

THE MAID (1-6)

Written by

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A brisk overcast day on one of the most exclusive private Hampton beaches. The Morning fog blurs the uneven tide as the frozen sand sweeps across a completely empty beach front.

WESLEY(5, blonde, blue eyes, the golden boy) kicks around in the sand.

Consuela tries her best to grasp onto Weasley's arm as she reaches for a hose. WATER vomits out.

Wesley breaks free. He escapes into the HOUSE tracking in SAND.

CUT TO:

VR000000000000oooooooooooooooooooo. VRRRRRRR0000000000oooooooooooooooo.
Consuela pushes a MIELE C3 MARIN across the marble floor
following the trail of SAND. She continues into the...

High-end furniture with a exotic marble sculptures fill the oversized room. Grotesque "modern art" lines the walls. Consuela vacuums deep into a PERSIAN RUG grabbing every grain of sand from its pores.

An ALASKAN KING BED is placed perfectly in the middle of the room. Consuela vacuums around a BEAR RUG as it lays lifeless at the foot of the BED.

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- KITCHEN - DAY

A large, white, granite island absorbs most of the kitchen. Consuela pulls out an array of cooking prep items.

HOUSE ALARM
Front gate... open.

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- FRONT DOOR ENTRANCE - DAY

Two(2) men in aprons unload BOXES out of a TRUCK. Consuela opens the FRONT DOOR.

HOUSE ALARM
Front door... open.

CONSUELA
Right this way.

They pull a CART inside the doorway and into the...

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- KITCHEN - DAY

CONSUELA
Right there is fine...

They offload a METAL CHEST onto the marble COUNTER TOP. Consuela grabs a wad of CASH from a DRAWER and hands it to the caterers. They walk out of the KITCHEN.

HOUSE ALARM
Front door... closed.

Consuela opens the METAL CHEST. She smiles. GLASS EELS flail around in the ICE WATER. Consuela preps the EELS. She slams a nail into its eye and filets the meat.

CUT TO:

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- DINING ROOM - EVENING - LATER

Soft eggshell walls with dark wood paneling accents tailor the room. A glass CHANDELIER illuminates twelve(12) guests, all fitted in this years Hampton's most popular suits and dresses. They sit around an elongated TABLE fit for a king. Consuela enters the DINING ROOM with PLATTERS of food.

VINCENT HARTWICK(37) sits at the head of the table.

VINCENT
Ahhhhhhhh yes, here we go!

Guests cheer. CUTLERY in hand, Vincent bangs his fists against the TABLE. Guests join in. Consuela lays out three(3) METAL PLATERS across the table.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
And for the main course...

Consuela opens the METAL PLATERS.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Eel.

STEAMED GLASS EELS lay across the most beautiful presentation.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
Please, enjoy!

All guests raise their GLASSES and cheer.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
More wine Consuela! More wine!

Consuela nods and ducks towards the kitchen.

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- KITCHEN - EVENING

She checks the contents of an opened WINE BOTTLE... empty.

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- WINE CELLAR STEPS - EVENING

Consuela walks down CELLAR STEPS towards a GLASS ROOM, sealed off like a high-tech bank vault. She enters numbers into a KEYPAD, 112603, the Hartwick's anniversary date. The heavy GLASS DOORS unlock. Consuela enters the...

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- WINE CELLAR - EVENING

Consuela walks through row after row of GLASS BOTTLES. She plucks one from its resting place. Consuela steps out of the room. The seal of the DOOR locks behind her.

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- KITCHEN - DUSK

Consuela shuffles around the TABLE. She refills empty WINE GLASSES.

EMMA HARTWICK(32) places her hand on top of her WINE GLASS.

EMMA
None for me.

CONSUELA
Yes Mrs. Hartwick.

Consuela continues down the row of guests. She pours Vincent his fourth glass. Vincent pulls her in.

VINCENT
(whispers)
Do you still have that one I told
you to save?

CONSUELA
Yes Mr. Hartwick. It's in the
kitchen. Just like you asked.

VINCENT
(whispers)
Good. Go and get it.

Consuela nods.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
And Consuela...

Vincent grabs her arm.

VINCENT (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Don't make a show of it, not yet...
hand it to me, I'll take it from
there.

CONSUELA
Very good Mr. Hartwick.

Vincent releases his grasp. Consuela exits towards the...

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- KITCHEN - DUSK

Consuela opens up the METAL CHEST...

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- DINING ROOM- DUSK

Consuela clutches a GLASS EEL under her apron. She carefully walks across the DINING ROOM so as not to draw attention from the other guests. She hands the GLASS EEL to Vincent. Vincent shoos her away.

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- KITCHEN - DUSK

Door swings open and closed. Consuela stands at attention. Her foot wedged in between the DOOR. A sliver of light pierces into the kitchen as Consuela watches the party through the crack.

INT. HAMPTONS MANSION- DINING ROOM - DUSK

VINCENT

I want to make a toast! To my wife! The love of my life.

Emma embarrassed.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

Come on, don't be shy. Come join me Em.

Guests cheer. Emma begrudgingly walks to the other side of the TABLE. She plops down onto Vincents's lap and wraps her dainty arms around his neck. Vincent holds up a WINE GLASS.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

To my lovely wife. The only woman who can put up with me and all my nonsense.

Guests laugh.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

I really am one lucky bastard. To call you mine, well, its truly an honor. Em, your support me in everything I do, I couldn't ask for a better woman to stand by my side.

Emma blushes.

VINCENT (CONT'D)

What do you say Em?

EMMA

What do you say to the man that has everything...? this man, has changed my life for the better, in ways I couldn't even imagine. But don't try to bet against him, you will lose.

Vincent lets out a hardy belly laugh.

VINCENT

Give your husband a kiss, let's
make everyone here jealous.

Emma closes her eyes and leans towards Vincent. From beneath the TABLE, Vincent pulls out a live GLASS EEL. Audible gasps are heard from the guests. It wriggles in his hand just as Emma opens her eyes- but it's too late. Her LIPS meet the creature. It smears her lipstick across her face. Emma SCREAMS.

EMMA

VINCENT!

Vincent throws the GLASS EEL across the table. Guests scream. Vincent howls like a little child. Emma playfully slaps Vincent across the shoulder and wipes the slime from her lips.

Guests chuck the EEL across the TABLE. It makes its way down the TABLE towards a scared guest. She coils in fear, trapped in her chair. Before it can reach her, a KNIFE slams down on the TABLE slicing the HEAD clean off. Vincent holds up the GLASS EEL, like a trophy, as its now headless body flails about.

VINCENT

To friendship! To loyalty! A
symbol of those that did not make
it far. You are here for a reason.
The night is still young and the
party is only just beginning!
Cheers!

All the guests laugh. WINE GLASSES clink. Even the scared guests can't help but let out a sigh of relief and a slight chuckle to the absurdity of what just transpired.

CUT TO: