

MORE PASTA

a one act comedy about family

by Leon Kaye

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PASTA WITH CONTACT

CHARACTERS

GINA	Fifties
CARLO	Fifties
MIKE	Twenties

(CARLO sits at a dining room table, reads a newspaper while sipping wine. Two pots simmer on the stove. The table is set. Talk and laughter (offstage) as GINA welcomes MIKE.)

GINA: Look who's here. Look who's here.

MIKE: Hi, Ma.

GINA: Look who's here and no laundry in sight. Heh-heh.

MIKE: I did my laundry.

GINA: Yeah, you mixed the whites and the colors, didn't you?

MIKE: Integration... (THEY ENTER.) Hey, Dad. See the game last night?

CARLO: Just the last three innings. Those Mets, eh?

MIKE: They won.

CARLO: I know.

MIKE: You said it like they lost.

CARLO: Who are you, Dr. Phil?

(GINA places a large bowl, serving of salad, in front of MIKE.)

MIKE: Thanks, Ma. I'm starved. (eats)

GINA: Don't inhale your food. It's not good to eat so fast. The food isn't leaving.

MIKE: Right. Sorry.

GINA: (picks up a bottle of salad dressing, reads it) I bought this at the market. I was watching this doctor on channel thirteen and he said we shouldn't be eating trans fats.

MIKE: M-m-m.

GINA: I never knew what they were but they're no good. So here. (She pours the dressing on his salad.)

CARLO: You're gonna like that dressing. It tastes like mucus.

GINA: It does not. It's as delicious as you can get for something that comes in a bottle.

MIKE: The spaghetti smells great.

GINA: Doesn't it?

CARLO: Wait till you taste it.

MIKE: I'm starving.

GINA: It's okay. Eat your salad.

MIKE: I'm done. (drops the fork into the bowl)

GINA: (stares disapprovingly) You're done?

MIKE: Yeah, next course.

GINA: But are you really hungry? That's the question.

MIKE: I am hungry, yeah..

GINA: No. Think about it. You're properly nourished. You ate an entire bowl of green vegetables.

MIKE: It's just salad.

GINA: Lettuce, cucumber, oil... you only think you're hungry.

MIKE: What? (looks to CARLO)

CARLO: Oh, there's more.

MIKE: Is this a joke?

GINA: Look, Michael, I've raised you badly, and I'm sorry. I didn't know.

MIKE: Are you punishing me for something I did as a kid?

GINA: No, of course not. But I haven't taught you the proper way to eat.

MIKE: There's another way to eat? I use utensils.

GINA: (sits) Listen, you don't have to gorge yourself.

MIKE: Dad?

CARLO: Don't look to me. I'm ready for the grave.

GINA: Quiet, Carlo. I'm being serious here. Ask your stomach, are you hungry?

MIKE: You want me to talk to my stomach? You're really being serious?

GINA: Yes, Michael. I am.

MIKE: My stomach is really very hungry, Ma.

GINA: It's lying. (beat) You, not just you, but me, your father --

CARLO: Everyone on the Earth --

GINA: Yes, that's true. We all need to eat smaller meals.

MIKE: Okay. I'll stop after two plates.

GINA: What's your H-D-L? Do you know?

MIKE: Cholesterol?

GINA: Yeah, what's your good cholesterol?

MIKE: It's like 200.

GINA: No. That's total cholesterol. That's total. And 200 at your age isn't so great.

CARLO: I pray for a massive coronary every day.

GINA: Quiet.

MIKE: I don't get it. Why are you making the spaghetti and meatballs if we can't eat it?

GINA: You can eat it. Who's saying you can't eat it?

MIKE: I can?

GINA: Of course.

MIKE: Is there a catch?

GINA: No, there's no catch. (quietly, seriously) Michael, have you ever thought of having your colon cleansed?

MIKE: Only with spaghetti and meatballs.

GINA: No, no, this is a general question.

(MIKE looks to CARLO.)

CARLO: I have an appointment Tuesday.

GINA: I had it done and it's just wonderful. I have so much energy now that the toxins are out of me. I feel years younger.

MIKE: Ma on my twentieth birthday... when I was a senior in high school, what present did you give me?