

The Dinner
By
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INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

KITCHEN

A couple, MARTIN (20s) and AUDREY (20s) move about the kitchen.

Martin pulls out ingredients for a salad Audrey pulls out dishes.

The oven is baking with a turkey. Gravy boils on the stove.

DINING AREA

They spread a tablecloth across the table.

TITLE OVER BLACK: THE DINNER

DINING AREA

Audrey looks out onto the unset table. Martin comes up behind her and wraps his arms around her waist. He plants a kiss on her neck.

MARTIN

How you holding up?

She laughs.

AUDREY

Alright, I like to think. I'm still trying to let it sink in.

She grabs his hand and he places it on her stomach.

MARTIN

Yeah, it doesn't feel real.

They hold onto each other then she turns around and passionately kisses him.

AUDREY

You think we're gonna be alright?

MARTIN

Honestly, I dunno.

AUDREY

Yeah, me neither. Well at least lets get through this dinner. Fuck could your parents pick a worse time to visit?

He laughs and then goes back into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

No, no I don't think they could.

He grabs the plates off the counter and then hands them to her. She quickly places them on the table.

MARTIN (CONT.)

I wouldn't feel so obligated if they hadn't come all this way.

She takes the last one and they kiss.

KITCHEN

Martin cuts up a tomato. Audrey cuts up a pepper.

AUDREY

So do you want it to be a boy or a girl?

MARTIN

What?

AUDREY

The baby. What are you hoping it is?

MARTIN

I'm not hoping it's anything.

She stops cutting and looks at him. Martin corrects himself.

MARTIN (CONT.)

I mean I don't really care. I'll be happy if it's a boy or a girl.

She eases up.

AUDREY

Oh come on.

MARTIN

Alright, I guess I'd rather have a girl.

Audrey looks at him.

AUDREY

Why a girl?

Martin shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN

Cause I was kind of a little shit.
I wouldn't want to have to deal
with me as a kid.

AUDREY

And you think I was perfect?

MARTIN

Yeah.

She smiles and shakes her head and then goes back to cutting.

MARTIN (CONT.)

And you certainly were a better kid
then me, seriously, I was a little
horror.

He continues to cut. Suddenly his phone rings. He reaches into his pocket and pulls it out.

MARTIN (CONT.)

Hey. hello? Mom?

He puts one finger in his ear.

MARTIN (CONT.)

Sorry, I can't hear you.

He heads out into the

LIVING ROOM

MARTIN (CONT.)

OK, so you say you're about a few
minutes away? Uh huh. So you'll be
here in about 10 minutes or so?
Thanks for the heads up. Yeah
Audrey and I are doing well.. Yeah,
yeah it's not a problem. We can't
wait to see you. OK, love you. Bye.

He closes the phone. He lets out an exasperated:

MARTIN (CONT.)

God dammit!

He goes back into the kitchen.

MARTIN (CONT.)

Well we got 15 minutes. Luckily my
mom insists my dad drive slow in
winter.

(CONTINUED)

He sighs and Audrey wraps her arms around him, comforting him.

AUDREY
You're just nervous.

MARTIN
Nervous?

He half laughs, half sighs.

MARTIN (CONT.)
No, nervous is what I'll be when we talk to your parents.

She kisses him.

AUDREY
No, scared shirtless is what you'll be when we have to talk to my parents.

MARTIN
I don't even wanna dwell on that now, no I'm just anticipating eventual letdown. Yeah I've been dating a girl for eight months, yeah we love each other, and hey guess what in nine months she'll be having your grandchild.

Audrey pauses.

AUDREY
You make it sound like you think your parents will think I'm not good enough.

MARTIN
No, they will. Hell they'll probably think you're kind of stupid for dating me.

AUDREY
Well I am.

He laughs.

MARTIN
Lovely.

AUDREY

I am.

She plants a kiss and they head into the kitchen.

The phone rings again. He looks down.

AUDREY (CONT.)

Your mom again?

He shakes his head, yes.

MARTIN

Hey, mom... yeah you're reception's
really bad. Hold on.

He heads towards the BALCONY. He slides open the door and
heads outside.

Audrey continues to prep as Martin talks to his mom outside.

She watches him for a moment.

Then she goes about setting the table. Silverware, glasses,
and napkins, and a candle center piece.

INT. BALCONY - EVENING

Martin smokes. He turns around when he hears the door slide
open.

Audrey steps outside.

AUDREY

I thought you quit.

He takes a drag. Then looks at her.

MARTIN

Yeah, yeah I did, and I know. Look
it's just I dunno I'm all nerves.

She looks at him.

AUDREY

You're all nerves?

MARTIN

No, no I mean like, you don't know
my parents.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY

And you don't know mine either.

MARTIN

Touche. No they just have this way of getting under my skin. Like I don't even know if they realize they're doing it. It's almost like a subconscious passive aggression. Like no matter what I do, somehow I'm doing it wrong.

AUDREY

One way or another we're all our parents disappointments.

Martin takes another drag.

MARTIN

That's beautiful. Fucking tragic but beautiful.

AUDREY

I think it's the human condition. Why do you think Michael Cera is so popular?

MARTIN

We all think of ourselves as George Michael Bluth, right. But it's more than that.

He looks out into the night.

MARTIN (CONT.)

When I was younger I'd think of all the great things I'd have done by now. Now what do I got to show? Two semesters of college, a late night job, and oh yeah a kid that I know I sure as fuck am not prepared for. And to top it off, I get to look forward of a night where my parents go back and forth asking me where I'm going and then telling me I'm heading the wrong way. I bet I'll hear about how my brother just got into grad school. And to them my most recent accomplishment is they think I gave up smoking.

He takes one last puff before flicking it off the balcony. She leans on him and plants a small kiss.

(CONTINUED)

AUDREY

Great going on that, by the way.

MARTIN

Thanks.

She looks over at him, he takes a drag.

MARTIN (CONT.)

You know it's kind of funny, when I was a kid I fucking hated dinner. I remember just sitting there in this awkward forced silence. My days had always been "fine," my nights were never not "OK", and I was never thinking anything more then, "not much" at any given time. And like we all sat there day after day, just pretending that this monotony made for some kind of "quality family time," and not really asking cause they cared, but because it continued this mundane routine. Fuck it. And now here I am cooking dinner, and I'm suppose to expect any honesty now?

AUDREY

You never know. You could try it.

MARTIN

Yeah yeah, but honesty only gets them assuming some kind of ulterior motive.

He heaves out a breath. Exhausted.

MARTIN (CONT.)

Christ, it's gonna be a fucking awkward dinner.

AUDREY

Come on, lets go inside. At least if it's gonna be an awkward dinner it might as well have good food.

They head back inside.

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

They look out at the set table. She leans into him.

MARTIN
It looks nice.

He kisses her.

AUDREY
It does.

MARTIN
Yeah we look like an actual
functioning couple.

AUDREY
We are.

She heads to the kitchen and grabs the salad. She places it on the table.

MARTIN
Christ, I'm gonna be a father. Like
I'm not even 25 and I'm going to be
a fucking dad.

He laughs.

AUDREY
Shit, we are having a kid. We're
not prepared for this in the least.

MARTIN
No, we're fucking not.

He sighs.

MARTIN (CONT.)
I really don't want to tell my
parents yet, give them a few more
months where they think I'm just
fucking up my life.

She looks at them. They look at each other.

AUDREY
No, we're gonna tell them tonight.

MARTIN
Tonight.

There's a knock on the door. Martin jumps back.

(CONTINUED)

MARTIN (CONT.)
That's probably them.

They kiss and she whispers into his ear.

AUDREY
Tonight.

He heads towards the door, his hand wraps around the handle,
and he twist it open.