

No Reservations

By

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INT. LARGE OFFICE - MORNING.

Jared Hasting, late-twenties tall and thoughtful walks up to a secretary's desk.

JARED

Good morning, I'm here for my 9:15
with Mr. Whitlock.

The secretary barely acknowledges him as she checks her watch and goes back to her computer screen.

SECRETARY

Its only 9:10, Mr. Whitlock and the
partners are still finishing up
with there 9:00 am. Have a seat.

Jared looks around the office in awe.

JARED

The men behind this door--they have
the power to make careers with just
a simple yes.

SECRETARY

Sir I promise you the hallway isn't
as comfortable a waiting room so
please, quietly take a seat.

JARED

I didn't mean to bother you I'm
just excited--

The secretary turns the volume up on her desk radio. Jared takes his seat. As he sits he passes his hand over the white cardboard containers he brought.

Jared can't contain his excitement as he looks over the mock-up of his menu. A smile barely appears.

The office doors swing open and a distraught man comes stumbling out carrying a prototype steering wheel.

MAN

Seven years WASTED! My marriage, my
little princesses ballet recitals
for what?

The man turns to Jared for sympathy.

MAN

So these rich fucks can call my
magnus opus a lawsuit dressed in
hobo rags.

(CONTINUED)

The man shoves the steering wheel into Jared's hands.

JARED
What does it do?

The man presses the ridges along the back of the wheel.

MAN
It only solves the dangers of
texting while driving that's what!
The key pad is placed on the
steering wheel itself so you never
have to take your eyes off the
road.

JARED
I don't know buddy, that still
sounds kind of dangerous--

MAN
Don't you start that highway safety
bullshit with me too. You
school-zone observing motherfucker!

He lunges for Jared. As Jared fights him off the secretary presses the intercom.

SECRETARY
(bored sigh)
Security. Code three again.

The office doors open up and two hulking security guards cast an eclipse over the man as they pull him out.

Jared begins to straighten his coat and shirt.

SECRETARY
Mr. Whitlock and his associates
will see you now.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER.

Jared has placed a sample plate of food in front of each of the chairs in the office. Mr. Whitlock, an older man in his 50's wearing a cowboy hat and speaks with a thick accent, salts his food before tasting it.

MR. WHITLOCK
So what's the name of the
restaurant son?

(CONTINUED)

JARED

ABC's. I chose the name because it speaks to the simplicity of the menu.

One of the men takes a bite and likes it.

ASSOCIATE 1

What's this?

JARED

Oh that's our sweet potato cheesecake.

ASSOCIATE 1

Sweet potato, as in pie?

JARED

Exactly, see we combine unlikely pairs into a sum far greater than its individual parts.

MR. WHITLOCK

Are you a cook or a philosopher?

JARED

Philosophy was actually the second of my double majors.

MR. WHITLOCK

A philosopher chef. Well I like your concoctions, I'm sold. How much start up capital does your business plan call for?

Mr. Whitlock leafs through the pages in Jared's business plan. The office is filled with the sound of forks on the plate as the other associates eat the samples excitedly.

JARED

Just a second Mr. Whitlock you haven't even had the main dish yet.

Jared pulls the silver cover off of the plate.

JARED

Vegetarian steak.

Silence falls with a mute thud over the entire room as everyone's eyes creep toward Mr. Whitlock.

(CONTINUED)

MR. WHITLOCK
What did you say?

The associate who was enjoying the cheesecake spits his last bite into a napkin, puts it back on the plate, then slowly pushes the plate away from him into the middle of the table.

JARED
(nervously)
Vegetarian steak. Sirloin in fact--

Mr. Whitlock holds his hand up.

MR. WHITLOCK
I come from Texas son. If there's one thing we don't abide. It's people messing with our football or our beef. Get out of my bulding.

JARED
No! I'm not going anywhere. If we disagree on the menu items that's one thing. But you're not going to completely dismiss me just because you don't like my taste in...

Mr. Whitlock pulls out a colt .45 revolver and lays it on the table as he turns to the man on his right.

MR. WHITLOCK
Now how long do I have to wait before he's legally considered trespassing?

Jared heads directly for the door.

JARED
You gentlemen have a great day.

INT. KITCHEN CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON.

We start on a close-up of a gas flame being ignited. As we pull back we see Jared Hastings, mid-twenties tall and thoughtful, shake the flame off of the match.

JARED
Alright everyone as soon as your burners are struck we can begin preparing the sauce.

Jared stands at the front of a large room addressing his class.

(CONTINUED)

JARED

Before we add the spices we need to lay down the base sauce with a red wine reduction.

Jared reaches for the bottle of cooking wine to his left. He turns the bottle over and barely a swallow falls into his pan. He has a confused look on his face.

His eyes shoot to the back of the class.

JARED

Frank, can I borrow some of your Merlot?

Frank, lout in his late forties with a flushed look permanently stapled to his face, sits in the back of the room holding his wine with a straw coming out of the bottle that is attached to his mouth.

As he looks up to answer a loud slurping sound comes from the bottle.

FRANK

I'd love to Mr. Hastings, but I just used it all up in my basil leaf reduction.

Jared looks through Frank as he takes a deep breath and uncorks another bottle.

JARED

Congrats Frank, two bottles down and no throwing up. I see your building back up to your old tolerance.

FRANK

Just trying to take it one day at time.

We cut to a short montage of the students in various stages of meal preparation.

Betty, early 50's with a grandmotherly appeal, is mashing potatoes with her bare hands.

She stops only to clean out the potatoes from her fingernails, wipe the residue back into the bowl and begin mashing again. Jared hands her three new potatoes in a bowl and a proper potato masher.

(CONTINUED)

Bobby and Justin, stoners in their late teens, while Justin is using the open flame to light up a joint Bobby is dicing vegetables.

Justin passes the joint to Bobby and receives the knife and cutting board in an elegant pothead ballet. Jared stands staring at them and Bobby offers him a hit.

Jared reflexively reaches for it but instead shakes his head no and holds up an ashtray for Bobby to put it out.

Shirley, early 30's, used too much wine and a her wig caught on fire. Jared quickly uses the extinguisher and gives her a doggy bag to take her wig home in.

Anna, early 20's beautiful and shallow, sits on a stool talking on her phone as her maid Beth, early 40's with an "I hate my job" expression, does the cooking for her.

As Jared walks up to Anna puts the phone down. She unscrews the top off of the salt shaker and pours it into the pot that Beth is stirring. Beth's shirt gets dirty while Anna gives Jared an awkward smile.

Jared hands Beth a napkin as he turns to Anna.

JARED

Phones off.

ANNA

Whatever you say Mr. Hastings.

Jared walks away, Anna finishes up her conversation.

ANNA

Gotta go, that cute teacher I was telling you about is looking at my buns again.

The person on the phone says something.

ANNA

I don't know, maybe he wants to give me a chance to earn some extra credit. You know, show me his carving knife.

Beth looks at Anna.

ANNA

Beth dear, do you need more salt?

Beth quickly places the cover over the pot.

INT. KITCHEN CLASSROOM - EARLY EVENING.

Jared stands at the head of a table where everyone is displaying their dish. Jared walks down the line.

JARED

Good, for some of you it's like
night and day from when we first
started a month ago.

Jared comes to Frank's plate. Its empty save for a cork and a coupon book to Buger King.

JARED

Others...have just got to try
harder.

BOBBY

One more thing Mr. Hastings, me and
Justin have taken it upon ourselves
to prepare a special treat for the
class.

JUSTIN

What's a meal without dessert
right?

Justin steps forward with a plate full of brownies and cookies. Before the students can take any Jared grabs the plate and walks it over to the trash can.

JARED

Hold up their fellas, we appreciate
the gesture but some of your
classmates are still catching
contact from last week's dish.

BOBBY

What do you mean?

JARED

Tommy over there failed a drug
test.

JUSTIN

That wasn't our fault, poppy seeds
should come with warning stickers.

JARED

Be that as it may lets give these
treats an early retirement.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTIN
Mr. Hastings wait!

JARED
Why?

BOBBY
Because, Justin is my ride home.

JARED
So?

JUSTIN
So, I have early stage glaucoma.

JARED
You're 19.

BOBBY
He said early didn't he?

JUSTIN
If you throw those away you might
as well be blindfolding me and
putting me on the road.

BOBBY
Do you really want our deaths on
your hands?

Jared hands the plate back to Justin.

JARED
"A" for effort gentlemen.

JUSTIN
Thank you sir.

JARED
Find Tommy some clean piss or I'm
going to fail you.

BOBBY
Got you sir.

Justin and Bobby walk over to Tommy.

BOBBY
Now Tommy does it have to be human
urine...

Jared stands at the head of the table.

JARED

Great job tonight people, if anyone is interested in extra credit you can help me load some food into my van.

Anna grabs Beth by the arm and leads her quickly to the front of the room.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT.

Jared and Beth load up the van while Anna stands off to the side holding the back door open.

ANNA

You're a really good cook Jared.

JARED

Please, call me Mr. Hastings.

ANNA

Whatever you want, Mr. H.

Beth rolls her eyes as she hands Jared a pot.

ANNA

I never knew how sensual food can be. I just love to take something like a baby corn and roll it around on my tongue, you know.

Jared looks over to Beth. Beth is holding in a laugh.

JARED

Not really, no.

ANNA

Oh, never mind then. Have you ever thought about giving private lesson? You know in home instruction.

Jared puts a hotplate into the van.

JARED

Does your husband want to learn how to cook?

He points to the wedding band on her hand. Anna curls her fingers into a fist.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

Who Manny? God no, he isn't cultured like you and me. His idea of fine dining comes with a wet nap at the end.

JARED

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

Beth hands Jared the last box.

ANNA

Don't be, his busy schedule leaves me with plenty of time to entertain all of my friends.

Jared loads it in and closes the van door.

JARED

That's it, I'm all done. Thanks for the help ladies.

ANNA

Glad to be of help Mr. H. So listen this family friend's throwing this get-together and it would be great if you could come.

JARED

I don't know Anna, I'm not really the party type.

ANNA

Oh don't worry about it, It's going to be full of foodies so you'll definitely be in your element.

Jared heads for the driver's seat.

JARED

I'm really busy this weekend but I'll see what I can do. Bye.

ANNA

Great, I'll mail you an invite.

Jared jumps into the van and pulls off leaving Anna and Beth standing in the parking lot.

ANNA

I'm gonna sit on that man's face one day.

Beth looks over to Anna in shock. Anna looks back.

(CONTINUED)

ANNA

What, and why aren't you fetching
the car?

Beth walks toward the Mercedes.

INT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT.

Jared pulls up to the back a homeless shelter and knocks on
the door.

Benny, early 20's short stature and street smart, opens the
door and pokes his head out.

BENNY

Took you long enough, we was about
to order out for Dominoes.

JARED

Oh yeah? Well don't let me stop
you. I don't think they substitute
smart-ass joke for tips though.

BENNY

Whatever J. Get in here we're
hungry.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER CAFETERIA - NIGHT.

Jared and Benny stand behind the glass divider and serve
everyone as they walk by.

HOMELESS MAN 1

Thank you Jared.

JARED

You're welcome Harold.

Benny serves another man.

HOMELESS MAN 2

When you going to teach this one a
trade?

BENNY

Eddie I done told you about getting
slick with me. I'mma set your
cardboard box on fire you keep
fucking with me.

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS MAN 2

Oh yeah, who're you going to borrow the step ladder from so you can reach the matches you pinched-off toilet loaf.

Benny slams his serving spoon into his pot.

BENNY

That's it. I'm making ICU your new place of residence.

Jared grabs him and calms him down.

JARED

Let it go Benny. Dammit Eddie apologize or I'm not bringing any beats anymore.

EDDIE

I need those. They keep my skin full of collagen.

JARED

Then apologize.

EDDIE

I'm sorry, that God was in a shitty mood when he made you Benny.

BENNY

Fucking mutt!

JARED

Hey, Eddie!

EDDIE

I'm sorry Benny.

Jared hands Eddie a can of beats.

JARED

Here you go now move on.

Eddie and Benny watch each other as he makes his way to the deserts.

BENNY

I got something for nasty planned for him.

JARED
Just let it go man.

Jared yawns deeply.

BENNY
J, you tired?

JARED
Yeah, I was up late working on this new recipe.

BENNY
Shit go home and get some rest I can hold it down on this end.

JARED
Yeah?

BENNY
I got it man, get out of here.

JARED
Ok great, thanks Benny.

Jared walks out leaving Benny serving the rest of the food. A woman walks up to the counter.

BENNY
Pearl if you want this food you gotta show me some areola.

Pearl looks at him surprised and then begins to reach for her blouse.

BENNY
I'm just fucking with you Pearl, don't nobody wanna see them rusty silver dollars.

INT. JARED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Jared walks into his small apartment. There are pots and pans everywhere and poster's of his favorite chefs all over the walls.

He opens the refrigerator to check on a salmon that is marinating in a bowl.

INT. JARED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Jared gets undressed and before he goes to sleep he looks through a rough manuscript on the nightstand next to his bed. The cover reads **The ABC Cafe**.

He looks over the pages of handwritten recipes and polaroid's of the finished dishes on every page.

He yawns once more and pulls the cord on the lamp shade.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING.

Jared opens the door to find his little brother Matt sitting on his couch, Matt early twenties with a smart-ass grin laminated on his face, digs through a pair of jeans.

MATT

Morning Jared, how did the meeting with the investment group go?

JARED

I don't want to talk about it.

MATT

Like that? I keep telling you man, not everybody's palate is as liberal as yours. Burgers and fries would have had you in business already.

JARED

Its more than just the money little brother, I put a piece of myself into every one of my dishes.

MATT

Yeah whatever Ghandi. I made you some breakfast, that should cheer you up.

Matt points to the burnt french toast and scrambled eggs with shell fragments dotting the plate.

Jared yawns deeply as he scratches his stomach.

JARED

What time is--why the hell are you digging through my pants!?

Stops to check his watch.

(CONTINUED)

MATT

8:30 and to the second question.
This is where you keep your money
and I've got to pay the cabbie.

Jared rubs his face and stands over Matt.

JARED

Mom's house is three blocks down
why are you taking cabs here?

MATT

I pulled a hammie dunking on this
dude when I was playing ball
yesterday.

JARED

You can't dunk.

MATT

Alright, an aggressive lay-up then
whatever. Bottom line is a
dimepiece was out there watching me
ball out. You already know, I got
the number, now I need to borrow
some money for our date.

A loud horn honks from outside.

MATT

Oh yeah don't forget about the cab
fare.

Jared holds his hand out and Matt tosses him the wallet.
Jared pulls out some bills.

JARED

Here.

MATT

What about the tip? I've never been
a cheapskate.

JARED

That's because you never have any
money--here. I wish I was an only
child.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING.

Matt walks out of the door as Jared dumps the food into the waste basket.

As he goes to the kitchen he pulls out tupper-ware containers full of freshly diced vegetables, peppers, and mushrooms.

He takes a large glass milk jug out and pours some into a bowl as he mixes up batter. He tastes it and notices something off.

A quick trip to the massive spice rack hanging over the stove and the recipe is perfect.

Jared looks at total peace over the stove.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER.

Matt returns with the mail in his hands.

MATT

Damn something smells good.

Jared places a plate down in front of him. It looks like the cover of a food magazine complete with garnishing.

JARED

Here's yours.

MATT

Real talk J. You can fucking cook.

JARED

Whatever, what you want now?

MATT

I'm serious man, all jokes aside the McDonalds dollar menu ain't got shit on my big brother. Not a thing.

JARED

Matthew stop the ass-kissing, what do you want?

MATT

This.

Matt holds up an ornately decorated envelope.

(CONTINUED)

JARED
What is this?

MATT
I found it in your mail.

JARED
Oh so you're going through my mail
now, you plan on helping me out
with these bills?

MATT
Fuck all that, how did you get
invited to Miami Flame?

JARED
What?

MATT
Flame, Miami Flame. The
International food festival.

Jared reads the invitation.

MATT
For such a good cook you don't know
shit about the food industry bro.

JARED
One of my students Anna, she said
she'd send me an invitation.

MATT
Hold up, Anna Winters.

JARED
Yeah, you know her?

Matt falls back into the couch.

MATT
Do I know--Hell yeah I know her.
Her husband and his partner are the
biggest VC's in the city. They put
money into anything. Have you seen
those high-heel shoes with the
roller skates that pop out of the
bottom?

JARED
Yeah.

MATT

Where you think they got the money
from to fund that dumb ass idea.

Jared points to the letter. Matt playfully pushes his head.

MATT

Duh! They invest their cash into
start-ups because they can't put it
in the bank.

JARED

Where do they get all this money
from?

Matt puts his hands up palms flat and shrugs his shoulders.

MATT

Hey, I learned a while ago. Don't
ask questions you can't plead the
5th to. Besides, you focusing on
the wrong thing here. You've got an
invite to a party full of rich
people who would love to brag to
their friends about how they own a
stake in the hottest restaurant in
town.

JARED

I don't know.

MATT

What's to know! Best case scenario
you find an angel investor and
you start putting all these
recipes to work. Worst case, we go
to a party in a huge mansion with
an open bar, beautiful women and
you get to see what these so-called
professional chefs are whipping up.

JARED

Yeah but I'm not good at the whole
small-talk party mingling BS stuff.

Matt motions for the invitation and reads it.

MATT

It says plus 1.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT.

The large estate is filled with guests. Waiters weave through the sea of people holding up trays of finger foods and hors d'oeuvres.

Jared and Matt walk and take in the entire scene. Jared can't stop adjusting his collar.

MATT

Hey, relax. You make me wanna warn security to keep an eye on you.

JARED

Man shut up. It's just that I hate party's with all of these strangers.

MATT

Just picture them all wearing their checkbooks and you'll be fine.

JARED

OK. I got it. Just stay close by.

MATT

Come on, man. I got you.

A beautiful waitress walks by and catches Matt's eye.

MATT

As soon as I get her.

Matt walks off right after the woman.

JARED

Matt! Come back--fuck.

Jared looks around trying not to seem out of place. He adjusts his collar again and awkwardly smiles at a group of women.

EXT. BUFFET TABLE - NIGHT.

Jared has found himself at the table and is sampling the items with a small group of people around him.

JARED

You see the Kobe sashimi is a day and a half old which is why the chef used a little too much coriander to dampen the gamey taste of the beef.

(CONTINUED)

Jared holds out a sample for a woman to eat. Renee', early 20's, smart with a graceful beauty.

JARED

Did you notice the sesame seeds?

RENEE'

Why yes I did.

JARED

See they aren't the white variety most commonly used. These come from Burkina Faso. Much harder to find but they give the sauce that extra personality.

RENEE'

I taste it.

JARED

It almost smiles on your tongue.

WOMAN

Yes, it does.

A man walks by the group and steps forward. Price, a gentelman in his late 40's.

PRICE

There she is.

Price puts his arm around Renee' and gives her a kiss.

PRICE

Where have you been?

RENEE'

Getting a quick lesson in west African sesame seeds from our undercover chef here.

Renee' motions to Jared. Price turns toward Jared. He looks him up and down taking an account of him but addresses his next question to Renee'.

PRICE

Really? And what does he think about the Lobster bisque?

JARED

He's refused to try it, seeing as it was garnished with the Italian White Alba truffle.

(CONTINUED)

Price takes his arm away from Renee' and Jared now has his full attention.

PRICE

Good eye.

JARED

Thank you, but the mushroom just went out of season ten hours ago.

PRICE

That fungus is nearly \$1000 an ounce, who cares when it went out of season?

JARED

The peak period for flavor is only three weeks out of the year. I hope whoever paid for it kept the receipt.

PRICE

I paid for it. I paid for all of this in fact.

JARED

Oh. (beat) Well in that case consider it a tax write-off.

Price stares at Jared and busts out laughing as he throws his arm around Jared and holds his hand out.

PRICE

Price Jefferies, what do you do?

Jared shakes his hand.

JARED

Jared Hastings, nice to meet you. I teach a cooking class.

Jared hands Price his business card.

PRICE

Great, then you can come to the house and give me and my fiance' a private lesson.

JARED

I'd love to Price, but between classes and my volunteer work I can't spare the time.

(CONTINUED)

Price stares at Jared with the look of a man who rarely hears the word no.

PRICE

A man who sees his obligations through to completion. A rare thing in this world.

Renee' smiles at Jared.

RENEE'

I'll get the people from the Guinness Book on the phone.

PRICE

No need love, I'm sure me and Mr. Hastings will bump into each other again.

JARED

I look forward to that Mr. Jeffries.

Price takes Jared's hand and shakes it.

PRICE

Enjoy the party Jared, and my old mushrooms of course.

Price gives a huge laugh as he walks off with Renee'. Matt had been watching the whole scene play out and now walks up excitedly.

MATT

Bro do you know who that was?

JARED

Price Jefferies.

MATT

Yes. As in the Jefferies Group, worth just over a billion in liquid assets. What did you say to him?

JARED

I told him he overpaid for his truffles.

Matt shakes his head.

MATT

Man, you're crazy. So check it, me and the pretty waitress want to get

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MATT (cont'd)
to know each other a little better
tonight so I'm gonna need to borrow
your bed.

Jared screws his face up at Matt.

MATT
Ok then, how about just the couch?

Jared throws his arm around Matt and leads him into the party.

JARED
Come on.

INT. KITCHEN CLASSROOM - LATE AFTERNOON.

The classroom is full of the eager students. Jared walks in and immediately begins to write on the board.

JARED
Hello everyone, now tonight's
lesson will be an exercise in
making the best out of a bad
situation.

Jared writes the word **NECESSITY** on the board in large lettering. He turns and digs into his bag pulling out items.

JARED
I'm going to show you to make a
restaurant quality meal using only
Spam, Top Ramen noodles, and some
ketchup packets. Any questions?

As Jared scans the classroom he has to keep his jaw secured as he stares at the man in the back row with one hand raised and a pen in his other.

PRICE
Yes, can you spell Spam for me?

INT. RESTAURANT - DUSK.

Jared and Price sit at a corner table in a well-decorated South Beach restaurant. Price twists the cork out of a bottle of wine.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

Did you know that there were six
Jared Hastings in Miami?

JARED

Only six? Allapatah Jared must have
hyphenated.

Price laughs as he pours the wine into the decanter.

PRICE

Nice. All jokes aside I've been
checking into you.

JARED

May I ask why?

PRICE

Before I enter into any business
relationship I always make sure my
partners clean.

JARED

So how did I check out?

Price pulls out a little notebook.

PRICE

You're clean, a little eccentric it
says but most passionate people
are.

JARED

In this world its usually the
passionate who do anything worth a
damn.

Price slams his hand down on the table.

PRICE

Exactly! I agree 100%.

A beautiful waitress brings the meals to the table. Remy,
early 20's and smoldering sex in a too tight uniform.

REMY

Here you are gentlemen.

Jared reads the name tag.

JARED

Thank you Remy.

(CONTINUED)

Price locks eyes with Remy as she places the meals on the table. She returns the gaze. Jared watches the display with curiosity.

PRICE

Thank you.

REMY

Want anything else?

Price looks her up and down and slowly shoves his fork off of the table.

PRICE

I dropped my fork.

Remy slowly leans over arching her cleavage into Price's full view and retrieves the fork.

REMY

There you are sir.

By the time she gets back up there is a \$100 bill waiting for her on the edge of the table.

REMY

Thank you sir.

She takes it and twists her hips seductively as she walks away.

PRICE

The one saving grace of this dump
is the high quality ass you see
from ear to rear.

Jared looks around.

JARED

Yeah, so how's Renee' doing?

Price is snapped out of the hypnotic swaying of Remy's waist.

PRICE

Huh! Oh fine, she's fine. What was
I saying again?

JARED

High quality ass.

PRICE

Yes of course, that and the wine selection.

Price pours Jared a glass.

PRICE

Well what do you think?

Jared tries it.

JARED

Its good.

PRICE

It better be, that's bottle's 43 years old.

Jared takes another huge gulp.

PRICE

That's right drink up. Listen Jared I want to stop beating around the bush with you alright?

JARED

Ok, shoot.

PRICE

What do you think about this restaurant? Honestly.

Jared takes a deep breath as he surveys the establishment.

JARED

Its beautifully decorated, the wait-staff is top-notch, its in a prime location at a cross-roads for tourist dollars and local wealth, and as you've stated the wine selection is exceptional.

Price's face is beaming.

JARED

The menu however, it's the same overpriced and underdeveloped excuse for cuisine you find in almost any restaurant on Ocean Drive.

Price's face drops.

(CONTINUED)

PRICE

I know. I should probably sell the place but I hate to admit defeat.

JARED

You own this?

PRICE

Yes.

JARED

I didn't mean to be so harsh.

PRICE

Don't worry about it you can make it up to me by saying yes.

JARED

To what?

PRICE

I want you to run this place for me. Your menu, your vision, our profits. What do you say Jared?

Jared leans back in the chair as the weight of the question is crushing him. He stares down at the plate of food before him for a long moment then suddenly looks up.

JARED

Order another bottle, we're celebrating tonight.

Jared raises his glass and Price holds up the decanter. They clink containers and down the contents.

PRICE

Remy! Champagne!