

SPAGHETTI

A screenplay by
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INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT

LONG SHOT

MARK stands next to a microwave which illuminates the kitchen in an eerie glow. The groan of the microwave bleeds into the silence.

MARK (VOICE OVER)

Mum always use to say "You are what you eat." So she made good food full of love, so we'd end up being good people full of love.

An abrupt and ironically optimistic ping of the microwave fills the room. MARK pulls out a plastic tub, the label reads "Great for two". He dumps half the grey spaghetti into his bowl and watches it peel of the spoon like thick sludge. Slumped over the table he eats his meal in exhausting silence, trying to avoid staring at the empty chair across from him.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT

There isn't much washing to do. Mark scrapes the remaining half of the spaghetti and watches it fall down the bin. He chucks the plastic tub to the side for recycling. As a week goes by we see the tubs pile up one by one, a collection of tasteless meals. The physical embodiment of Mark's loneliness.

CUT TO BLACK:

INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT

The door swings open with a burst of life. The light switches on and the kitchen is suddenly warm and welcoming. Two pairs of legs enter, accompanied by childish giggling. One of them is Mark, the other a woman (SARAH). A large recipe book is thrown on the counter along with a shopping bag and fresh food pours out. The two playfully chop vegetables together, we see them

pinch and brush each-other's hands as they share a chopping board. Water is poured into a large pot and tomato sauce is being stirred in a pan. Mark picks up the spoon, dips his finger in the red sauce and tastes it. The two smile cheekily at each other. We see a close up of a candle being lit. They sit across from each-other and eat their food with the warm glow of candlelight touching their faces.

CUT TO:

INT.KITCHEN.

As times goes by a series of recipe books appear in a pile on the kitchen counter, they're all seasonal. Summer, Autumn, Winter, and Spring. Suddenly, a shopping bag is dumped in front, inside is a microwave meal for two. We watch Mark put it in the microwave and sit down. Mark and Sarah sit across from each other in silence. Mark looks straight ahead as Sarah scrolls through her phone. The microwave groans and spins in the background until we hear the ping.

INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT.

The door opens in a tired fashion, and the light is switched on. Sarah's legs enter the room alone. We watch her throw the meal in the microwave, toss it onto a plate and leave the room, meal in hand. Later the door opens in a similar fashion, its Mark. He too throws a meal in the microwave but instead eats it alone at the table.

FADE TO BLACK

INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT.

The lights are off the and we see their legs standing defensively in the middle of the kitchen facing each-other. A incomprehensible cacophony of accusatory sentences, aimless arguments and hurtful assumptions fill the room. The two leave the room in opposite directions irritated and angry. The kitchen is left cold, empty and silent.

INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT.

Mark sits alone at the table staring at the empty chair across from him. We watch him sit silently. The microwave spins and groans in the background until we hear the ping.

CUT TO BLACK:

We hear two knocks at a door.

INT.KITCHEN.NIGHT

We see Sarah's legs standing at the entrance to the door. The two embrace and she sits down at the table. Mark walks over to the microwave, takes the meal out and throws it in the bin. He grabs a recipe book off the counter instead, and places it in front of her. He grabs his chair from the other side of the table and drags it beside her. We watch the two smile weakly but contently as they look through the book together.

END