

The Best Cut
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EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

1950'S ERA JAZZ PLAYS OVER:

Identical cookie-cutter houses line a nondescript, suburban neighborhood. In the foreground there is an empty driveway. Every other driveway contains huge, spotless, black luxury SUV's.

Suddenly a compact Japanese car screeches into frame.

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

DOUG, (36) pulls his car up to his driveway.

His hair is tussled, eyes wild. Sweat beads down his temple. His phone rings. He picks it up as he throws the car into reverse and begins to back into his driveway.

DOUG

Hi hon-yes. Yes, I'm aware.

Doug juggles one handed with the cell to enable speaker-phone.

ALLISON

(over speaker phone)

We only have once chance to make a first impression Doug.

DOUG

I'm literally backing in right now-

ALLISON

(over speaker phone)

We HAVE to assimilate here. These people are like goddamn sharks-

DOUG

I KNOW-

ALLISON

(over speaker phone)

-Did you pick up the Fillet??

DOUG

Yes, I got the best cut they had in the whole goddamn store.

Suddenly there is a THUD and loud, screeching YOWL.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
What the fuck..
(loud unintelligible phone
chatter)
Huh? No it's nothing. I'll see you
in one second.

He hangs up the phone and gets out of his car.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Doug looks down at something out of frame, hands on his head. He breathes out hard.

CUT to reveal a very dead CAT in front of Doug's rear tire. We see "PIERRE" engraved on its collar. The address "1129 Stonegate" is below the name. Doug looks towards his neighbors house.

DOUG
Shiit.

Doug glances around furtively. After a beat, he opens his trunk and retrieves an empty paper grocery bag.

He picks up the flattened cat and drops it into the bag.

He stands, turns and walks around the back of his car...and comes face to face with his wife.

DOUG
JESUS.

ALLISON
You have everything?!

DOUG
Uh-

She pushes past him and grabs a bag of groceries out of the trunk.

ALLISON
What's taken so long? Jesus, I'm
dying back there.

DOUG
Just a sec-

ALLISON
I just fake smiled my way through a
solid 45 minute story about juice
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALLISON (cont'd)
cleanses. I feel like my brain is
going to explo--wow you are sweaty.

She hands him a roll of paper towels off a work bench.

ALLISON
Here, you wipe up and I'll see you
back there.

She kisses him on the forehead and takes the cat corpse bag
out of his hands.

ALLISON
(over her shoulder)
But *hurry*.

DOUG
WAIT-

ALLISON
Grab the beer! For the love of God,
bring the booze.

She disappears inside.

DOUG
Shit. Shit.

Doug grabs the last bags and runs into the house.

DOUG
Shiiiiiiiiiiit.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

It's a small, but lively get-together. The women are dressed
in nearly identical variations of tight white pants, large
sunglasses, and high heels. The men, in pastels and boat
shoes.

Steadicam shot as we follow Doug as he rushes through BBQ
goers. We are able to pick up on conversations as we move
through the crowd.

MALE NEIGHBOR 1
(pointing to his sunglasses)
-secret service grade, fucking
BULLET PROOF man. Go ahead. Punch
my eye-

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE NEIGHBOR 1

-No, completely paleo now-

Another neighbor tries to stop Doug.

SCOTT MERRYL

Doug right?

DOUG

Yeah, hi.

They shake hands.

SCOTT MERRYL

Scott Meryyl. Say, been meaning to ask you about those hedges.

DOUG

Sure-taking care of them next week-

SCOTT MERRYL

Great, great.

Doug starts to leave.

SCOTT MERRYL

Because the Benson's never really made an effort with them, you know?

DOUG

You got it-

SCOTT MERRYL

Great, because it's a team effort you know?

DOUG

YEP. First thing Monday

He takes off.

SCOTT MERRYL

Glad to hear we're on the same team Doug!

Doug searches for Allison. Next to him, Doug's neighbor EDWARD talks to a couple.

EDWARD

Yeahhh...just not like him you know. Usually leaves for an hour or so tops. Damnedest thing.

(CONTINUED)

Doug stops at a foldout table. The bags of groceries are set out and Allison is unpacking.

DOUG

Fuck.

Doug searches frantically with his eyes to spot the cat corpse bag. Suddenly, he zeros in on the bloody, rolled up bag. Allison starts to pick it up.

DOUG

MmmmNNNOPE!

He runs up and tears it out of her hands.

ALLISON

The hell is the matter with you??-

DOUG

It needs to be seasoned..

He backs up.

DOUG

Needs....season...

He runs into the house.

EXT. SIDE YARD - AFTERNOON.

Doug chucks the bag into a trash bin.

EXT. BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Doug approaches the fold up table. Allison is still unpacking. He picks up the steak bag.

DOUG

Alllllrighty! Who's hungry?

People cheer. He opens the lid to the grill and starts to unroll the bag. Edward appears, slapping him on the back.

EDWARD

Heard you got a helluva fillet there Doug-man!

DOUG

Yes sir. Best cut in the whole goddamn store.

(CONTINUED)

EDWARD

Ha! Well don't make us wait!

Edward grabs the bottom of the bag and turns it over.

Slow-mo shot as the bloody corpse of Pierre The Cat slides out of the bag and onto the grill.

Long beat of silence.

Hold on Doug's petrified face. We hear a woman's scream barely audible in the background.

Then, pandemonium breaks out.

EDWARD

OH MY GOD! PIERRE??!! You sick
FUCK!

Edward's wife, JANET runs to his side. She sees Pierre smoking on the grill.

JANET

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!!!

Suddenly, Pierre bursts into flames, provoking a new wave of ear piercing screams.

EDWARD

PIERRE NOOOOOO!! YOU ASSHOLE I'LL
FUCKING KILL YOU!! BLARRRGHHGAAAA

Edward turns and vomits.

MUSIC RISES.

Allison runs up and stops. Doug looks at her. She puts her hands over her mouth and backs away, completely horrified.

We slowly track backwards to reveal the entire scene.

It is utter fucking chaos.

Doug doesn't move an inch. Slowly, he starts to look up towards camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE YARD - AFTERNOON.

The lid is off of the dumpster. We slowly track in towards the bloody bag. An X-ray vision shot reveals the cut of meat inside.

TITLE.

Music continues and credits roll over this last image.

FADE OUT.