

DINING IN

Written by

Colby Tassinari

colby.tassinari@spartans.ut.edu
978-778-5036

FADE IN:

INT. CLARE'S KITCHEN- EVENING

A young woman who looks to be in her mid twenties is seen preparing two steaks while listening to upbeat music (CLARE).

She gracefully sprinkles seasoning onto them, then rubs the rest in from the cutting board.

She pours oil into a pan on the stove and places the steaks down onto it, to which they begin to sizzle.

She then steps over to her cutting board to crush a few cloves of garlic. Contemplating, she reaches over for some thyme to add to the mix as well.

She chops up some butter, and flips the steaks.

When the steaks are finished, she prepares two plates with asparagus to put them on.

She reaches for a glass of wine and sips it while gleaming at what she's cooked up.

A timer goes off, to which she is immediately startled.

CLARE

Oh crap!

She turns it off and hurries out of the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARE'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHTTIME

The young woman walks into her living room and takes a moment to look at a few photographs on her mantle.

She twiddles with her necklace, staring at them longingly as if they were part of a fond past memory.

Four of the photographs are of her and another man at various locations. The man appears very fit and attractive in the first photo, but slowly becomes more bloated and pale by the last one. He has a notable amount of tattoos as well.

She takes all the photos of them together down and places them into the cabinet of a little side table next to her couch.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARE'S DRIVEWAY-NIGHTTIME

A put-together young man (BEN) is seen quickly walking up to the young woman's house, looking nervous as he checks his watch.

He quickly regains composure upon reaching the doorsteps.

He rings the doorbell, and the young woman answers with a vibrant smile on her face.

CLARE
(Flirtatiously)
Well hello, stranger.

The two engage in a tender embrace and share a quick kiss.

BEN
Why hello, how are we doing
tonight?

CLARE
Not bad, not bad, I've been waiting
for you though.

She briefly kisses him again and they two go inside.

INT. CLARE'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHTTIME

The young man sits on the young woman's couch, and she walks in with the two plates of steak she prepared earlier.

She places his in front of him on the living room table and then sits down.

He starts cutting into it, and suddenly looks slightly put off. The steak is super rare, to the point where blood is seeping out of it.

BEN
You really like it bloody, huh?

CLARE
(giggling)
The bloodier the better.

She then cuts into her steak to take a bite, while the young man continues to force himself to eat the meat.

He seems less disgusted upon second bite.

BEN
Not bad with the seasoning, though.

The young woman smiles, to which they continue to eat their dinner.

INT. CLARE'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHTTIME

The couple cuddle together on the couch while watching an old monster movie.

The young man gently takes the woman's chin to turn her towards him.

They begin to kiss, with it slowly turning more sexual as the young man attempts to place his hand on one of the woman's breasts. She pulls away from him.

CLARE

(angrily)

What are you doing, Ben?

BEN

I'm sorry, it's just when you invited me over I thought you wanted to, ya know, go a bit further.

CLARE

(sympathetic)

Jesus, I mean... yeah I can see why you thought that, but not tonight.

BEN

(trying to reaffirm his intention)

And I totally get it, I didn't mean to upset you or anything.

(clarifying)

I don't want you to think that's all that I want from you.

CLARE

(puzzled)

What are you talking about?

BEN

I mean, it's been a couple weeks that we've been going out. I really enjoy spending time with you. I don't want you thinking I only want sex from you.

Clare giggles out of disbelief and discomfort. Ben sits there staring at her with affection.

CLARE

That makes it sound like you're gonna ask for things to be more serious.

BEN

(warmhearted)

Well, I really do like you Clare. I think you're a really special person. I'd be lying if I said I didn't want to start an actual relationship with you.

Clare's expression changes from disbelief to guilt.

CLARE

You're charming, really. I don't know how I feel about taking that just yet.

BEN

(disappointed)

Oh...well, can I ask why?

CLARE

(puzzled)

Huh?

BEN

It feels like you preparing this evening, and actually inviting me to your house for the first time, I don't know, it just seems like you only would've done this if you also felt that same way.

Clare still looks guilty, and then tries to console him.

CLARE

It's not that I don't, I'm just conflicted about the whole thing.

BEN

What, are you also seeing other people?

CLARE

No, no! Not exactly. I'm just not sure if you're going to want to hear it.

BEN

I can take it, Clare.

CLARE

Alright, well, if you want the truth, I lost someone a little while back. We were together for quite a bit, but then he wanted a break. It's been hard for me to move onto someone else. Don't get me wrong though- I have been trying for you. I really have.

BEN

Well if you're not ready, that's okay. I'm willing to wait.

Ben ponders for one second, and comes to the realization of what she just told him.

BEN (CONT'D)

But how come you haven't brought up this other guy?

Clare pauses for a moment and thinks about her answer.

CLARE

I-I guess, well, the only thing I can say is would you have actually continued going out with me if I had?

BEN

(slightly annoyed)
It would've made your intentions more clear.

Abruptly, a loud commotion is heard coming from below the house. It resembles the sound of a clamoring metal chain and thumping. Then it stops. This startles both Clare and Ben, causing the conversation to pause.

BEN (CONT'D)

(surprised)
What was that?

CLARE

(confused, and a bit shocked)
I don't know, sounds like it came from the basement.

BEN

Does someone else live here?

CLARE
(worried)
N-no, just me.

BEN
Well, that didn't sound good. Want
me to check it out?

CLARE
Sure, but I gotta warn you, it's
pretty creepy down there. Want me
to go with you?

BEN
No, you stay up here. Just in case.

CLARE
(scared)
Do you think someone broke in?

BEN
(in a comforting tone)
Probably not, but it's better to be
safe than sorry.

INT- CLARE'S BASEMENT DOOR

The two stand by the door for a moment, Ben with a knife in
hand by his side.

CLARE
(whispering)
Scream if anything's wrong, and
I'll call 911.

BEN
(whispering)
That probably won't be necessary.

Ben kisses her cheek and walks in the door.

Clare watches him with a worrisome look.

Her expression rapidly changes to a devious smile.

CUT TO:

INT-CLARE'S BASEMENT- NIGHTTIME

Ben walks down the creaky stairs. The basement itself is
filled with shelves piled with random household items and
holiday decorations. It's also dimly lit by one singular
light bulb in the center of the room, creating an eerie vibe.

Ben gulps nervously and starts exploring, keeping the knife firmly in his hand and pointing outwards.

Looking around, he sees nothing out of the ordinary, until the same commotion from earlier is heard again, but this time louder.

The sound is heard coming from the other side of the basement. He walks in that direction until he stumbles upon a door to a back room.

The closer he approaches to the door, the worse of a stench begins to emerge. He is physically repulsed, coughing and covering his mouth and nose with his other hand.

He reaches the door and opens it, ever so slightly. There is no light in the room.

As he peers in, he slightly hears footsteps walking up behind him. Turning around quickly out of surprise, he sees Clare.

BEN (CONT'D)

(relieved)

Jesus, you scared me. You were right though, it's fucking scary down her-

Clare immediately whacks him as hard as she can in the face with a steel baseball bat.

She pushes him into the room, with an impressive amount of force.

She slams the door and locks it, standing outside. Ben is still conscious, but very bewildered as to what is happening.

BEN (CONT'D)

(panicking)

What the hell? Clare open the goddamn door! This isn't funny!

Clare watches emotionlessly as he mangles with the doorknob trying to get out.

She comes across as cold, very different from the sweet front she put up earlier.

BEN (CONT'D)

What the- There's something in here! Help me!

Ben's screams are heard from behind the door, as well as the sounds of a struggle ensuing. Ben is overpowered quickly by whatever is already in the room.

BEN (CONT'D)

Oh god, oh god, help me!

After a loud snarl, biting noises and ripping sounds ensue, as Ben off gets torn apart and eaten alive.

He is screeching in agony, begging for help. Only one of the shrieks makes Clare wince, but she takes a deep breath and continues to wait as the attack ensues.

The gruesome sounds continue for a few more moments, until suddenly they stop altogether. There is a deadly silence.

INT. ROOM IN BASEMENT- NIGHTTIME

Clare opens the door and steps into the room after the attack. There is blood everywhere, and a blobby, pale, bloated mess of a MONSTER is in the middle of the room covered in Ben's blood.

It has sharp fangs for teeth, but resembles a human with its eyes and patches of hair on its head. It is also covered in malformed tattoos, due to the skin being stretched. It is implied that this is the man from the photographs, except more malformed.

This isn't the first time something like this has happened. There are a bunch of human bones scattered around the room, as well as random articles of clothing.

The monster is still snacking on the remains of Ben's torso, while we get a clear view of Ben's torn, mangled face. Clare looks at the monster with adoration.

CLARE

(sweetly)

I cooked steak tonight. Rare. Just how you like it.

The monster ignores her, opting to continue eating.

CLARE (CONT'D)

I had him drink some red wine too. It loosened him up a bit, maybe it'll do the same for you. Giggles

Clare giggles.

The monster snarls at her, and using his mouth he throws a part of an organ at her, causing blood to stain her shirt.

She wipes off the clots with her bare hand, further staining the shirt.

CLARE (CONT'D)
(exasperated)
Shows how grateful you are.

He struggles to move around because of his blubbery form, which seems to create frustration.

Physically hooked into him is a metal chain connected to the back of the wall, but long enough that he can move around the room freely.

He looks at her and begins attempting to speak. His voice is strained, as if he only has one vocal chord.

MONSTER
Let...me...die...

Clare takes a few steps towards the monster, and kneels in front of him, her hands interlocked. She looks at him with a smile.

CLARE
You keep choosing to eat. That must mean there's something you're staying alive for.

She pulls a taser out of her back pocket and shocks him. He wretches with pain, and gives a conditioned response.

MONSTER
Your..love...

CLARE
Good boy.

Clare gives him a kiss on the top of his head. He doesn't stop her nor does he attack her, and just accepts it.

She gets up to walk out. As she is facing away, the monster starts to fumble and mumble to produce sound, which turns into him saying something.

MONSTER
I'm..not..him...anymore...

Clare stops in her tracks. She looks hurt at first, but her demeanor changes to contentment.

CLARE
No, you're even better now.

She then turns around.

CLARE (CONT'D)
You're the only one I'll ever want.

She turns back around and slams the door, locking it behind her.

The monster begins to wail in anguish.

INT. CLARE'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHTTIME

Clare re-enters her living room, removing the photographs from the couch side table and putting them back on the mantle.

Downstairs in the basement, the wailing of the monster can still be heard.

She puts on a record of the song she was listening to in the kitchen earlier, drowning out the noise.

She sits back down on the couch, and takes a long sip out of her wine glass.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLARE'S HOUSE-NIGHTTIME

A shot of Clare's house is shown, but with no noise of what is happening inside heard.

The house appears to be soundproof, so no one in the neighborhood can hear what's going on inside.

It looks just like every other house.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.