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## Avocado Lovers

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Avocado Lovers

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A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,  
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

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In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

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By

Burak Azakoglu

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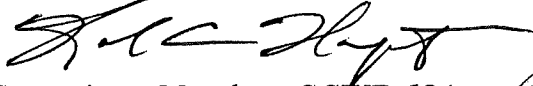
This feature length screenplay written by

Burak Azakoglu

under the guidance of a faculty committee  
from the School of Film & Television at  
Loyola Marymount University, and approved  
by the members of the committee, has been  
presented to and accepted by the Graduate  
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis  
requirements for the degree of Master of  
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

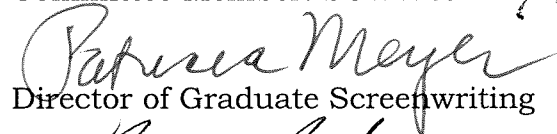
Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:

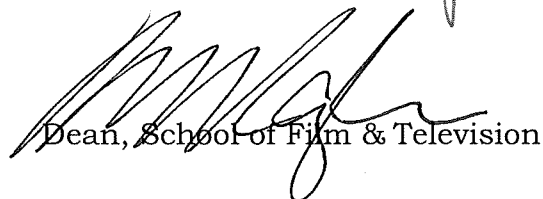
Committee Chair: SCWR 690



Committee Member: SCWR 691



  
Director of Graduate Screenwriting

  
Dean, School of Film & Television

Date 5.9.19

AVOCADO LOVERS

Written by

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EXT. THERAPY GAY CLUB, NEW YORK - NIGHT

A long line of PARTY-GOERS wait in the freezing cold.

ART (24, Turkish/American) and JAKE (25, Caucasian) bypass the line and walk towards the entrance with full swagger.

They nod at the BOUNCER. Bouncer nods back. They enter.

INT. THERAPY GAY CLUB, NEW YORK - NIGHT

The walls VIBRATE to CLUB MUSIC. It's a full crowd.

Art and Jake take it all in: the crowd dancing, taking shots, grinding, making out. It's wild.

They approach TEDDY (30s, African/American), who prepares drinks behind the bar.

Teddy hugs them both.

He pours TEQUILA into their mouths.

Art gets on the platform and dances wildly.

Finally, he throws himself off the platform--  
--onto a crowd of MEN.

CUT TO:

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Coffee station. A half-asleep Art pours himself coffee, while BRO BRAD (20s, Caucasian) waits in line next to him.

BRO CHAD (20s, Caucasian) walks in and pats Bro Brad on the back.

BRO CHAD  
Yo. Did you go home with that chick  
last night?

BRO BRAD  
(grins)  
You know I did.

BRO CHAD  
Was she any good?

BRO BRAD  
Tight as fuck, bro.

BRO CHAD  
Niiice, bro.

They bump fists.

As Bro Chad walks away, Bro Brad turns back to Art.

ART  
Women. I'm all about the women.  
Chicks...Chicken...Breasts.

BRO BRAD  
What?

ART  
Uhh--

Art stares at him blankly as he keeps pouring the coffee,  
which overflows.

BRAD  
Your coffee, bro.

ART  
I know, bro.

But he doesn't know.

Bro Brad physically stops Art from pouring the coffee.

ART (CONT'D)  
Oh.

Art grabs one tiny napkin and drops it on the spill.

He turns and walks back to his desk, followed by Bros'  
confused stares.

Jake shakes his head in disappointment.

Art SMACKS his head on his desk and GROANS.

EXT. FOOD CART - DAY

Art and Jake wait for their food.

JAKE  
What did we talk about? Flying--

ART  
Flying under the radar. I know. He  
caught me off-guard. I hadn't had  
my coffee yet.

JAKE  
Just don't talk about your personal  
life.

ART  
I feel like a spy. I'm a douche-  
bro, but I secretly work for the  
homosexual agenda.

JAKE  
You'd be a terrible spy. You can't  
even lie properly.

ART  
I choose not to lie.

JAKE  
Except about chicken breast.

ART  
I love chicken breast. It's my  
favorite kind of breast.

VENDOR holds out their food.

JAKE  
That is the problem.

They walk back to the office.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY/NIGHT

Art sits at his desk and watches THE BROS (a dozen of them;  
all white, all fratty) pass him by in SLOW MOTION:

Bros pat each other on the back.

Bros bump fists.

Bros make jokes.

Bros make sex-faces.

Bros laugh obnoxiously.

At night, Bros leave the office in small packs.

As Jake leaves, he nods at Art. Art nods back.

Lights are dimmed.

A CLEANING LADY mops the floors.

Finally, Art is alone.

He gets up from his desk and walks to the window.

He watches the city below.

In the darkness of the night, yellow lights from the buildings complement the yellow taxis that roam the streets.

EXT. ART'S APARTMENT - DAY

The sun is rising over the brick buildings of West Village.

Art unlocks the window to his ground-floor apartment and enters his bedroom through the window.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - ART'S BEDROOM - DAY

It's a cozy room that barely fits a queen-sized bed. PHOTOS of Art and his FATHER surround the walls.

Art slowly takes off his clothes; throws them on his bed.

He jumps on the bed and falls asleep instantly.

A moment later, his ALARM goes off. He GROANS.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Art sleeps in the shower.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

He walks in, clean and fresh, as LEILA (50s) sets the table.

LEILA

Hi, baby.

He kisses her on the cheek.

ART

Hi, mom.

Together, they set out a variety of cheese, jams, tomatoes, cucumbers and olives on the kitchen table. It's a ritual, a dance almost.

ART (CONT'D)

You know my friend Jake? His parents are getting a divorce.



LEILA  
Oh, I'm sorry.

ART  
I'm not. His dad is very nice. And  
very eligible.

He gives Leila a look.

LEILA  
I'm too old to date!

She pours two glasses of tea from a Turkish samovar.

ART  
Mom, you're beautiful.

They sit at the table.

LEILA  
Wouldn't it be kinda sad if I had a  
boyfriend when you can't even find  
yourself one?

ART  
(gasps)  
How dare you?

They both chuckle.

ART (CONT'D)  
I don't have time for a boyfriend.

LEILA  
Me neither.

They eat their breakfast.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Completely packed, no space to breathe. Art, in a suit,  
stands between TWO MEN, also in suits.

As more PEOPLE enter the already packed subway car, Art gets  
pushed back and disappears into the crowd.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Art pops an Adderall and chugs his coffee at his desk.

AN ASSISTANT (20s, female) walks up to the office area.

ASSISTANT

Jake. Art. Ben wants to see you.

ART

(sarcastic)

Great, I can't wait.

JAKE

Both of us? Together?

ASSISTANT

Yes, that's why I said both of your names.

She walks away.

Art and Jake get up and walk to the elevator.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Art and Jake alone.

JAKE

Why would Ben want to see us both?

ART

Do you like curvy dicks?

JAKE

What?

ART

This guy I hooked up with the other night had a curvy dick. Like a banana.

JAKE

You need to stop talking about dicks.

(beat)

Did it taste like a banana?

ART

No, more like pineapple.

JAKE

That's weird.

(beat)

Curvy's nice because you can alternate the angles.

ART

What angles?

JAKE  
Like, it's not always a right  
angle. Anyway, stop it.

ART  
Penis.

JAKE  
Stop it.

ART  
Dicks. Buttholes. Anal.

JAKE  
You done?

Art nods.

The elevator door opens.

ART  
(whispers)  
Balls.

They walk out.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Private rooms with glass doors. Sleek, minimalistic design.  
This is a whole other world. Art and Jake walk into--

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - UPPER LEVEL, BEN'S ROOM - DAY

Expensive bottles of whiskey and Cuban cigars on shelves. BEN  
(35, Caucasian) sits at his wooden desk.

BEN  
(on the phone)  
She's seventeen?! Fuck. Fuck, fuck,  
fuck, fuck. Fuck! What, am I  
supposed to ask every girl I hook-  
up with if she's legally fuckable?!  
(beat)  
I don't give a shit, just fix it.  
Fix it, fix it, fix it. Okay, bye.

He hangs up the phone. Notices a startled Art and Jake.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Why didn't you knock?

ART  
The door was open.

BEN  
You always fucking knock!

He takes a moment to cool off.

BEN (CONT'D)  
We have a new deal. Herrera. Mid-sized FMCG company. I need you two on board.

Jake nods immediately.

Ben looks down at his phone.

BEN (CONT'D)  
One small detail. The buyer is Steven.

Art and Jake look confused.

ART  
Our managing director Steven?

BEN  
Yes.

JAKE  
We're negotiating a deal for ourselves?

ART  
Is that even legal?

BEN  
Okay, Bert and Ernie. This company needs to be sold fast. Steven is the only interested party. So this deal is happening.  
(beat)  
Jake, you're on the buyer side. Do whatever Steven wants. Art, you're on the seller side. Learn everything about Herrera.

Ben leans forward.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Listen to me. I chose you two for this case because I see your potential. This is your chance to join the big league.  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
If we pull off this sale, you both  
get a ticket to the roof.

They both looked surprised.

EXT. FOOD CART - DAY

Art and Jake wait as the VENDOR prepares their order.

ART  
Why the fuck would he call it a  
"ticket to the roof"?

JAKE  
Only upper levels are allowed on  
the roof, that's why.

ART  
I can literally go on any other  
roof in New York and have the same  
view.

JAKE  
Yes, but this roof is exclusive.

ART  
Exclusive to douchebags.

JAKE  
When you become managing director,  
you can have a roof for whoever the  
fuck you want.

Art imagines this.

ART  
A safe space, exclusive for the  
gays of New York.  
(beat)  
I think that's just called "brunch"  
though.

JAKE  
Art, this is our chance. This is  
what we've been working for. I need  
you on board.

ART  
I wonder how many laws we'll be  
violating in total. Is someone  
keeping record?

JAKE

Art!

ART

I'm on board!

JAKE

Are you sure?

ART

Jake, when someone asks me: "Where do you see yourself in five years?", I say: "Drowning in a pool of money." I promise you we will be on that roof before the year ends.

Vendor holds out their food.

As they walk back to the office, they pass by an add for "Therapy", the gay club.

JAKE

I can't come out tonight. I haven't slept in four days.

ART

I don't need you anyways.

JAKE

You're nothing without me.

ART

Tonight, I will, by myself, seduce an attractive member of the male sex and take him home to pleasure-town.

JAKE

Is pleasure-town the box you live in with your mom?

ART

Yes.

JAKE

You live in a box.

ART

It's a box in West Village.

JAKE

With your mom.

ART  
Your parents are divorced.

JAKE  
Your dad's dead.

ART  
You've put on weight.

Jake stops and gasps.

JAKE  
Too far. You went too far.

INT. THERAPY GAY CLUB - NIGHT

Weeknight. Not too crowded. Art walks in and looks around.

He notices RAFI (29, Mexican, very handsome), who stands alone in the corner looking at his phone.

Rafi looks up for a second and their eyes meet. But he disappears behind the moving crowd.

Art spots Teddy serving drinks at the bar. Walks up to him.

ART  
Hey.

TEDDY  
What can I get you?  
(looks up)  
Oh hi, babe!

He pours two shots of tequila. They each take one.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Cheers.

ART  
Cheers.

Art turns and looks at Rafi once again.

ART (CONT'D)  
(to Teddy)  
I need one more.

Teddy pours the shot. Art quickly takes it.

ART (CONT'D)  
One more.

TEDDY

You sure?

Art nods.

Teddy pours one more. Art takes a deep breath, then takes the shot.

ART

Okay, I'm drunk.

Teddy chuckles.

INT. THERAPY GAY CLUB - NIGHT (LATER)

Art, sufficiently buzzed, and Teddy, painfully sober, sit on stools behind the bar.

ART

Teddy, do you ever feel like a dust particle, identical to all the other dust particles, and if you disappeared, nothing would change?

TEDDY

Sweetie, you don't need the Socratic fucking method, you need a good fuck.

Teddy gets up and scans the perimeter.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

What are you feeling?

Art gets up as well.

ART

I'm feeling...horny.

Art stares at Rafi, who looks lonely.

TEDDY (O.S.)

Go up to him and say you wanna fuck.

Art looks back at Teddy.

ART

I can't say that. What if he's my soulmate?

They both laugh.



EXT. THERAPY GAY CLUB/FOOD CART - NIGHT

Rafi leaves the club and walks to the food cart nearby.

RAFI  
(to Vendor)  
Hi. Chicken, please.

VENDOR (50s) nods.

VENDOR  
You?

Rafi turns around; Art stands right behind him.

ART  
Also chicken.

Art and Rafi stare at each other. Rafi chuckles.

VENDOR  
Sauce?

RAFI  
Hot sauce.

ART  
No, no, the hot sauce here is no  
good. Try the yogurt.

RAFI  
I need spice though.

ART  
Then just...get it without the  
sauce. I have some at home.

Rafi laughs, surprised by Art's forwardness.

VENDOR  
Sauce?

Rafi glances at Art.

RAFI  
No sauce.

Vendor holds out the food. Rafi picks them up.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
(to Art)  
Is that your line; wanna come over  
and taste my sauce?

Art abruptly turns and walks away. Rafi follows, confused.

INT./EXT. ART'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Art unlocks the window to his apartment.

ART  
I live with my mom, but I have my  
own entrance.

RAFI  
Convenient. To invite total  
strangers home.

Art jumps in and walks inside. Rafi sits on the window ledge  
and takes a bite of the chicken.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
This is good.

ART (O.S)  
Wait for the sauce!

He comes back with the sauce and pours some into both of  
their plates.

Rafi tastes it; it's delicious.

RAFI  
Where did you get it?

ART  
I make it myself. One of my many  
hidden talents.

RAFI  
What other hidden talents do you  
have?

ART  
They're deeply hidden.

Rafi chuckles.

ART (CONT'D)  
What about you?

RAFI  
I'm a professional cuddler.  
Cuddling champion.

ART  
Have you competed in the Olympics?

RAFI

Not yet.

A beat. Rafi notices an EVIL EYE hanging by the window.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Where are you from?

ART

I grew up in Istanbul.

Rafi nods.

ART (CONT'D)

Have you been?

RAFI

Years ago. With my mother.

ART

What about you?

RAFI

San Pedro Garza Garcia. It's a small town in Mexico.

ART

Ah, muy bien.

RAFI

Nice accent.

ART

Muchas gracias.

(beat)

That's all I got.

RAFI

(chuckles)

That's all you need.

ART

I can just move to San Pedro Garcia...Garzola and I'll be fine?

RAFI

You'll be fine if I'm there with you.

A beat.

Rafi leans in and kisses Art very slowly, very gently.

Art kisses him back.

They stare at each other for a long moment.

ART  
Do you want to come inside?

Rafi takes a moment, then--

RAFI  
If we have sex tonight, we won't  
see each other again.

Art looks disappointed.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
Hey. I want to see you again.

He takes out his phone and hands it over to Art.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
Here.

Art puts in his number and gives it back. He looks at Rafi.

Rafi gets up. He turns to Art, leans in and kisses him. Art wraps his legs around Rafi. They make out passionately.

Rafi stops and stares at Art. He kisses him one more time, very slowly. He then turns around and walks away.

ART  
Hey.

Rafi stops and turns.

ART (CONT'D)  
I hope they hold the Olympics in  
San Pedro Gorgonzola next year.

Rafi chuckles. He looks at Art one more time, then walks away.

Art watches him for a long moment, then he goes back inside.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Art and Jake alone.

JAKE  
How was pleasure-town?

ART  
I've reached new levels of  
pleasure.

JAKE  
You had sex?

ART  
Technically, no.

Jake chuckles.

ART (CONT'D)  
But I did meet a guy and took him home.

JAKE  
To do what, knit scarves?

Art nods.

ART  
Yes, my plan is to make enough money knitting scarves so I can quit this job.

JAKE  
That's a lot of scarves.

The elevator door opens. Right in front them is Ben.

BEN  
We're having dinner with Steven and Herrera's son tonight.

JAKE  
Tonight?

ART  
Why the son?

BEN  
Mom died. Dad turned alcoholic. Son is in charge. No questions about family.

He walks away in a rush.

INT. CAPITAL GRILLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A fancy steakhouse. Red leather couches. Waiters in tuxedos. Giant pieces of raw steak.

STEVEN (50s) drinks scotch alone at a round table, when Ben, Jake and Art arrive.

STEVEN

Ben! Come here you crazy bastard!

Steven gets up and hugs Ben.

BEN

Steven, this is Art. You've met  
Jake.

Steven shakes Jake and Art's hands. They all sit down.

Ben notices Steven's WEDDING RING.

BEN (CONT'D)

I always forget, Steve. What number  
are you at?

STEVEN

Wife number four. Not counting the  
gold-digging whores in between.

Jake laughs. Art stares at Jake, confused by his demeanor.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

But let me tell you, if there's one  
thing I enjoy more than women, it's  
the thrill of gutting a business.  
That feeling...It's like a never  
ending orgasm.

BEN

Steven, let's avoid phrases like  
"gutting a business."

STEVEN

Will you relax? We're dealing with  
a toddler here. I'll have him  
wrapped around my pinky finger  
before appetizers.

Rafi enters the restaurant.

BEN

There he is.

THE HOST directs Rafi to the table.

Stunned, Art stares at Rafi as he shakes hands with everyone.  
When it's Art's turn, he smiles at Rafi awkwardly.

RAFI

(surprised, but warm)

Hi.

ART  
(in shock)  
Hi. Hello. Yes.

Rafi sits across from Art. They glance at each other.

STEVEN  
Rafi, it's a pleasure to meet you.

RAFI  
Thank you, Mr. Daniels.

Art stares at Rafi, admiring his distinct facial features, his gorgeous suit, and his deep and articulate voice. Rafi's confidence is not snobbish, it's genuine and sexy.

STEVEN  
Call me Steven.

RAFI  
Steven, I must say, before Ben here advised me to consider financial buyers, I was mainly interested in a strategic purchase.

STEVEN  
Why is that?

RAFI  
As an investment bank, I assume your priority lies in revenue generation. I doubt you have any interest in the avocado business.

Jake stares at Art, who can't keep his eyes off Rafi.

STEVEN  
That might be true, but a strategic buyer would kick out all the management, bring in his own personnel. We want to keep your employees, your production line, your vision.

RAFI  
Our company is our family, so I'm happy to hear that. But when cash flow is priority, certain expenses tend to get cut down to maximize profit.

STEVEN  
Naturally.

RAFI  
I'm afraid it will be our  
employees' wages that endure the  
cut.

Art looks at Jake. Their eyes meet for a second. They both  
look away.

STEVEN  
Ben has worked for me so he can  
vouch for this.

Ben looks up from his drink.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
I always say happiness equals  
productivity. I can assure you that  
my priority is to ensure my  
employees' happiness.

Rafi nods. He glances at Art. Then back at Steven--

RAFI  
I'd like to hear more about your  
firm.

STEVEN  
Don't worry, we'll have plenty of  
time to discuss the details. Let's  
enjoy tonight. Man to man.

Rafi keeps staring at Art. Ben notices his looks.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
Steak, whiskey, conversation. What  
else does a guy want?

BEN  
I'll drink to that.

Rafi smiles politely.

STEVEN  
You know, the world is so  
degenerate these days. I read  
somewhere that they're adding a new  
gender. What the fuck is that? And  
gay marriage. Where does it stop?

RAFI  
Well, I'm gay. Is that a problem?

Complete silence. Every single person at the table is in  
shock. Ben almost chokes on his drink.



STEVEN  
No.

BEN  
No. No. No.

STEVEN  
No.

BEN  
We love gays.

STEVEN  
All the gays.

BEN  
Elton John. Ellen.

STEVEN  
My aunt Muriel.

BEN  
Yes.

JAKE  
The gays are the best.

Ben elbows Art.

ART  
Rainbows everywhere.

Rafi stares at them, confused.

ART (CONT'D)  
Excuse me.

He gets up and walks to the restroom.

INT. CAPITAL GRILLE RESTAURANT - MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Art splashes water onto his face.

THUD. Bathroom door opens.

Art follows in the mirror as Rafi walks in and stops at the sink next to him.

They glance at each other through the mirror.

RAFI  
You're an investment banker, huh?

ART  
I get paid a lot, but I hate  
myself, so it's okay.

Rafi chuckles.

RAFI  
And they don't know you're gay?

ART  
Knowledge is a tricky concept.

Art's gaze shifts from the mirror to Rafi.

Rafi takes a step towards Art.

RAFI  
Why are you doing this to yourself?

ART  
Doing what?

Rafi stares at him.

THUD. Bathroom door opens.

Rafi looks at Art a moment longer, then walks away.

Art stays by the sink and looks at the mirror.

BEN (O.S.)  
Hey man. How is everything?

RAFI (O.S.)  
So far, so good.

BEN (O.S.)  
Good. We'll see you at the table in  
a second.

Ben and Jake, both sufficiently buzzed, walk in without  
noticing Art.

They pee at the urinals next to each other.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Can you believe he's gay? He looks  
so...normal.

JAKE  
You never know these days.

Art stays by the sink and listens to their conversation.

BEN

I don't have anything against gays.  
Just...If I'm gonna be working with  
a guy sixteen fucking hours a day,  
I want a guy who thinks like me.

JAKE

Yeah, why doesn't he go into  
fashion or something? Stay out of  
our business.

Ben chuckles as he leaves the bathroom.

Jake stops when he notices Art. Art looks at him. Jake averts  
his eyes and walks out.

Art stares at himself in the mirror.

INT. CAPITAL GRILLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Art watches as Ben walks Rafi to the exit. They shake hands.

Rafi turns and looks at Art. Art looks back at him for a  
moment, then averts his eyes.

Rafi walks out.

STEVEN

What are you kids doing later?

JAKE

The night's young.

STEVEN

That's what I'm talkin' about.

Ben comes back.

BEN

I'm going home. Way too old to play  
with you children.

Art keeps his focus on the exit. He hears the conversation,  
but it's like a distant chatter:

STEVEN

What the hell are you talkin' about  
Benjamin? You were still pooping  
your diapers when I was pickin' up  
chicks at bars.

BEN  
It's the age you feel, Steven, that matters.

STEVEN  
Well, I feel like I could fuck a twenty year old.

Jake laughs.

EXT. CAPITAL GRILLE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Two taxis wait at the entrance.

Ben helps Steven to the first taxi. He then gets in the second one.

As the taxis leave, Art and Jake are left alone at the entrance.

ART  
What the hell happened to flying under the radar?! You smacked the radar right in the balls!

JAKE  
I know, but it's only until we get the promotion. Art, we need to be extra careful. We have to get through this deal without blowing our cover.

ART  
Our cover?! We're not fucking terrorists!

Art turns around and quickly walks away.

EXT. ART'S APARTMENT - ART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Art lies down on his bed and stares at the ceiling.

He covers his face with his pillow and SCREAMS into it.

A KNOCK on the window.

He turns and looks up; it's Rafi. Art opens the window.

ART  
What are you doing?

RAFI  
I wanted to finish that  
conversation.

ART  
Look, I can't keep seeing you.  
You're my client.

RAFI  
Would the situation be different if  
I was a female client?

Art looks away. Clearly it would be different.

Rafi nods.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
I like you.

ART  
I like my job. I like those green  
bills.

RAFI  
Listen--

ART  
No, you listen to me Rafi. You. Me.  
No homo. Capeesh?

Rafi stares at him, startled.

RAFI  
I'll back out of the deal then.

ART  
You're so funny.

RAFI  
I'm serious. If your company is so  
homophobic that you can't even come  
out to your boss, then I refuse to  
do business with you. And maybe  
this will be a wake up call to you.

ART  
No. That's not it. That's not what  
I meant.

Rafi walks away.

ART (CONT'D)  
No. Rafi. Rafi! Rafi!!!!

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - UPPER LEVEL, BEN'S ROOM - DAY

In a fit of rage, Ben SCREAMS and throws down his office supplies.

Art and Jake sit across from him and stare.

Ben seems to calm down a little.

JAKE

Maybe--

Ben SCREAMS again.

Art and Jake continue to watch.

Finally, Ben pops a Xanax, and calms down.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Maybe it's a tactic. You know, he's playing hard to get. Trying to squeeze out more money.

ART & BEN

It's not about money.

Ben looks at Art.

BEN

Jake, could I talk to Art alone for a moment?

Art looks terrified. Jake nods and walks out of the room.

Ben leans back and takes a moment to think.

BEN (CONT'D)

He likes you.

ART

Who?

BEN

Rafi.

ART

No. No, no, no, no, no. No.

BEN

I saw the way he was looking at you at dinner.

He leans in towards Art.

BEN (CONT'D)  
You gotta go gay.

ART  
Go what now?

BEN  
Go gay. Be his gay-pal. You know,  
take him out to dinner and shit.

ART  
How will that solve anything?

BEN  
If he thinks you're gay, he'll open  
up to you. And you can feed him  
bullshit like how well we treat our  
gay employees.

ART  
I, uhh, I really don't think that's  
a good idea.

BEN  
He thinks we're a bunch of  
homophobes. We need a new image. An  
image he likes. And that image, is  
you.

ART  
I'm not--

BEN  
Art. Jake has worked here longer  
than you and he's gained my trust.  
Even if I promote you both, he'll  
always be ahead of you. Which means  
when the time comes to pick a  
partner, it will be him, not you.  
But, this...this is your chance to  
get ahead in the game. This is it.  
Don't miss it.

Art stares at him, not knowing what to say.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Art sits at his desk, stares at Rafi's number on his phone.

ART  
(sotto)  
Fuck me.

He presses the call button.

RING. RING. RING. RING.

No answer.

He calls one more time. Again, no answer.

He puts the phone down. Smacks his head on the table. GROANS.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

Art sits by the fountain across the hotel and stares at the entrance.

A FATHER (40s) walks out with his SON (5).

SON

Daddy!

Art smiles bittersweetly as the Father holds his Son's hand and they walk down together.

Art waits and waits and waits.

Until finally, Rafi walks out of the hotel.

Art gets up and takes a few steps towards him. Rafi notices and he stops in front of Art. They stare at each other.

ART

Did you know that Miles Davis  
recorded a live album here in 1958?

Rafi stares at him.

ART (CONT'D)

I was at home, looking out the  
window. What a beautiful day, I  
thought, to walk around aimlessly.  
No purpose whatsoever.

RAFI

Did Ben send you?

ART

Yup.

Rafi nods.



INT. BAR - NIGHT

SHOTS OF TEQUILA are lined up in front of Art and Rafi.

RAFI

You take a shot for any question  
you don't want to answer. No lying.

Art nods.

RAFI (CONT'D)

Why are you at your job?

ART

Money. Why are you selling your  
company?

RAFI

I can't afford to keep it. Why  
aren't you out at work?

ART

Because my personal life is none of  
their business.

RAFI

It's not because the company is  
homophobic?

ART

It's not as homophobic as you  
think. Ben and Steven talk like  
that, but they care a lot about  
their employees. And you haven't  
even met the rest of the team.

Rafi stares at him, unconvinced.

ART (CONT'D)

What are you like in bed?

RAFI

Passionate. Very passionate. Are  
you attracted to me?

ART

Have you seen you?

Rafi chuckles.

ART (CONT'D)

Look, Ben and Steven made a bad  
first impression. But if you give  
us a second chance--

RAFI  
Okay. Tomorrow morning.

ART  
What?

RAFI  
I'll come by the office.

ART  
Tomorrow morning? Why don't we take  
you out to breakfast?

RAFI  
No, I wanna meet the team.

ART  
You wanna meet the team in the  
morning...which is tomorrow?

RAFI  
Is that a problem?

ART  
(jittery)  
No. No, no, no, no. No.

Rafi gets up.

RAFI  
Tomorrow morning.

Art forces a smile as Rafi walks out of the bar.

He stares at the shots of tequila left on the table.

ART  
(sotto)  
Fuck me.

He takes a shot.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Art stands by the elevator and watches the Bros interact with  
each other. It's like he's watching a wildlife documentary.  
Finally, he tries to speak up--

ART  
(to the crowd)  
Hi. Hello.

But no one cares.

Bros continue to joke around and laugh, until...Ben walks in.

BEN

Shut the fuck up, Chad. Until we score this deal, Art is your boss and you do what he says.

They all go silent.

ART

Yes. Hi. Hello.

BEN

(quietly to Art)  
Speed it up, Rafi's on his way.

ART

Right. Okay.  
(to the crowd)  
Nothing racist, nothing sexist, and nothing homophobic. If you're not sure, don't say it. If it's a joke, definitely don't say it. Just act warm and make him feel welcomed.

Bros blankly stare at Art.

DING. The elevator doors open and Rafi walks in.

Art stares at him as he shakes hands with Ben.

BEN

Rafi, welcome. I'm so glad you could join us.

RAFI

Thanks for having me.

The rest of the world disappears for a moment as Art only pays attention to Rafi.

BEN

This floor is all of our junior employees. They are the future of our company.

Bros come up and shake hands with Rafi one by one.

BRO BRAD

Dude, I love the gays.

BRO CHAD

Lesbian chicks man, that's where it's at.

BRO VLAD  
Why is it a rainbow flag though?

BRO BRAD  
Do you know Neil Patrick Harris?

BRO CHAD  
What's a pansexual?

BRO VLAD  
Do you hate vaginas?

Art covers his face in frustration.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Rafi stands by the elevator.

RAFI  
Well, it was nice to meet you all.

BEN  
You don't want to see the upper level?

RAFI  
I think I've seen enough.

Ben nods in disappointment.

As Rafi is about to walk out--

ART  
Wait! I have something to say.

Everyone stops and stares at him.

ART (CONT'D)  
Obviously as a firm, we have a lot of room for improvement in the...diversity department. And I want to take the first step today.

He looks directly at Rafi.

ART (CONT'D)  
I'm gay.

Rafi anxiously stares at Art.

ART (CONT'D)  
I haven't felt comfortable opening  
up about it in the office. But I  
don't think anyone here is hateful.  
It's more that you're uninformed.  
And together we can change that.

Jake stares at Art in disbelief.

Bro Brad starts to SLOW CLAP. The other Bros join in.

EXT. WALL STREET OFFICE - DAY

Art and Rafi stand outside the building.

RAFI  
Wow, I wasn't expecting that.

ART  
Hey, I'm more shocked than you.

Rafi chuckles.

RAFI  
I feel like I forced you to come  
out.

ART  
No, it was time.

RAFI  
But why did you do it?

ART  
Because I meant what I said. I  
don't think anyone here is hateful.  
And I wanted you to see that.

Rafi nods.

ART (CONT'D)  
So what do you think?

RAFI  
I think I have a lot to think  
about.

He checks his phone.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
Hey, I have a question for you. Do  
you hate vaginas?

ART  
(chuckles)  
Hate is a strong word, it's more  
that I'm scared of them.

RAFI  
Yes, I heard they grab back.

Art chuckles.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - UPPER LEVEL, BEN'S ROOM - DAY

Art and Jake stand across Ben.

BEN  
That was so fucking good. You  
almost convinced me, you know, I  
almost thought you were actually  
gay.  
(to Jake)  
I actually thought he was gay!  
(to Art)  
How did you act so well?

ART  
I took an acting class in college.

BEN  
Well, it fucking paid off. Wasn't  
he great, Jake?

JAKE  
Yes, top notch.

ART  
Ben, here's the thing. We need to  
show Rafi that we care.

BEN  
You just came out in front of the  
whole fucking office. What more  
does he want?

ART  
Well, I was thinking...There's an  
LGBTQ recruitment event at Barnard  
College. It attracts all the best  
students in New York. We could  
attend this year to recruit college  
seniors. And we'll invite Rafi of  
course. And Steven could also make  
an appearance.

BEN

You want us to actively recruit the gays?

ART

Yes.

BEN

I don't know, man. The minute you have a gay guy in the office, you have to watch what you say not to offend them. You can't even make a fucking joke.

ART

I know, it's a big bummer. But we have to do this if we want the Herrera deal.

Ben takes a moment to think.

BEN

Fuck it. Let's recruit some homos.

Art grins.

EXT. BARNARD COLLEGE - GARDEN - DAY

Art, holding a huge cardboard box, leads Ben, Jake and the Bros through the gates--

--into the garden, filled with STANDS that belong to COMPANIES from various fields.

Balloons and RAINBOW FLAGS cover the whole area.

This is the polar opposite of the Wall Street office.

Students from diverse backgrounds (sexual identity, ethnicity, socio-economic status, etc.) walk around the green fields happily.

For Art, this is heaven.

For the Bros, this is a zoo filled with exotic animals.

Art points to their stand. They all walk to it, while still observing their surrounding.

Art lays down the box on the table. He opens it, takes out item after item, and hands them over to the Bros.

ART

Brad, you will hand out the flyers.  
Chad, you will hand out our  
business cards. Vlad, you will  
collect the students' resumes. Jake  
and I will do all the talking.

BRO VLAD

What's Ben gonna do?

BEN

I'll try not to choke on all this  
political correctness in the air.

ART

Okay, then. Showtime.

As Ben walks away, STUDENTS begin to approach the stand.

Art and Jake shake hands with them, one by one.

Then they talk to them, answer all of their questions.

Bro Brad hands out flyers.

Bro Chad hands out business cards.

Bro Vlad collects resumes.

Everything seems to go well, until the Bros notice the  
BARNARD STUDENTS (20s, all female) coming in and out of the  
school buildings.

BRO CHAD

Bro, look at those girls going to  
class. Why is it all girls? Why are  
there no dudes?

ART

It's an all girls school.

Bro Chad and Bro Vlad stare at him in shock.

BRO VLAD

Sign. Me. Up.

Before Art can say anything, Bro Chad and Bro Vlad leave the  
stand to follow the Girls.

Art shakes his head.



EXT. BARNARD COLLEGE - MATHS BUILDING - DAY

Bro Vlad and Bro Chad approach two BARNARD GIRLS who are coming out of class.

BRO VLAD  
Yo. You girls wanna hangout with a couple of good-looking Wall Street dudes?

BARNARD GIRL #1  
No.

BRO CHAD  
Come on, we'll get some drinks, have some fun.

BARNARD GIRL #2  
We're actually a couple, so.

BRO CHAD  
Whoa!

BRO VLAD  
Fuck!

BRO CHAD  
Lesbians, man. Right on!

BRO VLAD  
Can we watch you make out?

Both Girls stare at them in shock, until--

BARNARD GIRL #1  
Sure, just a sec.

She takes a moment to stretch. Then, out of nowhere, she punches Bro Vlad right in the face.

BARNARD GIRL #1 (CONT'D)  
Watch that, you piece of shit.

BRO VLAD  
Fuck! You cunt!

Bro Chad laughs.

EXT. BARNARD COLLEGE - GARDEN - DAY

Art and Jake continue to talk to Students. Meanwhile Bro Brad now does all the Bros' jobs.

Right then, Art notices Rafi and Steven walking in from opposite directions.

They walk by all the Students and finally arrive at the stand.

STEVEN

Rafi! How wonderful to see you!

Rafi smiles politely.

RAFI

You as well.

They shake hands.

Steven looks around.

STEVEN

I love this. All the gays under one roof. How beautiful.

Rafi turns to Art.

RAFI

You've done a great job.

ART

(smiles)

Thanks.

RAFI

I'm gonna look around. I'll see you inside at the conference.

He walks away.

Ben appears from nowhere.

BEN

What conference?

Art looks startled for a moment.

ART

Uhh...The students gather in the auditorium afterwards and every company introduces themselves on stage. Nothing complicated, just a two minute pitch.

BEN

I'm gonna need you to pitch that shit.

Art nods.

STEVEN  
I don't know if I can stand here  
any longer.

Right then, PRESIDENT VALERIE (50s) approaches Steven.

PRESIDENT VALERIE  
Steven?

STEVEN  
Yes.

He tries to figure out who she is.

PRESIDENT VALERIE  
Valerie. We went to college  
together. I'm the President of  
Barnard College.

STEVEN  
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.

She stares at him for a moment.

PRESIDENT VALERIE  
What are you doing here?

STEVEN  
Recruiting some bright, gay minds.  
You see, I'm all about diversity.

PRESIDENT VALERIE  
Really? The last I remember, you  
were a sexist pig.

STEVEN  
You're still a sexy pig.

PRESIDENT VALERIE  
Sexist, Steven. I said sexist. I  
don't need you here polluting my  
school.

STEVEN  
I'm not--

PRESIDENT VALERIE  
But since you came all the way from  
your precious Wall Street, I'd love  
to hear from you at the conference.

She smiles and walks away before Steven can say anything.

Art and Ben look at each other nervously.

INT. BARNARD COLLEGE - AUDITORIUM - DAY

As the Students settle down in their seats, President Valerie gets on stage.

PRESIDENT VALERIE  
Welcome to our annual LGBTQ+  
Recruitment Conference.

Everyone CLAPS.

PRESIDENT VALERIE (CONT'D)  
We have a record of one hundred and  
twenty three companies here with us  
today. But there's one company in  
particular that I can't wait to  
hear from. Let's welcome to the  
stage, Gladwell.

Art, Jake, the Bros, Ben and Steven all get up on the stage  
anxiously as the Students CLAP.

PRESIDENT VALERIE (CONT'D)  
Let's hear a little bit about the  
culture at an investment bank,  
shall we? Any questions?

Suddenly almost ALL of the students raise their hands.

BEN  
(whispers to Art)  
We're fucked.

STUDENT #1  
Is it true you set up clients with  
prostitutes?

STEVEN  
No, what's a prostitute?

STUDENT #2  
Do you do cocaine?

BEN  
Never. That's Satan's powder.

STUDENT #3  
Is the Wall Street culture really  
sexist?

BRO CHAD  
No, dude. We love sex.

STUDENT #4  
Is it homophobic?

BRO BRAD  
The opposite. It's homo-philic.

STUDENT #5  
Do you experience toxic  
masculinity?

BRO VLAD  
What's toxic about masculinity?

MURMURS in the audience.

PRESIDENT VALERIE  
I don't think Gladwell is taking  
this seriously, so I'm gonna need  
them to step down now.

ART  
No, wait.

He takes a step forward.

ART (CONT'D)  
Look. I'm not gonna lie to you,  
it's tough working at an investment  
bank. Even if you work at the most  
gay-friendly company on the planet,  
you're gonna get a client from  
"bumfuck, nowhere" who doesn't want  
to deal with gay employees and you  
won't be able to say anything about  
it.

(beat)  
We're such a weird generation, you  
know, on one side there's gay  
marriage and on the other side,  
there's conversion therapy. And  
we're kinda stuck in the middle of  
it all.

(beat)  
But let me tell you something.  
You're here because you're the most  
accomplished students in New York.  
You don't need us. We need you.  
This industry so desperately needs  
you. We need different  
perspectives. We need diverse  
opinions.

(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)

The number one rule of investing  
is, to reduce risk and increase  
gains, you have got to diversify.  
We need you to change the culture.  
And this is the first step today.  
It starts right here, right now.

All the Students CLAP.

Rafi nods and smiles.

EXT. BARNARD COLLEGE - GARDEN - DAY

Art and Rafi stand outside the auditorium.

RAFI

That was...promising.

Art chuckles softly.

RAFI (CONT'D)

I'm convinced there's some  
potential to this company. And you,  
you're a smooth talker.

ART

Yes, that's my nickname.

They look at each other for a moment and smile.

ART (CONT'D)

Thanks for giving us a chance.

Rafi nods.

RAFI

I should get going.

ART

No, don't.

RAFI

What?

ART

I'd like to...hangout with you,  
outside of work, if that's okay.

Rafi smiles.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Rafi and Art walk through a hallway. Black and white photographs cover the walls: Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich.

Rafi looks at a photo of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

RAFI

Who's that?

ART

British actress. She was badass. At the time, only men were allowed to smoke in public, but she lit a cigarette here at dinner, and when the waiter asked her to put it out, she said:

(imitates British accent)

"I understand this is a free country. I shall do nothing to change it."

Rafi chuckles.

Art moves over to Josephine Baker.

ART (CONT'D)

She performed at the Persian room. But she refused to perform for a segregated audience. And they couldn't ignore her demand.

Art stops at Truman Capote.

ART (CONT'D)

He hosted the Black and White Ball here in the Grand Ballroom. 1966. He was openly gay at the time.

Rafi slowly walks up to Art.

RAFI

At the ball, did he dance with his...partner?

ART

He wouldn't dare.

Rafi holds Art's hand and spins him around. They hold each other and dance very slowly.

RAFI

How do you know all of this?

Art looks at Rafi for a long moment.

ART  
From a different life.

He puts his head on Rafi's shoulder.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Art and Rafi watch the hotel through the glass elevator.

Rafi reaches out and holds Art's hand.

Art turns and looks at him.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - RAFI'S SUITE - NIGHT

It's a beautiful room overlooking Central Park.

Art immediately walks to the window. He takes in the view.

Rafi stands at the door, watching Art.

Art turns to look at him. They slowly walk towards each other.

Art runs his fingers through Rafi's face, exploring every inch. He then unbuttons Rafi's shirt and runs his fingers through his chest.

Rafi kisses him very slowly. He kisses Art's nose, his chin, his lips.

He moves Art to the bed and gently places him on the bed. He gets on top of Art. They stare at each other. They kiss.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - RAFI'S SUITE - DAY

Art wakes up alone in Rafi's bed.

He looks around the room; Rafi's not there.

He checks his phone, and GROANS.

He gets up. Just as he puts on his boxers, the door opens: It's the BUTLER (50s), impeccable uniform and bright smile.

BUTLER  
Ah, I thought I heard a noise.

Butler walks in.



ART  
Oh, shit. I'm so sorry--

BUTLER  
No, no, please make yourself comfortable.

He opens the curtains.

BUTLER (CONT'D)  
Mr. Rafi sends his apologies. He had to work and didn't want to wake you.

Butler walks out of the room. Art haphazardly puts on his pants and shirt in a rush.

BUTLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
But he arranged breakfast.

Butler brings in a beautiful tray with coffee, orange juice, and a selection of pastries and jams.

Art stares at it, stunned.

ART  
Could I get that to go?

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Coffee in one hand, scone in other, Art looks suave as fuck.

As the elevator doors open--

The Bros SCREAM!

Shocked, Art almost drops his coffee.

ART  
What the--

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Bro Brad puts his arm around Art and walks him out of the elevator.

BRO BRAD  
Come here, buddy.

Bro Chad pops open a bottle of champagne. Everybody cheers.

Ben stands in the corner, smiling.

BEN  
Rafi signed the Letter of Intent.

ART  
(surprised)  
When?

BEN  
Just an hour ago. He came by the  
office. Said you helped him see  
things in a different light.

Ben walks to Art and holds out his hand.

BEN (CONT'D)  
You did good.

Art shakes Ben's hand, surprised. Suddenly, he feels proud.

Bro Brad pats Art on the back.

Bro Chad gives him a high-five.

Bro Vlad fist-bumps him.

As Art is showered with attention, Jake anxiously watches  
from a distance.

Art finally sits at his desk.

He sends a text to Rafi: "I'm a hero."

Meanwhile, he watches the Bros celebrate.

Bros take turns chugging the champagne from the bottle.

Rafi replies: "Don't get too cocky. It's not official yet."

Art watches the Bros have a burping contest.

Another text from Rafi: "I'm picking you up after work."

Art beams. He quickly replies: "What do you wanna do?"

Rafi responds with a link to an article titled "Turkish Oil  
Wrestling." Attached is the photo of two muscular oiled up  
Turkish Men wrestling each other.

Art bursts into laughter.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Jake intently stares out the window.

He watches as Art walks out of the office building and gets inside a limo.

INT. RAFI'S LIMO - NIGHT

Art and Rafi make out fiercely in the back as the limo moves through the streets of New York.

Art gets on top of Rafi.

Rafi grabs Art's ass and spanks him.

Art loosens up Rafi's tie, takes it off and uses it as a blindfold.

Rafi's eyes closed, they kiss very slowly.

Art unbuttons Rafi's shirt, moves his hands through his chest.

Rafi throws away the blindfold and pins down Art to the seat. He gets on top of him and kisses his neck, his ear, and finally his lips.

The limo stops.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

DRIVER gets out and opens the back door. Rafi and Art sit innocently. PUFF. Art blows a piece of hair off his face.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - NIGHT

Art and Rafi walk through the FRIDA KAHLO & DIEGO RIVERA exhibit: "AUTHENTIC LOVE".

A massive Black and White PHOTOGRAPH of Diego Rivera holding Frida Kahlo stands at the entrance.

PAINTINGS of both artists are spread out through the gallery, as well as PHOTOGRAPHS depicting their lives separately and together.

After a long walk, Art stops and reads a quote by Frida Kahlo, which covers an entire wall:

"I used to think I was the strangest person in the world, but then I thought there are so many people in the world, there must be someone just like me who feels bizarre and flawed in the same ways I do...I hope that if you are out there and read this and know that, yes, it's true I'm here, and I'm just as strange as you."

Rafi walks up next to Art.

RAFI

I wanna take you up to the roof.

ART

The roof is open only in the summer. But it's understandable that you don't know that since you're not a New Yorker.

RAFI

Can you be quiet for one second?

The MUSEUM COORDINATOR approaches Rafi.

MUSEUM COORDINATOR

(smiles)

Rafi.

They shake hands.

MUSEUM COORDINATOR (CONT'D)

Please follow me.

ART

(quietly to Rafi)

What are you doing?

The Museum Coordinator leads them to a private elevator.

MUSEUM COORDINATOR

Enjoy the roof.

RAFI

Thanks, John.

Art stares at them blankly.

INT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Art and Rafi alone in the elevator.

ART

Are you kidding?

RAFI  
Am I a "New Yorker" now?

ART  
See, this is exactly why I need to  
be filthy rich.

RAFI  
I didn't bribe anybody though. I'm  
just friends with the coordinator.

ART  
Right. Do you send him eighteen  
boxes of avocado every year?

RAFI  
No, I just suck his dick.

Art stares at Rafi, trying to see if he's serious.

Rafi looks dead serious.

But then he laughs.

ART  
(chuckles)  
Fucker.

RAFI  
Why do you think everything is  
about money?

ART  
Because it is.

Rafi stares at him, unimpressed.

ART (CONT'D)  
What?

RAFI  
I'm about to give you the secret to  
the universe. You ready?

He leans in.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
Not everything is about money.

The elevator doors open. Rafi walks out.

Art stays back for a moment, annoyed.

ART  
That's because you have money!

He follows Rafi.

EXT. METROPOLITAN MUSEUM - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A gorgeous view of Manhattan.

Art points to the roof of the Plaza Hotel hiding behind Central Park.

ART  
Your home.

They walk to the edge of the roof.

RAFI  
I wanna tell you something.  
(beat)  
I'm looking for something serious.  
With you.

ART  
Did you forget that you live in Mexico?

RAFI  
Did you forget those things that fly in the air?

He points to a plane in the distance.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
What are they called again?

Art chuckles.

ART  
You don't want me as your boyfriend; I'll spend all your money.

RAFI  
Can you stop joking around for one second?

He takes a step closer.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
I like you. A lot.

Art finally gets serious.

ART

I know.  
(beat)  
I don't like me.

RAFI

Why not?

Art stares at him for a long moment. He then looks away.

ART

Maybe if I could afford a  
psychologist, I would know.

RAFI

You're not giving yourself any  
credit.

Art turns back to Rafi.

ART

I think I've sold off so much of my  
soul that there isn't any left. I'm  
soulless. Like a ginger.

Rafi smiles bittersweetly.

ART (CONT'D)

I miss being a kid.

Rafi stares at him for a long moment. He then leans in and  
kisses Art very gently.

Art kisses back and holds him. He puts his head on Rafi's  
shoulder and wipes away a tear from his cheek.

He looks out at The Plaza.

ART (CONT'D)

Obviously I'm not a zillionaire  
like you.

RAFI

Yes, that's quite obvious.

Art grins as he shuts Rafi's mouth with his hand.

ART

But if you wanna come over, I can  
cook you dinner. My mom's out of  
town.

RAFI  
(muffled)  
I'd like that.

Art chuckles.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rafi watches intently as Art puts olive oil, diced onions, pine nuts, rice, and spices into a pan. He stirs the mixture periodically.

Meanwhile, he rinses grape leaves and places them on a large cutting board.

He places a teaspoon of the rice mixture at the bottom of each leaf.

Together, Art and Rafi roll the leaves tightly into cigar shaped DOLMA; stuffed grape leaves.

They lay the dolma side by side in a saucepan and let it cook.

Art picks up one dolma and feeds it to Rafi.

RAFI  
Mmmm.

Art then pours two glasses of wine.

RAFI  
Is there any Turkish dish that uses avocados?

ART  
I don't think so. But we can always do Turkish-Mexican fusion.

RAFI  
Kebab tacos?

Art chuckles.

ART  
It's gotta be more sophisticated.

He offers Rafi one of the glasses.

ART (CONT'D)  
Like Tres Leches Baklavas.

Rafi smiles and CLINKS his glass against Art's.



RAFI  
To Tres Leches Baklavas.

They both take a sip.

ART  
Do you think I'm too sarcastic?

RAFI  
Yes.

ART  
(sarcastic)  
Answer faster.

Rafi chuckles.

Art places the dolma into two plates and sits down at the kitchen table.

ART (CONT'D)  
I didn't use to be.

RAFI  
You're funny.

Rafi sits as well.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
But sometimes I think you're hiding  
behind your jokes.

ART  
You're hiding too.

RAFI  
Hiding what?

ART  
You don't want to sell your  
company, not really.

RAFI  
I just signed the Letter of Intent.

ART  
Exactly. You're stalling.

Rafi looks down.

ART (CONT'D)  
Is there another reason, maybe?

Rafi opens his mouth to speak, but--

Keys JINGLE and door OPENS off-screen.

ART (CONT'D)

Mom?

LEILA (O.S.)

Hi honey, my trip got cut short.

Art stares at the door nervously.

Leila walks into the kitchen.

LEILA (CONT'D)

Oh, hi.

ART

Mom, this is Rafi.

Rafi gets up.

Leila stares at him for a moment.

She then walks up to Rafi. She hugs him and kisses him on the cheek.

LEILA

Rafi, I'm Leila. Nice to meet you.

RAFI

(smiles)

You too.

She notices their plates.

LEILA

You made dolma?

(to Rafi)

He must really like you.

ART

Mom!

Rafi chuckles.

Leila picks out a dolma and tastes it.

LEILA

(approves)

Mmhm.

She grabs a bottle of wine from the cabinet and a wine glass.

LEILA  
I'll be in my room. You kids have fun.

RAFI  
No, stay. Please.

She notices the bottle of wine on the kitchen table.

LEILA  
(disgusted)  
What is that?

ART  
I took the opened bottle in the cabinet.

LEILA  
Art, why are you serving our guest garbage?

ART  
I don't know mom, I must be a terrible person.

Leila grabs Rafi's glass from the table and pours it out into the sink.

LEILA  
I got a new shipment of Nero d'Avola.

She grabs a bottle opener, opens up the bottle in her hand.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
(to Rafi)  
It's a Sicilian grape produced in the Urla region of Turkey.

She pours three glasses.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
You'll love it.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Art, Rafi and Leila all sit and enjoy their wine.

LEILA  
And then he pooped on the carpet!

Rafi and Leila LAUGH.

ART  
I was six!

Art's phone BUZZES. He quickly checks it.

ART (CONT'D)  
It's work. Sorry.

He gets up and walks out of the room.

LEILA  
(to Rafi, dejected)  
It's always work.

Rafi looks at A PHOTO of Art, his Father, and Leila at the Plaza, twenty years ago. Art's father in a tuxedo, Leila in a beautiful dress, and little Art in a tiny tuxedo. They look so happy.

RAFI  
Is this in front of the Plaza?

Leila nods.

LEILA  
We used to stay there a lot when we visited New York with his father.

Rafi nods. He examines the photo.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
You know those residences on top the hotel? He says he'll make enough money for us to live there one day.

Rafi looks up at Leila, a bitter smile on his face.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
He keeps trying to recreate the past.

RAFI  
It's hard to let go.

Leila stares at the photo.

LEILA  
Those are wonderful memories. But not because we were rich. Because we were together.

She takes a sip of her wine.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
The Plaza won't ever be The Plaza  
without his father.

Rafi stares at her, saddened.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - ART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Art looks through his wardrobe, while Rafi lies on Art's bed.

ART  
I have to go to work really early.

RAFI  
Come here.

ART  
Trying to find you some pajamas so  
your ass won't freeze.

RAFI  
Come here.

Art gives up and walks to the bed. He gets on top off Rafi.  
They look at each other.

ART  
Thanks for staying.

RAFI  
You're welcome for staying.

Rafi kisses Art softly.

Art kisses his nose, his chin, his lips again and again.

Rafi gets on top with a quick move. He kisses Art very  
slowly. He caresses Art's hair and looks into his eyes.

They sleep, holding each other.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - ELEVATOR - DAY

Art and Jake alone. Unlike before, there's awkward tension.

JAKE  
How was your night?

ART  
Boring.

JAKE  
No hook-ups?

Art shakes his head.

ART  
I think Manhattan ran out of dicks.

JAKE  
If that ever happened you'd be on  
the first train to Hoboken.

ART  
And you'd be sitting right next to  
me.

Jake rolls his eyes.

JAKE  
How's Rafi?

ART  
How would I know?

JAKE  
He's your client.

ART  
Yours too.

JAKE  
My client is Steven. And we're  
taking him out tonight by the way.

ART  
(sarcastic)  
Have fun.

The elevator doors open.

JAKE  
We, as in the whole office.

Art's face falls.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
See you tonight, bro.

Jake grins as he walks away.

INT. ONE OAK NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Minimalistic, cold and impersonal. MEN in suits. WOMEN in short dresses. All on their phones. It's like Wall Street has migrated over here for the night.

HOUSE MUSIC vibrates through the walls.

Steven sits next to Ben. Across the table are Art, Jake and the Bros.

Bottles of high-end whiskey and cognac arrive at the table.

Ben talks into a WAITRESS' ear. She nods.

Ben checks his phone and signals the Bros.

A moment later, Ben and Steven get up and walk away.

BRO CHAD

(to Art)

Dude, I gotta ask, with this whole Rafi thing...Are you really gay?

ART

Am I really gay? Are you really an octopus?

BRO CHAD

What?

BRO BRAD

Dude, I've never seen you with a girl.

ART

Because we don't hangout outside of work.

JAKE

We're hanging out now.

Art stares at Jake, startled.

BRO CHAD

Yeah, dude. Let's see your moves.

ART

My moves? My movement. The motion. You know I would, but I don't see any hot chicks around.

Right then, Ben and Steven come back with a DOZEN HOT CHICKS (20s), high-end escorts. Art stares at them in shock.

Blonde Girl immediately sits next to Steven. A couple of Girls sit next to Ben. The Rest stand around the table.

Art no longer has a choice. He chugs his drink.

And another drink.

And another drink.

He gets up, walks up to Ginger Girl and holds her hand.

They move to the dance floor.

And Art and Ginger Girl--

DANCE.

LIKE.

CRAZY.

Jake takes out his phone and RECORDS a video of Art.

Art doesn't notice Jake. He looks back at the Bros. They're all watching.

Art leans in and finally, he kisses Ginger Girl.

The Bros CHEER.

As the song ends, Art walks back to the table, exhausted. He sits down between Bro Brad and Bro Chad.

BRO CHAD

Nice, bro.

He pats Art on the back.

BRO BRAD

My man.

He shakes Art's hand.

BRO CHAD

I give up. How you convinced that Rafi dude to choose us, I'll never know.

ART

He didn't have much of a choice, you know. We are his only offer.



BRO BRAD  
No way, man. There's always  
multiple offers.

ART  
Not on this deal.

BRO CHAD  
Dude, you really believe that?

ART  
What do you mean?

BRO BRAD  
You know how Ben is.

Art doesn't know.

BRO BRAD (CONT'D)  
He probably hid the other offers.

Art looks at Ben, who heatedly mansplains something to Girls.

He looks at Steven, who makes out with Blonde Girl.

He stares at Ben and Steven together.

And finally, something clicks.

Art quickly sobers up. He gets up.

And he storms out of the club.

Jake anxiously watches him leave.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOBBY - NIGHT

Art enters the building and quickly walks to the elevator.

He presses the button repeatedly.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - UPPER LEVEL, BEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

In a craze, Art goes through every document on Ben's desk,  
looking for some sort of evidence.

He looks through all of the drawers.

Until finally--

He finds it. Right there inside the "Herrera" folder. Not  
even hidden properly.

EXT. WALL STREET OFFICE - NIGHT

Art walks out of the building, lost in thought.

He comes face to face with Jake.

They stare at each other.

ART  
There's another buyer.

JAKE  
So?

ART  
So?! So, we're legally obligated to  
tell Rafi!

JAKE  
There's nothing legal about this!  
We agreed to negotiate a deal for  
ourselves. And if it fails, it'll  
be on us.

ART  
So what, we do nothing?!

Jake shrugs.

JAKE  
Isn't that what you would do if you  
weren't sleeping with the client?

Art stares at him, startled.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I know. And Ben is suspicious too.  
He asked me to keep tabs on you.

ART  
He's the one who wanted me to  
pursue Rafi in the first place.

JAKE  
He never told you to hook-up with  
him. You crossed the line.

ART  
Seriously? What line Jake? Where  
the fuck is the line?!

JAKE  
Listen to me. I don't give a fuck  
who you sleep with.  
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
But you'll keep your mouth shut  
until Rafi signs this deal. And I  
won't mention anything to Ben.  
Otherwise this whole thing will  
blow up in our faces!

Jake takes a moment to calm down.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Did it ever occur to you that  
you're jeopardizing both of our  
careers?

Art looks away.

He then turns to face Jake one more time.

ART  
Did you know about the other buyer?

No answer. Jake only stares at him.

Art turns and walks away.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Art stands outside. He stares at the hotel in all its glory.  
Finally, he gathers his courage and walks in.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Art slowly walks to Rafi's suite.

He's about to knock on the door, but--

He doesn't.

He sits down on the floor, his back against the door.

He looks around, noticing every little detail.

When suddenly, the door opens.

RAFI  
Art?

ART  
Oh, hi.

RAFI  
What's wrong?

Art gets up.

He looks at Rafi for a long moment.

ART  
Nothing. I got lost, on the way to  
my room. Then I remembered I don't  
live here.

Rafi chuckles softly.

Art hugs Rafi.

They kiss for a brief second.

RAFI  
Are you okay?

There's so much to say, but--

ART  
I'll see you in the morning.

Art walks away.

EXT. WALL STREET OFFICE - DAY

A HOMELESS WOMAN sleeps outside the building.

Little snowflakes land on the street, very slowly.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - UPPER LEVEL, BEN'S ROOM - DAY

TIME SLOWS DOWN.

Art and Jake stand across from Ben, quiet and still.

Ben pours himself a glass of whiskey.

His hand shakes as he downs his drink.

He looks lonely. Very lonely.

Art watches Jake. He looks stern.

His attention shifts to the door as Rafi and Steven arrive.

Ben gets up and welcomes them in.

Steven shakes Jake's hand.

Rafi shakes Art's hand.

Art looks at Rafi for a long moment.

Rafi and Steven sit across from Ben.

Ben takes out two copies of the contract.

He places one in front of Steven. And one in front of Rafi.

He holds out a pen to Steven. And a pen to Rafi.

And they sign.

Art watches Rafi, who tries to hide his sadness.

He shifts his attention to the window. He watches the snow.

INT. WALL STREET - UPPER LEVEL - DAY

As Rafi comes out of Ben's room, he sees the Bros waiting outside the door. They shake Rafi's hand.

BRO BRAD  
Congratulations, bro.

RAFI  
Thank you. Where's the bathroom?

Bro Chad points to the bathroom.

BRO CHAD  
Right through there, bro.

As Rafi walks away, Art and Jake come out of Ben's room.

Bros huddle around Art and CHEER him quietly, yet ardently.

Jake, pushed aside, watches from a distance.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Rafi looks at himself in the mirror for a long moment.

He then turns on the faucet and splashes water onto his face.

THUD.

Jake walks in. He stops at the sink next to Rafi.

JAKE  
Congratulations, man.

RAFI

Thank you.

Rafi dries his hands.

As he is about to walk out, Jake stops him.

JAKE

Rafi, I, uhh, I accidentally sent something to your phone. Please ignore it.

Jake passes by Rafi and walks out of the bathroom.

Rafi takes out his phone. There's a new text from an unknown number. He opens it. It's a video. He presses play.

VIDEO: Art at the nightclub, making out with Ginger Girl.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - UPPER LEVEL - DAY

Rafi storms out of the bathroom.

He quickly gets on the elevator.

EXT. WALL STREET OFFICE - DAY

The snow has picked up its pace.

Rafi exits the building and walks to his limo.

Art runs out after him.

ART

Rafi! What's wrong?

Rafi stops and turns.

RAFI

I know what you're hiding.

ART

You know about the other buyer?

RAFI

(startled)  
What?

ART

(shocked)  
What!?

RAFI  
There was another buyer?

ART  
Who said that?

RAFI  
You just fucking said it!

ART  
Right. Wait so, what did you think  
I was hiding?

Rafi takes a step closer.

RAFI  
You let me sign this deal, knowing  
there was another buyer?

ART  
Knowledge is a tricky concept.

RAFI  
Stop! You think this is a joke?!

Art looks at him for a long moment.

ART  
There was a another buyer; South  
African company. Mid-sized avocado  
cultivator, looking to expand. I  
found out last night.

Rafi stares at him.

He shakes his head, then turns and walks away.

He gets in his limo and shuts the door.

The limo quickly drives off.

Art watches, his heart broken.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Art walks out of the elevator, dejected.

Bros CHEER and SHOUT loudly.

Jake, once again, watches from a distance.

The Bros hold Art and raise him up on their shoulders.

Ben walks up to them and grins.

BEN  
(to Art)  
You deserved this promotion.

As Ben is about to walk out, he turns to Jake.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(as an afterthought)  
Jake, you're promoted too.

He walks away.

Art, still on the Bros' shoulders, stares out the window, lost in thought.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Mostly empty and dark now.

CLEANING LADY mops the floors.

Art gets up from his desk. He slowly walks around the office.

He walks by the Bros' desks. Then Jake's desk.

He walks to the window. He watches the street below. It looks abandoned; quiet and still.

He turns and looks at the Cleaning Lady.

ART  
Excuse me, hi.

Cleaning Lady turns around.

ART (CONT'D)  
How do I get to the roof?

CLEANING LADY  
Only Upper Levels have access to  
the roof.

ART  
I, uhh, I actually just got  
promoted.

She looks at Art for a moment.

CLEANING LADY  
Oh, that's right, I saw you today.  
Come.



Art follows her.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Art rests his head against the wall.

Cleaning Lady stares at him.

CLEANING LADY  
(somber)  
You're so young.

Art smiles half heartedly.

CLEANING LADY (CONT'D)  
You're not gonna jump, are you?

ART  
Huh?

CLEANING LADY  
We had two. Young kids. Both new here. It's so sad. I don't know if it's the hours or what, they can't take it. That's why they don't let Lower Levels on the roof anymore.

These words hit Art like a ton of bricks. It's like everything he thought was wrong.

ART  
I thought...

CLEANING LADY  
My daughter asked if I could get her an interview here. I said "No way. You're too valuable."

Art looks at her for a long moment.

ART  
I'm not gonna jump.

She nods.

CLEANING LADY  
Good.

INT./EXT. WALL STREET OFFICE - ROOF - NIGHT

Cleaning Lady unlocks the door with her key.

She waits there, as Art walks outside.

Snow falls.

Art walks to the edge and looks at the view.

Manhattan with all its glory.

He watches the city. It's not lively, not like before. No humans. No laughter. It's just buildings, quiet and still.

Snow falls.

Tears fall down his cheeks.

He looks at the view a moment longer.

He then turns and walks back slowly.

CLEANING LADY  
(smiles)  
Happy?

Art stares at her for a long moment.

He then nods unconvincingly.

ART  
Thank you.

He walks inside.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Art, in his pajamas, walks in as Leila sits on the couch and does the crossword.

LEILA  
Good morning, honey.

Art sits across Leila.

ART  
(dejected)  
Mom.

Leila looks at him for one second and immediately recognizes that something is wrong.

LEILA  
What happened?

She puts down the crossword.

ART

Can we get a metal detector and  
look for gold?

LEILA

Why?

ART

I want money, but I don't want to  
work for it.

Leila chuckles.

ART (CONT'D)

I'm not happy, mom. Working there,  
I feel like I lost who I am, I  
turned into a cardboard cutout of  
myself.

Leila stares at him for a long moment.

LEILA

Do you know why we moved to New  
York?

ART

Because it's a "concrete jungle  
where dreams are made of".

LEILA

What?

ART

Because you got a higher-paying  
job. And you wanted me to get a  
better education.

LEILA

No. Because I knew you were  
different. You were nothing like  
the other kids. I thought you might  
be gay, but even if you weren't, I  
knew you'd have a hard time,  
because you'd be forced to fit in  
when all you wanted was to stand  
out. We moved to New York because I  
wanted to give you the best chance  
to be who you are.

She takes a moment to just look at him.

LEILA (CONT'D)  
If you can't be yourself at your  
job, then it's not a job worth  
keeping.

Art looks stunned.

He gets up, sits next to Leila, and hugs her.

They hold each other.

ART  
But I won't be able to buy you a  
nice apartment and...I don't know,  
diamond necklaces.

LEILA  
Moms don't want necklaces. Moms  
want their kid's happiness.

ART  
That makes no sense.

Leila chuckles softly. They continue to hold each other.

After a moment--

ART (CONT'D)  
Mom, how gay was I as a kid?

LEILA  
You would put on my silk robe and  
dance to Abba.

ART  
Okay, so not that gay.

They both chuckle.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Art sits at his desk, lost in thought.

An Assistant walks up to him.

ASSISTANT  
Your desk upstairs will be ready  
tomorrow morning.

ART  
Okay.

ASSISTANT  
(half-hearted)  
Congratulations.

As the Assistant walks away, Art looks around to see if anyone is nearby.

He then discreetly searches online for the phone number of "Altschul Group" in New York.

He dials the number.

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)  
You've reached the Altschul Group.  
Please leave a message with your  
name, phone number, and--

Art hangs up.

EXT. WALL STREET OFFICE - DAY

Art exits the building. He searches for Altschul Group's address on his phone, then continues to walk.

EXT. ALTSCHUL GROUP BUILDING - DAY

Art looks at the OFFICE SIGN at the entrance, then walks in.

INT. ALTSCHUL GROUP BUILDING - DAY

He walks up to the RECEPTIONIST (male; annoying as fuck).

ART  
Hi. I work for Gladwell. I was  
wondering if Ms. Mehta was in  
today.

RECEPTIONIST  
Do you have an appointment?

ART  
I don't.

RECEPTIONIST  
I can't give you that information.

ART  
Could I get an appointment?

RECEPTIONIST  
What is your title?

ART  
Junior analyst. Actually no, I was  
just promoted--

RECEPTIONIST  
Are you aware that she is the  
managing director?

Art glares at him, frustrated.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
Also she's currently out of the  
country.

ART  
When is she coming back?

RECEPTIONIST  
I can't give you that information.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
Peter, when is Jiya coming back  
from London?

RECEPTIONIST  
(to Woman)  
Tonight.

He gasps. Art grins.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)  
(to Art)  
You don't know what time.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
What time?

Receptionist stares at Art. He takes out a piece of paper,  
writes down the time and hands it over to Woman.

Art rolls his eyes.

ART  
(sarcastic)  
Thanks.

He walks out.

EXT. ALTSCHUL GROUP BUILDING - DAY/NIGHT

Art stands outside the building. He takes out his phone and  
looks at a photo of JIYA MEHTA (50's, Indian).

He sits and waits.

Hours pass by. The sun sets.

Art stares at the entrance, trying not to fall asleep.

Hours and hours later, just as the sun rises--

JIYA MEHTA, in high heels, looking powerful as hell, gets off a MERCEDES and walks towards the office.

Art gets up and quickly approaches her.

ART

Ms. Mehta, hi. I work for Gladwell.  
Could I please talk to you for five  
minutes about the Herrera deal?

Jiya stares at Art; he looks miserable.

JIYA

You look like shit.

ART

I feel like shit.

She chuckles lightly.

She then takes out her phone and checks the time.

JIYA

Five minutes.

She walks in. Art follows her.

INT. ALTSCHUL GROUP BUILDING - JIYA'S ROOM - DAY

Art sits across Jiya as she looks at her phone. A PLAQUE on her table reads: "Indian Businesswoman of the Year."

JIYA

Didn't Herrera go to what's-his-name?

ART

Steven.

JIYA

Fuck-face.

ART

Yes, that's the one. But what you  
should know is--

Art takes a deep breath.

ART (CONT'D)  
Ben Blackwell, who is the senior  
advisor on the deal, never relayed  
your client's offer to Herrera.

Jiya continues to look at her phone, unaffected.

JIYA  
I'm not surprised; it happens all  
the time.

Art stares at her, stunned.

JIYA (CONT'D)  
Investment banks don't follow the  
law, they follow the money.

ART  
Yes, unfortunately I am aware of  
what we follow. Doesn't it bother  
you that they cheated you out of  
the deal?

She looks up at Art for the first time.

JIYA  
Honey, I got four meetings before  
lunch with companies just like  
Herrera. I'm sorry. You gotta  
choose your battles.

Art stares at the plaque for a long moment.

He nods.

ART  
Thank you for your time.

He gets up and walks out.

As Art closes the door, Jiya anxiously picks up her phone.

JIYA  
(into phone)  
Get me Kaya on the phone.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Art nervously stands outside.



INT. PLAZA HOTEL - RAFI'S SUITE - DAY

Art knocks on the door.

After a moment, Rafi answers.

They stare at each other.

ART

I want to apologize, for being a piece of shit. Obviously I'm a terrible person and bad things should happen to me. Clearly I'm not capable of loving anything but money. Basically I'm the asshole you warn your kids about.

Rafi opens his mouth to speak, but--

ART (CONT'D)

I'm very fucked up. No one should ever interact with me. In fact, I should be quarantined.

RAFI

Are you done?

ART

I'm done.

RAFI

You lied to me.

ART

Yes.

RAFI

You lied to your boss.

ART

Yes.

RAFI

You lied to your coworkers.

ART

Yes.

RAFI

You lied to--

BZZ BZZ.

Art checks his phone. Incoming call from: "Altschul".

ART  
(to Rafi)  
Hold that thought.

Art answers the phone.

RAFI  
Are you kidding?

Art shushes Rafi.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Hold for Jiya Mehta.

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays over the phone as Art and Rafi stare at each other awkwardly.

JIYA (O.S.)  
The CEO wants to have dinner with you.

ART  
(startled)  
The who what, now?

JIYA (O.S.)  
Aren't you the idiot who slept outside my office?

ART  
Yes, that's me.

JIYA (O.S.)  
Dinner with my client, the CEO.

ART  
When?

JIYA (O.S.)  
Right now. I'll text you the address.

She hangs up the phone.

Art turns back to Rafi.

ART  
I have to go.

RAFI  
Good. Don't come back.

ART  
I'm gonna come back.

RAFI  
Don't.

ART  
I will.

RAFI  
Don't!

ART  
I will!

Art runs out in a hurry.

Rafi shuts the door furiously.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Art approaches a taxi. Just as he opens the door, he notices the cars ahead. It's rush hour traffic and nothing is moving.

He shuts the taxi door and runs to the subway station.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

He finally arrives at the station.

A SIGN reads "The subway is closed."

Art SCREAMS in frustration.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Art runs in a frenzy on the streets of New York.

INT. L'ARTUSI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

He enters the restaurant completely out of breath. He walks up to the Hostess.

ART  
(panting)  
Hi...I'm...looking...for...

Right then, he notices KAYA NKOSI (50s, black; no bullshit), who sits alone at a table. She looks badass as she sips her Martini.

Art slowly approaches her, terrified.

Kaya notices him. Without a word, she points to the seat across from her. Art sits.

He stares at her for a long, awkward moment, as she sips her drink.

KAYA

Why didn't you come to me before he signed the deal?

ART

I'm in a complicated relationship with money.

KAYA

You know what I learned about money all these years?

ART

That it doesn't make you happy?

KAYA

No, money makes you very happy. But it follows the law of diminishing returns.

She takes another sip.

KAYA (CONT'D)

When you have enough money to live a decent life, any extra money you earn brings you less and less happiness. At some point you gotta ask yourself what you're sacrificing for that big apartment or that new car.

Art stares at Kaya's gorgeous diamond necklace.

ART

It looks like you sacrificed a lot.

KAYA

I did. But I never sacrificed my principles.

She looks directly at Art.

Art gulps.

ART

Steven--

KAYA  
Fuck-face.

ART  
Is that like a common nickname  
or...?

KAYA  
I know how to get him to back down.

ART  
(surprised)  
How?

KAYA  
Men never know how to pick-up their  
trash. They always leave a trace.

Art stares at her, startled.

WAITRESS  
(perky)  
Hi, welcome.

Art stares at the Waitress.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)  
(to Art)  
Can I get you a drink? Our  
signature cocktails are out of this  
world. We have--

KAYA  
(firm)  
No. Thank you.

Waitress quickly walks away.

KAYA (CONT'D)  
(to Art)  
Call Mr. Herrera.

Art takes out his phone and calls Rafi.

RING. RING. RING. RING.

No answer.

ART  
He's not picking up.

KAYA  
Try again.

Art shakes his head.

ART  
He's not gonna pick up. Tomorrow I  
can--

KAYA  
Tomorrow I'm leaving for Cape Town.  
Go get your man.

ART  
(musing)  
My man.

He snaps out of it.

ART (CONT'D)  
My man. Yes. It's just...it's still  
rush hour, so traffic--

She stares at him sternly.

Art sighs.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Art once again runs in a frenzy on the streets of New York.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - RAFI'S SUITE - NIGHT

Art POUNDS on Rafi's door repeatedly.

Until finally, Rafi answers.

RAFI  
What?!

ART  
I need you to trust me for one  
second.

Rafi stares at him blankly.

INT. L'ARTUSI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Art enters along with Rafi. They walk up to Kaya's table.

Kaya gets up and shakes Rafi's hand.

Rafi takes Art's seat.

ART  
I'll just pull up a chair.

KAYA  
(stern)  
Wait over there.

ART  
(terrified)  
Okay.

Art watches them from a corner:

Rafi and Kaya talk, smile, laugh. It's like Kaya is a completely different person around Rafi.

She pulls out some documents from her briefcase. She puts on her glasses and shows Rafi certain numbers.

Rafi examines the documents carefully. He asks questions. Kaya explains in length.

Art focuses on Rafi. He tries to notice every detail: what he wears, the way his body moves, the way he smiles, laughs.

As the meeting ends, Rafi and Kaya shake hands.

Kaya gets up from her seat and walks to Art.

She looks him up and down.

Finally--

KAYA  
Thank you.

She walks out of the restaurant.

ART  
(sotto)  
Anytime.

EXT. L'ARTUSI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Art and Rafi alone on the street.

RAFI  
Thank you.

Art nods.

ART  
(humorous)  
I feel like you should forgive me  
now. It is time for forgiveness.  
Forgive and forget. Bury the  
hatchet. Water under the bridge.

Rafi chuckles lightly.

RAFI  
I forgive you.

ART  
(surprised)  
Wait, really?

Rafi nods.

RAFI  
But I think I need some time alone.  
And you need some time to figure  
yourself out.

ART  
Isn't that just a polite way of  
saying "You're a shitty person and  
I hate you"?

RAFI  
I don't hate you.

ART  
Yes, you do.

RAFI  
I don't.

ART  
You do.

RAFI  
You're making it harder than it  
already is.

A beat.

ART  
I'm sorry.

They just stare at each other. Not much else left to say.

RAFI  
I should go.



ART

Okay.

Rafi looks at him for a moment longer.

RAFI

Bye.

He walks away.

Art watches him leave, dejected.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - ART'S BEDROOM - DAY

Art sleeps in his bed.

His ALARM goes off. He GROANS.

INT. ART'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Art sleeps in the shower.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Completely packed, no space to breathe. Art, in a suit, stands between TWO MEN, also in suits.

As more PEOPLE enter the already packed subway car, Art gets pushed back and disappears into the crowd.

INT. WALL STREET OFFICE - LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Art sits at his desk, lost in thought.

Bro Brad walks up and pats him on the back.

BRO BRAD

Bro, why didn't you move upstairs?

Art blankly stares at him for a moment, then--

ART

Oh. Uhh, I have a feeling I might not last long up there.

Right then, Ben walks out of the elevator. He looks FURIOUS.

Everyone turns to look at Ben as he KNOCKS down everything on his way and SCREAMS like a monster.

Finally he stops right in front of Art.

BEN

You got ten seconds to explain  
yourself before you're fired.

This is it. This is Art's moment.

He takes a deep breath, and--

ART

I'm gay.

BRO BRAD

Poor dude, he's having a  
concussion.

BRO CHAD

(to Art)

Bro, you're not gay. You were just  
pretending.

ART

I'm gay as a fucking unicorn! I  
like dick...and balls...and I have  
rainbows coming out of my ass!

Ben turns to Bro Vlad.

BEN

Call security.

Bro Vlad nods.

ART

I'm gay!

BEN

You're fired!

ART

(louder)

I'm gay!!

BEN

(even louder)

You're fired!!

ART

(loudest)

I'm gay!!!

EXT. WALL STREET OFFICE - DAY

TWO SECURITY GUARDS hold Art and escort him out of the building as he repeatedly SCREAMS--

ART  
(relieved and happy)  
I'm gay! I'm gay! I'm gay!

PEOPLE walking by stare at Art.

PASSERBY #1  
Should we be worried?

PASSERBY #2  
Honey, this is New York.

They keep on walking.

Finally, Jake walks out of the building.

Art turns to face Jake.

ART  
I'm gay.

JAKE  
I know.

ART  
I don't think you do.

They look at each other for a long moment.

ART (CONT'D)  
Call me when you quit your job.

He turns and walks away.

Jake watches him leave. He then walks back inside.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

A TAKE-OUT BOX in his hand, Art runs up the stairs and into the hotel.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - RAFI'S SUITE - DAY

He KNOCKS on the door repeatedly.

ART  
Open up, open up, open up!

Finally the door opens.

But it's not Rafi, it's the Butler.

ART (CONT'D)  
Oh. I'm looking for--

BUTLER  
Mr. Rafi just left.

ART  
Fuck me!

BUTLER  
Uhh...

Art runs to the elevator.

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

Art runs around the lobby, searching for Rafi.

ART  
Rafi! Rafi!

Everyone stares at him like he's crazy.

As he's running around, Art literally runs into Rafi and almost knocks him down.

ART (CONT'D)  
Rafi!

RAFI  
(startled)  
What happened?!

ART  
(panting)  
I brought you chicken. With my  
spicy sauce. And I added an  
avocado.

He gives Rafi the take-out box.

RAFI  
(in shock)  
Thank...you.

Art takes a deep breath, then--

ART  
Hi, my name is Art.

RAFI  
What are you doing?

ART  
I like short walks on the beach,  
that end at the liquor store. I eat  
like a gorilla. I'm a slut in bed.  
I'm currently unemployed. And I  
miss my dad more than anything.  
(beat)  
I'm also just a boy, standing in  
front of a boy, asking him to love  
me.

RAFI  
You did not just say that.

ART  
I would apologize, but love means  
never having to say you're sorry.

RAFI  
Stop it.

ART  
I can't. I wish I knew how to quit  
you.

RAFI  
I hate you.

ART  
I love you.

A beat.

RAFI  
You do?

Art nods.

Rafi stares at him for a long moment.

RAFI (CONT'D)  
Okay.

ART  
Okay?

RAFI  
Okay.

He leans in and kisses Art.

Art sighs and kisses him back repeatedly.

They finally hug.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - DAY

The snow still covers the streets, but the sun is shining.

It's a beautiful day.

Art and Rafi walk out of the hotel holding hands.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END