

THE ETIQUETTE OF A NECROPHILIAC

Written by

Bernard Mersier

BLACK SCREEN:

"Why question what people think is wrong knowing you're right?"

~Bernard Mersier~

FADE IN:

INT. THE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Dennis is butt-naked sitting in the corner with his knees up to his chest, and head lowered.

Overlooking his frizzy blonde hair and maniacal laughter, the Caucasian man in his mid thirties is covered in blood.

Blood, sticky and warm, paints a grotesque mural on the ceramic walls and cold tiles.

DENNIS

Wha---what do you mean I'm the bad guy? You... You should be happy I got you out of this situation.

Seriously? You seriously believe I stopped you from getting involved with a good thing? Well...

(Soft scoff)

What exactly is a good thing?

Lifting his head, insanity resides inside his blue eyes as he looks over the room.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

There's no fuckin' way---

(Laughs)

I'll be goddamn, you might... You might be onto something with that one.

(Cynical laugh)

I do feel this way because you were trying to fuck. Maybe... Maybe if I wasn't home... Well, I was home and here we are. What was that?

(Cuffs his ear)

What do you... What do you mean something aside from this could've been done? What do you think aside from this could've been done?

(Raises his eyebrow)

A threesome? How would...

He snaps his fingers, and then wags his finger.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

That would be common courtesy. See, that's all I ask for. A little etiquette. Wait a minute. ...Can either of us talk about sharing her body without asking her how she feels about it?

(Laughs)

Yeah, you're right. She didn't ask us if it was okay for her to fuck us on the sly, and who knows who else. That still...

(Listens)

No, that still doesn't get you off the hook, but you make a point. That---That threesome shit might be what she needs to stop her from sneaking around. But, wait... Who's really winning in this situation? It seems like you're doing this to keep her satisfied, and---

(slaps forehead.)

Now... Now, I get it.

(Cynical laugh)

It would be the polite thing for us to do, so let's do that.

With a sinister smile, Dennis stands up and stretches.

As he moves toward the sink, he picks up a man's severed head, with a deep gash in the skull and an eye missing.

Holding the head with a smile, he gives it a nod of approval as he moves to the bathtub filled with bloody water.

Resting inside the tub is a woman in her mid twenties with fair white skin and long blood drenched black hair.

Her arm is hanging over the tub, and you can tell the slight smile on her face is something he staged.

He holds the head up so he's looking eye to eye with it.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Well... There she is. What's that?

He places the head to his ear for a hot second and then pulls it back, looking at it laughing.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

We'll do just fine. Although this is something new for me, I'm confident I'll perform the same as I would if I was fuckin solo.

(MORE)

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(Laughs)

I guess I only fucked her solo figuratively because who knows who else aside from us was fuckin her, right? Anyway.

He places the head inside of the tub at the opposite end.

Moving down to her, he picks her torso up from the tub, and we see she's been cut in half with her insides hanging.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

No. No, this... This is what will make us all happy. No, don't try to tell me differ and you were fuckin him.

He opens her mouth and then sticks his tongue inside of hers, tongue kissing the head with passion.

When he's finished, he places the torso back inside the tub before he gets in.

Once he's comfortable, he grabs the man's head, and pulls her body closer.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

This should be fun. When we're finished here, we can go to the bedroom and eat her out at the same time to see whose tongue she loves the most.

He lowers her head down under the blood, and then prepares to make out with the man's head.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN:

"What is love without etiquette?"

~Bernard Mersier~

END CREDITS: