

**Suitr**  
By Zach Fleming

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

A stunning and high class restaurant, bustling. We hear laughing from a table.

MAX (O.C.)

So, there I am with my stupid briefcase ready to go and 15 minutes early, and the revolving door rips my shirt right across the belly as I walk through it.

WE PAN AROUND THE ROOM TO FIND THE SOURCE.

CENTER ON THE TABLE - MAX SANDERS (Late 20's, looks and charisma in surplus) leading conversation.

At his side, is SARAH MARKS (Late 20's, all work, no play), with her parents BILL MARKS (40-50's) and REBECCA MARKS (40's) sitting across.

Sarah drinks plenty of wine through this encounter.

BILL

That happened to you too? That door is a widower!

MAX

Right?! I'm scared to walk through it every time now. Anyways, I'm standing in the doorway with my stomach hanging out.

REBECCA

I wouldn't have cared.

SARAH

Mom, stop.

MAX

Trust me, it was a goofy sight. I start panicking and whip out my phone, searching for anything... A tailor, or a department store... Then I hear "hey." And there she is. This beautiful girl holding a needle and thread.

Sarah blushes.

MAX (CONT'D)

Before I know it, she's stitching my shirt shut.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

It took her five minutes, and after, I looked better than before. So, I spent the next ten getting to know her. I believe that's when I fell in love.

(beat)

AND, I closed the deal, and every one since. She's my good-luck charm.

Max beams at Sarah.

Rebecca fawns over Max.

REBECCA

Look at that though. It's like fate.

Max grabs Sarah's hand.

LINGER ON SARAH -

SARAH

Yeah. It's too perfect.

**EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Max and Sarah hold hands as they walk Rebecca and Bill to their car.

REBECCA

What a lovely dinner. I was so glad to hear that we were finally going to meet you Max. And you didn't disappoint one bit.

BILL

Yeah, you have my permission if you wanna pop the question-

SARAH

Dad!

Max and Bill laugh, same page.

MAX

We'll see, maybe it's in the cards. Come back and visit soon, alright?

The group exchanges goodbyes.

Max has her arm around Sarah as they watch them drive away.

AS SOON AS THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT -

Sarah shrugs out of his hold and throws up behind a car. Max tries to hold her hair, but she pushes him away.

MAX  
You alright?

SARAH  
No.

MAX  
Do you want to talk about it?

Sarah recollects herself.

SARAH  
I can't believe you... This.  
Actually doing this. I'm so  
pathetic.

MAX  
No. You aren't.

SARAH  
Paying a gigolo to fool your  
parents into thinking I have a  
stable relationship isn't pathetic?

MAX  
...Technically I'm not a gigolo  
since there's no intercourse.

SARAH  
That's even more pathetic.

Beat.

MAX  
It's going to be okay-

SARAH  
No it's not, it's a lie I have to  
live now! I don't even know you,  
and now they think you are my  
future fiance.  
(beat)  
Like my sowing, how would that ever  
land a guy like you?

MAX  
I liked that bit.

SARAH

Yeah. But watching you spew that bullshit made me realize how much I actually want it, and how I'm never going to have it. It's a fantasy. A big fairy-tail. My Prince Charming for a paycheck.

Beat.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I can't do this again.

MAX

That's okay.

SARAH

What do I do when my parents ask about you?

MAX

Wait a week, then tell them that I got a job offer in Europe I couldn't turn down. Say that we are working on it, and staying in touch. If you need me to phone something in, I can.

SARAH

You guys really thought of everything, huh.

MAX

It'll work. Trust me.

SARAH

Fine. I'll venmo your stupid company now.

She takes out her phone and fumbles through the process.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You're the worst thing I've ever paid for.

Max shifts.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Not you. Well, yeah you. Just...  
What the hell has my life become?

Sarah completes the charge, and a lyft pulls up.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
That's my lyft.

Max opens the door for her.

MAX  
I just hope I made your situation a  
little easier.

Max closes the door.

After a beat. Sarah rolls down the window.

SARAH  
Hey. Look. I'm sorry. I... Just  
have a lot of conflicting emotions  
right now.

MAX  
It's fine, I get it.

SARAH  
Thanks Max.

Max nods, and the lyft drives away.

Max sulks a bit.

FROM BEHIND - A GUY who's been lurking in the background  
smoking a cigarette approaches Max.

By interaction, they clearly know each other.

GUY  
Come on, I'll give you a ride.

**INT. CAR - NIGHT**

The GUY is Max's neighbor, DAVE FREESTON (30's) now driving  
him home.

Max has his head on the window, in thought.

DAVE  
You alright? You seem kinda shook  
up.

MAX  
You threw me off back in there. I  
don't think I can do this with you  
creeping around and eavesdropping.  
In fact, I don't know if I can keep  
doing this IN GENERAL, Dave.  
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

This was supposed to be a one-off gig, not a business.

DAVE

I'm sorry if I got too close man, but hey, we have a good thing going.

MAX

I don't enjoy doing this, and "our client" tonight didn't seem to either.

DAVE

Max, I know you're the emotional type and this takes a lot out of you, but you gotta chill. You're killing it, and THEY ARE HAPPY.

(beat)

Do I need to go through our testimonials again?

MAX

No. I want to be reviewed in MOVIES, not dates.

DAVE

Sooooon. It's only been a couple months. You're still new out here. You'll get auditions. And when you do, you'll be ready BECAUSE of this serendipitous and lucrative business we've spawned.

Max rolls his eyes, he's heard this before.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You need a good night sleep. You'll feel better tomorrow.

Dave stops the car outside of Max's apartment.

MAX

Can I skip coming to the office tomorrow?

DAVE

Dude, you always feel better after talking to Marcy. Just roll out of bed, and walk the 3 blocks. It'll take an hour. We'll hit the gym after.

MAX

Fine.

Max opens the door and gets out of the car.

DAVE

Hey, you did good tonight my little  
"Suitr".

Max sarcastically laughs as he heads inside.

**INT. MAX'S STUDIO - NIGHT**

A typical mid-20's studio apartment, but light on love and care.

It's not dirty, just... impermanent. No real decoration, but certain costly amenities strewn throughout. A huge 4k TV, a lavish KING BED, a nice RECORD PLAYER and SOUND SYSTEM...

It reeks of bought happiness.

Max steps in from the door.

His phone buzzes - CALL FROM ERICA.

He freezes as it vibrates in his hand.

Too anxious to answer, he let's it ring through.

Max unbuttons his dress shirt and throws it into a hamper.

He falls onto his his bed lethargically.

A new alert on his phone - VOICEMAIL FROM ERICA.

He quickly raises the phone to his ear.

We watch as he digests the voicemail.

ERICA (V.O)

Damn. I was hoping to hear your voice. I know we should give each other space, I just... can't believe you're gone... Across the country, so far away. I already miss you. I know things are different now, but I hope you are well. I'm so glad you're taking what I said to heart and really pursuing your passion. Call me sometime.

(fumbles)

(MORE)



ERICA (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 I know I'm not allowed to say this,  
 but I still love you. Always will.

Max groans loud and curls up into a ball.

DAVE (PRELAP)  
 My little minions! Congratulations  
 to you for helping ME devise  
 ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL APPROACH!

**INT. BARREN OFFICE SPACE - MORNING**

Dave lectures a group of YOUNG INTERNS, sitting in a row in front of him.

A couple meager claps respond to the backwards praise.

He stands to the side of a SHITTY WHITEBOARD with little free space left, it's impossible to tell if the work is from a genius or a mad-man at any distance.

A SHITTY LOGO for **SUITR** projects past him on a wall behind.

To the other side - A SHITTY SET, mirroring the restaurant from last night.

DAVE  
 Thank's to our patented system-  
 (notices a raised hand)  
 Yes?

FEMALE INTERN  
 You guys patented it?

DAVE  
 Matter of speech. Looking into it.  
 (back to it)  
 Thanks to our PATENT-PENDING  
 system, We've helped a woman in  
 need, and scored a 5 star review in  
 the process.

A MALE INTERN raises his hand, Dave calls on him.

MALE INTERN  
 Then do we get free lunch like last  
 time?

DAVE  
 That was a special occasion. But,  
 fine. MAYBE, once we're through  
 planning an approach for a newly  
 scheduled client at -

Dave drum-rolls on the whiteboard.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
A pool party!

This is met with laughs and groans in equal measure.

MALE INTERN  
How are we going to stage a pool party in here?

Dave raises a finger, and from behind a corner, pulls out a KIDDIE POOL.

DAVE  
Ta-da!

MALE INTERN  
How are we supposed to plan the date on that scale?

DAVE  
WITH IMAGINATION AND INTRIGUE!

Dave snaps his fingers, and TWO SHIRTLESS MALE MODELS step out onto the stage.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
These two beauties are our stand-ins and actors today, courtesy of-  
(french accent)  
Craigslislist.

FEMALE INTERN  
Two dudes?

DAVE  
Yes, is that a problem?

An intern in the back is howling laughing.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
GREG, if this is so funny, why don't you STRIKE AND PREP THE STAGE?

Greg, the intern, stops laughing and gets to work.

Dave points at Male Model 1.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Alright, so. This hunk will be Max.

Dave then points at Male Model 2.

DAVE (CONT'D)

This other steam-boat is the customer, Ben.

(pointing at the pool)

If either of them steps in the pool, then they're in the pool. Are the rules all clear?

Greg pulls away a table with a loud screech.

DAVE (CONT'D)

GREG, LEAVE THAT FOR THE CABANA.

GREG

It's a table?

DAVE

Cabanas can have tables!

Greg doesn't know what to do, and awkwardly shifts the table pretending to know how to fulfill the odd request.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(to Male Model 1)

Alright hunk, stand over here.

Max walks in quietly to see the scene being set. He remains quiet, shaking his head.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(back to the interns)

Alright. We'll get to Ben and his deepest-desires a bit later in the profiling stage but-

Dave spots Max in the back.

DAVE (CONT'D)

There he is!

(back to the interns)

Hey, 5 minute smoke break everyone.

The Interns stare in disbelief, confused by their leader.

FEMALE INTERN

I don't smoke cigarettes.

DAVE

I'm not talking tobacco. Go get high, I need CREATIVITY!

GREG

Fuck yea!

Dave uses that moment to b-line over to Max.

MAX  
What the hell is this?

DAVE  
My canvas. I'm planning the approach for a new customer's arrangement.

MAX  
With two ripped dudes in a kiddie pool?

The two shirtless models are standing awkwardly close inside of the kiddie pool.

DAVE  
Don't worry about that. That's my job, and when the plan is ready and you're briefed, it'll all make sense.

MAX  
I wish I could say I'm looking forward to it.

DAVE  
Technically, you just did.  
(beat)  
Marcy's been in her office for a couple hours. She said come in whenever.

MAX  
Alright.

**INT. MARCY'S OFFICE - DAY**

In complete contrast to the unkempt space we were just in, Marcy's office is refined and cozy.

Well lived in, this office is the type that defines the person using it. Organized. Perhaps too much so.

At the head of a mahogany desk, is MARCY JACOBS (Mid 20's. Future boss-lady. Type-A without cynicism. Always ahead of the game, always coming out on top.)

She bounces between her computer, a notepad, and a textbook until -

Knock Knock.

MARCY

Come in.

Max steps into the office.

MAX

Hey Marce, what's goin' on?

MARCY

Oh you know, just trying to run a business while juggling my thesis.

MAX

I meant besides that.

MARCY

There is nothing besides that. Have a seat.

Marcy points to a THERAPIST CHAIR / SOFA in front of her desk.

MAX

Do I have to?

MARCY

Yes. It opens you up.

MAX

(sotto)

I hate this chair.

Max begrudgingly sits / lays down. It's more comfortable than he'd like to admit. He starts letting his guard down.

MARCY

I spoke with Sarah.

MAX

Yeah? Did she want her money back?

MARCY

No. She wanted to tip you.

Marcy slaps down a wad of cash on the table.

Max stares at it - "What?"

MAX

You're kidding.

MARCY

No. You had quite the effect on her.

(MORE)

MARCY (CONT'D)

She felt she treated you poorly in the heat of it. She hopes this makes amends for her behavior.

Max reaches out slowly and accepts it. Somehow it pains him.

MAX

I was actually coming in here to tell you that I'm done with this venture.

Beat.

MARCY

Okay.

MAX

You're not angry?

MARCY

No, it's entirely understandable. Your heart's not in it. You're an actor, not an escort.

Max computes this, this is easier than he expected.

MAX

You don't understand how happy I am to hear you say that. Dave doesn't understand-

Marcy's cell phone rings. Max gestures to take it.

MARCY

(on the phone)

I'll call you back.

(hanging up)

Dave's focus is on himself. He feels gratified by the creativity he can instill in this business. But mark my words, he'll come to a creative crossroads and it won't be enough for him. He'll want to go back to writing and directing.

MAX

I enjoy acting when I'm in front of a camera, not this Avant-Gard scheme I'm enabling.

MARCY

Fair. But I have to say, you are quite good at this.

Max fiddles with his shirt like a kid.

MAX

It's not hard, I just look at it like method acting, Just don't break the character. I'm fine in the moment, but it kills me after it's over.

MARCY

Why?

MAX

I get lost in the act. I catch myself enjoying it. Then I realize it's fake, and I'm practicing my craft as a gigolo.

MARCY

No. We carefully abide by California Penal Code 69. There are no sexual components to our contracted arrangements, therefore technically, you are not a gigolo.

(beat)

And yes, it's an unorthodox service, but your acting changed a woman's whole perspective. For the better, in my opinion.

Max gets up off the chair, antsy.

MAX

Did I though? She seemed worse off than before the date.

MARCY

Change doesn't happen without emotion.

(beat)

Look, you have money in your pocket to get by. I understand what you're feeling. If you want to get a more traditional actor's job at a restaurant, go for it. But i do think you should continue with this for now. You've got a gift and a good heart. Think of it as a means to an end rather than a career choice. Plus, wouldn't you rather be served food than be the one serving it?

Max spins A GLOBE on a desk while in thought.

MAX

I guess I never thought of it like that.

MARCY

The choice is yours, and you don't have to make it now.

Max realizes something, and laughs.

MAX

You know exactly how to work me don't you?

MARCY

I'm just here to help you see clearly. The choice is still yours.

Marcy winks at Max.

Max puffs up his chest, empowered.

MAX

I'll think about it then and let you know.

MARCY

Good, I look forward to it.

Max puffs up his chest goofily, and exits the room.

Marcy gets back to work, but Max pops his head back in.

MAX

Thanks Marce.

Marcy smiles and nods.

**INT. SUITR OFFICE SPACE - DAY**

Dave is positioning the two models on his makeshift pool set... To an empty room.

MAX

Where'd everyone go?

Dave continues his "work."

DAVE

I sent them home.

MAX

Already?



DAVE

Greg brought in some crazy new strain, and we all got too high. I started reminiscing about my rebellious youth, getting stoned at work and following my dumb boss's orders and wanting to enjoy my day...

(beat)

I'm not a dictator OR a dumb boss.  
I'm a director.

Male Model 1 starts to laugh.

MALE MODEL 1

I'm too high for this.

MALE MODEL 2

Me too dude.

DAVE

You know, you guys go enjoy the day too. Resume tomorrow. Thank you for your time. You guys are beautiful.

Dave hugs / embraces both Models. They leave shirtlessly.

Max shakes his head in disbelief.

DAVE (CONT'D)

What a productive day! Let's keep it goin' and hit the gym.

MAX

You sure you're not too stoned?

DAVE

Please, it's the only way I can work out. Plus, you need to look buff for tomorrow.

MAX

What's going on tomorrow?

DAVE

I'll tell ya when we're swole, baby.

**INT. LA FITNESS - DAY**

Weights CLANK, barbells THUMP, machines SQUEAK, insecure men grunt to show off, others scream to encourage their partners. Some women hide from creeps, other's flaunt what they have.

A typical gym, marred by its clients. It's packed to the brim, without a single weight or machine free. Character is in no short supply here, located in Hollywood with its renown acceptance of eccentricness.

An ORANGE MAN wearing a sports-bra and leggings dancer-cises without a care in the world.

An OLD WOMAN in skimpy clothes moans in the midst of suggestive yoga poses.

Nearby, are Max and Dave, switching on and off for bench press.

Dave is spotting Max intensely, who is repping a lot of weight.

DAVE

Two more bro.

Max nods and does another rep. Meanwhile, Dave gets distracted by the OLD WOMAN.

He forgets what he's doing, and doesn't help Max when he struggles on the last rep. Max still manages.

MAX

Dude, what the hell?

DAVE

Ha, I'm sorry man, I got too excited.

MAX

Don't get distracted when I got that much weight goin', it's not cool.

Max unracks the weight for Dave's turn, who doesn't help at all.

DAVE

(Pointing at the weights)  
Just the 5's.

Max leaves just the 5-pound weights on.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Uncle Davey's about to show you what good form looks like.

Dave assumes the position.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Give me a lift!

Max gives a courtesy lift into Dave's horrendously formed reps. Back arched and whole body shifting, he get's two reps dangerously done before racking.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
FEELS GOOD SON.

Dave hops up, and Max get's back to setting up his turn.

MAX  
So, what about tomorrow?

DAVE  
What about tomorrow?

From the FRONT DESK - A HOMELESS MAN (30-60) gets into an altercation.

HOMELESS MAN  
By God, I'll wash my ass!

A couple employees act quickly to handle the situation.

Max and Dave shake it off like an everyday occurrence here.

MAX  
You said you had something to tell me while get "swole."

DAVE  
OH YEAH! I have a surprise for you, bud.

MAX  
Does it involve those two dudes in the kiddie pool?

DAVE  
You wish. Nah, I got you an audition for tomorrow.

MAX  
An audition?

DAVE  
Yes. For a feature.

MAX  
Shut up.

DAVE  
Fine, I'll cancel it.

MAX  
No! Just, please don't mess with me  
man. Are you for real?

DAVE  
I knew you were down last night, I  
called in a favor with a buddy at  
my old agency. I told him how  
unbelievable you've been at this  
Suitr-thing. He got you on a list  
for a feature audition in Burbank  
tomorrow at Ten.

MAX  
No shit?

DAVE  
You always underestimate me and my  
connections.

MAX  
Wow, thank you. What should I do to  
prepare?

DAVE  
I was told it's improv.

MAX  
(Oh no.)  
Improv?

DAVE  
You'll be great. What do you think  
Suitr is?

Max takes a deep breath.

MAX  
Ten AM?

DAVE  
Ten PM.

MAX  
What? What type of audition is that  
late? This better not be a porno  
Dave.

DAVE  
It's not! Just trust me! I only  
have your best interests at heart.

Dave defiantly throws a towel on the ground.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
I'm done here. All muscles groups  
have been properly hit.

**INT. CAR - EVENING**

We pull up to Max's apartment again.

DAVE  
Go have a protein shake and salad  
for dinner. You need to be lean and  
clean tomorrow.

MAX  
And there's nothing I can do to  
prepare?

DAVE  
Nothing. Don't even worry about it.  
I'll pick you up, and you'll slay.  
Get a good night sleep, and I'll  
see you tomorrow.

MAX  
Thanks man.

They bro handshake, and Max leaves the car.

**INT. MAX'S STUDIO - NIGHT**

Max steps into his apartment with a deep breath. Somehow,  
this day went a lot better than expected.

With renewed hope, Max dances over to the RECORD PLAYER and  
puts on some Jazz music.

Montage -

He makes his protein-shake and downs it -

Takes a shower, grooms himself like Patrick Bateman -

Ab workout -

Pumps himself up in the mirror -

Throws some chicken on the grill, whips up a salad -

Enjoys the dish he crafted -

And finally - Takes a seat on the edge of his bed, reflecting on the productive day wrapping up, on the eve of his first big audition.

Almost bursting with excitement, Max realizes he needs to share the news with someone...

He pulls out his phone and composes a text to ERICA.

TEXT BUBBLES VFX -

ERICA  
(previous text, days ago)  
I miss you.

It's unanswered.

MAX  
(appearing as he types)  
I have a big movie audition  
tomorrow...

But Max hesitates hitting send, his thumb hovering over the button.

He lets himself fall into bed. Fully laying down, still hovering over the button.

Until he falls asleep.

**INT. MAX'S STUDIO - MORNING**

Max is dead asleep.

Then - BANG! BANG!

Someone's knocking on the door loudly, and blasting music.

DAVE (O.S)  
MAX! MAX! WAKE UP!

Max rolls over and checks his phone - 9:00 am.

Max puts it together immediately

MAX  
Damn it Dave.

Max gets up to answer the door while the banging and music intensifies.

Max opens the door to - Dave, standing in the hallway holding a BOOMBOX above his head blasting DUBSTEP and headbanging.

DAVE

I was wrong. The audition's at ten AM. Not PM. We gotta go.

Max quickly pulls him inside and turns off the boombox.

MAX

I knew it. But it's REAL right? And we can still make it?

DAVE

YES AND YES.

Max turns the dubstep back on, and pumps himself up. Dave joins in.

**INT. CASTING STUDIO - MORNING**

Max and Dave enter, speed-walking to a CASTING ASSOCIATE at the check-in.

MAX

Hi, Max Sanders checking in.

CASTING ASSOCIATE

Got it. We'll call you shortly. Please have a seat.

The Casting Associate points to the holding pen - EVERYONE IN ATTENDANCE LOOKS LIKE CARBON COPIES OF MAX.

It's eerie in the way that only a Hollywood audition can be.

Max looks in disbelief at the sea of similar faces.

Dave gets a text that causes him to panic behind Max's back, he struggles to not let it show.

DAVE

Shit. I have to go.

MAX

What? Why?

Max's anxiety starts to surface.

DAVE

Emergency at the office.

(beat)

I'm sorry, but I need to go NOW.

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

I can handle it alone, so stay here  
and crush it. you'll be great. Call  
a lyft when you're done, I'll pay  
for it.

Max gives a look - don't leave me.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You've got this bud.

Dave hugs Max, and leaves.

Max takes a deep breath and sits down next to two guys who  
could be direct clones.

CLONE 1

You thinkin' salsa, or bachata?

MAX

What?

CASTING ASSOCIATE

Mark Matthews?

That's CLONE 1, becoming super bubbly and personable.

CLONE 1 / MARK MATTHEWS

Hi! That's me!

CASTING ASSOCIATE

We're ready for you.

CLONE 1 / MARK MATTHEWS

Great! Thank you so much!

Max turns to another CLONE.

MAX

What was that about?

CLONE 2

Fuck you.

Clone 2 grimaces and turns away again. Max gets more anxious.

TIME ELAPSE - more clones are called in while others arrive  
to replace the fallen. Never-ending competition.

Max anxiously waits, until -

CASTING ASSOCIATE

Max Sanders?



INT. CASTING ROOM - DAY

Max walks into a bland, beige room.

Nothing in it, other than a LONG TABLE with THREE CASTING AGENTS behind, sitting reverse from a taped X on the floor in the middle of the room. On the table - A BOOMBOX.

MAX

Hi guys! Thanks for the opportunity.

No reaction. A CASTING AGENT hits record on the camera.

CASTING AGENT

Slate please.

MAX

Hi, my name is Max Sanders!

CASTING AGENT

Representation?

Max thinks about that - Shit.

MAX

...My manager, Dave Freeston.

CASTING AGENT

Who the hell is that?

Max stumbles to respond. Before he does -

CASTING AGENT (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter.

(beat)

We're going to play some music, we want you to dance naturally, but also like it's your only care in the world. Your life's mission is to move to this beat.

MAX

No lines?

CASTING AGENT

For a Dancer / Body Double?

Max is internalizing a panic attack. The Casting Agent hits play on the boombox.

PLAYING - Polka music. Max freezes in surprise.

CASTING AGENT (CONT'D)  
(urging)  
You can begin.

Awkward as shit, Max begins the goofiest dance known to man.

He can feel himself bombing. But moments in, he internally says "fuck it" and goes off.

Sexy dance moves over polka music. Who know if this is working, or if he needs to stop immediately.

After a good bit -

CASTING AGENT (CONT'D)  
That's enough.

The Casting Agent turns the boom-box off. Max stops suddenly.

MAX  
...Thank you for your time.

No response, Max makes his way to the door.

CASTING AGENT  
I gotta say, that was weird as  
shit, but it worked. We'll be in  
touch.

Goosebumps go up Max's spine. He turns, smiling.

MAX  
I look forward to it.

### **INT. CASTING STUDIO - MORNING**

Max exits back into the Casting Studio slowly. Once the door closes, he goes nuts, fist pumping and jumping around in the room of clones.

During his celebration, he remembers the emergency at the office, and bounds outside to call a lyft / cab.

JUST AS - The Casting Associate comes out of the other room holding Max's head-shot.

CASTING ASSOCIATE(O.S)  
Max Sanders, I didn't get your  
contact info!

He's already out the door.

All of THE CLONES erupt in applause and cheer.

CLONE 3001  
I still got a chance!

**EXT. SUITR OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY**

Max's lyft pulls up to an unmarked, decrepit looking building space in Hollywood.

YELLOW CAUTION TAPE walls of the area all around the entrance. DAVE argues with a LAWYER and POLICE OFFICERS.

Max jumps out of the car, walking straight over to the situation.

DAVE  
I can argue all damn day, even IF sexual intercourse occurs, WHICH IT DOESN'T, it would be consensual!

LAWYER  
That's not-

MAX  
(approaching)  
Hey, what's going on here?

DAVE  
They're trying to shut us down!

MAX  
On what grounds?

LAWYER  
The City of Hollywood has received reports that this facility houses a prostitution ring, and we were ordered to condemn the premises.

DAVE  
They don't get it, you don't sleep with them!

MAX GLARES AT DAVE - "SHUT UP".

LAWYER  
(to Max)  
Oh, YOU'RE an escort?

DAVE  
Our ONLY one! And he. Does. Not. Sleep. Wit-

MARCY (O.C)  
Hello officers, may I see your  
warrant?

Marcy struts over, like the god-sent baddass she is.

LAWYER  
And who are you?

MARCY (O.C)  
Marcy Jacobs, CEO of Suitr. Sorry  
I'm late, I was handling another  
commitment.

The Lawyer nudges a Police Officer to hand over the warrant,  
which Marcy accepts.

She scans it with focus, while Dave and Max watch in awe.

MARCY (CONT'D)  
Ah, this is a warrant to collect  
paperwork for the investigation. I  
don't see anything about closing  
the premise.

LAWYER  
(red-handed)  
Yes, but I need time to-

MARCY  
This is a legitimate business that  
pushes the boundaries of ethics in  
relationships, but does not disobey  
the law. This man is our sole  
escort, and he is just that. There  
is no sexual component installed  
into our service, and I have  
contracts, I9s, W4s, and requisite  
tax forms, transactions, and  
identifications, all digitized with  
hard-copy backup.

(beat)  
Which, I will happy collect and  
deliver to you this instant. But,  
I'm going back into my office, and  
we're still operating while you  
conduct your investigation.

LAWYER  
I-

MARCY  
Are these premises closed?

LAWYER

The-

MARCY

ARE these premises CLOSED?

At a loss for words, the Lawyer shakes his head.

MARCY (CONT'D)

Okay, then let me get you those documents.

She tears down the yellow-tape, and disappears inside.

Leaving Max and Dave with their jaws on the ground.

LAWYER

I have to say, you have a competent lawyer.

(beat)

But, when these investigations are picked up by the city, they don't stop without a condemnation. Even if the infraction is for something entirely different. My suggestion is to make a clean exit from this business.

Then - Marcy marches out, with BOXES and BOXES of FILES on a rolling cart.

MARCY

Here are all of the relevant files. If you have any questions, contact ME.

Marcy dumps the boxes at the Lawyer's feet.

MARCY (CONT'D)

As for this cart, I can't afford to risk you hurting yourself with it and filing a lawsuit.

She pulls the cart away.

The Lawyer and the Police Officers stare at the boxes they now have to lug back to the station.

Which they grab and awkwardly hobble away.

LAWYER

We'll be in touch.

Marcy nods, and they watch them leave, with Max and Dave's still dumbfounded.

As soon as it's over, Marcy shrinks.

MARCY  
I'm surprised it took this long.

DAVE  
Are we screwed?

MARCY  
I don't know. This is  
unprecedented.  
(beat)  
But, this is going to generate a  
lot of publicity. I think we should  
ramp this up.

DAVE  
Agreed.

Dave and Marcy look to Max.

Max sighs.

MAX  
I'm implicated.

They shoot Max a look.

MAX (CONT'D)  
In.

**END OF PILOT**