

Recipe

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FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Standing by the entrance of the Parker Junior High School is a small group of women, taking a fresh air break -- that is, they're smoking. Away from them, near a row of parked cars, stands KYLIE, also smoking. Kylie (20s) aloof and with an aggressive glint in her eye, she manages to be more appealingly charismatic than her appearance -- punk haircut, piercings through every plausible facial feature -- would initially justify. Around her neck is a chain and a locket. Kylie leans against a car and takes a deep drag on her cigarette.

Looking off into the parking lot Kylie sees a woman pacing and talking on her cell phone. Kylie can't hear her clearly -- though she can hear the annoying and weirdly amplified clacking of the woman's shoes on the asphalt. The woman is having an argument. This upset woman is JUDY, (late 30s), the embodiment of two stereotypes: those of the borderline O.C.D. businesswoman and the soccer mom. Judy is conservatively dressed and has the dowdiest haircut ever seen. Judy argues into her phone. Without realizing it, she walks right toward Kylie.

JUDY

(on phone, exasperated)

... It's simple, you just heat it at  
350 for half an hour! ... No. ...  
Yes! ... Of course I'll be home by  
ten! ... What do you care? ... Bye!

Judy, flustered, stops walking. She puts her cell phone into her purse. She still hasn't noticed Kylie, leaning just a few feet away. Kylie takes another deep drag on her cigarette, and then takes it and flicks it right at Judy's high-heel shoes, which have just now resumed their annoying clicks. She lets out a huge smoke cloud. As Judy walks by, she looks up at Kylie, pauses, then makes a point to put on an overdone cough.

KYLIE

(muttering under her  
breath)

Preppy bitch.

Judy, a few feet past Kylie by now, stops in her tracks and swings around. Though furious, she checks her temper.

JUDY

Pardon me?

Kylie gets a good look at Judy. She recognizes that she may have pushed a bit too hard.

KYLIE

Hey, gimme a break, lady.

JUDY  
 (Waving her hand as  
 if the smoke were  
 still bothering her)  
 How about you giving me a break?

KYLIE  
 (after considering)  
 Look...

Kylie stands up straight. But Judy still feels a grudge.

JUDY  
 I am not a preppy bitch. And who are  
 you to talk? You don't know anything  
 about me.

KYLIE  
 If you want to know something about  
 me, it's that I don't mean half the  
 shit I say, so let's just forget  
 about it, okay?

It's Judy's turn to get a good look at Kylie. Something about  
 Kylie's smile makes her ease off.

JUDY  
 Okay... forgotten. But you should  
 watch your tongue.

Kylie sticks out her tongue in a mocking attempt to watch it --  
 revealing a rather large-gauge piercing.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
 Ugh.

Judy, partly revolted but also amused, turns to go inside --  
 the other women by the door are likewise heading in. Kylie  
 lingers for a moment, then starts to walk toward the entrance  
 as well.

KYLIE  
 That's right you women-folk, it's  
 time once again to slave over the  
 hot stove.

INT. HOME EC. CLASSROOM -- NIGHT

Montage: The women who were outside, including Judy and Kylie,  
 are dispersed amongst their classmates -- mostly middle-aged  
 women, but a few men too -- around six workstations, each  
 with an oven/range, counter space, drawers, etc. There are,  
 total, about twenty students, arranged three or four to a  
 station. Each messy workstation has on it knives and various  
 prepped ingredients and dirty dishes; there is a general  
 bustle of cooking and eating and cleaning activity around  
 the room.

At the head of the class, behind a somewhat more elaborate workstation, is the teacher, JAMES DALRY: forties, strikingly handsome.

DALRY

Okay, everybody, that's about all the time we have tonight -- time to finish cleanup. Next week we'll be moving on from "little dishes" to entrees, so be sure to read the ingredients list. Are there any questions...?

No one asks questions: some just clean more; many head toward the door and leave. Judy starts to approach Dalry at the front of the room, but Kylie beats her there.

KYLIE

(to Dalry)

Hi Mr. Dalry. I thought the sausages with figs were amazing. But I was wondering... is there anything you you could add to the fondue to make it spicy? I like things... spicy.

Judy just stares from a few feet away. Dalry's unsure if this is supposed to be a come-on or not, but he answers seriously while putting his kitchen things away.

DALRY

Well, you can add cayenne pepper or chili powder, but you can see them. Hold on...

Dalry pulls out a red piece of paper and hands it to Kylie.

DALRY (CONT'D)

... Here's a recipe with suggestions.

KYLIE

Great -- I'll... experiment. See you next Tuesday.

They exchange smiles. Kylie starts to walk toward her desk.

JUDY

(under her breath)

It's Thursday.

KYLIE

What?

Judy clears her throat.

JUDY

Well, today is Thursday; we meet on Thursdays.

KYLIE

Oh yeah, I always get those two confused!

Kylie starts to walk out of the room, but, seeing some fondue spilled on a paper plate, she pauses and dips her finger into it. Looking back at Dalry and Judy, she suggestively puts her finger in her mouth.

Judy is a bit flustered, but she turns to Dalry, who is still gathering his things -- including a sealed container of fondue -- into a bag.

JUDY

Hi, I, um, Mr. Dalry. I had some questions, but I was wondering if you'd like to join me for a drink... It's not a big deal... um...

DALRY

Oh, thanks for the invitation. But I promised my wife I'd bring her some fondue before it congealed. Free food's one of the only benefits of working these late hours.

(pause)

I've really got to rush... but, hey, maybe some other time....

Dalry, obviously insincere, leaves. Judy's embarrassed now. She looks around -- she's the last person in the room, except for Kylie who stayed and watched the whole scene. Judy silently moves past her and exits the room. Kylie follows.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

As Judy walks by a single parked car toward her own, Dalry drives by and waves. Judy raises her hand half-heartedly. Dalry's car exits the parking lot. Judy reaches her car and stops to fish through her bag for her keys.

KYLIE (O.S.)

Fuck! What the fuck!

Judy turns back toward the school. At the single parked car stands Kylie, smoking, and kicking at one of the tires. She looks up and shouts over to Judy.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Do you got a spare?

Judy walks over toward Kylie.

JUDY

Is it flat?

KYLIE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Flatter than my little sister's chest.

JUDY  
 (pause)  
 I don't know how to change a flat.

She looks around: there are no other cars in the lot.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
 Do you have Triple A?

KYLIE  
 (shaking her head)  
 I don't even have insurance.

JUDY  
 Can you call a friend?

KYLIE  
 My friends don't have cars.

JUDY  
 How 'bout a cab?

KYLIE  
 You think I'm made of money?

JUDY  
 (pause)  
 Well... I can give you a ride, I  
 guess.

KYLIE  
 I live pretty far.... But I'll tell  
 you what. I heard you wanted to go  
 for a drink. Drop me off at Fluke's --  
 I'll buy you a drink, and I can get  
 another ride from there.

JUDY  
 I don't know.  
 (pause)  
 Fluke's. I think I've heard of that --  
 off the Whitman bridge, right?

KYLIE  
 That's the one.

Kylie gives a little smile, and then throws down her cigarette  
 and stomps it out. Judy gives a tentative smile back.

INT. JUDY'S CAR -- NIGHT

Judy and Kylie are on the road. There is a tense silence.  
 Kylie begins to clack her tongue-stud against her teeth.  
 Judy just wants her to stop.

JUDY

Uh, my name's Judy, by the way.

KYLIE

Kylie.

The silence resumes. Kylie fingers the locket around her neck. Judy adjust her seatbelt.

JUDY

How come...

KYLIE

Why did you...

They interrupt each other. Judy smiles.

JUDY

You first.

KYLIE

I just wanted to ask why you joined the cooking class.

JUDY

My husband says he loves a home-cooked meal, and I wanted to improve my skills, try new things....

KYLIE

Been married long?

JUDY

Twelve years.... So, how come you took the class, Kylie? No offense, but you don't seem like the domestic type.

KYLIE

Something to do, I guess.... I, uh... you know, really my reasons aren't that different from yours.... Do you mind if I smoke?

JUDY

I guess not, if you roll down the window and watch the ash. But it's a filthy habit, you know. You should quit.

Kylie rumble through her coat pockets. She pulls out a pack of cigarettes. As she does a red piece of paper falls out of her pocket, unnoticed by her. Kylie rolls the window down all the way, lights up a cigarette. She leans slightly out of the window.

KYLIE

Yeah, I know. I'm addicted.

JUDY

Oh. Well, we all have our vices.

KYLIE

(turns to Judy)

What are yours?

Judy just keeps her eyes on the road. Suddenly, her cell phone rings: a distinctive tone. But the phone is in her purse.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Do you want to get that?

JUDY

It's my husband -- I can't talk while I'm driving, it'll just have to wait.

The phone stops ringing, but then makes a chirping noise.

JUDY (CONT'D)

He's just wondering where I am -- probably upset as usual. Anyway... what did you mean about cooking class, that your reasons aren't that different from mine?

KYLIE

Well, you said you've been married for twelve years, right? I've been with someone for four.... I, um.... You know those cookies you brought to the class a couple of weeks ago? I brought some home... I actually lied and said I'd made them. Sammy thought they were awesome.

JUDY

Well, at least he liked them.

KYLIE

She. She liked them.

Judy is mildly riled by the disclosure.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

(pause)

So I mean that it's hard, you know... after awhile, to keep the fire going...

Kylie takes a deep drag on her cigarette.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

It becomes routine. So I thought we should have some separate interests.

(MORE)

KYLIE (CONT'D)

"Try new things," as you said. So I have knitting on Tuesdays and cooking on Thursdays. I don't know why I'm telling you all this.... Sammy and I have been fighting a lot lately.

Kylie throws the stub of her cigarette out the window. Judy's phone starts to ring again.

JUDY

He won't give me a break! It's not like he's worried, he's just being a jerk. I can call him from the bar -- we're almost there, right?

EXT. FLUKE'S PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Judy drives her car into the partly filled, quiet lot of a somewhat dark-looking bar. Aside from the name -- Fluke's -- above the door, there are some tasteful neon beer signs, but not much else for adornment.

INT. JUDY'S CAR -- NIGHT

JUDY

Kylie, would you mind if I made this call? It'll only be a minute.

KYLIE

Take your time.

Judy begins to reach into her purse, as Kylie opens her door to step out.

EXT. FLUKE'S PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Kylie shuts the car door behind her, and as she does so, Judy's cell phone rings again.

JUDY (O.S.)

Ugh!

The passenger-side window is still down, so, leaning against the car and lighting up a cigarette, Kylie can hear Judy perfectly. Judy has answered her cell phone, upset. Kylie smokes and listens, occasionally fingering the locket.

JUDY (CONT'D)

What? ... It's just after ten! ... I know what I said! ... I have an early morning too, you know! ... Can't you do the dishes some time?! No, I don't know when I'll be home. ... Someone from my class got a flat tire. ... No, it's a she!

(MORE)

JUDY (CONT'D)

... It's not charity. ... No, I was driving and couldn't pick up. ... Yes, I'll be along... Me inconsiderate! ... Don't swear at me! ... We'll talk about this when I get home! ... Okay, then, tomorrow! ... Bye!

PAUSE.

Judy collects herself. Kylie begins to walk toward the bar's entryway. Judy gets out of her car.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Kylie?

Kylie turns around.

JUDY (CONT'D)

You know, I really should get going...

KYLIE

I'd like to buy you a drink, to thank you for the ride. Of course, it's up to you...

JUDY

Thanks for the invitation... Maybe some other time?

It registers on Judy's face that she heard the same line earlier in the evening.

JUDY (CONT'D)

(pause)

Well, I guess I have time for one drink.

Judy shuts her car door and begins to walk toward Kylie.

INT. FLUKE'S BAR -- NIGHT

Kylie walks in and seems instantly at ease. The bar is a good-sized, warm and homey, mellow kind of dive -- a lot of smoke, music on the jukebox, convivial laughter. While it isn't crowded, it's not empty either. Kylie is trailed by Judy, who looks as if she just stepped into a foreign land -- and of course her business attire and high heels make her stand out. Judy notices, the patrons greet Kylie, that most of them are women; and it dawns on her that this might be a bar for a particular clientele.

Kylie and Judy go to a small empty table near the bar and sit down. The bartender, CHRISTINA -- large, fifty-something -- walks over, carrying a beer and a shot.

CHRISTINA

Hey there, crazy girl! Here's the usual. I was hoping to see you tonight!

She leans in and gives Kylie a peck on the cheek. Judy is flustered by the display, but smiles.

KYLIE

Hi, Christina... Sammy's home tonight.... Um, this is Judy. She's in my cooking class.

CHRISTINA

And what's your poison, ma'am?

JUDY

I, um...

KYLIE

Oh, you have to have a shot with me, come on, "ma'am"!

JUDY

Well, okay. One shot of whatever she's having, please.

CHRISTINA

Coming right up.

Christina walks back to the bar. Judy tries to get comfortable in her chair. The jukebox begins to play a cheesy -- which makes Judy laugh 80s power ballad.

JUDY

It's funny. I love this song!

KYLIE

Hell yeah!

Kylie starts to sing along to the song; Judy joins her tentatively for a few bars, then more strongly. Christina comes back with the shot. Kylie and Judy abruptly stop singing.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Christina. My car's got a flat. Can you give me a lift home, when you're done here?

CHRISTINA

All right, crazy girl... you're on my way anyhow. But it'll be a few hours....

KYLIE

That's okay... Thanks.

JUDY

I'm glad that worked out...

KYLIE

Yeah... so, I think we should have a toast.

She raises her shot glass. Judy does likewise, but not very enthusiastically.

JUDY

To what?

KYLIE

To bubbling passions, to melting and mixing and oozing. In other words, to fondue.

Judy smiles, a bit relieved.

JUDY

To fondue.

They drink. Kylie empties her glass in one swallow. Judy sips, and grimaces.

JUDY (CONT'D)

What is this?

KYLIE

Jagermeister... or, as I call it, my "medicine."

Judy raises her eyebrows and swallows the rest quickly. Almost immediately she begins to blush.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

Have another? Doctor's orders.

JUDY

No, really, one's it for me, thanks. I should be going.

KYLIE

What's the rush? Your husband's pissed off anyway. You need to put the kiddies to bed?

Judy flinches. Kylie -- who had been sipping at her beer -- puts it down for a moment.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

You have kids?

JUDY

Yes... twin girls. They'll be eleven soon.

KYLIE

Twins, no kidding? Frickin' cool.

Kylie takes a swig at her beer.

JUDY

Yes... they're a handful. And, well, they're staying with their grandparents for a couple of weeks while my husband and I... try to....

Judy begins to look melancholic. Kylie jumps in.

KYLIE

I always wished I had a twin. It must be nice, to have someone, always.

JUDY

It's a special bond...

KYLIE

You know how they say that everyone has a twin somewhere? I always wondered about that. I am a lonely child.

Kylie finishes her beer.

JUDY

An only child...?

KYLIE

Same difference...

JUDY

Didn't you mention a little sister?

KYLIE

(pause)

I just made her up.

Judy is surprised and curious.

JUDY

Did you make up Sammy too?

It's Kylie's turn to flinch.

KYLIE

No: she's real. I mean I we all make them up, our lovers that is, to what we want them to be...till we find out they are real. But if we're going to talk about her, I need another drink.

Kylie gets up and walks over to Christina, who, with a concerned look, refills her glass. Kylie swallows the Jager

quickly and puts the glass down on the bar, motions for a refill. Christina obliges. Kylie returns to the table with her shot. She's clearly a bit tipsy. She lights a cigarette and smokes.

JUDY

So why isn't Sammy with you? Does she mind you going out without her?

KYLIE

She gets jealous, but I don't care what she thinks. I told you: we're trying to have separate interests.

JUDY

"Separate interests" -- does that include our cooking teacher?

KYLIE

What!? I only did all that to see what you would do!

JUDY

What I would do! Wait... did you want me to come... here... so you could see what I would do, too?

KYLIE

No... Judy, I just thought... you could relax a bit. It's a funky place, it's cozy, it's...

Judy's phone starts to ring again. She stares at her purse, but doesn't move to open it. The phone stops ringing.

JUDY

It's okay.... This place. Who knows, Kylie; maybe I'll become a regular....

Judy takes Kylie's shot and downs it. Kylie is surprised. Judy smiles a bit, and lets out a small laugh. Kylie stares at Judy.

KYLIE

Got a crush on the Jagermeister?

JUDY

No, but maybe a little one on "meister" James Dalry....

Kylie and Judy laugh.

JUDY (CONT'D)

... And ... who knows? ...

KYLIE

I need another drink: I'd like to make a toast.

JUDY

Oh, don't go overboard...

Judy watches as Kylie gets up and walks to the bar. She holds one finger up to Christina, who reluctantly pours a shot. Kylie takes the shot in one hand, and, using the other for leverage, manages to stand up on a barstool next to the bar. She assumes a pose for a toast.

KYLIE

You see, I had this problem. My father. Well, he left me this fucking locket. But I had no pictures that I wanted to put in there. And so for the longest time, I wore it empty around my neck. It was empty until I met someone... and she, I mean, I love her -- or I loved her -- but, well, she's anything but photogenic. She knows it. I know it. So instead of a picture she just wrote me a note and stuck it in my locket. And the note was all about love... it's all about love. And I love all of you here. You are all like family. So this is to family.

Kylie raises her shot glass.

KYLIE (CONT'D)

To all of you here, making me smile. So when my fucking shrink tells me to go to my happy place, I have a fucking happy place to go to!

She drinks -- as do various patrons around the bar.

CHRISTINA

Hey, crazy girl, let me help you down from there. Just because you drink like a fish doesn't mean you can fly like a bird.

Christina helps Kylie down and escorts her back to the table.

JUDY

Kylie, that was really something.

CHRISTINA

Yeah it was -- and it was really something the other times she said it, too.

KYLIE

Well, I mean it!

JUDY

Kylie... I'm sorry, it's late, I really have to get going now. If you want... I could give you a lift home.

KYLIE

No, that's okay...

CHRISTINA

I'll take care of her....

JUDY

All right... you're sure?

KYLIE

I'm sure... I don't think your husband knows what a lucky man he is.

JUDY

Maybe Sammy doesn't know how lucky she is, either.

Judy and Kylie smile at each other.

JUDY (CONT'D)

So, I'll see you next Thursday, okay?

KYLIE

Hell yeah. Thursday for cooking.

Judy exits.

INT. JUDY'S CAR-- NIGHT

Judy enters her car. Her cell phone rings--this time she opens her purse and answers it.

JUDY

(on the phone)

Hello.

As she listens to her phone she notices the passenger window is still rolled down.

EXT. FLUKE'S PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

The car window slowly rolls up. Silence. Judy still on the phone.

INT. HOME EC. CLASSROOM -- NIGHT

Now fashionably, coifed and attired, Judy sits on a stool at one of the workstations. She looks anxiously around. Various people sit at other workstations. Kylie is nowhere to be seen. Judy walks to the window -- she carries a red, somewhat crumpled piece of paper. The classroom door opens, and Judy looks over: just another student. Judy, disappointed, returns to her seat. The door opens again: in walks an older man.

He goes to the head workstation and puts down his shoulder bag.

JUDY  
(to student sitting  
nearby)  
Hey, excuse me, do you know what  
happened to James Dalry?

STUDENT  
Who?

JUDY  
The teacher?

STUDENT  
(confused)  
Um, I don't know...

STUDENT 2  
James Dalry, is that you you're asking  
about?

JUDY  
Yes! Where is he tonight?

STUDENT 2  
He teaches on Thursdays.

JUDY  
Right... but...

STUDENT 2  
It's not Thursday, it's Wednesday.

STUDENT  
Been Wednesday all day.

JUDY  
Oh, my word.... How silly....

Judy gathers her things and starts to leave. She is embarrassed, but smiling.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
I always get those two confused!

As she is about to leave, she looks at the piece of red paper she has in her hand. It is the recipe that James Dalry gave to Kylie. She takes a final look at it, smiles, and leaves it on the desk as she proceeds to walk out.

FADE OUT