement hideaway!

He's alive. But horrifyingly busted up - his body slathered in cuts and blood, most likely his own. He's buck naked. His PENIS sits next to his severed BALLS, both are situated on the table beside him.

The shadowy figure sits Mr. Trussel's severed index finger down beside other severed body parts... seems as if the shadowy figure is cutting Mr. Trussel up piece by piece by piece. And then bagging the parts for transport.

Overhead bulb flickers into complete darkness.

As if opening our eyes, a visual appears revealing we're in a BATHROOM. Whose bathroom? Don't know. We're looking out at the world through someone else's eyes. Whose eyes? Don't know. We then pull out to reveal...

Mr. Trussel, bound and gagged, is now stashed in someone's bathtub. Whose bathtub? Don't know.

But this time we see him fully clothed wearing dark athletic wear. Blood trickles down from a fresh gash along his forehead, his nose looks busted and bleeding but other than that he looks much better than when we last saw him moments ago, much less butchered.

Snapping to enough to appreciate his predicament, Trussel proceeds to freak-the-eff out. Fights feverishly with every molecule in his body to free himself. And as he struggles...

wafting in from another room in the house, we hear fragments of a special news report about a potential rapist lurking about town.

Mr. Trussel gives in to the fact he's screwed and settles.

Suddenly, a door creaks open.

A VOICE (O.S.)  
(softly)  
Why me?

MR. TRUSSEL  
(gagged)  
I'm. So. Sorry.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Me too.

A syringe punches deep into the side of Mr. Trussel's neck.

As he fades into unconsciousness, we fade to black.

OVER BLACK

A shower head kicks on. PTshhhhh....

FADE IN

We're in the SAME BATHROOM as the last scene, but this time it looks a lot less "crime scene-y". Everyday normal.

The shower curtain is pulled, hiding the identity of the person behind it. But a nurse's uniform sits tossed casually aside on the shower-spritzed tile floor.

LIVING ROOM

SHE walks in, yes the nurse from the hospital, drying her hair off from her recent shower.

She plops down on the sofa and flips on the tv. Checks a message on her cell phone. It's around 11:20 p.m.

Playing on tv, late night news. It opens on a report claiming another rape was reported earlier this week and has residence and police alike, questioning if there is a serial rapist on the loose in the area.

REPORTER  
For the third time in nearly as many weeks, a resident has been sexually assaulted during a home invasion, which now has police concerned they may be dealing with a serial rapist. More with this when we come back from break.

A commercial comes on, but our young nurse isn't paying any mind. She's distracted by the front door.

It's open.

She stands to go shut it.

Mr. Trussel, dressed in dark athletic wear and wielding a knife, lurks behind her, primed to pounce....

THE END