

Sexus

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Two characters, FEMALE and MALE, who are married, lie nude in bed beside one another. The room is lit with candle light. Only their nude bodies are visible, the Female on the left and the Male on the right. Their genitals are completely exposed. The woman slowly, after several moments of lying still, leans over, stretching her arm across her husband's chest and her leg across his genitals, thus covering them both in one, fluid motion.

FEMALE

I just want you to know that I feel very close to you right now. Very close. I feel as though nothing can harm me.

MALE

Nothing can harm us when we're together.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

There is long hallway with pictures of the Male, Female and Child on the wall.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Female character smiles softly and tilts her head downward.

FEMALE

I love you very much right now.

MALE

I love you too...*right now*.

FEMALE

You know what I mean.

MALE

Not quite.

FEMALE

I think it's rather common for a couple's love to fluxuate. Aren't there moments that you absolutely loathe me?

MALE

No, actually. I guess I'm strange. Even when you have your episodes, I find you rather charming.

FEMALE

Yes, like a wounded animal you take pity on.

MALE

Now, now, I knew what I signed up for getting into this marriage. Everyone has their crosses they must deal with.

FEMALE

And what are your crosses?

There is a moment of silence. The Male character begins to think.

MALE

I'm not sure, but I know I have them and I love you despite yours.

FEMALE

I often wonder how it's possible to continuously love someone when it's difficult to love yourself at times.

MALE

I suppose that's the point of marriage, loving someone more than you love yourself. Otherwise it's just two people living together.

FEMALE

I love how astute your observations are. You're always so certain.

MALE

Who's the wounded animal now? You say that like it's a bad thing.

FEMALE

Well, I just don't understand how it can be.

MALE

What do you mean? How what can be?

FEMALE

Do you think you'll love me forever?

MALE

Don't change the subject.

FEMALE

I'm not. I'm trying to show you what I mean.

The Male character looks toward his wife.

MALE

Yes, I'll love you forever.

FEMALE

That's what I mean. You have no idea what the future has in store for us, and yet you pretend to know that you'll love me forever.

MALE

I believe I will.

FEMALE

I know you do. I'm just not sure how you can say it with such confidence.

MALE

Well, on our wedding day I vowed to love you until the day I died. And I meant it.

FEMALE

Well, if that's the case you'll love me for say, another 50 years. That's hardly forever.

MALE

It's just an expression.

FEMALE

Ah! So you admit you said it out of habit, simply as a nicety to me.

MALE

No, you're twisting my words around. I said "Forever" because you asked me.

FEMALE

So, you won't love me forever?

MALE

This is a trick question.

FEMALE

(getting frustrated)
No, it's a completely fair question. You claim to be certain of our love and I'm asking how!

MALE

What do you want me to say?

FEMALE

What you want to say! Not everything is a test.

MALE

Well, you certainly didn't aid in making it feel like anything else.

FEMALE

There is such a thing as an emotional conversation. Can't you abandon your intellectualism for just a moment and tell me what you feel?

MALE

I was under the impression that I was.

FEMALE

No, you told me what you thought I wanted to hear.

MALE

It is possible for those to be one in the same.

FEMALE

Just tell me what is inside your heart.

MALE

Now, aren't you being a bit too deep?

FEMALE

There you go again! Demonizing real human emotions.

FEMALE(cont'd)

What's wrong with being deep? Why is being shallow acceptable and deep ridiculous?

MALE

I didn't mean to insinuate that you should become shallow. All I'm saying is, people get upset and then they say things they don't mean.

FEMALE

That's just too far above you, right, a man of your stature and intellect?

MALE

(getting irritated)

No... I just believe that people are responsible for what they say no matter what state of mind their in.

Pause.

FEMALE

I just want you to tell me how you truly feel. Forever is a made up word, used by school children to describe their love. I wanted to hear something truthful from you.

MALE

You want to hear something truthful? No matter what I said, it would have upset you. If I hadn't of said forever, I would have been a callus bastard.

FEMALE

God! Can't you say anything that isn't out of fear of upsetting me?

MALE

But I don't want to upset you. I love you.

FEMALE

So in order to love someone, you must silence how you really feel?

MALE

No, I don't think so.

FEMALE

Yes! You hold your tongue as to not wake the witch! How often do you swallow your tongue? Twice a day? Three times? Always? When's the last time I heard something you felt, something genuine?

MALE

This is getting ridiculous. Now my manhood is under inspection because I said I loved you? Isn't that what a husband's suppose to do?

Pause.

FEMALE

I wouldn't know what a husband is supposed to do.

Pause.

MALE

Have you taken your pills?

FEMALE

They make me feel groggy.

MALE

So, it's all beginning to make sense. You know you can't stop taking your pills. You have these outbursts.

FEMALE

I thought you said you loved me for my crosses.

MALE

I suppose this is what I get for marrying a woman with a brain, clever comments.

FEMALE

Should I add that to my list of defects, a brain?

MALE

I just want to say something. I may not always say what I feel, but marriages are about compromise, they are about letting go of part of yourself for the other person.

FEMALE

(bitterly)

If that's the case then I have succeeded by your definition.

MALE

What do you mean by that?

FEMALE

I mean I have sacrificed myself for you and the baby. I have let part of myself go, I have buried it alive, for it was not ready to die yet. I have swallowed who I am and become some vague, distorted version and that is the woman you've known for the past two years. That is the mother of that baby in the other room. We are strangers, you and I. I am as distant from you as some faceless woman half the world away.

Pause.

FEMALE

And you can not blame this on the pills. I always feel this way, only varying degrees. Some days it's like I've lost my way in a thick fog and I can't see two feet in front of me.

MALE

But just five minutes ago you told me that you loved me.

FEMALE

And I did then, for you see I have a strange and disfigured tenderness for you, which I can not explain. But I know now that I do not love you, that I used you and the baby to escape from a life I was too ashamed to admit I enjoyed.

MALE

I'm sure you don't mean any of this. I know you inside and out.

FEMALE

You know the character in which I played.

MALE

Well, you are a very skilled actress, then.

FEMALE

It does no good trying to hurt me with your words. They mean as little to me as when the baby cries, just something I must do, but does not affect me one way or the other.

MALE

If that's the way you feel, then I'm finished trying to hurt you.

FEMALE

But you're not. We will lie down together in bed tonight and you will think up clever little slams you can deliver in the morning, but just know... when your leg touches mine in the middle of the night I will imagine it is someone else's; a young man I saw on the street or the waiter at the cafe, who's eyes have the ability to harden my nipples.

The Male's face becomes distressed.

MALE

Why are you trying to hurt me?

FEMALE

Because I have to tell you the truth. You must hear this.

MALE

No more.

FEMALE

Sometimes at night I fantasize about hurting you and the baby. I dream up ways of getting out of this life, which I have so meticulously constructed for myself.

MALE

What are you saying?

FEMALE

I imagine you dead. I imagine sitting around your grave site with your mother and your sisters and pretending to sniffle into a handkerchief. I've thought about ways to execute my plan; a fire or poison in the baby's milk.

The Male character is frightened, almost in a trance listening to his wife.

FEMALE

All fantasies, which I pretended to feel guilty about. I know it sounds morbid and insane, but you can not know how it feels to watch yourself behave in a way, which is not natural. I saw myself as if in a film, rushing around the house, picking up after you, breast-feeding the baby, picking up dry-cleaning and I couldn't help but ask the question, who is that poor woman? ...I no longer feel sexy. When you touch me it's distant and indifferent... and my body is begging to be stimulated.

MALE

It appears to me this is just a lot of sophisticated talk to rationalize the longings of a whore.

FEMALE

You say I am a whore, but I say I am a sexual woman.

MALE

What's the difference?

FEMALE

A whore is a woman who's soul is not intact, who has a hole in the middle of her heart and tries to fill that hole with sex. A sexual woman is a woman in control of her desires and uses her body to channel them. That is a concept I do not expect you to understand.

MALE

You're right, I don't understand. I don't understand why you want to throw away a perfectly good marriage.

She begins laughing sarcastically.

FEMALE

Perfectly good! You make it sound like leftovers.

MALE

We'll see what you have to say tomorrow, when your little tantrum has passed. The worst part is, I'll forgive you. I know it's wrong of me to let you go on hurting others like this, but I made a promise that I intend to fulfill.

FEMALE

I am not one of your business contracts that is to be written off and filed away. Your obligations to me can not be fulfilled, for I hate you. I hate you and I hate that creature in a crib!

INT. BABY ROOM - NIGHT

There is a baby's CRIB and ROCKING CHAIR in deep shadow. The bars in the crib and chair are silhouetting against the wall.

There is a mobile hanging above the crib. It is spinning slowly, showing a HORSE, WOLF, BOBCAT, and SNAKE.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

MALE

That's fine. You can hate me, but how can you say that about your own child?

FEMALE

But it's not my child. It spawned from your filth and grew inside of me, misshaping me, disfiguring my body, but I never once felt an ounce of affection towards it.

MALE

You really are quite inhuman.

FEMALE

No. I'm the very opposite. I just know the truth about myself.

A baby crying is heard off screen.

FEMALE

(completely emotionless)
The baby's awake... you should check on him.

MALE

What time is it?

FEMALE

Quarter to ten.

MALE

I have to go meet with some potential clients.

FEMALE

Now? But it's so late.

MALE

Work doesn't stop because you think it's late.

FEMALE

Well, where are you going to meet them.

MALE

Some nightclub downtown. I'm suppose to show them a good time.

FEMALE

Well, you can't go! I know what this is.

MALE

What?

FEMALE

You're going to go find the first whore you can and fuck her to get back at me.

MALE

Not everyone is as eager to spread
their legs as you are.

FEMALE

You disgusting pig! You can't go!

MALE

(disgusted, cold)
I'm going to look in on the baby
and then take a shower. Get
yourself together.

The Male exits.

FEMALE

(in a bloodcurdling
scream) You can't go! You
bastard! You can't
fucking go!

INT. BABY ROOM - NIGHT

The Male is looking over the Baby's crib. The Female's
shrieks are audible, but muffled through the wall.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Female character is crying profusely, uncontrollably. She
is pacing back and forth, running her fingers through her
hair. Finally, she stops for a moment as if an idea has
struck her. She removes her hand from her head, a clump of
ripped HAIR is attached and illuminated in the candle light.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Female character storms through the hallway, looking
distraught.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

The Male character turns on the shower.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The Female character searches through things in the garage.
There is one LIGHT BULB hanging from the ceiling. She bumps
into it causing the light bulb to sway back and forth.

She finds a red GAS CAN and begins walking toward the door, which leads to the main house. She sees a pair of GARDENING SHEERS and grabs them.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

There is a poorly lit bathroom. The Male character is in the shower.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The Female character walks up the heavily shadowed stairs. Her face is coming in and out of the light as she moves toward the second story.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The Female character walks into the closet beside the Male Character in the shower and begins pouring gasoline on the clothes. She exits, then returns holding a large candle from the bedroom. She sets fire to the closet. She sits in front of the flames weeping.

The Male character exits the shower, still wet, and rushes over the Female character. He stands in frightened awe for a moment, observing the fire and then says rhetorically to himself:

MALE

What have you done?

The Female character doesn't respond. The Male character drags her away from the flames and slaps her across the face. The Female character sadistically smiles. The Male character slaps her again. His face is one of horror.

The Male character get to a phone on the wall of the bathroom and dials the fire department. The Female character is seen rocking back and forth on her back.

The telephone's cord is long and reaches the ground.

MALE

Hello! Hello!

The sound of the sheers snipping the phone cord is heard.

The Female character lunges toward the Male character and mildly slices into his chest with the gardening sheers.

The Male character's face is frightened as he knows his wife plans to kill him. He takes off through the house. The Female Character follows close behind.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Male character runs down the stairs midway, standing on the platform and hides with his back up against the wall.

The Female stomps through the hallway, passing the stairway and knocks the photographs off the walls. They fall to the floor and shatter.

The Female character rushes into the baby's room, searching for her husband. The baby begins to cry. The Female character approaches the crib, leaning in to the baby.

FEMALE

(yelling)

Shut up! Shut up! Be quiet! Shut up!

The Male character leaves his position on the stairs and looks down the hallway, hearing the Female screaming at the baby. He ducks into a side room.

The Male hides in the dark room, pressed closely to the door.

The Female exits the baby's room, returns to the hall and the goes down the stairs.

The Male exits the room and runs down the hall into the baby's room.

The Female frantically searches for the Male character. She becomes inconsolably upset, screaming a high pitched shriek, calling for him to come out. She stops screaming, presses herself up against a wall and breathes heavily.

FOGGED ROOM - FANTASY

The Female character walks through a giant fog. Nothing is visible except the Female character and the fog. She walks through it looking disturbed and confused. Out of the fog comes the live versions of the animals that decorate her baby's mobile: a horse, a bobcat, and a wolf. The wolf leads the Female character to a door frame, which appears from the fog.

She opens the door and walks into a altered version of her baby's room.

She approaches the crib, looks inside and finds a large, coiled snake. She backs away from the crib and vomits up blood.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The Female is up against the wall breathing heavily. She looks toward the baby's room on the second floor.

INT. BABY ROOM - NIGHT

The Male presses his ear against the door. The baby begin to cry. The Male turns toward the baby and tries to quiet it down. The baby stops crying. The Female character's footsteps are heard coming up the stairs and then walking down the hallway toward the baby's room.

The Male presses his ear against the door again. He stands beside the door frame. After a moment the Female opens the door quickly, slamming into the man, causing his head to hit the wall, knocking him unconscious.

The Female drags the unconscious man through the door and into the hallway.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

The Male is tied to a post. He awakens and is horrified to see his wife standing before him with the gardening sheers.

MALE

What are you doing?

FEMALE

Don't worry, Darling. I'm only doing what's necessary.

MALE

Necessary for what?

FEMALE

Necessary for us and the baby to be happy again.

MALE

What do you mean? ...Please, can you untie me?

FEMALE

I can't do that.

MALE

Why not?

FEMALE

Because you'll be angry with me.
You'll punish me for the bad things
I've done.

MALE

No, I won't.

FEMALE

You'll slap me again.

MALE

I know, I'm sorry, baby. I promised
myself I'd never hit you. I don't
know what came over me.

FEMALE

I know exactly what came over you.
Your true self. It felt so good to
have your hand strike me, didn't
it? It felt good for me.

MALE

I know this isn't you. You have a
problem. It's a problem you can't
always control. I understand.

FEMALE

No, you don't understand. How could
you understand something even I
don't understand?

MALE

I'm trying to understand. I'm
trying.

FEMALE

It will all make sense in a moment.

MALE

What do you plan to do?

FEMALE

I'm going to save you from that rat
between your legs. It's what
started this whole mess. I'm going
to free you.

MALE

Please listen to what you're saying.

FEMALE

I'm not ready for this. I'm not ready to be a mother.

The Female opens the sheer blades.

FEMALE

I'm not going to hurt you, I'm going to help you, help us. Don't worry, it will grow back when I'm ready to be a mother and we can be a family again.

MALE

But we are a family. I'm your husband and our baby is upstairs.

INT. BABY ROOM - NIGHT

A rocking chair is on fire.

The baby's mobile is on fire.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The Female character rubs the scar along her stomach - a scar from her caesarean section delivery. It is distorted and jagged. Her fingers eerily run along it.

FEMALE

(shrieking)

Look what its done to me!

(crying)

I'm going to erase it and start again. Can't you see that?

Pause.

FEMALE

A baby is supposed to be a miracle...the most natural thing on earth...but I've never felt more unnatural, as though I have given birth to an abomination. By bringing life into the world I have killed myself...silently, discreetly...

Pause.

FEMALE

I've heard childbirth is like a flower blooming or a caterpillar turning into a butterfly... I've actually found that description quite close. (hatefully) A slimy insect crawls into a cocoon and incubates...

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

The silhouette of a FETUS' head inside a slimy, cocoon-like shell hangs upside down from the ceiling. Moisture is evident in the shell. A distorted cry is heard.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

FEMALE

It slithers and grows. The only difference is, when the cocoon opens, a butterfly emerges and when I parted my legs *HE* came out... (crying/shrieking) It was suppose to be something beautiful!

MALE

Honey, there's a fire in the hall... I can smell it burning... I know you're in pain. I know you never wanted to be a mother, but if you don't untie me we're going to burn up, me, you and the baby...

Insert of the Male's skeleton burning.

MALE

And we won't come back to life. We'll stay dead forever.

FEMALE

Ah, forever, there's that word again. Nothing is forever, darling. Not even death.

MALE

(beginning to cry)
Please don't do this.

The Female gets to her knees in front of the Male.

The Male's face is one of agonizing pain. The sound of the Female snipping off his genitalia is heard.

A shot of blood squirts from the wound and onto the Female's face.

The Male passes out from the pain, his body slouched, still tied. Blood runs down his legs.

The Female stumbles backwards and drops the sheers. She falls to her knees. Her eyes are glassy with tears.

Insert: the sheers on the floor, a few droplets of blood beside it.

There is a CLOCK ticking on the wall.

The Female then takes the sheers. Tears roll down her face. She cuts her wrists with the sheer blade and screams in agonizing pain. She stumbles backward again and slides down to the floor, her back up against the wall. She looks toward her wound. A human tongue rises out of the wrist wound and licks it as if it's lips.

The Female's eyes are wide and horrified.

Her wrist is then normal and the wound and tongue have vanished.

The sound of the baby crying from the upstairs is heard. The Female character looks toward the sound. She gets up and quickly exits.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Female rushes through the house. The sound of the baby crying is still audible.

The Female reaches the upstairs hallway. She stops and examines the fallen picture frames on the floor. There is a photo of the family at a happier time.

The Female character enters the baby's room. There is smoke filling the room. Hundreds of butterflies are crawling on the walls, some are crawling over each other because of the sheer volume. The Female approaches the crib, looks down upon her baby.

Cuts to black.

The end.