

DINNER FOR TWO

Written by

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INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Kristen, 26, is a thoughtful and hospitable young woman alone in her kitchen, cooking dinner. She hums happily while stirring the spaghetti in a pot on the stove. She pours spaghetti sauce into a small pan on another burner. She turns around and we see her setting a table romantically for 2. She lays out silverware beside the first plate, still humming.

As she turns to lay out the second set of silverware, she suddenly jumps and stops humming. There, on the second plate, is a spider. She stares for a moment, as fright turns to confusion, and cautiously sets down the silverware in her hand.

She looks around the kitchen for a minute, then walks to the bookshelf. She picks up a stack of cookbooks, then slowly approaches the chair in front of the spider's place setting. She gingerly places the stack on the floor next to the chair. She stands and grips the back of the chair with fearful determination, never taking her eyes off of the spider. She carefully edges the chair out from under the table. She doesn't let go quite yet as she makes sure that the spider hasn't moved. It hasn't budged even one leg, which she is relieved about.

Kristen takes the cookbooks one by one and places them on the chair, stopping when they are level with the table, and returns the rest to the shelf. She returns and inspects her handiwork while considering her next move. This is the risky part, and she knows it.

Being more careful than she's ever been in her life, she pinches the edges of the plate with the spider and moves it to the top of the books. In the middle of this endeavor the spider scuttles to the edge of the plate. Kirsten freezes and stares in terror, knowing it could very well jump onto her face and eat her whole. The spider turns expectantly, seeming to say, "well, what're you going to do now?" Of course, it didn't actually say that, because it was a spider, but in this life or death moment Kristen had the right to imagine such things. When the spider doesn't move for a bit, she gathers herself and resumes her task. After what seemed like years, it was finally in its position atop the books.

She returns to the stove to stir and drain the spaghetti, periodically checking over her shoulder that the spider is still there. It doesn't move. She serves herself a plate, spooning tomato sauce over her spaghetti. She turns back to the spider, hands on her hips. Its plate is totally empty, which won't do at all. However, she can't serve it spaghetti, that would be rude. She had learned from her hospitality class never to serve someone food that could crush them, and she lived by that rule.

She considered her options for a moment, then walked briskly through the house out onto her back porch.

EXT. BACK PORCH - DUSK

Kristen walks with determination up to a piece of flypaper she has hanging near the door. She looks at it disgustedly, then takes a flyswatter from a nearby peg on the wall. She plucks the flypaper from the wall with one hand and runs back through the house.

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She approaches the spider and scrapes some flies onto his plate with the flyswatter, then puts it down. She runs over to the trash can and hurriedly drops the paper in. Then she rushes to the sink and washes her hands vigorously. She turns the water off and walks to the fridge, shaking her hands dry. She grabs a half-empty bottle of red wine and pours wine for herself and the spider. She sits and toasts the spider. He doesn't move, but he seems to be enjoying himself.

Kristen takes a long sip from her glass, considering the night's strange events. She sits for a minute observing her dinner guest, but stops when she remembers that it is impolite to stare.

She eats a few bites, and we pan over to her phone, which displays a text from an hour before. The text says, "Sorry baby, but I can't make it tonight. Hope you aren't too lonely for dinner." Cut back to Kristen, who eats a bite, then giggles at the ridiculousness of it all. She puts her fork down and goes into a full on laugh. The commotion disturbs the spider, who makes a run for it. Her instincts kick in, and she slams the spider with the fly swatter before it even makes it off the plate. Realizing what she's done, she remorsefully drops the fly swatter. She sits in upset silence, suddenly sad and alone again.

CUT TO BLACK.