

BEAUTY

Screenplay
by

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please **CLICK THE CONTACT BUTTON** and leave your info. Thank you.)

FADE IN:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

CLOSE ON -

A SAD MAN'S FACE IN FULL MAKE UP AND RUBY RED LIPSTICK
LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA CRYING.

SAGE (V.O.)
(female voice)
It's really not that unusual at
all. And if you think it is, then
screw you because it's our fucking
miserable lives and we can do what
the fuck we want! Judging us? Then
up yours, assholes!

A GUILLOTINE SLAMS DOWN. SLICES OFF THE MAN'S NECK. HIS HEAD
ROLLS ACROSS PLUSH RED CARPET AND STOPS AT THE CHURCH ALTER.

SAD MAN'S CHOPPED OFF HEAD
(speaks into camera)
Yeah, she's talking to you!

INT. CENTRAL STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - NIGHT

Off screen, we hear a TV. "Three, two, one. Happy New Year!"

A MALE HAND, black nail polish on, wears a hospital ID
bracelet around his wrist that reads, "JACOB BOONER, JR."
Though he simply goes by BOON.

CLOSE ON -

A BLENDER MIXING ON HIGH

INSIDE A BLOODY MARY SWIRLING VIOLENTLY

BOON (O.S.)
Where's Sage?

KYLE (O.S.)
Waiting in the car.

BOON (O.S.)
Figures. She never likes to face
the mess.

KYLE (O.S.)
(urgency)
Boon, we need to go.

BOON (O.S.)
Stop being a pussy boy and relax.
Man up!

CLOSE ON -

BOON'S HAND SWITCHING BLENDER OFF AND REMOVING GLASS JAR

CLOSE ON -

BOON'S MOUTH GULPING A SWIG

CLOSE ON -

KYLE'S HANDS NERVOUSLY RUBBING TOGETHER

KYLE (O.S.)
(panicked)
Really dude, I'm serious. Come on!

CLOSE ON -

BOON'S HANDS RUMMAGING WALLETS FOR CASH

CLOSE ON -

KYLE'S MOUTH BITING AND SPITTING HIS NAILS

KYLE (O.S.)
Boon!

BOON (O.S.)
We need money, dumb ass!

CLOSE ON -

KYLE'S HAND OPENING THE DOOR. TAPING UP A FOLDED NOTE.

KYLE (O.S.)
I'll be in the car.

BOON (O.S.)
Ok, pussy boy.

CLOSE ON -

KYLE'S FEET EXITING

CLOSE ON -

OLD RECORD PLAYER. NEEDLE LOWERING. RECORD SPINNING.

CLOSE ON -

BOON'S FOOT TAKING A STEP

SOMETHING RED SPLATS HIS WHITE CANVAS SNEAKERS.

BOON (O.S.)

Fuck me!

CLOSE ON -

BOON'S HAND RUBBING THE STAIN. IT SMEARS.

BOON (O.S.)

No, fuck you!

CLOSE ON -

BOON'S FOOT KICKING

He kicks something on the floor that we can't quite make out. He grabs a MINI AUDIO RECORDER from the desk, cuts it off, puts it in his pocket then leaves. The door slams behind him.

CLOSE ON -

BOON'S FEET WALKING AWAY

Off screen, we hear the Christmas song, "Deck the Halls."

EXT. CENTRAL STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Front doors burst open.

A PAIR OF WHITE SNEAKERS, with a red stain, shuffle out.

SAGE (V.O.)

You want someone to blame. Blame his ass. It was his fucking idea. True he was joking when he said it. In the end, I had to talk him and Kyle into it. But the initial idea rose from Boon's pea brain. For a moron, it was brilliant. Simple yet a dramatic way to go. Empowering!

SLO MO -

CAMERA TILTS UP REVEALING...

BOON, 18, Caucasian, with an all black goth look, including black nail polish, a skinny ball of commanding energy with a blondish-black mohawk, kicks a quick Michael Jackson move.

Most kids look for the spot light. Boon is the spot light.
A duffle bag hangs down by his side. Blender glass in hand.

SAGE (V.O.)

In school, we were taught not to use clichés. "The over usage of commonplace ideas will bore your audience into banality," they said. That's why our journey to the end of the world had to breathe, "complexity and originality." We weren't so clear on our exact methods, we just knew it would get done. Somehow, someway.

INT./EXT. CONVERTIBLE LABARON - NIGHT

Behind the driver's seat of a 1989 convertible Labaron, KYLE, 17, mixed race, black and white, a quiet intelligence, level headed, nervous demeanor, biting and spitting his nails.

In the passenger seat, his girlfriend, SAGE, 18, Middle Eastern Muslim, overly dramatic, hot tempered, dueling personality, taping her finely manicured, red painted nails against her Shakespeare stageplay script, "Romeo and Juliet." There are two recently healed cuts running down her forearm.

They watch Boon dramatically making his way to the convertible. Though it's winter time, the top is rolled back.

SAGE

Is he even stable enough to go?

KYLE

Of course he is.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL - LAWN - GARDEN - NIGHT

Boon laughs hysterically as he waters tomatoes with his piss while he drinks his Bloody Mary mixed drink from the blender.

BOON

Miracle Grow this, mutha fuckers.

Boon laughs as he shoots his whiz over to the cabbage.

INT./EXT. CONVERTIBLE LABARON - NIGHT

Sage beams Kyle an unsettling look regarding Boon's behavior.

KYLE
(shrugs)
Stability is relative.

SAGE
And I guess over rated.

KYLE
He's going.

SAGE
He treats you like shit.

KYLE
He's my best friend.

SAGE
Well, I'm not baby sitting his ass.

KYLE
Be nice. You know he's sensitive.

Boon slings his duffle bag into the backseat and hops over the door in one leap. His butt lands hard on the seat.

BOON
Nice wheels, bible boy.

Boon shoves his face up front, abruptly invading Sage's space. He lifts the top of the blender glass at her.

BOON
Bloody Mary for the bitch?

SAGE
Picture an imaginary force field around me with Boon repellent on it, an industrial sized pad lock and a "Do Not Enter" sign with a Pit Bull named Blood standing guard. Now, back the fuck up out my face, asshole.

Sage palms Boon's face and pushes it away, irritated.

Boon, all smiles, runs a hand down his face, like an actor getting into character. A serious beat... then he jovially kisses and plays with an imaginary pit bull.

BOON
Awww, look at the puppyyyy. The little doggieeee. So cuuute.

Boon throws an imaginary stick from the car.

BOON

Look at the doggie fetching the
stick I just pulled out of your...

(to Sage)

... severely tightly clenched ass.

(beat)

Annnnd scene. How was that picture?

Kyle laughs. Boon continues to sip on his mixed drink.

SAGE

Fuck you, Boon.

BOON

That was so last year, baby. Before
I caught you sucking off my best
friend in the chapel. Some would
call it a slut move. But no
judgements here. Feels like a
lifetime ago. We've all moved on.
Right, buddy?

Boon thumps Kyle hard on the head.

KYLE

So you say.

BOON

(philosophical)

Forgiveness lightens the load. Just
like masturbation.

KYLE

And a good shit.

BOON

(excitedly)

Dude, I just pinched off the
longest, greenest work of art.
Could've built a log cabin out of
that shit. Five inches thick. Ten
inches long.

SAGE

And you would know the measurements
because?

BOON

It was the size of my dick. You
know, your old slobber toy.

SAGE

Then you woke up.

BOON

It had like, no smell. Completely unodorous.

KYLE

Inodorous.

BOON

Exactly. Dude, I'm like, where's the doo doo smell, you know. You shit out a garden snake, you should expect a doo doo smell, right? But no, completely void of all odor.

SAGE

This is just the banal banter I was talking about. So fucking immature. Can't believe I'm choosing to do this with you both. Kill me now.

BOON

In time, my little slut, it'll all come to frotition.

SAGE

Fruition, you moron.

Sage shakes her head. Boon smiles at her agitation.

KYLE

(exhales)

If I put this car in drive, there's no turning back. Are we sure?

A moment of silence. Boon shakes his head, assuredly.

SAGE

(confident)

Yes.

KYLE

Ok. 'Till death do us part.

SLO MO CLOSE UP ON -

KYLE'S HAND SHIFTING GEAR FROM PARK TO DRIVE

Kyle resets the odometer counter to zeros.

KYLE

Only two thousand, sixty five miles to go.

Boon kicks his feet up in the front seat, on the middle divider. Sage notices the red stain on his shoe.

CAMERA CRANES AS...

Kyle drives off.

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