

Somewhere In The In-Between

"Pilot"

Written by

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1 INT. RESTAURANT - MORNING

1

CLOSEUP on MAX ONDREJKO (30). Right now he looks like he hasn't slept in a while, and is staring ahead in a daze. He has attractive features, but would make a good "every man."

He's drinking a BEER and sitting with his friends:

LYDIA DALY (late 20s), tightly wound, type A. Book smart. And

DARREN KING (early 30s), snarky, eccentric. Street smart.

Max has just broken the news that--

LYDIA

Andrea broke up with you!? But you guys just bought a house!

MAX

Yes we did. If by "you guys" you mean she bought a house. And allowed me to live there.

LYDIA

Oh...

DARREN

Oh...

LYDIA

Max, I'm sorry.

MAX

If you think winning an argument with a girl is tough in general, just wait til her drop-the-mic moment is eviction.

2 INT. LIVING ROOM - ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

2

ANDREA and Max are fighting.

Their DOG, a small Yorkshire Terrier, is YIPPING incessantly.

ANDREA

Max, the dog is acting crazy. I don't understand why you can't just take her for a walk during the day.

MAX

Because baby, it's not my dog, it's your dog, and contrary to popular

belief I actually have shit to do during the day and don't have time to prevent it from acting like a little psychopath, and maybe you should have thought about the time you had to take care of a living animal before you bought the thing in your early 20s!

ANDREA

(pause)

You owe me rent!

BACK TO:

3 INT. RESTAURANT --

3

LYDIA

Where did you sleep last night?

DARREN

(over)

She made you pay rent?

MAX

I-- of course I paid rent, I'm not going to freeload off of anyone--

DARREN

You lived on my couch for a month.

MAX

--again.

LYDIA

Max, where did you sleep--

MAX

(over)

Ok, I may not have been consistent on rent, but I tried to be the man of the house, at least as much as I possibly could. There was always need for home improvement...

4 INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

4

The Dog is scratching at the back door. As Max opens the door, the rug underneath it catches and moves. Max tests this a couple times, annoyed...

SMASH CUT TO

MOMENTS LATER

Max has a hammer in his hand and nails in his mouth. He kneels down and begins NAILING the rug to the floor.

BACK TO:

5 INT. RESTAURANT --

5

MAX

She didn't notice for weeks.

LYDIA

So what are you going to do?

MAX

I don't know. I really don't have many options. Andrea was right, I don't have a lot going on.

LYDIA

Oh come on, that's not true.

DARREN

Yeah, she could be on to something there.

MAX

I'm serious. You know how some people are destined for greatness? Well most people aren't.

(beat)

It's not that I had a god complex or grandiose ideas of what I was meant for, but it never crossed my mind that I was just... average.

LYDIA

You're not average, but even if you were, what's wrong with average? It's a defect of our generation that everyone thinks everything is about them. Everyone thinks they should be rich, famous, or powerful, so they post selfies and start blogs and...

(looking at Max)

...write self-indulgent TV shows about themselves.

DARREN

(to Lydia)

You're in Digital Marketing, that's literally your whole clientele.

LYDIA

I'm an opportunist. And Max, you're not average. You're a model for god's sake.

6 INT. COMMERCIAL SET - FLASHBACK

6

Max's face has bright lights on it. Equipment surrounds him. A plain backdrop. A camera FLASHES.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Ok, now just a little to the right.

Max turns. FLASH. FLASH.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.)

Little more...

He does. FLASH. FLASH.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Perfect. Now, tip the plate towards me a little.

WIDE SHOT reveals Max is holding a PLATE OF FOOD. The photographer is not taking shots of him, but of the plate.

BACK TO:

7 INT. RESTAURANT --

7

MAX

Having a high school friend who's an agent doesn't make me a model, I still fall very much within the bell curve. And worse, I don't have anything that stands out about me. Like Lydia, you're an organized control freak...

Lydia is unsure how to take this very backhanded compliment.

MAX

Darren, you're--

DARREN

Don't even fucking say bisexual, that does not define me!

MAX

I was gonna say you're kind of an asshole.

Darren smiles.

MAX

Me, I'm a walking contradiction. If this were a sitcom, I'd be somewhere in between Joey and Chandler, and somewhere between Ted and Barney, and between Nick and Schmidt...

Lydia looks confused.

DARREN

(explaining)

"Friends", "How I Met Your Mother", "New Girl".

LYDIA

Oh.

MAX

I like "Les Miserables" and Jay-Z. I wear Harry Potter t-shirts and Air Jordans. I constantly preach against monogamy and consumerism, but all I want right now is to be back with my girlfriend in our house full of shit that I bought!

DARREN

Her house.

MAX

Ahhhhh!

DARREN

And you don't really have much shit. Except that weird rug.

MAX

I love that rug, it was the first major purchase I got for the house.

DARREN

It was the only major purchase you got for the house, and it looks like a Jackson Pollock painting.

MAX

It's artistic!

LYDIA

That gives me an idea. You know what you need to do?

MAX

(lowering his head, remembering he's depressed)

Die in an alcohol-induced car crash?

Well, that was dark... the other two aren't sure what to say.

MAX

(beat)

Like Jackson Pollock.

DARREN

Oh...

LYDIA

No, you morose weirdo! I was gonna say start painting.

MAX

What?

LYDIA

Or singing and dancing. Or take up bungee jumping. Do something different and unique.

MAX

(to Darren)

What's she talking about?

DARREN

No idea, but without her inspiring you this storyline isn't gonna go anywhere so just listen.

(aside)

Took us long enough to get here.

LYDIA

Do anything. It doesn't matter. Right now you're in a slump and you think you're stuck, but you need to get out of your head.

DARREN

Like in Bull Durham when Kevin Costner made Tim Robbins wear girl's underwear.

LYDIA

I don't know dated pop culture references! But that's what you need to do, something that challenges you! Break out of it.

Their SERVER comes and hands everyone a bill.

MAX

(to the Server)

Easy does it love.

(to the others)

If I'm going to challenge life head on, I need another drink. Who's with me?

LYDIA

It's 9 am, Max.

Max looks confused.

LYDIA

When was the last time you slept--

MAX

It's been a while.

Lydia and Darren put cash with their bills and stand.

MAX

You guys have somewhere important to be?

DARREN

Lydia is going to coach me on how to write a marketing plan.

LYDIA

He needs to work on his clichés.

DARREN

See, now you're quoting Bull Durham!

LYDIA

What?

DARREN

Never mind.

The Server returns with Max's drink.

SERVER

Thanks guys. And I'm supposed to remind you we have an open mic night every Monday night at our club next door.

Max's face lights up.

DARREN

That was far too predictable.

Darren pats Max on the shoulder.

DARREN

The rose goes in the front big guy.

LYDIA

What are you--

DARREN

Just-- walk.

CUT TO

8 INT. BUS - DAY

8

The following will be a recreation of (nay, an *homage* to) the bus/writing scene from "8 Mile."

Max is seated looking out the window. Where Jimmy from 8 Mile was in the poorest part of town, Max is just rolling through a nice urban part of NASHVILLE. He slips on headphones, pulls out a pen and pad, and starts writing.

CLOSE ON Max's face, closing his eyes. LAUGHTER fades in (like the rap beat would).

MAX (V.O.)

You know the absolute worst thing in the history of the entire universe?

LAUGHTER.

Max is bobbing his head and writing.

MAX (V.O.)

...her drop-the-mic moment is eviction.

LAUGHTER, louder this time.

MAX (V.O.)
 Shitty furniture. No, a metaphor for
 shitty furniture.
 (pause)
 Britney Spears furniture.

UNCONTROLLABLE LAUGHTER!

Max writes feverishly. He's still in his own world, grinning to himself, bobbing his head. Then...

SCREECH, THWAP!

Max SLAMS his head against the seat in front of him as the bus comes to a SUDDEN STOP. His headphones are knocked askew.

BUS DRIVER
 This your stop?

Max takes a moment. Collects himself. Stands.

He sees that seated across from him were TWO VERY HOT GIRLS who are looking at him like he's the crazy homeless guy. They whisper to each other.

MAX
 (to himself)
 I'll be using that.

9 INT. LYDIA AND DARREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

9

Lydia and Darren are sitting around a table that has stacks of paper, books, and binders.

LYDIA
 Ok, read me what you have.

DARREN
 This is such bullshit Lydia. I feel like I'm conforming to the corporate machine.

LYDIA
 If you want investors to take you seriously, you have to sound like you are.

DARREN
 As my COO, I think you should really listen--

LYDIA

(over)

I'm not your COO.

DARREN

You said that when the magazine--

LYDIA

(over)

No. I told you explicitly I wanted nothing to do with this, but as your friend and roommate I will help you.

DARREN

But when the magazine takes off--

LYDIA

(over, sternly)

No.

DARREN

Fine, we'll table that for now. But the idea sells itself! I'm gonna be the next Hugh Hefner.

LYDIA

As it stands, you'll be lucky not to be the next JFK Jr.

An awkward pause.

DARREN

Was that a reference to me crashing and burning?!

LYDIA

Wow, now that you mention it...

(explaining)

He started a magazine called "George" that failed miserably... before he crashed the plane.

DARREN

And yet you don't know Bull Durham.

(pause)

Ugh, can't we just do something big and fun to announce it to the world? I'm a big picture guy!

LYDIA

Like when you started a record label?

10 INT. EVENT SPACE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

10

An elaborate set-up with a banner saying "**DIK Musik Launch Party.**"

Max, Andrea, Lydia and Darren all stand by a stage, dressed up for a big night.

DARREN

Gonna be huge!

We PAN OUT to see that no one is there. Silence.

LYDIA

When do doors open?

ANDREA

Two hours ago.

A FOG MACHINE turns on behind them, and an airhorn BLARES.

BACK TO:

11 INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT --

11

LYDIA

I've been in marketing for 10 years. Yes, a lot of it is smoke and mirrors, and yes, sometimes it feels very similar to what I think prostitution might feel like. But it's the way the world works. Now what do you have?

Darren holds up the sheet of paper in front of him.

DARREN

(reading)

We believe that utilizing banal buzz words is the key to getting your attention and sounding both professional and cool while actually saying nothing to people who don't know any better.

He smiles. Lydia isn't amused.

LYDIA

You know how Richard Branson made Virgin the company that "disrupts" and "breaks all the rules?"

DARREN
He disrupted and broke all the rules?

LYDIA
He branded it that way!
(grabbing his paper)
Watch this.

Darren watches reluctantly as Lydia scratches things out and re-writes. When she's done, she hands the paper back to him.

DARREN
(reading)
We believe that utilizing strategic, creatively-driven processes is the key to representing unique brands and cultivating emotional experiences we can deliver to inspired consumers.

He looks at her, flabbergasted.

DARREN
I don't even know what this says, it sounds like I'm starting a pyramid scheme!

LYDIA
Sounds good though, doesn't it?

Darren lets his head fall down to the table with a THUD.

LYDIA
(beat)
Hey do you think Max will be ok?

DARREN
(without raising his head)
He'll be fine, they used to break up all the time.

LYDIA
For like hours, not weeks. You think he'll take my advice?

DARREN
(looking up)
And join the circus? Who the hell knows, but it beats drowning in self-pity.

LYDIA

Yeah.

She's lost in thought.

DARREN
(off her look)

No.

LYDIA

What?

DARREN
No! I know that look.

LYDIA
What look?

DARREN
You want to interfere.

LYDIA
No I don't!

DARREN
You always need to meddle. You're a
meddler.

LYDIA
I'm not a meddler!

Darren gives her a look that says, "Are you joking?"

12 EXT. PARK - DAY - FLASHBACK

12

Two young people, a GUY and a GIRL, are sitting in a romantic spot having what appears to be a lover's quarrel.

GIRL
*I don't mean to pressure you, but I
don't know why you won't just do it.*

GUY
It's not the right time.

GIRL
*When will the right time be? Everyone
thought you were going to do it last
month, then I thought you might last
weekend.*

GUY

I'm just not ready yet, ok?

GIRL

What are you waiting for? I love you, but you're kind of being a pansy about this.

GUY

Do you know how much planning we have to do for something like that? Neither of us have the time right now. And why does it have to be on me?

GIRL

Come on, what are you scared of?

Suddenly, Lydia POPS UP from behind them.

LYDIA

Just go for it buddy. She doesn't care about the price or the size, she just wants the commitment. And look at how pretty she is, come on man!

The Guy and Girl look shocked and appalled.

GUY

What are you talking about lady?

GIRL

This is my brother.

LYDIA

Wha-- I thought you were talking about proposing...

GUY

We were talking about whether or not to take our father off life support!

An extremely awkward pause. Then Lydia slinks away.

LYDIA

So sorry... You're-- you're still very pretty... both of you. Sorry.

BACK TO:

13 INT. LYDIA'S APARTMENT --

13

LYDIA
I-- Fine, maybe sometimes.

DARREN
(off his phone)
I just got a text from Max. Looks like he's taking your advice. He's running jokes past me.

He hands Lydia his phone. She reads under her breath.

LYDIA
That could work. But see, what he would want to do after the set-up--

Darren shakes his head.

LYDIA
Sorry.

14 EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT - NIGHT

14

Max approaches his car. Inside a mess -- food wrappers, liquor bottles, a handful of unwashed clothes.

He climbs in.

15 INT. MAX'S CAR --

15

Max is in the back seat with a pillow and blankets. This is where he slept last night.

He gets comfy, then pulls out a SMALL BOX. Opens it. It's full of weed and paraphernalia.

As he shuffles through, he finds something else... a POLAROID of him and Andrea, at a *Burning Man* type festival, both probably high. Happier times.

Max stares at this for a long time...

16 INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

16

Max and Andrea come STORMING through the door together in the middle of, you guessed it, a fight. They're both dressed in their ridiculous-looking Burning Man apparel.

ANDREA
Don't do that.

MAX

Don't do what?

ANDREA

Don't talk down to me.

MAX

How was I--

ANDREA

You always do that. You always talk down to me.

MAX

No I don't, and no I wasn't! What did you just hear?

ANDREA

That 'Aww, it's ok baby' thing you just did.

MAX

What-- Ok. I gave you a compliment. You took it the wrong way. So then I was making light of the fact that you took it the wrong way, and apparently you took that the wrong way.

ANDREA

You're talking to me like I'm crazy!

MAX

You're not crazy, you're just kind of being absurd right now.

ANDREA

Fuck you.

(a brief awkward silence)

And don't think I didn't notice the way you were looking at Maddie tonight.

MAX

What?

ANDREA

Yeah. I saw you watching her dance.

MAX

I was watching you both dance!

ANDREA

Uh huh.

MAX

What, I wasn't dancing, you two were. Sometimes she danced in front of my eye line, I wasn't gawking at her.

ANDREA

You were talking to her for a long time in the corner.

MAX

You were talking to other people!

ANDREA

Why weren't you?

MAX

Because she's the only one of your friends I actually relate to.

ANDREA

What? Why?

MAX

She's a designer too, we have a lot in common. And she's the only one who's not fucking married!

ANDREA

Is that it, you relate to the single girl?

MAX

That's not what I meant and you know it.

ANDREA

So where do I fit in, huh? You can talk to Maddie because she's a designer and Lydia and Darren about whatever the hell... What do you and I have in common?

MAX

Um. Well I'm not in love with them...

ANDREA

Don't fucking patronize me again.

MAX
 (sarcastically)
 You're right, telling you I love you
 was such a stupid thing to say.

ANDREA
 Wait-- What?

MAX
 Yeah.

ANDREA
 You love me?

MAX
 Yeah.

ANDREA
 Why?

MAX
 (pause)
 That seems like a grandiose and odd
 question given the moment...
 (aside)
 ...and yet, one I probably should have
 an answer to pretty easily.

She kisses him. This was the first time he's ever said it.

BACK TO:

17 INT. MAX'S CAR -- 17

ON MAX'S FACE. **He misses her. Or is he ready to move on?**

He closes his eyes and settles in to sleep.

18 INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT 18

Darren and Lydia are sitting in an audience with a handful of
 people waiting for Max to come on stage.

LYDIA
 You think he's funny? I mean, he's
 kind of funny to us after a few
 drinks, but you think--

DARREN
 (looking O.S.)
 Oh shit.

ACROSS THE ROOM... Andrea sits down.

DARREN

Does he know Andrea's here? Did he invite her?

Lydia looks guilty.

DARREN

Did you--?! You didn't...

LYDIA

Did I what? I didn't anything!

Darren gives her a judgmental look as...

the EMCEE takes the stage and gets everyone's attention.

EMCEE

Alright, you ready to get started?

Some applause and clapping from the audience.

EMCEE

Our first comedian tonight is making his standup debut. So let's give it up for him. Please welcome to the stage, Max...

(struggling)

On-derk-o!

Darren crosses himself.

Max takes the stage. He hesitates for a second. *Is he going to go through with it?* Then...

MAX

You know the absolute worst thing in the history of the entire universe?... Hyperbole.

A beat. A couple chuckles. Then Darren oversells it...

DARREN

HAHA!

He slinks down in his chair as people stare at him.

MAX

Anyway. It's good to be here. It's good to be out of the house. My

girlfriend and I just bought a house...

Darren and Lydia glance nervously over to Andrea. She doesn't indicate anything.

MAX

And by that I mean she bought a house. And if you think winning an argument with a girl is tough in general, just wait til her drop-the-mic moment is eviction.

(pause, a smattering of laughs)
We had to buy furniture, and she likes to buy what I call Britney Spears furniture. This is what I mean by Britney Spears furniture: When it first comes out, white millennial girls are like, "We really like this. We should get it and have it around all the time." And then their boyfriends are like, "Well it's not my style, but it looks really good so sure, let's get that." But then the integrity of the Britney Spears furniture starts to falter. And inevitably after a couple years it just falls apart and... marries a backup dancer, shaves it's head, drives a car with its baby in its lap, you know how furniture does.

(some laughter)

And you're like, goddamnit I should have seen this coming! Well, I guess we need to get a new one. Does this have any sisters?... It does?! And it basically looks the same?... 10 years younger you say. Well that's great, let's get-- How many kids? Oh. Oh no. Well, maybe we shouldn't shop at "Spears" anymore.

Some more laughter. Even Andrea smirks.

MAX

But the crazy thing is, the Britney Spears furniture still works for a long time. Way longer than it should. Way longer than you think it will. And it's obviously had work done and has been patched together over the years,

but it still does it's job, just way worse than it did when you first saw it. And every once in a while people will come over and be like, "Oh hey I really like that!" And you're like, "Really?! Well, to each his own I guess, we don't really have it for anything more than..."

Boom. He sees Andrea.

MAX

...nostalgia... purposes.

He pauses, and tries to compose himself. He looks out into the audience, all staring back at him. The RED LIGHT comes on. It's bright in his eyes.

Darren and Lydia look concerned.

MAX

Um. Anyway... I was talking about my girlfriend evicting me earlier. And that's exactly what happened! She is now my ex-girlfriend...

DARREN

Oh no.

MAX

...aaaaand she's here!

He motions towards Andrea who now looks wildly uncomfortable.

MAX

So if that isn't the biggest goddamn punchline of the night, I don't know what is. Thank you for your time.

Max hurries off stage. An awkward beat. Then some applause.

The Emcee hurries back up.

EMCEE

Ok, that was awkward. One more time for Max everybody!

Andrea doesn't know how to react. She looks over and locks eyes with Lydia and Darren.

19 INT. COMEDY CLUB BAR - NIGHT

19

Max is sitting by himself downing a beer as people exit the theater.

Lydia and Darren approach.

LYDIA
Heeeey good job buddy!

DARREN
Yeah you killed it!

MAX
(sarcastically)
I don't know the ending seemed a little off, what do you think?

LYDIA
Hey, listen--

MAX
Who invited her?

LYDIA
What?

MAX
You two are the only people I told about this. And she wouldn't come here on her own, she doesn't even like standup.

An awkward pause.

LYDIA
It was me. I'm so sorry.

Darren shakes his head.

LYDIA
I didn't think she'd come, I just put a flyer in her mailbox so she thought you were doing something good and proactive and--

MAX
Well she saw me almost meltdown in front of a packed house of nine people, so thank you.

He brushes past them to leave.

LYDIA

Max...

MAX

It's fine, really, I'll just-- I'll see you tomorrow.

He exits.

LYDIA

No, you didn't...

The BARTENDER shows up behind her with Max's bill.

LYDIA

...pay your bill. Well, I suppose I could at least--

DARREN

(over)

Yeah I think you could buy him a beer.

20 INT. HALLWAY - COMEDY CLUB - CONTINUOUS

20

Max walk out of the bar with his head low. Then...

ANDREA (O.S.)

Max.

He stops and looks up.

ANDREA

Hi. I, um-- Good job tonight. I didn't know you wanted to do standup.

MAX

Yeah, I had a few ideas I just wanted to get out.

ANDREA

(trying)

Really, you did a good job.

MAX

Thanks.

ANDREA

You didn't return my calls, so I--

MAX

Yeah, I'll come pick up my stuff tomorrow.

ANDREA

We can talk first, if you want.

MAX

And then what, you'll stick around and watch me pack?

ANDREA

No, I-- Can we talk before you do anything? I think we need to, I think maybe I was too impulsive asking you to leave.

Max hesitates.

MAX

Ok. Sure.

ANDREA

Ok. Well, I'll be home around 6 tomorrow, do you want to swing by then?

MAX

Six o'clock?

ANDREA

Yeah, anytime after that.

A beat...

SMASH CUT TO

21 INT. BAR - DAY

21

LYDIA

DARREN

Yes!

No!

Max is sitting opposite Lydia and Darren, having just broken this news.

LYDIA

See, I told you she'd want you back after seeing that you're doing something cool!

DARREN
She's a bitch.

MAX
Ok. On the off chance I was going to get back together with her, how do you think that statement would play in the near future?

DARREN
Sorry.
(pause)
I'm not sorry, she is! She broke up with you, called you a loser, and kicked you out of your house!

MAX
Her house.

LYDIA
She wants you back. You guys really are cute together.

DARREN
Stop it, woman!

MAX
Guys, I'm just going over to talk things out. It'll be good for me, we could get closure.

DARREN
That's not what happened last time!

22 INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

22

Max enters looking like he didn't take this one very well.

Andrea is nowhere to be seen; however, there are candles lit and the lights are down.

MAX
Hello?

Andrea appears from the bedroom doorway... naked.

Max raises his eyebrows.

ANDREA
I missed you.

Max starts pulling his shirt over his head and rushes towards her so fast, he trips and FALLS OVER.

BACK TO:

23 INT. BAR --

23

MAX

That was different! She only kicked me out for a couple days, and it was after we got in a big fight.

DARREN

Remind me again what the fight was about?

24 INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

24

Max is trying to hang a mantle on the wall. Well, he was. He's now half-drunk and the mantle lies on the floor under five huge HOLES in the wall.

He and Andrea are now screaming at each other, and the dog is BARKING beside them like a maniac. It's chaos.

ANDREA

This is why we hire professionals! You're tearing my house apart! You can't hang heavy shit on the wall after you've had seven whiskeys you idiot!

MAX

Why do you insist on buying this shitty, over-priced stuff! This isn't my fault, and I don't need your fucking help!

BACK TO:

25 INT. BAR --

25

MAX

Home improvement.
(beat)

I'm just going to hear her out, then I'm going to get my stuff and leave.

No one is convinced.

26 EXT./EST. ANDREA'S HOUSE - EVENING

26

Max walks towards the door.

27 INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - EVENING

27

Max is wandering around packing his things. Andrea isn't there.

He's looks around nostalgically. When he makes it to the mantle on the wall...

28 INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

28

A continuation of the fight from before.

The dog is still BARKING.

ANDREA

You can't hang heavy shit on the wall after you've had seven whiskeys you idiot!

MAX

This isn't my fault, and I don't need your fucking help!

ANDREA

You're useless! This thing comes with instructions!

(picking up a piece of paper)

And a blueprint! You just had to trace it to know where to put the screws!

MAX

That thing isn't even close, it might as well be written in crayon! They're making me line up five perfectly placed screws into a huge chunk of wood? What am I supposed to use, the power of prayer?!

ANDREA

Well congrats, now we have five perfectly-placed holes in the wall!

YIP! YIP! YIP!

MAX

(to the dog)

Shut up!

ANDREA

Don't tell her to shut up, she knows you're an idiot too!

MAX

That's mean... and unlikely.

ANDREA
 (to the dog)
 Oh come on!

She storms to the back door to let the dog out.

Max throws down a measuring tape on the couch and picks up his scotch.

A long pause, and then...

ANDREA (O.S.)
Is this fucking mat nailed to the floor?!

BACK TO:

29 INT. ANDREA'S HOUSE --

29

Max grabs the last of his things and walks out the door. Beside the door is a CLOCK, reading 5:30.

30 EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

30

Max places the box in the front seat of his car. In the back, hanging way out the window is his Jackson Pollock rug.

Max gets in and drives away.

FADE TO BLACK