

Made with Love

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM

We see a well dressed 17 year old. He is wearing dress shoes, khakis, and a button up shirt. He looks confident and excited for the night. This is MARK

He picks up his cologne bottle and squirts some on his neck. He checks himself out in the mirror, then confidently nods.

His phone on his dresser buzzes with a text. He picks it up, to see a text from his girl friend, GRACE.

INSERT TEXT:

GRACE: Hey, how's 6:30 for tonight?

MARK: Sounds good, see you then! Drive safe!

There is a KNOCK on his door.

MARK

Come in.

Mark's mom enters.

MARK'S MOM

Oh, Honey you look so cute! I brought your tie and blazer. Here try it on.

Mark takes the blazer and puts it on.

MARK'S MOM (CONT'D)

Oh you look so handsome young man! Come here, let me tie your tie.

MARK

Don't you think that is a little much? It's an anniversary, not a red carpet.

Mom shakes her head and puts the tie on anyways.

MARK'S MOM

No, not at all. You can never be too fancy! Plus one year is a big milestone, you should celebrate it!

MARK

Yeah, okay. I guess you're right.

MARK'S MOM

I'm your mother. I'm always right. There. All set. Oh, my little boy is so grown up!

Mark's cheeks blush, his looks away embarrassed. His mom checks her watch and turns to leave.

MARK'S MOM (CONT'D)

Oh shoot! I am late to the PTA meeting. I left your lasagna on the stove, and I should be home by 9!

MARK

Okay. Bye, Mom. Thanks!

MARK'S MOM

Of course! And by the way Colin and Will are having a sleepover so just keep an eye on them while I'm gone.

Mark gives a thumbs up as his mom leaves his room. He picks up the flowers on his dresser and heads to the kitchen.

INT. MARK'S KITCHEN

Mark walks into his kitchen to catch his brother and his brother's friend red-handed over the pan of lasagna with forks. They have eaten all of Mark's dinner.

Mark's flowers drop to his side and his jaw drops to the floor.

The boys look up with sauce all over their mouth's in sheer terror as if they were deer in the headlights

WILL AND COLIN

(mouths full)

Crap.

MARK

You guys are so dead!

COLIN

It an accident we swear, the dog made us do it!

We look over to see the dog laying innocently on the floor.

Mark lunges at them. They scatter flinging their forks and screaming as they go.

Frustrated Mark goes to inspect the empty pan, where we see the time 6:00 on the stove. Defeated, Mark slumps in a kitchen chair. He then puts his head into his arms but suddenly looks up at the apron hanging on the wall. His face lights up with a brilliant idea. Inspirational music plays in the background

MONTAGE: MARK'S PLAN

-Mark takes off blazer and switches it for the apron.

-He puts on a chefs hat.

-He takes a new pan from the cabinet and gets all the ingredients out for lasagna.

-He also gets out some questionable ingredients, like peanut butter, chocolate syrup, potato chips, peas.

-The boys come out of the living room tentatively to see all the commotion. They take a seat watch this unfold.

END MONTAGE

We see Mark adding each ingredient too the pan. We do not see the actual pan but we see Mark pouring and measuring ingredients and dumping them into the pan.

Mark adds the potato chips. And the boys look shocked and confused.

WILL

I didn't know there were potato chips in lasagna.

COLIN

There's not...

The boys look at each other in confusion. Curious, Colin grabs the orange juice from the fridge and hands it to Mark.

Mark is so consumed in his cooking that he barley notices Colin handing him the bottle.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Hey don't forget this!

MARK

Oh yeah. Good catch!

Serious, Mark pours a lot of orange juice into the pan and hands the bottle back to Colin.

Stunned, Colin stands there with the bottle. He then looks back at Will who is just as shocked.

MARK (CONT'D)

Wisk!

Will looks around and sees Colin, he shrugs. Will shrugs back and springs up. He hands Mark the wisk.

Mark whisks the pan. Then puts it in the oven. We see the time is 6:15.

WILL

Wow. That's impressive, my brother can't even make toast.

COLIN

(suspicious)

Mine can't either.

Mark takes his apron and hat off. He then puts on his blazer. He gets a vase for the flowers and sets the table so it looks like a romantic date. There are candles and fancy glasses. Mark takes a match and lights the candles. He puts on some fancy dinner music to set the mood as well.

His phone lights up with a text message. He picks it up and reads it.

INSERT TEXT:

GRACE TEXT: Almost there!

MARK TEXT: Okay, can't wait to see you!

Suddenly the oven timer BEEPS.

MARK

Oh, it's ready!

COLIN

(to Will)

This should be good.

Mark takes out the lasagna from the oven to reveal the most delicious looking lasagna ever made. The lasagna glows as angels sing in the background. The boys and Mark all crowd around the lasagna taking it all in.

Colin shakes his head in disbelief.

COLIN (CONT'D)

There's absolutely no way...

WILL

How, how, did he do this! He even added chocolate!

MARK

Do you want to know my secret ingredient?

The boys look up at Mark, intrigued.

COLIN AND WILL

Sure?

MARK

Love.

Colin and Will both look at Mark like he is crazy. Mark looks lovingly at his lasagna.

WILL

What did you just say?

Just then the doorbell RINGS.

MARK

She's here!

Excited Marks goes to the door to let Grace in.

We see Colin and Will poking the lasagna in disbelief.

EXT. MARK'S PATIO

Mark opens the door.

MARK

Happy An-

Grace is standing there happily with a tray of food in her hands.

GRACE

Hey! Happy Anniversary! I made
your favorite! Uh, what's wrong?

Mark composes himself from this shock.

MARK

Oh, uh, nothing. Sorry. Come in!

Mark walks back in the house with Grace following him. He frantically waves the boys to take the lasagna and run. Grace talks in the background.

GRACE

You got me flowers! Awe you are
the sweetest!

The boys light up and high-five as they run with the lasagna and forks.

MARK

Oh, those? Yeah, it's nothing.
I'm starving though, let's eat!

GRACE

Sounds good. Remember to save
some for the boys. I just saw
them run upstairs.

MARK

Trust me they're stuffed.

FADE OUT.