

LOVER'S PASTA

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CLINIC, DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

ADAM WONG (30), male, doctor, stands up from his seat suddenly and rubs his temple.

ADAM WONG  
You're fucking crazy, Anthony!  
First of all, I'm a cosmetic  
surgeon. A plastic surgeon. Not a  
butcher! I'm not going along with  
this. Not at all! Mom would kill  
me!

ANTHONY WONG, male, late twenties, slowly stands, and walks in front of his older brother to look him in the eyes. He limps noticeably.

ANTHONY WONG  
Mom will never know, Adam. And who  
else am I going to ask, huh? You're  
my blood and you have the  
knowledge, expertise, resources,  
and credentials to pull this off.

ADAM WONG  
Of course I do! That's not the  
point!

Anthony shrugs questioningly.

ANTHONY WONG  
Then what is?

ADAM WONG  
Why are you doing this? Wouldn't a  
box of chocolates, some roses, and  
a card be enough to try and get her  
back?

Anthony flinches and sits back down. He rubs his eyes as if to suppress tears from falling. He shakes his head.

ANTHONY WONG  
I don't want her back... she  
wouldn't... she won't come back  
even if I begged.

ADAM WONG  
Then... *why?*

ANTHONY WONG  
I need closure.

ADAM WONG  
Bullshit!

ANTHONY WONG  
And...

ADAM WONG  
Revenge, right!

Anthony considers the question for a moment.

ANTHONY WONG  
Kind of, but not exactly. It's  
like... it's like a secret joke I'm  
playing on her.

ADAM WONG  
Sick fucking joke. You've always  
had a twisted sense of humor.

ANTHONY WONG  
So you'll do it?

ADAM WONG  
Hell no!

ANTHONY WONG  
Come on!

ADAM WONG  
Fuck you!

Anthony points an accusing finger at his brother.

ANTHONY WONG  
No, fuck you! You owe me!

ADAM WONG  
For what?

ANTHONY WONG  
You stole my girlfriend in high  
school!

ADAM WONG  
What?

ANTHONY WONG  
I saw Beverly first!

ADAM WONG  
 Beverly is my wife, your *sister-in-law*, now, bastard!

ANTHONY WONG  
 (thinking on the fly)  
 I wanted to be the doctor but stood  
 aside so you could go to med  
 school.

Adam guffaws.

ADAM WONG  
 You've always hated medicine, liar!  
 And I paid for you to go to your  
 fancy cooking school in France! Did  
 you forget about that!?

A light shines in Anthony's eyes. He lifts his right pant leg  
 above his knee to reveal a scarred, emaciated, crippled leg.

ANTHONY WONG  
 What the Hell are you doing?

ADAM WONG  
 Remember this?

ANTHONY WONG  
 Your leg?

ADAM WONG  
 Yes, my leg, asshole!

ANTHONY WONG  
 What about it?

ADAM WONG  
 It's been the primary source of all  
 my problems growing up. Pain,  
 physical hardships, and worst of  
 all, ridicule from other kids.

ANTHONY WONG  
 I was there, dumb ass, remember?

ADAM WONG  
 When I started school, someone gave  
 me the nickname *Legsworth*. It was  
 so hard to deal with. Harder than  
 being called a cripple or a freak  
 because I knew other kids were  
 called the same.

But every time somebody called me *Legsworth*, I knew I was the only one who held that title.

Adam sighs.

ANTHONY WONG  
Big brother?

ADAM WONG  
(resignedly)  
What?

ANTHONY WONG  
Who gave me the name and what did it mean?

ADAM WONG  
I did.

ANTHONY WONG  
What did it mean?

ADAM WONG  
I forgot.

ANTHONY WONG  
Who's the liar now, hypocrite?

ADAM WONG  
It was short for *your leg is worthless*. Alright? Happy now?

ANTHONY WONG  
No. I'll be happy when you agree to my plan.

ADAM WONG  
What does that have to do with calling you *Legsworth*?

ANTHONY WONG  
If... no, let me rephrase that... *when...* you go along with my plan, you will have made up for all of the heartaches and struggles I have had to put up with growing up.

Adam's brows furrow. He takes a deep breath.

ADAM WONG  
You scheming, calculating, manipulative, blackmailing, cold-hearted, using, piece-of-sh...

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Anthony sets a table for two.

SOMEONE knocks at the door.

Anthony walks to the door and opens it.

AMAYA, a beautiful, dark-haired female, in her early twenties, stands on the other side. She leans in to hug Anthony, but he raises a hand, instead, to wave a greeting.

ANTHONY WONG

Hi.

AMAYA

Hi.

ANTHONY WONG

Come in. Hope you're hungry.

AMAYA

Starving. I didn't eat lunch yet.

Amaya sits at the small table.

Anthony pours drinks and serves the food.

Amaya notices Anthony's limp.

AMAYA

Your limp.

ANTHONY WONG

I always limp. You know that.

AMAYA

I mean, you're limping more. Is your leg okay?

Anthony serves the food.

ANTHONY WONG

I'm fine. I just had a new procedure done on it last week. It's getting better. I'm limping more because of the meds.

AMAYA

Maybe you should change your medication.

ANTHONY WONG

Nah. It's cool. Really. I don't want to bother my brother again. In fact, he didn't even charge me.

AMAYA

Wait a minute, your brother, the *plastic surgeon* did it?

Anthony laughs.

ANTHONY WONG

Yeah. He probably injected my leg with some Botox.

Amaya laughs.

INT. CLINIC, PRE-OP AREA - DAY

Anthony lays in bed dressed in a patient's robe.

Adam stands next to a large anatomical chart, that sits on an easel, facing Anthony.

ADAM WONG

There's no turning back from this.

ANTHONY WONG

I know. Do it.

ADAM WONG

We have some things to discuss first.

ANTHONY WONG

Just do it.

ADAM WONG

Shut up and listen.

Anthony rolls his eyes.

Adam points to the chart.

ANTHONY WONG

Since the Calcinosis in your leg exists primarily below your knee, I would recommend an A-K.

ADAM WONG

Are you a gun dealer now?

ANTHONY WONG  
 No jokes, asshole. This is serious.  
 I'll cut your balls off the next  
 time you crack a joke.

ADAM WONG  
 Alright, doctor. Relax. So... you  
 recommend an AK-47. What's next?

ANTHONY WONG  
 An A-K means an above the knee...

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Anthony finishes serving the food and sits across from Amaya.

They both take a sip of wine and stare at each other for a moment.

So. AMAYA Well. ANTHONY WONG

AMAYA  
 How have you been?

ANTHONY WONG  
 Fine. And you... two? How are you  
 and *what's-his-face* doing?

Amaya frowns.

AMAYA  
 Anthony...

ANTHONY WONG  
 What?

AMAYA  
 I thought we were passed this?

ANTHONY WONG  
 Passed the fact that you fucked  
 another guy while we were together?  
 Is that what we're supposed to be  
 passed? And, on top of that, you  
 move in with the douche.

Amaya lays a set of keys on the table.

AMAYA  
 Apartment and mail keys. I don't  
 know how many times I need to  
 apologize.



I didn't mean to hurt you. I didn't want to hurt anybody. Believe what you want.

Amaya stands to leave.

AMAYA  
Thanks for making lunch, but I'm not hungry anymore.

Anthony stands and stumbles, but remains on his feet.

Amaya stops.

AMAYA  
Are you okay?

ANTHONY WONG  
I'm fine. Please stay. Sorry. I apologize. That was out of line. And I know you're still hungry. Your stomach just rumbled.

Amaya sighs and laughs at the same time. She sits back down.

ANTHONY WONG  
I'm cranky from the meds.

AMAYA  
What exactly did your brother do to you?

INT. CLINIC, OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Adam, in full doctor's regalia, holds a medical oscillating saw in his hands.

Next to Adam, stands a NURSE.

Adam and the nurse stand above Anthony, who lies on the operating table, unconscious.

Anthony is covered with a sheet with only his head and his crippled leg exposed.

Adam starts the saw.

The saw hums to life as the blade rotates.

NURSE  
Break a leg, doctor.

Adam looks at the nurse, but holds his tongue. He refocuses on Anthony's leg and takes a deep breath. He slowly lowers the saw until he completely cuts through Anthony's leg, severing it, above the knee.

Blood and bits of bone spray onto Adams clothing.

The nurse prevents the severed leg from falling.

Adam shuts off the saw.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

ANTHONY WONG

Minor surgery. That type of thing.  
Nothing serious. He worked on my  
knee.

AMAYA

If you say so.

The two people begin to eat.

Anthony pays close attention to Amaya as she brings the pasta noodles up to her mouth with a fork.

Amaya pauses right before she takes the first bite.

AMAYA

What are you looking at?

ANTHONY WONG

Huh?

AMAYA

Why are you staring at me?

ANTHONY WONG

Oh! Just try the food and tell me  
what you think.

Amaya hesitates a moment longer, but then takes a bite. She smiles after a moment.

AMAYA

Delicious. Italian. My favorite.  
Did you use pork?

Anthony smiles.

ANTHONY WONG  
I used several different meats,  
pork included. Guess what the dish  
is called?

AMAYA  
Pasta.

ANTHONY WONG  
Lover's Pasta!

AMAYA  
Um...

ANTHONY WONG  
I cooked it for you to wish you  
and... *what's-his-face* good luck.

AMAYA  
Whatever.

ANTHONY WONG  
Really. I'm serious. I just didn't  
have the balls to invite... him.  
You know?

Amaya shrugs.

AMAYA  
I thought you were trying to get  
back together with me.

ANTHONY WONG  
You wish.

Both people laugh. They continue to eat.

INT. CLINIC, RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

Anthony lays in bed asleep.

Adam sits in a chair next to the bed.

Anthony wakes. He notices Adam.

ANTHONY WONG  
Done?

ADAM WONG  
Yup.

ANTHONY WONG  
You saved it, right?

ADAM WONG

Yup. In a cooler.

ANTHONY WONG

I'll make you some spaghetti and meatballs if I have any left over meat.

ADAM WONG

No thanks, you sick bastard.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Amaya finishes the last portion of food off her plate.

Anthony smiles without Amaya noticing.

Amaya stands.

AMAYA

I really have to go now.

Anthony walks her to the door and opens it.

ANTHONY WONG

Thanks for coming. I mean it. If I were you... I don't think I would have.

AMAYA

Thanks for lunch. And...

ANTHONY WONG

And?

AMAYA

I'll always care about you, Anthony. I'll always carry a piece of you with me. Believe it or not.

ANTHONY WONG

I know. I believe it.

Amaya leans in for a hug.

Anthony hesitates, but finally accepts the hug.

Amaya leaves.

Anthony closes the door.

INT. ANTHONY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Anthony sits on the couch. He lifts his right pant leg up to reveal an artificial leg.

The phone rings. Anthony lets it ring until the answering machine picks it up.

Amaya leaves a message on the answering machine.

AMAYA (O.S.)

I got your message. I'll be there  
after lunch to drop off the keys.  
And you're cooking? I won't eat  
lunch then. Cook something good.  
Bye. See you tomorrow.

Anthony opens a large cooler. Inside is a severed leg that sits on top of ice cubes.

FADE OUT.