

HIGH STEAKS

Written by

Frankie Frain

11 Daniel Drive
Westport, MA 02790
(508) 642-2982

"HIGH STEAKS"

FADE IN:

INT. MITCH'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Muffled rain PATTERS against the house. MITCH, 28, tall, clean cut, and broad shoulders, ZIPS a plastic bag of shampoo and razors. He places it on top of folded clothes in a suitcase.

CLOSE ON

A cell phone lies flipped open on the coffee table behind Mitch.

He projects his voice over his shoulder, toward the phone.

MITCH

It's two days Lisa. You have nothing to worry about.

A meek, shaky VOICE replies from the phone.

LISA (V.O.)

Christ Mitch, it's on the other side of the world, you're going to be tempted.

MITCH

It's a business trip. I get off the plane, we have the meeting, I sleep at some point, I'm back on a plane. I won't even see Italy.

Lisa lets out a deep sigh.

LISA (V.O.)

The last few months have been wonderful. But I just don't know you well enough to believe you.

Mitch laughs.

LISA (V.O.)

(stern)

What?

MITCH

(chuckles)

I just...it's two days!

(MORE)

MITCH (CONT'D)
I mean it's not like I ever would,
but even if I wanted to pull
something, there'd be no time.

Silence for a moment. Lisa inhales sharply and sobs.

Mitch rolls his eyes and kneels down to the phone. He speaks softly and closely.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Lisa?

Lisa sniffles. Mitch suppresses a smile.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Lisa, I made a promise to you.

LISA (V.O.) LISA (O.S.)
You're gonna be tempted. (echoed)
You're gonna be tempted.

Mitch stands up and looks at his front door. Lisa's voice is both on the phone and behind the door.

LISA (V.O.) LISA (O.S.)
I just know you will. I just know you will.

That confirms it. Mitch briskly walks to the door and swings it open, revealing a soaking wet LISA. She has soft, white complexion, long brown hair, and a petite body frame.

Mitch frowns at Lisa, confused. She wraps both arms around his neck and cries into his shoulder, cell phone still in hand.

Mitch is frozen in shock.

LISA
(sniffling)
You're different. Please tell me
you're different from the other men
I've dated.

MITCH
(disingenuous)
Uh...I'm different.

Lisa smiles and cups Mitch's face in her hands.

LISA
Now you listen to me. Italy's the
most tempting place on Earth. Be
strong out there.

Mitch speaks with his cheeks squashed together.

MITCH
(inaudible)
You got it honey.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT.

An airplane takes off on the runway.

INT. AIRPLANE CABIN - NIGHT

Mitch sits cramped between the window and TOM, a partially bald, bearded, obese man of 42 years. He speaks with a Massachusetts accent.

A curvy FLIGHT ATTENDANT passes Tom and Mitch. Tom follows her butt as far up the aisle as his vision allows.

Mitch folds his arms tighter to not touch Tom. Tom turns sharply from the aisle to Mitch.

TOM
So did they confirm the meeting
time? Is it still Saturday at 2?

MITCH
It is confirmed.

TOM
(exhaling)
Oh my God, yes.

MITCH
What?

Tom shoots an angry and confused look at Mitch.

TOM
Per diem dude. 140 bucks a day. We
can spend it on whatever, however.
And we have tomorrow off.

Mitch looks down, nervous.

MITCH
Oh. Awesome.

TOM
Bitch, tomorrow we see Italy!

Tom raises his hand for a high five, revealing a rocking pit stain.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AL RONDINELLA - NIGHT

Tom and Mitch sit at a dining table in the luxurious hotel restaurant.

Three hot waitresses, CHIARINNA (shoulder length blond), MARIELLA (short black hair), and ROSABELLA (long, golden brown hair) approach the table.

CHIARINNA
(thick accent)
Ready for your order?

Tom smiles wide. Mitch sweats, nervous.

TOM
Honey, I've never been more ready
in my life.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Mediterranean crab cakes are brought to the center of the table.
- Mariella helps Tom secure his bib.
- The half eaten crab cakes are pushed aside and replaced with a glistening plate of boiled ribs.
- Tom stares into space and unconsciously stuffs himself with the last rib. He is surrounded by empty red wine glasses.
- Chiarinna and Mariella deliver 50oz steaks to both Tom and Mitch. Rosabella looks deep into Mitch's eyes, smiles, and fills another red wine glass.

Mitch looks down at the table, panicked.

- Mitch wags his finger drunkenly at Tom, laughing.

MITCH
She's smothering me Tom!

TOM
She's not here dude, enjoy
yourself!

- Mitch rolls his eyes back and drops the weight of his head forward. His face collapses into the remainder of his steak.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. AL RONDINELLA - LATER

Chairs are on tables. A BUS BOY mops. The restaurant is empty except for Mitch, Tom, and the three waitresses, who now sit casually together.

Mitch's right cheek lies in the partially eaten steak. His eyes are barely open. He hiccups slowly, in pain. Rosabella sits by him, counting her tips.

Tom's bib and beard are drenched in sauce and wine. He laughs hard with Chiarinna and Mariella.

TOM

Do it again. How do I say it?

CHIARINNA AND MARIELLA

(simultaneous)

Amo la bistecca.

Tom butchers the Italian words with his Massachusetts accent.

TOM

Amo la bistecca. I love steak.

The waitresses giggle loudly.

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay, the two of ya, gimme some sugar, right here.

Chiarinna and Mariella kiss the opposite sides of Tom's cheeks. Rosabella glances up and smiles. Tom gestures to Mitch.

TOM (CONT'D)

What about this poor bastard, huh?

CHIARINNA

(pats stomach)

Very full!

TOM
(whispering loudly)
Rosabella, hey, Rosabella.

Tom makes a kissy face and points at the unconscious Mitch. Rosabella smiles and rolls her eyes. She stands and leans down to Mitch.

Tom signals to the other waitresses to be quiet as he poised his cell phone. He puts it in camera mode.

Rosabella plants a soft kiss on Mitch's cheek. Tom snaps a picture and promptly hides his phone.

Mitch springs up, disoriented and panting. He looks down at the giant steak, and then over to Rosabella. She resumes counting tips. Tom and the other waitresses crack up.

Rosabella's big beautiful eyes lock with Mitch's. She gives him a long, warm smile. Mitch takes slower breaths as his panic subsides. He exchanges a genuine smile with Rosabella and breaks into laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mitch lays atop his mattress, the comforter and sheets crumpled at the edge of the bed. He is shirtless and his pants are unbuttoned, open wide.

Tom is heard outside the room.

TOM (O.S.)
Ladies, you have made our stay in
Italy unforgettable!

Mitch lets out a long sigh.

MITCH
(to self)
What the hell was I thinking?

Mitch smothers himself with a pillow and punches it.

Tom whispers loudly through the door.

TOM
Dude, they totally bought that I
was Kevin James!

Mitch punches the pillow again.

CUT TO:

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies in Mitch's arms, snuggled under the sheets. He is shirtless and she wears an XL cotton T-shirt.

MITCH
Were you able to keep busy?

LISA
(shrugs)
The cats are good company.

MITCH
They better be, how many are there
now? Twenty?

Lisa lightly smacks Mitch on the chest.

LISA
(laughs)
Four. Jerk.

They lie still for a beat, eyes closed.

LISA (CONT'D)
I want to stay.

MITCH
So stay.

LISA
(whiny)
Mm. I need my hypoallergenic soap
for the morning.

MITCH
No sweat, I'll go to 7/11 right now
and grab some.

Mitch gets out of bed and picks a pair of his pants off the floor.

LISA
Are you serious?

Mitch hops into his pants.

MITCH
As a heart attack. Need anything else?

LISA
(giggles)
No, just my dorky soap.

Mitch pulls on a shirt and kisses Lisa on the forehead.

LISA (CONT'D)
You're so sweet.

He leaves.

Lisa closes her eyes, falling a sleep. Her eyes pop back open as she is startled by a loud BUZZ.

CLOSE ON

Mitch's cell phone vibrates on the night stand.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE - LATER

Mitch enters the front door with a plastic bag. He quietly CLICKS on a lamp by the door and tiptoes to the bedroom.

INT. MITCH'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mitch looks at the bed - Lisa's gone. His eyes dart around the room. He looks back toward the living room, eyebrow cocked. A loud sniffle sounds in the bedroom, which causes Mitch to redirect his attention.

He peers around the corner of the bed and finds Lisa sitting against the wall. Her hands shake as they clutch his cell phone. Makeup and tears smear down her face.

MITCH
(sweetly)
Hey.

He holds up and gestures to the bag innocently.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Got your soap.

Lisa throws the cell phone at Mitch's head. He quickly ducks. It dents the wall behind him. He retrieves the phone, flips it open and sees:

CLOSE ON

The picture of Mitch's face in the steak while getting kissed by Rosabella. A text caption below reads: THANKS FOR A KICKASS TIME IN KICKASS ITALY.

Mitch sighs with despair. Lisa stands, arms folded.

LISA
So what's that cheek doing, huh?

MITCH
Lisa...

LISA
(screams)
I'd hate to see what your mouth was
doing!

Lisa marches by Mitch and into the living room.

INT. MITCH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lisa grabs her jacket.

MITCH
Sweetie, calm down, I didn't mean
for anything to happen.

Lisa stomps up to Mitch and looks him up and down, disgusted.

LISA
Look at the picture.

Mitch flips open the cell, but remains fixed on Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)
(screams)
Look at it!

CLOSE ON

The picture while Lisa speaks.

LISA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
He had to die so you could stuff
your fat face.

The steak in the picture.

Mitch frowns hard, deep in thought. He snaps the phone shut and tosses it onto the couch. He stares into Lisa's eyes for a long beat.

MITCH

I'm sorry Lisa, okay? I don't know how to make this right.

LISA

Oh it's real simple Mitch. Just slice YOUR ass off, put it on flambé, and serve it up to some cows. They'll love it.

MITCH

I was never vegan, okay? I made that sacrifice to be with you. How about cutting me a little slack?

Lisa storms to the front door.

LISA

(dead serious)

How about cutting me a nice lean slice of faithfulness?

Mitch lets out a laugh.

LISA (CONT'D)

What?

MITCH

(suppressed laughter)

Nothing, just...your dramatic meat metaphors.

Lisa recoils in disgust.

LISA

You're no different Mitch. You're just an everyday, ordinary, pig.

Mitch bursts into laughter. Lisa storms out. Mitch yells after her.

MITCH

Yeah okay Lisa, I'll see you later!

LISA (O.S.)

Don't ever call me again!

MITCH

Hey Lisa! How many vegans does it
take to change a light bulb? None!
Vegans can't change anything!

Mitch rubs his stomach and forces out a belch.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Oh man, I've been wanting to tell
her that one for a long time.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: High Steaks.

FADE OUT.

END OF SCRIPT