

SAVOR

Written by

Fechete P. Cristian

E-mail: [cristianfechete@gmail.com](mailto:cristianfechete@gmail.com)  
Phone : 0040748716390

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FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

An ALPHA AND OMEGA RING.

The ring is on the ring finger of a clean, vigorous right hand. It holds a knife, cuts juicy pieces of cooked RED MEAT, with surgical precision.

INT. DINING-ROOM - NIGHT

BLUE EYES. Woman eyes. They look around. Frightened. Impressed.

A dirty, poorly dressed, obviously homeless WOMAN in her 30's sits on a chair, at one end of a 10 foot long massive-wood table. She has plates and silverware before her, restaurant-like arranged. She looks in awe, at the stylish layout of the modern living-room.

Her gaze drops on the spotless silverware. She slowly reaches for a FORK. She picks it up slowly, examines it.

CHEF (O.S.)  
It's silver.

Woman jolts, quickly puts down the fork. She looks up and gapes at the sight of--

CHEF, a well built man, in his 60's. He is bald and his gentle features give away his cheerful mood. He is pushing a HUGE FOOD TRAY, topped up with all kinds of delicacies.

CHEF (CONT'D)  
(re: the silverware)  
I got those as a present, the day I  
got my first job as a chef.

WOMAN  
They're nice.

Chef begins to take plates off the tray, prepares the meal for his guest.

CHEF  
They're expensive. And useless. God  
gave us everything we need to take  
care of ourselves. But people  
always think they're smarter. So  
they made knives and forks and  
spoons.

(MORE)

CHEF (CONT'D)

Won't be surprised if we'll eat using our phones, in the near future.

(chuckles)

I tell you something. When I'm alone, I eat using just my hands. So I won't mind if you do too.

Woman smiles.

INT. DINING-ROOM - LATER

RAIN DROPS cluster on a window, outside.

Woman eats, famished, using only her hands. Chef watches her, smiling, satisfied. Silence.

Woman looks at Chef, shyly. She stops eating.

WOMAN

You're not eating?

CHEF

(smiles)

No, my dear. I'm full just by watching you eat.

WOMAN

(resumes eating, somewhat embarrassed)

Well, it's very good. I don't think I ever ate something to taste this good.

CHEF

I'm glad you like it. If I was younger, I'd take it as a compliment.

WOMAN

It is a compliment. What's age got to do with it?

CHEF

It has, trust me. When you've been doing the same thing for your entire life, when someone tells you you're doing it well, you don't take it as a compliment anymore. Want some venison pie too?

WOMAN

Sure.

Chef puts the pie in front of Woman. She begins to eat it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you. But I don't get it.

CHEF

What's that, my dear?

WOMAN

If you don't like it, why do it all your life? Why keep doing it?

CHEF

Oh, I didn't say that I didn't like it. It's true, I liked it a lot more in the beginning, but I had other things about my job that made me happy throughout the years, aside from the simple joy of getting compliments.

WOMAN

Like what?

CHEF

Well, like money, fame, love...

WOMAN

Love? What kinda' love?

CHEF

Woman love. Girlfriend love. Wife love...

Woman stops eating. She looks at Chef in pity.

WOMAN

I know about your wife. Heard it at church. I'm really sorry. It wasn't right.

CHEF

It was God's will. That's always right and just, but we can't always see it.

WOMAN

I've thought about it, honestly. They said she only had like twenty dollars and a necklace. They said the guy who killed her got away. They said they didn't find him. Where's the justice in all that?

A LOUD THUNDER resounds from outside. The entire room is brightly lit for a split second. And for that split second, Chef looks FRIGHTENING.

Chef frowns, tries to change the subject, visibly affected.

CHEF

Looks like God doesn't like what he hears.

(smiling, forcefully)

Desert?

WOMAN

In a minute. I don't believe in God, you know? I never did. I take care of myself. And I do what I think is right and just, don't need anyone to tell me that.

CHEF

But I see you at the church, every week.

WOMAN

Yeah. Free food and a roof above my head, twice a week. That's it. Nothing else. I rarely talk with someone there and never make friends. To be honest, the first time you invited me here, I could've bet you were just one of those rich people who think they can fuck me for a hot meal. Then, after a while, I saw it. I watched you feeding those people, looking after them. You're a good man. They said there were many others you took, and even helped them rebuild their lives, away from this wretched city. But still, there's one thing I don't understand. Why are you doing this? I wouldn't, not even if I had money. What do you get from it? You must get something. No one is that good.

CHEF

(smiles)

I do. I do... get something. Human interaction. However it may be, it defines our reason for being.

WOMAN

I don't get it.

CHEF

See, my dear... I invited you here tonight. I offer you a nice meal and I make sure you're comfortable. And in return, you... You feed me! You keep me company, and give me a taste of your own life, by telling me your story. And that is it. I will be full and I will feel alive. And you can also stay here for the night, clean up, sleep in a soft bed. I've got two empty bedrooms. If you want to, of course. So, what do you say?

Woman considers this. She glances at the silver fork. She smiles.

WOMAN

You really are a good man.  
Merciful. Like your God.

Chef smiles. He likes what he hears.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

And I just realized I don't even know your name.

CHEF

You don't need to. And neither do I want to know yours. Let's keep it like that. It's better.

(beat)

So, desert?

A LOUD THUNDER resounds again, and the room is flooded with LIGHT, for a split second. And for that split second, Chef's smile looks like the most evil smile a man could have.

FADE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Woman is on the bed, sleeps deeply, SNORES. Lightning FLASHES light her face from time to time.

THE WINDOW is not completely closed.

A DIGITAL CLOCK on the night stand, shows "2:13".

Chef stands in the open door, looks around the room. His face is in the shadow, we can only see it from time to time, lit by lightning flashes. And when that happens, we see that evil smile.

He slowly walks towards the bed. Passes it by, and reaches the window. He closes it, silently, then moves towards the bed, again. He stops near it. For a few seconds, he contemplates Woman. He bends over and--

Reaches under the cover. His hand looks for something underneath there. He takes out his hand, holding--

A SILVER FORK.

He reaches for the top of the cover and arranges it over Woman. Then, he leaves the room, closing the door behind him.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A drawer, being opened. It holds the silverware, carefully arranged. Chef's hand puts the fork back in its place and picks up a long, slim, sharp-looking KNIFE.

ZOOM IN on the silver fork, until the shiny metal fills the entire image.

INT. DINING-ROOM - NIGHT

A SILVER FORK.

It is held by a dirty, poorly dressed, obviously homeless KID. He's 16, maybe, but surely not more than 18. He sits on the chair that Woman sat on, plates arranged and everything. He looks at the fork, fascinated by its glimmer.

CHEF (O.S.)  
It's silver.

Kid jolts, puts down the fork. Looks up, dumbstruck at the sight of the food tray that Chef is bringing.

INT. LIVING-ROOM - LATER

Kid devours his food, using only his hands. Chef just watches him.

CHEF  
Do you like it?

KID

Mhm.

A pause.

CHEF

(smiles)

Can I get you anything else?  
Something to drink, maybe?

KID

Nah.

A pause.

CHEF

Why are you on the streets? Don't  
you have family? Or someone close,  
to take care of you?

KID

(keeps eating)

No.

A pause.

CHEF

You don't talk much, do you?

KID

No.

CHEF

That's not good. Communication is  
everything in life. People who  
don't talk, who don't share their  
thoughts with the others, aren't  
well thought of. And making someone  
wait for your words is simply  
disrespect for that man's patience.  
Do you understand this, my son?

Kid just shrugs. A pause.

CHEF (CONT'D)

I see you talking to the people at  
the church, all the time. Is it  
that you just don't want to talk to  
me?

KID

Yup.

A pause. Chef is growing impatient.

CHEF

Why not? I might be old, but my mind is still working. You might be surprised by some of the things I can tell you, that you didn't know about.

(smiles politely)

Come on, talk to me!

KID

(stares him in the face)

No! I don't like you.

CHEF

But... why?

KID

I don't know, there's just something about you. Something bad in your eyes. I appreciate the dinner and all, don't get me wrong, but that's it.

A long pause.

Suddenly, Chef's smile fades. He JUMPS from his chair, picks up a KNIFE from the table and shoves it violently into Kid's chest. Kid spasms, blood and food dripping from his mouth.

Chef, serene, sits next to Kid, watches him agonize.

CHEF

I am good.

Chef grabs Kid's head, looks into his eyes.

CHEF (CONT'D)

Merciful.

Chef smiles.

Kid dies, eyes wide open, locked on Chef.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS - CHEF'S HANDS

A) Wash vegetables.

B) Set up the oven.

C) Chop vegetables.

D) Slice perfect cubes of red meat.

E) Swipe away HUMAN FINGERS into a trash can.

BACK TO SCENE

We see Chef from behind, doing his work.

We slowly move away from him and away from the kitchen.

We pass through--

THE DINING-ROOM

Kid's body is gone. We see the table and the chair, smeared with blood.

We retreat still, THROUGH a window, until we are--

OUTSIDE

-- and we focus UP, on the stupendous silver MOON. We ZOOM IN on the moon, until it becomes--

INT. DINING-ROOM - NIGHT

A SILVER FORK.

It is held by a dirty, poorly dressed, obviously homeless MAN, in his 40's. He sits on the chair, at the end of the neatly arranged table. He looks at the fork.

MAN

Is this silver?

Chef is just bringing the food tray. He stops, looks at Man, surprised.

INT. CHEF'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chef sits in an armchair, looks at--

COMPUTER SCREEN

NIGHT VISION CCTV image of the inside of a bedroom. Image ZOOMS on the bed, shows Man asleep.

BACK TO SCENE

Chef gets up. His face is expressionless.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A drawer, being opened. Chef's hand picks up a large, slim, sharp-looking KNIFE.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dimly lit by moon light coming through the windows. Chef walks slowly.

He squeezes the knife, in his right hand. The Alpha and Omega ring shines weakly.

His face shows impatience.

He walks to a door. He stands still in front of it, for a few seconds. He slowly opens the door. He enters--

THE BEDROOM

--as seen on the CCTV footage. Chef moves towards the bed, stops next to it.

The cover is pulled all the way up. He reaches for it, slowly, and as he is about to yank it down, we--

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

A POOL OF BLOOD.

Taking over the floor, expanding, as a thin stream of blood falls on it constantly, from--

--the tip of a hand's ring finger, with an ALPHA AND OMEGA RING on it.

Chef, back to us, is TIED to a chair. His right hand wrist is deeply CUT, blood PUMPS out.

MAN (O.S.)

Damn, this apple pie is good!

Man sits at the kitchen table, enjoys the pie, using a silver fork. He is cleaned up, wears a classy SUIT.

MAN (CONT'D)  
My compliments to the chef!

Chef barely lifts up his head and looks at Man. His face shows the exhaustion. He's being drained. He tries to say something, partly opens his mouth, but gives up. The effort is too big.

MAN (CONT'D)  
I bet you didn't see this coming, did you? I can imagine you're used to having... control. To having... recipes, so that you know exactly how much of this, how little of that to add, to make it all good. See, this was your mistake. You thought you found a recipe for life, and you could live it endlessly enjoying the... taste of the "free fruits" society throws away because they look and smell bad. Drawing them with food and blinding them with silver. It was fun, right? Watching them eat each other and then having a taste yourself. You had it all figured out, didn't you?

Chef moans, faintly.

MAN (CONT'D)  
But you got it all wrong. Nature has her own recipe. Some call it destiny, some call it balance. Many call it God. Darwin called it... evolution. I like that one the most.

Chef moans again, louder.

MAN (CONT'D)  
That concept is fascinating.  
Survival of the fittest.

Chef moans again, LOUD.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Predator killing prey. Predator killing predator.

Chef gathers all his remaining strength and--

CHEF  
(yelling)  
WHO ARE YOUUUUUU?!

Man jumps on his feet and walks towards Chef. Man kneels in front of Chef and grabs his head with both hands, looking him straight in the eyes.

MAN  
I am a killer. I am a flesh-eater, a predator. I am you! Only better. You see, once I figured you out, I studied you. I watched you. I left my home, lived on the streets, came to church. I shaped myself into the form I knew you prefer. And I waited.

Chef COUGHS hard, spits blood into Man's face.

MAN (CONT'D)  
(shaking Chef's head)  
No, no, no! Stay with me. I found the good and true recipe, you see. And it tastes infinitely better. It's the wait. The anticipation. The craving. And it's the same for every single thing we want in life. Whether it's women, money, or... food. It's all about the chase. That's what makes life worth living. That's the... savor of it. Without that, we'd be all full and purposeless and life would be just a glass of stinky water.

Chef's eyes begin to close. Man leans in, talks into Chef's ear.

MAN (CONT'D)  
Who am I? I am your destiny. I am the balance. I am the ultimate predator.  
(whispering)  
I am God.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

MOZART'S SYMPHONY No. 40 fills the room.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MAN'S HANDS

- A) Wash vegetables.
- B) Prepare the oven
- C) Cut vegetables.
- D) Slice perfect cubes of red meat.
- E) Throw the chopped vegetables into a BOILING POT.

BACK TO SCENE

In the boiling pot--

AN ALPHA AND OMEGA RING SLOWLY EMERGES TO THE SURFACE.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: "And the LORD smelled a sweet savor; and the LORD said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake; for the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every thing living, as I have done. (Genesis 8:21, King James Bible)"

FADE OUT.

THE END.