

LUNCH MEAT

Written by

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INT. WES'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

WES, 20s, shaggy-haired and shirtless, sits on a stained couch and plays a video game. He is surrounded by a haze of marijuana smoke.

There is a KNOCK on the front DOOR.

Wes pauses the game, puts down the controller, and picks up a slice of pizza. He ambles toward the door. The pizza falls face first onto the dirty floor.

INT./EXT. WES'S APARTMENT - DAY

GLEN, 20s, KNOCKS on the door. His long, unkept hair offsets the brand new polo shirt and khaki pants he is wearing.

Wes whips open the door. Dirty pizza hangs in his mouth.

GLEN
My life is over.

WES
Awesome. Come on in.

Glen slinks inside.

INT. WES'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Glen and Wes take seats on the couch.

WES
So what's up?

GLEN
She is sucking the soul from my
very bones.

WES
Who is?

GLEN
Amanda.

Wes gives a questioning look and inhales some pizza.

GLEN (CONT'D)
My girlfriend.

WES
Girlfriend?

GLEN

Yeah. Amanda. My girlfriend. We've been dating for eight months. You've met her like half a dozen times. She's been to this apartment.

Wes takes a hit off a bong and shakes his head.

GLEN (CONT'D)

You looked up her skirt and saw her panties.

WES

Oh yeah. Nice girl.

GLEN

No. She isn't. She's relentless. Nags nonstop. Look at these clothes. It's like I'm her own personal Ken doll.

WES

Does she at least rub the flesh-colored smooth part between your legs?

GLEN

No. Not unless I "act in a manner deemed socially acceptable by a committee of our peers."

WES

What the fuck does that mean?

GLEN

I don't know.

The sound of CLANGING POTS comes from the kitchen. Glen jumps in his seat. Wes stares blankly.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Is someone in there?

WES

Yeah. My new roommate.

GLEN

When did you get a new roommate?

WES

Like a week ago. Or a month ago.

A series of GRUNTS and GURGLES emerge from the kitchen.

GLEN
Is it human?

WES
I think that's his dog.

GLEN
You hate dogs. You're always
stepping in their poop.

WES
Not this one. Keith trained it to
eat its own shit. He calls it the
Perfect Machine because it's fueled
by its own waste.

Glen is appalled. Wes takes another hit from the bong. Glen's CELL PHONE rings. He digs it out of his pants pocket, looks at the caller ID and sighs. He answers.

GLEN
Hey Amanda.

Wes coughs violently from the marijuana smoke.

GLEN (CONT'D)
What? Yeah. I'm at Wes's house. No
wait. Shit. She's coming over.

WES
Is she wearing a skirt?

GLEN
I don't fucking know. You have to
help me break up with her. I can't
take it anymore. She's controlling,
manipulative, and likes me a lot.
There is something about her that
is pure evil.

KEITH (O.S.)
Does she have steak drapes?

Glen and Wes stare at the opening to the kitchen.

KEITH, 20s, hairy and overweight, enters the living room. His dog, THE PERFECT MACHINE, a small bulldog with cock eyes and a protruding tongue, follows in tow.

GLEN
Excuse me?

KEITH

Do you want to break up with her
because she has steak drapes?

Glen and Wes tense in the awkwardness.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Steak drapes. Beef curtains. Does
her labia stretch past her
kneecaps?

GLEN

What? No. The fuck?

Keith turns around and enters the kitchen. His dog follows.
Glen is speechless.

WES

I love that guy.

GLEN

Is that your roommate? He's
disgusting.

WES

This is true, but he's already paid
me six months rent.

GLEN

Wes, how do I break up with Amanda?

Wes places the bong on the table and directs his full
attention to Glen.

WES

Alright. I'm gonna help you and not
just because I want to bang her.
She's taking up way too much of
your time.

Wes points to the video game on the television screen. His
thumb and forefinger form a gun.

WES (CONT'D)

These aliens aren't going to blow
their own dicks off. We gotta blow
their dicks.

GLEN

I'm sorry, man. Why don't you ask
Keith to play with you?

WES

I did, and he sucks.

GLEN

You probably should have asked him about gaming before he moved in.

Wes pouts. Glen pats him on the shoulder.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I'll play with you, but first, we have to get rid of Amanda.

WES

Who?

GLEN

Panties.

WES

Oh yeah.

Wes reloads his bong, lights it, and inhales a cloud of smoke. Glen stirs in his seat.

WES (CONT'D)

Umm. Just tell her you don't want to see her anymore.

GLEN

It's too simple. It'll never work.

Wes's gaze wanders around the room.

WES

Tell her you're seeing someone else.

GLEN

She'll know I'm lying. She doesn't allow me to talk to other girls.

Wes looks at Glen's crotch.

WES

Tell her you have herpes.

GLEN

Again. She doesn't allow me to talk to other girls.

WES

So?

GLEN

If I can't talk to girls, how am I supposed to have sex with them?

WES

Tell her you caught them from a
guy. Keith might have 'em.

KEITH (O.S.)

I have something.

Keith shuffles into the living room. His pants around his ankles. His penis and testicles stuffed between his legs. There is a slice of lunch meat wedged in their place.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Does her vagina look like this?

GLEN

Good God, no.

Wes laughs hysterically. Glen averts his eyes.

WES

Is that my lunch meat?

KEITH

Yeah. You want it?

WES

No.

GLEN

Please put your pants back on.

Keith reaches his hand out to Glen.

KEITH

Hi. I'm Keith. What's your name?

GLEN

My name is get your slimy, meat
vagina hands away from me.

KEITH

Long name. Nice to *meat* you. Get
it?

Keith points to his crotch. Wes looks and laughs. The slice of meat falls to the floor. It is littered with pubic hair.

The Perfect Machine runs in from the kitchen and eats it.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Good boy. Do you like my meat? Do
ya? Let's get you some more.

Keith leads the dog back into the kitchen.

WES

That was even funnier than when he did it yesterday.

Glen opens his mouth to speak but is interrupted by a KNOCK at the DOOR.

GLEN

Oh shit.

Another KNOCK. Glen gets up and heads to the door. He cracks it open.

WES

Remember. You have herpes.

The door opens to reveal AMANDA, 20's, immaculately dressed, standing there.

AMANDA

You have what?

GLEN

Nothing. Hi. Come in.

Glen leads her to a seat adjacent to the couch.

AMANDA

Glen, you look so good in your new clothes. Doesn't he look good in his new clothes, Wes?

WES

He looks like he doesn't have a penis.

Amanda shoots Wes a stern look. Glen dismisses him.

GLEN

Never mind him. Look, Amanda. We need to talk.

AMANDA

Is it about your hair? I need to get you an appointment with Claudia. She's amazing. I mean. Just look at my hair.

GLEN

No. We need to talk about....

The Perfect Machine gallops into the living room, jumps onto Amanda's lap, and furiously licks her face.

AMANDA

Oh wow. Who's this? You're kind of a cute little dog.

The dog releases a noxious BURP.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Ugh. What have you been eating?

Keith stands in the kitchen entry way.

KEITH

He was just recycling some old food.

AMANDA

Like leftovers?

KEITH

No.

AMANDA

What kind of a dog is he? His face looks weird.

Keith rants about his dog's lineage and what causes their unique facial features.

Wes and Glen remain passive observers. The Perfect Machine continues to lick Amanda's face.

Wes looks at Amanda and freezes. He slowly leans over to Glen and whispers.

WES

Don't be alarmed. But it looks like Amanda has a bunch of Keith's pubes all over her face.

Glen zeroes in. He chokes back vomit. The dog continues licking her face. Glen bolts from his seat.

GLEN

That's it! We're breaking up. You're a terrible person, I can't stand you, and I think your hair is stupid.

AMANDA

Excuse me? Who do you think you are talking to me like that? Without me, you're just a disgusting stoner like Wes. How dare you talk about my hair.

WES

It's not really your hair he's talking about. You have a bunch of Keith's pubes on your face.

Amanda wipes her face and looks at her hand. Pubes. She screams, throws the dog from her lap, and flees to the door.

AMANDA

You guys are fucking disgusting. I can't believe I wasted so much time on you.

(to Wes)

Fuck you, Wes.

(to Keith)

Fuck you, whoever you are and your stupid, little dog too.

Amanda leaves, slamming the door behind her. Keith chases after her, opens the door, and yells.

KEITH

Stupid? He just ate a big pile of his own shit. You call that stupid?

Keith slams the door shut and trudges back to the kitchen.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Come on, Machine.

The Perfect Machine follows. Wes and Glen sit in awe.

Wes picks up a video game controller from the table and hands it to Glen. They unpauses the game.

THE END