

FRESH MEAT

Written by

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FIRST DRAFT

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

ARANEA (Late 20s), dressed to kill in a black silk dress with red undertones, leads KORI (Early 20s), wrapped in a white suit, down a deserted hallway. Kori's white jacket is draped around Aranea's shoulders.

They stop in front of a door, and she turns around to him.

ARANEA
Well... this is me.

KORI
I had a great time.

ARANEA
Me too.

She hands him back his jacket.

ARANEA (CONT'D)
Although...

She presses her hand to his chest and caresses it and looks up at him, wanting.

ARANEA (CONT'D)
I'm still hungry.

Kori smiles and leans in for a kiss. Aranea returns the kiss, grabbing his tie.

Without looking, she unlocks the door behind her and drags him inside.

INT. ARANEA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Wisps of long white strands cover red walls; very different from the hallway outside.

Aranea lets go of Kori and closes the door behind him.

KORI
Interesting decor.

Aranea locks the door and grabs Kori. She kisses him, hard, pushing him deeper into the apartment.

KORI (CONT'D)
Are you sure?

Aranea grins, eyeing him body.

ARANEA

Oh yeah.

She buries her face in his neck and begins to move it. He starts kissing her neck, and moving the straps on her dress.

KORI

OW!

Kori pushes Aranea away and puts his hand to the spot where her head was on her neck.

KORI (CONT'D)

Not so rough.

ARANEA

Don't you like it?

KORI

Yeah, but...

Kori's eyes begin to droop. He jerks his head to shake himself up.

KORI (CONT'D)

It's harder than I've...

He takes a deep breath and moves his hand away from his neck. Both are covered in blood.

KORI (CONT'D)

What the f--?

Kori sways on the spot and catches himself on the wall. He looks at that hand and pries it from the wall. The wisps of white are stuck to him.

He looks to Aranea, his vision fading in and out.

ARANEA

It's best not to struggle.

Kori collapses to the ground. Foam bubbles begin to form at his mouth.

ARANEA (CONT'D)

That's a good boy.

Aranea bends down and strokes his cheek with a single finger.

Kori looks up at her, and she's completely blurry

He grabs at the carpet and tries to pull himself forward. But he can barely move.

ARANEA (CONT'D)
It's almost done now. Just relax
and let go.

Kori slumps down and lies still. His entire world goes dark.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. NEST - NIGHT

Kori opens his eyes. He stares at the room around him and takes several deep breaths.

The walls are covered in thick, translucent webbing, some with bones hanging off of them. There are several cocoons of web, enveloping half-eaten corpses of animals and humans.

A bulbous black mass is buried on the ceiling in a large tangled of webs. A red hourglass shape pulsates a dim, but meditative red light.

Kori attempts to move. He looks down and sees his own body, entombed in it's own cocoon, suspended from the walls by many strands of web, woven into a rope-like thickness.

He writhes his body, struggling to get free. The webs vibrate around the room, and to the black mass on the ceiling.

ARANEA (O.C.)
Oh good...

Kori stops moving and looks around.

ARANEA (CONT'D)
You're awake.

A slow CREAK comes from the ceiling. Kori looks up towards it.

The mass twists and turns. A long, sleek tendril creeps out from under it and gently taps onto the webbing. Three more follow suit and lower the bulb away from the roof.

Kori starts to hyperventilate and struggle more.

KORI
HELP--

A mass of webs immediately cover his mouth, muffling his voice almost completely.

ARANEA (O.C.)
No. No. No. None of that.

Half of a human body bends out from underneath the mass, bearing two more tendrils protruding from the back just behind the shoulder blades.

The head twists around to face Kori, obscured by the darkness.

The creature creeps down from the ceiling, one tendril after another. She positions herself in front of Kori. Eight black eyes stare back at him, but the face is still human. Aranea.

She tenderly strokes his head with her hands.

ARANEA (CONT'D)
For what it's worth, I did have a lovely evening.

Kori pleads to her with his eyes and his muffled voice.

Aranea begins to smile, the edges ripping away her human flesh and creating a wide row of fangs, dripping with saliva and venom. She growls hungrily.

ARANEA (CONT'D)
But a girl's got to eat.

Kori whimpers and attempts to scream, but to no avail.

Aranea lunges forward.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A crowded bar, complete with the typical Friday-night crowd; everybody looking to be satisfied. Two bro-boy GUYS (Early 20s) swagger in and bee-line for the bar. They place an order, flashing a twenty-dollar bill to a weary bartender.

Guy One taps on the should of his friend and points down to the end of the bar.

Aranea eyes the guys, sipping on a scotch, and dressed in the same black silk dress as before.

GUY
Check it out... fresh meat.

The bartender gives them their beers and they saunter over to her.

ARANEA

Oh good... Fresh Meat.

The guys reach her and begin a conversation, drowned out by the crowd around them.

FADE OUT.

THE END