

I MADE YOUR FAVORITE
(Draft 2)

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A seemingly neat and tidy apartment. Organized bookshelves,
dusted knick-knacks... and then, a complete mess on the
couch. It's covered in piles of dirty clothes.

ELLE (47) - a well-put-together woman - stands at the kitchen
counter and looks down at various ingredients in front of
her. Milk, eggs, flour, etc. A bag of strawberries. She takes
a deep breath and pulls out her phone, making a call.

ELLE
Hey! Just double-checking, you like
strawberries, right?
(pause)
Fantastic. I'll see you tonight!

She hangs up and holds the phone close to her chest.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- As soothing romantic music plays, Elle mixes butter and
eggs into a bowl.

- She mashes strawberries down into a fine jelly.

- Next, the batter is poured into a pan and placed in the
oven. On the counter next to the sink, we see a fancy framed
photo of Elle and BILL - a large man with a goofy smile. They
both look young.

END MONTAGE

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

Two romantic candles are set on the table. Next, plates and
utensils. Elle stands proud and fixes her hair.

Then, we hear the jiggling of a doorknob. Elle hurriedly
stuffs the empty strawberry bag into the trash can and
sprints to the door.

Bill, now in his 40s, opens the door. Aside from looking
older, he... doesn't look as nice as in the photo. Greasy.
Less of a goofy smile, more of a bored smirk. He looks drunk.

BILL
Hey, honey.

ELLE
Hi, Bill.

They briefly hug. Bill squeezes past Elle and tosses his jacket onto the mountain of clothes - It's all his.

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ELLE (CONT'D)
How was your day at the office?

BILL
The office?
(stumbling over his words)
Oh yeah! Yeah, office. Office was good. We got any food in here?

Awkward silence. They lock eyes for a second, but neither speaks.

BILL (CONT'D)
What... Oh. Happy Anniversary! I said I was gonna get you flowers, right? Yeah, about that... I was gonna go during my, uh, lunch break. I forgot!

ELLE
Oh, that's alright! I know you're a busy man. I made your favorite cake for us to celebrate!

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BILL
Now, that's what I'm talking about!

*

Bill heads to the kitchen table and sees the beautiful heart-shaped cake. He slices a piece for himself and digs in. No plate, no fork, just his hands. Elle watches intently.

He grimaces and spits the cake out, inspecting it closely.

BILL (CONT'D)
You put strawberry in this?

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ELLE
Of course. You love strawberries!

BILL
Dammit, Elle, you know I hate strawberries! They make me sick!

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*

Elle gasps. Bill drops the slice onto a plate on the counter and wipes his hands clean.

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ELLE
Really? Oh, I'm sorry! I must've forgot! Are you okay?

*

BILL
I'm fine, just... Do you ever
listen to me? Please, just be a
little more considerate.

*
*

ELLE
(with a forced smile)
Sorry. I didn't make any dinner,
but I can make a new cake in a few
hours--

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*

BILL
(sighing)
No, don't bother. I guess I'm in
more of a drinking mood, anyway.

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*

Bill heads for the door, and Elle follows close behind.

BILL (CONT'D)
I'm going back to the bar.
(pause)
I'm going to the bar, I mean. You
coming with?

ELLE
No, thanks. I'll stay here and
clean up.

*
*

BILL
Alrighty. See you tonight, or
tomorrow. I don't know, we'll see.

*
*

They exchange another brief, half-hearted hug.

ELLE
Happy Anniversary!

BILL (CONT'D)
Happy Anniversary!

Bill leaves, and Elle shuts the door behind him. After a few seconds, she returns to the kitchen. She stares at the beautiful heart cake, now with a large section carved out of it.

A deep breath. Then, she smiles, putting her phone up to her ear.

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ELLE (CONT'D)
He's gone. You can come up now. I
made your favorite.

*

Elle dumps the half-eaten slice in the sink. Some strawberry jam splatters onto the photo of her and Bill.

THE END.