

American Cannibal

Written by
Steven Wood

Copyright (c) 2017

First Draft

steve84@gmail.com

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - DAY

A beautiful dining room table - lacquered slick white, with 90 degree angles - stands on bleached-oak flooring. At the table, sitting in a leather-wrapped captain's chair and wearing a white bathrobe is PATRICK BATEMAN. His face curious as he pokes at something on the piece of fine china in front of him.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

I shouldn't have used the Neiman-Marcus dinnerware. It's far too delicate and may be scratched by the Shun knife that I'm using. No matter, I can buy more if I need to.

The handcrafted blade of the Shun steak knife effortlessly sinks into the slab of meat. With each slice, the juices flow into the intricate designs on the plate.

He stabs a cubed piece of meat with his Versace flatware - gold plated - and eats it, careful not to drag his teeth against the fork. The chew is savory, and the curious look turns to that of satisfaction.

BATEMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

First I placed a dollop of Oleum Hispania olive oil into a hot Mauviel stainless steel frying-pan. After a few moments of searing on either side, I lightly sprinkled Kosher salt with fresh-ground black pepper. While still in the pan, I dripped a generous amount of porcini mushroom compound butter. It adds a bit of earthiness to the dish and compliments the meat quite nicely.

A long-stemmed glass filled with a red wine stands near the plate. He picks it up, swirls the liquid around and smells it.

BATEMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

The full-bodied Cabernet Sauvignon accents the steak beautifully. This particular glass comes from Saint Julien, one of the Bordeaux regions in France. The bottle is almost empty, I should probably get another case if I go there again.

He finishes the last bite and drinks the last drop.

INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Bateman sits with a blank look on his face, on a plush, black-leather couch with his feet resting on the glass coffee table in front of him. He's now dressed - light colored khakis and a pistachio colored polo. He inspects his fingernails for dirt when--

There is a knock at the door.

He gets up, wipes away at his nose, looking at his hand for any hint of a white substance, and answers the door.

A stunning, early 20's red-haired WOMAN stands there, looking innocent yet flirtatious. Her skirt tight, her shirt tighter, leaving nothing to the imagination.

Bateman has the same expression when looking at her that he did when sitting alone on his couch. Then suddenly a bright smile graces his face.

BATEMAN

Hello. Welcome. Please come in.

As she enters, he peeks out into the hallway.

BATEMAN (cont'd)

Is it just you? Alice, right?

ALICE

Yes...were you expecting someone else?

He closes the door as they stand in the entry-way.

BATEMAN

No, I wasn't.

She's slightly confused.

ALICE

Alright.

BATEMAN

Right, I'm sorry. I'm Patrick. Did you find it OK? No problem with the concierge downstairs?

ALICE

No problem, and he told me right where to go.

BATEMAN
That's great, may I offer you
something? A San Pellegrino sparkling
water?

ALICE
Some wine, maybe?

BATEMAN
Sure, a preference?

ALICE
It's all the same.

He looks at her with disgust.

BATEMAN
Fine. Please sit.

Entering the living room of the apartment, Alice can't help
but take in the spacious floor plan.

WOMAN
Wow, this place must cost you a
fortune. How much do you pay.

Bateman politely smiles and softly laughs.

BATEMAN
No, I'd rather not tell you what I
pay for where I live.

She shrugs it off, sits on the couch and takes a small
plastic bag with a white substance out of her clutch
handbag.

ALICE
Do you mind?

BATEMAN
Not at all, please.

From a metal bucket on the kitchen counter, Bateman opens a
chilled bottle of red wine, pours two glasses then sits with
Alice before handing her a glass.

On the table in front of them are four lines of cocaine.
They take turns snorting down two lines each.

Alice slumps back into the couch, blissful and horny. She
grabs at Bateman's shirt to pull him closer. She clumsily
tries to remove the buckle on his belt.

BATEMAN (cont'd)
How about some music?

ALICE
I'm not here to listen to music.

He pulls away and takes a very serious tone.

BATEMAN
You here because I paid for you, and
if I want to listen to music, that's
what we're doing.

Pulling her along, they walk over to the array of stereo
equipment nestled into an entertainment center that is built
into one of the walls.

As he looks through a stack of CD's, Alice sneaks off into
the kitchen and opens a towering, stainless steel
refrigerator filled with various things including bloody
meat inside Zip-Lock bags. She's curious as to what they are
and grabs one, then lets out a quick scream and drops the
bag onto the floor, spilling its content.

Bateman quickly turns around and joins her in the kitchen.

BATEMAN (cont'd)
Why are you in my kitchen? You didn't
ask me, you aren't allowed.

ALICE
What in the fuck is that?

The bag is open and blood is all over the floor and some
sprinkled onto her feet.

He grabs some paper towels and wipes up the mess, or at
least tries to as each towel smears the blood rather than
collects it.

BATEMAN
This wood is imported. I'm paying you
half. The restroom is down the hall,
go clean up and wait for me.

He does what he can with the mess on the floor, picks up the
plastic bag and puts it back into the refrigerator.

INT. BATEMAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

The room is dark, artwork hangs from the walls and an over-
sized TV is in the corner.

There are mirrors on the ceiling, directly over the bed. Bateman is covered to his waist with sheets. He stares up at them with Alice asleep. She has an arm and leg draped over his partially covered body.

BATEMAN (V.O.)

She's not as good as the last girl.
If she hadn't spilled blood in my
kitchen, I'd have only paid her half
based on her performance. I wonder
what she tastes like?

He grabs her hand and inspects her fingers - long and slender with French-tipped nails - and puts one of them in his mouth, immediately pulling it back out with a sour look on his face.

BATEMAN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Cheap moisturizer.

INT. OFFICES OF PIERCE & PIERCE - BATEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

TIMOTHY PRICE, CRAIG MCDERMOTT, DAVID VAN PATTEN all sit and stand around the large office. They're similarly dressed - monochrome suit and tie combo - and similarly groomed - side parted hair. Bateman is at his desk, wearing reading glasses, skimming over the financial section of the New York Times.

Price stares through one of the windows that overlooks Fifth Avenue and Central Park.

PRICE

How in the hell did you get an office
that faces the park?

Van Patten moves his fist up and down over McDermott's crotch. Bateman smiles but still reads the paper.

MCDERMOTT

You'll get your chance, Price. Just
find a new asshole to bury that nose
of yours.

BATEMAN

Brown-nosing never works.

VAN PATTEN

Sure it does, I can think of at least
two people checking your prostate
right now.

Bateman takes off his glasses and puts down the newspaper.

BATEMAN
I've started a new diet.

The piques everyone's interest and Price leaves the window.

PRICE
Go on.

BATEMAN
Meat based, high in protein.

MCDERMOTT
And your exercise regiment stays the same?

BATEMAN
Slightly altered. I found that I'm burning more calories though exerting less energy. It's quite wonderful.

VAN PATTEN
Count me in. I could afford to lose a few.

MCDERMOTT
More than a few, you chubby bastard. When was the last time you worked out?

BATEMAN
It's pretty exotic, not for everyone but who knows, it could work.

Bateman checks his watch and realizes the time.

BATEMAN (cont'd)
Guys, I have lunch at Jean-Georges.

PRICE
That's twice this week. Any good?

BATEMAN
No. What do you say, dinner at my place tonight? I'll cook.

VAN PATTEN
You? You're cooking? Should we get take out as a back up?

BATEMAN
Seven?

Everyone nods and shakes hands before leaving the office.

INT. BATEMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Price, McDermott, Van Patten and Bateman sit at the dining room table. Everyone except Bateman is drunk. Only the juice from meat is left on their plates.

They're all sipping on glasses of red wine.

PRICE

I gotta hand it to you Bateman, that was one of the best steaks I've ever had.

VAN PATTEN

Wagyu? It was fatty like Wagyu.

MCDERMOTT

Dorsia has top-shelf Kobe, similar to this. Who's your butcher?

Bateman looks please with himself.

BATEMAN

I slaughtered and butchered it myself.

MCDERMOTT

Bullshit, you've never even held a rifle, let alone shoot anything with one.

PRICE

Alright I'll bite, what kind of meat is this and where did you kill it?

VAN PATTEN

And with whom? Need someone to corroborate.

BATEMAN

Paul Allen.

Everyone is taken aback by the suggestion.

PRICE

Paul Allen? Why would you go anywhere with that prick?

VAN PATTEN
Maybe it's Bateman doing a bit of
brown-nosing of his own?

PRICE
Allen had a bigger office than yours,
Bateman.

Bateman is irritated.

BATEMAN
I have a better view.

VAN PATTEN
No offense Bateman, but that's like
saying you can fuck better than a guy
with a bigger dick. At the end of the
day, bigger is always better.

They laugh.

BATEMAN
(over the laughter)
I killed him.

They stop.

PRICE
I'm sorry, what?

BATEMAN
Allen, I killed him.

VAN PATTEN
Ha-fucking-ha Bateman, you need some
more wine.

MCDERMOTT
He's in London.

BATEMAN
No, he's not.

MCDERMOTT
Say you did kill him. Why?

PRICE
My stomach hurts.

BATEMAN
I've killed a lot of people. I even
confessed to that hack of an
attorney, Carnes.

Price gets up and opens Bateman's refrigerator and freezer.

PRICE
Where's your Pepto--

VAN PATTEN
--The joke's over, Bateman.

Price moves things around in the refrigerator and sees the same bloody plastic bags, but realizes there is a hand in one of them. He grabs it and tosses it onto the dining room table.

PRICE
What the fuck, Bateman? What is that?

VAN PATTEN
Oh Jesus Christ.

McDermott just stares at it.

Bateman has a sadistic look on his face.

BATEMAN
It's Paul!

MCDERMOTT
You're a sick fuck, you know that?

VAN PATTEN
Come on, where did you get that? It's pretty convincing.

PRICE
There's a ring on it's finger.

Price sits back in his chair. Everyone is uneasy and suspicious at the situation.

BATEMAN
I think all the time he spent at the health club really helped with the overall tenderness.

The oven's timer dings repeatedly.

BATEMAN (cont'd)
Ah, great. This was supposed to have been done a little sooner but I got a late start.

Bateman gets up, puts on oven-mitts, opens the oven and removes a large roasting rack covered with tin-foil.

He places it in the center of the table and removes the tin-foil.

It's the head of Paul Allen. The scalp is shaved and the teeth and eyes are removed. The skin is golden and glistening with moisture.

Price, McDermott, Van Patten stare in utter disbelief while Bateman takes an electric carving knife and cuts away an entire cheek. He takes that piece, rips it into four smaller pieces and hands one to everyone.

BATEMAN (cont'd)

To Paul Allen. He was a son of a bitch but made for a great meal.

FADE OUT