

"THE MADISON CRUSH"  
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WITH SCENE NUMBERS

written by

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SCENE  
NUMBERS

1 EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY 1

The foreboding L.A. skyline.

CLOSE-UP: Following behind rollerblades zigging and dodging on the sidewalk.

2 INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - DAY 2

He enters a vacant warehouse. [It's mostly vacated but random construction stuff is around as it's in the process of getting fixed up.] He's taking off his rollerblades when...

CARLY (O.S.)

Hello?

Frank looks up to see CARLY(26) & LAUREN(39), both dressed for serious corporate success.

FRANK

Oh, hi.

Lauren, looks uptight.

CARLY

We're here to meet Harry to see the building.

FRANK

Yeah, so, I'm his brother. He is actually on his honeymoon. This appointment came up so fast and I told him I'd show the building... but I don't know much about it.

CARLY

You're a not realtor?  
(aggravated)  
I booked with Harry.

LAUREN

Let's go. I like the place we saw yesterday in Echo Park.

FRANK

Whoa, hold up ladies. At least with me you're not going to get some sales pitch.

LAUREN

(to Carly)  
Call Stan and get that other deal going.

Carly pulls out her phone and stares at it.

FRANK

No signal here. One of those dead zones.

(beat)

CARLY

Not even WIFI.

(Gives bitchy face)

FRANK

Can I please show you the building? You're going to get more bang for your buck here.

LAUREN

(warming)

Wait. I know you from somewhere.

Carly, where do we know him from?

CARLY

Nowhere. We don't know him.

Probably someone you fired.

LAUREN

Excuse her. She's a good assistant, but she has no heart.

CARLY

Me? You literally fire 10 people every morning before you eat your toast.

(to impress/belittle Frank)

She heads up a company with 450 people.

FRANK

Yeah, I don't know either of you. But there's something about you both I really like.

CARLY

Nice patronizing line.

LAUREN

Chill.

(to Frank)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Go ahead and show us the building-  
[trying to recall name]

FRANK

... Frank. I'm just a script doctor. I don't know anything about commercial real estate. But let's have a look around.

LAUREN

Script doctor? A creative type?

CARLY

A "script doctor" is a screenwriter who can't sell a script.

LAUREN

(concentrating)

Where do we know each other from?

Carly spots a pair of old bikes leaning on a wall.

CARLY

Hey! Can we ride those?

Frank gestures "Have at it."

3

A MOMENT LATER:

3

Carly is cruising the bike in circles in the warehouse. Her couture outfit contrasts the activity.

CARLY

C'mon, Lauren. Don't be a downer.  
Grab the bike.

Lauren is emotionally torn. She wants to ride a bike, but she is damaged and hasn't had fun in years.

FRANK

Yeah, the building's not going anywhere. C'mon.

Franks turns on lively music through a bluetooth speaker.

4

A MOMENT LATER:

4

Lauren enviously watches Frank rollerblading around with Carly (on the bike) as they laugh and play around.

FRANK

(to Lauren)

You run a whole company but won't take two minutes for some fun?

Lauren feels the shaming pressure.

A MOMENT LATER:

Lauren is now cruising on a bike with Frank and Carly. She looks stiff and uncommitted, as Frank and Carly zip around her.

BRIEF MONTAGE: The playfulness of Frank and Carly is infectious to Lauren, who begins to let out her inner child and even starts to smile and laugh along.

Frank is skating backward. Joy is bubbling up in Lauren when... Frank skates into her by accident, causing Lauren to crash violently!

Carly dumps her bike and races over to Lauren, who is in pain.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Wow. I'm so sorry.

CARLY

Oh, my God. Are you okay? Where does it hurt?

LAUREN

I dunno. My elbow. My head. OWWWW.  
Fuck me. I knew it was a stupid idea.

But her moaning quickly turns into crying... then sobbing.

CARLY

Call 911.

FRANK

We don't get cel service here.

Lauren is really crying in a way that is uncomfortable to be around. It's all her pent up baggage coming to the surface.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Carly)

I'll go down the block and call.

(to Lauren)

Let's see if you have a concussion.

He holds her face with two hands, looking into her eyes. She calms down.

LAUREN

I think I'm ok.

CARLY  
Just go call a fucking ambulance.

FRANK  
She doesn't have a concussion.  
Trust me, I've seen enough of them  
in my hockey days.

LAUREN  
No really. It just rattled me a  
little. Give me a second.

She stops cold with a realization, staring into Frank's eyes.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
You're Frank.

FRANK  
Yeah.

LAUREN  
That's where I know you. Frank from  
dance class. Remember? Community  
college.

Frank is processing.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
Right? Weren't you just taking that  
one class? You were my partner on  
the final. Yes! We did the Madison.

Frank suddenly fully remembers.

FRANK  
Whoa. That was years ago. That is  
you.  
(Thinking deep)  
But it wasn't actually the Madison.  
Remember? We changed it.

LAUREN  
You always grabbed my wrists so  
tight?

FRANK  
What?

LAUREN  
(In a reverie)  
You were intense...

CARLY  
(realization)  
Oh, my fucking God. You're the  
"Madison crush guy"?  
(to Frank)  
Dude. You ruined her dating life.  
Nothing can compare to "The Madison  
Crush" guy.

LAUREN  
(to Carly)  
How about you just shut up.

FRANK  
(confused)  
We didn't even recognize each other  
today.

LAUREN  
(pulling herself together)  
Ouch. My elbow. Shit.

FRANK  
You had a little edge to you.

CARLY  
C'mon. We can look at this building  
another day...  
(to Frank smugly)  
Or not.

Lauren is staring at Frank, her attraction is blooming. He's  
feeling it too.

LAUREN  
Carly, I'll have Frank show me  
around the building. How about you  
go to lunch and pick me up in two  
hours?

Carly is not into this idea.

CARLY  
Seriously? We could see ten  
buildings in that time.

Lauren gesture for her to leave.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
(fake smile to Frank)  
Can you excuse us.

Frank skates off, grabs a hockey stick from a countertop and  
starts dribbling a hockey puck around.

Carly studies Frank as he smacks the shit out of the hockey ball into the side of a trashcan, making a big bang.

CARLY (CONT'D)

C'mon. Something is not right with this guy. Let's go.

LAUREN

I want to hang out here a little.

CARLY

No. As your official wing woman, I'm not going to let you do... whatever you think this is going to be. That was some lame-ass fantasy from 20 years ago. You always made it sound like he was some chiseled hot guy. The dude's a washed up, wannabe screenwriter. C'mon.

She tries to pull Lauren toward the door. But Lauren resists.

LAUREN

Stop. I want to see this building.

Carly stares her down like, "Girl, you're an idiot."

5 EXT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - A MOMENT LATER 5

Carly exits in a huff, gets in her car, and heads out.

6 INT. CARLY'S CAR - A MOMENT LATER 6

She is concerned. She heads back and parks again, deciding to hang out in her car, annoyed, but wanting to protect her friend/boss. She looks at her phone. No signal. Frustrate, she turns on the car radio, annoyed. She turns it off again.

7 INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - LATER 7

Frank is putting on his shoes.

FRANK

You really don't want to see a doctor? You were crying pretty bad there. Let's reschedule. Get it checked out.

LAUREN

That was embarrassing. It caught me off guard.



LAUREN (CONT'D)  
I guess it's been so long since I  
actually felt ... anything.  
(beat)  
You really didn't recognize me?

FRANK  
I mean, now I do.

Lauren is into him.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I have that song in my gigantic  
playlist of every song I ever  
liked.

LAUREN  
The Madison song?

FRANK  
I'm telling you, it wasn't a  
Madison. We somehow morphed it to  
more of a tango or salsa or  
whatever. Here...

He digs up the song on his playlist and hits "play," cranking  
the volume up on the bluetooth speaker.

THE ENTIRE  
DANCING  
PART  
IS  
NOW  
CALLED  
SCENE 80 &  
81

The pair connect in a smile as the song evokes the memories.  
Feeling the song, she grabs his hand and leads him to the  
center of the space... and starts dancing the-so-called  
"Madison". Frank is feeling it too. They both seem to  
remember the dance.

Their dance is appealing and they look fantastic together.

LAUREN  
What's up with your screenwriting?

FRANK  
You know. Gotta pay the bills. I  
sold two scripts a while back and  
made decent money, but it ran out.  
Now I'm finishing up one I have  
been writing for 6 years. Some  
agent's interested.

LAUREN  
I guess there's some muscle memory.  
here.

They lost in the dance, getting romantically closer.

FRANK  
It's all coming back to me.

8 EXT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME 8

Carly is leaning on her car, agitated by waiting. She's puffing a fat cigar. Finally, she throws down the cigar, rubs it out with her foot and heads toward the warehouse door.

9 INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - A MOMENT LATER 9

She stealthily sneaks in the warehouse to see what's happening. As she rounds a wall, she spies Lauren and Frank amorously dancing. She thinks it's hot.

10 EXT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - A MOMENT LATER 10

Walking to her car.

CARLY  
(secretly jealous)  
Fucking bitch better hurry up.

11 INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - A MOMENT LATER 11

FRANK  
(trying to cool it down)  
We'd better look at the building.

There comes a section of the dance where he holds her wrists. Feeling her vibe, he grips extra hard, with a half-flirty, half sadistic expression. She's all in.

12 INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - A MOMENT LATER 12

Lauren & Frank's dance culminates in a move where he holds her wrists above her head, their faces are close enough to kiss. The song ends. Lauren breaks away from his grasp and leans on the wall to "cool off."

LAUREN  
She wasn't lying.  
(beat)  
I can't date normal guys.

FRANK  
It was just a dance class.

LAUREN  
(dark and inward)  
But you made me feel... owned.

Now, it's like a drug for Frank. He's super focused and quietly intense. He grabs her hair, yanking her head back.

FRANK  
Big hot shot executive needs to  
feel owned?

He aggressively flips her around and presses her face firmly to the cement wall, keeping the pressure on. Locking her arms with his arm.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Owned. This is what you want?

But she's too enraptured to respond.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
I can't fucking hear you.

LAUREN  
(barely audible)  
Yes.

FRANK  
(goosing her arm bind to  
pain)

LAUREN  
(amorous dreamland)  
Ow. Yes. That's what I want...  
shame.

Frank, not sure what to do or how to process this, releases her forcefully, taking a few steps back.

FRANK  
You're fucking with me. C'mon.  
Let's look at the building.

LAUREN  
Wait. Please!

She runs up and kneels at his feet.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
(sincere and warm)  
What if... what if you live with me  
and do your screenwriting. I'll pay  
for everything... like an artist  
residency.

FRANK  
(in a look)  
[What is happening?]

LAUREN  
What else are we going to do? It's  
fucking lonely in this world.

Frank is building sexual steam. He spots a rusty old tow chain on the floor, gets an idea, grabs the chain and aggressively loops it around her neck and drags her over to a post, where he secures her neck tightly to it. She is enraptured, almost choking from the chain.

But Frank, stressed and confused, starts pacing around in front of her, running his hands through his hair.

FRANK  
What is this? You can't be for  
real.

LAUREN  
(quietly desperate)  
Feel this. Please. I want to feel  
worthless & owned.

Frank draws to within inches from her face.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
I want to come home from work and  
see you there.

He slaps her face... and she is enraptured.

They stare at each other. She has brief reality check.

LAUREN (CONT'D)  
Wait. Do you like dogs? You'd have  
to walk Sadie, my golden retriever.

FRANK  
I love dogs. Never trust a person  
who doesn't love dogs.

Flames burn between their eyes. They start kissing and making out as she struggles against the chain on her neck. It's super hot.

Carly is asleep in the driver's seat when she is awakened from Lauren coming out the warehouse door.

She gets into the car, disheveled and completely in quiet bliss. Carly takes it all in with a judgmental stare. She notices chain rust marks on Lauren's neck.

CARLY

I take it we're buying the  
building, huh?

Lauren looks at her, a twinkle in her eye.

14

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - A MOMENT LATER

14

Frank has his skates on to leave and skates toward the exit. He smacks a hockey slapshot... and nails an empty coke can at the top of a ladder.

FRANK

(bothered tone)  
It wasn't a Madison.