

UNT. STEVE MCQUEEN
Pilot

Written by
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INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Upper West Side. Sparse impersonality of shared space. Sliver of a view of the Hudson.

A practice that caters to the lawyers and bankers who make and manage the money for people who live on the Upper East Side.

THERAPIST is younger than expected, and his rail-thinness makes him seem even more adolescent. But wunderkinds of all stripes are a particular NYC obsession. Dressed the part impeccably so: black frames, heavy wing-tips, slim bird's eye wool pants, and knit tie. His complexion a panoply of smooth lights and darks, so it's impossible to place any ethnic tag(s).

Various DARTMOUTH-HITCHCOCK degrees in a neat row overhead.

A MAN sits across from the Therapist, all the way to one side of a knock-off Corbusier Sofa. Rummaging for words:

MAN

There was a time...when I...fucked.

(beat, squint, embarrassed
by word choice)

It was so much more than fun. It was...fulfillment. Like...necessary for any happiness.

(beat)

Man this feels sort of lecherous to say out loud.

THERAPIST

It's not.

MAN

(bitchy fluster)

I know it's not. I'm saying it feels that way...and I guess that's the God damn problem. The real one.

(beat)

Having sex filled something in me so basic I can't define it.

THERAPIST

I think you just did.

MAN

(tired half-smile and
exhale)

Then say it back to me?

THERAPIST

Things this big can't be shaved
down to...pithy summations. Book
titles.

A frustrated silence...then he continues:

MAN

I was never ugly about it either. I
wasn't like a lot of my
buddies...one friend used to say
'go fat go early.' Another, who
wasn't really a buddy actually, was
just this piece a' shit who'd flat
out lie to get laid.

(beat)

I was never with a woman I'd have
been ashamed to bring home...

CUT TO:

INT. A BEDROOM IN A HOME - MAYBE MORNING

Shutters half closed, permitting rigid horizontal stripes of
fresh sun. Two unidentified, amorphous shapes having
fantastic sex as evidenced by the laughter, the audible and
giddy charge in the unintelligible dirty talk.

They've been at it a while, because the place is a mess and
the pace is picking up, moving toward the end...

RETURN TO:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

MAN

And like I said, it all gave me
something I can't describe...and I
guess neither can you.

(beat)

I just know I miss it very much.

THERAPIST

Confidence. As simple and as
difficult as that: masculine
confidence. In this World where
it's considered coarse. Ugly.
Evidence of lesser breeding.

A long moment as that hangs. Husband pondering. Then a small
smile begins to crack his tired, frustrated countenance.

HUSBAND

Thought you said you couldn't make
it anything pithy?

THERAPIST

Under promise over deliver.

HUSBAND

(smile grows)

Well...I think that nails it. I
mean, it's a bit humiliating to
admit it, *but yeah: that confidence*
has fucking vanished...

And only now do we pull back to take in the Therapist's full
POV - *the rest of the couch - and realize the WIFE is sitting*
all the way on the other side of it. Has been throughout. Two-
cushion gulf. Her eyes shrink-wrapped in tears listening to
this. A very long silence now. During which she doesn't
interject a word. Much quieter:

HUSBAND (CONT'D)

The most awful, awkward moments in
life now are when I make a move on
her. And it's always me making the
move, never her-

WIFE

-that's untrue-

MAN

-97 times out of 100 then.

A moment as the Wife shakes her head, but doesn't protest...

MAN (CONT'D)

So how can I not think she just no
longer finds me attractive? That
the reason we don't have sex is
because she just doesn't want to
have sex with me...she certainly
doesn't want to fuck me...my God
she'd rather put her tongue on a
frozen pole than mine...

(quick beat)

What else would it be? And if
that's it, I wish to Hell she'd
tell me for God's sake-

(directly to her)

-tell me...I mean we could deal
with that-

WIFE

-how would we 'deal' with that?
What does that mean?

MAN

What do you think it would mean?
(back to the Therapist)
Here and now, a split would be a
lot less painful than how we fucken
fumble at each other the rare times
things do heat up...desperate to
get the pace right, every single
touch right, the right pressure,
the right duration, put your hand
here and not there now back here -
JESUS CHRIST.

(beat)

And the whole time I can't stop
thinking about how flaky my right
heel is. How the pinky toenail on
that same fucken foot is yellowing
up like my Dad's all did.

(beat)

How disgusting I am to her.

A long, re-grouping pause. Then like a church mouse:

WIFE

You're not disgusting to me.

MAN

You keep saying that. I believe it
less every time.

Startling explosion:

WIFE

YOU'RE NOT DISGUSTING! YOU'RE NOT
DISGUSTING, ASSHOLE!

MAN

(forces his volume to hide
his shock at the change)
THEN WHAT THE FUCK?

Another long moment now as the focus of the room lands square
on the Wife. Waiting as she seems to be trying to figure out
how to say something...or maybe how best to hide something...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. A BEDROOM IN A HOME - MAYBE MORNING

Last moments of the climax playing out. Muted roars.

Then the warm melancholy setting in. Seconds passing in unguarded exhales. Then smaller kisses that feel like summation. More unintelligible words. Another chuckle.

Then the THERAPIST gets up off the bed.

And the tossed HUSBAND turns over, smiles up at the Therapist's body: what seemed rail-thin under his clothes is actually an immaculately shaped, triathlete-type body...

RETURN TO:

INT. PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Wife fighting back emotion.

WIFE

I really feel like I've lost something too.

(quick beat)

What's the word you use?

THERAPIST

Intangible?

WIFE

I've lost something intangible too.

HUSBAND

What?

WIFE

(venom)

It's just as hard for me to define it like it was for you...none of this fits into bullshit, life coach-y quotes.

HUSBAND

(grit teeth)

I saw that dude one time-

WIFE

-I'm not taking a swing at you and that - promise - I'm just saying it's hard to put any of this into bullet points-

THERAPIST

-so don't try. Just speak.

She exhales...readjusts in her seat...takes a box of tissues from a side table and puts it on her lap...

WIFE

The charge we had...I keep wanting to say excitement but 'excitement' sounds so unexciting.

(frustrated)

I don't know what I'm...*shit*...

THERAPIST

(helps)

You didn't know how each day would end with him. Before kids, before promotions, before a brownstone.

(nodding to her Husband)

And you genuinely loved that: the not knowing.

Wife stares at Therapist like he's a conjurer. Fresh tears tell us he's put her feelings into words.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

As life gets more 'meaningful,' it almost always gets less interesting. And not a little.

She nods 'yes' now...looks over at her husband...

WIFE

I don't want another Husband.

HUSBAND

I don't want another Wife.

WIFE

So what do we do?

THERAPIST

(right at her)

Reinject the 'charge.'

And just as she's about to ask "how," she locks eyes with him. Stares two seconds too long as the Therapist takes his glasses off.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

That's our time this week.

She's struck now at just how young and handsome the Therapist really is. Her friends would all fawn over him. Husband begins writing Therapist a check now.

Therapist doesn't break the Wife's gaze until she blinks.

And just before the Husband gets to the TO line on the check:

THERAPIST (CONT'D)

And please don't put "Doctor."
Doctor is my Dad, and as much as I
love him, he's as stodgy as a High
Ball - and my fear is he got that
way because everyone always called
him 'Doctor'...

TIGHT now on the TO line as the Husband scribbles:

Beverly Snow

EXT. WAITING ROOM - LATER

More knock-off furniture arranged around a low, long, wide coffee table stacked with so many Magazines of every stripe - sports, boating, LGBT, gardening, celebrity, psychology - you can't see the table top.

Room empty of patients. End of Day.

Just Beverly, watering two ficus trees thriving by the windows. Then quickly but carefully prunes back each. As he does this, some sort of brown envelope shoots under the door.

He's unaware of it until after he's done with the trees, when Turns around to grab his jacket off an Eames coat rack screwed to the wall by the door...

His eyes linger on the envelope.

Before he even picks it up, he opens the door...

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...and scans either end of the hall to see if the Messenger is still visible. Gone though. Hall deserted.

Closes the door. Picks up the envelope: it's artfully made of brown paper bag, and simply addressed to BEVERLY with what seemed to be a typewriter. Opens it: a very simple card that contains nothing but a time, date, and address. Nothing else.

Beverly smiles.

Steps to the trash can to throw away the paper bag envelope, and his eyes catch on a discarded Chinese takeout container.

His stomach growls.

EXT. MANHATTAN - SUNSET

The oncoming night is an April postcard: 62 degrees, sky a crepuscular canvas streaked with purple and fire, turning all the millions of west-facing windows above Manhattan orange.

Beverly in a fashionable, fitted, wool overcoat at present undone, and a driver's cap. As he walks he folds that check the Husband wrote him into an inner chest pocket that he zips shut. Then he pulls the cryptically-simple invitation from one of the coat's front pockets: reads it again, then folds it and puts it inside yet another inner chest pocket that he also zips shut.

The way his hands move about his coat and it's pockets has the feel of three-card monte: expert fingers moving things here and there in blurs, opening pockets, closing others...

And now he zips/buttons the front of his coat halfway closed.

And looks up at the World: these first hints of summer feed the smiling bustle all around Beverly. Who is himself smiling now too, but with a sudden boyish wonder that strikes us as both beautiful and a bit alien: *why does a Ph.D., who we just watched work minor magic in-session, now evince the semi-startled glow of a tourist?*

Loosens his tie, unbuttons the top of his shirt. Almost as if this makes it easier to drink in all the life around him.

Restaurants and Bars lining either side of the cobblestoned street seem sentient, crowding each other until they spill tiny tables and customers out onto the sidewalks. Floods of beautiful, thin faces. The women, especially those with good hips and tits, dress in hints of the 1940s. The Men, all with the same artfully unkempt veneer, have an easier dress code: neither a pair of jeans nor a three-piece suit allowed within a 10 block radius.

The snippets of conversation Beverly picks up as he passes these bursting places seem to him the most interesting things being said anywhere at that moment.

The First place he passes, a group of friends surround a table thick with martini glasses in various states of emptiness. One of the Men wears TOM FORD FRAMES:

TOM FORD FRAMES
(to FRIEND #1, texting)
Don't text Shelley.

FRIEND #1
Why not?

TOM FORD FRAMES
Goldman...she'll yawn too much,
drink too much, shit on the people
around us because she's 30 pounds
overweight, then talk about
'deals.'

FRIEND #2
Harsh.

TOM FORD FRAMES
The last 5 times.

FRIEND #1
(beat, stops texting now)
She didn't use to be like that.

TOM FORD FRAMES
Did any of them?

Passing the next place: two women finishing a dinner
together. One in a PURPLE SWEATER:

PURPLE SWEATER
(to her friend, paying)
Leave 20 - guy's busting his ass.

Passing the next place: a gay couple with a baby in a Pram.
They pull to a table packed with young married couples and a
brace of kids: wrapping up early dinner. Happy hugs all
around. All ogle the gay couple's new baby as they chat:

GAY MAN #1
How was Paris?

YOUNG MOM #1
Spectacular. I'll live there before
I die...

YOUNG DAD #1
(her husband)
More expensive than Manhattan, with
worse coffee.

YOUNG MOM #1
Please - at Cafe de la Paix you had
3 Americanos.

YOUNG DAD #1
We'd just gotten off the plane.
They were terrible. And so was the
swill-

YOUNG MOM #1
-swill-

YOUNG DAD #1
-swill at Les Deux Magots. Le
Select was okay, I'll give it that.

YOUNG MOM #1
I'll bet they're overjoyed.

YOUNG DAD #1
(to Gay Man #2)
And what the hell is up with the
Pram, sell-out?

GAY MAN #1
(answers for his husband)
Soon as he found out we were having
a girl, all his "bugaboo is more
than enough" went out the window.

GAY MAN #2
My baby girl will not be seen in a
god damned Bugaboo - this isn't
Brooklyn.

Continues walking.

And now Beverly's eyes are drawn to an audaciously unmarked
night club on the other side of the street: the people out
front serve as the "open" sign - and the right kind of "open"
sign: all tasteful black and gray hues, pomade instead of
gel, i.e. Bridge and Tunnel repellent. Stops, scans, still
with the boyish wonder at the corners of his eyes.

And steps now into the cobblestone street - a Cab has to come
to a sudden, dipping stop so as not to hit him. Then lets him
pass with none of the stereotypical bullshit one thinks re:
NYC Cabs.

Cabbie an elderly white Man who doesn't honk. Beverly gives
him a mea culpa wave to apologize for stepping out without
looking. Cabbie gives him back a worn version of the same,
rolls down his window, and holds out a business card. A
quiet, de rigueur hustle to people he thinks look nice:

CABBIE
Square to the Circle-Square to the
Circle-anytime you need-call me.

Beverly takes the card with a surprised nod.

BEVERLY
You see that I'm black, yeah?

CABBIE
(beat)
Actually, I didn't 'til right now.

BEVERLY
(offers back the card)
Want this back?

CABBIE
No...you still look like you're
cool. I'm Billy.

BEVERLY
Beverly.

CABBIE
Good name.

BEVERLY
You too.

Billy the Cabbie rolls off.

And now as Beverly gets to the other side of the street, he begins a sort of re-transformation: re-buttons the top of his shirt, cinches the tie back up into his Adam's Apple, produces from a pocket a diamond stud that he nonchalantly puts through a hole in his right ear, that we didn't even realize was there.

And just as he steps up onto the opposite sidewalk - aimed directly at a tight gaggle of model-beautiful women - all that boyish wonder vanishes, and is replaced by a sudden, pursed sophistication that borders on effete.

His eyes drop down to their legs, shoes: the TALLEST of the women is wearing Leboutin kitten heels so as not to stand out more than she already does. With a confidence that shocks us, Beverly steps right to her. She and the rest take immediate friend-or-foe notice. And when he next speaks, there's this barely noticeable lilt to his words suddenly:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
You must be someone to have those
before the store in the West
Village does.

A squinting, half-smiling silence...smiles steadily growing as they stare at Beverly, realizing how handsome, well-dressed, ethnic, and by all outward manner, gay he seems...

MODEL #1

She is someone.

Tallest still says nothing. Still staring. Undeterred, Beverly begins talking about her like she's not there...

BEVERLY

She's also understated. Which is rare from someone that beautiful: kitten heels - with just a little swath of red to let 'em know you get the joke.

(points at the shoes of the women in front of the Model gaggle)

Not like that stiletto. That won't stop being ridiculous until unemployment gets under 6, and even then...

A moment passes during which you would expect Beverly to now graciously take his leave, then hope/wait for the women, sufficiently intrigued by the brazen and odd and well-spoken opening, to ask him to "stop...come back." But he doesn't.

He stares, puts them on the spot, waits for them to come to a decision right then and there - either ask his name or tell him to fuck off...

MODEL #2

What's your name?

BEVERLY

Beverly Snow.

MODEL #2

That's made up.

BEVERLY

Because I'm neither female nor the color of snow?

TALLEST

(very quiet)

Did you just use neither/nor?

BEVERLY

(coy smile)

Did you notice?

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
 (pure eye contact between
 him and Tallest...)
 There are lucky men waiting for you
 on the other side of that door.

And only now does he turn to leave - *that sets the hook deep:*

TALLEST (O.C.)
 We don't have any lucky men waiting
 for us on the other side of the
 door.

Turns back to them, smiling wry and dashing:

BEVERLY
You do now.

INT. UNNAMED CLUB - NIGHT

Special place. More lounge than dance floor, although people do dance about and around the low-slung chairs and couches and coffee tables. Liquor from Martini glasses.

Beverly scans a menu. That look of Boyish wonder still on his face, but more guarded now that he's inside. Squints when he sees they serve only drinks, no food. Flips it back and forth again just to make sure.

A bottle of Bullitt Bourbon arrives. The WAITRESS almost as beautiful as the gaggle of Models with whom Beverly now sits.

WAITRESS
 From the Gentlemen in the corner.

We all look: groomed men, one handsome, the rest in his wake. All seemingly wear the same dark Zegna suit in the too-short fashion, no ties, no socks, and open collars despite the ghost of winter still lingering. They nod what they think is intrigue.

Half the Women don't even look their way in thanks before they rip into the fresh bottle of brown liquor, begin mixing their own Manhattans and Old-Fashions at their Naguchi table - festooned with bitters and sweet vermouth and cherries and lemon rinds like they're condiments.

Tallest is adept at this. Beverly watching her mix what looks to be a perfect Manhattan. She hands it to Beverly. Beverly waves it off.

BEVERLY
 No thank you.

TALLEST
They're free.

BEVERLY
(nods at the Men)
Do they know that?

TALLEST
Of course not.

BEVERLY
Money's not the matter.

TALLEST
Recovering?

BEVERLY
Yet to fall.

TALLEST
Teetotalers don't know how to get
into clubs without paying.

BEVERLY
Is that what I did?

TALLEST
Yes.

BEVERLY
Thus I'm not a Teetotaler.

TALLEST
Then why not have a drink?

BEVERLY
Empty stomach.

TALLEST
No different than anyone else here.

They share a smile...then a long moment between them as they
decipher what they feel...

BEVERLY
And life's too short.

TALLEST
Which is why you're at a club.

BEVERLY
One like I've never seen. So why
cloud it?

TALLEST
(a spectacular smile)
You wouldn't be clouding it...you'd
be clouding the people...

BEVERLY
I like the people. You.

The smallest hint of pink in her cheeks now...

TALLEST
It's not like any of us will ever
cure Cancer. Bring peace to Israel.

BEVERLY
You could say the same about a room
full of Doctors. Diplomats.

TALLEST
Only Gay men talk to me...

Beverly taken aback...and now he takes a small sip of that
Manhattan...hands it right back to her.

BEVERLY
I'm talking to you.

TALLEST
(that smile again)
Only gay men talk to me.

Beverly just stares at her now...not angry, not happy...

TALLEST (CONT'D)
You're not?

BEVERLY
Only gay men talk to you because
you're so beautiful you're
unattainable. Gay men want to be
you, not fuck you.

Her cheeks flat-out redden now...spectacular smile fading...

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

TALLEST
Don't worry-

BEVERLY
(not done yet)
-but there's such a thing as being
too perfect. Cosmic prank.
(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

At some point you become so out-of-reach of most men, they refuse to torture themselves with the thought. I'll bet even the prideless Turds from Jersey don't come at you.

(beat)

It's why Men never masturbate to runway models or Vogue. But they do to neighbors and friend's wives and secretaries and old girlfriends: reality is sexy.

She just stares back at him now...

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Am I still gay?

TALLEST

(beat)

I...don't know what you are.

Beverly sort of shrugs, like the whole topic is irrelevant.

BEVERLY

I'm Roman.

She actually laughs at that. Beyond intrigued now. Beyond happy to be here now...

TALLEST

I live in a group house.

BEVERLY

So?

TALLEST

So that group is here...sitting all around us...

BEVERLY

(beat, gets it)

Then the house is empty now.

TALLEST

Right now.

A long beat. Again, nothing but eye contact...as though they're already having sex...

BEVERLY

What's in the refrigerator in a house full of models?

TALLEST
(a bit shocked, laughs)
Really?

BEVERLY
Really.

TALLEST
Nothing.

BEVERLY
Nothing good?

TALLEST
Nothing at all.

Beverly takes another sip of the drink. Then stands. And just as Tallest is about to do the same, he holds out his phone...

BEVERLY
That's a bummer.

Without another word, and despite her surprise-cum-deflation, she stays seated, blinks, then pulls her own phone, and touches it to his: how the modern young give out their info.

Beverly grabs the glass with the drink, and leaves...

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Beverly walking again. Drinking from that same whiskey glass he somehow managed to get of the club. The emerging notion that this sort of thing isn't at all hard for Beverly.

On a mostly deserted street now: a long strand of jewelry and electronic stores. Their windows, garish and crammed in the sunlight, are now utterly vacant. As if each and every night they go out of business, only to be reopened under new, eager management the next morning.

Other store fronts have the steel roller door pulled down over their facades, like something you'd expect in lesser countries.

The only two signs of life are a CHECK CASHING JOINT with a dull yellow sign, and a HOTDOG CART further down the street, overflowing like a trans-fatty horn of plenty: chips, nuts, soda, but in the process of packing up. Closing time.

This causes Beverly to move faster. Heads toward the check cashing joint. Puts his glass on the stoop as he enters.

INT. CHECK CASHING JOINT - NIGHT

Beverly steps inside. Of course Grimy. Of course florescent-lit. Nods with bored familiarity at the MUSTACHIOED guy behind bulletproof glass.

MUSTACHIOED
(in Spanish)
Hello my friend.

BEVERLY
(in Spanish)
How's business?

MUSTACHIOED
(in Spanish)
Booming.

Beverly unzips the relevant inner pocket, pulls the check Husband wrote him, endorses the back, and puts it through the slot. Rote. Man begins counting out bills.

Beverly takes the money, pulls a worn leather money clip from his pocket, binds the cash, and again zips it all back inside that same inner pocket from which he pulled the check.

As he's doing this, two older women in Columbia St. Luke's custodial uniforms step inside...look around, reading the fine print, then turn, and begin to walk right back out.

MUSTACHIOED (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Don't leave Munecas. I do take a bite, but not as big as the banks.
(beat, motions to Beverly)
Ask the Handsome Man...

Beverly turns to them, takes in the uniforms...and in fluent, rapid-fire Spanish:

BEVERLY
True. In fact, he's not charging me his full vig of 6%. Today he's having a sale: only it's 1%...

The Women smile at that. Mustachioed blanches. Squints. Beverly turns back to him. Waiting. Mustachio sneers as he pulls and hands Beverly another, smaller handful of smaller bills and change through the slot.

Beverly takes that sum with a smile, but doesn't add it to money-clipped amount in his inner pocket...

EXT. CHECK CASHING JOINT - NIGHT

Beverly steps out, that smaller sum still in-hand. Scoops his drink back up off the stoop with the other. And begins heading toward that HOT DOG CART - when a Cop Car passes.

Beverly's face changes as he squints at the large identifying number on the trunk lid...TIGHT: **4465** stenciled in blue over the white sheet metal.

This number seems to mean something to him. Beverly inhales/exhales, then throws the glass into a nearby dumpster just as Squad Car 4465 comes to a stop, does a 3-point U-turn, and heads back his way.

Beverly jams the smaller sum he conned into his pants pocket.

Squad Car stops at his side.

A boyishly young, red-headed Cop gets out. Starbucks in-hand. He could be from central casting re: Irish NYPD Rookie circa 1955 - were it not for twin sleeves of ornate, expert, Irezumi-style tattoos. Interwoven chrysanthemums, geishas, samurai, dragons, koi.

Jet black spacers in both ear lobes.

None of this is to say the Officer is unattractive. In some circles, he's very much the contrary: pointed, lively Irish features and animated green-gray eyes that seem equally capable of altruism or torture. His name tag reads: BUCKLEY.

Seconds pass as they stare at one another. Finally:

BUCKLEY
Why the pale face?

Beverly doesn't respond.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
What was in the glass?

BEVERLY
Whiskey.

BUCKLEY
Straight?

BEVERLY
Manhattan.

BUCKLEY
Drink in public often?

Another long silence as they don't take their eyes off one another. Then quietly, almost carefully:

BEVERLY
I'll bet not like you.

BUCKLEY
(smiles malevolent now)
Are you stereotyping me?

BEVERLY
You're not Irish?

BUCKLEY
As a peat bog.
(quick beat)
And because of that you think you know me?

BEVERLY
As well as you know me.

BUCKLEY
No: I'm trained to see. Good at it.
(smile fades)
And in you I see a guy hiding in plain sight.

BEVERLY
Because I'm a black man in a tie.

BUCKLEY
No. Because you're definitely not a Nigger, despite the fact that all I hear is Queens in your voice...

Beverly's jaw flexes now...but stays assiduously shut.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)
It *is* a fucken ugly word. I'll give you that. I could punk out and go with 'a-h' at the end, but then I'd sound like a Whigger.

BEVERLY
Heaven forbid.

BUCKLEY
I know. I'd rather sound evil.

BEVERLY
Or be evil.

BUCKLEY

(a little shrug)

I'm not.

(then a little 'yes' nod)

I'm disturbed...by the shit I see daily I can't figure out. And believe it or not it often enough helps when I say 'Nigger.' Dunno. Hard 'R' and all. Feels Mean. Hollow, but good. Like a rebellion.

BEVERLY

(grim, quiet)

Happy you've found a way to cope.

BUCKLEY

It's not just me. You'd lose all hope if you knew how many Whiteys mutter it under their breath throughout a given day. Democrats too.

(quick beat)

In traffic, when we get pushed on the subway, when we're forced off a sidewalk by the fucken Dog Pound. When we read a story in the Times about a gang rape in Brownsville or...a gang rape in Burundi-

BEVERLY

-Burundi the only African country you could think of?

BUCKLEY

(smiles a warning)

Easy.

(quick beat)

Botswana.

BEVERLY

Why do *this*?

BUCKLEY

(shrugs his eyes)

When I was 12, Toriano Solomon and Lemon Phillips knocked 2 of my teeth out.

BEVERLY

(beat)

And these kids who fucked you up, they looked like me?

BUCKLEY

Kids my pucker. I didn't get hairy
nuts for 3 more years, but they
already had 5 o'clock. And no, you
don't look at all like them. You're-
(scans, then very quiet)
-*fucking beautiful*-
(beat, normal volume)
-they were Simian.

Feature Beverly's grimace.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

Which word makes you squint like
that?

Beverly stares at Buckley with a mix of disgust, anger,
bafflement, and though he'd never admit it, intrigue.

BEVERLY

All of them.

Buckley takes a pull of Starbucks.

BUCKLEY

Well, none of what I've been saying
by the way is *Official Department*
Policy and shit.

BEVERLY

Not like 'stop and frisk' was.

BUCKLEY

God no.

And before we comprehend what's happening, *Buckley handcuffs
Beverly's left wrist - the other end suddenly and already
attached to Buckley's own left wrist.* Buckley does this with
shocking speed, expert technique.

And then Buckley indeed begins frisking Beverly now with his
free hand...

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

Am I ever glad that's over. Dark
days: murder rate below where it
was in 1960, drug prices
skyrocketing because of how little
a' the shit was on the street,
rapes at an all-time low...

*But Buckley is not really frisking Beverly. It's much more
intimate than that.*

Slower and deeper and more methodical than just patting someone down for contraband. *This is time consuming. Even gentle at times...*

They're both silent as this goes on - just the overlapping sounds of their breathing, the friction and rustle of clothing, the muted meat-packing thuds of a hand patting a flat back and belly - very hard then very soft...

Buckley maneuvers Beverly by the cuffed wrist, with his own cuffed wrist, with all the skill of a great Puppeteer, or a gifted Ballroom Dancer. Buckley can make a tethered Beverly move in any way he desires.

And now Buckley spins Beverly so that Beverly's back and ass are facing him...and pulls Beverly's imprisoned wrist up high, wrenching it a bit. Beverly grunts. Buckley smiles. And wrenches it even higher. Beverly hisses now with real pain.

Buckley exhales...

And runs his un-cuffed right hand all the way up Beverly's ass. Back and forth. Back and forth.

Then spins Beverly back around to face him again.

BUCKLEY (CONT'D)

Open your mouth.

And just when we think this experience has gone so utterly beyond the pale of any sort of public display, Beverly not only opens his mouth, but opens it wide...we can't tell if it this is a sort of challenging defiance, or something else.

And Buckley sticks his right index finger into Beverly's mouth. Like a careful dentist, Buckley begins probing the cheeks, under the tongue, and finally the very back of the throat until Beverly gags. *Twice.*

Buckley sweating. His breathing heavy. Blowing out his exhales through almost effeminately pursed lips. Takes his finger from Beverly's mouth. Stares into Beverly's eyes...impossible to label any one emotion...then undoes the cuffs. Puts them back in their holster...no rush whatsoever...then gently begins unbuttoning Beverly's coat.

TIGHT: the part of his coat where he put the clipped money.

TIGHT: Beverly's sweating, now-anguished face as he anticipates Buckley finding that thick fold of bills from the check he just cashed, and taking for himself Beverly's hundreds...

But it doesn't happen. Buckley moves on, or rather down to Beverly's pelvis and pants pockets now. Squatting so his face is almost level with Beverly's dick. Lingerin close.

Beverly scans the vacant street once again. A flush in his cheeks we initially label *humiliation*...but then he looks down at the top of Buckley's head...and *his own breathing is getting heavier now*...

They've switched positions.

BEVERLY

You hear Queens in me.

BUCKLEY

I do.

BEVERLY

And I hear 'Strong Island' in you.

(beat)

Some Garden City, Levittown-type bullshit where you can still buy a house for 179K but even that's too much. Kind a' place where half the people wannabe ghetto Queens, the other half wannabe Soul Cycle Hamptons - *but everybody wannabe something they're not where you're from.*

BUCKLEY

How 'bout that.

BEVERLY

You get the tats to stand out because you can't do it in any real way. But then tats become like true religion jeans. So you get the spacers, but even disfiguring yourself doesn't give you what you want.

BUCKLEY

And what do I want?

BEVERLY

What I just said - to not be what you are...

(beat)

So you become a Cop. But your curse follows you because it's a curse. Still in a Squad Car. Never gonna be Detective because that shit's competitive.

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

(beat)

Turns out the most interesting
thing about you in-uniform is your
abuse of a captive audience.

Like the word "abuse" was a cue, Buckley stands, shoves
Beverly hard into one of those steel rollers over a shop
facade. The sound echoes off the store fronts lining the
street. But Beverly doesn't so much as flinch now:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You'll make peace with it though.
You'll marry whatever woman your
buddies think is hottest, you'll
take too much pride in too small a
lawn. You'll smack your kids when
you punish them. And you and your
neighbors will anesthetize each
other by saying "we're the backbone
of this City. This country."

BUCKLEY

We are.

BEVERLY

Because your Old Man told you so?
Your Dad who I bet was a Cop or
Firefighter-

-Buckley bounces Beverly's head off the steel roller as if by
accident-

BUCKLEY

-sorry. EMT.

BEVERLY

Jesus. I'll save "failed Medical
School dreams" for the next stop.

BUCKLEY

Thanks for that.

BEVERLY

You're welcome for that.

And now Buckley is finally done with his "frisk." Face-to-
face. Inches from Beverly. Just the sounds of the City
echoing around them now...and when Buckley next speaks, he
sounds almost contemplative:

BUCKLEY

*You could run when you see me
coming...*

Silence again. Just eye contact. Then finally:

BEVERLY

Or I could file a complaint.

Buckley smiles wide again: boyish, handsome, vicious...and gets back into his squad car. Through his open window:

BUCKLEY

My Shield Number is 54791. Full title is Police Officer Patrick James Buckley. I just broke 5 codes of conduct and 2 laws. That I counted. Sergeant Malik-Massoud is Public Liaison.

(winks)

Of course "Malik-Massoud" is the Public Liaison.

(beat)

And everyone calls me PJ.

And now he throws Beverly's money-clipped hundreds back at Beverly's feet. Beverly stares in shock as Buckley accelerates away: How did he get it without me knowing? Why would he give it back?

Beverly breathes, stares after the Squad Car for a long moment. Unknown waves of emotion evident in his face. Picks the money clip up, opens his jacket: sure enough the zippered pocket gapes open. Puts it back in and zippers it shut with extra force now...

Then looks up and over at the HOTDOG CART - closed. His face falls...mutters a curse. Rubs his stomach a half-second.

Looks down at his watch now - just as a YOUNG WOMAN'S voice emanates from behind him:

YOUNG WOMAN (O.C.)

I heard everything. Filmed most of it...

Beverly turns around: a Woman with a backpack on her way home from work, standing aghast, holding her iPhone. A Comrade.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

What a psycho he was! Who do they let be Cops...

...and her voice suddenly trails off now as her eyes lock onto something she can't make peace with: *Beverly's slim pants can't hide his erection.*

Young Woman unconsciously tilts her head, like a Dog hearing high-pitched noises. Beverly puts out his hand, quietly asks:

BEVERLY
Can I see?

She hands him her phone of course, but is now totally unsure what to make of him or this...

Beverly takes the iPhone, then without warning twists all of his weight into slamming it down onto the sidewalk, conjuring such force that the iPhone seems atomize...

Young Woman startles huge...baffled shock...then finally:

YOUNG WOMAN
What the fuck?

Beverly doesn't answer. Just turns, and walks the same direction he was headed before he was stopped by Buckley.

TIGHT: the Young Woman's mouth as she watches him go. After 5 seconds, we see her mutter something under her breath.

CUT TO:

Beverly cranking out pull-ups in the "kiping" style: more fluid and wave-like than the standard, linear, "Jarhead" style. We unblinkingly watch him do 25.

We would watch him do another 25, but he jumps down.

And now we see we're in some sort of Gym or Fitness Club: high-end, ceiling-to-floor loft-style windows, exposed duct work and brick. But a noticeable lack of treadmills and weight machines. Instead, the space is filled with people of all fitness levels: from chubby housewives and older beer bellies to sculpted Gods and Goddesses.

Beverly in the high-end of the later group.

INT. CROSSFIT NYC - CONTINUOUS

Regardless of strata though, all are doing the same exact bare-bones workout named "FRAN" in Crossfit parlance. It is the "WOD" (Workout of the Day).

INSTRUCTOR (O.C.)
"Fran" is a total Bitch, but we all love her. Like Mom.

Laughter now as people grunt, sweat their asses off.

INSTRUCTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)
We could rename this WOD J-Lo too.

Laughter spreads. Beverly though doesn't crack a smile. Beginning a set of "thrusters." Starting with 50-pounds on a 45-pound barbell, he squats, hoists it up to his chest, stands with it there, then fires it up over his head with both arms until his elbows lock. Then just as quickly he brings it back to his chest and squats back down all in one motion, then repeats the movement all over again.

24 more times. And again we watch them all.

Drops the weight with a smash. Then falls to the ground from exertion. Exhausted. Smiling. The Instructor steps over him:

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)
And even after his hiatus, he sets
the pace.

Scattered claps.

A THICK, zaftig, Jewish woman in her middle 50s sits down next to him. Wipes her own sweat. Sexy. Rubenesque. Motherly. Hard.

THICK
You need more guest passes?

BEVERLY
Wouldn't turn them down.

People write their reps and times on a white board.

Others gather up bags, shoes, briefcases. Talking. Laughing. Giddy on endorphins. Leaving.

But Beverly and Thick stay locked onto one another.

THICK
How have you been?

BEVERLY
(beat)
Hungry.

THICK
(beat)
I'll cook for you.

BEVERLY
I was hoping so.

INT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

City lights turn Beverly's back silver as he fucks Thick. Aggressively. Without care for her or himself. On top of her, her feet high in the air on either side of him, slamming home over and over and over at a pile driver's pace.

Thick in a primitive state. Eyes half-rolled. Hands fluttering as the fingers grip and then re-grip his back and shoulders and triceps in lockstep with the hammering.

The sounds coming from her are spoken in tongues, half girlish/half animalistic, the unintelligible syllables bursting forth in breathy rhythm with Beverly's almost violent pace...

INT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT KITCHEN - BRIGHT MORNING

Beverly naked. Wiping away sleep as he makes himself a cup of coffee from a sleek, expensive, built-in Meile machine.

PULL-BACK: that sleek machine part of an even sleeker kitchen. On one side of frame sits an oiled, white oak dinner table, heavy with the detritus of last night's dinner for two: dirty plates, empty serving dishes, half-full wine bottles.

One of the chairs knocked over, a plush terrycloth bath robe in a pile behind it. Where things began after Beverly filled his stomach.

A tin of homemade muffins sits on the polished counter. He smiles small at the incongruity of anything being homemade in a kitchen this flawless, marbled. He snatches and inhales two as he plates the cup of coffee, then cuts it with sugar, full fat milk, a touch of cinnamon, and a shot of whipped cream.

From the way he moves around this Kitchen, finding everything without searching, it is obvious he has been here, and done this very thing, several times before.

Scoops up the Robe, puts it on. Grabs his messenger-style shoulder bag, slings it, then leaves the kitchen with his coffee in-hand.

INT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT HALLWAY - MORNING

Carefully carries the coffee as he navigates a Hallway. The rest of the apartment equally spectacular.

Photos and art of all sizes line either wall: a series of Picasso pencil drawings, a legitimate, large Lichtenstein under a wall mounted lamp, a Schnabel plate painting with two lights hitting it from the ceiling, then dozens upon dozens of color and black and white photos that track the growth of THICK's two Sons - from birth to their middle twenties now.

The older of the two wears a DARTMOUTH-HITCHCOCK T-Shirt in what looks to be the most recent picture.

And a man we assume is Thick's Husband is featured in some of the photos: an unattractive, bespectacled man with the stereotypical features and physique of someone who works long hours in finance, law, accounting, etc.

Beverly turns into a Room: a Library filled floor-to-ceiling with books and record albums. A hugely expensive tube stereo set-up, with a turntable, are the only pieces of electronics in the room.

He breathes in the smell of the books and records, smiling small and contented. Scans the record collection, picks one, we don't initially see which artist, pulls it from the sleeve, and puts the shiny black 180g vinyl on the turntable.

Knows where all the power switches are already.

Closes the door halfway.

INT. PARK AVENUE APARTMENT, LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

RUN DMC's King of Rock album is the one playing. Quietly.

OUR POV: Beverly standing in front of all the bookshelves, scanning. From the look on his face, we can see this is one his favorite activities.

Pulls one title in particular - in large part because of how dashing the picture of the smiling, tan middle-aged Man on the binding is: Sergio Vieira de Mello. It's a thick tome about the late UN High Commissioner for Human Rights killed in Iraq in 2003.

The picture on the cover is of Sergio, in a Savile Row suit, a large, powder-blue UN flag in the b/g, and flanked on either side by dead-eyed Guerilla Fighters in some sun-baked desert.

And Sergio's smiling this bright, white perfect smile.

Beverly instantly attracted to everything about the Man. And just starts reading from page 1 while standing there. We hold on him reading...7 seconds...and then:

THICK (O.C.)

Good Morning.

Beverly turns to her: Thick in the doorway, disheveled, naked from the waist up, enormous breasts that hang low with the memory of the Motherhood. Wears a pair of high, sex-kitten stilettos.

She holds Beverly's perfectly folded clothes from the night before. Sets them next to the stereo.

BEVERLY

Good Morning.

The Morning light betrays her age without sympathy until she takes it upon herself to tilt the blinds just so.

Her presence jars something in Beverly, who goes to his bag, and pulls out two books - one of which is entitled "Text Me You Love Me: A Guide to Couples Therapy in the Digital Age."

TIGHT: Thick's publicity photo on the back cover. The Author.

She points to her own work:

THICK

What did you think?

BEVERLY

I think you're really smart.

THICK

Ugh...I'd rather be really sexy.

As Beverly puts each back into their empty spaces in the otherwise packed shelves.

BEVERLY

You're that too.

THICK

Sexier then.

BEVERLY

Wouldn't we all.

THICK

Like you have to worry.

BEVERLY
 (looks her in the eye)
I'd much rather be as smart as you.

This seems to touch her. Or throw her.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
 The chapter on Modern Masculine
 Confidence-

THICK
 -or lack thereof? Present company
 excluded...

BEVERLY
 I memorized it.

THICK
 That's...sweet. Why?

BEVERLY
 (nods to his clothes)
 You washed those?

THICK
 So what.
 (she points back to the
 bookshelves)
 One shelf over and two down is all
 the Hemingway. Now, HE was smart.
 Snows of Kilimanjaro. Take it.

Beverly finds it, grabs it without a second thought or a
 polite, "no, are you sure?" Moves to his shoulder bag to put
 both Hemingway and Sergio in his shoulder bag - but Thick
 pounces on him when he gets close, kissing him, forcing his
 mouth open with hers.

She finishes, parts his robe, grabs his emerging dick, and
 while she massages it:

THICK (CONT'D)
 He writes about the "good
 destruction" that comes from
 fucking.
 (beat)
 And you destroyed me so good last
 night, you deserve the book. Keep
 it. First Edition too.
 (still stroking, sees
 crumbs on his saucer)
 How'd the muffins turn out?

BEVERLY
(a bit breathless)
My third.

Beverly initiates another deep, hard kiss...but more as an excuse/way to push back. Is now able to put both books in the bag. Closes it.

Thick still, and always, smiling at him...

THICK
I should get check-out slips. A little stamp.

BEVERLY
I bring them all back. Except for the ones you let me keep.
(beat)
Were you rich when your husband first met you?

THICK
I was rich at inception.

BEVERLY
How?

THICK
My Grandfather was in Diamonds.

BEVERLY
Was your Husband?

THICK
Wealthy?

BEVERLY
When you met.

THICK
He wasn't anything when we met.

BEVERLY
Then how did he get you?

Thick's smile slowly slackens as melancholic memories come back by ones and twos. Memories she strives to forget.

THICK
C'mon: young, dumb, easily swayed.
Now take me into the living room so-

BEVERLY
-how young?

THICK
(squints now)
22...why?

BEVERLY
At 22, what did he do to get your
attention?

Thick doesn't want to talk about her Husband anymore. Her
smile fading fast now.

THICK
I'm not going to talk about him.

And now Beverly steps back to her. Close. Her smile re-
growing in lockstep with his proximity...

BEVERLY
Neither will I. But I want to know
about you. How he got you because
you were obviously someone who
needed to be gotten...

Weirdly insistent on this point, rubbing her chest now:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
So at 22, what did he do?

THICK
(her turn to be
breathless...)
Won an argument.

BEVERLY
Like a fight?

THICK
Not a fight. He was a small Jewish
Boy from Great Neck. An Argument.
Moot Court.

BEVERLY
What's that?

THICK
Play Acting for Law Students.

BEVERLY
You were a Law Student?

Thick can't keep herself from the nostalgia now. And now
she's the one who half turns from Beverly... Beverly's hands
fall back to his sides...

THICK

God no.

(beat)

I was there watching my boyfriend
at the time - this 6'4" sandy
blonde with the biggest fingers,
who'd played Football at Michigan.

BEVERLY

And your Husband beat him?

THICK

Sort of. He just refused to lose
more than 6-foot-4 did.

(beat)

22 year-olds lust after the big
dogs, but fall for the underdogs.

(beat)

In spite of themselves.

BEVERLY

And that was it.

THICK

Yeah. I told you I was young.

BEVERLY

He gave you two smart boys and a
very good life...

Her smile fades totally now:

THICK

Don't refer to my life like it's
over.

BEVERLY

I didn't. That's what you heard.

THICK

*And I could've been at least as
happy otherwise.*

BEVERLY

What does that mean?

THICK

It means...when I was 22 it felt
right to act 52. Now that I'm 52 it
feels right to act 22.

BEVERLY

What about your boys?

THICK

You go right at it, don't you...

BEVERLY

So do you.

And now, as if to finalize that there will be no morning joy, she quietly steps out of the sex kitten heels. Shrinks six inches, and suddenly seems less formidable in every way...

THICK

Love 'em. I do.

(beat)

Dearly. But at the end of the day, they weren't...

(beat)

...indispensible. I know that's modern fucking apostasy for an American Mother to say...a Jewish American Mother to say...

(beat)

But I could've written 10 books, not 4. Could've eaten in 56 countries not 26. I think that would've made me at least as happy in the long run...I certainly would've slept more. That alone would've made me happy...

BEVERLY

Why then?

THICK

(beat)

Have kids?

BEVERLY

Get married.

THICK

This is not hot. This research project you seem to suddenly be-

BEVERLY

-then don't answer.

THICK

(frustrated now, reciting an answer she's thought about, written about)
Why does any Kid get married and have more kids? They don't know better.

BEVERLY

(smiles)

So if they did know better,
wouldn't Human Life end?

THICK

Not my problem.

(quick beat)

And that's bullshit: people would
still cum, thus kids would still
come.

BEVERLY

But without parents.

THICK

They're the problem. Parents trap
kids in the same snares, because
there's one immutable law of the
cosmos: misery loves company. So
they push their kids hard into the
same mistakes, so they'll feel less
like mistakes...

BEVERLY

But you don't seem like the kind of
Girl who did anything their parents
wanted 'em to...

THICK

(beat, offended, and
surprised by that...)

I beg your pardon?

BEVERLY

You're fucking a black guy.

She smiles...then laughs heartily...

THICK

You're smarter than I supposed.

BEVERLY

I am.

Another laugh. Thick seems to reappraise Beverly now...

THICK

Keep up the funny and I may want to
get 'trapped' with you all over
again.

BEVERLY

Too bad you just warned me off the whole enterprise.

THICK

Plus you'd be younger than your step sons. Yuck. Yum.

BEVERLY

Maybe the problem is you never loved your Husband?

And that hits Thick like lightning from a blue sky. Especially since Beverly didn't say it with any outward hints of judgment...

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You said "fall for the underdogs" and not "fall in love with the underdogs."

He's just speaking truth. But her eyes widen, then darken nonetheless...

THICK

You even have parents?

(beat)

If you do or did, did they have any expectations of you larger than just living one day to the next in whatever corner of darkest Brooklyn-

BEVERLY

-darkest Queens-

THICK

-same difference-

BEVERLY

-shows what you know-

THICK

-that you called home?

Beverly doesn't show his anger, which is enough to cause him to flirt with understanding why Men sometimes hit Women. Instead, he hits in another, more damaging way:

BEVERLY

Are your Boys married?

A very long pause. Her silence is answer enough. And indictment enough of her hypocrisy:

THICK

Get out.

Beverly calmly drops the Robe where he stands, picks up his stuff. And starts toward the Hall.

We stay though in the Library with Thick. Watch as she listens to Beverly get dressed very quickly...then the sound of his shoes on the hardwoods heading toward the door...

THICK (CONT'D)

Guest passes are in the table by
the door...Middle drawer...

A pause. A long silence.

And then we hear a drawer open, then close...then the front door open and close.

Thick smiles small, and turns up the music.

EXT. 59TH STREET - AFTERNOON

What looks to be a small, nondescript building with a Duane Reade Drugstore on the ground floor.

Beverly appears in frame: same clothes, albeit freshly laundered by Thick. And steps inside the Duane Reade...

INT. DUANE READE DRUGSTORE - CONTINUOUS

Over his shoulder as he navigates through the store, past magazine racks and cold medications. Nods a familiar and friendly hello to the Pharmacist, then goes through an unmarked back door, into a otherwise drab stairwell.

Climbing toward the one door at the top of the stairs. Opens it...

INT. EASTERN MEDICINE SANCTUARY - CONTINUOUS

...and it is hard to believe the inside when judging from the outside. Amazingly well appointed: clean lines, blond wood, soothing sounds of water features, someone playing a Guqin...

The place is staffed with only Chinese Men and Women, all wearing white, all very polite. An ANCIENT WOMAN at the front desk greets Beverly:

ANCIENT WOMAN
(how are you?)
Ni hao ma.

BEVERLY
I'm well. And you?

ANCIENT WOMAN
(fine thank you)
Wo hen hao xiexie.

BEVERLY
No - thank you.

And now he pulls that clipped stack of hundreds he changed last night from that zippered pocket, hands the entire amount to the Ancient Woman. She nods, takes it without counting it.

Again, the feeling this is all rote - he has come here and paid for something - expensive - several times before...

CUT TO:

INT. A THERAPY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

An obese African American Man around Beverly's age, getting a deep tissue massage from a middle-aged, powerfully-built Chinese Man.

The obese young African American Man is missing his right leg entirely, just below the pelvis, and his left is massively scarred, withered.

Both the African American Man and the powerful Chinese Masseuse turn when they sense someone else in the room:
Beverly standing near the door...just watching.

The Masseuse bows to Beverly, then continues working.

The African American Man half smiles, half grimaces, and flips Beverly off. Beverly returns the gesture and the half-smile...and then simply leaves.

CUT TO:

A Pristine, brown paper grocery bag sits on a polished oak entry table. A dozen or so of those very simple invitations exactly like the one slipped under Beverly's office door, have been dumped inside. Nothing beyond it in frame.

UNKNOWN VOICE #1 (O.C.)
How old is she?

POV tilts and widens now:

INT. UPPER MIDDLE CLASS APARTMENT - EVENING

And only in Manhattan would an Upper Middle Class Apartment read this small. Made even smaller by the accumulation of toys and children's books stacked knee-high in nearly every corner, and the fact that it is also at the moment filled with platoons of mostly tall, thin, and pleasant if not downright attractive people.

All of whom seem happy. Engaged with life.

UNKNOWN VOICE #2 (O.C.)

She can't be anymore than 22. 24 at most.

And it dawns on the viewer, maybe startlingly so, that the one thing all these people have in common is the uniform lightness of their otherwise "black" skin.

UNKNOWN VOICE #1 (O.C.)

Wow. 22. All young and stupid...

This is a "Paper Bag Society" get-together: only black people whose skin color is at least as light as that brown paper bag on that entryway table are welcome.

But we will never state as much to our audience.

UNKNOWN VOICE #2 (O.C.)

Indeed. Look at all that 'life.'

UNKNOWN VOICE #1 (O.C.)

Sorry Longfellow: I was looking at all that 'ass.'

A chuckle from #2 as the camera finally focuses on the Young Woman who has been the subject of this back and forth: objectively one of the most beautiful women you've ever seen.

Everything about her is golden ratio, but nothing so perfect it's dull. Her smile is wider than most beautiful women are comfortable with. Her eyes alight with an energetic naivete no one has abused yet. And her skin is the color of the lightest coffee. Or parchment. Were it not for everyone else in the room, it might be impossible to guess any African heritage at all.

She's mid-conversation with the people we assume own/rent this apartment: a Father holding a freshly bathed and pajama'd little girl who is telling a cluster of adoring adults about the high jinks of Peppa Pig.

A knock at the front door now.

Scattered eyes throughout the room begin to look over at the door with some measure of expectation, but not enough to break off conversations. A Man nearest the door, well over 6 feet and muscled like an EX-ATHLETE still grabbing at a glorious past, opens it:

Beverly at the threshold. Same clothes.

When EX-ATHLETE speaks, we realize his was UNKNOWN VOICE #2:

EX-ATHLETE

Mr. Snow.

BEVERLY

Good evening Andre.

Ex-Athlete/ANDRE holds his hand out: takes Beverly's coat and scarf as Beverly scans all the eyes scanning him. *Unsettling.*

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Thanks again for inviting me back.

ANDRE

It was okay I dropped the invitation at your office?

BEVERLY

For now. Yes.

Then Andre leads Beverly two more steps inside, and stops near that entryway table so that Beverly - in his shirt sleeves now - has been placed next to the Paper Bag on top of it rather inconspicuously. Artfully.

Beverly drops his invitation inside the bag.

ANDRE

I think you met most last month.

People still taking him in, appraising. After a few seconds though, they all suddenly begin to smile at him, true and welcoming, almost in unison. *We think of cults.*

Beverly's own eyes though can't help but go straight to that Beautiful Young Woman.

TIGHT: an almost imperceptible sheen of sweat on his lip.

After a moment too long, he tears his eyes away, back to his host:

BEVERLY

I did. Except for this Gentleman.

Beverly nods now to the Man nearest Andre: CHARLES. Even bigger and more muscled than Andre. The insouciant, easy and limber lean of a Man who knows his body is capable of more than most others.

ANDRE

Gentleman gives him too much credit. This is Charles Doucette. We played Lacrosse together at Virginia. Then went off to Darden together.

Beverly shakes CHARLES enormous hand. Next to these two Men, Beverly seems positively child-like. Even feminine.

BEVERLY

Good to meet you Charles.

And when Charles speaks, we realize his was UNKNOWN VOICE #1: "...looking at all that ass."

CHARLES

Where'd you go to school?

BEVERLY

Undergrad? USC.

CHARLES

Carolina or California?

BEVERLY

Los Angeles. Most definitely.

CHARLES

Why 'most definitely?'

BEVERLY

(beat, taken aback)
Nothing against Carolina...

Andre steps in with a small, devious smile: he's seen Charles punk people like this since they met in college, always gets a charge out of it, and always steps in to defuse it...

ANDRE

I think you're the only person I know in New York who went to USC.

BEVERLY

Especially if your not in the Arts.

CHARLES
 (judgmental sneer)
 And I am not.
 (beat)
 But don't I hear Queens...

BEVERLY
 (beat, a blink)
 You do. *Talk about culture shocks.*

ANDRE
 (chuckles)
 And I thought Charlottesville was a
 change. Get yourself a drink, make
 the rounds. I'm glad you came...

Beverly nods, then goes back to staring at that Beautiful
 Young Woman...

BEVERLY
Me too.

CUT TO:

Beverly by a potted plant in the corner, nursing what looks
 to be a still very full Manhattan. A clear path between him,
 and the drink cart that serves as Bar...

And despite his distance, Beverly is paying closest attention
 to the Beautiful Young Woman. His eyes flitting back and
 forth between her flawless profile, and the very small amount
 of wine left in her glass.

TIGHT: his toe is tapping rapidly. Beverly's nervous. We've
 never seen him like this, even when he was being molested by
 Buckley or denigrated by Thick.

FLASH TO:

Two women on the other side of the room, each Mothers, have
 taken cluck-y notice of a solitary and staring Beverly now.

WOMAN #1
 Who brought the potted plant by the
 potted plant?

WOMAN #2
 Andre I think.

WOMAN #1
 Andre? Damn. So that's yet another
 fine, young, "down-low brother?"

WOMAN #2

No. Open your eyes: *that Boy's on a mission...*

RETURN TO:

And now Beverly sees Beautiful Young Woman drain the dregs of her wine glass...

TIGHT: He swallows hard and expectant now...

As she gracefully bows out of whatever conversation she has been a part of, and turns toward the drink cart for a refill.

Beverly takes his full Manhattan, dumps it in the potted plant, and heads toward the drink cart now too...

They arrive at the same time. Without a word or a look. Beverly grabs the Bourbon as she grabs the Wine: a bottle of Mount Eden Vineyards Pinot Noir. Still no words between them as the clinking of bottles and glasses and ice fill the pregnant space...

After a few more painful seconds.

BEVERLY

Mount Eden makes really great wine.

And she doesn't even look up. Much less return to his words. Beverly feels like the air is being sucked from his lungs. More sweat on his upper lip.

And now the best he can come up with in this pinch is:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

It's from the Santa Cruz Mountains.
Not the Napa Valley interestingly
enough...

Another brutal silence. Beverly actually quickly wipes away the lip sweat now. Then finally:

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

I can't ever taste all the
differences.

BEVERLY

(beat)

I...could help if you'd-

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

-and I think people who can should
do something more with their time.

Fuck. Beverly swallows.

BEVERLY

I mean, I'm not a Sommelier or anything. I just-

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

-is that your second Manhattan?

And now Beverly smiles. Getting his feet back under him. Thinks this is opening upon which he can capitalize:

BEVERLY

Have you been paying attention?

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN

To the stain on your shirt? Yes.

She points: a reddish wet stain that must have happened when he splashed the full glass into the potting soil.

She takes her replenished glass now, and heads back to her conversation, again without another word or glance.

And we go with her...leaving Beverly's sweaty husk at the drink cart, and watch as Beautiful Young Woman begins watching Charles in a very similar way to how Beverly was watching her. Mid-conversation. Charles holding court:

CHARLES

...with the-

(air quotes)

- "Brother" who stars in blaxplotation family films now? He's "Gangster?" He's "Culturally Significant?"

A man in a bow tie: ABRAHAM.

ABRAHAM

He can't earn?

CHARLES

Absolutely he should earn. I love money. But when you pave your ascent with repetitive beats and different ways of rhyming rape, murder, and "slinging," it's a tad hypocritical to then star in G-rated step-n-fetch road trip movies.

(beat)

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

The whole subject of any true
'cultural significance' of Hip Hop
is a joke. Really. Made funny by
all these one time Revolutionaries
doing beer commercials now.

(beat)

And for every KRS-1, there are one
thousand leering semi-literates
throwing punches and fake bills at
a lens-

ABRAHAM

-no one is saying they count-

CHARLES

-me neither. Almost none of them.
Not even your all time favorite
Tribe Called Quest-

ABRAHAM

(a smile)

-don't go there-

CHARLES

-why? Because not even you can
defend The Scenario?

(imitating a rapper)

"Roar Roar like a Dungeon Dragon" -

(scoffing)

That changed culture?

ABRAHAM

It's one line of one song that
wasn't even-

CHARLES

-whatever you say. In the end, none
of these fools will ever have the
effect, culturally, musically or
otherwise, that say...Charlie
Mingus did. Or Ray Charles did. Or-

ABRAHAM

-you're wrong-

CHARLES

-in 50 years, you think anybody
will make a movie or write a book
about "Death Row" or "Murder Inc"
the way they still will Motown or
Sun or 30th Street? No.

And from nowhere now:

BEVERLY (O.C.)
 30th Street Studio wasn't the same
 as Motown or Sun.

Quick silence. The Crowd parts. Faces turn: Beverly there,
with his drink in-hand. And he takes a full pull from the
 glass while everyone waits, watches, wonders just who and
 what this young man is...

Charles face hardens like plaster: a Man who could obliterate
 Beverly should he so choose...but can't in this setting. And
Beverly knows it.

CHARLES
 Guests on their second visit should
 be seen, not heard-

BEVERLY
 -and "Roar Roar like a Dungeon
 Dragon" was Busta Rhymes, not
 Tribe. He was featured on The
Scenario as he'd just recently
 broke out on his own after
 L.O.T.N.S. fell apart.

(beat)
 And 30th Street was CBS. And
 Columbia. And neither were into
 Revolutions like Motown or Sun.
 They were into profit.

CHARLES
 That's wrong?

BEVERLY
 No. But that wasn't your argument.

CHARLES
Kind of Blue isn't revolutionary?

BEVERLY
 I don't know. I've never had the
 patience to sit through it.
 (scattered laughter)
But I know Run DMC was. Interesting
 you didn't mention Def Jam's
 'cultural significance.' More
 movies will be made about Def Jam
 than Motown at the end of the day.
If that's your measure. And what
 about Public Enemy? NWA?

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Geto Boys - I mean on "Mind Playing Tricks" Scarface raps about treating his girl like a Bitch, only to realize how much he loves her and how good she was, after she left him. And there is no such thing as the Dirty South Sound without them. *That's revolutionary.* And what about The Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy-

CHARLES

-pardon me, Negro-

-the room starts to pick sides:

A CHORUS

WHOA-EASY-NO NEED-

CHARLES

(to everybody else)

-apologies. Sincerest apologies.

The Woman who has been holding the child, ostensibly the host of this event, nods at a Hispanic Woman picking up empty glasses. This Hispanic Woman hurries over now, takes the child from the Woman's arms, disappears down a hallway.

Charles aims back at Beverly, still trying to recover from this young punk's surprise attack:

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You're prattling about these groups as though you used to camp out for their cassettes. *Maybe your Mother did, but not you.*

A few scattered laughs for Charles now...

BEVERLY

Which gives me a perspective you don't have. I don't associate these songs with memories of my youth: my first dance, my first kiss, my first little rise in the Levis-

-almost unanimous laughter for Beverly.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I just listened to them for what they were.

CHARLES

And what do you think they are?

BEVERLY

Modern art. Something you also probably scoff at...because like you already told me earlier, 'you're not into the arts.'

ABRAHAM

(big smile)

Good Lord. Does this young Man know you Charles?

CHARLES

(beat, quiet)

He will.

And now Andre again steps in, but more to defuse Beverly this time:

ANDRE

Easy. Okay. Enough.

(beat)

Beverly, I think it best you leave now.

The Party disagrees. Especially the two women who had been scoping Beverly from across the room while he was standing nervously near the plant:

WOMAN #1

Why? Because he just took Charles from 6-feet-5 to 5-feet-6?

Woman #2 laughs...then more heated:

WOMAN #2

And now we can't have disagreements?

And it's Beverly who very magnanimously - *and to also put the finest point on his having stepped up and made an impression -* puts things back in order:

BEVERLY

No, Andre is right. I'm a guest, and I should've behaved better.

ABRAHAM

Young Man, you behaved beautifully.

BEVERLY

No - I flew off the handle a bit, and it wasn't fair.

Charles scoffs at "fair," mutters curses...

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

This is a subject about which I
wrote a thesis.

ABRAHAM

No doubt you did.

BEVERLY

(to the room)

Please accept my apologies.

And now Beverly moves toward the door. Grabs his own jacket
and scarf. Another chorus of pleas to stay:

CHORUS

*Not a big deal-This isn't right-He
should stay-The kind we want-*

BEVERLY

Honestly. It's okay. Good night to
you all.

EXT. A PREWAR BUILDING - NIGHT

Beverly exits the lobby. Out onto the humming street.
Breathes deep the cold air, a reminder that Winter still has
a toehold.

And a satisfied smile starts to crease his face.

He scans either end of the street as if deciding which
direction to walk now. One direction is darker, sleepier than
the other - *which is noisier, with scattered groups of
laughing people on the sidewalks and warm light spilling out
of store fronts and restaurants...*

And now he begins walking in that direction. Drawn to light
and laughter on instinct. Toward life. Again the boyish
wonder starting to radiate out to the rest of his face from
the corners of his eyes and mouth.

And then a voice from ten paces behind:

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN (O.C.)

You can get that stain out with
Club Soda...

Beverly stops...turns...and there she is, in her coat and
scarf, alone, coming after him. His smile doubles in size.

BEVERLY

I know.
(beat)
I'm Beverly.

And now it's she who's a bit nervous, unsure...

HARRIET

That's a great name.

BEVERLY

That's why I chose it.

She laughs.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

And you're Harriet.

HARRIET

(beat, surprised a bit
that he already knows)
I am.
(a longer silence...)
And isn't mine a great name too?

BEVERLY

Sorry.

And she laughs at that as well...

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

You can't have every gift.

HARRIET

(beat, touched by that
comment, hides it)
Where are you going?

BEVERLY

I was...going to go try to find
something to eat.

HARRIET

(beat)
There's a very tasty Indian place
two blocks down-

BEVERLY

-then I realized I'm suddenly not
hungry.

Points up now toward that darker, sleepier direction:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
So I was just going to walk.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL-TYPE STREETS, UPPER EAST SIDE - EVENING

Beverly and Harriet walking. Each trying to keep the anticipatory giddiness under wraps: if you act too joyfully too early in what might turn out to be Love, it could abort the whole thing. The game has begun.

Mid-conversation:

HARRIET
That's how 'Old Issue' I am -
traced all the way back to New
Orleans when it was still French.

BEVERLY
How'd your family come North?

HARRIET
My Great-Great Grandfather was one
of the first black Law Students at
Columbia.
(beat)
What about you?

BEVERLY
I was born here.

Harriet's smile fades now. She's suddenly more serious,
intently focused on Beverly's answers:

HARRIET
In Manhattan?

BEVERLY
(beat)
Roosevelt. 58 and 10th. September
9th, 1992.

HARRIET
June 11th, 1992.

BEVERLY
I don't date older women.

This again makes her laugh.

HARRIET
This isn't a date.

BEVERLY
Good to know.

A silence during which Harriet gets very serious again:

HARRIET
What about your parents?

BEVERLY
(beat)
Mom was born and raised in Queens -
that's why you might hear it in my
voice. Runs her own business.
(beat)
And my Dad was gone.

Harriet's face kinks at that - like she just got a quick whiff of a very bad smell.

HARRIET
Gone. As in he left you?

BEVERLY
Yes.

She dislikes this answer very much. After a moment, she turns her eyes forward. Quietly puts her hands in her pockets, pre-emptively ending any attempt at hand holding. Smile gone.

But after a few seconds:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
He first left for Kosovo in June of
1999. Then from there to East
Timor. Then Geneva. Then Iraq.

Harriet brightening considerably with this information...

HARRIET
What does he do?

BEVERLY
What did he do. When I said "gone"
I meant dead.

Harriet takes her hands out of her pockets suddenly. And before she really even realizes it, she has grabbed onto his hand...

HARRIET
What...happened? Why was he in all
those places?

BEVERLY

He worked for the UN.

(beat)

For a guy named Sergio. Died in 2003.

HARRIET

Oh my God.

BEVERLY

I was too young to really get it.

But I sure miss him now.

(beat)

Funny you said New Orleans when it was French. *My Dad was French.* I remember he could go on and on about how the coffee at Le Select was better than the 'swill' at Cafe de la Paix or Les Deux Magots-

-and this is more akin to what she hoped to hear. And just as her smile comes back, wider than ever, they round a corner.

And are presented with a sight so surreal, it trumps any and all conversation: a SMALL WOMAN is standing in the middle of the wide sidewalk, holding a .38 Special, crying, speaking a language as foreign-sounding as any we've ever heard.

Right next to her are two pink-cheeked, towheaded kids in a double stroller. Not crying. Eating organic snacks from recyclable packaging, craning to see the Small Woman.

The Small Woman and the Children are arranged just in front of the entrance/exit to a Subway Station. The Small Woman is yelling at that entrance/exit, despite the fact it's quiet: no one going in or coming out just now, as it is getting later, it's a weeknight, and this is a quieter part of town.

A FEMALE COP already "on-scene" - and in shock - her gun out and at her side on reflex. She makes eye contact with Beverly and Harriet...it's evident that each hopes the other has a better idea of what's happening.

But the best either Beverly or Harriet can come up with is:

HARRIET

What...

FEMALE COP

I don't know. Don't move. I don't know. Just saw this 10 seconds ago and stopped. Don't move an inch...

Traffic flows easy and fast on the street behind Female Cop - no one noticing what's happening. In fact a Man in a long coat and on his phone, rounds the same corner as Beverly and Harriet, and walks his Dog right through frame, oblivious, past the yelling woman. He doesn't look up once.

Female Cop wide-eyed expectant...then exhales a relieved:

FEMALE COP (CONT'D)

Fuck...

...when the Small Woman doesn't hurt him, anyone else.

Female Cop grabs her mobile handset from her chest now, and in an urgent, jargon-filled sotto voce we can't quite make out, she obviously calls in this emergency...

TIGHT: Beverly just staring at the Woman...squinting in-time with her punctuated foreign yelling...

FEMALE COP (O.C.)(CONT'D)

I've called the Hostage Team and the Translators...I know 3 languages, but I've never heard the one she's-

BEVERLY

-shoot her.

A moment of silence now as Female Cop and Harriet both look at Beverly with the same sort of gaped, horribly amazed expression...*what did you just say?*

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Shoot her.

And now Beverly turns his head to Female Cop:

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Now.

FEMALE COP

No...shut up. No. I'm...afraid. For these kids...I'm shaky from the-

-and suddenly, like Beverly was somehow anticipating this with that ugly order to "shoot," the Small Woman steps to the front of the double stroller-

FEMALE COP (CONT'D)

-NO-NO-NO-

-the little towheaded Girl looks up at Small Woman, and says:

TOWHEADED GIRL
Urpi, I'm freezing. Let's go home.

Harriet cries out with bloody anticipation, while the Female Cop keeps yelling:

HARRIET	FEMALE COP
Please I don't want to see this-	-DROP THAT GUN-

-finally other people in the vicinity start noticing now, stopping in their tracks. Scattered murmurs and yelps...a crowd forming, peaking...sirens closing in the distance.

The Small Woman, URPI, looks down at the gun, and like she's never even held one before, clumsily clicks the safety off.

And a dozen different panicked screams overlap now:

SIDEWALK CHORUS
NO-YOU'D BETTER SHOOT HER LADY-DO
NOT LET THOSE KIDS-

-but it's Beverly's voice that prevails...because now he screams at URPI in that same hyper-foreign language she has been speaking throughout...

All un-subtitled. We won't know what's being said.

Beverly's words yank Urpi's attention completely away from the gun and Kids. Along with everyone else's. Harriet and the Female Cop staring at Beverly now with same sort of shocked surprise Urpi does...

Urpi breathes, shakes off her surprise, then responds to Beverly: something several sentences long - Urpi very definite with her tone and punctuation, like a judge laying out a sentence...

Beverly listens to it all, then turns to the Female Cop:

BEVERLY
She's waiting for the Kids' Mom to
come out of the Subway.
(beat)
She's the Nanny.

Relative pin drop silence in the vicinity as no one says a word...trying not to imagine just what the Small Woman has planned...

FEMALE COP
What will she do then?

BEVERLY
What do you think?

A low but audible groan/moan ripples through gathering numbers. Drowned quickly though by the sirens pulling up to the scene: three vehicles, two squad cars and an unmarked, all at full volume, with blinding red and blue lights strobing...

TIGHT: Urpi getting very upset very quickly at the noise and lights...

Female Cop waving frantically at these new arrivals, mouthing "shut the fuck up" which they finally do.

And Beverly is placating Urpi this whole time in his rapid-fire foreign tongue...doing his best, we assume, to calm her. And gradually, several seconds after the sirens are doused, she does get quieter, less beet-red, her gesticulations less flailing...

Just in time for people to begin exiting the Subway Station.

Which enrages her all over again, reinvigorates this dark mission she's on. Female Cop actually raises her gun now - but Beverly takes yet another couple unconscious steps closer to Urpi, away from Harriet, matching Urpi's volume.

And he gets her screaming at him, and not so focused on the people at the Subway exit/entrance. The Kids in the stroller still un-fazed, still eating, still craning...

FLASH TO:

While this is happening, one of the newly arrived Cops stealthily steps to Harriet, gently grabs her hand, and leads her away from the fray in case it turns violent.

Harriet, her eyes locked on Beverly the entire time, a mix of confusion and Love, is led back to that unmarked car that just arrived. There, two stereotypical DETECTIVE-types in suits are also watching all this play out: Beverly and Urpi still in the midst of their heated, un-subtitled conversation.

Each stare with a measure of fascination as they try to comprehend what is begin said by watching hands and faces.

DETECTIVE #1
What is that language?

Detective #2 is a wispy-thin Hispanic-looking woman:

DETECTIVE #2
Quechua...I think.

DETECTIVE #1
 Hell's that?

A moment passes as they are again almost rapt by Beverly's gesticulations, volume, and pace of speech. It matches Urpis step-for-step...

DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)
 Incas. South America before the Spanish. Natives...dirt poor.

TIGHT: and Harriet's visage changes yet again...her present thoughts given exact voice by Detective #2:

DETECTIVE #2
So how the fuck does this kid know it so well?

FLASH TO:

Somebody else would like an answer to that question too.
 TIGHT: one of the two squad cars that pulled up to the scene earlier, specifically the squad car's trunk lid: **4465...**

BUCKLEY's slightly bemused countenance, standing outside his car, just behind his still-open front door, also watching Beverly with rapt interest...

FLASH TO:

The People coming out the Subway Station are stopping as soon as they see the gun. A Jam forming down the steps and back into the station...barks and shouts of "MOVE" and "GO" from the clueless bubble up to the street...

FEMALE COP
People stay right where you are and pass it down the stairs what you're seeing...Quietly...

Another vehicle pulls up now. A Black Suburban. A gaggle of bespectacled and better-dressed Men and Women cautiously exit. They have the air of City Officialdom.

TIGHT: one of these Men, the most distinguished-seeming of the gaggle, wears a ROLEX.

Detective #1 approaches this group...fealty in his manner:

DETECTIVE #1
 Good Evening Sir...can I help you?

ROLEX

No.

DETECTIVE #1

Okay...but...you're here, why?

ROLEX

Because it's the Upper East Side.

(beat)

And word's travelling a Banker's
kids have been taken hostage...

Now Rolex, and a Young Woman we assume is his AIDE DE CAMP,
also just begin watching the foreign back and forth...

FLASH TO:

Beverly says something to make Urpi laugh now. And just like that, all words between them stop - the laughter was some sort of punctuation. Urpi stops laughing, and stares at Beverly like she's waiting for something. And he back at her, only there's something in his face that looks like pain now.

Urpi says a last, brief sentence to Beverly. He again doesn't respond with words...just sort of shrugs. This causes Urpi to shake her head at him...as if she's disappointed...

But then she drops her gun.

Uniforms descend as though shot from multiple cannon. Urpi is instantly and violently on the ground, under the knees and bodies of screaming NYPD Blue.

And only now do the kids begin squealing.

Beverly turns to where Harriet used to be. Despite the outcome, his seeming good deed, his face still looks pained.

When he sees her not there, he spins back around, scanning the crowd for her - just as Local TV news trucks begin to arrive - and now his pained look turns to one of outright fear...

FLASH TO:

Rolex puts his hand on Aide de Camp's shoulder:

ROLEX (CONT'D)

Kid's a hero. Go grab him...

She dutifully begins moving through the crowd. Gets onto the sidewalk, making a beeline for Beverly, just as the glut of Commuters blows free of the Mouth of the Subway Station exit. Like a small volcano. Aide is swallowed by this maw.

One of these Commuters, a Woman in a PANTS SUIT, gruffly pushes past the Aide, talking into her bluetooth ear piece:

PANTS SUIT
 Something about an idiot with a gun
 - *I have no clue* - No, I'm out
 finally-

-and then she sees the two kids in the stroller. Crying. Her Kids.

PANTS SUIT (CONT'D)
Foster and Brie?!

Pants Suit livid suddenly - a frustrated employer of immigrants - who still hasn't put two and two together...

PANTS SUIT (CONT'D)
What are you doing out here?!

FLASH TO:

Beverly still scanning, moving through the gathering crowds, desperately trying to spot Harriet. And now he sees her: walking back the way they came - away from him and this - back toward the Lights, the Life. Her pace a step faster than "brisk", her direction unwavering...

Beverly's face is open war now: *do I chase her or not?* And before he can come to any decision, he hears:

BUCKLEY (O.C.)
Why the pale face?

Beverly startles at the report of Buckley's voice, turns and sees the sleeves of tattoos before he sees Buckley's face - smiling up at him as he sits on Urpi's legs...

Beverly blinks...just as Pants Suit finally figures out what has happened, begins screaming, frantically unbuckling her kids from the stroller and hugging them to her breast so hard it seems she's trying to erase things. All eyes go to her and her kids. TV cameramen running, boxing people out for the shot of the Night.

And with that, Beverly quickly begins making his way toward the Subway entrance while all the attention is focused on the Banker Mother with blonde kids.

TIGHT: the only eyes not watching Mother-and-Children are Buckley's. Unblinkingly watches Beverly recede...

FLASH TO:

Beverly moving past Cops, cameras, letting himself get anonymous in the swirling aftermath. Very good at finding, and blending into, crowds. He hears an UNKNOWN VOICE yell:

UNKNOWN VOICE (O.C.)
WHERE IS THE GUY?

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Beverly gets to the platform just as a train arrives. Scans the cars. Sees one Car in particular that is mostly packed - more people in it than in any of the others - an anomaly of daily life in New York City - and he runs now to get onto that packed car, bypassing several much less crowded...

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NEXT MOMENT

Beverly gets in, finds a niche as the doors close. Only now does he turn to look at the platform: a distinguished looking man, ROLEX, with a younger woman, AIDE DE CAMP, with a local news camera team in tow, searching wildly...

AIDE DE CAMP
(yells thru a sort of
befuddled, half-smile)
WHERE DID YOU GO?

He turns away...and sweats...until the train begins moving.

Seconds pass as he stands, still frightened, in the jostling, slack maw of Commuters - none of whom seem the wiser...

And as he rides in anonymous silence we hear the conversation between Rolex and Aide de Camp back on the platform...

ROLEX (O.S.)
Well God damn it. Why did he walk
away? Did he even come down here?

And despite Beverly's utter lack of personal space, he very nonchalantly begins a strange sort of metamorphosis: he rolls his preppy bird's eye wool pants at the bottom - and we realize those wing-tips are actually boots...

AIDE DE CAMP (O.S.)
I don't know.

He undoes the top-most laces, then folds the upper part of the boot down like you see some hip-hop artists wear them...

ROLEX (O.S.)
Did that girl say anything to you?

AIDE DE CAMP (O.S.)
That they were just out walking
when they turned the corner...

He takes off his belt so his pants sag a bit...

ROLEX (O.S.)
She give his name?

AIDE DE CAMP (O.S.)
When I asked, that's when she just
bolted.

He pulls them down even further, exposing the very top of his
Sean John boxers...

AIDE DE CAMP (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But one of the Cops on-scene
thought he might know who the guy
was, believe it or not. He's gonna
keep an eye out.
(quick beat)
*Since when did we start allowing
Police to have sleeves of tattoos?*

He pops the lenses out of his wayfarer frames now, and puts
them back on, lense-less like NBA players wear them...

ROLEX (O.S.)
I wonder if he's got a jacket?

AIDE DE CAMP (O.S.)
He does. And a scarf.

He turns his driver's cap backward, takes his tie off, and
without taking the jacket off, unzips a stowed faux-fur lined
hood out the collar...

ROLEX (O.S.)
No, a file...a record...

And just like that, Beverly goes from dashing young
professional to imposing young urban in a matter of
seconds...and all the people within inches of him, bouncing
off of him as the train rumbles east, never even noticed...

AIDE DE CAMP (O.S.)
He sure didn't look like it...

EXT. QUEENS AVENUE - NIGHT

Emerges from the train a different Man -- fitting in perfectly with Queens. Walking less briskly now than he ever did in Manhattan, a chest-out tenor to his gait...

And he exhales deep and loud and long now...like he's home.

ROLEX (O.S.)

Yeah, but you can never tell who...