

THE DINNER GUEST

by

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FADE IN:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

KIM (30s) lights the candles in the middle of a long table. She's in a formal dress with her hair up in a neat bun. NATHAN (30s), formal suit, clean shaven, comes in.

NATHAN
You're looking fresh.

Kim turns to him.

KIM
Fresh is best. Isn't that what you
always say?

Nathan walks to her. He moves his face close to hers.

NATHAN
It's true, isn't it?

KIM
What time is he coming?

NATHAN
Should be about--

DING! DONG! -- Nathan smiles.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Now.

INT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Nathan opens the door with Kim behind him. Standing in the doorway is PROFESSOR PHILIPS (50s), short but wide, dons thick glasses.

NATHAN
Professor Philips.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Hello, Nathan.

NATHAN
Come in.

Professor Philips comes in. He shows a bottle of wine.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
You didn't have to.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Oh, I'm not the type of guest to
show up empty-handed.

He hands the wine to Nathan.

NATHAN
Well, I won't complain.

They laugh. Nathan closes the door behind him.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
This is my wife, Kim. Kim, this is
the professor friend of mine I was
telling you about.

Professor Philips and Kim look at each other.

KIM
Lovely to meet you.

NATHAN
Shall we go into the dining room?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Nathan pulls out a chair. Professor Philips sits down.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Thank you. Such a beautiful home
you have.

KIM
I'll go and get dinner ready.

She disappears into the kitchen.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Nathan and Kim watch as Professor Philips eats.

NATHAN
Do you like it?

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
This is fabulous.

Nathan glances over to Kim.

NATHAN
Kim's an amazing cook.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
No argument there.

He looks to Kim.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS (CONT'D)
You should become a chef.

KIM
You are too kind.

Professor Philips takes a sip of his wine. Kim and Nathan haven't touched their foods. They're too busy staring at the Professor.

KIM (CONT'D)
What do you teach again, Professor?

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Astrophysics.

KIM
Oh, yes. I do recall Nathan telling me about that.

NATHAN
It's about space or something. Right, Professor?

Professor Philips dabs his mouth with a napkin.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
It's all in the name. Astronomy and physics.

KIM
How clever. I wish Nathan would do something that interesting, but he's just too obsessed with his mathematics.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Don't be too quick to dismiss mathematics. It's relatively important.

Everyone laughs. Professor Philips takes a bite of food.

NATHAN
Glad you think so.

KIM
You must have a passion for the laws of the universe then.

Professor Philips slows his chewing.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Yes. But I have an even greater
passion for extraterrestrials.

NATHAN
I remember you used to stick your
E.T. lecture invites all over the
notice board.

Professor Philips chuckles. Kim leans towards him, intrigued.

KIM
Extraterrestrials?

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Alien life form, my dear.

KIM
My dear?
(to Nathan)
Oh, I like him.

They laugh again.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
I've read about numerous encounters
with extraterrestrials, and they
always have at least one thing in
common.

KIM
What is that?

Professor Philips draws a dramatic breath.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
The aliens. They always look the
same. Grayish skin tone. Slightly
large cranium. Thin body.

KIM
Spooky. What do they eat?

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Meat, of course.

He finishes up his food. Kim and Nathan look at each other.

KIM
Time for dessert, don't you think?

She gets up.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Dessert? You two are really spoiling
me.

Kim goes into the kitchen. Professor Philips looks to Nathan.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS (CONT'D)
You're a lucky man, you are, and
don't you forget it.

Nathan smiles.

NATHAN
Yes, sir.

Professor Philips finishes off the rest of his wine.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Now, I forgot why I was here.

Nathan laughs.

NATHAN
Happens to me all the time.

Kim comes in with a plate of dessert. She puts it in front
of the professor.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Thank you.

Kim sits down next to Nathan. The couple watches as the
professor eats.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS (CONT'D)
Watching your figures, are you?

KIM
Something like that.

Professor Philips rubs his large stomach.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
You're making me blush.

NATHAN
Don't worry, Professor. The guests
in our house can eat as much as they
want and they're not allowed to feel
guilty about it.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
Well, then. I should come over here
more often.

Kim scratches at her finger.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS (CONT'D)
You know the interesting thing about
aliens? People think it's their
advanced technology, but really,
it's their intelligence.

NATHAN
Their intelligence, you say?

He notices Kim scratching. Kim gets up.

KIM
Excuse me.

She leaves into the other room. Her footsteps can be heard
going up the stairs.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
They have many interesting and very
powerful abilities such as telepathy
and telekinesis.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kim rushes in and slams the door behind her. She locks it.
She goes to the basin and washes her hands. Kim stops when
she notices something on one of her fingers.

Right near the fingernail, there's a flap of skin hanging
loose.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Professor Philip takes the last spoon of his dessert. Nathan
keeps his eyes on him.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS
That's it. Only water until midnight
for me.

Nathan laughs. Professor Philips looks at him.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS (CONT'D)
It was really kind of you to invite
me over and put up with my alien
rambling.

NATHAN
I'm always up for some alien rambling.

Suddenly a drop of blood falls onto the table in front of
him. Nathan looks at it, confused. Professor Philips doesn't
notice.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS

In that case, I have a few more stories.

Nathan brings his hand to his face. Finds blood coming from his jaw. He gets up.

NATHAN

I'm gonna go and check on Kim. I won't be long.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS

Alright, then.

Nathan goes into the other room. Professor Philips looks around.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nathan comes in and checks his jaw. There's a flap of skin peeling from his neck.

NATHAN

Damn it.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kim sits at a vanity table with a tube of glue. She squeezes a bit under the piece of skin and holds it firmly against her finger.

SOMEONE comes in. Kim looks up, startled.

KIM

I thought you were--

It's Nathan. He closes the door behind him.

NATHAN

He's still downstairs. What's wrong with you?

KIM

Finger.

Kim sees his bleeding jaw.

KIM (CONT'D)

You look dreadful.

She passes him the tube of glue.

NATHAN

Thanks.

He turns to a mirror on the wall and fixes the loose skin hanging from his neck. Nathan carefully glues it back on. His eyes meet Kim's in the mirror.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Ready for something fresh?

KIM

I've been starving all day for something fresh.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Professor Philips sits alone. He looks to the doorway. Waits patiently. The sound of the stairs creaking float into the room.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS

Nathan? Is that you?

He stands up and walks towards the doorway.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

Nathan stands on the stairs with Kim behind him. They watch the doorway.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS

Nathan?

Professor Philips walks in and sees Nathan.

NATHAN

You're right about the telekinesis part.

He raises a hand and Professor Philips flies into the wall and hits the floor. He groans in pain. Nathan comes down the stairs with Kim behind him.

Professor Philips fixes his glasses and tries to get up.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Don't try to resist. It'll only hurt more.

He raises a hand in the air above the professor, pushing him down. Professor Philips's eyes move from Nathan to Kim.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS

Who are you people?

KIM

Didn't you say you had a passion for extraterrestrials?

Professor Philips's eyes widen behind his glasses.

KIM (CONT'D)

One thing you forgot to mention was
that we like our meat fresh.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Kim and Nathan sit at the table. Kim washes whatever she's
chewing down with wine. She wipes her mouth with a napkin.
Nathan smiles at her.

NATHAN

How was dinner?

KIM

Exquisite. But maybe choose a leaner
cut next time.

Nathan laughs.

NATHAN

There's a new professor on campus.

Kim's ears perk up.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

His name's Mac or something. I'll
invite him over. He's quite
flamboyant, though. His fashion
sense, I mean.

KIM

Well, you know what they say. It's
the inside that counts.

FADE OUT.

THE END