

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.

DINO

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.

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.