

Scarefest 2 Presents:

GHOULISH GOULASH

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DONNER ESTATE - DAY

A black limousine pulls in front of a gargantuan mansion that overlooks an expansive lawn. The driveway encompasses a marble fountain with a centerpiece of four golden angels.

The limousine stops. The CHAUFFEUR steps out and opens the backseat door. ART CICERO (30s) steps out. He has kind eyes and wears an impressive but conservative business suit.

MICHAEL DONNER (60s) emerges from his estate onto a marble portico. He has slick white hair with a toothbrush mustache to match. He wears an expensive white suit with several rings on his fingers.

DONNER

Arthur Cicero. A pleasure.

Art proceeds toward Donner with an outstretched hand.

ART

Likewise, Mr. Donner. Call me Art.

The two men shake hands.

DONNER

Of course, Mr. Cicero.

Art quickly changes his frown to a smile.

ART

So where are the animals?

DONNER

Animals?

ART

You know? The fowl of the air? The fish of the sea? The beasts of the field and jungle? Xanadu?

DONNER

I have no such things here, Mr. Cicero. But I assure you, I can afford them.

Donner turns and proceeds toward the estate.

DONNER
This way, Mr. Cicero.

EXT. BALCONY - DAY

Art and Donner sit at a table on a balcony above a garden that looks like a park. The scenery is highlighted by exotic flowers, shrubberies, marble statues, and ornamental ponds and fountains.

CHAUNCY, the butler, emerges from the estate with a brass coffee pot and a tray of cream and sugar. He sets the tray on the table and pours Art a cup of coffee. Art sips it.

DONNER
This coffee is made from the finest beans in Rio de Janeiro. It is not sold domestically or internationally. It is grown and exported exclusively for and to me and a handful of others with matching social and financial status.

ART
It's very good, sir.

DONNER
Of course it is. I only have the best.

Art adds cream and sugar to his coffee. Donner notices and sneers.

ART
So what's this about? Why am I here?

DONNER
My associates tell me that you are the best caterer in the business.

ART
I wouldn't say I'm the best-

DONNER
I assure you, Mr. Cicero, you would not be here if you were not the best.

ART

I enjoy the simple things in life. What's simpler than food? We eat everyday. I just do the best I can to make food I think tastes good.

DONNER

I too enjoy the simple things in life, as do those fortunate enough to find themselves within my inner circle. That is why I am offering you the opportunity to prepare the main course for a dinner party I am holding in two week's time.

ART

What would that be, sir?

DONNER

It is a Hungarian dish called the Anthropophagus Goulash. I have had the privilege of tasting this delicacy only once. I found it to be the most delectable dish I had ever sampled. You have heard of it, I trust?

ART

Can't say that I have.

DONNER

You will receive the recipe before leaving then. I expect a sample of the dish within the next week. I want to be sure my money is being well spent.

Donner reaches into his pocket and removes a checkbook. He opens it to reveal checks of golden paper. Donner scribbles in the checkbook with a fountain pen.

DONNER

For preparing this dish for my guests and I, I am prepared to offer you quite a generous sum.

Donner tears out the check and shows it to Art whose eyes grow wide.

ART

That's an awful lot of zeros, sir.

DONNER

You will do it then?

ART

I think we have a deal.

Art reaches for the check. Donner snatches it away and places it in his pocket with the checkbook and pen.

DONNER

One last thing. Before we have a deal, you must agree to keep our transactions absolutely secret. My name is not to be divulged to anyone under any circumstances. Am I understood?

ART

Yes sir.

Donner grins malevolently.

DONNER

Then we have a deal.

EXT. CICERO RESIDENCE - DAY

The limousine pulls up in front of a picturesque house in a typical looking suburb. Art steps out and walks toward it.

INT. CICERO RESIDENCE - ENTRANCE HALL

Art enters and shuts the door behind him.

ROSE (O.S.)

Hey honey.

ART

Hey sweetheart.

ROSE CICERO (30s) emerges from another room. She has dark hair, olive skin, and wears modest business attire. She walks up to Art and lays a smooch on his lips.

ROSE

How'd it go?

ART

Pretty good. How was work?

ROSE

Same old, same old. Busy, busy, busy.

ART

Rose, I was thinking on the way back. What do you say the two of us take a vacation? You know, relax? Go some place warm?

ROSE

Like for the weekend or something?

ART

I was thinking more along the lines of a month or two. Maybe more.

ROSE

A month?

ART

Sure.

ROSE

What, are you kidding?

Art shakes his head.

ROSE

Sure, let's go on vacation. Why don't we quit our jobs while we're at it?

ART

I'm serious, Rose. After I get paid for this new job, we'll be set for a while.

ROSE

What? What's the job?

ART

Can't say.

ROSE
What's he paying you?

ART
Enough.

ROSE
Art, I-

ART
Listen. You think of some place you'd
like to go and tell me about it later.
Right now, I got to get to work
preparing this guy's sample.

Art pecks his wife on the cheek and walks past her.

ROSE
Art-

Rose turns. She appears both curious and puzzled.

INT. CICERO RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

Art stands in front of a counter cluttered with pasta, tomatoes, onions, green peppers, mushrooms, various spices, and culinary utensils. Two pots boil on the stove.

Art picks up a sheet of gold embroidered paper off the counter and briefly scans it. It contains the recipe for Anthropophagus Goulash written in elegant gold script.

ART
Meat. Hmm...

CUT TO:

Art transfers squared chunks of beef from one pot to the other with a two-pronged fork.

INT. DONNER ESTATE - DINING ROOM

The dining room is narrow with an excessively long table in its center. Ornate candles in gold holders run down its length. A crystal chandelier hangs from the ceiling.

The walls are covered with large oil paintings in brass frames. Various golden ornaments decorate two cabinets across from each other in the center of the room.

Donner sits at the head of the table with Art at his side. The butler stands behind him. In front of him is an ornamental bowl filled with goulash. Donner swallows a spoonful of its contents and frowns.

DONNER

Take it away, Chauncey.

Chauncey exits with the bowl.

ART

Is there a problem, sir?

DONNER

Your goulash. It's made of beef.

ART

The recipe called for meat. Most goulashes contain beef. I only assumed—

DONNER

I am not paying you to assume. Mr. Cicero, do you know what the term anthropophagus means?

ART

I'm sorry, sir, I don't.

DONNER

It is derived from the Greek root words anthropo, human being, and phagos, eating. Combined, the term ultimately, and logically, entails—

ART

Anthro—

DONNER

Human being eating.

ART

I don't understand, Mr. Donner.

DONNER

The dish I hired you to prepare is called the Anthropophagus Goulash. Therefore, the dish calls for the meat of human beings.

Art laughs. Donner frowns. Art quickly regains his composure.

DONNER

I fail to see cause for amusement.

ART

(laughs)
You're joking, sir.

DONNER

I do not joke!

ART

I'm sorry, sir, but you just said—

DONNER

I know what I said. I want you to prepare a dish of human meat for my guests and I.

Art stifles another laugh.

ART

I'm sorry, Mr. Donner, you just can't be serious.

DONNER

For what I am paying you, it should be obvious I am serious.

Art frowns.

ART

You are serious—

DONNER

Of course, I'm serious!

ART

Okay.

(clears throat)

I'm sorry, sir. Mr. Donner. I...

(stammers)

I'm not your guy. I...

(stammers)

I can't. I'm sorry, sir. I have to go-

Donner claps his hands briskly three times. No sooner has he done so does Chauncey burst into the room, grab Art around the waist, and haul him into another room.

ART

Hey! What the fuck! What the fuck is-

INT. DONNER ESTATE - KITCHEN

The kitchen is massive filled with rows of ovens, stoves, counters, and stainless steel cabinets. Kitchenware hangs from seemingly endless rows of hooks. The floor is black and white tile.

Art is tossed onto a counter and held in place by Chauncey. His legs kick violently but to no avail.

DONNER

Cooky!

COOKY, a heavysset chef's appears and grabs Art's legs.

ART

Hey! Get the fuck off me! Get the fuck-

With the other arm, Cooky produces a large butcher knife and brandishes it at Art. Art shuts his mouth.

A sinister grin appears on Donner's face.

ART

You already have chefs?!

DONNER

I have some of the finest chefs working for me but I need the best to cook the Anthropophagus Goulash.

ART

I told you! I'm not the-

Cooky swipes the butcher knife across the counter top in between Art's legs. He instantly goes silent.

DONNER

You are the best, Mr. Cicero, but if you decide to back out of our deal, you will serve as the main ingredient in a goulash prepared by my chefs. It will be sub par next to what you can produce and it will be with a heavy heart that I must sacrifice your talents but I will have my main course, one way or another. The choice is yours.

ART

What do you want me to do?! Kill someone?!

DONNER

Precisely.

ART

I can't-

DONNER

What choice do you have? Either you obtain the necessary ingredients or you will find yourself contributing in a way you would not wish to do so. You will want someone young and in good health. Your wife perhaps.

ART

My wife?

DONNER

She is the easiest meat you can obtain.

ART

I can't kill my wife! I love her!

DONNER

Well, you are going to have to find someone suitable for the dish. But I

suspect a goulash of Rose Cicero would taste absolutely exquisite.

ART

You motherfucker! I'll kill—

Cooky produces a meat tenderizer and strikes it against Art's skull.

INT. CICERO RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is cozy with carpeted floor, comfy furniture, and a pastel color scheme.

Art and Rose stand in the center of the room facing each other. Art holds both of her hands tenderly.

ART

Rose, I was thinking. Your mother gets very lonely sometimes. She's not going to be around much longer—

ROSE

What are you trying to say?

ART

I'm saying I think it might be nice if you pay her a visit.

ROSE

That's sweet, Art, but we saw her just last weekend. I think she'll be okay.

ART

I was thinking maybe just you could go this time.

ROSE

Why?

ART

You know. Your mother and I don't always get along—

ROSE

What are you talking about? My parents love you. Why else do you think they

let me marry you? You know how protective they are. Art? Art.

Art is staring off into space.

ROSE

Art, what's wrong? You've been acting very strange this past week.

ART

No, I haven't.

ROSE

Yes, you have. The other day, you're telling me we should go on vacation and now you're telling me I should go visit my mother. What's the matter?

ART

Nothing.

ROSE

Does this have something to do with your new job—

ART

No.

ROSE

What then? Are you trying to get me out of the house so you can invite a couple floozies over—

ART

Of course not. How could you say something like that?

ROSE

Because this is exactly how that sort of thing starts. I trust you, Art, but if we're going to start keeping secrets from each other, this trust isn't going to last. So if it's not your job and it's not other women then what—

ART

It's nothing! Just let it go!

Rose takes a step backward. Her mouth falls open as she throws a hand against her chest in a shocked gesture.

ROSE
Are you yelling at me?

ART
I'm sorry.

ROSE
You're yelling at me, aren't you?

ART
I'm sorry.

ROSE
What the hell's wrong with you?

Art stares at the ground. Rose's harsh expression softens.

ROSE
We're married, Art. We're supposed to tell each other what we're thinking.

ART
I know.

ROSE
So what are you thinking?

ART
I'm thinking you should go visit your mother for a while.

Rose frowns.

ROSE
I'm not going anywhere until you tell me what's really going on.

Rose storms off. Art stares at the same spot on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CICERO RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Art lies on the couch in darkness. He momentarily stirs before he gets up and walks offscreen.

INT. CICERO RESIDENCE - HALLWAY

Art stands in a darkened hallway outside a closed door. Art gently wraps on its surface.

ART
(cautious)
Honey? Can I come in?

Art turns the doorknob and pushes gently on it. The door opens a crack.

ROSE (O.S.)
(sleepily)
Go back to bed, Art.

ART
You mean go back to the couch—

ROSE (O.S.)
(irritated)
I'm trying to sleep. I have to get up early tomorrow.

ART
(sighs)
Fine.

Art shuts the door.

INT. CICERO RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Art enters and proceeds toward the bed.

ART
(to himself)
I'm not going to take this. A married man shouldn't have to put up with this kind of treatment. No sir.

Art climbs onto the couch and lies on his back.

ART

That's right. Tomorrow, I'm going to set things straight.

Art shuts his eyes.

ART

Once and for all.

INT. DONNER ESTATE - SITTING ROOM

A tall and cavernous room. Two arm chairs sit on oriental carpet beside a gaping marble fireplace. Stuffed animals are mounted on the walls.

Donner sits in an arm chair in a silk robe and slippers smoking a cigar.

CHAUNCY (O.S.)

Mr. Cicero, sir.

Art enters.

DONNER

Mr. Cicero. What brings you to my humble abode this evening?

Art takes a seat across from Donner.

ART

I'm going to do it. I'm going to murder my wife.

DONNER

Well, of course, you are. What else brings you here tonight?

ART

A matter of payment. I need you to scratch at least two more zeroes on that check

DONNER

Need I remind you, Mr. Cicero, the initial sum was considerable—

ART

We're talking murder here, sir. Human meat doesn't come cheap, especially when murder's involved and not just any murder. This is my wife and that's my price. Take it or leave it.

DONNER

If you say so. Consider it done.

ART

Thank you, sir.

DONNER

I've developed a fondness for you, Mr. Cicero. I would not otherwise extend my generosity to the extent I have tonight. It has been a pleasure to negotiate.

EXT. CICERO RESIDENCE - DAY

Art steps out of the black limousine in front of his house.

INT. CICERO RESIDENCE - ENTRANCE HALL

Art enters. Rose emerges from another room. The two of them make eye contact. Rose scowls and stalks off.

EXT. DONNER ESTATE - NIGHT

SUPER: THE DONNER PARTY BEGINS...

The sun has begun its descent beneath the horizon.

INT. DINING ROOM

The dining table is set. Candles are lit. The room is even more elaborately decorated than before.

INT. CICERO RESIDENCE - KITCHEN

A pot of goulash boils on the stove.

Art stands in front of a cutting board with a butcher knife in hand. He slides it across one of his fingers, draws blood, and flicks the droplet into the pot.

ART

Honey?

ROSE (O.S.)

What do you want now, Art?

ART

Can you come here for a second?

Rose groans offscreen. Footsteps are heard before she appears at the kitchen entrance.

ROSE

What?

Art turns with the butcher knife in hand.

CUT TO BLACK.

A sickening crunch. Art and Rose scream at the same time.

FADE IN:

EXT. DONNER ESTATE - NIGHT

The black limousine pulls in front of the estate. Art steps out with a big covered pot in mitt clad hands.

INT. DONNER ESTATE - KITCHEN

Art stands beside Donner. He places the pot on top of a counter and removes its lid to reveal an interior filled goulash.

Donner waves his hand over the pot and wafts its aroma toward him.

DONNER

May I?

ART

Of course.

Donner dips a ladle inside the pot, removes a portion of goulash and he pours into a bowl. He collects a spoonful from the bowl and swallows its contents.

DONNER

I do believe you've done it this time,
Mr. Cicero.

Donner takes another spoonful. It contains a severed human finger. It crunches as he masticates. He removes the bone from his mouth and tosses it into a waste bin.

DONNER

(slurps)
Delicious.

ART

Thank you, sir.

DONNER

There is something else in here,
however. An additional ingredient, not
from the recipe you were given. I
cannot put my finger on it.

ART

It's the mushrooms. The ones in the
recipe only serve as filler so I tossed
in a healthy batch of a more flavorful
variety instead. I just thought I'd
spice things up a little. Make it my
own, you know?

DONNER

Well, you certainly did spice it up,
as you say. This is better than
anything I could have hoped for.
What variety of mushrooms are these?
Their flavor is so pungent. I must
acquire them.

ART

They're nicknamed white angels for
their heavenly taste.

DONNER

They are heavenly, indeed. You have
done well, Mr. Cicero. I do believe you
have earned this.

Donner removes Art's check from his pocket and hands it to him. Art takes it and places it in his pocket.

DONNER

There is a seat set for you. Would you care to join us?

ART

I'd love to, Mr. Donner, but I think I better skip town. I don't think it's the best idea to hang around when everyone's going to be asking about your disappearing wife.

DONNER

Then I bid you farewell. A pleasure doing business with you, Mr. Cicero.

ART

Likewise.

Art and Donner shake hands.

INT. DINING ROOM

Donner sits at the head of the dinner table surrounded by elegantly dressed ARISTOCRATS (60s-80s). All of them have bowls of goulash in front of them. They feast greedily.

FAT FEMALE ARISTOCRAT

Tell me again about this dish, Michael.

DONNER

It is a Hungarian dish called the Anthropophagus Goulash, named so for its anthropological contents.

FAT MALE ARISTOCRAT

Human meat? I recall eating human meat once before. Long ago during my travels to Borneo. I ate with the locals in their tribal longhouses. It is the finest meat I have ever tasted.

THIN FEMALE ARISTOCRAT

It is delicious. I believe it is only logical the finest meat comes from the

most intelligent animal.

DONNER

Indeed. The caterer murdered his own wife to make this meal possible for us this evening.

THIN MALE ARISTOCRAT

Intelligent indeed. Many consider cannibalism a barbaric undertaking. However I believe it is the world that is barbaric. It is only right that the upper class should dispose of its subordinates.

FAT MALE ARISTOCRAT

It is truly remarkable the caterer could realize such a-

(farts)

Excuse me. I-

(burps)

The fat male aristocrat chokes and disgorges blood-tinged bile. The aristocrats react with shocked exclamations.

The aristocrat chokes again. A jet of projectile vomit erupts from his throat and drenches the aristocrat across the table who in turn regurgitates onto the aristocrat beside them.

Another aristocrat moans as they let out a string of raspy farts. Blood soaks his pants and floods the seat then trickles onto the floor. He stands and drops his pants to unload a massive deposit of bloody diarrhea.

Eventually, the whole table erupts into a fit of waste expulsion. As they all vomit, excrement falls freely from under the dresses of the female aristocrats while some of the males drop their pants to relieve themselves.

The surroundings quickly become soaked in bloody stomach and rectal contents.

Donner rises to speak but is choked by a mouthful of spew. He lets out a series of moist farts as bloody feces laden with chunks of bowel pours out of his pant leg. He doubles over in pain and collapses onto the floor.

After an extended period of time, the entire party collapses onto the waste-drenched floor. Their bodies quickly become smothered in yellowish brown filth.

The aristocrats retch, fart, and twitch in nausea-induced torment. Some do not move at all.

A muck-smearred Donner lies in a fetal position. He vomits and farts in short bursts. His body appears to deflate with each discharge until it is skeletal.

DONNER

(vomits)

Arthur-

(farts)

Cicero-

(vomits)

You-

Donner chokes and expels a final steaming load of bile, mucus, and remnants of digestive lining. His eyes roll into the back of his head as he collapses face first into the puddle of waste.

A partially digested mushroom sits in the puddle inches away from his face.

EXT. CICERO RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Art enters and plops into the couch. Rose enters.

ROSE

Hey honey.

ART

Hey sweetheart.

ROSE

How's your hand?

Art raises his hand. It is heavily bandaged. There is a spot of blood in the gauze where one of Art's fingers should be.

ART

It's been better.

ROSE

So how'd it go?

ART

Well, the plan worked. My personal contribution made him think there was actually a human being in there and the destroying angels made sure he didn't taste the chicken that made the illusion complete.

ROSE

But are we safe now?

ART

Mr. Donner isn't going to give us any more trouble, if that's what you mean. But I still think we'll be need to take that vacation we discussed. You know, until things blow over. Besides, it'd be nice to spend some time together for a change.

ROSE

I'd like that.

They kiss.

FADE OUT.

THE END