SOUP

Written by

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Address Phone Number INT. HOME THERAPY - DAY

A spacious room. A sofa-bed on which laying a men, DINO(34). Wife bitter, over-sided denim. Under the cloth we see faded full body tattoos.

Crossing the room is a chair next to a cafe table. FIONA(40) sits. Crossing leg. A clipboard and a cassette player in hand. All business. But not unapproachable. A soft look and vague smile.

It is a living room renovated into a therapy room. It's Fiona's home studio.

The cassette sound:

MEN (V.O.)

...ahh...yes. I can't recall specific ways I thought about it...

Fiona hits the player stop.

FIONA

Let's pick up from where we left behind last week, shall we?

DINO

Yes.

FIONA

When you say you can't recall specific ways...It...Is it about the girl we talked about last time?

DINO

(peaceful, slow)

Yes I was grooming her...From the age of...It started from the age of...I can't recall. I was punisher, I was the one who decided...and...If I seen her doing anything wrong, even arguing with other children, I will whip her, and tell her. I will tell myself, oh, she is not gonna be like that no more. She is gonna be perfect.

FIONA

Grooming. Why do you choose that word?

DINO

I was grooming her. I was grooming her to...fit me.

Fiona rubs the pen with thumb and index finger. She knocks one end of it on the empty paper on a clipboard. Nodding.

FIONA

I am listening.

DINO

I tell myself it is gonna be easy. I'm gonna have my own child. Which is not blood related to me. And I am telling you it is not blood related to me. But when she grown up, I will have the perfect...

Dino turns to the door. He sniffs.

DINO (CONT'D)

Soup.

FIONA

(benevolent smile)
My daughter. Sorry for that. She loves cooking.

DTNO

How come I never knew that, doctor. Such a talented family.

FIONA

Thank you. You are flattering. Let's keep talking about you? When was it...how old was she?

DINO

Yes. 8, probably 9. I didn't keep track of that. Honestly I don't care.

FIONA

How do you feel? Right now talking about that.

DINO

Good. I feel good. I don't know. Nothing much.

INT. HOME THERAPY - NIGHT

Dino pushes open the door.

DINO

Yo. I'm early today.

Nobody in the room. It is dark. Only an unclosed MacBook on the sofa shines mysterious blue light.

DINO (CONT'D)

Fiona?

Dino scrabbles for the light. Finally find the switch. He turns it. Still nobody in the room. He is perplexed.

Dino walks toward the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A small living room with a kitchen. Right next to the therapy room. Dino steps into the kitchen. He sniffs. It is familiar.

Following the smell, Dino locates a pot sealed with plastic wrap on the corner of kitchen counter. A pot of soup.

Dino looks down to his belly, rubs it.

DTNO

I could use some of that.

Without a second of hesitation, he breaks the seal and drinks it. Down to the throat. He doesn't forget to lick the pot and his lips for the last bit. A burp.

DINO (CONT'D)

Cantonese pork soup. You do know how to...

A sudden stroke hits Dino. He tris to balance himself with the counter.

His legs shake. Dizziness and head pain hits him mercilessly. Dino cannot hold himself. He knocks onto the floor.

Wobbling, twitching, rolling. Cold sweat comes down his head. Foams out of his mouth. Dino is dying.

Key turns sound from the main door. The nob is turned.

Fiona walks in with two grocery bags. She sees the body. Startled. Bags drop on the floor.

FIONA

АННИНИНИНИНННН !!!

(freezes)

Wait... Dino?

Fiona approaches. Seems not surprise anymore. She bends down to the body. Still twitching. Dino flips over as if trying to say something. But foams choke him.

Fiona gives a profound smile.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Dion. Poor Dino.

She picks up the pot on the floor. Gets up to the sink and washes it.

FIONA (CONT'D)

We were planning to invite you later. What's the hurry?

She turns to the Dino on the floor. Same smile, soft, kind, but also something else in it.

FIONA (CONT'D)

My daughter would love to see you like this...oh Dino. You ruined it.