

American Cannibal

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First Draft

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FADE IN

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - NIGHT

LIVING ROOM

A baby-faced, neatly groomed HENRY(30's) sits on a black-leather couch, his face expressionless. He's dressed in light colored khakis and a pistachio colored polo.

There is a knock at the door, he answers quickly.

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.

A polite smile graces his face.

HENRY
Hello. Welcome. Please come in.

As she enters, he peeks out into the hallway.

HENRY
Tiff, right?

TIFF
Yes...were you expecting someone else?

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

HENRY
No, I wasn't.

She's slightly confused.

TIFF
Alright.

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

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

HENRY

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

TIFF

Champagne, maybe?

HENRY

Sure, a preference? I have a Brut, or Demi Sec.

She's confused again.

TIFF

I'm not sure?

He takes a beat and looks at her with disgust, then a smile.

HENRY

Do you like your champagne sweet or not sweet?

TIFF

Sweet!

HENRY

Not a problem. Please sit.

Tiff can't help but take in the spacious floor plan.

WOMAN

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

Still with a smile on his face, he softly laughs.

HENRY

It's tacky to talk about money, no?

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

TIFF

Do you mind?

HENRY

Not at all, please.

KITCHEN

From a metal ice-bucket on the counter, Henry opens a chilled bottle of champagne, pours two glasses.

LIVING ROOM

He hands her one glass, places the other on the table, which now has four lines of cocaine.

They take turns snorting down the coke, sniffing hard and clearing their throat after each bump.

Tiff slumps back into the couch, blissful and horny. She clumsily tries to remove the buckle on his belt.

HENRY

Not yet. How about some music?

She doesn't stop.

TIFF

I'm not here to listen to music.

He pulls away.

With her hand still on his belt, he tugs her to the entertainment system built into one of the walls.

Tiff looks through the vast collection of music and picks out Madonna's "True Blue" CD.

TIFF

Oh my God, please put this on.

Henry loads it in the player. Tiff quickly skips to the track "Papa Don't Preach."

As the bass heavy intro kicks off, Tiff moves her body seductively and runs her fingers through her hair.

HENRY

(over the music)

It's hard to imagine that a track with such a heavy-handed message could debut so high on the Billboard 100. I think that goes to show just how many people actually pay attention to what is being said by the people they look up to. Either way, this is a great song.

Without warning, Henry grabs Tiff's throat with both of his hands and squeezes. Her eyes grow wide and fearful. Any sound she makes is masked by Madonna.

She knees him in the groin, Henry winces then smiles maniacally and pushes her to the ground, not losing grip.

HENRY
 (lip-syncing Madonna)
 I'm in trouble deep.

She flails her arms and legs, fast at first but quickly slows. Her body convulses and limp. Henry holds on a moment longer, then releases. White hand prints remain.

BATHROOM

With Madonna still playing, Henry drags Tiff into the bathroom. He lifts her into the bathtub and exits.

He returns with a knife and runs it across Tiff's throat. It cuts clean and easily. He turns on the water, grabs her ankles and hoists her up. Blood drains from the slash.

A heavy red flow washes down the drain.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - DAY

A beautiful dining room table stands on oak flooring.

Henry sits there and pokes at a piece of meat on the white plate in front of him.

The knife effortlessly sinks into the steak. The cut reveals a deep pink center, juices fill the plate.

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

QUICK FLASH: A tiny amount of olive oil is poured into a frying-pan.

HENRY (V.O.)
 First I placed a dollop of olive oil
 into a hot stainless steel frying-
 pan.

QUICK FLASH: He flips the meat over to show a darkened brown sear as juices sizzle around the edges. With two fingers he adds some salt, then twists a wooden pepper-grinder.

HENRY (V.O.)
 After a few moments of searing on
 either side, I lightly sprinkled
 Kosher salt with fresh-ground black
 pepper.

QUICK FLASH: The meat rests on a mahogany cutting board. He uses a spool to pour melted butter over the top.

HENRY (V.O.)

While resting, 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 glass filled with red wine stands near the plate. He swirls it around and inhales deeply through his nose.

HENRY (V.O.)

The full-bodied Cabernet Sauvignon accents the steak beautifully.

He finishes the last bite and drinks the last drop.

INT. - HENRY'S OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

A large space with multiple windows and a cherry wood desk. There is a studded leather couch flush against a wall.

CARL, JEFFREY, and DAVID all sit and stand around. They're similar in every way - in age (30's), in appearance - monochrome wardrobe, clean shaved and side-parted hair.

Henry is at his desk, dressed similarly. Bi-focal reading glasses hang on his face as he skims the financial section of the New York Times.

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

CARL

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

David moves his fist up and down over Jeffrey's crotch. Henry smiles but still reads the paper.

JEFFREY

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

HENRY

Brown-nosing never works.

DAVID

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

Henry takes off his glasses and puts down the newspaper.

HENRY

I've started a new diet.

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

CARL

Go on.

HENRY

Meat based, high in protein.

JEFFREY

And your exercise regiment stays the same?

HENRY

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

DAVID

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

JEFFREY

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

HENRY

It's pretty exotic, not for everyone but who knows?

Henry checks his watch and realizes the time.

HENRY

Guys, I have lunch at Jean-Georges.

CARL

That's twice this week. Any good?

HENRY

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

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

HENRY
Let's say seven.

Everyone nods and shakes hands before leaving the office.

INT. HENRY'S APARTMENT - VARIOUS - NIGHT

DINING ROOM

Carl, Jeffrey, David and Henry sit at the dining room table.
Everyone except Henry is drunk. Their plates wiped clean.

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

DAVID
Wagyu? It was fatty like Wagyu.

JEFFREY
A place on the West side has top-
shelf Kobe, similar to this. Who's
your butcher?

Henry looks pleased with himself.

HENRY
I slaughtered and butchered it
myself.

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

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

QUICK FLASH: Tiff lies naked in the bathtub while Henry
kneels on the floor, sawing at the hip. One leg already
severed and wrapped in plastic next to him.

HENRY (V.O.)
I butchered the carcass here--

CARL (V.O.)
--in your kitchen?

JEFFREY (V.O.)
Small animal.

HENRY (V.O.)
In the bathtub, and not exactly. Let
me finish.

QUICK FLASH: One of Tiff's severed legs is on the mahogany cutting board. Henry grabs a large knife and cuts deep slices, removing large chunks of meat.

HENRY (V.O.)
I took smaller pieces and cut the
steaks here on the counter, being
careful to trim most of the fat but
leaving enough for flavor.

DAVID (V.O.)
Good job on that, by the way.

HENRY
Thanks, she really was a great
animal. Lean in some places and fatty
in others.

The oven's timer dings repeatedly.

HENRY
Ah, great. This was supposed to have
been done a little sooner but I got a
late start.

Henry 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.

JEFFREY
There's no way I can eat another
bite.

CARL
Yea Henry, I'm stuffed.

Henry pulls the tin-foil from the roasting rack to reveal
the head of Tiff. The hair, eyebrows, teeth and eyes gone.
The skin is glistening and golden.

HENRY
This is Tiff.

They all stare, somewhat startled, somewhat amused. David pokes at it with his fork.

JEFFREY

You're a sick fuck, you know that?

DAVID

Come on, where did you get this? It's pretty convincing.

Carl grabs the head and turns it to face him, staring curiously.

HENRY

The thighs were marbled beautifully, wouldn't you agree?

Henry takes a knife and cuts away an entire cheek, revealing the mouth cavity behind. He takes that piece, rips it into four smaller pieces and hands one to each.

HENRY

Go on, try it.

Henry eats his little piece. David does the same. Jeffrey and Carl stare at them both in disgust.

CARL

The joke's over Henry, what is this?

JEFFREY

I'm gonna be sick.

DAVID

Wow this is pretty good. What did you season it with.

JEFFREY

You know you're eating a fucking cheek, right?

DAVID

It's nineteen eighty nine! I want to go into the nineties with an open mind and new experiences.

David takes the knife and cuts away the other cheek.

HENRY

(to Jeffrey)

The Pepto is in the fridge.

KITCHEN

Jeffrey walks to the tall, stainless steel refrigerator and opens one of the doors. Inside are many Zip-Lock bags filled with chunks of meat, each labeled with names of women.

He then opens the other door where the headless torso of Tiff is awkwardly stuffed.

JEFFREY

Jesus fucking Christ Henry!

Henry turns to Jeffrey.

DINING ROOM

HENRY

That's also Tiff.

Carl gets up, searches his pockets.

JEFFREY

Not cool man. You know I have a weak stomach.

Jeffrey sits back down.

CARL

I'm supposed to have drinks with a client tonight, I don't have time for this. Anyone got a gram or enough for a fucking line?

DAVID

You should throw a Halloween party this year. Prepare the same thing and tell the same story. It would kill.

HENRY

(to Carl)

I don't have any coke but how about a shot?

CARL

That works.

JEFFREY

No gin, Henry. That shit is disgusting.

DAVID

Oh come on, it tastes like a Christmas tree!

HENRY

No, no. This is a special bottle.
Louis the thirteenth Cognac.

Henry rushes to the kitchen.

KITCHEN

From a cabinet next to the refrigerator, Henry removes an intricately designed decanter and 4 snifter glasses.

He then takes a small plastic bag from his pocket that holds a powdery substance and pinches some into 3 of the glasses.

DINING ROOM

Henry hands out the glasses and everyone drinks.

DAVID

Wow, this is smooth.

CARL

You know this is at least one hundred bucks a shot.

JEFFREY

Worth it.

David harshly clears his throat, Carl and Jeffrey do the same thing as Henry looks at them.

HENRY

Carl I think I'll try you first. I should have enough meat to last the rest of the year, assuming males are of the same quality as females.

The three men cough up blood, followed by spasms. Jeffrey's head slams on the table and the goes limp.

David falls violently out of his chair and knocks his head on the floor.

Carl uses his last bit of strength to grab a knife without Henry noticing.

Henry grabs Jeffrey's wrist and checks for a pulse - nothing. He looks at David who has a small pool of blood pooling around his head.

Carl hurdles over the table at Henry, swinging the knife, Henry uses one arm to block but the knife cuts off a couple of fingers. Carl falls limp on the table.

Henry has no expression on his face while looking at the bloody stumps.

He picks up one of the fingers and sucks on the bloody end, Looking intrigued at the taste.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - LATER

A small space with a large chest freezer and two large duffel bags.

The dismembered limbs of Jeffrey, Carl and David are neatly wrapped in plastic and piled on the floor. Their heads and torsos wrapped up and in a different pile.

Henry opens the freezer - it's empty. He takes the limbs, one by one, and stacks them neatly before leaving the room.

FADE OUT