

"Spaghetti Sauce" by Emily Clarkin

Young Creative Awards 2021 Winner (Creative Writing, 16-18)

BLACKOUT.

FADE UP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (APPROX. 8:30)

We see a living room in a house. The lights are off. It looks like a typical house, nothing out of the ordinary - yet. In the middle of the room, there's a sofa with a coffee table in front of it, and stairs going up behind it.

MUM

(off-screen)...on a late shift tomorrow, so I won't be home until about 8. I'll leave some lunch in the fridge, and I'll text you what to get from Sainburys. Fancy pasta for dinner?

We hear a key going into a lock, then the front door opening (still off-screen).

DAUGHTER

Yeah, sounds nice.

The light turns on.

Two people walk into the living room. MUM (41) and LIZ (17). Mum is carrying bags of shopping. She's wearing a long dark orange coat and a scarf. Liz is carrying a few bags and a football. She drops the football at the door. She's wearing a jacket and a football kit that has mud on it.

MUM

Go and get changed, I'll put your kit in the wash.

Liz runs up the stairs while Mum walks into the kitchen. They are both off-screen.

We hear the kitchen light switch on and then a scream from Mum. We hear her drop the shopping bags, glass smashing.

She screams again.

Liz runs down the stairs quickly in a panic.

LIZ

What? WHAT?

Liz runs off-screen into the kitchen.

We hear a loud gasp before she walks out of the kitchen.

She sits on the sofa in shock.

Mum walks out of the kitchen. She's also shocked. Her hand is on her forehead and her eyes are wide open.

Mum picks up a phone and calls someone.

MUM
P-police, p-p-please. Thank you.

Mum listens on the phone. Liz is curled up on the sofa.

MUM
(Quietly) Yes, hello, um. There's a leg in my kitchen.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (APPROX. 9:00)

Mum is pacing around the room. Liz is sitting at the bottom of the stairs.

MUM
I don't know how it *got there*, I don't know who it *belongs* to, all I know is there's a **leg..** in my **kitchen.**

There's a pause while someone on the phone speaks.

MUM
(Shouting, angry) I just got home, I was about to make myself a cup of tea and when I turn the light on, I find a leg in my kitchen. What don't you understand? Nope, just the leg. If there was an *arm*, I would've said there's an *arm* in my kitchen.

The person on the phone starts speaking again until Mum angrily hangs up.

She's very frustrated.

Liz stands up.

LIZ
What did they say?

MUM
(Calmly) They said.. they will be here
as soon as possible.

LIZ
What are we supposed to do with a leg
in the kitchen?

MUM
I don't know.

There is a long silence.

LIZ
Do you think I would be better at
football if I had three legs?

MUM
Probably better than this poor chap.

They both turn towards the kitchen.

LIZ
I'm going to get changed.

MUM
I'm going to put the shopping away.

Liz goes upstairs. Mum stops at the entrance, preparing
herself before going back into the kitchen.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (APPROX. 10:00)

Mum and Liz are sitting on the sofa. Mum's coat is off and
Liz is wearing pyjamas, her hair wet from the shower.

LIZ
I wonder where the rest of him is.

MUM
Who?

LIZ
The guy missing his leg.

MUM

Probably at the hospital, you would think.

LIZ

How would he get there? Assuming he's still alive.

MUM

People can survive having their legs chopped off. He probably just called an ambulance or something.

LIZ

Maybe the rest of him is still here. Did you check the cellar?

MUM

Why would he be in the cellar?

LIZ

I would go to the cellar if my leg got chopped off.

Mum stands and leaves the room.

She comes back on-screen a few moments later. She sits down with a sigh.

MUM

Well, he wasn't down there, but the window was broken. Maybe he escaped.

LIZ

Maybe his murderer escaped.

MUM

He could still be alive, we don't know.

LIZ

I'm just saying, I think the chances are small. Someone who went through all this trouble to chop his leg off would've probably finished the job.

MUM

Maybe it was a freak accident. Maybe there was no one after him.

LIZ

I think... this guy was on the run from a crazy escaped prisoner looking for revenge, and he chased him all around town, and they ended up here. Then he cut his leg off because he's obviously a psycho, then he killed him and took the body.

MUM

What about the leg?

LIZ

What about it?

MUM

Why would he leave the leg in the kitchen?

LIZ

Maybe he just forgot. If I was gonna 'revenge kill' someone, I wouldn't be thinking "whoops can't forget that leg, silly me." I would be thinking "wow, I finally got the guy, I should call it a day and go home."

MUM

I hope you wouldn't be thinking about it in the first place.

LIZ

In a *hypothetical situation*, that's what I would do.

MUM

What did the guy do?

LIZ

Which guy?

MUM

The guy missing his leg. If someone wanted to go through all this trouble to chop his leg off, he must've done something really bad.

LIZ

Killed his dog? Children? Maybe the rest of his family too.

MUM
I have no idea where you get this wild
imagination from.

LIZ
Obviously not from you.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (APPROX. 11:00)

Liz is sitting on the sofa. Mum is off-screen in the kitchen.

MUM
What do you want for dinner?

LIZ
What are my options?

Mum walks into the front room holding the phone in her hand.
She throws it onto the sofa.

MUM
Anything you can order in the next 10
minutes. I was going to make pasta,
but the jar of spaghetti sauce smashed
when I dropped the bag.

Liz looks over to the kitchen floor.

LIZ
Looks like blood.

MUM
That *is* blood, I cleaned up the sauce.

LIZ
Oh... Pizza?

MUM
Cheese pizza?

LIZ
Cool.

MUM
Get something to drink, too.

LIZ
Can I get some cookies?

MUM
No, we have digestives in the
cupboard.

Liz types the phone number in and rings.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (APPROX. 11:30)

Mum and Liz are sitting on the sofa. Mum has a cup of tea.

LIZ
What kind of accident?

MUM
What?

LIZ
If it wasn't an escaped prisoner
looking for revenge, which I think is
most likely, then what kind of freak
accident would cut someone's leg off?

MUM
Maybe he trapped it in his car door.

LIZ
(Sarcastically) Which explains how it
ended up in our kitchen.

MUM
Animal attack?

LIZ
It probably would've kept the leg.

MUM
He could've slipped and fallen on a
chainsaw.

LIZ
Show me the chainsaw, then I'll
believe you.

MUM

Maybe it was a--

There's a knock on the door.

Mum and Liz look at each other.

Liz stands up.

MUM

Is that the police?

LIZ

I didn't see any lights.

MUM

Maybe we missed them.

LIZ

It could be the murderer, coming back to dispose of the evidence. And the witnesses!

MUM

Shut up and check the door.

Liz goes to the front door (off-screen).

Mum waits, sitting on the edge of the sofa nervously.

A minute later, Liz walks back into the room, holding two pizza boxes, a Pepsi, and a bag of cookies.

Mum relaxes and falls back on the sofa.

LIZ

Just the pizza.

MUM

Put it here.

She clears a space on the coffee table.

Liz puts the pizzas down.

MUM

You got cookies?

LIZ

I thought after this traumatic experience I deserved something to

comfort me. And digestives are boring.

MUM

As long as there's enough for me.

LIZ

There's three. One for me, one for you, and one for that guy.

She nods her head towards the kitchen.

MUM

You're not funny.

LIZ

You're right. He doesn't need a whole cookie, he's not even a whole person.

MUM

And he doesn't even have a mouth.

LIZ

So it's funny when you say it, just not me?

They bite into their pizza when there's another knock on the door.

Liz rolls her eyes and stands up.

MUM

Wait, it's not the police, I didn't see any lights.

LIZ

You probably just missed them while you were gazing at my cookies.

Liz goes to the door.

LIZ

I can't see anyone. Probably just--

She doesn't finish her sentence.

Mum stands up, confused.

MUM

Liz?

The front door creaks.

The wind howls.

Silence.

THE END