

41

MADISON SITS DOWN. HE LEANS OVER TO AN EMPLOYEE.

MADISON
Thank you, that's very
compromising.

JANE
How about this, I'll charge for ten
minutes, then you can charge for
ten minutes. Fair?

MADISON
Thank you - wait, what?

JANE
(SWEETLY) Sorry, I need it for my
laptop.

MADISON
(SMILING) Excuse me, Goddess, can
you do me a huge favor? Can I use
that outlet for my phone?

WOMAN
(THROWN) Oh - okay, sure.
SHE MOVES TO A WORSE CHAIR, AT THE NEXT TABLE, AN ATTRACTIVE
BUT DISHEVELED GIRL, 28, CLOCKS THIS, SAYING NOTHING. MADISON
TAKES OUT HIS PHONE CHARGER AND LOOKS FOR AN OUTLET. HE SEES
ONE OPEN SOCKET. HE GOES TO PLUG IN, BUT BEFORE HE CAN, JANE
PLUGS IN HER LAPTOP, UNAWARE THAT MADISON WANTED IT.

MADISON
I love exotic names. (TAKES A SEAT)
So Kim - do you mind moving to
another seat? My agent is meeting
me here soon.
MADISON FLASHES HER A SMILE.

WOMAN
Sure. I'm Kim.

MADISON
Hi. May I join you?

MADISON ENTERS THE CROWDED CAFE. HE GOES UP TO A WOMAN
SITTING AT A TABLE FOR TWO. HE FLASHES A WINNING SMILE

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

3 scenes - 7 pages

'MADISON'

#1 story

"GORGEOUS MORALS"

MADISON (CONT'D)
(QUIETLY) Excuse me, that homeless squatter is hogging the outlets with her stolen laptop. Can you remove her?

JANE
What makes you think I'm homeless?!

MADISON
Your shoes and your hair.

JANE
I'm actually a Literature Teaching Fellow at Columbia.

MADISON
(LAUGHS) "Fellow?" No offense, but you kinda look like a woman.

JANE
Fellow. I'm a grad school instructor. I just co-wrote a paper on *Moby Dick*.

MADISON
Big deal. I once did yoga with Moby.

JANE
The paper's being published as a book.

MADISON
I own over a dozen books, so what's your point?

JANE
Look, I'm sure you are used to getting whatever you want from most people, but with me it's simple: I was here first, so it's my outlet.

MADISON
That makes absolutely no sense.

42

~~cur~~

3/7

MADISON
You're crowding the frame, bitch!

HAMPTONS
He's pushing me.

HAMPTONS SMILES AND COZIES UP TO MADISON. MADISON GRABS A RAKE AND HOLDS IT BY HIS SIDE. HE SUBTLY POKES HAMPTONS WITH IT.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Okay, both of you: let me see that denim. Show me father-son love!

MADISON
That makes no sense. Why would a 23-year-old have a 7-year-old son? How old was I when I had him, 5?

PHOTOGRAPHER
You're playing his father.

MADISON
"Dad"? What's this?

MADISON IS STUNNED. HAMPTONS RUNS UP TO MADISON AND LEAPS INTO HIS ARMS. MADISON DOESN'T CATCH HIM.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
Okay, let's go. Hampsons, you've been frolicking in the pastures, now run and leap into your dad's arms. Go!

HAMPTONS, NOW ALSO WEARING DESIGNER JEANS AND FLANNEL, WALKS OUT AND STANDS NEXT TO MADISON.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)
I love it. (CALLS) Bring in the boy!

AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPS, MADISON THROWS HIM LOOKS RANGING FROM "SULTRY" TO "FREE SPIRIT." HE ALSO USES THE PROPS - PRETENDING TO BE BALING HAY, CHEWING A PIECE OF STRAW, ETC.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Okay, Mad, throw me some looks.

MADISON WALKS ONTO THE SET - HE'S DRESSED IN JEANS AND A FLANNEL SHIRT. THE SET IS A FAKE BARN: HAY BALES, AN OLD TRACTOR, PITCHFORK, ETC.

INT. PHOTO SHOOT SET - DAY

5 STRIPS

(MADISON)
#2

L/h

and

PHOTOGRAPHRR
Madison, be honest with yourself.
Your career has changed. You're a
sexy father type now.

MADISON
Not only old washed-up losers play
fathers!

MADISON REALIZES HE'S MAKING A SCENE. PEOPLE ARE SNICKERING
AND SUPPRESSING LAUGHS. HE'S HUMILIATED AND HURT.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Excuse me, I have to leave. I just
remembered I won an award I have to
accept on my behalf.

MADISON HURRIEDLY EXITS, ASHAMED.

4/5

JANE
Yeah right. Name three things about me that you love.

MADISON
Truth is, I need you to stay because... (FORCED) I'm falling in love with you.

JANE
What red tape? You just hand me the money and I leave. (BEAT) Well?

JANE SIGHS, IN NO MOOD FOR THIS.

MADISON
That sounds like a lot of logistics and red tape. Maybe you should just stay.

JANE
I'm crashing with my friend Mary and her mom. They said I can sleep in the parrot room for a couple days.

MADISON
Where will you go?

HE NODS, GOES TO HIS DRESSER AND SLOWLY REACHES FOR HIS WALLET, KNOWING THE MONEY IS NOT THERE. AT THE LAST MOMENT, HE STOPS.

JANE
Can you just give it to me now, since I'm here?

MADISON
Ah, the proverbial money. What's the best way to give it to you - I can mail it to you via mail, or swing it by your new place just to make things easy?

MADISON PUTS UP A FRONT, EVEN THOUGH HE DOESN'T HAVE THE MONEY.

JANE
Hey. Ad just said you have my money?

MADISON SITS ON HIS BED, SAD. A BEAT LATER, JANE ENTERS.

INT. APARTMENT - MADISON'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

STREET ↑

MADISON #3

49

JANE
(SOFTENING) That's actually oddly sweet.

MADISON
Yes. Because he had a glass case for a basketball, not a football. So I took it upon myself. I thought, if I make enough money, we can leave Tampa and I can buy a Joe Montana-signed basketball.

JANE
The football player?

MADISON
I'm the older brother - he's 28, I'm (LYING) 23. I've always taken care of him. Back in Florida, we were army brats. Mom was always busy, dad was never around. Al was this built little sweet kid with two simple wishes: to leave Tampa and all our haters behind, and to have a basketball signed by Joe Montana.

JANE
Why not? He'd understand.

MADISON
I'm getting too old to model. I know people think that what I do is a joke -- and maybe it is -- but it's the only thing I'm good at. Or was good at. Please don't tell Al about this.

JANE
So what?

MADISON
I quit the shoot because they tried to cast me as a father.

JANE
Why not?!

MADISON
Easy. (STRUGGLES FOR ANSWER) Fine, I'm lying! I'm not in love, I just don't have the money.

L/L

and

...Yes.

MADISON

MADISON HAS CLEARLY NOT GOTTEN HIM THE BASKETBALL.

And then you were finally able to
get him that basketball?

JANE

Please don't interrupt me. So I got
a paper route. Every morning, I
woke up and I delivered papers. And
then one day... I was at the mall
and a scout came up and said I'd
make good money as a model, so I
did that instead and we both moved
to New York.

MADISON