PORK BELLY

Written by

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A picturesque morning begins as the sun creeps over the horizon. A MORNING JOGER notices something wash up on shore in the distance.

From above, waves gently lap the sand. A face moves into frame. It’s pale, the eyes are open but cloudy. It’s a DEAD MAN.

The waves pull back leaving the dead man on the shore. In the background of the frame the jogger arrives and gets a closer look.

She SCREAMS! The scream merges with the whistle of a kettle as we are transported to...

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

EVAN, late teens, preppy looking, picks up the kettle and fills a teapot.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

CLAIRE, a sweet teenage girl, sits at a table as Evan approaches with the teapot and a tray of pulled pork sliders. He sits across from her.

EVAN
Thanks for coming, Claire. I appreciate the concern.

CLAIRE
Of course. I know your dad would’ve wanted us to be there for you.

EVAN
Us?

CLAIRE
She cares, Evan. She’s not dealing with it well. She never came home last night. Her phone’s going straight to voicemail.

EVAN
Well I’m sure she’s... around.

Evan gestures for Claire to try a slider.

CLAIRE
Oh, is this...?
EVEN
Slow roasted pork belly.

CLAIRE
Your dad’s favourite.

She takes a bite, savoring it. You can tell she loves it.

EVEN
Let me tell you about my father.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT
Evan places a newspaper-wrapped package on the counter top. It’s bloody.

EVEN (V.O.)
My old man loved pork belly. He made sure it was the last thing he ever ate.

He opens the package to reveal a big ol’ slab of pork belly.

EVEN (V.O.)
Right before he slit his wrists and threw himself of his boat.

Evan draws a big ass knife from the knife block. He cuts up some vegetables and lines a shallow pan with them. He places the pan on a gas burner.

EVEN (V.O.)
God, he loved that boat. Restored it himself.

He transfers the pork belly to a chopping board.

EVEN (V.O.)
He always cooked the pork belly himself. “If you can take a cheap cut like pork belly and make a five star meal, you can do anything.” He said.

Evan glides his fingers along the pork’s skin.

EVEN (V.O.)
Taking something cheap and giving it worth was a philosophy he applied to all aspects of his life. It’s how he made his coin. It’s how he chose a wife.

(MORE)
Evan (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My mother was a junkie. She died when I was a baby. My step mother to follow- A gold digging whore.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

Claire interrupts Evan’s story.

CLAIRE
I know you’re having a hard time but I’m not going to hear you talk about my mum like that. You are so out of line.

EVAN
I’m sorry. Just let me finish. I need to get this off my chest.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan examines the knife’s edge.

EVAN (V.O.)
There were certain steps he’d always take to prepare the pork belly. First you take a razor sharp knife.

Evan sharpens the knife.

EVAN (V.O.)
It’s gotta be sharp.

Evan SLAPS the meat down on the chopping block.

EVAN (V.O.)
And you make diamonds.

Evan scores the pork belly in a diagonal direction.

EVAN (V.O.)
Diamonds are intrinsically worthless, except for the deep psychological need they fill. Unless you’re scoring pork belly, of course. But a ring on your finger is generally as worthless and vapid as the person wearing it. I digress.

SLAP. Evan turns the meat 180 degrees and scores it in the opposite direction.
EVAN (V.O.)
He said the secret to perfectly crispy, golden crackle was the size of the diamond.

He examines the size of the diamond shaped scores.

EVAN (V.O.)
Too big or small and the skin cracks unevenly beyond repair. Another philosophy he applied to his marriages.

Rubs in a handful of salt. He takes the meat, bending it around to open up the cuts and sears the skin in the shallow pan from earlier.

EVAN (V.O.)
Sear the skin. Render down the fat.

Drizzle of oil and sprinkle of chopped fennel. Pours in some wine. Pours in stock.

EVAN (V.O.)
The hardest part, my old man always said, was not in the preparation or the cooking itself. But the waiting afterwards.

He places the pan in the oven.

EVAN (V.O.)
See you gotta let the meat rest. But the smell of a freshly cooked piece of meat was always too tempting.

Evan takes off his oven mitts and places his hands on his hips as he looks at something off screen as if wondering what to do.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

Evan continues as Claire’s face goes pale with concern.

EVAN
My dad could do anything. Except resist temptation. Your mum knew that.

CLaire
What are you getting at? What are you saying?
INT. BEACH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Evan drags a body across the kitchen floor.

Evan (V.O.)
I’m saying that its convenient that his only flaw be the thing that could trigger the fidelity clause in their pre-nup.

As the body moves across the from we see her face first. It’s his STEPMOTHER. He continues dragging her revealing a huge chunk of flesh missing from her midsection. Roughly the same size and shape as the porkbelly from earlier. He drags her out of frame.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - GARDEN - NIGHT

Evan retrieves a shovel and begins to dig in the flower bed next to his stepmothers body.

Evan (V.O.)
Your whore mother was taking him for everything. She drove him to suicide. She killed my dad.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - BALCONY - DAY

Claire begins to shake.

Claire
What did you do? Evan?

Evan stares back at her deadpan.

Claire (CONT’D)
Where is my mum?!

Evan glances down at the pork sliders. Claire comes to a grizzly realization. She GAGS--

CUT TO: BLACK

THE END