

EPISODE 1: PILOT

Written by

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DARKNESS

The low buzz of an audience. A distant, indecipherable voice speaking. Clapping. Louder, clapping. Louder, clapping. We can make out the speaker.

HOST:

And of course, ladies and gentlemen, our featured guest. There has not been a time in my career when he was not an important part of the art business. He wrote the manual, literally, on creating a star. His finds include Blake Spiers, Fendik, Spanau Spree, and Philo. We are honored to welcome Mister Maxwell Hargitay.

Nothing. No clapping, no reaction at all. Someone coughs.

EXT. AUDITORIUM'S REAR EXIT - LATER

MAXWELL crashes through the door, JAMAL trailing him with a video camera. A ring of photographers and autograph seekers are standing near the exit. The photographers look up eagerly then return to their conversation. MAXWELL stops to sign some autographs.

MAXWELL:

And what's your name?

PRINCESS:

Princess.

MAXWELL:

...Okay.

PRINCESS:

Can I buy you dinner?

MAXWELL:

Dinner? Well, that's...why me?

PRINCESS:

I respect you. Despite everything.

MAXWELL:

That's comforting. Jamal: How much film you got left?

JAMAL:

I keep telling you, man, it's all digital. We don't run out of film. There is no film.

MAXWELL'S ex-wife, TORITA, slides up beside him.

TORITA:

I think it's an improvement. No Philo signs this time. Almost got photographed.

MAXWELL:

Yeah, it's very flattering.

TORITA:

Of course, you still have your head up your ass to even be here.

MAXWELL:

Why are you doing this now? In front of my fans?

PRINCESS:

Oh, I'm not a fan. I just need to use you.

MAXWELL:

Thank you.
(to JAMAL)
Did you get that?

EXT. AUDITORIUM'S REAR EXIT - SOON AFTER

They are exiting the autograph pool and walking the ropeline out of the alley, JAMAL trailing with the camera.

TORITA:

I have a new one.

MAXWELL:

For Slate or for me?

TORITA:

For you. His name is Fake.

MAXWELL:

What's his real name?

TORITA:

That is his real name. He was in a group show at DeWitt.

MAXWELL:
They show second graders.

TORITA:
Meet with him.

MAXWELL:
He's worth it?

TORITA:
He's the next star.

MAN IN THE CROWD:
Hey, Hargitay! How much did you
spend to kill Philo?!

MAXWELL stops and stares at the man. JAMAL gets ready to capture a fistfight. They're locking eyes. TORITA tugs MAXWELL'S sleeve and pulls him away.

TORITA:
You don't have to answer every
insult.

MAXWELL:
Torita. I'm not a bad person, am
I?

MAN IN THE CROWD:
Nah, you're total crap!

MAXWELL:
Where is Gerard?! Are we vetting
these people at all?

TORITA:
He's around the corner trying to
flag down a cab. The limo driver
left without you.

MAXWELL:
Why did he do that?

TORITA:
Because you can't pay him, Max.

MAXWELL:
Can you stop filming?

GERARD appears. He is a skinny young man in tight jeans, a collared shirt and tie peeking out from under a hooded sweatshirt.

GERARD:
I got you a cab, Maxie. But he
won't go to Brooklyn.

MAXWELL:
I'm going to Brooklyn?

GERARD:
You are now. Your hotel has
initiated eviction.

MAXWELL:
They don't respect me at all
anymore, do they?

PRINCESS:
I need to take you to dinner!
Don't get in that cab!

GERARD:
Friend of yours?

MAXWELL:
That's Princess. She wants to use
me.

INT. A CAB - MOMENTS LATER

MAXWELL steps into the cab to discover SLATE is already
occupying it.

MAXWELL:
What the-? Why are you in here?
Where is your limo?

SLATE:
I bought the cab company.

MAXWELL:
I'll wait for the next one.

SLATE:
They're all mine, Max. Every cab
here.

MAXWELL:
It's not the cab I object to.

SLATE:
You need to stop thinking I stole
Torita from you, Max. She left you
because you're a terrible person.
(MORE)

SLATE: (CONT'D)
She still owns half your agency.
We all came out ahead.

JAMAL:
I don't have room to get in with
that dude in there.

MAXWELL:
(briefly considers, then)
Push him out, Jamal.

SLATE:
Ride with me. I want to talk to
you.

CUT TO:

INT. A CAB - MOMENTS LATER

MAXWELL is staring straight ahead in silence for several
seconds.

SLATE:
I wanted you to hear it from me
first.

MAXWELL keeps staring ahead.

SLATE: (CONT'D)
I've already signed half your
clients since you no longer have
payroll. And the grants were all
denied, so that didn't help.

MAXWELL:
You signed half my clients?

SLATE:
Yes.

MAXWELL:
So...I guess I'm not the first to
hear it from you.

SLATE:
I said I wanted you to hear it from
me first, not that you were the
first person I told.
(beat)
Look, you're going to get through
this. Would you mind if I had my
guy look over your financials?

MAXWELL:

You want to buy me out?

SLATE:

It would help. Better to get pennies on the dollar than lose everything, right? I'll even find a spot for you in my agency. I took your model but I've upgraded. Streamlined efficiency, improved artist relations, all the things lacking under your-

MAXWELL:

You're an asshole.

(to the driver)

Drop me here, please.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - JUST AFTER

MAXWELL exits the cab.

SLATE:

It's not easy to lose the adoration, is it? You're broke and the whole world hates you.

He motions to the driver and the cab pulls away. GERARD and JAMAL arrive on a scooter as MAXWELL watches the cab drive away down the empty street.

JAMAL:

What's with that dude?

MAXWELL:

I wish he was dead.

A car rams into the departing taxi at a cross street.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

MAXWELL is sitting on the end of a row of chairs. Prostitutes litter the station. MAXWELL is staring through a large window at PRINCESS as she is interviewed by a detective. She looks different. Her hair is different, she wears different clothes. An OFFICER pokes his head out of a door.

OFFICER:

You're free to go.

MAXWELL:
Thanks. Did that woman give her
name as Princess?

OFFICER:
I'm not permitted to release any
information at this time.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

MAXWELL steps out with his lawyer, KRIGER, to find TORITA
waiting.

MAXWELL:
I don't need bail money if that's
why you're here.

TORITA:
I came straight from the hospital.

MAXWELL:
Is he dead?

TORITA:
Let's get a drink.

MAXWELL:
You didn't answer.

TORITA:
No, he's not dead. Do you want to
get a drink?

MAXWELL:
Sure, I'll do that.

INT. HARRY'S - SOON AFTER

MAXWELL sits in a booth opposite TORITA and FRANKLIN, his
money manager.

MAXWELL:
Okay, you cornered me.

FRANKLIN:
You've been ducking my calls for
weeks, Max. You don't do that to
your money manager!

MAXWELL:
And my money manager shouldn't go
through my ex-wife to get me.

FRANKLIN shrugs.

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)

So how about it? I'm still broke?

FRANKLIN:

You wish. At this point you'll have to gain money to be broke. But this is New York. You can get money here.

MAXWELL:

And yet I still see homeless people.

FRANKLIN:

You're one of them now.

TORITA:

This is for your own good, Max.

FRANKLIN:

Here's what I've got. Washington Liberty International. It's a mutual fund. They want to invest \$80 million.

MAXWELL:

In my agency?

FRANKLIN:

No, in your judgment. You've got the eye, or you have them thinking so anyway. They want to invest in artwork for the mutual fund. You get a fee as their advisor.

MAXWELL:

No.

FRANKLIN:

They have conditions.

MAXWELL:

No.

FRANKLIN:

You have to report payroll expenditures on a weekly basis. Second, no purchases without the approval of the bond company. They'll send an overseer when you're making deals.

MAXWELL:

Who is the overseer?

FRANKLIN:

Doesn't matter.

MAXWELL:

Look, this isn't the first time it's been tried. That British pension fund that invested in Impressionist work made out well, everyone else has lost money. And I'll get the blame. So are they at least going to pay me well for my reputation?

FRANKLIN:

Your reputation is only worth what they're paying.

MAXWELL:

Right now. After, it will be worth less.

FRANKLIN:

We can't negotiate. The deal is done, just say yes.

MAXWELL:

Why can't we negotiate?

FRANKLIN:

I already did. This is as far as they'll go.

MAXWELL:

Did you talk up the money or what?

TORITA:

Max. They wanted Philo's body.

MAXWELL:

What?

FRANKLIN:

Forget it. I negotiated it, it's done. Philo's corpse is off the table.

TORITA:

It was never on the table.

INT. A LIMO - NIGHT

MAXWELL and TORITA ride together.

MAXWELL:

Are you dropping me in Brooklyn?

TORITA:

No. That hotel has also refused
you residence.

MAXWELL:

Don't I own a yacht?

TORITA:

You did.

MAXWELL:

What happened to it?

TORITA:

I don't know. Pirates. I'm taking
you to meet Fake.

MAXWELL:

Not that again.

TORITA:

Some people think I have an eye
too, you know.

MAXWELL:

Then why don't you sign him? Sign
everyone you like. Stop pointing
me at them.

TORITA:

See his work. Tell me he's not
great.

MAXWELL:

I don't want to drag anyone down
with me, Torita. Okay? Is that
honest enough for you?

TORITA:

That's defeatist. Accept help when
it's offered.

MAXWELL:

There's a vague nobility in failing
all by yourself.

The scooter pulls up beside the car. GERARD, wearing a helmet, pilots it while JAMAL sits backwards on the rear, camera pointed in the window at MAXWELL.

TORITA:

Do you really think your life is worth documenting?

MAXWELL:

Your support means a lot to me.

INT. RESIDENTIAL BUILDING - SOON AFTER

MAXWELL and GERARD enter and head to the elevator, JAMAL trailing them.

GERARD:

This will be the first time I've seen you sign a new client.

MAXWELL:

I haven't decided to.

INT. FAITH'S LOFT - SOON AFTER

The elevator opens and they step out. MAXWELL is immediately struck by the canvases on display in the loft. They are half Basquiat/half comic book. They all contain religious imagery and esoteric text. FAITH is a fit young black man, paint staining his hands and forearms, his sweatpants.

MAXWELL:

You're Fake? I'm Maxwell Hargitay.

FAITH:

The name's Faith, not Fake.

MAXWELL:

Your name's not Fake?

FAITH:

Why would anyone name me Fake?

MAXWELL:

I got bad information.
(changing the subject)
This one could use more red.

FAITH:

You come to critique me?

MAXWELL:

No. I just wanted to look.

FAITH:

So look.

GERARD:

What movement do you associate your work with?

FAITH:

My boys and I call it Grade F Art.

MAXWELL is glaring at GERARD.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - SOON AFTER

MAXWELL:

I told you not to say anything.

GERARD:

I just wanted to-

MAXWELL:

What you said makes me look like an amateur. If you want to ask a question, check with me first.

GERARD:

I'm sorry, Max.

MAXWELL:

You didn't make him feel inadequate and you didn't make him feel like a friend. You sounded like a newcomer.

GERARD:

I thought his work was very-

MAXWELL:

I don't care about his work. I care about the image that can sell paintings. And he's no good.

GERARD:

Why not?

MAXWELL:

He's a Christian.

GERARD:

Oh.

MAXWELL:

(to JAMAL)

You'll have to edit that out. I don't want to look intolerant.

EXT. FAITH'S LOFT - DAY

JAMAL backs out of the door, MAXWELL and GERARD following.

MAXWELL:

Where is the limo?

GERARD:

I think she left.

MAXWELL:

How do we get home?

GERARD:

The hotel evicted-

MAXWELL:

I'll have to stay with you until some money comes in.

GERARD:

When will that be?

MAXWELL:

(looking up and down the street)

I guess we walk.

As they head up the block, a car pulls alongside them. The rear window lowers and PRINCESS sticks her head out. She is in the clothing from her first appearance, hair returned to that style.

PRINCESS:

Max, get in.

MAXWELL:

You changed your clothes again.

She holds out a pistol, butt pointed at MAXWELL.

PRINCESS:

Take this.

MAXWELL:
Oh, I couldn't.

PRINCESS:
Why not?

MAXWELL:
Did you bring one for everybody?
Do you have one for Gerard?

PRINCESS:
He's not important.

MAXWELL:
He's standing right here.

PRINCESS:
Take the gun.

MAXWELL:
I'm not sure I even know how to use
it.

DRIVER:
I told you he's the wrong one.

MAXWELL:
What's he saying?

DRIVER:
I'm giving him five seconds.

PRINCESS:
Please, Max. Please get in.

MAXWELL:
Why are you after me?

PRINCESS:
Just trying to save the universe.

DRIVER:
He's not coming.

The car pulls away and accelerates.

GERARD:
What was that about?

MAXWELL:
We need to be careful about people
like her.

GERARD:
What do you mean?

MAXWELL:
This is what happens to celebrities. The users come out of the woodwork. They all want a piece of you. So do their attorneys. Let's go.

GERARD:
You know, I missed this.

MAXWELL:
We've never done this before.

INT. GERARD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It is a cramped studio apartment and GERARD is preparing a bed on the floor for MAXWELL.

MAXWELL:
This is where the magic happens, huh?

GERARD:
Sometimes.

MAXWELL:
Are you okay here?

GERARD:
What do you care?

MAXWELL:
I guess I don't.

GERARD:
Good night, Max.

There is a long pause.

MAXWELL:
You're a good guy, Gerard.

INT. GERARD'S APARTMENT - MORNING

MAXWELL wakes to the sound of bacon frying.

GERARD:
Oh, good. I wasn't sure you'd wake up in time.

MAXWELL:
In time for what?

GERARD:
You have a breakfast with the
representative from the mutual
fund.

MAXWELL:
Bean-counter?

GERARD:
(shrugs)
After that you have Violetta.

MAXWELL:
Can we push that?

GERARD:
No. After what happened at the
panel yesterday-

MAXWELL:
Thanks for letting me stay here.

GERARD:
I don't want it to happen again.

MAXWELL:
Oh. I'm sorry.

GERARD:
No, I mean you're too good for
this. Sleeping on my floor.
(he hunkers down beside
MAXWELL)
Listen. I think you're getting
back on track. I think there's
still hope for you.
(he looks at his watch)
We've got hot water for another
three minutes if you want to grab a
quick shower.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - MORNING

GERARD is leading MAXWELL down the sidewalk, JAMAL following
with the camera.

MAXWELL:
What is the guy's name?

GERARD:
Hoffstadt.

INT. RESTAURANT - SOON AFTER

MAXWELL sits down across the table from HOFFSTADT. He is younger than MAXWELL and appears conservative, wealthy, cultured.

HOFFSTADT:
Mr. Hargitay. Could you, uh, have the gentleman wait elsewhere?

MAXWELL:
Sure. Take a walk, Gerard.

HOFFSTADT:
And the young man with the camera?

MAXWELL gives JAMAL a nod and he recedes.

HOFFSTADT: (CONT'D)
May I speak frankly, Mr. Hargitay?

MAXWELL:
Sure.

HOFFSTADT:
You've had over twenty years of impressive success in the art world. Why is your agency insolvent?

MAXWELL:
Really? That's your first question?

HOFFSTADT:
Yes. Why not?

MAXWELL:
I thought this was a general. Ask me what I look for in an artist, how I anticipate the next-

HOFFSTADT:
Well I'm much more concerned with the financial-

MAXWELL:
You're a jerk.

HOFFSTADT:
I mean no offense, Mister-

MAXWELL:
Just die.

HOFFSTADT:
I think you may be a bit sensitive.

MAXWELL motions for JAMAL.

MAXWELL:
I'm not sensitive. You just don't give a damn about me. You want a piece of me, just like everyone else. And if you're after my money, you're gunning for a very small piece.

JAMAL:
Meeting's over already?

MAXWELL:
Break his legs, Jamal.

HOFFSTADT:
If I offended you, Mister Hargitay, I do apologize. I would like to be able to work together on-

MAXWELL:
No. You had your chance. If the investors didn't believe in me, they wouldn't have sought me out. You came on the attack. You are a mean person and I won't do business with you.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - MOMENTS LATER

MAXWELL walks the street in a rage, GERARD and JAMAL chasing after.

GERARD:
We have to fix this.

MAXWELL:
We're done.

GERARD:
What do I tell Franklin?

MAXWELL:

Tell him to screw. He works for me, I don't work for him.

GERARD:

What are your plans?

MAXWELL:

I plan to walk home.

GERARD:

You don't have a home. And I want to know if you actually have a plan. What happens if you never place another client?

MAXWELL:

I don't even care. I'm not going to be jerked around after 20 years in the business.

GERARD'S phone rings.

GERARD:

It's Franklin.

MAXWELL:

I'm not talking to him.

INT. FRANKLIN'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

FRANKLIN and TORITA have GERARD on speakerphone.

FRANKLIN:

I don't care if he doesn't want to talk! You stick that phone in his face! He has to breathe eventually!

GERARD:

I can't do that.

TORITA:

Listen, Gerard. Just get him here. He needs a career intervention.

FRANKLIN:

That's right! You lie to him if you have to! I want him in my office!

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - SOON AFTER

GERARD catches up with MAXWELL as he's hailing a cab.

GERARD:
Violetta?

MAXWELL:
Let's go see Faith.

EXT. FAITH'S LOFT - SOON AFTER

The cab pulls up behind a limo.

MAXWELL:
Damn it! She sold me out. She's
giving him to Slate.

INT. FAITH'S LOFT - SOON AFTER

The elevator door opens to find TORITA and FRANKLIN waiting.

MAXWELL:
No, no, no.

FRANKLIN:
Maxwell, get over here.

GERARD'S phone rings. MAXWELL exits the elevator
reluctantly.

MAXWELL:
I have nothing to say to either of
you.

FRANKLIN:
Well I've got something to say to
you. You just screwed up a deal I
spent months putting together.
There's Adam Smith, free market,
and there's Max: turning down good
money if it means working for it.

TORITA:
I'm a little concerned, Max.

MAXWELL:
You're not a little anything.

TORITA:
Look, if you're going to turn down
the investors, at least sign Faith.

MAXWELL:

He doesn't have what I'm looking for.

TORITA:

Look at his work.

MAXWELL:

He doesn't have any vices.

FRANKLIN:

Vices?

MAXWELL:

Expensive girlfriends, drug addiction, gambling, take your pick. The only profitable clients I've ever had are the ones that spend their money too fast.

TORITA:

He's a great artist. Sign him.

FRANKLIN:

You'll do it if you know what's good for you.

MAXWELL:

I've never known what's good for me.

FRANKLIN:

That's right. It's what you hired me for. And I'm telling you, point blank, you are broke. I've squeezed every cent I could and you're in a do or die position. You sign him and you do it right now.

FRANKLIN motions to a corner where FAITH stands, listening.

MAXWELL:

He's here? The artist is right here when you're telling me I have to sign him because I'm broke?

He retreats back to the elevator.

FRANKLIN:

There's only two choices here, Max.

MAXWELL:

I slept with your cousin, Torita.

TORITA:
You did?

MAXWELL:
Both of them.

The elevator closes.

EXT. FAITH'S LOFT - SOON AFTER

MAXWELL steps out to find GERARD waiting a bit down the sidewalk.

GERARD:
I'm sorry, Maxie.

MAXWELL:
If you ever sandbag me like that again, I'll throw you into traffic.

GERARD:
They were yelling at me.

MAXWELL:
I'm your boss. Not anyone else.
I'm your boss.

GERARD:
I've only been your assistant for 4 months-

MAXWELL:
And you have at least twenty months to go.

GERARD:
Twenty?
(beat)
Are you mad at me?

MAXWELL:
I'd fire you if I could afford the severance package.
(beat)
Fine, I'm not mad. I'm just...disappointed. I thought we were a team.

GERARD:
We are a team, Max.

MAXWELL:
 Call me Mister Hargitay. Let's go
 see Violetta.

INT. VIOLETTAS'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

GERARD and JAMAL sit in chairs. We hear VIOLETTA shouting at
 MAXWELL in her office. Her assistant, SALLY, is doing her
 nails.

GERARD:
 How's the shooting going?

JAMAL:
 Oh, it works. I feel like there's
 a story in here.

GERARD:
 How long have you been with him?

JAMAL:
 I'm not with him. He's with me.

SALLY sneezes.

GERARD:
 God bless you.

SALLY:
 I'm Wiccan.

GERARD:
 ...Gods bless you.

INT. VIOLETTA'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

MAXWELL:
 Can you just stop yelling at me for
 a minute?

VIOLETTA:
 I'm not one of your lackeys, Max.
 I don't follow you around to tell
 you how brilliant you are. I'm
 your publicist. I tell you when
 you've got piss running down your
 leg.

MAXWELL:
 You're my employee and you're
 overly interested in my personal
 life.

VIOLETTA:

I'm your employee working pro bono.
And if you ever expect to have
income again, I want you to STOP.
DOING. THESE. PERSONAL.
APPEARANCES.

MAXWELL:

I've got to keep up my profile.

VIOLETTA:

Then let me set up interviews. Let
me craft a comeback story. Let me
handle it because that's MY JOB and
all you've been doing is shooting
yourself in the foot. Nine hundred
people came to a panel discussion
on the modern art scene and they
STOPPED CLAPPING when you were
introduced. That is NOT GOOD, Max.

MAXWELL:

I was told it was a thousand.

VIOLETTA:

Do you want me to strangle you?

MAXWELL:

Will the boeing be in the papers?

VIOLETTA:

They were boeing?

MAXWELL:

...No. Will it be in the papers?

VIOLETTA:

You think I can keep it out?

MAXWELL:

Isn't that your job?

VIOLETTA:

It is if you don't screw it up.
You know how I heard about this? A
reporter wanted a comment on it.
It's a little late to keep it out
of the papers if that's the first
I've heard of it.

(beat)

You didn't used to be this way.
What changed. Is it Philo?

MAXWELL:

He stole my money.

VIOLETTA:

But he also killed himself. How are you handling that?

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - PREVIOUS DAY

A distant, indecipherable voice speaking. Clapping. Louder, clapping. Louder, clapping. We can make out the speaker.

HOST:

And of course, ladies and gentlemen, our featured guest. There has not been a time in my career when he was not an important part of the art business. He wrote the manual, literally, on creating a star. His finds include Blake Spiers, Fendik, Spanau Spree, and Philo. We are honored to welcome Mister Maxwell Hargitay.

Nothing. No clapping, no reaction at all. Someone coughs. The HOST looks around. A man stands and takes a microphone from a nearby usher. The HOST points to him.

MAN:

Mister Hargitay, I think the one thing everyone here wants to know is: what happened with Philo?

MAXWELL:

He stole all my money and then killed himself.

HOST:

I think that's enough.

MAXWELL:

No, it's okay. Philo was a great artist but he had some radical ideas.

MAN:

Was he a socialist?

MAXWELL:

No, he was a nihilist. He said that he could commit the perfect crime. And he believed that once you reach a level of fame, you cease to have a death. Death only makes your life more powerful. So he stole my money and then killed himself.

MAN:

Where is his body?

HOST:

We're not going to get into-

MAN:

I think we have a right to know. You killed him. What did you do with the body?

The crowd begins to clap enthusiastically.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

MAXWELL and GERARD ride a tandem bicycle. JAMAL jogs beside them.

GERARD:

Not that I dislike-

MAXWELL:

They didn't have two bikes, okay? I need you to let this go.

GERARD:

You're going to sign Faith, aren't you?

MAXWELL:

Why do you ask?

GERARD:

I saw how disappointed you were when you thought Slate was going to get him first.

INT. FAITH'S LOFT - DAY

MAXWELL and GERARD exit the elevator to find themselves alone in the loft.

GERARD:
How do you think he affords this
place? I live in a shoebox.

MAXWELL:
Family money.

GERARD:
How do you know that?

The elevator begins to descend again.

GERARD: (CONT'D)
Think someone's here?

MAXWELL:
I hope so.

When the elevator opens, FAITH steps out.

FAITH:
What are you doing in my place?

MAXWELL:
I want to sign you.

GERARD:
That's a good thing, sir.

FAITH:
Is he talking to you or me?

MAXWELL:
I can never tell. So how about it?
You want to be a star?

FAITH:
What's your pitch?

GERARD:
He's Maxwell Hargitay.

MAXWELL:
Thanks, Gerard, I'll take it from
here.
(focusing on FAITH)
Look, I've been doing this twenty
years. Every client I've ever had
went on to a better career. I
invented what I do and I wrote a
book about it. I will have you
showing at the Cooper. I'll get
you in Art Digest.
(MORE)

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)
I'll have you featured at the
Biennale within five years.

FAITH:
What's in it for me?

MAXWELL:
All that stuff I just said.

FAITH is still inscrutable.

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)
If you don't want to be a star, say
nothing.

FAITH just stares at him.

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)
(to GERARD)
Let's go.

FAITH:
Nothing.

MAXWELL:
I didn't mean say the actual word.

GERARD:
Wait, he said it. So that means
you don't want to sign?

FAITH:
Ask again. The double negative was
confusing.

MAXWELL:
I think he's mocking me.

GERARD:
Don't mock him. He doesn't like
that.

FAITH:
I need something up front. A
signing bonus. I need money for
supplies. Some clothes.

MAXWELL:
You want clothes? I'll get you
clothes.

EXT. FAITH'S LOFT - DAY

They exit the building and find JAMAL standing on the sidewalk.

MAXWELL:

You can't use any of that footage.
Trade secrets.

JAMAL:

I ran out of digital tape. I had
to run over to that bodega and buy
more.

MAXWELL:

You didn't get that?! It was the
most exciting thing that's happened
since you started- I thought you
didn't run out of film with
digital?

JAMAL:

It's complicated.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

GERARD and FAITH are looking through racks of clothing.
MAXWELL stands in front of a fire exit. A SECURITY GUARD
approaches him.

SECURITY GUARD:

You can't stand there, sir. You're
blocking the fire exit.

MAXWELL:

I will move if there's a fire. I
have legs and I'm flammable.

SECURITY GUARD:

Prove it for me.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

The foursome walk down the street, GERARD and FAITH are
burdened with bags of new clothes. GERARD offers his old
gloves to a homeless man as they pass him.

GERARD:

Hey, you want these gloves?

HOMELESS MAN:
Hell no! They don't match my
outfit.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

MAXWELL:
I want you to set aside this week
for finishing school.

FAITH:
You think my work is sloppy?

MAXWELL:
No, I'm impressed by your work. We
need to work on your image.

FAITH:
What about my image?

MAXWELL:
The Christian thing doesn't sell.

FAITH:
The Bible is the bestselling book
of all time.

MAXWELL:
But those people don't buy art.

FAITH:
I don't want style tips from you.
Look what you're wearing.

GERARD:
What's wrong with his suit? I
think it looks nice.

FAITH:
He is a suit.

MAXWELL:
I dress like this for your benefit.
If something goes down, someone has
to talk to the cops. Would you
rather send me or Gerard?

FAITH:
I am a Christian, man. I want to
establish that right now. I am
sincere about my faith and there
are things I won't tolerate.

GERARD:
What kind of stuff?

FAITH:
Don't take the Lord's name in vain.
Don't lie or cheat or steal. Don't
hurt others. Be true to the word
or don't be in my life.

GERARD:
(to MAXWELL)
Can you do that?

MAXWELL:
(long pause)
Isn't forgiveness a big thing in
Christianity?

FAITH:
Whatever. When do I get a show?

INT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

MAXWELL:
I'll put you at the Cooper. That's
the best place to start. I'll have
Violetta prep a release.

GERARD'S cell phone rings. They're now entering the agency's
office. It has been cleaned out. There are no employees.
MAXWELL leads FAITH to his office. There is merely a desk in
it. No chair, no phone, no computer.

FAITH:
Did you get robbed?

MAXWELL:
Continuously. Gerard, get Ken
Stone at the Cooper for me.

GERARD:
Sure thing, Maxie. I've got
Franklin for you now.

INT. FRANKLIN'S OFFICE - SOON AFTER

FRANKLIN:
Max, what the hell did you say to
Hoffstadt?

MAXWELL:
I don't have to take his crap.

FRANKLIN:
 You do. You absolutely do. You're
 pulling apart a deal I worked on
 for months.

MAXWELL:
 Well I'm not apologizing.

GERARD holds the other phone out for MAXWELL.

GERARD:
 Ken Stone for you.

FRANKLIN:
 You will.

MAXWELL:
 I'm taking on a new client. I
 don't need to apologize. I'll call
 you back.

He takes the other phone.

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)
 Ken, how are you? Listen, I've got
 a new one. You're going to want
 him right away.
 (pause while he listens)
 Outsider artist in a way.
 Lichtenstien meets Frank Miller. A
 bit of Basquiat. Inspired by God.
 (beat)
 He has around 40 completed.
 (beat)
 Sure, Ken. We'll stop by in two
 hours.
 (to FAITH)
 Have you got slides?

The elevator dings. PRINCESS steps out. MAXWELL goes out to
 meet her.

MAXWELL: (CONT'D)
 Hey, Princess. Stalk much?

PRINCESS:
 I think we should talk.

MAXWELL:
 How did you know I'd be here?

PRINCESS:
 Hello, Faith.

MAXWELL:
You know her?

FAITH:
Nah.

MAXWELL:
How do you know-

PRINCESS:
Everyone knows Faith. He saves us
all.

MAXWELL:
Oh, right.

PRINCESS:
He saves us from Armageddon. But
it's you, Max, you're the one that
has to be saved now. Because if
you die, the world will be
destroyed before that. Will you
help me?

MAXWELL:
No. But go on.

PRINCESS:
Ah, Max. Max, Max, Max. You never
change.

MAXWELL:
You told me not to get in that cab.

PRINCESS:
I had to save you. But I can't
keep doing it that way. Call it
fate, destiny, divine plan...some
things are pencilled in. Erasing
one part won't make the structure
fall. It will keep happening and
I'll keep saving you moments
before.

MAXWELL:
Unless...?

PRINCESS:
Let me guide you. If I control the
course of your life, knowing all
the ways in which you die, then
you'll be safe. Which will make
Faith safe. And that will save
everyone.

FAITH:
Why would I stop the rapture?

PRINCESS:
(glancing at her watch)
We really have to go.

MAXWELL:
Go? Go where?

PRINCESS:
Just come with me. And be quick.

EXT. MAXWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCESS leads them, MAXWELL and FAITH walking abreast, GERARD trailing behind, JAMAL following and filming.

PRINCESS:
It was, naturally, a difficult choice to make. And it was not my idea. Time travel tears the fabric of space and time as you move through the multiverse. There's about 1% divergence for any given timeline and it grows larger the longer you stay. That's how they contacted us, they stepped through and asked me to save you.

MAXWELL:
Where are we going?

PRINCESS:
Out of the line of fire.

MAXWELL:
What do you mean?

Behind them, the windows of MAXWELL'S office are blown out as an explosion rocks the building. Everyone except PRINCESS ducks or dives to the ground.

PRINCESS:
I hope you understand there was a considerable amount of debate about the proper course of action. My husband-

MAXWELL:
The driver?

PRINCESS:

Yes. He was against this. But I told him that all universes deserve the chance to live. He doesn't like you, Max.

MAXWELL:

I get that a lot.
 (to JAMAL)
 Shoot us low so that you can see the fire behind us. Gerard: Call Violetta and tell her I'm okay. See if she can get any interviews scheduled. Then call the police before the fire spreads.

INT. RESTAURANT - SOON AFTER

PRINCESS:

(to the HOSTESS)
 I made a reservation for four people.

HOSTESS:

We don't take reservations this early.

PRINCESS:

Fantastic.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - SOON AFTER

They are now seated in a wraparound booth.

MAXWELL:

Who's trying to kill me? Is it you?

PRINCESS:

What have I done up to now, other than save your life?

MAXWELL:

My office just exploded.

PRINCESS:

And I led you out of it before it went.

MAXWELL:
 (to the WAITER)
 Bring me a 91 Lafitte. They don't
 know anything about wine so bring
 them the house Merlot.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - SOON AFTER

MAXWELL:
 Okay. If what you said is true,
 how do you know when I'm about to
 die? How do you save me?

PRINCESS:
 It took me thousands of attempts
 until I was able to reach you
 before you died. By now I've seen
 almost every way you will die.
 That's how I save you.

MAXWELL:
 That's comforting. Almost.
 (to GERARD)
 I still need Ken Stone at the
 Cooper.

GERARD:
 I've actually got Violetta for you.

MAXWELL takes the phone.

MAXWELL:
 Hey, Vi, I'm gonna need a release.
 Gerard probably already told you.

VIOLETTA:
 Is it going to be a response to
 Avery Hoffstadt's allegations?

MAXWELL:
 What allegations?

VIOLETTA:
 Art Digest called. They're doing a
 feature on his mutual fund and
 wanted a response.

MAXWELL:
 What did he say?

VIOLETTA:

He says you recently sat down with him (surrounded by an entourage of lackeys); that you threatened him when you didn't get your way; and that you suffer from paranoia and were raving about conspiracies.

MAXWELL:

Some of that sounds bad taken out of context.

VIOLETTA:

It's not funny, Max. You also blew up your office.

MAXWELL:

I didn't blow it up. They did.

VIOLETTA:

Who is "they"?

MAXWELL:

I wish I knew. Someone's trying to kill me. It might also be the universe. Universes, sorry. All the universes are trying to kill me.

VIOLETTA:

Max, you're speaking gibberish to me. None of what you've said has made sense.

MAXWELL:

Can we just ignore what he says and sink it with our own big news?

VIOLETTA:

What's your big news?

MAXWELL:

I've got a new artist and I'm going to show him at the Cooper.

VIOLETTA:

No you're not.

MAXWELL:

Why don't you ever believe in me?

VIOLETTA:

Max. Hoffstadt just signed a first-look contract with the Cooper.

MAXWELL:

Ken wouldn't do that.

VIOLETTA:

Someone did.

MAXWELL:

Have you asked him? I'll call Ken and ask.

VIOLETTA:

Max, it's in the article, I'm looking at it right now. He's signed first-look with most of the galleries in the city.

MAXWELL:

Why would they do that?

VIOLETTA:

He bribed them.

MAXWELL:

Maybe it's a good thing. We can charge him a lot to buy any. If he does, great. If he doesn't, then someone else can get them.

VIOLETTA:

If you price them above his head, you probably priced them over anyone else's too, Max.

MAXWELL:

Okay. So he buys them all. He has to, right? If he doesn't buy any, someone else might and then it can only help Faith's career. But even if he buys them all-

VIOLETTA:

They go into a warehouse and everyone that liked Faith's work at the gallery forgets he exists because they've never heard of him since.

MAXWELL:

I have to get him out there ahead of it then.

VIOLETTA:

Ahead of his first show?

MAXWELL:

Yeah.

VIOLETTA:

How are you going to do that?

MAXWELL:

...Time travel?

VIOLETTA:

Do you have a response to the article?

MAXWELL:

Uh...we have different recollections of our lunch but I still wish Mr. Hoffstadt the best of-

VIOLETTA:

You're an idiot.

MAXWELL turns back to the table.

FAITH:

We all cool?

MAXWELL:

Sure.

FAITH:

That's what I wanna hear. This is gonna be my year!

(standing)

Hey, everyone! I want you to know that your lunch is on me today. I'm gonna be rich and save the world! Drinks and lunch on me!

The few other patrons raise their glasses in thanks.

FAITH: (CONT'D)

You'll get the bill, right?

PRINCESS laughs, very drunk. She slumps against the table, her necklace falls off. She passes out and sinks back into the booth. FAITH inspects her necklace.

MAXWELL:

She's a lightweight. What is that? Time traveler ID?

FAITH:

It's a chip for two months sober.

MAXWELL:

Check her purse. See if she's got
any cash.

END.