

YES AND

"Pilot"

written by

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THE ACTION FACTORY  
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FIRST DRAFT

CAST

YES AND

"Pilot"

SARI O'CONNOR - OFF BEAT, HIGH SPIRITED, TRYING TO FIND HER WAY AFTER BEING LEFT AT THE ALTER MULTIPLE TIMES. SHE HAS MOXIE AND WIT.

BEN LOVAH - HEIR TO THE LOVAH SOFA BED EMPIRE, THE BUDDING WRITER BECOMES SARI'S CONFIDANT WHILE FINDING HIMSELF FOREVER IN HER "FRIEND ZONE".

BURGUNDI - VIVACIOUS, BOOK SMART, FLIGHT ATTENDANT/BARTENDER RECENTLY MOVED BACK TO NEW MEXICO TO START A CATALOG MODELING SCHOOL.

HAROLD - SARI'S LOVE ABLE FIRST COUSIN AND ROOMMATE WISHES TO SEE HIS FACE ATOP THE MOUNT RUSHMORE OF CYBER GEEKS.

ROMAN KANE - CO-FOUNDER OF ABQ WEST THE MYSTERY MAN WITH LEADING MAN LOOKS FINDS HIMSELF IN SARI'S ROMANTIC CROSS HAIRS.

LADY CATHERINE - THE PETTY, SOUR PUSS ADMINISTRATOR SERVES AS CAPTAIN OF THE NO FUN POLICE AT ABQ WEST. SHE IS SARI'S NEMESIS.

THE MELVIN - THERE IS MUCH MYSTERY AROUND THE WRINKLY SAGE OF THE 5TH FLOOR. HE IS WISE, CANCEROUS AND MYSTIFYING.

ABU - OWNER OF THE COFFEE SHOP/STRIP CLUB SERVES AS OUR WISE CRACKING ARABIAN STRAIGHT MAN AND SARI'S BOSS.

HENRI & LIL TYRONE STUBBS - THE BRASH TALKING PUPPET WAS A TRANSITIONING GIFT GIVEN TO HENRI WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG IMMIGRANT IN AMERICA, BUT OVER THE YEARS THE PUPPET HAS BECOME THE MASTER.

YES AND

"Pilot"

SETS

Teaser, Scene A - Int. Coffee Shop - Day  
Act One, Scene B - Int. Harold's Apartment - Day  
Act One, Scene C - Int. Coffee Shop - Night  
Act One, Scene D. - Int. Harold's Apartment - Night  
Act One, Scene E - Int. Coffee Shop - Night  
Act Two, Scene F - Int. Harold's Apartment - Morning  
Act Two, Scene G - Int. ABQ West/Bar - Night  
Act Two, Scene H - Int. ABQ West/Black Box Theater - Night  
Act Three, Scene I - Int. Harold's Apartment - Morning  
Act Three, Scene J - Int. The Melvin's Apartment - Night  
Act Three, Scene K - Int. ABQ WEST/Offices - Day  
Tag, Scene L - Int. The Melvin's Apartment - Day

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1

INT. EROTIC NEUROTIC COFFEE BAR - MORNING

1

SARI (pronounced Suh-Rye) O'CONNOR draws a long sip from her iced soy caramel chocolate cappuccino something.

SARI

(to camera )

But then, she was like are you wearing a waist trainer?, and I was like Mc B-i-t-c-h this over here ain't none of your McBusiness, Boom uppercut in my lady member, you'd think people at church would be a little kinder.(then standing and singing in a far corner) Hello from the other sikh hide, I musta tried a thousand- (then standing with one leg hoisted on the chair) I was like hello Friends Zone only, nothing to see down there but a Brazilian reasons to wax (then crying into a frozen drink)I just decided I would pack my stacks of wax and head on down the tracks to the nearest relatives, kaboom, Al-ber-ker-kee here I is, Straight outta Chi-Town, Chi-Raq, Second City baby. I hope I answered your question I can be a little ADHDing dong from time to time.

ABU

I simply asked, how you liked the New Mexico heat?

SARI

Oh, this heat. Lemme tell you 'bout-

ABU Stamps her application. HIRED.

HALLWAY

WE SEE Sari's skirt stuffed inside her control top stockings, PAM (dry and cankerous) holds up lingerie- a laced teddy in one hand, a cooking apron and hat in the other hand.

PAM

You working the front or giggling in the back ginger?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT - SAME MORNING

4

Sari busts in the door tripping over her duffle bags. MARV, RUBENSTEIN, HAROLD and LUCKY play a video game. Virtual Reality glasses cover their eyes.

MARV

(to Harold)

A nerdy, semi-hot babe at your three o'clock.

LUCKY

Again, this is Zombie Wars of the Titanic. No babes or semi hot babes unless you're counting Zombie Leo (notices Sari) Whoo.

Lucky jumps up away from Sari, stumbling over Harold and unplugging his controller.

HAROLD

Idiot. (notices Sari) Oh snap. Guys this is my cousin from Chicago, Sari. Sari these are the guys Marv the Great, Rubenstein the Mute, and Fred Astaire over there is Lucky, the Charm. You have any more bags?

SARI

I only have these.

All the guys stand. Harold takes her backpack and heads for the hallway.

SARI (CONT'D)

But like seventeen boxes downstairs.

They all sit. Resumes game play.

RUBENSTEIN

She smells like peaches, but with a hint of patchouli.

5

INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT - SAME DAY

5

The apartment is very small and cluttered with the charm of a cramped frat house.

SARI

This is a nice apartment, in a Fear  
the Walking Dead type of way.

The super fast talking Harold stops her dead in their tracks.

HAROLD

This is not an apartment. Neenkompoops  
and Crochet bloggers live in  
apartments. Kings of the next cyber  
frontier have kingdoms and this is my  
lair. It's not a crib. Not a hostel,  
not a pad. A Lair. (Tips imaginary  
hat)

SARI

(Irish Accent)

Yes Lord Lannister, can you show me to  
my abode?

HAROLD

Here's where my magic dragon slays.  
Cha-boom-chicka-wow-wow.

Sari pokes in the room, which is a delicate rendition of a  
flowing space-solid and yet suspended-like mist.

SARI

Schwanky.

They stop at end of the hallway.

HAROLD

So I really didn't have time to set up  
your room, but you do have choices.  
Door number one-

He opens the doors to a very cluttered room with double bunk  
beds. Flies buzz around empty plates of food.

SARI

Smells like a number two.

HAROLD

You can take the lower bunk, but  
you'll need to kick in extra to  
supplement the air bnb revenue loss.

Harold swings open the other door. She pokes her head inside  
the super cluttered work space/conference room where bad  
ideas go to die.

SARI

I gave you a nine hundred dollar deposit for a room not a sese pool.

HAROLD

Your mother gave me a deposit and out of my heart I Craiglised you a nice futon over there, which Lucky took like two hours cleaning his jizz out so-

Shes not convinced, yet.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

Fade in lights. Imagined having crashed in that little garage in Palo Alto where Steve Wozniak invented the Apple Two, imagine being snuggled on a couch in a tiny dorm in Cambridge with Mr. Zuckerberger and his guys?

SARI

I would be like at least a millionaire.

HAROLD

Black card billionaire baby. Listen to me Linda, honey, we are working on something big and you're on the ground floor. We have a pitch in a few days. If we score. KABOOM!

SARI

(big eyes and smile)  
Blowuptuate?

HAROLD

(slaps her a high five)  
Like the Hindenburg baby.

WE HEAR her phone ring.

SARI

(to the phone)  
Yes. Yes sir. I can come back. If its about that grease fire? Yes, I can clock back in within the hour.

HAROLD

Score! You got a job already?

SARI

Yes, I'm a barista at the Erotic Neutoric.

HAROLD

You mean the place that serves  
espresso in the front and the no pants  
dance in the back.

SARI

Yes, and I work in the front and you  
don't have to worry about me going in  
the back.

HAROLD

That's what my ex used to say...he  
lied.

6

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DUSK

6

Hallway.

Pam stops Sari.

PAM

Abu says he needs servers in the back  
Rihanna.

SARI

No, no. I wore my chucks not  
stilettos, and I'm an Adele, not a  
Rihanna.

BURGUNDI (29, curvy, the color of burnished gold) bounces by  
Pam.

BURGUNDI

My flight was delayed. I'm here. I'm  
here.

SARI

And she, she is your Rhi Rhi.

Sari skips into the front.

INT. COFFEE SHOP/FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Several customers glued to lap tops and desk work busy  
themselves in the trendy coffee shop. Sari frantically  
gathers orders. Abu watches. BEN (tall, tan, mostly  
Caucasian) walks up.

SARI

Welcome to Erotic Neurotic. If it's  
after five you can get your *steep* on  
with our thirty one flavors of sexy  
teas.



BEN

Wow! You're enthusiastic. (eyes teas)  
Tell me about Englishmen Having  
Breakfast In My Bed.

SARI

(english accent)  
Well it's bold and fancy. Makes you  
feel like snuggling about on an  
overcast day with Mr. Darcy.

BEN

What about Fifty Shades of Earl Grey?

SARI

(sexy)  
It's snappy and makes your tongue feel  
like a lashing of cat o' nine tails.  
(Growls like a cat)

Abu watches with pride as she works his script.

SARI (CONT'D)

However, I prefer Lick 'n Peel  
Chamomile.

Abu doesn't see that on the script. Ben leans in.

SARI (CONT'D)

It's orangey and chamomiley and  
Peely...and YUMMY! (she makes a  
uncomfortable slurping sound)

BEN

Sold! My name is Ben...for the cup.

SARI

(writing) Ben the homie lover friend.

INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The guys sit and brainstorm...nothing. Harold paces. As they  
pitch each one stand until all are pacing and weaving.

LUCKY

We've been playing for ten hours  
straight, my eyes are burning and  
we've got dick butcus.

HAROLD

I'll kick you and your butcus out on  
the street. Marv go.

MARV

I was thinking what if there was an app that could help old people call police to get kids off their lawns. call it, HEY-BUDDY.

HAROLD

Already done. It was called Hailo it crashed, it burned. Ruby go.

RUBENSTEIN

First Dibs, be the first to claim the hot chick at the bar amongst the bros, we'll call it I'M HITTIN' THAT!

HAROLD

(stroke his invisible beard)  
Interesting...if you could link it to a Grinder/Tinder- you may be on to something. Lucky, go.

LUCKY

I got nothing...Maybe if we all go see The Melvin?

MARV

Only other show tunes I know are from Avenue Q. You know how he feels about cursing.

RUBENSTEIN

I don't have any flour or butter, plus the water's off.

LUCKY

He owes us after we helped his cat pass that bag of marble.(whips his hands on his shirt) We can go this one time without bearing sweet treats and show tunes.

HAROLD

Like the last time we went without tribute? Kick! Pow!

RUBENSTEIN

(rubs jaw)  
My back molar is still cracked.

MARV

(sucks tongue on teeth)  
And the taste still hasn't fully come back to my mouth.

LUCKY

Outside of Ruby we're 'ish out of  
luck.

HAROLD

We pitch in less than 72 hours. We  
shouldn't have wasted our deposit at  
that handicap nudist beach.

RUBENSTEIN

I thought it combined golf and  
nakedness...I was wrong (gagging) oh  
so wrong.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Sari finishes with a customer while talking with Ben at the  
coffee bar. Abu does inventory.

SARI

(hand customer coffee)

A Hottie Choca Lattea for Mr. Johnson.  
Make sure you drink that in the front,  
you burned one of the dancers during  
your lap dance earlier.

Burgundi strolls in dressed for bartending/stripper duties.  
Out of her flight attendant uniform, she is vivacious and  
curvy. She fills her ice bucket.

SARI (CONT'D)

(eyes her costume)

Excuse me, She-Ra, but this is the  
third time you've pillaged our ice.  
The last time you left glitter.

BURGUNDI

Ice machine's broke in the back and  
Cinnamon tore her meniscus trying that  
helicopter thing

EVERYONE

Again.

Burgundi peels back her top and shows her breast tattoo.

BURGUNDI

My name is Burgundi. BUR-GUN-DEE.

SARI

Like-the-crayon?

ABU

More like a fine box wine.

Sari bends over and hikes up the back of her uniform, revealing her tramp stamp. She wiggles as Burgundi reads.

BURGUNDI

(squints to read)  
*I got the roolly on my arm and I'm  
pouring Chandon/  
And I roll the best whiz-eed cause I  
got it going on/Sorry*

SARI

S-A-R-I. It's pronounced Suh Rye.  
Lyrics by Snoop Dogg. (Singing) *Drop  
it like its Hot. Drop it Like its hot.*

BURGUNDI

I'm so *Suh-Ari* bout that.

Pulls down her shirt and leaves.

SARI

(yelling)  
I was fourteen and a half when I got  
that at military school.

TRUCKER

(os)  
Hey Benji. Your commercial.

Ben shrinks in his chair. ON THE TV WE SEE-

CUT TO:

INT. MR. LOVAH LOVAH'S WORLD OF COUCH SOFA - DAY

Inside the cluttered Wall to Wall sofa show room WE SEE Ben dressed like a college slacker Rastafarian, (dread wig, fake goatee, the works) appears through a cloud of smoke in front of very bad GREEN SCREEN keying. His Jamaican accent is even worse.

BEN

(bad Jamaican accent)  
Hey Mon. Its yere boy Mr. Lovah Lovah  
coming to you from Mr. Lovah Lovah's  
World of Couch Sofas. Dis weekend we  
havin' a sale of yer lifetime.

Ben is now in a tiny apartment on a raggedy couch.

BEN (CONT'D)

No longa do you have to bake away on a  
old lumpy sofa (SNAP)

Each *snap* of Ben's fingers pops him onto a new sofa couch that is pulled out into a bed. Abu mouths along with the pride of a co-conspirator.

BEN (CONT'D)

No more back pains from hard uncomfortable sofa beds. You could be baking in luxury (SNAP) We got micro sofa beds (SNAP) lovah lane sofa beds (SNAP) even water bed in dah sofa bed (SNAP)

Now "Rasta" Ben is on a bad GREEN SCREEN version of a Jamaican island laying on aforementioned water bed sofa bed.

BEN (CONT'D)

Come on down to dah paradise of Mr. Lovah Lovah World of Coach Sofa Beds. Cuz we take the Ouch outta ya couch and dah stum outta ya bum.

Ben pulls out a steel drum and attempts to play it.

BACK TO:

COFFEE SHOP

Ben sits with his head down. Sari gives Ben a comfort hug.

ABU

At least you got to vacation on a pixely island paradise.

INT. COFFEE SHOP/BAR - TEN MINUTES LATER

There is still silence as Ben works at his laptop and Sari cleans the counters.

BEN

Well, that is what happens when your father makes you the heir to the Lovah Lovah empire. You have to go through the rites of satirical passage.

SARI

Satire?, I thought it was just bad.

BEN

You should have seen me before I started taking classes at ABQ West. The Improv school.

She's never heard of it.

BEN (CONT'D)

Improvisational Acting. It gives you like positive reactions to the spontaneous things life throws at you.

SARI

(Jamacian Accent)

Dere's a school for dat mon?

BEN

Yes, there's a show tomorrow night. Come check it out, meet some new people. I mean your a quick on your feet type of chicka. I saw how you handled those kids trying to sneak in the back boom boom room.

Burgundi's back at the ice machine.

BURGUNDI

Something about the pimples, braces and mouth breathing tipped her off.

BEN

Burgundi if you can degrease and deglitter in time you should come too.

Burgundi notices several under age HIPSTER TEENAGE BOYS (knit caps, trench coats, etc) inch their way to the hallway which leads to the "back boom boom room".

BURGUNDI

(to Sari)

Psst, Darth Vader and the Pimply Nerds return.

SARI

Hey, Arcade Fire, back it on back.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

7

INT. HAROLD'S LARE - MORNING

7

Sari lays stretched on the musty futon. Her leg kicked up on a box, her elbow on a life size cut out of Alexander Hamilton. The lids of her sleep mask say "GO!"- "AWAY!"

HAROLD

Wakey wakey, hands off snakey.

She is awakened by the loud hammer of a cow bell that shakes her off the futon onto the floor.

HAROLD (CONT'D)

(to Sari)

Oh good your awake.

The guys bump and scrum into the room in customs pj's, except Lucky, wanders in naked, but has a surprisingly hot body. Sari surveys the nakedness below. She's impressed.

SARI

Why are you in my living space  
awakening the dead all Dirk Diggler?

The guys gather around the makeshift conference table.

HAROLD

(to Sari)

Shhh. This is where the magic happens.  
This is the lucid dream pitchfest.

RUBENSTEIN

When we are stuck or out of ideas  
(motions to Harold) Steve Jobs here  
wakes us up in the middle of the night  
to say the first thing we think of.

SARI

Guys I just worked 11 hours straight,  
with the last three cleaning up a  
milky white substances I convinced  
myself was dried ice cream.

No one cares. The guys frantically brace for go mode.

ALL THE GUYS

(to Rubenstein)

Go!

CHRISTOFF

Penis Pons. Tampons for men. You ever go to bathroom and leave a little sprinkle spot on your pants. Just top the spout and no more drip-pity drop.

ALL THE GUYS

(to Marv)

Go!

MARV

Skee De Be Bop. Its an app you talk into it and it translates it back in Jazz Skat Talk.

He demonstrates ending with a smile and jazz hands.

ALL THE GUYS

(to Harold)

Go!

RUBENSTEIN

A book of Thanksgiving Carols. Thanksgiving is as popular as Christmas, but there are no songs about it. (singing melody of *O Christmas Tree*) Oh Yam-a-low, Oh Yam-a-low, how yummy is your top coat...

ALL THE GUYS

(to Lucky)

Go!

LUCKY

Can we just go see The Melvin? I paid the Water bill with nickels I stole from that homeless ninja on third street.

SARI

Who is The Melvin?

MARV

(whispering)

Shhhh sound carries. First rule about The Melvin is there are no rules of The Melvin. (Karate Chops) Unless you want the drama-

MARV (CONT'D)

Or your soul snatched out of your body.



HAROLD

(whispering)

The guy in 3b was a few shades of cray cray and spoke loudly of The Melvin and he woke up and broke his foot on a thumb tack that was stuck-

Sari shakes her hands with an idea.

SARI

I got an idea. Challenge friends to a Lip Sync battle, but from your phone. Tape it, upload it, then your friends can vote on it. Call it, Sing Your Arse Off. (she drops her invisible mic) Boom. Blow it up like the Hindenburg.

She reaches for high fives, but is denied.

LUCKY

You know like 30 people burned to death during that crash right?

RUBENSTEIN

Yeah Zeppelin dedicated a whole album to the victims.

9

INT. ABQ WEST STUDIOS - NIGHT

9

ATRIUM/BAR

There are a few dozen people buzzing around the eclectic space. Dingy exploitation era movie posters and blown up Dilbert comic strips cover the red musty walls as people buy tickets to the evenings performance.

Ben, Burgundi and Sari squeeze their way to a high boy table.

BEN

Welcome to Albuquerque's finest night of comedy unless you include amateur night at Whiskey Dave's Skate-O-Rama.

BURGUNDI

(deadpan)

Let me put on my happy face.

LADY CATHERINE (late 30's, a long faced sour puss) snaps at the group as she busts a nearby high boy table and doesn't break stride.

LADY CATHERINE

(to Ben)

You got tickets?, or are you going to sneak your dates in on the catwalk again?

BEN

I wasn't sneaking, I was a volunteer gaffer. I still got the seared knees to prove it.

BURGUNDI

She seems nice, in a methie soccer mom type of way. I need a stiff drink. I'll be back.

BEN

(to Sari)

That's Lady Catherine. She's one of the co-founders of ABQ West, way back in the day she was a stand in for Jodie Sweetin on Full House. She got chops.

We see several people hanging around the bar. Ben points out the main players at the school.

BEN (CONT'D)

Once you get to know people they are really normal artisans. That's Indian Joe, he's wants to be the first Native American Arnold Swartzenegger.

Ben points to INDIAN JOE, (wrinkly 50's, bolo tie, Wrangler jeans) far from an action star, sips his drink until he is back slapped by MONSTER JOHN (30's, happy redneck, he slaps backs with the best of them).

SARI

Aww, he reminds me of my grandpa minus his gout foot and neck shingles.

BEN

Ricky Bobby over there is Monster John. When he's not driving a rig for Jaime Presley he's here learnin' and-

SARI

...a spittin' his tabacky?

Suddenly a bunch of well suited BODYGUARDS barrel in making way for ROMAN KANE (barely 40, but looks 30's) We barely see him whisk pass Sari and Ben.

SARI (CONT'D)

Jesus La Yeezus. Is the president in town?

HENRI (40's, Russian) and LIL' TYRONE STUBBS (a balding, 1970's jive talking, gray beard, African-American puppet) rush towards Ben and Sari. Henri and Lil Tyrone are inseparable as Tyrone is the brash voice of his master.

BEN

Hey was that Mr. Roman Kane that just rushed by?

LIL TYRONE STUBBS

(rural southern accent)

Don't know, all honkies look alike to me.

Burgundi comes back with drinks.

LIL TYRONE STUBBS (CONT'D)

Whose this tall drink of Ovaltine?

SARI

Aww. He's so George Jefferson meets *Slingblade* adorable.

BEN

Sari this is Henri.

HENRI

(thick Russian Accent)

Hello

And this is-

LIL TYRONE STUBBS

I don't need you to introduce me, looking like a broke ass Ralph Macchio.

(to SARI)

They call me Ty Stubbs sugah' and if ya need a tingle, I'm single, just call me up and gimme a jingle.

BURGUNDI

(excited)

Does he know any spirituals?

Sari reaches to pat Lil Tyrone's beard. Lil Tyrone slaps her hand.

Everyone is buzzing around with talk of Roman Kane's return.

AT THE SOUND BOOTH

GEEKY KID 1  
(into headset)  
Did I just hear Mr. Roman Kane's here?  
Is he going to perform?

GEEKY KID 2  
I doubt it. You know he needs an hour  
back stage to separate Skittles by  
color to get into character.

BEHIND THE BAR

BARTENDER 1  
Yeah I heard Roman Kane slapped the  
U.P.M. on that new Star trek movie  
because they only had 11 tulips in his  
trailer. Clearly Mr. Kane's rider asks  
for 10.

THE TICKET BOOTH

TICKET GIRL  
(into headset)  
I heard when Roman Kane goes to  
auditions, the casting directors give  
him their headshot and resumes.

TICKET BOY  
I heard he counted to infinity-twice.  
Man I hope he performs.

BACKSTAGE

Lady Catherine slams her headset.

LADY CATHERINE  
Oh no Roman you will not be performing  
tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. ABQ WEST THEATER - LATER

BLACK BOX THEATER

Ben, Burgundi and Sari settle into the packed tiny Black Box Theatre. They can barely see over the BODYGUARDS standing in the second row. Music and lights dim. It's show time.

ON STAGE- A wobbly spotlight finds, PRESCOTT HOLLOWAY (Very round, Very flamboyant) emcee for the evening performance.

PRESCOTT

Hello, Welcome to ABQ West new comers show or as the Village voice called it, (snarky) "an hour of your dying life you'll never be able to get back". Please know tonight is used to introduce newbies to our school so if you are so inclined to sign up for classes do so in the back. And please don't steal the golf pencils we borrowed from Whiskey Dave's Golf-O-Rama they're 99 cents each, okay. With out further ado, ABQ West's comedy team, ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE.

The crowd claps and whistles as ON THE BLACK HAND SIDE (TWO WHITE MEN and TWO WHITE WOMEN) run on stage. Sari and crew find seats.

SARI

(to Burgundi)

No need to call Spike Lee.

BACK ON STAGE - The team hops on stage and quickly finds their positions, then huddle together. They break.

COMIC MAN 1

Ladies and gentlemen we had a very proper show, mostly prepared tonight, but we would be remise if we didn't acknowledge on of my old team members and favorite mentor back home from the set of that Texas Walker Ranger reboot. Clap it up for the one, the only, Roman Kane.

Roman gives a humble wave, until the crowd roars and chants his name.

COMIC MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Roman you know what they want. Let's give it to him.

Under the blinding lights Roman humbly waves the crowd away, but is yanked on stage by the rest of his old comedy team. He whispers something to COMIC MAN 1.

COMIC MAN 1 (CONT'D)

You guys, Roman said he would share the stage only if a new comer shares it with him. Any volunteers?

People all over the tiny theater eagerly stand up, except for Sari, who is busy retrieving a Sour Patch candy stuck between her breast. Roman waves everyone to sit, they all obey, except Sari who celebrates removing that pesky Sour Patch from her underwire.

COMIC MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Well look at this defiant Philly. Come on up here.

Reluctantly, Sari walks up on stage. Roman helps her up.

ROMAN

Hello, I'm Roman Kane.

Maybe it was his crystal blue eyes, chiseled chin or ruggedly handsome good looks, but she is stymied by his charm. She has just experienced love at first site.

COMIC MAN 1

Thanks for joining us, what is your name?

SARI

(Gobbsmacked) Roman Kane, I mean-

The Comedy Team scoots Sari to a huddle side stage.

IN THE HUDDLE

COMIC MAN 1

I was thinking we do the Rumors game and-

ROMAN

I think we should go old school with it. How bout Slide Show?

They nod and agree as if part of a religious cult.

COMIC MAN 1

(Groveling) Yes sir, perfect sir, that was a bad idea.

ROMAN

(to Sari)

Just jump in when you're feeling it.

He takes Sari's hand gently locks her fingers with his and places it on her heart. As they lock eyes, she becomes transfixed by his courage and her anxiety transforms into relentless ambition.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Improv is all positive energy from  
your heart.

As the lights come up Roman Kane becomes Mr. Roman Kane  
improv god, the crowd, his lucky patrons and Sari his  
goddess.

SLIDE SHOW is an improv game that involves the MAIN PLAYERS  
(Roman and Sari) narrating a slide presentation, while THE  
TEAM recreates images that would be the slides to the  
audience.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You guys go to the side, me and the  
newbie will narrate.

All parties oblige.

COMIC MAN 1

(to the audience)

Okay so we're going play a fun round  
of Slide Show. Any suggestions from  
the audience?

AUDIENCE

Jungle Safari with Joan Rivers.

AUDIENCE 2

And Christopher Walken.

Fade Lights Out.

ON STAGE - The team starts the Slide Show bit. Sari and Roman  
spare like both have work with each other for years. After a  
few slides it's no doubt that Sari has found a parking spot  
for her quirky. About five slides into the bit we-

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACK BOX THEATER - SAME NIGHT

SIDE STAGE- WE HEAR "bravos" and "encores" from the crowd, as  
the team trots off stage. Sari is in pure bliss as everyone  
hugs and congrats her.

SARI

My heart hasn't beat this fast since I  
got caught singing Lyrics to N-words  
In Paris at that Black Lives Matter  
Rally.

ROMAN

That was exhilarating. It will be so much fun working with you in class this semester. Your timing, sweet Christmas.

SARI

Class? I'm not enrolled here.

ROMAN

Really I thought we made such a lasting connection up there to bad we won't be seeing each other again.

SARI

Yet! Not enrolled here-yet.

GWEN

(os)

Well you better get in line.

GWENDOLYN OSHI of the *Yo Sushi* Oshi's. The socialite turned runway/catalog model nuzzles under the arm of Roman, while extending her hand that is attached to a huge engagement ring.

SARI

Call Leo, blood diamond at ten o'clock.

GWEN

(english no too good)

Ello. Gwendolyn Oshi. You say you no class? What shame. I no can't class and I him fiancé.

Subtly not being subtle. Suddenly, Roman's BODYGUARDS barrel over Sari and whisks Roman and Gwen away in an instant.

GEEKY KID 1

Did I just hear Roman Kane is back teaching at ABQ?

AT THE SOUND BOOTH

GEEKY KID 2

(Game of Throne accent)

The West still remembers Roman Kane.

AT THE TICKET BOOTH

TICKET GIRL

Check twitter. If he's back and it's true, they'll be a meme.



WE SEE A MEME: Roman in a toga and head wreath with a flower in his mouth looking all Caligula. CAPTION READS: THE ROMAN EMPIRE STRIKES BACK. Classes nearly full.

Lady Catherine growls at her phone.

ACT THREE

INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT - SAME NIGHT

Harold and the guys all checking their phones. Sari paces.

MARV

It's like he's carved from the Greek god of Abercrombie and Fitch.

HAROLD

Cupid hit ya with his arrow huh?

SARI

It's like glitter exploded inside of my heart.

RUBENSTEIN

There was this on girl at Tech Camp her kisses made me tingle, but turns out she just gave me mouth crabs.

SARI

(pacing and turning)

I want love. I want that little house with a fence and a nosey white neighbor who call the cops on my black friends when they visit, but I don't have money. I don't know if I'm over Kevin. He has Gwendolyn who just stepped out the September issue. What do I do? Where do I go?

LUCKY

Go see The Melvin.

MARV

Wait, wait. Maybe we can help, how much does it cost?

SARI

\$475.

RUBENSTEIN

Clutch my invisible pearls.\$475 a semester.

SARI

A month.

ALL THE GUYS  
Go see The Melvin.

INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NEXT NIGHT

The guys and Sari gingerly walk towards The Melvin's Apartment.

HAROLD  
Checklist time. You got your list of  
show tunes, brownies and Spiced Rum.

SARI  
Check, check and arghh captain.

MARV  
Here's a coffee canteen it reminds him  
of that time he was a Green Beret  
P.O.W.

RUBENSTEIN  
Remember no eye contact-

MARV  
Never ask the same question twice-

RUBENSTEIN  
Never eat from the tribute plate  
unless he asks you to taste it first-  
(notice brownies and panics) oh my  
God! There's no doily under the  
brownies, there's no doily under-

LUCKY  
Only sing in the key of E-

HAROLD  
Hey just be yourself- well a less  
weird version of yourself and if  
you're chosen he will give you deep  
insight into the realist desires of  
your heart.

MARV  
He'll open your third eye.

LUCKY  
(left eye twitching)  
Or slap and detach the retina of the  
first and second eye.

As they reach the door Sari turns and steadies herself. She reads instructions on her hand and does the secret, coded knock. She awaits.

SARI

You guys rock for standing with me as  
I embark-

She turns and sees the guys have vanished.

THE MELVIN

(os)

You may enter my sister.

INT. THE MELVIN'S APT - NIGHT

Sari stands still at the side of a bed. An arm stretches toward her, it is the color of over used leather. He motions her closer.

SARI

I have brought you some brownies, a  
pint of rum and coffee. I'm sorry I  
don't have any cream.

THE MELVIN

(os)

Only thing I like integrated is my  
bed. Come, come.

The Melvin pats a spot next to him. WE NEVER SEE The Melvin's full face or body (Think a cooler version of Mr. Wilson from *Home Improvement*), he is not "seen" as much as felt, admired and adorned.

Sari sits next to him.

THE MELVIN (CONT'D)

How am I going to birth a cow that's  
asleep standing up?

Sari lays her head near his shoulder, high enough for us to see The Melvin's face from nose, down to his thin frame, which is swallowed by a black tee. He rubs is over grown salt and pepper beard. If Dick Gregory had an old brother this would be him. His wrinkled hands reach for hers. Clasps them. Rubs them. Holds them to his chest.

THE MELVIN (CONT'D)

Chile, your heart is broken in a  
hun'ed piece and each piece is  
runnin' a thousand directions-

Sari continence turns from uncertainty to the ugliest cry a face can muster. She turns and let's out a bellow into the shoulder of The Melvin. His power is indeed mythical.

INT. HAROLD'S APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

All the guys peek and wince around the corner as they hear the curdling cries.

RUBENSTEIN

She must have sang in C. She must of sang in C.

INT. ABQ WEST THEATER/OFFICE - DAY

Lady Catherine is on the phone and violently bangs her printer in the cramped and over decorated cubical space. She waits, she bangs, pauses and bangs again. The printer surrenders the paper.

LADY CATHERINE

(petty)

I win.

The computer sizzles, sparks and pops. Sari bounces in.

SARI

Hello My Lady-

LADY CATHERINE

If you're here for the Laugh Now Cry Later Soap Extra class it's full. If you're here for the Never Stand Alone Stand in class it's full. And-

SARI

I'm new to all this. So I'm here for the class Roman Kane is teaching.

He shows her the Meme on her phone. Lady Catherine finally looks up and notices it's Sari.

LADY CATHERINE

(smacks gum)

Ohhhh, you're the newbie from the show a couple of nights ago. I hear you two made a connection. Isn't he dreamy?

SARI

He is.

LADY CATHERINE

And handsome?

SARI

And a yummy smell of cognac and suede.

LADY CATHERINE

Look, Lewinski, you can take a look at our class schedule and hop on the wait list with the rest of the Theater Thots. Entry level classes start at \$600.

SARI

But I barely scrapped and squeezed out enough to make the \$475.

LADY CATHERINE

Well I hope you didn't waste your pee on that Japanese business man feet for nothing. Fill this out.

Lady Catherine hands her a brochure and shoos her away.

Waiting Area - Defeated, Sari plops down in the waiting area.

LIL TYRONE STUBBS

(os)

You going to give up that easy White Shadow?

Sari sees the Henri and Lil Tyrone Stubbs

LIL TYRONE STUBBS (CONT'D)

She used to be a really nice woman Fo'...

SARI

Fo' what?

LIL TYRONE STUBBS

No one knows why her and Roman split. Just one day they stopped wearin' rangs, stopped riding together in class and even stopped sharing Netflix passwords.

SARI

Doesn't matter now. I don't have enough money and classes are full. So I don't have a choice.

LIL TYRONE STUBBS

You white and you got a rack that won't quick, YOU always got a choice.

Sari eyes the brochure closer, scribbles her application. She rushes back up to Lady Catherine. Harold and Lil Tyrone follow her.

SARI

(Irish accent)

Oh Lady Catherine. I see we have a bit of a proviso in the pamphlet you gave me. I want to sign up for the diversity program, which lets me get a class for free 99.

LADY CATHERINE

That program is for minorities Becky and Irish is not a minority (reading application) Su-Rye O'Connor.

SARI

But my middle name is O' Lucky. My Daddy is beer blood Irish and my mother is Navajo. Boom.

She slams her Native American Registration Card down.

SARI (CONT'D)

My Official Registration Card of the Navajo Nation.

LIL TYRONE STUBBS

Boom Shaka Laka.

SARI

She shoots and she scores. Kobe!

Lady Catherine clicks in her computers.

LADY CATHERINE

(moves in slo mo)

The diversity program gets you in the school not the class, but looky here. We have 4 spots lef-(looks again) I mean three, oops there goes another, whoop, and laaaaassssttt one. All full. (Deadpan) I win.

LIL TYRONE STUBBS

Damn she petty.

SARI

It's like Petty Labell and Petty Wop had a baby.

TAG

INT. THE MELVIN'S APT - DAY

Sari and The Melvin lay in his bed. She slaps his hand.

SARI

No, no, no. You came in flat. One more  
time on my 5, and a 6, and a 7, and  
a...

SARI (CONT'D)

(singing)

Oh you pretty, Chitty, chitty, Bang,  
Bang/ Chitty, chitty, Bang Bang. What  
we'll do

The Melvin joins in dancing with his arms and singing.

THE MELVIN

Chitty, Chitty, Bang, Bang/ Chitty,  
Chitty, Bang, Bang/ what we'll do/  
Near, far, in our motor car/Oh! What a  
happy time we'll spend./Bang, Bang,  
Chitty, Chitty, Bang, Bang...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW