

A Fetish Of Flesh

written by

Freddie D. Meade

www.dementedmedia.net
(740)281-9076
freddiedaniel@dementedmedia.net

1

BLACK SCREEN

1

Oblivion. That is the only word that can possibly be used to describe this particular darkness. For several long moments the nothingness persists. Then white words FADE UP against the black.

SUPER: "Nobody owns a life. But anyone who can pick up a knife owns death."

2

EXT. OLD SHACK - NIGHT

2

The small, shanty looking shack sits quietly in a clearing in the woods. It's a dilapidated structure that looks to be at the end of its life. It looks as if one strong gust of wind could send the whole thing crashing to the ground.

3

INT. OLD SHACK - CONTINUOUS

3

The interior is every bit as bleak as the outside. It's dark. Couldn't be called anything but. The ambience skillfully designed to evoke fear and desperation in even the most resilient of people.

ECU -- A PAIR OF EYES

wide with terror. Darting about. They are clearly the eyes of a woman. Slowly PULL BACK TO REVEAL

STACEY!

She is nude, covered in mud and dried blood, and that she has been secured to a wooden chair with C-wire. Her lips have been sewn shut.

In a darkened corner of the room, A FIGURE hacks away at something unseen with a hatchet. Each swing of the tool is accompanied by the sickening sounds of BREAKING BONE and RIPPING FLESH.

Stacey flinches each time the hatchet makes contact with its target. Vomit begins to seep from her mutilated mouth just as

A SEVERED LEG falls to the floor with a sickening THUD.

Stacey sobs and squeezes her eyes shut.

FIGURE

I have danced in the shadows.
Luring unsuspecting souls with
promises of joy and laughter. Much
like yourself.

The Figure sets the hatchet aside and bends down. He grabs the leg around the ankle and lifts it from the floor. The toenails are painted pink.

Stacey slowly opens her eyes and looks toward him.

The Figure sets the leg on a nearby metal slab and trudges over to a medical cabinet mounted on the wall.

He opens the door and surveys the items.

Inside is an array of medical tools, most of them caked with dried blood. But on the top shelf is a shiny straight-edge razor. A bloodied hand grabs it.

Stacey watches as the Figure makes his way back over to the leg and opens the blade. With a careful hand. He swiftly begins to carve away the flesh. The Figure shows no sign of appellation or disgust. He cuts away as if he were painting a masterpiece.

Once the last strip of flesh has been removed from the bone, he tosses the razor into a basin with a clear liquid inside. It quickly turns a pink hue.

The figure turns to Stacey. Approaches her, his face remaining hidden by the shadows. He wears only a pair of jean shorts and a pair of worn-out tennis shoes. From what we can see, his body is covered in various tattoos.

The Figure finally steps into the light, revealing...

HATCHET, 20s. His face is covered with the diabolical paint of a psychotic clown. He is Pennywise meets Hannibal Lecter, a macabre combination of two of literature's most sadistic creations.

STACEY

(muffled)

Shit!

Stacey stares at him with wide eyes and he grabs a scythe from nearby, rusted and covered in dirt and... *Is that dried blood?*

HATCHET

But as they laugh and cheer, they remain blissfully ignorant to the fate staring them in the eyes. The taste of flesh on my lips, the crunch of bone beneath my teeth... These are all the sensations that drive me forward, fueling my hunger.

He grabs a sharpening stone and begins to run it along the chipped blade.

FIGURE

Each person is different, yet, the same. A symphony of flavors. A delicate balance of fear and despair. Their screams echoing in my mind long after they have gone silent. But even as I stand at the precipice of damnation, I cannot deny the perverse joy that radiates through me with every life I watch extinguish. The power... The control... the rush of adrenaline as another soul slips away from the mortal coil. It's intoxicating in its darkness. Each victim, every life taken, bears witness to the depths of depravity that I lower myself into.

Hatchet tosses the stone aside. Looks at the scythe for a brief moment. Draws it back to swing it.

HATCHET

And that just puts a smile on my face.

And with that smile, Hatchet swings his weapon. The blade of the scythe comes toward us and just as it connects, we

SMASH TO BLACK.

4 EXT. DINER - MORNING

4

A small diner nestled on the side of the freeway. It's clearly part of a small town. Slightly rundown but functioning. Metal shutters cover the windows.

A battered pick-up truck pulls off of the otherwise deserted freeway and into the diner's tiny parking lot.

Stops near the door. The driver's door opens and out steps

LUCINDA, 60, pleasant-faced and worn. She's everybody's grandma. Kind. Generous. Humble. The kind of woman everyone likes.

She pulls a set of keys from her pocket. Unlocks the door.

Ambles inside.

5 INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

5

The dark room is impossible to see. The only source of light comes from a digital clock on the wall. Not enough to see anything.

There is a slight RUMBLING followed by a light CLICK, and fluorescent lights burst to life revealing

The eating area. Several small tables dominate the center.

Booths line the walls. The counter sits in the back. No bar.

Lucinda meanders about opening the shutters. She checks the tables for dust. Heads into the back.

6 INT. DINER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

6

A fairly clean cooking space. Surprisingly modern. A large steel door leads to the freezer.

Lucinda heads for the freezer. She unbolts the door and throws it open. Drops everything. Screams.

There, hanging upside down, is Stacey's mutilated corpse.

She has been beheaded and gutted like a deer. Strange markings have been carved into her flesh. The hooks holding her up have been shoved through her feet.

And on the freezer wall is a message written in blood. "IF YOU TOLERATE THIS YOUR CHILDREN WILL BE NEXT."

Lucinda continues to scream as

SMASH TO BLACK.

7 TITLE CARD -- A FETISH OF FLESH

7

Credits ROLL over series of newspaper articles and missing persons fliers. Headlines read things like "THE CARRINGTON CREEK DISAPPEARANCES CONTINUE", "BODY FOUND IN THE WOODS AROUND CARRINGTON CREEK", and "UNSOLVED VANISHINGS REMAIN OPEN." As the final credits FADE AWAY, so too do the images.