

# Swingles

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EXT. ARRIVING INTO MANHATTAN - AERIALS - DUSK

Stunning AERIAL SHOTS of Manhattan in the summer just as the SUN IS SETTING. We eventually arrive at...

EXT. DELACOURTE OUTDOOR THEATER - CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

WE JUMP CUT THROUGH key moments of a production of *Romeo and Juliet*. Until the final scene where ROMEO is dying while holding JULIET.

ROMEO

Thus with a kiss I die.

WE JUMP CUT to the actors taking their final curtain call.

EXT. DELACOURTE OUTDOOR THEATER - LATER

The SUMMER CROWD files out. Amongst them are TWO VERY PRETTY GIRLS in their early 20's, talking about the play. They are approached by JAMIE, a super chic, gay Black guy.

JAMIE

(charmingly effeminate)

Hey beautifuls, I'm so sorry to bother you, but I'm doing a feature for *Time Out New York* about what it's like to be young and fun and sexy in the summer. And I was wondering if I could write about a night out with you guys.

The girls look at each other quizzically and LAUGH; clearly flattered.

GIRL #1

What? Why us?

JAMIE

Because you ladies are all those things, you're sexy, cultured; just caught a lil' double suicide in Verona; probably need a few martinis.

GIRL #2

Actually, that's exactly what we were gonna do.

JAMIE

Deliciousness. Mind if I tag along?

GIRL #1

Sure.

JAMIE  
Perfect. Oh, and here are the two  
guys I'm writing about.

The CAMERA WHIPS 180 degrees and PUSHES IN ON: MAX and NATHAN. Early 30's. Both cuter than hot, sitting in the PERFECT LIGHT of a nearby lamppost.

MAX NATHAN  
T'sup. What a play.

JAMIE (CONT'D)  
All right, Posse. Let's see how  
y'all like to party in New York.

MONTAGE OF THE GANG PARTYING ALL OVER TOWN CUT TO AN AWESOME SONG: AMAZING CINEMATOGRAPHY RAMPS in SPEED and GLIDES THROUGH DOORS as our gang parties and makes-out with one another all over NYC. (It's one of those EPIC NYC nights.)

EXT. THE BEATRICE INN - LATER - 4:00 AM

Max, Nathan, Jaime and the Two Girls spill out of The Beatrice Inn, pretty wasted.

GIRL #1  
This has been one of the most fun  
nights I've ever had in the city.

GIRL #2  
I know! I don't want it to be over!

JAMIE  
Well I have to head home, ya'll. I  
have to turn in this story by  
tomorrow night. But know where you  
guys should go?

NATHAN  
Where?

JAMIE  
There's a new super late night spot  
on Roosevelt Island called "The  
Mannequin Party".

MAX  
I know that place. Great idea.  
Thanks.

Nathan hails a cab and the girls file in.

MAX (CONT'D)  
We'll be right there.

Max closes the door to the cab.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Thanks, bro. You're amazing.

Jamie's ENTIRE DEMEANOR CHANGES. Suddenly he is VERY STRAIGHT and VERY PISSED.

JAMIE  
Look you motherfuckers. Do I look like Heidi motherfucking Fleiss to you? I went to Julliard; I am an actor. I agreed to do the introduction thing, not to an all night Minstrel show. The next time I play a homo for six hours it'd better be in a production of "Angels in America" or some shit, okay? Y'all owe me!

NATHAN  
Oh come on, Jamie, you had fun.

JAMIE  
I will suffocate you with my balls, Nathan. Peace. Good luck. Wrap your Jimmies. Wrap'em good.

And with that he struts off angrily down the street. Max and Nathan smile at each other and join the girls in the car.

INT. MANHATTAN DOCTOR'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A beautiful, yet serious woman, JESSICA KEELER, 34, sits amongst a room of really depressed looking people.

NURSE  
Ms. Keeler... please come in.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica enters to find DR. MURPHY, 45, balding.

DR. MURPHY  
There's the hottest girl in anti-depressants.

JESSICA  
Hello, Dr. Murphy. I won't take much of your time, but last time we spoke I thought you had mentioned increasing your prescriptions of Plomox in place of some of the  
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
other SSRI's you've been writing  
for years.

DR. MURPHY  
And I thought you were gonna let me  
take you to dinner. Someplace hip,  
that'll be difficult to find.

JESSICA  
Dr. Murphy, I'm flattered, but as I  
told you before, I don't mix  
business and pleasure.

DR. MURPHY  
I wish you would. I'm way better at  
pleasure than I am at business.

JESSICA  
What I can tell you is that SSRI's  
have come a long way in the last  
few years...

DR. MURPHY  
I don't wanna hear the pitch again,  
sweetheart. If you don't have  
anything new to say, I've got a lot  
of sad people to see.

JESSICA  
Well, thank you for your time.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NURSE'S COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

A DOWDY NURSE stops Jessica.

DOWDY NURSE  
You know, you'd sell a lot more  
pills if you'd just sleep with him.  
Or at least bring us a little  
payola. Last week a rep brought me  
this Obama Chia Head.

She gestures to a President Obama Chia Head (a real thing)  
with dead plants coming out of its head. A small sunlamp sits  
blasting him from above.

DOWDY NURSE (CONT'D)  
His afro got burned. I had the  
sunlamp too high.

OFF JESSICA'S REACTION WE CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - UPTOWN - LATER

Jessica strides down the street and answers her PHONE.

JESSICA

I can't talk now, Soph.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

Meet me at Rose Bar after work.

JESSICA

No, please don't make me go out tonight. I'm having a horrible day.

SOPHIE (O.S.)

I'm not asking, I'm telling. It's my birthday.

JESSICA

Your birthday's in six months!

SOPHIE (O.S.)

I know, it's my half-birthday. If you want, you can only get half-drunk, but either way I'm gonna get you laid.

JESSICA

Okay, okay, fine; I'll come. I mean I'll come, not "cum". Unless I do... but that's gonna happen. I'm rambling; I gotta go.

A BURLY CONSTRUCTION WORKER ogles her amongst his friends.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Now that's a piece of ass.

JESSICA

Excuse me?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

I said you got a nice ass. Don't act like you don't know.

JESSICA

Awesome, thanks. So is it my turn to comment on your body now?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Whatever you want, baby.

JESSICA

(with a smile)

You are greasy and vile and so fat that I would need that giant crane over there to lift all of your many bellies just to begin to search for your smelly, grey dick. Personally, I would rather pour acid in my eyes than have to see you naked.

The Construction Worker is humiliated as his BUDDIES all bust out LAUGHING and slapping each other five.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Now get back to work, Hungry Hippo. This neighborhood needs this Whole Foods.

INT. ROSE BAR - GRAMERCY PARK HOTEL - NIGHT

Jessica and SOPHIE, 32, brunette, the cuter side of sexy, sit at the bar, martinis in front of them.

JESSICA

The men we meet in here aren't any better. They're just willing to spend twenty bucks on a shot of vodka. At least Oliver was a gentleman.

SOPHIE

Ugh, enough about Oliver. You've really gotta stop obsessing.

JESSICA

I'm not obsessing. I'm just stating a fact that he was a really good guy. And I deserve that, and I'm not gonna settle for mediocrity.

SOPHIE

When was the last time you had sex?

JESSICA

Last night.

SOPHIE

With someone other than yourself.

JESSICA

Oh. Uh... last week. I boned like... a hundred dudes.

They LAUGH.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Seriously. I gang-banged the entire  
west side of Manhattan. It was  
exhausting. My vagina's still  
yawning.

They LAUGH. Jessica lowers her head, beaten, vulnerable. THE  
CAMERA SPEED RAMPS TO: the other end of the club, where Max  
and Nathan chat up two HOT GIRLS, mid-20's.

NATHAN  
...and I'm writing a feature for  
*Time Out New York* on Manhattan  
nightlife.

HOT GIRL #1  
There's a Black guy at the end of  
the bar using the same line. What  
did you guys take a workshop or  
something?

Max and Nathan look down the bar where Jamie smiles and gives  
them THE FINGER. Nathan pulls Max aside.

NATHAN  
He stole our bit.

MAX  
He's gone rogue...

NATHAN  
That was horrible...

MAX  
Oh c'mon, relax. That girl had  
horse teeth. Feel bad for her;  
Daddy lost her braces money on  
blackjack.

Nathan nods, gets his bearings, and looks across the bar,  
spotting Jessica and Sophie.

NATHAN  
What about them?

MAX  
Who, the Golden Girls?

NATHAN  
They're our age.

MAX  
Exactly. When was the last time you  
hooked up with a girl our age? I  
(MORE)



MAX (CONT'D)  
know for me it was in a coat room  
at Alan Rosenberg's Bar Mitzvah. I  
squeezed his sister's ass during  
that weird chair-lifting dance.

QUICK PUSH TO: Jessica and Sophie, same spot at the bar.

SOPHIE  
Too bad we're not meth addicts,  
Katie just met an awesome guy at  
Narcotics Anonymous.

JESSICA  
Oh yeah, I'm super jealous of Katie  
and her ex-meth addict boyfriend.  
"Mom, this is Jerry, I'm sorry he's  
so itchy."

SOPHIE  
He's probably great in the kitchen.

Jessica notices Max cruising over with a grin.

JESSICA  
Oh, Jesus... Here we go.

MAX  
Whatever happened to those little  
tiny umbrellas they used to put in  
drinks?

JESSICA  
Please don't bother. Really...

MAX  
They were so great, you could use  
them to stir your drink, and then  
if it started to rain, you had  
something to keep yourself dry for  
the walk home.

SOPHIE  
I don't get it.

NATHAN  
I don't even get that.

JESSICA  
It's not even a line; it's just  
nonsense.

MAX

Sorry, just sharing an observation.  
If I was Seinfeld, you'd be  
cackling right now. I'm Max.

JESSICA

I really don't care.

MAX

Awesome. And this is Prince Nathan  
Spector of Canada.

NATHAN

Hi.

SOPHIE

Hi. I didn't know Canada was a  
monarchy.

NATHAN

Oh, it is.

MAX

It's mostly ceremonial stuff.

NATHAN

I do lots of waving.

MAX

Parades, kissing Mounties, that  
kind of thing. But he's in line for  
the throne.

NATHAN

When I'm king, Canada will finally  
conquer Mexico.

JESSICA

I really don't mean to be rude, but  
we're so not interested.

MAX

Not interested in what?

JESSICA

In what it is that you're offering.

MAX

And what is it that I'm offering?

JESSICA

To get us drunk enough to fuck you.  
It's not gonna be that kind of

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
night. Frankly, there isn't enough  
booze in the bar.

MAX  
Wow, you're charming.

Max gives Nathan a look. Nathan suddenly acts upset.

NATHAN  
Sorry, pal. My heart's just not in  
this tonight.

A bummed-out Nathan mopes out of frame.

MAX  
You know what? Fine. My best friend  
there just got dumped by his fiance  
a week before the wedding and all I  
wanted to do was cheer him up  
tonight. I'm sorry that we're not  
cool enough to talk to you guys. I  
guess we'll just head around back  
and try to blow a busboy.

SOPHIE  
Wait!

Sophie raises her fresh martini. Jessica rolls her eyes.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
Come back.

EXT. ROSEBAR - LATER

Jessica and Sophie huddle up as Max and Nathan try to hail a  
cab in the background.

JESSICA  
You were just blowing them off when  
you said we'd go to Riker's Island,  
right?

SOPHIE  
It's Roosevelt Island, the one with  
the cable car. Riker's Island's the  
one with the prison.

JESSICA  
I'd rather go there.

SOPHIE  
C'mon. I know they're a little  
cheesy, but Nathan's kinda cute. Be  
(MORE)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)  
a good wingman... It's my half-  
birthday.

JESSICA  
I'm gonna half kill you.

Max opens a cab door. The girls climb in. Max grabs Nathan.

NATHAN  
You realize we can't do this  
forever. It has to end at some  
point, right?

MAX  
Not tonight!

On that, they both dart for the back door at the same time.

INT. MAX & NATHAN'S LOFT - LATER

The foursome enters an OLD MANNEQUIN WAREHOUSE turned into a makeshift loft. There are MANNEQUINS of every shape, size and color in varying stages of completion hanging out everywhere. It looks like a giant cocktail party.

Several of them have been set up next to a red velvet rope to appear as though they are waiting to get in. Nathan hits the MUSIC, while Max grabs a clipboard.

MAX  
Welcome to "The Mannequin Party",  
ladies. Are you on the list?

Sophie LAUGHS. Jessica stares.

JESSICA  
You've got to be fucking kidding  
me.

MAX  
I see a Sophie on the list, but  
there's nothing on here about her  
bringing a "fun-assassin".

JESSICA  
You've got about four seconds.

MAX  
I think we can probably squeeze you  
in. Please call ahead next time.

Max leads them to a couch and sits them between two female mannequins, one Black with no arms, one White with no legs.

MAX (CONT'D)  
(re: the mannequins)  
This is Tootie and Blaire. They're  
in boarding school.

JESSICA  
Does this actually work on girls?

MAX  
You're here aren't you?

JESSICA  
We're not girls, we're women.  
Something tells me it doesn't work  
on women.

SOPHIE  
What happened to Tootie's arms?

NATHAN  
Roller-skating accident.  
(to Sophie)  
Would you care to get stoned and  
play *Guitar Hero*?

SOPHIE  
Yes, please.

They move off to the TV area. Max and Jessica sit awkwardly  
between Tootie and Blaire.

MAX  
Would you care to get drunk and  
play "hide my balls"?

Jessica stares at him.

INT. MAX & NATHAN'S LOFT - A LITTLE LATER

Nathan and Sophie play *Guitar Hero* while sharing a joint.

SOPHIE  
I'm kinda stoned, but I think I'm  
doing really well.

NATHAN  
No, that's me. You haven't been  
playing for twenty minutes; I  
unplugged your controller cause you  
kept hitting start.

THEY CRACK UP.

ANGLE ON THE BAR: where Max stares at Jessica, typing an email on her phone. Mannequins stand around holding drinks.

MAX

While you're on there, throw in an email to your dermatologist, you've got horrible dandruff.

JESSICA

(not looking up)

Stop, you're turning me on.

MAX

You're like Ally Sheedy in *The Breakfast Club*. If I draw a picture, will you make it snow?

JESSICA

I'm sending a work email, asshole.

MAX

Ah, career woman. I'm sure that won't end in tears. What is it that you do?

JESSICA

I'm a pharmaceutical rep.

MAX

Oh, you're so lucky, that's what I always wanted to be!

JESSICA

Really?

MAX

No, I have no idea what that is.

JESSICA

I encourage doctors to prescribe specific medications that my company produces.

MAX

So basically... you're a drug dealer.

JESSICA

At the corporate level, I suppose.

MAX

A corporate drug dealer, your parents must be so proud.

Jessica only looks up from her phone to notice Nathan and Sophie climbing the spiral staircase to the bedroom level.

JESSICA

What about you? What do you do when you're not dry humping mannequins?

MAX

I'm a photographer for an insurance company. I take pictures of wrecked cars for evidence.

JESSICA

Fascinating.

MAX

Horrible actually. But in this economy, I'm just psyched to be getting paid to take pictures; my mentor works at Kinkos.

(beat)

I'm also willing to shoot nudes for women who fear their bodies might be heading south with age.

JESSICA

Is this the chapter where you dis me so I feel vulnerable?

Max tries to stealthily top off Jessica's drink. She reflexively covers her glass with her hand. He puts the bottle down hard and starts making himself a bowl of cereal.

MAX

Alright look, since obviously nothing's gonna happen between us, I might as well do a little research here, so... Why so cunty?

JESSICA

Excuse me?

MAX

What happened to you? Why is there already so little joy in your life at the ripe old age of thirty-whatever.

JESSICA

You have some serious fucking balls, you know that? Your ego is so out of control that because I have zero interest in you, you

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

assume that there's something wrong with me? What's wrong with me is that I'm in a fucking date-rape den on Riker's Island at four in the morning, playing spin the fucking Ruffie with one of the most disgusting people I've ever met.

MAX

I'm sorry I didn't hear a word you said; in my head I was deciding which video on Youporn I'm gonna beat off to the second you leave. Probably gonna go with an amateur again; I like watching them learn.

JESSICA

It's just so sad to me that girls actually fall for this. Women are so desperate to find someone in this city, that you're actually enough for someone.

MAX

Insult me all you want, but I do pretty well for myself.

JESSICA

Oh, I can tell. With the condom wrappers in the bathroom trash, the prescription for generic anti-depressants next to the athlete's foot medication by the sink... you're an über catch, brother. I can't wait to run home and giggle with my stuffed animals about the depressed VD farm I just met.

MAX

I've never said this to a woman before, but "please leave".

JESSICA

Just waiting for my friend.

MAX

Then come back in the morning when my buddy's done with her. She'll be sore and appreciate the help walking.



JESSICA

You're out of your mind. He'll feel her up, at most. She's already called the car service.

MAX

Yeah, I'm sure. Trust me, she's about a second away from being on all fours wishing she'd waxed her whale-eye.

JESSICA

You're disgusting.

MAX

I'm honest.

JESSICA

She's not a whore like most of your guests. She's just seeing if he can kiss at all. She'll trade letting him feel her up for the opportunity to find out if he's a good kisser. There's no point in starting anything if a guy can't kiss; and unfortunately more than can, cannot.

A CAR HONKS out front. Jessica smiles.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Car's here, Soph!

(beat)

It's been a crashing bore, fucko. Don't let your tears over-salt your cereal.

Jessica smiles and exits. Max watches Nathan's door as Sophie scampers out adjusting her bra. WE HOLD ON MAX...

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NEXT MORNING

Max and Nathan jog the Brooklyn Bridge path, to Manhattan.

MAX

How did you not fuck that girl? She was flashing side-boob all night.

NATHAN

I know. I love side-boob.

MAX

Side-boob's the new cleavage.

NATHAN

And she had the most amazing tits.  
But the second I reached them there  
was a car honking outside.

MAX

Well, thanks for leaving me with  
the penis-wilter. She's exactly why  
we don't hit on chicks over thirty.

NATHAN

You should give her a little break,  
man. Sophie said that she just got  
dumped really badly by some guy.

MAX

She got dumped? I'm shocked. What  
could anyone have found annoying  
about her. She should suck it up;  
it happens.

NATHAN

What, you can't identify?

Max glares at Nathan - this topic is off limits. They stop on  
the Manhattan side of the bridge, cooling down, stretching.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I called her this morning.

MAX

Now why would you go and do that?

NATHAN

I know I'm only supposed to text  
and not till after four.

MAX

A text, maybe a BBM smiley face, if  
there was a quality BJ involved,  
but a call? You're an idiot; you  
just gave her all the power.

NATHAN

I don't care. I think she likes me.

MAX

You must be a good kisser.

NATHAN

What?

MAX

Women don't wanna start anything with a guy who can't kiss. That's what her sidekick, Captain Cuntly said.

NATHAN

Well whatever; I'm gonna hang out with her again tonight.

MAX

I can't wait to not be there.

(beat)

You ready?

NATHAN

I think I'm gonna keep going this way. Go a little further.

MAX

Suit yourself. I'm heading back.

Nathan takes off. Alone, Max watches his buddy disappear into Lower Manhattan, moving on. CLOSE ON Max, contemplative.

FADE TO BLACK.

CHYRON: SIX WEEKS LATER

INT. BLUE STAR INSURANCE - AFTERNOON

A grey corporate office, full of suits, ties, and cubicles.

INT. BLUE STAR INSURANCE, MAX'S CUBICLE - SAME

TIGHT ON A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS: WE see VERY artistic CLOSE-UP photographs of CAR ACCIDENTS. (Note: these photos will make it VERY clear that Max has genuine raw talent.)

Max sits in front of two monitors manipulating another BREATHTAKING IMAGE. He answers his RINGING CELL.

MAX

There you are... I know you've broken every best-friend law there is, but I miss your soft touch and I wanna get back together.

INT. OFF-BROADWAY THEATER - INTERCUT

Nathan sits behind a computer in an empty theater while ACTORS ARE ROLLER-SKATING ON STAGE.

NATHAN

Sorry, dude, I've just been working a ton designing the lights for this adaptation of *Starlight Express*.

MAX

The musical on roller skates? What is there to adapt?

NATHAN

They took all the music out. They're still on roller skates, but it's a straight drama now.

MAX

The only thing I can imagine that's worse than a musical on roller skates is a drama on roller skates.

NATHAN

Thanks. I've also been hanging out a lot with Sophie.

MAX

Ah, enough with Sophie, dude! We haven't been out in for-ever. We need to find some companionship.

NATHAN

I've already found some companionship.

MAX

You sound so gay right now I wanna adopt you a baby and name it Adam Lambert.

NATHAN

Hilarious.

MAX

We still on for Friday night?

NATHAN

Shit, I forgot. I gotta go to Sophie's parent's house in Jersey.

MAX

Oh, I'm sure that won't be boring at all. Does her father know you love cock?

NATHAN

I'm gonna hang up now.

MAX

Are you gonna blow her dad? Be honest.

NATHAN

Good-bye.

MAX

Take pictures.

Suddenly GERALD, 40's, Black, (Tracy Morgan-esque), is standing in front of Max's cubicle holding a photograph.

GERALD

What the fuck am I supposed to do with this?

MAX

What do you mean? That's the photo from the Johnson accident you asked for.

GERALD

This is the last time I'm gonna tell you this. I cannot use this artsy shit. It serves no purpose. I need some perspective, I need to see where the impact occurred. I wouldn't let my bird shit on this.

MAX

C'mon you have to admit it's an amazing shot though, Gerry. Check out how the airbag's bursting through the windshield like it's bubbling out or something. Isn't that cool?

GERALD

If you wanna keep this job, you better go get me some real pictures of this fucking car. Save the artsy shit for your mother's refrigerator.

Gerald walks off. Max is clearly BUMMED.

INT. ANGELICA MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Jessica sits alone watching a DANISH FILM. The theater is empty except for a couple making out in front of her. THEY MOAN as they kiss.

JESSICA

Excuse me? I'm sorry, but could you please stop moaning?

LADY

Mind your own business. We're not bothering you.

JESSICA

Well, you are a little. I'm trying to watch the movie and you're both moaning. It's a little distracting.

GUY

It's subtitled! You don't need to hear it. Just read the fucking thing!

JESSICA

Can't you moan at home? This is a Danish movie about an orphanage. Have some respect for Danish orphans.

LADY

Don't be a bitch just cause you're alone.

This stings Jessica. After a beat, she stands and POURS HER ENTIRE GIANT SODA ON TOP OF THEM.

EXT. ROOSEVELT ISLAND CABLE-CAR - NIGHT

Max is on the phone in a packed CABLE-CAR.

MAX

Tim! What's up, player? There's an awesome band at Joe's Pub tonight. Put your snorkel on, we're going muff diving... You're dad's in the ICU? Oh, that sucks. Well do they have any idea what time he might wake-up? They don't go on till ten.

Max turns to an OLDER INDIAN MAN next to him in a turban.

MAX (CONT'D)

He hung up. Sorry I said, "muff-diving". What are you doing later?

EXT. 79TH STREET BOAT BASIN CAFE - A FEW EVENINGS LATER

Max sits alone and talks on the phone.

MAX

Dave! It's Thursday night! Time to cheat on that whore wife of yours...

(smile fades)

Oh, sorry, little man, is your Daddy home?

INT. JOE'S PUB - LATER

AN AWESOME BAND PLAYS. Max sits at the bar with the Indian Man from the elevator.

MAX

Can I get you another vermouth?

INDIAN MAN

Please. With olives.

Max watches as a YOUNG GUY AND HIS WING approach TWO VERY HOT GIRLS and have them LAUGHING in no time. CLOSE ON MAX.

INT. MAX AND NATHAN'S LOFT - LATER

Max enters his pad, looking weary, until... He HEARS MUSIC from upstairs. He laughs and dashes up the stairs.

INT. MAX & NATHAN'S LOFT - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Max emerges from the spiral staircase, excited.

MAX

Where's my boy?! I knew you'd be back. Just let me shower and...

Max sees Nathan's room and his jaw drops... Boxes everywhere, walls stripped, computer equipment packed up. Nathan appears; he clicks off the MUSIC.

Before he can say a word, AVI, a short 35 year old Israeli, wearing a New Jersey Nets Jersey comes out of the bathroom.

AVI

(Israeli accent)

Do you have brush for the toilet? I just dropped my kids off at the pool and your bowl has many shit stripes.

MAX

Who the hell are you?

AVI  
(big smile)  
I'm your new roommate. I just moved  
here from Israel. I'm studying to  
be a famous DJ. I like hookers.

NATHAN  
Whoa, Avi, slow down for a second.

Avi starts to unpack his suitcase in the background.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I'm moving in with Sophie.

MAX  
What!? No! Nathan, no! Are you  
crazy? You just met this girl!

NATHAN  
I know it's a little premature but  
her roommate's moving out and I'm  
there every night anyway, so...

MAX  
Well then who the fuck is this guy?

AVI  
My name is Avi, I'm studying to be  
a famous DJ. I like hookers.

MAX  
That's the only thing I already  
know about you!

NATHAN  
Look I know you can't afford the  
rent here alone, so I found you a  
subletter on Craig's list.

Avi holds up a bag of pills from his suitcase.

AVI  
Do you like Ecstasy?

MAX  
Can you shut the fuck up please for  
a second? And stop unpacking!  
(to Nathan)  
Do you have any idea what you're  
doing? You just met her. You're  
not ready for this.



NATHAN

Maybe you're not ready for this,  
but I am. I'm in love with this  
girl.

MAX

Oh Jesus! I need to sit down.

NATHAN

Max, I gotta be honest with you...  
I'm 34 years old. I'm over it; this  
lifestyle... going out non-stop.  
Searching all night for a girl I  
know I'm never gonna wanna see  
again in the morning. I just... I  
feel like I kinda lost track of  
what I was really looking for. And  
then I met this girl and it just  
became so clear. She's what I've  
been looking for my whole life.

A beat of silence.

AVI

(just as sentimental)

That was very beautiful what you  
said. Sometimes... while I am  
inside of a hooker, I don't want  
her to leave because I know I will  
be left alone and feel sadness. But  
then I unload my man-seeds, and all  
I want is for her to leave quickly  
and hopefully without stealing any  
of my things.

They stare at him. Who is this freak?

MAX

You'll be back in a week.

NATHAN

I hope not.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - DAY

Jessica and Sophie walk through the park.

JESSICA

I'm so happy for you. He seems like  
such a sweet guy. I have to admit,  
I've been a little lonesome not  
having you all to myself, but I  
really am happy for you.

SOPHIE

Thanks, Jess. Ok now listen. We're gonna have a little house warming dinner and I'm gonna set you up with the doctor I've been telling you about.

JESSICA

The dermatologist? No. He's gonna wanna talk about skin all night. I can't think of anything more boring than skin.

SOPHIE

Oh no he won't. He's an amazing guy. I'm sure he has plenty of other things to talk about besides skin.

INT. SOPHIE AND NATHAN'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica sits on a couch uncomfortably close to DR. ROBERTS. A 45 year old man with perfect skin.

DR. ROBERTS

Am I boring you with all this talk about skin?

JESSICA

No, I love it. There's just so much to learn. I wanna be careful not to learn it all tonight, though, 'cause... I wanna savor it. Gotta leave some info for next time.

He smiles. Then stares at her hair.

DR. ROBERTS

Do you know you have dandruff?

THE CAMERA SPEEDS ACROSS THE COCKTAIL PARTY TO:

Max stands with KIM, a 22 year old hottie in a short skirt. They are looking through Nathan's record collection.

KIM

I can't believe you used to have to download music onto these giant discs.

Max stares at her.

KIM (CONT'D)  
I'm kidding; c'mon. I'm not an idiot.

He smiles; relieved.

KIM (CONT'D)  
My dad has an old Simon and Garfunkel record where they sang "Bridge Over Troubled Water" with no instruments at all. The whole song: entirely Acapulco.

Max's smile fades again.

KIM (CONT'D)  
Do you think there's any blow here?

REVEAL: it's a total yuppy/intellectual gathering. People sipping red wine, women playing with a newborn.

MAX  
You know it's not really that kind of party, Kim. But I'll check with the newborn, he's usually got Colombia's finest.

KIM  
That baby does coke?

OFF MAX'S LOOK.

KIM (CONT'D)  
I'm kidding. Babies can't do blow; I'm not an idiot. I mean they can, but they shouldn't. My niece got into some coke in my purse once while I was baby-sitting; I walked in and it was all over her face. Look at this picture, it's my wallpaper.

INSERT PHONE: her wallpaper is a picture of an adorable toddler whose FACE is covered in cocaine.

KIM (CONT'D)  
She looked like a mime.

MAX'S FACE. CLINK-CLINK-CLINK. Nathan taps a champagne glass.

NATHAN  
Hello. Thank you all so much for coming here tonight to welcome us into our new home. We chose each of  
(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
you, because you're very important  
in our lives and... we love you  
very much... and... we wanted you  
to be the first to know that...

SOPHIE  
I'm pregnant.

The entire room is shocked.

JESSICA  
What?!

MAX  
What?!

NATHAN  
We realize this is going to shock  
most- if not all of you...

SOPHIE  
But we're in love. And this  
happened. And... when we found  
out... we looked each other in the  
eyes, and there wasn't even a split  
second where we considered doing  
anything other than welcoming it  
into our lives.

NATHAN  
Okay, somebody say something...

JESSICA  
Congrats?!

With that the entire room erupts with APPLAUSE and moves in  
to hug and talk to them.

KIM  
She shoulda taken the morning after  
pill. I pop those babies like  
they're Flinstones.

MAX  
Excuse me for a sec.

He weaves through the crowd to Nathan, just as Jessica  
arrives at Sophie.

JESSICA  
Why didn't you tell me?!

MAX  
Have you lost your fucking  
mind?!

MAX (CONT'D)

I mean seriously, both of you. What is going on here? You're only in your early thirties; it is way too early to start having kids!

JESSICA

What are you talking about? It's the perfect time.

MAX

Well for her, yeah. There's the ticking... bomb thing.

JESSICA

Clock.

MAX

What?

JESSICA

It's a ticking clock not a bomb, jackass.

MAX

Whatever; her uterus is ticking.

SOPHIE

My uterus is fine.

MAX

Well now it is, it got what it wanted.

NATHAN

Hey!

SOPHIE

Hey!

MAX (CONT'D)

Sorry.

JESSICA

Look, this is fucking crazy! And completely out of the blue... but they're in love and it's beautiful. And I'm happy for you both.

She moves in to hug Sophie, leaving Max and Nathan alone.

MAX

Buddy, buddy, buddy.

NATHAN

I know you can't see this right now...

MAX

No, I cannot.

NATHAN

But please be happy for me. I've never been more sure I'm doing the right thing.

MAX

I gotta go get a drink.

He walks off, passing Kim (Max's date) talking to Sophie...

KIM

If you ever need a baby-sitter, I'm amazing with kids.

EXT. SOPHIE AND NATHAN'S APARTMENT, SOHO - LATER

It's POURING RAIN. Max attempts to look for a cab as Jessica strides out with a giant umbrella.

JESSICA

You're never gonna find a cab here genius, you gotta walk to the avenue.

MAX

Really? It's my first day in Manhattan, will you help me find my way? Where's the line to bang A-Rod?

She heads off. He follows behind her.

JESSICA

What happened to your twelve year old?

MAX

She had far too many strikes against her already before she brought up astrology. I left her upstairs talking to your date about why Capricorns can't cum.

JESSICA

What were her strikes? Thinking? Doing her homework on the bar?

MAX

You may think I'm shallow, but even I will walk away from a hot girl if she's that vapid.

JESSICA

Yeah, right. You're just upset about losing your wingman. If you had her in your "mannequin lair" right now you two'd be ass to ass.

MAX

Ass to ass; something you recommend?

They reach the restaurant, Balthazar.

JESSICA

Look, I don't have the energy for you right now. I have to go home and process this very bizarre news under my covers where I can think. You'll be able to find a cab here.

MAX

How do you know?

JESSICA

Because this is my favorite restaurant and every time I...

She turns and sees inside the window. Her face drops.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oliver.

Jessica'S POV: Meticulously dressed and gorgeous, OLIVER ACKERMAN sits alone. CLOSE ON JESSICA, silent, longing.

MAX

Who?

JESSICA

The love of my life.

MAX

That's the guy who dumped you? Wow, I loved him in *American Psycho*.

JESSICA

God, he looks amazing.

MAX

Lemme guess: manages a hedgefund; lost a few mil in '08, but after the entire country chipped in to pay him his bonus, he still had plenty in cash for the Hamptons  
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)  
rental, the Tribeca loft and bottle  
service at Tenjun.

JESSICA  
Couldn't be more wrong. He's a  
cardiologist. He speaks Mandarin.  
He was in the peace corps.  
(her eyes well)  
He wants to adopt foster children.

MAX  
White ones or Black ones?

JESSICA  
Black ones.

MAX  
Wow, you did fuck up; he's a catch.

JESSICA  
(almost to herself)  
He's alone, right? Should I go say  
hi? Shit, I'm in flats. I wish  
Sophie was here...

MAX  
Sophie would be no help for this real-  
life sitch, trust me.

JESSICA  
Oh, and I'm sure you'd know exactly  
what to do? Lemme guess? Race in  
there and make a dick joke. You  
have no idea how a man like that  
thinks. You're a little boy; you  
hit on girls.

MAX  
Please. You want that guy back?

JESSICA  
Yes.

MAX  
Easy. Here's what we're gonna do.  
For starters, relax a little.  
Maybe undo your top two buttons  
there and let those little fellas  
peak out. What're those things, B  
pluses?

Jessica looks at Max with fire in her eyes.



MAX (CONT'D)

Okay, doesn't matter. We're gonna go in there and get a table. You act like you're gonna head to the bathroom, recognize him as you pass by and ask him to join us for a drink. He will; no one eats alone when people they know are watching. I'll play the handsome doctor who's clearly trying to get at your vertical smile. Nothing fancy; I'm a chiropractor or something; I can't have him droppin' cardiologist lingo on me...

(beat)

Just as I order oysters and a bottle of champagne, I'm gonna get an emergency call: somebody's dying.

JESSICA

I thought you were a chiropractor.

MAX

Somebody's spine has popped out of their back and they can't move him cause he's on the subway tracks. And I'm a fucking hero, they're always callin' me for these kinds of things...

JESSICA

Continue!

MAX

Sorry. I apologize for abandoning you and then you and him will be alone, tipsy, and calling each other "doodlebug" by dessert.

JESSICA

Why does that not sound horrible?

MAX

Men come in many styles, but when it comes to women we're all working from the exact same playbook.

Jessica takes a deep breath and undoes her top buttons.

JESSICA

Alright... Let's do this.

She heads to the restaurant door. Max stops her.

MAX

Hold on; flag on the play.

An EXQUISITE BLONDE is escorted to Oliver's table. JESSICA'S POV: Oliver stands and greets her. They kiss.

MAX (CONT'D)

Holy shit. I gotta become a cardiologist. That my friends, is what we call a Ten. Don't feel bad; you can't compete with that. Not in your present state.

Max shrugs and checks the time on his phone.

MAX (CONT'D)

Ok, well, that sucks, sorry. I'm gonna grab this cab. Don't stand there for their whole dinner; it's a little depressing.

JESSICA'S POV: Couples everywhere, nibbling, whispering, laughing. She turns around to see Max watching her from the cab. He rolls down the window and YELLS OVER THE RAIN.

MAX (CONT'D)

You look like a stalker. Do you want a ride?

OFF JESSICA: standing alone in the rain.

INT. WEST VILLAGE CAFE - LATER

The rain has stopped. Only Max, Jessica and a few others linger in this cozy cafe. AWESOME MUSIC PLAYS softly.

JESSICA

We were ring shopping. Then out of nowhere he said he needed time to get his head straight before he could take our relationship to the next level.

Max nods knowingly.

MAX

That excuse is like government issued to every born male. They should just staple it to our birth certificates.

JESSICA

I just wish I knew what happened.

MAX

Everybody that gets dumped says that. "What happened" is that he didn't want to date you anymore.

(beat)

No offense... In his eyes, you were "get-over-able".

JESSICA

Ouch.

MAX

But what can you do? I look at it like this; you remember those pictures they used to sell in malls when we were in high school. It was like some trippy collage, but if you zoned your eyes out just right, all of a sudden a 3D image of like... a unicorn or a skull would suddenly pop out at you?

JESSICA

(a faint smile)

We had one in my dorm room of a dolphin.

MAX

Right. So when you're dating and you're meeting all these people, most of them are just gonna see the trippy collage that is you. They'll see it, maybe appreciate it for a little while, but if they move on, you can't take it too personally. They just never got to see what was really there.

JESSICA

He never saw my dolphin.

MAX

Exactly. If he saw your dolphin he wouldn't have gone anywhere.

Jessica softens slightly at this.

JESSICA

So you really think I can't compete with girls like that blonde?

MAX

You can compete on an aesthetic level. I mean, aside from a few easy fixes you're pretty hot.

JESSICA

What do you mean fixes?

MAX

Getting dumped has made you lose all your confidence. You're rattled, insecure, your posture's fucked... You look like a figure skater who just wiped out at the Olympics. She's gotta finish the routine, but she knows she's gonna spend the rest of her life dressed like a snowman in the Ice Capades.

(beat)

You need to loosen up a little, go on some dates, flirt a little. Have a little sex. Get your confidence back. Then you could compete with girls like that blonde. Although her ass was re-donkulous...

A PRETTY WAITRESS arrives at their table.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hey, what time do you shut this place down?

PRETTY WAITRESS

As soon as you guys leave. Why?

MAX

Where's the best place around here for you and I to go and "bar-snuggle"?

PRETTY WAITRESS

Excuse me?

MAX

"Bar-snuggling"; don't worry, we're not gonna be the obnoxious couple making out in the corner, we're just gonna sip some Goldschläger and enjoy some light groping. If at any point I get more than a half chubby, we've both failed.

The waitress stares at Max like he's from another planet. Jessica shakes her head in disbelief. She can't resist:

JESSICA

Sorry... He's just kidding. He's actually an amazing portrait photographer and I'm one of the curator's of the MOMA's photo collection. We're over here trying to find a really cool space in the village to have his latest show.

PRETTY WAITRESS

Oh. Awesome. I love photography. I tried to model for a second, but the other girls in this town were way too intense for me.

JESSICA

You should let Max shoot you; his work's amazing.

PRETTY WAITRESS

No, no thanks. That's not really me anymore. But maybe I'll come to the show... Here's your check, have a good night.

She walks off.

JESSICA

(incredulous)

You are horrible at hitting on women. You're like a fucking caveman. How do you ever get laid?

MAX

Well, what good did your stupid little story do? She'd love to maybe attend a photography show I'm not even having.

The waitress bounces back with an excited smile.

PRETTY WAITRESS

You know what? I changed my mind. I'm trying to be more spontaneous. I would love for you to shoot me.

Max is shocked. Jessica smiles.

MAX

Great.

PRETTY WAITRESS

Here's my number. I guess just call me and let me know when and what you want me to wear.

MAX

Okay.

She gives him a flirty smile and walks off. Max is in awe.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wow.

JESSICA

You're welcome. It's been memorable... At the very least I'll get my money's worth at my shrink tomorrow.

Max nods his head, still stunned. Jessica stands to leave.

MAX

Wait.

JESSICA

What?

MAX

This is good.

JESSICA

We're not gonna bar-snuggle.

MAX

No, not us, ass-face. But us... as a team. We both lost our wing people. Maybe we could help each other out a little bit.

JESSICA

Absolutely not.

MAX

Look, you could obviously use a little coaching; and the Jedi mind trick you just did on this naughty waitress was genius.

JESSICA

What exactly are you suggesting?

MAX

Simple. You just help me meet girls, and I'll help you find your  
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)  
dream dude; an all new Oliver.  
Better than Oliver.

Max puts his hand out. A long beat as Jessica wrestles with this. Then... She clasps Max's hand. They shake.

JESSICA  
I'll think about it.

INT. SOPHIE AND NATHAN'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Nathan and Sophie roll around, making out on a bed amidst the Sunday Times. Nathan's CELL RINGS.

SOPHIE  
No.

NATHAN  
I have to; he just walked out last night.

He picks up the phone.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
Hey buddy. What happened to you last night?

Nathan walks into the walk-in closet, away from Sophie.

EXT. AVENUE A - CONTINUOUS

Max walks through the eclectic Alphabet City.

MAX  
I admit I was a little taken aback about the level of your stupidity, but I'm over it now. You've been replaced.

INT. SOPHIE AND NATHAN'S WALK-IN CLOSET - INTERCUT

NATHAN  
By who?

MAX  
It's "Whom", dickhead. "By whom?" And you'll never guess... Jessica. We're joining forces.

NATHAN  
What?! Why? I mean... what?!

MAX

Dude, she's amazing. You shoulda seen the shit she pulled on this waitress for me last night. She's like the "Vagina Whisperer".

NATHAN

And she wants your help?

MAX

She's desperate for it. Dude, the girl is so fucked up by her Ex it's a miracle she even leaves her apartment. I'm gonna help her find some cheeseball doctor and she's gonna get me liz-naid.

NATHAN

Okay... Well, good luck with that buddy...

MAX

And don't blab any of this to your little incubator over there, okay? Jessica wants to keep this top secret.

NATHAN

Of course. I won't say a word.

Max and Nathan hang up. Nathan exits the walk-in closet.

INT. SOPHIE AND NATHAN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nathan enters the bedroom. Sophie gives him a look.

SOPHIE

Spill it.

OFF NATHAN'S LOOK...

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica walks pulling her roller bag of samples. She answers her RINGING BLACKBERRY.

JESSICA

Hello?

INT. SOPHIE AND NATHAN'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - INTERCUT

SOPHIE

Is this a cry for help?



JESSICA

I never said yes, I said I'd think about it. And do you have any better ideas? You've decided to have a baby with a stranger, so I figured I should start thinking outside the box as well.

SOPHIE

It's just that you're in a very raw place right now. And he's a very raw person. And I just think that's too much raw.

JESSICA

What do you want me to do? Sit at home and watch Lifetime while I troll through my friends' friends on Facebook? I gotta move on. I think I'm ready.

Jessica's PHONE BEEPS.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hold on...  
(call waiting)  
Hello?

INT. BLUE STAR INSURANCE, MAX'S CUBICLE - INTERCUT

MAX

(a la Boxing announcer)  
*Let's get ready to fuuuuuuuck...*

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING LOBBY - INTERCUT

Jessica cringes.

JESSICA

I have to call you back.

Jessica clicks back to Sophie.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe you're right. I'm acting desperate. He's disgusting.

SOPHIE

Thank God. Goodbye.

JESSICA

Bye.

Jessica walks into the Ladies Room.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING, LADIES ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JANET, 37, also with a wheeled bag of samples, fixes her make-up. She has obviously been crying.

JANET

Hey.

JESSICA

Hey, Janet, how are you?

JANET

(fast and neurotic)

Uch, totally stressed. Dr. Cohen's the last single doctor on my call list. We've had two dates, and I thought they went amazingly, but Cynthia from Zoloft just told me she saw him at *Blue Man Group* with Allison from Xanax.

JESSICA

Oh... well I'm sure you'll find somebody, Janet. You just need to relax a little.

JANET

I don't know what there is to be relaxed about; I'm 37 and I wanna be in love and have a family... I work non-stop; I'm running out of options. You know, I was engaged to Dr. Foster, the psychiatrist... until I caught him fucking Alexis from Colonopin. Those fucking anti-anxiety girls are so fucking relaxed; I can't compete with them!

(beat)

Okay. How do I look?

She has mascara running down her cheeks from tears.

JESSICA

Great.

JANET

Okay. Wish me luck?

JESSICA

Good luck.

Janet scurries out leaving Jessica totally freaked out. After a beat she presses "SEND" on her phone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
I'll see you tonight. Nine o'clock.

INT. AVENUE NIGHT CLUB - SATURDAY NIGHT

Max and Jessica descend into the SUPER TRENDY CLUB as AN AWESOME HIP-HOP SONG PLAYS. The crowd is SUPER YOUNG and SEXY. Everyone is texting on their phones; even the bartenders. Jessica gets bumped as TWO TWENTY TWO YEAR-OLD girls push by her. Max's jaw drops at how HOT they are.

JESSICA  
So that's what you like? Kids?  
Aren't you guys supposed to  
register when you move into the  
neighborhood?

MAX  
Don't hate on them just cause  
they're young.

JESSICA  
I'm not hating on them. I was them  
ten years ago; I had the time of my  
life. I'm just digesting the fact  
that you're 35 and that's what you  
like. I would have no interest in  
someone that young.

MAX  
Really. Not even him?

Max points to COLIN, a VERY ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MALE MODEL  
sitting at a table with other BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

JESSICA  
(wow)  
Jesus. He's like Johnny Depp in his  
"21 Jumpstreet" days. But what the  
hell would we talk about;  
skateboards?

MAX  
Tonight's not about you finding a  
boyfriend. We're here to loosen you  
up a little bit. Stretch out your  
skills. Just go flirt a lil'.

JESSICA  
He's eleven.

MAX  
Would you sleep with him?

JESSICA

No!

MAX

Lying to me is pointless.

JESSICA

Of course I would, look at him;  
he's like Zac Efron, but legal.

MAX

All right, so go say hi.

He gives her a gentle push and she wanders over and sits next to Colin who's TEXTING ON HIS PHONE. In fact, all five people at the table are TEXTING ON THEIR PHONES.

JESSICA

You guys all texting each other?

Colin looks up.

COLIN

Why would we be doing that?

JESSICA

It's just so loud in here, I  
thought maybe that's how you talk  
to one another about your day.

COLIN

No. I'm Tweeting about how this  
place sucks tonight.

JESSICA

Oh, does it? I just got here, so...  
I was kinda holding off on Tweeting  
until I took in the whole "vibe". I  
like to make sure all of my Tweets  
are well-informed and not just some  
meaningless drivel about what I'm  
doing that no one could possibly  
care about.

Colin stares at her then goes back to his phone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What are you Tweeting now?

COLIN

That a really hot girl just sat  
down.

JESSICA  
(totally charmed)  
Oh, thank you.

COLIN  
No, not you. Her.

He points to a 24 YEAR OLD MODEL that just sat down at the other side of the table. She's TEXTING ON HER PHONE.

JESSICA  
Oh.

COLIN  
But no offense; you're hot too. I just didn't Tweet about it when you sat down.

JESSICA  
Oh, I see.

COLIN  
Do you want some coke?

JESSICA  
Sure, with a lil' Jackie Daniels if you got it.

COLIN  
No, coke-coke. Not Coca-Cola.

JESSICA  
Oh, coke-coke; no, no thank you. It's been a very long time and I have to walk later.

COLIN  
You can't walk on coke?

JESSICA  
No, no, not me. I can only run when I'm on coke and I'm wearing a very high heel tonight, so running is out of the question.

COLIN  
(with a smile)  
You're kinda funny.

JESSICA  
Thank you. What year were you born?

COLIN  
Why?

JESSICA  
Humor me.

COLIN  
1990.

JESSICA  
Oh Jesus.

She stands abruptly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
It was very nice meeting you all.

No one looks up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Please send my love to all your  
parents.

She finds Max at the bar.

MAX  
What happened?

JESSICA  
What happened?! He's 20 years old  
is what happened! He's probably  
still got some after-birth on him.  
And what is it with this young  
generation and cocaine? Nancy  
Reagan needs to get her ass back  
out there; these kids cut more  
lines than fat people at  
Disneyland. This was a mistake.

She heads for the door.

MAX  
Ok, wait, wait, wait. Where do you  
wanna go?

OFF JESSICA'S FACE WE HARD CUT TO:

INT. BOWERY HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

A MELLOW SONG PLAYS SOFTLY as Jessica and Max sit on an  
overstuffed couch next to the fireplace in the lobby.

MAX  
Do they have afghans here? I might  
get a little chilly during my nap.

JESSICA

I like it here. You can actually have a conversation; get to know someone.

MAX

This isn't going out; it's like drinking in Liberace's bedroom. What time do they tuck us in?

JESSICA

Don't you like to talk to people? Or does what she has to say not matter at all?

MAX

I feel like this is a trick question.

JESSICA

No I'm serious. Is your sole goal as a man just to bring home the hottest girl you can and have sex with her?

MAX

Yes.

JESSICA

Oliver isn't like that.

MAX

Of course he is. You think the whole time he was at dinner with that blonde he wasn't counting the minutes till he could get her naked? Stop lying to yourself; it deserves better.

A HOT ASIAN GIRL sits down on the couch across from them.  
(She is far enough away that when the two of them whisper she cannot hear them.)

MAX (CONT'D)

(loud so she can hear)  
...And that's why I love rice.

Jessica looks at him like, "you've got to be kidding me".

JESSICA

(tight whisper)  
That's the best you've got; rice?

MAX

(tight whisper)

I'm establishing a common interest.  
Have you ever met an Asian person  
that hates rice?

ASIAN GIRL

Do you guys mind if I sit here?

MAX

No, please; join us.

JESSICA

(tight whisper)

Everybody likes rice! Who the hell  
doesn't like rice?

MAX

(a little too loud)

I fucking hate rice!

ASIAN GIRL

I thought you just said you loved  
rice.

MAX

I'm very mercurial when it comes to  
rice. My feelings about rice  
fluctuate from moment to moment.

She smiles. He's a smidgen charming.

MAX (CONT'D)

(tight whisper)

She smiled. It worked.

JESSICA

(tight whisper)

She smiled cause you're an idiot.  
She's laughing at, not with.

MAX

What's with the hostility? What  
the hell did I do?

JESSICA

Men are so shallow. At the end of  
the day all it comes down to is  
feeding your egos by trying to fuck  
the hottest girl you can. You're  
probably drafting the story you're  
gonna tell your buddies while  
you're still inside the poor girl.



MAX

To sleep with, yes. But if you're gonna commit, she's gotta have the complete package.

JESSICA

Wait, are you implying I'm not the complete package?

MAX

You inferred, I never implied. But obviously not. You're hot, but quite alone. Why is that? Take some responsibility.

JESSICA

I choose to be alone. I'm not gonna waste my time with some "placeholder" just so I don't feel lonesome.

MAX

Is that what you tell your shrink?

JESSICA

You know you really are an asshole.

Jessica grabs her purse and stands. She walks around to the Asian Girl and whispers in her ear. After a beat, she walks by Max, never making eye contact.

Max looks at the Asian Girl who now wears a caring smile.

ASIAN GIRL

Come sit next to me.

Max is confused. He moves over to her couch.

ASIAN GIRL (CONT'D)

How long have you had ass cancer?

Max goes wide-eyed. Sabotage!

MAX

...Too long.

EXT. CAFE GITANE, NOLITA - DAY

Sophie and Jessica sit drinking iced beverages.

SOPHIE

What did you expect was gonna happen?

JESSICA

I don't know. My therapist said I needed to take action. I thought he may have been a sign or something.

SOPHIE

A sign of what.

JESSICA

Desperation I guess. I don't know, between you and all my other friends I feel like I'm in this giant game of musical chairs and the music's just stopped and suddenly everyone's sitting down except for me. I miss Oliver. And then I get pissed off at myself because I'm a really fucking strong woman, and I don't wanna need anybody else. I wanna be fine alone.

Jessica's eyes well.

SOPHIE

I'm a strong woman too, Jess. But at the end of the day it's really nice to cuddle up with someone you're in love with and watch the worst reality show you can find on TV.

They smile.

JESSICA

You know it's funny, but... out of everything, that's really what I miss the most: being held. I felt so safe when he held me. Like he could protect me from anything. I don't even know what I needed to be protected from, but I loved that feeling. I miss that.

SOPHIE

Of course. It doesn't make you weak to want that... to need that.

Jessica nods and shakes off her emotion.

JESSICA

Max did say something that I can't get out of my head, though. He said that men like Oliver won't settle

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
for anything less than the complete package, and that I'm not that.

SOPHIE  
Max's a moron.

JESSICA  
I know. But do you think there's any truth to that? I mean, the stuff Oliver said about having to get his head straight before he could take our relationship to the next level? Max says that's all bullshit.

SOPHIE  
It is bullshit. He wanted to fuck other girls, let's be honest. People analyze shit too much; if he wanted to be with you, he'd be with you. What else is there to say?

JESSICA  
So you think Max is right.

SOPHIE  
I think Oliver's not the man you hoped he was, Jess. And that you deserve better. Onward...

EXT. WEST VILLAGE EQUINOX - LATER

Jessica's in a SPIN class amidst 40 SWEATY BODIES. AN AWESOME UPBEAT TRACK PLAYS as the SPIN INSTRUCTOR BARKS OUT ORDERS.

Max weaves his way through bikes and stares to find a sweaty, sexy Jessica.

MAX  
Hey there.

JESSICA  
What are you doing here?! How did you find me?

MAX  
I have a man on the inside. This is weird. What do they call this, Jazzer-bike?

JESSICA  
Leave!

MAX  
Douche-ercise?  
(beat)  
Aeroba-gay?

She's getting furious.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Okay, real quick. I know you meant  
to sabotage me last night with the  
whole "ass cancer" thing...

Everyone around them hears and turns to stare at Max.

MAX (CONT'D)  
But it totally backfired on you.  
Pun intended, cause I had sympathy  
poop-shoot sex with that girl all  
night long. I'm telling you, anal's  
the new doggie. Women are opening  
up their balloon knots with a  
newfound verve. Do you think it's  
the economy?

An OVERWEIGHT MAN spinning next to them has had enough.

OVERWEIGHT SPINNER  
Will you please shut-up? You're  
ruining my work-out.

MAX  
I'm not ruining anything, buddy.  
You just keep pedaling; where  
you're headed's far away.  
(back to Jessica)  
Maybe we should try it again  
tonight, cause it's a winner. I  
mean that girl was so turned on by  
the fact that my ass was literally  
killing me, she woulda let me fuck  
her ear if I asked.

OVERWEIGHT SPINNER  
You're disgusting.

MAX  
You on that little bike is what's  
disgusting.

JESSICA  
There's not gonna be a tonight.

SPIN INSTRUCTOR  
(over headset mic)  
Sir, will you please leave the  
class if you're not gonna join us?

MAX  
Just a few more seconds there, Tae-  
Bo; having a quick word with the  
Mrs.

Jessica can't help but LAUGH. (It might be the first time  
we've ever noticed her laugh.) The whole class now stares.

MAX (CONT'D)  
What do you mean "no tonight"?

JESSICA  
Look... Let's just forget this  
whole thing, okay? Let's walk away  
with some of our dignity intact.

MAX  
Just give me one last shot, okay.  
I've been being selfish. I owe you  
much better wingmanning skills.  
Tonight you pick the place and it's  
all about you. I guarantee results.

The Instructor grabs Max's arm and starts to escort him out.

SPIN INSTRUCTOR  
(over headset mic)  
This class is for Spinners only.

As they head towards the door.

MAX  
Wow, you are firm. What's your  
secret? Is it yelling? Or is it  
just the short shorts? What do you  
love more, the musical "Rent" or  
cock?

He puts Max outside the glass door. Max searches for eye  
contact with Jessica through a SEA OF SWEATY BODIES.

After a beat, she turns to Max revealing a slightly softened  
smile. He smiles back. He picks up his t-shirt to flash his  
nipples. She SMILES and shakes her head.

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL BAR, 5757 - NIGHT

Jessica and Max sit at this ultimate high brow bar.

JESSICA

Sophie and I used to come here  
before I met Oliver. This place is  
classy.

MAX

So you like money?

JESSICA

No. I like men who have their shit  
together, who aren't out shopping  
for one night stands.

MAX

You realize of course that this is  
the most famous place in the city  
to meet call-girls right?

JESSICA

What?

Suddenly Avi approaches with KANSAS, a sexy prostitute.

AVI

Shalom, Max.

MAX

Hey, Avi.

AVI

This is Kansas.

KANSAS

Hi.

MAX

Hi.

AVI

(checking out Jessica)

I see you like escorts too, huh?  
Not too shabby.

MAX

Oh, no. This is Jessica; she's not  
an escort.

AVI

It's alright, buddy. Don't be  
embarrassed. You picked a good one.

JESSICA

I'm not a hooker.

AVI  
Are you sure?

JESSICA  
I think I'd know if I was a hooker.

KANSAS  
We prefer escort.

JESSICA  
I'm not an escort.

KANSAS  
Is there something wrong with being  
an escort?

JESSICA  
No.

KANSAS  
You should give it some thought;  
it's like turning your pussy into  
an ATM machine.

Both Jessica and Max's eyes go wide on that one.

AVI  
Okay. Well nice to meet you, I  
spent all my money on her, so I  
can't afford the drinks in this  
place. We're gonna go fuck.

MAX  
Alright, you kids have fun.

KANSAS  
Nice meeting you.

They leave. Jessica looks like she's gonna gag.

JESSICA  
I think that's the grossest  
encounter I've ever had.

MAX  
Try living with him. I wanna seal  
his room up with those plastic  
walls they put around E.T. when he  
got sick.  
(beat)  
But don't worry about it. Let me  
explore the space; there'll be  
something good here for you.

JESSICA

Red tie there's kinda cute.

Max sees a HANDSOME GUY at the end of the bar with a wireless cellphone earpiece in his ear.

MAX

The cyborg? No way. Trust me, any guy who leaves his wireless earpiece in while he's not on the phone, is a douche. Those things are like tool detectors. Ooh, and the blackberry clipped to the belt; you hate to see it. Plus he's a boozier.

JESSICA

How do you know?

MAX

He's downing straight gin on a week night and he's still got a stamp on his wrist from last night's club.

They watch as he stumbles toward the bathroom.

JESSICA

Yikes... What about the wall-flower over there?

A guy in chic glasses sips a bottle of water in the corner.

MAX

What got you? The pretentious glasses, the leather wristband, or the 'I Don't Need Booze To Have A Good Time' water sipping?

Jessica has no answer.

MAX (CONT'D)

First of all, never trust a straight guy who wears bracelets; that's just a fact. Something about him tells me he'd end up blogging about how you maintain your bush.

JESSICA

Uch.

MAX

By the way, how do you maintain your bush? I should probably know.



JESSICA

What? No!

MAX

No bush? Mr. Clean?

JESSICA

No! Just, "no", I'm not telling you.

MAX

That you have a hairy bush? Are you celebrating the seventies? Kind of a Gabe Kaplan thing going on?

JESSICA

New topic. How about... him?

Jess points to a perfectly normal-looking guy. Max squints.

MAX

No way. Total pervert. Likes to beat-off while teenage boys watch.

JESSICA

Gross... You're making all this up.

MAX

No, that's Coach Purcell. He was my lacrosse coach in high school. It was nasty, but at least I learned how to pull on it backhanded.

JESSICA

This is pointless.

MAX

Hold on, I'm helping you. Allow me to browse.

Max excuses himself and approaches the bar, pacing the length of it. He sniffs cologne, eavesdrops on conversations, observes beverage preferences, etc. He returns to Jessica.

MAX (CONT'D)

Six o'clock. That's your man.

Skeptical, Jessica peeks over Max's shoulder.

MAX (CONT'D)

Some kind of broker, but he's got a Mount Snow tag on his jacket so last season he couldn't afford Aspen. The market's humbled him a

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

little; not super cocky. He's drinking a bottled beer in a martini bar, so he's not afraid to swim against the tide. And no cologne, which is a giant plus.

JESSICA

Why?

MAX

Cologne and perfume mask your body's natural smell. You know how when you're really into someone you just love their smell; even their body odor?

JESSICA

Yes.

MAX

Yeah, cause you're no less an animal than a dog sniffing dog ass at the dog park. Your brain is subconsciously trying to lead you via your nose to your perfect mate. That's hard to find if it's drenched in Drakkar Noir.

JESSICA

I'm impressed. You might be decent at this after all. So now what?

MAX

Go over, order a Bud bottle - no glass - and smile like there's nothing you'd rather be doing.

JESSICA

And then what?

MAX

And then you wait. Any guy worth your time who receives a woman's smile will initiate contact within 60 seconds or be kicking himself all night.

(beat)

Trust me.

Jessica slinks her way down the bar. Max's guy, SEAN, glances over as Jessica flags down the bartender with a smile.

JESSICA

Bud, bottle. No glass. Thanks.

Jessica catches Sean looking and gives him a polite smile.

SEAN  
King of Beers, huh?

JESSICA  
Uh, yeah. Old Reliable. I love it.

SEAN  
I assume you're from out of town.

JESSICA  
Nope. I live in the West Village.

SEAN  
Yeah? Me too.

JESSICA  
Just moved there, actually.

SEAN  
Well, you're a welcome addition to  
the neighborhood. I'm Sean.

JESSICA  
Jessica.

SEAN  
What do you do?

JESSICA  
I work for Anther Pharmaceuticals  
in midtown.

SEAN  
Would I know any of their drugs?

JESSICA  
That depends, are you depressed?

SEAN  
Not anymore.

They both smile. Max approaches, acting pissed off.

MAX  
Honey? Where have you been? I've  
been looking all over for you!

JESSICA  
Uhhh...

MAX

Don't uhhh me. I've seriously had enough of this. I'll be outside!

Jessica has no idea what he's doing. Max storms out, leaving Sean and Jessica in shock.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS - A LITTLE LATER

Max stuffs a hotdog into his mouth as Jessica appears.

JESSICA

What the hell was that?!

MAX

Did he give you his number?

JESSICA

(showing his card)

Yes, but we barely got to talk before you made a scene.

MAX

That's all you needed. A little flirtation and then I came in as the dicky boyfriend.

JESSICA

Why do I have a dicky boyfriend?!

MAX

All guys want what they can't have. You just became about 75% hotter to him because you're taken. And since your boyfriend's clearly a dick, he sees that there might be an opening.

JESSICA

Really?

MAX

Yes. Now give me his card.

She hands it over. He reads it.

MAX (CONT'D)

Broker. Man, I'm good.

He rips the card to shreds.

JESSICA

What are you doing?!

MAX

You wouldn't be able to resist at least texting something cutesy before you went to bed tonight. Well that little "xoxo" would cost us about 20% of his desire to bang you. We can't afford that at this early stage. Let him call you.

JESSICA

I didn't give him my number, asshole!

MAX

He knows your name and where you work, right?

JESSICA

Yes.

MAX

He'll find you.

JESSICA

But what if he can't?

MAX

Do ya really want someone inside of you that doesn't know how to Google?

Max dashes across the street, hailing a cab.

MAX (CONT'D)

You'll hear from our boy by end of day tomorrow! Guaranteed!

CLOSE ON Jessica, a reluctant smile.

INT. JESSICA'S OFFICE - FOLLOWING AFTERNOON - DAY

Jessica at her desk. She glances at her clock: INSERT CLOCK: 6:00 PM. She exhales, disappointed, muttering.

JESSICA

Idiot.

INT. BLUE STAR INSURANCE, BREAK ROOM - SAME

Max sits at a table with his a copy of *The Village Voice* open to a FULL PAGE COLOR AD of a GORGEOUS STRIPPER. CLARENCE, a white, dorky dude sits across from him eating a salad.

CLARENCE

Would you mind closing that please?  
It isn't really suitable for the  
work place?

MAX

Would you mind dipping my balls in  
honey and then resting them on your  
forehead?

CLARENCE

Here comes Gerald, let's see what  
he has to say about this.

In walks Gerald, feeding his INFANT a bottle. He shakes his  
head, rattled from Daddy duty.

GERALD

Ass and mouth, fellas. Only cum in  
the ass and mouth. Then you won't  
end up like me.

MAX

Ah, fatherhood.

GERALD

(re: the Ad)  
Who is that?

MAX

That, my friend, is Wynter Storm.  
The hottest stripper ever. I saw  
her in Vegas one time, but some  
rich dude had her reserved for the  
whole night. She's at Scores  
tonight.

GERALD

They let you bring babies up in  
there?

MAX

I'm not sure. I would call.

GERALD

Shit. My wife's volunteering at our  
synagogue tonight. I gotta keep  
Yitzak alive till she gets home or  
I'd be right there with you.

Max dials on his Phone.

CLARENCE  
Gerald, may I speak to you about something?

GERALD  
Can my baby take a dump in your salad?

CLARENCE  
No.

GERALD  
Then no.

INT. JESSICA'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Jessica answers her phone.

JESSICA  
What?

MAX  
Did he call?

JESSICA  
No.

MAX  
Are you sure?

JESSICA  
I know what a phone call is, dipshit.  
I can now confidently sever our relationship.

KNOCK, KNOCK. A RECEPTIONIST walks in with a huge bouquet of flowers. She sets them on Jessica's desk and walks out. Max BABBLES on in the background. She quickly opens the card.

INSERT CARD: "Sorry you had to leave. You deserve better.  
Sean (917) 555-4532" CLOSE ON Jessica.

MAX (O.S.)  
Then I guess you're not helping me tonight. That sucks, I kinda figured it was my turn.

JESSICA  
What time?

INT. SCORES GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC BLARES at the infamous strip club. Jessica and Max watch a SEXY STRIPPER DANCE.

JESSICA

You're such an idiot. Why would you choose the one place in the world where you don't need my help?

MAX

Oh, but I do. We're here to see Wynter Storm. The hottest stripper in the universe. Well, at least on Earth, for all I know there's way hotter strippers on other planets. Alien strippers.

JESSICA

Continue.

MAX

She's not even gonna dance tonight. She's here to promote the release of her new Pocket Pussy.

He gestures to their right to REVEAL: At the end of a long line of men, WYNTER STORM sits behind a table signing LATEX MODELS OF HER VAGINA. Wynter is all natural and beautiful.

MAX (CONT'D)

She's gonna be signing those things for hours.

JESSICA

So why are we here?

MAX

I wanted you to help me get a lap dance from her.

JESSICA

She's a stripper. She strips. Ask her to strip.

MAX

Wynter Storm doesn't just give private dances to anyone. Who do you think I am, Tommy Lee?

JESSICA

You've got to be kidding me. This is really what you want?

MAX

Yup. Got any ideas?



JESSICA  
You're really wasting your  
resources on something far too  
easy. I'll be right back.

Jessica heads down the long line of horny dudes until she gets to Wynter. She whispers in Wynter's ear; she smiles and then whispers back into Jessica's ear. Jessica returns.

MAX  
Well?

JESSICA  
Strippers love to dance for women.  
Why? Cause women don't spend the  
whole song trying to maneuver their  
dirty hands inside of them. Plus,  
most of them are at least bi. I  
told her it was for me.

MAX  
And?

JESSICA  
She said the dance is free if she  
can fuck me.

Max's jaw drops in amazement.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
So I told her it was really a  
birthday present for my fiance.

MAX  
And?

JESSICA  
She said 500 bucks.

MAX  
Done.

JESSICA  
But as soon as we get in there you  
have to steer her onto you. I don't  
want her anywhere near me!

MAX  
Okay.

JESSICA  
I'm gonna have to get drunk.

MAX

Fine.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. SCORES GENTLEMAN'S CLUB, VIP ROOM - LATER

Wynter dances in the VIP room for a drunk, smiling Jessica. Neither of them could care less about Max who sits watching with a GIANT DRUNKEN SMILE ON HIS FACE.

JESSICA

(drunk)

You smell like candy.

(smelling her)

Your earlobes are like baby  
Skittles.

INT. DINER - LATE NIGHT

Max and Jessica sit across from each other eating greasy food holding "Wynter Storm Pocket Pussy's". They are drunk.

MAX

I can't believe she threw these in  
for free. Can I have yours? I'm  
gonna have a lonely man's orgy.

JESSICA

Hell, no. This thing's mine.

MAX

What are you gonna do with it?

JESSICA

I'm gonna use it as an oven mitt.

They die LAUGHING.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Or a hand-puppet.

(she makes it talk in a  
deep voice)

Hello. I am Wynter's vagina.

MAX

Why does Wynter's vagina sound like  
James Earl Jones?

JESSICA

(still as vagina)

Luke. I am you father.

They can't stop LAUGHING.

EXT. SHEEP'S MEADOW - SATURDAY

The meadow's packed with people lying out. Max and Nathan sit drinking canned beers covered in paper bags.

NATHAN

Sounds like you two are actually getting along.

MAX

Well, she can be super uptight and condescending. But I have to admit, she's pretty funny.

NATHAN

I don't understand why you don't just date her.

MAX

Are you kidding me? This is the perfect arrangement; I would never jeopardize what I've got going on here. It's too good to be true.

NATHAN

Maybe it's time for you to give one of these girls a chance. Try to get to know one of them and see if something flourishes.

MAX

Flourishes? How wide is your rectum? Seriously. Be honest. A few months ago you were doing the exact same thing.

NATHAN

I don't know... I don't feel like I'm missing out on anything when I'm with Sophie. Maybe that's how you know you're in love; when there's no place you'd rather be.

MAX

Well you know what my father says? "Never marry. Just find a woman you don't like and buy her a house".

NATHAN

That's because he pays alimony to three different women.

MAX

I just can't imagine there being  
one girl I wanna spend the rest of  
my life with right now. But I hope  
one day I find her.

WE CRANE UP TO REVEAL THEM SITTING AMIDST A THOUSAND PEOPLE  
LYING AROUND THE MEADOW.

INT. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM - NEXT MORNING

WE CRANE DOWN TO FIND: Jessica sitting on a bench on the main  
floor tapping her foot. Max arrives; flustered.

JESSICA

Where the hell have you been?  
You're a half-hour late.

MAX

I've been up and down this ramp  
like fifty times looking for you. I  
don't have cell service here. I'm  
light-headed. I may vomit.

JESSICA

Perfect.

MAX

Where's our target?

JESSICA

She's not a target. She's a woman.

He points. Max looks over to see a HEAVYSET WOMAN wearing a  
*Tazmanian Devil* T-shirt and a fanny pack that articulates the  
bulge of fat between her belly and groin.

MAX

The tourist with the Vagomach?  
(Vuh-juh-mick.)

JESSICA

What the hell's a "Vagomach"?

MAX

That weird fat roll some women have  
between their vaginas and their  
stomachs.

JESSICA

You're disgusting. Not her, her.

She points again to INGRID, 33, a pretty woman in  
tortoiseshell glasses examining a large painting.

MAX

Not bad. She looks smart.

JESSICA

Her name's Ingrid. Single, age appropriate, socially active... She teaches figure drawing at Barnard.

MAX

Do you think I could pose naked for her class like "Rerun" did in that episode of "What's Happening"?

JESSICA

First of all, it was "Rog", not "Rerun". And I doubt she's gonna get a "What's Happening" reference. Let's start by seeing if you click. Come on. And when you have a thought, run it through your mind twice before you say it to make sure it's not stupid or offensive.

MAX

Got it.

INT. GUGGENHEIM - LATER

Jessica, Ingrid and Max stand in front of a GIANT JACKSON POLLACK PAINTING.

JESSICA

Wow, this is beautiful.

MAX

Are you sure this is art? They might just be repainting this wall.

INGRID

Of course it's art. It's Jackson Pollack.

MAX

When's it gonna be done?

INGRID

It is done.

Jessica eyes Max.

MAX

I know. It's so... beautiful in its... chaos.

INGRID

Isn't it? You're right, it's like organized chaos.

MAX

(really taking it in)

When you think about it, it's pretty hard for one person to generate chaos. Maybe that's why people like this; he found a way to articulate chaos on a canvas.

INGRID

I like that.

MAX

Okay. I'll take it. How much is it?

They all LAUGH.

QUICK MONTAGE: Max making the girls LAUGH as they stand in front of a series of famous works of art. MAX TAKING IN FINE ART IN A NEW WAY. JESSICA TAKING IN MAX IN A NEW WAY.

INT. BLUE STAR INSURANCE, MAX'S CUBICLE - MONDAY MORNING

Max, iPod BLARING AN AWESOME SONG, sits at his computer, focused in a way we haven't seen before. INSERT: MAX'S SCREEN, where he is manipulating some of his PHOTOGRAPHY. Portraits of New York City characters. Gerald arrives.

GERALD

All right. Let me live vicariously through you. Tell me about all the banging you did this weekend.

MAX

Sorry, nothing to report.

ELI

What happened, you got Scabies and had to use that smelly lotion?

Max stares at him a beat.

MAX

No. But it was actually a pretty good weekend. I went to this museum and got kinda inspired about my photography. I think I might not be as mediocre as I thought I was. I know you're not a big fan of my accident photos, but this is what I really do.

Max turns the monitor so Gerald can see. A series of STUNNING FACES. Then a REALLY COOL SHOT OF GERALD pretending to throw his BABY like a football.

GERALD

Hey! That's me and Yitzak! That picture's hot. I look like I can actually throw.

MAX

If you really like it I'll print one up for you.

GERALD

Oh, hell yes. That bitch right there is gonna hang above my decline bench!

Max smiles.

GERALD (CONT'D)

What else you got?

EXT. BRYANT PARK - LUNCH

Bright, beautiful afternoon, hundreds of fashionable Manhattanite white-collars sit around the park at tables. Jessica nurses a sandwich, as Sophie plays with her laptop.

JESSICA

What are you doing?

SOPHIE

I signed you up for JDate. I'm seeing if we caught anything good.

JESSICA

JDate's for Jewish people.

SOPHIE

I know, but Jewish guys are a catch. Look at Nathan. You're not getting too many hits, though. Maybe I shouldn't have said you were Orthodox. Here's one...

INSERT: AN ORTHODOX JEW WITH BEARD AND CURLS IN A BLACK SUIT LEANING AGAINST AN ORANGE LAMBORGHINI.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

His interests are praying and sleeping.

JESSICA  
Awesome, when's he free?

SOPHIE  
Not on weekends; it says here he's  
not allowed to "get busy" on  
shabbat.

Max arrives with a retro looking camera around his neck.

MAX  
Sorry I'm late. I just took a  
really cool shot of this homeless  
guy playing handball with these  
kids.

JESSICA  
I don't have much time, so let's  
just dive in.

MAX  
Lay it on me. I'm listening.

JESSICA  
Okay, so... I made an eight o'clock  
reservation at The Waverly Inn. My  
friend's a concierge at the Mercer  
and got us in. We'll have an after-  
dinner drink on the roof of 60  
Thompson. Then we have the option  
to walk to The Rockwood for the ten-  
thirty set, or...

MAX  
Alright hold up for a second. Men  
don't really love it when women  
plan shit down to the minute.

JESSICA  
I left some room for some  
spontaneity.

MAX  
You shouldn't leave room for  
spontaneity; the whole thing should  
feel spontaneous. Just let him pick  
everything tonight. You act like  
you're happy doing whatever. Don't  
be a snob if he doesn't pick the  
latest hotspot out of Zagats. And I  
don't care if you find the oiliest  
pube ever grown in your Cobb salad,  
do not send your dinner back.

(MORE)



MAX (CONT'D)  
Everybody but women knows that chefs  
spit in sent-back food.

Sophie spits out the salad she's eating, disgusted. Max  
raises his camera and SHOOTS JESSICA'S FACE.

MAX (CONT'D)  
I'm taking a picture of your face  
right now so you can see how bitchy  
you look.

JESSICA  
Lemme see?

MAX  
This isn't digital, please don't  
insult me. This is a Leica M5.

JESSICA  
Well 1956 called, they want their  
camera back.

Max and Sophie both LAUGH.

MAX  
Have you noticed she's getting  
slightly funnier since she's been  
hanging out with me?

SOPHIE  
All I'll say is, it's nice to see  
her laughing.

JESSICA  
Now for your date. You made a great  
first impression on Ingrid. Try  
really hard not to fuck it up.  
She's a real, live, adult woman  
with her own thoughts and opinions.  
She reads *The New Yorker*, not  
*Maxim*. You're taking her to  
L'Esquina.

MAX  
Whoa, whoa. I asked her "out".  
Couple drinks, maybe split a Mr  
Softee. Who said anything about  
dinner?

JESSICA  
After 30, "out" means dinner.  
She's not a model; she needs to  
eat.

Jessica pulls a folder out of her bag, handing it to Max.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Here's a dossier of conversation  
piece articles from this week's  
Times and *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Max tosses the folder behind him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
And at the end of the night, walk  
her to her door and if the vibe is  
there, lean in for a chaste kiss on  
the lips. That's plenty for a first  
date.

MAX  
This is gonna be horrible.

JESSICA  
(chipper)  
I'm actually kind of excited for  
mine. It's gonna be fun to get to  
know someone new...

INT. JESSICA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jessica GETS THROWN DOWN ONTO HER BED IN THE THROWS OF  
PASSION with Sean. They are all over each other; drunk. She  
pulls off her shirt, he's pulls off his.

JESSICA  
I really wanna fuck you.

SEAN  
Jess, there's something I have to  
tell you...

JESSICA  
I don't have condoms, it's been a  
really long time.

She leans in to kiss his flawless chest.

SEAN  
No, I have a condom. It's just  
that...

JESSICA  
Just say it so you can come back to  
kissing me.

SEAN  
I have a really small penis.

Jessica stops.

JESSICA  
Excuse me?

SEAN  
Like really small. I just don't  
want you to be shocked when you see  
it.

He pulls down his underwear to show her. Jessica squints to  
try and see it. All WE SEE is pubic hair.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Hold on, let me just part my bush.  
(he does)  
There he is. Don't worry, I know  
how to use it...

He starts to play with it.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, you like that, don't you? You  
like this tiny dick.

Jessica is in shock; jaw dropped.

JESSICA  
You know Sean, I think we're moving  
a little too fast. We got a little  
drunk... We should probably call it  
a night.

SEAN  
Yeah. Don't worry, I know the  
drill. Will you at least touch it?

She reluctantly reaches out with one finger with a grimace on  
her face.

JESSICA  
It's very nice.

SEAN  
His name is Nemo.

He starts to CRY.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
No one's ever gonna love me.

OFF Jessica'S SHOCKED FACE...

INT. COOL RESTAURANT - DAY

Jessica and Max weave through a crowded brunch spot.

MAX

So you actually touched it?

JESSICA

What was I suppose to do? It had a name! It looked like a hamster's tail. Then I had to rock him to sleep with his pubes all parted like the Dead Sea.

Max can't hold back his LAUGH.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Yeah, laugh it up. What about you? Did you mention the Maureen Dowd Op-Ed and pay for dinner?

MAX

Yep.

JESSICA

You didn't ogle other women?

MAX

Nope.

JESSICA

So do you think she liked you?

MAX

Let's just say anybody who gives that good of a blowjob has had lots of practice.

JESSICA

Oh My God, really? You didn't?

MAX

Oh, we did. You thirty-somethings don't waste any time.

Just as they arrive at the table to find Nathan and Sophie.

JESSICA

You're disgusting.  
(to Sophie and Nathan)  
Hi.

MAX

Why are you mad that she blew me?

JESSICA  
 I'm not mad that she blew you.  
 (to waitress)  
 Can I have a bloody-mary please?

MAX  
 And please put a big ass celery  
 stalk in there or she's gonna go  
 batshit and ask for the manager.

Sophie and Nathan stare at them.

SOPHIE  
 You realize you two are dating,  
 right?

JESSICA  
 What are you talking about?

SOPHIE  
 You're bickering like a couple.  
 We're currently on a double date.

|                               |                                 |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| MAX                           | JESSICA                         |
| What, no. It's not like that. | Absolutely not. He repulses me. |

NATHAN  
 You two are both so bad at dating  
 that you don't even realize you're  
 dating each other.

MAX  
 We don't have sex. That's dating...

JESSICA  
 It's irrelevant; I'm done with the  
 whole thing.

MAX  
 Oh c'mon... You had one close  
 encounter with a hamster tail and  
 you wanna pull the ripcord?

SOPHIE  
 Wait, what?!

JESSICA  
 Thanks to Cyrano over here, I  
 had one of the worst dates of  
 my life.

MAX  
 Who care's about the actual  
 date? The point is, you were  
 back out there dating.

JESSICA

Look, this thing seems to be working out great for you; it's perfect for one night stands. But it's clearly not intended for what I'm looking for. Let's just forget about it and have a cordial Last Supper.

MAX

I'm gonna find you your dream guy. You just have to be patient.

SOPHIE

I don't see how it's hurting. You don't have anything else going on.

JESSICA

What about that Orthodox guy?

SOPHIE

I had to tell him you weren't really religious. Your bikini shots were making him suspicious.

JESSICA

Great.

MAX

Seriously. Past is prologue. It's time to go balls out Swingling.

JESSICA

What are you talking about?

MAX

Swingling. I made it up to describe what you and I are doing; this wonderful combination of wingmanning and being sexy, swinging singles.

NATHAN

Swingling... I like it. Very 70's.

JESSICA

It makes it sound like a key party.

SOPHIE

Well?

A beat as they all wait for her answer.

JESSICA

Fine.

SOPHIE

Okay. Now that that's settled.  
Wanna see the pics from our latest  
ultrasound?

MAX

Not at all.

JESSICA

Later; I need my drink.

OFF NATHAN and SOPHIE'S REACTION.

MONTAGE: This sequence will SPEED RAMP through Max and Jessica on many different dates. Where indicated, it will SLOW DOWN for their dialogue and then SPEED UP again.

SPEEDING THROUGH MANY DIFFERENT DATES: doors opening to greet people, getting drinks, awkward kisses, Max hooking up, bowling, the movies, doors closing, doors opening.

JESSICA DATE: Jessica on a date with a very handsome guy. She's wearing a Yankee baseball hat.

YANKEE GUY

I can't believe you're a fanatic  
like me. Who's your favorite  
player?

She opens her palm to find smeared names she can no longer read. She tries anyway.

JESSICA

I like... Jeerz...ka...butz.

The guy stares at her.

SPEED RAMP THROUGH DATES, then:

MAX DATE: Max sits across from a JAPPY GIRL.

JAPPY GIRL

My jewelry line's called "Bulimi".  
This is one of my pieces.

She pulls the chain on a PENDANT OF A GIRL WITH AN OPEN MOUTH and pearls come pouring out of its mouth onto the table.

JAPPY GIRL (CONT'D)

Shit. Can you grab the ones on the  
floor.

THE PENDANT keeps throwing up pearls. They're going everywhere.

JAPPY GIRL (CONT'D)  
I think it's broken.

SPEED RAMP THROUGH DATES, then.

At the Chelsea Piers driving range, Max chips a ball towards a group of CUTE GOLF GUYS, who take cover. He quickly hands the club to Jessica and hides. BEN, strides over, and introduces himself to Jessica, and offers her some tips.

Max and Jessica hanging out with each other and laughing; sharing war stories. Scoping-out the opposite sex.

At the Public Library, Jessica watches from afar as Max sits across from a pretty girl who's studying. He appears to be reading Ulysses. THE CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL he's playing his handheld Playstation.

JESSICA DATE: Jessica at dinner with a GUY who has a Valkor from "Neverending Story" tattoo on his chest.

JESSICA  
Why do you have a tattoo of a dog-bird?

TATOO GUY  
It's not a dog-bird? Its Valkor from *Never-Ending Story*.

JESSICA  
Can we get the check please?

WAITRESS  
But you haven't ordered anything.

JESSICA  
That's fine. He has a dog-bird on his chest.

SPEED RAMP Faster and Faster until: WE HARD CUT TO BLACK

INT. JESSICA'S CONDO BUILDING HALLWAY - MORNING

In shorts carrying a CAMPING MAT, Max presses the doorbell non-stop. A hung-over Jessica opens the door. She wears a slinky t-shirt and underwear. She looks super sexy.

JESSICA  
Please stop ringing the doorbell.

MAX  
We're gonna be late.



JESSICA

What is that?

MAX

It's my mat for yoga.

JESSICA

That's a camping mat, for the woods.

MAX

I know. But today, it's my yoga mat. What's the difference?

She starts LAUGHING.

JESSICA

Come in; I'm way too hung-over for yoga.

They cross to the couch and sit.

MAX

I guess you had a good date with that golfer dude, huh?

JESSICA

He was sweet; we kissed a little. But, I don't know... it wasn't anything too memorable.

MAX

But you still got wasted?

JESSICA

Yeah, but not with him. He dropped me off at ten. I drank wine all night by myself and wrote a song on the piano.

MAX

I didn't know you played the piano.

JESSICA

I don't really. I mean I do, but I don't. I took lessons my whole life and in college I used to write songs all the time; I just haven't been inspired to do it in so long. But last night... there I was with this perfectly nice guy, who was sweet and handsome and charming... and I felt absolutely nothing for him. All I could see was all the

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

things he was pretending to be, but wasn't. There we were, like two of your mannequins; desperately trying to convince each other we were real, when all we really were was hollow.

(beat)

So I opened up a bottle of wine, and all of a sudden there was this song. I just sat down at the piano and started playing it; like I'd written it years ago or something.

MAX

Will you play it for me?

JESSICA

Oh, no, no, no. I haven't played for anybody in a long time.

MAX

But there's nothing more sexy than talent. This is a part of yourself you shouldn't keep secret; guys would love this.

JESSICA

Yeah... about that Max... I don't think I wanna keep trying to shape myself to be the ideal catch for some dude. Do you remember the first night we talked you told me that story about the 3D images jumping out of the picture?

MAX

Yeah.

JESSICA

Well last night I realized why this whole swingling thing has been bothering me so much. It's because it's impossible for me to do it and also be myself. Because it's not me. And since I have to make a choice, I'm gonna choose me. It's okay I think... It's okay to wait until someone sees my dolphin jumping out at them. I can wait.

MAX

But I thought we were gonna hang out today. You said that if I tried yoga and didn't giggle during the

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)  
chanting part that you'd help me  
get my place ready for Library  
Girl.

JESSICA  
Library Girl's tonight?

MAX  
Yup. I already read the *Ulysses*  
Cliff Notes and everything.

JESSICA  
Okay. Can we get some coffee?

MAX  
Sure.

JESSICA  
Okay, lemme get dressed.

As she walks off, Max can't help but look at her AMAZING ASS  
in sexy underwear. She turns around; catching him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
What are you looking at?

MAX  
Your tag's out. On your underwear.

She smiles, fixes it.

JESSICA  
Thank you.

She heads to her room and shuts the door. Max smiles.

INT. SOHO DEAN & DELUCA - - LATER

Max and Jessica LAUGH about something as they pour sugar into  
their lattes at the end of the coffee bar.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Max?

A pretty, 30 year old, EMILY, enters frame. Max is shocked.

MAX  
Emily... Hey. How are you?

They have an awkward hug.

EMILY  
I almost passed right by you.  
That's so funny...

MAX  
Yeah. Really, really... It's so  
great to see you.

Max just stands there, looking at Emily, silent.

JESSICA  
Hi, I'm Jessica...  
MAX  
Sorry.

EMILY  
Hi.

Emily shakes Jessica's hand. An awkward beat.

EMILY (CONT'D)  
I see you still like Dean and  
Deluca...

MAX  
Yeah, it's great... they do a...

EMILY  
How are you, Max? I haven't seen  
you in like... 3 years now.

MAX  
Me? I'm great, great. Everything  
is, you know... so great. You?

EMILY  
Great. Work is great, everything  
else just... really great.

MAX  
Great. So, you're probably married  
now, I bet, huh? Nine kids?

EMILY  
No. None of those things. Just  
having fun, living in Tribeca.  
Working on a proposal for book  
number two...

MAX  
You look really happy.

EMILY  
I am.

Emily looks at her RINGING CELL PHONE.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh uh... Look I gotta take this.  
Anyway, it was nice to see you,  
Max... Bye.

Emily strides out of frame. Max watches her go.

JESSICA

You okay? Who was that?

MAX

My ex-fiance.

Max walks out of frame. CLOSE ON Jessica, stunned.

EXT. MAX'S LOFT - ROOFTOP - LATER

Max's rooftop on Roosevelt Island overlooking Lower  
Manhattan. Max and Jessica sit in beach chairs with beers.

MAX

What is it about awkward  
conversations that make you keep  
using the word "great"? I must have  
said "great" 400 times.

JESSICA

I know. I thought you were having a  
seizure.

MAX

How surreal is it to be making  
horrible small talk with someone  
you used to spend every waking  
second with? I felt more of a  
connection with the barista.

JESSICA

It reminds me of this Fiona Apple  
lyric: *Only kisses on the cheek  
from now on, and in a little while  
we'll only have to wave.*

MAX

Bizarre. Waving to someone who was  
gonna be the mother of my kids.

JESSICA

What happened?

MAX

We were engaged. And it was the  
happiest I've ever been.

(beat)

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Then one morning, in the shower... she told me that she'd gotten really drunk while I was away and slept with my best friend. Before my hair was even wet I'd lost the love of my life and the only true guy friend I'd ever had. I remember she still started conditioning her hair. I was like, 'you're conditioning?!! Get the fuck outta my house.'

(a slight smile)

Anyway that was it. Haven't seen her until today.

JESSICA

Wow. I'm so sorry, Max.

MAX

You know what the saddest thing is? When I saw her today, all those feelings came rushing back. I loved that girl so much I couldn't help but think I was gonna give her another chance right there in Dean and Deluca, until she told me how happy she is.

JESSICA

God, you make a whole lot more sense now.

MAX

How so?

JESSICA

You got your heart broken; by your friend and this girl. And it hurt... and you're never gonna let that happen again, are you?

MAX

You don't understand... I was destroyed.

JESSICA

I've been there.

MAX

No, I mean... I... you know how the night we met you made a joke about the anti-depressants in my bathroom? Well, I started taking them after all this happened. I

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

went to a pretty dark place. I just couldn't process that level of rejection and betrayal. I mean I was... I was fucking drowning. I couldn't get out of bed. Finally my sister made me go see someone and... the pills helped me stand-up again and you know... eat.

(beat, a little smile)

So, no... you're right. I don't ever wanna feel like that again. I won't ever let that happen to me again.

JESSICA

So you'll just keep sleeping with random girls and never get to know anyone again? You're never gonna trust anyone again?

MAX

I don't know; I have this daydream that one day I'm gonna stumble into someone that'll make me feel the way I did when I was with her. There's this great line in the movie *The Accidental Tourist* where William Hurt says to Kathleen Turner, "I'm beginning to realize, it's not how much you love someone, what matters is who you are when you're with them."

(beat)

Well I loved who I was when I was with Emily. And I'm just gonna wait until I feel that again.

JESSICA

Okay, but in the meantime, why do you have to be so... This side of yourself, Max, is so much more appealing than the horny dude who likes to shock people with everything he says. I mean it's funny, but I'm starting to think it's not who you really are.

MAX

Well what about you? You just revealed to me that you have this hidden passion for writing music. It's something that makes you so happy and you don't share it with

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)  
anyone. Did you ever even play for  
Oliver?

JESSICA  
No way. I mean I was terrified he'd  
hate it. I liked him so much; I  
guess at some point I started  
censoring parts of myself I thought  
he might reject. Plus we have very  
different taste in music. His  
favorite band is The Goo-Goo Dolls.

Max smiles and shakes his head.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
What?

MAX  
It's just kinda funny after all  
this to see how similar we actually  
are. We're both cowering in our  
beds to keep from getting fucked  
over again; we just have very  
different ways of going about it.

JESSICA  
We're just cowering under different  
blankets...

MAX  
Yeah.

They sit there; staring at each other like they're finally  
meeting one another for the first time.

JESSICA  
(breaking the intimacy)  
Well, you gotta big date tonight  
with Library Girl. We should get  
your place ready.

MAX  
(reluctant to leave)  
Yes.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - LATER

AWESOME MUSIC PLAYS as Max disassembles mannequins and hides  
their body parts in the kitchen cabinets. Jessica smokes a  
joint as she sifts through a pile of photos on a desk.



MAX

Well, it's gonna be tight, but I think I can get a lot of these fellas into the kitchen cabinets.

JESSICA

Who took these?

MAX

I did.

He comes over to her. She passes him the joint.

JESSICA

These are amazing!

MAX

Thanks. That's just my work stuff.

JESSICA

These are all from car accidents?

MAX

Yeah. From one person's tragedy comes another person's art. No one really likes these though.

JESSICA

I do. These are beautiful. I've never seen anything like them. I love this one.

MAX

Yeah, that was a bad wreck upstate. There's this windy road up there right near a strip of bars and drunk drivers keep driving their cars off the road into this lake. I'm up there a few times a year.

JESSICA

It's beautiful.

MAX

Thank you. Here's some of my other stuff.

He pulls a bunch of PHOTOS from a drawer. WE INTERCUT between the PHOTOS and THEM.

JESSICA

Wow. I am... shocked. You are really talented. These should not be in a drawer.

MAX

I'm not really sure what to do with them all.

JESSICA

Well for starters we need to hang them on your walls. You're the one who just said there's nothing sexier than talent. Library Girl's gonna drop her pants.

They LAUGH.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

But you should really have a show or something. People would buy these. I would.

MAX

Oh you can't afford these. You'd have to deal a lot of drugs to afford these.

They LAUGH again. SUDDENLY THE SONG CHANGES TO AN EVEN MORE AMAZING SLOW, BUT VERY GROOVY ONE.

JESSICA

Oh my God... I love this song.

Now slightly high and buzzed, Jessica begins to SLOWLY DANCE through the room; SINGING ALONG. DISASSEMBLED MANNEQUINS are everywhere waiting to be hidden away. Max watches and then joins her as they weave their way between them. THE CAMERA RAMPS TO SLOW MOTION as they groove their way through the most SURREAL of CROWDED DANCE FLOORS. Smiling. Happy.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MAX'S LOFT - NIGHT

In his transformed loft, Max and LIBRARY GIRL, (KATE) drink wine and stand before an entire wall of Max's framed work.

KATE

I love this one. How did you get this crazy person to pose for all these?

MAX

Oh, that's my boss. I don't really have to get him to do anything. That's who he is.

KATE

You clearly have a lot of talent.  
Who's influenced you?

Max isn't in the mood to swingle.

MAX

I don't really know anything about  
famous photographers if that's what  
you mean. I just put on my ipod and  
walk around the city and music kind  
of inspires me to find moments.

Max checks the time on his phone.

MAX (CONT'D)

Wow, it's late. Are you hungry? I  
know a great all-night Gay  
Vietnamese restaurant in Chelsea.

KATE

Would you photograph me?

MAX

Sure.

KATE

How would you want me?

MAX

Well we'd come up with something.

KATE

How about something like this?

She takes off her top revealing perfect breasts.

MAX

(acting cool)

That's one way. In fact a very good  
way. Just let me grab my camera.

He spins around KNOCKING OVER A LAMP. Just as his PHONE  
RINGS. INSERT CALLER ID: Jessica.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I gotta take this.

KATE

You've gotta be kidding me.

MAX

It's my... psychic. This could be  
about my aura.

He walks to the other side of the loft and answers the phone.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hey.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - INTERCUT

Jessica lies in her bathtub.

JESSICA

Hey, how'd it go?

MAX

It's still going.

JESSICA

She's still there? It's 2 in the morning.

MAX

The pictures were a huge hit.

JESSICA

(bummed)

Oh... great. Well, I'll just call you tomorrow.

MAX

No, what is it?

JESSICA

Are you sure? I don't wanna bother you.

MAX

You're not. We're playing *Uno*.

(yelling off)

Uno!

A topless Kate stares at him.

JESSICA

Okay... um. I'm a bridesmaid at this wedding next weekend for this couple I set up when I was with Oliver. They want me to give a speech and Oliver's gonna be there and it's this whole big thing and I was hoping I was gonna meet someone great that I could bring in time so I wouldn't look like a loser in front of Oliver, but I was just lying here in my bathtub and it

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
occurred to me that I could just  
bring a friend. I could ask you.

Max is silent.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Hello?

MAX  
You just called me your friend.

JESSICA  
You are my friend, Max.

Max smiles.

MAX  
Well then of course.

JESSICA  
Great. Thank you. Well I should let  
you go.

Max looks over as a topless Kate opens a kitchen cabinet and  
MANNEQUIN BODY PARTS COME SPILLING OUT ALL OVER HER.

KATE  
What the fuck?!

MAX  
Uh... yes. I should go. Tootie's on  
the floor.

JESSICA  
Okay, one more thing, Max. It's  
black tie.

CLOSE ON MAX.

INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - NIGHT

A FULL BIG-BAND PLAYS as Jessica and Max enter the decadent  
ballroom dressed to the nines. Jessica is JAW-DROPPING.

MAX  
Where is he?

JESSICA  
Who?

MAX  
Don't be coy; Oliver. The reason  
I'm wearing a man corset.

JESSICA

He's over there with the blonde you  
love so much.

They look over to see Oliver and the date he had at Balthazar  
making small talk with another couple.

MAX

You know, she's hot, but if someone  
told me she was a tranny I wouldn't  
be shocked. No one in this room  
looks anywhere near as great as you  
do tonight.

JESSICA

Thank you, you don't have to say  
that.

MAX

I mean it; as your friend. You've  
come a long way. You look amazing.  
Your confidence finally caught up  
with your beauty.

She smiles. Are they flirting?

INT. TAVERN ON THE GREEN - LATER

JANE, a drunk Maid of Honor is giving a speech.

JANE

I just love you guys so much! And  
Amy, I don't care that you're two-  
faced and think you're better than  
everybody else. Even though most  
people hate you, you're still my  
best friend.

CUT TO AMY (the Bride's) expression as the party chuckles  
uncomfortably. REVEAL Max with a giant smile on his face.

JANE(CONT'D)

I love you like a sister, but  
you're not as hot as you think are.  
Everybody knows your tits are fake  
so you can just suck my balls. I  
don't have balls, but if I did, the  
first thing I would do would be to  
call you up and be like, "Hey Amy.  
I just got these balls in, and I  
need you to suck on them."

MAX

This is the greatest speech I've ever heard.

JESSICA

I'm next. I'm really nervous.

MAX

You're gonna be fine. You know what you're gonna say?

JESSICA

I think so. Can you hand me your drink?

He does. She downs it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Can you hand me that guy's drink?

Max grabs an OLD MAN'S drink.

OLD MAN

No, I'm thirsty.

MAX

Oh, you'll be alright.

She downs it.

JANE

And make sure you get tested, cause you're not her first rodeo. Many a cowboy has ridden that horse.

The BAND LEADER takes the mic away from Jane and escorts her off stage to light APPLAUSE.

BAND LEADER

Next, we're gonna have a few words from the young lady who set this beautiful couple up; Ms. Jessica Keeler.

The CROWN APPLAUDS as Jessica makes her way to the mic.

JESSICA

(into mic, nervous)

Hi. Umm... Look I've never been a very good public speaker. But I really love Kim and James together. It's always blown my mind that two people who are such a perfect match might have just passed by one

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 another on the street never knowing  
 that they were meant to be  
 together. So I feel so lucky to  
 have been the one who brought these  
 two passerbys together.  
 (beat, she steels herself)  
 Most people don't know this about  
 me, but I write music.

Max looks up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 And I thought instead of rambling  
 up here, I might be able to express  
 what I feel a little better if I  
 played you something I wrote.

Reactions from the crowd. Max is smiling in shock. Oliver  
 can't believe what he's hearing. She sits down at the grand  
 piano and the Band Leader helps her adjust the mic.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
 Okay. I'm super nervous and I  
 haven't done this in a long time,  
 so if I'm horrible, just know it  
 was the thought that counts.

Everybody LAUGHS. She starts to play. (SONG IS ON CD.)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
*I am a passerby  
 Half-smile as you cut in line  
 Hold the door to be polite  
 You're on your way and I'm on mine*

The song is sweet and melancholic; but no one in the room can  
 think of anything other than how beautiful and ANGELIC  
 Jessica's voice is. WE, the AUDIENCE, are witnessing THE REAL  
 JESSICA COME BACK TO LIFE. MAX AND OLIVER are MESMERIZED.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
*I don't know the day you've had  
 I don't know where your head is at  
 You're not a friend of mine  
 I am just a passerby*  
  
*What if I knew your name?  
 What if we had the same home room?  
 What if the things that tie us are  
 stronger than we knew?  
 What if we'd shared a pint?  
 What if we cheered the same team?  
 What if these moments between us  
 mean more than we could dream?*  
 (MORE)



JESSICA (CONT'D)

*Would I have grace for you and you  
for me?*

*Long days have made us numb  
I don't know where you're coming  
from  
I can't look you in the eye  
I am just a passerby*

*What if I knew your name?  
What if we had the same home room?  
What if the things that tie us are  
stronger than we knew?  
What if we'd shared a pint?  
What if we cheered the same team?  
What if these moments between us  
mean more than we could dream?  
Would I have grace for you and you  
for me?  
Would I have grace for you and you  
for me?*

*I am a passerby, I am just a  
passerby*

The CROWD APPLAUDS. THE BRIDE wipes away tears as she and THE GROOM cross to hug Jessica. Max stands to greet her, but she's intercepted by Oliver.

OLIVER

Hi.

JESSICA

Hi, Oliver.

They hug. The Band strikes up the Couple's first dance.

OLIVER

I'm speechless. That was the most beautiful thing I've ever heard.

JESSICA

Thank you. I can't believe I just did that. I'm still shaking.

OLIVER

How come you never played for me? That was unbelievable.

JESSICA

I don't know... I guess I thought you'd hate it.

Max arrives.

MAX

Hi.

JESSICA

Oh, hey. Oliver this is Max.

OLIVER

Hi nice to meet you.

MAX

You too. That was incredible.

OLIVER

I was just saying... I'm in shock.  
And you look amazing!

JESSICA

Thank you.

OLIVER

What do you do, Max?

MAX

I'm a...

MAX (CONT'D)

Chiropractor.

JESSICA

Photographer.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm a chiropractic photographer. I  
shoot bad backs. Lower mostly, but  
some upper.

OLIVER

Do you mind if I borrow your date  
for a dance?

MAX

No, no. Please... I have a... roll  
I wanna eat. Gotta get my carbs.

Oliver smiles and leads Jessica onto the dance floor. Max  
watches as they glide around. WE RAMP to SLOW MOTION.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. EMPTY THEATER - AFTERNOON

Nathan and Max ROLLER SKATE ON THE STAGE where Nathan's show  
was playing. His PHONE RINGS.

MAX

I want you to know that you so  
inspired me with that song last  
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)  
night, that I've decided to take  
you up on your suggestion. I'm  
gonna have my first gallery show.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT

Jessica sits on her kitchen floor.

JESSICA  
Really?

MAX  
Yeah. Nathan's stupid roller  
skating drama just closed and the  
producers have the lease on the  
theater for two more weeks. They  
said I could use their stage. Isn't  
that awesome?

JESSICA  
It's incredible. I'm proud of you.

MAX  
What's up? Wanna get coffee?

JESSICA  
You're not gonna believe this?

MAX  
What?

JESSICA  
He called.

MAX  
Who called?

JESSICA  
Oliver! He got a job offer from  
Johns Hopkins in Baltimore and he  
wants to meet up to get my advice.

Max is speechless for the first time.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Hello? Did I lose you?

MAX  
No, sorry, I'm here.

JESSICA  
I know I'm supposed to cancel at  
least once and then when we do meet  
up I need to be overly concerned  
(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
with checking my blackberry, but is  
dinner too much?

MAX  
Absolutely! Under no circumstances  
are you to meet him for dinner or a  
drink. No alcohol, understand? Meet  
for coffee. And not at one of those  
cozy local places with overstuffed  
couches. Go cold and corporate like  
Starbucks or... well I guess  
there's just Starbucks.

JESSICA  
And what if he asks me when we can  
get together again?

MAX  
You give him a chaste kiss on the  
cheek and tell him you're seeing  
someone and its not appropriate.

Jessica scribbles notes on a pad.

MAX (CONT'D)  
Just make sure you're out of there  
by 7:30 at the latest and call me  
right after.

JESSICA  
Got it. Thanks again, Max.

Jessica hangs up. Max notices Nathan staring at him.

MAX  
What?

NATHAN  
Why are you all pissed off?

MAX  
I'm not pissed off.

NATHAN  
You look a little pissed off to me.

MAX  
Well I'm not. I just like her as a  
person and I don't want her to get  
hurt again.

Nathan can't help but LAUGH.

MAX (CONT'D)

What?

NATHAN

Buddy. It's me. I love you. You're my best friend. Now look me in the eyes and tell me that you're not falling in love with Jessica.

Max digests this. Nathan HITS A FEW BUTTONS on a lighting board sitting backstage. The STAGE LIGHTS around them begin to come to life until THE STAGE IS AWASH WITH BRIGHT LIGHT.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Be honest with yourself. My therapist always says...

MAX

You see a therapist too?! How is it that everyone in this city has money for a shrink? I can't afford batteries!

NATHAN

It's Sophie's dude. I'm just kind of piggybacking.

MAX

Whatever. What does he say?

NATHAN

"What are you pretending not to know?"

MAX

How much did he charge you for that?

NATHAN

He means, when you're really honest with yourself... what are you pretending that you don't know...?

A beat. Max ROLLER SKATES AROUND as he speaks.

MAX

When I'm really honest with myself... I'm pretending not to know that... I really like being with her. And when I'm not with her, I'm thinking about the next time I get to be with her. And all I really wanna do everyday is be near her so I can listen to her

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)  
 amazing laugh. Oh and also I love  
 the way she smells and that she  
 gets my "What's Happening"  
 references.

NATHAN  
 But you're not falling in love with  
 her or anything...

Max smiles wide; and then it fades. MUSIC CUE.

INT. BLUE STAR INSURANCE - EVENING

Max sits at his desk METICULOUSLY CUTTING UP SOME OF HIS CAR  
 ACCIDENT PHOTOS into shapes. He glances at his watch: 7:00.

INT. CABLE CAR - MAGIC HOUR

Max rides the Roosevelt Island Cable Car.

MAX  
 Hey, it's ten o'clock. Never heard  
 from you. Just wanna make sure  
 everything's cool. Give me a call.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Max paces his loft holding his phone.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Max lies in bed, holding his phone. He stares at the ceiling.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JESSICA'S CONDO LOBBY - NEXT MORNING

Max paces nervously in the lobby, two lattes in hand. The  
 DOORMAN hangs the intercom phone up.

DOORMAN  
 She's coming down.

Max nods, exhaling deep, getting his footing. CLOSE ON Max,  
 sort of talking to himself. After a beat...

JESSICA (O.S.)  
 Max...

Jessica strides out of the elevator.

MAX  
 I need to tell you something...

JESSICA

I need to tell you something.

MAX

Why didn't you call me last night?

JESSICA

I just... I had so much to tell you  
and I wanted to see you in person.

Jessica guides Max to a couple of chairs in the lobby area.

MAX

What's going on?

JESSICA

I've been thinking about what you  
said on your roof, about how I've  
just been cowering in my bed and  
being so terrified to be who I  
really am, and that's what inspired  
me to sing at the wedding. Because  
I'm 34 years old and I want so  
badly to finally have the courage  
to be myself.

MAX

I'm really proud of you.

JESSICA

You are such a special person, Max.  
It's so bizarre that it's you of  
all people, but you've made me  
realize that I've been living as  
about 20% of the person that I  
really am!

MAX

I told you the first time we sat  
down that you were a ten in the  
making.

JESSICA

You're so cute, thank you. I got so  
mad when you said that I wasn't the  
complete package, but the truth was  
that I wasn't the complete package  
because I was trying so hard to be  
what I thought Oliver wanted me to  
be, not who I really am. I thought  
when I started going out and  
swingling with you that it was the  
first time I was pretending to be  
someone else, but in reality I've

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
never been fully myself in any  
relationship I've ever had! And  
spending all this time with you has  
made me realize that I'm...

MAX  
I'm in love with you.

JESSICA  
What?

The elevator door opens.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)  
There you are...

Max and Jessica look up... Oliver, hair mussed, clearly  
having spent the night, holding an overnight bag.

OLIVER  
Hey, Max. How are you, brother?

MAX  
Fine.

OLIVER  
Cool. I'm just gonna grab the car,  
babe. I got your bag. See you Max.

Max sits there, stunned. Oliver walks out.

JESSICA  
What did you say?

MAX  
You slept with him?

JESSICA  
Did you just say you're in love  
with me?

MAX  
Did you sleep with him?

JESSICA  
Of course I slept with him! I love  
him.  
(beat, trying to process)  
Wait, I'm so confused. This was our  
deal. You promised me you were  
gonna help me find a new Oliver,  
but you're so good at this whole  
thing that you got me back my  
Oliver.



MAX

So that was your plan the whole time?

JESSICA

What?

MAX

This entire arrangement. You really just wanted Oliver back?

Jessica looks perplexed.

JESSICA

Of course I did.

MAX

And you knew he'd be at that wedding and that singing would show him a side of yourself that you'd never had the courage to show him before.

JESSICA

I guess instead of pretending so hard to be something I'm not, I wanted to see what it would be like if I was unabashedly myself. And I loved it. And Oliver was just blown away. I mean we talked all night long and there was so many things we weren't being honest about with one another; so many misunderstandings and you're the inspiration for all of this.

Max stares out the window.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

How can you say you love me, Max? What are you talking about? You're an amazing person. But we want totally different things.

MAX

No we don't. We want the exact same thing everybody else wants.

JESSICA

And what is that?

MAX

Acceptance.

(beat)

That's what your song's really

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

about isn't it? Having "grace" for someone. When you have grace for someone, you accept them for everything that they are and everything that they're not. And you allow yourself to fall in love with what's there, instead of what you wish was there. And if you can manage to do that, it leaves you so much room to celebrate the fact that somehow, amongst six billion people, you found each other. Somehow... you didn't just "pass each other by".

(beat)

So yeah, you know everything about me. You know who I've been... But I also think you know who I'm ready to be. And I'm in love with you, Jessica. And I accept you. But most importantly... I have grace for you.

Jessica has tears running down her face. A CAR HONKS. Oliver has pulled up in a PORSCHE.

JESSICA

Max, I have to go. We made plans. We're going to the Hamptons for the weekend.

MAX

Of course you are.

JESSICA

I'm so sorry. I'm so confused. I... I would never, ever mean to hurt you. I just... I wasn't expecting this...

MAX

Neither was I.

A long silence. They stare at each other. Oliver HONKS AGAIN. Jessica looks out at him and wipes her tears away.

JESSICA

I'm so sorry... I have to go.

She rushes out, leaving him alone.

EXT. SOPHIE AND NATHAN APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Sophie opens the door revealing a clearly upset Max. Nathan sits on the couch in the background, playing X-Box.

SOPHIE

Hey, Max. Nathan was just about to call you to...

MAX

(to Nate)

You made me look like a fucking idiot!

Max walks into the apartment.

NATHAN

What are you talking about?

MAX

You know exactly what I'm talking about. You totally rallied me to tell her how I feel when Sophie could have easily told you she was back to fucking Oliver!

SOPHIE

Max, I haven't spoken to her, I had no idea.

MAX

Whatever! You guys are that horrible stereotypic couple that falls in love and wants everyone else around them to fall in love too, so we can all have picnics in wine country and trade fucking J-Crew catalogues! Well fuck you both very much, because I did what you told me to do and she walked away. Just like Emily.

NATHAN

Max I never told you to do anything. I just helped you to be honest with yourself. You can't blame us for her reaction... What happened?

MAX

I went over to her place this morning to tell her how I feel, and she was trying to tell me she has the same exact feelings, with the

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)  
unfortunate exception that they're  
for Oliver!

NATHAN  
Okay, look. For starters can you  
please just calm down a little bit?

MAX  
Once again, I'm alone. Everyone  
ditches me; even you. What is it  
about me that makes it so easy for  
people to just walk away?

NATHAN  
I never fucking walked away from  
you! I fell in love. And I'm having  
a fucking baby! And I'm 35 years  
old and I decided I was done  
fucking 22 year-olds whose favorite  
book is US Weekly! And I'm not  
gonna fucking apologize to you or  
anyone else for choosing love over  
loneliness.

Nathan lets that sit. Takes a breath.

NATHAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Jessica doesn't love you,  
Max. But what did you expect? She  
knows everything about you; the  
kind of life you've been living;  
all the girls you've slept with;  
all the lies. She doesn't want  
that. Nobody does. In the end, any  
girl that's worth you falling in  
love with is gonna expect so much  
more from you, Max. You have to  
realize that by now.

Max stands there, stoic.

MAX  
You're right; she deserves way  
better than me. I'm nothing. I'm  
just a con artist. I'm just a  
fucking chiropractor.

NATHAN  
What?

MAX  
Nothing.

BEGIN MONTAGE CUT TO MUSIC:

- \* Max cuts car accident photos in his cubicle.
- \* Max shoots different people we've met throughout the film in their environments: Gerald, Avi, Clarence, various girls.
- \* Max in a darkroom printing photos.
- \* Max, Sophie and Nathan transform the stage into a GALLERY.
- \* Avi and Gerald (with his baby) hand out flyers.
- \* Max glues car accident photos onto a CANVAS. He stands above it and takes it all in. We don't see his POV.

INT. OB/GYN OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Jessica sits with Sophie and Nathan during an ultrasound.

JESSICA

Is it weird that I'm here? I feel  
like it's weird that I'm here.  
You're not gonna take out your  
vagina are you?

SOPHIE

No. It's an ultrasound. My vagina's  
not involved.

The SONOGRAM NURSE spreads the goo all over Sophie's belly.

JESSICA

Why is she covering you with goo?

SONOGRAM NURSE

It helps improve the image of the  
uterus.

JESSICA

(to Nathan)

If you'd only done that with your  
jizz, we wouldn't be here right  
now.

SOPHIE

Jessica!

(to Nurse)

I'm so sorry. She's going through a  
tough time.

(back to Jess)

God, you sound like Max.

JESSICA

He would have thought that was  
funny. Speaking of... how is he?

NATHAN

Good. Getting ready for his show.

SOPHIE

Are you gonna go?

JESSICA

Of course I'm gonna go. It was my idea.

NATHAN

Are you bringing Oliver?

JESSICA

Of course. I have to. I think it's super weird if I don't. Don't you? Plus I'm sure Max has moved on to crushing on somebody else by now. She'll probably have to get out early from camp.

NATHAN

Don't be so fucking cavalier. He really fell in love with you.

SOPHIE

Nathan.

NATHAN

I'm sorry. I just wish you could see what I've seen.

JESSICA

What have you seen, Max?

NATHAN

You've transformed him. The way he feels about you is so strong, that even without you in his life it continues to propel him. I know you think of him as a player, but he's a new man.

JESSICA

Oliver got the job at Johns Hopkins. He wants me to move to Baltimore with him.

SOPHIE

And what did you tell him?

JESSICA

I told him yes.

SOPHIE

Really? Why? I mean... really?

JESSICA

Yeah, I know it's kind of out of the blue and sudden, but it just feels like I'm long overdue to start a new chapter of my life and Oliver feels like the one.

SOPHIE

He feels like the one? Sweetie, why are you so sure Max isn't the one?

SONOGRAM NURSE

I'm sorry to interrupt you all, but you might wanna look at your baby.

They all turn to the monitor.

JESSICA

Ewww. Is that what he's gonna look like?! He looks like "Sloth" from *The Goonies*.

SOPHIE

Shut-up! He's not done yet. He's only been in there for four months.

JESSICA

Alright good, so he'll fill out and everything, right? Is that his head or his balls?

SONOGRAM NURSE

It's a girl.

JESSICA

Your girl has balls?  
(off their stares)  
Put some more of that jizz on there; maybe it'll hide them.  
(as Sloth)  
Baby Ruth.

INT. THEATER/GALLERY - NIGHT

The stage has been transformed into a gorgeous art gallery. The photos are printed very large and have been hung from the pipes over the stage. People can walk around the photos as some are hung back to back. About 50 people mill about drinking champagne and admiring Max's work.

WE FIND Gerald showing his large family a GIANT PHOTO OF HIM WORKING OUT IN HIS GYM. He is shirtless and not in shape.

GERALD

I told Max my body wasn't ready to be photographed; but as an artist he was able to see my inner sexiness.

WE FLOAT through the space to Avi, who's showing his latest PROSTITUTE a PHOTOGRAPH OF HIM AND HIS PEERS IN HIS DJ CLASS.

AVI

I like this picture, because it hides my ipod, which is very important for today's DJ.

HOOVER

You've only got about 45 minutes left, when do you wanna fuck?

AVI

Right after the cake.

WE FLOAT to Nathan and Sophie admiring a stunning PHOTO OF THEM SNUGGLING IN CENTRAL PARK.

NATHAN

How could you not like this picture?

SOPHIE

I look fat.

NATHAN

You are fat, you're growing a human, it's part of the deal.

SOPHIE

I am not fat, you asshole!

She playfully smacks his arm.

WE FLOAT again across the stage to find A GROUP OF YOUNG TWENTY SOMETHINGS flirting with Max. He couldn't care less; clearly looking for Jessica.

AND THERE SHE IS. Jessica enters with Oliver. Max and Jessica make eye contact, they smile and nod. Nathan brings a microphone over to Max.

MAX

(into mic)  
Hello there.



People APPLAUD.

MAX (CONT'D)

I just wanted to thank you all so much for coming. I'm really blown away by the turnout. I never dreamed in my whole life that I'd ever really get to show my stuff. I wanna thank my best friend Nathan for arranging for me to have this space, not to mention the amazing job he did lighting it all.

APPLAUSE.

MAX (CONT'D)

And I also wanna thank Sophie, Nathan's... what are you? His baby-mama?

The CROWD LAUGHS.

SOPHIE

Life-partner.

MAX

Okay. I wanna thank Nathan's life-partner, Sophie for helping me to hang everything.

GERALD

What about your muse?

THE CROWD LAUGHS.

MAX

And of course, my boss, Gerald for giving me time off and for becoming one of my main muses for the show.

APPLAUSE.

MAX (CONT'D)

Most of my work as you can see is portraiture. But because this was such a special occasion, I really wanted to challenge myself to do something new. The final piece in this series is constructed from the many thousands of car accident images I've taken over the years for my employers at Blue Star Insurance. Nate...

Nathan pulls the ropes of the giant theatrical curtain on the back brick wall of the stage to REVEAL A GIGANTIC COLLAGE (8 feet by 10 feet) of THOUSANDS of CAR ACCIDENT IMAGES. BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, AS WE PULL BACK, WE REVEAL THAT THE IMAGES COLLECTIVELY FORM A GIANT PORTRAIT OF JESSICA.

The CROWD is in AWE. They APPLAUD and move in closer to examine it. People look to Jessica who's in utter shock.

MAX (CONT'D)

All right, Avi... music.

Avi, standing in front of an elaborate DJ setup COVERTLY HITS PLAY ON HIS IPOD. AN AWESOME SONG STARTS, A LITTLE TOO LOUD. It's now hard to overhear what they're saying.

Max moves through the crowd as people pat him on the back and whisper words of praise to him. Because WE can no longer hear people over the MUSIC, WE see SUBTITLES of what they're saying. Words float by on the bottom of the screen as the people who've said them move past Max:

*Amazing... I can't believe the collage... Will you shoot me?... Where are the prices for everything?... You never called me... Your muse just grabbed my ass...*

Finally Max has arrived at Jessica, but the MUSIC'S STILL TOO LOUD. She leans in to speak intimately into his ear.

JESSICA

(subtitled)

I'm speechless. I feel so honored that you would create something so unique with me in mind. No one has ever done anything as beautiful and kind for me in my entire life.

MAX

(subtitled)

I want you to have it.

JESSICA

(subtitled))

I can't have it, Max. I'm moving to Baltimore with Oliver.

Max closes his eyes in pain.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(subtitled)

But I will never forget that image or this moment.

She kisses his cheek and starts to back away. She comes back in close for one more thing.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
(subtitled)  
I have grace for you, Max.

She swipes a tear and backs away. WE PULL OUT AND BACK on Max amidst a sea of female admirers. Alone.

FADE TO BLACK.

CHYRON: TWO MONTHS LATER.

MAX (V.O.)  
I've been thinking a lot about the  
production of *Romeo and Juliet* I  
saw a few months ago.

INT. NONDESCRIPT ROOM - DAY

Max speaks directly INTO THE LENS.

MAX  
Romeo would rather die than live in  
a world where there is no Juliet.  
Do you know why I think they've  
been doing that play for 400 years?

WE REVEAL: Max is talking to his NEW THERAPIST.

THERAPIST  
Why?

MAX  
Because everything anybody does;  
everything ultimately, is about  
looking for a love that's so  
powerful we couldn't live without  
it. Dating, trying to look good,  
trying to get laid... it's all  
filler. It's all just stalling  
while we wait to meet someone we'd  
die for.

EXT. DELACOURTE OUTDOOR THEATER - FLASHBACK

WE are back where the whole film started right at the moment  
where Romeo is holding Juliet about to die.

ROMEO  
Thus with a kiss I die.

MAX (O.S.)  
Thus with a kiss I die.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Max stares out the window.

THERAPIST

We're gonna have to stop there today.

MAX

Okay. By the way, I sold another picture so I can afford you for at least another month.

INT. JESSICA AND OLIVER'S HOUSE, BALTIMORE - DAY

Jessica plays a melancholy song on the piano. Oliver enters.

OLIVER

How come you always write sad songs? You should try writing something uplifting. Like that Goo-Goo Dolls song, *Iris*.

JESSICA

The Goo-Goo Dolls aren't really my style.

OLIVER

Really? I think the Goo-Goo Dolls are everyone's style. They've gotten me through a lot of hard times.

JESSICA

Yeah... but I don't think it would be any good if I tried to force something that wasn't me.

OLIVER

You're probably right. There's an old Mandarin expression: (He says a LONG phrase in perfect Mandarin.)

Jessica stares, waiting for the translation.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Anyway, I gotta head in for a bit. I shouldn't be too late.

JESSICA

Okay.

She plays a little more; and then stumbles into the Fiona Apple melody she mentioned to Max. She SINGS:

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
*Only kisses on the cheek from now  
 on, and in a little while we'll  
 only have to wave.*

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK, AERIALS - MAGIC HOUR

WE CHOPPER OVER the gorgeous forests of Upstate New York until we arrive at a lake. A VINTAGE CONVERTIBLE sits in the middle of the lake, having been driven off a nearby road.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK, BANK OF THE LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Max is on his cellphone.

MAX  
 Gerald you sent me all the way up  
 here to shoot this car. I can't  
 shoot your headshots today.

INT. JEWISH TEMPLE - INTERCUT

Gerald is on his phone in the middle of saturday morning services. He wears a tallis and yarmulka. His wife and kids stare at him to get off the phone.

GERALD  
 Well what time you gonna be back?  
 Your pictures are blowin' me up! I  
 got an audition for a cereal  
 commercial next week. I'm gonna be  
 more famous than *Cinnamon Life*!

MAX  
 Okay, I'll call you back.

Max hangs up, rolls up his pants and starts to wade into the pond with his camera.

JESSICA (O.S.)  
 Don't get your old man camera wet.

Max turns.

MAX  
 Oh my God. You scared the shit out  
 of me? What are you doing here?! Is  
 this your car?!

JESSICA  
 No, it's not my car. I've got a man  
 on the inside. Can we talk for a  
 minute?

MAX

Uhh...sure. But you're gonna have to wade out here with me. I don't have much time before the sun sets.

She wades towards the car as Max watches in disbelief.

MAX (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

She climbs into the passenger seat of the convertible.

JESSICA

I wanted to talk to you and it's important, so I found you.

MAX

Is Oliver waiting in a yellow Hummer somewhere?

JESSICA

No, I'm here alone.

Max photographs the car.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Look something's really been missing in my life and yesterday I think I figured out what it was.

MAX

I'm bad at guessing. Is it lactose?

JESSICA

It's laughing. Oliver is perfect in so many ways, and he's beyond everything I thought I wanted in a man, but we don't really laugh together. And I don't know if I could spend the rest of my life with someone so serious.

MAX

Oh, I'm laying off the swingling for now. I can't really help you. Maybe you should try hanging out outside of some comedy clubs or something.

JESSICA

It's more than just laughing, Max. It's laughing with you.

MAX

Look I just spent 2 months trying  
to get over you...

JESSICA

Did you?

MAX

Not at all.

She smiles.

JESSICA

I chose Oliver because he always  
felt so safe and secure to me. But  
ultimately just feeling safe isn't  
enough. Maybe what I really need is  
to let myself be scared a little,  
and everything about dating you  
scares the hell out of me. But it  
isn't fair to Oliver for me to be  
lying next to him thinking about  
you. I like the person I am when  
I'm with him, but I love the person  
I am when I'm with you.

(beat)

Please say something.

MAX

I don't know what to say, I'm kind  
of tripping right now. I feel like  
I may have accidentally dropped  
acid.

JESSICA

And I know that I don't know you. I  
mean I know you, but I don't really  
know you. Could I even trust you?  
Are you really ready for something  
real? How do I know that I won't  
fall really hard for you and you'll  
just break my heart by fucking some  
girl you met at the post office.

MAX

I never go to the post office.

JESSICA

Seriously. Don't hurt me.

MAX

If you give me a chance I won't  
ever hurt you.

JESSICA  
But how do I know?

MAX  
Because I'm in love with you and  
I'll prove that to you every second  
of my life if I have to.

JESSICA  
Every second?

MAX  
Unless that proves to be too  
exhausting, then I'll probably  
scale back to every minute.

They smile at one another.

JESSICA  
Well, maybe there's a way we could  
take it kinda slow at first and  
feel each other out a little bit...

MAX  
Okay. Or we could just leap in and  
be scared together.

JESSICA  
Okay. I wanna be scared with you.

MAX  
I wanna be scared with you too.

They sit there a beat, smiling. So HAPPY.

MAX (CONT'D)  
This is super weird; I'm not sure  
if I'm allowed to kiss you or not.

JESSICA  
I wish you would.

They KISS. It's BEAUTIFUL and SWEET and it's LOVE. They pull  
apart momentarily to stare into each other's eyes.

JESSICA (CONT'D)  
Good kisser. Thank God! That's a  
very good start.

They KISS again as the CAMERA CRANES UP over the pond, higher  
and higher until Max and Jessica kissing in the wrecked car  
are just one speck in a little pond, in the middle of an  
endless forest.