

Savor

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INT. CAR - AFTERNOON - PRESENT

A young woman in her early 20s, TINA, sits in the passenger seat of a car holding an envelope titled "Artists Fellowship Program". "Tina Woodrow" is written on the envelope. We see her Florida address. Suddenly, the door on her side of the car clicks open. A man in his early 20s opens her car door. Startled, she hides the envelope in her purse.

NICK

Shall we?

EXT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

TINA and NICK are dressed in semi-formal attire. They walk through a parking lot from a car into a restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON - PRESENT - CONTINUOUS

TINA and NICK walk through the big glass doors. They are smiling at each other as they approach the HOSTESS. NICK's smile fades into an uninterested look as he motions over for attention from the HOSTESS at the front desk.

NICK

It's Nick Melville, for two.

The HOSTESS' brows furrow as she looks down at her desk for the reservation. TINA peers over to see the discouraged lady.

TINA

(smiles) (quietly) Thank you...

HOSTESS

Of course. Please, follow me!

The HOSTESS guides NICK and TINA through the restaurant to their table, huge and lit with candles and flowers.

TINA

Oh my God, Nick! What is-

NICK

Well you said you had big news! Calls for the biggest table in the place!

NICK extends his arms out towards the entire space, then gesturing to the table. He leans over and sloppily pulls out TINA'S chair. TINA dips into the seat. NICK slips the hostess a 20 dollar bill as he sits. TINA is pensively waiting for NICK to settle, sharpening her posture.

TINA
 About that... (smiles) I think you'd
 be happy to hear that -

HOSTESS
 Enjoy... Mr. and Mrs. Melville.

NICK eyes her down, clenching his jaw. TINA looks away uncomfortably, nervously rubbing her shoulder with her ringless hand. She squeezes her arm, sinking into her chair.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - FLASHBACK

NICK is sauteing chicken in the kitchen in a wrinkled, unbuttoned dress shirt. KNOCK KNOCK. He sets the skillet atop the stove and rushes to open the front door. TINA stands on the other side in a pantsuit. She's barely holding onto several pieces of artwork and a bottle of red wine.

TINA
 Hey! (giggles)

NICK
 Perfect!

NICK goes in for a hug and TINA stumbles back with the stuff in her hands. TINA is a bit shaken up but straightens her stance once again. NICK only grabs the wine from TINA. He places it on a table that has been messily set nearby. TINA plops her stuff at the entrance, dusting off her hands as she follows NICK to the dining room.

NICK
 So how'd that internship interview go?

TINA
 The fellowship interview went well.
 There's just a lot of artists
 applying...

TINA's sunken voice is interrupted with the smoke alarm going off. Smoke fills the room, sizzling sounds rise. NICK runs to the stove. TINA follows. Half of the chicken is burnt.

NICK
 Great... It's ruined. Well, some of
 it. You don't mind, do you?

TINA quickly shakes her head no. NICK sets the two plates onto the table. TINA's food is burnt and NICK's isn't.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHTTIME - PRESENT

The couple's dishes are on the table. TINA still has one piece of food on her plate and NICK'S is empty. NICK is not at the table. TINA is anxiously bouncing her leg, envelope in hand. NICK ducks into his seat, sneakily slipping a velvet box into his pocket, barely visible to TINA.

NICK

Sorry about that, work won't stop
bugging me about third quarter
bullshit - how's the food?

TINA, uninterested, pokes her food with a fork. She sets the fork down and raises the envelope from her purse.

TINA

It's cold now. Anyways I wanted to
tell you something really exciting-

As he is talking, Nick swipes the last piece of food on Tina's plate and swallows it in one gulp.

NICK

Oh, that reminds me! I'm getting a
raise soon. Isn't that great?!

NICK snaps his fingers at the waiter who is standing nearby.

NICK

Hey! Bring out the dessert!

NICK winks at the WAITER. TINA holds the envelope to NICK.

TINA

Nick, I got the fellowship!

NICK turns back and slowly sets eyes with the envelope title. Uninterested, he takes it and places it down on the table.

NICK

Oh... That's great hon. What was I
saying? Oh, I thought I wasn't getting
my raise until at least January but-

TINA puts her hand on the table and leans towards NICK.

TINA

I'm thinking of taking it. I wanna
take the opening up in Boston.

NICK looks slightly shocked. He stares at TINA.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

TINA and NICK get up from the table with their plates. TINA dumps out the rest of her picked-at-plate in the trash. NICK and TINA are side by side cleaning at the kitchen sink.

TINA

So the program basically lets you choose any gallery in the country. I could be in New York, California, Boston. I'd kind of act as a tour guide and then on my days off, I'd collaborate with curators on my work.

NICK

Sounds like a big internship... Pass the sponge.

TINA blankly smiles and passes NICK the sponge. He's scrubbing down his empty dish.

TINA

Fellowship, actually. I brought all my best work, but art is so subjective...

NICK

(jokingly) One man's trash...

TINA

Is just someone else's trash...

NICK

Kind of like the way your "trash" looks in my place, though. Maybe it's the lighting...

They both laugh and put the dishes on a drying cloth. NICK opens the freezer and takes out a tub of Neapolitan, waving it in front of her.

NICK

Dessert?

TINA

Sure! Only the vanilla part though...

NICK sets down the dessert on the counter.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - PRESENT

NICK sets down his wine glass at the table. NICK and TINA sit there in silence. TINA is petrified, pensively waiting for NICK. Finally, NICK speaks.

NICK
So... looking forward to dessert? It's
your favorite...

Tina looks confused. NICK cheekily smiles.

TINA
Dessert? No, Nick. I-

NICK
What do you mean? You always are.

TINA
You just think that...

TINA glares at NICK and leans back in her chair.

NICK
Don't be like that. We're talking
about dessert here...

TINA
And I was talking about the
fellowship.

NICK
Yeah but you're obviously not going to
take it. Boston, really? Come on, lets
be realistic. We're staying here.

TINA
I am being realistic. It's like you
don't even know what I want.

NICK
Then tell me what you want then?! You
don't want dessert? You want Boston?
Huh?! It's just an internship!

TINA
Fellowship, Goddamnit! My fellowship!

The noises of the restaurant's clanging dishes and people talking stop. The WAITER timidly walks up with a piece of chocolate cake topped with strawberries. He places it in

front of TINA. TINA'S eyes meet the cake's centerpiece. She chuckles a bit. A diamond ring glistens in the centerpiece.

BEAT.

NICK gets up and leaves the restaurant, his chair scraping on the floor as he storms off. She's still staring at the cake. She slowly grins and laughs. She shakes her head and reaches into her purse. She sets her house key down on the table. She takes her envelope back, gets up, and leaves.

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A single key is on the dining room table.

TINA
Oh my God! Yes!

NICK
I'd start packing if I were you.

NICK smiles. TINA picks up the key and hugs NICK who then picks her up. NICK sets her down. TINA races to the front door. TINA keeps walking out. NICK stays inside.

EXT. NICK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

NICK (CONT'D)
See you when you get back! Hope the
key works! (Laughs) Love you!

TINA spins around to realize Nick hasn't followed her out. NICK shuts and locks the door. TINA walks back up to the door again, about to knock. She stops with her fist an inch away from the door. She turns back around, tucks her arms into each other and shivers in the cold, fading into the dark night.

INT. ART GALLERY - DAY - FUTURE

TINA walks across an art gallery. TINA turns to greet the two guests she is touring the gallery with. Tina is showing people around an art gallery, smiling with brightness and joy. The art she had previously in NICK's apartment is revealed to be the art she is showing off.

THE END