

THE ALLURING KILL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Cheap, twenty-dollar-a-night-type joint. A shabby bed welcomes a lurid presence, and an old, bulky T.V. sits nearby.

Dim lighting illuminates a large, stained mirror hanging on the wall.

The closet and bathroom doors stand side-by-side and represent the motel's economic use of space.

BRIGID, 28, pretty, lies out on the bed, cigarette in hand.

She's dressed in a casual yet tight dress and spreads her luscious body across the mattress.

Her bright eyes read an article on her laptop: Local Killings Baffle Police. One Body Part Missing At Each Crime Scene.

Several KNOCKS erupt from the front door and snap her out of the report's thrills. She extinguishes her cigarette in an overcrowded ashtray and exits the article.

BRIGID

Hold on.

FRANCIS, 27, handsome and dressed rather sloppy in t-shirt and jeans, stands outside.

FRANCIS (O.S.)

Hey, it's me.

She answers. He smiles like a predator settling its sights on its next victim. His left, gold-watch-adorned hand holds a crammed backpack.

FRANCIS

What's up?

BRIGID

Hey, come in.

She holds the door and allows him to enter.

Distracted by her beauty, he stumbles inside and nearly trips over the vomit-colored carpet's molehill of a crease.

FRANCIS

Wow, look even better in person.

A slight blush overcomes Brigid's stoic nature. Her smile's populated by sparkling, white teeth.

BRIGID
Not so bad yourself.

He goes toward the bed and coughs amidst the lingering cigarette smoke.

FRANCIS
Thanks, babe.

He leans in toward her laptop where he notices a posted classified ad: Looking For A Big Dick.

After throwing his bag onto the mattress, Francis turns to face her.

FRANCIS
Get the pics I sent earlier?

Her grin hints at promiscuity and never wavers. She slinks over toward him, her movements effortless like a movie star's.

BRIGID
Yeah.

She stops in front of Francis and pulls on his shirt collar.

BRIGID (CONT'D)
You're really big.

FRANCIS
Yeah.

Caught up in the moment, he puts his hands on her shoulders and caresses her close.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Ya look really good. I mean ya looked good in the pics and shit, but fuck.

BRIGID
Thanks, babe.

Confident in her attractiveness, she leans forward and the two kiss. Francis, surprised by her making the first move, reaches out and feels on her with propulsive hands.

BRIGID
Francis.

FRANCIS

Like that, huh?

They kiss again before he takes off her shirt faster than a desperate, teenage virgin.

He proceeds to undress her further until she's clad in only a dark bra and thong.

His eyes light up.

FRANCIS

Damn, girl.

Fully aware she has him, Brigid lets loose her inhibitions by leaning in and licking his neck. He stops and holds her back like he's restraining a monster.

FRANCIS

Whoa, shit!

She smiles, almost as if she knew it was gonna freak him out.

BRIGID

Like it?

He nervously laughs.

FRANCIS

Yeah, fuck yeah.

He holds her closer.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Love crazy bitches.

Francis continues his groping while he gets an erection.

BRIGID

I can already feel it.

Francis smiles and grinds against her.

FRANCIS

I know, babe.

BRIGID

You're huge.

Thoughts plague Francis's mind and make him stop amidst the encounter. He lets go of her, and Brigid stares at him in confusion.

BRIGID
Francis--

FRANCIS
Shit, hold on!

BRIGID
What? Why?

He puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out a weathered Magnum condom. Brigid smiles, relieved that she wasn't the problem.

BRIGID
Let me see that--

She grabs the condom and throws it on the bed.

FRANCIS
Hey, what--

BRIGID
Won't be needing it.

FRANCIS
Come on, really?

Brigid ignores his pleas and leans down toward his crotch. The sight shuts him up. A perverted smile crosses his face.

FRANCIS
Oh okay.

BRIGID
Just relax, babe.

She steals a glance at him and unzips his pants.

BRIGID
(seductive tone)
Just relax.

Trembling in anticipation, he holds up his hands like he's about to apologize.

FRANCIS
Shit, wait a sec!

She glares at him as he shoves her away.

BRIGID
Francis!

FRANCIS

Hold on, just gotta get something
real--

BRIGID

What the fuck, really?

He flashes her a look of sincerity.

FRANCIS

Hey come on, babe. Don't get all
mad and shit.

The attempt at comfort fails and motivates him to act
quicker. He goes toward the backpack and tears it open.
Brigid shakes her head.

BRIGID

Whatever.

The bag's contents catch her eye and silence her. Inside's
the usual repertoire of kinkiness; items she's seen countless
times before like handcuffs, whips, and blindfolds.

However, Brigid looks on in fear toward the other, more
hardcore things including Francis's set of spikes and a
lavish baton.

FRANCIS

Got all kinda plans for us tonight.

She turns away. Her mind confronts Francis's potential
depravity.

BRIGID

Yeah, I can tell.

Francis grins madly like a child going through his toybox.
He pushes aside several knives and embroidered whips.

FRANCIS

Promise I won't hurt ya too much.

BRIGID

Guess I don't mind some pain.

His hands stop scurrying, and he takes a camcorder out. Upon
turning it on, he points it right at the awkward Brigid.

FRANCIS

Ready for your close-up?

BRIGID

Really stopped me for a fucking camera?

Francis, disinterested with his attention more focused on the camera, approaches her.

FRANCIS

Hey come on, it'll be fun.

She shakes her head. He ignores her ambivalence and eyes the mirror like a tourist settling on a local monument.

FRANCIS

Oh, let's get a mirror shot too!

He stops in front of the grimy glass where he continues to fiddle with the camera. She uneasily steps toward him.

BRIGID

This all you care about?

FRANCIS

No, come on, babe! Don't get all weirded out and shit.

Brigid kneels in front of him, and his eyes go wide in hunger and lust. Through the lens, he watches her finish unzipping his pants.

He tries to control himself, yet gets excited while observing her pull down his pants to expose a noticeable bulge in his boxers.

BRIGID

Wow!

Impressed, she pulls them down and reveals his penis.

BRIGID

It's so long!

FRANCIS

All for you, babe.

Francis aims the camcorder toward the mirror and captures their reflections. Brigid puts her hand around his penis and lifts it up.

BRIGID

So big.

FRANCIS

I know.

He notices something sharp glistening and focuses the camera toward it. He looks on in horror once he sees Brigid raise a long, sharp knife up over his dick.

FRANCIS

Whoa, what the fuck?

He tries to evade the attack and stumbles because his pulled-down pants trap his knees.

Spurred on by his helplessness, Brigid acts with the quickness of an assassin and swiftly slices his dick off, castrating him.

FRANCIS

Aw, fuck!

He drops the still-filming camcorder to the floor and grabs his now-sliced-off crotch. He leans up against a bland motel painting and glares at her.

Blood spurts out everywhere, some of it hitting Brigid who licks it from her lips.

FRANCIS

You fucking bitch!

She throws his penis onto the bed, the horrifying image making him queasy.

FRANCIS

Fuck!

Brigid smiles and taunts him by raising the knife. She advances toward him, blood dripping from her in rapid drops.

FRANCIS

Stop fucking smiling!

Cornered and defenseless, he tries to push her away but fails. Soon, his scared arms waver and fall after she repeatedly stabs him.

Brigid enjoys the kill, her wild grin spreading even wider with each successive hit.

FRANCIS

Aw, fuck!

For a last effort, she shoves the knife deep into his eye, silencing him forever.

His corpse slumps over to the floor, right in front of the camcorder, where some of his blood splashes onto the lens.

Brigid, pleased with herself, pushes her hair back and stares at his dead body. She glances toward the bed where his penis awaits like an unclaimed trophy.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Thirty minutes later. The light bulbs HUM in rhythm, and a smudged mirror covers the wall.

The floor misses many pieces of tile, yet redness plagues the few pieces still remaining.

Francis's camcorder now stands on the counter and continues recording. An empty pack of cigarettes sits right next to it.

Leaning upright in the tub's the slaughtered, naked corpse of a Man with someone else's arms, eyes, and hands sewn onto him.

Brigid smokes a cigarette and wears a baggy, stained outfit similar to what painters wear. She holds a sewing needle and puts the finishing touches on the blood-covered body, her project.

Once done, she smiles and leans back to observe her creation.

Francis's castrated penis, the lone body part that had been missing from her pieced-together, ideal playmate, stands out and has been freshly sewed onto the corpse.

Excited, Brigid grabs her cell phone and takes a few pictures of the grisly boy toy. Her lustful desires have come to bloody fruition.

To check her progress, she goes into her photo gallery where most of the images show the Man in various stages of having different parts sewn onto him.

Brigid now realizes she's completed her goal of making the perfect fuck buddy.

FADE OUT.

THE END