

UNT. CG/MK PROJECT

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. GYM - FRONT AREA - DAY 1

The morning workout rush is over. VINCE, (30's, a charismatic schemer, you wouldn't be able to tell how little he's accomplished with his life) sits next to his younger brother MATTHEW (as dumb as he is pretty, pure of heart and small of brain) as they play cards at the front desk.

MATTHEW

So I read this interesting business book about how if you assert yourself, you get what you want.

VINCE

Was it a business book or was it a fortune cookie?

MATTHEW

It was a fortune cookie. The original business book.

(then, assertive)

Still, the message hit me like a thunderbolt: to get what I want, I need to demand it.

VINCE

(without looking up)

We're not getting a dog.

MATTHEW

(begging)

Oh c'mon, pleeeeeease. I've been so good.

VINCE

Which I would absolutely take into consideration, were I Santa Claus. We don't have the space for a dog.

Just then, an overweight, EMOTIONAL MAN enters the gym.

EMOTIONAL MAN

Excuse me, can you tell me where I might find Vincent Cook?

MATTHEW

You're looking at him. Well, now you're looking at me. I'm his brother, Matthew. That's Vince. The guy you were *just* looking at.

EMOTIONAL MAN
YOU SLEPT WITH MY WIFE, YOU JERK!

The man pulls a gun from inside his jacket on Vince.

MATTHEW
Oh my god! Please don't kill me.
I've never finished a book!

Vince is scared but keeps his calm under pressure.

VINCE
Hey, hey, sir, please. I assure you
there's been some mistake. What is
your wife's name?

EMOTIONAL MAN
Deborah Kemp.

VINCE
Okay, so there hasn't been a
mistake. But I swear I had no idea
she was married. And it was one
time. And then another time. And
then the last time. That's it.

EMOTIONAL MAN
'That's it?!' Deborah said it was
only once.

Vince coolly approaches the man as if he's a wild animal.

VINCE
Because she was protecting you,
because she loves you. Whereas what
we did was purely physical. Quite
honestly, I felt ashamed of myself
afterwards; I felt used. Because I
knew I could never have her heart.
That belongs to you.
(friendly banter)
And Celine Dion, if her tattoo is
to be trusted. What's that about?

EMOTIONAL MAN
We've seen her over 200 times. I
have a matching one.

VINCE
Ok. So now you gotta ask yourself,
"Why did my wife stray?" "What did
she see in that idiot, Vince?" Was
it his charm? His confidence?

The Emotional Man lowers his gun.

EMOTIONAL MAN

Maybe. I put on a lot of weight
when I lost my job.

(wistful)

I worked at Aldo. I loved it so
much. They let me pick the music.

VINCE

I bet they did. And your wife loved
you for it. So how do we get that
guy back? Don't answer. I know and
I'm going to tell you: You're
already on the path to regaining
your self worth. 'Cause I'm the
owner of the fifth largest gym in
Jackson Heights, Queens. Let me
help you find the man Deborah
married. Join us, brother.

Vince hands him an application. The man takes it.

VINCE (CONT'D)

It's a two year binding agreement.

The Emotional Man raises his gun.

VINCE (CONT'D)

--Or we can do month-to-month!
Because I'm so confident you won't
quit.

EMOTIONAL MAN

I won't. Thank you, Vince.

The man leaves with the paperwork. Vince lets out a HUGE sigh
of relief.

MATTHEW

You know what would have protected
us in that situation...?

VINCE

We're not getting a dog.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. VINCE & MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - VINCE'S BEDROOM - DAY 1 *

Vince stands in front of his dresser, finishing his morning ritual. He looks in the mirror and nods. He looks good and he knows it. He touches the cross on his gold chain and looks up to God. He plucks a hair off his waxed, tan chest. He puts gel in his hair and spritzes body spray in all the important places: neck, feet, and crotch. Before he can finish, the spray bottle runs out. He rummages through some drawers, looking for a new bottle. Instead of body spray, he finds something else. *

It's a framed newspaper article of him from 1997, when he was a teenager. The headline reads: "Jackson Heights Basketball Star Gains National Interest." He looks happy and full of promise in the photo. Vince's face falls and his happy mood is killed. There's a knock at the door. He throws it in the trash as Matthew enters. *

MATTHEW *

Hey, aren't you training someone at seven? *

VINCE *

Yeah. How do I look? *

MATTHEW *

You're like Peter Pan, man. Like you never grew up. *

VINCE *

(depressed) *

Thanks. *

MATTHEW *

You smell awful. *

VINCE *

I know. I ran out of body spray. *

He leaves the room and Matthew follows, giving him a little spray of his own. *

INT. GYM - PERSONAL TRAINER AREA - DAY 1 *

Queen's *Killer Queen* blasts on the speakers. Vince works TIFFANY (a young, hot, gym member) out with kettlebells.

VINCE

You got this, one more and you're done. I lied. One more. Oops, lied again. Ten more. Kidding. Two more. *Three* more and you can come to the party Matthew and I are throwing tonight.

TIFFANY

(on to him)

Uh, don't you have that girlfriend, Britney? *

VINCE

Who? Oh, Britney. No, that's old news. She's not anything.

TIFFANY *

Really? You have "Britney" tattooed on your arm. *

We look down and see "Britney" tattooed on his forearm. *

VINCE *

(fumfering) *

That's for Britney Spears. I relate to her struggle. Everyone wants a piece of her. That's how I feel. *

TIFFANY *

Wow. You're like an onion, Vince, so many layers. Also, you smell a little. I'd love to come to your party. What can I bring? *

VINCE *

(suggestive)

A toothbrush.

She swats at him flirtily. The music abruptly stops.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(yelling, mad)

Hey, who turned off my Queen?!

Vince sees LUBNA (an elegant, middle-aged Saudi woman who says and does whatever the hell she wants) approaching with a look of disdain on her face.

LUBNA

Good morning, Vince Cook. Do you have a moment to talk business? Or are you trying to scam this woman into having intercourse with you?

(MORE)

LUBNA (CONT'D)
 (to Tiffany)
 Don't do it. He'll ruin your life.

VINCE
 How dare you. I've never ruined any
 woman's life.

INT. MANHATTAN ACADEMY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS -
HEADMISTRESS'S OFFICE - DAY 1

Single on PRIYA, a woman whose life Vince has ruined.

Priya, (30's, Indian, weary... it's Mindy, guys) and her son
 MICHAEL (15, half-Indian, gay, an opinionated handful) sit
 across from the headmistress in her office.

MICHAEL
 Can I just say what an honor it is
 to be sitting in the headmistress's
 office at the Manhattan Academy for
 the Performing Arts? I have dreamt
 of this moment ever since my humble
 beginnings in the horrible town I
 was raised.

PRIYA
 It's not that bad. He has a TV in
 his bedroom.

MICHAEL
 But do I have premium cable? No.

PRIYA
 We have it in the TV room. Move
 twenty feet if you want to watch
 STARZ.

Michael looks at the headmistress, "can you believe what I
 have to put up with?"

HEADMISTRESS
 I don't own a TV so I must admit I
 have no take on this. I do
 unfortunately have terrible news.
 Something has happened to Mr.
 Stevenson, the Dean of Admissions,
 who recruited you on his trip to
 Cleveland.

MICHAEL
 Did he finally leave his wife? He
 mentioned wanting to.

HEADMISTRESS

Not exactly, but I'm sure Irene isn't thrilled. He was caught in a sting.

PRIYA

(intrigued)

Really? Like a hand in the cookie jar type sting?

HEADMISTRESS

More like a "Jared from Subway" type sting.

PRIYA/MICHAEL

Oh my god.

HEADMISTRESS

The point is, because he found and admitted you, we cannot know his intentions, and you must re-audition tomorrow for the admissions board.

PRIYA

You don't understand. The only reason I could afford this school is because Mr. Stevenson offered to let Michael board in his home.

MICHAEL

(beside himself)

I have to audition again? I don't have a place to live? Can I live with you?

HEADMISTRESS

No. I don't need a kid staring at me when I drink. Now if you'll excuse me.

The headmistress rises and shows them the door.

INT. GYM - PERSONAL TRAINER AREA - DAY 1

Meanwhile, back at the gym, Lubna and Vince get into it.

LUBNA

The music is too loud! The walls you lazy white people built are too thin. My girls can't concentrate.

VINCE

Is that their biggest complaint?
Not that they're shackled to their
pedicure stations?

LUBNA

INS, FBI, and Homeland Security
found no evidence of human
trafficking! In all three
investigations. No evidence!

VINCE

I know. You put it on your 'Grand
Reopening' banner all three times.

Lubna stares at him.

LUBNA

You know, I pity you. You are a sad
man with an empty life. Like a John
Stamos character. I cannot wait to
buy this place and turn it into a
tasteful Versailles themed tanning
salon. Speaking of, here is my
final offer.

Lubna hands him a manila envelope with a contract inside.
Vince nervously stuffs the envelope in his pocket.

VINCE

Hey, keep your voice down.

LUBNA

Why? Your business is failing and
you're selling to savvier, more
hard-working immigrant. Nothing to
be ashamed of. This is American
way.

VINCE

My business is fine. I just haven't
told Matthew yet. I will.

(off her quizzical look)

I just need a change of scenery.
Florida seems pretty. I mean, from
the movie *Porky's*, anyway.

LUBNA

Again, very sad. You can escape to
Florida, but you cannot escape your
brother. He will need time to
comprehend, because he is not so
smart.

Lubna and Vince look around. Vince waves her off - "yeah, yeah." Lubna exits. Matthew appears at Vince's side.

MATTHEW

What'd Mrs. Megharefteh want?

VINCE

Who? Oh, Lubna? The music wasn't loud enough. She really wants her place to rattle. Crank it.

MATTHEW

On it.

VINCE

Hey, wait. Matthew, my life isn't sad, is it?

MATTHEW

No way! You live with me in a two-bedroom apartment upstairs from our gym! You're like a John Stamos character! How could life get any better? Answer: a dog.

Matthew's "encouragement" only makes Vince more uneasy.

VINCE

We're not getting a dog.

EXT. MANHATTAN ACADEMY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS - DAY 1

Meanwhile, outside Michael's school, Priya and Michael fight.

MICHAEL

I knew you would mess this up. I bet this isn't even about Mr. Stevenson. They don't want us here because we're bumpkins! Did you have to dress like a nurse who takes care of old people?!

PRIYA

I am a nurse that takes care of old people. And do some of my patients give me their clothes when they pass? Yes.

MICHAEL

You are so sad, you're a literal Edward Hopper painting.

PRIYA

You are such a brat! You're so ungrateful.

MICHAEL

Ungrateful?! For your thirty-fifth birthday I performed a one man show about Marilyn Monroe for you, and you fell asleep before she entered into a loveless marriage with Arthur Miller!

PRIYA

For the last time, I don't care about Marilyn Monroe! Or Jackie Kennedy! Or Audrey Hepburn!

He gasps. Just then, two cool kids, a DRACO MALFOY-type and his best friend, an EVIL GIRL, walk by. They stare as Priya and Michael fight. Priya notices and introduces herself.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

Hi kids. I'm Michael's mom. Can I help you?

MICHAEL

(to Priya, whispers)
Don't talk to them, they're popular. They will eat us alive.

PRIYA

Don't be silly. They look like nice kids.

DRACO

Sorry for staring. I just couldn't believe... you're a mother? You look like a child.

PRIYA

Oh, thank you. You're a very nice young man.

EVIL GIRL

Girl, you're like a child bride. So... was it like statch?

DRACO

(to Michael, pity)
And you're the child conceived of statch?

MICHAEL

I was conceived regularly!

PRIYA

What? No!

And with that, they fell for this trap. Evil Girl takes out her phone and snaps a photo of Michael.

MICHAEL

(distressed)

Why are you taking a picture of me?

They walk away, giggling.

PRIYA

They were not as nice as they seemed!

MICHAEL

All is lost. I'm going to have to return to Ohio in disgrace, go back into the closet and marry an ugly girl from my high school and become an over-weight breeder, living a life of quiet desperation.

Priya gets a resolute look on her face. This has gone too far, there is only one last option. Her Hail Mary.

PRIYA

Look. I'm sorry all of this happened. But if you can pass your audition tomorrow, I think I know a place you can live.

Michael lights up - what is this mysterious solution?

INT. GYM - FRONT AREA - LATER

*

Priya and Michael walk into Vince and Matthew's gym.

MICHAEL

Why are we at a gym in Queens? I'm so hungry I don't even have the energy to say, "Yaaas Queens" and enjoy it.

PRIYA

Just wait here. I have to talk to someone. Read a *Men's Health* and don't get too turned on.

(ogging magazine cover)

God damn.

Priya tucks the magazine into her purse and enters the gym leaving Michael behind annoyed.

INT. GYM - PERSONAL TRAINER AREA - DAY 1

Priya wanders back to the personal trainer area on a mission. She looks around not seeing what she wants. Then:

MATTHEW

(brightly)

Priya? Priya Patel? Priya Lakshmi Patel? Oh my god, I haven't seen you since high school.

PRIYA

Wait, Matthew, you remember me?

MATTHEW

Are you kidding? Back in the day you'd steal beer from your dad's bodega for Vince and me. Remember? We'd get so hammered!

PRIYA

While I did your homework and considered myself lucky. Bit of a different time for smart girls then.

MATTHEW

So what happened to you? People say you put on a lot of weight, had a baby, and disappeared. But according to Facebook you're in Ohio with a young, gay roommate.

PRIYA

That's not my roommate, that's my son, Michael. Can I talk to Vince?

INT. GYM - VINCE'S OFFICE - DAY 1

Meanwhile, Michael has wandered into Vince's office. He's rifling through drawers, scavenging for a snack. The manila envelope Lubna gave Vince with her contract falls to the ground. The contract slips out and he glances at it. He puts it back. Just then, Vince walks into the office.

VINCE

Hey! Who are you?

MICHAEL

Do you want my real name or my stage name?

VINCE
Your real name.

MICHAEL
(dramatic)
Miguel Blanchett Almovodar.

VINCE
Your real name.

MICHAEL
(annoyed)
Michael Patel.

Vince marches over to him and slams the drawers shut.

VINCE
Okay, well, Michael Patel. I'm
calling the cops. You can't steal
from me.

MICHAEL
(horrified)
Steal?! I would never steal! I was
simply looking for something to
eat, not unlike Jean Valjean and
his loaf of bread in *Les*
Miserables.

VINCE
I've never read it.

MICHAEL
It's not a book, it's a musical.
And a movie. And what could I even
steal from here? MRSA? This place
should be condemned.

VINCE
(defensive)
This is a bare bones training gym,
that's the aesthetic. It's more
about strength training, not cardio
and glamour muscles.

MICHAEL
Strength training? You're not that
ripped.

VINCE
I'm a subtle ripped!

Vince crosses over to the phone on his desk to call the cops.

Vince (CONT'D)
 I hope you like juvie, 'cause
 that's where you're headed. And you
 know what they do to the
 shoplifters in juvie?

MICHAEL
 Not that much?

VINCE
 It was a bad example!

MICHAEL
 Jokes on you, 'cause I bet I'd love
 juvie. It's probably way better
 than my stupid public school in
 Cleveland.

A light bulb goes off.

VINCE
 ...Cleveland? What'd you say your
 last name was?

PRIYA (O.S.)
 Patel.

We reveal Priya and Matthew in the doorway.

MATTHEW
 That kid is my son!

MICHAEL
 Whoa. You're my father?! You're so
 hot.
 (then, quiet excitement)
 That means I'm hot.

MATTHEW
 Oh. No! Sorry. I mean that kid is
your son, Vince!

Michael, disappointed:

MICHAEL
 Oh.

But not as shocked as Vince.

VINCE
 Oh.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. GYM - ESTABLISHING - DAY 1

We pan up from the gym to Vince and Matthew's apartment above.

PRIYA (O.S.)
When I got pregnant, I had a full
ride scholarship to Ohio State...

INT. VINCE & MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - TV AREA - CONTINUOUS

Inside the apartment, we see everyone has had a moment to cool down. Matthew has made Michael a snack. Priya and Vince explain their backstory gently and maturely to Michael.

PRIYA
...Vince wasn't going to college--

VINCE
(defensive)
--I was but I lost my scholarship.
It was political.

PRIYA
He smoked a joint at a gas station
and caused an explosion. Which is
just one of the reasons we decided
it was best not to tell you.

VINCE
The other reasons were bigger.
Financial... locational...

PRIYA
But, like the explosion, they
mostly hinged on your father's
arrogance and/or stupidity.

VINCE
Still, you understand why we
wouldn't tell you, right, kid?

MICHAEL
(calm)
Sure. All good. Just one tiny thing-
(flipping out)
Are you out of your freaking
minds?! Who would come up with such
a stupid plan? It sucks!
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Priya)

You're a liar!

(to Vince)

You're a deadbeat Dad! Neither of you have any style! The only person I like is my uncle.

MATTHEW

Thank you. Only, I cannot enjoy your compliment as I too am reeling from this life of deception.

VINCE

(bandwagoning)

Hey, I hear you. Deciding not to tell anyone was your mom's idea.

PRIYA

Do you want to tell him what *your* idea was?

The implication is clear. Michael and Matthew look horrified.

MATTHEW

(to Vince)

Boarding school? Who are you?

VINCE

Priya, now's just not a good time for this. Work is crazy. We're...

(searching)

...about to get a dog.

MATTHEW

What.

PRIYA

A dog? Are you kidding me? I've worked my ass off for 15 years and now it's time for you to step up and raise your son while he attends Gay Hogwarts.

MICHAEL

It's not okay for you to call it that.

PRIYA

Oh but you can beep like a truck is backing up when I wear yoga pants?! I raised you by myself and it was the hardest time of my life, but it was all worth it because you were the sweetest little boy.

(MORE)

PRIYA (CONT'D)

Now you're an ungrateful teenage monster and I need a break. And this will be good for you. I think. Anyway, this is what we're doing.

VINCE

Priya, please, this is ridiculous. It's not safe. I... I...

(fumfering, desperate)

I don't know his allergies. What if he touches a strawberry and dies?

PRIYA

You know what, I'm done. Matthew, I don't know about Vince, but I feel very safe leaving Michael here with you.

MATTHEW

Thank you. I love children. I had to repeat so many grades that I find I prefer their company.

PRIYA

So here's what's gonna happen: I'm driving back to Ohio because I don't have any more vacation days, because I used them all taking this one to Dollywood. He's living here and going to his fancy school because he's wanted this ever since he was a little boy. And yes, this isn't ideal, but I'm not going to be responsible for my son's broken dreams. I already have to deal with mine. I was supposed to be 5'8" and married to Sanjay Gupta. Goodbye!

Priya leaves. Vince and Michael are stunned.

MICHAEL

Oh my god, I'm a prisoner here. My only crime?--

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

--Wanting a better life.

VINCE

--Thinking a 50-year-old music teacher you met online just wanted to be friends.

MATTHEW

(beaming)

We're a family!

INT. VINCE & MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - NIGHT 1

Matthew and Vince set the table for dinner while Michael watches TV on the sofa a little further away. Vince hangs up his cell, annoyed.

MATTHEW

Priya still won't pick up?
(happy)
Guess he's living with us forever.

Vince throws him a look: "drop it." Matthew sighs.

VINCE

I'll keep trying after dinner. Hey, kid. It's dinner time.

MICHAEL

How can I be thinking about food
when I don't even know what I'm
playing for my audition tomorrow?
Brahms? Chopin? Liszt?

*
*
*
*

MATTHEW

(supportive)
Yeah, one more and it is a list.
You're doing great.

*
*
*
*

Michael wanders over to the table, a little impressed.

*

MICHAEL

You cooked this? Or are you doing
that thing where you bought it and
you put it on plates to look like
you cooked it?

VINCE

No, I'm not trying to date you. We
cooked this.
(off his surprised face)
Have you never had a home cooked
meal before?

MICHAEL

Mom works a lot, so we eat take-out
every night.

VINCE

You eat fast food every night? And
I'm the deadbeat?! Your mom is a
bad mom.

MICHAEL

My mother is an angel. You robbed her of her youth and left her for dead, like Fantine in *Les Mis*. So I had to be raised by the ghoul she had become.

Matthew and Vince sit at the table while Michael takes his to the TV area and plops down.

MATTHEW

What are you doing?

MICHAEL

What I do every night: eat dinner while watching *RuPaul's Drag Race*.

VINCE

Hey, we got some rules in this house. We don't eat in front of the TV unless they're re-running the episode of *The Price is Right* that Matthew is on...

Michael stands, a bit put out, walks back to the table.

MATTHEW

I'd like to start with a prayer.

Vince and Michael look at Matthew: this is weird.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Dear God, thank you for the meal you have put before us and for my family. It's nice that a grown man, his adult brother, and their biracial nephew slash son can sit together and eat a meal of low glycemic carbs and salmon. Just as you intended. Amen.

As rambling as it was, it was nice. They start to eat.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And now a toast-

VINCE

No.

INT. VINCE & MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - LATER

We see a short passage of time. After some eating in silence:

MATTHEW

So, Michael, how was your day?

MICHAEL

My day? It was bad. My dreams were shattered and I learned my father isn't Bradley Cooper from *American Sniper*.

Vince winces at this and Matthew notices.

MATTHEW

Hey dude, Bradley Cooper's literal garbage compared to your dad.

VINCE

I don't know. I feel like he's pretty universally beloved.

MATTHEW

No. Was Bradley Cooper the star basketball player of his high school?

VINCE

Probably.

MICHAEL

Really? You played basketball? You're not very tall or black.

MATTHEW

I know. He made up for it in sheer hustle. He was All-American. He knew Stephon Marbury.

Michael is a little impressed. He summons up some courage:

MICHAEL

Since you're both jocks, I feel compelled to reveal something to you:

(deep breath)

I'm gay. And I know you must consider that a disgrace.

Vince and Matthew look at each other, amused.

VINCE

Okay, first of all, it's not very difficult to tell that you're gay.

MATTHEW

(enlightened)

I could tell from the way you talked.

VINCE

Also, you think we have a problem with gay people? We own a gym. Half the NBA is gay. I'm fine with it. In fact, our dream is for our gym to become a gay gym. Women and straight guys are filthy.

Michael is impressed and tries to hide his surprise. The doorbell rings. Vince suddenly remembers Tiffany.

MATTHEW

Dammit! Just when we were confessing stuff.

(solemn)

Many women find my penis too big.

VINCE

Shoot. It's just some girl at the gym who's obsessed with me.

Vince gets up and walks to the door.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Hey Tiffany, it's not gonna work tonight—

It's BRITNEY, Vince's on-again, off-again girlfriend. She's the definition of hot and crazy. And wielding a large knife.

BRITNEY

Why the hell did Tiffany Caggiola say she had a date with you tonight?

VINCE

Oh, hi Britney. Great to see you.

(to Michael)

Britney is an old... colleague from school.

BRITNEY

Colleague? I'm your soul mate.

(to Matthew and Michael)

We started dating when I was thirteen and he was a senior in high school. He explained 9/11 to me. I explained *Lemonade* to him.

(MORE)

BRITNEY (CONT'D)
But now it's over. Because tonight
we're both going to die.

MICHAEL
(to Matthew)
I love her. She's fabulous.

VINCE
(musing, under his breath)
Wow. Two people tried to kill me
today, and not one of them was my
forgotten son.
(then, taking the knife
away)
Britney, sweetheart. You gotta ask
yourself: "Why? Why would my
boyfriend stray?"

Britney slaps him.

BRITNEY
Don't you dare try to trick me with
your genius mind games! This is how
he got me to pleasure him during
Fantastic Four!

VINCE
Oh, because the movie made so much
sense.

MATTHEW
Stop! Don't humiliate a man in
front of his own son!

BRITNEY
(gasping)
Matthew's your son? I knew it. You
look so much older than him.

VINCE
No. The other one.
(then)
Guys, can you go upstairs? I need a
minute to talk to Britney.

INT. VINCE & MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - MATTHEW'S ROOM - NIGHT 1

Upstairs, Matthew shows Michael his bedroom.

MATTHEW
And here we are. My room. This is
where the magic happens.
(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Because Vince won't let me use my magic set in the living room.

MICHAEL

Oh, I'll be sleeping with you?
(then, mortified)
I mean, sleeping in you. In the same room as you. Not sleeping with you--

MATTHEW

Yeah, dude, we're roomies. Which is so much better than a dog. I won't have to wash you, for instance.

MICHAEL

(laughing too hard)
Yeah, that would be crazy.

Matthew changes out of his gym uniform. Michael can't help but stare.

MATTHEW

This is going to be the best. Each night falling asleep, telling stories. Walking you to the bus. Yelling at your teachers when they give you a bad grade: "C+ in English? I give you a B+ in about to get your ass kicked!"

MICHAEL

(warming)
Are you serious? You don't think I'm a burden?

MATTHEW

A burden? More like 'A bird in hand is better than two in the bush.'
Holy crap I'm smarter around you.

MICHAEL

Do you think Vince - It's Vince right? - Do you think Vince will be okay with me staying?

MATTHEW

Listen, I practically know him like a brother. He's prideful but there's a lot of good inside him. He's the only person who never called me dumb. Not even when I get my hand stuck in the pickle jar.

MICHAEL
Does that happen a lot?

MATTHEW
Not a lot. But enough.

MICHAEL
I always wondered who my father
was. I'm glad inside he's nice.

MATTHEW
(vulnerable)
Did you ever wonder who your uncle
was?

MICHAEL
Not once. Which makes meeting you
all the better.

Matthew hugs Michael, who's warmed to the idea of living here.

INT. VINCE & MATTHEW'S APARTMENT - TV AREA - NIGHT 1

Back downstairs, Britney and Vince continue to fight.

BRITNEY
I lost my virginity to you. I took
care of you after your Lasik
surgery. I have asked to live with
you for years and you always say,
"Britney, babe, there's no room!"
"There's only so much space on the
DVR!" "The landlord said, "no one
under thirty!""-

Michael and Matthew walk down the stairs.

VINCE
He's not moving in! I'm putting him
on a bus in the morning. You're my
everything, baby. I haven't thought
about this kid a day in my life.

Michael and Matthew stop on the landing. It hits Michael like a ton of bricks. Just then, Vince sees Matthew and Michael.

MICHAEL
You know what? I was actually
beginning to think you were okay.
Sure, you're a basic Jabroni who
dresses like a date rapist.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That I could look past. But I was wrong. You're a bad person.

VINCE

I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. And I think you're being unfair about my clothes. But Michael, this was never going to work.

Michael heads to the door.

MICHAEL

I agree. And why would a stylish gay teenager choose to live here? It's embarrassing. I'm going.

(then, spiteful)

But before I go, you should probably tell them your plans to sell the gym. Yeah! I saw the contract on your desk. Also, there was a joint in there, which I'm keeping... For my eighteenth birthday!

Britney gasps.

MATTHEW

Is that true?

VINCE

(ashamed)

Yes.

BRITNEY

You selfish son of a bitch.

MICHAEL

Welp, I'm just going to hitchhike back to Cleveland. I'll probably die along the way. Accidentally run over by a trucker admiring my long, elegant thumbs!

He runs out.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS STREET - MORNING 2

Matthew and Vince are exhausted from searching all night.

MATTHEW
(calling out)
Michael! Michael Patel!

Two older INDIAN MEN turn and look.

	MAN 1	MAN 2
Yes?		Yes, I am Michael Patel.

MATTHEW
No. Not you. Or wait... No.

VINCE
So he's not at the Port Authority
or The Sports Authority. Still not
sure why you made us look there.

MATTHEW
(defensive, angry)
Because if my persona was 'musical
theater guy' and I didn't want to
be found, that's where I'd hide!

VINCE
Hey, I know you're mad at me but--

MATTHEW
Mad doesn't even begin to describe
how I feel. I. Am. Angry. You're
selling the gym and abandoning me?
How even was I gonna make money?
Modelling? Boyfriend Experience?

VINCE
I'm not abandoning you!

MATTHEW
Then what do you call it?

VINCE
Running away from responsibility. I
don't get why you're surprised by
this.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

All I ever do is disappoint people:
Mom and Dad, my coaches, you. In
the six hours I knew my son, he
went from a promising musician to a
homeless *Rent* character!

Vince's phone rings. It's Priya. Oh no.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(to Matthew)

It's Priya. What do I do?

MATTHEW

Oh! I know! Give me the phone.

(into phone, calm)

Hey Priya, it's Matthew. What's
that? You want to talk to Vince?
Okay.

He hands the phone to Vince. He grimaces frustrated and
plasters on a calm smile.

VINCE

Priya. What up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PRIYA'S TRUCK

Priya drives back to Ohio.

PRIYA

Vince, hi. I wanted to apologize
for last night. Between Michael
leaving home and seeing you and the
old neighborhood, I freaked out.

VINCE

It's cool. I forgive you. Gotta go.

PRIYA

No, I'm not apologizing to you;
you're a dick. I'm apologizing to
Michael, put him on. He's not
answering his phone.

VINCE

Oh, uh, he can't talk right now.
He's practicing piano.

Matthew starts making piano music sounds with his mouth.

PRIYA
Practicing? Oh good.

Vince mouths to Matthew, "she bought it." They're pumped.

PRIYA (CONT'D)
His audition's in an hour.

VINCE
Audition?

PRIYA
To get back into the school. You remembered, right?

VINCE
(nope)
Yup. Yup. He's already in the car.

PRIYA
I thought he was practicing?

VINCE
...I had a piano put in the car.
Bye.
(to Matthew)
We have to find Michael now.

MATTHEW
There's another Sports Authority in the Bronx.

INT. LUBNA'S SALON - SOON AFTER

Matthew hangs a poorly designed "Missing Cousin" flyer with a drawing of what he thinks Michael looks like (a lot of brown crayon). Lubna is there.

LUBNA
You don't have a photo of him?

MATTHEW
Are you kidding? I took fifty of them while he wasn't looking. They're all blurry. This captures his essence.

VINCE
Wait. Stop. Do you hear crying?

MATTHEW
That's just my heart. Ignore it.

We do indeed hear crying. It's faint - coming through the paper-thin walls.

LUBNA

I know what my girls' crying sounds like. That's coming from your gym.

Vince takes a deep breath and nods. He knows he must do this.

INT. GYM - PERSONAL TRAINER AREA - DAY 2

Next door, Vince finds Michael.

VINCE

Hey. Did you spend the night here?

MICHAEL

I tried to run away but I don't have any money and I'm not hot enough to pay with my looks. Thanks for that, by the way.

VINCE

Look, I know you're mad, but your audition is in ten minutes and we have to go.

MICHAEL

No.

VINCE

What do you mean, "no"? It's all you've ever wanted.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, now I think it's stupid and I hate it.

VINCE

What's your problem?

MICHAEL

(incredulous)

What's my problem? My problem is my father took one look at me and decided he didn't want me around for *the rest of my life*. What's an admissions committee gonna think?

Vince doesn't know what to say.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Why did you abandon me?

VINCE

Abandon means I had to be involved
in your life at some point.

MICHAEL

Are you trying to get out of this
on a technicality? What is wrong
with you?

VINCE

(wincing)

Fine! I suck and you hate me. But I
promised your mother I would take
you to this audition, so let's go,
and you never have to see me ever
again.

MICHAEL

What's the point? I don't fit in
there. It's not for poor kids with
Android phones like me. I'm not
going.

VINCE

Hey, listen. If you don't go,
that's the same as quitting. And
it's hard to stop quitting once you
start.

Michael starts a bratty slow-clap.

MICHAEL

Wow, that was amazing. You should
embroider that on a pillow. I'm not
going.

VINCE

'K. Didn't want to have to do this.

Vince approaches Michael, and in one swift move, picks him up
and throws him over his shoulder. Michael starts screaming.

MICHAEL

Put me down! Help! Help! I'm
being kidnapped!

VINCE (CONT'D)

Stop screaming or I'll put a
gym towel in your mouth!

INT. MANHATTAN ACADEMY FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS - AUDITORIUM -
DAY 2

In the school auditorium, Vince walks onto the stage with
Michael over his shoulder.

Everyone turns and looks, including the ADMISSIONS COMMITTEE (led by the new Headmistress), Draco Malfoy, and Evil Girl.

VINCE

Excuse us. I have a contestant, or whatever, here to audition.

HEADMISTRESS

Sir, auditions ended 30 minutes ago and now we're eating our salads.

VINCE

Please, it's my fault he's late.

As Vince talks, sentimental music swells.

VINCE (CONT'D)

15 years late. See, his mom and I--

HEADMISTRESS

No, no time for stories. Don't care. Just play.

The sentimental music stops. Vince drops Michael in front of a piano illuminated by spotlight, *A Chorus Line* style.

MICHAEL

(whispering to Vince)

I can't do this. I don't even know what I'm going to play.

*
*
*

VINCE

You can do this. Just play something from the heart. Or I'll kick your ass.

*
*
*
*

(Showman to committee)

And now, put your hands together for Cleveland's own... Miguel Blanchett Almovodar.

Draco and Evil Girl look at each other, impressed. Vince applauds as he walks off stage. The admissions committee remains solemn. Michael sits there, thinking. Frozen. We think Michael's not going to play but finally:

MICHAEL

Okay, I'm going to perform my favorite song, written and performed by an artist I really identify with. He's actually another openly gay man who happens to be Indian.

Michael starts singing and playing, *We Are the Champions* by Queen, Vince's favorite band that he defended in Act One.

VINCE

Freddie Mercury was gay? Yeah, I
can see that. How did I not see
that?

Michael performs beautifully. Vince is blown away and sees why Michael needs to stay in New York and go to this school. It's a profound moment. Moved, he whispers to another PARENT:

VINCE (CONT'D)

I guess we have a lot in common
after all. Athletes and gay guys
both love Queen. It's not much. But
it's a start, right?

The parent is annoyed and scoots away from him. Michael finishes. The committee begins applauding, very moved. It's clear he passed the audition and there is a spot for him. Vince is happier than we have ever seen him. He stands.

VINCE (CONT'D)

DYAAAM BOY!!

INT. VINCE'S CAR - LATER

Michael and Vince sit in the car in a comfortable silence. Vince glances over to Michael.

VINCE

To answer your question. Of why I
didn't come for you. It's
because... my life kind of sucks. I
didn't want you to have to see
that. In your mind I would just be
some mysterious cowboy who knocked
up your mom and split. And you
could hate me, curse me... but at
least you wouldn't pity me.

There is a long beat as Michael takes this in.

MICHAEL

My life sucks too. More than yours.

VINCE

C'mon, kid. As of yesterday, my best case life scenario was: sell my gym, move to the Florida Panhandle and drink tequila until my body washed up in the Everglades.

MICHAEL

(not missing a beat)
We lived next to Ariel Castro and my mom is the least fashionable person in the world.

Vince laughs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Did you ever think that maybe selling the gym is your version of... quitting?

VINCE

It's nothing like that. It's more "running away from my problems," which is totally different.

(then, off Michael's look)

Fine. It's exactly the same.

(sighing)

I won't sell it.

MICHAEL

Good. Now make it cooler with like a barre class or something.

They ride for a bit.

VINCE

And if you need a place to live when you go to school... Matthew and I... it's not fancy or anything...

(then)

It could maybe be not terrible if you lived with us.

Michael sweetly nods "yes." Vince smiles and they keep driving.

INT. GYM - FRONT AREA - DAY 3

The following day, Matthew and Vince play cards, as they always do. Just then, Vince's phone buzzes.

He has 5 missed calls from Britney and a text of a knife emoji. Vince shudders. Then the phone rings. Vince sighs.

VINCE

This is going to be Britney again.
I may actually have to move to
Florida.

MATTHEW

No dude. It's from the "212."
(then, nervous)
It's Melania! Don found out!

Vince answers wincing.

VINCE

('hello' in Slovenian)
Zdrazo?

HEADMISTRESS

(excited)
Vincent, it's Headmistress Gurley.
It turns out a rich family in
Gramercy is intrigued by Michael
and wants to take him in. It's kind
of a *Juno* situation. May I have
them contact you?

VINCE

That's okay. Mike's living with me.

Michael enters pissy - the way he was with Priya up top.

MICHAEL

It's *Michael*. 'Mike' is the guy who
fixes your toilet. And he's going
to be busy because I'm about to
flush everything I own. Did you not
hear me tell you to iron my shirts
last night? I can't risk burning my
fingers. But I guess I have to if I
don't want to look like a damn
bumpkin on my first day of school.

Michael storms out.

MATTHEW

(happy)
Wow, it's nice he feels so
comfortable with us already.

Vince takes this in. Being a dad is going to be hard. Then:

VINCE
Maybe email me that Gramercy info
just in case.

Off Vince...

END OF PILOT