

NICHOLAS  
Good morning.

WHITNEY  
'Morning.

NICHOLAS  
That Nutcracker. Did Mia leave it  
for you?

Uh-oh, Nicholas sounds jealous, hurt. Whitney hesitates in  
her answer.

NICHOLAS  
Did she?

WHITNEY  
No, Mia wasn't the one who left it  
for me.

NICHOLAS  
Who left it for you?

WHITNEY  
The caterer.

NICHOLAS  
Why would he leave it for you?

WHITNEY  
He knew I liked it, knew I was  
interested in writing about the  
artist.

NICHOLAS  
I hope you're not planning on  
working on it now.

WHITNEY  
Why would it matter if I did?

NICHOLAS  
You should be focusing on me and my  
press.

WHITNEY  
I've handled all of your press,  
Nicholas. I've arranged for all of  
your interviews and articles. What  
I do during my time, is my  
decision.



NICHOLAS

I've checked out the caterer's website and it's atrocious. This concerns me. He hasn't even been in business for a year.

Whitney sighs, once again disappointed with Nicholas' attitude.

WHITNEY

Nicholas, none of that matters. It's just a cocktail party.

NICHOLAS

These things matter to me. You're supposed to be here in Boston supporting me. This performance is a big deal to me.

WHITNEY

I've done nothing but support you. I've agreed to this arrangement solely to support of you. The cocktail party will be fine.  
(appealing to his ego)  
No one is going to remember the party, they're going to remember your performance.

Nicholas smug smiles.

NICHOLAS

You're right, it's about me and the performance. Who cares about the cocktail party and who's arranging it. Completely inconsequential.

Whitney sighs, he can be so infuriating. Nicholas stands up, heads for the door.

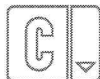
NICHOLAS

I'm going to rehearsal.

He opens the door to leave, but then shuts it. He turns back and joins Whitney.

NICHOLAS

(sincere)  
Last night, when I called you out on being jealous, it was actually me who was jealous. I haven't seen you smile like that, blush like that in a very long time. I missed it. I miss us.



Nicholas leaves. His comments have hit Whitney in the gut, her expression pained and conflicted.

She takes her laptop, opens up to the document she started about the artist. She looks at it for a moment, conflicted.

End.

She hits the delete button, the document is gone.

INT. SEBASTIAN'S HOME OFFICE

Sebastian tosses a small NERF BASKETBALL into a HOOP attached to a wall.

The doorbell rings. Holding the Nerf basketball, he opens the door.

IT'S WHITNEY

She's holding the Nutcracker bag.

WHITNEY

I need to return this.

SEBASTIAN

No you don't.

WHITNEY

I can't keep it, it was a sweet gesture, thank you for thinking of me.

She hands it off to Sebastian and then hurries to the elevator.

SEBASTIAN

Whitney, wait a second

Sebastian follows Whitney.

I/E. ELEVATOR

The elevator doors open. Whitney hurries in. She hits the lobby button.

Sebastian follows, makes it onto the elevator just as the doors close.

The elevator starts down.

SEBASTIAN

Please take it.

