

DECOMPOSITION

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE UP CAMERON'S LEFT FOREARM

Shallow breathing is heard as we stare at the old and new grotesque cut marks covering the thin brown flesh.

CAMERON (V.O.)

People claim they understand "Love."
Some believe the dictionary. Others
think it's found in orgasms. Truth
is...love can only be understood when
you understand death. Death is what
"Love" is.

A swift flick of a lighter is heard, followed by Cameron exhaling.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Sounds like a contradiction, right?
See, I was like the majority of you. I
believed the dictionary. I shared my
flesh with every woman I encountered,
until I met the one people call a
"Soulmate." Exchange flesh for a
euphoric experience, identical to
masturbation.

(Takes a pull)

Don't think I'm straying from the
situation. I'm merely breaking down
how sex is bullshit. If you can make
yourself have an orgasm, why involve
someone who won't appreciate your
flesh?

Holding a cigarette between his fingers, he extends his right arm identical to the left.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I thought consuming each other's flesh
made us identical like these wounds. I
didn't realize I was being manipulated
as she feasted. For seven years I
blindly enjoyed her devouring me,
while her poison consumed my soul.
Actually...I wasn't blind. I knew
about the random men, but I didn't
care.

(Rubs his scars)

Most would think these scars are from depression, but each cut represents every affair, STD and physical altercations.

He stands up and moves through the house and we see pictures of a beautiful woman, but her body has either been cut out or burnt.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The sight of her body made hell rise within me, but because my flesh only craved hers, I kept the face for relapse purposes.

Continuing moving through the house, he enters the bathroom. Blood covers the walls and floor, along with pieces of flesh and organs.

Walking over to the sink, he wipes the blood from the mirror. Minus the multiple razor cuts on his face, he's a handsome man in his early twenties.

Various self degrading words are cut into his thin frame.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This room is my greatest accomplishment. It's symbolic. A person who understands life would appreciate this room.
(Attempts to smile)
To some...this is beauty. Others would think that I'm insane. Death comes when you consume flesh for no reason, but you believe you're in love. And no, this isn't the outcome of the woman who destroyed my flesh. This is from various other women who were no different from her.

He leaves the bathroom and then enters the bedroom. Shackled to the blood soaked bed split in half is the woman we saw in the pictures.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
There's the threshold where countless nights of consumption took place. Women only love the flesh of a man, not his entirety. The big difference between men and women is women only want a man's flesh, easily moving on

if things don't go as they expected.
But...they'll always be attached,
constantly draining whatever piece of
a soul you have left.

He walks over to the bed and plays in her hair, slowly moving
down to her lips, rubbing his thumb across them in a sexual
manner.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
My poison will never infect another as
she did me. The perfect, imperfection.

Moving down her body, he fondles her breasts, breathing
heavily as if he's aroused.

Going further down, he slowly moves his fingers across the
strings of mutilated flesh.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I removed the entrance to her
corruption, so now there's only one
thing left.

Cameron gets in bed and gives her a kiss before propping
himself against the headboard.

He brings up a colt python and without hesitation, he places
the barrel in his mouth, blowing the back of his head off.

CAMERON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We'll make it work in the afterlife
because we're finally mixed properly.
This is "Love." Death as one vessel
reawakening with new flesh, righting
the wrongs.

FADE TO BLACK:

END CREDITS