

THE SAVAGES ZOOM CALL

Wendy sitting on Zoom call waiting for Jon to come on. She is quickly sorting through her mail and stops when she gets to A CERTAIN ENVELOPE. Turning it over in her hands, she carefully opens it and pulls out the letter. CLOSE ON WENDY reading with great concentration. She is deeply engrossed and still for a long moment, then her eyes widen and her hand flutters to her mouth. She can't believe what she is reading. It's good news, but there seems to be a little hesitation as well. Then Jon comes on the call and startles her.

WENDY Hey.

JON Hey I need you to spend Thanksgiving with Dad.

WENDY We're not going to do it together?

JON It's my only time to get away for research.

WENDY Well, I have things I have to do, too.

JON Like what?

WENDY Like my life for instance in New York City.

JON Well, maybe it's time to stop being so self-involved and think about somebody else's life for a change.

WENDY Oh, like you who can't put his book aside for one minute while dad dies.

JON I have got to get this thing finished, Wendy. My editor thinks it's a good time for it.

WENDY Yeah, I heard everyone's really itching for a book about Berthold Brecht this holiday season.

JON Wendy I'm working!

Wendy is hurt. Tears well up against her will.

WENDY (tiny)I'm working.

JON I know you are. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's just – I got a lot riding on this book. And your life is much more portable than mine.

WENDY What's that supposed to mean? Like a toilet? Like a Porta-Potty?

JON No. I'm just saying, you don't have a job job. I do. I have obligations. You're... freelance. Couldn't you just hook up with a temp agency down here?

Wendy is shaky. There is a warble in her voice.

WENDY Um -- actually -- Jon, I am being funded, right now... to work on my plays. And maybe that sounds a little -- self-involved -- but I also have an obligation to a prestigious foundation that has put a lot of faith in me -- and frankly, has given me a hell of a lot more support than he ever has.

A pause. Jon is quietly stunned.

JON You got it?

WENDY What?

JON The Guggenheim?

Wendy sniffs back her tears and gets control of herself, but there is something measured about her response.

WENDY Yeah.

JON Really?

WENDY Yeah, really. Why do you sound so surprised?

JON I'm not. It's just a really hard thing to get is all? I've applied a half a dozen times and I never got one.

WENDY Well, I did. And so did two hundred-something other people who are considered -- promising in their field or whatever. Why can't you just be happy for me?

JON I am. I am. It's great. (bewildered) They must have like a whole different set of criteria for playwrights.

WENDY They like my work, Jon. They think I'm good. Is that so hard for you to believe?

JON I believe it. I just can't believe you've been keeping it a secret.

WENDY I just found out.

JON Just now? (Wendy nods yes and gestures to the mail in her hand.) Oh my god, that's amazing. It's really great, Wen. I'm really proud of you...

WENDY You are?

JON Yeah. It's amazing. It's major. Maybe this is your time, Wen. Your year. Look, how about we both work here and ride out the holidays together and get lots of writing done. It'll be fun. We can inspire each other. Our own little writers' colony. (After a moment, Wendy nods yes) .

JON I'm really proud of you, Wen.