HAMILTON*
*NOW WINNER OF THE PULITZER PRIZE FOR DRAMA

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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 daaaang you look goood. 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

Eeyyyy!

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. Max we can’t see. Max.

NAT
Max you’re blocking the TV. Max we can’t see.

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.

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
Are you insane? You’re the Phoebe.

NAT
You thinking you’re Chandler 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
No one cares.

NAT
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
Maaaan, 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) NAT
Great. 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 Guevara:

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
It’s you.

MAX
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. AAAAAH!!! 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 thankyousomuch.

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! 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 juliennning?

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
(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 AMY
Landis, of course. 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 Bonnararoo in 2008. It’s the exact same smell.

NAT/MAX/AMY
What?/ I can’t even--/Of a brain aneurism. Bonnararoo 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 cliche inner city board so
I come down and sign autographs for
the kids.
(MORE)
BLAKE (CONT’D)
It’s fuuuuuuucking 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 What happened? AMY 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 leeeetle craaazy, you know? Like, a leeeetle... craaazy.

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.

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
SEAN
AWWW!
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       AMY

Yeah we got that. 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 Beyoncé’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.