THE ALLURING KILL

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Heavy RAINDROPS fall. A one story, fifteen-room motel. Its hideous neon sign glows: Solame Inn. The faded Vacancy lights look like they’ve never been switched off.

Only one car sits in the parking lot, right in front of room number seven.

INT. MOTEL - ROOM NUMBER SEVEN - NIGHT


A stained mirror hangs next to a bland painting. The closet and bathroom doors stand side-by-side.

BRIGID STANWYCK, 28, alt model, spreads out on the narrow bed. She stares at her laptop, reading an exploitative article: Local Killings Baffle Police. One Body Part Missing At Each Crime Scene.

Rapid KNOCKS erupt at the door.

FRANCIS (O.S.)
Yo, it’s me.

Brigid exits the webpage. She extinguishes her cigarette in an overcrowded ashtray.

Francis KNOCKS again.

FRANCIS (O.S.)
Yo, hurry up. It’s fucking freezing out here.

BRIGID
Hold on.

Brigid hops out of bed. She swings the door open.

FRANCIS RAFT, 27, try-hard greaser, stands outside. He holds a crammed backpack over his head, unable to avoid being drenched by the downpour.

BRIGID
Hi.
FRANCIS
What's up?

Brigid steps back and holds the door open.

BRIGID
Come in.

Francis stumbles inside, distracted by Brigid’s beauty.

FRANCIS
Wow.

He trips over a mountainous carpet crease.

FRANCIS
You look even better in person.

Brigid blushes. She reveals a smile. Pearly whites.

BRIGID
You’re not so bad yourself.

Francis coughs amidst the lingering cigarette smoke.

FRANCIS
Thanks, babe.

He notices her laptop. The screen displays a classified ad: Looking For A Big Dick.

FRANCIS
You get my pics?

Francis tosses his bag on the bed.

Brigid slinks toward him, her movement so effortless and graceful like a movie star’s.

BRIGID
Yeah.

She tugs on his shirt collar.

BRIGID
You’re really big.

FRANCIS
I know.

Francis caresses Brigid’s shoulders, pulling her closer.
FRANCIS
Damn, you’re hot. I mean you looked fucking hot in the pics and all, but damn.

BRIGID
Mmm, thanks, darling.

Brigid makes the first move and leans in. They kiss. Francis’s propulsive hands grope her breasts.

BRIGID
Oh. You’re so quick.

FRANCIS
That’s what they tell me.

They lock lips again. Francis rips Brigid’s shirt off.

BRIGID
Keep going.

Francis strips Brigid further until she wears nothing but a dark bra and thong.

FRANCIS
Damn, girl.

BRIGID
Mmm, you like what you see?

FRANCIS
Yeah, fuck yeah.

Brigid licks Francis’s neck. He draws back.

FRANCIS
Whoa, shit.

BRIGID
What? What’s wrong?

FRANCIS
Nothing. I’m just.

BRIGID
Am I too much for you?

FRANCIS
Naw.

Brigid gives Francis a light shove.
BRIGID
You too much of a pussy, Francis?

The provoked Francis glares.

FRANCIS
Naw--

BRIGID
You’re acting like a little bitch.

Francis snags Brigid’s arms.

BRIGID
You can’t handle--

Francis silences Brigid with a kiss. He feels on her ass and chest. She moans as he grinds against her. His erection protrudes. An impressive size.

BRIGID
Oh, I can already feel it.

FRANCIS
I know, babe.

BRIGID
You’re huge.

Francis turns away.

BRIGID
Francis--

FRANCIS
Yo, wait a sec.

Frances reaches inside his pocket.

BRIGID
What? Why?

He retrieves a weathered Magnum condom. Brigid grabs his hand and smiles.

BRIGID
We won’t be needing that.

FRANCIS
Huh?

Brigid snatches the condom away.
FRANCIS
Yo.

She throws it on the bed.

FRANCIS
What the fuck?

Brigid leans down toward Francis’s crotch, quieting him.

FRANCIS
Whoa, okay.

She glimpses up at him.

BRIGID
Just relax, darling.

FRANCIS
Yo, whatever you say.

Brigid unzips Francis’s pants. He trembles before holding up his hands, stopping her.

FRANCIS
Shit, wait a sec.

Brigid glares and watches Francis go toward the bed.

BRIGID
Francis.

FRANCIS
Look, I just gotta get something real quick.

BRIGID
Fuck, really?

FRANCIS
Yo, chill out. Don’t get all mad and shit.

Francis tears open his backpack.

BRIGID
Ugh, whatever.

Brigid notices the bag’s contents. Besides the usual kinky items like handcuffs and blindfolds, she sees more ominous instruments such as a lavish baton and a set of spikes.
FRANCIS
I got all kinda plans for us tonight, babe.

The nervous Brigid looks away.

BRIGID
Yeah, I can tell.

Francis snickers. He pushes aside sharp knives and embroidered whips.

FRANCIS
I promise I won’t hurt you too much.

BRIGID
I bet.

Francis grabs a camcorder. Like a perverted auteur, he points it at Brigid.

FRANCIS
You ready for your close-up?

BRIGID
Really, Francis? You stopped me for a fucking camera?

FRANCIS
Shit, it’s not just any camera.

BRIGID
Ugh.

FRANCIS
Look, it’ll be fun. I figured you’d like getting filmed anyway.

Brigid groans. Francis notices the mirror.

FRANCIS
Yo, let’s get a mirror shot.

The annoyed Brigid follows Francis toward it.

BRIGID
Is this all you care about? Filming a Z-grade porno?
FRANCIS
Naw, babe, don’t be like that.  
This’ll be fun for both of us, I promise.  I’m doing this for you too.

BRIGID
Whatever.

Brigid kneels in front of Francis.  Francis’s excited eyes look through the camcorder, right at their reflections.

She lowers his jeans, exposing a prominent boxer bulge.

BRIGID
Wow.

Brigid tugs down Francis’s boxers, revealing his penis.

BRIGID
It’s so long.

FRANCIS
It’s all for you, babe.

Brigid lifts Francis’s dick.

BRIGID
It’s so big.

FRANCIS
I know.  I’m a big, bright shining star.

Francis notices a sharp object glistening behind Brigid.

BRIGID
Yeah.

Francis focuses his camera.  He looks on in horror toward the long knife.

FRANCIS
Shit.

Brigid raises the blade.

FRANCIS
What the fuck?

Too late.  Francis stumbles back, his lowered pants entangling his knees.

Brigid acts fast.  One swift SWING castrates Francis.
FRANCIS
Aw, fuck.

Francis drops the camcorder. It lands near the bed, still recording. His wound spurts blood everywhere, splashing redness over the lens.

FRANCIS
You fucking bitch.

Francis grabs his crotch, cradling blood and mangled flesh. He crashes against the ugly painting.

FRANCIS
You fucking whore.

Brigid licks Francis’s blood from her lips. She raises his severed dick.

FRANCIS
Fuck.

Brigid tosses Francis’s penis on the bed.

Queasiness accompanies Francis’s immense pain.

FRANCIS
Oh God. Fuck.

Brigid smirks and advances toward him.

FRANCIS
Stop fucking smiling.

He gives her a weak shove. A miserable attempt.

FRANCIS
You crazy bitch.

Brigid sticks the knife into Francis’s chest and neck. His dying arms flail about. She enjoys the kill, her madcap grin spreading wider and wider with each jab.

Finally, Brigid jams the weapon through Francis’s eye, silencing him forever.

He crumbles to the floor, right in front of the camcorder.

Brigid pushes her hair back and glowers. Loud thunder booms outside. Brigid glances over toward the bed. Francis’s penis awaits like an unclaimed trophy.
INT. MOTEL - ROOM NUMBER SEVEN’S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Thirty minutes later. The heavy RAINDROPS provide a steady rhythm. Thick light bulbs HUM. A smudged mirror covers the wall. The red-stained floor tile misses pieces.

Francis’s camcorder sits on top of the counter. Its red light glows, still recording. Brigid’s empty cigarette pack lies right by it.

A naked MAN slumps over in the shower. Large stitches connect someone else’s arms, eyes, and hands to his slaughtered body.

Brigid smokes her final cig. A baggy outfit drapes over her sensual frame. She wields a sewing needle. Vivid blood DRIPS off of its sharp tip.

Once done, Brigid leans back and admires her creation.

Francis’s castrated dick completes Brigid’s ideal playmate. Her final addition.

FADE OUT.

THE END