

Chinese Take Out
by

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FADE IN

EXT. LAS VEGAS STRIP - NIGHT

Bright lights. Heavy traffic.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SAM BENNETT (30's) with an athletic build, loosens his tie and tosses it into an open suitcase.

SAM

(On cell phone)

Yeah...Boring as hell. How did Michelle do at soccer yesterday? Really? That's great. Give her a big kiss for me, and tell her daddy misses her...and you too.

Sam opens the phone book to escort services.

SAM

Oh, I know. Look, you have absolutely nothing to worry about. It's all between me'n Jesus-Remember?

He scans through the ads until he finds one that features Asian models.

SAM

I'm a changed man. Honest. Cross my heart. Dinner? I don't know. Maybe I'll have...Chinese.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

LIZ CHIN, late 20's in a sexy dress, approaches the desk.

The clerk, JAMES, early 50's, smiles.

JAMES

Liz. Nice to see you...out and about.

LIZ

Hey, James. Hows about a Sam Bennett in four oh five?

JAMES
Sure thing. He's on his way down.
Did I tell you I heard from Marcy
Denton this morning?

LIZ
Oh, Christ.

JAMES
Yeah.

LIZ
How the hell did she get out?

JAMES
Damn good lawyer.

LIZ
I guess. I'll have to get his
number.

Sam approaches Liz and greets her with a hug.

SAM
Never mind that! Oh my God! It is
so good to see you! How's Alex and
the boys? My, my. How time does
fly.

Sam and Liz walk towards the elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR

Sam whispers in Liz's ear.

SAM
The service said you were a hot and
spicy little dish. I am not
disappointed.

Liz smiles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Liz sits at a small table. She lights up a cigarette.

LIZ
So. You are comfortable with our
arrangement?

Sam takes off his shirt.

SAM
No worries. Where...

Liz smiles and motions to an armless chair.
He takes a seat and sighs as Liz straddles his lap.
She pinches his biceps as she kisses around his neck.

LIZ
Delicious. You must work out. You
must be about what...one fifty?

Liz rubs her hand on his stomach as she gyrates.

SAM
Yeah. Sometimes. Maybe more.

Sam shakes his head as he breathes heavily.

LIZ
Hmmm. You smell nice. Your wife
pick that out for you?

SAM
Uh huh.

LIZ
My, but you are the naughty boy.

SAM
I do a lot of very naughty things.

LIZ
I know people who can get you
anything you need...

Liz takes off her dress and flings it onto the bed.
She speaks between kisses in her lace bra and panties.

LIZ
...from the simplest of pleasures
to the most forbidden taboos.

SAM
I'll keep that in mind.

She licks around his shoulders and neck.

LIZ
Hmmm. You are a tasty specimen.
Lucky I'm vegan, otherwise I'd be
tempted to take a bite out of you.

SAM
I'd like that.

LIZ
I really dig your eyes. Girl could
get lost for days, swimming around
in those baby blues...

Sam grabs her wrist and squeezes tightly.

SAM
I want to modify our agreement.

LIZ
Ok, but...Hey!

With a swift move, he throws her on the bed.

LIZ
No, pleas...!

Sam then smacks her so hard that she flies off the side of
the bed and into the wall.

She slides between the bed and the wall.

Dazed, Liz grabs the bedspread and tries to pull herself up.

Sam grabs her upper arm twists it as he sneers into her ear.

SAM
I like my meat...tenderized!

Again, he throws her across the bed, but Liz angles herself
closer to the night stand and lands on her feet.

Liz lunges for the lamp, but Sam tackles her.

They both land on the floor, next to the table.

On her stomach, Liz desperately tries to reach her purse
strap that dangles just out of reach.

Sam jumps forward, knocks down her arm and bumps the table.

The contents of her purse spill on to the carpet.

SAM
What you lookin' for honey? I ain't
needin' no rubber tonight! You
gettin' it raw and...unwrapped!

Liz grabs a small purple cylinder, turns and sprays.

Sam staggers back as the stream hits his face.

SAM

Wha?!! Ahh, you goddamn bitch!

Sam charges forward, but this time Liz dodges him.

He flies into the night stand.

Stunned, he struggles to stand.

Liz grabs the lamp and smashes it on his head.

Blood drips from his forehead. He appears unconscious.

She picks up the house phone and dials.

Her voice trembles as she tries to regain composure.

LIZ

Yeah, Jimmy? Yeah, uhm, No. It went bad. No, no, nothing like that. Listen. Go ahead and call Marcy-let her know I got one. Medium build, one ninety, maybe two. But hurry up...and bring me some ice.

Liz grabs her dress from underneath Sam and sits down at the small table.

She finds a loose cigarette and lights it with hotel matches.

EXT. DENTON MANSION - DAY

A cargo van sits in a large driveway as James and several other MEN close the back doors, then walk back to the house.

James climbs in the drivers side.

MARCY DENTON, 40's and obese, approaches the passenger side.

Liz, her face still bruised, rolls down the window.

She hands Liz an envelope stuffed with cash. Liz flips through it and smiles.

LIZ

Pleasure doing business with you,
Mizz Denton. Bon Appetit.

As the van leaves, a MAID brings a silver cup on a tray.

Marcy picks up the cup, smiles. The maid hurries off as if she is about to vomit.

Marcy stares at the red liquid she swirls around in the cup.

An eyeball, optic nerve and rectus muscles still attached, bobbles in the soup. The iris is bright blue.

She takes a gulp and smiles with a ghastly grin as blood dribbles down her chin.

FADE TO BLACK.