

# PRETTY BOY

written + directed  
by Matthew Cromwell

This is a work of fiction. All of the characters and incidents - except for incidental references to products, places, or services - are imaginary and are not intended to refer to any living persons or to disparage any company's products or services.

"And if you gaze long enough into an abyss,  
the abyss will gaze back into you."  
- *Nietzsche*

*Look how black the sky is, the writer said.  
I made it that way.  
- Ellis*

**EXT. DARKENED STREET - DOWNTOWN MIAMI - NIGHT**

Damp and misty; a stark, moonless night. Orbs of raindrops languish beneath the glowing street lamps.

Impeccably groomed, dressed in a full-length tan trench coat is MILES NORTON (mid-20s, black). He moves down the sidewalk like a shark in open water.

An ambulance and two cop cars ROAR past--

**LATER**

Graffiti. Scrawled in blood-red lettering, the words:

**FUCK LOVE STORIES**

**EXT. HOT SPOT ADULT SHOP - NORTH MIAMI - NIGHT**

The flickering sign of a seedy-looking porn rental place.

Miles crosses the parking lot in his trench coat, collar up, shielding his face and neck--

**EXT. RESTAURANT EQUIPMENT STORE - OVERTOWN - DUSK**

Miles closely examines a window display of cooking equipment. Knives of all sizes. We ZOOM IN on his unblinking EYES--

**INT. METROMOVER (MOVING) - NIGHT**

Dressed in an unbuttoned chef coat and checkered chef pants, Miles leans against one of the windows.

The passing cityscape blurs behind him--

**INT. BLACKBIRD ORDINARY - BRICKELL - NIGHT**

Miles flirts with NIKKI (20s), a gorgeous brunette. He introduces himself. Orders her a drink. They CLINK glasses.

He motions for her to leave with him. She smiles. Looks away. Brushes her hair behind her ear.

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

We PUSH IN on a pair of discarded STILETTOS--

**INT. HOT SPOT ADULT SHOP - NORTH MIAMI - NIGHT**

Miles scours the selection of adult videos, books, sex toys. Rents a DVD from the HARDCORE section. We FOLLOW Miles as he walks toward--

**THE VIEWING ROOMS**

where he opens a door to see a blinking blue television screen and a chair. Miles sits, LOCKS the door--

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

**ON TV:** *Animal Planet*. Something about predators.

Miles stares blankly at the screen, drained of emotion, his face partially illuminated by the flashing images.

**EXT. BANK - NIGHT****AT THE ATM**

Miles withdraws \$400 in cash. Quickly rifles through the 20s. Pockets the cash. Walks away.

**INT. BENIHANA - NIGHT**

Chunks of raw meat cook atop a SIZZLING teppanyaki table.

Miles and ALLISON - late-20s, thin redhead - watch as a JAPANESE CHEF chops, prepares their meal in front of them.

Beneath the table, Miles's HAND carefully caresses Allison's thigh. His fingers playfully dance up her mini-skirt--

**INT. HOT SPOT ADULT SHOP - NORTH MIAMI - NIGHT**

A PORNOGRAPHY VIDEO begins playing on the blinking screen.

Miles watches, his face bathed in a variety of colors.

He jabs the FAST-FORWARD BUTTON with his thumb.

**INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY**

Miles receives a back massage from a petite ASIAN MASSEUSE. The Masseur's HANDS knead his taut muscles--

**INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY**

A COOKBOOK cluttered with laminated recipes.

Miles quickly flips through the pages. We catch glimpses of some of the ingredients.

Eggplants. Cremini mushrooms. Goat cheese.

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Sleek and stylish. Stainless steel everything.

Miles discreetly CRUSHES a sleeping pill into one of two champagne glasses. The BUBBLES.

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Miles delivers the laced drink to Nikki. She greedily gulps it down. Wipes her mouth.

Miles watches - PATIENTLY - slowly sipping his champagne, a jovial smile creeping across his face.

**EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK - FLASHBACK**

Nostalgia. A YOUNG MILES (8-12) hurries home. Happily hops over a pile of leaves. Sprints down the sidewalk. Crosses an unkempt lawn. Leaps up onto the porch.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - OVERTOWN - NIGHT**

PANHANDLERS crowd the curb. Swigging from brown paper bags.

Miles emerges from the store, his arms loaded with liquor. He struggles to wipe his nose--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A VODKA BOTTLE being CRACKED open--

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Lines of COCAINE being snorted--

**INT. FITNESS CENTER - DAY**

Miles exercises in solitude. Fleetingly admires his reflection in the bank of mirrors. Notices a petite Latina on the nearby Stairmaster.

This is MICHELLE, mid-20s.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

A BLACK CAT prowls the street. Amber EYES glistening beneath the street lamps. The moonlight.

**INT. CONDO - BATHROOM - MORNING**

Miles showers in silence, his body enveloped in steam.

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Miles sits alone on a stool at the far right of his bar.

**INT. METROMOVER (MOVING) - NIGHT**

An attractive blonde COLLEGE STUDENT grinds one of the handrails like it's a stripper pole.

Miles watches.

**EXT. CONDO - BALCONY - NIGHT**

From the 46th floor, Miles overlooks the glittering lights of Miami's Financial District: the buildings, the yachts, the illuminated pools. The world.

His face grows sour with disappointment--

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Nikki lays unconscious on a neatly-made, white linen bed.

A SHADOW hovers over her sleeping body--

**INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Miles swiftly rips a laminated page from the cookbook--

**INT. PUBLIX - AFTERNOON**

Pushing an empty cart, Miles browses the produce section--

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Miles calmly strokes Nikki's sedated face.

He stands over her. Clutches a large knife.

The blade gently travels down Nikki's midsection--

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DUSK - FLASHBACK**

We FOLLOW Young Miles as he runs into his childhood home. It's dark, sparsely furnished, tiger-striped with shadows. Young Miles trots into

**THE KITCHEN**

where he finds his mother, GLORIA, black, late-30s. She's clad in a dingy, fringed bathrobe. Her face is placid, drained of emotion. Hair's a mess. She's standing over the sink. Eating something.

**EXT. DARKENED STREET - NIGHT**

Miles walks down the sidewalk. CLAPS his hands together--

**INT. CONDO - BATHROOM - MORNING**

Miles kneels over his toilet. Violently vomiting blood--

**EXT. CONDO - POOL AREA - DAY**

Miles stews in the hot tub, shielded by designer frames, his body consumed by bubbles.

Michelle passes, wearing a tiny bikini. Miles can't help but notice.

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

We PUSH IN on Miles slicing out recipes from a magazine with an X-Acto blade.

**EXT. EMPTY FIELD - DAY**

Gray skies. Land dissected by train tracks. Miles swiftly walks into frame. Carries a pillowcase.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MILES'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Alone in his room, Young Miles dismembers a BABY DOLL--

**INT. CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Wearing a gore-splattered rubber apron, Miles hunches over his tub, smoking a cigar with blood-stained fingers.

We PUSH IN on Nikki's severed HAND hanging from the bathtub, the THUMB and FOREFINGER missing--

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

An issue of Vanity Fair splattered with blood--

**EXT. BANK - NIGHT**

**AT THE ATM**

Miles impatiently waits for his money. The screen flashes "*Insufficient Funds*".

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Miles quickly attempts to CRUSH a sleeping pill into one of two cocktail glass. His hands trembling. He's losing it.

Allison appears from the bathroom. She looks at Miles.

A tense beat. His face says it all. She turns to RUN.

Miles viciously ATTACKS Allison, lunging for her throat--



**EXT. EMPTY FIELD - DAY**

Miles approaches a desolate set of train tracks. Empties the contents of the pillowcase. A collection of HUMAN BONES.

From his jacket, he reveals a small hammer--

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A large TIN CONTAINER with Sir Henry Raeburn's painting on the cover, "A Boy With a Rabbit".

Miles removes the lid to find a variety of calcified BODY PARTS, BONES, FINGERS, VAGINAS. Souvenirs from his victims--

**EXT. STREET - OVERTOWN - DUSK**

Miles window-shops for knives and cooking equipment.

**INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BABY'S ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK**

Gloria stands over a hand-me-down cradle, gently rocking it--

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Miles stares out of his floor-to-ceiling windows. Admires the view. Sips from a brandy sifter.

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Miles chaotically chases Allison throughout the condo. She stumbles toward the door.

Miles TACKLES her before she can make it. He drags her back into the living room by her ankles--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

The stainless steel stove-top.

Miles preheats his oven to 400 degrees. Chops the eggplant. Coats the slices with olive oil.

Seasons them with salt and pepper. Arranges the eggplant slices on a sheet pan. Shoves the sheet pan into the oven.

**EXT. MIAMI DADE COLLEGE - WOLFSON CAMPUS - DUSK**

Cloaked in his trench coat, Miles briskly passes a sign made of gold letters that spell out the word "WOLFSON"--

**INT. MAIL ROOM - DAY**

Miles - in post-workout attire - checks his mailbox. Pulls out a few catalogues, flyers. Sifts through his mail.

Michelle enters. Checks her mailbox.

Miles watches her out of the corner of his eye.

They inadvertently make eye contact. She forces a smile. He does the same.

Miles notices the number of her mailbox. 506.

**EXT. DARKENED STREET - DUSK**

With his head lowered, collar popped, Miles carries his groceries home--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Using a medium-sized skillet, Miles sautés the crimini mushrooms in a pool of olive oil.

Adds a handful of minced garlic. A dash of chopped thyme.

**INT. METROMOVER (MOVING) - DUSK**

Dressed in a soiled chef's uniform, Miles examines other PASSENGERS on the train:

A WOMAN with scars on her forearms. A LITTLE GIRL holding the handrail with both hands. A HOMELESS MAN violently shaking his head. A well-dressed, handsome YOUNG MAN.

Miles narrows his eyes.

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Miles - feral and dishevelled - crouches on the tile floor, savagely eating Allison's INTESTINES with his bare hands--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Miles feverishly combines a variety of ingredients into a large mixing bowl: clumps of goat cheese, eggs, Parmesan, oregano. He seasons the ingredients with salt and pepper. Adds the sautéed mushrooms.

He briskly peels apart rectangular pasta sheets.

We PUSH IN on a boiling saucepan filled with BUBBLING BLOOD--

**EXT. EMPTY FIELD - DAY**

Miles begins CRUSHING the pillowcase of bones. He scatters the remains across the rocks. Peers over his shoulder--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Hovering over his stove, Miles glares over his shoulder like a wild animal; his lips, chin, mouth soaked with blood--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Flanks of Nikki's FLESH and BRAIN sizzle in a large skillet. We PUSH IN on an industrial-sized pot boiling NIKKI'S SKULL--

**INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY**

Miles hastily flips through the cookbook. Finds a laminated recipe for "Sausage with Chard Sauté with Polenta".

Miles stares at the ingredients. A thin, wicked smile creeps across his otherwise placid face--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Miles eats dinner alone. Looks down at his meal.

A plate of HUMAN FLESH, molded into a sophisticated dish, some sort of crudely-crafted eggplant lasagna.

With elegance and grace, Miles begins cutting and eating--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Wearing only his slacks and suspenders, Miles sweats profusely as he attempts to cook Allison's INTESTINES in a large cast iron skillet.

On an adjacent burner, a large pot of BOILING polenta begins to overflow. Miles struggles to clean up the mess. Continues to cook the intestines. He's still sweating.

He takes a much-needed swig from a nearby handle of Jim Beam. Wipes his mouth--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - EVENING**

Miles opens his freezer. Inside, we see Allison's HEAD--

**EXT. STREET - NORTH MIAMI AVENUE - DUSK**

Miles silently moves up the sidewalk. Notices swarms of FLIES hovering over discarded FOOD.

**INT. ELEVATOR BANK - DAY**

Miles waits. The elevator DINGS. Doors open.

He's almost taken aback to see Michelle standing there, thumbing her phone. She looks up at him.

He smiles - charmed.

**INT. ELEVATOR (GOING DOWN) - DAY**

Miles and Michelle ride together in silence.

Awkward beat. Miles introduces himself. Says something to make her laugh. Progress.

**INT. CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Miles lights two candles.

**INT. CONDO - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Miles serves Michelle the same sloppy eggplant lasagna he created using cooked pieces of Nikki's brain.

Michelle forces a smile. Quizzically pokes the lasagna with her fork.

From across the table, Miles shovels the meal into his mouth with a crooked grin--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Miles discreetly laces one of two champagne glasses. The sleeping pill FIZZES in the flute.

Miles looks away. Something catches his eye.

He notices that his oven clock is FLASHING **6:66**.

Without looking, Miles takes a sip from the FIZZING champagne flute. Wipes his mouth.

**BLACK FRAME**

Title Appears:

**later**

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Miles wakes up. Partially nude. Sprawled out across a white animal-skin rug. Dazed, he waddles through his condo.

His front door is wide the fuck open--

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**ON TV:** "Wheel of Fortune". The APPLAUSE sounds like STATIC.

We PUSH IN on a three DEAD BODIES, propped up in chairs, covered with sheets--

**INT. CONDO - KITCHEN - DAWN**

A white two-gallon bucket of canola oil spiced with cinnamon sticks and slices of tangerines. Severed BODY PARTS marinate in the liquid, submerged in the translucent oil.

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Miles stumbles toward his bed. He notices something...

His tin can of souvenirs has been opened and ransacked. HUMAN BONES are scattered across the tile floor.

We can see Miles mentally putting together the pieces.

A look of panic quickly spreads across his face--

**INT. CONDO - NIGHT**

We FOLLOW a portly SECURITY GUARD as he enters the dimly-lit condo. We may see the TV playing STATIC in the b.g.

The Security Guard immediately covers his nose. Reaches for his walkie.

As he tries to press the buttons, a WIRE LOOPS OVER HIS HEAD AND QUICKLY TIGHTENS AROUND HIS NECK.

Miles - knee pressed against the Guard's back - whispers maliciously in his ear. The Guard reacts. Miles quickly TIGHTENS the wire. The Guard's eyes POP.

They both stumble... fall to the ground. Miles is still on the Guard's back, pulling the wire.

ON MILES

Gritted teeth. Chanting quietly. The wire slicing his hand.

The Guard finally lays still. Miles breathes heavily. Rises to his feet. Stares down maniacally at the Guard.

A few beats.

Miles grabs the Guard's ankles and drags him toward the bathroom--

**INT. CONDO - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Blood-spotted NEWSPAPER spread out across the bathroom floor--

**INT. CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Miles creeps toward the bodies. He pulls off one of the sheets, revealing a DECOMPOSED CORPSE being devoured by WRITHING MAGGOTS--

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

ON TV: *The Exorcist III*. Muted.

**INT. LOBBY - DAY**

Michelle crosses, consumed by her cell phone. She approaches

**THE ELEVATOR BANK**

but it's too late -- the door's already closing.

She looks up to see Miles in the elevator, wagging his finger. Taunting her.

Off Michelle's confused reaction--

**INT. CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAWN**

Dressed in his trench coat, no shirt, Miles stares blankly at framed family photographs from his past. Becomes overwhelmed with grief, emotion. He looks around.

His condo's a mess. BODY PARTS scattered across the tile. Surrounded by ROTTEN FOOD and GARBAGE.

Miles forced a grateful smile. Closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

**THE END**