

A LIVER SHORT

FADE IN:

EXT. LOCKHEED HERCULES TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT - COCKPIT - NIGHT

The PILOT, 40, scans the darkness for the unexpected.

Every few seconds he glances down at the autopilot control panel. No further motion of him, stuff seems all right.

In the second seat chills PARSIFAL GARISS "PARS", 36, short blond hair, legs spread and laid on some bulky displays near the side window. The scars and furrows in his face speak for a heavy acne problem in his youth.

He holds a phone to his ear.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

I see, since you receive this phone call, you should already descend from the cruise altitude.

PARS

Correct, Boss.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

How are the goods? You had problems with the Philippine ground crew.

PARS

Just the usual procedure. Nothing we couldn't fix with a wad of Benjamin Franklins, Boss. Otherwise all twenty Filipinos on board. More or less.

Pars chortles.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

Twenty? Only twenty. I received a spontaneous inquiry, for a further shoulder, liver and head.

PARS

Damn.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

What does damn mean, Pars?

Pars picks a tablet pc, checks a chart filled with meat terminology like chuck, ribs, flank, neck followed by numbers for weight and quantity.

PARS

Heads all right. Two shoulders,
available. Liver sold out.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

Oh, I don't think so. No. Do we
have a problem...

(razor-sharp)

Pars?

Pars strokes his temple with a sigh.

PARS

No, Sir.

THE BOSS (V.O.)

You better believe that. So, it's
either the Butcher, the Stewardess
or you since I guess you'll need
the man beside more than the
others, don't you think?

Pars glances at the pilot.

PARS

Yeah, I need him more than the
others. See you in Tampa then.

Pars ends the call, tosses the phone against the front
window and kicks his foot into some consoles.

PARS

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The pilot trembles, does not dare to complain the slightest.

Pars relaxes within a second, pats on the pilot's shoulder.

PARS

Don't worry, okay? Just do what
you're paid for.

He gets up, leaves the cockpit and steps into the small

ON-BOARD TOILET

Pars pushes the hand sanitizer dispenser and rubs the
antiseptic agent over hands and forearms up to the elbow.

He slips into a pair of metal mesh gloves and steps through
the door, turns left into the

CARGO BAY

In a jump seat sleeps stewardess JENNY, 25, wearing a sleep mask.

From the main cargo area, there's a rasping sound, like a hand saw cutting through wood.

The cargo is meat.

From a steel frame close to the ceiling, the meat hangs from jointed s-shaped hooks.

No cattle or pork -

These are human bodies.

Their head removed, blood dripping from the open throats into a long steel basin.

Many bodies swivel, the hook in their bunghole, the legs spread out to the sides, broken from the hip joint, hanging in the musculature only.

Pars gazes at Jenny.

He turns his head toward the meat cabinet where the sawing sound comes from.

He steps ahead through the two rows of bodies, gets closer to the saw.

PARS

Butch.

A bald, sturdy, man, rather strong than fat, BUTCH, 50, blood all over his gumboots, apron, face everywhere, saws through the ribs of a body which is almost eviscerated to the bones.

PARS

Butch! We got a problem.

Butch stops sawing the ribs.

Pars surveys the already plastic-wrapped and stacked meat everywhere in the hold's rear area.

PARS

We're short of one liver. And the Boss was pretty clear about that.

Butch knits his brows.

BUTCH

So be it.

He drops the saw and picks a bolt pistol from a workbench.

BUTCH

God. I really liked Jenny.

PARS

I guess it's what happens if you
play with the wrong kids.

BUTCH

Hm. Agree.

MOMENTS LATER

At the jumpsuit, Butch carefully puts the bolt gun to Jenny's temple. He pulls the trigger, with a POP the bolt propels forward, hits Jenny's head.

Immediately stunned, Jenny's body slumps to the side. Pars catches her, carefully lays her on the ground.

He raises the meat hook in his hand and strikes down.

EXT. SUBURB - DAY

A black limousine enters through the gate of a millionaires neighborhood. It stops in front of a mansion.

Out of the car steps CESAR MALONE "THE BOSS", 70, wears colonial clothing, white pocket square, small spectacles.

EXT. MANSION - ROSE GARDEN - DAY

A fiftyish COUPLE sits at a small table amidst their well-kept property. He reads newspaper, she files her nails.

Cesar approaches them, produces a bundle of meat from his pocket.

The Husband looks up from his paper.

HUSBAND

Mister Malone. You got the liver?

Malone places the meat on the table.

MALONE

The most expensive flesh on earth.
Enjoy your dinner.

FADE OUT.