

EATING WHAT'S COOKED

By

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A Yee Son Production

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INT. KITCHEN-EVENING

The house lies in a suburban neighborhood, where all of the houses look the same and everyone is probably doing the same thing the Fishers' are doing at this very moment.

Around a pricey dining room table a young family sits eating dinner. A mother, Laura, 24, a hard working father George, 24 and their son, Sammy, a talking while learning 7 year old.

Under the table, Laura has her shoes nicely placed in front of her bare feet, one foot over the other. Her toes are freshly and neatly painted. George has his feet in dress sock, mismatched, he uncomfortably bounces one foot on its tippy-toes. Sammy's feet hang from his chair, he try to balance his right foot on the small of his dogs back, who is under the table trying to enjoy his dinner.

On the table, the parents eat. Sammy rhythmically strikes his fork against the plate, which has a half eaten roast and untouched mix vegetables. The noise is not irritable but is noticeable.

LAURA

My Father called for you this afternoon.

GEORGE

(Not Enthused)

Oh Yeah, what did he say?

LAURA

Oh you know my father, when he calls to talk to someone and gets somebody else he never leaves a message.

GEORGE

Or he hangs up. Did he hang up?

LAURA

Well I'm his daughter, so no. Plus he wanted to hear every bloody detail about Sammy soccer game.

Laura brushed her hand over Sammy's head.

LAURA

He did so good. You should have seen him.

GEORGE

I wanted to see him. (To Sammy) You know that Champ right?

George's hand brushes Sammy's head. Sammy nods yes, not breaking any rhythm from the fork striking the plate.

GEORGE

I just had work. So how you do kid?

SAMMY

I murdered them.

GEORGE

That's my boy. Then what you do after that?

SAMMY

Well I pulled down my pants and pissed on their ashes.

George laughs.

GEORGE

That's my boy.

LAURA

What a great influence you are? I love what you teach him.

GEORGE

Teach him? I didn't teach him that. Al Capone in the Untouchables did. I just popped in the disk.

LAURA

You let our son watch the Untouchables?

GEORGE

Hey it's not my fault you scheduled a book club meeting on a night that the Mets were rained out and there was nothing to watch.

LAURA

Then who's fault is it?

GEORGE

It must be Joanna's from down the street, it did take place in her house.

SAMMY

That lady's a blow-hole.

Laura's jaw drops and she gasp. George again laughs at his son's uncanniness.

GEORGE

Now that, I or Al Capone can take credit for. Who knows where he learned that?

Laura has her hands over her mouth holding back a laugh. Sammy look back and forth between his father and mother without losing rhythm from his striking of his fork and the plate.

LAURA

No, that, I take credit for.

GEORGE

Get out of town. Mother of the year three years running. No way. I know her, hell I married her, she wouldn't say something like that about someone who she admires so much.

LAURA

Ha. Ha.

Laura wipes her mouth with her napkin.

LAURA

Very funny. This kid is a slimy little ball of joy. You know i thought he was sleeping while i was having a little conversation with Maryann and i think a couple of words were said. I would kind of like to know what else he heard.

GEORGE

Probably oddles of goodies. God only knows what the little bugger is learning in the first grade. You know I learned my first condom joke in the first grade. It was so funny.

LAURA

What's funny is that you forgot to use one.

GEORGE
I did, it broke.

LAURA
That must of been with all of the
other ladies you slept with in high
school because I can remember
straight skin to skin sensation.

GEORGE
Oh was your mouth duck taped
because I didn't hear you say
anything when I said I didn't have
one.

Laura drinks a glass of wine.

LAURA
Maybe you did say that.

GEORGE
Maybe I did.

The anger in both begins to settle. Sammy stops his fork
drumming and places the fork in his plate and grabs a drink
of juice. Then continues drumming.

LAURA
How was work?

GEORGE
Long but worth it.

LAURA
What makes it worth it? You missed
your sons game.

GEORGE
Yeah I know, but what's worth it is
that I know at the end of the day
he'll have a house to come home to,
which my long hours help pay the
bills for. Now I'm sorry for the
game but sometimes things have to
get done.

LAURA
I forgive you. But you know it's
hard cheering for a sport you don't
exactly know the rules for. I think
I told Sally's kid to stick-check
someone. And yelled go for the
touch down before Sammy score the
winning goal.

George smirks.

GEORGE
At least you showed your support.

LAURA
Are you laughing at me.

GEORGE
Only on the inside.

She throws her napkin across the table in a friendly matter.

LAURA
Asshole.

She covers her mouth. She looks at Sammy who is still striking his fork against the plate. She covers the fork and stops the sound. He looks up and smiles.

LAURA
Stop drumming baby and eat your pees. Mommy spent ten minutes cooking that so enjoy it for her.

Sammy looks at his father.

GEORGE
Don't look at me, just eat what's cooked. That's what I did. I mean am doing.

George takes a bite of his vegetables.

LAURA
Go on baby do as your father says. Eat what's cooked. That's how humanity gets threw life.

Sammy begins to eat. Laura stare at George.

GEORGE
I didn't mean that. It was a slip of the tongue.

LAURA
You know we been married for six years and only now do we really communicate. The first two years we talked. But mainly about this, our future, our jobs, our income, our ideal family. The year and two that followed we structured our home and
(MORE)

LAURA (cont'd)

made it stabled. Then we got comfortable with each other and settled in. But it's only now do we both really know what one another thinks about our situation.

GEORGE

I don't regret it. Not today or tomorrow or the days after that. I love my son and I love my wife. I love the way you walk around the house in one of my white tees. I love the way your skin feels when you come out the shower. I love the way you could wear a hat to a ball game and not have hat-hair. I even love the way you correct my mother when she's politically incorrect. And the truth is, if it hadn't been for that night at our junior prom I would be incomplete and not me. I would of been a bum. I wouldn't have gotten a job at where I worked today and wouldn't have a wife to come home to that smiles when I work through the door. I love all that. If I don't say it or show it I'm sorry. But I did eat what was cooked and I'm a better man for it.

LAURA

So am I.

Laura looks like her waterworks were trying to start up. George throws the napkin back. She laughs. Laura looks over at Sammy who is finishing up his last bite of vegetables.

LAURA

That's a good boy. Get ready for bed.

SAMMY

But Mom Law and Order is on tonight.

GEORGE

Special Victims Unit.

SAMMY

Yeah. Can I watch it?

George looks at Laura who politely shakes her head no.

LAURA

Your father will Tivo it for you.
He's really tired from work and
wants to go to bed.

SAMMY

Ok. Don't ruin it for me like you
did last week, asshole.

LAURA

Hey.

SAMMY

I mean dad.

GEORGE

I won't. Get ready for bed.

Sammy runs away the dog follows.

GEORGE

Dinner and sex, ain't I lucky.

LAURA

Why don't you go set up a bath,
soak for a while and wait for my
arrival.

GEORGE

Don't you want me to help you with
the dishes.

LAURA

Don't be a romantically stupid
asshole. Although the gesture is
nice, who doing dishes, when my
husband brought me a dish washer.

GEORGE

How right you are.

George gets up. He walks toward the bedroom.

LAURA

Make sure it's steamy.

GEORGE

(Off Camera)
You know I will.

THE END!