

DINNER IS SERVED

Written by

Max Reeves

A handsome DRIVER is whipping through the winding roads in a fancy sports car. His headlights illuminate the next turn just in time to cut the wheel. He's good.

Suddenly, a silhouette appears on the road. Driver slams the breaks, narrowly missing the person, raising a cloud of dust up in the air.

DRIVER

Fuck --!

He catches his breath and notices it's a young BLONDE. Model good looks, mini dress, designer purse on her shoulder. She's doe-eyed and terrified. Driver changes his attitude. He rolls down the window.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

You're ok? Sorry if I scared you.

The blonde shakes dust off her expensive dress.

BLONDE

My bad. Shouldn't be walking here.

DRIVER

(chuckles)

No.

The blonde pulls out her phone and shows him black screen.

BLONDE

An Uber dropped me off at the wrong spot. Now I have no signal.

She shifts from foot to foot in her very high and very uncomfortable heels. He sneers.

DRIVER

Jump in. I'll give you a ride.

She looks around, not exactly sold that's the way to go.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I just nearly killed you. That's the least I can do.

BLONDE

How do I know you're not some serial killer?

DRIVER

Maybe I am.

After a moment of hesitation Blonde finally gets in the car.

BLONDE  
Thanks for doing this.

DRIVER  
Where were you heading to dressed  
all fancy?

BLONDE  
A party. Wanna join me?

They look at each other. Crazy chemistry between the two.

DRIVER  
You know you're trouble, right?

BLONDE  
It'll be fun.

Driver ignites the engine. The car speeds up, flying through  
the tortuous roads of Mulholland drive.

2 EXT. OPULENT MANSION IN THE HILLS 2

The car stops in front of an imposing door of a mansion.

DRIVER  
You sure this is it? Awfully quiet.

Blonde smiles softly and leads him into the house.

3 EXT. MANSION PATIO 3

Myriad of city lights below them. It's like they are on top  
of the world. The view is spectacular but it's dead quiet.

Driver leans closer to her for a kiss. Blonde dodges it  
playfully, and bites him on the neck instead.

BLONDE  
I see what you're doing.

DRIVER  
What am I doing? I think I deserve  
a little more than "thank you".

BLONDE  
I thought you're a gentleman.

DRIVER  
I thought this was a party. But  
it's ok, we can have our own party,  
right? Wasn't that your plan?

A soft voice whispering into his ear.

BRUNETTE  
Boo.

Driver startles, surprised. He turns around to face two  
smoldering hot girls - a BRUNETTE, and a REDHEAD, both  
appeared behind his back out of nowhere.

Blonde rushes to them and kisses the girls. A three way kiss.

BLONDE  
Meet my friends.

Driver grins, not believing his own luck.

DRIVER  
Nice.

REDHEAD  
We've been waiting for you.

She almost devours Driver with her eyes. Redhead pops the  
champagne bottle open and pours everyone a glass.

DRIVER  
So we're celebrating!

REDHEAD  
Always! To life!

BLONDE  
And new friends!

The girls giggle and toast, but Driver is the only one  
actually drinking. Redhead tops up his glass and leads him  
into the house.

BRUNETTE  
You look so tired, sweetheart.

DRIVER  
It's been a rough day.

BLONDE  
We can make it better.

She takes Driver's jacket off, and then leans over to Brunette and lands a soft kiss on her cheek. As exhausted as he is, Driver can't help but be fascinated by these girls.

DRIVER

You know, girls, I actually had a dream like that.

Blonde and Brunette are being playful with each other. Brunette starts rubbing Driver's shoulders.

BRUNETTE

Same.

DRIVER

Oh yeah? Tell me. I wanna know.

Blonde leans closer to him, so that their faces nearly touch.

BRUNETTE

Trust me, you don't.

BLONDE

It'll be better than a dream.

DRIVER

You didn't even tell me your names!

REDHEAD

Does it matter?

Her eyes are striking, penetrating. Driver finishes his drink.

DRIVER

Ah, fuck it! I don't care what games you ladies are playing but I'm here to play along, all right?

He leans towards Brunette but loses his balance. Something is off here. The girls grab him by his arms.

REDHEAD

Steady, boy.

DRIVER

I just... I'm good, I'm good.

BLONDE

Maybe it's your blood sugar?

DRIVER

I haven't eaten anything all day.

BLONDE  
You must be starving!

REDHEAD  
Oh, poor thing. Come.

BRUNETTE  
*I'm famished.*

The girls help him make his way to the kitchen.

5 INT. KITCHEN

5

The girls sit Driver by the kitchen counter, circling around him like kites. The drugs are kicking in.

REDHEAD  
Don't worry, I got you. Here.

With a loud bang, Redhead lands a big bowl of salad in front of everyone. Lots and lots of lettuce.

DRIVER  
Are you guys vegetarians or something?

BRUNETTE  
Oh no, we eat meat.

REDHEAD  
We love meat.

BLONDE  
Can't live without it.

DRIVER  
My girls. I can't stand living in this town any more. Everyone's a goddamn vegan.

BLONDE  
Oh no, not us.

BRUNETTE  
Fuck vegans.

DRIVER  
That's what I say!

REDHEAD  
Nothing beats the taste of juicy flesh that is still oozing blood.

DRIVER

You like it *that* rare?

REDHEAD

If it's a rare type of meat, that's the best way to experience all the flavor. You don't want to overcook it. Then all meat taste the same.

DRIVER

Good point. So what was the rarest type of meat you tried?

The girls exchange glances.

BRUNETTE

Well, I guess it depends on...

DRIVER

I ate a dog one time.

REDHEAD

A dog?!

DRIVER

Yeah, it was very sweet. The taste.

BRUNETTE

That's horrendous!

DRIVER

What? You know it's a thing in some cultures. It's a delicacy in China.

REDHEAD

We're not in China. This isn't a thing up for cultural appropriation.

BLONDE

Exactly! You can't eat dogs!

DRIVER

Why? Because they're cute?

BRUNETTE

This is just totally inhumane!

DRIVER

Why? I mean, yes, they're cute but so are little baby goats or baby cows. Dogs are smart, but pigs are even smarter. Some cultures have different norms.

(MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D)

In some countries they eat monkey brains for dessert, and monkeys are the closest thing to humans you can get!

BRUNETTE

You're sick!

DRIVER

Hey, I'm not advocating for eating dogs, I'm just saying that it's a very thin line. Like if I say I want to eat your ass, it's a foreplay, but if I say I want to bbq your ribs, I'm a monster, right?

Awkward silence. They stare at a salad bowl in front of them.

Driver finally notices a picture of a cute little puppy on the wall.

BLONDE

Let's just eat.

DRIVER

With all due respect, I don't see any food on the table.

He motions at the lettuce bowl again.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I mean, this is just rabbit food. And I'm a carnivore. You girls said the meat's coming?

BRUNETTE

Oh, it's coming, all right, you piece of--.

Redhead pulls Brunette and Blonde outside.

6 EXT. MANSION PATIO

6

REDHEAD

What on earth are you doing?! You're messing it all up.

BRUNETTE

He's an asshole!

REDHEAD

But that's why we're doing this!



BLONDE  
He's not that bad...

BRUNETTE  
Excuse me? Eating dogs?

BLONDE  
I'm sure he wasn't serious about  
that. He's innocuous. Look!

They see Driver in the background tripping hard on drugs,  
talking to the spoon.

BLONDE (CONT'D)  
Come on, he's kinda cute! I could  
eat him with a spoon.

BRUNETTE  
I'm gonna fuck him with that spoon,  
I swear. Don't tell me you wanna  
fuck *that*.

BLONDE  
You got a problem with that?

BRUNETTE  
(scuffs)  
Just the kind of guys you like...

BLONDE  
Don't be jealous. His heart belongs  
to me.

REDHEAD  
Hey, I'm the one doing all the  
dirty work here.

BRUNETTE  
Oh, really?

REDHEAD  
Want to do the butchering? Peel the  
skin, get rid of the bones?

The girls are quiet. Dirty work, not their cup of tea. Driver  
pops up in the doorway.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)  
Didn't think so. I think I deserve  
his heart.

DRIVER  
I'm a man of big heart! Enough for  
everyone. Not the Brunette, though.

BRUNETTE

The fuck?

DRIVER

Your face is cute but you're mean!  
You're not invited to party with  
us.

Driver pours himself another drink and completely misses the glass. Blonde laughs and grabs him by the arm, leading back into the house.

BLONDE

Let me help you, sweetie.

BRUNETTE

You gotta be fucking kidding me...

7 INT. MANSION

7

Blonde helps Driver sit down. Brunette drills them with a pensive look as if she's ready to strangle them both.

REDHEAD

You need to calm down! All you've  
been doing is spoiling his meat!

DRIVER

My meat is fine, ladies, trust me.

BRUNETTE

Yeah, we have a horny one who's  
eager to check that out.

Blonde lands a loud smashing slap on Brunette's cheek. She spits blood and slowly raises her head to face Blonde. If one could kill with just a glance, Blonde would have been dead. Even Driver goes silent.

A graceful spin, and Brunette is down. She rolls over like a cat, gasping for breath. Her face is knotted, teeth clenched. She quickly gets up and attacks again. It's not a girly fight. Feints, somersaults, sudden moves. Ju jitsu kicks and karate chops. They throw punch after punch.

Driver and Redhead are caught in the middle.

REDHEAD

I'm so sorry for my friends. It  
usually goes smoother than that.

A container full of red sauce comes out of nowhere and hits Redhead right in her face. Right in that beautiful face. She looks like Carrie after the prom.

BLONDE

Oh fuck, I'm so sorry. Wasn't meant for you!

Blonde is by the fridge, genuinely surprised and terrified.

REDHEAD

That was for my meat!

Redhead's eyes blaze, she attacks like a tiger. She grabs Brunette by her hair and sends her flying off the stairs.

The fridge door sways open. Driver walks up to it.

DRIVER

Gotta always close the door---

He catches a glimpse of what's inside. A DEAD HEAD.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Oopsie-doopsie.

He turns around to see girls still fighting in the background. Evaluates the situation to the best of his abilities and fighting the drugs in his system.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna go now.

As he turns around about to leave, Blonde smacks him in the head with the puppy picture.

BLONDE

You can't drive. You had too much to drink.

Brunette and Redhead freeze in awkward positions, ready to attack. Redhead wipes off blood from her forehead.

BRUNETTE

Should have done that earlier.

REDHEAD

Girls, stop! Why are we fighting?  
And over what? A guy's heart? This  
isn't us!

Sentimental music playing. They look at each other, taking a moment to revive the spirit of nearly lost friendship. True female friendship.

BLONDE

You know what, you can take his heart if you want.

REDHEAD

I don't want it either.

BRUNETTE

I bet it's not even that good.

REDHEAD

This was supposed to be a fun girl's night.

BLONDE

Stupid guys, they always ruin everything.

They hug, staining each other's clothes with blood.

BLONDE (CONT'D)

Fuck fuck boys. Let's never fight again.

BRUNETTE

The night is still young, and we haven't eaten yet.

The girls look at Driver laying on the floor like a potato sack, completely out of it.

REDHEAD

Want to go grab a chainsaw for me from the garage?

BRUNETTE

I'll go get it.

BLONDE

Thank you! Best friends.

REDHEAD

Forever.

CUT TO:

8 INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

8

Candle lights, flowers, red wine. A sharp knife blade slices through a beautiful piece of meat, releasing the juices. Crispy on the outside, pink in the middle. It's visibly soft and tender, cooked to perfection.

Girls sit around the table, savoring the meal.

Blonde sends a piece in her mouth and moans with delight. She takes a sip of wine, truly enjoying this moment.

BLONDE

You know, girls, life's worth  
living for moments like this.

REDHEAD

Sometimes even worth dying.

A glimpse of a trash can sitting in the corner. Driver's shoes are sticking out of it from the top.

FADE TO BLACK.