LUNCH MEAT

Written by

Mike Hale
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)

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 unpause the game.

THE END