

Sam & Maggie

SAM

Bugging, like listening bugging? Bugging who?

MAGGIE

Take a wild guess.

SAM

Why?

MAGGIE

I want to hear what goes on in there.
Don't you want to hear what goes on in there?

She raises an eyebrow as she brushes past him, and begins securing receiving cones to the perimeter of the loft. Sam follows her.

SAM

No. I don't.

MAGGIE

Suit yourself.

SAM

Look, I know how you feel. You want him back so badly you can't stand it, like your guts are twisting around inside, but bugging their apartment-

Maggie laughs.

SAM

What?

MAGGIE

Boy are you barking up the wrong tree. I don't want him back. I going to ruin his life. I'm going to rain hellfire on that sonofabitch.

Sam absorbs this information.

SAM

Oh.

Maggie takes a long hard look at Sam. Squints.

MAGGIE

Is that what you're doing? Waiting for him, to leave her, for you?

SAM

Absolutely.

Maggie smiles to herself, shaking her head, then goes back to work.

Start

MAGGIE

Have you seen him?

SAM

He's irrelevant. Linda and I are soulmates. This is just a passing phase.

MAGGIE

Sure. Look at you two. Like newlyweds.

SAM

Six hours. They're going to break up tonight, in six hours.

MAGGIE

You have a timeline all worked out. That's cute.

SAM

I know it for a fact.

MAGGIE

(intrigued/amused)
I'm listening.

SAM

I'm an astronomer. My job is to find patterns in things that look completely random. I think I've found a pattern here. It's all in the data.

Maggie moves to Sam's charts.

MAGGIE

Data.

(reads one of his charts)
Explain: "Mutal feeding activity..."

SAM

It's the number of times that Linda and whatsisname feed each other.

MAGGIE

Feed each other. You're counting.

SAM

Not just that. Everything. Kisses, smiles, hugs, fights...

Maggie flips through his charts, dumbfounded.

SAM

I found the pattern in the data. They're going to break up, tonight. And when it happens, I'll be right here for her.

Maggie lowers the charts, taps her fingers, then looks at Sam. A long luxurious beat.

MAGGIE

That is without a doubt the most pathetic thing I've ever heard in my entire life.

SAM

Now wait...

MAGGIE

...And I don't mean that in a trivial way. I'm a photographer, I've seen a lot of things. I once took pictures of a guy who ate his own legs, and you'd be the black sheep of that family. What you're doing is sick.

SAM

I'm sick? A guy dumps you, and you want to destroy him?

MAGGIE

Revenge is healthy, my friend.

SAM

Healthy. Look at you. You're a nut!

MAGGIE

I'm a nut. Your woman leaves you and you're tapping the square root key on your calculator!

SAM

You broke into their apartment and planted bugs! You're a NUT!

MAGGIE

You've got a grade "A" pervert machine down there... Add six... Carry the three... Yep, nut.

SAM

What's your evil plan, huh? Squirt him with squirt guns? Throw old strawberries at him?

MAGGIE

You looked in my satchel.

SAM

So call a cop.

War is declared. Maggie takes a step toward Sam.

MAGGIE

If you were a man, you'd march right over there, punch him in the face and drag her back to Numbchuck Iowa or wherever the hell you're from.

SAM

That's not love. And Linda and I are in love.

MAGGIE

Sure, except for her boning my boyfriend you're the perfect couple.

SAM

Say what you want, Catwoman, but at the end of the day she's coming back to me. We're going to be happy. And where are you going to be? All alone hatching some little revenge scheme. That's where.

MAGGIE

Let me tell you something, Sam. Listen very carefully. Are you listening?

SAM

Yes.

MAGGIE

The only way that girl is coming back to you is if a blast of semen catapults her across the street and through the window.

end She brushes past him and exits to the...

EXT. ROOF OF LOFT - DUSK

Maggie moves to the ledge and secures a small receiving antenna to the lip of the cornice. Sam follows.

SAM

I want you out.

MAGGIE

Fat chance.

SAM

I was here first.

MAGGIE

Well put me down for half the rent and get out of my face, Brainiac.

Sam picks up a loose board and moves to the bugging equipment about to demolish it.