Our Ocean - The Kitchen

Written by

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Draft 02

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INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Simple, lived-in.

BUBU (60s, sun-wrinkled and time-wisened, thick white hair, wide black eyes; small of stature but large of love) is in her usual chair, crochet hook flashing, not even looking at her hands.

MELI (Rachel's cousin, same age but smaller, thicker, rich black Fijian hair, wide-set almond eyes; big brain, huge heart, a loud voice with no stop button) has got an apron on far too big for him and a frying pan already going over an old electric stove.

RACHEL (12, an open heart and an opener mind, though right now her heart is heavy; a mass of hair that nearly has a life of its own) hovers, out of her depth.

MELI
What do you mean never done eggs?

RACHEL
We just got takeaway. Mostly.

Meli stops. Genuinely scandalised.

MELI
Takeaway? For breakfast?

RACHEL
I mean, not every day. Just .. weekdays? And .. aah .. the weekends?

MELI
Bubu, are you hearing this?

BUBU
(not looking up, smiling)
I heard it. Normal there, different here.

Meli hands Rachel an egg like he's handing her a priceless artefact. She takes it like it's a ticking bomb. What is this thing?

MELI
Okay. Crack it on the side of the bowl. Not too hard. Not too soft. Just like, medium.

RACHEL
Medium as compared to what? What's this even made of? That's so not helpful.

MELI
Just .. you know. Crack it.

Rachel cracks it. Hard. The egg detonates. Yolk down her wrist, shell in the bowl, a streak of it on her cheek for reasons physics can't explain.

Meli bursts out laughing, delighted rather than unkind. He's falling down, coughing stuff out of his nose.

RACHEL
(trying to wipe it off, making it worse)
This is so gross.

BUBU
(looking up now, warm)
First eggs are never pretty, Rachelli. Good cooks aren't the ones who never make a mess. They're the ones aren't afraid of the next one.

Rachel, egg still dripping, looks up from the mess. Meli reaches out with another egg.

MELI
Take two? And .. softer this time?

RACHEL
Thank you, Einstein.

Rachel takes a second egg. Steadier this time.

MELI
Ein .. who?

Cracks it, gentler. It works, mostly.

MELI (cont'd)
(impressed)
Look at you. The egg whisperer.

BUBU
(smiling, returning to her crochet)
My little chef.

Rachel smiles. Job done.