

Deli Meats

by  
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Jimmy sits in the living room eating a huge BAG OF DORITOS. Sheila enters with a huge POSTER OF DAVID HASSLEHOFF and starts hanging it on the wall.

SHEILA  
Just look at that Jimmy!

Jimmy grunts and keeps on reading.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
You'd better watch out, if David Hasslehof ever came knocking...  
woooooie!

Jimmy looks at her finally.

JIMMY  
"If the Hoff came knocking?" Why would the Hoff ever come here?

SHEILA  
I'm just saying... IF.

Jimmy looks at her like a child.

JIMMY  
You wouldn't go away with the Hoff Sheila.

SHEILA  
I wouldn't? I might.

JIMMY  
Pfff. You could never leave me Sheila. There's only one man for you. The Jimmy.

Jimmy takes a moment of homage, then goes back to eating his junk food. He does a flourish with each chip as he eats.

The phone rings and Sheila goes off to get it, scowling at Jimmy as she passes.

Sheila scoops up the phone.

SHEILA  
Hello?

VOICE

Hello Ma'am, I represent THE SUCK ZONE Ma'am. We're looking to help you and your family shed pounds and feel great!

SHEILA

What's this cosmetic surgery ?

VOICE

Is your husband hideously overweight, ma'am ?

SHEILA

Well I wouldn't say he's fat. But he's not exactly David Hasslehof shall we say.

Sheila thumbs through the yellow pages as she talks. She locates the page that holds the company's ad.

VOICE

We take your fat and use it to feed the starving and the homeless.

SHEILA

Erm I don't think Jimmy would be into that. He's not /

VOICE

(cuts her off)

Ma'am your husband does not need to be a willing participant.

Sheila jumps, half tearing out the yellow page containing the company's ad.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Moreover the process is relatively painless.

SHEILA

Are you serious ? Is this all legal? How will you get him to do this against his will ?

VOICE

We just need your authorization and credit card details. Leave the rest up to us, ma'am. Just think David Hasslehoff.

Sheila continues talking. Giving credit card details, mailing address, and description of Jimmy.

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

3

Jimmy finishes off his bag of chips. Sheila enters gleefully and sits beside him on the couch letting out a huge breath of air.

JIMMY

What are you so gay about?

SHEILA

Oh nothing.

JIMMY

C'mon what is it? A present?

Jimmy sees the yellow page still locked in Sheila's hand.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Gimme that.

(grabs the page)

Oh.. My .. God. You're getting ..  
invasive liposuction ?

Sheila's non committal.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You're not that fat.

SHEILA

You're the fat one! Starving  
families could live for weeks on  
your rump.

JIMMY

Pff. Anyway I've heard of these  
guys. They sound more like  
butchers than beauticians.  
Wouldn't want you to get hurt.

SHEILA

I'm not gonna get hurt, trust me

Sheila looks at Jimmy's legs like a man looking at breasts. She unconsciously licks her lips.

4 EXT. LOS ANGELES - THE NEXT DAY

4

The filthy L.A. sun shines through orange smog.

5 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 5

Somewhere off screen Sheila sings merrily. Jimmy walks into the living room with a handful of mail, sits down and starts opening envelopes. He opens one from THE SUCK ZONE, smugly shaking his head. He looks over the letter, seeing images of a brutal, invasive operation.

He sees his own picture and details pasted next to the diagram. His jaw drops open and looks around in a wild panic.

6 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 6

Sheila finishes eating a big bloody steak and walks back toward the living room.

7 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 7

Sheila enters the living room, Jimmy is on the phone. He suddenly stops talking and slams the phone down. He straightens up and tries to hide the SUCK ZONE LETTER behind his back.

SHEILA

What are you up to?

Jimmy fumbles behind him, then brings a photo of Sheila and him into view. His little hands shaking like a guilty child. Sheila looks at him.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Oooh. How do you put up with me?  
I could never hurt you. Lemme use  
the phone for a sec. Okay?

Jimmy scampers away through the door.

8 INT. HALLWAY - DUSK 8

SHEILA

Hello? Yes, I'm very sorry but  
I've changed my mind. I want to  
cancel the shipment for Pollack.

VOICE

Let me just check your record  
here... Now we have a Sheila  
Pollack to be picked up tomorrow.

SHEILA

No I'm the one who placed the order  
not getting taken away.

Sheila stops dead still. She looks quickly toward Jimmy with  
narrowed eyes

VOICE

Oh.. it looks Jimmy Pollack WAS  
being taken, but it was changed.

SHEILA

Changed? When?

VOICE

Just today. And the call did come  
from your number.

SHEILA

Of course it came from this number  
goddamit!

Sheila kicks the table, fuming. The YellowPages fall open at  
the SUCK ZONE's page, her face is illuminated by its warm  
glow.

The bottom half of the SUCK ZONE ad shows a butchers diagram  
of a man, with dotted lines for the different cuts of meat.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Wait. It says here you slaughter  
and package.. meat.

VOICE

Yes ma'am, but that's our other  
division. I'll have to transfer  
you.

Sheila licks her lips unconsciously.

9

INT. BUTCHER SHOP - NIGHT

9

Buzzing fluorescent lights. A stubbled man in a bloody apron  
answers the phone.

MAN

Man meat.

SHEILA

I want to arrange a pickup.

10 EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

10

Los Angeles freeways crawl with a constellation of red and white stars. Wailing sirens echo off dead grey buildings.

Extra shots needed:

Sheila eating a bloody steak

Sheila licking lips etc.

Shots of Jimmy's thighs/neck/body parts appetizing(fake tan)