

A GENTLEMAN'S APPETITE

Written by

Brent Lonkey

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

MR. WILKE, 40's, wears a hospital gown. He sits alone, looking at an x-ray of his head.

The DOCTOR walks in.

DOCTOR  
Mr. Wilkes?

MR. WILKE  
Just Wilke.

DOCTOR  
Yes, sorry.

The Doctor walks over to the displayed x-rays.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)  
So as you can see, there's a growth in the front of the temple. I'm afraid it would be more dangerous trying to remove it than it would be leaving it.

MR. WILKE  
How long?

The Doctor nervously clears his throat.

DOCTOR  
About a month. Two at the most.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Mr. Wilke is dressed in a nice suit, black dress pants, white buttoned shirt, black blazer. He walks to his car as he checks his cellphone messages.

The phone reads 11 missed calls.

INT. CAR(PARKED) - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Wilke sits behind the wheel of his expensive car. He dials a number on his phone.

MR. WILKE  
Hey.

BUDDY  
Where have you been?

MR. WILKE  
No where.

BUDDY  
Listen, I got a job lined up for  
you.

MR. WILKE  
I told you, Buddy, no more jobs.

BUDDY  
This one is different.

MR. WILKE  
Different normally means  
complicated.

BUDDY  
This time different means a  
fuckload of money.

Beat.

Beat.

MR. WILKE  
Alright. Tell me where.

INT. CAR(MOVING) - NIGHT

Mr. Wilke drives up a long driveway. He reaches the end,  
which happens to be a giant mansion out in the middle of  
nowhere.

Two men in black guard the entrance.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Mr. Wilke is seen into the mansion by the two giant goons.  
They pat him down before he can step inside.

He's clean.

THE MADAM, a beautiful woman, 30's, dressed in a red ball  
gown walks over to him.

THE MADAM  
You must be Mr. Wilkes.

MR. WILKE  
Just Wilke.

THE MADAM  
Please follow me.

She leads the way upstairs. Wilke follows.

INT. THE GENTLEMAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The Madam opens the door to a giant office. She shows Wilke inside.

Sitting behind a giant oak desk is THE GENTLEMAN. He's 70, wears an expensive suit.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Thank you, Madam.

She leaves his office. Mr. Wilke stands by the door.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Please, have a seat.

Wilke walks over and takes a seat in front of his desk.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
I understand you don't like knowing  
the names of your clients?

MR. WILKE  
It makes things easier.

THE GENTLEMAN  
In that case, you may call me The  
Gentleman.

MR. WILKE  
Nice to meet you. I hear you have a  
job for me.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Indeed.

The Gentleman reaches into his desk, pulls out a folder. He places it down in front of Wilke.

Wilke opens it.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
The job is easy.

Wilke shuts the folder.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Something wrong?

MR. WILKE  
I don't do kids.

The Gentleman laughs.

THE GENTLEMAN  
You misunderstand me, Mr. Wilkes.

MR. WILKE  
Wilke.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Mr. Wilke. Sorry. You misunderstand my offer. This is a simple exchange and delivery.

MR. WILKE  
You want this delivered to you? Why hire me?

THE GENTLEMAN  
Of course any of my men could do this for me. But this matter needs to be handled with more delicate hands. Your hands.

Wilke holds his head in pain.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)  
Headache, Mr. Wilke?

MR. WILKE  
I'm fine.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Of course I ask this question already knowing the answer. The reason I ask is because we're both dying of the same thing.

Mr. Wilke looks up at The Gentleman.

MR. WILKE  
How do you know that?

THE GENTLEMAN  
You make it your business to be a ghost. I make it my business to find them. The tumor is the size of my fist, am I right?

MR. WILKE

Yeah.

THE GENTLEMAN

Yours is in your head, mine is in my colon. You've only just found out about your condition, I've known about mine for some time now.

The Gentleman stands up, walks over to look out the window.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Do you have family, Mr. Wilke?

MR. WILKE

Do you ask this already knowing the answer?

The Gentleman laughs.

THE GENTLEMAN

Yes. A sister, correct?

MR. WILKE

Yeah.

He looks over at Mr. Wilke.

THE GENTLEMAN

I'm sure you'd like to provide for her. I can make that happen. I can pay you more than you can even imagine. If you haven't noticed, I'm richer than God.

MR. WILKE

So I pick up this package and I deliver it to you? That's it?

THE GENTLEMAN

That's it. It couldn't be simpler. Are you in?

MR. WILKE

Do I have time to think about it?

THE GENTLEMAN

Not really.

MR. WILKE

Then yeah. I'm in.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Splendid. Everything you need to  
know is in that folder.

INT. CAR(MOVING) - NIGHT

Wilke drives down the dark long driveway. He's on his  
cellphone.

MR. WILKE  
We need to meet.

INT. CAR(PARKED) - NIGHT

Wilke has his car parked outside a coffee shop. A man runs  
over to his car and gets inside.

Meet BUDDY. He's about 30 years old, wears a nice suit.

MR. WILKE  
How did you find this guy?

BUDDY  
He found me. Asked for you  
personally.

MR. WILKE  
He knows way too much about me.  
What did you tell him?

BUDDY  
Nothing, I swear. Hell, even I  
don't really know anything about  
you. So what's the job?

Wilke hands him the folder.

MR. WILKE  
Here.

Buddy flips through it.

BUDDY  
Jesus.

MR. WILKE  
It's not what you think.

BUDDY  
Christ, that's a relief. So what  
does he want you to do?

MR. WILKE  
Just pick it up and bring it to  
him.

BUDDY  
That's it?

MR. WILKE  
Yeah.

BUDDY  
What do you think he's going to do  
with it?

MR. WILKE  
Don't know, don't care.

BUDDY  
What kind of numbers are we looking  
at?

MR. WILKE  
More than God.

BUDDY  
Then what are you waiting for?

MR. WILKE  
Something about this doesn't pass  
the smell test.

BUDDY  
But you took the job, right?

MR. WILKE  
More money than God, Buddy. Of  
course I took the job.

BUDDY  
Good. When does he want this done?

MR. WILKE  
Tonight.

BUDDY  
Stop fuckin' around with me and get  
going.

Wilke reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out a bulgy  
manila envelope with a name and address written on the front.

MR. WILKE  
If something goes wrong, I want you  
to mail this for me.

BUDDY  
Yeah, sure.

INT. CAR(PARKED) - NIGHT

Wilke sits in his car, rubbing the temple of his head. He's parked out front of another giant mansion.

He slowly screws a silencer onto the end of a gun.

EXT. OLD MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Wilke walks up to the front door, rings the doorbell. The door slowly creeps open. There stands a WOMAN. She looks tired.

MR. WILKE  
I'm here for the package.

Tears form in her eyes.

MR. WILKE (CONT'D)  
Can I come in?

She steps aside.

Wilke looks around, then enters.

INT. OLD MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Wilke carefully looks around. The Woman shuts the door behind him.

WOMAN  
I'll just be a moment.

She runs upstairs.

Wilke walks around, looking at the pictures on the wall. Sitting in the living room, three giant men all wearing black suits. They look like bodyguards.

A baby cries upstairs.

Wilke quickly cocks his head up to listen in. The Woman crying as well.

The Woman comes back downstairs holding a crying baby in her arms. Both have tears running down their faces.

A bodyguard walks down with her. He puts his giant hand on her shoulder.

She hands Wilke the baby.

Wilke hesitantly takes the baby into his arms.

The Woman cries even harder.

Wilke walks to the door to leave. He stops and looks back at the Woman. The bodyguard forcibly leads her upstairs.

EXT. OLD MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Wilke walks back to his car, holding the baby. He looks down at it. The baby looks up at him and smiles.

INT. CAR(MOVING) - NIGHT

Wilke drives as the baby rests next to him in the passenger seat.

The baby cries, he looks over at it, not sure what to do.

He reaches over and the baby grabs his finger, sticking it in its mouth.

Wilke smiles.

INT. CAR(MOVING) - LATER

Wilke drives up the long eerie driveway. At the end of it, a bunch of people waiting for him outside the mansion.

He slowly drives up and comes to a stop.

A person runs up to the car and takes the baby.

EXT. CAR(PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Wilke gets out of the car.

MR. WILKE  
Where are you taking him?

They ignore him and head off with the baby into the mansion.

The Madam steps out of the entrance.

THE MADAM

Mr. Wilke, this way, sir.

He walks over as she goes back inside.

INT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

People are hurrying about. The baby is crying somewhere in the mansion.

Wilke follows The Madam as she leads him to the dining room.

INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at a long table is The Gentleman. His face lights up when he sees Mr. Wilke enter the room.

THE GENTLEMAN

You made it!

MR. WILKE

What's going on? Where's the baby?

The Madam walks over and sees that Mr. Wilke have a seat across from The Gentleman.

She takes her leave.

THE GENTLEMAN

Today is my birthday. And this is my birthday celebration. Well, my dinner party at least.

MR. WILKE

Where is it?

THE GENTLEMAN

Are you more interested in the baby or the money? Because I have the money right here.

He reaches under the table and pulls out a giant case.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

Inside is three million dollars. Of course this is all I could fit into a single case. The rest will be wired to you and your associate.

MR. WILKE

What are you going to do to it?

THE GENTLEMAN

The baby? I thought you didn't care to know such things.

MR. WILKE

This time I want to know.

THE GENTLEMAN

Okay then. But first let me tell you a story. A story about a tribe out in the outskirts of Africa. Cannibals. Like the Spartans, they'd reject any none perfect offspring. Devouring them. Kind of a hedonistic reincarnation. Believing by eating them, they could be reborn. Now the main thing that caught my eye was the fact no one ever died of sickness or disease. It wasn't until they gave up their traditions that cancer started claiming lives. Elders would literally toss themselves from cliff tops, fearing they'd forget the taste. The taste of flesh. Do I believe this will cure me? No. But I've decided I don't want to die without knowing. Not knowing what it's like to hunger for something so fiercely that I'd toss myself off a cliff if I couldn't have it again.

MR. WILKE

What are you saying?

THE GENTLEMAN

My chef is preparing the meal as we speak. I would be honored if you would join me.

Wilke stumbles out of the chair.

MR. WILKE

No.

THE GENTLEMAN

This is a lifetime opportunity, Mr. Wilke.

He grabs the case of money and leaves the dinning room.

INT. MANSION KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Wilke enters the wrong room and finds himself in the kitchen. The CHEF is sharpening his knives. We see a silver platter on the counter.

Wilke reaches behind his back and pulls out his gun. He shoots the Chef in the chest, killing him. A bodyguard walks through the door, sees the Chef dead.

Wilke quickly shoots him in the head.

The baby cries in the background.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Wilke slowly exits the kitchen. The goon he shot in the head gushes blood everywhere.

The baby's cries are heard down below.

He follows them.

INT. MANSION BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The baby's crying gets louder. Slowly Wilke makes his way down the stairs.

The Madam holds the baby in her arms. Knives and garnish lie on a table next to them.

Wilke aims the gun at her.

MR. WILKE  
Hand him to me.

THE MADAM  
What are you doing?

MR. WILKE  
Do it!

She sits the baby down on the counter.

MR. WILKE (CONT'D)  
Now walk away.

She steps away from the baby.

He shoots her in the head. She falls to the floor dead.

Wilke drops the case of money, runs over to the baby. We hear yelling upstairs.

MR. WILKE (CONT'D)  
Let's get you out of here.

He picks the baby up and carries it in his arms.

The entrance to the basement flies open. Wilke quickly runs to the back exit.

We hear feet running after him.

He fires a few rounds behind him. He finally reaches the back exit.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Wilke runs as fast as he can away from the mansion. He heads back around to the front, where his car is parked.

Quickly, he shoots the guards up front and gets into his car.

INT. CAR(MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Wilke drives as fast as his car can go down the long driveway. Some black SUV's block his way out.

The baby cries as he shoves the car in reverse.

Another car pulls up behind him, boxing him in.

A shot is fired, the windshield gets hit. Glass in the back shatters.

A bodyguard runs up to the car, smashes the driver side window, knocks Wilke out cold.

INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - LATER

Wilke finally opens his eyes. The lights are out and candles are lit around him. He's tied to a chair.

Sitting across from him is The Gentleman. He wears a nice tux, so is Wilke.

A server comes into the dinning room with a silver platter. He places it down in font of the two.

The server lifts up the silver lid to the platter. There rests the baby. Cooked to perfection with an apple in its mouth.

MR. WILKE

No!

THE GENTLEMAN

Dig in.

The Gentleman grabs his knife and fork. He licks his lips out of hunger.

Wilke wiggles around in the chair, screaming. A plate is placed in front of him.

THE GENTLEMAN (CONT'D)

You get the first bite.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End