

BON APPETIT

Draft Three

Written by

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INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

A quaint, dingy sitting room. Through an open door is a kitchen. CANDY (late teens) is unconscious, tied to a rusting metal chair and gagged with rope, her head covered by a cloth bag. She is dressed very modestly and femininely, looking as if she was about to go to church.

On the other side of the room, directly across from Candy, is COLIN (early 30's), wearing worn-down casual clothing, similarly bound and gagged. He has begun to wake up and moves against his restraints, making a faint sound. In between them is a rotting wood coffee table with a butcher knife on it. The knife is worse for wear, covered in dents and dried blood, and has clearly seen some action over the years. Below the table is a worn backpack.

TOMMY (early 40's), a chubby man wearing expensive gaudy clothes stained with dirt and blood, walks into the room. He pulls the bag off of Candy's head.

TOMMY

Good morning, sunshine.

Candy twitches slightly and blinks open her eyes. Tommy makes a look like he has forgotten something, and disappears into the kitchen. In his absence, Candy comes to her senses and begins to scream through the gag, while Colin's struggling intensifies. Tommy reappears moments later with a fancy wine glass. He looks annoyed at Candy for making noise, and replaces the glass with the knife, then gingerly holds the knife against her throat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Uh uh uh ...

He taps his finger on the tip of her nose.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hush now, darling. Don't want you hurting yourself, now do we.

Candy stiffens and goes quiet. Tommy walks over to Colin and removes his bag. As he does this, Colin attempts to kick Tommy in the knee. He jumps back and juts the knife out, the tip centimeters away from Colin's face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Ah! Now is that any way to treat your host?

He turns to Candy and shakes his head.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Some people ...

He returns to the head of the coffee table.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Now.

Tommy clears his throat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Welcome, newest friends, to my
lovely home. While you may not be
here of your own free will, I think
you'll quite enjoy your stay!
(aside)
Well, one of you at least. Let's
see, you are ...

He digs around in his backpack, removing two wallets.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(going on a diatribe)
Colin and Candace, though I see
you like to go by Candy, I'll keep
that in mind. Wonderful names,
really, I've always been a sucker
for something classic. My great
aunt's name was Candace, in fact.
She was still a total cunt, but
that's neither here nor there.

Beat.

Ah, I've forgotten to introduce
myself! Dreadful manners, forgive
me. My name is not on you will
ever be able to say, but you can
call me Tommy, that's a nice one.

Colin manages to shake off his gag.

COLIN
What the hell are we doing here?!

Tommy is clearly annoyed, but decides to answer his
question.

TOMMY

An ... experiment of sorts, you could say. Now, I will have you know that I'm secretly a bit of a foodie. Uh, I don't know if my waistline's keeping the secret that well!

Tommy laughs profusely. Colin and Candy do not.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Anywho, the point is that I have spent a substantial amount of time investigating the best-held secrets of the culinary universe, and in time, I uncovered something extraordinarily exciting. The taste of our own flesh is simply to die for!

They are horrified and disgusted.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I've since devoted my life to the art of preparing it. I know what you're thinking, ugh, but trust me-if done properly it is absolutely divine. This art is truly one of the finest in the world, and it is a tragedy that people will never even know my name, much less indulge in my creations. Which brings me to you all. For all the culinary expertise in the world, what I lacked was a fellow connoisseur, a Robin to my Batman, someone to share the experience with. Well, besides the obvious. I couldn't find one, so I decided-

Tommy walks over to Colin and dramatically slits his throat.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I would turn one myself.

Candy screams and cries. Blood begins spraying out of Colin's wound, his body violently convulsing as he drowns. Tommy grabs the glass off of the coffee table and positions it under the arterial spray, filling the glass with blood. He takes a sip, visibly refreshed. He picks up Colin's body and slings it over his shoulder.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So here's the deal. I'm gonna go chop him up and put him in the freezer. In two days, when you are nice and hungry, I'm bringing him back here and grilling up a nice juicy person steak, complete with a mango-pinnapple salsa. Ugh, I'm salivating just thinking about it. You can eat it and live, or refuse and die. Your choice. It's your test to pass, darling.

Tommy walks out through the kitchen with the body.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Have fun!

Candy is horrified. She begins to scream through her gag and panic, until she notices a sharp-looking, large decorative fork displayed prominently on the kitchen wall next to the table. It's bound to the wall with a thin fabric loop, but her chair is so beat up on one of the arms that she may be able to file her beautifully-painted nails into makeshift cloth-cutters. She begins to file her nails on the arms of the chair.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

Candy is still bound to the chair. She is motionless aside from slight involuntary twitching, and her eyes are glazed over. She is visibly starving. Her nails are filed to a point.

Suddenly, Tommy enters the kitchen, carrying a sack of frozen cuts of Colin, as well as a jug of his blood.

TOMMY

Hello, hello! Long time, no see.

He puts down the meat and walks in front of Candy. He picks up the chair she is tied to and brings her into the kitchen, placing her at the head of the beautifully prepared fine dining table. He removes the restraints on her hands and mouth, but her foot restraints are still intact. He dotingly touches her nose.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
I hope you're hungry!

As Tommy brings the meat outside to grill, Candy realizes the situation and begins to panic. She glances out a window to the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD-DAY

Tommy is lovingly placing the meat on the grill, vigorously marinading each cut with a fancy rub. He is clearly dedicated to the process.

TOMMY
(muted, through window)
Ah, Colin darling, your loins are beautiful! Did you work out? You are going to be absolutely scrumptious!

He lightly kisses the meat.

INT. SITTING ROOM-DAY

Tommy returns with the cooked Colin. Candy turns her head into the kitchen to see what he is doing. He pulls out a plate and a serving platter, and places a cut onto the plate—a thigh, maybe. He then takes another part and puts it on a plate for himself.

TOMMY
Are you a cilantro girl?

Beat.

Yeah, you're a cilantro girl.

He puts a sprig of cilantro on the side of the plates. Candy begins to quiver and cry, but slowly stands up, careful not

to make any noise, and begins to attack the fabric loop with her nails. She looks to view the preparation.

Tommy digs around in a cabinet, and pulls out a spice jar. He rubs butter onto the hot meat, making it visibly sizzle and bubble.

Candy looks closer at the meat. She unknowingly starts to salivate. For a second, she almost forgets that what was being prepared was a person. She shakes it off. The fabric loop gives way, and the fork is in her hand. She stealthily grabs the fork from the wall.

Tommy reaches into the fridge, and pulls out the promised pineapple-mango salsa and applies it to the dishes. He takes out the wine glasses and fills them with blood, then places the glasses and the plates onto the serving platter. He picks up the tray server-style, and as soon as he turns around, is stabbed by Candy.

CANDY
Bon Appetit!

For a few moments, Tommy looks shocked, and starts to shake as if he may pass out, but then begins to straighten his stance and laugh excitedly.

TOMMY
Brilliant, absolutely wonderful!

He grabs the fork off the floor, and demonstrates that it is fake and retractable.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Retractable- a collectible from a soap opera set, actually. I'm not that stupid.

Candy is incredibly confused, and Tommy notices.

TOMMY
You've got it, darling. I was starting to worry that you might not have the stomach for the more ... aggressive parts of the job, but oh, how you have proven me wrong! This line of work requires an extraordinary type of person- constitution, charm, resourcefulness, bravery, and darling you have passed the test with flying colors!

CANDY

What test?

TOMMY

The fork. I've been waiting so long for the person who could not only notice it and figure out how to use it, but have the stuff to actually do it under such pressure. And with stealth and style! The zingy one-liner really was a nice touch, by the way, I'm going to have to use that myself.

Beat.

You're not the first person I've had this little adventure with, you know. Not even close! Many have come and gone, but none of them have quite managed to prove themselves as a worth partner like you did today. Congratulations darling, your life is about to get a whole lot more interesting.

Tommy gently sets the plates on the tables, and begins to gently adjust a napkin over his body. He waits in anticipation for Candy to eat, so that he may begin as well. Some time passes, while Candy stares hesitantly at her plate.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Relax, darling, after the first time it's nothing at all.

The dish looks exquisite, and the smell is heavenly. Candy leans over the meat to smell more of it. She doesn't want to eat it but she's just so hungry!

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I can see that you want it, I can see it in your eyes. All you have to do is give in to what you know you want.

Candy is still noticeably uncomfortable, but relaxing.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Here, maybe some calming music will help. I know that helped me on the hunt the first few times.

Tommy takes out his phone and puts on some classical music. He returns to his seat. After a moment, Candy has somewhat relaxed, beginning to consider the idea.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

There we go, that's it. At the end of the day, what have you got to lose? It's not like I'll feed you anything else if you refuse.

Candy registers what Tommy has said, and a realization begins to come over her.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It's do or die, darling, so just indulge your darkest dreams and dare to do it.

Candy shakes violently, realizing that he wasn't bluffing. It was now or never.

Candy violently consumes a huge chunk of the thigh. Her face is covered in blood. The meat is incredible.