

FADE IN

EXT: OUTSIDE RESTAURANT - EVENING

VIOLET, stepping confidently in pumps and glittering jewelry, arm-leads ADAM, a middle-aged man attired in a bespoke suit and nervous face, to the weathered door of a dingy building. EVELYN, a pre-teen girl sporting a sundress and iPhone, waits a few paces behind in her own world.

ADAM

This is it? Are you sure?

VIOLET

My dear Adam! It doesn't look like much, but trust me, this is it.

Violet opens the door, ushering in Adam and Evelyn.

INT: LOBBY

CHARLOTTE, a young woman in an elegant dress leans over a hardwood podium facing the door, smiling warmly.

CHARLOTTE

Hello. Welcome to The Restaurant.  
May I see your membership cards,  
please?

VIOLET

There you are.

Violet hands her a glossy gold card engraved only with "Violet Mayhew".

VIOLET

I've brought my two guests, as  
promised.

Adam rests his hand on Evelyn's shoulder. Evelyn purses her lips, and pulls away, returning to the refuge of her phone. Charlotte inspects the card, glances downward, then smiles warmly at Violet as she returns it to him.

CHARLOTTE

Welcome back, Ms. Mayhew. It is  
very nice to meet you, Mr. Felix,  
Miss Felix. My name is Charlotte,  
and I will be taking care of you  
this evening. Please, come this  
way.

Charlotte leads the three through an opulent foyer. A brawny SECURITY GUARD wearing a suit and a bluetooth headset stands with his arms crossed near the staircase. Evelyn trails behind, texting on her phone, head down. Charlotte and her guests continue up the staircase. Adam's eyes steal one last glance at the guard.

They pass through an archway into a dining room.

INT: DINING ROOM

Four tables are staggered throughout the small dining room. At two candle-lit tables, elegant couples engage in whispers over crystal-cupped wine and porcelain plates of gourmet fare. Charlotte leads Violet's party to an unoccupied table. Adam pulls a chair out for Evelyn who squats with indifference. Charlotte passes the adults a pair of slender wine menus.

CHARLOTTE

I'll give you a moment to peruse  
our wines.

Charlotte dips her head then pivots toward another table.

ADAM

(leaning towards Violet)  
What kind of restaurant requires a  
membership?

VIOLET

Only the most exclusive restaurant  
in the world. It's never in the  
same place twice. My first time was  
in Malta. Clarence brought me.

ADAM

Clarence? Your brother?

VIOLET

Yes, when were yachting in the  
Baltic he was just raving about  
this place. It was only a short  
flight and I wanted to show him my  
new jet. The food - absolutely  
transformative, I'm telling you -  
wait until you try it, Adam.

ADAM

Sounds like we're in for a treat,  
Evelyn.

EVELYN  
 (Not looking up from her  
 phone)  
 Yeah, okay.

Adam glances apologetically to a suddenly distracted Violet.

CHARLOTTE  
 Have we made a selection?

Adam busies himself with the rather expensive wine menu.

VIOLET  
 We'll have a bottle of the 2009  
 Chateau Haut-Brion, my treat.

Adam looks up, nods, and slumps back in relief.

CHARLOTTE  
 Right away. And for Miss Felix?

EVELYN  
 A Sprite?

CHARLOTTE  
 Of course.

Charlotte returns and places a small plate with three  
 crostini on the table. The crostini appear to be topped with  
 thin slices of beef, sage, and a balsamic reduction.

CHARLOTTE  
 Compliments of the chef. Enjoy.

Evelyn reaches for a crostini.

EVEYLN  
 Finally! I'm starving!

Adam gently slaps Evelyn on the wrist.

ADAM  
 Ett-ett-ett! We don't just shove  
 fine cuisine into our mouths! No,  
 we must enjoy it with our minds as  
 well as our stomachs.

Evelyn groans loudly and leans way back in her chair,  
 staring at the ceiling. Adam smiles.

ADAM  
 First we admire the presentation.  
 Beautiful. Delicate! Look how

ADAM  
 finely sliced the strawberries are!  
 (Beat) And is this... beef? Lamb?

Evelyn sighs loudly, and puts on her headphones, shoulders scrunched, eyes buried in her phone. Adam chuckles, slightly embarrassed, and looks at Violet.

ADAM  
 Kids these days.

VIOLET  
 (squeezing Adam's hand)  
 You worry too much, my dear! We  
 used to be like that, remember?  
 Except without the cell phones.

Charlotte returns and pours the wine, leaving the bottle on the table. She splashes Evelyn's soda over ice, then hands them each a menu.

CHARLOTTE  
 Feel free to take your time  
 deciding. I'll be back in a little  
 while.

Charlotte leaves as the three peruse the menus.

ADAM  
 What, no specials?

VIOLET  
 Adam, at The Restaurant, everything  
 is a special.

EVELYN  
 (pulling one ear bud out)  
 Really? A children's menu?

ADAM  
 (leaning to read her menu)  
 Come now, Evie. These look good.  
 Viennese sausage with buttery  
 mashed potato. Rustic Italian  
 meatballs in linguini. Mmmm, or a  
 simmering bowl of onion-seaweed  
 Japanese gyūdon, that sounds  
 interesting!

EVELYN  
 Seaweed? Really, Dad?

Evelyn puts her headphones back in and looks intently at her phone. Adam sighs and picks up his menu. He scans the menu, and furrows his brows in slight confusion. He chuckles a little.

ADAM

What is this? A themed restaurant?  
Authentic Greek peasant salad,  
male, aged 37? Charred Chinese  
forearm fillet with wonton crisps?  
Toddler Tartare? Really?

VIOLET

Oh, no, it's legit. Exactly as  
advertised. Like I said, food like  
you've never had before.

Her radiant gaze stiffens in anticipation.

ADAM

But this is... but... so  
then... Oh, my God. Oh God. I'm  
going to be sick.

Violet's face darkens as Adam stumbles out of his chair and rushes to the bathroom. Evelyn pulls a ear bud out of her ear and looks at Violet.

EVELYN

What's with Dad?

VIOLET

Oh, I'm sure it's nothing. Just  
wait here while I go check on him.

Violet hesitates, looks down, then pops a crostini into her mouth with a cheeky grin and saunters away.

INT: MEN'S BATHROOM

Adam stands in front of the mirror, leaning on the sink, breathing heavily. He splashes water on his face, trying not to panic. Violet opens the door and leans casually against the wall.

ADAM

Violet! This is the men's roo...

Adam purses his lips in silent frustration. Violet leans casually against the wall.

VIOLET  
Seriously, Adam? You're  
overreacting.

ADAM  
(desperately)  
It's a joke, right? You're just  
joking with me. Violet, please tell  
me you're joking.

VIOLET  
No, I'm not.

ADAM  
But... but you're eating people!  
(feels his stomach)  
Oh my god. I'm going to be sick.

Adam claws at his head, his eyes searching for answers that aren't there. He stumbles, but Violet, prepared, manages to catch him. Violet claws Adam's shoulders firmly and gives him a small shake.

VIOLET  
Darling, pull yourself together! I  
vouched for you, damn it! My  
reputation is on the line here. I  
spend half a million dollars a year  
on my membership, and by God, if I  
lose it, I'll never get it back -  
and I don't mean the money. I mean  
I'll never eat here again.

Adam desperately resists Violet's grip.

ADAM  
But... they're cannibals! You're a  
cannibal! I mean... oh, my God,  
Toddler Tartare?!

Adam pulls away from Violet in revulsion, who raises his hands in nonchalant concession.

VIOLET  
OK, I'll admit, that one grosses me  
out. I mean, eating people is one  
thing, but raw meat? Ick. And I  
know it's safe 'cause it's prepared  
very fresh and all, but... it's so  
slimy.

ADAM  
Prepared... fresh?

VIOLET  
Oh yes, very fresh.

Adam cocks his head, then dashes out the bathroom door.

VIOLET  
Oh, Adam.

INT: KITCHEN

Adam bolts into the kitchen, largely disregarded. A burly CHEF, sporting a horseshoe moustache, a butcher knife, and a blood-spattered white apron, stands behind a steel table, draped with a mostly naked, stocky human corpse. A COOK with a similar apron busies himself along the wall, cavalierly prepping a complementary dish with his piles of fresh vegetables and buckets of gore.

Adam instinctively cranes his neck as the chef expertly shears a slab of meat off the corpse's thigh. A DELIVERY MAN with a baby slung over his shoulder steps up from behind, his shoulder jostling Adam aside.

DELIVERY MAN  
Hey! I've got two more in the truck. Where do you want them?

CHEF  
Oh, next week's rotisserie special! Put them in the back. We'll prep them later.

The delivery man totes the baby into the back room.

Adam rushes after him, only to collide with a cart carrying a pot the other way, pushed by one of the blood-spattered cooks.

COOK  
Hand salad, Chef!

Adam gapes at a roasted hand in the pot, surrounded by greens. Adam squeezes past and sees a skinny cook pushing back against a door being forced open. Two heads of children peek out, their faces earnest.

CHILD 1  
Help us!

CHILD 2  
I want to go home!

Adam moves in, but the skinny cook slams the door shut and pivots, gripping a knife, then storms toward Adam until he stumbles and turns to flee. Adam glances back in fear of the cook's withering gaze.

INT: RESTAURANT

Adam rushes up to a nearby occupied table and slams his hands down, rattling plates.

ADAM  
(loud and shaky)  
Do you know what you are eating?!

The startled guests react with silence, ended by a melodious giggle.

WOMAN AT TABLE  
Yes! Sinful, isn't it? And so good.

The woman tosses a morsel of meat into her mouth, chewing with sass. Her friends all laugh. Adam pulls away.

MAN AT TABLE  
Must be his first time.

The table laughs again. Violet puts his hand on Adam's shoulder. Adam spins around and pushes Violet into a wall.

ADAM  
They are killing people back there!  
And not just people, babies! How  
could you bring me here? And my  
daughter! I'm going to put a stop  
to this!

Adam spins and hesitates abruptly, as Charlotte approaches, busy uncorking a bottle of wine.

CHARLOTTE  
Is everything all right, Miss  
Mayhew?

Charlotte glances with understanding toward the frowning security guard, currently blocking the exit.

Violet steps up to Adam and loops her arm around his.



VIOLET  
We're fine. Aren't we, darling?

Violet smiles as she leans in to whisper in Adam's ear.

VIOLET  
(whispering sternly)  
Smile and nod.

Adam sees the security guard talking through his headset.

BEGIN IMAGINING:

Evelyn sits across from Violet. The girl bites a piece of steak from his fork and chews.

VIOLET  
Your father was a great man.

Evelyn swallows.

EVELYN  
Great tasting!

VIOLET  
(chuckling)  
You do have some of your father's  
humors in you after all!

The two laugh.

END IMAGINING

Adam's vacant eyes witness his imagined horrors. Violet, still at his side, turns her head in concern.

VIOLET  
Dear?

Adam blinks, disoriented, and clears his throat, attempting to regain his composure.

BEGIN IMAGINING:

Grimy hands latch onto his shoulders and pull him backward.

INT: KITCHEN

Two cooks hoist Adam onto the steel table as another howls gleefully, tearing off Adam's shirt. The shadowy, ominous chef, rises from behind the table.

CHEF

Looks like we got the catch of the day!

The three cooks cheer in blood-thirsty glee as they hack into Adam's torso with their knives.

END IMAGINING

INT: RESTAURANT

Violet elbows a terried Adam in the ribs. He smiles nervously and nods with earnest.

ADAM

Yes, yes, everything is fine.

Violet leads Adam back to their table. Charlotte and the security guard silently observe from a distance.

ADAM

Evelyn?

Adam slows his approach as Evelyn slurps pasta off her fork, her phone and headphones set aside. Adam resolves to sit calmly. Violet joins, maintaining her calm demeanor.

EVELYN

Hi, Daddy. Feeling better?

ADAM

Oh, yes, sweetie, much better.

(beat)

What are you eating?

EVELYN

Daddy, the meatballs are so good.  
You were right. I didn't know food  
could taste this good.

Evelyn eats another bite. She smiles angelically at her father. Adam sits stiffly in his chair, his hands gripping the seat of the chair, knuckles white.

ADAM

(nodding)

Good. Good. I'm glad.

EVELYN

Here Daddy, try one.

Evelyn, smiling sweetly, hands Adam a meatball on a fork. Adam stiffens, taking the fork slowly. Violet nods slightly and makes a small "try it" motion with his hands. Adam reluctantly scrapes a tiny bit of meatball off his fork. His brows lower as his eyes bulge. He looks around in amazement.

ADAM

This is good. God, forgive me,  
but...

Adam devours the rest of the meatball in one bite. His eyes roll upward as he chews.

ADAM

(with a stuffed mouth)  
Mmmm... It's so good.

Violet leans back and sighs happily. Adam leans over to Evelyn, pointing.

ADAM

Say, is that... Justin Bieber?

Evelyn snaps her head around to see a bewildered guard. Adam quickly stabs a meatball off her plate. Charlotte purses her lips and points at Adam. Evelyn turns back.

ADAM

(chomping down)  
Mmmmm!!!

EVELYN

(playfully shrieking)  
Daddy!!!

Adam hands Evelyn back the fork. Evelyn is still giggling while starting in on her food. Adam scoots his chair over and hugs her, earning yet another giggle in protest. He picks up the menu and Violet waves Charlotte over.

ADAM

I'd like to order the Imperial New Yorker tenderloin with Bordelaise sauce, and why don't you throw in a side of the roasted Malaysian sweetbread. I'm curious.

CHARLOTTE

Yes, of course, Mr. Felix. Will that be all?

ADAM

Could I also get a membership  
application please?

FADE OUT