

ADDICTED TO LOVE

Sam walks into the room and finds Maggie setting up equipment and stapling wire to floor.

SAM: What is all this stuff?

MAGGIE: Bugging equipment.

SAM: Bugging? What, like listening equipment?
Bugging who?

MAGGIE: Take a wild guess.

SAM: Why? Why would anyone do that?

MAGGIE: Cause I wanna hear what goes on in there.
Don't you?

SAM: I do not.

MAGGIE: Why not?

SAM: Because that would be an invasion of her
privacy.

MAGGIE: Well excuse me, Mr. Video.

SAM: That's not a video, it's a camera obscura.
Pure light. I'm not spying, I just want to be with
her.

MAGGIE: Oh that's completely different.

SAM: Look, I know how you feel. You want him so
bad, it hurts. It's like your guts are twisting
around inside. But bugging his apartment won't...

Maggie begins to chuckle to herself.

SAM: What?

MAGGIE: I don't want him back, I just want him vaporized. Extinguished! And when I'm done with him, he'll be just this twitching little stain on the floor.

SAM: How?

MAGGIE: Is that what you're doing? You're waiting for her to leave him for you?

SAM: Absolutely. Olivia and I are soul mates. This is just a passing phase. They're going to break up tonight. I know it for a fact.

MAGGIE: I'm listening.

SAM: I'm an astronomer, alright. It's my job to find patterns in things that seem completely random.

MAGGIE: Uh-huh.

SAM: Well, I found it.

MAGGIE: Oooo.

SAM: It's all in the data.

MAGGIE: The data? Oh this data (she looks at a chart) mutual feeding activity.

SAM: It's the number of times that Olivia and what's his name feed each other.

MAGGIE: You're counting?

SAM: Not just that—kisses, hugs, smiles, fights.

MAGGIE: They fight?!

SAM: No, not yet. Long looks, whispering, shouting.

MAGGIE: They shout?

SAM: No, you're missing the point. Tonight, there's going to be a fight. They are going to break up and I'm going to be right here for her.

Maggie nods her head.

SAM: Tonight, this will all be over. So you might as well just start packing your bags.

MAGGIE: Well that is, without a doubt, the most pathetic thing I've ever heard.

SAM: Well you just don't understand.

MAGGIE: 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 man who ate his own leg, and you would be the black sheep of that family.

SAM: Well what is your grand master plan then? Are you gonna squirt him with squirt guns? Throw rotten strawberries at him?

MAGGIE: You looked in my satchel?!

SAM: Yeah, call the cops.

MAGGIE: You are a strange, tragic man.

SAM: Say what you want, Olivia and I are in love.

MAGGIE: Yeah, except for her boning my boyfriend, you guys are the perfect couple.

SAM: Listen, catwoman. At the end of the day, she's going to come back to me and we're going to be happy. And where are you going to be? All alone somewhere hatching some little revenge scheme. That's where you're heading.

MAGGIE: Listen to me very carefully, Sam. Are you listening?

SAM: Yeah.

MAGGIE: The only way that girl is coming back to you is if a blast of semen catapults her from across the street and into your window.

Sam turns away, disgusted. Maggie returns to work.

SAM: I want you out!

MAGGIE: Not going to happen.

SAM: I was here first!

MAGGIE: Well put me down for half the rent and get out of my face!

Sam grabs a pole and runs toward a piece of equipment, pretending like he's going to destroy it.

MAGGIE: I wouldn't do that if I were you.

SAM: Why not?

MAGGLE: You paid for it.

Sam looks through his wallet.

SAM: You stole my money? You took everything I had to buy this crap?!

MAGGIE: That was everything you had!

Sam points at a cactus plant that Maggie is carrying.

SAM: And what the hell is that for anyways?

MAGGIE: It's pretty sam.

Maggie plugs in head phones to stereo. Sam sits on opposite side of living room.

MAGGIE: There we go.

SAM: You can hear them?

MAGGIE: Mmhmm.

SAM: Are they talking?

MAGGIE: Yep.

SAM: What about?

MAGGIE: You wouldn't be interested.

Sam stands up and walks toward her.

SAM: Let me hear.

MAGGIE: It's wrong Sam.

SAM: Just for a second, I just want to hear her voice, her sweet voice.

MAGGIE: Beg me.

SAM: Please.

MAGGIE: Excuse me, did you say something?

SAM: Please, let me hear.

MAGGIE: Ok, you asked for it.

Maggie pulls out head phones and puts sound on loudspeaker. Intense, sexual moaning ensues.

SAM: Oh my god! He's killing her!

MAGGIE: Oh he's killing her alright, and she's loving every minute of it!

SAM: No, she's not like that. She likes to make love quiet and slow and gentle.

MAGGIE: That girl of yours is a carnival ride!

SAM: This is horrible! This is worse than I imagined.

MAGGIE: Want me to turn it off?

SAM: No, I need to hear it!

MAGGIE: How very brave.

More sex sounds, this time in French.

SAM: French? He's making love to her in French?

MAGGIE: You know, French guys are very small Sam.

SAM: Oh yeah?!

MAGGIE: But not this guy, Sam. It's like Godzilla's tail. He could take down Tokyo with that thing. This has to be the longest orgasm I've ever heard. Sam, you want your charts?

SAM: You enjoy this, don't you? You enjoy watching me suffer.

Maggie lowers the volume.

MAGGIE: Help me get him, Sam. Take the road less traveled. It'll make all the difference.

SAM: No, forget it! I will not get sucked in to your nightmare!

MAGGIE: Whatever, I think I can get this in stereo.

She raises the volume, amplifying the sex sounds.

MAGGIE: Welcome to New York, spy boy!