

INT. GEORGE AND MARTHA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

A slick, modern kitchen of curved edges and pure white detailing has been neglected for several months, or at least its upkeep has been lazy and sporadic. A thin layer of dust collects in a corner beneath a cabinet. A slice of wall is dully stained. Plates, teacups and cutlery are stacked high in the sink, but a dishwasher remains untouched. A pipe running beneath the ceiling is damp and cracked. An unfinished meal sits on the kitchen bench, next to a stack of books, papers and knickknacks. A digital radio drones in the background, its source unseen.

MARTHA, late 20s, wearing a loose pastel blue sweater, sits slouched at the kitchen table, one hand holding a book open, the other holding a teacup inches from her face. The table itself is stacked with plates and a variety of papers. MARTHA's eyes, half-closed and disengaged, pass over the same sentence over and over again, her teacup eternally moments from her lips.

A door opens and closes. MARTHA glances sideways momentarily, before returning to her book. GEORGE, early 30s, wearing a beige sweater over a white shirt, enters the kitchen sluggishly, a leather briefcase dangling from one hand. He stops a foot away from the kitchen table and drops the suitcase. MARTHA doesn't react.

GEORGE
(expressionless)
We pitched to the local Panasonic executives today.

MARTHA does not look up from her book, finally taking a sip of tea.

GEORGE
(cont'd)
Blew them out of the water. They said it was the best creative they'd seen. (beat) Off world, of course.

MARTHA
(by reflex)
That's great, honey.

GEORGE observes MARTHA, her eyes never leaving the page. He moves towards the kitchen bench.

GEORGE
What's for dinner?

MARTHA
There's some chicken in the fridge.

GEORGE opens the fridge, and removes a plastic tub. On the lid is printed "Pan-roasted chicken with sweet potatoes and sauteed leek". He grimaces, and places the tub in the microwave, which lights up and whirs to life. A tiny glimmer of interest and excitement comes across GEORGE's face as he turns to the seated MARTHA.

GEORGE

The thing at the moment is getting people excited about cooking. The process, the ingredients, the experience. The product is essential but it's not the key.

MARTHA

(takes a long sip of tea)
Mm-hm.

GEORGE

It's like everything up here. You're supposed to enjoy the things you always have, but we're all here to not only make it easier for each other, but increase that enjoyment. Without everything that came with it and got in the way before.

GEORGE strolls away from the microwave, and pauses before the overflowing sink.

GEORGE

We're just trying to show people how good they've got it, how good we've got it. It's all part of living this rich, sensual, emotional life that we've all worked so hard for. It's about enjoying this privilege we have together.

The microwave dings, and GEORGE's head darts up. He walks slowly to the microwave, the glimmer of excitement gone, and removes a steaming plate of chicken, sweet potato and leek, lavishly plated and garnished. He takes a fork from the sink and rinses it briefly, dries it on a towel and begins eating his dinner leaning on the bench.