

INT. FAITH'S LOFT - DAY

SARAH enters with a small cardboard box of coffee cups.

SARAH:
Coffee's here.

MAXWELL:
(motioning to a table)
Over there.

SARAH notices an arrangement of sofa cushions and blankets beside the table.

SARAH:
What's this?

MAXWELL:
They built a fort. Are they doing
drugs?

SARAH:
No, Max, they're just kids.

MAXWELL:
I should fire Gerard. I'm not
paying him to be a kid.

SARAH:
Are you paying him?

MAXWELL:
I should still fire him.

SARAH:
(looking around)
Well where are they?

MAXWELL:
Gerard is taking a shower. Faith
is painting.

SARAH:
The show is tomorrow?

MAXWELL:
Yeah. I'm about to messenger his
stuff over to the gallery. I don't
think it even matters how they're
hung. We'll leave it to the
curator.

GERARD enters, dressed and shower fresh.

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)

Hey, you're not getting too close to the client are you?

GERARD:

First of all: Happy birthday, Max. We don't have a big surprise planned. Second of all: Faith and I are buds. Get over it.

MAXWELL:

How did you know it's my birthday?

GERARD:

It's on your Wikipedia page. We don't have a big surprise planned or anything.

MAXWELL:

Why do you keep saying that?

GERARD:

(to SARAH)

Did he tell you about the camera?

SARAH:

No...?

MAXWELL:

(deadpan)

There's a camera across the street.

GERARD:

You make it sound boring.

MAXWELL:

It's a camera. What do you want me to say?

GERARD:

First of all, it's not one camera, it's multiple cameras. It's a mystery. We should solve it.

MAXWELL:

No, you should get Faith's paintings over to the gallery.

GERARD:

How? Erosion is midtown and I only have my scooter.

MAXWELL:

He's not showing at Erosion.

GERARD:
First of all, he is showing at
Erosion. Slate said.

MAXWELL:
Okay, stop saying "first of all."
Especially when there's no second
of all. And the film is at
Erosion, Faith is showing at
Maison.

GERARD:
Nope. Slate says Erosion now. You
should call him.

MAXWELL rushes off to a corner of the loft and calls SLATE.
GERARD talks to SARAH in the meantime.

GERARD: (CONT'D)
How are you, Sarah? It's nice to
see you again.

SARAH:
I went to Ohio and then came back
twelve hours later.

GERARD:
Wow, that's really something. What
do you think of the cameras?

SARAH:
I really don't have an opinion.

GERARD:
Max undersold it, didn't he?

CUT TO:

MAXWELL on the phone with SLATE.

MAXWELL:
Why does Gerard think Faith is
showing at Erosion?

SLATE:
Because Faith is showing at
Erosion.

MAXWELL:
Since when?

SLATE:
I don't want to be in the middle of
this, Max.
(MORE)

SLATE: (CONT'D)

It was a better opportunity with Jamal's film there. It's going to draw a bigger crowd.

MAXWELL:

Don't try to steal control of this just because I left the city. This is still my thing. You just undercut me from behind.

SLATE:

First of all, I got him into Maison. I got him into Erosion. I'm getting him ten times the publicity for his opening because it accompanies Jamal's film. You taught him how to answer some questions and bought him new clothes. I'm not sure why you feel like you've done anything.

BACK TO:

GERARD and SARAH.

GERARD:

Hey, you're psychic.

SARAH:

Is that a question?

GERARD:

No, that isn't a question. This is a question: Who killed JFK?

SARAH:

Oswald.

GERARD:

Really?

SARAH:

To the best of my knowledge.

GERARD:

Where's Woody Allen right now?

SARAH:

He's probably in Manhattan.

GERARD:

Wow. That is so cool.

BACK TO:

MAXWELL.

MAXWELL:

Don't give me that. You're trying to humiliate me. Like it's not bad enough that film exists, I have to be there when everyone sees it.

SLATE:

(suddenly sharp and angry)
Hey, buddy, LISTEN.
(pause)
That's all I've got.

MAXWELL:

Do you think this is a game, you sick bastard?

SLATE:

It's always been a game. And if you can't handle losing, you should quit. Go big or go home. Oh wait, you don't have a home.

MAXWELL:

You know what? I'm going to be at the opening and I look forward to having you standing beside me when it plays the scene of us busting in on you with your mistress.

SLATE:

I bought that footage.

MAXWELL:

No, you bought my silence. Did you buy Jamal's?

SLATE:

You don't own his silence?

MAXWELL:

He's premiering a film that will completely discredit me. Do you think we're good friends?

SLATE:

I didn't think it through. We hate each other but we work together, I assumed that was your standard arrangement.

MAXWELL:
You've got two days to figure out
what you're going to say to Torita.

SLATE:
What did you say when she found
out?

MAXWELL:
I got angry at her and then I
apologized.

SLATE:
That didn't work?

MAXWELL:
...No, we're still together, Slate.

INTRO CREDITS

GERARD:
Hey, Max, is it Erosion?

MAXWELL:
Yes, Gerard, it's Erosion.

GERARD:
Tell Slate to send some taxi's to
get the paintings there, would you?

MAXWELL:
I just called him. I'm not going
to call him again.

GERARD:
(to SARAH)
Excuse him. His birthday makes him
grumpy.

MAXWELL:
Stop talking about my birthday.

GERARD:
She already knows. She's a
psychic.

MAXWELL:
Get moving. Erosion.

GERARD:
(heading into the bedroom)
Hey, Faith! Which half of the
paintings are you showing?

MAXWELL:
 (after him)
 Which *half*?

GERARD:
 (over the shoulder)
 It's complicated.

INT. OUTSIDE TORITA'S OFFICE -- DAY

SLATE is pacing. He approaches TORITA'S door and almost knocks, then stops. He backs off and paces more. From inside the office, a telephone rings. SLATE panics and runs.

INT. A BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

SLATE splashes water on his face. He exhales and looks at himself in the mirror.

SLATE:
 (to the mirror)
 Torita, I need to tell you something.
 (tries again)
 Honey, I have a confession.
 (again)
 I don't know how to tell you this.
 Don't watch the movie.
 (long wait)
 Hey, you look pretty today.
 Listen...
 (long wait)
 I'm so sorry. For everything. For all of it. I don't ever want to hurt you again.

He dries his hands on paper towels and throws them at the trash can. He misses. He bends over, picks them up, tries again. He misses. He takes a swing at the trash can. He misses and plunges into the wall, upending the receptacle and showering trash on the floor around him.

SLATE: (CONT'D)
 What the hell do I do now?

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK -- SAME TIME

GERARD is towing a small cart full of paintings with his scooter. He talks on a Bluetooth headset as he drives.

GERARD:
So what are you wearing?

INT. TORITA'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

TORITA flips through slides and parcels of samples with artist bios as she talks to GERARD on speakerphone.

TORITA:
A red coat.

GERARD:
Like a British soldier?

TORITA:
This isn't a good time, Gerard.

GERARD:
When is a good time? I haven't
seen you in days.

TORITA:
I actually wanted to talk to you
about that. I think we may be
seeing too much of each other.

GERARD:
But it's been days.

TORITA:
It's not a good time for me.

GERARD:
Because you're pregnant?

TORITA:
What?

GERARD:
Slate told me. We were at the
drugstore together.

TORITA pauses.

TORITA:
I think we should both move on.

GERARD:
Let's have dinner tomorrow.

TORITA:
I feel like you're not
understanding me.

GERARD:
I'm not sure what you want me to do.

TORITA:
Gerard...you're young.

GERARD:
Yeah... So?

TORITA:
There's a lot you don't know yet because you haven't been through it.

GERARD:
Been through what?
(she doesn't answer)
Are you breaking up with me?

TORITA:
I don't need to break up with you. I'm married. We had a fling.

GERARD:
An affair.

TORITA:
Yes. A short-lived affair.

GERARD:
But an affair. That's really grown up.

TORITA:
I don't want you to dwell on this. And please don't bring it up ever again.

GERARD:
Why do you want to end it?

TORITA:
Well-

GERARD:
Are you scared?

TORITA:
No.

GERARD:
You're not scared of getting caught?

TORITA:
I'm not pregnant, Gerard. Slate
must have gotten someone else
pregnant. So no, I am not scared
of him finding out.

GERARD:
(beat)
I meant Max finding out.

TORITA:
We're getting off the topic.

GERARD:
Wait. I just...

TORITA:
What?

GERARD:
I...

TORITA:
What, Gerard? What?

GERARD:
You can't just make this decision,
we have to talk about it. I don't
want us to be over.

TORITA:
It's not going to be difficult.
You'll meet someone else in no
time.

GERARD:
No.

TORITA:
You don't think you can meet
someone else?

GERARD:
I see no point in that. I'll never
have as much fun with someone else
as I have with you. And I'll never
not have fun with you.

TORITA:
You're young. You think the world
ends every time a phase of your
life ends.

GERARD:
It not ending. You're killing it.

TORITA:
It was already dead. You just
didn't-

She stops. Is staring at the pages in her hand.

GERARD:
I didn't what?

TORITA:
Gerard, call the police. Tell them
Princess is going to kill Max.

GERARD:
We tried that. Listen, I think we
have to agree on our relationship.
It's not up to one or the other to
just decide what it is.

TORITA:
Her name is Gina Marie Blanchard.
She's an artist. Go to the 28th
Street Precinct, I'll meet you
there in fifteen minutes.

GERARD:
But we're right in the middle of
this.

TORITA:
We were at the end. I will meet
you in fifteen minutes.

She hangs up. Zoom in on PRINCESS'S press kit laying on
TORITA'S desk.

INT. FAITH'S LOFT -- LATER

MAXWELL is dressing. Buttoning shirt sleeves, straightening
his tie. SARAH sits in a chair in the background.

SARAH:
Why are you changing here?

MAXWELL:
Because when I change on the
street, people throw trash at me.
(he turns to face her)
I am homeless, you know.
(MORE)

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)

I was staying with Gerard and I don't even know where that is. It's in Queens, I think.

SARAH:

You aren't shy about changing in front of me?

MAXWELL:

(turning back to the window)

I'm not a shy person. Hey, I wanted to ask you something.

SARAH:

Yeah?

MAXWELL:

You think you'll ever get married again?

SARAH:

Why?

MAXWELL:

Because sometimes that's what people do.

SARAH:

I haven't thought about it that much.

MAXWELL:

Well that's sad.

SARAH:

You're not proposing are you?

MAXWELL:

I don't think so. It's just...you lost, okay? You had some bad luck.

SARAH:

I lost?

MAXWELL:

Yeah.

SARAH:

What does that mean? You think I'm a loser?

MAXWELL:

I'm not sure yet. But you need to stop thinking you are.

SARAH:

You're kind of being a jerk.

He turns and crosses to her, pulls a chair in front of her and sits down, face to face.

MAXWELL:

I'm speaking to you out of love and kindness. Shape up. Get yourself together and stop rolling over.

SARAH:

I don't even know what-

MAXWELL:

You said some things that hurt me. And I'm glad you did because I haven't been happy for a long time. I wasn't even living, really, I was just going through the motions. It's not an easy realization to come to but you're the best friend I've had in a long time because you were willing to hurt me to help me. And I'd like to hurt you back.

SARAH:

Max, you're being creepy.

MAXWELL:

Have you been in love before?

SARAH:

Yeah.

MAXWELL:

With your husband?

SARAH:

I was.

MAXWELL:

And then it stopped.

SARAH:

Things changed. We changed.

MAXWELL:

You didn't change together, that's all. You still love your son?

SARAH:
I don't like this, Max. You're
being rude and you're upsetting me.

MAXWELL:
Bear with me. You still love your
son?

SARAH:
(clenched teeth)
Yes.

MAXWELL:
And your husband, he still loves
him?

SARAH:
You'd better have a point.

MAXWELL:
There was that much love between
the two of you but you couldn't
give any to each other.

SARAH:
Yeah, well...things change. Even
if you don't want them to.

MAXWELL:
I know that better than anyone.
But you still have that love.
You're still carrying it around.
Giving it away to everyone you meet
because it's a lot to carry.

SARAH:
What's wrong with showing people
love?

MAXWELL:
Nothing. Nothing, Sarah, there's
nothing wrong with being a loving
person. But why do you shower love
on everyone? You came to meet me
in Ohio and you barely knew me.

SARAH:
Look, if you're going to give me
crap because I'm a good person and
could tell you needed help-

MAXWELL:
Did you help me or did you help
you?

(MORE)

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)

(beat)

People think it's difficult if you can't find someone to love you. And it is for some people. But it's just as hard for some people when they can't find someone to give love to.

SARAH:

I've found lots of people.

MAXWELL:

I know. You found me. But have you been on a date since your husband?

SARAH:

I see a lot of people at their worst, Max. You wouldn't want to go on dates after seeing that.

MAXWELL:

And it's hard to be put on a pedestal when someone doesn't need to look up at you. And no one that's living on the bottom can refuse your help.

SARAH:

This is sick, Max. You should apologize.

MAXWELL:

I won't. But I'm not leaving either. I think your compassion is beautiful and I want you to let yourself be happy.

SARAH:

You're sick.

MAXWELL:

Maybe, but I love you.

SARAH:

Don't confuse the two.

MAXWELL:

You're angry because you don't want to hear this but you need to make the change. You are wonderful and you deserve happiness too.

SARAH:
You need to go.

MAXWELL:
I'm not leaving you.

SARAH:
Just go.

MAXWELL:
It's not a form of atonement, you know.

SARAH:
I want you to leave, Max.

MAXWELL:
Sarah...this isn't your home. You can't kick me out.

FAITH:
(from the doorway)
You need to go.
MAXWELL turns and faces him.

FAITH: (CONT'D)
You need to learn to stop being a jerk. And you should go learn that elsewhere. Don't come back until you have.

MAXWELL:
Faith, I didn't-

FAITH:
Leave.

MAXWELL:
(to SARAH)
Tell him.

She is crying. Won't look at him.

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)
I won't forget this.

He exits.