

“PASTA MAKER” by Alexander Lee-Rekers (StageMilk, 2024)

SPENCER keeps dropping over to the home of her son Ryan and his new spouse ROBIN, fearing that they are struggling with married life. Today, SPENCER has dropped off a large parcel, which ROBIN has unwrapped at the kitchen counter.

ROBIN: What is it?

SPENCER: It's a pasta maker.

ROBIN: What am I supposed to do with a pasta maker?

SPENCER: File your taxes. *(Reading ROBIN'S expression.)* I know it seems like an extravagance, but it's easy enough to use once you get the hang of it. And there's nothing quite like fresh pasta. You and Ryan deserve it.

ROBIN: It's a really lovely gesture. But we just can't use it.

SPENCER: Then I'll come round. I can help you, show you how to do it-

ROBIN: It's not the kind of help we need.

Pause.

SPENCER: Ryan hasn't said anything.

ROBIN: He wouldn't.

SPENCER: How bad is it?

ROBIN: There's nothing- There's no one big bad thing. But it adds up, you know?

SPENCER: I'm on a fixed income.

ROBIN: We know. It's why we haven't asked.

SPENCER: I'm not saying I can't help you.

ROBIN: Could you possibly ... talk to Ryan? Don't tell him I said anything. But try to get him talking at least.

SPENCER nods. ROBIN looks down at the pasta maker.

ROBIN: Can it make fusilli?