

THE SAVAGES

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

TWO OPEN FACED TUNA MELTS glow in an ANCIENT TOASTER OVEN. Wendy stands at the counter 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 -- DING!!! -- the toaster oven bell startles her.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Wendy enters, carrying her mail along with the TUNA MELTS.

WENDY

(handing one to Jon)

Here you go.

JON

Mmm. Thanks.

Jon takes the tuna melt and cautiously nibbles a corner. Wendy perches on the arm of a chair.

JON (CONT'D)

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
(with a mouth full of tuna)

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 Bertolt 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.

JON

(CONT'D)

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

(CONT'D)

I'm really proud of you, Wen.