

HEADHUNTER

written by
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BELLEVUE PRODUCTIONS - John Zaozirny, Zack Zucker

BLACK. TAP-TAP-TAP of keyboard keys...

ALAN (V.O.)

M4WM. I'm thirty-three years old. Wealthy, bored. I've acquired one of those "vague" New York jobs that affords me a hedonistic, sex-driven lifestyle. With *in-sane* free time.

FADE IN:

INT. ALAN'S WORKSPACE - NIGHT

TAP-TAP-TAP. Manicured male fingers swiftly type.

ALAN (V.O.)

I adhere to a strict macrobiotic diet, grinding up specific protein shakes *myself*. I attend on-trend fitness classes. I practice transcendental meditation when it is convenient for me to do so.

CLOSE-UP on a thick, white protein shake.

ALAN (V.O.)

That is all I am willing to divulge at this time. Perhaps, upon meeting and determining your suitability, I may reveal more.

QUICK SHOTS of the apartment. Minimalist, mid-century modern decor. Stark. Vibrant wall art by actor JIM CARREY.

ALAN (V.O.)

A little bit about you. Male or female. No drugs. Aesthetically pleasing to the eye. Must also adhere to a strict "clean" diet --

TYPING PAUSE. A hand grips the protein shake. Lifts it up, plops it back down. A drop rolls down the side.

TYPING RESUMES.

ALAN (V.O.)

-- no GMO's. I'm quite particular about that. I insist your shampoo and conditioner be self-indulgent. Acqua Di Parma. Bvlgari. Kevis 8.

Fifty-ish adult coloring books (in various themes) stacked. Sharpened coloring pencils, crayons, and markers nearby.

ALAN (V.O.)

No visible pores. You should be well-versed in the pop culture "zeitgeist" and be able to speak about current events intelligently.

Quick hand stretch. TAP-TAP-TAP of keys...

ALAN (V.O.)

Most importantly -- and this is non-negotiable -- you should have a social media following that spans at *least* three platforms and exceeds 100,000 followers each.

FROM BEHIND. A stunningly coiffed, glossy mop of dark brown hair. The shoulders of a well-tailored, expensive suit.

FURTHER BACK. A 27" iMac with retina 5K display. The corner of an archaically-designed website's message board peaks out:

CANNIBAL ISO MEAL

**ISO: In Search Of.*

ALAN (V.O.)

I am looking for a human to be consensually fucked, killed, then eaten. Those are my requirements.
(beat)
Is that you?

An arrow hovers over "POST", but stops. TAP-TAP-TAP.

ALAN (V.O.)

Addendum. We don't have to have sex if you really don't want to. I'm a gentleman, not a pervert.

Arrow click. **POST.**

FADE TO BLACK.

ALAN (V.O.)

If you think dating in New York City is difficult... try finding someone to eat.

FADE IN:

INT. UBERLUX CAR - DAY

Meet **ALAN PIERCE (33)**. Permanent bad mood, Upper West Side looks. He leans into the creamy interior of a Lexus QS.

ALAN (V.O.)

My name is Alan Pierce. I am a cannibal. My usual day begins in an UberLUX. This way, I am guaranteed a more luxurious vehicle. I'll then take 10 seconds to determine my driver's "flavor".

(beat)

Salty. A twist of Alaska Fireweed.

Alan pops stylish AirPods in his ears. Sets his phone playlist to "Tropical Island Ambiance". Shuts eyes.

ALAN (V.O.)

The next ten minutes of my commute is dedicated to achieving "zen". This is done by imagining I'm in the fertile coastal plains of the Visayas archipelago.

UBERLUX DRIVER

(LOUDLY)

Want gum?

UBERLUX DRIVER (45) shoves a hand in his back pocket.

ALAN

I don't eat gum that's been pre-warmed by gluteal muscles.

Driver shrugs. Alan returns to ZEN.

ALAN (V.O.)

The purest of white sands, the crystal clear waters, the warm sun kissing the jagged rock paths --

UBERLUX DRIVER

(LOUDLY)

Did you know it rains diamonds on the planet Neptune?

Alan rips out his AirPods.

ALAN

Did you know it rains one star ratings on planet --

(checks UBER app)

"DAVE", if it keeps talking to me?

Driver turns forward. Silent. Alan looks out the window.

ALAN (V.O.)

No matter how exciting I try to make things, the monotony of my days is starting to get to me. I need a change -- soon.

INT. SOULCYCLE CLASS - DAY

Heavy electronic music pulsates from speakers in a DARK ROOM. Strobe lights, sweat, and bike-whooshing cuts steamy air.

ALAN (V.O.)

Physical fitness is of the utmost importance so I usually catch a morning SoulCycle, barre, boot camp, CrossFit, or hot power yoga class. Great for body and soul.

Alan whips his head back, revealing a glistening, chiseled body dripping in sweat. Surrounded by equally **SEXY RIDERS**.

ALAN (V.O.)

If I demand my food is in shape, I must be in shape. It's only fair, and I'm all about fairness.

A flirty **SOULCYCLE RIDER (20's)** perks up next to him.

SOULCYCLE RIDER

Hey, handsome!
(waves glittery bottle)
Wanna sip of collagen? It's like, sooooo good for you.

ALAN

I chew my collagen straight.
Thanks.

SOULCYCLE RIDER

Oh. Is that a new "thing"?

ALAN

Are you as irritated by this playlist as I am?

SOULCYCLE RIDER

(shouts over music)
WHAT?

ALAN

Nothing.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

An amorphous mass of overly-styled, frenzied, somewhat bitter **NEW YORKERS** (engrossed in phones) queue up like meth addicts.

ALAN (V.O.)

After fitness and work emails, we all line up for our designer fuel. It's laughable how predictable everyone is. But I'm one of them. Another cog in the machine...

STARBUCKS CUSTOMER (O.S.)

(super-fast)

Grande quad nonfat ten-pump no- whip skinny hazelnut macchiato with half caff ristretto sugar-free syrup extra shot light ice *upside down*.

A **BARISTA** motions towards Alan.

BARISTA

Yes? Can I help you?

ALAN

Coffee. Black. *Right side up*.

BARISTA

Size? Wanna try our triple foam raw chai horchata matcha powder frappuccino? Half-off before noon.
(shouts)

SARAH! SALTED CARAMEL MOCHA!

STARBUCKS CUSTOMER (O.S.)

I said *no whip!!!!*

ALAN

(clears throat)

Large coffee. Black.

BARISTA

But you can get that at McDonald's.

ALAN

I'll take the Rwandan Blue Bourbon beans as well. Twenty pounds.

Alan closes his eyes. Inhaling deeply.

ALAN (V.O.)

A virtually perfect between-flesh palate cleanser...

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE (CORNER) - DAY

Jagged, sleek metal furnishings. Totally modern minimalist office with the barest of accouterments. Glass *ever-y-thing*.

ALAN (V.O)

It's like the world's gone fucking insane. I don't relate to anything or anyone. It's starting to like, really get to me. You know?

Alan vigorously shades inside a very expensive coloring book. He does a magnificent job staying carefully inside the lines.

A PHONE INTERCOM is pressed.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Olivia? In here, please.

OLIVIA (23) is an enigma. We never see her.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Yes, Alan?

ALAN

Repeat after me: *athleisure is not proper work attire.*

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Read a fashion blog, will you?

ALAN

Please go to Bergdorf Goodman and charge business attire to my account. I can't handle it anymore. By the way. Olivia?

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Yes?

ALAN

How many followers do you have?

OLIVIA (O.S.)

On what, Instagram? Eight hundred.

ALAN

Inedible.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

What?

ALAN

Incredible!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A sprawling, stoic conference room. An absurdly long, threatening table. Very modern -- no base, it just hovers.

ALAN (V.O.)

I'm a headhunter for a prestigious firm I can't talk too much about. But I staff exclusively for start-ups in... experimental technology. I was fired from Google. I wear that as a badge of honor.

An **INTERVIEWEE (23)** walks in.

ALAN (V.O.)

Sharp gait. Nice clothes. Ralph Lauren scent. Tight skin. He would be a deeee-light to eat if he was into that *kind of thing*.
(out loud)
Please. Come in.

Alan stands to greet him.

ALAN (V.O.)

I love my job because it's always fun to see a person who has just begun their "New York life". That innocence. That excitement. A rare freshness before it's expired.

-- an authoritative handshake.

ALAN

Welcome to New York! You'll be destroyed and back to Ohio in less than three years. Let's take a look at that resume, *shall we?*

INT. CRYOGENIC CHAMBER - NIGHT

Alan stands in a full body, vertical CRYOGENIC CHAMBER. Enveloped in a thick swath of white vapors. Bright blue lights reflect off fashionable moisture-chamber goggles.

ALAN (V.O.)

At the end of a long day of doing very little, I like to sit naked in negative 300 degrees Fahrenheit. Great for body and soul.

A timer goes off.

ALAN (V.O.)

If I sit in here long enough, I imagine I'd turn into that freeze-dried ice cream that NASA space people eat. Flavor? Neapolitan.

Alan climbs out.

ALAN (V.O.)

When I start thinking about how tasty I'd be as space ice cream, I know it's time to leave.

INT. L'ATELIER DE CHOW CHOW - NIGHT

Alan sits across from a WOMAN (hiding behind a menu) at an extremely nouvelle, hipster restaurant. *We cannot get in.* His eyes dart around each **PATRON**. Guessing hair products.

ALAN (V.O.)

L'oreal. Fekkai. Kerastase. Probably something cheap like Garnier. Oh. I sense an extremely pricey brand. But I cannot identify it. Hmmm...

EMILY OSWALD (26) closes her menu. Revealed is a stunning woman around twenty-six years old (but says twenty-two).

ALAN (V.O.)

What is that brand? It's really bothering me. It could potentially negatively affect my dining experience.

EMILY

Close your menu. I want to order.

ALAN (V.O.)

Oribe! Oribe conditioner. At \$161 per bottle, I could possibly orgasm right now. *But who is wearing it?*

He looks back at the menu. She grabs it and closes it for him. Motions for a waiter.

ALAN

I don't know what I want.

EMILY

We're ordering off the hidden menu. I read all about it in *New York Magazine*. We say a secret word!

Alan grimaces. Stares blankly at Emily.

ALAN (V.O.)

It's really important to date people you wouldn't otherwise eat. Emily is a "micro-influencer" with 20,000 followers *tops* on only two platforms. She's inedible.

He grabs for the menu. She keeps it out-of-reach.

ALAN

What if I'm allergic to this so-called "secret menu"? Is it macrobiotic friendly?

EMILY

We have to talk.

Alan closes his eyes and deeply inhales.

ALAN

Smell that?
(leans in, low)
Someone is wearing Hugo Boss.

EMILY

Alan, I'm serious.

A probable off-Broadway **WAITER (25)** with only a *small whiff* of pretension stops by. Badge on his vest reads: "TOM".

WAITER

Welcome to L'Atelier de Chow Chow.
May I get you started with drinks?

EMILY

(giggle)
"Taradiddle".

He winks, taking their menus. Quickly leaves.

ALAN (V.O.)

So many people using Pureology conditioner. I must get it.

EMILY

Listen. Monogamy is out. I read polyamory is the latest fad! So, we're now in an open relationship.

ALAN
 Absolutely not. That's such a --
 (low, disgust)
 -- *millennial* thing.

EMILY
 I'm going to be auditioning a third
 partner for us. It's going to be
amazing for our sex life!

ALAN
 Please, Emily. I want some
 semblance of a normal relationship.
 I want to feel semi-traditional.
 (alarmed)
 Where are you getting this shit?

EMILY
 Gwyneth Paltrow says --

ALAN
 I don't give a flying fuck what
 Gwyneth Paltrow says. I don't even
 give a sitting fuck.

Plopped in front of Alan is a 3-foot-long shovel with food
 piled on the base. His face: a mix of repulsion, confusion.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (finger up)
 Excuse me. Why is my food being
 served on a shovel?

WAITER
 It's a throw-back to Tokugawa
 feudalism, in which traditional
 cultivators eschewed capitalistic
 entrepreneurship in the Meiji
 period.

ALAN
 It's food being served on a shovel.

EMILY
 (very low)
Alan! My personal shopper had to
 call in a favor to get us *in here!*

Alan pushes the food away. Eyes the waiter.

ALAN
 Put-it-on-a-plate.

EMILY
 Stop embarrassing me.
 (to waiter)
 We're so sorry --

ALAN
 You're talking about trolling
 Craigslist for sex partners so our
 evenings turn into Vegas brothel
 gang-bangs, yet *I'm* the one
 embarrassing *you*??

Emily flits her eyelashes at the waiter.

EMILY
 It looks delicious. We're honored
 to try it. Send our regards to the
 Chef. It's going on my Instagram.
 (to Alan, very, very low)
 I'm not getting them off
Craigslist!!

Alan and the waiter exchange tart, dirty glances.

INT. KITCHEN CLOSET - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Alan and the waiter have steamy sex in a back stockroom.
 Silk napkins, tablecloths, and shovels get knocked over.
 Alan exudes a TOM CRUISE-like menacing, faux-enthusiasm.

ALAN
 Are you as excited as I am that
 Whole Foods avocados are \$1.99,
Tom?

WAITER
 Shut up and FUCK ME!

ALAN
 How many followers did you say you
 had on Facebook, again?

The waiter is about to climax.

WAITER
 137,000. Oh, Je-Je-Jesus --

ALAN
Really impressive. How come you're
 still a waiter?

WAITER
 (panting/ecstasy)
 Do you have any idea how hard it is
 to get on Broadway?

Alan swiftly stabs him in the stomach. Twists the knife.

ALAN
 No. I don't.

The waiter's mouth opens with surprise. *The life drains out of him.* Alan carves up, throwing him against the wall. He takes out his phone. The waiter's Facebook page pops up.

TOM CARTWRIGHT

137,645 FOLLOWERS

ALAN (CONT'D)
 I love your social influence.

The waiter continues to gag, blood dripping out of his mouth.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 And since you'll be long dead
 before my girlfriend fiscally tips
 you, here's a verbal tip --
 (whispers)
*The majority of people you meet on
 Tinder are insane.*

-- but he's lifeless. Alan spots a shovel on the ground. He picks it up. Thrusts it in the waiter's (dead) face.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Repeat after me: *shovels are not
 plates!*

Alan smushes the waiter's lips up-and-down, pretending that he's answering back.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (mimic)
 "Shovels are not plates".
 (normal voice)
 Good boy.

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alan tosses apartment keys on a stunning marble counter. Sighs loudly into his hands. Swings open a big pantry door.

INSIDE PANTRY. Hundreds of small and medium-sized plastic containers of white powder. Some bright white, some dull.

On each tub is a name. *Becky. Kendall. Jessica. Matt. Sam. Priscilla. Heatherton. Jackson. Bella. Taylor.*

He sets a new one on the shelf. "Tom".

ALAN

(mumbles)

I really need a shot of Becky tonight.

He takes out a tub marked "Becky". Scoops two generous helpings of powder into a blender. Adds water, ice. Blends.

Notices he's low.

ALAN (V.O.)

"Becky" is an ideal. High energy, strong fitness, jubilation. I met her at aqua cycling after following her Instagram page for two weeks.

INT. ALAN'S WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Alan sips on his protein shake. Scrolls through dozens of Instagram model's pages. Artistic, beautiful, healthy, and travel-obsessed photos. All perfectly filtered.

ALAN (V.O.)

Instagram is a gourmet meat market. Models and yacht girls show so much skin -- you can inspect every *square inch* of the raw product before acquiring. It's helpful.

CLOSE-UP on assorted, pretty faces. Limbs.

ALAN (V.O.)

A proper meal is determined by three specific things.

CLOSE-UP on FOLLOWER COUNT.

ALAN (V.O.)

Followers. Nothing feels as good as fame tastes, and the sweet spot is over 100,000. Each "like" -- which they get many of -- infuses them with serotonin and a mouth-watering hit of *dopamine*.

CLOSE-UP on LIKES.

ALAN (V.O.)

Average likes per post. Five digits is nice, six digits is better. Videos should have over 800K views. You want the same flesh everyone else desires.

CLOSE-UP on LOCATION.

ALAN (V.O.)

Finally, climate. Warm climates lead to softer skin -- much easier to fry. Cold climates are better preserved. Have less of that repulsive "sunblock aftertaste".

Alan lingers on an Instagram Model in New York. Tilts his head, astutely going through each perky photo.

ALAN (V.O.)

Fitness models have the nutrients I need. Aspiring models are extra juicy. Travelers are well-spiced.

He opens up a blank e-mail. Puts Emily's name in the "To" field. Copies and pastes a link of the Instagram page.

To: *Emily Oswald*

From: *Alan Pierce*

Subject: *maybe can get her for 3some thing. thanks.*

-- SENT. He keeps scrolling.

ALAN (V.O.)

I'm always hunting for the perfect head. I will know when I see it. It'll feel like Déjà vu -- despite never experiencing it before.

His e-mail pings. It's Olivia.

To: *Alan Pierce*

From: *Olivia*

Alan, CEO wants to see you first thing tomorrow morning.

VERY, VERY URGENT. ((a dozen emoji's)) XX Olivia

Alan wrinkles his nose.

To: Olivia

From: Alan Pierce

Daily reminder: please refrain from using faces, vegetables, fruits, baby goat videos, and/or memes in our correspondence. Thanks. Alan.

ALAN (V.O.)

Although I'm dangerously low on "Becky" powder -- and must locate a suitable replacement to re-fill -- I'm too amped at what my so-called boss wants to see me about tomorrow. My night is destroyed.

Light's off.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE (CORNER) - NEXT MORNING

Alan anxiously cuts up a 1/2 lemon and cucumber at his desk. Drops a few wedges in a tall, skinny glass of ice water.

ALAN

(shouting)

Olivia, please hold my calls. I'm trying to have a spa moment.

He sinks back in his chair. Closes eyes. Takes a sip.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm in Venezuela. I'm being approached by an attractive woman but refuse her advances because I'm still unsure of my sexuality.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Alan... CEO... NOW!!

INT. CEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Posh office. Barely any furniture. The few pieces it has are expensive and very much on-trend. (Pony chairs, etc.)

Alan sits on an "active chair", trying to keep his balance. He furiously swipes right on attractive people on Tinder.

ALAN

(mumbles)

Would eat. Would eat. Would eat.
Would eat. Would not eat.

Suddenly a MESSAGE pops up on his phone.

[RE: CANNIBAL AD]

CEO (O.S.)

Alan?

Alan looks up. An exceptionally dashing **CEO (45)** -- almost too perfect to be real -- clasps his hands together.

CEO (CONT'D)

It's serious. Your last recruit killed everyone at that company and it's going to be an extraordinary feat to scrub it from the media.

Alan's eyes dart down to his phone. Opens the message.

[HELLO. I AM REPLYING TO YOUR AD. I'M QUITE INTRIGUED AT THE THOUGHT OF BEING EATEN BY SOMEONE LIKE YOU. YOU'RE PICKY. I LIKE THAT. I AM, TOO.]

CEO (CONT'D)

Where did you get this hire? How did he pass the tests? Why wasn't he properly vetted?

The CEO stirs a warm cup of Mongolian horse milk.

ALAN

He was a friend of a friend of a friend of a *friend* that someone knew and recommended from LinkedIn.

-- he looks back down at the message.

[I HAVE MANY HUMAN RECIPE BOOKS TO SHARE. IT'S IMPORTANT YOU LOCATE MY BEST CUTS FOR CONSUMPTION. MY MUSCLE QUALITY IS DIVINE. YOU WILL NOT FIND A BETTER MEAL OR MORE SUMPTUOUS FLESH THAN MINE.]

Alan starts salivating.

CEO

Stop using LinkedIn. It's the Myspace of job recruiting. Jesus, Alan. You're really pathetic sometimes.

ALAN

How can I earn your trust back?

CEO

Figure it out. You know I'm a fan of Betteridge Tahitian pearls.

ALAN

I know.

The CEO takes another long, disgusting sip of his Mongolian horse milk. Alan peaks down at his phone.

[MY THIGH MEAT SHOULD BE BAKED SLOW. I WANT YOU TO CHOP OFF MY BUTTOCKS AND SMOKE IT FOR 2 HOURS IN HICKORY AND MAPLE WOOD. TRUST ME WHEN I SAY -- IT WILL MELT IN YOUR MOUTH.]

CEO

As punishment, I'm revoking your overly-generous "success fee". Taking away your various and assorted beauty, clothing, fitness, and company perks. Also, I'm downgrading your company status.

His chest tightens. Alan can't breathe.

ALAN

Please... not my status.

CEO

Stop hiring your fuckboys.

ALAN

I don't have any fuckboys.

CEO

Know why I'm not firing you?

ALAN

The blackmail.

CEO (CONT'D)

The blackmail.

Alan bows his head in shame. The CEO drones (unintelligibly) on in the background. Alan catches the rest of the message.

[I DON'T HAVE ANY SOCIAL MEDIA FOR REASONS I CANNOT DISCLOSE. HOPE THAT ISN'T A DEAL BREAKER. IS THAT OK, ALAN?]

He bristles.

ALAN (V.O.)

"Alan"? I never disclosed my name in the ad or on the website.

Alarmed, Alan deletes his CANNIBAL ACCOUNT. Looks anxiously side to side. Sweat slowly drips down the back of his neck.

CEO

-- do you understand?

ALAN

Yes.
(unsure)
Tahitian pearls.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Cold, dispassionate conference room. Oozing with status. Alan is among **VARIOUS COWORKERS** wearing the *best* designers: Brooks Brothers, Ralph Lauren, Gucci, Brunello, ETC.

He sits upright, delicately dabbing sweat from his forehead. His silk kerchief is nearly soaked.

ALAN (V.O.)

Oh God, the last thing I need right now is a work meeting. Can't let my declining social status show.

COWORKER #1

How's the Neuralink account going, Alan?

ALAN

(icy)
Great.

COWORKER #1

Nothing sexier than ultra high bandwidth brain-machine interfaces. *Am-I-right?*

COWORKER #2

(leans in)
Heard they're anxious to fill the microfabrication engineer position. Commission is *insane*.

Alan tightens his tie. Nods with a terse "smile".

ALAN (V.O.)

I used an anonymous IP with my cannibal ad post. How did that person possibly *know my name?*

COWORKER #1 slides over his iPhone XR.

COWORKER #1

New Instagram layout. What do you think?

Everyone leans in.

CLOSE-UP on INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS: 47K.

COWORKER #2

Very nice.

COWORKER #1

Clean bio links, customized Stories. Posting twice a day at highest-traffic volume. High 80% use of on-trend hashtags.

ALAN (V.O.)

Stunning photography and an even more enviable "aesthetic". Translates beautifully in both mobile and iPad. Exceptionally high influence. *Jesus Christ...*

COWORKER #3 (O.S.)

How about this?

A manicured, well-moisturized hand (with the cuff of a remarkably slim-cut European suit) slides his iPhone XS MAX next to it. Gold band on a finger, Rolex watch on his wrist.

CLOSE-UP on INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS: 90K.

ALAN

(chokes)

Nice.

COWORKER #1

Cheeky bastard. How much did you pay for those followers?

COWORKER #3

Not a cent. Daily engagement. Product placement. Niche posts focused on music, fitness, travel.

PERFECT HEAD (O.S.)

That's nothing.

A youthful hand with high-gloss ruby red nails, several stylish Cartier bangles, diamond rings and a slim fit Chanel watch slides over an iPhone 11 Pro Max. Platinum case.

ALAN (V.O.)

Oh... my... God... the iPhone 11 Pro Max. *A platinum case!*

CLOSE-UP on INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS: 11.5m.

Alan's mouth drops open. He stares with a burning envy -- an incredibly primal hunger -- at such social capital.

ALAN (V.O.)
 Never in my life have I been within
 such close proximity to someone
 with so much social influence...

He looks up. Freezes. Before him is the most PERFECT HEAD he has ever seen. **PERFECT HEAD (25)** is a walking Instagram lifestyle brand. Effortless, beautiful, stylish, flawless.

PERFECT HEAD
 I'm a social influencer.

ALAN
 (breathless)
 You get paid to --

PERFECT HEAD
 -- to post. Yeah.

ALAN (V.O.)
The ultimate goal!

All the coworkers nod to each other. CEO appears.

CEO
 She'll be handling our most
 important accounts. Our *hottest*
 start-ups. We stole her from
 Silicon Valley.

Alan fights his orgasmic, euphoric daze. His lustful awe. Tries to keep salivation at a bare minimum. Grips the table.

ALAN (V.O.)
 I must have her head for my
 collection. Oh God, her taste.
 White pearl albino caviar... with
 Kobe beef wrapped in gold leaf...

INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN - DAY

Alan walks in to warm greetings and bows from **SALES STAFF**. The store is relaxing, spacious, grandiose. Old-school glamour. Luxurious. The music is classical, relaxing.

ALAN (V.O.)
 When I'm about to suffer a nervous
 breakdown I typically take a trip
 to my favorite retail spot --
Bergdorf Goodman.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The last vestige of class in a city
of dwindling influence and tawdry
culture.

Sparkling, glossy marble floors. Only the most extravagant
brands. Prada, Jimmy Choo, Gucci, Lanvin, Dolce & Gabbana.

ALAN (V.O.)

The Italian leather, alone, is
enough to quell agitation. I feel
like I'm back in old New York where
people dressed-up, had manners, and
status was equally distributed
amongst those who earned it.

Alan stops and browses a rack of business suits. A handsome,
just-the-right-amount-of-friendly **SALES PERSON** appears.

SALES PERSON

Good afternoon, Mr. Pierce. May I
assist you with anything?

ALAN

I have an image problem.

SALES PERSON

Have you lost status?

Alan's miffed by the question.

ALAN

What? No. I'm just low on my
protein powder. And I'm being
stalked by someone I don't know.

SALES PERSON

I have *just* the suit.

The sales person leaves. Alan sits on a velvety couch,
easily at a cost of \$20,000. He closes his eyes, feeling it.

ALAN (V.O.)

Loss of status at work means lesser
events, lesser social capital,
lesser friends, *lesser access to
premium heads!* I must fix this.

He catches himself clawing his fingers into the couch.
Quickly stops. Smooths out the marks.

The sales person returns with a lavish Kiton textured solid
two-piece suit in high blue. Price tag: \$8,495.

SALES PERSON
It's in your size.

ALAN
I'll take it.

SALES PERSON
Shall I ring you out?

ALAN
One minute.

INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN - WOMEN'S SECTION - DAY

Alan browses polychromatic racks of brilliant Hermé's silk scarves and kerchiefs. He carefully picks up each one, feeling the quality. Appreciating the artistic design.

SALES PERSON
Are you looking for one in particular?

ALAN
I think I found it. May you gift wrap it? It's for someone special.

SALES PERSON
Of course.

INT. SOULCYCLE CLASS - NIGHT

THE POST-WORK RUSH. Career-obsessed riders (fully made-up) furiously spin to the highly addictive, upbeat pop music.

ALAN (V.O.)
I'm back in SoulCycle, trying to forget everything. I'm really feeling the music. The pulse radiates through me, and it's, you know, *jazzing me*. Although the lyrics are unintelligible, I still feel they could apply to my life.

He listens to the lyrics a bit more, straining to hear. Expression drops. He turns to a **SOULCYCLE RIDER** next to him.

ALAN
Oh, God. Is this Miley Cyrus?

SOULCYCLE RIDER
It's the Miley Cyrus spin class.

ALAN

This doesn't relate to me *at all!*

He keeps spinning as fast as he can. Sweat pours down his muscles, dripping onto the slick floor.

ALAN (V.O.)

The girl in front of me has a virtually perfect backside -- but her bobbing head prevents me from viewing the instructor. It's really pissing me off as I need to see the instructor's visual cues.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

OK, guys! Faster! Let's do this!!

ALAN (V.O.)

I can't stop thinking about how low I am. Specifically in fitness protein powder. What will I eat when I get home? How will I sustain myself? I'm desperate.

The rider in front of him, **JESSICA (22)**, energetic, buoyant, and clad head-to-toe in Lululemon, loudly snaps her gum.

JESSICA

(shouting over music, to a girl next to her)

It's called SugarBear and the Kardashians totally shill them. Every time I post myself with a bottle, I get *ten thousand dollars!*

GIRL NEXT TO HER

You're sooo lit, girl. I have to add you. What's your IG handle?

Alan grabs his phone. Fingers waiting.

GIRL IN FRONT

Bubbles8. B as in BUBBLES, and 8 as in EIGHT! Like, the number.

-- her page pops up. INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS: 350K.

ALAN (V.O.)

Time to refill.

Suddenly, the **GIRL NEXT TO HER**'s leg falls off. She keeps spinning like nothing has happened. Alan's disgusted.

EXT. SOULCYCLE CLASS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alan lingers by the doorway. Seductively stretching -- pretending to be somewhat aloof. Flashes *juuust* the right amount of muscle. A dominant expression on his face.

Of course, he catches Jessica's eye.

ALAN

I noticed you in class.

JESSICA

I'm noticing you right now.

ALAN

I'm a model scout for Nike. We're looking for semi-sporty social influencers, such as yourself, for an online campaign.

Jessica takes the card. Giddy. Alan closes in on her, smelling her closely. Slightly intoxicated.

ALAN (V.O.)

How youthful! Victoria's Secret hair major shine shampoo. A hint of L'occitane facial oil in *lemon*.

Gets a little aggressive.

ALAN

Of course, there are so many Instagram models who would kill to be in your situation right now. What makes you... different?

JESSICA

Find a back room. I'll blow you to Mars and back. You can film it.

ALAN

(caught-off-guard)
That's, ah -- that's something.

JESSICA

Hold on.

She pinches her nipples. Pouts for a post-workout selfie.

ALAN (V.O.)

Has everyone always been a feral sex pig, or has the invent of the smart phone created this new breed? I may reflect on this, later.

INT. STEAM ROOM - NIGHT

Clothes fly as they strip. It's a bamboo steam room. Alan takes time to pour water on the hot rocks. MORE STEAM.

ALAN (V.O.)

Full disclosure: I'm asexual. Sex is neither here nor there for me. Naked bodies are mere anatomy. The only impact it's had on my life is making it quite hard to "fit in".

Jessica poses against the wall. Arms stretched above her head, back arched as much as humanly possible.

ALAN (V.O.)

But it's really important to kill your meat, male or female, in the throes of an exceptional orgasm. That's how you get the best taste. Consensual killing is preferable, but if you can't get that -- which, let's face it, you can't -- then you manipulate the situation.

Jessica bites her lower lip.

ALAN

Is that body glitter?

JESSICA

Cute, right?

ALAN

No. Glitter gets twisted up in the intestines something *fierce*.

She intertwines her fingers around his neck.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Are you gluten-free? Are your skincare products organic?

JESSICA

I don't know. I don't really think about it. You're really handsome.

Alan checks himself out in the frosted glass as he thrusts in an apathetic-yet-methodical way. Re-parts his hair.

ALAN

Gluten is included in such products as pasta, bread, crackers. What's your sugar intake like?

JESSICA
 (moaning)
 Why do you care about my diet?
 Gonna cook me dinner after this?

ALAN
 No.

She kneels to start a blow job. He stops her.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 This is all about you, darling.
 Not me. Just relax. Get up.

Alan digs his fingers into her hips. Pumps quickly.

ALAN (V.O.)
 I have to remember to schedule my
 bi-annual dental cleaning on
 Thursday. Preferably with Flavia,
 my favorite hygienist.

Jessica grips the walls. Panting.

JESSICA
 Oh, my Godddd --
 (breathless)
 Where's my phone? Can you film us?
 I want to watch it later.

ALAN
 No.

JESSICA
 I WANT TO WATCH IT LATER!

ALAN (V.O.)
 My God...

Screams gets louder. He muffles her.

ALAN (V.O.)
 This is it! Almost there...

She shudders in euphoric ecstasy...

An ORGASMIC SCREAM... a TIGHTER GRIP... NAILS CLAW SKIN...

ALAN (V.O.)
 CLOSER, CLOSER. ALMOST THERE.

He plunges a knife deep into her back. She collapses.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

Alan slumps Jessica's body, bleeding, over a radiator. The stall has its own mirror and sink. He carefully opens up a travel kit of sharp culinary knives.

ALAN (V.O.)

Pro tip: No guts, no gory.
Avoiding the intestines is a must.
That really caused a scene at Tao.

He works quickly, precisely. Chops up Jessica.

ALAN (V.O.)

I cannot control her diet or
disease she may carry. But her
social influence makes up for any
spoilage. *Everything cooks out!*

He makes two swift "marker" indentations. A tad below the groin on each leg. One above the kneecap. He cleanly slices off the right leg. It promptly drops to the ground.

-- but it's a hard thud. Not the usual "soft thud" of flesh, bones, and skin. Bounces up and down. Rattles a bit.

ALAN (V.O.)

In all my hunting, I've never heard
a leg make that sound before. Was
she lying about her influence?

He's perplexed. Picks up her phone to confirm.

JESSICA SWATHAM

INSTAGRAM FOLLOWERS: 350K.

ALAN

Hmm.

He shrugs. Chops into her carotid arteries. Swiftly draining her blood into the private stall sink.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Armpits to shoulder. Break the
joint of the elbow. Quarter the
carcass. Blah, blah, blah.

He seals her parts in different Hefty bags. Labeling them. *Hands. Upper Thigh. Buttocks.* Shoving them in his Louis Vuitton shoulder bag. Blood still fills the sink.

JANITOR (O.S.)
Anyone in there?

Alan, alarmed, looks up. Covered in blood -- holding an arm. He wipes sweat off his forehead.

ALAN
(shouts)
Yes there is someone fucking in
here. Can I get some *PRI-VA-CY*???

-- he returns to butchering.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(hums Miley Cyrus)
"It's a party in the USA..."
(catches himself)
DAMN THAT MILEY CYRUS SPIN CLASS!

INT. ALAN'S STUDIO - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP on Alan. He's carefully preserving the head of Jessica, styling her hair and touching up her make-up.

Applies a waxy, glossy finish to her head. It's PLASTIFIED.

ALAN (V.O.)
I use almost every part of the
body, but the most important
appendage is the head. It's
displayed in my trophy room.

WE PAN OUT. It's a huge studio filled with pretty heads preserved and mounted on the walls. Over 200, at least.

All ethnicities. All genders. Alan walks over to a blank space and hangs Jessica. Backs up. Admires his work.

NEARBY HEADS (O.S.)
(echo)
Hello, Alan.

ALAN
Why hello, my sweethearts! How was
your day?

NEARBY HEADS (O.S.)
(echo)
Wonderful, Alan!

Each head has a vibrant expression. Fully "real" -- but have the "look" of Barbie dolls. They longingly stare at Alan.

Alan unpacks Jessica's parts. Works on a long, cool slab of marble. Separating (and furiously scrubbing) her bones.

ALAN

I read today that in five years,
anyone will be able to deliberately
engineer a pandemic. Isn't that a
frightful thought?

One of many mounted heads, **HALEY HEAD (21)**, turns to him.

HALEY HEAD

Just *ghastly!*

Alan zips up a careful selection of Jessica's bones into another large plastic Hefty bag. Takes out a sharpie.

ALAN

(to Jessica's Head)

Cupcake -- what did you say your
name was, again?

JESSICA HEAD

Jessica.

ALAN

Jessica, Jessica. So many
Jessica's.

Alan writes "JESSICA/FITNESS MIX" on the bag. Shoves it inside his Louis Vuitton shoulder bag.

INT. ALAN'S STUDIO, DINING TABLE - NIGHT

Alan sits. White cloth napkin tucked into his shirt. He grips silver utensils at a well-set table. In front of him is a delicious looking meal of HUMAN MEAT. Cilantro garnish.

ALAN

I would Instagram this, but that's
too meta, even for me.

Across from him, perched on the table, is Alan's favorite head. **TRISHA HEAD (28)**. She's soft, delicate. Wearing pearls and smiling. A plate of Jessica sits in front of her.

TRISHA HEAD

You're funny, Alan.

ALAN (V.O.)

Trisha is my current prize. She
had 1.2 million Instagram
followers.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She was actually in love with me,
too, despite being engaged to a
young hedge fund manager at Goldman
Sachs. Her real love for me made
her taste *that much sweeter*.

Alan reaches behind him.

ALAN

I was thinking about you today. I
got you something.

He slides over the present from Bergdorf's. The wrapping is
luxurious -- gold leaf paper, black satin ribbons.

TRISHA HEAD

Oh?

ALAN

It's a Hermés Rocaille silk scarf
with hand rolled edges.

TRISHA HEAD

(excited)
From Bergdorf's?

ALAN

Yes.

NEARBY HEADS (O.S.)

(echo)
She's so lucky! She's the
favorite!

He lifts it out of the box. Ties it around her neck. He
holds up a mirror to her face. She gasps with pleasure.

TRISHA HEAD

I love it. It's my color.

ALAN

Are you enjoying Jessica's lung?
It's an excellent source of iron.

TRISHA HEAD

She's cooked to *perfection*.

ALAN

I tried a new recipe. Left a
little more of it raw.

Alan cleans up the dishes. Tidies up the studio, his tools.
Swings his Louis Vuitton shoulder bag around his chest.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Good night, everyone.

TRISHA HEAD
I love you, Alan!

ALAN
I know, Trisha. I love you, too.

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emily stands in front of a very high-tech refrigerator. Kitchen is exceptionally modern. She squints at the fridge's touch-screen door. Goes over next week's Whole Foods order.

EMILY
(to fridge)
I'd like to try asparagus water.
Please add that to the list.

Alan sets his bag of bones on the counter. Takes out a very powerful grinder. Starts attaching steel grinding plates.

Clears his throat.

ALAN
Someone's leg fell off in spin
class today.

EMILY
(distracted)
Honey, it's very hard to keep all
your limbs in New York.

ALAN
I know, but, she wasn't --

He dumps his bag of bones into the grinder.

ALAN (CONT'D)
-- even sorry about it. She didn't
care. It's the *arr-o-gance* that
really gets me. You know?

EMILY
How was work?

ALAN
(mumbles)
I don't want to talk about it.

Alan turns it on. It starts loudly grinding. Crunching up the bones into a fine white powder. Emily shrugs.

EMILY
Alan. Did you lose status?

ALAN
(shouts over noise)
WHAT?

She points to the grinder.

EMILY
IS THAT A NEW SUPERFOOD?

Alan shuts it off.

ALAN
-- yes.

He taps the powder into a small plastic container. Writes "Jessica" in permanent marker. The doorbell rings.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Who is that?

EMILY
The threesome partner interviews
are tonight!

ALAN
The *what*?

EMILY
It's a group interview.

ALAN
Why is this happening at my
apartment?

EMILY
You have the most impressive set-
up. I can't have them in Queens.
Besides --
(wink, sing-song)
I was able to convince that
Instagram girl to come. The one
you sent me the *liiink to!*

ALAN
Really?

Emily motions towards his bone power.

EMILY
Make some shots of that for our
guests. Throw some tumeric in it!
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)
 (shouts down the hall)
Co-ming!

Alan's expression is flat.

INT. ALAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Three "hopefuls" sit on a fur-trimmed couch:

1 - **TIFFANY (24)**. Attractive. Little over-weight. Obsessively glued to her phone.
 2 - **AVA (25)**. Plain. Blond model-esque. Bored.
 3 - **DAMIEN (28)**. Dressed like a *GQ Magazine* ad. It's unreal how perfect his physique, clothing, and posture are.

Emily puts pink reading glasses on. Takes notes on a gold-striped Kate Spade clip board. Very matter-of-fact.

They each take a protein shake shot.

ALAN

Well.
 (beat)
What do you think?

Everyone shrugs.

DAMIEN

(loud sigh)
 I've had better at Beverly Hills Juice. When I'm in LA. Which is a lot.

Alan grimaces.

ALAN (V.O.)

It's strange because neither of those girls looks like the Instagram model's page I forwarded to Emily...

He takes out his phone. Starts searching.

EMILY

So, this is Alan. This is me. We're exploring a polyamorous relationship. We're looking for a third member to complete us in the bedroom! Maybe spend some time *outside* the bedroom. Right, Alan?

ALAN

Actually, I never wan--

Emily offers beautifully decorated, tiny pastries.

EMILY

Let's talk positions. Girls, are you familiar with double cowgirl, double dip, and the doggy train?

TIFFANY

I usually like being the middle of a doggy deluxe. If it's with two guys, I'm a pro at the Eiffel Tower -- this dessert tastes so good.

Where did you get it?

(badly pronounced)

Le Mille Feuille?

Alan cringes at the butchered French.

EMILY

It's a whiskey-pecan babka. The bakery is hidden inside an old Tribeca office building.

TIFFANY

That's like, so chic.

Emily turns to Damien.

DAMIEN

I like double penetration, if you're up for it. Double oral. Also --

(eyes Alan)

The spit roast. If your girlfriend doesn't mind.

EMILY

I'd be open to the spit roast. I want to go outside my comfort zone, you know? I really want to live!

Ignoring them, Alan stares at Ava.

ALAN

I normally eat models.

AVA

What?

ALAN

I normally date models.

AVA
 (flippant)
 I am a model.

ALAN
 For what? Reddit memes?

Emily cheerily offers a fig tart.

EMILY
 (beam)
 It's from Balthazar.

Alan looks down at his phone.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Alan, will you please *focus*?

Emily turns a page on her clipboard.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Ava, darling, would you be willing
 to attend a yoga class or two with
 me each week? Maybe pottery?

ALAN
 I thought I asked for --

He holds up his phone. Shows Tiffany's Instagram page to
 Tiffany. He points aggressively.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 -- this one.

TIFFANY
 That's me!

ALAN
 How many filters are on these
 things? Who are you fooling?

TIFFANY
 I --

ALAN
 No. Either look like your photos,
 or *don't take them*. It's very
 confusing to people who are, you
 know, looking for things.

TIFFANY
 What sort of things?

Alan stares at Damien.

ALAN

Where's your social media?

DAMIEN

I don't have any. I'm my own living, breathing, walking brand.

ALAN

I'm leaving.

(to Emily)

I've assessed your candidates and this entire situation fails.

Alan storms out. Slams the door. Brief, awkward pause. He comes back in, realizing his mistake.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This is my apartment. Get out.

INT. PERFECT HEAD'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Alan sits across from Perfect Head in her office. She's *deeply* engrossed in her phone. Outfit: revealing, edgy.

ALAN (V.O.)

A perfect face has the best symmetry possible. Uses the Greek beauty ratio Phi. There are 12 key points on the face -- you always aim to hit someone who has 85% symmetry. Or higher.

-- her ruby nails click loudly on the desk.

PERFECT HEAD

One minute. Just have to update.

ALAN (V.O.)

The suppleness of that skin. *That hair*. I can barely concentrate. I just want one bite. Her protein would be amazing. I truly believe I could be a wholly different person if I could just taste her...

She finishes typing. Sets her phone down on the table. Crosses her arms and waits. Stares directly at Alan.

SUDDENLY it vibrates an explosion of "likes"/"comments" for 5 SOLID MINUTES. Buzzes so hard, it moves across the table.

Alan gawks.

PERFECT HEAD

The CEO said you have some leads to give me?

Alan slides over a crisp stationary notecard.

ALAN

These are -- were -- my top three accounts. Very hard to recruit for Transient corp, many don't want to work for the CEO. He's a villain.

PERFECT HEAD

Listen, Derek. That your name?

ALAN

Alan.

PERFECT HEAD

Alan. I'm a villain. I fuck my candidates. Blackmail vice presidents. Strap people down, make them beg for the job like dogs. I hire kids of billionaires. Take bribes. I've literally chopped the dick off the CEO of Transient corp.

She whips the notecard up. Snaps a photo.

ALAN (V.O.)

I'm speechless. And I can almost swear one of her rings are made from a certain type of pink coral exclusive to the Maldives.

PERFECT HEAD

(looks at accounts)

I can recruit these companies with my eyes closed. During laser hair removal. It's not even fun for me.

ALAN

Do you use La Mer? On your face?

She's surprised by the question.

PERFECT HEAD

I use baby fetuses on my face. I love that smooth, post-fetus glow.

ALAN (V.O.)

(ecstasy)

Baby fetuses...

She tap-tap-taps her diamond Cartier watch.

PERFECT HEAD

Let's grab a late lunch. BG restaurant, OK? You can give me the dirt on our coworkers.

INT. BG RESTAURANT - DAY

Oh-so-popular eating spot. Nestled on the 7th floor of Bergdorf Goodman. Stunning views of Central Park.

ALAN (V.O.)

I'm on edge. All that's left is her dietary regiment. It can make or break my perfect meal.

A **WAITER** stops by their table. He curiously looks like the waiter Alan stabbed earlier. His badge reads "TOM".

PERFECT HEAD

I'll have the Gotham salad.
(shuts menu)
I just love Bergdorf's. Don't you?

-- he relaxes at her order. But bristles at "TOM".

WAITER

Mr. Pierce, good to see you back. Gotham salad, as well?

ALAN

(terse)
Please.

Perfect Head clicks away on her phone.

PERFECT HEAD

Excuse me for being on my phone at lunch. With millions of followers, I have to keep up.

ALAN

I understand.

Alan scans the dining room. Spots Damien sitting alone at a table for two in a prime spot. Near a large window.

ALAN (V.O.)

That guy looks... familiar. Why?

PERFECT HEAD

Have you heard of devil's breath?
It's this sweet little drug from
Columbia. I have, you know, *people*
who get it for me, and let's just
say --

Two \$28 Gotham salad's are gently placed before them.

PERFECT HEAD (CONT'D)

-- it's how I move people from
Apple to Tesla. You really have to
take extreme measures to get ahead,
Alan. *Know what I'm saying?*

ALAN (V.O.)

I'm absolutely bemused and
delighted by what I'm hearing.

He glances over again. Damien stares directly at him, his
own Gotham salad untouched. Alan shifts uncomfortably.

ALAN (V.O.)

Oh, God. Is that the guy from last
night? No, it can't be. Can it?
Is his... a Gotham Salad, as well?

PERFECT HEAD

-- and I mean, I had no choice but
to fuck him AND the brother AND the
son. But I closed the account!
Like I always say: open your legs,
close the account. Men do it, too.
So what, I'll stoop to their level!

The waiter refills their Chardonnay. Alan grabs the waiter's
wrist quickly and aggressively. Tightens his grip, releases.

ALAN

Just get us the check, *Tom*, we
don't need your services anymore.

PERFECT HEAD

(oblivious)

What's with the CEO? He's
definitely murdered someone, right?
I'm getting total kill-vibes.

ALAN

Aren't you going to photograph your
salad? For Instagram?

PERFECT HEAD

Foodgramming is out.

ALAN

I thought it might be. I didn't want to be presumptuous, though.

Alan eats. Really feels the heat from Damien's stare. He glances over again -- Damien is still looking at him, unwavering in his gaze. Alan dabs his mouth.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Will you excuse me?

PERFECT HEAD

Of course, dear.

INT. DAMIEN'S TABLE - DAY

Alan adjusts his silk pocket square. Walks over to Damien. Puts two fingers on the table, leaning in.

ALAN

(low)

No need to stare at me. I know I'm attractive. I don't want a male in our affairs because I'm worried my girlfriend will run off with you. We've decided on one of the girls.

Damien slowly stirs an espresso.

ALAN (CONT'D)

So. If you'll kindly take the rejection, that would be great.

Alan brusquely heads for the bathroom.

DAMIEN (O.S.)

(semi-loud)

That's not why I'm here, Alan.

INT. BG RESTAURANT, BATHROOM - DAY

-- Damien hot on his trail. He shoves Alan up against the gilded sink, shoulders backed up against the mirror. The bathroom **ATTENDANT** looks away, quiet.

DAMIEN

I answered your ad. You deleted your account.

ALAN

What?

DAMIEN
 I answered your --
 (eyes attendant, lowers
 voice)
 -- the *cannibal ad*. You deleted
 your account.

Alan accidentally knocks over a porcelain soap dish. A beautiful, hand-carved soap from Monaco drops on the floor.

ALAN
 How did you find me?

DAMIEN
 I know everywhere you go. I know every place you eat. *I know everything you do*. I'm so turned on by you. Why did you delete your account? I just want to be eaten by you. Eat me.
 (intensely)
Fucking eat me, Alan!

ALAN
 You're not my type.

He tries to uncomfortably move aside. But Damien won't let him move an inch. He stands firm.

DAMIEN
 What? *Handsome* isn't your type? I'm 6'3" tall, 189 pounds, 0% body fat. My diet is flawless. My skin products, flawless. My clothes --

He whips out his arm. Grabs his suit cuff.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 -- are tailored. They come from here, Alan. Bergdorf Goodman. *I'm as obsessed with Bergdorf Goodman as you are*. What more do you want? I meet every criteria of your ad, except --

ALAN
 No social media.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 No social media.

Alan flashes a fake, tight smile at the attendant. He talks to Damien through gritted teeth.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 And I was pretty specific in my "ad" that *that* was a deal breaker.

DAMIEN

I am your best meal. Do you need to see my medical records? My little black book of conquests? Do you want a piece of my skin?

ALAN

You have no followers. No social capital. You look good, but you'll taste awful.

Damien takes out a Victorinox swiss army knife.

DAMIEN

Have a sample of me. *Right now.*

He starts to carve...

ALAN

No. You're empty calories. You're bad meat. Get it? *You're bad meat.* I won't eat you. Stop.

DAMIEN

(desperate)

My python shoes have their own passport.

Alan considers this. He then shoves Damien down to the floor, digging a loafer into his back. Showing dominance.

He turns to the sink and washes his hands. Damien glares at him from below. The attendant offers Alan a towel.

ATTENDANT

Towel, Sir?

ALAN

Please.

ATTENDANT

After-meal chocolate, Sir?

ALAN

I don't -- OK, well, what brand? To'ak?

ATTENDANT

No. It's a Knipschildt truffle.

ALAN

(loud sigh)

Fine!

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Alan bursts into his kitchen. Shoes skid across the floor. He makes a beeline for his pantry, ripping it open.

ALAN

Where is it... where is it...

Protein shake containers are jostled. Knocked over. He searches through them with an almost haphazard paranoia.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Where is Viola? I need ZEN!!
Viola was a fantastic yoga
instructor on the S.S. Antoinette
cruise to Switzerland.

Slams the pantry shut. Paces the kitchen.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I need ZEN!!!!!! Unacceptable.
Damien has rattled me to my core.
Where is my powder going? *Am I
really eating that much?*
(screams)
EMILY?

Alan re-opens up the pantry. Keeps searching. Digs in the back, finally locating a small vial marked "VIOLA".

ALAN (CONT'D)

Order restored. Phew.

-- EMPTY.

ALAN (CONT'D)

WHAT! My current cortisol levels
are nearly killing me, I --
(verge-of-insanity,
gripping counter)
I NEED A SHOT OF ZEN!

Beyond irritated, he makes himself a glass of ice water with lemon and cucumber. Takes a sip. Shuts his eyes, tightly.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(rather aggressive)
I'm in Mount Kailash, Tibet. I'm
tapping into the energy of buddha
Cakrasamvara to achieve supreme
bliss as I gaze out into the
endless river peaks.

Alan shakes his head.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Nothing. DAMN!

INT. ALAN'S WORKSPACE - DAY

Alan stares at a computer screen. It reflects off his eyes. He opens up a list of bookmarks on his web browser:

ZEN MODELS - LA
ZEN MODELS - NYC
ZEN MODELS - MILAN, etc.

ALAN (V.O.)
It's important to always have a
stash of models in case of
emergencies, such as this.

Clicks ZEN MODELS - LA. Scrolls through attractive men and women in yoga-esque poses. FOLLOWERS all in 200K-400K range.

ALAN (V.O.)
I then locate their current
whereabouts on the Snapchat map. A
dangerous feature, but really
helpful for people like me. I'm
feeling hot -- I wonder if anyone
from LA is in NYC for the evening.

The Snapchat map opens on Alan's phone. Various model's locations pop up around the city. Some within close range.

ALAN (V.O.)
They hang out at a mix of exclusive
spots I've already secured access
to via my stellar status.
Thankfully word hasn't gotten out
about my demotion at work. Yet.

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Alan is dressed in his best Emporio Armani suit. Tightens starched cuffs in front of a mirror. Opens up an impressive drawer of over sixty polished, sharpened knives.

ALAN (V.O.)
Your hunting knife must have a
razor sharp edge and be made of the
highest quality steel. It should
be able to flawlessly cut flesh,
sever muscle, and go through bone.

He takes out a *phenomenal*-looking knife.

ALAN (V.O.)
 My Sukenari zdp189 Damascus Sujhiki
 Japanese chef knife will do.

It's placed inside a secret pocket within his sport coat.
 Next, a watch drawer is opened. About 30 are on display.

ALAN (V.O.)
 A striking watch in the mid-six-
 figures elevates status tenfold.

He straps on his Cartier Ronde de Cartier Astrotourbillon.
 Also known as: *"I'm on the list"*.

ALAN (V.O.)
 In four hours, the hunt begins.

INT. TOP OF THE STANDARD BAR - NIGHT

The place to be seen (after 10pm). Well-heeled, extravagant
 penthouse lounge. Strict dress code. Alan leans against a
 bar, scanning the "in" crowd for his Instagram model TARGET.

A **BARTENDER** pops up.

BARTENDER
 What'll it be?

ALAN
 Minty Mojito.

BARTENDER
 What the *fuck* is your problem?

Alan slides over a \$100 bill.

ALAN
 Minty Mojito.

BARTENDER
 (brightly)
 Coming up!

In a sea of influence, he finally spots LA Instagram model
MINKA (26). Gorgeous, obvious fitness model. She's with a
 group of equally-attractive friends. All with minty Mojitos.

ALAN (V.O.)
 Stunning head. Stunning clothing.
 Stunning choice of drink. I feel
 calmer just by smelling her, by
 being in such close proximity.
 Just one sip of her protein shake!
 (MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'll be able to sort my life out a
little bit better after that.

TIFFANY (O.S.)
Do I look enough like my photos
now?

Alan turns around. It's Tiffany -- from the failed threesome
meet-up. She's 100% looking down, typing into her phone.
Still looks nothing like her Instagram photos.

ALAN
You'd be more recognizable if you
walked around holding a large
filter box. How did you get in?

BARTENDER
(to Alan)
Here's your minty Mojito.

TIFFANY
Thanks!

She grabs it, downing it in one gulp. No eye contact. She
snaps duck-face selfies with a "GOOD VIBES ONLY" phone cover.

ALAN
That drink cost \$112.

TIFFANY
Well? You gonna buy me mozzarella
sticks, or what? I'm vegan.

ALAN
No.

TIFFANY
We gonna have a ménage à
cinco later, or *what?*

ALAN
No. My girlfriend and I have
decided to go with another
candidate. *How did you get in??*

TIFFANY
Fucked the bouncer.

ALAN
But how??

-- Tiffany keeps typing away.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Can you make eye contact with me
 for one minute? Why are you so
 obsessed with your phone?

TIFFANY
 (distracted)
 What?

She looks up. Alan's seat is empty.

INT. TOP OF THE STANDARD BAR, DIFFERENT AREA - NIGHT

Alan moves through the liquored-up, VIP crowd. Stalks out Minka. She's across the room. Toned arms and drool worthy legs paired with a sequin mini-skirt. She's laughing.

ALAN (V.O.)
 I'll appear from behind. Slowly
 introduce myself. I look so good
 tonight she'll barely be able to
 contain herself. And then --

TIFFANY (O.S.)
 Give me your phone number. So we
 can text.

-- *she's back*. Alan grips her by both shoulders.

ALAN
 Get lost or I will kill you. This
 is not a threat. It's reality.

TIFFANY
 Sounds hot!

Minka is six feet away. He edges past lithe bodies,
 percolating smoke, and a couple making out on the floor.

ALAN (V.O.)
 God. Get a *room!*
 (laser focus on Minka)
 Closer. Closer... my prey...

FLASH of a camera. Tiffany smiles.

TIFFANY
 I'm gonna tag us at this bar.

ALAN
 (white-hot rage)
 No, no, I can't be photographed
 here -- delete that!

Alan angrily grabs for her "GOOD VIBES ONLY"-covered phone, but she waves it tauntingly. Just-out-of-reach.

TIFFANY

Let me guess. Don't want your giiiiirlfriend to know you're here?
Tsk, tsk!

ALAN (V.O.)

My mission is over. It's been completely destroyed. I can't be traced here. Minka is too high-profile. I'll be caught.

He adjusts his *personality*.

ALAN

You know, Tiffany, there's a new filter going around the highest of social circles. Very elite. I think you'd really like it. Would you like to see it?

TIFFANY

(excitedly)
DUH!

Alan reaches inside his jacket.

INT. TOP OF THE STANDARD BAR, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tiffany's dead body is slammed against a beautiful mosaic tile wall. Blood drips out of her bruised mouth.

ALAN

It's called the DEATH FILTER!
YEAH? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
(beat)
Also, "ménage à cinco" isn't a thing. It's just: ORGY!

-- her body slides down, but he yanks it back up.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Want to *engage me*? Do not spend the entirety of our conversation on your phone. OK? It's a pet peeve that leads to irrational angst and irritability. Ultimately ending in a side effect of D-E-A-T-H.

Alan grabs her phone and takes a "selfie" of her. He posts the obviously dead-faced image on her Instagram app.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 NO FILTER!!!!!! LOOK HOW MUCH FUN
 WE'RE HAVING!! GOOD VIBES ONLY!!!
 (looks around)
 There's no room to work in here.
 But I can't like, *leave her here.*

He starts to dismember Tiffany in the tight stall. It's very uncomfortable as it's a really small space.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 You'd really kill me if you knew I
 posted a photo without a filter,
 huh? Aren't I just *the worst??*

Her phone starts buzzing and vibrating. Curious, Alan peaks it, grabbing it with a bloody hand. The selfie post is getting an *insane* amount of likes and comments.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Really? She strikes me as someone
 who would have to buy likes.
 (reading comment out loud,
 mumbling)
 "Luvvvv. Is that a Kylie Jenner
 lip kit, gurl???"

Blood smears on the screen as Alan posts a reply:

I don't fucking know what that is.

POST.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (verge-of-breakdown)
 Emotions can be controlled.
 Emotions can be controlled.
 Emotions CAN be controlled!

He's about to excise Tiffany's collar bone. Stops quickly to chop off a floppy arm that keeps getting in his way.

The arm falls to the ground. Makes another very hollow "CRACK" sound. Half of it slides into the next stall.

Alan is panicked.

ALAN (V.O.)
 Another limb. Another strange
 sound. Tiffany's low number of
 followers do not compare with the
 high count of Jessica's -- the kill
 from SoulCycle.
 (MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Why are their limbs seemingly the
 same quality, then?*

The arm SLOWLY DISAPPEARS into the next stall. Pulled over by someone obviously in there. It's picked up.

Alan can't breathe. Clears his throat.

ALAN
 (verge-of-
 hyperventilation)
 That's mine.

Alan shoves the rest of her half-butchered body into his Louis Vuitton bag. Part of her foot juts out. He exits.

ALAN (V.O.)
 Jesus. *Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.* OK.
 You can do this. You took that
 online class on "confrontation".

A deep inhale. He knocks on the stall next to his.

ALAN
 Excuse me. I believe you have
 something of mine.

Silence. Tiffany's phone buzzes with more likes, more comments. Curiosity overwhelms Alan. He glances down at it.

[COMMENT]: Srsly, is that Kylie Jenner's lip kit???? What color? Dirty Peach or Candy k???? Hit me up, T!

He bangs the stall roughly.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Open the door. You do not want to
 fuck with me right now.

STRANGER (O.S.)
 Her arm -- and the rest of her body
 -- are mine, Alan. I bought them
 fair and square. Give me her
 torso, legs, and head. Now.

Alan backs up. A stranger opens the door. *Only Alan sees him, not us.*

ALAN
 (confused)
 You can't buy her. You have to
 hunt them. Fair and square.

STRANGER (O.S.)
You know that's not true.

Alan runs out.

STRANGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Get back here, *Alan Pierce!* I'll
find you! This is not your
territory! ALAN?

INT. ALAN'S STUDIO - NIGHT

-- BACK in his studio. He triple-locks an antiquated door. Leans against it, breathing heavily. Eyes wide. Darting.

ALAN (V.O.)
Who was that man? What did he
want? I didn't recognize him from
the city's cannibal "network".

TRISHA HEAD (O.S.)
Alan, is everything OK?

ALAN
(alarmed)
Yes! It's fine! Don't worry!

TRISHA HEAD (O.S.)
I'm always worried about you.

Alan kneels in front of Trisha Head. She has a beautiful lavender silk head scarf on. Pearl earrings, full make-up.

ALAN
Why, darling?

TRISHA HEAD
You're on edge. You look ashen.
You need protein.

ALAN
There's no one after you, is there?
You'd tell me if there was. Right?

TRISHA HEAD
Who would be after me?

ALAN
I'm going to tighten security
around here.

Alan dumps his shoulder bag. Tiffany's parts fall on the marble butcher slab. Alan wrinkles his nose at the smell.

He fires up a nearby stove. Carefully cuts around her upper arm. Plops the 5-inch slab in a pan to seer.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Trisha. Am I your only *official* owner? Not boyfriend. Owner.

TRISHA HEAD (O.S.)

Yes, Alan.

He rifles through Tiffany's other parts. Flesh falls easily off the bone. Meat doesn't look clean. Very unhealthy.

ALAN

You're *sure* of that?

TRISHA HEAD (O.S.)

Yes! What is that awful smell? Who are you cooking?

ALAN

Not for your consumption, dear. It's only because of a morbid curiosity that I have deigned to cook this "mistake".

He takes a small bite from the pan. Carefully chews it.

ALAN (V.O.)

As predicted, she is terrible. Lied about her looks. Lied about her diet. She not only is not vegan, but she ate pork today. *Disgusting!* Not to mention her gross, off-putting personality.

-- throws everything out. Marks the bags "FOR GOODWILL".

ALAN (V.O.)

No. Some things are even too bad for Goodwill.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT, ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Gold mirrored. Marble floored elevator. It's just Alan ascending. Disheveled, blood-splattered. Deafening silence.

He hatefully stares at his reflection.

ALAN

That was bad, Alan. BAD, BAD, BAD! No un-planned kills. No non-vetted butchering. Very, very bad.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)
Wasteful! Terrible for the
environment. You're a *disgrace*.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan walks in, setting down his keys. Hangs up his Louis
Vuitton shoulder bag. Stares at himself in a hallway mirror.

ALAN (V.O.)
Keep calm, carry on. Keep calm,
carry on. Keep calm, carry on.
(angry)
Bad, bad Alan.

EMILY (O.S.)
Darling! It's threesome night!
You're late. We're in the bedroom.

ALAN
That was -- *tonight*? I though it
was next week. I just want to
relax. I'm not really...

Checks his reflection. *Disgusting*.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Perhaps just you two can...

Furiously wipes blood off his face.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Maybe I can just watch with a
detached bemusement?

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily is sprawled out on lush satin sheets. Wears a \$900
garter belt with striking La Perla lingerie. She flips
through *Glamour magazine*. Next to her...

Damien, grinning. Wearing luxury boxers fitted with two 18-
karat gold buttons. Alan points to him.

ALAN
GET OFF MY BED!

EMILY
Alan!

ALAN
A word, Emily.

EXT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan slams the door. Totally irate. He drops his voice to a whispered *hiss*. Emily has thrown on a silk robe.

EMILY

Honey, you know slamming doors disturbs the next-door neighbor's bonsai tree. I told Mr. Williford we'd be mindful of that.

ALAN

We agreed to not do this "threesome" until next week. We also agreed to go with Ava.

EMILY

Ava bailed. She's joining a celebrity couple uptown. We're not famous enough. I've been devastated about it all day.

Alan's surprised at her "devastated" comment.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I even tried Tiffany, but she never answered her phone!

ALAN (V.O.)

And she won't.

EMILY

Besides. It's my turn to get pleased. I indulge in all of your strange fetishes.

(soft, pink-painted
fingers walk up his
chest)

It's time you indulge in mine.

ALAN

Not with him.

EMILY

Alan. Are you uncomfortable with him being a man?

ALAN

No. I just don't like his personality. Get it? It's his *personality* that is a major turn-off. How can I be aroused by such a flaccid *personality*?

EMILY

You don't even know his personality. Will you just get in there?

ALAN

Do you love me?

EMILY

Don't do that. Take off your clothes and get in there.

ALAN

(low, mumble)

His boxer buttons are made of *gold*.

EMILY

We'll get you some tomorrow.

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan's almost undressed. Tries to cover up the non-gold buttons on his boxers. Sits on the edge of the bed. Damien leans in, hot breath in Alan's ear.

DAMIEN

(low)

You honestly thought you could escape me? I'm inside your little world, now. I won't stop until I'm inside your little mouth.

Smiles to Emily.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Honey, get on the bed. All fours. Alan, get on your knees near the head board. Emily, start sucking his cock.

Damien positions himself behind Emily. Starts fucking* her, quite gently at first. He tightly grips her waist.

**CAN SUBSTITUTE WITH: copulating, banging, shagging, making love, screwing, rolling in the hay, "having a go at it", getting laid, schtup-ing, etc, etc, etc.*

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

Make eye contact with me while I fuck your girlfriend, Alan.

With the blow job loosening him up a little, Alan begrudgingly looks at Damien.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 (mouths)
 My lower loin tastes like a
 porterhouse steak.

He pulls out. Roughly flips Emily over. Grabs Alan's hair and pushes his face down between her legs.

Damien slides off the bed. Quickly positions himself behind a bent over Alan. Starts semi-roughly "having a go" at him.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 I always get what I want.

ALAN (V.O.)
 This is one of the worst situations
 I've ever been in, in my entire
 life. The humiliation isn't even a
 turn on, like it's purported to be
 in the online pornos.
 (out loud)
 Ouch, *watch it!*

-- but Damien doesn't let up. For ten minutes *straight*.

DAMIEN
 I'm in control here. Not you.

Damien discards Alan. Focuses intently on Emily.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 You're so tasty, darling.

He winks at Alan. Emily climaxes long and loud, her screams echoing through the building's complex.

ALAN (V.O.)
 It's too much to bear, watching him
 pleasure her probably much better
 than I do. *How does he do it?*

Alan's phone rings. He clears his throat.

ALAN
 It's Mr. Williford. Most likely
 complaining that his bonsai tree is
 suffering undue stress and extreme
 anxiety due to the noise.

EMILY
 (out-of-it, ecstasy)
 Yes! Waffles would be *wonderful!!*

INT. ALAN'S WORKSPACE - NIGHT

Alan is so angry he refuses to speak to Emily. In a mink robe, quickly drinking a protein shake -- he gulps it down so fast he clutches his stomach in pain. She mixes tea.

EMILY

He was such a great fellow! Very good in bed.
(giggle)
Made me feel totally naughty, so domineering. And he paid the same amount of attention to both of us!

Alan Instagram stalks. Closes in on another weak target.

ALAN (V.O.)

Illana. Barre instructor. Either her or William, a wellness coach specializing in Kundalini upward meditation. I need a hit, a shot. My life is spinning out of control.

EMILY

You're looking very pale, lately. Are you getting enough iron?

ALAN

No. I am not.

His e-mail pings. It's from Perfect Head.

To: Alan Pierce

From: Perfect Head

Did you see Brett's boner today at work? lol.

He clicks her e-mail's photo icon. Follows the links to her various social media accounts. Jealous of her "celebrity". He takes out his phone, adding her on Snapchat.

ALAN (V.O.)

My life would be complete if I could only taste a bite of that flesh. My sickness might be cured. I might feel better. I'd be confident, do better at work.

EMILY (O.S.)

Alan, have you seen my crystals?

INT. ALAN'S WORK, HALLWAYS - NEXT DAY

Alan wears a Brioni tonal-stripe wool two-piece suit. But not even his good presentation (and prescription retinol) is enough to hide the under-eye bags from yesterday's events.

RANDOM COWORKER (O.S.)
You look like crap, Alan.

ALAN
Up yours, Rhys.

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE (CORNER) - DAY

Coloring books all over his desk. Alan starts fervently shading with pastel pencils. Not exactly in the lines.

He pauses. Makes his lemon and cucumber water. Inhales.

ALAN
(eyes closed, to self)
I'm deep in the forest of Waipio Valley in Hawaii, trekking to the illegal irrigation water slide with various co-eds in bikinis and speedos. I'm tan, but not *too tan*.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
Alan?

ALAN
I'm trying to have a spa moment, Olivia. Can you respect that?

OLIVIA (O.S.)
I'm leaving.

Alan looks up. Absolutely devastated.

ALAN
What? Why?

FLOOR VIEW. Manolo Blahnik heels click together. We see the bottom seams of sports leggings. Thin, toned calves.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
I'm working for Perfect Head. You have no leads. There's nothing for me to do. You've been so preoccupied lately and you won't let me help with anything.

ALAN

Is it because of her... status?

OLIVIA (O.S.)

That's part of it. But she lets me wear athleisure. It's like, really important to me.

ALAN

(verge-of-tears)

But it's not work attire.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Kate Hudson says --

ALAN

I don't care about Kate Hudson.

He buries his head in his hands.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(mumbles)

I'm having such a bad week.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

No, you're having a *character building week!*

ALAN

LEAVE, OLIVIA.

INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN'S - DRESS SECTION - DAY

Alan's fingers feel the sensuous fabric of cocktail dresses. He admires an exquisite pearl necklace on a mannequin.

Lingers on the hats. A **SALES PERSON** appears.

SALES PERSON

Mr. Pierce, good to see you again. Can I help you with anything?

ALAN

I'm looking for a beautiful hat. For someone special.

SALES PERSON

You do spoil those you love.

The sales person returns with an over-the-top Gucci Velvet Dragon-Embroidered Baseball Cap. *Gauche*. Maybe last season.

ALAN
No. This is for a lady.

SALES PERSON
We have some beautiful Mischa
Lampert hats on sale.

ALAN
Nothing on sale, please.

Alan studies the Philip Treacy section. Stops at an elegant \$1,360 velour contour hat with satin band in forest emerald.

ALAN (V.O.)
Look at that exaggerated pinched
crown. That asymmetric, curved
brim. The self knot detail.

He gingerly picks it up.

ALAN
May I have it wrapped?

INT. ALAN'S STUDIO - NIGHT

Alan takes out his best china, best flatware, and best centerpiece. He sets a third place setting at the master table with Trisha Head. He also pulls up a third chair.

Using a ruler -- the plates and utensils are arranged with precision. Alan keeps re-doing it until it's *just right*.

NEARBY HEADS (O.S.)
(echo)
Is a new head coming?

He sets the large hat gift box by the third place setting.

NEARBY HEADS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(echo)
They get to sit at the head table!

TRISHA HEAD
Is someone new dining with us? At
my table?

ALAN
How was your day, Trisha? Do
anything soul-enriching?

TRISHA HEAD

I am the top head! I insist on knowing who that place setting is for. Alan?

ALAN

I read that by 2030, there will be virtual animals with actual digital minds. Isn't that *so interesting*?

Alan opens up Snapchat. Zooms in on Perfect Head's whereabouts. She's in an exclusive part of town marked "RESTRICTED". *But he knows where it is.*

TRISHA HEAD

Will you answer me?

NEARBY HEADS (O.S.)

(echo)

Alan is replacing Trisha!

TRISHA HEAD

(snaps)

He's not. Who's coming to dinner? Why isn't that gift for me?

ALAN

I'll be back late tonight, darlings. You can stay up and wait, or go to bed. Goodnight.

He leaves. Trisha Head -- despite being preserved in a stiff, waxy substance -- stretches her mouth into a frown.

TRISHA HEAD

ALAN!!!

EXT. HOT QUESO - NIGHT

A **DOORMAN** stands guard outside a private apartment complex's back door. Steel with loads of graffiti. Dumpster nearby.

ALAN (V.O.)

Google sent some articles to my phone about nihilism, cannibalism, and python shoes -- things I did not search for. The scary thing is I wanted to click it. I didn't. I don't want to encourage them by proving their algorithm right... but they already know it's right.

Alan stares at the doorman.

ALAN

Did you know I'm depriving myself of material I want to read just to prove to Google that I can?

DOORMAN

You on the list?

ALAN

No. But my watch is.

Alan flashes his \$116,000 Rolex.

INT. HOT QUESO - NIGHT

A **SEX BUTLER** offers Alan a flute of Dom Perignon as he walks into the gothic space. Thick velvet drapes, dark neon lights, endless fur-covered sitting spots. Glowing drinks.

ALAN (V.O.)

"Hot Queso" is the HOTTEST pop-up sex party. Happens thrice a month in a revolving door of multi-million dollar pads.

It's a railroad apartment converted into (basically) a slutty sex dungeon. He removes most, not all, of his clothing.

ALAN (V.O.)

I see an aggregation of naked strangers participate in what I'm assuming -- at least in this room -- is an eight-some of some kind. New Yorkers are so obsessed with these "secret" sex parties. I feel left out by detached association.

Alan grabs a tasteful black satin eye mask from an on-point melting mercury table. Candy bowls of pills for the taking.

ALAN (V.O.)

I would really hate to be seen here by someone I knew. Even if it bumped up my status a little.

He squeezes past the writhing, orgasm-having crowd.

ALAN (V.O.)

(deep inhale)

My, my. What a wealthy crowd. Guerlain orchidée impériale body cream... La Prairie cellular cream platinum rare...

Alan steadies himself against a wall. He's so overwhelmed by the luxurious lotions, he has to catch his balance. *Breathe.*

ALAN (V.O.)

Focus, Alan. Focus. Oh, but I can't! Boadicea the Victorious golden aires eau de parfum...

(alert)

She's here. I can smell the baby fetus cream. No brand. She must buy it off the dark web...

Hiding a knife, he skulks room-to-room. Still sniffing the air passionately. Taking mental notes.

ALAN (V.O.)

(fights back tears)

House of Sillage limited nouez moi!
Clé de Peau beauté synactif! *Who is wearing that?*

Alan presses RECORD on his phone.

ALAN

(in phone)

Note to self. Get \$75,000-a-year membership to Hot Queso. Call in favor with Bolivia. Coordinate professional head-to-toe nude shot.

He steps behind a fake column. In a musky room, Perfect Head, sparkling in an ethereal swarovski mask (and dress), laughs with naked patrons next to a luxurious bear skin rug.

MASKED PERFECT HEAD

-- and I was like *here's* a tip: pay me five million or I'll have your cover blown on the front page of the *New York Post*! I got my money.

ALAN (V.O.)

Look how she seamlessly works the room with her crass stories. I'm so hungry for her, I'm shaking.

INT. HOT QUESO, ORGY ROOM - NIGHT

Alan brazenly walks up to Perfect Head, cutting off whoever she's speaking to. Takes her hand. Kisses it gently.

ALAN

You complete me in every possible way.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

I want to eat every part of you, carefully cooking and savoring each morsel. You are what I have been looking for my entire life. You are a perfect head. *Will you be my meal, tonight?*

MASKED PERFECT HEAD

(muffled under mask)

Is that a Desmond Merrion supreme bespoke pair of boxers?

ALAN

It is.

MASKED PERFECT HEAD

(muffled under mask)

Can we role play that I'm an ingenue *desperate* to get hired at your top-tier technology company?

ALAN

-- um, sure.

MASKED PERFECT HEAD

Take me right now.

(low)

In front of everyone!

INT. HOT QUESO, BEAR SKIN RUG - NIGHT

Throes of sex. **ONLOOKERS** eagerly stare. Masked Perfect Head is moaning on the floor -- Alan is on top of her.

ONLOOKER (O.S.)

I heard that one day, we'll be able to charge phones with our brains. Isn't that *so interesting?*

ALAN (V.O.)

I hate sex. Even worse, I can't kill anyone with a fucking audience. I can't make any off-putting movements or suggestions, either, for fear of startling Perfect Head and having her meat go sour. Just waiting for the orgasm.

Masked Perfect Head grips a handful of the bear skin rug, yanking roughly. Screams louder and louder. Alan sweats.

ALAN (V.O.)

Oh my God. Will they see when I slip the knife out? Why are so many people watching?!

ALAN

(clears throat)

I hear Madonna is in the next room.

No one moves.

ALAN (V.O.)

Why did I say *Madonna*? I'm so stupid.

Takes a deep breath, bodies pressed tightly together. He slips the knife out of a sock -- right into masked Perfect Head's chest. Her mouth makes a surprised expression.

ALAN (V.O.)

Oh no -- I missed! The nervous adrenaline will ruin the meat!

He quickly slices up to her heart. She slumps lifeless in his arms. He stops thrusting. Wipes sweat off his forehead (with a silk kerchief snatched from an onlooker).

ONLOOKER (O.S.)

Woah. You like, banged the life outta her. Can you do me next?

ALAN

No.

He wraps her up in the blood-soaked rug.

INT. HOT QUESO, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Alan bites the neck of (dead) masked Perfect Head. Almost ripping the skin. Pulls her close, burying his head into her hair. Deep inhale. Whispers into her ear, ecstatic.

ALAN

Oh God, oh God, oh God! I hope I can wait 'til I'm home. Eleven-point-five *million* followers. If your meat is well preserved, I may very well die of ecstasy tonight!

His phone buzzes. It's a new email.

To: Alan Pierce

From: Perfect Head

Got into Club 44!!! 14-year waiting list, but I'm in! Check my Insta for photos. Will let you know how the Golden Osetra Caviar is at work tomorrow. XX Perfect Head

Alan almost drops his phone. Trembles with fear.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What? No... can't be...

He removes the mask -- it's an imposter. Exact same scents Perfect Head uses, but face looks nothing like her. Decoy?

ALAN (CONT'D)

(breathless)

A set-up.

He throws her down. A sparkly rumple on filthy tile. Alan sits on the toilet, head in his hands. Sobs quietly.

GUY IN NEXT STALL (O.S.)

Can you please cry somewhere else?
It's really killing the vibe.

ALAN (V.O.)

I can't take this girl home to eat.
I know nothing about her. No idea
how many followers she has. No
phone on her, which is a severe red
flag I should have noticed earlier.
STUPID, ALAN! STUPID!!

He exits the stall. Calmly.

GUY IN NEXT STALL (O.S.)

Thanks, man.

-- looks in the mirror.

ALAN

(to self)

Why are you so *stupid*, Alan?

-- gets closer. Each word enunciated.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Why-are-you-so-*stu-pid*-Al-an??

INT. HOT QUESO, SIDE LOUNGE - NIGHT

Alan sits. Stone-faced. He's in a beautiful blue and gold velvet chair. He roughly pets it as he tries to calm down.

ALAN

Is that *R. Kelly*? I'm leaving.

He gets up. Steps over a naked couple under his feet. As he walks to the door -- he feels a strong hand on his shoulder.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I've had enough fake orgasms for the night. I'm not interested.

STRANGER (O.S.)

I don't want sex.

Alan turns around. Same voice from the "stranger" before -- we still don't see them. Alan's face: *petrified*.

STRANGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Got something for me, Alan?

ALAN

No.

He quickens his pace. Runs out.

STRANGER (O.S.)

I bought them fair and square! I'm going to take legal action against you, if you don't stop! ALAN?
ALAN PIERCE!

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Alan's in bed wearing reading glasses. Propped up with several ornate pillows, concentrating on his coloring book. He's having tremendous difficulty staying within the lines.

Emily's next to him. Scrolling through her phone.

EMILY

The strangest things are trending on Twitter this morning.

ALAN

That's nice.

EMILY

Silly, why are you home?

ALAN

I called out sick.

EMILY

Are you sick?

ALAN
 (thoughtful)
 Yes.

INT. ALAN'S WORKSPACE - DAY

Alan sits in his Derek Rose bengal-stripe silk satin pajamas. Scrolls through more Instagram pages. Lacks enthusiasm.

ALAN (V.O.)
 I feel my days might be numbered.
 Connected, but not. Never enough
 models, follows, or DM's. Never
 enough likes. I'm about to have a
 meltdown. Unsure how to stop it.

He grips his protein shake -- very watery.

ALAN (V.O.)
 I can barely stomach the protein
 powders I have left. They're all
 wrong for me. Most have spoiled.
 But without them, I'm nothing.

ALAN
 Emily?

EMILY (O.S.)
 Yes?

ALAN
 I may very well go insane.

EMILY (O.S.)
 Take an ambien, dear.

Alan carefully crushes up a cream-colored pill. Sprinkles it into his protein shake. Chokes the rest of it down.

Emily leans in the doorway.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 Did you see the latest issue of *GQ*
magazine?

She places it in front of him. It's Damien. He's modeling in a sleek, 8-page fashion spread. Very high-end outfits.

ALAN (V.O.)
 He's wearing all the latest styles.
Are these even out yet?

EMILY
Aren't we lucky! He's a *model*,
Alan. He likes us! This is so
big. I'm telling the girls.

Alan tightly coils the magazine. Throws it across the room.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Geez. If you're so jealous, we can
just get you the same suits.

ALAN
I don't want his suits. They're
too tight. The trousers are too
narrow. I'm a man, not a boy.

EMILY
Are you depressed, again?

ALAN
I'm going to Bergdorf's.

INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN, MEN'S SUITS - DAY

Alan holds up a magazine page flaunting Damien's best suit to
a **SALES PERSON**. He aggressively points to the outfit.

ALAN
This one.

SALES PERSON
Ah, yes. Very popular.
(frowns)
Unfortunately -- we're all out.
Sold the last one in your size
about ten minutes ago.

ALAN
Really? To who?

SALES PERSON
We keep customer confidentiality.

-- leans in, mischievous.

SALES PERSON (CONT'D)
But he looked an *awful* lot --
(wink, whisper)
-- *like the guy in the ad.*

Alan's expression sinks.

SALES PERSON (CONT'D)

We have a new Brunello Cucinelli we haven't put out yet. Just came in. Flannel wool-silk-cashmere double-breasted two-piece suit, charcoal.

ALAN

I have enough Brunello.

The sales person grabs Alan's arm.

SALES PERSON

(carefully)

You can never have enough Brunello.

ALAN

I'll see it.

INT. SOULCYCLE CLASS - DAY

Alan grunts, back in SoulCycle. Music loudly blasts. Eyes tightly shut closed, head bowed. Sweat pours down his neck.

ALAN (V.O.)

After spending five figures on clothing, cardio is the perfect endorphin boost. My perception of pain is drastically reduced. I'm feeling much, much better now.

PERFECT HEAD (O.S.)

You little sneak! "SICK", eh?

Alan turns around. Perfect Head is in a tight fitting, revealing athletic ensemble. Working up a light sweat.

PERFECT HEAD (CONT'D)

I'm so *tell-lllling!* What's in it for me if I stay quiet?

(leans on handle bars,
cleavage bared)

Hmmmm?

ALAN

(ignores cleavage)

I'll, um.

We finally see the **STRANGER (50's)** -- disheveled, quite out of place -- as he bikes next to her. Alan jerks forward.

STRANGER

Hey Perfect Head, aren't you gonna introduce me to *your friend?*

Alan pedals faster.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

(low)

Think you can "ride" away from me?
Hilarious. Where's everyone I paid
for, huh? *Where are my girls,*
Alan?

PERFECT HEAD

(unaware)

This is my boyfriend!

STRANGER

-- and don't forget it. I paid for
her, too. Paid fair and square.

Alan bikes harder. His feet almost slip off the pedals.

ALAN (V.O.)

The amount of stress I'm under is
unparalleled. I don't have the
time off work to escape to Tuscany!
I'm about to die, my heart's
bursting through my chest. My self
control is gone. If I don't eat
her, I will literally die. It's
now or never.

INSTRUCTOR (O.S.)

Alright, guys! KEEP GOING!!

Alan stops peddling. Calmly dismounts his bike.

ALAN

(to Perfect Head)

You have a perfect head. Did you
know that? It's actually perfectly
symmetrical. Like Amber Heard.

The comment registers. Perfect Head smiles. Alan quickly
takes a knife out of his Lululemon tank top. He lunges at
her. Stabs her quickly in the heart before she can react.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Heads like this should be mounted.
Get it? *You belong on my wall.*

She slumps over. The music is so loud, it's so dark, and
multi-colored lights are flashing so much -- no one notices.

EXT. SOULCYCLE CLASS, HALLWAYS - DAY

Perfect Head, dripping blood, is hoisted over his shoulders. He runs through SoulCycle. Stranger tails behinds him.

STRANGER (O.S.)
ARE YOU KIDDING! GET BACK HERE!
ALAN! SHE'S MINE! ALAN!!!

ALAN
(in phone)
Siri! Order UberLux!

A **TOWEL BOY** grins at Alan. Glances the bloodshed.

TOWEL BOY
(brightly)
Need a towel?

ALAN
-- yes.

TOWEL BOY
I just love that model of model.
Where did you get her?

ALAN
Bergdorf's.

INT. UBERLUX CAR - DAY

Alan opens the door of an exceptional Rolls Royce that's not even out yet. Shoves in a limp, bloody Perfect Head.

ALAN
NO QUESTIONS! I'll tip \$500. Rate you 5 stars. I'll wire whatever cryptocurrency you use for the blood stains. NO QUESTIONS. *Ca-piche?*

UBERLUX DRIVER
Alright, man.

ALAN
NO TALKING! Don't ask anything about me or if I want to hear music! I don't want to hear anything! Don't tell me any random facts about space, either!

The driver is silent.

ALAN (CONT'D)
DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?

UBERLUX DRIVER
(hesitant)
-- yes?

ALAN
NO TALKING!!!!!!!

Alan grips Perfect Head's body tightly. Smelling it. Totally intoxicated. He sinks his teeth into her upper arm.

The flesh is indulgent, soft. Lightly perfumed.

UBERLUX DRIVER
I'm breaking your rules, but --

ALAN
(enraged)
What did I just say!

UBERLUX DRIVER
But you're not, like, gonna eat that chick in here, are you?

ALAN
What?

UBERLUX DRIVER
C'mon, man. It's a Rolls Royce. Have some respect.

ALAN
(dabs head with silk kerchief)
You're right. I apologize.

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Alan works quickly. Severs neck arteries, bleeding her out into the sink. Thick blood swirls down the copper drain.

ALAN (V.O.)
I can't even properly take her to the studio. I need to make her into a drink right this second.

Rough, rushed hacks of the extremities. He does a *phenomenally* clean cut of her neck with an X-ACTO knife. Rinses the sink, dumps ice. Sets her severed head on top.

ALAN
 (mumbling)
 Ribs, rump, breast, round,
 shoulder. Lather, rinse, repeat.

Shaking -- Alan drops lean shoulder chunks and rib bones into his grinder. Adds 1 1/3 cups Whole Foods "asparagus water".

Presses "On". LOUD GRINDING.

ALAN (V.O.)
 Euphoria is coming... the high
 I've been chasing... *come to me...*

-- OFF. He pours the thick, odd colored liquid into a pink-diamond encrusted champagne glass. Gulps it down as fast as he can. Pulp dribbles down his face.

INSTANTLY GAGS.

Vomit spews all over the floor. Jittery and panicky, Alan wipes his mouth. Confused. Tries to reassure himself.

ALAN
 It's fine. It's OK. I just have
 to rinse the bones a bit more.
 Pull out any stringy tendons, ASAP.

He takes a hacksaw to her femur. Saws it into small, manageable parts. Furiously scrubs them in the sink.

Emily walks in. Alan freezes.

Dismembered body parts litter the counter. Blood, hair, and human pulp splattered everywhere. Head juts out of the sink.

EMILY
 Are you making dinner?

ALAN
 (slowly)
 No.
 (high-pitched)
Why don't you call for take-out?

EMILY
 Lovely idea! Do you fancy Thai?

ALAN
 I --
 (CHOP. CHOP. CHOP.)
 DON'T. REALLY. CARE.

He continues furiously scrubbing the bones. Dries them quickly with a hair dryer. Rinses out his blender.

REPEAT. Grinds them up. Makes protein powder.

Adds ice cubes. Asparagus water. LOUD GRINDING.

Part of her spleen bakes in the oven. It's melting.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Usually the spleen doesn't *smell* like this. What's this texture?

He pokes it. It explodes into a sickening blob.

Turns to the grinder. Pours it into a wine glass. Sips.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Jesus fucking CHRIST!

He coughs, gagging. Spits it out, violently. Throws the glass against the wall with full-force. It shatters.

ALAN (CONT'D)

No! That was Moser crystal!

He tries again. And again. And again. Scrubbing the bones, grinding them. Drinking. Gagging. Repeat. *And repeat.*

EMILY (O.S.)

Alan?

ALAN

(ballistic)

WHAT!

EMILY (O.S.)

(cheery)

Your Kai Jeow and Cha Manao tea is here! I gave the guy a really generous tip. It's so rainy and cold outside. What a dreadful job, delivering things in the rain. Don't you think? *Alan?*

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Alan's eyes open -- he wakes up gasping for air. Clutching his stomach in agony. Emily sleeps soundly next to him.

He painstakingly crawls his way through his apartment. Almost knocking over one of Jim Carrey's eccentric paintings.

INT. ALAN'S WORKSPACE - NIGHT

TAP-TAP-TAP of a keyboard...

ALAN (V.O.)
I'm sick.

CLOSE-UP on GOOGLE. TAP-TAP-TAP.

ALAN (V.O.)
Severe stomach cramps, bad dreams.
Chalky mouth, sour taste. Wait, no
-- *super severe* stomach cramps,
blood in stool, blurred vision.

Clicks SEARCH. Scans results. Frowns.

ALAN (V.O.)
My God. Viral Giardiasis
Campylobacter. *I knew it.* I'm
dying! I can't deal with this
right now.

His e-mail pings.

From: Bergdorf Goodman Promotions
To: Alan Pierce
We've just added Deakin & Francis yellow-gold skull cuff
links to our website -- \$7,896.00! Pre-order, now!

ALAN
(verge-of-tears)
Look at those cuff links. I should
probably pre-order these.

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alan lifts Perfect Head's head out of the ice. Brushing her
dirty, knotty hair into a low, dirty, knotty ponytail.

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily still sleeps soundly next to him. Alan hugs the
bloodied, frozen, mangled head tightly to his chest.

ALAN
(whispers)
You haven't said a word to me since
I brought you home. Are you OK?
Do you like my apartment's decor?

Perfect Head lays sideways. Eyes and mouth open.

ALAN (CONT'D)

No one can take you from me. This is where you belong. Are you warm? I'll buy you a Burberry scarf tomorrow. Will you say something?

He pulls covers tightly over the base of her neck.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Would you recruit me for one of your companies if I were an interviewee? Blackmail me?
(whispers)

I love you. Do you love me?

Some rustling as Emily turns over, mid-sleep.

EMILY

(mumbles)

I love you, too, dear.

NEXT MORNING.

A blood-curdling yell.

ALAN (O.S.)

WHERE IS IT!

Emily's eyes flutter open. She quickly hops out of bed, rifling through dozens of multi-colored silk robes.

EMILY

What is it, darling? You mustn't yell so loud -- you'll disturb our upstairs neighbor's antique silver!

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Alan stands in front of his open pantry.

EVERY PROTEIN POWDER CONTAINER IS EMPTY.

ALAN

All of the powder! It's gone, Emily. Where is it? Where did it go? *Who took it?* All my work!

He angrily grabs her shoulders. Practically shakes her.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Was this you? Did you take it? I swear to God, if you took it --

Emily eases him off.

EMILY

Of course I didn't. I would never touch your powders. But your doctor was a trite bit concerned --

ALAN

Who did this, though?

EMILY

What were you doing in the kitchen all night? I heard the blender.

Alan pushes her towards the door.

ALAN

Out! Just get out! LEAVE!

EMILY

But I'm in my pajamas!

ALAN

Well. You should have thought of that before you woke up.

EMILY

Alan!

DOOR SLAMS.

ALAN

(verge-of-melt-down)

What do I do? I can't survive without my boost, my energy. My sustenance. *My lifeline!*

He cradles an empty container marked "XAVIER".

ALAN (CONT'D)

Xavier! How do I live without him? We met at the Teatro dell'Opera di Roma -- I ate him after his Libretto! *His stunning libretto!*

Grabs an empty container marked "GENEVIEVE".

ALAN (CONT'D)

Genevieve? My darling...

Alan quickly shaves, gets dressed. Before leaving, he shoves Perfect Head's head into his Louis Vuitton shoulder bag.

EXT. ALAN'S STUDIO - DAY

Alan rustles the keys. Tries to unlock the door. It won't open. After a few cuss-filled, failed attempts --

INT. ALAN'S STUDIO - DAY

Dead silence. His mouth (and bag) drop to the floor.

ALL OF ALAN'S HEADS ARE MISSING.

Every wall mount is *empty*.

ALAN

Where is everyone? Girls, boys?
(head out window,
screaming)
WHERE ARE MY HEADS!!

The dining table is still set. But Trisha Head is gone. Perfect Head's present is opened... the hat is missing.

Alan throws down the box.

ALAN (CONT'D)

She took the hat. She didn't even
leave a note telling me if she
liked the exaggerated pinched
crown. *What is wrong with her??*
(wince)
Is there no such thing as MANNERS,
anymore? *Jesus Christ!*

INT. ALAN'S OFFICE (CORNER) - DAY

Alan sits at his desk. Tap-tap-tapping his fingers. Perfect Head's hair juts out of a desk drawer she's been stuffed in.

Surrounded by 6-8 coloring books. Nothing shaded in the lines. He's got the colored pencils in a death grip as he jabs at scattered pages. Grabs his stomach in pain.

ALAN

(monotonous, dazed)
I'm in the Arashiyama bamboo grove
in Kyoto, a bit north of the Tenryu-
ji temple. I am ruthlessly beating
any tourist I see with bamboo.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Alan?

Alan looks up.

*It's the head of the young girl from SoulCycle, **JESSICA (22)**, that Alan killed for fitness powder. Alan notices. Shock.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Did you want to meet the new hire?

ALAN

Jessica? What new hire?

OLIVIA

Who is Jessica? I'm Olivia. The new hire to replace Perfect Head. Didn't you get the memo?

(giggles)

She was already stolen away to recruit for NASA! That woman was really wild, wasn't she?

Alan is *dumbstruck*.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Wasn't she, Alan?

ALAN

Wasn't she what?

OLIVIA

Wasn't she *wild*?

Alan feels the knotty, clumped hair of Perfect Head jutting out of his drawer. Checking she's there. She is.

ALAN

They hired someone new?

INT. NEW HIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

Olivia (with Jessica's head) waits outside. Motions Alan inside the new hire's office. Their chair is turned away.

ALAN

(clears throat)

My name is Alan Pierce. I am a recruiter here. I don't have any leads to give out. I have zero accounts. I don't know how I'm still working at this company.

-- chair turns around. It's Trisha Head on a female body (**COURTNEY, 32**). Low-cut Prada suit. Alan almost falls over.

She's wearing the exact forest emerald Philip Treacy hat Alan bought and wrapped for Perfect Head. It looks *ravishing*.

ALAN (CONT'D)

T-Trisha?

COURTNEY

Hello, Alan. I'm from our west coast branch. Seems things have been quite loose around the office. I'm here to tighten the ship. My name is Courtney Petterson.

ALAN

(softly)

It's me...

COURTNEY

What?

ALAN

It's me, Trisha. It's me -- Alan.

COURTNEY

Yes, you introduced yourself. My name is Courtney Petterson.

He moves in. Uncomfortably close.

ALAN

You don't get it. It's me.

COURTNEY

I don't know who you are.

ALAN

You don't remember me?

COURTNEY

No.

ALAN

You left your boyfriend for me? The stock broker? The hat you're wearing. *I bought it!*

Flustered, she adjusts her hat.

COURTNEY

Aaron and I are very much together. I've never seen you before in my life. Please act more professional before I report you to our human resources division.

Alan moves in... even closer.

ALAN

I've eaten you, Trisha. Guttled you. I scrubbed your bones. Put them in a grinder. Then I drank it. I dined -- with your head -- every night for two years. We ate other people I killed.

COURTNEY

Get out.

She ushers him out. Slams the door.

EXT. COURTNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan idles outside her office. Palm to the wall.

ALAN

But Trisha... it's me... did you like the hat, at least? The pinched crown? It looked so, so marvelous... oh...

He clutches his stomach. Collapses onto the floor.

INT. CEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Alan inches open the door with his foot. Practically crawls in. Stark, quiet. The CEO is COMPLETELY HEADLESS.

ALAN

Who is this new hire? Where did you find her? *My studio?* Have you been stealing my heads?

Alan carefully gets up -- sees the CEO.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Where's YOUR head?

CEO

You have a lack of focus...

ALAN

(hiss)
Why were you in my studio?

CEO

Your performance has been lacking.
Very odd behavior. Do you want to
talk about it?

ALAN

No. I'm fine. I just -- I just
wanted to know where you found
Trisha. I'm launching an
investigation as certain things
have been stolen from me.

CEO

You're probably late for SoulCycle,
right? Why don't you go to
SoulCycle, Alan.

ALAN

(unsure)
Yeah. I suppose.

INT. SOULCYCLE CLASS - NIGHT

Sweaty, sexy **SUPER HYPED RIDERS**. Designer work-out gear.
Everyone's head looks curiously similar to the ones mounted
on Alan's studio walls. Everyone is heavily "made-up".

ALAN (V.O.)

I'm on death's door due to that
poisonous protein powder. I must
exercise to keep up appearances.
Great for body and soul. Despite
the mass murder that took place, *no
one seems to remember me!*

Alan slowly notices THE HEADS.

ALAN (V.O.)

My God. These riders. Almost all
of them -- I have eaten or
slaughtered in some capacity.

TIFFANY (O.S.)

(brightly)
Hi, Alan!

Alan almost faints. Tiffany's head is on a rider next to
him. She snaps photos of herself, filtering and posting
away. Both hands grip her phone (instead of the handles).

He sinks lower. Pedals feverishly.

INT. ALAN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Emily pours over several oversized books on a low, modern glass table. They're filled with colorful fabric swatches.

EMILY

Home early? Maybe you can help me decide between wall papers. A neutral textured, or a farrow and ball lotus. What do you think?

She holds up the fabric squares.

ALAN

What do I *think*? I *think* you should leave. Immediately. I can no longer control myself. I'll kill you. I'll eat you. I've lowered my standards considerably. Now, everyone is in danger.

EMILY

Aw! Is this foreplay? I'll eat you too, darling. I'm all yours.

She playfully teases down her shirt. Winks. Going to him -- she strokes his chest. Looks up at him, lovingly.

ALAN

I'm not kidding, Emily. I will turn you into a protein shake.

EMILY

(playful, sexy)
How will you blend me? On a low setting? Or will you liquefy?

ALAN

Why don't you understand? Why do you *never understand*? Don't you know how I'll skin you? Grind up your bones? Drink you?

He grabs her by the shoulders, roughly. Almost shaking her.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(verge-of-tears)
Don't you know that's what I'll do?

EMILY

I have a big surprise for you. It's "threesome Thursday", so I brought Damien back!

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

He's waiting for us in the bedroom.
We were waiting for you to get
home.

ALAN

You WHAT?

He tightly grasps a meat mallet from Williams Sonoma. It was randomly sitting on a side table. He follows Emily into --

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A hallway. Meat mallet visible in his hand.

ALAN

Repeat what you just said for
clarity. I want to make sure I
heard you correctly before I do
anything I may or may not regret.

EMILY

Damien is waiting for us in *the
boudoir!*

With a large swing, Alan takes the mallet and smashes Emily
across the face with it. She bursts --

-- *into hundreds of fiberglass shards*. A big chunk of her
face (in a surprised expression) lays half-cracked on the
floor. Limbs shatter. Broken pieces scatter everywhere.

He picks up a large piece of her face.

ALAN

(alarmed)
Emily? Et tu, Brute?

Out from the bedroom, a shadow. Damien slowly appears in the
light. In the exact suit from his *GQ Magazine* spread.

In Alan's size. Alan looks up.

DAMIEN

Like my suit, Alan?

ALAN

The one from *GQ Magazine*?

DAMIEN

Mmm-hmm. It'll be yours.
(clasps Alan's hands)
-- after you eat me.

Alan points to Emily's shattered body.

ALAN
Did you do this?

DAMIEN
To the kitchen, please.

ALAN
Absolutely not.

He heads for the front door.

DAMIEN
(sing-song)
I'll do to you what I did to her...

CLOSE-UP on a chunk of Emily's ceramic face on the ground.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
Is that what you want? To be a
shattered face on the floor? Or
did you have larger aspirations?

ALAN
I had larger aspirations.

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A pile of knock-out and pain numbing medications sit on the counter. Also: alcohol, sleeping aids, cough syrup.

Damien pops pills into his mouth.

DAMIEN
To loosen me up, you know? Do you
have any Cheval Blanc 1947?
(motions to cough syrup)
Want some?

ALAN
No. I am lucid when I butcher.

Alan rummages through his refrigerator. Rifles through the fresh produce. Sets turnips, garlic and onions aside.

ALAN (V.O.)
What a nightmarish scenario I have
found myself in. I do not want to
eat this man. His social capital
is so bad that no amount of spices
will help his... *sour taste.*

DAMIEN

Don't serve me with garlic. That's rude. You need to enjoy my flavor as-is with no modifications.

Damien looks through Alan's extensive meat cleaver collection in a nearby drawer. All shiny, polished, sharpened.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

What do you think. The J.A. Henckels International, or the Dexter-Russel?

ALAN (V.O.)

What a newb.

Alan brushes past him, elbowing him harshly. Grabs a knife from the way back of the drawer. It's in a cloth sack.

ALAN

I'll be using a vintage, non-branded hog meat cleaver that's all the rage in Croatia. Lay down on the counter, my long pig.

Damien lays down. Alan binds him tightly to the counter with a thick, roasting twine. With zero warning, Alan hacks Damien's left hand off. He yelps out in pain.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(over yelling)

That's for interrupting my lunch at BG Restaurant with Perfect Head. I couldn't fully immerse myself in my Gotham Salad. It put a *huuuu-ge* damper on my entire week.

Alan walks around to the other side. Quickly chops off Damien's right hand. He writhes and screams in agony.

ALAN (CONT'D)

That's for fucking my girlfriend with way too much authority. She is not your pig. You are my pig. Get it? Like, do you *get it??*

DAMIEN

(unintelligible screaming)

Alan grips a jumbo turnip tightly. Roughly shoves it in Damien's mouth. Leans next to him, spitting in his ear.

ALAN

Your suit is getting absolutely *trashed*. I'm still going to try and return it for Bergdorf's credit. If I can get the blood, sweat, tears, and entitlement out.

Alan walks to the end of the counter. Eyes Damien's feet. Damien shakes his head. His screams, muffled.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This... well, this is for contacting me on a cannibal website begging to be eaten. IDIOT!

-- he swiftly chops off Damien's left and right foot (socks and shoes still on). Alan gathers them, along with Damien's left and right hand.

He drops all the limbs on Damien's chest.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Do you know anything about Bergdorf Goodman's return policy? I've actually never returned anything.

Damien breathes in, sharp. Alan picks up Damien's left hand.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(leans in)

See this? This is a hand you will never get back. Can't be attached. It's literally over for this hand.

Grabs a foot and bops Damien's nose with it.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Look at this foot! You'll NEVER get this foot to work again. Get it? You're destroyed. *Your life is over*. How does it feel?

Alan rips the turnip from Damien's mouth -- LOUD, EAR-PIERCING SCREAMS. Alan shoves the chopped off foot (with shoe and sock still on) into Damien's open mouth.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Look at you. Your own foot is in your mouth. *Pathetic!*

Damien writhes. Muffle-cries in pain. Vessels in his forehead bursting. Sweat dripping down his head, pooling under his neck. Blood spilling and dripping onto the floor.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Can you smell the exquisite, full-grain Italian calfskin leather? Can you *taste it*, Damien? Do you feel like you're in a quaint Italian town overlooking the Mediterranean Sea? *I do.*

Alan looks in his protein powder cabinet. EMPTY. He cuts up lemon and cucumber wedges. Plops them into a glass of ice water. Pulls up a chair next to Damien and sits.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(staring off into the distance, sipping)

I'm at an exclusive bar in Italy. I got in because I occasionally fuck the owner's dog walker after transcendental meditation. She called in a favor for me.

Alan notices Damien's breathing getting slower. More labored. He sets down his ice water. Unties Damien's binds. Damien struggles to get away.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Where are you going? You have no feet, no hands. No social influence. Your meat is going to be undeniably dry, lacking flavor.

Alan grabs him.

ALAN (CONT'D)

You've stalked me. So, you're probably familiar with my pre-cooking "marination" methods.

He bends Damien over the counter --

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to need a little bit of *en-dor-phins* in you. Some dopamine-injected *oxy-to-cin!*

(high-pitched)

You know?

(regular voice)

You know.

Alan enters him from behind. Rather violently, but with the astute attention and care that coaxes a semi-earnest orgasm.

ALAN (V.O.)
 I really have to schedule a
 cholesterol test next Tuesday.
 I cannot be over 200mg/dL.

The shoe-clad foot drops out of Damien's mouth.

DAMIEN
 (growls)
 Do it, Alan.

Alan's surprised.

ALAN
 Do what?

DAMIEN
 (hyper insanity)
 KILL ME! STAB ME! I'M AT MY PEAK
 FLAVOR -- RIGHT NOW! EAT ME!
 PREPARE MY THIGHS IN A PERUVIAN
 CEVICHE! PROMISE YOU WILL EAT ME!!

Damien laughs maniacally.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)
 BASTARD! DON'T LET ME GO TO WASTE!
 PAIR A SMOKY ARGENTINE MALBEC WITH
 MY BUTTOCKS! SWEAR YOU WILL??

ALAN (V.O.)
 Oh, Jesus. I only have a Benmarco
 Malbec...

Alan sinks a knife into him. *Twists.*

ALAN
One bite.

DAMIEN
 (orgasm, ecstasy)
 Thank... you...

ALAN
 I may put a small amount of ketchup
 on it. For flavor.

DAMIEN
 (alarmed)
 No. Not ketchup. Alan --

Damien's eyes flutter closed. The life drains out of him.
 Alan shifts his weight to hold him up. Shakes him a bit.

ALAN

Damien? I never caught your last name. What is it? Wrathford? Do you have a less sadist/masochist next-of-kin I should notify?

-- but he's dead. SILENCE. Alan stands in a blood-soaked, limb-strewn kitchen. Half-naked.

ALAN (V.O.)

It's weird because when I woke up this morning, this really isn't how I imagined the day going.

An e-mail ping sounds. Alan checks it.

From: Bergdorf Goodman Promotions

To: Alan Pierce

We've just added TOM FORD special edition clip-on sunglasses in Rose Gold/Green to our app -- \$1,950.00! Pre-order, now!

ALAN

I do need new sunglasses. I should probably pre-order these.

INT. ALAN'S DINING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

A LAVISH FEAST set out. Crisp white linen table cloth. The best flatware, the best plates, the best napkin rings.

All of Damien's organs are cooked to perfection. Delectable, elaborate recipes. Served on exquisite, designer china.

Behind the table -- a **WINDOW WASHER (30's)** cleans the building's apartment windows. Listens to headphones.

Alan, utterly miserable, sits at the head of the table. Napkin tucked into his neck collar. *Loud sigh.*

ALAN (V.O.)

I can't help but wonder where my life would be if I didn't post that ad on the cannibal website. I shouldn't have asked. I *really* shouldn't have asked.

He puts a small chunk -- exactly one bite -- on his plate. Hits a ketchup bottle until a massive dollop plops on top.

ALAN (V.O.)

It will be bad. It will make me severely sick.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He would never know if I didn't eat
 him. However, I am a man of my
 word.

He places it in his mouth. Bites down.

IT'S VERY HARD.

-- so hard, he drops his fork and knife. Spits out PLASTIC.
 A white, hard chunk rolls across the table.

Blood (from a chipped tooth) dribbles down his chin. The
 drops deeply stain the beautiful, luxurious table linen.

Alan picks up the chunk. Looks at it.

ALAN
 It's... solid plastic.

He pushes away his plate. Grimaces.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 Damien. You have no followers.
 You taste like nothing because you
are nothing. Empty, hollow. You
 are literal plastic.

Alan glances at the window washer. There's something "off".
 He gets up from his seat to look closer. The washer is
 frozen in a washing position. They are a mannequin.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 (taps window)
 Hello?

Zero response.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 I said HELLO! Look. Whatever you
 just saw -- I did *not* want to eat
 that guy. He wanted *me* to eat *him*.
 It's very complicated.

Out of the corner of his eye, Alan spots a Hermés Crocodile
 Peacoat. It hangs on a coat rack in the foyer. Not his.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 This must be Damien's. It's the
 latest in semi-formal winter wear.

He tries it on, admiring himself in the mirror. Cut just
 right -- his same size. He grabs his Louis Vuitton shoulder
 bag (Perfect Head's hair sticking out) and walks outside.

EXT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's lightly snowing. Everyone on the street is a flawless **MANNEQUIN**. Doormen. Hot dog vendors. Children, families strolling along the sidewalk. People inside shops.

All frozen in place. Staring at phones. Clutching shopping bags. Hailing cabs. Eating, mid-bite. Usual "city stuff".

ALAN

(dazed)

Am I -- am I the only real person
in New York right now?

Snow whirls and flutters around him. Glistens under street lamps. Alan is PANICKED. He races from mannequin to mannequin, rustling them. Approaches an unmoving **WOMAN**.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(to "Woman")

Excuse me, Miss? What's happened
to everyone?

Her shoulder -- that he has grabbed -- snaps off. He tries to put it back on to no avail, finally throwing it down.

Alan runs down the street. Skidding on snow, ice.

ALAN (CONT'D)

PLEASE, anyone!

(to nearby "Man")

Chemical warfare? A manufactured
disease? *Am I a mannequin, too?*

Alan runs to a large set of glass doors, out-of-breath. Stares at his reflection. Pokes his face. Assures himself his skin is real. Looks up at the sign above the door:

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S

A gold-plated beacon.

ALAN (V.O.)

When nothing else makes sense,
Bergdorf's always does.

INT. BERGDORF GOODMAN'S - DAY

It's quiet. Alan wanders room-to-room, taking refuge in the exceptional quality (and large selection) of luxury products.

Armies of well-dressed shoppers clutch armfuls of bags. Wide smiles, glee. All frozen in time. *All mannequins*.

ALAN (V.O.)

The decor! The clothing, the hats.
Cuff links. The suits! Scarves,
gowns, rompers. Everything.

Fingers graze fabrics as he inhales the scents. Feels the wrist seam of a faux fur coat on an official store mannequin.

ALAN (V.O.)

Burberry cashmere wool mohair.
Some of the finest. Wash in cool
water, lay flat to dry.

He's a bit giddy that no one is there. He sprints through the **SHOE SECTION**. Gathers piles of shoes. Spins around.

ALAN

Smell that! This intoxicating
aroma -- drenched in pure Italy.
Astonishing Sutor Mantellassi!
(verge-of-tears)
Prada spazzolato creeper brogue
platform shoes. Calf hair low-top
sneakers. The \$260 Salvatore
Ferragamo shoe cleaning kit...

Alan sinks into a pony hair chair.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'll take it. And I'll take that.
And this. I'll take this and that
and *that*. I'll take it all.

EXT. BERGDORF GOODMAN'S - DAY

Alan loiters in front one of their famous, competitive **WINDOW DISPLAYS** (that we can't see yet). His Louis Vuitton shoulder bag slung across his back. It's still snowing around him.

WE PULL OUT. Dozens of holiday shoppers move behind him. The world is alive again. He stares forward with an intensity -- a furrowed brow -- at the store window display.

THE STORE WINDOW. We pan up from the bottom, seeing mannequin feet. A "holiday spectacular" theme at an office desk. Gift bags piled at the stylish heels of PARTY-GOERS.

Alan leans in. Taps the glass.

ALAN

Peek-a-boo!
(whispers)
I found you.

REVEALED. In the window "scene": TRISHA, SoulCycle girl JESSICA, TIFFANY, and DAMIEN's heads are on mannequin bodies.

"Damien" folds his arms, bemused. Wears the latest men's suit style as seen in *GQ Magazine*. "The girls" are giggling, impeccably draped in stunning Bergdorf's party outfits.

Half a dozen BERGDORF GOODMAN holiday shopping bags sit at their feet. They gush over "Trisha's" prop phone.

Happy expressions. Flawless faces.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I gave you girls everything you could possibly want. This is how you repay me? You're --
(disgust, motions to Damien)
With him??

He points to the empty "prop bags" at their feet.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What's in there? Who got you that stuff? A shopping spree? *Is someone else financing you?*

Leans in further. Palms against the glass.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Trisha. Come out. Come play with me! Won't you come out? Talk to me? Return my calls? You have a phone. I can see it!
(presses nose to glass)
We can be together...

SUDDENLY. A gloved hand on his shoulder.

STRANGER (O.S.)

Alan Pierce.

Alan turns. It's Stranger. He's wearing a wool coat, scarf, and beret. He rubs his hands together in the brutal cold.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

(freezing)
Give me the head, Alan.

ALAN

I don't know what you're talking about. Who are you?

STRANGER

Her head. Now.

Alan begrudgingly reaches into his Louis Vuitton shoulder bag. Takes out Perfect Head's head. *It's an obvious plastic mannequin head.* He grips her tightly by her hair. Unmoving.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Alan. I need to clean it up and get it back on the 4th floor.

Stranger grabs it.

STRANGER (CONT'D)

Steal from me again, and we'll have a problem. Knock it off, dude.

Alan takes out an American Express centurion black card. The best, most exclusive, highest-limit card one could have.

ALAN

Please. May I purchase them? All of them. The entire window. With clothes. With the gift bags, too.

STRANGER

Not until the end of the season. We've been over this many times.

ALAN

(frustrated)
But I know them!

Alan grabs for Perfect Head. Stranger yanks it out-of-reach. He walks away as Alan tugs his coat shoulder with urgency.

ALAN (CONT'D)

They're trapped inside the display. They hate it. They want to come home to my studio. They told me.

STRANGER

You can pick them up in two months.

He disappears into the hectic crowd. Alan steadies himself against the window glass, clutching his stomach in pain.

INT. ALAN'S KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Mannequin parts are *everywhere*. Jutting out of the sink. Scattered on the floor. Fully made-up heads lay sideways on counters. Limbs torn off. Most are partially smashed.

Alan grips a plastic arm. Repeatedly bashes it against the counter. He carefully gathers the small plastic chunks.

Puts it in his GRINDER.

Emily wears a sexy Agent Provocateur Avery playsuit. She lingers outside the kitchen, seductively.

EMILY

Honey, I wish you wouldn't eat that. The plastic is *killing* your stomach. What did your doctor say?

Alan drops ice in the grinder. Adds Whole Foods "gluten-free" water. Blends it, ignoring her. *In his own world.*

EMILY (CONT'D)

OK, well. It's Thursday. You know what that means. I'll be waiting.

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Emily -- slightly perturbed -- sits among piles of **MANNEQUINS** in various undress. Male, female. She balances a phone on her shoulder while painting her nails a hedonistic, ruby red.

EMILY

(in phone)

May we talk later, Kate? I have to have sex with the mannequins again. It's such a bizarre fetish, but, you know how hard it is to date. Especially in New York!

All department store-quality. They stick out of every corner. Half are fully dressed, half are "naked".

CLOSE-UP. Many are savagely ripped apart. Appendages and eyes gouged out. Heads crudely mounted on the walls.

EMILY (CONT'D)

(giggle)

Aiden like, steals them from Bergdorf's. Says he "knows" them because he shops there so frequently. He names them!

Heads and limbs peak out from under the bed.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Has little story lines. Spends sooo much money dressing them up!

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

One's his "boss", one's a model in *GQ Magazine*. Some he says are in his SoulCycle class. It's cute. Until he tries to --

A loud grinding noise comes from the kitchen...

EMILY (CONT'D)

(low)

-- *eat them!* Blending them up to eat the dust. I had to call his doctor. He was getting so sick.

Alan hacks up a lung. She pauses.

EMILY (CONT'D)

He's cooped up in here all day. Only talks to UberLUX drivers and Bergdorf's sales people. It's not healthy! Has family money, but why not get a little side job?

(sighs)

Also, Bergdorf's is going out of business. What with retail "dying" and all. I haven't the heart to tell him, yet.

INT. ALAN'S WORKSPACE - NIGHT

TAP-TAP-TAP of keyboard keys...

Alan quickly scrolls through endless filtered, vibrant Instagram pages. Fake limbs strewn about his workspace.

An open *GQ Magazine* sits nearby. Faces circled in ads.

ALAN (V.O.)

Anatomically perfect bodies. Everyone is a doll. There is no awkward phase, perfection is mandatory. This is the world. *This is my world.*

He stops on the page of Instagram model **NATALIA (27)**.

ALAN (V.O.)

Look at that facial structure, that jaw bone. Symmetry in all the right places. My salivary glands are awakened. 280K followers? *Yes!*

Alan puts on his glasses. Starts painting her image (from a post) on the plain canvas of a blank mannequin head. Beautiful strokes of acrylic bring her features to life.

ALAN (V.O.)

I'll stalk her out at Masa. Only the freshest ingredients served, the freshest meat attending. I'll wear my best suit -- my Ermenegildo Zegna sharkskin trofeo two-piece in light blue -- to impress her.

He picks out a human hair wig from his ample supply (under his work desk). He adjusts it, carefully combing parts of it back. Totally mimics the Instagram post on his screen.

ALAN (V.O.)

I'll take her back to my studio. Butcher her up, cook the scraps. Grind her bones into a protein shake. The health benefits of ingesting perfect symmetry are insane. I'll feel *so-much-better!*

Alan ties a Hermés scarf around her neck.

ALAN

Would you like that, darling?

Her mouth curls up into a smile.

NATALIA

Yes.

(beat)

I love you, Alan.

ALAN

I love you, too.

THE END.