

ANY MOMENT

Written by

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INT. DORM ROOM - DAY

CU on MAX, 20, his eyes squinted in concentration and because of the lit joint dangling from the corner of his mouth. He tucks his long, wavy hair behind his ear. WIDE SHOT revealing he is staring at a half-finished jig-saw puzzle, sitting opposite Max is BEAN, Max's roommate. Max is wearing an oversized, worn out cardigan.

He places a piece in the puzzle and draws two cards from a deck. Bean takes an ace out of his hand and places it face up before taking the piece that Max just placed. He laughs and puts a tick mark on the white board next to them.

MAX

God damn Bean, you're getting too good.

There is a KNOCK at the door but Max's concentration on the puzzle is unfazed.

MAX (CONT'D)

(without looking up)

Yeah?

We stay focused on Max's face. Off screen we can hear the DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE. A hand with lavender nails reaches into the frame and plucks the joint out of Max's mouth, finally breaking his concentration. His eyes follow the joint until it rests between the lips of MARGOT, a stunning sophomore with short brown hair. She takes a long drag and then speaks.

MARGOT

Still playing this made-up game, huh?

MAX

All games are made up hun- You here for your usual order then or just to make fun of our game?

MARGOT

Uh.. neither actually, I came to ask for your help.

Max looks at her and raises an eyebrow.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

I think Casey is in trouble.

MAX

You mean Casey your roommate? Who OD'd and ended up in the hospital last week?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Because I can see how that might
get ya in some hot water.

MARGOT

I'm not screwing around Max.

Max meets Margot's determined glare and he loses his smirk.

MAX

Okay, so what happened?

MARGOT

Well first of all, it was a massive
dose of X, and she's done ecstasy
before, she knows how much is safe.
There's no way she'd knowingly take
that much.

(gaining steam)

And then when I ask her what
happened she just says she found it
or that she doesn't want to talk
about it, which is weird, she tells
me everything.

(pacing, animated)

Anyway, this morning her phone
buzzes while she's in the shower so
I take a peek and she has a message
from some guy named Jaxon M..?
saying "you were unlucky last week
but russian x isn't for the faint
of heart. Same time this week if
you're up for it."

She takes a deep breathe and looks at Max expectantly. He
stares back, gears turning, taking it in.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Well.. you know a lot of drugs and
a lot of people so I was hoping you
could tell me what any of that
means.

MAX

(still deep in thought)

Huh.. Bean! You ever hear of
Russian X?

Bean lifts his head out of the book he's reading and shrugs.

MAX (CONT'D)

Yeah, me neither..that is pretty
bizarre. But, ya know..maybe uh,
she coulda..

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

did it ever occur to you..that
maybe she's telling the truth?

MARGOT

(sharply)

No, it did not. There's no way. I
know her, Max, well enough to know
when she's hiding something...
We're supposed to take care of each
other.

MAX

Hey, nothing's going to happen to
her, okay? I'm meeting up with my
guy later, I'll see if he knows
what's up.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Max is driving down a residential street, BRETT is in the
passenger seat. He's wearing a beanie, tie-die shirt and some
patchy scruff on his face.

BRETT

Thank you so much man. I thought I
was totally boned.

MAX

Yeah, no worries.

Brett pulls a cigarette out from under his hat and lights it.
Max rolls down his window with a hand crank. Brett slumps
down and puts his foot up on the dash.

BRETT

Well, I'll have enough saved up for
a new car pretty soon.

MAX

Mmhm..so where are we going anyway?

BRETT

Davis Hall. The basement actually.

MAX

What's in the basement of Davis?

BRETT

Well, it used to be a rec area until they closed it for water damage or some shit and forgot about it. Then the Russians took it over.

MAX

What?

BRETT

This grad student, Victor, you'll meet him, he worked out some deal with the residential ...uh you know whatever they're called..so the dude let them fix it up and now they chill down there and do business.

Max looks over at Brett with an eyebrow raised in question.

BRETT (CONT'D)

Ya know, the usual, drugs, alcohol, essays, I hear they can even get an exam postponed if you're willing to pay.

MAX

Ecstasy?

BRETT

(a little hurt)

I'll sell you some x bro, you know I got you-

MAX

Nah man... I'm not buying, just wondering if he sells it.

As they talk, Max turns into a parking lot and finds a spot. Brett eyes Max suspiciously as they get out of the car.

BRETT

Why do ya wanna know?

They go down a set of stairs on the side of the building. There is a door at the bottom. Brett knocks twice quickly and then two more times but slowly. He loves doing the secret knock.

MAX

Well, I'm..uh actually looking for Russian X and figured this might be the place.

(gesturing at the door)

Brett's face darkens. He speaks in a hushed tone.

BRETT

Listen up. Don't fuck around with that shit okay? I don't know much, but I know it's bad news.

MAX

What do you mean? Where do-

The door swings open and they both snap forward and stop talking. Standing in the doorway is a SHORT, STOCKY YOUNG MAN with a buzz cut. He speaks with a slight Russian accent.

SHORT RUSSIAN GUY

(pointing at Max)

Who the fuck is dis?

BRETT

Relax, he's cool, right Max?

A voice comes booming out from within the room behind the man at the door.

VOICE

(thicker accent)

BRETT! I TOLD YOU NOT TO BRING PEOPLE HERE!

BRETT

Yep, yeah, that's my bad, Victor.
He's my ride so-

VICTOR

Just hurry up and get in here.

The guy at the door ushers Max and Brett inside and shuts it behind them.

INT. BASEMENT LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

It is a large, open room. A few guys are shooting pool and drinking to the left. On the other side of the room two pretty girls are lounging on a large sectional couch next to a lazy boy.

In front of them is a coffee table with an assortment of beer cans, liquor bottles, pot paraphernalia, and a pair of cowboy boots, on the feet of VICTOR, 24. He is sitting in the lazy boy facing away from us and towards a large flat screen TV which is showing a women's water polo match.

Max and Brett shuffle over and stand next to the couch. We can finally see Victor lounging back in the chair. He is tall and built with a blonde undercut. He's wearing a Michael Jordan jersey.

VICTOR
(gesturing to the couch)
Please, sit down.

Max and Brett sink waaayyy down in the poofy couch next to the two girls who are now cutting up lines of cocaine on the table. Victor picks a lockbox up off the table and enters the combination. He notices Max watching the match on TV.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
You a fan?

MAX
I don't think I get the right
channel.

VICTOR
There are two reasons why I watch
water polo. First, it is brutal,
tough sport played in water. You
have to score past other team while
they try to pull you underwater.

He opens the lockbox and pulls out two sizable ziplock bags filled with pot. He hands them to Brett who examines them briefly before putting them into his backpack. He hands Victor a small stack of folded bills. The girl next to Max has just snorted one of the lines. She puts her hand on Max's thigh and offers him the rolled up \$50 bill.

MAX
(shrugs)
When in Rome and all that.

Max leans forward and rails a fat line. It is clearly not his first. He meets eyes with the girl, she smiles at him seductively.

BRETT
(reaching for the bill)
Ooh snortski!

VICTOR
 You ever been held under water,
 Max? For real ya know, not goofing
 about.. this is phrase, yes?
 Goofing?

MAX
 Yeah, goofing around, sure.

ANGLE ON a receipt sitting on the coffee table. It is from 48
 HOUR VIDEO STORE.

VICTOR
 Right! Not goofing around, but
 really held under the water?

Max shakes his head.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 Every piece of you desperate,
 trying to reach the surface,
 adrenaline pumping through your
 veins. Nobody fights like a man who
 is fighting for his life.

BRETT
 Yeah man, that sport is crazy. I
 knew this girl who played and she
 said she had to wear two bathing
 suits cuz the other team would try
 to pull it off during the game.

VICTOR
 Oh, so you already know the second
 reason I watch.

Victor cracks up for a little bit too long. When he finally
 stops, he wipes the tears away and leans forward in the
 chair. His smile is gone.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
 So who the fuck are you?

MAX
 Uh..I'm Max

BRETT
 He drove me, I nee-

Victor holds up a finger to silence Brett.

VICTOR
 So..Max..Why are you here?

MAX

(a bit anxious)

Well, like my..good friend Brett here was saying..his car's fucked so-

VICTOR

Yea, yea, yea I know why he asked you, but why'd you say yes? What. Do you. Want?

MAX

Well...

Brett realizes where this is going and gives Max a pained look.

MAX (CONT'D)

I was kinda looking for some Russian X..?

All NOISE STOPS. The guys have stopped playing and are looking at the situation. The girls stopped chatting and look over. CU on the girl who is next to Max, her eyes widen and she perks up slightly. Brett is visibly uncomfortable. Victor stares at Max menacingly. Then breaks the tension by cracking up once again. When he's done, he stands up quickly and motions for the boys to as well. When they stand, Victor puts his arm around Max's shoulder and starts leading them towards the door.

VICTOR

You very clearly have no idea what you are talking about.

(leaning in closer)

And one should never speak to which he does not know, mmm?

He gives Max a final, hearty slap on the back through the door.

VICTOR (CONT'D)

Nice to meet ya, Max.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Max is driving while talking. ANGLE ON his phone on the center console, it is on speaker with Margot.

MARGOT
(from phone)
A what?

MAX
A receipt from 48 hour video.

MARGOT
...okay?

MAX
Okay, who goes to video stores anymore, huh? Plus, here's the kicker, I saw the TV and guess what, no DVD player.

MARGOT
(beat)
Seems like a bit a stretch, Max.

MAX
Are you questioning the investigative abilities of Maximillion, the Great Detective?

MARGOT
(laughing)
Nice try, Maxwell.

MAX
(looking around)
This video store is really out of the way.

MARGOT
Oh god, I can't believe you're actually going.

MAX
I can't wait. I loved going to Blockbuster when I was younger..I'm almost there so I gotta go.

MARGOT
Thanks Max, really, you never let me down.

CUT TO:

EXT. 48 HOUR VIDEO - DAY

The end of a dingy strip mall. A faded red sign reads 48 Hour Video. The sky is gray. Max's tan corolla pulls into a spot in front.

CUT TO:

INT. 48 HOUR VIDEO - CONTINUOUS

Max surveys the empty store. Nobody, not even an employee is in sight. The only thing that breaks the silence is the faint sound of a banjo being played somewhere in the back. Max slowly follows the sound to a slightly ajar door at the back of the store that reads "Employees Only." The music is louder now and two voices, a man's and a woman's, can be heard singing.

Max cautiously pushes the door open revealing a man sitting a stool ferociously playing the banjo and tapping his foot. He has a buzz cut and thick glasses, he's wearing a gray suit jacket over his red uniform. Next to him stands a plain, rather dumpy hispanic woman in her early 30's also wearing the red uniform.

As soon as the door opens, the woman sees Max and stops singing, but the man doesn't notice and continues to belt out the words.

VIDEO STORE MAN

(singing)

*Become a member and you'll have the
power, at the 48 houuuuuur video
store.*

Max starts clapping, startling the man.

VIDEO STORE MAN (CONT'D)

Christ! You scared the hell out of me. We don't get a lot of people coming in these days.

MAX

Yeah, I can see that.

VIDEO STORE MAN

Well, anyway I'm Franklin, can we help you find anything?

MAX

Maybe, you guys sell anything other than movies here?

FRANKLIN

We've got all the movie snacks,
your popcorn, your candy bars, your-

MAX

No no no, not that.
(cautiously hopeful)
I mean, like, more..uh..illegal?

FRANKLIN

Oh! You mean the drugs.

Max, a bit surprised, claps his hands and then points one at his nose and the other at Franklin, as if to say "you got it." Franklin looks at his watch.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

You're a bit early. What are you, a
new recruit or whatever you call
it?

MAX

Uh..yeah exactly, I just... joined?

Franklin leads Max over to the front desk. He reaches under the counter and pulls out 4 DVD's. He opens the top case revealing a flat plastic bag filled with small, yellow pills in shape of bullets.

FRANKLIN

Yep, same as last week.

MAX

Which is what..exactly?

Franklin snaps the case shut and eyes Max suspiciously.

FRANKLIN

Ecstasy, but I'd have thought they
told you that.

MAX

Just..plain ecstasy?

FRANKLIN

No, it's got ketchup and mustard.
Of course its just ecstasy, what
the hell else would it be?

The door opens and in walks TWO FRAT BOYS. One is wearing a gray sweatshirt with three greek letters on the front while the other sports a light pink long sleeve. Everyone pauses briefly in confusion.

FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

Wait then who are-

SWEATSHIRT

(extending a hand)

You must be Max. Victor told me you are looking for some Russian X.

MAX

I am.

As Max reaches for his hand, the frat boy immediately socks Max in the nose, knocking him to the floor.

SWEATSHIRT

Well stop. It's none of your business so fuck off.

They each give him a kick and then grab the dvd's and walk out. Max is left curled up on the dirty carpet.

MAX

Fucking ow, man!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. DORM HALL - EVENING

Max walks slowly down the long, empty hall. There are tissues stuffed up his nostrils and dried blood on his face and shirt. He opens the door to his room and is startled by Margot sitting at his desk. He jumps and lets out a short yell. Max's reaction and face startle Margot as well.

MARGOT

You look like hell.

MAX

Thanks..I really need to start locking the door.

Max picks a joint up off his desk. He lies back on his bed, lights the J and closes his eyes.

MARGOT

So, while you were out getting your ass kicked, I did a little research of my own.

MAX

(without looking up)
I'm listening..

MARGOT

Well, I found our pal Jaxon M. on Facebook. His last name is Martel and he happens to be the head of a frat on campus.

MAX

Lemme guess, Delta Psi?

MARGOT

How'd you know?

MAX

Call it stoner's intuition.

Margot goes to the mini fridge and pulls out a couple beers.

MARGOT

(gesturing at his face)
For your..ya know

MAX

Thanks.

Margot gently holds the beer against Max's face. She turns his face to meet her eyes, her voice is soft and serious.

MARGOT

Casey is going out with those guys again tonight.

MAX

You sure?

MARGOT

Yeah, I bet she's really studying with Debby on a Friday night.

MAX

Then we better figure out where they're going.

Max takes the beer, opens it and takes a long sip. He plays with the lighter in his other hand.

MAX (CONT'D)

Frat boys, Russians, and banjo-playing DVD store employees..what the fuck man..

Max puts the lighter in his pocket and it makes a CRINKLING NOISE. He pulls a small, folded scrap of paper out. It takes a moment to register, then he sits up quickly, confused.

MAX (CONT'D)

Huh..?

MARGOT

What's that?

CU Max unfolds the paper which reads "8:15 Pop's Hookah Lounge. -Tatiana" in messy handwriting with a heart after her name. He looks at his alarm clock which shows 8:12 in glowing red digital numbers.

MAX

Oh shit!

Max jumps out his bed and slips on his sandals. He paces around the room a couple times patting his pockets and then snatches his keys off the desk.

MAX (CONT'D)

Uhh..uh.. Okay yeah, right on, I'll be back soon.

MARGOT

Wait, what's going-

He slides out the door and it slams behind him, leaving a bewildered Margot.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - SUNSET

Max is cruising, the sky is orange in front of him. The window is down. He's deep in thought, a cigarette between his lips.

MARGOT (V.O.)

Some guy named Jaxon M.

BRETT (V.O.)

Don't fuck around with that shit man.

FRANKLIN (V.O.)

Of course its just ecstasy.

MARGOT (V.O.)

I was hoping you could tell me what any of that means.

VICTOR (V.O.)

Who the fuck are you?

MAX
 (mumbling absent-mindedly)
 Who the fuck am I? Who the fuck are
 you?

Max realizes he's talking to nobody and shakes his head.

MARGOT (V.O.)
 You never let me down Max.

The breeze from the window blows his hair around as he take a long drag of the cig.

CUT TO:

INT. HOOKAH LOUNGE - NIGHT

Max stands in the front and takes in the hazy room. All the walls are draped in colorful, patterned tapestries. Christmas lights hanging from the ceiling glow in the smoke. A few people are scattered about sitting on the couches in front of tall, ornate hookahs.

His eyes land on a beautiful dark-haired girl sitting alone in the corner, the same girl that sat next to him in the Russian lounge. He approaches and extends a hand.

MAX
 Tatiana? I'm Max.

TATIANA
 Nice to meet you officially.

Max sits down facing her. A man with long gray hair walks over and pours them each a cup of tea.

TATIANA (CONT'D)
 Thanks Pops.

He bows his head slightly and walks off.

TATIANA (CONT'D)
 Looks like they got to you first,
 huh?

MAX
 Mmm yeah, nice fellas
 (lowering voice)
 So, why'd you bring me here?

TATIANA
 Well, I heard you ask about Russian
 X.

MAX

You know about it?

TATIANA

Well, not exactly. I've been staying far away from anything to do with that ever since...

Her voice starts to waver and she takes a deep breath to relax.

TATIANA (CONT'D)

You remember that architecture student that died last semester?

MAX

Yeah, David something, right? There was an email I think..

TATIANA

He was my boyfriend, he overdosed..

MAX

I'm so sorry.

TATIANA

He was in Delta Psi. He was with them that night at one of their secret parties. He didn't even tell me about it, but I'm not stupid. I'd eavesdrop and the only time I heard them talk about Russian X is when they were planning those parties.

MAX

Christ. What happened?

TATIANA

They'll tell you he had a bad allergic reaction, scumbags. I don't know exactly what happened but I do know that every time a student ends up in the hospital foaming at the mouth, it's on the same night as one of their exclusive parties.

MAX

Holy shit.. you think it was Russian X?

TATIANA

(sighs)

I don't know, but there's another party tonight at the house. I overheard Victor talking about. You wanna know what's going on, that's where you'll find out.

MAX

Tonight?

Max grabs his jacket and starts to stand

MAX (CONT'D)

Thank you Tatiana.

TATIANA

(grabs his hand)

I just need to know what happened to Davey, ya know. I can't get it out of my head. Call me if you find out..anything I guess.

She writes her number on his hand.

MAX

I'll do my best.

He starts to walk towards the door.

TATIANA

Wait! One more thing. You'll want to bring a girl along, I doubt they'll let you in alone. Especially looking like that.

MAX

(laughing)

Thanks again, Tatiana.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Max and Margot are walking side by side. Max's usual curly mess has been wrestled into a somewhat neater look. He's replaced the cardigan with a jean jacket. Margot is in a flowy, yellow sundress with little blue flowers all over.

MAX

Ok, so who are we looking for?

MARGOT

Jaxon Martel, a senior, ya know,
classic frat boy look, brown hair,
spiked in the front, well-built.

MAX

Right, also keep an eye out for
Victor, tall, blonde hair, a
Russian accent, probably wearing
cowboy boots.

Margot notices the writing on Max's hand as he gestures. She
grabs it to take a closer look, then smirks at Max.

Ahead of them to the left stands a large, dark house. Three
giant Greek letters displayed on the front drape the house in
ominous shadows. The windows are blacked out and the house
shows little signs of life.

MARGOT

How much do we trust this girl?

MAX

Enough..

Max slowly approaches the house. As he gets closer, THE
SUBTLE BUMP OF A POWERFUL BASS MUFFLED BY SOUND-PROOFED WALLS
can be heard. He turns back to Margot and smiles at her.

MAX (CONT'D)

C'mon.

He leads her around the side of the house to the back where
VOICES can now be heard. There is a small line of people
standing on steps leading down into the basement. Every few
seconds the door opens, letting one person in at a time. Max
speaks quickly and quietly.

MAX (CONT'D)

I'll wait for you once I'm in. We
gotta stick together in there, I
have no idea what to expect.
Remember, we're at party, let's
have some fun.

The door opens once more and Max steps inside.

INT. FRAT BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

THE MUSIC IS BLASTING a thumping EDM song. Max steps in a
small room facing two frat boys, their faces are painted and
their pupils are massive. One of them holds a bowl filled
with the bullet pills from 48 Hour Video.

The other is transfixed by the pattern on the wallpaper and pays no attention to Max.

DOOR GUY 1
Pick a pill, any pill.

Max eyes the bowl suspiciously.

DOOR GUY 1 (CONT'D)
C'mon, we got people waiting.

Max picks out a pill and throws it back quickly. The frat boy smirks mischievously and shoves Max through the doorway to the right and into the party.

DOOR GUY 1 (CONT'D)
Have fun.

Max stumbles into a crowded room with people dancing and jumping around, hanging from the walls and standing on tables. A thick haze blankets the room amplifying the effects of the flashing lasers and strobe lights. Absolute chaos.

He finds himself being crowded further onto the dance floor, blocked in by flailing limbs and sweaty bodies. He fights his way back in the direction of the entrance. He is bumped around and eventually knocked to the ground. He grimaces in disgust at the puddle of mysterious liquid he just put his hand in.

A hand reaches down out of the crowd and pulls Max to his feet.

VICTOR
Ayyy my nosy long-haired friend.

He pulls Max into a big hug. His accent has become thicker now that he's intoxicated. He leans in close to Max holding him by both shoulders.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Today, we got off on wrong foot.
But now night has come to wash away
the sins of the day and allow us to
celebrate reborn!

He leaps back into the turbulent crowd, whooping and hollering. Max stands there briefly, stunned by the sudden poetic outburst.

Finally, he remembers his task and his head snaps to face the entrance. He pushes his way over but, Margot is nowhere to be found.

MAX

Shit.

He taps on the shoulder of the door guy who has moved his attention from the wallpaper to his reflection in a mirror. He jumps when Max touches him.

DOOR GUY 2

Ahhh!

MAX

Hey man, you see where that girl
after me went?

The guy stares back blankly.

MAX (CONT'D)

Yellow dress, short hair?

The guy starts stroking Max's hair and giggling.

MAX (CONT'D)

Right, guess not.

Max heads back into the raucous room. He walks on his tip-toes, eyes raised in search of a flash of yellow fabric. He bumps and jostles his way through the pulsing mass of bodies.

The drugs are beginning to take hold. His eyes flick around nervously and sweat begins to bead on his forehead. He makes his way to the other end of the room with no sign of Margot. There is a stair well leading up to the ground floor. He starts up them and finds a couple aggressively making out on the landing. He carefully steps over the two lovers, who take no notice, and climbs the rest of the stairs.

He enters a large room lit only by blacklight. There are couches, bean bag chairs, and large pillows scattered about. Covering the various furniture are shirtless people (men and women) in skimpy underwear or bathing suit bottoms. They painting each other with bright, glowing paints. The room is less chaotic than the one below, but the air is still filled with bubbly laughter and shrieks from cold paint on hot skin.

Max strolls around, his eyes always searching for Margot. A beautiful woman covered in paint, wearing only a black bikini bottom, wraps her arms around Max's neck and pulls him close. They sway, dancing slowly and sensually, smearing paint on Max's clothes and neck. He meets her large eyes, a tiny ring of brilliant green is just visible surrounding her enlarged pupils.

PAINTED WOMAN

You look lost, friend.

MAX
Just looking for a girl.

PAINTED WOMAN
Well you found one.

MAX
A specific one actually.

The woman studies Max's eyes for a second.

PAINTED WOMAN
What's a sweetheart like you doing
in a place like this? You're too
good.

MAX
Looks can be deceiving. I'm here
looking for a certain drug
actually.

PAINTED WOMAN
Well, you're talking to the right
girl.

MAX
Ok, I'll bite. I'm looking for
Russian X.

She pauses briefly and then sees he's serious. She starts
giggling.

PAINTED WOMAN
You found it.

MAX
Really? You know where to find it?

PAINTED WOMAN
(still laughing)
It's not a drug you goof. It's
this.

She gestures around at everything going on around him.

MAX
Huh?

PAINTED WOMAN
This. The party. It's a Russian X
party.

Max remains confused.

PAINTEd WOMAN (CONT'D)
 You really don't know, do you?

Max shakes his head, gears turning.

PAINTEd WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Remember that big bowl of ecstasy
 at the door? Well they all have
 just the right amount to give you 4
 or 5 hours of euphoria and
 partying, except one. One is packed
 with enough to stop your heart. So
 when you walk in you pick a pill,
 its like playing a big game of-

MAX
 (it finally clicks)
 Russian Roulette.

PAINTEd WOMAN
 Exactly.

Max's heart is pounding. He scans the room again, what once
 appeared whimsical and fun now takes on a sinister feeling.

MAX
 Why?

She pulls Max closer, now almost whispering in his ear.

PAINTEd WOMAN
 It's the ultimate freedom. When you
 are that close to death, you are
 free to really live.

Her lips are now brushing against his ear.

PAINTEd WOMAN (CONT'D)
 What would you do if any moment
 might just be your last?

Panic is building, he looks at the happy people dancing
 around him. Their movement leaves trails of glowing light
 wherever they go. It appears to be pulsing. The LAUGHS AND
 SHRIEKS BEGIN TO ECHO AND REVERBERATE. He shrugs the girls
 arms off him. He squeezes his eyes shut a couple times and
 rubs them. He tries to shake his head clear.

MAX
 Margot.

He starts off again, searching.

PAINTED WOMAN

Good luck, sweetheart!

He weaves through the glowing people with more purpose. Eyes scanning, open and wild. His hair is back to its usual chaos. He makes his way to the end of the room, still no sign of Margot.

He takes another flight of stairs to the second floor.

This room is calmer than the other two. There are two poker tables with people playing and smoking. At the far end of the room is a bar. People are standing around it, including TWO GIRLS, one wearing a yellow dress.

Max moves quickly toward her. As he gets closer, he can hear the two girl's heated discussion.

MARGOT

We gotta go Case, this place ain't right.

CASEY

Maybe not for you.

Max finally reaches them and interrupts. He pulls Margot in a tight embrace. He talks a mile a minute.

MAX

Margot! Are you okay? How do you feel?

He reaches to try and take her pulse. She moves his hand away.

MARGOT

I'm fine, I'm fine. Are you okay? You don't look so great.

MAX

Didn't you take one of the pills downstairs?

MARGOT

God no, the shit that put her in the hospital? I spit it out.

MAX

(exhaling)

Ohh, thank god. We were wrong M, it's not a drug, it's the party. One of those pills will kill you.

Max's knees buckle and he starts to faint, Margot steadies him.

MAX (CONT'D)
(weaker)
Someone here is about to OD M, we
gotta find them.

Max is leaning heavily on Margot. She feels his chest thumping.

MARGOT
Fuck fuck fuck. Please no.

Max's eyes begin to roll back.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
(far away)
Casey! Keys! Now!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Max is laying across the backseat. POV of Max looking up at Margot in the drivers seat. She is going in and out of focus. She has one hand on the steering wheel and the other gripping Max's hand

MARGOT
C'mon Max, you're gonna be fine.
Please be fine. C'mon c'mon.

She's weaving through traffic, flying down the road. Some cars HONK at her but she takes no notice. Finally, she pulls the car up outside the hospital.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Max wakes up in a hospital bed. Confused at first, he takes in his surroundings. There's a large bouquet of flowers on the table next to him. Past the flowers, Margot lay fast asleep in a chair. Max smiles to himself. He watches her for a moment, but can't help himself.

MAX
(gently)
Psst, M.

She groggily lifts her head and rubs her eyes.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hey.

MARGOT

Hi.

Margot gets up and sits on the edge of Max's bed. He scoots over to make room.

MAX

Did you..uh..save my life last night?

MARGOT

Well, I got you into this mess, only right that I got you out.

MAX

(gesturing)

I should be the one getting you flowers.

MARGOT

Oh, they aren't from me.

She hands Max the card that came with the flowers. He opens it and reads aloud.

MAX

Thank you so so so much, Max. I feel terrible for sending you to that party. Give me a call and I'll make it up to you. Love, Tatiana.

Margot giggles and starts to get up.

MARGOT

Sounds like you have a call to make.

Max grabs her hand and pulls her in for a long kiss.

MAX

Dying has a funny way straightening out your priorities.

CU on Margot's face, surprised, then she smiles warmly.

She lays her head down on Max's chest. They lie there silently for a moment.

FADE OUT.

