

HAMILTON*
*NOW WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR DRAMA

Written by

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FX draft - 1st revisions

INT. DOCTOR'S EXAM ROOM. DAY.

A woman (MAXINE, 30) gets dressed, catches herself in the mirror. Makes a fierce face. Oh fuck yeah. She looks good.

MAX
(ghetto voice she shouldn't
use because it's racist)
Oh daaaaang you look good. Don't
mind dat ass doe.

REVEAL a black NURSE has entered. They stare at each other.

INT. NYC W 4TH ST SUBWAY STATION/SUBWAY CAR. RUSH HOUR.

The following happens in QUICK CUTS:

Max sprints down into a station, checking her phone: 7:20pm.

Max slams her hip into the turnstile: INSUFFICIENT FUNDS.

Max waits in line to refill her card as a Chinese erhu player plays an ear-piercing rendition of the *Godfather* theme song.

Max races down more stairs, checking her phone. Two texts from NATALIE and AMY: "*Bring BBQ chips foo!*" "*Or we'll twist ur nips!*" "*Love you.*" "*Love you so goddamn much.*" She smiles.

Max leads people into a full car like a French Revolutionary:

MAX
Let us on! LET US ON!

Max shoves her way on. Beat. She slowly backs out as a child with cerebral palsy exits the train in his wheelchair. Eee.

INT. BED STUY APARTMENT BUILDING. LATER.

She runs up the stairs with bodega bags. So many stairs. So many goddamn stairs. Finally she reaches the top and checks her phone: 7:59. Victory! Fuck you, New York City! Then SHE DROPS HER KEYS. They fall down six flights onto the landing.

MAX (CONT'D)
OHHH MY GOD WHY LIVE.

She starts back down the stairs.

INT. MAX AND LANDIS' SHITTY APT. LATER.

Max bursts in, holding up her keys like Judd Nelson in *Breakfast Club*. She's greeted with a cloud of weed smoke.

EVERYONE BUT MAX

Eeyyyyy!

She smiles, it's good to be home.

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES.

INT. MAX AND LANDIS' SHITTY APT. A LITTLE LATER.

AMY (31) and NATALIE (27) sit intertwined with Max on the couch watching *The Bachelor*. LANDIS (35, semi-hot) clips his toenails by the TV. They pass a joint around:

MAX/AMY/NAT

What?!/She's NOTHING!/Becky P's
fuuuucked.

AMY

Uhp Becky P's lazy eye's kicking up.

NAT

There it goes, zoomin' left.

MAX

(re: joint)

Nat, is this a new product
you're... *rolling* out? That's a
joint pun, everybody.

NAT

(thumbs down fart, then)

Aimes, are you packing a bowl of my
very nice weed in your child's kazoo?

REVEAL Amy is packing a weed "bowl" using a child's kazoo.

AMY

Mia played this the whole way to
her dad's beach house in New Jersey
today, she's not musical, it's
fine.

Music from TV swells and then...a frustrated group groan:

MAX/NAT/AMY

Commercial break?!/Chris Harrison,
you bastard!/Ugh!

LANDIS

(re: TV)

Hey, isn't that--?

ON TV: A trailer for a bad space movie starring BLAKE STRONG.

AMY
Boooo.

NAT
You're a terrible person!

LANDIS
So Max, was Blake Strong as dynamic
at love making as he is at acting?

They hear BANGING AND SHUFFLING from the apartment above. Max
walks over to the TV stand, singing to the ceiling:

MAX
*Please shut down your cat rave or I
will murder all your 70 cats.*

She bangs on the ceiling for the neighbor to quiet down.

AMY
Max you're blocking the TV.

NAT
Max we can't see. Max.

LANDIS
Max, she's *my* neighbor--

MAX
And mine.
(yelling at ceiling)
Keep it down!!

LANDIS
But it's *my* apartment--

MAX (CONT'D)
That you paid for with money
from a *dog bite* settlement--

AMY
Ross, Monica, save it for the
coffee shop.

MAX
Amy, Ross and Monica were full
blood siblings, we're step-
siblings. HUGE DIFFERENCE. And I do
not use nearly enough gel to
qualify as Ross.

NAT
Oh you ain't Ross--

AMY
--you're so clearly a Monica.

Max freezes, completely, utterly devastated.

MAX
What? No. You think *I'm* a Monica?
But she's the worst one. She's not
fun or funny or interesting, she's
just uptight. I'm not uptight.

More shuffling above. Max instinctively bangs again. Everyone gives Max a knowing look: "Monica." Max fights back.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm NOT a Monica! I'm fun! I smoke weed! I know great Youtube videos! If I'm anyone I'm the Chandler. I'm handsome, my weight yoyo's like Matthew Perry's--

AMY

Well in the show Monica's actually the one with the weight problem--

Nat takes boiled chicken and vegetables out of a tupperware.

LANDIS

Ooh Natalie, can I have some?

NAT

Of the small portion of special food that doesn't aggravate my Crohn's and make me shit blood? Sure, Landis.

AMY

Oh shit, Nat's kinda the Chandler!

LANDIS

What show are you talking about?

MAX

"Friends," Landis. The most popular show of all time. Live in the world.

LANDIS

Never seen it. Is that the one about the coach?

NAT

No, that's "Coach."

AMY

Landis is so Joey.

MAX

No, he's more like Joey's duck.

AMY

Honestly I feel like I'm the Chandl-

MAX NAT
 Are you insane? You're the You thinking you're Chandler
 Phoebe. is SO Phoebe.

MAX
 We're literally smoking weed out of
 your daughter's kazoo.

LANDIS
 (re: TV)
 Aww, he didn't pick Becky P.!

MAX NAT
 No one cares. We're on this thing now.

INT. MAX & LANDIS' SHITTY APT. LATER THAT NIGHT

The girls stand on the couch, SHIT ASS WASTED! Landis tries to learn a Jewel song on guitar. He starts over 500 times.

MAX
 Maaaaan, I don' wanna liv my lyfe
 like Monica! She's like suh' cha
 wet blanket. Was' like duh leass
 Monica ting I cuh do?

AMY
 Backpack through Asia, throw an
 orgy, date a black guy--

MAX
 Throw an orgy thass hilarious!!

Everyone laughs. More LOUD NOISES from above. Max grabs a broom and bangs the ceiling. The gang joins in, shouting up:

AMY/NAT/MAX
 Lift your feet!/Take off your anvil
 shoes!/BE NEIGHBORLY!!!!

They hear a CRASH SOUND. Beat. Landis strums his guitar:

LANDIS
I hear the clock, it's six a.m.

INT. MAX & LANDIS' SHITTY APT. THE NEXT MORNING.

Max sleeps on Landis' guitar. Ping! Ping! She wakes up, bleary-eyed, to her phone pinging: 83 RSVPs from Evite.

MAX
 ...What?

She unlocks her phone to see the Evite that... she sent? It reads: **COME TO MAXS ORGY TOMORROW GET YOUR TITS ON PULL UR DICKS OUT IM NOT A MONICA BONERZZZZ SEND PS 696969696969.**

MAX (CONT'D)

No.

Her phone pings again. From Mom: "*what is this invite for hunny? r u ok?*" More texts pop up from family and friends in quick succession: "*hahaha*" "*think u were hacked*", etc.

MAX (CONT'D)

NO GOD! NO GOD PLEASE NO!

INT. MAX & LANDIS' SHITTY APT. A LITTLE LATER.

Max sits, head in hands. Amy and Nat hunch over her laptop.

AMY

WOW. Everyone in your contacts. Only you would take the time to make something like this while black out drunk. There's clip art.

REVEAL Evite: five monkeys smiling sneakily. And a pilgrim?

MAX

I don't even remember getting out my laptop.

(getting out phone)

I'll say it's a joke. Ugh, it's an *Evite*. Honestly that's one of the more embarrassing things about it.

NAT

83 RSVPs?! That's like an "Eyes Wide Shut" orgy.

AMY

Most are no's.

MAX

What? Who said no?

MAX (CONT'D)

(grabbing laptop)

Neil Becker?! You should *be* so lucky, Neil! You wear vests!

AMY

Oh my god, people *did* say yes though. Chris Hines--

NAT

My ex? Aw Chris, you're better than that! You volunteer!

AMY

Fran Leeks? My boss at Foot Locker?
Why do you have his email?!

MAX

(not looking up)
And ERIC said yes, you see that?
He's the most boring gay man since--
(realizing)
Oh my god, he's the world's first
boring gay man.
(beat, then)
AND EVEN THEN HE'S NOT INTERESTING.
(then, to Nat and Amy)
How does this look? I just say I
got hacked.

AMY

(reading)
Great.

NAT

(reading)
Ship it.

AMY

God, you throwing an orgy would be
so hilarious...ly... awful.

They all laugh. Beat. Max bristles a little.

MAX

I don't know, gun to my head, I
could throw a fun orgy. You know
it'd be real chill, good snacks...

NAT

You're describing a regular party.

AMY

An orgy is more like a bunch of
unattractive people working very
hard to create bad smells. Also,
they get crazy. Like meth crazy.

MAX

(suddenly cocky)
Well then I think people have been
doing orgies all wrong. Mine would
be clean, I'd ask for STD records,
there'd be rigorous appearance
standards--

NAT

You really create a "cut loose"
vibe!

MAX
I'd have orgy-specific, high
protein snacks. I'm talking quinoa,
root vegetables, nuts--

AMY
All orgies have nuts.

NAT
(high-fiving Amy)
So sick.

Max stands now, like Che Guevera:

MAX
People would leave rejuvenated,
their skin glowing like diamonds!

NAT
You're just describing a spa.

MAX (CONT'D)
I could change the orgy GAME!

AMY
You could never throw an orgy.

MAX
Why? Because I'm... such a Monica?

Amy and Nat go quiet. Landis stalks in, pissed.

LANDIS
Well, I YouTubed "Friends!" I'm
Joey's duck?! He's not one of the
Friends at all! He's a duck!

MAX
I'm doing it. I GOTTA DO IT. I'm
throwing an orgy! With great snacks,
great lighting, great music--

AMY
Again, that's a party.

NAT
Do you wanna throw a party?
Just throw a party.

LANDIS
No, throw an orgy! I'm getting in
the mix now. I'm a man not a duck!

AMY
Max, I know what you're thinking.
An orgy sounds great: "A bunch of
hot guys who only want to have sex
with me?!"

MAX
Exactly!

LANDIS
Hot girls who only want to
have sex with me? I'm IN!

NAT

Oh my god, this is clown town. I'm in a town of clowns.

AMY

But orgies can go bad fast. One second you're in a Steve Madden heel, fellating a Flemish aristocrat and then whoa! You get married and have a daughter! So ok, you roll with it until one day he leaves you for his first cousin because the Flemish aren't weird enough?! Next thing you know, you're living part time in your six-year old daughter's house because according to Flemish research it's the least traumatic way to do joint custody and... I've lost the thread.

NAT

Max, lemme break this down for you visually. It's winter. You're not getting tan summer bodies. You're getting *hibernation* bodies. Bodies SO fat and desperate, they'll come to a day-of orgy. Bodies God forgot. Are you listening?

MAX

No. Guys, life is short, yolo, yolo, yolo. I wanna lean in, *I'ma* be the fat oligarch eating caviar off a 20 year old's ass--this is about feminism!

NAT

Lots of stuff is about feminism. This isn't one of them.

(getting up)

Our debate has kicked up my Crohn's. I will be in your bathroom for the next two to 45 minutes.

Nat crosses to the bathroom. Max calls after her:

MAX

An orgy's 'bout to get THROWN, goddamnit! I'm gonna look back on this and be all, "Remember when I threw that orgy in my wild 30s?" I don't have to mention how old I was, actually.

LANDIS
 (sniffs air)
 Hey does something smell weird?

AMY MAX
 It's you. Always you.

INT. SUBWAY CAR. LATER THAT DAY.

Maxine scrolls through Toni Braxton's Instagram while humming *The Godfather* theme song. Next to her, Amy sits in her Foot Locker work outfit, also humming *The Godfather* theme song.

INT. CASTING ROOM. A LITTLE LATER.

Max, visibly nervous, sits across from a gum-snapping CASTING ASSISTANT (23, the charisma of Kourtney Kardashian after a long nap) who films Max on an iPhone and chews gum loudly.

CASTING ASSISTANT
 So like, this Dateline reenactment is about a home invasion? So you're hiding in a closet and you hear a noise...

MAX
 Oh ok we're starting? Ok.

Max mimes this, badly.

CASTING ASSISTANT
 And it's like ooo scary, I don't wanna get raped, rape is scary.

Max gives a scared face.

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 Scarier!

Max gives an insane face.

CASTING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 And the door flies opens and you see thenight!

MAX
 The night? I'm sorry, I couldn't-- your gum--

CASTING ASSISTANT
 Knife. Knife. Now you sreem--!

MAX
 "Scream"? Ok. AAAAAHHH! That was awful, can I try again?

The casting assistant shrugs.

MAX (CONT'D)
 GAAAAAAAAAAHH!!! I can totally scream, but won't it be without sound? I could mime the screaming--

CASTING ASSISTANT
 We've seen everything we need.
 (as Max starts to protest)
 You're actually a little on the *mature* side for this role, I'm realizing? But thankyouso much.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK CAROUSEL. A LITTLE LATER

Max meets Nat, who flashes a wad of cash.

MAX
 NOICE! There's my tiny beautiful precious perfect tan drug dealer!

NAT
 I'd like to move away from the phrase "drug dealer?"

MAX
 But you deal drugs. You sell weed--

NAT
 Yeah, but I'm moving into prescriptions!

MAX (CONT'D)
 AND prescriptions, I was gonna say, prescriptions.

NAT
 Well then say it. It's important, I want to provide a viable alternative to an inflated market. I'm Robin Hood.

MAX
 You are. Except you make a profit and he famously did not.

NAT
 So what are we doing here?

MAX
 Some guy who works at the carousel is refusing to pay alimony so I have to serve him.

Max puts on a wig and a crazy thrift store jacket.

NAT
Accent today?

MAX
Louisiana. Oh! Here he comes...

Max transforms into an old woman as an OLD MAN approaches.

MAX (CONT'D)
Well I'll be a cohn'bread frittah'
in a pile a' gumbo! Lester Willis
is that you?!

OLD MAN
Huh? Yes?

Max hands him court papers. Speaking in her normal voice:

MAX
Hey, so you've been served.

She takes off the wig. The old man gasps, clutches his heart.

MAX (CONT'D)
I'm just an actor, so I can't offer
any legal guidance. But if you have
any notes on my performance, I
would love to hear them.

OLD MAN
You're an actor? Have I seen you in
anything?

MAX
Probably not. I do mostly theatre.

OLD MAN
I love theatre! Like Broadway? What
were you in?

MAX
Um, I did a silent version of
Jumanji at a theater in Maine?

OLD MAN
You should do movies.

MAX
Oh okay, I'll just go "do movies."

OLD MAN

So you're *trying* to be an actor.
Aren't you a little old for that?

MAX

(grumbling, quietly)
Your mom's a little old. For
my DICK.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

What? If you want to be an
actor you have to E-NUN-
CIATE.

IN THE BACKGROUND, Nat takes a selfie of her molesting a carousel horse. Shouting from the carousel:

NAT

Hey James Lipton, you just got
served. Look inward! Max come
molest the horsie with me!

INT. NAT'S BEDROOM. LATER.

Nat puts drugs into baggies with laser focus, humming *The Godfather* theme song.

INT. LANDIS'S BEDROOM. LATER.

Landis stares at porn on his laptop, humming *The Godfather* theme song. Thinks about masturbating, then decides on a nap.

INT. BED STUY BODEGA. LATER.

"\$8.49." Max begrudgingly hands over her credit card to the TWO ANDROGYNOUS JAPANESE CLUB KIDS who run the deli for their parents. They point to a sign: "\$10 Minimum For Cards."

MAX

C'mon, I'm in here every day.

They keep pointing. One of their watch alarms goes off. He/she quietly turns it off, then goes back to pointing.

INT. MAX & LANDIS SHITTY APT. THAT NIGHT.

Party music plays. Nat and Amy chop vegetables, while Amy Facetimes with Mia. Landis wanders around spraying Axe body.

LANDIS

Man, this smell is NOT going away.

NAT

Shower.

LANDIS (CONT'D)

I already showered!

AMY

(Facetiming with daughter)
So at the Flemish school they *only*
speak Dutch? "

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

Ja?" Honey, you have to answer in English because mommy isn't a Nazi sympathizing Northern European like daddy.

(aside, to Nat)

Are these julienned enough? Also what is juliennening?

NAT

I'm just like, trying to figure out the steps in my life that led me to making a crudite platter for an orgy.

AMY

Ok, baby. I gotta run. "Vaarwell?" Is that goodbye? Okay, "vaarwell!"

(hangs up, then to Nat)

I'm gonna fucking kill Lars. Oof, WHAT is that smell? Nat, what happens when people show up expecting to have sex at this thing? Horny people get mad fast.

NAT

That's why we're here. Max needs us for when shit hits the fan. So that we can laugh. I mean help. Nah, I mean laugh.

Max enters with bodega bags, pumped.

MAX

Woo! Orgy's about to start!

(beat, then sniffing)

Oh my god, WHAT is that smell? Landis?

NAT

Landis, of course.

AMY

Isn't it always Landis?

LANDIS

It's NOT me, I just showered! Please stop saying I smell, it really hurts--

MAX

Your vagina?

LANDIS

IF I HAD A VAGINA I WOULDN'T BE STANDING HERE TALKING TO YOU I'D BE PLAYING WITH IT SOMEWHERE PRIVATE.

MAX

Seriously, did a mouse die in the wall?

Landis kicks a wall. We hear multiple things scurry away.

LANDIS

No, they're all good.

The *Land Before Time* theme song starts playing.

MAX

Uh-kay, who put the *Land Before Time* theme song on the playlist?

NAT

Me. I thought it would be funny, and it is.

AMY

Great song. Makes me cry.

LANDIS

I love this movie so much.

MAX

Nat, unless tears make good lube, we gotta change the music. And let's figure out where the smell's coming from. Everyone grab a corner, start sniffing!

They head to different corners and sniff. All clear. They follow the scent, backing up into the center. Their backs touch. They follow their noses to... the ceiling. Looking up:

MAX (CONT'D)

Well, look who decided to bless us with the gift of silence for once in her miserable, old life...

They stare at the ceiling. As "If We Hold On Together" plays, they realize. Oh god. Oh no.

LANDIS

NO GOD! NO GOD PLEASE NO!

INT. MAX & LANDIS' SHITTY APT. A LITTLE LATER.

Everyone sits on the couch, shocked. Then:

MAX

No. She's not dead. That smell could be anything.

AMY

No I smelled a dead body at Bonnaroo in 2008. It's the exact same smell.

NAT/MAX/AMY

What?/ I can't even--/Of a *brain aneurism*. Bonnaroo is crazy.

NAT

We have to call the police if there's a dead woman upstairs.

MAX

I actually don't know if it's a woman, I never saw her.

AMY

Oh my god, what if it's a child. A child could be dead up there!

NAT

A child doesn't live alone upstairs! This isn't Home Alone!

LANDIS

WE KILLED HER.

Everyone turns and stares at Landis.

LANDIS (CONT'D)

That crash sound happened because we startled her. She fell and died.

Beat. Did they kill this woman?

MAX/AMY/NAT

We should check on her./Yeah./Yeah.

No one moves. Doopy doo...

NAT

You guys know Schrodinger's Cat?

AMY

No but I'm often high when I meet other people's pets.

NAT

It's not--no. It's the idea that the unknown keeps all outcomes possible.

(MORE)

NAT (CONT'D)

So if we check and see she's dead, in a way, we've killed her. If we don't check, we continue the possibility that she's alive.

AMY

So we're just going to leave a dead body upstairs?

LANDIS

WHAT IF IT BECOMES A GHOST?

AMY

Landis, ghosts take months to materialize. They have to leave purgatory, present grievances...

NAT

Meet Christina Ricci, teach her stuff...

MAX

The smell is awful. We can't just do nothing. We're decent people.

NAT

We won't do *nothing*, I mean the orgy's obviously cancelled.

MAX

Well now that feels rash. It's about to start, I don't want to disappoint people, some of them may have bought a special outfit...

LANDIS

Guys, I can feel her presence. She's gonna be here when I masturbate oh God.

AMY

Max, cancel the orgy. Not because you couldn't have thrown it--

NAT

But because it smells like a diaper fire. Oh, and the POSSIBILITY of a dead body rotting above us. Possibility. *Possibility*.

Max takes this in. She nods, sulking:

MAX

Fine. But I would have thrown a great orgy. And I'm only cancelling due to smell! Which I will go check on now. Because I am an adult.

INT. APT BUILDING HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

Max stands outside the cat lady's door. The smell is horrible. She turns around and leaves. Fast.

EXT. BED STUY APT BUILDING/STREET. MOMENTS LATER.

Max walks around the block, trying to psych herself up.

MAX

You can do this, you can do this.

She bumps smack into BLAKE STRONG- tortured, masculine movie star! Blake, not even looking up:

BLAKE

Not doing pics right now, sorry.

MAX

Blake? It's Maxine.

They eye each other. Her: poor, sallow. Him: rich, glowing.

BLAKE

Wow. Max. On a street corner. They really are New York's public squares...

He stares off, tortured by his genius. What?

BLAKE (CONT'D)

You know in Iceland--I just shot there--instead of public squares, people gather in warm public pools? Magic. Ever been?

MAX

No, I can't, uh, afford it. Haha! Congrats on all your success, though. What are you doing here?

BLAKE

Meredith--we're still together--is on some cliché inner city board so I come down and sign autographs for the kids.

(MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

It's fuuuuuucking Sisyphissian until you see their smiles. What brings you to this shithole?

MAX

Um, I live here.

Blake smiles and musses her hair. It's awful.

BLAKE

You're so amusing. Like that orgy thing you sent out! So great. When I saw that I thought, "I don't remember Max being funny or sexually free."

The Japanese club kids run out, practically running Max over.

JAPANESE CLUBKID 1

Excuse me, are you BLAKE STRONG?!

JAPANESE CLUBKID 2

May we have a picture if you are willing?!

JAPANESE CLUBKID 1

If you are unwilling that is acceptable!

Blake nods, "one pic." They shove a phone in Max's hand. She snaps the pic, miserable. A car pulls up. Blake heads to it.

BLAKE

This is me. Hey, I'm free next week if you wanna come over and, I don't know... hang out?

MAX

Yeah Meredith didn't love that the last time--

The window rolls down. REVEAL MEREDITH (perfect, rich, cold).

MAX (CONT'D)

The lady of the hour! Hi Meredi--

MEREDITH

Nice lipstick Maxine. Looking to suck a little dick tonight?

MAX

Hahahaha, it's just chapstick actually!

Max watches them go, disgusted with herself.

INT. MAX & LANDIS SHITTY APT. A LITTLE LATER.

All windows are open. Nat and Amy struggle to set up a fan. Max bursts in with bags of incense.

NAT	AMY
What happened?	Is she okay?

MAX

Unclear! But you know what I was
just thinkin'? We deserve some FUN,
you know?! A little RELIEF from
this miserable blue marble!

Max blazes into her bedroom. Amy and Nat trade worried looks. Landis wanders through, way way in the background:

LANDIS

Leave this space, Spirit! This is a
sacred space for self love.

Max reappears in an insane fluorescent sports bra.

MAX

So the orgy is BACK ON. Tonight's
about drinkin' and ridin' that D
train downtown to the West Vagina!
I'm talking EVERYONE LEAVES WITH
HPV. Which I found out I have
yesterday! Yeah! Life is HARD! Woo!

Max storms into the kitchen. Nat turns to Amy.

NAT

Well, she seems totally normal. I'm
gonna take me a lil' nap.

AMY	NAT (CONT'D)
Really?	No! She's terrifying! Who throws an orgy with a dead body above them?! Possibly!

AMY

You know what? Her Saturn is
returning. Which is when things can
get a leetle crazy, you know?
Like, a leeeetle... craazy.

NAT

Look me in the eye and tell me what
Saturn returning means.

AMY
 (beat, then)
 I can't. I have no idea.

Max reappears pouring just vodka and sugar into a bowl.

AMY (CONT'D)
 You gonna add a chaser, babe?

MAX
 DON'T GOT THE SKRILLA, AMY! Oh MAN
 does it smell weird in here hahaha
 what are you gonna do though THIS
 ORGY'S GONNA BE THE BEST ONE!

SMASH TO:

INT. MAX & LANDIS APT. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The party is desolate. Three people cough through the fog of incense. Max answers the door. JON and ANN enter, worried:

MAX
 Oooh, two Judao swingers! Welcome!

ANN
 Um, we showed up to make sure
 you're doing okay. Are you? We
 couldn't tell if this was a joke.

JON
 Why is there so much incense? I'm
 having trouble breathing.

ANGLE ON Nat and Amy, taking in the scene.

AMY
 What did I say? Orgies never live
 up to the hype. This is the saddest
 one I've been to since the Mumford
 & Son set at Lollapalooza 2010.

NAT
 ... What? Stop going to outdoor
 music festivals.

Doorbell ring! MAX bounds over to open it, psyched. Ugh, fucking ERIC. And his fucking boyfriend SEAN.

MAX
 Eric. Glad you came. And brought
 your boyfriend.

SEAN
 Hilarious email, Max! We were like,
 "what is this?!" We laughed and
 laughed and laughed. Whoa, foggy!

Sean crosses off, coughing.

ERIC
 Guess what?

MAX
 (sighs, then)
 You brought Cards Against Humanity
 again? I don't know, I don't wanna
 do this.

ERIC
 I did, but I lost many of the cards
 and some I threw away because they
 were too negative. It's not that,
 though. Tonight, I'm going to--

MAX
 Landis, get that playlist going!

ANGLE ON Landis wearing a garlic necklace and scrubbing his
 hands in the sink like Lady Macbeth:

LANDIS
 People die it's the circle of life
 you're not bad then why do you feel
 bad why are your hands unclean?

REVEAL there's no water running. ANGLE ON Nat enduring a
 handsome, sobbing CHRIS:

CHRIS
 And you said you loved me BACK!

NAT
 During sex. Let's not do this. Are
 you still volunteering for stuff?

CHRIS
 NO!

NAT
 How's your mom?

CHRIS
 She DIED.

Hoo boy. Amy quickly whisks Nat away towards Max.

AMY
Oh my god Fran is here.

ANGLE ON FRAN (20s-70s, nuts) talking to Max.

NAT
THAT'S your scary boss? He's wearing tube socks and sandals in December.

AMY
Ya, that's whose IN CHARGE at Foot Locker.

Amy and Nat join Max and Fran.

AMY (CONT'D)
Fran the man! Great to have another parent here. If HR could see us now, huh?

FRAN
Don't be unprofessional, Amy.
(then, to the others)
I am sex ready. Shaved everything. Gonna take a whiz then start getting chubbed. Here's some "coke" on me, gals.

He gives Max a ziploc of white powder, winks, and struts off.

MAX
He is repulsive!

AMY
Yes, this is who comes to orgies! He *definitely* plans on having sex with everyone here.

MAX
Not with us though. Right?

NAT
YOU TRULY MEANT TO THROW A PARTY.

Max starts preparing lines of "coke."

AMY
No no no, don't do coke. You turn into Woody Allen on coke.

MAX
'Cept I don't finger kids! Burn.

NAT

Max, please. The man calls himself
"Fran"--okay, you're doing it.

MAX finishes a bump of coke, grins wildly, turns the music
off, hops up on the couch, and clinks a glass. Nat, quietly:

NAT (CONT'D)

No no no no no no no no.

MAX

Thank you so much for coming to my
orgy! I just want to say--

More coughing. From the back:

PARTY GUEST

Can we crack a window? The smoke--

Toilet flush! Fran reenters, visibly erect. More hacking.

MAX

I just want to say, tonight's about
havin' FUN and gettin' ROWDY!! Woo!

Max turns the music back on. A beat. It turns back off. What?

ERIC

Five years ago, I met my boyfriend
Sean in this very apartment. And
even though I had a big dinner
planned, when I saw Max's Evite I
thought--"who still sends out
Evites?!"

The guests laugh. Max, wild eyed and annoyed:

MAX

That's not funny don't laugh at
that.

ERIC

But then I thought, to hell with my
plans. What better place to propose
to my soulmate than at the place we
first met?

Eric takes out a ring box. Everyone gasps.

EVERYONE BUT MAX

AWWWW!

SEAN

YES! I LOVE YOU!

FRAN

Guess I'm doing dude stuff.

Max hops back up on the couch:

MAX

No! I'm sorry no, this party is about cuttin' loose, not advancing adulthood. Save this for another time, please.

ERIC

Are you okay, Max?

She's shaking a little.

MAX

Yeah I feel like I'm ON TOP OF A GODDAMN MOUNTAIN, ERIC! MAN MY CHEST IS ALSO HURTING A LITTLE THOUGH. AND MY BLOOD FEELS CRAZY SHOULD MY BLOOD FEEL THIS CRAZY?

FRAN

Oh that's just the meth kicking in.

MAX

WHAT?!

FRAN

You can't have an orgy without meth. Alright, I'm diving in.

Fran takes off his shirt. Just then JON walks up to the gang. The smoke has cleared a little.

JON

I got rid of all the incense and opened some windows because the smoke was triggering a painful campfire memory from my childhood-- whoa my god what is that smell?!

With the incense gone, the smell is back! Jon violently dry heaves. So does our gang. Guests scramble over each other as they charge the door, holding their breath! Landis rushes in.

LANDIS

We're being haunted! Like in *The Sixth Sense* but instead of the room getting colder a smell gets worse!

MAX

(grabs Fran by his slippery arms)
AM I GOING TO FEEL THIS WAY FOREVER?! AM I?! AM I?!

AMY

Nat, do you have anything that will bring her down?!

NAT

No, there's no 'antidote' to meth!
Except maybe a master's degree.

Max runs screaming out onto the fire escape.

EXT. MAX & LANDIS' FIRE ESCAPE. MOMENTS LATER.

She paces, in a full meth fever. The gang joins her.

MAX

I WANT TO RUB MY BUTT ON EVERYTHING
WHY IS THIS HAPPENING WHY CAN'T I
GET ANYTHING I WANT?! WHY IS
EVERYONE LAPPING ME?!

NAT

What was that last bit?

MAX

Blake bodega outside TODAY.

AMY

What?

LANDIS

She saw Blake outside the bodega
today.

(explaining)

I speak meth.

MAX

Why aren't *I* the star of a space
movie?! Same play! We did the same
play!

LANDIS

They did the same play but now he's
successful and she isn't.

NAT

Yeah we got that.

AMY

That one was clear.

MAX

Parents say, you know, be yourself!
Dance like no one's laughing! But I
did that and it DIDN'T WORK. Oh,
but don't worry, everyone! Even
though I'm a fuck up, I'm NOT THE
FUN KIND. I'm 30 and I live with my
stepbrother and--

LANDIS

Max, if you can hear me through the meth, 30 isn't a big deal. I'm 35 and very happy--

Max lunges for Landis' throat:

MAX

IT'S DIFFERENT FOR WOMEN, YOU FRUIT FUCK! You get hotter with age, WE GET SENT TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE!
(starts to cry)
AND THE OLD MAN DOESN'T KNOW ME!

LANDIS

Now I'm lost.

NAT

That I think is in reference to a stranger not knowing of her *Jumanji* performance in Maine.

Suddenly, Eric stumbles out onto the fire escape.

ERIC

Hey guys? The smell made me throw up on the rug. And then I threw up on your bed, Landis. And then I went to go find paper towels in your room Max and threw up on your bed. And then I went back into the living room to come tell you but saw my throw up from earlier and threw up again.

The gang just stares at him. He throws up.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'll see myself out.

He goes. Beat.

AMY

Can I suggest something?

EXT. MAX & LANDIS' FIRE ESCAPE. MOMENTS LATER.

Everyone crowds around Amy's phone watching clips of Beyonce's "Lemonade" on Youtube, shivering but content.

AMY

Like what did Jay Z do with his face the first time he heard this?

MAX

They prolly share something so complicated, we could never fully understand. Her ass is out of control.

The sun starts to rise. They all look like dog shit.

NAT

You know your life could be way shittier, right?

Max nods.

NAT (CONT'D)

Like, there are Syrian refugees who have to pay detectives to find their daughters likely sold into sex slavery because of ISIS.

Landis farts. Yes, there's a fart joke in here. They all start laughing. The laughter dies down. They stare dead-eyed at the city waking up. They know what they need to do.

INT. MAX & LANDIS' SHITTY APT. MOMENTS LATER.

They climb through the window, past the wreckage, and out.

INT. BED STUY APT BUILDING HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

Right outside of the cat lady's door. They knock. No answer. They slowly open the door and walk in.

INT. CAT LADY'S APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

The smell is horrendous.

MAX

You guys--
(dry heaves)
--look!

She gestures to the open fridge full of ROTTING CAT FOOD.

MAX (CONT'D)

I told you she's not dead--
(cough)
It was just bad cat food!

LANDIS

Oh thank--
(dry heaves)
God.

As they turn to go, they see THE CAT LADY'S DEAD BODY. Our audience only sees her feet.

AMY
Goddamn it.

NAT
So she was an old woman.

END OF EPISODE.

TAG:

EXT. BED STUY APT BUILDING STOOP. THE NEXT DAY.

As cops carry a body bag out of the building:

NAT
If you're saying I'm not a
Chandler, at least give me Kalisi
from *Game of Thrones*.

MAX
Fine but only because you gave me
Steve Buscemi, like as a person.

Amy looks up from a Flemish-English Dictionary:

AMY
Ik wil Oprah zijn.

MAX
No one gets Oprah.

NAT
Amy, we've been over this.

LANDIS
I wanna be Monica.

They all turn to him.

LANDIS (CONT'D)
She really seems to have her life
together.