

Long Pork

Written by  
Iris Dukatt & Gabrielle Makower

Iris Dukatt  
312.617.6807

Gabrielle Makower  
650.823.1803

WGA#: 2160264

© Copyright 2022

FADE IN:

**FLASHBACK**

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

SARAH (9, kind-eyes) sketches furiously on a MENU. She pens her last line and admires her work.

SARAH  
Mommy! Mom! Come look!

**END FLASHBACK**

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

LILY WILLIAMS (late 40s, razor focused) meticulously plates a gorgeous FILET. Around her - organized chaos ensues in her busy, high end steakhouse kitchen.

Her ENTIRELY FEMALE STAFF works urgently and seamlessly around her. She shoots a glare to her Sous Chef, GEORGIA (40s), who instantly turns to the Line Cook, MONICA (20s).

Monica eyes the bowl and acknowledges the unspoken ask - rushing away.

LILY  
It's a full house tonight. Let's watch it.

GEORGIA  
Yes chef.

LILY  
(rallying the troops)  
Let's keep it coming, people. It's already 7 o'clock!

Cooks whoop in the thrill of the game. Female hands **chop raw meat**. Lily observes one of her chefs, PAIGE, timidly butchering a SIRLOIN with poor form.

She taps her out and GRABS THE KNIFE.

LILY (CONT'D)  
The angle is everything for tenderness.

Lily demonstrates the cut with precision. **Her hands are now bloodied.**

LILY (CONT'D)  
Slide along the muscle.

Lily finishes the cut, wiping her bloodied hands on her apron. Paige picks up the knife and takes a second attempt with improved technique.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Excellent.

ANGELA (early 30s, General Manager, all business) enters with a CLIPBOARD. She eyes Lily and beelines to her.

ANGELA  
(rushed)  
Got a moment?

Lily nods and follows Angela to a quieter place.

LILY  
Everything ok on the floor?

ANGELA  
(hushed)  
Marissa is coming with a VIP. They'll be here at 7:30.

Lily's face falls.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
She secured number 1.

Lily stares, thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - 30 MIN LATER

Lily paces, apprehensively eying the clock. **7:34 PM**. She removes her bloodied apron and tosses it into a HAMPER.

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Lily navigates the winding halls leading from the kitchen to the dining room. The walls are elegantly embellished with CULINARY AWARDS and SARAH'S MENU DRAWING, FRAMED.

Lily passes a MIRROR. She backpedals to study herself. She flashes a sultry smile that melts into a warrior grimace.

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The front door FLIES opens. MARISSA CHU (early 30s, effortlessly gorgeous) enters, followed by PHILLIP ANDERSON (50s, slick, self important).

Lily leers as they enter.

**FLASHBACK**

EXT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We can barely make out Sarah's voicemail. Her voice is MUFFLED and masked by a HIGH PITCHED BUZZ, ringing in Lily's ears.

Lily holds her PHONE to her ear and a CIGARETTE at her side, hand shaking as she listens to Sarah's voicemail in utter horror.

SMASH CUT:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

SILENT STATIC.

Lily sits tight-lipped besides her ATTORNEY at the prosecutor's bench in the dark courtroom.

She eyes JAKE (21, caucasian male athlete) sitting at the defendant's chair anxiously twiddling his ROLEX.

**Phillip**, Jake's attorney, stands before the JUDGE. Performing his testimony with sickening charisma. As he finishes his closing statement, the Judge smiles. Phillip winks back.

INTERCUT:

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY

Lily has her back turned, taking inventory. Lost in thought, she is unable to hear her daughter's call.

SARAH

Mom! Mommy!

Lily furrows her brow. *Does she hear something?*

**END FLASHBACK**

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela greets Phillip and Marissa, leading the couple through the crowded, ambient dining room. Lily salivates and exits.

Well dressed PATRONS **gnash their teeth on thick meat, tearing flesh from the bone** as they devour their cravings.

CUT TO:

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Lily swings a CLEAVER into a PIG LEG, channeling her rage.

**FLASHBACK**

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - EARLY EVENING

Lily and her team push through the final hours of prep. Sarah (now 18, magnificently grown up) timidly comes out of the STAFF BATHROOM wearing a TIGHT BLACK OUTFIT and **CHANEL BAG**.

GEORGIA

(whistles)

Damn Mama! Giving it all up tonight?

MONICA

The new boyfriend got you that?

GEORGIA

When do we get to meet him?

SARAH

Soon.

Lily takes in her daughter's mature appearance.

LILY

What an outfit.

SARAH

Mom...

LILY

Did you go shopping?

SARAH

Jake got it for me.

Lily swallows back judgement.

LILY  
You look beautiful... but are you  
comfortable?

SARAH  
I'm fine, Mom, let me live.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Jake sweats under fluorescent lights. Phillip spits and  
twists vicious lies.

CUT TO:

**END FLASHBACK**

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The chefs notice Lily's amplified aggression as she  
butchers the pig leg.

GEORGIA  
(to line cook - softly)  
VIP tonight.

LINE COOK  
(knowing)  
Ah.

Lily carelessly SLICES her hand.

LILY  
Fuck!

Blood brims, she brings it to her mouth and sucks deeply.

Georgia notices and rushes over a rag to staunch the  
bleeding. Lily grabs the towel and looks over, grateful.

She rushes away to avoid showing any sign of weakness.  
Her team stares after her.

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - VIP DINING ROOM - LATER

The table is decorated with BLOODY PLATES and GLASSES of  
RED WINE. Marissa strokes Phillip's wrist.

MARISSA

Want to have some fun tonight?

Phillip raises his eyebrows in anticipation. She grabs a LITTLE BAGGY OF PILLS from her TINY PURSE. Phillip grins.

PHILLIP

Uppers.

Marissa giggles and fishes out a pill for him.

MARISSA

Addy?

Phillip thoughtlessly grabs the pill and swallows it down with SAN PELLEGRINO. Gassed up, he leans in and grabs Marissa's thigh.

PHILLIP

Let's go, Baby.

He inches his hands further up her dress. Lily enters with her BANDAGED HAND hidden behind her back.

LILY

Welcome to Foal's. I'm Lily --

PHILLIP

(interrupting)

-- Lily Williams! You were on "Chef's Table."

Phillip pulls his hand from Marissa's dress and reaches it out to shake Lily's. Lily reveals her bandaged hand.

MARISSA

(quickly)

Excuse me a moment - restroom.

Marissa slides by.

PHILLIP

(noticing the bandage)

A hot shot butcher like you slips up?

LILY

Arrogance leads to accidents.

PHILLIP

(laughing)

Wise words.

(recognition dawning)

Have we met before? You look familiar.

LILY  
I have one of those faces.

PHILLIP  
A gorgeous one.

LILY  
(pivoting)  
Would you like a private tour of the  
kitchen, Mr. Anderson?

Phillip stands up and leans in, grinning.

PHILLIP  
I would love nothing more.

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Lily lures Phillip down the cement stairwell to the  
basement.

PHILLIP  
Your entire team is chicks?

LILY  
I only hire the best.

PHILLIP  
Usually it's men in restaurant kitchens.

LILY  
So men should be paid to cook while most  
women get stuck with the task all their  
lives?

PHILLIP  
(teasing)  
Oh c'mon, play nice. Look at me, I'm a  
*bona fide* feminist! My pain-in-the-ass  
daughter made sure of it.

LILY  
You have kids?

PHILLIP  
One. Women's Studies major at Pace.  
Always bullies me to, "Stay woke, Dad!"

Phillip laughs dismissively.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
Do you have kids?

LILY  
I did.

SMASH CUT:

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - THE BUTCHERY - CONTINUOUS

Doors swing open as they continue into the space.

LILY  
(diverting)  
This is the butchery - our money maker.

Phillip looks up to see various prep tables occupied by BUTCHERED LARGE ANIMALS.

PHILLIP  
(queasy)  
I've never seen such a bloody business.

LILY  
Squeamish?

PHILLIP  
(putting on a front)  
No.

LILY  
The secret to great cooking is quality ingredients. They can elevate any chef's vision.

Phillip takes a step closer to Lily, allured by her.

PHILLIP  
You're so passionate.

He notices a FINGERPRINT SCANNER on the MEAT LOCKER.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
(flirty)  
Oooh what do you keep in there?

LILY  
Only I know the entire inventory.

PHILLIP  
You'll show me right?

Lily shakes her head.

LILY  
Every chef has her secrets.

PHILLIP  
Oh, c'mon, sweet-cheeks.

The "ADDY" begins to hit Phillip as he moves closer to Lily.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
(slurring)  
Let me in sweetheart. I'm dying to come  
inside your meat locker.

He falls in for a kiss. She sidesteps him and he stumbles.

LILY  
Tour over. Your date must be wondering  
where you went.

Phillip sloppily grabs her wrist and digs his fingers into her.

PHILLIP  
She's just the appetizer. I'm ready for  
my main course.

He pulls Lily close and whispers in her ear.

PHILLIP (CONT'D)  
Don't you feel this - between us?

He intrusively runs his hands up her waist to her chest.  
**Lily swallows her rage**, slapping his hands away.

LILY  
(muted)  
Stop.

This turns him on.

PHILLIP  
You're so fuckin' hot, I just can't help  
myself.

LILY  
(urgently)  
Wait! Inside.

She presses her finger to the SCANNER: **ACCESS GRANTED.**

Lily grips the handle and pulls it open. Cold air exhales from the dark freezer.

LILY (CONT'D)  
After you.

Phillip moves to the entrance of the door. Once he enters, the door **slams** shut.

LILY (CONT'D)  
Light is in the back corner.

Phillip steps deeper into her cave. Lily pulls a SMALL KNIFE from her back pocket. She wraps her arms around Phillip from behind.

PHILLIP  
(sensual)  
Lily, Lily, Lily... coming around?

LILY  
(threatening)  
I want your body, Phillip.

The LIGHTS SWITCH ON.

**A CASTRATED BUTCHERED HUMAN BODY** lays on Lily's butcher block. Atop the meat sits **JAKE'S ROLEX**.

Phillip screams.

PHILLIP  
(echoes)  
Bitch!

Sarah's last voicemail plays over the fight sequence:

SARAH (V.O)  
(whispering)  
Mom. Jake had a little too much to drink.

Phillip tries to run, but loses control of his legs. He stumbles. She grimaces - **zeroing in on her prey**. Phillip looks up at her - drugged and delirious.

SARAH (V.O) (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
I don't really know what to say right now. I don't really feel safe.

He jumps at her - attempting to grab the knife - but she's quicker. **She stabs him in the shoulder**. He cries out in agony.

SARAH (V.O) (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Marissa went home with Matt, I told her it was ok, but...

The pain sobers him for a moment. Erratically, he lunges for her. She side steps him, then jumps on his back.

SARAH (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 (whispering, tears swelling)  
 I'm scared, Mama.

Phillip falls to his knees. He attempts to throw her off, but she's steadfast on her grip. She brings the knife to his throat.

Phillip frees his uninjured arm and yanks Lily's hair back. She drops the knife. Groggily, Phillip lunges for it, but she's quicker.

Lily throws all her bodyweight into his injured arm. He stumbles.

JAKE (V.O)  
 (drunk and angry)  
 Who are you talking to?

The call ends.

**She bites into his wound.** He SCREAMS in agony, dropping the knife.

She frees herself as he scrambles. She stomps on his hand and grabs the blade.

PHILLIP  
 (desperately slurred)  
 Please! I don't deserve to die.

She crouches over him and brings the knife to his throat.

LILY  
 (with vengeance)  
 Neither did Sarah.

**She slits his throat.**

SMASH CUT:

INT. FOAL'S RESTAURANT - PREP KITCHEN - MIDNIGHT

MUSIC CUE: CLASSICAL MUSIC.

Lily plates three gorgeous ENTREES. CLEAN HANDS place TARRAGON SPRIGS and MICRO GREENS on GORGEOUS CUTS OF MEDIUM RARE MEAT.

She stacks plates on her arms carries the dishes to Marissa and Angela. They raise their RED WINE GLASSES in a salute.

As Lily places the plates on the table, she notices young Sarah holding up her menu drawing of a **cow and foal**.

SARAH

Look mommy, I made this for you!

Lily blinks, **Sarah is gone**.

Lily turns back to her plate, slowly cutting into a piece of meat. Blood pools underneath it.

She takes a bite and relishes in it's sweetness.

END