

WHAT'S FOR DINNER

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On behalf of Aurea Williamson

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INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

CLAIRE is standing at the kitchen table - cleaning the sink.

MARK walks in and watches her for a moment. She doesn't realise he is there.

He sneaks up behind her and grabs her from behind. She jumps.

It's immediately obvious that she's scared of him.

CLAIRE

(nervous)

What did you do that for? I didn't even hear you come in.

MARK

Just wanted to make sure you're not hiding something from me.

CLAIRE laughs nervously and then breaks away from his grasp and walks away towards the kitchen door.

MARK (CONT'D)

...Well, are you?

CLAIRE

Am I what?

MARK

Hiding something.

CLAIRE

You know I'm not.

MARK walks towards her.

MARK

So why don't I believe you?

CLAIRE

I'd tell you. You know I would.

MARK

Would you?

CLAIRE

Yeah, of course.

CLAIRE strokes his arm reluctantly - but trying to solve the situation. She smiles, hoping that he will believe her.

MARK

So why did JANET tell me she saw you at the shops earlier?

CLAIRE walks back to the other side of the kitchen - back to cleaning the sink.

MARK (CONT'D)

You go shopping on Wednesday, right? So why were you there today?

CLAIRE

I, err- I had some bits I forgot to buy the other day that-

MARK

Did you talk to that young shopkeeper?

CLAIRE

(innocently)

No.

MARK

JANET said she saw you chatting to him.

CLAIRE

Not really. I had to pay for the things so-

MARK

What did he say to you?

CLAIRE

Nothing. I don't remember.

MARK

Nothing or you don't remember? It can't be both.

CLAIRE

I paid for the things and left. He may have told me how much it come to, but that's it. I didn't chat to him or anything, I promise.

MARK leans in - studying her and making her feel increasingly uncomfortable.

MARK

...I'm only joking. You should see your face. Ha-ha! You need to relax.

MARK walks away.

MARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
...What's for dinner? I'm starving.

CLAIRE lets out a deep breath - she watches him closely as he disappears into the living room.