In The Flesh

By

A Meat Eater
INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

FADE IN:

The basement is lit from a single light bulb that hangs from above.

A MAN, in his mid forties, sits at one end of a small table. He is dressed in a dark suit, his blond hair is slickly combed back. He takes out a cigarette, puts it in his mouth and lights it up.

At the other end of the table is a WOMAN in her late thirties. Her skin is pale and tears flow from her eyes. She does not want to be there.

The Man takes a drag from his cigarette. The smoke slowly flows out of his mouth. He puts the pack of cigarettes on the table and pushes them forward.

    MAN
    Would you like one?

The Woman shakes her head.

    MAN
    Are you sure? I know you like to sneak one from time to time, even though you keep it a secret from your husband.

He leans forward.

    MAN
    But lets face it, he knows, it’s not something you can hide, not like somethings huh.

The Man sits back.

    WOMAN
    What do you want?

    MAN
    We’ll get to that in a bit. Right now, let’s have a little getting to know you bullshit chit chat.

He takes another drag from his cigarette.

    MAN
    I’ve been watching you for the past month or so, and let me tell you, (MORE)
MAN (cont’d)
it was hard to track you down, took me almost a year, I had to do some serious Sherlock Holmes shit.

WOMAN
Please.....Just tell me what you want!

MAN
Bitch! I told you! We’ll get to that later. This is the part where you shut the fuck up and listen to what I have to say, then, when I ask a question, you will answer. Is that understood?

WOMAN
Yes.

MAN
Good.

The Man butts out his cigarette in the ashtray that sits in front of him.

MAN
So, like I was saying before I’ve been watching you for about a month, trying to see what kind of person you are, what makes you tick, that kind of bullshit. And you know what I found out?

WOMAN
What?

MAN
You are pretty fucking boring.

WOMAN
What do you mean?

The Man gets up out of his chair. He takes off his jacket and sets it down, then walks over to the woman. Her arms and legs are tied to the chair. He rolls up his sleeve of his right arm. He punches the woman in the face. Her nose crunches, blood spills out. She screams.

MAN
That was a statement not a question you stupid bitch! Remember when I said for you to shut the fuck up

(MORE)
MAN (cont’d)
and listen to what I have to say
and only to speak when I ask you a
question?

The Woman cries. The Man punches her again. She screams in
pain.

MAN
Now that was a fucking
question! So fucking answer!

She snorts up some of the blood that gushed out of her nose.

WOMAN
Yes...I remember.

The Man goes back to his chair and sits down.

MAN
With all that excitement I kinda
lost track of what I was talking
about.

He chuckles.

MAN
Oh yeah, I was saying how fucking
boring you are. You’re a secretary
for some accountant, you’re always
home by five thirty so you can
have dinner on the table for your
hubby by six.

The Woman squirms in her seat.

MAN
But Once a week you go to a PETA
meeting. So I’m guessing you’re a
vegetarian right?

WOMAN
Vegan.

MAN
Oh Vegan, well excuse the shit out
of me! How long have you been a
Vegan?

WOMAN
Since I was twelve.
MAN
What made you decide to become a Vegetarian, I mean Vegan?

WOMAN
I grew up on a farm, cattle and chickens mostly, and one day I walked in on my father as he was slaughtering a cow. It horrified me.

MAN
Sounds kinda like that story Clarice tells Hannibal Lecter. You ever see that movie? It's pretty fucking sweet.

The Man leans forward and rests his elbows on the table.

MAN
So you believe meat is murder?

WOMAN
Yes.

MAN
So murder is wrong?

WOMAN
Killing animals for food, clothes, and sport I believe is wrong.

MAN
So you think taking a life is wrong?

WOMAN
Of course.

MAN
Me, I think that's a crock of shit. It's in our nature to eat meat, not just us but all animals. It's survival of the fittest correct?

WOMAN
You can survive with out eating meat, they're are plenty of forms of nutrition available. Vegetables, fruits, grains, pasta, there is a lot of variety.
MAN
Yeah, but it’s all so fucking boring. Meat tastes good, Eggplant doesn’t.

WOMAN
That’s a matter of opinion.

MAN
It’s instinct. Consuming flesh, it’s in all of us. To take the life of an animal for food, that’s the way nature is, that’s the way it’s supposed to be. I mean, do you tree hugging pussies go around bitching at lions for eating a Gazelle?

WOMAN
That’s different.

MAN
How the fuck is that different?

WOMAN
They’re animals.

MAN
So are we.

WOMAN
We can make a choice.

MAN
So can the lion, and like the lion, we take life to survive, so I wouldn’t call that murder.

WOMAN
I would. Animals don’t force their pray to be tortured in horrible living conditions for their entire lives just to be consumed in a matter of minutes.

MAN
I do agree taking a life is wrong, for the most part. Self defense and uh, what is it, oh ya, revenge, I would call those the exceptions. But for food, I think it’s just the cycle of life.

The beaten and bloodied Woman trembles in her seat.
MAN
Now lets get back to murder. Would you agree that willingly causing the death of an animal, or a human being, would be considered murder?

WOMAN
Yes I would.

MAN
Excellent! Me too. I think that is one thing we totally agree on.

The Man takes out another cigarette and lights it up.

MAN
Now lets go back about a year. April seventeenth to be exact. Do you remember that day?

The Woman shifts in her seat. A nervous look overcomes her.

WOMAN
I can’t remember that far back. I have a hard enough time remembering last week.

MAN
That’s bullshit bitch, and you and I fucking know it. There are some things that we never forget. A wedding day, the day your child was born, or the first time you had a cock inside you. Now something significant happened last April seventeenth.

The Woman squirms.

MAN
You were coming home late one night, it was around nine. You were driving down Elenore street, and you were going a little too fast. And maybe you were on your phone, or maybe you were putting on fucking make-up, I don’t really know, but what I do know is that you weren’t paying attention.

Tears flow from the Womans eyes.
MAN
And that’s when it happened. You ran over a boy, a thirteen year old boy, my thirteen year old boy.

The Woman cries.

MAN
You ran over my son and took off. You didn’t take him to the hospital, you didn’t even call nine one one, you just left him there to die alone, scared, and in pain.

The Man flicks his cigarette at the Woman. It hits her in the face.

MAN
If you would have called an ambulance, if you would have taken him to the hospital he could still be alive. But instead you let him die, which makes you a murderer.

WOMAN
I don’t know what you’re talking about?

MAN
Don’t you fucking lie to me! You see the cops, they didn’t look hard enough, sure they went to mechanics around town to see if anyone had their car fixed, but I searched further, in fact you went three counties out. I found a guy who fixed a car the day after you killed my son, same paint and tread marks that was left on my little boy. He was pretty easy to pay off, he gave me your name and address for fifty bucks.

WOMAN
Please....I’m sorry.....I was scared.

MAN
You were scared? How scared do you think my little boy was lying there in pain all alone. You just had to make a phone call and stay with him.
WOMAN
If I could go back in time I would, but I can’t!

MAN
It’s kind of funny how you won’t eat a hamburger but you’d let kid die, makes you a bit of a hypocrite don’t it?

WOMAN
I’m sorry, I’m so sorry.

MAN
Sorry ain’t gonna cut it bitch! You need to be punished, and I have the perfect punishment for you!

WOMAN
What is it?

The Man gets up and and walks to the corner of the room. He picks up a small shoe box. He sets the box in front of the woman and opens it. The Woman looks inside. A small white fluffy kitten looks up at her.

WOMAN
I don’t get it.

MAN
If you want to live through this, you’re going to have to kill and eat that little kitty.

WOMAN
I will do no such thing.

The Man reaches into the box and pulls out the little kitty.

MAN
Yes you will. If you don’t I will get your husband and slit his throat right in front of you before I bash your fucking brains in.

The Man tosses the box onto the floor. He unties the Woman’s hands.

WOMAN
Why would you want me to do something to an innocent animal.
MAN
Because it is something you will never forget.

He places the kitten in the Woman’s hands.

MAN
Now kill it and eat it, fur and all.

The Woman cries uncontrollably.

MAN
Snap its neck, that would be the quick and humane thing to do.

The Woman puts her hand around the little kittens neck. She looks into its eyes.

MAN
Do it!

SNAP!

The Woman breaks the kittens neck. She howls.

WOMAN
Now eat it!

She sinks her teeth into the dead kittens stomach. Blood oozes out. She rips the flesh away. The kitty’s intestines and stomach spill out.

The woman cries as she consumes the kittens meat, her mouth is covered with blood.

MAN
Does it taste like chicken?

The Man laughs.

MAN
Make sure you get the guts that are spilling out. We don’t want anything to go to waste.

He watches as the Woman finishes the kitten, her face dripping with blood. She throws up. He claps his hands.

MAN
Very good! To be honest I didn’t think you’d be able to do it.
WOMAN
Please can I go now!

The man smiles.

MAN
Almost. Just wait here.

He gets up, walks over to the woman. He ties her hands up again.

MAN
Back in a quick.

The Man heads off up the staircase. The Woman looks at the bloody mess left on the table. The kittens bones lay in front of her.

The Man comes back down with something wrapped in a blanket. The blanket moves. He sets it down in front of the Woman.

WOMAN
What is that?

The Man opens up the blanket. A small pug puppy sits before her. It looks up at the Woman with its big brown puppy dog eyes.

MAN
It’s the main course.

The Woman screams. The Man laughs hysterically.

MAN
Wait till you see what I got for dessert.

CUT TO BLACK.