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1 **EXT./INT. SAINT'S GARAGE — MID-DAY** 1

Sunlight cuts through the cracks of a dusty garage.

Old tools. A workbench covered in the remnants of months of work—loose bolts, stained rags, half-empty water bottles.

On the wall, a grease-stained calendar. Every THURSDAY is highlighted. The rest of the month is filled with appointments, reminders, obligations.

A SAXOPHONE CASE rests against the wall.

The garage door creaks open.

SAINT (28, Black), in worn cargo pants and a dingy tank top, steps in.

He moves with purpose, stepping over tools as he heads straight toward the case. He kneels. Puts it on the workbench. Opens it.

The saxophone catches the light—almost like God is smiling on it.

For the first time, we see his face. A smile. Not performative. Just a moment of peace.

Saint carefully lifts the saxophone from its case. Runs his hand along the keys. Checks the mouthpiece.

He brings it to his lips. Ready.

He inhales.

Then—

A long, labored HONK from the driveway.

Saint freezes. The smile disappears.

He looks toward the garage door.

The peace is gone.

Saint lowers the sax and gently places it back inside its case.

He gestures toward the driveway. Smiles. This one is performative.

SAINT
Pull it up.

SMASH CUT TO:

2 **EXT. BROOKE'S OLD HOUSE – MID-DAY** 2

The front door opens. BROOKE (40, Black)—red heels, black pencil skirt, white silk blouse—steps out, purse in hand, phone pressed to her ear. She pulls the door shut behind her. Locks it.

BROOKE
Yeah, the inspector just left. Everything's fine except a slow drain upstairs. I'll have somebody take care of it.

She walks down the stairs, starts toward her car.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Hopefully this offer actually goes through. I'm tired of paying a mortgage on a house I don't even live in anymore.

She listens.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's fine. Drop 'em off later- before six, please.

She giggles.

Her phone BEEPS. Another call. Brooke glances at the screen.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Oh-I gotta go. I'll see you this afternoon.

She switches over.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Hey.

Brooke walks down the street, digging through her purse for her car keys.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Well, did he eat this morning?

She stops.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Yesterday? Why didn't you—

A deep sigh.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
No, no. I know you're doing your best. I'm not upset with you. I'm just... worried about him.

She continues walking.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Okay. Can you try oatmeal tomorrow? Not the eggs. He hates eggs. Maybe that'll be better.

A beat. A small laugh.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Okay, thank you. I'll call him later.

She finds her keys.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
—and tell him I love him.

A beat.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
K. Bye.

She hangs up—drops the phone into her purse.

Brooke reaches her car, opens the door and gets inside.

SLAM!

SMASH CUT TO:

3 **INT./EXT. SAINT'S GARAGE – LATER** 3

SLAM!

Saint drops the hood shut. The engine runs smooth.

SAINT
Simple fix. This one's on the house. Happy Thursday, bro!

The car backs out of frame. Saint gives a quick wave.

He checks his watch. Still got a minute.

Saint wipes the grease from his hands. Crosses to the saxophone.

He lifts it from the case. Brings it to his lips.

Plays. Soft at first. Then he settles into it. The garage fills with the sound of Saint's saxophone.

And for a moment, there's nowhere else he needs to be.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. SAINT'S GARAGE — DAY** 4

The garage door rolls shut. Saint steps out. Fresh clothes now. Clean. Handsome. He heads down the block, a little pep in his step. From his back pocket — the edge of a BROWN PAPER BAG peeks out.

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. STREET — LATER** 5

A CTA BUS pulls away from the curb. Revealing Saint. He starts down the block. That pep is still in his step. Phone out, he scrolls 1-800-FLOWERS. A few swipes. A selection. ORDER CONFIRMED. Saint smiles to himself. Pockets the phone. He looks up. Then slows.

Across the street — Brooke stands outside the house with GERALD. Expensive suit. Perfect smile. Sexy as fuck — effortlessly. Saint stops.

Gerald says something. Brooke laughs, gives Gerald a hug. Not a polite laugh or a casual hug. A real one.

GERALD
So, does that mean you're accepting their offer?

BROOKE
Hell yes. I've been paying two mortgages for almost a year. I'm ready to move the fuck on.

They laugh-it's intimate.

Across the street, Saint watches. His smile is gone. He pulls his phone from back pocket.

ON SCREEN:

Hey, I'm here.

SEND.

Brooke's phone DINGS. She checks it. As she lowers the phone, she sees Saint. It catches her off guard.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Alright, let me let you go. The plumber will be here in a sec to fix that drain, then I'm headed home.

Gerald starts away.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
And Gerald—

He turns.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Get the deal signed.

GERALD
I'm on it.

Brooke smiles.

Saint clocks Gerald heading for his car. He steps back, disappearing from view.

Brooke heads inside.

Gerald's car pulls away.

A beat. Saint steps back into view.

Watches the car disappear down the block.

Then crosses the street.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. BROOKE'S OLD HOUSE – MOMENTS LATER** 6

Saint knocks.

The door opens. There stands Brooke.

They look at each other for a moment. Something familiar between them.

SAINT
Hi.

BROOKE
Hi.

Brooke opens the door wider. Saint steps inside. The door closes behind him.

7 **INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 7

Brooke sits on the edge of the bed. Slips off one heel. Then the other. Places them neatly together.

Saint drops onto the opposite side. Hooks one sneaker with the toe of the other. Kicks it free. One lands on its side. The other flies across the room.

A hole in one of his socks—his toe poking through.

Brooke removes her earrings, then her bracelet. Lays each carefully across the dresser.

Saint pulls his shirt over his head. Shimmies out of his pants and underwear, letting them fall wherever they land.

They stand—simultaneously turning toward each other.

Brooke is composed, blouse open to show her lace bra. She's sexy, confident, powerful. She owns this room and every decision in it.

Saint is undone, wearing nothing but those socks—and a smile. He's robust—pure big dick energy.

They look at each other across the bed—both already breathing heavy.

Saint crosses to her. Takes his time laying her back onto the bed.

He climbs over her, his mouth finding her clavicle. Brooke closes her eyes on the beat of his first kiss.

She slips the blouse from her shoulders, freeing one arm at a time.

Saint follows her arm down, breathing her in like fresh flowers.

He disappears below frame. Brooke watches him go.

His lips find her calf. A kiss. An inhale. Another kiss.

He reaches up—pulls her panties free.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. BEDROOM — LATER** 8

The bed is a wreck.

Incense burns on the dresser, a thin ribbon of smoke curling into the air.

The camera follows the smoke, then slowly pans toward Saint—

Passing his sock along the way. The one with the hole in it.

He lies back against the headboard, head swaying softly like his favorite song just came on.

DING DONG.

Brooke-in the bathroom-sticks her head out:

BROOKE
Can you grab that?

Saint's head stops. He gets up, pulls on his underwear and heads out of the room.

In the bathroom—

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Hey, Daddy. Oh, I'm sorry. Go back to sleep. I'll call you tomorrow, K? I love you...

A few beats.

Saint re-enters the bedroom with the DoorDash bag. He opens it, checks one burger. Then the other.

He stops.

Bacon. Of course.

Brooke steps out of the bathroom.

9 **INT - BEDROOM** 9

Brooke steps out of the bathroom just as Saint inspects the burgers.

SAINT
Looks like they left the bacon on your burger...again.

Brooke scoffs. Shakes her head.

SAINT (CONT'D)
Fries look good though.

Saint sets the bag down on the bed for her. He sits, unwrapping his burger.

She climbs into bed beside him and grabs a French fry.

BROOKE
So—when did you learn how to do all that?

SAINT
...all what?

BROOKE
That little upside-down tongue twister thing... Where did that come from?!

SAINT
I don't know what you're talking about. Wasn't me.

Saint immediately starts to replicate the "tongue twister" to himself. Brooke laughs.

BROOKE
Well, whoever it was deserves a raise.

They both laugh.

Brooke turns her attention to the burger. Lifts the bun. Inspects. Bacon. Ugh. She starts picking it off.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I got some good news today...

Mouth full of burger-

SAINT
Yeah? What's that?

BROOKE
I finally sold this place. And for over asking.

SAINT
Really? That's amazing. Congratulations.

BROOKE
Thank God. One less thing to carry.

She takes a bite.

Saint watches her for a beat. Then remembers–

He sets his burger down, reaches into his back pocket, pulls out the brown paper bag and quietly places it beside her.

Brooke glances over, barely looking up from the burger.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
What's that?

SAINT
A gift.

BROOKE
For?

SAINT
Saturday is your birthday and I know... you don't do birthdays. BUT... forty's a big one. So...

Brooke eyes the brown paper bag with mild disgust. Really, Saint?

But curiosity wins. A small smile creeps across her face as she reaches for it and peels back the paper.

A jewelry box.

She opens it.

A small gold chain rests inside. Simple. Cheap. Not her.

SAINT (CONT'D)
I know it ain't much.
And don't worry, I got something
else coming later.
But...

Brooke lifts the chain, turning it over in her fingers.

BROOKE
Thank you, Saint, but...
What is this?

She lets out a not-so-small laugh.

Saint doesn't. She catches it.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
You know what? It's thoughtful.
Thank you.

She gives him a smile, then tosses the chain on the bed in front of her and dives back into the burger.

That stings. Really, Brooke? ...But he hides it.

SAINT
So...
You think Kathleen did it?

Mouth full of burger-

BROOKE
Who?

SAINT
Kathleen.
From "The Brookfield Murders."

Brooke pauses. Swallows. Looks at him.

BROOKE
...how do you know about Kathleen?

SAINT
I bought the book after I saw you
reading it last week.
I'm halfway through. I can't
believe-

BROOKE
You bought my mentor's book?

SAINT
Yeah. Thought maybe I could join your book club.

BROOKE
My Ivy League book club?

SAINT
Oh.

Brooke can't help but smile. Just a little. Then she remembers something.

BROOKE
Since we're giving gifts... and I actually know how to be thoughtful—

She shifts.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I got you something.

SAINT
You did?

BROOKE
Mm-hmm.
It's in my bag. Side pocket. You can grab it.

Saint jumps out of bed, crosses the room, and reaches into the side pocket of her purse.

He pulls out several worn, yellowed sheets of music.

SAINT
Where'd you get these?

BROOKE
A friend had 'em sitting in his office. Said they'd been collecting dust.

Saint gently unfolds the pages.

He freezes. His expression changes. He's a kid on Christmas.

SAINT
These are Charlie Parker's originals!

BROOKE
That's what he said. I don’t know who that is, but I take it that’s a big deal?

SAINT
Big deal? He’s every saxophone player’s idol. This is like finding Michael Jackson’s first recordings.

BROOKE
Oh, wow. Well, I saw them. Thought you'd appreciate 'em. You’re welcome.

SAINT
Yeah. Thanks.

Saint smiles to himself. The kind you can’t fake.

He sits at the edge of the bed, still looking at the music.

He sets them next to him.

He pulls one leg up onto the bed, folding it across himself—starts picking at that damn hole in his sock.

10 **INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS** 10

SAINT
Can I ask you something?

BROOKE
Yeah-

Looking down—the sock a convenient distraction.

SAINT
The friend who gave you these... That the same guy from earlier?

A mouth full of fries-

BROOKE
Gerald. Yeah-

SAINT
Y’all seem... Close.

BROOKE
He’s my realtor. We’ve known each other since college. So...

SAINT
So...just friends.

BROOKE
Why do I feel like I'm being interrogated?

SAINT
You're not. Forget it. My bad.

BROOKE
Well, let's change the subject then, yeah?

Saint retreats.

SAINT
...sure.

He disappears into the bathroom. Turns on the faucet. Then just stands there, gathering his thoughts.

Brooke reaches for the remote, starts flipping through channels.

11 **INT. BEDROOM/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS** 11

SAINT
I saw there's a new bar down the street. Maybe we could go grab a drink?

BROOKE
Together?

SAINT
Yeah. My treat—a thank you for the sheet music.

BROOKE
That's not really how this works.

SAINT
How what works?

BROOKE
You and I.

SAINT
How would you know if we haven't tried?

Still scrolling, searching for the perfect movie—

BROOKE
Do I need to touch the boiling water to know it'll burn me?

SAINT
No, but-

BROOKE
Right.
We exist in here. In here, there's an "us."
Outside that door... not so much.

A beat.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Where is this coming from? What other books you been reading?

Brooke chuckles.

SAINT
Thought it'd be nice to spend an hour with you outside this room. That's all.

BROOKE
I hear you. But we're doing just fine.

Brooke's eyes light up—she found a movie.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Oooh! *An Affair to Remember!*

She lets the remote slip from her hand, places the burger back in her lap. Settles in.

In the bathroom, Saint turns off the faucet.

His energy has shifted. A beat.

He steps into the bathroom doorway.

SAINT
Are <u>we</u>...just fine?

BROOKE
What's that supposed to mean?

SAINT
It means you can't speak for me.
(beat)
(MORE)

SAINT (CONT'D)
We've been doing this for almost a year-meeting at a house you haven't lived in for a long time. You just said you and I only exist in *here*...
But you also just sold *here*.
So... what happens now?

BROOKE
Nothing's changing, Saint. I sold a house. I'm not ending this. We'll get a hotel or something.

SAINT
I can't afford that.

BROOKE
I know. I'll handle it.

SAINT
And you still won't let me come to your condo?

BROOKE
Nah. I like keeping home... home.

SAINT
And what if I want more?

BROOKE
More what?
We come here to have great sex. We spend a little time together-have a little fun. That's it.
That was the deal, Saint. This was never romance.

SAINT
So, I get no say in what this is or becomes?

BROOKE
Not when this is the arrangement you agreed to.

Brooke looks at him. Sees the hurt.

A beat. Then it clicks.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Wait—were you jealous of... *Gerald?*

SAINT
Maybe. A little.
The way you smiled at him–
I've never seen you smile like
that. Not with me, anyway.

BROOKE
I smile with you all the time.

SAINT
With me. Not <u>at</u> me.

BROOKE
What's the difference?

SAINT (CONT'D)
You looked... different with
him. Like a different you.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
Is that what you were thinking
about while your face was in my
pussy?

Saint crosses the room, sitting in a nearby chair. He's embarrassed but honest.

12 **INT. BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS** 12

SAINT
Yeah. Kinda.

Brooke moves the burger from her lap, sets it on the side table.

BROOKE
Wow. Ok...
(beat)
So, what do you want me to say?

SAINT
Whatever's honest.

Brooke studies him. Then rises from the bed, tightening her robe.

She begins pacing behind Saint, choosing her words carefully.

BROOKE
What do you do?

SAINT
What?

BROOKE
For work. What do you do?

SAINT
I fix cars.

BROOKE
Where?

SAINT
My mother's garage. What does that-

BROOKE
And what do I do?

SAINT
You're an executive at a record label. What's your poi—

BROOKE
You're twenty-eight. You leave here, go home to your mom's, fuck around with video games and your saxophone—

SAINT
"Fuck around?"—

BROOKE
—I leave here and go back to board meetings and million-dollar contract negotiations. Things you don't comprehend-

SAINT
Ain't that some shit.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
In what world do we fit together?

SAINT (CONT'D)
So that's what I'm reduced to? A lazy mechanic who loves the powerful music lady, huh?

Record scratch—what did he just say?

BROOKE
...who what?

Saint takes a beat. His jaw tightens.

SAINT
...loves you. I...Love you.

The words surprise even him.

Brooke lets out a small laugh.

Not because it's funny. Because she doesn't know what else to do.

BROOKE
Please tell me you're not that naive.

SAINT
And what if I am?
What does that make me?

Brooke braces herself—it's like telling a child their puppy died. But you're the one who killed it.

BROOKE
Delusional.

That hits Saint like a ton of bricks—or a ton of dead childhood puppies.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to hurt you. But...
I never lied to you or led you on.
I told you exactly what this was.

SAINT
I get that. I do. I just want to be a part of your life.

BROOKE
Okay, sure. My boss is on my ass to do better work while my budget gets smaller every fucking day. I walk into boardrooms full of white men who somehow forget I went to Yale. YALE. And still treat me like my name is Harriet.

I've been bleeding thousands of dollars a month while trying to sell this place and still bust my ass to pay for my father's-

Brooke catches herself. Too personal.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
You have no idea what my "more" looks like.

Saint moves closer to Brooke. He thinks he has an in.

SAINT
Fine. Ok. Then let me.

He does not, in fact, have an in.

BROOKE
No! You're my relief. That's the point.
(beat)
When we're in here, I forget about my "more." In here, I get some good dick, my favorite burger and hopefully...a movie.
I don't want my "in here" becoming part of my "out there."

It's finally making sense to Saint—like finding out Santa isn't real.

SAINT
So, you've just been using me to escape your real life?

BROOKE
Yes!

SAINT
And what about my escape?

BROOKE
Your shit is not my business.

SAINT
Wow. That's kinda fucked up.

Is that why you ignored my demos?

BROOKE
What?

SAINT
I gave you my demos to listen to. Did you?

Brooke pauses. Nothing to say.

SAINT (CONT'D)
Wow.

You promised you'd listen. Said maybe you'd hear something you liked, set up a meeting... get me in front of the right people.
(beat)
You were supposed to help me escape, too.

BROOKE
I forgot.

SAINT
Bullshit, Brooke! You wanted something from me—*dick*. I wanted something from you—*access*. I gave good dick and you fucking "...forgot."

And what's worse? After a while, I didn't even care. I got to know you and just wanted you.

BROOKE
So let me get this straight. You changed what you wanted—

SAINT
Yes-

BROOKE (CONT'D)
—never said a word to me—

BROOKE (CONT'D)
And somehow I'm the bad guy?
(beat)
How are you blaming me for—

Brooke catches herself. Don't say it, girl.

Saint challenges her.

SAINT
For what? Say it!

BROOKE
Loving someone who doesn't love you!

Flatline. A silence settles over the room.

In the silence, the sound from An Affair to Remember creeps from the TV—

MAN ON TV (O.S.)
Goodbye, Terry. This is over.

Well... shit.

Saint starts gathering his clothes—pants, shirt, the one shoe he can find.

BROOKE
Where are you going?

SAINT
WHAT?! Why the fuck would I stay here after you just told me I mean nothing to you?

BROOKE
I never said you don't mean anything to me. I said I'm not in love with you. There's a difference.

For Saint, there is no difference.

Brooke steps toward him—seductive. She doesn't want to lose this. Just keep it where she put it.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I want you, Saint. I just don't want a life with you. I want what we agreed on.

Saint lets his clothes fall from his arms.

Damn, he fell for it.

BROOKE (CONT'D)
I'm taking a shower. Hopefully by the time I get out, you've gotten this out of your system. Don't ruin this.

Brooke crosses past Saint, disappearing into the bathroom.

Saint wavers. Equal parts hurt and horny. He doesn't want to lose this either. But he knows he's too far gone.

The door closes.

A beat.

The SHOWER turns on. Saint stares at the door. Doesn't move.

Then—

13 **INT. BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS** 13

QUICK CUTS:

Saint gathers his clothes.
Pulls on his pants and shirt.
Finds that other damn shoe.
Finally removes the socks.
He makes the bed.

Pulls the sheets tight.
Smooths the comforter.
He picks up Brooke's half-eaten burger.
Places it in the center of the bed.
The remote beside it.
The Charlie Parker sheet music beside that.

Her Thursday. Neatly waiting for her. Just without him.

Saint looks at it.

One last look toward the bathroom door.

Then—

Saint turns and walks out of the bedroom.

A beat.

DING DONG.

Nothing.

DING DONG.

The shower stops.

The bathroom door opens. Steam spills into the room.

Brooke steps out, wet, hair dripping, wrapped in a towel.

BROOKE
Who could that be?

Nothing.

She steps farther into the room.

Stops.

The room is empty. Saint is gone.

Her eyes land on the bed.

She sees it all. Her perfect Thursday. Just without him.

Brooke stands there. Takes it in.

Her eyes drift to the trash can—Saint's socks. The jewelry box. The gold chain.

DING DONG.

For a moment, she smiles. She thinks it's Saint.

14 **INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS** 14

Brooke exits the bedroom and heads downstairs.

She opens the front door.

A DELIVERY DRIVER stands there holding a beautiful bouquet of a hundred red roses.

DRIVER
Happy birthday, ma'am.

He offers her the flowers. Brooke takes it.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Courtesy of a...Saint Washington.

Brooke looks down at the flowers.

She slowly closes the door.

SMASH CUT TO:

BLACK