

MACADAMIA STREET THEATER (PILOT)

Written by

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ACT I

INT. BEHIND STAGE AT MACADAMIA STREET THEATER - DAY

The interior of Macadamia Street Theater is in utter chaos as the crew awaits this season's show reveal. The curtain is open, the crew spread out all across the stage.

Actors and actresses participate in other anxious habits-twiddling of the thumbs, tapping of the feet.

A PLUMP BLONDE stands off to the side dramatically practicing different facial expressions.

Another refreshes her vocals with a traditional warm-up.

PLUMP BLONDE

Do re me fa so laaa ti dooo...

ABRAHAM "CLARK" (27), stands alone in the corner. It's clear by his posture that he is meek, timid.

The man observes the scene as he holds up a mop, his head leaning on his hand that rests on its top.

Clark focuses his gaze on a pretty, young woman, ROSEMARY (26).

Beside her two women, JOAN (31) and MADELYN (29) speculate.

JOAN

Fiddler on the Roof?

MADELYN

Not a chance. Too old-school.

(a beat)

CATS?

Joan just laughs.

In the midst of the apathetic crowd, Rosemary lifts one leg up in the air in a way that suggests she is practicing her ballet as one might do in privacy.

It looks effortless for her- smooth and elegant. The woman is a beacon of calmness and serenity in the center of the restless crowd.

Abruptly, the chaos and Rosemary's serenity is halted by a nearly grey-haired man, PHOENIX (41), and a short-haired Asian woman, PHOEBE (35), rushing onto the stage.

Phoenix's attire makes him appear disheveled. The crowd stiffens at the appearance of the two.

PHOENIX

People, can we get a bit of order?
For God's sake.

The crew is silent and still. Phoenix looks at them questioningly.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

You have lines to be practicing,
emotions to unravel, characters to
perfect! Get, get.

A man, NATHANIEL (28), speaks up on his crew mates' behalf.

NATHANIEL

(arrogantly)

My apologies Mr. Grey, I may be
misunderstanding, but shouldn't you
tell us what play we should be
rehearsing before we actually start
to rehearse?

Phoenix meets Nathaniel's eyes and holds them for a moment. A smile creeps onto Phoebe's face.

PHOENIX

Oh how I would hate to pass up a
chance to reprimand you for your
arrogance.

A few murmurs of laughter emerge among the crowd.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

(with rising energy)

But luckily for you, you've
provided a perfect segue into my
actual point.

Phoenix gestures with his hands as he speaks, and one is revealed to be holding a purple Crayola marker. Clearly he had not forgotten.

He quickly steps off the screen and comes back bearing a large, horizontally-long sheet of paper and a pack of tacks.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

(emphatically)

What a grand idea, Mr. Schmidt!

Phoenix kneels down and begins to write on it with the marker.

Necks crane to see. The marker makes screeching noises as he writes. The words become clear as Phoenix caps the marker and jumps up, tacking the sheet to the wall like a banner.

It reads: Day 1 of 42nd Street.

Cheers, laughter, sounds of surprise erupt from the anxious crowd. Some even applaud.

INT. CLARK'S STUDIO APARTMENT KITCHEN - EVENING

Clark is washing dishes in a small, faux-stainless-steel sink. Beside him on the counter is a script for 42nd street. He is studying it as he absent-mindedly scrubs.

A WIDE SHOT reveals that Clark is alone. His apartment is noticeably sparse, containing evidently only enough belongings to fit one person.

It's dark out, and the place is dim.

INT. "DINING ROOM" OF CLARK'S STUDIO APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

On the table sits a pile of papers, a copy of the Torah on the bottom and a brochure on top.

Clark thumbs through the brochure in a brief manner, suggesting he's already read through it several times. It has the name of a local mental health clinic on it.

He sits the brochure back down and stares at it for a moment, tapping it with his fingers as if pondering something.

Clark reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He dials. No answer.

A small photo hangs on the wall. The camera HOLDS Clark's gaze on it for a few beats. There's a younger version of Clark sitting in a canoe with his parents. They look happy.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Clark sits in a plush red chair, tapping his foot.

There's silence.

His therapist, DIANE (46), shuts the door to her office and gets settled across from him. She wears a dark green dress too elegant for the occasion but demanding respect.

DIANE
Well, Mr. Largman, how are we
today?

CLARK
I don't know about you Ms. Vera,
but I'm doing alright.

Still, Clark taps his foot. Diane notices. She clears her
throat.

DIANE
Please, as I've said before, you
can call me Diane.

Clark nods somewhat too enthusiastically.

CLARK
You can call me Clark, then.

DIANE
(flatly)
As your doctor, I'd like to keep it
professional.

Clark hesitates and fidgets with his collar. He appears
unsure, uncomfortable.

Diane smiles.

DIANE (CONT'D)
That was a joke.

Clark forces a polite laugh and Diane continues quickly
enough to avoid anymore awkward small talk.

DIANE (CONT'D)
(laughing politely)
Anyway, Clark, tell me a little bit
about life since we've last spoken.
How are things going at Macadamia
Street?

CLARK
Oh, the theater- they're just great
Ms. Vera.

Still his foot taps. Diane bites her lip- it's clear she
doesn't buy it.

DIANE
How far into rehearsal are you
again?

CLARK

Not too far. It was only the first one yesterday.

DIANE

But you got to observe a bit of the wrap of last season's show?

CLARK

Yes.

Diane laughs to herself.

DIANE

Ya know, Clark, I have to admit- When I suggested you get involved in theater, I never would have thought you'd pick one which such an elite reputation.

CLARK

I suppose I was drawn to it.

DIANE

I bet that pressure is challenging for you.

If she was waiting for a response, Clark gives none.

DIANE (CONT'D)

How do you feel you're fitting in with your crew mates there?

CLARK

I'm just the stage hand. We don't interact much.

DIANE

But you talk to them, I assume?

CLARK

Yeah. Sometimes. They have what they call after parties, where they hangout at bars after shows and late rehearsals. Sometimes they invite me to those.

DIANE

And have you bonded with any of them in particular?

CLARK

I'm sorry, Ma'am, but aren't we supposed to be talking about my fear of public speaking?

DIANE

Ultimately, yes. But there are many things that go into that, and also many complex side affects that might result, some of which you might not even be aware of.

CLARK

Oh.

(a pause)

I guess there's this one girl.

Diane shifts, leaning forward as if this is what she's been waiting for. Her enthusiasm makes Clark hesitate.

CLARK (CONT'D)

...Rosemary.

DIANE

So have you've developed a relationship with this woman, Rosemary?

CLARK

Not even sure I'd go that far, but yeah, kind of.

DIANE

(optimistically)

Well, that's good. Very good. It's all little steps in the form of progress.

There's a silence as Clark nods a bit, clearly unconvinced.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I ask, Clark, because I know your relationship with your family is complex.

CLARK

What does that have to do with anything?

DIANE

Well, sometimes, people have a tendency to project the frustration they have with one relationship onto another. Sometimes, this comes in the form of distance, isolation.

CLARK

It's not my family who isolated me, Ms. Vera.

Diane doesn't inquire further, but her expression indicates she'd like him to continue. Clark hesitates, clearly nervous.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - FLASHBACK

A group of elementary school boys huddle around a young-boy-version of Clark. Most of them look cold despite their winter coats.

BOY 1

What do you mean you aren't coming on the field trip tomorrow?

Clark says nothing.

BOY 1 (CONT'D)

Don't you wanna see all the animals?

BOY 2

I hear they have polar bears!

One of the boys, MAX, lights up at the mention of the polar bears. He looks as though he's about to say something, but he's interrupted.

BOY 1

So why can't you go?

BOY 3

(mumbling loudly to Boy 1)
I bet it's because he already knows everything about them.

CLARK

A photographic memory only works with what I've already seen, so I can't know everything.

BOY 1

Shut up, Moses.

BOY 2
(correcting Boy 1)
Abraham!

MAX
You mean Clark.
(explaining)
He goes by his middle name.

The boys give Max a look. He shrugs.

BOY 3
So what is it then, are you too
afraid to ask questions?

CLARK
You don't ask the animals any
questions.

The bell rings and the boys disperse. As Clark walks off, Max watches him go from over his shoulder. He wears as much of a concerned expression that seven-year-old can reasonably wear.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - LATER THAT DAY (FLASHBACK)

We see brief shots of children putting on their backpacks and saying goodbye to their teacher for the day.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Clark approaches a grey Jeep. The woman in the driver's seat, EVELYN, Clark's mother, waves at him. She is overly joyous to see him.

He goes to get inside but the door is locked. The woman startles, surprised at her mistake, and unlocks the door. Clark jumps in and tosses his backpack in the back.

EVELYN
Hey!

Clark, a very small bit of the backpack still in hand, hesitates.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You always give Mommy a hug first.

Clark smiles and lets his mother wrap him in a tight embrace, his head buried in her grey turtleneck. As they pull away, she ruffles his curly black hair.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
 How was school today buddy? Are you
 ready for the big move? Did you get
 to say bye to your friends?

Clark shrugs.

CLARK
 The field trip is tomorrow.

Evelyn's face drops.

EVELYN
 I'm sorry Clark.

CLARK
 (sniffling)
 It's okay. They were laughing at me
 because I can't go.

For a moment, Evelyn looks angry.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Why do we have to leave tonight?
 Can't we move tomorrow?

She unbuckles her seatbelt and repositions herself so that
 she is able to put her face right above Clark's, their
 foreheads almost touching.

EVELYN
 (reassuringly)
 Hey! San Diego is known to have one
 of the largest zoos in the whole
 country. You and your Dad and I
 will go, and we'll show them!

Clark nearly forms a smile at this. She pushes her face even
 harder against his and makes googly-eyes.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
 Okay?

CLARK
 (laughing)
 Okay, okay!

EVELYN
 Good.

Evelyn repositions herself back facing forward in the
 driver's seat.

She starts the car.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Now buckle-up sweetheart. Wes
should get going. Your Dad'll be
proven right if we're late.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Clark exits the mental health clinic. He pulls out his phone
and dials. Again, no answer. He sighs and, looking down,
bumps into another man on a jog in the opposite direction.

CLARK
So sorry.

But his face lights up with recognition. So does the man's.
It's Max. They shake each other's hands.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Hey, man.

MAX
Fancy seeing you here! Long time no
see. How've you been?

CLARK
Alright. Just got into Eugene a few
months ago.

MAX
Ah, how's it feel to be back in the
good ol' Beaver state?

CLARK
(laughing)
Not bad. I've been getting into
theater.

MAX
No way, you act?

CLARK
Behind the scenes actually.
Stagehand.

MAX
Oh! Well that's cool too. Where at?

CLARK
Macadamia Street.

MAX
(surprised)
Macadamia Street Theater? That's
sick!

Clark laughs and nods in agreement. Max checks his watch.

MAX (CONT'D)
Hey I gotta run, but we should
catch up sometime.

CLARK
(hesitantly)
Yeah.
(more enthusiastically)
Yeah that would be nice.

They shake hands once more and Max is off. WClark briefly watches him go over his shoulder, just as Max had done to him in the flashback.

Clark laughs to himself and shakes his head, continuing down the street.

INT. CITY BAR - CONTINUOUS

Clark enters an old-fashioned bar. Nearly everything is made of wood. A long booth seat lines the wall. Checkered-floor. Low lighting.

Glasses and bottles CLINK.

SLOSHING of wine as bartenders pour drinks.

The back of the head of a woman with BLOND CURLS is seen sitting at the bar counter. She wears a PURPLE WOOL COAT.

Clark spots the woman and eyes her for a moment, checking her out. He makes his way over.

Deep breath. He's about to speak when she turns her head. It's Rosemary.

ROSEMARY
(overly joyous)
Hey!

She pats the red velvet cushion of the bar stool next to her. FOCUS on the glass of gin in her hand.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Fancy meeting you.

Clark sits down beside her and orders a scotch.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Not that I'm happy to see you...

She lets the sentence hang, her focus suddenly consumed. A tray of oversized drinks goes by. Her face is like that of a kid in a candy store.

Attention back on Clark.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
What was I saying?

CLARK
That you're not happy to see me?

ROSEMARY
Oh don't be silly!

She hiccups. Clark receives his scotch.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Course I am.

She checks her watch.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(dismayed)
But it's only the afternoon! Why are you here?

CLARK
Could ask the same to you, my friend.

He takes a sip of scotch.

ROSEMARY
Boys, amiright?

CLARK
Sorry?

ROSEMARY
About what?

CLARK
Never mind.

Clark smiles to himself and swirls his glass of scotch in his hand.

CLARK (CONT'D)
How's Nathaniel?

ROSEMARY
(sillily)
Oh that guy's always a goon.

Rosemary sighs, long and dramatic.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
(trying to be serious)
Why are you here Clark?

CLARK
Well, for starters, neither of my
parents will pick up the phone.

ROSEMARY
Oh, that's rough.

CLARK
(hesitant)
They should. I... Finally...

Rosemary's eyes are so fixated on him it's almost strange.
FOCUS on the glass in her hand again.

CLARK (CONT'D)
It's what they wanted. For me to
try.
(shrugs)
Or at least I thought.

Rosemary nods.

CLARK (CONT'D)
(sadly)
I was going to tell them about the
theater. About therapy.

ROSEMARY
Jerks.

CLARK
It's my fault.

But Rosemary's attention is lost again. There's a guy trying
to juggle glasses in the corner.

A bartender barks at him to stop.

Rosemary fixes her attention back on Clark. They share a
smile and simultaneously take a sip of their drinks.

After a long moment, Rosemary SLAMS her fist on the table.

ROSEMARY

No!

Clark looks shocked. Heads turn.

She SLAMS her other hand down, SHATTERING her glass. The bartender behind the counter sighs.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

We're better than this!

Rosemary jumps up. She pulls Clark up with her. She leads them through the bar and out the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF CITY BAR - CONTINUOUS

She's UNSTEADY. Clark grabs her by the arm, stabilizing.

CLARK

Maybe you should be getting home.

ROSEMARY

You never asked why I was here.

CLARK

Didn't think it was my place.

They continue walking in silence.

ROSEMARY

I cheated on him.

Clark momentarily freezes.

CLARK

Sorry?

ROSEMARY

I slept with another guy.

He bites his lip and says nothing for a few beats.

CLARK

I mean I know Nathaniel can be an ass sometimes but...

ROSEMARY

You think he'll be mad?

CLARK

I, uhhh...

Clark sighs.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Where do you and your sister live
again?

ACT II

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Clark hesitates but holds up Rosemary. He looks as though the physical contact makes him nervous. They stumble down a grey corridor.

CLARK
What number?

ROSEMARY
16?

CLARK
... Are you sure?

She gives him a smile.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Ooookay.

Clark knocks on the door labeled 16.

Dogs BARKING.

A woman appears. Her legs fight off a small pack of Rottweilers.

WOMAN
(angrily)
You fools. I don't need cable!

Her Russian accent is thick.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
And now look what you've done to my
dogs!

Clark looks at Rosemary. She looks as confused as he is.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Didn't you hear me? GET!

The woman slams the door in their faces. Clark gives Rosemary a look, hardly able to keep a straight face.

ROSEMARY
(innocently)
I think that was the wrong door...

INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside of a door labeled 61.

CLARK
You sure this time?

Rosemary nods again. Clark looks unconvinced. He hesitates, knocks.

The door opens to reveal a bunch of people jumping up. They yell surprise. A balloon says "26." Another says "Happy Birthday."

The BLOW of a noisemaker.

INT. ROSEMARY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A bustling room. Orange and purple streamers hanging from the ceiling to the floor, draped over chairs. Plates of cheese and crackers. Wine. Celine Dione plays in the background.

CLARK
I... think I'm gonna step out.

As Clark turns away, Rosemary nearly falls. GASPS from the crowd. Her sister, CLAIRE (29), catches her and pulls her aside.

Clark hesitates. Nathaniel eyes him from across the room. They lock eyes for a few beats.

CLAIRE
What's wrong with you?

Rosemary looks clueless. Off to the side, a woman insists that Clark stay. He declines and slips out.

ROSEMARY
Is this party for me?

CLAIRE
Oh god, Mary! You're so drunk!

She puts her hands on her head in disbelief.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Mom's gonna freak.

ROSEMARY
I just had a few drinks.

CLAIRE
(stern)
Get it together.

ROSEMARY
What's the big deal?

But her sister's already gone.

Claire approaches Nathaniel.

CLAIRE
Why is she like this?

NATHANIEL
Hell if I know.

CLAIRE
Sorry, guess I expect you to know a
thing or two about your girlfriend.

Rosemary and Claire's mother, HANNAH (59), interrupts. She is
the woman who had been asking Clark to stay.

HANNAH
Rosie seem a bit off to you? She
usually loves surprises.

CLAIRE
Eh she's just had long days at the
theater, you know her.

HANNAH
She get a part again?

CLAIRE
Yeah didn't you hear? She's Peggy.
From 42nd Street.

Hannah's face lights up. A phone rings and Nathaniel steps
away. He sees Rosemary wander into her bedroom.

HANNAH
Oh! That's wonderful! Was that guy
with her from the theater too?

Claire shrugs.

HALLWAY:

Nathaniel secludes himself in a small hallway. He puts a hand up to his other ear to block out the sound of the party.

NATHANIEL
 Yeah?... Mom I can't.
 (a beat)
 Yes. I know. But the city-

A woman walks by, breaking Nathaniel from his thoughts.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
 Can we not talk about this right
 now? I gotta go.

He clicks his phone shut and hurries towards Rosemary's room. He hesitates, about to knock, but the door is AJAR.

ROSEMARY'S BEDROOM:

Nathaniel enters. Pieces of clothing are strewn about. The closet doors are thrown open. Rosemary sits on her bed.

NATHANIEL
 Hey.

A teary-eyed Rosemary looks up at him.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
 You okay?

ROSEMARY
 I couldn't find my favorite
 sweater.

NATHANIEL
 Check the wash?

But Rosemary shakes her head and moves her hands. FOCUS on a dark pink sweater with white polka dots. This is the sad phase of her drunken state.

Nathaniel joins her on the bed. He rubs her shoulders.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
 (sincere)
 Ya know there's a whole room of
 people out there who don't give a
 shit about what you wear.

Rosemary smiles a bit.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
What happened today?

Her face lights up.

ROSEMARY
Clark, did you see him?

Nathaniel stiffens.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Ugh his jacket. The brown suede. I
just loved it.

NATHANIEL
(flatly)
Can't say I noticed.

ROSEMARY
And his SHOES. That kid has style.

Nathaniel puts his fingers to his forehead like he has a
headache.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Don't you just love a guy who
orders scotch?
(a beat)
And he didn't even judge me when I
told him.

She looks around.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
Where'd he go anyway?

Nathaniel gets up.

NATHANIEL
(defeated)
We better get you back out there,
Mary.

He tries to pull Rosemary up with him.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
People will be looking for you.

She stumbles. He catches her and lets her lean on him for a
moment. She stands up straight, balancing herself. She looks
proud.

LIVING ROOM:

Nathaniel leads her back through the hallway and into the living room.

NATHANIEL
So you told Clark something?

No answer.

She's fixated on the scene around her. Small plates in peoples hands. Some dancing. Happy faces.

ROSEMARY
Huh?

NATHANIEL
Clark.

Nathaniel drags his shoe on the floor, shuffling his feet. He leans against the wall.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
What did you tell him?

ROSEMARY
(laughing)
Oh. That.

Nathaniel cocks his head to the side. She gestures with a finger for him to come closer. He does.

Rosemary puts her lips right up to his ear.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
I slept with a guy today.

There's a moment of silence between them.

NATHANIEL
You what?

ROSEMARY
(nervous laughter)
I slept with a guy today.

Tears begin to fall from her eyes.

NATHANIEL
Jesus! Rosemary!

He rubs a hand through his hair. A spiteful laugh escapes him. Heads begin to turn at the sound of his rising voice and energy.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
What the hell.

ROSEMARY
It just happened. And it seemed so
natural ya know.

Nathaniel says nothing but we can tell by his actions that he is frustrated. He's breathing heavily. His fists are clenched.

At this point, a kind of quiet has emerged as people observe them. Tears are streaming down Rosemary's face.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
You're not mad are you? Please
don't be mad.

He unclenches and clenches his fists a few times. Nathaniel's face is beet red. He looks pissed. A CONFUSED EXPRESSION on Hannah's face.

NATHANIEL
You fucking whore.

Rosemary's expression drops.

CLAIRE
Woah woah woah.

NATHANIEL
(yelling)
Do I not give you enough?! Am I not
good enough for you?!

Claire rushes over and puts her arms around her sister as if pulling her out of a physical fight. She gives Nathaniel a look.

CLAIRE
I think you should go.

NATHANIEL
Seriously?

Another hand through his hair.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
No!

CLAIRE
Get the hell out of my apartment.

Nathaniel puts his hands up like he's surrendering.

NATHANIEL

Fine.
 (a beat)
 Fine.

He's just about to open the door but turns around.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

And for the record, I don't give
 one damn about his suede coat!

He storms out. The door SLAMS behind him.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF MACADAMIA STREET THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Nathaniel pounds on a dark brown metal door. It appears to be
 a side entrance of some sort. He pounds again. He's panting.

Phoebe opens the door, her expression frustrated.

EXT. MACADAMIA STREET CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

He rushes inside, bumping into her.

PHOEBE

Hey!

Nathaniel keeps walking.

NATHANIEL

Don't try to stop me.

PHOEBE

You can't just barge in here!

She momentarily hurries after him.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Nathaniel!

MORE HALLWAYS:

Phoebe sighs and follows him. They wonder through several
 hallways, Nathaniel always barely visible behind the next
 corner. They arrive at the stage.

He hops up the steps and stands in the center. Phoebe crosses
 her arms. She watches him with an expectant expression.
 Nathaniel plays with the flaps of his jacket.

NATHANIEL

(forcefully)

"Don't ask where I'm going, just listen when I'm gone, and far away you'll hear me singing softly to the dawn."

Phoebe looks confused. Nathaniel turns his head towards her.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Pippin.

He catches his breath.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

It's a line from Pippin.

PHOEBE

I know where it's from.

Nathaniel turns his attention back to the empty audience. He's still breathing heavily.

NATHANIEL

"Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn."

He pauses, looks down. He laughs to himself, lifts his head. While there's definitely anger in him, there's a tone of defeat as well.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

"Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak knits up the o-er wrought heart and bids it break."

He looks down again, speaks to Phoebe without addressing her.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

MacBeth.

He catches his breath. Phoebe has not taken her eyes off of him for a second.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

"Stars, hide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires."

Phoebe looks somewhat softened.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

"There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so."

(MORE)

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

(with rising energy)

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love."

PHOEBE

Hamlet?

Nathaniel nods, but still doesn't address her.

NATHANIEL

"You don't see anything, do you?
You see everything but the goddamn
mind; you see all the little specs
and crap, but you don't see what
goes on, do you?"

(yelling)

I cry all the time; but deep
inside, so no one can see me. I cry
all the time. And Georgie cries all
the time, too. We both cry all the
time, and then what we do, we cry,
and we take our tears, and we put
'em in the ice box, in the goddamn
ice trays until they're all frozen
and then... we put them... in
our... drinks."

There's a silence.

After a few breaths and beats, Nathaniel looks at Phoebe. She shrugs.

PHOEBE

You stumped me.

NATHANIEL

Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf.

She nods a nod that says she should have known. Nathaniel walks back to the edge of the stage.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

(out of breath)

I'm afraid of her, by the way.
Anyone in their right mind should
be.

He goes down the steps by Phoebe without so much of a glance up at her.

Phoebe, now left alone, toys with the rim of her turtleneck.

INT. NATHANIEL'S APARTMENT - MORNING

An alarm goes off, the phone vibrating on the dark wooden nightstand. It's the song "Skimbleshanks" from Andrew Lloyd Webber's Cats.

A hand reaches out from under the puffy white bedspread. It's Nathaniel's.

BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ.

His hand reaches the phone but knocks it off the stand. Sighing, he dangles his body off the bed head first and grabs the phone.

12 missed calls from Rosemary.

A wide shot reveals that he is clearly alone in a hotel room.

EXT. NATHANIEL'S CHILDHOOD HOME - MORNING

It's raining. There's fog.

A red car pulls up a long driveway.

It's a little white farm house. But it's not even that "country." It doesn't have that old rustic look. It's more elegant.

There are no animals, but a horse stable can be seen outback. A swing sits on a quaint front porch.

The car stops. Nathaniel gets out. He looks around, seeming to process the scene.

FRONT DOOR:

Nathaniel knocks, waits with his hands in his pockets. A frail, older woman appears. She wears her grey hair pinned back, but loose strands line her face.

This is Nathaniel's mother, HELEN (63). There's a strange moment of stillness. The woman is shocked to see her son.

A smile and gasp of joy erupts. She embraces him.

HELEN
Come in, come in.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN/DINING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Nathaniel's mother pours two cups of coffee at the sink. Nathaniel is sitting at a small wooden table off to the side, tapping his foot.

HELEN

So tell me, why are you here?

NATHANIEL

You not glad to see me?

HELEN

Of course I am. But I usually only do once or twice a year.

She carries the mugs over to the table.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

And that's only if I'm lucky.

NATHANIEL

I guess I just wanted to see how you're doing.

Helen smirks. They both know it's a lie.

HELEN

You were rude to me yesterday.

NATHANIEL

Hmm?

HELEN

On the phone.

NATHANIEL

Oh, that. Yeah I was busy.

HELEN

Too busy for your grieving mother?

NATHANIEL

Dad died fifteen years ago Helen, are you really still grieving?

She just looks at him.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

I'm just saying. You can't grieve forever.

HELEN

So I suppose that has nothing to do with why you're here.

NATHANIEL

What's your deal with the city?

HELEN

Nathan you've known how I feel about the city since you could walk.

NATHANIEL

And yet I've never heard a solid reason.

HELEN

There's trash. Gum on the subway seats. And bird shit everywhere.

NATHANIEL

(laughing)

You could find a lot worse in the city.

HELEN

My point exactly.

There's a silence between them. Nathaniel looks around. When he speaks, he keeps his eyes on his mug.

NATHANIEL

Dad gave you everything you know.

HELEN

Don't talk to me like you know anything about it.

NATHANIEL

He was my Dad Helen.

HELEN

(emphatic)

You knew the version of him that loved to have a playbill in one hand and a drink in the other.

Helen pauses a moment, her hands fidgeting in her lap. She shakes her head.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You knew your father, maybe. But you didn't know my husband.

(MORE)

HELEN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

And don't call me Helen.

NATHANIEL

Look, I'm sorry I cut you off yesterday. I didn't come here to argue.

HELEN

So why did you then?

NATHANIEL

Rosemary cheated on me.

Sadness crawls onto his mother's face. For the first time since she embraced him, we are reminded that she cares about him.

HELEN

Your girlfriend?

NATHANIEL

(annoyed)

Yes, Mom.

HELEN

Why?

NATHANIEL

Well hell if I know why. She showed up to her apartment drunk out of her mind. With another guy!

HELEN

How'd you find out? You catch her?

NATHANIEL

She told me. She's never been good at secrets.

HELEN

What'd you do?

NATHANIEL

Called her a whore.

HELEN

Nathaniel!

NATHANIEL

I came to visit Dad. When I found out about Mary, I stopped by the theater and did that thing Dad used to do to practice.

HELEN
 (laughing)
 Your father used to spill out
 Hamlet lines to a barista.

Nathaniel laughs too. He raises an eyebrow.

NATHANIEL
 I remember that.
 (a beat)
 I'm playing Julian by the way.

HELEN
 Your father would have been proud.

Another moment of silence between them, but this time there's a different tone in the air. It's more familial, more emotional.

Helen gives him a soft smile.

HELEN (CONT'D)
 Go ahead, before it rains.

EXT. CEMETARY - CONTINUOUS

It's still foggy out. There's dew.

Nathaniel walks past a few graves before arriving at his father's tombstone. It reads: "Arnold A. Schmidt. Born 1932. Deceased 2002. Who Am I This Time?"

Something white lays on the ground in front. It 's SOAKED, TATTERED paper. There are some ink stains on it.

Nathaniel puts his hand sin his pockets and taps his foot. He bites his lip, eyeing the tombstone.

NATHANIEL
 Hey Arnold.

He pulls out a few sheets of paper. Lines from a play. But Nathaniel doesn't need the sheet to remind him of the words.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)
 "But, soft! What light through
 yonder window breaks?
 It is the east, and Juliet is the
 sun. Arise, fair sun, and kill the
 envious moon."

Nathaniel hasn't taken his eyes off of his father's grave.

There's a strain in his voice. While he often does this, the lines he chose today have made him emotional.

NATHANIEL (CONT'D)

Well, uh, you know the rest. I wish I could say them for mom like you always did.

(a laugh escapes)

Didn't you even say them to her over a bowl of cereal once? I knew these by heart by the time I was 7 just from hearing you. But...

(laughs again)

Well I guess it wouldn't really be the same coming from me. She's lonely Dad. She's been lonely ever since... You drove me insane, and her too sometimes, but...

Nathaniel coughs and wipes a sleeve across his nose. He sighs and lays the sheets from Romeo and Juliet down atop what we realize now are decomposed pages from plays.

Without another word, he walks off.

INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - EVENING

LIVING ROOM:

Clark is awkwardly rehearsing a scene from 42nd Street: We're in the Money.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

Clark answers.

A frail-seeming older woman with poor quality hair dye is standing next to an equally frail older man. Both of their hair is nearly all grey.

It's Clark's parents, Evelyn and WILLIAM. Clark looks shocked.

Evelyn is holding a casserole dish. Her face wears a nervous smile.

CLARK

Mom?

EVELYN

And Dad.

Clark glances at his father. William puts on a smile and waves.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Can we come in?

CLARK

Yes, yes. Of course.

Clark runs a hand through his hair, nervous and thrown off. He backs away and they step inside. But he doesn't get a chance to ask why they are here.

EVELYN

Sorry we haven't returned any of your calls. We were away and then your Nanna got into an accident and- well it's just been crazy.

WILLIAM

Your Nanna says hi by the way.

CLARK

Is she okay?

EVELYN

Yeah.

WILLIAM

Fell asleep at the wheel again I think.

Evelyn playfully punches William on the shoulder.

EVELYN

Oh heavens no! Your Nana was clipped from behind honey.

CLARK

Is she really well enough to be driving anyway?

William shakes his head.

EVELYN

Yes, of course she is!

CLARK

Oh, here let me take this.

Clark takes the casserole from her and puts it in the fridge. He's still acting a bit frantic.

WILLIAM
So, tell us about everything.
How've you been?

CLARK
(to Evelyn)
What is it?

EVELYN
Breaded mac and cheese, your
favorite.

CLARK
Oh wait you didn't meant to eat it
now did you?

EVELYN
(hesitant)
Well, no that's alright.

CLARK
Oh jeeze I'm sorry!

Clark, realizing they brought the meal for dinner, goes back
towards the fridge.

EVELYN
Now wait a minute!

Evelyn puts her arms out wide.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
You forgot to do something.

After a moment of contemplation, Clark laughs and embraces
his mother. They pull William in with them.

He laughs and wraps his lanky arms around them both.

DINING AREA:

The three of them are sitting at Clark's small dining table.
There's jazz music playing quietly in the background.

Combined with the overhead light now on and the tone of their
voices, the place is much more alive now than we ever saw it
before.

WILLIAM
You're kidding!

CLARK
(laughing)
Nope!

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

Ran into him just after I stepped outside. He wants to reconnect I think.

EVELYN

Max was always such a nice kid!

WILLIAM

He seein' the same shrink?

EVELYN

Oh William now stop it.

(a beat; through a mouthful of spaghetti)

Now tell us about the theater honey!

Clark hesitates.

CLARK

Well, uh, it's a bit chaotic sometimes.

INT. BEHIND STAGE AT MACADAMIA STREET THEATER - DAY

We open to a scene very similar to what we saw at the start of act one. Crew members milling about. Gossip. There's chaos again, but this time its quieter.

People are practicing lines, getting acquainted and re-acquainted. A banner hangs on a wall in the in the back. It reads: Day 7 of 42nd Street.

The curtain is open so that the crew is spread out all across the stage.

The choreographer, RICHARD (46), is going over a few moves with a small group. Rosemary is one of them.

Clark is rummaging through a box of cables. FOCUS on him glancing around.

Queue Phoebe waltzing into the scene.

PHOEBE

(while walking through)

Good morning, or more like afternoon I suppose. Please begin getting familiar with your characters, rehearse not just your lines but your emotions.

She exchanges brief eye contact with Nathaniel, who has been standing, arms crossed, off to the side. She approaches Rosemary.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Mary.

Phoebe shrugs her head to the side, nodding to her to come. Rosemary looks to her choreographer, HANS, before stepping aside.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

How you doing?

ROSEMARY

(stoic)

Fine. Excited to begin mastering Peggy.

PHOEBE

That all?

ROSEMARY

Yep.

PHOEBE

Nathaniel came in here all pissy and dramatic the other day. I was worried it had something to do with you.

ROSEMARY

(shaking her head)

Sorry.

PHOEBE

So you don't know anything about it?

Rosemary shakes her head. The look on Phoebe's face suggests she sees right through it. Her hands are on her hips and she bites her lip.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Well let me know when you wanna talk about it.

Phoebe pats Rosemary on the shoulder and then lets her alone. Now she approaches Nathaniel.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

And you. How are you?

NATHANIEL
Just peachy, Ms. Kato.

PHOEBE
How do you feel about playing
Julian?

NATHANIEL
Great. Couldn't be any better.
Psyched to get to play a lead role
with my beautiful girlfriend.

He gives her a smile that is clearly forced. FOCUS on his
glance in the direction of Rosemary. Phoebe sighs.

PHOEBE
Well be nice. We don't have the
budget or time to find a new Peggy.

She walks off.

Shift to Clark now approaching Rosemary.

CLARK
Hey.

ROSEMARY
(through a smile)
Hey.

CLARK
You okay?

ROSEMARY
Yeah, don't worry about me.

CLARK
I'm sorry I kinda abandoned ship so
fast the other day.
(a beat)
Large groups aren't really my
thing.

ROSEMARY
Don't worry, I hardly noticed.

Rosemary, who hadn't stopped practicing her moves while she'd
been talking to Clark, now lets herself relax. Her body seems
to want to resist.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

Look Clark. I don't know what you think, but in terms of anything going on between us, I just want you to know it can't happen.

Just then, Nathaniel is behind them.

NATHANIEL

Get the hell away from my girlfriend before I give you no choice.

ROSEMARY

Woah, babe.

But he isn't interested in hearing any explanation.

NATHANIEL

You don't get to sleep with her and then parade around in front of me.

Rosemary blushes. Clark looks confused. He puts out a hand.

CLARK

Man, I didn't sleep with your girlfriend.

NATHANIEL

Yeah shut up.

ROSEMARY

Nathaniel!

CLARK

I didn't.

NATHANIEL

I said shut up!

Nathaniel shoves Clark. Rosemary gasps. Clark shoves back.

There's more shoving. Nathaniel is getting even more physical. He gets Clark in the lip.

Rosemary tries to intervene. Nathaniel throws up an arm to block her. Hitting her harder than intended, she stumbles backwards.

Queue Phoenix walking in. He looks exhausted but rushes over to the scene.

PHOENIX

Hey!

His arms are around Nathaniel, pulling him back. Phoebe is helping Rosemary recompose herself. Rosemary brushes herself off. She looks annoyed at the help.

ROSEMARY

I got it.

Phoenix notices CLARK'S BLOODY LIP. Phoenix looks disgusted. The look is directed at Phoebe.

Nathaniel as he sees the HORROFIED LOOKS on his crew mates faces. He sighs. This is an all too familiar scene.

PHOENIX

For christ's sake, people. This is not a joke. Macadamia Street Theater has a history to upheld, and we are at its mercy. For decades, no, centuries, this theater has put on classic shows, innovative shows, debuts and originals. But each one has a similarity. Each one has something that makes it timeless. A good crew. Better than that actually. The crew must be exceptional to belong in this theater. We must constantly be striving to live up to its prestige. And right now, quite frankly, I'm ashamed.

(a beat)

By the looks of it we don't have a damn chance. If you can't leave your problems at the door, then don't bother coming in.

(another beat)

I could have any of you replaced quicker than you think.

And with that, Phoenix walks off.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

(to the crew behind him)

Carson, go fetch a first aid kit.

Joan, one of the woman from the opening scene, laughs and gestures towards Clark.

JOAN

I think that's you.

ACT III

INT. PHOENIX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phoenix stands in his office, arms on his hips, thinking.

On his desk are stacks and scattered piles of paper.

A frame reveals a version of him that looks both younger and happier. In the photo, he is holding an award, surrounded by friends and what appears to be his daughter.

He sits down in his black leather chair. A hand through his hair.

KNOCK KNOCK.

Phoebe is standing at the doorway. Her peach blouse is unbuttoned just enough to be slightly revealing. She fidgets with the edge of her long black skirt.

Phoenix studies her. He doesn't invite her in.

PHOENIX

(angry)

What, you can't even control the damn crew?

PHOEBE

Hey that's your job. I'm just the producer.

PHOENIX

Funny.

An awkward silence for a few beats. Phoenix's expression softens.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

What about dinner?

Phoebe steps inside and closes the door.

PHOEBE

My feelings haven't changed Phoenix.

PHOENIX

Yeah yeah I know you hate the idea of love. But what about me? You don't hate me do you?

PHOEBE

I don't hate love either. I just refuse to give everything up for it like my father did.

PHOENIX
I'm not asking you to.

PHOEBE
You really think we can date and run this show at the same time? I mean Jesus Phoenix, we can hardly handle this as is! Our crew is a mess.

Phoenix steps in front of her and begins to rub her arms.

PHOENIX
I know, I know.

PHOEBE
(sighing)
What are we gonna do?

She looks up at him, her head nearly resting on his chest.

PHOENIX
I have no idea.
(a beat)
What the hell was going on out there anyway?

PHOEBE
Beats me. I'm sure I'll find out from Rosemary sooner or later.

PHOENIX
Since when are you two so close?

PHOEBE
We've always gotten along well.

Another moment of silence.

PHOENIX
(playfully)
The two of you ever go to dinner?

Phoebe laughs.

PHOEBE
Phoenix.

PHOENIX
(exasperated)
When are you going to be more open to love?

PHOEBE
(taken aback)
I don't know! When are you going to
start liking kale?

PHOENIX
You and I both know that's not
nearly the same thing.

PHOEBE
It might as well be.
(a beat)
I'm just not ready.

PHOENIX
We're practically together already.

Phoebe smiles a smile that only exists between two people who
have slept together. She wraps her arms around Phoenix's
waist.

PHOEBE
Is that my tie?

Phoenix laughs.

PHOENIX
Not the only thing you left at my
place.

PHOEBE
I just don't like the idea of
putting a label on it right now. I
like the way things are.

Their eyes meet.

Phoenix is about to kiss her. She leans in and then backs
away, teasing him. She winks at him as she turns and reaches
for the doorknob. Phoenix grabs her by the wrist.

He pulls her into him and their lips meet. He picks her up
and turns towards his desk. He brushes off the papers. Phoebe
laughs.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Oh my god, Phoenix!

He sits her on his desk, puts his hands on her face and
kisses her hard. Phoebe's legs wrap around him.

We'll leave it at that.

INT. THEATER MAINTENANCE CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Clark is standing in a small walk-in maintenance closet somewhere in the narrow winding halls of Macadamia Street Theater. He is singing quietly to himself.

CLARK

Sing us a song... the piano man...
hmmm, mmmm a song tonight. Cause
we're all in the mood for a
melody...

The boy's got talent.

Rosemary appears behind him. She leans her body against the frame of the doorway.

CLARK (CONT'D)

La di dee da, di dee daaaa... oh la
di dee di dee daaaa da dummm...

He picks out a pair of nail clippers, makes a face, and tosses it back in.

CLARK (CONT'D)

He says, "Son, can you play me a
memory
I'm not really sure how it goes
But it's sad and it's sweet and I
knew it complete
When I wore a younger man's
clothes."

ROSEMARY

I didn't know you could sing.

Clark jumps, dropping a few things. He takes a breath and stays still for a moment as if composing himself.

Before picking any of them up, he pulls out an ACE bandage and turns around. He looks flustered.

CLARK

How long have you been standing
there?

ROSEMARY

You have a beautiful voice. Really.
Why didn't I know you could sing
like that?

CLARK

People have always made me kinda
nervous.

ROSEMARY
And yet you work in a theater?

Instead of answering, Clark raises an eyebrow and holds up the bandage.

CLARK
You want an ACE bandage?

ROSEMARY
I'm alright. I didn't twist my ankle that badly. Is that what you came here for?

CLARK
Honestly not sure what he wanted me to find.

ROSEMARY
How's your lip?

CLARK
I think I'll survive.
(a beat; with an awkward smile)
Just barely though.

ROSEMARY
Hang in there.

She steps in and leans on a metal cart in the room for support.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
And for what it's worth, Nathaniel really is a good guy. He just also happens to have a bad temper.
(a beat)
I'm sorry for the other day. Was I as bad as I remember?

CLARK
Honestly don't have much to compare it to.

ROSEMARY
You're sweet. But really, you don't have to sugar coat it.

CLARK
I'm not.

ROSEMARY

Well, Clark, I'm embarrassed. About that and also about what just happened out there. I'll clear things up with Nathaniel, I promise.

Rosemary's about to exit the room, the light illuminating her BARE SHOULDERS exposed by the thin straps of her burgundy dress. She hesitates, taps her fingers on the door frame.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)

(over her shoulder)

Thanks for taking me home.

With that, she walks out. Clark stands there for a moment.

CLARK

(to himself)

You're welcome.

ACT IV

INT. PHOEBE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe sits at her desk. There's a small succulent in a light pink pot with a black smile on it. Underneath her desk is a light tan suitcase.

A photo of Phoebe and her parents sits on her desk. Behind them is a landscape clearly somewhere in Japan.

She pulls a black sweater out of it and drapes it over her shoulders. She then pulls out her DIARY.

She begins writing about her time with Phoenix. She just jots down the date and writes: "Phoenix was..." when there's a

KNOCK.

It's Rosemary. Her eyes look moist.

PHOEBE

Hey hun...

ROSEMARY

Why is the suitcase under your desk? Haven't you been staying with Phoenix?

PHOEBE
Let's not talk about me. What's
goin' on? You okay?

ROSEMARY
I messed up that's what.
(a beat)
I cheated on Nathaniel.

PHOEBE
Holy shit, you what!

ROSEMARY
It was so stupid.

PHOEBE
What happened?

Rosemary is pacing around the room.

ROSEMARY
We just... Things hadn't been the
best between us.

But Phoebe isn't sold.

ROSEMARY (CONT'D)
We're always busy and you know how
he gets.

PHOEBE
Yeah but...

ROSEMARY
I don't know! Why does anyone do
anything stupid?

PHOEBE
Relax. I take it he knows?

ROSEMARY
Yeah he knows.

PHOEBE
Wait... it wasn't Clark was it?

ROSEMARY
No. But that's not the point.
What do I do Phoebe? I'm scared
I've done it for good this time.

PHOEBE
Maybe it'll all blow over?

Tears begin to fall from her eyes.

ROSEMARY

Things like this don't just blow over.

(a beat)

I'm starting to think you've got it right by avoiding love.

Phoebe sighs, opens up her arms, and let's Rosemary lean into her embrace.

INT. BEHIND STAGE AT MACADMAIA STREET THEATER - CONTINUOUS

Clark is back on stage with the wrap in his hand.

PHOENIX

(to Clark)

What are you just standing here with that for?

Clark bites his lip.

CLARK

Have you seen Rosemary?

PHOENIX

(shaking his head)

Sorry Carson.

CLARK

Clark.

PHOENIX

Sorry?

CLARK

My name's Clark. And she didn't want the wrap.

PHOENIX

Duly noted.

Phoenix lifts an arm in a gesture that suggests he wants Clark to toss him the wrap. Clark tosses it and is about to exit the scene but

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Wait, sorry for being so curt. You ever do theater son?

Clark shakes his head.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Hm.

(a beat)

I've been looking to shake things up, thought maybe I'd take a chance on a rookie.

CLARK

Trust me, you'd regret it.

Phoenix studies Clark for a moment.

PHOENIX

Don't be so hard on yourself. You've got that theater look and that's half a step further in the door than most.

And with that, Phoenix steps out of the scene. He heads over to Nathaniel.

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

Hey.

NATHANIEL

Hey.

PHOENIX

Gimme a line.

NATHANIEL

"Sawyer, you listen to me, and you listen hard. Two hundred people, two hundred jobs, two hundred thousand dollars, five weeks of grind and blood and sweat depend upon you. It's the lives of all these people who've worked with you. You've got to go on, and you've got to give and give and give. They've got to like you. Got to. Do you understand?"

PHOENIX

You gotta learn to control it kid.

NATHANIEL

'Scuse me?

PHOENIX

Your anger, frustration. Theater is about learning to mask certain emotions and express others.

(MORE)

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

You're good. But if you wanna be great, you've got to learn that balance.

NATHANIEL

I know how to act, Phoenix. I manage it on stage, but behind the curtain who cares?

PHOENIX

I do. And the rest of your crew probably does too. Did you see the look on their faces?

NATHANIEL

Oh fuck off.

(a beat)

And my frustration was justified.

Phoenix raises an eyebrow.

PHOENIX

That doesn't mean I have to tolerate it. And I won't.

(a beat)

But let's get into your lines. Here's the thing- Julian, he's going through some tough times. His theater's crumbling. The debt's too high. You're gonna have to learn how to tap into that.

NATHANIEL

I know.

PHOENIX

You don't seem like one who likes to admit feeling broken.

(a beat)

You ever see 42nd Street, Nathaniel?

NATHANIEL

Of course.

PHOENIX

My Dad and I use to go see it.

This gets Nathaniel's attention.

NATHANIEL

Your Dad was into theater?

Phoenix nods.

PHOENIX

And this was one of his favorites.
So naturally its one of mine. Don't
screw it up.

NATHANIEL

Did your Dad act?

Another nod.

PHOENIX

Brilliant man, really. Had had
quite a talent. Would have been
proud of me for taking on
Macadamia, but probably ashamed in
comparison to the work he did.

NATHANIEL

Would I have ever seen him in
anything?

PHOENIX

You ever hear of Warren J. Grant?

NATHANIEL

Of course.

PHOENIX

Well he was Warren J. Grant by day,
my dad by night.

NATHANIEL

No shit, that's your dad?

PHOENIX

Was.

NATHANIEL

Right, sorry.

PHOENIX

It's alright. He was a man to be
reckoned with, that's for sure.

NATHANIEL

Well, I have no intention of being
a disappointment. I've always been
dedicated, you've seen that.

PHOENIX

I just know it's hard putting on a
show when things get personal. When
things get dramatic. And when
people get hurt.

(MORE)

PHOENIX (CONT'D)

So whatever's going on between you, Rosemary, and that Clark kid, you gotta work it out.

(a beat)

You have a lot to learn. But you're pretty good Mr. Schmidt. You're pretty good. Don't let life get in the way of that.

NATHANIEL

I'll do my best.

Meanwhile, Rosemary is back. Phoenix catches her walking back onto the stage.

PHOENIX

Now, back to Julian.

He pats Nathaniel on the shoulder and approaches her.

ROSEMARY

Hey, Phoenix.

PHOENIX

Hey Peggy.

ROSEMARY

(blushing)

What? It's Rosemary silly.

Nathaniel, who had been close enough to overhear, smiles to himself.

PHOENIX

Well is Rosemary not playing Peggy?

ROSEMARY

Oh my god! Sorry. I don't know where my head is today.

PHOENIX

You okay, Mary?

ROSEMARY

Of course. Look I gave up dance long ago after a pretty severe injury to my leg. Whole bone was shattered.

(a beat)

It nearly ruined me. Not gonna let anything get in my way this time.

PHOENIX

I'm excited to have you playing Peggy. This character was made for you.

ROSEMARY

Strong claim to live up to.

PHOENIX

I'm serious. She's innocent, hopeful, a bit naive.

(a beat)

But also attractive, something of a dark horse.

Rosemary blushes.

Attention to Phoebe approaching Clark. Her arms are crossed. She seems stern.

PHOEBE

I heard you sing.

Clark looks surprised.

CLARK

You must have me mistaken.

PHOEBE

No, no I don't think so. Piano Man right?

Clark says nothing. The sternness in Phoebe melts away like always and she softens.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

I was coming back from Phoenix's office and could hear you down the hall.

(a beat)

You have talent. In fact you could probably do better for yourself than a stagehand.

CLARK

I've never been good in front of crowds.

PHOEBE

That can be worked on. All in time.

INT. PHOENIX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Phoenix is sorting through a small stack of mail in his hands. He stops on one envelope individually. It's from the theater's financial advisor.

Behind it is one from a company called Marquet Costume & Co. He uses his nail to slit the top. He pulls out the slip.

It indicates that the company has not received all necessary payments from Macadamia Street Theater. They owe \$14,401.

Phoenix studies the notice for a moment. Then he picks the rest of the stack back up. He finds one containing a bill from Two Time Lighting. \$23,746.

He puts a hand to his face in exasperation. He sighs.

He tries to slam the bill on the ground. The paper FLUTTERS in front of him.

INT. CITY BAR - NIGHT

Glasses clink. A woman smiles, flashing bright white teeth. A man dances with a sexy red-head pulled close to him. The night is alive and sensuous.

Clark has an elbow on the counter. He is talking to a bartender. From a smile here and there, the conversation looks light-hearted.

Queue Rosemary approaching him. She taps him on the shoulder. Clark receives his scotch and turns around.

ROSEMARY

I'm not weak by the way.

CLARK

Sorry?

ROSEMARY

It's the theater. They want someone they can mold.

CLARK

I'm... Not following.

ROSEMARY

I didn't really even twist my ankle. You just have to play it up.

CLARK

I do?

ROSEMARY

Well maybe not you. But I do.

CLARK

What, theater won't like you
anymore if your swift on your feet?

Rosemary rolls her eyes.

ROSEMARY

I'm serious. Theater doesn't want
strong, independent women. They
want someone soft, naive,

(air quotes)

Shapeable.

(a beat)

So that's what I become. Little do
they know I am acting even in-
between all my lines.

CLARK

I'm not sure I completely agree.

ROSEMARY

You don't have to. I just wanted
you to know I'm not weak.

CLARK

Okay.

ROSEMARY

Oh and I cleared things up with
Nathaniel by the way.

CLARK

(raising an eyebrow)

Really?

ROSEMARY

Well, about you and me. That there
isn't any you and me.

CLARK

Oh.

ROSEMARY

(nodding)

And I mean we had a good talk too,
it was good.

CLARK

I'm glad.

ROSEMARY
You alright?

CLARK
Yeah, just- yeah.

Rosemary gives a hesitant smile before nodding and walking away.

Clark watches her go. She walks right into Nathaniel's arms. His left arm trails down her back lower and lower. The two are clearly not afraid to show a public display of affection.

Nathaniel meets Clark's gaze. He shifts, changing his position to look even more protective of Rosemary.

Clark takes a LARGE SWIG of his drink.

Out of the corner of his eye, he notices Phoebe sitting at a small table off to the side. She's alone.

INT. STAGE AT MACADAMIA STREET THEATER - NIGHT

Instead of going to the "after party" following a long day of rehearsal, Phoenix has stayed behind.

He is standing on the stage, looking out to an audience that isn't there with his hands in his pockets and a thoughtful expression on his face.

INT. BEHIND STAGE AT MACADAMIA STREET THEATER - DAY

For the first time, the theater has a calm air to it.

PHOENIX
Places everyone!

People mill about. Hans observes the forming scene with hands on his hips.

Rosemary and four other women, Joan, Madelyn, TERESA, and CAT are currently front and center.

ROSEMARY
I got it!

MADELYN
Well, what is it?

JOAN
A penny?

CAT AND TERESA

A nickel?

ROSEMARY

Hold your horses and let me get the dirt off!

(a beat)

A dime!

ALL 5

We're in the money. We're in the money. We've got a lot of what it takes to get along.

Phoenix bites his lip at the irony. His expression is pensive.

ROSEMARY

The sky is sunny, Old Man Depression, you are through, you've done us wrong!

JOAN

We never see a headline
'Bout breadline, today,
And when we see the landlord,
We can look that guy right in the eye.

CAT

We're in the money
Come on, my honey
Let's spend it, lend it,
Send it rolling around!

The entire ensemble begins to shift, shuffle, and dance as they join in.

ENSEMBLE

We're in the money,
We're in the money;
We've got a lot of what it takes to get along!
We're in the money,
The sky is sunny;
Old Man Depression, you are through,
You done us wrong!

FADE TO BLACK.