

BE MY GIRL

Written by

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INT. LOWER-LEVEL, NORTH, BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

ROY, 27, a short and stout man in a blue button-down shirt, tucked into blue pants, all held together by a brown belt, shuffles out of the stairwell. He moves over to the monitor on the wall and punches in using his ID badge pinned to his shirt.

INT. FOUR, SOUTH, PATIENT ROOM - NIGHT

Roy mops the empty patient room. He starts at the corner of the room. He slowly takes steps backward, mopping the floor in front of him, till he finally reaches the exit.

INT. FIRST FLOOR, BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

PATIENT

I'm really sorry, the bathroom  
needs to be cleaned. I couldn't  
hold it; they gave me laxatives.

Roy stares at him with a look of pure disgust and disdain. The patient doesn't seem to notice and stumbles back down the hallway. Roy pushes the cart in front of the bathroom and goes in.

INT. FIRST FLOOR, BATHROOM - NIGHT

It is a half-bathroom. There's a single toilet, sink, and trash can. The bathroom floor and halfway up the walls are covered with a splattering of light brown liquid, speckled with solid pieces of fecal matter. The cleanest part of the bathroom is the toilet.

The patient seemingly didn't even try to get any of it inside the toilet. It takes a second for Roy to take it all in and for the smell to hit him, causing him to gag hard and exit the bathroom.

INT. FIRST FLOOR, BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy opens the front door of the cart and grabs an N95 mask from one of the compartments in the cart, then grabs some Vicks VapoRub from one of the compartments.

Roy dips his finger in the Vicks VapoRub and smears a glob underneath his nose and puts the mask on, then grabs gloves from the cart's basket in the front of the cart and puts them on.

Roy grabs his mop, which is hooked on the back of the cart and wrings it out into the mop bucket. He goes back into the bathroom.

INT. FIRST FLOOR, BATHROOM NIGHT

Roy begins mopping the floors. The mop does a good job of absorbing the liquid, but the solid chunks are sticking to the floor and won't get picked up by the mop. After getting most of the liquid, Roy exits.

Roy re-enters with a freshly wrung-out mop. He begins to mop the walls. After getting most of the liquid off the walls, he exits again.

Roy comes back with a broom wrapped in a plastic bag and a dustpan wrapped in a plastic bag. He begins to sweep the solid pieces into the dustpan. Once he gets the majority of the pieces, he exits again.

Roy re-enters with a bottle of bleach and the mop in hand. He pours it on the floor and walls and begins mopping the remnants of what was left. Then exits once again and comes back with a wet floor sign. He places the wet floor sign in the middle of the bathroom and exits for the final time.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Roy sits at a round table alone, eating chicken salad out of a Tupperware container. He stops eating and begins moving the chicken salad around with his plastic fork.

A NURSE, 22, in light blue scrubs, walks in, makes eye contact with Roy, then looks around the room, then exits. Roy looks up at the clock on the wall, sighs, and seals the Tupperware, then he gets up.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MORGUE - NIGHT

Roy pushes his custodial cart past the door that leads to the morgue, he stops. He slowly backtracks and stares at the door for a few seconds.

Hank is startled by the door opening and a MORTUARY TECHNICIAN, 33, in dark blue scrubs, exiting, he gives Roy a confused look before moving past him and towards the exit at the end of the hall.

Roy checks his watch, then marks something down in a little notebook he has in his back pocket. He then resumed moving past the morgue.

INT. CUSTODIAL CLOSET - NIGHT

Roy is returning the cart to its rightful place in the closet. He begins to pack things up and replenishing the cleaning products he used. The custodial closet is open a crack.

MIKEY, 43, a well-built man with a strong jawline and jelled back black hair, in a striped button-down shirt and dress pants, pops his head in and is surprised to see Roy.

MIKEY

Oh, Roy didn't realize you were working today.

Roy looks up, confused at Mikey.

ROY

Yeah, I'm filling in for Jack.

Mikey opens the door the rest of the way and leans against the door frame.

MIKEY

That's exactly who I'm looking for. We're supposed to tee off this Sunday, but now that I have you, we've been getting complaints about you staring at the female workers and patients. So, stop that.

Mikey's words barely reach Roy, and he grabs his keys from a shelf on the wall.

ROY

Last time I checked staring wasn't illegal.

Mikey walks over to Roy and puts his hand on his shoulder.

MIKEY

We're not talking about legality. You took the anti-harassment class. Don't make me have to speak to you again about this, or your job is on the line, capisce?

Roy cracks a wide grin, placing his yellow-stained teeth on display.

ROY

Can't really blame me when you have those chicks running around in those tight little uniforms, but ok, I'll try to look more discreetly.

Roy begins to walk away. Mikey grabs him by the shoulder again.

MIKEY

I mean it, Roy. One more complaint and you're out of here.

Roy turns towards Mikey.

ROY

Ok, ok. I'll be well-behaved. No need to worry about me. I won't so much as breath in their direction.

Mikey shakes his head disapprovingly, then lets go of his shoulder. Roy exits the custodian's closet.

EXT. GARBAGE COMPACTOR ROOM - NIGHT

Roy moves over to the large trash bin on wheels up against the wall. Grabs it and makes his way over to the door of the hospital. He swipes his ID on the keypad, and the door automatically swings open. He walks through.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, NORTH, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy grabs gloves from the basket attached to the trash bin. He begins moving from room to room through the hallway, picking up all the linen bags in the baskets next to the doors. He ties the bags tightly and puts them into the bin.

Not even halfway down the hallway, and the bin is already full. He pushes the top down to try to squeeze one more in, then he leaves the hallway.

INT. LOWER-LEVEL SOUTH - NIGHT

Roy exits the elevator wheeling the bin beside him. He passes a room with a plaque next to it reading, Mortician Break Room. He notices that the door is open a crack.

Roy stops and pushes the trash bin next to the door. He then enters the break room. He's inside for a few moments, then he exits and shoves something deep into his back pocket.

EXT. TRASH COMPACTOR ROOM - NIGHT

Across from the trash compactor is a large blue cart. Roy wheels the bin over to the cart and starts unloading the bags full of linen onto the blue cart, till the bin is empty and the cart is full.

Roy pushes the blue cart over to the scale in the corner. He grabs a roll of masking tape from the adjacent table. He places a piece of masking tape on the side of the cart. He puts the tape roll on the table. He grabs a Sharpie from the table.

Roy writes down the weight and the number of the cart on the piece of tape. He puts the Sharpie back on the table. He then pushes the cart over to the wall near the loading dock and lines it up so that the open half is facing towards the wall.

INT. LOWER-LEVEL, NORTH, HALLWAY - DAY

Roy walks over to the terminal to punch out. HANS, 43, a tall man, dark hair, dressed the same as Roy, lines up behind him. Roy is about to scan his ID, but is interrupted.

HANS

Roy, is that you?

Roy turns around drearily.

HANS (CONT'D)

Haven't seen you much since they moved you to overnights.

Roy turns back around and punches out.

ROY

Turns out I cause less problems when I work the graveyard.

Roy moves out of the way to let Hans punch in.

HANS

Ha, I bet. You're missing out. They hired this new dietitian. God damn, legs to die for. I'd give anything for those thighs to crush my head.

Hans moves over to the terminal and punches in.

ROY

Don't you worry about me, I'm working on something that will answer all my pervy prayers.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)  
I have all the pieces in place. I'm  
just waiting for the perfect time  
to assemble them.

Hans gives Roy a skeptical look.

HANS  
Whatever you say, man. Last time  
you said something like that, you  
just ended up stealing a pair of  
used panties from one of the psych  
patients' rooms while you took out  
their trash.

CUT TO:

INT. PSYCH WARD PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Roy is removing a trash can from the room. Next to the  
garbage can is a pile of clothes on a chair. The patient is  
taking a shower in the bathroom of the room, you can hear the  
shower running. Roy notices a pair of black and pink panties  
thrown on top of the chair.

Roy puts the trash can down. He looks around to make sure the  
coast is clear. He carefully picks up the panties and holds  
them to his face and deeply inhales, then shoves them into  
his pocket. He grabs the trash can and hurries out of the  
room.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER-LEVEL, NORTH, HALLWAY - DAY

Roy starts to move towards the door to the stairwell.

ROY  
This is different. If everything  
works out, I might finally find  
myself A little piece of the  
forbidden happiness that's always  
kept away from guys like us.

Roy opens the door, and Hans begins heading down the hall.

HANS  
Well, good luck with whatever it is  
you're working on.

The door closes behind Roy. Hans moves down the hallway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Roy pulls up to a small one-story home. There are no visible neighboring houses on the sides of the house. Roy gets out of the car and heads to the front door.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Roy places his keys on a long table against the wall. He takes his shoes off and places them adjacent to the front door. There's a knock at the front door.

Roy walks over and opens the door. JUNE, 67, A small, brunette-haired woman, in a brown overcoat, black blouse, and grey dress pants, enters with a brown paper bag in hand.

JUNE

I was in the area I thought I'd grab some breakfast for you.

June hands Roy the paper bag and he looks inside it.

ROY

Oh, uh, thanks.

June gives Roy a displeased look.

JUNE

What's with that face? I've never seen you disappointed when it comes to food.

June points to Roy's gut.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Though some disappointment might do you some favors.

Roy sighs and takes the egg sandwich out of the paper bag.

ROY

It's nothing just a crummy day at work.

June smiles and pinches Roy's cheek.

JUNE

I never want to hear you complain about your job. I told you it wasn't a good career to go into, but like always you never listen to me.

Roy lightly brushes her hand off his cheek.

ROY

I didn't have many other options.

Roy takes a violent bite out of the egg sandwich.

JUNE

You could have gone to college like your brother, oh no, I guess you couldn't considering you barely graduated public high school.

Roy takes another bite.

ROY

You want me to take your coat.

JUNE

No I'm not staying long just thought I'd see how your doing. Meet any cute girls at your job yet. At this point I probably shouldn't say cute maybe just any girls at all?

Roy swallows hard and puts the egg sandwich back in the bag.

ROY

It's much harder to meet girls nowadays you have no idea how difficult it is for a person like me to find a significant other.

JUNE

Your brother didn't seem to struggle then again you two weren't delt the same hand when it comes to appearances, never understood why you look the way you do. None of mine or your biological fathers charms. Shocking to think something so revolting could come from the mixing of two adequate individuals genes.

Roy stares silently at the floor while his mother glares at his face.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Well I've endured enough of you for the day. I'll call you later on in the week and let you know my plans.

June exits and slams the front door behind her Roy shuffles out of the foyer.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Roy enters and begins to undress. He untucks his shirt and begins to unbutton it. He undoes the last button and tosses the shirt on his dresser, then takes off his belt and places it on the dresser, then removes his pants and socks.

Roy is now only in a white tank top and white briefs. The tank top does little to hide his protruding gut. The undergarments leave little to the imagination.

Hanging above the dresser are the black and pink panties he stole from the psych patient's room. Hung by two nails on each side. He brings his face to the panties and kisses them.

ROY  
(muttering)  
Soon, soon.

INT. LOWER-LEVEL, SOUTH, HALLWAY - NIGHT

There is a large double doorway across from the cafeteria. There is a plaque next to it that says, Laundry Room. Roy enters.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

The walls are lined with washers and dryers. There are metal tables at the back of the room and a large sink in the corner. There are little bins filled with used dry and wet mops.

On the opposite side of the wall, there is a blue cart stacked with bed sheets, fitted bed sheets, blue bed pads, pillowcases, thermal blankets, and bath blankets. There is a paper sheet taped to the cart that is labeled 3 North, in Sharpie.

Roy walks over, grabs the cart by the handle, and rolls it out of the room.

INT. LOWER-LEVEL, SOUTH, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy pulls the cart out of the laundry room; he is leading it behind him. A young DOCTOR, 32, in scrubs, is walking down the hallway. Roy sees her. He stops pushing to let her pass.

The Doctor doesn't even acknowledge him. He stares at her glutes as she walks by him. Firm, round, and wide hips.

DELUSION:

Roy grabs the Doctor and begins aggressively dry humping her, gripping her by the hips, moaning in ecstasy.

DOCTOR

Ahh, help!

END OF DELSUION:

Roy shakes his head and blinks back to reality. He pulls the cart down the hall and passes the cafeteria entrance.

INT. OUTSIDE THE DOORS OF THE ELEVATORS, LOWER-LEVEL - NIGHT

Roy walks up to the elevator button panel. He presses the up button. The left elevator comes down, and Roy moves towards the opening door, but an OLDER GENTLEMAN, 78, bald, in khakis, and a polo, sitting in a motorized wheelchair, is inside.

This catches Roy off guard, and he suddenly moves to the side to let him pass. The Older Gentleman in the wheelchair stares daggers at him, then wheels away. Roy gets on the elevator with the cart and pushes a button.

INT. THREE NORTH, FRONT OF HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is lined with workstations on wheels (which are just little standing desks on wheels with computers built into them) and linen baskets. Roy begins making his way down the hallway with the large cart, trying to maneuver through the gauntlet of hospital equipment.

INT. MIDDLE OF HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy passes the medical receptionist's desk. Two receptionists are sitting down at the station. RECEPTIONIST 1 is a slender woman with short blonde hair, in dark blue scrubs, working at a desktop computer. RECEPTIONIST 2 is a plus-sized woman with a large bust, also in dark blue scrubs, who is on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST 2

Hi, this is Natalie from Three North.

(MORE)

## RECEPTIONIST 2 (CONT'D)

We were told a radiologist was supposed to come up and do the rounds, but we haven't seen anyone. When can we expect them to come?

## DELUSION:

Roy hurdles over the desk and grabs Receptionist 2 from behind. Roy begins squeezing, groping, and yanking on Receptionist 2's sizable chest, causing her to drop the phone.

## RECEPTIONIST 2 (CONT'D)

Help me!

Receptionist 1 comes over and tries to pull Roy off of Receptionist 2. Roy pulls against Receptionist 1 and continues to massage Receptionist 2's breasts.

## END OF DELUSION:

Roy shakes his head back to reality and passes the receptionist's station without incident.

## INT. BACK OF HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy finally reaches the back of the hallway. There is another cart there covered in a tarp. He removes the tarp. The other cart is basically empty except for a couple of flat sheets and fitted sheets.

Roy places the tarp over the new cart and switches the places of the carts. He now takes the almost empty cart down the hallway.

## INT. OUTSIDE THE DOORS OF THE ELEVATORS, LOWER-LEVEL - NIGHT

The elevator opens, and Roy pulls the cart out of the elevator. A SHORT WOMAN in a blouse and pencil skirt comes out. Roy's eyes lock on her, and he readjusts his crotch. She gives him a disgusted look and continues walking. Roy gives a mischievous grin and shrugs, then continues walking.

## INT. LOWER-LEVEL HALLWAY SOUTH SIDE - NIGHT

Roy rolls the cart to the entrance of the laundry room. He pushes the handicap button, and the doors swing open. He pulls the cart into the laundry room.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Roy pulls the cart over to the side of the room where he got the other cart from. There is a HOUSEKEEPER, 43, in a blue button-down and blue dress pants, loading the washer with dry and wet mops from the little wheely bin.

HOUSEKEEPER

Hey.

ROY

Hey.

Roy heads out through the back door of the laundry room.

INT. TRASH COMPACTOR ROOM - NIGHT

Roy heads over to the corner and grabs the trash bin on wheels and the lid that goes with it. He places the lid inside the bin, then begins wheeling it to the other entrance, which is about twenty feet to the left of the one that leads to the laundry room.

Roy gets to the front of the doors and swipes his ID badge on the electric lock. It flashes green, and the doors automatically open.

INT. MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy checks his watch. Then looks to his left, then to his right. He slips an ID badge out of his back pocket. He swipes the badge on the door's electric lock, it flashes green. Roy opens the door, and he pushes the trash bin inside the room, then goes in himself.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Across the door is a wall of metal caskets built into the wall. Roy strides over to them with his trash bin. He begins by opening up the first casket at chest height and looks in.

Roy pulls the sheet back, it's an old man, he recovers it and then closes the casket door. He moves to the second one down the line, he opens the door and pulls the sheet back, it's an obese woman. He recovers it and then closes the door.

Roy moves to the third one down the line, he opens the door and pulls the sheet back, it's a young girl. His eyes light up.

INT. CLOSE SHOT OF BODY - NIGHT

Roy slides the casket out of the wall. He pulls the sheet off, all the way. Pale skin. Eyes glued shut. Cute long face.

Its mouth is wired shut. Long black hair. A slender neck that has a deep red ring on it. The chest has two small budding breasts, topped with a puffy nipple that takes up a small part of the breast.

Roy's hands enter the shot, he traces his fingers along them gently, then cups both of them, his hands trembling. He squeezes them, then releases.

Skinny arms with tiny hands. Tight stomach with an outie belly button. Tiny waist. A light dusting of pubes on her mound. A small, neat vagina, with mid-sized labia majora hanging down protecting the inner parts. Long, petite, skinny thighs and calves. Tiny, delicate feet.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Roy is giddy and exuding joy. He picks up the toe tag and takes a look.

INT. CLOSE SHOT OF TOE TAG - NIGHT

NAME: JESSICA PARKER. AGE: 18. SEX: Female. DATE OF DEATH: 10/7/23. HEIGHT: 4.7 FT. WEIGHT: 110 LBS. EYE COLOR: BROWN. HAIR COLOR: Black. CASE NUMBER: 005. LOCATION WHERE THE BODY WAS FOUND: 108, Coraline, Courte. CAUSE OF DEATH: Suicide by Asphyxiation. CONDITION OF BODY: Fair. MARKED FOR: Cremation.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Roy takes off the toe tag. Wraps the body in the sheet, then cradles it and gently places it into the trash bin. He moves over to the cabinet where they keep the empty urns and grabs one.

Roy brings it to the table where the full urns that are being sent out are placed, opens one, and pours about half the ashes into the empty one, then places the toe tag around the top of the urn.

There's a clipboard hanging above the table that has all the completed cremations listed on it. He writes something in it, then he hangs it back up.

Roy walks over to the trash bin, grabs it, and moves it to the exit. He opens the door. Peeks his head out the door, looks left, looks right, then exits the room.

INT. MORGUE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy pushes the trash bin in front of him and out the back door to the loading dock.

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Roy pushes the trash bin past all the linen carts. He looks up.

INT. CLOSE SHOT OF LOADING DOCK CAMERA - NIGHT

The camera rotates slowly.

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Roy reaches the ramp on the side of the loading dock and slowly pushes the trash can down it.

EXT. FRONT OF LARGE DUMPSTER - NIGHT

There is a large industrial dumpster tucked into the corner of the loading dock parking area. It is 24 feet long, 8 feet wide, and 8 feet tall. There are planks, broken hospital beds, and linen containers, poking out the top of the dumpster.

Roy rolls the trash bin to the front of the dumpster, pops the lid off, and slowly hoists it up from the bottom leaning it against the dumpster, slides it up with some struggle, till it finally passes the lip, then slowly tilts the trash bin so the corpse wrapped in a sheet slides into the dumpster.

Roy grabs the trash bin and begins rolling it towards the ramp of the loading dock.

INT. LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

Roy slowly rolls the trash bin up the ramp. He begins heading to the trash compactor area, which is attached to the loading dock area.

INT. TRASH COMPACTOR ROOM - NIGHT

Roy returns the trash bin to the corner of the room. Then heads through the door leading to the laundry room.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Roy enters the parking lot from the left side, out of breath. He rushes to his car parked in the back of the lot. He unlocks it and gets in. The car turns on quickly. The car zips out of the parking lot half-hazardously.

EXT. BACK OF DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Roy pulls his car up close to the back of the dumpster, as close as he can get without scraping. He exits his car, then peeks around the corner of the dumpster to make sure no one's coming and he can't be seen by the camera. He hops on his car's trunk and, with a lot of effort, begins trying to pull himself over the dumpster's lip.

Roy struggles for a while, seemingly making no progress. He tries kicking the lower half of his body up. With that momentum from the kicking, he is finally able to flip into the dumpster.

INT. INSIDE LARGE DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Roy lands on a broken pallet board and gets a small cut on his hand. He brings it to his lips and sucks it. Roy is wheezing at this point and slowly makes his way over to the corpse he had placed earlier.

Roy goes over old computers, sphygmomanometers, intravenous poles, and finally a defibrillator, till he reaches the corpse.

It must have fallen over because it was now further away from where he slid it in. He very carefully flips it right side up. He falls to the ground and wraps his arms around the corpse, hugging it closely to his body. He does this till he's able to catch his breath.

Roy picks up the corpse in a bridal carry. He begins making his way over through all the junk. After much labor, he makes it to the back of the dumpster.

Roy places the corpse on a busted hospital bed that is about three feet off the ground. He then puts his weight on the bed, and it buckles a little.

Roy begins lifting the corpse out of the dumpster using the same method he used to get the trash bin over. He sets it on the lip of the dumpster. He attempts to grip it by the hips and slowly slides it down onto the ground. He gets about halfway, then loses his grip, and the corpse plops to the ground.

Roy freaks out in concern for the body. Adrenaline fills Roy's body, and he flings himself over the dumpster by pulling his body up by the side, then letting gravity do the rest.

EXT. BACK OF DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Roy flops onto the ground hard. He has the wind knocked out of him, so he curls up for a couple of seconds till he can breathe again. He props himself up with his elbows to see the corpse wrapped in the sheet lying on the ground a couple of feet away from the car.

Roy sighs and rolls over on his back to recuperate his breath better, then slowly gets up and heads over to the corpse.

Roy picks up the corpse and brings it to the trunk of his car. He opens the trunk with his key. He gently places the corpse into the trunk's interior, which is lined with felt, and then he slowly closes the trunk. He begins walking away from the car, now sporting a limp.

INT. TRASH COMPACTOR ROOM - NIGHT

Roy enters the trash compactor room. He presses his ID badge against the lock, it flashes green, and the door opens. He limps through.

INT. LOWER-LEVEL, NORTH, BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Roy walks up to the terminal and uses his ID badge to punch out for the day. Roy begins walking away from the terminal. Hans enters from the stairwell door and sees Roy in his disheveled state.

HANS

The hell happened to you?

Roy turns towards Hans with a tired look.

ROY

Long and rough day.

Hans walks over to the terminal.

HANS  
What? Did you get a lot of calls  
from CATH lab?

Roy scratches the back of his head.

ROY  
Yeah, something like that.

Hans punches in using the terminal.

HANS  
Alright, man, go home and get some  
well-earned rest. Maybe if you're  
lucky, you might bump into the new  
dietitian on your way out.

Roy begins to walk down the hallway.

ROY  
I no longer need distractions like  
that.

Hans makes a confused face. Roy completely exits the hallway.

EXT. BACK OF DUMPSTER - NIGHT

Roy calmly enters his car. He pulls his car out of the  
loading dock parking area in a very controlled and steady  
manner, then drives off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Roy pulls into his driveway right up to his front porch. He  
gets out of the car and goes to the back of the car. He opens  
the trunk and grabs the body wrapped in a sheet and tosses it  
over his shoulder, then hobbles over to his front door.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Roy enters through the front door with the body over his  
shoulder he steps through the foyer.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roy plops her down at a tiny kitchen table on one of the two  
chairs. He removes the sheet from the waist up, leaving the  
bottom half of the body covered. He grabs the corpse's head  
and thoroughly inspects it.

The corpse's eyelids are glued shut. He pulls the left eyelids apart with his finger, and they come undone pretty easily. He then goes to do the same thing with the right eyelids. This one seems more stuck, so he has to use more force. They pull apart, but the bottom eyelid gets torn off and is now stuck to the top one.

Roy pulls the bottom lid off the top and places the bottom lid on his kitchen table. He walks over to the cupboard next to the fridge. He opens it and retrieves a bottle of superglue from the top shelf of the cupboard.

Roy goes back over and very carefully glues the bottom lid back where it's supposed to be. He puts the super glue back in the cabinet, then walks back over to the corpse.

Roy traces his fingers around her lips and tries to stick a finger in, but is stopped by a thread. He goes over to the kitchen counter by the stove and grabs a pair of poultry scissors from the knife block.

Roy makes his way back over to the corpse and very slowly sticks the scissors inside her mouth. He snips the first thread on the right side, then the left. The mouth tumbles open.

Roy puts the scissors down on the kitchen table. He reaches into the corpse's mouth to pull out the pegs that were anchoring the thread into her mouth. Roy yanks them out and places the pegs on the table. Roy stands back and admires his work.

ROY

Look who's finally awake.

Looking over the corpse's body, Roy notices her right shoulder looks lower than the left. He walks up to the corpse and examines it.

ROY (CONT'D)

Looks like your arm got dislocated  
on the trip over here.

Roy walks over to her right side.

ROY (CONT'D)

Ok, hang on, this is gonna hurt.

Roy grabs the arm and begins attempting to jam the shoulder back into its socket. He comes at it from the top, then the bottom, then finally the middle. There's a pop sound. Roy wipes a bead of sweat from his head.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Man, you just got here and you're  
already causing me a mess of  
problems.

Roy sits across from her at the kitchen table.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm fairly new to this. I suppose  
we should introduce ourselves. I'm  
Roy.

Roy drums his fingers along the table.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Well, good to meet you, Jessica.  
Seems like we're gonna be spending  
a lot of time together from now on.  
You want something to drink?

Roy strolls over to the fridge and opens it.

INT. CLOSE SHOT OF FRIDGE - DAY

The inside of the fridge is stained a dark yellow from what  
seemed to be white once. It has takeout containers,  
condiments, pickles, milk, beer, orange soda, and water in a  
non-functioning Brita filter.

ROY  
We got water, orange soda, milk,  
and beer. I know you're a little  
young to be drinking beer, but I  
won't tell anyone, I promise. I  
just want you to be comfortable  
around me. You don't have to worry  
about silly stuff like that...  
Orange soda it is. If you want  
later, we could have a little  
nightcap. It would be nice to have  
the honor of sharing your first  
drink with you.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roy places the can in front of her and then sits back in his  
spot.

ROY  
This may come off as a shock, but  
you're the first girl I've ever had  
over.

Roy stares hard at the corpse's breasts and grins wide.

ROY (CONT'D)

The fact that you're one of the prettiest girls I've ever seen, makes it that much more special.

Roy grabs the orange soda and opens it for her, and places it back in front of her.

ROY (CONT'D)

Just so you know, I am a lowly janitor. So we may not live the most lavish life, but we'll have each other.

Roy gets up and places his chair to the left of the corpse. He places her hand in his and interlocks their fingers.

ROY (CONT'D)

Not only am I a Janitor, but a janitor for a hospital. You have no idea how frustrating it is to be constantly surrounded by such fresh, tight meat. You have to constantly fight your natural animalistic desire to plunge your cock into their, wanting, tight, wet, snatches, but now that I have you, all of that is behind me. Finally, someone to remedy my lust and desire.

Roy kisses the corpse's hand tenderly.

ROY (CONT'D)

Yes. I'm glad you seem just as excited as me.

Roy lets go of the corpse's hand and cups the corpse's left breast. While cupping it with his left hand, he takes his thumb and index and begins tweaking the nipple between the two fingers.

ROY (CONT'D)

I can tell from your reaction that you like that. Trust me, plenty more where that came from. Am I your first?

Roy begins very lightly pulling the nipple away from the body, then bringing it back, over and over.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You don't have to tell me because  
I'll be the best. You're mine now.  
No one else's. Most guys my age  
don't get to play with tits as  
tender and perky as these, I should  
count myself lucky.

A small tent has pitched in Roy's pants. He removes his hand from the breast and grips his penis through his pants.

ROY (CONT'D)  
That's all you get for now. Just a  
small tease of what awaits you in  
the bedroom later.

Roy gets up from the table and walks to where the kitchen meets the foyer.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'll be right back. I need to get  
you your bedtime medicine.

Roy exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Roy opens the closet's double doors. It's filled with board games and old action figure collectibles. On the bottom rung, there is one pale. The words, Prefilled Formalin is printed on the front.

Roy grabs it with one hand. It's heavy, he can't lift it above his waist. He closes the closet double doors and makes his way back to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roy places the Formalin on the kitchen table in front of the corpse. The corpse slid down the chair a little. He goes over and readjusts her into the chair.

ROY  
No, you don't have to be scared.  
This is to preserve your strength.  
It'll keep you spry and virile.

Roy goes over to the pale and removes the plastic seal lock keeping it closed, then he screws off the top. He heads over to the kitchen drawer and opens it. He rummages around looking for something.

ROY (CONT'D)

Damn.

Roy exits the kitchen. He returns a moment later with a syringe sealed in plastic in hand.

ROY (CONT'D)

Imagine we went through all of that to be together, and it all goes awry because I forgot this.

Roy goes over to the pale. He removes the syringe from the plastic. Roy takes off the plastic covering on the needle of the syringe. He plunges it into the Formalin. Fills it halfway, then pushes it back out and fills it all the way.

ROY (CONT'D)

You'll just feel a pinch. Stay strong for me.

Roy walks over to the corpse and secures the head with one hand. He injects five units in both cheeks, then moves onto the arms.

Roy grabs the left arm and injects five units in the middle of the inner forearm. He grabs the right arm and injects five units in the middle of the forearm. He goes back to the pale and refills the syringe.

ROY (CONT'D)

Just a little longer, and you'll be good as new, then we can finally get to the main event.

Roy goes back to the body. He injects five units into the corpse's taught stomach, then removes the sheet from her legs. His face contorts into a twisted smirk. He places the syringe on the table.

Roy caresses the corpse's inner thigh, then squeezes it tight enough to leave a handprint. He twirls the corpse's light brown pubes with his fingers. He glances up at her.

ROY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm getting a little carried away. Not that you seem to mind. I'm so glad we found each other.

Roy picks up the syringe from the table. He leans the corpse to the side and injects five units into the side of the corpse's left glute, then leans her the other way and injects another five into the side of the corpse's right glute.

Roy injects five units into the corpse's left thigh, then goes back and refills the syringe. He walks back over and injects the corpse's right thigh with five units.

Roy gets on his knees. He fills the left calf with five units, then fills the right calf with five units. He gets up and empties the rest of the syringe in the pale, then walks over to the kitchen drawer and tosses the used syringe in there, then closes it.

ROY (CONT'D)

There we go. That wasn't so bad, and anyways, you're gonna have to get used to a little pain if you're gonna be with me. Nothing you can't handle; I can tell you have a very defiant look in your eyes. We're going to get along swimmingly.

Roy heads over to the kitchen table and renews the lid on the formalin pale, then grabs it with two hands and places it on the top of the fridge.

ROY (CONT'D)

While your treatment sets in, I'm gonna grab myself a drink. Do you need a refill?

Roy looks over at the untouched can of orange soda.

ROY (CONT'D)

Guess you're a slow drinker. Must be hard work maintaining such a sexy body. I give you a lot of credit. You must have a ton of discipline. I certainly don't.

Roy opens the fridge and grabs a beer. He cracks it open and sips it, then goes back to his chair next to the corpse. He places the beer on the table.

Roy wraps his right arm over the corpse's shoulder and brings it closer to him. The corpse's head leans on his shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)

I honestly thought I'd never be able to do this with someone.

Roy begins to grope and fondle its breast with his right hand, which is on the other side of her.

ROY (CONT'D)

You have surpassed my wildest expectations.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

Not in a million years could I see myself having someone who is mine to love and hold.

Roy squeezes his arm around the corpse extra tight.

ROY (CONT'D)

Ya know, I wasn't very popular in high school. No one really paid attention to me. It's a bit of a cliché to say at this point, but I was a real loser, no friends, no acquaintances, no significant other, nothing. Truly a loser among losers.

Roy releases the corpse's breast and uses that hand to turn the corpse's head towards him.

ROY (CONT'D)

Even the queers and freaks had friends and significant others, amongst themselves. Not me, I had nowhere to go. I felt alone and isolated at school. Home wasn't any better. My mom made it abundantly clear how much of a massive disappointment I was to her. If only she could see me now. With my arm wrapped around such a pretty girl.

Roy takes a long sip from his beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

Funny thing about me, I've never really had a group of friends. Not even when I was little, almost like there was something fundamentally wrong with me as a person. Everyone was able to pick up on it, whatever it was. Still to this day, I don't know what it was preventing me from forming relationships with others. The way I talked, walked, looked, my demeanor, who really knows?

Roy grabs the corpse's right breast and begins rolling its nipple with his index finger.

ROY (CONT'D)

Want to hear a story from my high school days? Obviously didn't do extracurriculars;

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

I would spend my free time in the bleachers watching the girls' track and field team. Damn those ass-hugging shorts, didn't matter if you had an ass or not. Those shorts would make any chick look like a ten from behind. That's the one thing I miss about high school is the girls.

Roy releases his hand and rests it on the corpse's thigh.

ROY (CONT'D)

I would keep a notebook detailing all the girls I liked and their best attributes. Their ass size, their cup size, obviously I would guesstimate. They were surprisingly not very forthcoming with that information. I would write what I fantasized about doing to them. It was the one thing I was truly passionate about in this whole world.

Roy curls his right hand into a tight fist.

ROY (CONT'D)

That was until those jackasses stole it in the locker room and told the whole school, then I went from a nobody to someone who was truly hated and reviled. Which, to a degree, felt better than being unacknowledged. You have to care about something quite a bit to truly hate it.

Roy drums his fingers on the corpse's thigh.

ROY (CONT'D)

Not even the hate lasted, though. They forgot about me. I just turned into another freak to be eternalized as the butt of every joke.

Roy pats the corpse's thigh comfortingly.

ROY (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for the law, every guy would be chasing high school tail. If no one wanted to do it, there wouldn't be a law.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)  
Right when their bodies are ripe  
for the picking. Untainted pure  
flesh.

Roy removes his hand from the corpse's shoulder and holds her face by the chin, closely examining her face.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You must have been real popular in  
your high school. All the boys  
probably wanted to get into your  
cotton schoolgirl panties. Even the  
male teachers, I bet. Hell,  
probably even some of the female  
teachers. Well sucks for them  
because you're mine now. I have you  
all for myself.

Roy releases her face and stands up. He yawns and stretches.

ROY (CONT'D)  
For years, people paraded their  
significant others in front of me.  
So many happy couples, mocking my  
loneliness. It's my turn in the  
sun. Even the most pious of men  
will covet my young, tight arm  
candy.

Roy moves the chair back to being across from the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
What do you say we take this to the  
bedroom? Don't worry, I'll be  
gentle for our first time.

Roy scoops the corpse up into his arms and bridal carries her out of the kitchen.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Roy walks over to the door in the middle of the hallway. He fumbles to get the door open with one hand. He finally gets it open and walks into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Roy places the corpse on the left side of the twin XL mattress. There's a CRT-TV with a built-in VHS player on a table adjacent to the bed.

ROY

Now, because you've been so honest with me, I'll be honest with you. I'm not the most well-versed when it comes to sexual activities. To put it bluntly, I'm a virgin. Hell, I haven't even kissed a girl before you. I did some stuff with my cousin Richie, but he made me do that. I never really liked what we did all that much.

Roy fumbles with his hands a bit, then begins to get undressed. He untucks his shirt and begins to unbutton it.

Roy undoes the last button and tosses the shirt on his dresser, then he takes off his belt and places it on the dresser, then he removes his pants and socks. He is now only in a white tank top and white briefs.

ROY (CONT'D)

I was always under the assumption my body was too grotesque to be capable of physical intimacy. Unless the woman was blind, deaf, and brain-dead, but you feel different, more understanding.

Roy removes his wife-beater. He has a loose, sagging stomach that hangs out in front of him. Large C-cup man breasts with huge, puffy areolas. Deep scars and stretch marks cover most of his body, they're along his arms, on his drooping man breasts, along his stomach, they are a dark purple and red. His body has patches of dark hair. Some on his chest, some on his stomach, some on his back.

ROY (CONT'D)

You have no idea how happy it makes me that someone as pretty as you is willing to look past my vile physical appearance. Well, time for the main event.

Roy removes his white briefs. They drop to his ankles, and he steps out of them. His mound above his genitals is fatty and protruding.

Roy's pubes are thick and bushy. In the forest of pubes we see a tiny acorn of a penis sitting on top of two quail eggs of testicles. His penis suffers from phimosis, so the entire thing is entrapped in a tight foreskin.

Roy has large, saggy thighs, also covered in hair and stretch marks. Roy puts his hands out to his side, allowing the corpse to drink in the full image of his nude body.

ROY (CONT'D)

Good. Now we've seen every inch of each other. We can be more comfortable interacting physically. Oh, almost forgot.

Roy goes over to the black and pink thong panties hanging over the dresser. He grabs a hammer from the top drawer of the dresser. He pulls the nails out with the back of the hammer. He drops the nails and hammer on the top of the dresser. Dusts the drywall dust of the black and pink panties, then walks back over to the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

I've been saving these for when I met the right person.

Roy spreads the corpse's legs and begins by sliding the panties up the corpse's legs. Gets to the genitals and glutes, then flips the corpse and pulls the panties snugly onto it. He smacks the corpse's glutes and flips it back over.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's a good fit. They look sexy on you. Very seductive, if I may say. You're way hotter than the previous owner. Before we head straight to what we've both been begging for. How about a little something to get us in the mood?

Roy goes over to the bottom drawer of his dresser. He opens it, it is filled to the brim with VHS tapes with scantily clad, young, Japanese women on the covers.

Roy sorts through them till he falls upon one with a Japanese woman, who is wearing a white swimsuit on her top half, and she is sticking out her behind, which is wrapped in a pink bikini bottom. It has four Japanese characters on the cover next to the English words Pink Typhoon. Roy picks it up and closes the bottom drawer.

ROY (CONT'D)

You ever hear about these? They're called gravure models. It's essentially softcore Japanese porn.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

No real nudity, just a scantily clad Japanese girl running around getting filmed in suggestive poses and whatnot. Pretty fun stuff. Regular porn makes me uncomfortable. I find it dull. It doesn't seem that either party enjoys it all that much. I prefer something a little more subtle, or just something more scenario-oriented, but sex on its face doesn't do enough to arouse me, but these little beauties are good. Films through more of a voyeuristic lens.

Roy looks over the back of the VHS tape cover.

ROY (CONT'D)

Like you're seeing something the model wouldn't want you to see. Something sensitive and personal. Peeling back the curtain to reveal a vulgar truth. That resides in each and every one of us, but were trained to keep it hidden because its deemed degenerate or immoral by broader society. Even though each of us have these passionate desires.

Roy goes over to the large CRT-TV. He removes the VHS from its cover and puts the cover on top of the TV. He plops the VHS into the VHS player. He turns the TV on, and the movie begins to play.

ROY (CONT'D)

What I've always appreciated about Japanese media. Is that they seem to understand the plight of lonely, pervy men. So much of their media is catered towards them. It feels like we have lost some of that representation in the West. That's why these alternative media sources are becoming so popular. Anyways, let's hop right to it.

Roy hops into the bed, there's barely enough room for the two of them. He reaches his hand over and begins rubbing his ring and middle finger front to back over the corpse's crotch. He then grabs her hand, licks it, and using his hand, makes the corpse's hand grab his member. The corpse's hand easily engulfs the unimpressive member.

Roy begins to make the corpse's hand stroke his member. His eyes are locked on the TV, watching the video. The member very easily grows to full mast and just barely pokes out of the hand.

Roy moves the corpse's hand faster. Short, fast strokes. He slowly rubs his fingers of his other hand over the corpse's crotch. Back and forwards over the panties. He tightens his grip around the corpse's hand. He moves the corpse's hand slowly and firmly from the base to where the shaft meets the glans. Up and down. Up and down. Slowly and methodically.

Roy gets enveloped in pleasure and erratically thrusts his hips into the corpse's hand. All the while rubbing the corpse's crotch with his other hand sporadically. Until he reaches climax and shoots three small ropes of ejaculate across his sagging stomach.

Roy smears some of the ejaculate on the corpse's hand and sticks the hand in the corpse's mouth, then puts his hands behind his head and catches his breath.

ROY (CONT'D)

That was good, thanks. I needed that. A little taste to satiate our hunger, if only for a little while. I thought we were good for our first time together. Nothing to really compare it to. I hope I was able to live up to your expectations.

Roy readjusts the corpse's arm so that it's lying flat at the corpse's side.

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh good. I'm glad I wasn't a complete disappointment.

Roy gets up and walks over to the TV.

ROY (CONT'D)

That was always one of my biggest fears. To be a letdown in bed. To leave the other party unsatisfied. That's what sex always seemed like when I was watching it. Like the woman was judging the man the entire time, comparing him to each and every partner before him, seeing how he compared. They don't seem to enjoy themselves because they have to focus on performing.

Roy clicks the rewind button on the VHS player.

ROY (CONT'D)

I know for a fact that if you were to compare me to the majority of other men, I'd be a complete letdown. Inadequate in every way. That's why it was important for you to be inexperienced, so you have nothing to compare me to. I can set the standard for you, and we can just enjoy each other's company.

After a few moments, the tape is already at the beginning. Roy ejects the tape and puts it back in its case, then turns the TV off. He walks over to the dresser and places the tape back in its place in the bottom drawer. He walks over to the light switch.

ROY (CONT'D)

Goodnight.

Roy flips the light switch, then gets in bed with the corpse and pulls the covers over them. He tightly cradles the corpse and drifts off.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roy is at the stove cooking eggs and bacon. He has a spatula in his right hand. There are two plates sitting on the counter next to the stove. The corpse is sitting at the kitchen table.

ROY

How do you like your eggs?

Roy flips the eggs, then flips the bacon.

ROY (CONT'D)

Hey, I was thinking that after breakfast, I could go to the mall and pick you up some clothes and lingerie. Not that I don't like seeing you naked, but we don't wanna be giving the mailman a free show. Also, in some ways, lingerie can be sexier than nudity.

Roy plops two eggs and two pieces of bacon on each of the two plates.

ROY (CONT'D)

Maybe a couple of skirts. I've always loved skirts. They're dangerous, any sudden wind and you reveal the thin veil of protection that is a woman's panties. Hiding beneath is the most delicate and precious flower.

Roy grabs the two plates and walks over to the kitchen table. He places the plate down in front of the corpse, then places the other plate on the other side.

Roy goes to the drawer and takes out two forks. He walks back over to the table and places one of the forks on the corpse's plate, then sits down across from the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

Yeah, of course I can pick that up for you. I'm gonna love slowly peeling off your bra and panties later.

Roy grabs the saltshaker that's on the kitchen table. He pours salt on his eggs, then picks up a piece of bacon and dips it in the yolk.

ROY (CONT'D)

If only Mom could see me now. The look on her face would be priceless.

Roy reaches over and squeezes the corpse's hand, then he grabs her plate and cuts a small piece of bacon from her plate. He places it in her mouth with the fork. It stays there for a second, then falls out. He reaches down and tosses it back on his plate.

ROY (CONT'D)

Is there any other outfit stuff you want in particular?

Roy slices off a piece of one of his eggs, then puts it in his mouth and begins chewing.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm thinking some sun dresses. Really, anything with easy access. I want to be able to fuck you at a moment's notice. Hike the skirt up, then go to town from behind. Anywhere, anytime.

Roy shoves the other egg and bacon from his plate into his mouth. He chews quickly and then gulps it down.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You're not a big eater, huh? Guess  
it takes a lot of work to keep a  
figure as fine as yours.

Roy reaches over and pulls the plate over to himself. He begins to eat the eggs and bacon left on the corpse's plate.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm also thinking some lacy bra and  
panties sets. Some sports bras.  
Something so sexy about sports  
bras. Maybe it's because it traps  
all the succulent juices emitted  
from your body. To be wrung out for  
later consumption.

Roy grabs both their plates and cutlery and heads over to the sink. He places both the plates and cutlery into the sink. He grabs the pan and spatula from the stove and puts it on top of the plates in the sink. Roy goes over to the fridge.

Roy opens the fridge, grabs the milk carton, and drinks straight from it, then puts it back and closes the fridge.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Ok. I'm going to head out. Watch  
the house while I'm gone. Don't  
answer the door. Ya know,  
especially naked as you are now.  
You're mine now and only mine. I'm  
the only one who gets to see you  
like that.

Roy walks out of the kitchen and then comes back in after a couple of moments.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Almost forgot. I obviously need  
your measurements.

Roy grabs a measuring tape from a kitchen drawer, then goes over to the corpse and wraps it around the corpse's chest. He measures the underbust first.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You're under is 78cm.

Roy measures the overbust.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Your over is 85cm.

Roy takes out his phone and plugs in the numbers.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Ok, it says your bra size is a 34B.  
That is the ideal breast size;  
everything about you is ideal.

Roy winks at the corpse, then he takes the measuring tape and wraps it around her waist.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Oh, wow, about fifty-six  
centimeters. Which is around twenty-  
two inches. Damn measuring you got  
me going. If I wasn't about to go  
out, I'd take you where you are.  
Use you as my personal cum dump.

Roy tucks his aroused member into his waistband.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Ok, for real, goodbye now.

Roy kisses the corpse on the cheek and then leaves the kitchen.

INT. MALL'S MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Roy enters the Mall's main entrance. The corridor is lined with different shops. Roy makes his way to the lingerie shop entrance.

INT. OUTSIDE LINGERIE SHOP ENTRANCE - DAY

Roy paces nervously back and forth in front of the entrance. He musters all his courage with a deep breath and heads into the store.

INT. LINGERIE SHOP - DAY

Every wall of the lingerie shop has hooks with bras and panties hanging off of them. There are four tables with assorted apparel on them, in the center of the table are mannequins modeling some of the lingerie.

There are pictures hanging at the top of the wall. These pictures show women of different body types wearing the lingerie available in the store.

Roy walks in and takes a second to take it all in, looking over all the sections. In the center of the store, there's a FEMALE CASHIER, 23, wearing a button-up black vest with a long-sleeve dark blue shirt underneath, with khakis, she is scrolling on her phone with one earbud in. There is a MOTHER, 47, in a low-cut black blouse and high-waisted jeans, and a DAUGHTER, 15, in a grey sweatshirt and grey sweatpants, browsing the lingerie together.

Roy begins browsing on the left wall facing the entrance. He is about five feet away from the Mother and Daughter duo. The two women notice his presence and shoot him a confused, dirty look.

Roy notices this out of the corner of his eye. He looks at them and flashes them with a large, teathy smile. A look of fear spreads across the Mother's face. She grabs her Daughter by the arm and moves to the other side of the store.

Roy continues browsing and picks up some lacy bra and panties sets of differing styles and colors. One has a flowery pattern in the colors green and blue with thong-type panties. Another is black with a cheeky panties style. The final one is red with a bustier and full-coverage panties.

Roy makes sure to check that there the right size of the measurements taken.

Roy notices a sheer set of bra and panties and smiles to himself, checks the sizes. He picks out the right size. Finally, he stops at the middle table and picks up a sports bra and female briefs.

At this point, Roy's arms are filled with lingerie. He heads to the cash register and puts all of it on the table in front of the Female Cashier. The Female Cashier looks up, puts down her phone, and begins scanning the items.

FEMALE CASHIER

You doing some birthday shopping  
for your girlfriend?

Roy smirks.

ROY

Yeah.

Roy looks the cashier up and down.

ROY (CONT'D)

She's about your size, little  
fuller in the back, maybe you could  
tell me if I got the right sizes?  
Can never be too certain.

The Female Cashier gives him a horrified and disgusted look.

FEMALE CASHIER

Excuse me?

Roy anxiously rubs his chin.

ROY

It was a joke, I'm kidding, just a  
joke. I measured her myself; I  
already know her sizes. Jeez, calm  
down.

The Female Cashier has a face of annoyance and disturbance,  
while she quickly scans the rest of Roy's items and removes  
the hangers from the lingerie.

FEMALE CASHIER

That'll be \$265.85.

Roy looks shocked. He takes out his wallet, selects one of  
his credit cards, then taps the card on the card reader, it  
makes a ding noise signifying the transaction went through,  
and then the Female Cashier hands him his receipt.

ROY

Can I get a bag?

The Female Cashier sighs and looks annoyed, then hands him a  
paper bag. Roy places his newly bought lingerie in the bag,  
then he slings the bag over his shoulder. He exits.

Once Roy makes his full exit, the mother and daughter go over  
to the cashier. They are seen talking, but can't be heard.

INT. MALL'S MAIN CORRIDOR

Roy makes his way down the hall looking for where he can go  
to get the rest of the clothing necessary. Roy spots a  
women's clothing store and heads in that direction.

INT. FRONT OF WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Roy window shops. He checks out the clothing on display in  
the display case at the front of the store. He shrugs to  
himself, then heads in.

## INT. WOMEN'S CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Roy enters. The middle of the store is lined with six clothing racks with different articles of clothing on it. There's two other people shopping, not including the MALE CASHIER, 22, blue-long-sleeve button-down shirt and jeans with a belt, at the desk in the corner. The shoppers are an ELDERLY WOMAN, 72, in a tan sweater and grey pants, and a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, 44, white loose button-down shirt, form-fitting pencil skirt with pantyhose. The walls are lined with shelves holding clothing of higher quality.

Roy begins going down the first clothing rack. He makes it about halfway down the rack and stops at a sundress with flowers printed on it. The flowers are blue, and the background is yellow. He picks it out and checks the size. He shrugs, then folds it over his arm.

Roy continues to browse. He makes it to the end and finds a black and red button-down flannel shirt. Roy checks the size. He places the flannel over his arm with the dress.

Roy begins making his way down the second rack. He finds a black mini skirt, grabs it, and checks the size. He holds it up to himself, shakes his head, and hangs it back up.

Roy gets about two-thirds down the row and finds another grey skirt. He checks the size. He places the skirt over his arm with the other clothing.

Roy makes it to the end of the row and finds a pink blouse. He checks the size. He throws it over his arm with the rest.

Roy starts to make his way down the third row. The Elderly Woman is in the middle of the rack. Roy gets a couple of feet into the rack and finds a black and grey plaid skirt. He checks the size. He grabs it and puts it over his arm. Roy then goes around the Elderly Woman. Neither of them seem to acknowledge the other.

## INT. CHECKOUT SECTION - DAY

Roy heads over to the cashier's table the Middle-Aged Woman is there checking out. The Male Cashier is there scanning the Middle-Aged Woman's items. The Male Cashier smiles at her.

MALE CASHIER

You find everything you were  
looking for?

The Middle-Aged Woman smiled back at the Male Cashier.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Yeah, and then some.

The Middle-Aged Woman grabs one of the black tops the cashier already scanned and holds it up to herself.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

Isn't this such a find? I think  
it'll look super cute on me. What  
do you think?

The Male Cashier blushes a little and rubs the back of his neck.

MALE CASHIER

I think it'll look great on you. No  
thanks to the top, though I think  
you'd look good in almost anything.

Both the Middle-Aged Woman and the Male Cashier giggle. Roy rolls his eyes.

ROY

Ahem

The Middle-Aged Woman looks back at Roy in annoyance, then she looks back at the Male Cashier, and they both roll their eyes. Roy looks perplexed.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

When do you get off? Maybe we could  
grab something to eat?

The Male Cashier bags one of the Middle-Aged Woman's shirts.

MALE CASHIER

I don't know. We're not really  
supposed to give that information  
out.

The Middle-Aged Woman leans on the counter, puffing out her chest, putting her sizeable breasts on display.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Oh, come on, don't you want to hang  
out with me? I promise I'll make it  
worth your while.

The Male Cashier glances down at her sizeable breasts and then back at her.

MALE CASHIER

Ah, alright, I get off at seven.  
I'll meet you out front, but just  
know I'm risking my job by doing  
this.

The Middle-Aged Woman stands back up and smiles widely, then  
winks.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Sounds like a date.

The Male Cashier finished scanning and bagging the Middle-  
Aged Woman's clothes.

MALE CASHIER

That'll be \$74.75.

The Middle-Aged Woman takes out her pocketbook and takes out  
her credit card. She taps it on the card reader. It dings.  
The Male Cashier hands the Middle-Aged Woman her bag and  
receipt.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Thanks, I'll see you later.

The Middle-Aged Woman takes her bag and receipt. She puts the  
receipt in the bag and then exits the store. Roy moves up and  
places his stuff on the counter.

ROY

Finally.

The Male Cashier ignores Roy's comment and begins scanning  
his items.

ROY (CONT'D)

You're a pretty lucky guy, I'm sure  
you get hit on all the time working  
here.

The Male Cashier stops scanning items and then looks up at  
Roy.

MALE CASHIER

No, not really.

The Male Cashier goes back to scanning the items. Roy  
continues to stare at him.

ROY

No need to be modest. Must be easy  
for someone who looks like you.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)  
If I didn't have a girl of my own,  
I'd be jealous.

The Male Cashier doesn't look up and begins scanning the items more quickly.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I don't know if you could imagine  
how tough it is for a guy like me  
when it comes to women. They give  
me one look and never a second one,  
that's all it takes. One look at  
this ugly mug, but I found a way.

The Male Cashier gets to the last item.

MALE CASHIER  
That'll be \$97.85.

Roy scowls and grimaces while he reaches into his back pocket for his wallet.

ROY  
When did things get so expensive?  
You wanna dress your lady up in  
some fine lingerie and clothing and  
it'll cost you an arm and a leg.

The Male Cashier takes out his phone from his pocket and checks it.

MALE CASHIER  
Mhmm, yeah.

Roy gets out his wallet and fumbles to get his card out of it, then he taps his card on the card reader. It dings. The Male Cashier puts his phone down.

MALE CASHIER (CONT'D)  
You need a bag?

Roy lifts up his lingerie bag.

ROY  
Nah, already got one.

Roy crams the clothes in the lingerie bag. The Male Cashier hands him his receipt, and Roy crams that in the bag too, and then he exits the store. The Male Cashier goes back to looking at his phone.

INT. MALL, MAIN CORRIDOR - DAY

Roy exits the store holding the shopping bag in his hand. He is approached from behind by a MALL COP, 36, dressed in a mall cop uniform.

MALL COP

Excuse me, sir, we've received several complaints about you disturbing other customers.

Roy turns to him with a face of annoyance and disdain.

ROY

I haven't even done anything what the fuck is people's problem. I can't even go shopping in peace.

The Mall Cop slowly approaches Roy.

MALL COP

I'm gonna have to respectfully request you vacate the premises.

Roy turns his back towards the Mall Cop.

ROY

I was on my way out of this decaying establishment anyways. You try to engage in the game like everyone else, and all they answer you with is a face full of excrement.

Roy spits on the ground and storms out of the mall. The mall cop watches him like a hawk and slowly shakes his head in disapproval.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Roy opens the front door and enters the foyer. He closes the door behind him. He has the lingerie bag gripped tightly in his hand.

ROY

Honey, I'm home. Ha, always wanted to say that. Just never had anyone to say it to.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roy enters and places the bag in front of the corpse at the kitchen table.

ROY

You better appreciate me. I just spent a fortune on you at the store. I feel bad for women. All of their clothing is super overpriced.

Roy dumps the bag out on the kitchen table.

ROY (CONT'D)

I know, I know. I got too much. I just got carried away; whenever I pictured you in them, I couldn't help but buy it.

Roy sorts through the pile of clothes and finds the flowery blue and green, lacy bra and panties set.

ROY (CONT'D)

Let's start with this one. It's my favorite of the bunch.

Roy grabs the bra and goes over to the corpse. He puts both arms through the straps and adjusts the cups over the corpse's breasts, then goes over to the back and hooks the bra. He squeezes the newly bound breasts through the bra.

ROY (CONT'D)

Perfect fit. Good thing I measured before I left. I would've been lost if I didn't. Honestly, the way the bra squeezes your tits together gives you more cleavage. I did a pretty good job, if I say so myself.

Roy goes over to the table and grabs the matching thong panties. He goes over to the corpse and slips the old panties off it, then gives them a long-prolonged smell.

ROY (CONT'D)

I can't get enough of your scent. If another wave of COVID comes around, I'll use your panties as a face mask. Just get high off your fumes. Ha, kidding, maybe.

Roy grabs the new panty. He begins to slide the panties up the corpse's legs, then stands the corpse up and has the corpse's top half lean against his body while he slides the new panties all of the way up. He sits the corpse back down on the chair. He adjusts the panty and smooths out the creases. He caresses the corpse's slit.

ROY (CONT'D)

Do I have good taste or what? I spend so much time gawking at women, I think I may have inadvertently picked up a sense of fashion.

Roy stands back and admires the corpse's new underwear set.

ROY (CONT'D)

They look really good on you. What do you think?

Roy goes to the table and begins sorting through the rest of the clothes.

ROY (CONT'D)

Oh yeah? I'm glad. They fit well and everything?

Roy grabs the button-down flannel and the grey skirt he bought.

ROY (CONT'D)

Those measurements really came in handy when I was at the lingerie store. Most guys don't take the time to do that. Honestly, most guys probably don't know their girlfriend's sizes. Couldn't be me, I wanna know everything about you. Every little blemish. I want to explore and caress every nook and cranny.

Roy puts down the flannel and holds the grey skirt in his hand. He walks over to the corpse and begins putting its legs through the skirt and shimmying it up its legs, then stands it up, resting the top half of the corpse's body over his right shoulder.

Roy gets the skirt up all the way. He plops the corpse back down on the chair, then spreads its legs as wide as they'll go.

ROY (CONT'D)

There we go, easy access. Doesn't the air feel good on the nether regions? I've always imagined it would, can't say I've ever worn a skirt. Not that the want isn't there, I just wouldn't look very good in one. Don't have the legs for it.

Roy walks over to the table and grabs the flannel. He begins putting the flannel on it, left arm through the sleeve, then right arm through the other sleeve.

ROY (CONT'D)

Such long, slender, and dainty arms. You couldn't put up much of a fight even if you wanted to. I'm kidding, of course. There would never be a reason to fight me, and I highly doubt there'll ever be a reason to fight you. Unless you mouth off, I'm joking, again.

Roy begins to button the flannel up and gets about halfway.

ROY (CONT'D)

That's a good thing about you, you know how to take a joke. That's not very common with women. I don't know why. They just don't seem to find my jokes very funny.

Roy leaves the top three buttons undone so her bra can be seen.

ROY (CONT'D)

God, you're so sexy.

Roy grabs the rest of the clothes and places them on the kitchen counter. He walks over to the fridge and opens the freezer door on the top of the refrigerator.

ROY (CONT'D)

There was this real bitch of a cashier at the lingerie store. I made a dumb joke. She only didn't laugh because of how I look. If I was more attractive, she would have found it hilarious. It always comes down to looks for women. If you're not tall and have a chiseled jawline, your life is over as a man.

Roy begins looking through the freezer, pulling out and examining frozen dinners he's interested in.

ROY (CONT'D)

You have nothing to worry about,  
you're much prettier than the  
cashier, no competition there.  
Better in every way.

Roy decides on one Salisbury steak frozen dinner and a turkey frozen dinner.

ROY (CONT'D)

You're different from the rest of  
them. You're the first person to  
actually take a chance on me. I  
feel like the luckiest man in the  
world.

Roy walks over to the stove with the two frozen dinners and removes both dinners from their cardboard packages. He checks the heating instructions. He opens the oven and places both trays into the oven. He preheats the oven to 350.

Roy walks back over to the fridge and opens it, then grabs two beers. Roy heads over to the kitchen table and places one of the beers in front of the corpse, then he sits in the chair across from the corpse. Roy cracks open his beer, takes a sip, then reaches over the table and cracks open the beer in front of the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

Go ahead. I certainly won't be  
alerting the authorities on you  
anytime soon. Wouldn't be in my  
best interest, that's for certain.  
I just got you, don't want to lose  
you that quickly.

Roy makes a melancholic face and stares off into space, then he takes a long sip of his beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

The cashier isn't a special case.  
Women have treated me like that as  
far back as I can remember.

Roy begins fidgeting with the can.

ROY (CONT'D)

Even if I keep my thoughts to  
myself. Women still treat me like a  
freak.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

Like, there's something residing in me that is just female repellent. No matter what I do or say, I'm not good enough for them. They view me as an insignificant speck not worthy of acknowledgment.

Roy pushes the can closer to the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

Even my mother treated me as a stranger in my own house. She always loved and cared about my siblings more than me.

The oven dings, indicating it's at the right temperature.

ROY (CONT'D)

She sent both of my siblings to a private catholic high school. Not me, though, know why? She said I wasn't worth the money.

Roy takes a sip of his beer and swishes it around his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)

Jokes on her though. Both of my siblings moved out of state the second they turned eighteen. I'm the only one who keeps semi regular contact with her. That's how difficult she is. She managed to chase two of her own flesh and blood away from her. Most people want to be near their mother. Not them. The person who's supposed to care for you the most, being the most cruel and vicious person you've met.

Roy tears the tab off the beer and begins anxiously rubbing it with his fingers.

ROY (CONT'D)

Not me, though the fool I am. I chose to include her in my life. Before you, she was the only female presence I had.

Roy checks over his shoulder to look at the oven.

ROY (CONT'D)

She constantly nags me about not having a significant other. I was never good enough for her. Always falling short of what she deemed as competent. A never-ending letdown. She was disappointed by everything I've ever done.

Roy chugs the rest of his beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

You're better than them, more compassionate and caring. You don't treat me like a subhuman freak destined to rot alone for all eternity.

Roy gets up, crushes the beer can, walks over to the trash can next to the fridge, and throws it out.

ROY (CONT'D)

I've experienced more relationship experience in these two days than I've experienced in the last twenty-odd years of my life.

Roy walks back over to the kitchen table. He lifts the corpse up under its arms and carries the corpse over to his spot. He sits down, then balances it on his lap. Positioning the bottom of the corpse so it's resting on his crotch.

ROY (CONT'D)

You have allowed me to experience the happiness that society has seemingly deemed me unworthy of deserving.

Roy grabs the corpse by the waist and begins grinding the corpse's bottom into his crotch.

ROY (CONT'D)

For that, I'm eternally grateful. I have full intention not to take you for granted. To utilize you to help me accomplish all of my fantasies.

Roy continues grinding against it. He moves faster, and faster, and then abruptly stops.

ROY (CONT'D)

Speaking of my mom. I haven't heard from her. Maybe I should invite her over this weekend.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

I know it's kind of sudden and soon, but I just want to show you off to my cunt of a mother. The person who only cares for herself and will throw anyone under the bus if she benefits from it. It probably doesn't even matter if she benefits from it or not; she'd probably demolish you just for the fun of it.

Roy wraps his arms around the corpse's waist and pulls it closer to him. He rests his chin on the corpse's shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)

Never in her wildest imagination did she expect me to bag someone as incredible as you. She thought I was going to die alone like her. Sorry, Mom, I've done something even you are incapable of doing.

Roy begins nibbling at the corpse's earlobe.

ROY (CONT'D)

I can finally prove her wrong for once. Prove to her I'm not wholly unlovable.

Roy begins caressing the corpse's right inner thigh with his right hand.

ROY (CONT'D)

I never knew what it would be like to hold someone in my arms. It's more precious than I thought it to be.

Roy rests his right hand on the corpse's thigh, and then he puts his left hand around her waist. He looks over at the oven again.

ROY (CONT'D)

I missed out on teenage love. Never really got an opportunity to develop those relationship skills most other kids got to. I really don't understand what it takes to have a loving partner. What are the attributes people look for? Can those attributes be learned, or do you just naturally have them?

The corpse begins to slip off his lap, he hoists it back into position.

ROY (CONT'D)

But you've given me the opportunity to catch up to where everyone else my age is already at. Those skills necessary to successfully function. For the first time in my life I can come across as a full-fledged human being.

Roy interlocks his hands with the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

First hand I've held.

Roy kisses the corpse's neck and continues kissing, then he grabs the corpse's head and positions it so he can kiss the corpse's lips. He kisses the corpse's lips.

ROY (CONT'D)

First kiss.

Roy reaches into the corpse's shirt and fondles the corpse's breasts.

ROY (CONT'D)

There's so many firsts we get to experience with each other. It's a unique situation for me. Most girls my age have already experienced that and much more. All of them have been run through and busted out. They're tainted, sour products. No longer precious and pure. Rotten inside and out.

Roy stops fondling the corpse and fixes the corpse's shirt.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's a special thing to be someone's first. No real judgment. Both of us just allowing the other to experience maximum pleasure with no reservations or limitations.

While balancing the corpse on his lap, he reaches over the table and grabs the corpse's untouched beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

I wanted to give you a little alcohol because I heard a girl's first time can be physically rough for them.

Roy takes a sip from the corpse's beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

But I also understand wanting to be fully coherent for your first time, it's an important event you only get to experience once. The pain might be an important part of that experience. Pain and pleasure mix surprisingly well. You'd be shocked.

Roy places the beer back onto the table and then checks back over to the oven.

ROY (CONT'D)

Don't worry too much about the pain. I plan on being gentle. I'll also make sure you're sopping wet before I stick it in. Who knows, I might get carried away and forget about being gentle, but at that point, you'll just have to bear with it.

Roy is fiddling with the corpse's skirt, readjusting it so its panties peek out.

ROY (CONT'D)

Before we eat, I want to show you something.

Roy scoops the corpse up again by hooking his arms underneath the corpse's arms and places her in the seat across from him.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Roy walks over to the foyer closet and opens it. He rummages through the junk till he finds a sleek wooden box. He puts it under his arm and walks back to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roy walks over to the kitchen table. He places the wooden box on the table, unlatches it, and pulls out a long knife sheathed in a black leather sheath. He unbuckles the sheath and brandishes it in front of the corpse.

ROY  
What do you think?

Roy mimes stabbing someone with it.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I had to special order it from an online knife store. It's called an Arkansas Toothpick.

Roy places the knife open-palmed in his two hands and presents it to the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I know, it's pretty cool. Anyone and I mean anyone tries to take you away from me, they got to answer to the toothpick.

Roy sheathes the blade and places it back into the box.

ROY (CONT'D)  
That's enough of that.

Roy walks over to the fridge and places the box on top of it, then walks back over to the oven.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's probably been in there for enough time. Din, Din, time. I want to replenish my energy because I'm gonna be expending a lot of it later. You should eat a lot too, though you'll probably just be lying down and taking it. I'll be putting in most of the effort.

Roy grabs the dish rag hanging off of the oven. He opens the oven, grabs the turkey dinner tray, walks over to the kitchen table and places it in front of the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Lean turkey for you since I know you want to watch your figure. Same can't be said about me. I love me my food.

Roy slaps his belly. He walks back over to the oven and grabs the Salisbury steak tray with the kitchen rag, then closes the oven door with his free hand. He places the Salisbury steak dinner across from the corpse. He then goes to the drawer next to the oven and grabs two plastic knives and forks.

Roy walks back over to the corpse. Places a plastic knife on its right, then the plastic fork on its left. He takes a seat. He rubs the utensils together like he's trying to sharpen them with each other.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now to say grace... Ha, I'm kidding.  
I'm not religious.

Roy takes his knife and fork, cuts a piece of the Salisbury steak and picks it up with his fork, then scoops some of the mashed potatoes up with the steak.

ROY (CONT'D)  
My grandpa, mom's dad, loved  
Salisbury steak. He hated real  
steak. He grew up pretty poor, so  
he never got the opportunity to  
develop a taste for the finer  
things in life.

Roy places the meat and potatoes into his mouth. Chews and lets out a moan, then swallows.

ROY (CONT'D)  
But he got one thing right.  
Salisbury steak is delicious.

Roy takes a sip from the beer at the table.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Wasn't very close to him. My  
grandfather, that is. He too  
thought me to be a useless waste of  
space. He never said it outright,  
but I think he thought I was gay.

Roy gets up, walks over to the corpse, and cuts up the corpse's turkey for it, then walks back over and sits down.

ROY (CONT'D)  
My brother was close with him, but  
that wasn't new; everyone liked my  
brother more than me.

Roy takes a fork full of mashed potatoes and dips it in the gravy, then shoves it in his mouth, swishes it around, then swallows.

ROY (CONT'D)

But who cares who my grandpa liked more, my brother didn't save him from dying alone in a shitty nursing home, dementia ridden.

Roy takes another swig from the beer finishing it. He gets up and tosses the can in his garbage. He grabs another beer from his fridge.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'd like to say I was stuck in my brother's shadow, because then at least there'd be some relation, it was more like I had no association with him. If we were in the same room, you wouldn't even guess we were related.

Roy sits back down across from the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

He was about a foot taller, much more attractive, smarter, more athletic, there's been no point in his life where he didn't have a significant other. We've lived polar opposite lives.

Roy cracks open the new beer and takes a sip from it.

ROY (CONT'D)

Last I heard he's happily married with some big shot attorney he met at law school, with two kids. The type of guy who has experienced zero real hardship in life. He got everything he ever wanted with no difficulty. He doesn't know what the true meaning of pain is.

Roy reaches over the table and pushes the corpse's tray closer to it.

ROY (CONT'D)

I know you're nervous, but you really should eat something beforehand.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm not going to make you deep-throat my shaft and balls, so you don't have to worry about throwing up.

Roy cuts another piece from his Salisbury steak. He motions it towards the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

Did you want a piece of mine instead of the turkey?

Roy holds it out for a second. He shrugs and shoves it in his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)

When I was growing up my sister swore off red meat. Which I always thought was strange because she still ate other meat just not red meat.

Roy takes the final forkful of Salisbury steak and shoves it into his mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)

Supposedly, if you stop eating red meat for long enough, you lose the ability to digest it, so if you eat it again, it'll make you sick.

Roy takes a forkful of his mashed potatoes and then uses his knife to make sure there's a good helping of gravy on top of the forkful. He sucks the forkful down.

ROY (CONT'D)

I don't know if that happened to my sister. Never got a chance to ask her. Like the rest of the women in my life, she found my very existence to be repugnant.

Roy takes a sip of his beer and swishes it around his mouth a few times before swallowing.

ROY (CONT'D)

The second she finished high school she was out of here. No one I know has heard from her. Left with some older guy. Only thing I remember of him is that he rode a motorcycle, and when he came over the house, you could hear my sister's bed creaking from her room.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)

He was pounding the shit out of her. You could tell the guy knew how to use it. One night with that guy, and I'm sure most chicks would run away with him.

Roy begins to pick at the brownie in his tray with his fork. He tries to get the whole thing out of the little compartment it was in, but the bottom half is cemented to the tray.

ROY (CONT'D)

This is the best part.

Roy shoves the brownie into his mouth. Chews, swallows, then smiles at the corpse, his teeth are now covered in chocolate. Roy scoops the rest of the brownie off the bottom of the tray with his finger, then licks his finger clean.

ROY (CONT'D)

Since you're not hungry, would you mind if I had yours?

Roy waits for a response. He reaches over and drags the corpse's tray over to him.

ROY (CONT'D)

Thanks, I usually don't eat this much, maybe it's just nerves.

Roy impales a couple of pieces of the turkey with his fork.

ROY (CONT'D)

They say the taste of a man's cum is dependent on his diet. I don't know about that. I've only tasted my cum a few times. On accident, of course. It didn't really taste that great.

Roy shoves his mouth full of turkey. There's such a large amount of food in his mouth he begins to struggle to swallow it down, but gets it down in a big gulp and breathes a heavy sigh of relief.

ROY (CONT'D)

I sure hope you end up liking the taste because a whole lot of it is going to end up in your mouth starting from today onward. Maybe you can completely subsist off of my baby batter. No other food necessary.

Roy shoves the rest of the turkey into his mouth with a fork.

ROY (CONT'D)

I can't get our first night together out of my head. It was the greatest amount of pleasure I've ever felt. Your tiny, delicate fingers wrapped around my member. Feeling it pulse with warmth. You did good for your first time. Hard to believe I get to experience that every night from now on. Someone whose sole purpose is to service me and please me.

Roy eats the stuffing that was residing underneath the turkey, soaked in gravy.

ROY (CONT'D)

After talking it through with you, I've made my choice. I'm going to invite my mom over for dinner this weekend. I really want to rub our relationship in her bitter, lonely face.

Roy lifts the tray and slurps the cranberry sauce out of its little compartment.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'll call her tomorrow. I know for a fact she's got nothing else going on in her life. Hell, you're pretty enough, maybe she'll even be impressed. That would be a first.

Roy puts both sets of cutlery into the trays, then he stacks the trays on top of each other, in both trays the little compartment of vegetables has been left untouched. He then walks over to the garbage and throws both out. He walks back over to the table and sits across from the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

Let me just finish my drink, then we can get this consummation on the road.

Roy takes a sip from his beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

Don't even ask about meeting my siblings. Only God knows where my sister is, and you can meet my brother over my dead body.

Roy grabs the corpse's hand from across the table and rubs the corpse's skin with his thumb.

ROY (CONT'D)

I've been compared to him my entire life. I don't need one more person doing that. I wouldn't even blame you if you did think he was better, so to avoid that, you two must never meet.

Roy releases the corpse's hand and takes another sip from his beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

In all honesty, I don't really want you interacting with anyone but me. Too many potential temptations. It's not that I don't trust you. I don't trust others. Especially men, they'd want to sink their teeth in you and fill your holes. Why shouldn't they? It's in their nature. I plan to keep you away from situations where that is a possibility.

Roy finishes the beer and crushes it against the table.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm yours, you're mine. We will be enough for each other. Make up for each other's weaknesses.

Roy gets up and walks over to the trash can and tosses in his beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

Well, it's either now or never. We're not getting any younger.

Roy wipes his clammy hands on his shorts.

ROY (CONT'D)

I would be lying if I said I wasn't nervous. In fact, my heart feels like it's about to burst out of my chest.

Roy walks over to the corpse and puts his hands on its shoulders. He looks deeply into its half-open eyes.

ROY (CONT'D)

You ready?

Roy lightly shakes its shoulders.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Me? Well, I'm about as ready as  
I'll ever be.

Roy wipes some beads of sweat off his forehead. Then scoops the corpse up into his arms in a bridal carry.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Dum, dum, dadum, dum, dum, dadum.

Roy begins to walk out of the kitchen with the corpse in his arms, having to readjust his grip halfway through it.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Still can't get over how light you  
are.

Roy exits the kitchen with the corpse in tow.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Roy opens the bedroom door, then goes back to the hallway because he needed to drop the corpse before he entered. He reenters with the corpse in his arms. He walks the corpse over to the bed and lays the corpse ever so gently down onto the bed.

ROY  
How did you want to start? I heard  
that women are really into  
foreplay, so maybe there?

Roy grabs the corpse's legs and pulls her down the bed, so the corpse's legs are hanging off of the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We should probably hold off on any  
type of roleplay for our first  
time.

Roy unbuttons the corpse's flannel, revealing the green and blue bra.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Not that I'm opposed to roleplaying  
in the future. Always something  
alluring about a scenario where  
something ugly corrupts something  
pretty.

Instead of taking the bra off, he pushes the bra up to reveal the corpse's breasts, he squeezes them, then tweaks the corpse's nipples with his fingers.

ROY (CONT'D)

Why don't we start with some fellatio? I won't really know what I'm doing, but at the very least, my spit can act as lube even if you don't end up getting wet yourself.

Roy slips the corpse's skirt off her legs and tosses it into the corner. He then goes to remove the corpse's panties only to pull himself back.

ROY (CONT'D)

What do you think? Is it hotter to take the panties off or just pull them to the side? Maybe I should tear them off with my teeth?

Roy pulls the panties to the side and squints.

ROY (CONT'D)

Ok, I'm just gonna take them off. I want to be able to see what I'm doing.

Roy slips her panties off. He tosses them to the ground, and then he gets to his knees to be at eye level with the corpse's genitals.

ROY (CONT'D)

Damn, you have such a nice slit. Very neat and pert, it looks tight enough to rip my dick off. Most pussies I've seen look nasty. To be fair the only pussies I've seen have been through porn. All of those women's pussies are absolutely beat and ruined from all the dicks that have railed them.

Roy puts his hands on the corpse's thighs and spreads its legs apart.

ROY (CONT'D)

I can't wait any longer, I need to smell and taste you to the fullest.

Roy puts his mouth to the corpse's genitals. He begins to lick and suck the vaginal opening. The sucking releases a stream of black bile that was inside.

The black bile flows into Roy's mouth. It takes a second for him to register the smell and taste that is assaulting his senses.

Roy projectile vomits all over the corpse's lower half. He falls to the ground and begins gagging and dry heaving. He tries to stand up, but then immediately falls back to the ground. He begins vomiting up the rest of the contents of his stomach. He finishes vomiting and then falls to his back, out of breath.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm show shorry.

Roy works his way to his feet. He wipes the vomit from his mouth. He stares at the corpse covered in vomit.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We need to get you cleaned up.

Roy scoops up the corpse. Vomit drips off the bottom half of it.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm really sorry. This is all my fault, I haven't given you an opportunity to freshen up since you got here.

Roy walks over to the bathroom, attached to his room. Opens the door and steps in.

INT. BEDROOM BATHROOM - DAY

There is a toilet, sink, bathtub, and shower combination. The shower paint is peeling and cracking. The toilet hasn't been cleaned in a while. The mirror has smudges all over it.

Roy walks in with the corpse and then shuts the door behind them. He places the corpse on the ground next to the shower.

ROY  
This is still kind of erotic,  
getting to soap up a cute young  
chick.

Roy unbuttons her top and then unhooks her bra. He bunches both up and tosses them into the corner.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Can't say I haven't fantasized  
about peeping on a teen while she  
showers.

Roy turns the shower on.

ROY (CONT'D)

I tried to peek on my sister a couple of times. Until my mom caught me and gave me a caning till I bled. I couldn't sit right for a month.

Roy feels the temperature of the water, then turns the knob to the right.

ROY (CONT'D)

It was all worth it, though, to get a glimpse at my sister's rack. Even at sixteen, they were plump and big as cantaloupes.

Roy begins to undress, starting with his shirt, then moving to take off his pants and underwear.

ROY (CONT'D)

Nothing to be envious of. Your boobs are the ideal size, perfect little handfuls, topped with cute pink peeks. My sister's nipples took up the majority of her breast. Not very appealing. Though it certainly didn't stop me from imagining what it would be like to touch and taste them.

Roy opens the shower door. He then scoops the corpse up underneath its arm pits and steps into the shower.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Roy sits down on the side of the shower the water is spraying on. With the corpse in his lap.

ROY

Don't judge me too harshly for that. It's normal for guys to fantasize about that stuff. It's only perverse when you label it as that. What's the real difference between perverse and normal sexual arousal?

Roy grabs the corpse and raises it to get it completely covered in water. He puts the corpse back in his lap and begins spreading the water over the corpse's skin.

ROY (CONT'D)

Probably a good idea to get you all nice and clean before meeting my mom anyway. Not to make you too nervous, but she's hyper-critical and judgmental. She'll pick up on the smallest flaws and imperfections, so you have to stay on your A-game.

Roy grabs the soap from the soap dish and begins to lather it up in his hands. Roy starts to spread the lather, starting on the corpse's calves up to its thighs. He grabs the bar to re-lather and repeats the process, rubbing off bits of bile all the while doing it.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry about getting sick all over you. I think it was a combination of nerves and drinking too much.

Roy moves up from the corpse's thighs and goes straight to the corpse's genitals. Instead of lathering it up with his hands, he just lathers directly on the corpse's skin.

Roy rubs the soap really hard against the corpse's genitals. Once all sudsy, he puts the bar of soap down and begins scrubbing the corpse's genitals with his hands. Once the outside of the genitals are clean he moves to the inside.

ROY (CONT'D)

Sorry, this may get uncomfortable, but I have to make sure to be thorough.

Roy uses his two fingers to plunge into the corpse's vagina and scoops out any remnants of the bile. Once he scoops out the bile, he grabs the bar to re-lather once more. He puts the bar of soap down again and scrubs the corpse's genitals, this time a bit more gently.

Roy takes extra care cleaning out the folds of the labia. Once all the soap is washed off. He moves on to lathering the corpse's navel with the bar of soap.

ROY (CONT'D)

There, isn't that so much better? I'm not that big on hygiene myself. I could honestly go a month without showering or bathing, but I guess now that we're together, we can hold each other to a higher standard.

Roy rinses all the suds of her navel, then begins lathering the corpse's breasts.

ROY (CONT'D)

I really don't mind the smell of body odor. It has a head-dizzying aroma that's weirdly addictive. You really don't have to be self-conscious about that stuff with me because I kind of like it. It's primal and arousing getting a whiff of your pheromones.

Roy is extra attentive to the corpse's breasts, making sure to thoroughly rub in the soap.

ROY (CONT'D)

Is there any visual in the world better than soapy boobs? I think not.

Roy rinses off the corpse's chest, then begins lathering the corpse's armpits.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's amazing how naturally hairless you are, of course, except for your cute little tuft of pubes.

Roy rinses the suds of the corpse's arm pits. He begins to clean the corpse's arms. Starting at the hands, working to the shoulders. First the left, then the right.

ROY (CONT'D)

Certainly don't mind body hair, but your smooth skin makes a compelling argument against it.

Roy rinses off the corpse's arms, then moves to the corpse's face. He makes sure the corpse's eyes are closed and begins to lather its face.

ROY (CONT'D)

Make sure to keep your eyes shut. It'll sting if you don't

Roy scrubs the corpse's face with his hands, then reaches over and grabs the two-in-one shampoo from the shelf next to him.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's important to wash your hair. Don't want you getting any bugs or anything like that.

Roy squirts the shampoo on his hands and begins massaging the scalp of the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Does it feel good? When I was a little boy, my mom would wash my hair like this.

Little clumps of hair come off the corpse's scalp. Roy brushes them aside.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Probably the last fond memory I have of my mom. That's when I was a cute little boy. She seemed to like me more when I was little. You'd be surprised how cute I was. Just to deteriorate into the grotesque man I am now.

Roy washes the soap out of the corpse's hair.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Ok, time to flip, and let me get your backside.

Roy flips the corpse over, and the corpse slips down his body, so the corpse's head makes contact with Roy's groin.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Woah, you want to do that now? In the shower? Fine by me.

Roy opens the corpse's mouth with his hand, then inserts his half-chubbed member into the corpse's mouth. He begins to move the corpse's head up and down with his hands.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Oh, wow, you're incredible.

Roy begins moving the corpse's head faster on his member. While at the same time thrusting his hips up.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Roy slows the movement of his thrusts down. Now they are slower and more purposeful.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Your mouth feels magical.

Roy stops thrusting. He very slowly bobs the corpse's head up and down on his member using his hands.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Don't want to blow just yet, it  
feels so good. I want it to last a  
little longer.

Roy stands with the corpse's head in his hands. He pins the  
corpse's head against the shower wall, keeping it stationary.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Let's try this for size.

While Roy holds the corpse's head in place against the wall,  
he forcefully inserts his member into the corpse's mouth and  
begins erratically thrusting his member in and out of it.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Take it. Take it.

Roy is slamming against the corpse's head quickly and  
repeatedly.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You like getting skull fucked you  
stupid whore?

Roy's thrusts are slowing down, culminating into one final  
strong thrust. He completely unloads into the corpse's mouth.  
He releases the corpse's head and lets it fall to the shower  
floor. He slides down and lies on the floor of the shower  
wheezing.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You don't actually have to swallow  
it if you don't want. Remember I  
told you I tasted it myself, it's  
downright rancid.

Roy leans his head back and closes his eyes, catching his  
breath.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Maybe I should actually try  
changing my diet. Though who knows  
if that actually has any effect on  
the flavor.

Roy positions himself, so he's back in a sitting position  
with his back to the shower wall. The corpse is lying face  
down in the shower.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I've always wanted to try to face  
fuck someone. Hopefully, I wasn't  
too rough.

Roy gets up and lifts up the corpse. He rinses out the corpse's mouth with the shower head.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Jeez, there's so much. I must have  
came a gallon.

After scooping out the remaining jizz from its mouth with his fingers, he sits back down with the corpse on his lap. Roy quickly picks up the bar of soap and scrubs the corpse's back and glutes.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Let's make this quick, I'm getting  
all pruny.

Roy rinses off the backside of the corpse and turns the shower off. He opens the shower door, picks up the corpse, and lays it on the shower mat outside.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

ROY  
I'll go grab us towels. I'll be  
right back.

Roy picks up his clothes he changed out of, and exits, then re-enters moments later with two old, raggedy towels.

ROY (CONT'D)  
That felt incredible, but now I'm  
super sore. I can tell it did a  
number on you, too. To think I'd  
get to have a personal onahole as  
cute as you. I get to do whatever I  
want to you. You're my plaything,  
and I'm a child that doesn't treat  
his toys well, but you knew that  
coming into it. I saved you, so I  
get to reap my reward, which is  
mostly your soft mouth, tight cunt,  
and perky tits.

Roy begins drying himself off, starting from his head, then working down.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I shouldn't even bother cleaning my  
dick anymore, not when I have my  
own personal dick scrubber right  
here.

Roy finishes drying his legs off and then hangs his towel on the back of the bathroom door.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Doesn't that sound like a nice new morning routine? You get to start every day off with a healthy breakfast of your favorite person's dick cheese.

Roy grabs the other towel and begins drying the corpse off. Starting with its hair.

ROY (CONT'D)  
My whole life I've seen the strong prey upon the weak. More times than not I was the weak. It's interesting to finally reverse the roles. No longer perpetually rejected and dejected.

Roy begins drying the back of the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now that I've gotten a real taste for it, I can see why they did it. The strength you feel in those moments, claiming superiority and dominance over another is a most exquisite feeling, quite unlike any other.

Roy pat dries the corpse's lower back.

ROY (CONT'D)  
This is the way it was meant to be. Women subservient to men. I can tell you agree. Before me your life lacked structure, you probably didn't have a dominant male figure to rely on.

Roy rubs the towel down the crease between the corpse's glutes.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's a mutually beneficial agreement. I'll provide food, shelter, and money for you. In return you provide me with companionship and physical intimacy.

Roy grabs the corpse's right leg. He wraps the towel around it and moves it up and down, drying it off.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm glad we could come to an understanding.

Roy grabs the corpse's left leg. He wraps the towel around it and moves it up and down drying it off.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's the perfect arrangement. You get what you want. I get what I want.

Roy flips the corpse over and runs the towel over the corpse's face.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'll let you in on a little secret, most guys would kill for an arrangement like ours. Women nowadays just aren't very interested in serving men the way you do.

Roy opens the corpse's mouth and shoves the towel inside trying to suck up any remaining water.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I have to make sure to properly dry your holes, don't want any mildew growing.

Roy begins drying the corpse's shoulders and clavicle.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm very lucky I got to you first before any other guy. The vast majority of guys would jump at the chance of pinning you down, but hey you're stuck with me now. Too late to go back on your word, but don't worry, you'll live an easy life from now on, as long as you take care of your duties.

Roy wraps the towel around the corpse's right arm and shimmies it up to her hand, then dries the right armpit.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I really don't mind that you don't talk much. It's just nice to have someone who listens.

Roy wraps the towel around the corpse's left arm and shimmies it up to her hand, then dries the left armpit.

ROY (CONT'D)

Before you I really didn't have anyone to speak to in my day to day. I would go for weeks without speaking to anyone if my mom didn't call me once a week.

Roy pats dry the corpse's chest and navel.

ROY (CONT'D)

With her, it's always the same stuff, Oh my stomach hurts, I've been having diarrhea, When are you going to get married and have kids? She barely lets me get a word in edgewise.

Roy thoroughly dries the corpse's genitals. Making sure to insert the towel to absorb as much moisture inside the vagina as possible.

ROY (CONT'D)

Now that I have you, I'm one step closer to never being asked one of those questions again.

Roy picks up the corpse's right foot and dries it, then he picks up the corpse's left foot and dries it.

ROY (CONT'D)

Woo, all done.

Roy hangs up the towel on the back of the door, then he turns and picks up the corpse, flinging it over his shoulder. He opens the bathroom door and exits.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Roy enters and makes eye contact with the vomit-drenched sheets.

ROY

Oh right.

Roy plops the corpse down next to the bathroom door. With the corpse's back leaning against the wall.

ROY (CONT'D)

Wait here. Let me clean this up.

Roy walks over to the bed, tosses the pillows to the floor, untucks the top right sheet, then heads over to the top left of the bed and unhooks it. He starts to take it off, bringing the blankets with it. He folds it up, making sure the vomit-covered comforter is inside the sheet.

Roy is holding the bundle of blankets in both arms and uses the blanket to sloppily wipe off the vomit that is on the ground.

ROY (CONT'D)

Don't worry about it, certainly not the first time I've had to clean up vomit from my bedroom floor.

Roy uncrouches and walks over to the bedroom door.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's a good thing I took off your panties when I did. Would have been awful to ruin them the same day you got them.

Roy opens the bedroom door and then exits.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Roy heads to the end of the hallway. He opens a closet that has a washer and dryer in it. He opens the washer door and puts the blankets inside, then closes the washer door. There is a shelf at the top of the closet with laundry detergent on the left side and blankets on the right side.

Roy pulls the detergent drawer on the washer open, then grabs the bottle of detergent and pours it to the line. He turns the knob to normal, then presses start. The washer whirls to life.

Roy grabs a comforter and a sheet from the top shelf of the closet, then closes the doors. He walks back over to the bedroom door with blankets in hand.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Roy enters and places the blankets next to the bed. He inspects the mattress.

ROY

It didn't seem to seep through, so that's good.

Roy walks over to the blankets and grabs the sheet, then goes to the foot of the bed and wafts it out over the bed. He goes over to the right top corner and secures it, then walks around to the left top corner and secures that. He does the same for the bottom two corners.

ROY (CONT'D)

I have to change beds all the time at work. Any time someone gets discharged. You have to strip the bed, then wipe the whole hospital bed down with disinfectant.

Roy walks back over to the comforter, grabs it, and unfolds it.

ROY (CONT'D)

You have to make sure to be thorough because if anything gets spread, or if there's an infection, it's your ass on the line.

Roy spreads the comforter over the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)

Don't get me started on the no-contact rooms.

Roy gets on top of the bed and smooths the comforter out. There's a particular lump he struggles to get flat.

ROY (CONT'D)

No-contact rooms are basically what we call the rooms that have a particularly contagious patient.

They label them by placing signs on the doors. Depending on the sign it can mean you're not allowed to enter without a mask, or without gloves and a gown, or without eye shields, and if it's really bad you need to wear all of them at the same time.

Roy picks up the pillows from the floor and walks back over to the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)

And because the patients are particularly contagious, you have to do a deep cleaning of their entire room.

Roy places the pillows at the head of the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Literally scrubbing every single surface and you don't just use Virex wipes you use the bleach wipes too. You have to wipe every single surface down. All while wearing all that gear.

Roy fluffs one of the pillows up.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Sometimes it could take me an hour to finish the whole room, and by the time I'm done, I'm drenched in sweat; thanks to the additional protective equipment I have to wear.

Roy fluffs the other pillow.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Do you even care about any of this?

Roy hops off the bed and turns towards the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You do? That's a first. My mom never lets me talk about work, and that's the only other woman I've ever interacted with.

Roy walks over to the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
She's also the only woman I've ever been physically intimate with. Not in a weird way just hugs and that type of stuff. Though her hugs always feel cold and hollow. Like it's an obligation not a want.

Roy scoops the corpse up in his arms.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's not like that with you; I feel genuine warmth when I embrace you. I guess I hugged my sister once forcefully. Her entire body shuddered and reviled in disgust.

Roy walks over to the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)  
That's how I know you like me;  
you're the first person to not flat-  
out reject my physical advances.

Roy places the corpse on top of the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I think we should skip pajamas for  
tonight. We're comfortable with  
each other by now, yeah?

Roy rolls the corpse to the side and pulls the comforter out  
from under it, then tucks the corpse in.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm really thankful I finally have  
someone to bounce my thoughts off  
of. Usually, they just end up  
swirling around my brain  
ceaselessly, causing a great amount  
of mental discomfort. Now I finally  
have an outlet for them.

Roy walks over to the other side of the room and switches off  
the light.

ROY (CONT'D)  
My interactions with others have  
been greatly restricted as of late.  
Especially since they moved me to  
the night shift, I don't even have  
middling conversations with dull  
coworkers anymore.

Roy walks over to the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)  
The only other people around me  
deem themselves too high on the  
social caste system to engage with  
me in conversation.

Roy slips into the bed.

ROY (CONT'D)  
All those nurses and doctors treat  
me with no human decency, just  
because of my job position.

Roy big spoons the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

It's in bed when the loneliness strikes the hardest. Waking up to an empty bed in a cold and tiny room. That's when the aching in the chest feels the most excruciating.

Roy wraps his arm around the corpse's waist.

ROY (CONT'D)

I apologize for making you go to bed so early. It's the damn night shift. I'm taking a few days off till you get settled, so you may have to get used to an odd sleep schedule.

Roy pulls the corpse tighter into himself.

ROY (CONT'D)

I'm exhausted after that whole vomit ordeal. I could pass out any second now.

Roy nuzzles his head into the back of the corpse's head.

ROY (CONT'D)

Remind me to call my mom first thing tomorrow. I'm nervous to introduce you two, but it feels like an essential next step.

Roy huffs the back of the corpse's head.

ROY (CONT'D)

I feel as though I've finally achieved something worthy of praise.

Roy lets his head fall back and hit the pillow, as soon as he makes contact with it, he's out like a light.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Roy stirs from his deep slumber. Opens his eyes and yawns. On sheer instinct, he begins to dry hump the corpse's rear.

ROY

Man, I slept like a rock. I wouldn't be surprised if I slept for a day straight.

Roy continues to dry hump the corpse's rear, sliding his member back and forth between the glutes of the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I hope you don't mind, don't want  
to waste a perfectly good and  
healthy morning wood.

Roy grabs her by the hips and begins humping even faster, being careful as to not allow it to slip in.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I knew you wouldn't mind because  
you're my girl.

Roy pulls the corpse closer to his body and begins doing longer, slower strokes, with more strength behind them. He nibbles on the corpse's neck.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I couldn't think of a better way to  
start off my morning than sliding  
my thick shaft between your plump,  
round, little cheeks.

Roy picks up the tempo once again. Violently thrusting against the corpse's backside. Making a distinct sound of flesh slapping against flesh.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'd love to do this all day, but we  
have more important stuff to do  
today. I'm sorry, I'll make it up  
to you later on.

Roy's movement slows once again to a few slow purposeful pumps, then comes to an abrupt halt, spurting out his strings of cum in between the corpse's posterior.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Hoo, thanks for the ass job miss.

Roy smacks the corpse's ass.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Let's get this day a-rolling.

Roy walks over to his dresser and opens the top drawer, pulls out a pair of white briefs. He slips them on.

Roy opens the second drawer and pulls out a white tank top and squeezes it over his body.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Why don't we get you dressed in something?

Roy walks over to the corner of the room where he tossed the corpse's panties last night, then he walks over to the corpse and slides the panties up the corpse's legs.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Do you remember where you put your shirt?

Roy does a lap around the bedroom looking for the shirt. He looks under the bed. He stands up defeated.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Ah screw it you can just wear one of mine for the time being. You'll look cute in an oversized shirt anyway.

Roy goes to his closet and picks out an old band T-shirt, walks over to the corpse, props up her top half against the backboard of the bed, and slips the shirt over her head, onto her torso, then carefully maneuvers her arms through the sleeve holes.

ROY (CONT'D)  
No need to put your bra on it's just me and you, nothing I haven't seen right?

Roy grins at the corpse, then goes in for a kiss and begins making out with the corpse. He sticks his tongue in her mouth and pushes it around, exploring all the nooks and crannies, then pulls back and moistens his mouth like he's tasted something odd.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We should probably brush our teeth before we make out like that, huh?

Roy opens the bathroom door, then walks back over to the bed and picks up the corpse. He walks into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Roy walks into the bathroom and puts the corpse on the bathroom counter, next to the sink, so her back is against the wall and the corpse is sitting upright.

ROY

I only have one toothbrush, so  
we're going to have to share.

Roy grabs the toothbrush from the cup on the bathroom counter, then grabs the toothpaste and squeezes it out on the toothbrush. He wets it with the sink, then begins brushing his teeth. Top row, then bottom, then tongue. He rinses his mouth out with the faucet, he puts his mouth right on it. He swishes the water around, then he spits.

ROY (CONT'D)

Your turn.

Roy applies a new layer of toothpaste, wets it under the faucet, then opens the corpse's mouth with one hand and sticks the toothbrush in. He starts brushing the top row of the corpse's teeth.

ROY (CONT'D)

I feel like I can talk with you  
about anything.

Roy continues brushing the top left row, trying to get the crevices and gums clean.

ROY (CONT'D)

I can tell you about my darkest  
fantasy to date.

Roy switches over to the top row, right side of the mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)

To frame it properly, this was  
during high school, so as you know  
by now, I was incredibly lonely and  
miserable.

Roy switches to the front part of the top row.

ROY (CONT'D)

I had to sit and watch as everyone  
around me got to experience young  
love and physical intimacy. I was  
jealous and bitter of them.

Roy moves to the bottom row, on the right side of the mouth.

ROY (CONT'D)

And I felt like I was owed what  
they had.

Roy moves over to the left side of the bottom row.

ROY (CONT'D)

There was this severely autistic chick in my Home EC class. I'm talking severe enough that she needed an assistant to walk her to her next class.

Roy begins brushing the front side of her bottom row.

ROY (CONT'D)

She was cute too, curly blonde hair, and her body wasn't anything to write home about, but still developed somewhat.

Roy rinses the toothbrush under the faucet and makes sure it's nice and wet, then begins brushing the top row again.

ROY (CONT'D)

Most guys stayed away from her, either because they felt like it would be immoral to take advantage of her due to her mental disability, or because she seemingly never bathed, so she had a strong BO.

Roy begins brushing the left side of the top row.

ROY (CONT'D)

But as I already said, BO never really bothered me all that much. I just couldn't get the idea out of my head about how easy it would be to take advantage of her.

Roy begins brushing the right side of the top row.

ROY (CONT'D)

I went out of my way to sit next to her every class. I would just sit there and stare at her. I would fantasize about how easy it would be to push her boundaries.

Roy begins brushing the front side of the top row.

ROY (CONT'D)

What would have happened if I sneakily groped her during class? Would she even care?

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)  
She generally seemed unable to  
formulate coherent sentences, so  
would she even be able to tell  
anyone if she did care?

Roy begins brushing the right side of the bottom row.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I even devised a plan to go all the  
way with her. It was a pretty good  
plan too.

Roy begins brushing the left side of the bottom row.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I was too scared to actually put  
the plan into motion. Too cowardly  
to take the one golden opportunity  
presented to me. That's why I  
didn't hesitate when it came to  
bringing you home. I wasn't going  
to let another opportunity slip  
through my fingers. Who knows if I  
was ever going to get another one  
like it in my life?

Roy begins brushing the front side of the bottom row.

ROY (CONT'D)  
That's one of my biggest regrets.  
That would have been the highlight  
of my high school experience. I  
wanted so badly to hold, smell, and  
rub up against her. I should have  
just volunteered to take her to her  
next class, then pulled her under  
the stairs and claim what I was  
missing.

Roy opens the corpse's mouth wider and begins brushing its  
tongue.

ROY (CONT'D)  
And why shouldn't I have? Everyone  
else got to experience it. Was I  
not owed the same experience? It  
probably wouldn't have even fazed  
her, but I was just so damn scared  
of getting caught. Turning into an  
even bigger disappointment to my  
mom.

Roy yanks on the corpses tongue to see how far out of the  
mouth it will go.

ROY (CONT'D)

That's why I didn't hesitate when it came time to whisk you away. I already missed out on one opportunity in life, and I wasn't about to miss out on another. Who knows if I would have gotten another one, and then for the rest of my life, I would have been lamenting my cowardice for preventing me from seizing life by the jugular. So many opportunities were squandered on a useless dreg like me. I owed it to you not to turn the other way like I did for the others.

Roy rinses the toothbrush off and puts it back into the cup he got it from.

ROY (CONT'D)

Have I sickened you? Like I'm the only one who has those type of thoughts. I can assure you I'm not alone, there's many men out there exactly like me.

Roy leans the corpse back, so its head is under the faucet.

ROY (CONT'D)

There was this one time in the hospital where a baby came in, must have been six months old. Turns out the father tried to make love to it.

Roy fills the corpse's mouth with water.

ROY (CONT'D)

I say tried because apparently the slit was too tight and he wasn't able to fit his member all the way in.

Roy turns the corpse's head to the side and dumps out the water, a lot of blood and chunks of gum come out.

ROY (CONT'D)

All this to say, immoral desires aren't too uncommon, and maybe it's not always a bad thing to act on those urges, as long as the damage isn't too substantial.

(MORE)

ROY (CONT'D)  
Even guys like me deserve to  
express themselves sexually every  
once and a while.

Roy fills the corpse's mouth with water once again.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I've never verbalized these  
thoughts and ideas to anybody  
before.

Roy turns the corpse's head to dump the water, a little less  
blood, and gum comes out.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Thanks for reserving judgment.

Roy takes a few pieces of toilet paper from the toilet paper  
holder and begins drying the inside of the corpse's mouth,  
then tosses the wet toilet paper into the small bathroom  
trash that is overflowing.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You have no idea how quick someone  
is to condemn you, then completely  
disregard you as a person.

Roy picks up the corpse and tosses it over his shoulder, then  
exits the bathroom.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Roy enters the kitchen with the corpse slung over his  
shoulder, then places her on the chair at the kitchen table.  
He takes a seat across from her.

ROY  
Oh, right. Thanks for reminding me.

Roy walks over to the kitchen counter and picks up the house  
phone. He dials a number and brings the phone to his ear. It  
rings for a few moments, then someone picks up on the other  
end.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Hey

There's a murmur on the other end.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Yeah, sorry. I've had a hectic  
week.

More murmurs on the other end.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Yes, I know.

More murmurs on the other end.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Y-yeah, yeah, I wanted to tell you  
something important.

More murmurs on the other end.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's funny you say that because  
it's not too far off.

A low murmur on the other end.

ROY (CONT'D)  
No, really, this time. I wanted to  
invite you over tonight to meet  
them, uh, her.

A murmur on the other end.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm not joking. Can you come around-

Roy looks at the corpse for confirmation and mouths the words  
six.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Six, six-thirty-ish.

A murmur on the other end.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Ok, I love you, bye. See you later  
today.

Roy ends the call and hangs up the phone, then walks over to  
the corpse and rests his head on the corpse's shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Feel how sweaty my palms are, I'm  
so nervous.

Roy gets on his knees, takes the corpse's hands, and looks up  
at the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
This means so much to me, we have  
to make sure everything goes well.

Roy rises and kisses the corpse on the forehead tenderly.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Alright, we have a few hours before  
she comes.

Roy sits across from the corpse at the kitchen table.

ROY (CONT'D)  
My mom is hyper-efficient at  
systematically tearing someone  
down, so be on your guard.

Roy gets up anxiously and walks over to the fridge.

ROY (CONT'D)  
If she detects any weakness or  
insecurity, she will prod at them  
till you buckle under your own  
weight.

Roy opens the fridge and begins scanning the shelves.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Answer her questions directly, she  
will be able to tell if you waver  
before you say something.

Roy moves some cases of beer out of the way, looking for something.

ROY (CONT'D)  
If she asks, we've been talking for  
a few months, I don't want her to  
think we're rushing into anything.

Roy closes the fridge and opens the freezer.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Maybe we should say you work at a  
coffee shop while you save to go to  
college to become a veterinarian.

Roy pushes aside bags of frozen chicken tenders.

ROY (CONT'D)  
She'll want to see you have some  
goals, ya know, that you're working  
towards something.

Roy sorts through the fridge, going through the assortment of frozen meals. He puts them down exasperated.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Ok, don't freak out, but I'm gonna  
have to go to the store.

Roy closes the fridge.

ROY (CONT'D)  
We need vodka, that should temper  
her a bit. I'll pick up something  
for dinner, maybe a couple of sides  
too.

Roy exits the kitchen. He enters moments later with  
sweatpants on, shoes on, a sweatshirt on, and keys in hand.

ROY (CONT'D)  
You wanna come with?

Roy comes by and places his hand under the corpse's chin.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Maybe next time, I think it's best  
if you stay here and compose  
yourself.

Roy hugs the corpse's head.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's going to be ok; it's two  
against one.

Roy squeezes the corpse's head tighter.

ROY (CONT'D)  
With you by my side, for the first  
time in my life, I feel as though I  
actually have a fighting chance  
against her.

Roy releases the corpse's head and looks longingly into her  
milky eyes.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I promise I won't be long.

Roy exits the kitchen.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Roy exits his house and closes the front door tightly behind  
him. He locks the door, then he unlocks his car from the  
porch, walks over to his car and gets in.

The car stalls twice and then starts the third time. The car pulls out of the driveway.

EXT. SHOPPING OUTLET PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Roy pulls into the parking lot of the shopping outlet and parks his car in a spot in the back of the parking lot. He exits his car and begins walking across the parking lot.

Roy makes it about halfway to the grocery store entrance and stops to grab a cart left in a parking spot. He begins pushing the cart to the entrance. He makes it to the entrance and enters through the automatic sliding doors.

INT. DELI SECTION - AFTERNOON

Roy begins pushing his cart through the deli section. There is a YOUNG WOMAN, 22, white blouse and jeans, at the deli counter interacting with the DELI CLERK, 57, smock and black pants. Roy stops at the warmer where they keep the rotisserie chicken. He picks up two and places them in the cart.

Roy walks over to the opposite side, where there is a little open-faced refrigerator, where they put different premade food. He browses the different premade foods.

Roy picks up an egg salad container and looks at it, then puts it down. He picks up a macaroni salad and puts it in the cart, then he picks up a potato salad and puts it in the cart.

Roy walks away from the open-faced refrigerator. He passes by the woman taking a packet of freshly sliced cheese from the deli clerk, then exits the deli section.

INT. SODA AISLE - AFTERNOON

Roy walks through the soda section, he passes by all the name-brand sodas, and stops at the generic brand, club soda, two-liter bottle. Roy grabs it and puts it into his cart.

Roy exits the soda aisle.

INT. SELF-CHECKOUT SECTION - AFTERNOON

Roy pushes his cart to one of the self-checkout terminals. He grabs a paper bag from the slot on the terminal and opens it, then places it on the bagging scale. He scans the first rotisserie chicken and places it into the bag, then he scans the second rotisserie chicken and places it into the bag.

He scans the potato salad and places it in the bag, then scans the macaroni salad and places it in the bag. Finally, he scans the club soda and puts it in the bag.

The total comes out to \$35.89. Roy takes out his wallet, then takes out his credit card. He presses it against the chip reader of the credit card reader, and it makes a ding noise. The receipt gets printed. Roy grabs the receipt and puts it in the bag, then grabs the bag and puts it in his cart.

Roy exits the self checkout station.

EXT. SHOPPING OUTLET PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Roy exits through the automatic sliding doors. He pushes his cart to the cart return. He grabs his bag and pushes the cart into another cart.

Roy walks over to his car and unlocks it, opens the passenger side and puts the bag of groceries inside, then closes the door and locks it.

Roy begins walking over to the liquor store directly next to the grocery store. He reaches the front door, opens it, and enters.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - AFTERNOON

Roy enters and gives a head bob to the clerk behind the counter, who doesn't respond to this gesture.

INT. VODKA SECTION - AFTERNOON

Roy scans the shelf of vodka. He grabs a handle of cheap vodka and exits the section.

INT. BEER FRIDGE SECTION - AFTERNOON

Roy opens the fridge and grabs a twelve pack of cheap light beer with his free hand, then exits the section.

INT. CHECKOUT COUNTER - AFTERNOON

Roy walks over to the counter and places the beer and vodka on the counter. The LIQUOR STORE CASHIER, 27, dressed in a black T-shirt with the liquor store logo on it and jeans, pulls the case of beer closer to him.

LIQUOR STORE CASHIER  
Were you able to find everything  
you were looking for?

The Liquor Store Cashier scans the case of beer.

ROY  
Yeah.

The Liquor Store Cashier scans the handle of vodka.

LIQUOR STORE CASHIER  
Alright, thats going to be \$44.57.

Roy takes out his wallet, then takes out his credit card. He sticks his card into the credit card reader. There is a ding.

LIQUOR STORE CASHIER (CONT'D)  
You need a bag?

ROY  
No, I'm good.

The Liquor Store Cashier hands the receipt to Roy. Roy grabs the case of beer by the handle, then the handle of vodka with his other hand and begins to exit.

LIQUOR STORE CASHIER  
Have a good one.

ROY  
You too.

Roy exits the liquor store.

EXT. SHOPPING OUTLET PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Roy walks out of the liquor store and begins walking towards his car. Roy gets halfway to his car and tucks the handle of vodka under his arm, then grabs his car keys and unlocks his car.

Roy reaches his car and opens the passenger door. He puts the case of beer and handle of vodka on the floor of the passenger side, then he closes the door.

Roy walks over to the driver's side and enters. The car stutters once, then starts on the second try. The car pulls out of the parking spot and drives off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Roy's car enters the driveway and parks next to the front porch. He exits the car and grabs the bag of groceries, puts the handle of vodka under his arm and grabs his case of beer, then closes the door.

Roy walks up the porch to the front door. He places the case of beer on the ground, then gets his keys out, unlocks and opens the door, then enters and closes the door behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roy enters the kitchen. He places the groceries and handle of vodka on the kitchen table.

ROY

I'm sweating bullets, I'm so nervous. How are you feeling?

Roy opens the fridge and places his case of beer on the bottom shelf.

ROY (CONT'D)

That's good, at least one of us needs to be the calm one.

Roy takes the food and bottle of club soda out of the bag and places it on the kitchen table, then crinkles up the paper grocery bag and throws it in the trash. He walks over to the kitchen table.

ROY (CONT'D)

We should get you dressed before she gets here.

Roy takes the band shirt and tosses it on the counter. He grabs the pink blouse from the pile of clothes on the counter. He slips it over the corpse's head, then pulls its arms through the sleeves. He grabs the black and grey plaid skirt, slips it up the corpse's legs, to its waist.

ROY (CONT'D)

There we go. We should clear the kitchen counter, too.

Roy grabs all the clothes off the counter and exits the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Roy enters the bedroom with an armful of clothes and just drops all of them in the corner of the room, then exits and closes his bedroom door behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roy enters the kitchen and walks over to where the corpse is sitting.

ROY

There we go. I think we're all set.

Roy walks over and crosses the corpse's legs.

ROY (CONT'D)

There, just like a proper lady.

Roy walks over and takes a seat across from the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

We still have some time before she should be getting here. Do you want to-

The doorbell goes off. Roy turns around and looks at the oven clock.

ROY (CONT'D)

She's here early.

Roy gets up and exits the kitchen.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Roy walks up to his front door and opens it. June enters the foyer in a black long-sleeved shirt, brown overcoat, and black dress pants.

Roy goes in for a hug. June stops him with her hand and hands him her coat.

ROY

You're early, how are you?

Roy takes her coat and walks over to his foyer closet.

JUNE

Tired, busy week, you look like crap, you getting enough sleep?

Roy hangs her coat up on a hanger.

ROY  
Really? I feel great.

June looks around the foyer.

JUNE  
This better not be some kind of  
joke, I could have gone out with  
Nicole tonight.

Roy closes his closet door.

ROY  
No, no joke, she's the real deal.

June makes a crinkled face.

JUNE  
What's that smell?

Roy walks over to where June is.

ROY  
I got some rotisserie chickens for  
dinner. Could it be that?

June begins walking through the foyer, Roy following behind.

JUNE  
Well, where is she? Why hasn't she  
come to introduce herself?

Roy gets in front of June.

ROY  
She's just in the kitchen.

Roy exits, and June follows behind.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roy enters and stands behind the corpse with his hands on its  
chair. June enters and looks confused.

ROY  
Mom, I'd like you to meet Jessica.

June brings her hands to her nose to shield herself from the  
stench that just hit her.

JUNE

Oh my God, Roy! Is that real?

Roy puts his hand on the corpse's shoulder and rubs it.

ROY

What? Of course, she's real. Go ahead and introduce yourself.

June gags and exits the kitchen; Roy runs after her.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

June enters the Foyer, gasping for air. Roy follows behind her.

ROY

Why are you being so rude? She's just shy

June turns to Roy with rage in her eyes.

JUNE

Are you shitting me Roy, that is foul. Where did you get that thing?

ROY

We met at work.

June takes a step back away from Roy.

JUNE

You stole it from work? Do you have any idea what happens to me if you get arrested?

Roy takes a step towards June.

ROY

Why would I get arrested? She only looks young, she's legal.

JUNE

We have the same last name, my career would be over, my reputation tarnished. Get rid of it.

June walks over to the closet and grabs her coat.

ROY

I thought you would be proud. I finally found someone.

June puts on her coat.

JUNE

Where did I go wrong with you?

Roy approaches June. June takes a step towards the door.

ROY

Let's go back to the kitchen. We  
can talk this out. You'll like her.  
She's smart and kind.

June turns her back to Roy and opens the front door.

JUNE

You have done nothing but  
deliberately sabotage our  
relationship. I thought you would  
change.

Roy runs up to June and grabs her by the sleeve.

ROY

I have changed. I finally brought  
someone home. You were supposed to  
be impressed.

June rips her sleeve out of Roy's hand.

JUNE

Of all the awful things you've  
done, I have never been more  
disgusted with you. Get rid of it  
now. Don't ever contact me again,  
unless you want the police to be  
alerted.

June exits through the front door. Roy's face turns red, he begins to hyperventilate, his hands ball up into fists, and he storms out of the foyer.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roy enters the kitchen in a fury. He walks over to where the corpse is sitting and flips the kitchen table over, spilling all the groceries.

ROY

Why didn't you say anything to her?  
Why? Why? Why? Why?

Roy walks over to the corpse and grips it by the shoulders.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Talk to me, why aren't you saying anything? This was my one shot to prove to her that I'm not totally worthless.

Roy begins violently shaking it by the shoulders.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Now she's gone forever. Thanks to you.

Roy throws the corpse to the ground.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Time to repent.

Roy walks over to the fridge and grabs the toothpick knife that is on top of it. He takes it out of the box and tosses the box to the side, then walks over to the corpse.

He slices off the corpse's blouse, then tosses it to the side and does the same with the corpse's bra. He grabs the corpse's right nipple and pulls it away from the breast.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Let the punishment equal the crime.

He slices the nipple of the breast, then places it between his teeth and smiles wide. He removes it from his mouth and holds it in his hand.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Here you try.

Roy opens the corpse's mouth with his other hand and crams the nipple as far down its mouth as it'll go.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It'll be alright.

Roy places his knife on the kitchen counter and then exits the kitchen. He re-enters the kitchen with a bottle of lube.

ROY (CONT'D)  
The time has come.

Roy tears the skirt off the corpse, then rips the corpse's panties off. He pulls his pants and underwear down to his ankles and kicks them off, then grabs the bottle of lube and applies a glob to his member, then goes over to the corpse and squirts the lube directly on the corpses slit.

Roy primes his member, then lies on top of the corpse. He inserts his penis into the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Roy wraps his hands around the corpse's neck and grips it tightly. He begins thrusting in and out. He looks down at where the two are connected.

ROY (CONT'D)

You lied; you dumb slut! You're no virgin.

Roy begins thrusting into the corpse faster. It slips out, and he puts it back in. He does a couple more thrusts, and it falls out again. The thrusts he's making are too long for his small member, so he begins doing shorter thrusts.

ROY (CONT'D)

Your folds are completely accepting me, it's like you were made for me to fuck.

Roy increases the strength of the grip around the corpse's neck while doing slow, hard thrusts.

ROY (CONT'D)

This is the most incredible feeling in the world, and you ruined it by being tainted.

There is a crunch heard from the corpse's neck.

ROY (CONT'D)

I was the one meant to deflower you, probably gave it to some pretty boy, huh?

Roy begins thrusting quicker and slamming the corpse's head against the kitchen floor.

ROY (CONT'D)

We could have lived a perfect life. You ruined it you stupid cunt.

Roy begins thrusting even faster and slamming the corpse's head even faster, finally culminating into three final thrusts and slams. Roy releases into the corpse, then falls on top of the corpse exhausted. Roy rolls off the corpse. He takes a few deep breaths and then turns towards the corpse.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get so  
angry.

Roy jostles the corpse by the shoulder.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Jessica?

Roy leans over the corpse and lightly slaps its face.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Jessica! Jessica! Jessica! Jessica!  
Please no, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I  
didn't mean to, but you forced my  
hand.

Roy shakes the corpse by the shoulders.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's my fault, I failed again. The  
one good thing I had going for me,  
and it's gone.

Roy falls back and sits with his back against his stove and begins to sob quietly into his hands. He takes a couple of deep breaths and wipes away his tears, sighs, then stands up.

Roy grabs the corpse by the ankle and begins dragging her to the back door of the kitchen, then opens the door and exits.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Roy drags the corpse by the ankle through the backyard, passed the fire pit, to the shed.

INT. SHED - NIGHT

Roy enters the shed and drags the corpse to the wooden workbench in the back of the shed. He picks up the corpse and plops it on the workbench. He grabs a machete hanging on the wall above the workbench.

Roy begins to hack and slice the corpse into pieces, starting from the right arm. He hacks and chops through the tendon and bone, and then the arm falls off.

Roy walks over to the cabinet next to the workbench and grabs a large fifty-five-gallon black garbage bag from it. He goes back over to the workbench and tosses the right arm into the bag. He then begins to hack off the left arm and then tosses it into the bag.

Roy moves to the lower half of the corpse and grabs the left leg to hold it in place. He begins hacking away at the top of the knee, he gets about halfway through, but gets stuck on the bone and can't get through it. He tosses the machete to the side and grabs a wood-splitting axe that he has hanging up on the workbench hooks.

Roy brings the axe above his head and swings it down. It crunches through the bone. He throws the left leg in the garbage bag, then he swings hard on the other leg above the knee, it gets through the leg, and bone, bone shards, and flesh splatter over the workshop. He tosses the right leg into the garbage bag.

Roy moves to the corpse's head, drops the axe, and caresses the head by the chin, then kisses it on the forehead. He picks up the axe, raises it above his head, and swings down on the corpse's neck. He only gets halfway through, so he raises the axe again and swings down, freeing the head from the body. He tosses the head into the garbage bag.

Roy then picks up the torso and shimmies it into the garbage bag, thighs first, then pulls up the garbage bag and ties it shut. He walks over to the cabinet, opens it, and grabs a bottle of lighter fluid and a box of matches.

Roy walks over to the garbage bag and slings it over his shoulder, then exits the shed.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Roy walks over to the fire pit. He places the bag in the firepit. Douses it with lighter fluid and lights a match.

ROY

Back to the drawing board, I guess.

Roy flicks the match onto the bag, and it catches fire. He sits down and watches the flames as fumes from the burning flesh and formaldehyde enter the air.