

LOST AND WON

Written by

Forrest Leo and Abigail Sparrow

abigailsparrow@gmail.com
forrest.r.leo@gmail.com
(815) 954-5117

A pop song plays in blackness. Heavy beat.

Layer in labored, rhythmic breathing.

Someone starts saying:

MAN'S VOICE (JOE)
Yes! Come on! Yes! God yes!

Is it... Could it be... Sex?

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

No! Get your mind out of the gutter. It's Trevor Daniels (35) working out on a beach. He's busting out a series of weighted pull ups. He looks really good.

His trainer, Joe, 40 and impossibly ripped, yells encouragement.

JOE
Yes! Come on! One more! YES!
One more! Come on! You're a movie
star! You're Zeus! Come on!

Trevor manages two more, then collapses on the sand.

JOE (CONT'D)
YES! Shit yes, man!

Joe helps him up and slaps his ass. Trevor grins.

A couple of teenage girls pass by and notice him. They scream and run over.

TEENAGE GIRL #1
Ohmygod! Can we take a selfie?

TREVOR
(good humoredly)
Of course.

He poses for a selfie with each girl.

TEENAGE GIRL #2
Thank you SO much! We, like, love
your movies.

TREVOR
Thanks!

The girls run off.

Trevor's manager, Alice (30), looks on dispassionately through enormous sunglasses, sipping a Red Bull. She glances at her ever-present phone.

ALICE
Come on, we're late. You've got
Kimmel tonight.

MONTAGE OVER OPENING CREDITS:

--Trevor drives his convertible along the Malibu coast.

--Meg Weir (35), a New York stage actress, waits in line for dollar pizza on 39th Street.

--Trevor showers in an enormous marble bathroom.

--Meg auditions in a tiny rehearsal studio.

--Trevor signs autographs on Hollywood Boulevard.

--Meg sits on the subway.

--Trevor bro-hugs Jimmy Kimmel.

--Meg, in rehearsal clothes, takes a dance class.

END MONTAGE

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - NIGHT

Trevor, easy and winning, talks to Jimmy Kimmel.

JIMMY KIMMEL
Trevor Daniels, ladies and
gentleman.

The audience applauds.

JIMMY KIMMEL (CONT'D)
Now you've obviously had some
success with Gods of Olympus--

TREVOR
(making a joke)
Some.

The audience laughs.

JIMMY KIMMEL
But now you're changing things up,
is that right?

TREVOR
 It is, it is. I'm actually-- Can
 I talk about this?

He glances offstage. Alice, with phone and Red Bull, nods at him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 So I'm actually heading to New
 York, to do a stage production of
 Macbeth.

We pull out and--

INT. BLINK GYM - NIGHT

Trevor becomes a face on a TV screen above an elliptical machine.

Meg's running on the elliptical, watching the TV. She makes a face and turns off the TV. She hops off the machine and we see that she's in a modest basement gym in New York -- a far cry from Trevor's beach routine.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - NIGHT

Meg emerges from the gym. She takes a long swig from her water bottle.

She begins walking, and a man follows her.

MAN
 Hey. You. Come home with me?

Meg puts in her earbuds.

MAN (CONT'D)
 Hey! You have a sexy ass.

She walks a little faster, but he doesn't follow her. She heads down a set of stairs into the subway.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

The platform is pretty deserted, except for a bag lady on a bench.

Meg glances at her. This sets the lady off.

BAG LADY
 What are you looking at?

Meg looks away she turns up her music.

BAG LADY (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you! What are you
looking at! You think you're
better than me?

Meg is unfazed by the woman yelling at her.

BAG LADY (CONT'D)

You think so? I'm sixty seven years
old! You think you won't be me
when you're sixty seven, you --

The woman's tirade is drowned out by the subway screeching into the station.

INT. TRAIN CAR - NIGHT

Meg gets on the subway car. The bag lady does not. She continues yelling, but now indiscriminately, and unintelligibly over the din of the train.

The doors shut Meg in and the bag lady out.

Meg holds the rail and sways with train. She lets out a long sigh.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Meg opens the door into her studio apartment. It is tiny, but well furnished and neat. She has shelves of books and plays, and a well stocked kitchen. She drops her bag next to the couch, and takes off her shoes.

INT. MEG'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Meg is in the shower. As she washes her hair, she goes through vocal exercises - some sirens, and mouth stretching vowel sounds.

A banging on the wall cuts her short.

She continues her vocal exercises even louder.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - LATER

With wet hair and in her PJs, Meg flops on the couch. She opens up a dog eared note ridden copy of MACBETH.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A phone rings loudly.

Meg wakes with a start.

AGENT LARRY is calling. She answers.

MEG

Good morning Larry.

As he talks, Meg gets up and pads to the kitchen area. She prepares coffee, toast and eggs.

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)

Did you see him? Last night on Kimmel?

MEG

I did.

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)

Wasn't it exciting? Oh kiddo, you guys are going to sell out. It's going to be the best thing you've ever done.

MEG

You think so? I don't know that anything can top the King Lear I did with --

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)

Oh sure. But who even saw that?

Meg grimaces.

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)

No. This is a good one. He's a star, Meg. And he'll make you a star.

A beat

MEG

You have something for me, Larry?

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)

Oh yeah. Yeah. A promotional photo shoot.

MEG

We haven't even started rehearsals yet.

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)
I know. It's the real deal,
babycakes. I keep telling you -
people might actually want to see
this one.

MEG
That's heartening, Larry. Glad my
decade of training and dozens of
other roles can be vindicated by
Zeus the god of -- what is he god
of, Larry?

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)
Sex, I'd imagine. It doesn't
matter. You have to take pictures.
Tomorrow. Can you do a fitting
today at three?

MEG
You know I can.

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)
Good. I'll let 'em know.

MEG
Thanks, Larry.

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)
And Meg?

MEG
Yeah?

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)
(suddenly serious)
It doesn't matter if he can't act.
Everyone will see you. You'll be
radiant.

MEG
Thanks, Larry.

AGENT LARRY (V.O.)
And you get to be Lady Mackers
opposite the hottest abs in
Hollywood.

Meg rolls her eyes.

MEG
Thanks, Larry.

She hangs up and tosses her phone onto her couch.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Trevor walks onto an airplane and settles into a first class seat. He pulls out an Arden Shakespeare copy of Macbeth and opens it up.

A well-dressed businesswoman takes the seat next to him. He smiles politely at her.

She does a double take, and as she stows her purse checks him out surreptitiously.

Trevor pretends not to notice, and keeps reading Macbeth.

Finally the businesswoman can't help herself.

BUSINESSWOMAN

I'm so sorry, but are you Trevor Daniels?

Trevor keeps his thumb in the book, but graciously turns to the woman.

TREVOR

I am.

BUSINESSWOMAN

I thought you were. I just love your work.

TREVOR

Thank you.

BUSINESSWOMAN

The girls in accounting aren't going to believe this. Can I take a selfie?

TREVOR

Of course.

She does.

BUSINESSWOMAN

Thank you so much. I'm Rhonda, by the way.

TREVOR

Nice to meet you, Rhonda. What takes you to New York?

But Rhonda's busy on her phone.

RHONDA
 (without looking up)
 Hang on.

Trevor hangs, somewhere between frustrated and amused.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
 (still on phone)
 Just...one...more...second.

Trevor opens up Macbeth.

RHONDA (CONT'D)
 There! I just had to tweet it. I
 hope you don't mind.

Trevor closes Macbeth.

TREVOR
 Not at all.

Rhonda nods at the book.

RHONDA
 I read that in high school.

TREVOR
 (smiling)
 Me too.

RHONDA
 I hated it.

Trevor's smile fades.

TREVOR
 Oh.

RHONDA
 Yeah, I just don't have patience
 for that crap. Like, the world's
 moved on, you know? I want my
 entertainment to be fun.

TREVOR
 Can't Shakespeare be fun?

RHONDA
 Oh come on, no one believes that.
 Now your movies -- especially the
 Olympus one. *That's* fun. I mean,
 you play *Zeus!* How can you top
 that?

TREVOR

Right. Hey, I'm going to try to get some sleep, do you mind?

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

The plane has landed. The captain comes on the intercom.

CAPTAIN (V.O.)

Hey folks, this is the captain speaking, just wanted to give you a little update. Lots of traffic on the ground here at JFK, we're still waiting for a jetway. They tell me it's going to be a little while. I'll keep you posted when I learn more.

Trevor glances at his watch.

TREVOR

Crap.

RHONDA

In a hurry?

TREVOR

Yeah -- I've got a photo shoot for the play. I'm gonna be late.

RHONDA

That's OK! You're a movie star! They have to wait for you!

Trevor clearly doesn't like that.

TREVOR

Yeah....

RHONDA

Now, I've just got to ask you. Is Jennifer Rhodes going to end up with Zeus or Apollo?

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Assistants lounge under light trees, and a photographer, Mark (40s), works on an iMac.

Meg sits in full hair and makeup and alluring black clothes. She has a rude crown on her head.

She's checking her phone.

MEG

Two hours and six minutes. He's
two hours and six minutes late.
Just in case, you know, anyone was
wondering.

No one looks up.

INT. JFK BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Trevor grabs his bag off the carousel and hurries out the automatic doors.

Rhonda calls after him.

RHONDA

Bye, Trevor!

TREVOR

Bye, Rhonda.

He gets into the back of a black towncar that's waiting for him.

INT. TOWNCAR - LATER

The car's stuck in Midtown traffic. Trevor keeps checking his phone.

TREVOR

(to driver)
How much longer?

DRIVER

Half hour.

TREVOR

We're *six blocks* away.

DRIVER

("so?")
Yeah?

TREVOR

I'm just gonna walk. Can you drop
my bag at the hotel?

DRIVER
Hang on, buddy--

But Trevor's already out of the car. He starts jogging between taxis.

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

Trevor bursts into the studio.

TREVOR
I'm so sorry! The plane was late,
traffic was crazy.... I hope you
guys weren't waiting too long!

Meg stares at him unfreundlily, but before she can speak the photographer jumps up and hurries over to Trevor.

MARK
Hey man, no, no problemo! It's all
good! I'm Mark DiMarco.

(It should be noted that Mark is aggressively white.)

TREVOR
Trevor Daniels.

They shake hands.

MARK
Of course you are, mi amigo! Come
on in, come on in. Can I get you
anything? Water? Coffee?

TREVOR
No, I'm good thanks.

MARK
You sure? Tea?

MEG
You said you didn't have any tea.

TREVOR
Thanks, I'm all set.

MARK
You sure? I can send an assistant
out!

Meg raises her eyebrows. Clearly she didn't get the same offer.

TREVOR
No, man, really, thanks.
(to Meg)
You must be Meg.

MEG
I am Meg.

He reaches out his hand. She hesitates, then takes it.

TREVOR
It's so great to meet you. I'm a
huge fan.

She looks surprised.

MEG
You are?

TREVOR
Of course! I mean, I've never
actually seen you in person, but
I've got a buddy who saw you in the
Seagull, and he had amazing things
to say. And, I mean, I read the
Times review, and-- Yeah. It's
such an honor to be working with
you.

Meg's thrown off, and gives him a weird look.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Sorry. You must hear that all the
time, huh? I know that's annoying.
There was this fan on the flight
today, and-- Well, you know how it
goes.

Meg's face hardens.

MEG
I don't, really. We'd better start
the shoot.

TREVOR
Yeah! Right. Sorry again for--
Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - LATER

Trevor's in costume now. He and Meg stand in front of the backdrop while Mark snaps away.

MARK

That's awesome. Just awesome. I love that. Let's get a little more sex.

MEG

A little more what?

MARK

Sex! You know, let's make it hot!

MEG

It's Macbeth.

MARK

Exactly! Like-- Can you be reaching up her skirt?

MEG

Excuse me?

MARK

Or maybe-- Yeah, yeah, Trevor, unbutton your shirt.

Trevor does.

MARK (CONT'D)

Oh yes. Holy shit, bro, you must work out. I could grate cheese on those! Meg, why don't you, like-- Actually, maybe let's just get Trevor for these.

Meg steps out. Mark keeps photographing.

MARK (CONT'D)

Yes. God yes. This is so hot.

Meg takes out her phone and sends a text.

CLOSE ON PHONE:

She sends "Kill me now" to a contact called Jeff.

MARK (CONT'D)
You know what, let's just lose the
shirt completely.

CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - LATER

The shoot's over. Meg and Trevor are in street clothes
again.

MARK
Man, that was just so awesome.

TREVOR
Got some good stuff?

MARK
Primo, my brother, just primo.
You're gonna love it. And hey, if
you ever need head shots or
anything--

TREVOR
I'll be sure to hit you up.

MARK
Awesome, man, awesome. And, like,
don't even worry about the price.
I'll give you a heavy discount.

Trevor tries not to laugh.

TREVOR
Thanks, Mark. It's been a
pleasure.

MARK
No, man-- It was mi gusta.
Gracias, amigo, gracias.

TREVOR
Uh, de nada.

MEG
(to Mark)
It was nice to meet you.

Trevor starts heading to the door.

MARK
What? Oh, yeah, you too. Bye now.

Trevor and Meg leave.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk to an elevator. Meg presses the button.

TREVOR

Well he was something.

Meg doesn't answer. They stand in awkward silence. Finally the elevator arrives. It's tiny and ancient. They squeeze in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR

Look, I feel like we got off on the wrong foot. Let me buy you a drink.

Meg hesitates. Then:

MEG

Fine.

INT. NY DIVE BAR - EVENING

Meg and Trevor enter the bar.

MEG

Bar or booth?

TREVOR

Uh. Booth. I guess.

MEG

We can sit at the bar.

TREVOR

No. No, booth is good.

MEG

Great.

They sit at a booth.

Meg leans into the grimy seat. Trevor looks a little less comfortable.

BARTENDER

Hey, Meg.

MEG
Chris! I didn't know you worked
Tuesdays!

BARTENDER
I'm covering. Luke is on tour.

MEG
Oh! Good for him.

BARTENDER
Yeah. That bitch.

He laughs uncomfortably.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
Manhattan?

MEG
You know it.

BARTENDER
(to Trevor)
And for you - oh my god! You're -
oh my god. I -

MEG
Keep it in your pants, dude.

TREVOR
It's fine.

BARTENDER
Right. What can I get for you, Mr.
Daniels?

TREVOR
Club soda and lime - and could I
see a menu?

BARTENDER
Sure thing.

Chris the bartender whisks away.

MEG
You aren't drinking?

TREVOR
I can't. Got to stay in superhero
shape.

MEG
Right.

TREVOR
So. What do you do?

MEG
I'm an actor.

TREVOR
(laughs)
I mean to stay in shape. I've got
to find my gyms here.

MEG
Gyms? As in plural?

TREVOR
Yeah.

MEG
Well. I do an elliptical in a
basement three times a week.

TREVOR
And weight training?

MEG
I carry my groceries to my fifth
floor walk up.

TREVOR
("nice")
Taskercising. It was never really
enough for me. It seems to be
working for you though! I had you
pegged as a Soul Cyclor.

MEG
No.

TREVOR
That's good. They seem a little
cultish.

MEG
(sarcastically)
And so last year.

TREVOR
(serious)
Right?

Meg stares at him.

MEG
So, why Macbeth?

TREVOR
You can't tell anyone.

MEG
Oh, I promise I won't.

Trevor maintains his easy charm.

TREVOR
Well, I'm in talks to play Moon Man, but they worry I'll get swallowed by the green screen. Turns out they want those old school Brits. Stage work is all the rage now.

MEG
I see. And Hamlet was just --

TREVOR
So narcissistic. Not that different from Zeus, really. At least Macbeth is an okay dude. And he skews a little older, but isn't boring. My manger said he felt right, and I totally agree.

MEG
Of course. Macbeth -- such an okay dude. That's what I've always said.

Chris comes back with their drinks.

Meg begins to down hers.

BARTENDER
Here's a menu, Mr. Daniels.

TREVOR
Please. Call me Trevor.

He glances at the menu.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Do you not have a kale salad?

Meg gulps faster.

She sets down her empty drink.

MEG
Well - thanks for the drink. I've got to be going.

She gets up from the booth.

TREVOR

Oh. I'll see you at rehearsal?

MEG

You will.

(leaning in to him)

And we start at 10. I don't think
the rest of the cast will be as
thrilled to wait as I was.

She walks out of the bar.

Trevor watches her go.

TREVOR

(to Chris)

I'll have the celery from the wings
and a burger no cheese no bun no
fries.

EXT. MIDTOWN NYC - NIGHT

Meg leaves the bar, and pulls out her phone.

She dials "Jeff."

MEG

(into phone)

Hey - I need a drink.

She starts walking down Lafayette.

JEFF (V.O.)

I thought you were getting one with
Dreamy McDreamerson.

MEG

(into phone)

Yeah, turns out I need a drink
because of my drink. Just - come
get a drink with me, Jeff.

JEFF (V.O.)

You know I'm always down for
alcohol.

MEG

(into phone)

That's why I love you.

JEFF (V.O.)
And here I thought it was my
sparkling wit and charm.

INT. CHELSEA BAR - NIGHT

Jeff is at the bar, flirting with the bartender. Meg enters.

JEFF
(to Meg)
Meg, honey! This is Davis. He
doesn't believe I'm stage managing
for *the* Trevor Daniels.

MEG
(to Davis)
He is though.

JEFF
See? And she's his leading lady,
so give the check to her.

DAVIS
Okay. Can I get you anything?

MEG
Manhattan.

JEFF
Ooh, you do need a drink.

Meg sits down on the stool next to Jeff.

MEG
He's the worst.

JEFF
Tell me all about it, lovey. But
first -- I want to know what those
arms feel like around your waist.

MEG
I'm serious, Jeff. He has no
business performing on a stage, let
alone performing Shakespeare.

JEFF
But he looks so tasty with his
clothes off. Who cares if he can
talk?

MEG
I care!

JEFF

Then you obviously haven't seen his oiled torso twenty feet high.

MEG

No, I can't say that I have.

JEFF

Oh, honey. He can handle heightened language.

MEG

I somehow doubt seducing Jennifer Rhodes requires the bard.

JEFF

Do I hear slut shaming, Meg Weir?

MEG

From me? Never.

JEFF

Honestly darling, he's pretty convincing. Regardless of his state of dress.

MEG

We'll see at the read through, won't we?

JEFF

We will. And maybe he'll even take his shirt off again.

MEG

You are incorrigible. He seems very straight to me.

JEFF

I'm convinced all those Hollywood types are deeply closeted.

He picks the cherry off the bottom of Meg's glass and pops it into his mouth.

JEFF (CONT'D)

And I personally believe everyone should live their most fabulous life.

MEG

In that case, I should tell you, this has been a surprisingly un-fabulous drink.

JEFF

I'm sorry, Meg honey -- but I've seen your ass, and it just can't compare.

INT. THEATRE - MORNING

We're in an old Off-Broadway theatre. It's a place of faded glory -- undeniably impressive, but also rough around the edges and coming apart at the seams. Some of the seats are broken. Dust falls from the flies. Every now and again a lighting technician gets electrocuted. That sort of thing.

The cast is onstage, seated around plastic folding tables. Meg and Trevor are side by side at the head.

Cat Sweeten, 30s, sincerely insincere and a little too eager, declaims about the play.

CAT

I just want to tell you all how thrilled I am to be working on this play. I really believe that it's maybe the greatest piece of Western art, and that the world needs it today more than ever. I want to extend an especially warm welcome to a man who needs no introduction, our Thane of Cawdor himself, Trevor Daniels.

The cast applauds. Meg rolls her eyes.

TREVOR

Thank you.

CAT

And also, of course--

Meg perks up.

CAT (CONT'D)

--the rest of our amazing cast. Thank you, everyone, for being here. Does anyone have any questions before we dive right in?

No one does.

CAT (CONT'D)

Great! Then let's turn to--

Jeff, the stage manager, steps in.

JEFF

Hey, sorry, there's actually some Equity business I need to go over--

Cat hardens.

CAT

Thank you, Jeff, but we'll do that later.

JEFF

Uh, OK, but--

CAT

I really need to be allowed to run my own rehearsal.

Beat. Hold on Jeff. Then--

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE - LATER

The cast is on a break and Jeff is quietly venting to Meg.

JEFF

Bitch, I'm the stage manager, running the rehearsal IS MY JOB!

MEG

At least you don't have to act opposite a sentient block of wood.

JEFF

Oh, he's *fine*.

MEG

He's an idiot.

JEFF

He's read four scenes.

MEG

It was enough.

JEFF

You're a snob.

MEG

Well you're--

JEFF
 (calling to the cast)
 And we're back, everyone!

The cast files back to the stage.

CAT
 Great -- so one-five is the first
 time the Macbeths are onstage
 together. And I want them to just
drip sex. They're a young, vital,
 vibrant couple, they haven't seen
 each other in weeks, he's won a war
 -- they just want to rip each
 other's clothes off! Make sense?

Meg sighs. Jeff winks at her.

CAT (CONT'D)
 Great! Whenever you're ready, Meg?

MEG
 (reading)
 "They met me in the day of success:
 and I have / learned by the
 perfectest--"

CAT
 I'm going to stop you right there,
 Meg.

MEG
 (annoyed)
 Uh-- OK. Why?

CAT
 It looks like Trevor has a thought.

MEG
 It *what*?

CAT
 Go ahead, Trevor.

TREVOR
 I'm so sorry to interrupt, but I
 did actually have a quick question.
 Is it this letter that gives Lady M
 the idea to kill Duncan? Or has
 she been thinking about it already?

CAT
 Well that's an interesting
 question, isn't it?

Meg's had enough.

MEG

NO! It's not an interesting question, it's a stupid question, because it's THE MOST OBVIOUS QUESTION IN THE WHOLE WORLD AND WE AREN'T IN HIGH SCHOOL!

TREVOR

Did I do something to offend you?

MEG

Yes! You come in here like it's an acting class, without any respect for the art, and without any idea how hard the rest of us have had to work to be able to do what we do, and without any idea what the hell you're doing! And then you ask stupid goddamn questions! Everything you do offends me! You're not an actor, you're not even a movie star -- you're an action figure! And, like, one of those stupid ones no one even wants to play with!

Trevor stares at her. He purses his lips. Slams his script shut. He gets up and storms out of the theatre.

MEG (CONT'D)

Hey! Don't walk away--

TREVOR

(as he leaves)
Screw you.

The door slams behind him.

Dead silence.

JEFF

Uh, take five, everyone.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE THEATRE - AFTERNOON

Trevor paces outside the theatre. A girl across the street sees him. She squeals and starts towards him.

He ducks back into the theatre before she can jaywalk towards him.

He takes out his phone and dials Alice.

TREVOR
(into phone)
Alice -- I'm out. I can't do this.
She is awful.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BEACH - MORNING

Alice is on a beach chair, under an umbrella. She has a piña colada in her hand.

ALICE
(into phone)
Hold on, I'll be there soon.

Alice sets down her pina colada, and pulls a Red Bull out of her bag.

As she takes a swig, she orders a Lyft. Destination: LAX.

INT. TREVOR'S HOTEL - NIGHT

Trevor paces back and forth.

An insistent knock catches him off guard.

Alice stands, in her beach wear -- a Red Bull in one hand, a comic book in the other.

TREVOR
What are you doing here?

Alice barges in.

ALICE
I knew you shouldn't come without me.

She hits him with the rolled up comic book.

ALICE (CONT'D)
You know why you are here?

She unrolls the comic and shows him the cover.

It is a Moon Man comic. She points to it.

TREVOR
I know it. But you didn't meet this woman.

ALICE
She can't be that bad.

Alice walks out of the door.

TREVOR
Where are you going?

ALICE
To find real clothes. I thought
you'd follow.

TREVOR
It's ten o'clock at night.

ALICE
This is the city that never sleeps.

TREVOR
I can't go back to that stage.

INT. MACY'S DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Trevor stands in the dressing room hall, while Alice tries on
clothes.

The conversation continues uninterrupted.

ALICE
You can and you will.

TREVOR
She said --

Alice comes out in a black and white suit.

ALICE
I don't want to hear it.

She has a pile of clothes on her arm.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Give me your credit card.

TREVOR
Alice.

ALICE
Trevor. This is a business
expense.

She holds out her hand. He complies.

TREVOR
Sure. But --

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The conversation picks up in a dingy diner on Broadway.

ALICE
Listen. This is a short run. And you can leave it early. But you have to get to opening night. You need the reviews.

TREVOR
Alice --

ALICE
I'm serious. This woman brings clout and legitimacy to your production. Plus, imagine the press if you fire your leading lady. You can't do it.

TREVOR
I can't work with her, Alice. She thinks I'm an idiot.

ALICE
Maybe you are! It doesn't matter. Three weeks. You can do three weeks. And I'll stay.

TREVOR
I don't know, Alice.

ALICE
I do know. And I know you will hate yourself forever if you quit. You are not a quitter.

TREVOR
I'm not.

ALICE
Exactly.

INT. THEATRE - DAY

Cat is blocking Act I Scene V -- the scene that caused the blowup earlier.

Meg and Trevor are partly off-book, but they still have their scripts in their hands.

Jeff looks on, notating the blocking as they work. Alice sits in the audience, sipping a Red Bull and doing something on her phone.

Things onstage aren't going well.

TREVOR

"My dearest love, / Duncan comes here tonight."

Meg lowers her script and makes a face.

MEG

Are you going to say it like that?

TREVOR

What?

MEG

If you pause after every line--

TREVOR

Can you leave the directing to the director?

MEG

(to Cat)

Is he going to pause after every line?

CAT

Trevor, maybe try it a little more fluidly?

Trevor throws up his hands in frustration.

TREVOR

"MydearestloveDuncancomesheretonight."

CAT

Good! That was good.

TREVOR

(incredulous)

It was?

MEG

Not really.

TREVOR
Jesus, can you--

Cat steps between them before they start to fight again.

CAT
Rehearsal is a process! Look,
don't worry about the words.
They'll come. Let's just focus on
the intention of the scene. You're
the happiest couple Shakespeare
ever wrote, and you're--

TREVOR
We're what?

CAT
I mean, she goes mad and you get
killed, obviously. But as a couple
you really have a pretty functional
relationship.

Trevor thinks that over.

TREVOR
Weird.

MEG
Did you even read the play?

TREVOR
Do you want this to suck?

MEG
Obviously not.

TREVOR
Then would you get off my back?

CAT
OK, let's take it from the top.

Meg takes a deep breath and resets.

MEG
"They met me in the day of success--
"

CAT
Oh, sorry, I meant from Trevor's
entrance.

MEG
That's not the top of the scene.

CAT
It's the top of the French scene.

TREVOR
What's a French scene?

CAT
When a character enters or exits.

Trevor pulls out a pencil and makes a note on his script.

CAT (CONT'D)
So from Trevor's entrance.

TREVOR
(writing)
Hang on.
"When...a...character...enters..."

MEG
This isn't class!

TREVOR
Sorry. OK, I'm ready.

They reset their blocking. Trevor walks to the edge of the stage.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Should I just come on?

CAT
Whenever you're ready.

Trevor walks onstage. Meg turns to face him as he enters.

MEG
"Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! /
Greater than both, by the all-hail
hereafter! / Thy letters have
transported me beyond / This
ignorant present, and I feel now /
The future in the instant."

Trevor stops several feet from her.

TREVOR
"My dearest love, / Duncan comes
here tonight."

MEG
"And when goes hence?"

Cat steps forward.

CAT

OK, let's try that again. I'm missing the physical connection. Trevor, you haven't seen her in weeks, you missed her -- when you come on, *run* to her, scoop her up, spin her around.

Trevor makes a note in his script. It takes a minute. Meg looks on impatiently.

TREVOR

Right, OK. From the top?

CAT

From the top.

MEG

It's not the top.

Trevor backs up to the edge of the stage. He enters with a little more enthusiasm.

MEG (CONT'D)

"Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! / Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! / Thy letters have transported me beyond / This ignorant present, and I feel now / The future in the instant."

Trevor stops halfway across the stage again.

TREVOR

"My dearest love, / Duncan comes here tonight."

CAT

Sorry -- Trevor, what are you doing?

TREVOR

What do you mean?

CAT

You were going to scoop her up and spin her around, remember?

TREVOR

Wait, you meant literally?

CAT

Yeah.

TREVOR

Oh, I thought, like, that was the intention.

CAT

No, I mean, literally, run to her, pick her up, and kiss her. From the top.

TREVOR

OK.

They reset.

CAT

Whenever you're ready.

Trevor runs onstage.

MEG

"Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! / Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter! / Thy letters have transported me beyond / This ignorant present, and I feel now / The future in the instant."

Trevor stops right in front of Meg.

TREVOR

Do you mind if I pick you up?

MEG

What?

TREVOR

Is that OK?

MEG

(annoyed)

Yes.

TREVOR

OK, sorry. I just didn't want to do it without-- OK. Can we start over?

CAT

Please.

Trevor resets.

TREVOR

OK.

He runs onstage.

MEG
 "Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! /
 Greater than both--"

He grabs her and tries to kiss her, but he's nervous and it's super awkward. He drops her. She falls on her butt.

TREVOR
 I'm so sorry!

He tries to help her up. She refuses his help.

MEG
 It's fine.

She gets up. Cat takes a breath and blows it out loudly.

CAT
 OK. Let's try something different.
 Put down your scripts.

TREVOR
 ("just so you know")
 I'm not *totally* off book yet.

CAT
 That's fine, you're not going to be saying words. I want you two to get physically comfortable with one another. We're going to do a movement exercise.

Meg and Trevor both look unhappy.

CAT (CONT'D)
 Close your eyes.

They do.

CAT (CONT'D)
 Now I want you to touch each other.

Alice looks up from her phone and raises an eyebrow.

TREVOR
 How?

CAT
 I don't care. Any way you want.

Trevor stretches out a hand. He touches Meg's shoulder.

TREVOR
OK, now what?

CAT
Now touch in a different way.

Trevor withdraws his hand.

CAT (CONT'D)
Don't break contact!

Trevor puts his hand back.

TREVOR
But you said to change it up.

CAT
Yes. But without breaking contact.

Trevor awkwardly slides his hand along Meg's shoulder until he's touching her head.

TREVOR
Like this?

CAT
Don't ask questions.

TREVOR
Sorry.
(to Meg)
Are you comfortable with this?

MEG
I was, until you started talking to me.

CAT
Now change it up again.

Trevor moves his hand again.

CAT (CONT'D)
Not with your hand. Touch her with something other than your hand.

Trevor touches her with his forearm instead. Meg finally gets impatient and slides along his arm until their bodies are touching.

Alice and Jeff share an amused, slightly horrified look.

CAT (CONT'D)
Good! Better. Now change.

Meg twists so that their hips are touching.

CAT (CONT'D)
Change!

Now her chest is against his back.

CAT (CONT'D)
Good! For the next fifteen minutes
I want you two always touching,
always changing your points of
contact.

They begin doing a weird sort of twisting dance, always touching each other. They both gradually loosen up.

CAT (CONT'D)
Take it down to the floor. Don't
break contact!

They slide down to the ground together.

TREVOR
(under his breath)
This is so weird.

CAT
Don't talk!

Their eyes are still closed. Meg slides on top of him. It's *almost* hot, but mostly just weird. They're suddenly in a really compromising position. He cracks his eyes open and snorts a little.

Meg peeks, and she starts to giggle, too.

CAT (CONT'D)
(unamused)
Eyes closed!

But it's too late. Pretty soon Meg and Trevor are both full-on laughing.

CAT (CONT'D)
This isn't funny!

It is, though. They keep laughing.

CAT (CONT'D)
TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY! Keep touching
each other!

But it's all over. They're laughing helplessly.

CAT (CONT'D)

Damn it!

She throws down her script and storms out of the room.

JEFF

Uh.... Take ten, everyone.

INT. GYM - NIGHT

Trevor, shirtless and glistening with sweat, punches a punching bag in a chic private gym. Alice lounges on a piece of exercise equipment.

As Trevor punches, he complains.

TREVOR

I
 (punch)
 hate
 (punch)
 her.

ALICE

You're going to have to be more specific. Who is it today?

TREVOR

Cat.
 (punch)
 And Meg.
 (punch)
 Actually, I think I just hate everyone.

He kicks the bag in frustration.

ALICE

Relax. They're literally the best in the business.

TREVOR

Spielberg never made me grope my costar.

ALICE

Spielberg never directed Macbeth.

TREVOR

Also, I suck.

ALICE

You don't suck.

She raises her phone.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Flex, this is going on Insta.

He flexes. She takes his picture.

INT. PRET A MANGER - DAY

Meg and Jeff eat soup and sandwiches as they people watch.

MEG
He sucks, Jeff.

JEFF
He'll get better.

MEG
You don't know that. Larry *insists* this is my big break, but I'm going to look awful.

JEFF
You look great.

MEG
You're my best friend, Jeff, you aren't supposed to lie to me.

JEFF
Right. Well. Maybe if you weren't so hard on him --

MEG
JEFF! You're my best friend you're supposed to take my side.

JEFF
Right.

MEG
I'm sorry. This is just a terrible process. And we finally get to work together.

JEFF
Yeah. I always thought we'd have such a blast working on the same show, but --

MEG
But what?

JEFF

You're being a diva. And that's
the truth AND I'm on your side.

Meg opens her mouth to say something.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You know it's true. And Larry's
right. You have to learn to work
with him, Meg. Honestly, you guys
should screw each other, and get it
over with.

MEG

Jeffery!

JEFF

Megara!

INT. THEATRE - DAY

Actors mill about -- Trevor reads his script, Meg chats with
the witches. The old diva playing Duncan does loud
vocalizing in a corner by herself.

Cat looks at her watch and freaks out.

CAT

Okay! Let's go! Let's go!

Jeff looks daggers at her.

The cast doesn't move.

He looks at his iPhone -- 6 more seconds. His phone buzzes.

JEFF

And we're back everyone.

The cast magically takes their seats, leaving only Trevor and
Meg on the stage.

CAT

That's what I just said.

Jeff shrugs.

CAT (CONT'D)

We are now at the moment. The
crucible of the whole play. The
time when the Macbeths decide their
fate. Let's begin.

TREVOR

Do you want me to take it from the soliloquy, or just jump to when she enters?

CAT

What do you feel?

TREVOR

Um. I think the soliloquy like, drives him into the scene, but --

He looks at the cast sitting. Watching.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

But I think we should work on that another time.

Meg rolls her eyes.

MEG

I need a little lead time.

TREVOR

Yeah sure. Um.
 (he thinks through the speech)
 From -- oh man it's hard. There are no full stops. You know, I'll just take the whole thing.

Meg heads offstage in a huff.

CAT

Excellent. When you are ready.

TREVOR

(as Macbeth)
 "If it were done when 'tis done,
 then 'twere well / It were done
 quickly: if the assassination /
 Could trammel up the consequence,
 and catch --"

CAT

I'm going to stop you --

TREVOR

Sure.

Meg seethes in the wing.

CAT

You have this energy -- this lovely raw animal energy -- and you aren't bringing it to this speech. I want you to try prowling.

TREVOR

Like -- prowling like an animal?

CAT

Yes

TREVOR

Like, on the ground?

CAT

If you feel like it.

Trevor looks at the cast in the house.

TREVOR

I don't.

Cat gets onto the stage, she begins showing Trevor --
Jeff facilitates the rehearsal.

CAT (O.S.)

Look at all the space you have. I want this room, this anteroom beside your great hall to feel as massive as this stage. You should be at once swallowed by the enormity of your status, and stuck in it's confines. Use this space.

JEFF

(under his breath)

You guys can take thirty. Go take a walk.

The rest of the cast starts leaving.

Meg gives Jeff a look. He shrugs.

MONTAGE

--Trevor starts the soliloquy

CAT (O.S.)

Again.

--Trevor obliges.

This continues many, many times. Trevor starts, Cat stops him, he starts over.

--Meg gets progressively closer to the ground.

--Meg is curled up in a ball.

--Trevor is manically pacing -- he's sweaty and breathing heavily.

--Cat nods at the edge of her seat.

END MONTAGE

Meg perks up -- he is reaching the end of the speech.

TREVOR

"... I have no spur / To prick the
sides of my intent, but only /
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps
itself / And falls on the other--"

Meg enters.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

"How now! what news?"

MEG

"He has almost supp'd: why have you
left the chamber?"

CAT

Stop!

Meg huffs out a sigh.

CAT (CONT'D)

What is it, Meg?

MEG

Nothing. Nothing.

The cast reenters the space -- their thirty minutes up.

CAT

Both of you stand there.

They do.

CAT (CONT'D)

Really look at each other. You hate
each other.

They both look at her.

CAT (CONT'D)

You do. That's great. Look at each other. Really internalize the hate. Start walking in a circle around each other. Really get into all the things you can't stand. Keep walking.

They glare at one another, walking in a circle.

CAT (CONT'D)

Now find one thing you really admire.

TREVOR

Do you want us to say it?

CAT

You don't need to. Just find it. And let it grow. Let that admiration get bigger than the hate. Let the hate stay -- the hate is wonderful. The hate is passion and drive. But notice the admiration.

Meg and Trevor really look into each other's eyes.

Meg flushes.

CAT (CONT'D)

Now. Take the scene again. From your entrance Lady M. And fuel it with that hate. I want you to take the lines as quickly as you can, and I don't want you to stop moving. Try using that circling.

Meg leaves the stage. And immediately reenters.

The following scene is played quickly and energetically.

TREVOR

"How now! what news?"

MEG

"He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?"

Meg gets very close to Trevor. He retreats.

TREVOR

"Hath he ask'd for me?"

Meg follows.

MEG

"Know you not he has?"

He retreats again, and holds his ground.

TREVOR

"We will proceed no further in this
business: / He hath honour'd me of
late; and I have bought / Golden
opinions from all sorts of people,
/ Which would be worn now in their
newest gloss, not cast aside so
soon."

Meg circles Trevor, getting closer and closer until she is almost hissing in his ear.

MEG

"Was the hope drunk /Wherein you
dress'd yourself? hath it slept
since? / And wakes it now, to look
so green and pale / At what it did
so freely? From this time / Such I
account thy love. Art thou afeard
/To be the same in thine own act
and valour / As thou art in desire?
Wouldst thou have that / Which thou
esteem'st the ornament of life, /
And live a coward in thine own
esteem, / Letting 'I dare not' wait
upon 'I would,' / Like the poor cat
i' the adage?"

Trevor backs away, but only to face Meg.

TREVOR

" Prithee, peace: / I dare do all
that may become a man; / Who dares
do more is none."

Trevor begins to pace as Meg holds her ground.

MEG

"What beast was't, then, / That
made you break this enterprise to
me? / When you durst do it, then
you were a man; / And, to be more
than what you were, you would / Be
so much more the man.

(MORE)

MEG (CONT'D)

/ Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would
 make both: / They have made
 themselves, and that their fitness
 now / Does unmake you. I have given
 suck, and know / How tender 'tis to
 love the babe that milks me: / I
 would, while it was smiling in my
 face, / Have pluck'd my nipple from
 his boneless gums, / And dash'd the
 brains out, had I so sworn as you
 Have done to this."

Trevor stops moving.

TREVOR

"If we should fail?"

Meg starts moving towards Trevor.

MEG

"We fail! / But screw your courage
 to the sticking-place, / And we'll
 not fail. When Duncan is asleep-- /
 Whereto the rather shall his day's
 hard journey / Soundly invite him--
 his two chamberlains / Will I with
 wine and wassail so convince / That
 memory, the warder of the brain, /
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of
 reason / A limbeck only: when in
 swinish sleep / Their drenched
 natures lie as in a death, / What
 cannot you and I perform upon / The
 unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 / His spongy officers, who shall
 bear the guilt / Of our great
 quell?"

They meet center stage. Trevor circles Meg now.

TREVOR

"Bring forth men-children only; /
 For thy undaunted mettle should
 compose / Nothing but males. Will
 it not be received, / When we have
 mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 / Of his own chamber and used their
 very daggers, / That they have
 done't?"

MEG

"Who dares receive it other, /
As we shall make our griefs and
clamour roar / Upon his death?"

Trevor stands very close behind Meg.

TREVOR

"I am settled, and bend up / Each
corporal agent to this terrible
feat. / Away, and mock the time
with fairest show: / False face
must hide what the false heart doth
know."

Both Meg and Trevor are still and very close to one another.
Breathing heavily.

The rest of the cast begins applauding.

Cat joins in.

CAT

Bravo! Bravo, my dears. We should
all go home. Go go! Go home!

Everyone looks at her.

Jeff looks at her.

JEFF

I guess that's all folks. Watch
for tomorrow's call.

Jeff goes to talk to Cat.

Trevor and Meg still stand against each other -- his face
very close to hers.

TREVOR

Thank you.

MEG

Thank you.

TREVOR

You owe me a drink.

MEG

Let me grab my bag.

She looks at him. They stand looking at one another for a
moment, and then break apart.

Meg heads to find her bag -- Trevor takes a deep breath.

INT. BAR - EVENING

Meg and Daniels sit at the same booth in the same dive-y bar they sat in after the photo shoot.

There are several empty glasses on the table between them.

TREVOR
One more!

MEG
Sure. One more.

TREVOR
Chris!

MEG
It isn't Chris tonight.

TREVOR
Damn! Barkeep!

Meg laughs.

An unamused bartender comes over to the table.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
One more, fine sir. We are celebrating.

The bartender leaves.

MEG
What are we celebrating?

TREVOR
We are celebrating me, dearest Meg.
For I have conquered the Bard.

Meg is amused. Though they've been going drink for drink, she is only a bit tipsy, and Trevor is completely hammered.

MEG
Oh have you? I remember the first time I thought I'd conquered the Bard.

TREVOR
Was it as glorious as this instant?

MEG

It was. The next day was rough
though.

TREVOR

Why? Did you carouse?

MEG

No, I just realized that I hadn't
"figured out" all of Shakespeare.
I'd merely wrestled a few lines
into submission.

TREVOR

All the better. You can have this
feeling thousands of more times. I
see why you love stage now.

MEG

And you see why you irk me so?

TREVOR

No! I'm wonderful! Sure, I had
never what did you say? About
Shakespeare?

MEG

Wrestled some lines into
submission?

TREVOR

Beautiful. I'd never done that.
But that doesn't mean I couldn't.

MEG

I see that.

Trevor stands and throws his hands in the air.

TREVOR

I AM BIT BY THE BUG!

A group of people stare at him, and begin whispering.

A few of them pull out their phones.

Meg notices.

MEG

Hey -- Trevor.

He still stands, hands above his head.

TREVOR
 I've played the King of the Gods
 for a decade and I've never felt so
 powerful!

The group starts snapping photos, and giggling.

MEG
 Hey -- Zeus.

TREVOR
 No! I am -- MACBETH

MEG
 Okay, Macbeth. I think it's time
 to get you home.

TREVOR
 (sitting down)
 NO! We're having so much fun!
 Aren't you having fun?

His face is very close to hers across the table.

MEG
 I am having so much fun. But those
 hipsters are taking pictures of
 you, and Alice will murder me if
 they end up in US Weekly.

TREVOR
 Ah. Phooey. I can just sign some
 stuff.

MEG
 No. I think it is time to get you
 home.

TREVOR
 Alright.

Meg digs through her wallet.

MEG
 Do you have any cash?

He throws several hundred dollars on the table.

TREVOR
 DONE!

He stands, and staggers a bit. Meg swoops under his arm to steady him.

MEG
That's too much.

TREVOR
No. Chris deserves it. He wants
to be an actor. He wants to
conquer the Bard. I commend him.

MEG
Me too.

They head to the door.

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

Trevor and Meg sway down the street.

MEG
Where are you staying?

TREVOR
Follow me!

He points towards Times Square.

MEG
Think you'll do more theatre?

TREVOR
I must!

He breaks into song:

TREVOR (CONT'D)
(singing)
START SPREADING THE NEWS.

Meg laughs.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Sing with me.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
(singing)
I'M LEAVING TODAY.
(to Meg)
Sing with me!

TREVOR AND MEG
(singing)
I WANT TO BE A PART OF IT. NEW
YORK, NEW YORK.

MEG
 (singing)
 THESE VAGABOND SHOES --

Trevor cuts her off, jumping to the more recognizable bit --

TREVOR
 (singing)
 I WANT TO WAKE UP IN THE CITY THAT
 NEVER SLEEPS!!

MEG
 (singing)
 AND FIND I'M KING OF THE HILL.

TREVOR
 We are king of the hill. This is my
 hotel.

MEG
 Can you make it to your room?

Trevor thinks about it, and shakes his head.

MEG (CONT'D)
 Okay. What floor?

TREVOR
 Forty two.

They head into the hotel.

INT. TREVOR'S HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator dings, and Meg and Trevor stumble off. Meg is giggling.

They stagger to his doorway.

MEG
 Do you have your key?

TREVOR
 It's in my wallet.

They stand very close to one another. Meg reaches around him, and into his back pocket.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 You're very good at that. Are you
 a pickpocket?

MEG
(shrugging)
Old Will doesn't pay well.

She holds up his keycard, and inserts it into the door. The light turns green. He opens the door.

TREVOR
Thank you.

MEG
Don't mention it.

He turns back around and kisses her. A really good kiss. His hands in her hair, holding her head.

The door closes.

They break apart.

Meg hands him his key.

He re-opens the door and heads inside.

TREVOR
Goodnight.

The door shuts.

MEG
Goodnight.

INT. THEATRE - DAY

Rehearsal is about to start. The whole cast is present, minus Trevor, talking among themselves.

Meg and Jeff have a whispered conversation.

MEG
And then he just-- Kissed me!

Jeff is in awe.

JEFF
Zeus kissed you?!

MEG
Yeah.

JEFF
Shut the front door. What was it like?

MEG

It was-- I don't know. I think--
I don't know. I mean, he was
drunk. Like, really drunk. I
mean, plastered. I doubt he even
remembers. But I--

Trevor walks in. Meg clams up. Trevor wears dark glasses
and walks unsteadily.

JEFF

This convo isn't over.

He checks his phone.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(loudly)
Good morning, everyone! We are
here!

Trevor winces and walks up to Meg.

TREVOR

(awkward)
Hi.

MEG

(awkward)
Hi.

Pause.

MEG (CONT'D)

How you feeling?

TREVOR

Like death.

Cat calls things to order.

CAT

OK! Yesterday was great, but don't
worry if things aren't quite so
amazing today. Two steps forward
and one back is just fine. We've
got plenty of time. Let's pick up
after the murder. We'll start with
the porter and work straight
through.

Trevor steps backward and knocks over a water bottle. It
clatters off the edge of the stage.

The guy playing the porter, one of those gems of a working character actor, doesn't let it go to waste.

PORTER
"Here's a knocking indeed!"

The whole cast laughs. Morale is high.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE - EVENING

Rehearsal is finishing up.

CAT
Guys. I just want to say. That was *amazing*. I'm so proud of you. Seriously. If you can come out to the bar, drinks are on me.

The cast applauds.

JEFF
Thank you, everyone, you are dismissed.

INT. BAR - EVENING

The cast is pretty trashed.

CAT
WHO WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT THE TIME I SLEPT WITH BILLY CRUDUP?!

Everyone clamors for it. Cat raises her arms for silence.

CAT (CONT'D)
It was a dark and stormy night....

Everyone laughs.

CAT (CONT'D)
No, but seriously! He was still married to Mary Louise at the time-

Everyone listens raptly.

CAT (CONT'D)
It was before Claire Danes though, so you could say *I* am the one who -

Trevor looks on quietly, with a half-smile.

Meg sidles up to him.

MEG
Want to get out of here?

TREVOR
(joking)
And miss this?

Meg starts tugging him toward the door.

MEG
Come on, I'm gonna give you a tour
of the real New York.

They start to sneak out of the bar.

Jeff notices them.

JEFF
Hey! Where are you going?

MEG
(to Trevor)
Come on!

They run out.

EXT. NYC STREETS - CONTINUOUS

They burst out of the bar and keep running, laughing all the way to the corner. They stop, out of breath.

MEG
Are they following?

Trevor looks behind them.

TREVOR
Nope, we lost 'em.

A beat. They look at each other, alone for the first time since the kiss.

MEG
Come here. I want to tell you a
secret.

Trevor leans in close. Meg approaches him. Is she going to kiss him?

Instead, she whispers in his ear:

MEG (CONT'D)
(in his ear)
Race you to the subway!

And she takes off running. Trevor laughs and follows.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

They sprint down the stairs of a subway station. Trevor sees the turnstiles.

TREVOR
I don't have a card!

Meg jumps the turnstile without missing a beat.

MEG
Come on!

Trevor glances around guiltily, then grins and follows her.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

A train is there, its doors just about to close. Meg runs on. Trevor hurries after her.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car's mostly empty, peopled only with a few hipsters and a homeless man.

Trevor looks around eagerly.

TREVOR
I've never ridden on the subway
before.

MEG
Ever?

TREVOR
Nope.

MEG
Wow. You really are a movie star.

TREVOR
(smiling)
Shut up.

MEG

Welcome to the ninety-nine percent.

The door opens and four old black dudes file in.

OLD DUDE #1

Hey y'all, we ain't here for money.

OLD DUDE #2

We ain't?

It become apparent that they're doing a bit.

OLD DUDE #1

You know we ain't.

OLD DUDE #3

Well if we ain't here for money,
then what we here for?

OLD DUDE #4

Brother, we here for love.

OLD DUDE #1

Yes we is! Yes we is. Sing it,
brother.

And they launch into an awesome acapella barbershop quartet version of "My Girl."

Their singing continues throughout the next few scenes.

Trevor and Meg smile at each other.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - LATER

The train pulls into a station. As soon as the doors open, Meg runs out. Trevor pulls out a hundred dollar bill and gives it to the singers, then follows her.

They push through the turnstiles and run up the stairs.

EXT. WALL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The song continues as they burst out into Wall Street. It's completely empty, but all lit up. It feels like a fairy tale city.

Trevor looks up in amazement.

TREVOR

Wow.

They walk through the maze of street. They pass Tiffany's.
At some point, Trevor takes Meg's hand.
She leads him uptown.

INT. DUMPLING SHOP - LATER

The song continues.
They eat at a 24 hour dumpling shop.

EXT. BROOKLYN BRIDGE - LATER

The song continues.
They walk to the middle of the bridge. Behind them, the
lights of Manhattan glitter in the night. It's suddenly
incredibly romantic.
They're still holding hands.
The song ends.
They stop walking.
They stand toe-to-toe.

TREVOR

Hi.

MEG

Hi.

They kiss. It's a real, sober, romantic, Brooklyn-Bridge-at-
night type kiss.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREETS - NIGHT

They walk hand in hand back to her apartment. She holds his
arm with her free hand, and leans her head on his shoulder.
They approach a small brick apartment building.

MEG

This is me.

She walks up the steps. He follows, but stops one step from
the top so that they're the same height.
She turns to face him.

TREVOR
Thank you.

MEG
For what?

TREVOR
Tonight.

She smiles at him.

MEG
Will you be able to navigate the
subway on your own?

TREVOR
Piece of cake!

She kisses him. He pulls her close.

MEG
Goodnight.

TREVOR
Goodnight.

She goes inside. He stands and watches the door swing shut.
As soon as it's closed, he hails a cab.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Taxi!

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Jeff sets up props on a masking-taped prop table. The cast bustles back and forth in half costume --- the witches have capes over their street clothes, Duncan wears heavy robes, and everyone has character shoes.

Everyone seems a little on edge. Cat stands in the Green room and claps her hands.

CAT
Okay! Everyone. EVERYONE!

Silence falls, and people poke their heads out of dressing rooms, joining the cast around Cat.

CAT (CONT'D)
So -- our first run through! I'm
so excited to see this on its feet!
Break legs everyone.
(MORE)

CAT (CONT'D)

Don't stop unless you encounter something dangerous. Trevor, Meg, I'd like to talk to you.

The group disbands.

Trevor and Meg walk over to Cat.

TREVOR

(to Meg)

Hey, there.

MEG

(smiling)

Hey.

CAT

I just wanted to let the two of you know, the producers are here.

MEG

Are you serious? We don't open for another week! They know this is the first run, right?

CAT

I've told them, but --

TREVOR

Wait, I think I'm missing something.

MEG

The producers are here.

TREVOR

Yeah. I got that.

CAT

I've seen a fully frozen play restaged top to bottom after a bad producer run.

MEG

They have -- a lot of say. And it's not like on set. They won't go through the director. They'll just come up and tell you you're terrible, or you need to lose 5 pounds before we open, or that an entire set piece has to go.

CAT
 Yes. So. Don't worry. Just --
 internalize, and remember the work.

TREVOR
 Jesus. No pressure.

CAT
 Exactly!

Trevor looks a little shocked. Meg squeezes his arm.

JEFF
 (into a headset that plays
 over a backstage
 intercom)
 Five minutes everyone.

INT. STAGE - LATER

Trevor and Banquo look up into imaginary trees.

TREVOR
 "Speak if you can: What are you?"

The witches pop in and out from trap doors, the third flies
 across the stage.

FIRST WITCH
 "All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee,
 Thane of Glamis!"

SECOND WITCH
 "All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee,
 Thane of Cawdor!"

THIRD WITCH
 "All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be
 King hereafter!"

INT. STAGE - LATER

Trevor reaches out to a beam of light.

TREVOR
 "Is this a dagger which I see
 before me, / The handle toward my
 hand? Come, let me clutch thee."

INT. STAGE - LATER

TREVOR

"Strange things I have in head,
that will to hand; / Which must be
acted ere they may be scann'd."

Meg grabs Trevor's face and speaks into his eyes.

MEG

"You lack the season of all
natures, sleep."

TREVOR

"Come, we'll to sleep. My strange
and self-abuse / Is the initiate
fear that wants hard use: / We are
yet but young in deed."

INT. STAGE - LATER

Meg wanders around the stage, a group of doctors and handmaidens watching.

MEG

"Out, damned spot! out, I say! --
One: two: why, then, 'tis time to
do't.--Hell is murky! --Fie, my
lord, fie!"

INT. STAGE - LATER

Trevor and Macduff have a sword fight.

Trevor is very handy with a weapon, and thrusts and parrys with aplomb.

INT. STAGE - LATER

The final moment. Everyone crowds around Duncan's son, Malcolm.

MALCOLM

"So, thanks to all at once and to
each one, / Whom we invite to see
us crown'd at Scone."

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Cat breaks into applause. The producers follow suit.

INT. STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Meg and Trevor join the rest of the cast onstage, and they take a bow.

CAT (O.S.)
Marvelous! Go home! Get some
rest! We'll see you tomorrow!

JEFF
(over the headset)
That's all, folks. I'll send the
call sheet tonight.

MEG
(to Trevor)
Come with me.

She leads him through the cast, to a prop closet.

INT. PROP CLOSET - DAY

Meg closes the door.

MEG
You were amazing.

She kisses him.

TREVOR
You were amazing.

They make out in prop closet.

INT. TREVOR'S HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Match to Meg and Trevor kissing.

She takes off his shirt.

He pulls her close to him. She unbuckles his belt, and pulls
away.

She walks towards his bed.

INT. TREVOR'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Meg is wide awake. Staring at the ceiling. Clutching the
blanket over her chest.

Trevor stirs, and she quickly closes her eyes.

TREVOR
(groggily)
Good morning.

MEG
(stretching)
Good morning.

He rolls over and kisses her before getting out of bed.

TREVOR
Should we get some breakfast?

INT. HOTEL CAFE - MORNING

Meg sits at a small table. Her phone buzzes "AGENT LARRY"
She ignores it because --

Trevor brings two coffees and two bagels, with plastic tubs
of cream cheese.

TREVOR
You like bagels?

MEG
Of course.

She begins spreading cream cheese.

She takes a bite.

It's awful.

TREVOR
What? What's wrong.

MEG
Nothing. It's very sweet. This
just -- isn't a bagel.

Trevor laughs.

TREVOR
Than what is it?

MEG
Come on.

INT. DAVID'S BAGEL - MORNING

Trevor and Meg wait on line. Her phone buzzes. She looks
"AGENT LARRY" she declines the call.

She smiles up at Trevor.

They make it to the front of the line.

MEG
Do you trust me?

TREVOR
Of course.

MEG
(to deli guy)
We want two salt bagels with
scallion cream cheese and lox,
toasted.

EXT. NYC STREETS - DAY

Meg hands Trevor his bagel and a napkin.

MEG
Prepare to be amazed.

She and Trevor each take a bite of their bagel.

TREVOR
Oh my god.

MEG
Right?

Her phone buzzes again.

TREVOR
Do you need to get that?

MEG
Nah, it's just my agent. I need to
get home though! I can't go to
rehearsal in these clothes.

TREVOR
Nonsense.

INT. TIMES SQUARE UNIQLO - DAY

Meg comes out of the dressing room in an entirely new outfit.

MEG
I feel so decadent. I just threw
away my underwear.

TREVOR
That's the hottest thing a woman's
ever said to me.

Meg laughs.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE THEATRE - DAY

Meg and Trevor approach the theatre, hand in hand.

TREVOR
OK, what's the plan?

MEG
What do you mean?

Trevor glances down at their intertwined fingers.

MEG (CONT'D)
Oh. What do you want the plan to
be?

Trevor smiles.

TREVOR
I-- I don't know. I'm happy.

She smiles back.

MEG
Me, too.

She lets go of his hand and gives him a quick kiss.

MEG (CONT'D)
But no pressure, right?

TREVOR
Right.

MEG
Come on.

Trevor holds the door for her, and they enter the theatre.

INT. THEATRE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

You could hear a pin drop in the space. The mood is
funereal. The cast stands around awkwardly. No one really
say anything.

TREVOR

Who died?

CAT

Uh, is everyone here?

Jeff checks his binder.

JEFF

Yeah.

CAT

OK, great. So, uh, have a seat,
everyone.

The cast sits in the front few rows of the house. Cat sits on the edge of the stage.

A young, vapid woman stands to one side. This is Bella Harrison (25), television star. She chews gum loudly. Everyone ignores her.

A few suited producers stand near her.

CAT (CONT'D)

Great. So first I just want to say, great run-through yesterday. Really. I couldn't be prouder of all of you. And you should all be really proud of yourselves. Actually, let's all have a quick round of applause.

The cast claps uncertainly. Something's...weird.

CAT (CONT'D)

OK, great. So. Uh, so, I spoke with the producers, and they, they LOVED the run-through. They told me to tell you what an amazing job everyone did.

She pauses. Everyone shifts uncomfortably.

CAT (CONT'D)

But, uh, they have a few changes they'd like to make. And, you know, really, that's the magic of the theatre. It's completely mutable, ever changing, it's all variations on a theme. It's bigger than any one person or one performance.

(MORE)

CAT (CONT'D)

And I think that's what makes it so extraordinary. There's no other medium--

Finally one of the producers gets bored. This is Gary Katz, 60, bald, rich. He steps to the middle of the stage.

GARY

Thanks, Catherine. I'll take it from here.

CAT

Oh, OK, uh--

GARY

Look, we all loved the performance yesterday, but we think for the good of the production that we'd better make some changes. I'd like to introduce you all to Bella Harrison -- you've probably seen her on the CB's "Vampire Witches." She'll be taking over the role of Lady Macbeth.

Dead silence.

GARY (CONT'D)

So...that's all. Thanks for the hard work. Back to you, Cat.

He leaves.

CAT

So. Let's give Bella a warm welcome, and help her to learn the play.

Silence.

Meg gets up and storms out.

Trevor hurries after her.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Meg is almost to the front door when Trevor catches up with her.

TREVOR

Meg! Wait!

Meg stops abruptly and spins around.

MEG

For what?

She angrily wipes a tear from her cheek.

TREVOR

I'm so sorry.

MEG

You have quite a way of showing it.

TREVOR

What was I supposed to do?

MEG

Stand up for me!

Trevor opens and closes his mouth.

TREVOR

I was as blind sided as you! It was the producers' call -- there's nothing I can do about it.

MEG

Uh-huh.

TREVOR

I'm sorry.

MEG

No, I'm sorry. Maybe I put too much pressure on you. For a minute I thought you were actually a human, so I ascribed human virtues to you, like, you know, courage and friendship and basic decency. But you really are just an action figure.

She turns back to the door.

TREVOR

Meg!

Jeff sticks his head into the lobby.

JEFF

Hey Trevor, Cat needs you onstage.

Meg leaves.

Trevor watches helplessly, then reluctantly turns and re-enters the theatre.

EXT. MEG'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jeff has a deli bag. He walks up Meg's steps.

Trevor gets out of a cab.

TREVOR
Jeff!

JEFF
Oh, hey, Trevor.

TREVOR
You going to go see her?

A beat.

JEFF
Yep. You?

TREVOR
Yeah.

JEFF
I think maybe you shouldn't.

Trevor looks a little hurt.

TREVOR
Oh. Okay. I'll-- I'll just call.

Jeff rings the bell. The intercom crackles.

MEG (V.O.)
Jeff?

JEFF
Yes.

The door buzzes.

Jeff heads inside, and waves to Trevor.

INT. MEG'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff knocks on the door.

MEG (O.S.)
It's open.

Jeff walks in.

JEFF

You live in Manhattan, you probably shouldn't leave your door unlocked.

Meg is wrapped in a blanket like a human burrito.

MEG

Why? Getting murdered sounds pretty awesome right now.

JEFF

I brought reinforcements.

He pulls two matzo ball soups, two grilled cheeses and two 40s of Red Stripe.

MEG

Thanks. How is the Vampire?

JEFF

Vampire *Witch*, darling. And she's just awful. Daniels is really adorable angry though.

MEG

I don't want to hear it.

JEFF

Okay. He is though.

Meg covers her face with her blanket.

MEG

I said really mean things, Jeff. And I shouldn't have. But I was so mad.

JEFF

I'm sure he didn't mind.

MEG

He should have said something though, right?

JEFF

I'm not getting into that, lovey.

MEG

Open my beer.

Jeff does.

MEG (CONT'D)

What was the stupidest thing the Vampire Witch said?

JEFF

She asked Cat if she thinks Lady Macbeth is actually dead.

MEG

What does that even mean? It's the given circumstance. That isn't even heartening. You're doing a terrible job cheering me up.

JEFF

I could call Trevor.

MEG

NO!

Her phone buzzes.

Jeff looks at it.

JEFF

Speak of the devil. Want to talk to him?

MEG

No.

JEFF

Are you sure?

MEG

I said no, Jeff!

He declines the call.

JEFF

Want to watch the chicken in pants?

MEG

Yes.

MONTAGE

--Meg rides the subway, looking unhappy. A creepy dude hits on her. A homeless guy throws a half-eaten burrito on her. It gets all over her top.

--Trevor and Bella rehearse. Bella looks vapid. Trevor looks dead-eyed and miserable.

--Meg auditions with burrito all over her shirt.

--Cat directs Bella and Trevor. The scene is clearly awful, but:

CAT
 Awesome! That was so good, you
 guys!

Which somehow makes it seem even more soul-crushingly terrible.

--Jeff watches Trevor Daniels movies on his phone, instead of the real Trevor Daniels right in front of him.

--Meg day-drinks alone.

--Alice scrolls through internet tabloid stories about Trevor and Bella, with headlines like "Trevor Daniels -- Robbing the Cradle?" And "TrevBella Take On Off-Broadway!" And "Bella Harrison: Love Witch?" She glances up to see Trevor miming shooting himself in the head.

--Meg, in her underwear, stands in a crappy black box theatre with a bunch of other people in their underwear. They all run around the stage frantically, pausing now and again to scream.

--Meg, depressed, sits in the bagel shop, eating a salt bagel with scallion cream cheese and lox.

END MONTAGE

EXT. DAVID'S BAGEL SHOP - MORNING

Meg gets up and walks out of the shop and into Trevor, who is entering it.

MEG
 Sorry.
 (recognizing him)
 Oh. Hi.

TREVOR
 Hi. I'm sorry. I guess I
 shouldn't -- this is your place. I
 just --

MEG
 No, please. I'm glad I could
 share. They're the best bagels.

A beat.

MEG (CONT'D)
How's it going?

TREVOR
Please, you don't actually want to know. If you thought I was bad --

MEG
You know, you're right, I actually don't want to know.

TREVOR
Yeah. How about you?

MEG
I'm doing experimental theatre, actually. A deconstruction of a lost Brecht. It's --

TREVOR
Sounds great.

MEG
Sure.

A cute couple of men squeeze between Meg and Trevor to get into the shop.

They are clearly in new love. Meg and Trevor both look wistfully at them.

MEG (CONT'D)
Well. I should get going.

TREVOR
Yeah. It was good to see you.

MEG
Yeah. I'll see you tonight. Happy opening.

Meg walks down the street. Trevor watches for a minute, then heads inside.

Meg turns to look at him, but he already went inside.

INT. TREVOR'S DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

Trevor sits in front of the mirror.

His hair is in wig prep, and he has a white coat of foundation.

He sits staring at himself, his chin leaning on his hands.

Alice comes into the room, red bull and phone in tow.

ALICE
Ready?

TREVOR
I guess.

ALICE
No.

TREVOR
What?

ALICE
No. You need to try again. That was not convincing.

TREVOR
Yeah. I saw her this morning.

ALICE
Meg? How is she?

TREVOR
Beautiful.

ALICE
Right. She's talented. She'll land a new job soon.

TREVOR
She did. She's doing experimental Brecht.

ALICE
Rough.

TREVOR
Yeah.

He turns away from the mirror.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Alice, I can't do this. I'm going to get skewered. That girl sucks the life out of the whole thing. I -- this is going to be a goddamn death march, Alice.

Alice looks concerned.

ALICE
Well. Break a leg.

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Alice heads out of Trevor's dressing room. Jeff is passing by.

She grabs his arm.

JEFF
Ow!

ALICE
Shh. Come with me.

Alice yanks him into the prop closet.

INT. PROP CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

JEFF
I hope I didn't give you the wrong
idea, Alice.

ALICE
Shut up. We have to do something.

JEFF
What?

ALICE
Bella Harrison cannot drag down
this show.

JEFF
It's a little late.

ALICE
I have an idea.

INT. THEATRE HOUSE - EVENING

The audience settles into their seats.

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Jeff, head-setted and purposeful, walks through the backstage area, calling:

JEFF

Five minutes! Five minutes,
everyone!

He sticks his head into the male dressing room.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Five minutes, my darlings!

MALE CAST MEMBERS

Thank you, five!

Gary Katz, the producer, holding a bouquet, approaches Jeff.

GARY

Jeff! I brought flowers for Bella,
but I can't find her. Do you--

Jeff doesn't break stride.

JEFF

Sorry, Mr. Katz, this isn't a good
time.

(calling:)

Five minutes!

He sticks his head into the female dressing room.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Five minutes, ladies!

FEMALE CAST MEMBERS

Thank you, five!

He knocks on Trevor's dressing room door.

JEFF

Five minutes, Trevor.

TREVOR (O.S.)

Thank you, five.

Jeff sweeps away, leaving Gary standing awkwardly, holding
the bouquet.

Alice passes by, looking at her phone, and Gary grabs her.

GARY

Hey sweetheart, got a second?

Alice freezes. "Sweetheart" clearly didn't go over well.

ALICE
(sickly sweet)
For you, stud muffin, I've got two.

Gary blinks at her.

GARY
Right. Uh, have you seen Bella?
She's not in her dressing room.

ALICE
Oh, you know, I have. It's awful,
she's terribly ill.

As Alice speaks, we see what *really* happened.

INT. BELLA'S DRESSING ROOM - FLASHBACK

Through a crack in the door, they watch Bella scream at her assistant, and throw a vase of flowers against the wall.

She flies out of the dressing room after the assistant.

While Jeff keeps watch at the door, Alice enters the empty dressing room and pours something into Bella's skinny green tea almond mochaccino.

She dumps a little more in for good measure.

ALICE (V.O.)
She ate some bad sushi. She's been
in the bathroom for the last hour.
It's awful.

Alice coolly leaves the room, patting Jeff on the shoulder.

INT. DRESSING ROOM BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

Bella is retching into the toilet.

She yells between vomiting.

Jeff comes and holds her hair, patting her back. She pushes him out, and slams the door shut.

He winks and throws a thumbs up to Alice.

INT. THEATRE LOBBY - FLASHBACK

Alice lounges against a pillar, sipping her Red Bull, watching the audience file in.

ALICE (V.O.)
We had to call up an understudy.

Meg walks in. Alice approaches her and whispers something in her ear.

ALICE (V.O.)
But don't worry, it's going to be excellent.

Meg looks at Alice, wide-eyed. Then, slowly, she smiles and nods.

INT. BACKSTAGE - PRESENT

Gary stares at Alice in blank dismay.

ALICE
Someone was going to tell you,
but...
(she shrugs and begins
walking down the hall)
it slipped our mind. You know,
you'd be really handsome if you
smiled.

She saunters off.

Jeff returns. Gary is furious.

GARY
JEFF!

JEFF
What can I do for you, Mr. Katz?

GARY
What the *hell* is going on?

JEFF
I'm sorry, Mr. Katz, but you know
what's so wonderful about the
theatre? How mutable it is.

GARY
You have to hold the curtain!

JEFF
I've been doing this for ten years,
and I've *never* started a show late.
And I'm sure as shit not going to
start now.
(calling)
(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)
Places for top of show! Places,
everyone!

CAST MEMBERS
Thank you, places!

The witches sweep past them and walk onstage.

INT. BACKSTAGE - LATER

Jeff stands in the wings, watching the play.

Trevor is pretty good -- a little disengaged, but it actually makes his delivery smoother.

TREVOR
"The Prince of Cumberland! that is
a step / On which I must fall down,
or else o'erleap, / For in my way
it lies. Stars, hide your fires; /
Let not light see my black and deep
desires: / The eye wink at the
hand; yet let that be, / Which the
eye fears, when it is done, to
see."

He exits. Onstage, Duncan says his tag.

JEFF
(to Trevor)
Sounding good.

TREVOR
Don't worry, it's all about to come
crashing down.

JEFF
(into headset:)
Lights 36, go.

TREVOR
I've avoided her all day, but now
she's going to walk onstage, and--

He steps out of the way as Duncan and the retainers exit.

Behind him, Meg walks onstage. He doesn't notice.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
Oh boy. Here we go.

MEG

"They met me in the day of success--
"

Trevor looks up sharply.

Jeff grins at him.

JEFF

Happy opening.
(into headset:)
Lights 37, go.

Trevor gapes at the stage. Meg, in costume, is radiant.

MEG

"--and I have learned by the
perfectest report, they have more
in them than mortal knowledge. When
I burned in desire to question them
further, they made themselves air,
into which they vanished."

Trevor turns to Jeff.

TREVOR

What--? How--?

JEFF

Bella ate some bad sushi, the poor
thing.

TREVOR

But how--?

JEFF

You've got a damn good manager, you
know that? Now hurry up and get
changed.

TREVOR

Shit. Right.

He starts to hurry off, then stops.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Jeff?

JEFF

Hm?

TREVOR

Thank you!

Jeff smiles at him, as:

JEFF
 (into headset:)
 Lights 38, go.

Trevor runs to his dressing room.

INT. STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Meg continues her scene. She's stunningly brilliant.

MEG
 "The raven himself is hoarse / That
 croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 / Under my battlements. Come, you
 spirits / That tend on mortal
 thoughts, unsex me here, / And fill
 me from the crown to the toe top-
 full / Of direst cruelty! make
 thick my blood; / Stop up the
 access and passage to remorse, /
 That no compunctious visitings of
 nature / Shake my fell purpose, nor
 keep peace between / The effect and
 it! Come to my woman's breasts, /
 And take my milk for gall, you
 murdering ministers, / Wherever in
 your sightless substances / You
 wait on nature's mischief! / Come,
 thick night, / And pall thee in the
 dunnest smoke of hell, / That my
 keen knife see not the wound it
 makes, / Nor heaven peep through
 the blanket of the dark, / To cry
 'Hold, hold!'"

Trevor enters. It's the scene we saw in that awful rehearsal so long ago. He runs to her and picks her up and spins her around and kisses her.

MEG (CONT'D)
 "Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor! /
 Greater than both, by the all-hail
 hereafter! / Thy letters have
 transported me beyond / This
 ignorant present, and I feel now /
 The future in the instant."

Trevor picks up his cue and the scene continues propulsively.

TREVOR

"My dearest love, / Duncan comes
here to-night."

MEG

"And when goes hence?"

TREVOR

"To-morrow, as he purposes."

MEG

"O, never / Shall sun that morrow
see! / Your face, my thane, is as a
book where men / May read strange
matters. To beguile the time, /
Look like the time; bear welcome in
your eye, / Your hand, your tongue:
look like the innocent flower, /
But be the serpent under't. He
that's coming / Must be provided
for: and you shall put / This
night's great business into my
dispatch; / Which shall to all our
nights and days to come / Give
solely sovereign sway and
masterdom."

TREVOR

"We will speak further."

MEG

"Only look up clear; / To alter
favour ever is to fear: / Leave all
the rest to me."

They exit as Duncan and his retinue enter.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

In the wings, Trevor and Meg stare at each other. They're both flushed and breathing heavily.

TREVOR

You! You're amazing!

MEG

You're amazing!

TREVOR

I'm so sorry.

MEG

I'm so sorry!

TREVOR
 There's so much I want to say to
 you!

Jeff appears behind them.

JEFF
 Well it's going to have to wait or
 she's gonna miss her entrance!

MEG
 Shit!

She hurries onstage.

TREVOR
 She's amazing.

JEFF
 She is that.

Trevor grins stupidly after her.

MEG
 (onstage)
 "All our service / In every point
 twice done and then done double--"

INT. GREEN ROOM - NIGHT

The actors sit around on the grimy couches in the green room.

Gary Katz blusters in with four other producers in tow.

KATZ
 Who did this!?

Jeff hurries over.

JEFF
 I'm sorry, Mr. Katz, you can't be
 back here. I must insist.

KATZ
 (yelling)
 I'll be damned if I listen to you.
 You had something to do with this.
 You've sabotaged this production!

JEFF
 Sir, I'm very serious. You cannot
 be back here.

Meg comes into the Green Room, confused.

KATZ

(pointing at Meg)

You! You are never going to work
in this town again! This is a
disgrace!

TREVOR

What's happening here?

KATZ

Where is Bella? Who let that
headline killer on that stage!

MEG

Mr. Katz -- they --

Trevor steps forward.

TREVOR

No. Mr. Katz -- Bella is puking
her guts out. And thank Christ. I
swear to god Mr. Katz, if that
vapid brat sets a foot on that
stage, I quit.

KATZ

Now, look here, you ungrateful
prick. You can't quit!

Alice sweeps into the room.

ALICE

That isn't what he meant.

TREVOR

It's exactly what I meant.

ALICE

(shooting daggers)

No. It is not.

KATZ

What is going on here!?

ALICE

Mr. Katz, Meg Weir is under new
management. And as of this moment,
Trevor Daniel and Meg Weir are a
package deal here.

KATZ

Now you listen here, missy. We have casting control and ---

ALICE

Mr. Katz, perhaps you've missed section 14.C of Trevor Daniels's contract. I can assure you, I have not. I will tell you though, put anyone else opposite either of them, they walk. You understand? Sweetheart?

Mr. Katz gapes like a fish.

Jeff shepherds the producers out of the backstage area.

JEFF

Excellent. That seems settled. Now, Mr. Katz. I must ask you to leave. Go. Enjoy the second act.

The producers huff out.

TREVOR

(to Meg)
Are you alright?

MEG

Fine. You?

TREVOR

I'm great.

He smiles at her. She pecks him on the cheek and heads back to her dressing room.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(to Alice)
You're the best.

ALICE

I know it. Now go get yourself onto that stage.

JEFF

(over the intercom)
Places. Places for top of Act 2.

ALL ACTORS

Thank you places.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

Off stage, Trevor breathes heavily with sword in hand.

Macduff picks up a prop of Trevor's head -- a stage hand runs a cloth soaked in fake blood over his sword, and he reenters.

We hear the remainder of the play while we see Meg and Trevor.

Meg sidles next to Trevor.

They watch the play finishing up.

MEG

Welcome to the afterlife.

TREVOR

If you're here, I could get used to it.

A beat as they watch.

MEG

You were marvelous.

TREVOR

It was thanks to you.

MEG

I have to tell you something.

TREVOR

I have to tell you something.

MEG

We have to take our bows.

The stage goes black and the audience begins to clap uproariously.

The lights come back up.

Trevor and Meg enter the stage hand in hand.

Trevor leads the cast in a bow.

He steps forward, and bows.

The audience jumps to its feet

He gestures to Meg. She curtsies.

The applause grows again.

The two of them bow together

They gesture to the lightbooth. They gesture to the stage hands.

They take another group bow, and the step back.

The curtain closes.

Meg and Trevor look at one another.

MEG AND TREVOR

I love you.

They kiss.

Jeff and Alice watch from the wing.

JEFF

(over the intercom)

Great opening everyone, see you at half hour tomorrow.

Meg and Trevor kiss again.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER CREDITS:

As the credits roll, we see internet headlines.

--"Sparks Fly in Brilliant Production of Scottish Play"

--"Daniels and Weir: So Good It Hurts"

--"Trevor Daniels: More Than Just An Action Figure"

--"Bella Harrison's Character Killed in Surprising Season Finale"

--"Trevor Daniels and Meg Weir Spotted in Dumpling Shop"
(with an accompanying picture of them looking cute and couple-y.)

--More paparazzi photos. The two of them strolling hand-in-hand in Central Park, skating in Rockefeller Center, etc.

--"Trevor Daniels Nabs Lead In Moon Man"

--"Meg Weir Lands Hamlet in Gender Blind Broadway Production"

--"Trevor Daniels and Meg Weir Engaged"

We hold on that headline as:

TREVOR (V.O.)
Alice!

ALICE (V.O.)
Hm?

TREVOR (V.O.)
Can you not be on your phone right
now? Today of all days?

ALICE (V.O.)
Sorry.

TREVOR (V.O.)
Come on! You're my best man! Get
your head in the game!

ALICE (V.O.)
Right. Sorry.

We hear the sound of a Red Bull can being drained. Then:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The headline on the screen is replaced by a camera app POV shot. We see Trevor, pantsless, in a tuxedo jacket and uncuffed white shirt, looking frantic. The door cracks open behind him.

MEG (O.S.)
Close your eyes, I'm coming in!

Trevor closes his eyes.

TREVOR
Closed!

Meg enters, barefoot, in her wedding dress. She looks stunning.

MEG
Alice, have you seen my shoes? My
maid of honour lost them.

JEFF (O.S.)
(yelling)
I did not lose them! I never had
them in the first place!

Meg notices Alice's phone.

MEG

What are you *doing*?

ALICE (O.S.)

Flex, it's for Insta.

Trevor, eyes still closed tightly, raises his arms in a campy body-builder pose and flexes. So does Meg. They're adorable. The camera snaps and the image freeze-frames.

FADE TO BLACK.