

Bon Appétit

by

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Classical music sets the mood. A well-manicured HUMAN HAND lights a set of candles. Pull back to reveal a gourmet CHEF entering a sacred culinary zone. He ties his apron, wipes his hands on a towel.

The chef slices and dices meat and veggies with the precision of a surgeon. He sautéés the medley, humming along while his razor-sharp utensils clang against the cookware in a syncopated beat.

Sweat glistens from the chef's brow as the steam welcomes itself into his space. He takes in the aroma, wafting it toward his flaring nostrils.

The chef samples the goods -- blows an Italian chef kiss -- bellissimo! He plates the food, wipes the rim, removes his apron. He holds the plate to the heavens, exhales with satisfaction -- "ahhhh."

In a sudden turn of events, the chef bends over and gently sets the plate down on the kitchen floor next to his beloved CANINE COMPANION. The pampered pooch chows down!

INSERT - MICROWAVE OVEN

The final countdown on the timer approaches: 3 - 2 - 1 - BEEP, BEEP, BEEP.

BACK TO SCENE

The chef opens the microwave door, takes out a frozen burrito. He tucks a napkin into his shirt collar, takes a seat, digs in.

CUT TO BLACK.