

BEAUTIFUL MONSTER

By

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FADE IN:

1

INT. NIGHTCLUB-NIGHT

1

It's dark and crowded in here. It is at least a thousand people here. Every one is dress in all black. It's an ALL BLACK JAM. The MUSIC IS POUNDING... DEAFENING. The CLUB AND STROBE LIGHTS is flashing.

Some of the sexiest woman is in here. Men is popping bottles. The dance floor is packed.

CLOSE UP:

The **DJ** is on the one's and two's. His face is wet, covered by sweat. He grabs the mic.

DJ

Welcome to the fifth annual all black jam. Are yahl having a good time?

The crowd SCREAMS.

DJ (cont'd)

(continues)

C'mon now, yahl can do better than that. Let me hear it. Are yahl... having a good time!

The crowd SCREAMS even louder and raises their drinks in the air.

DJ (cont'd)

All right. That's what I wanna hear. Right now, I want to give some shout outs to our sponsors.

The **DJ** shouts out his sponsors.

2

INT. FEMALE REST ROOM

2

It's empty. But WE HEAR MOANING.

We Follow the moans. We DOLLY past three empty stalls. On the fourth stall... jack pot.

A woman sexier than you can ever imagine, is standing there. She has long hair. Her eyes is HAZEL COLORED. She is wearing a BLACK, VERY SHORT DRESS AND STILETTOS.

Her dress is pulled up and she has one foot planted on the toilet. Another woman is on her knees eating her out.

(CONTINUED)

The **SEXY WOMAN** moans starts to increase louder. Her body starts to jerk and twitch. She grips the top of the stall with all her power. She takes one of her hands and grabs the ladies head that is eating her out.

The **SEXY WOMAN** screams...

SEXY WOMAN

OH... MY... GOD!

The **SEXY WOMAN** leans against the stall's wall. Her eye's roll in back of her head. She bites her bottom lip.

The other woman stands and the two start kissing for a minute. Exchanging tongues. After a couple of minutes they stop. Look each other in the eyes and give a small smile.

We hear BANGING and SCREAMING. It's the restroom's door.

The **SEXY WOMAN** and her lady friend makes their way to the door. The woman unlocks and opens it. It's a line of furious woman standing outside the door.

Woman are holding their crotch and bouncing. The women rush the bathroom. One **ANGRY WOMAN** eyeballs the **SEXY WOMAN**.

ANGRY WOMAN

Bitch bring that dyke shit home or to a room. Got bitches here about to piss themselves.

The **SEXY WOMAN** smiles and continues out into the club. Her lady friend disappears off into the crowd. The **SEXY WOMAN** makes her way to the bar.

A **BARTENDER** approaches.

BARTENDER

Beautiful, what's your poison?

SEXY WOMAN

(serious)

Amaretto Sour, two olives... dry.

BARTENDER

One Amaretto Sour, two olives, dry, comin' up.

A tall man steps up to the bar. This is **CARL**. Carl looks as if he's a model for the GQ magazine. Five o' clock shadow on his face, ear rings in both ears and a smile as bright as the sun.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

Add a shot of TYZ VODKA to that
and one olive.

CARL throws his AMERICAN EXPRESS CARD on the bar counter.
The Bartender picks up the card.

BARTENDER

Gotcha.

The Bartender heads to the barback. **CARL** undresses **SEXY WOMAN** with his eye's. **SEXY WOMAN** isn't impress. She reads him, knows what is on his mind.

CARL

Carl... My name is Carl Jones.

Carl extends his hand out to **SEXY WOMAN**. **SEXY WOMAN** looks off into the crowded room, leaving Carl hand sitting in the air.

SEXY WOMAN

What do you want Carl Jones?

CARL chuckles.

CARL

Hmmm... What do I want?... Maybe
for starters, your name and a hand
shake.

SEXY WOMAN cuts her eye's back to Carl. seeing his hand is still extended for that shake. She pauses for a second and than shakes his hand.

SEXY WOMAN

MONICA... My name is Monica.

From this point on, we now will call **SEXY WOMAN**, **MONICA**.
CARL smiles and kisses **MONICA'S** hand.

CARL

You have soft hands, Monica. And
Monica... that is a sexy name.

The Bartender returns with the drinks and places them on the bar. He slides Carl the receipt to sign.

BARTENDER

The total is nineteen dollars.

(CONTINUED)

CARL

And how 'bout... a twenty dollar tip?

BARTENDER

Thanks.

CARL

Total, thirty-nine dollars.

CARL signs the receipt and slides it back to the Bartender. Carl hands MONICA her drink and raises is shot up.

CARL (cont'd)

How about a toast?

Monica pauses, than lift her drink.

MONICA

To?

CARL

To, hopefully a new friendship.

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

MONICA'S face.

A sinister look crosses her face.

MONICA

To a new friendship.

MONICA and CARL touch glasses and guzzle down their drinks.

CARL

Hey, I...

MONICA

Carl, would you like to fuck?

Carl is caught by surprise by MONICA'S question.

CARL

I... I... huh?

MONICA

Would...you...like...to...fuck?

CARL

Fuck? Yea...Fuck? Lets do that. Lets... Lets fuck. You're my kinda woman. A woman that knows what she wants.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

Your place.

CARL

My place? O.K. cool. My place.

3

INT. CARL'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

3

It's dark. We can hardly see. This room is huge and has a full bar. Definately a room for the rich and famous.

CARL AND MONICA is on his super large brass bed fucking like wild animals.

MONTAGE SHOTS:

MONICA is in doggy style position. Face down on the pillow. Her face is sweaty. Eye's watery. She has that perfect curve in her back. Almost like a tiger ready to attack.

MONICA is on her back. **CARL** between her legs pounding away. Driplets of sweat fall from **CAR'S** face onto **MONICA**. **MONICA** grips the brass head board for dear life.

MONICA screams.

MONICA have **CARL** straddled. **CARL** grips **MONICA'S** hips. **MONICA** is riding the hell outta **CARL**. Her perfect round tits bounces up and down. **MONICA** and **CARL** begins to scream. A DEAFENING SCREAM.

A few seconds go by and they stop. **MONICA** lays on the side of **CARL**. Both tries hard to catch their breaths. Neither one says a word. It's silent.

MONICA climbs out of bed. **CARL** watches. **MONICA** walks over to the bar. She pours herself a shot of **TEQUILA** and tosses it back.

CARL is mesmerized by how sexy **MONICA** is standing there posing in the nude.

MONICA walks over to a bag sitting next to the bed. She reaches in and pulls out some leather leg and hand restraints. She tosses them on the bed.

CARL smiles.

CARL

Oh, you wanna play? I don't think you can handle anymore.

MONICA kisses **CARL**.

(CONTINUED)

MONICA

My love... My love... Shit is about to get real.

MONICA looks **CARL** in his eyes. **CARL** smiles. **MONICA** winks at him. She restrains **CARL'S** hands and feet. She tosses the bag on the bed. She pulls out a gagball.

CARL smiles.

CARL

You devil you.

MONICA

Baby you have no idea.

MONICA straps the gagball on to **CARL'S** mouth.

She straddles him. She begins kissing him on his face. She works her way down to his neck. He arches his head back. He's inside her.

MONICA is moaning. As she rides **CARL** she's reaching into the bag. She brings her hand out revealing a large stake knife. Her head goes into the air.

CARL notices the deadly weapon. But before he can blink or hear a sound...

MONICA brings the knife down with extreme force, slashing **CARL'S** throat. Blood forcefully shoots out splattering everywhere.

MONICA'S face is covered with **CARL'S** blood. She continues slashing away at him, leaving deep, open, bloody wounds.

When she's done carving up **CARL** she sits bloody, still straddling him.

CLOSE UP:

MONICA looking down at **CARL'S** corpse.

MONICA (cont'd)

(narrating)

I know what you're saying. You're saying that I'm crazy, ... that I'm a psychopath. You're wondering what the hell you just saw. I assure you that this wasn't my first time. Actually ol' Carl was my fifteenth murder. And he won't be my last.

(CONTINUED)

I'm going to continue killing. And they're going to be a lot more gruesome than what you just witnessed. Yes I'm going to continue killing until I'm caught.

I doubt that's going to happen. Why, I doubt that I won't be caught?

Well, I have no motive, no ties to my victims. I pick my victims randomly. Men, women or children. And, I leave no traces of evidence behind.

Than again... HOMICIDE DETECTIVE JOHNSON is on the case. He's a good detective, matter of fact he's great. I know him very well. I also know he has no clues.

4 **INT. CARL'S BEDROOM-NIGHT**

4

It's like a police convention in here. The coroner's team, forensic team and uniforms.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON and lead **CORONER PHILIPS** examines the body.

PHILIPS

(to JOHNSON)

They're getting more and more violent with each kill.

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

I have to catch this psychopath.

5 **EXT. CARL'S HOME-NIGHT**

5

It's a normal Winter night in New England. Cold, dark and foggy. Police vehicles everywhere. The blue and red lights dances in the fog.

A WHITE CADILLAC with red and blue police lights on the dash, cut through the fog and parks with the rest of emergency cars.

CLOSE UP:

The CADILLAC door opens. We see a pair of HIGH HEAL BOOTS and TAN PANT LEGS climb out the Luxury cop car.

6

INT. CARL'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

6

DETECTIVE JOHNSON and **CORONER PHILIPS** are engaged in a conversation.

We hear...

MONICA (O.S.)

Johnson what we have here?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON and **CORONER PHILIPS** turn toward the voice.

MONICA is walking toward them. She has her hair hanging down, white blouse on with her Detective's badge hanging off her neck, tan dress slacks, and black high heel boots.

A totally different woman. A true sexy homicide detective.

She wears an beautiful, innocent smile.

PHILIPS

Detective Rogers?

DETECTIVE JOHNSON

Hey partner, glad you can join us.

MONICA

(to Philips)

Philips glad to see. (to Detective Johnson) Sorry partner, I was lil busy tying up something.

WE EXTREME CLOSE:

On **DETECTIVE ROGER'S** (**MONICA**) face as she stares into the camera as the smile disappears from her face and a serious sinister look appears.

THE END

FADE OUT.