

U N T I T L E D M E H A R S E T H I P R O J E C T

pilot

written by

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INT. KOYOTE & KRYSTAL'S APARTMENT - DAY

A cluttered kitchenette. KRYSTAL (26, white woman, big heart, big hair) is packing a lunchbox. Her daughter KITTY (3, girl, child) is dipping apple slices in chocolate sauce.

KRYSTAL
Kitty, what do you want for your snack? Gushers or Go-Gurt?

But Kitty's just staring at the camera.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)
Baby, you have to pretend those people aren't there.
(kneels next to Kitty)
Hey, mommy's going to work, so guess who's watching you today?
(over-pronounced Spanish)
Your... ABUELA.
(explains to camera)
We're raising her bi-racial.

KITTY
Who?

KRYSTAL
ABUELA is hispanic for grandm--

KITTY
GRANDMA?! GRANDMA GRANDMA!

Kitty climbs on a MILK CRATE OF RECORDS, hopping up and down.

KOYOTE
Kitty! Mija, don't climb on my records. Those are daddy's work.

KOYOTE (28, hispanic man, imperious petulant charming handsome DJ, our main guy) rushes in and lifts Kitty off the milk crate. He bounces her on his shoulders while he talks to Krystal.

KOYOTE (CONT'D)
She's so hyper. You think we're giving her too much fruit?

KRYSTAL
Maybe. Is she too young to do a cleanse? What's the age limit? +

We hear a CAR HONKING. Koyote sets Kitty down.

KOYOTE
That's the guys. Okay Kitty, before I go, tell the cameras...
(prompting her)
(MORE)

KOYOTE (CONT'D)

Who throws the baddest parties in
the land?

(off Kitty's blank smile)

Mija, remember what daddy taught
you? Do the thing with your hands.

Kitty flips the camera two middle fingers.

KITTY

SCREAMIN' 1-8-7 ON A M*****F*****
COP!

KRYSTAL

No baby, say WHET DESERT.

Krystal helps Kitty make a W SIGN with her hand. Kitty squirms.

KOYOTE

(to camera)

Normally she just does it.

TALKING HEAD: KOYOTE

A parking lot on the outskirts of Las Vegas. Koyote leans against
a wall, holding up an awkward W HAND-SIGN (thumb touching index).

KOYOTE

What is Whet Desert? We're party
promoters. A DJ crew. A family. A
philosophy. A brand, a hashtag, a
state of mind. A sticker.

(holds up a Whet Desert
sticker)

What do we do? We make music. We
play music. We throw the hottest
dance parties in all of North Las
Vegas. And our influence stretches
as far as the eye can see.

He gestures behind him at the vast, empty desert.

TALKING HEAD: KRYSTAL & KITTY

Krystal shops in the blindingly bright cosmetics aisle of a CVS.
In the BG, Kitty plays precariously with a pointy eyeliner pencil,
repeatedly averting disaster (a la *Boyhood*).

KRYSTAL

I mean, of course it's amazing to
live with the most famous trap DJ
in North Vegas. But to me, Koyote
is more than a celebrity. He's a
boyfriend. And a father.

+

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

How did you two meet?

KRYSTAL

It was actually incredibly romantic. We met on Tinder, and it only took him one try to get me pregnant. It was like a fairy tale.

TALKING HEAD: KOYOTE

Koyote chuckles, reminiscing.

KOYOTE

Yeah, back then Tinder would let you swipe right as many times as you wanted. I would just swipe right all day long. It was just a numbers game. It was insane.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A CHEVY TAHOE drives through the hot flat taupe urban sprawl. In the distance, the towers of the Las Vegas Strip.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE - SAME

Koyote rides shotgun. His sidekick BEATS (*28, white man, upbeat and innocent*) is in the back. DECOY (*26, black woman, cerebral, constantly vaping*) is driving. They're showing us around. +

KOYOTE

This here's my hometown. A lot's changed around here over the years. Like, see that Target?

Koyote points at a Target in a gargantuan shopping center.

KOYOTE (CONT'D)

Back in the day, that was a Best Buy. The world is always shifting and changing, y'know? As DJs, it's our job to keep up.

BEATS

Yeah! We play you music you didn't even know you liked until we told you to like it and then BAM you're dancing. Told you so!

DECOY

A good set can help people just... let go for a minute. It's magic. +

BEATS

Abracadabra, motherfucker. +

Koyote points at a passing BILLBOARD for HAKKASAN NIGHTCLUB. +

KOYOTE

You never get that kinda magic at
the big clubs in Las Vegas.

+

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Aren't we in Las Vegas?

KOYOTE

Do your homework, guey. We're in
NORTH Las Vegas. Different city.

+

NOTE: GUEY is pronounced WAY. It means dude.

BEATS

We have our own mayor!

KOYOTE

The Strip is where you go if you
want to drop a grand to get sprayed
with champagne. But if you actually
care about the MUSIC? If you know
what's up? You party with us.

BEATS

Plus we only cost ten bucks.

DECOY

The real scene's always been
underground. It was the same thing
with punk, hip hop, jazz.

KOYOTE

Right! And if anyone gets it, it's
Decoy. She's from Detroit.

DECOY

I'm actually from Grosse Point--

KOYOTE

The real scene is underground. And
who throws the hottest underground
parties in all of North Vegas?

(long pause, then)

Beats! You're supposed to--

BEATS

WHET DESERT, get 'em up!

They all make W hand-signs. Beats looks at his hand.

BEATS (CONT'D)

It's a W, not a three.

KOYOTE

No one thinks it's a three!

TITLES: PEOPLE JUST DO NOTHING

EXT. HOUSING TRACT - DAY

The Chevy pulls up to the curb in an abandoned housing tract. Un- +
finished homes, shuttered windows. Koyote, Beats and Decoy exit +
the car, reacting to the heat. They lead us down the street. +

KOYOTE

Boys and girls, we've arrived at +
the mansion. Home of Whet Desert. +

BEATS

WELCOME TO THE WHET COAST!

Koyote points to a GAUDY, HALF-CONSTRUCTED MCMANSION. They head +
down the driveway where BRODY (23, *drug-addled skater, long blonde* +
hair) sits in a folding chair in the baking sun. He waves dumbly. +

BEATS (CONT'D)

Brody, what are you doing? We told +
you not to just sit out here. +

BRODY

I was excited. +

BEATS

Dude, when was the last time you +
drank water? +

BRODY

I don't like the taste of water. +
It's too slippery. +

Brody begrudgingly accepts a Nalgene from Beats and drinks. +

KOYOTE

Brody here is like our intern. He +
DJs the eleven to eleven-thirty +
set. In exchange, he cleans up, +
mans the door, that kinda thing. +

BRODY

You got the password? ...Just +
joshing around. I know you already. +

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Do you always require a password? +

DECOY

Yes, or a guest list. It's an image +
thing. Kids want to feel like +
they're in on a secret. +

KOYOTE

That's how you know you're
somewhere cool. If it's easy to get
in, it's not a good party.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

What happens if someone doesn't
have the password?

BRODY

...I let them in.

INT. MANSION - DAY

We enter the unfinished mansion. There's a NEON WHEAT DESERT sign,
a make-shift bar, some tables and chairs. It looks somewhere
between a shitty night club and a fraternity basement.

KOYOTE

Beats, Decoy! Get up here. Let's
show 'em how it works.

BRODY

What about me?

KOYOTE

Nah you stay down there and keep
learning.

Koyote hops onto a raised landing which is set up as a DJ BOOTH.
It faces a sunken living room that serves as the DANCE FLOOR.
Beats and Decoy place records on turntables and do DJ stuff.

KOYOTE (CONT'D)

See that? We only spin vinyl.

BEATS

Unless we can't find stuff on
vinyl. Then we use Decoy's
computer.

KOYOTE

But she's got a Dell, which is the
vinyl of computers. Check it out--
(painting a picture)
It's four AM. You've been waiting
for Koyote all night. Where am I?
Where is he? The suspense is CRAZY!
Finally, I emerge through the smoke
and lasers-- Beats, get the lasers.

+

BEATS

I think they're on.

Beats points to PARTY LIGHTS and a FOG MACHINE, their output
barely visible.

KOYOTE

(to cameras)

They're better at night. Then I get
on the decks and-- Decoy, gimme
that Hardwell record.

+
+

DECOY

...Hardwell?

+
+

KOYOTE

It's just the first record I saw.

+
+

DECOY

Okay. But c'mon.

+
+

KOYOTE

Fine. Just hand me something else.

+
+

Decoy flips through Koyote's milk crate of records, judging him.

+
+

DECOY

This is like a time machine to
2015. Calvin Harris?

+
+

Embarrassed, Koyote snatches away his records.

+
+

KOYOTE

It doesn't matter! Just... turn on
the mic.

+
+

Koyote puts on MUSIC and grabs the MIC. Decoy flips a switch. Now
the mic HEAVILY DISTORTS KOYOTE'S VOICE. He turns to camera:

+
+

KOYOTE (CONT'D)

Sounds cool, right? So then I turn
to the crowd, and I go--

+
+

(turns, dramatic)

North Vegas, it ain't Monday, it
ain't Sunday. What time is it?

It's WHET FUCKIN WHEDNESDAY!

+
+

Koyote flips a switch. THE BEAT DROPS, THE MUSIC GETS CRAZY.
Koyote HOPS UP AND DOWN, hands in the air, unabashed energy.

KOYOTE (CONT'D)

So get your asses UP UP UP. GET EM
UP GET EM UP GET EM UP!

(to Brody)

Brody, go dance so they get the
full effect.

BRODY

Dude! Thanks for the opportunity.

Brody runs onto the dance floor. As he reaches it, he SLIPS AND
FALLS HARD on his face.

BEATS/DECOY
WHOA!/You okay?

The MUSIC CUTS OUT. Decoy, Beats and Koyote rush to help Brody up, nearly slipping themselves because the DANCE FLOOR IS FLOODED WITH WATER. Brody's nose is bleeding.

DECOY
Brody, you're bleeding!

BRODY
All good! I don't mind the taste.

BEATS
Dude! Look at the floor. It looks like shredded wheat.

The FLOOR-BOARDS HAVE BUCKLED AND CURLED UPWARD from the moisture.

DECOY
It must've been flooded like this for a week. +

KOYOTE
Where did all this water come from?

They follow the water into an ATTACHED KITCHEN where a STREAM OF WATER comes from the dishwasher. Beats opens it, revealing a half-melted Burger King MASCOT HEAD. It's destroyed the dishwasher. +

KOYOTE (CONT'D)
What the hell is that? Is that the Burger King? +

BRODY
I found it in a dumpster. I was gonna wear it during my set. Then after, I was gonna take it off and surprise you guys like, GUYS IT WAS ME! I'VE BEEN DJ BK THE WHOLE TIME! I was gonna call myself DJ BK. ...I can't remember how come. +

BEATS
What's this about? +

Beats yanks a mangled T-shirt from the dishwasher. +

BRODY
I figured I might as well do a full load... +

KOYOTE
Goddamnit. You know how many people are coming to the party tonight? +

He takes out his phone, looking at the Whet Desert INSTA FEED. +

KOYOTE (CONT'D) +
Holdup, we got a like from Sara +
Greene. She must be coming tonight! +

BRODY +
Who? +

KOYOTE +
Sara Greene! The booker at MGM. +

DECOY +
She's the booker's assistant... +

KOYOTE +
Yeah. She could get our foot in the +
door with the guy who could get our +
foot in the door at real clubs. +

BEATS +
Maybe we shouldn't let her see the +
place like this? Should we cancel? +

KOYOTE +
No way. What's our number one rule? +

BEATS +
NO DUBSTEP!

KOYOTE +
No, that's our number one policy. +
What's our number one RULE?

BRODY +
Honesty?

Koyote SIGHS.

TALKING HEAD: KOYOTE & BEATS

Koyote and Beats wear pastel uniforms, working a TOWEL GAZEBO AT A +
HOTEL POOL. Koyote nods at Beats, prompting him to talk. +

BEATS +
Whet Desert has one rule. We never +
cancel a Whet Whednesday. EVER! +

KOYOTE +
Right now we've got the biggest mid- +
week party in North Vegas. But we +
gotta fight to stay on top. There's +
MAD competition. +

BEATS +
It's a doggie-dog world, bro. +

KOYOTE +
You gotta understand something. +
America wants winners. If you're in +
second place, go fuck yourself. +
That's why people chant We're +
Number One! No one ever chants +
We're Number Two. +

BEATS +
Yeah. 'Cause Number Two means shit! +

KOYOTE +
Think about it. When was the last +
time you drank a PEPSI? +

BEATS +
Never. Too sweet. +

KOYOTE +
If we stay on our game, pretty soon +
we'll be doing parties on +
SATURDAYS, clubs, festivals. Before +
you know it, we'll be flying around +
the world eating steaks with Diplo. +

BEATS
No steak for me, bro. I told my
girlfriend I'd stop eating beef.

KOYOTE
You'll eat whatever Diplo tells you
to eat!

INT. MANSION - BACK TO SCENE +

Beats holds up the mangled T-shirt to Brody's nose. Koyote paces +
back and forth, addressing his troops. +

KOYOTE
C'mon, guys. I need ideas! This is +
your chance to impress me. +

BEATS +
We could put up a sign, like, NO +
DANCING AT THE PARTY. 'Cause if you +
stand still, it's not so bad. Look. +

To demonstrate, Beats walks gingerly onto the wet dance floor and-- +
EATS SHIT HIMSELF. +

BEATS (CONT'D)
OW SHIT MY KNEE SHIT!

As Beats gets up, Decoy easily RIPS UP A BOARD from the dance
floor. It's ROTTED OUT. She holds it up to make a point.

DECOY

Koyote, this floor is destroyed. I think we have to bite the bullet and get a professional in here.

+

KOYOTE

You're right. We gotta outsource this shit. I'm calling Farouk.

+

DECOY

That's not what I meant.

EXT. FAROUK'S AUTO-HAUS - DAY

FAROUK (33, *Persian man, thick accent, thicker mustache*) stands in front of a shabby auto garage festooned in American flags. He waits silently, as if for a cue. Then, with a flourish:

FAROUK

Welcome! My name is Farouk Mercedes Gilani, AKA The Persian Papa, AKA The Brown Musk, like Elon Musk, President of Farouk's Auto-Haus. But cars are just the top of the iceberg. I'm a hustler-baby. An entrapanoor. A jack of all spades. I can get anyone anything anytime anywhere anywho anyhow anywhen. A new passport? Done. Want to get gay married? Straight divorced? I can do it. You need a Plan C pill? Sister, you got it, no subscription required.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

What's a Plan C pill?

FAROUK

It's like a plan B pill, except stronger. WAY stronger. You'll want to drink plenty of Gatorade afterwards. Just ask my wife!

He points at a SMALL APARTMENT above the garage.

FAROUK (CONT'D)

There she is now. Not visibly, but she's there.

INT. FAROUK'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The place is cluttered with stacks of knock-off T-shirts, crates of energy drinks and empty Styrofoam boxes. Farouk leads us in.

FAROUK

There she is. The badass babe that
inspires me every day. My Yas
Queen. Aldona.

ALDONA (30, Polish woman, explosive) is watching TV on the couch.
She ignores the cameras and gets in Farouk's face.

ALDONA

You said you will getting rid of
these boxes. The whole place stinks
like fish!

FAROUK

My darling, the garbage people
don't come until Friday.

She responds in POLISH, which is SUBTITLED.

ALDONA

(Polish)

*I'm being suffocated by your
failures. I can't breathe in here!*

+
+

Aldona KICKS A BOX as she exits. Farouk turns to the cameras.

FAROUK

I don't speak Polish, she doesn't
speak Farsi, but we both speak the
language of love... English.

INT. MANSION - DAY

Farouk makes a big show of examining the floor, randomly using
measuring tape, tapping it with a hammer. Coyote explains:

+

KOYOTE

We go to Farouk for all kindsa
shit. He fixes our speakers, he
gets us Solo Cups for real cheap.

BEATS

He can do anything for real cheap.
He's like a human 99-Cent Store.

Decoy rolls her eyes. Farouk walks up to deliver his diagnosis:

+

FAROUK

Guys, it's bad. I found a lot of
wood rust. Your under-boards are
shot. You need a new floor, A-STAT.

KOYOTE

Shit, how long is that gonna take?
The party starts in six hours. This
is life or death!

+

BRODY
LIFE!

KOYOTE
What?

BRODY
I thought you wanted us to choose
one...

FAROUK
We can do this faster if you guys
get the supplies, so my guys can
start ripping up the old floor.

KOYOTE
What kind of supplies?

FAROUK
Wood? But first we must deal with
the water. Whose house IS this?

BEATS
It's Brody's grandma's.

FAROUK
GILF alert! JK, I'm married. Brody,
call your granny and ask her how to
shut off the water.

BRODY
She won't talk on the phone. She
thinks Facebook is listening...

KOYOTE
Then go to her nursing home, guey!
Everybody step on it. Let's go.

DECOY
Wait. How much'll this cost? +

FAROUK
Well, we're talking technical off-
site labor... About nine-hundred.

KOYOTE
NINE HUNDRED? We can't afford that!

FAROUK
Don't worry! We can always make a
deal. I have a new business I need
to advertise. Let me sponsor you! +
+
+

KOYOTE
We don't usually do sponsors... +
Fuck it. Just don't make it weird. +

Farouk pulls Koyote into a tight HANDSHAKE-HUG-AND-CHEEK-KISS. +

FAROUK

Yes! I can see it now! Whet Desert
presents Whet Whednesday presented
to you by Farouk's Fish Meats.

TALKING HEAD: FAROUK

Farouk stands in his auto garage next to an industrial freezer.

FAROUK

America is having a love affair...
WITH FISH! Fish tacos, pokey bowls,
tuna treats. Well, last week I got
my hands on a shipment of juicy
frozen Tilapia from a fish farm in
Carson. So I put my head together
and found a new way to market fish
to today's millennials on the go.

Farouk opens the freezer and pulls out a BOX labelled FAROUK'S
FISH MEATS with cartoon fish wearing vests, riding hover-boards.

FAROUK (CONT'D)

Introducing Farouk's Fish Meats!
Convenient balls of fish protein.
Toss them in your purse and enjoy
them at the gym, home or office.
Pretty soon the whole world will be
snacking on my sushi-grade-adjacent
salmon-flavored fish meats. They're
full of healthy scales and oils.
Want a sample?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

...I'm okay.

EXT./ESTAB. URBAN XPRESSION SALON - DAY

A strip-mall hair salon between a Coffee Bean and a Quizno's.

INT. URBAN XPRESSION SALON - SAME

Clients are getting haircuts, color treatments. Krystal is cooing
over a female CLIENT's hair, snapping pictures with her phone.

KRYSTAL

You look SO good! I'm posting-- Low
key obsessed with Brittany's bomb
new blond bob. Hashtag BABE.

Krystal's boss TONYA (45, brassy, tattooed) comes up, laughing.

TONYA

Ha! Like I got fuckin Shakespeare
working for me! You're gonna tag
the salon in that, right hun?

KRYSTAL

Of course! But Britt, you're
actually backlit. Let's go over by
the window.

FELIX (32, gay man, intimidating) walks up holding hair sheers. +

FELIX

Heyyyyyy, unhand my client! JK, but
what are you doing with my client?

KRYSTAL

I was just taking her picture since
she looks so FAB! Is that okay?

FELIX

Aw, thank you! But let's wait til
I'm done with her styling.

KRYSTAL

My bad! I thought you were done,
just 'cause her hair's so short. +

CLIENT

Oh god, is it too short?!

KRYSTAL

No! It looks... fab?

TONYA

Krys, your phone's ringing, hun.

Tonya points to a RINGING PHONE at the vacant RECEPTION DESK.
Krystal runs over to answer it.

KRYSTAL

Shoot. Sorry!

B ROLL FOOTAGE

Krystal sweeping hair; taking out the trash; other menial tasks.

INTERCUT WITH:

TALKING HEAD: KRYSTAL

Krystal stands in front of the salon.

KRYSTAL

My job title is Receptionist. That means I answer phones, greet clients. I'm basically the face of the operation. But TBH, this is just my side hustle. My REAL passion is my beauty and wellness blog, Blonde Caviar.

Krystal holds up her phone. WE SEE HER BLOG as she describes it.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I do style secrets, toddler makeup tutorials, grain bowls. Eventually I plan to monetize my brand, like an upscale Gwyneth Paltrow. I'm trying to get verified. Which is, y'know, the dream.

+
+
+
+

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Do receptionists get paid as well as hair stylists?

KRYSTAL

No, but you have to take a test to become a stylist. And as I always tell my followers, no piece of paper can give you style.

+

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

So you wouldn't take the test?

KRYSTAL

No, I've taken it. A couple times.

INT. LULU'S CONDOMINIUM - DAY

A new condo. White furniture, white carpets. Beats and Koyote tip-toe into the entryway. Beats kicks off his shoes, whispering back:

+

BEATS

Can you take off your shoes? Lulu just got new carpets.

+
+

KOYOTE

She's sleeping. I'm not taking off my shoes.

BEATS

Okay... then will you put on some booties?

+
+

Beats lifts up a pair of SHOE BOOTIES (like at an open house). Koyote begrudgingly puts them on.

+

KOYOTE

We've got a party and you're +
worried about CARPETS? This girl is +
scrambling your brains, man. +

BEATS

Can you talk a little quieter? Lulu +
doesn't know we're borrowing her-- +
HI BABE YOU'RE AWAKE. HI! +

LULU (*40, Asian-American woman, seasoned and sarcastic*) rounds a corner. She and Beats share a long, tongue-riddled kiss. Then:

BEATS (CONT'D)

I thought you'd be asleep still.

LULU

My shift ended early last night.
Tiesto got the flu, so he had to
cancel his concert.

KOYOTE

WHAT? If Hakkassan paid us two-
hundred grand a night, we'd never
cancel. Someone should tell that
guy to sack the fuck up. +

LULU

Great, I'll pass that along.

KOYOTE

(suddenly excited)

Wait, do you really talk to Tiesto?
They let the bartenders backstage?

LULU

No. Beats, why are you two in my +
house right now? +

BEATS

We came to see if we can borrow the +
truck. We gotta pick up some wood. +

LULU

Sure. Just make sure Nathan doesn't +
have karate today. +

BEATS

(brags to camera)

The kid is crazy 'bout karate. And +
it's not even an Asian thing. +
'Cause these guys are Vietnamese,
but karate is Chinese.

KOYOTE

Karate's Japanese.

BEATS
Same thing.

LULU
(annoyed)
We're Filipino.

BEATS
(quickly)
I just think of you as American!
Okay I'm gonna go check on Nathan.

Beats heads upstairs, leaving Koyote and Lulu alone for a beat. +

KOYOTE
...White people, am I right?

LULU
(already walking away)
Don't try to bond with me.

TALKING HEAD: BEATS & LULU

Beats and Lulu sit on pool chairs by the condo's communal pool. +

LULU
We've been dating for about a year. +

BEATS
We're ready to take it to the next
level. I'm moving in with Lulu and
Nathan at the end of the month. +

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
How's he handling it? +

BEATS
I haven't told him yet, but he's
gonna be PISSED. He hates it when I
get distracted from our music. +

LULU
No Beats, he's asking about my son. +

BEATS
Sorry. When people say HE I always
think they're talking bout Koyote. +

LULU
Jesus Christ... +

BEATS
But yeah, Nathan's been real chill.
I can't imagine what it'd be like
to have some dude come over and
start... you know, with your MOM?
And I know he's heard us, 'cause
her bedframe smashes right up-- +

LULU
(moving him along)
Okay, Beats...

BEATS
I never met my own dad, so it's
important to me to be a good male
role-father. Takin him fishing,
tossin around the old Frisbee,
rollin condoms onto bananas. And it
turns out I already have a dad bod!
So yeah, I'm basically a natural.

+
+

INT. NATHAN'S ROOM - DAY

+

BEATS
Hey buddy, can I come in?

Beats leads us into the bedroom, revealing that NATHAN is a very large 18-year-old. He's wearing a VR HEADSET.

BEATS (CONT'D)
Do you have karate practice today?
I need to borrow the truck.

NATHAN
No. Go ahead.

Beats lingers, trying to make small talk despite getting no response from Nathan.

BEATS
Thanks. So... how's that game? Bet
it's one of those porno games! Ha!
But no worries if it is. I know how
curious young men are. Me and
Koyote used to play Grand Theft
Auto, and we'd just do the part
with the hooker over and over, til
finally his mom took away his PS3.
But it was too late, 'cause by then
we already knew about RedTube.

Nathan continues to ignore Beats, fully immersed in his game.

BEATS (CONT'D)
Okay, dope. See you later, champ.

EXT./INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DAY

A typical mid-range assisted living facility. Brody leads us in.

+

BRODY
Nanna ran out of money when she was
building the mansion, so she came
here. It's rad.
(MORE)

BRODY (CONT'D)

Now she lives with all these crazy roommates, like that show Friends.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - SOCIAL ROOM - DAY

Elderly folks play cards, watch TV, drink tea. Brody high-fives and waves to people as he shows us around.

BRODY

Hey guys! What's happening Old Greg! He's the sarcastic one. And That's Monica. She's the Rachel. And that's my Nanna!

He spots his youthful NANNA (80) and sits down next to her.

NANNA

Brody, what a nice surprise! I just got a refill this morning.

Nanna hands Brody a BAG OF PRESCRIPTION PILLS. With one hand Brody expertly SPLITS A CAPSULE, pours its contents into a water bottle, and shakes it up. He takes sips and grimaces throughout the scene.

NANNA (CONT'D)

The good stuff, too. None of that time-release garbage.

BRODY

Thanks! But what're they for? I still have my bag from last week.

He pulls a DIFFERENT BAG OF PILLS from his pocket.

NANNA

I figured you came to re-up. Why did you stop by? Did someone call you from the bank? +

BRODY

Nah, no one called. Maybe I came by to... to buy milk? +

NANNA

No, Brody. You get milk at the grocery store. +

BRODY

Right. I know it was something, but I can't remember what. Damn. Sometimes my memory doesn't listen to my brain's commands.

NANNA

You're bleeding, dear.

Brody's nose again trickles blood. She hands him a handkerchief.

TALKING HEAD: BRODY

Brody sits on a skateboard in an outdoor office complex. In the background, SKATERS grind on benches and do small tricks.

BRODY

Nah, I don't worry about drugs.
'Cause you can die at any second
anyway. Like when I was nineteen I
did the Vans Tour, skating all over
the country. Then one day I saw my
best friend just eat it and die.
Since then, I vowed to live each
day like it's my last.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Did your friend die in a
skateboarding accident?

BRODY

No. I think maybe he overdosed? I
can't remember.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - SOCIAL ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Brody's nosebleed is over. Nanna patiently jogs his memory.

NANNA

Okay, then what did you do after
you brushed your teeth?

BRODY

Spit the toothpaste in the sink.

NANNA

Let's skip ahead. Did you see
anyone else today?

BRODY

I was with Koyote and the guys, and
this dude with a camera--
(points at camera)
That's the dude! Then I slipped and--
I remember! I have to ask you how to
shut off the water at the house.

NANNA

Ah! The valve is behind the garage,
next to-- Actually, how about I
write a little note for you.

Nanna starts jotting down a note. Brody explains to camera:

BRODY

Notes are better than memories
'cause there's no way to lose them.

INT. MANSION - EVENING

Farouk oversees THREE FACELESS EMPLOYEES (their faces are indeed blurred out) as they mop the floor. Farouk notices the cameras.

FAROUK

Please don't show the faces of my
cousins. Their USA status is
still... pending. Why don't we go
talk to Decoy? She's the DJ.

+
+

Farouk walks the cameras over to Decoy, who's organizing records.

FAROUK (CONT'D)

So Decoy, as a jockey what sort of
musics do you like to spin?

+
+
+

DECOY

(without looking up)

Are you asking me to describe my
sound?

+
+
+
+

FAROUK

Yes? That.

+
+

DECOY

Unless you've got an adderall and
four hours to spare, you probably
want to rescind the question.

+
+
+
+

BRODY

YO! I got the water off!

+
+

Brody enters from the back yard, looking triumphant.

DECOY

Great. Farouk, how long's it gonna
take to rip up the old floor?

+
+

FAROUK

Not long. The, uh, ballpark amount?

BRODY

THE GUYS ARE BACK! YOU DID IT!

+
+

Brody CHEERS as Koyote and Beats enter with armfuls of PLYWOOD.

KOYOTE

Oof, sounds like you're on Nanna's
pills. Go use that drug strength to
unload the truck. Chop chop.

FAROUK

(to Faceless Employees)
You heard him, superstars! Go
unload the truck. Time is
evanescence.

+
+

Brody and Employees exit. Farouk examines a plank of wood.

DECOY

So what do you think? Can you re-do
the floors with this?

FAROUK

Of course! My cousins can fix
anything. It's amazing what humans
are capable of when their visas
depend on it.

INT. URBAN XPRESSION SALON - EVENING

The day's over. Krystal's sweeping hair as Tonya and a couple
RANDOM STYLISTS are relaxing with glasses of wine.

TONYA

Krys, want a glass of wine, hun?

KRYSTAL

Wine not?

TONYA

(laughs hard)
Oh my god stop! You should be on
Chelsea Handler.

Krystal smiles as Tonya pours her a glass. She drinks awkwardly
with one hand while she sweeps with the other. Felix enters.

FELIX

We better head to Becket's if we
want to get a booth.

KRYSTAL

Are you guys doing trivia night
again? I love trivia!

TONYA

(oblivious)
Me too! Are you good to lock up?

KRYSTAL

Oh. Yeah, sure.

Krystal looks disappointed. She sweeps as the stylists pack up
their things. Then Krystal gets an idea. She takes out her phone
and pretends to be texting excitedly.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Wow. Oh, wow...

No one pays any attention. Krystal tries again.

KRYSTAL (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD!

TONYA

What?! Oh god... Was it a school shooting or just a other shooting?

KRYSTAL

No! Sorry. Koyote just texted me about the party tonight. The list was full, but he pulled some strings and got us all in! Oh, but I guess you have your trivia thing?

FELIX

I mean, dancing would be amazing!
But also, it is a Wednesday. Might be a little extra...

+
+
+

KRYSTAL

I can get cocai--

TONYA

Sounds fun! I haven't been to a late-night in forever.

+

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The Faceless Employees are putting away their tools. Farouk calls over Koyote and the others to the dance floor.

+

FAROUKS

Friends, may I present to you The Whet Desert Dance Floor 2.0!

The old floor boards have been ripped up, and the NEW BOARDS ARE UNEVEN AND FULL OF GAPS. Decoy's not impressed. She kicks a LOOSE BOARD, which SLIDES SEVERAL INCHES.

DECOY

What? The boards are all loose.
People can't dance on this.

+
+

FAROUK

That's... the style! This is how they're all doing it in Europe.

+

BEATS

Really? Even Berlin?

KOYOTE

Decoy's right. Kids are gonna eat
shit on this floor, Farouk. You
gotta fix this. +

Krystal enters, reacting as she sees the dance floor. +

KOYOTE (CONT'D)

Kryst! What're you doing here? +

KRYSTAL

I invited my work friends tonight.
What happened in here? +

BRODY

You want me to do the thing with
the list? +

KRYSTAL

Not while it looks like this!
Koyote, my boss is coming. +

KOYOTE

You hear that, Farouk? You want
Krystal's boss to break her neck on
your weird funhouse floor? +

BEATS

Oh, dude. If someone dies in here,
it'll kill the vibe forever. +

FAROUK

Don't worry, my friends, I'll fix
it! I once delivered a baby with
nothing but a spaghetti strainer. I
can handle a little dance floor,
easy cheeseey.

Farouk's PHONE RINGS in his pocket.

FAROUK (CONT'D)

Excuse me, it's the missus. +
(into his phone)
Aldona, how-- Wait. Baby, don't! +

Farouk notices everyone staring. He feebly tries to act calm.

FAROUK (CONT'D)

I just have to go... pick up
supplies. I'll be right back.

Farouk walk-runs out of the house. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS.

TALKING HEAD: FAROUK & ALDONA

A small, cheap casino. Aldona stands at a table, playing PAI GOW POKER. Farouk is next to her, talking to camera.

FAROUK

There are many types of love. Puppy love, doggie style. Me and Aldona are like two spicy tigers, always in heat. Right baby? Baby?

Aldona looks up from her card game, annoyed.

ALDONA

(in Polish)

His penis is like a child's. I can't feel him inside me. I can't feel anything anymore...

FAROUK

Sounds like the tiger is purring!

EXT. FAROUK'S AUTO-HAUS - NIGHT

A giant pile of STYROFOAM IS BURNING in front of the auto-shop. Aldona smokes as she watches the flames. A white Nissan SCREECHES up. Farouk jumps out and starts STAMPING OUT THE FIRE.

FAROUK

You're going to get me arrested!

ALDONA

I am tired of living in filth!

FAROUK

(Farsi)

You can't burn trash in this country! I wish you would just go back on Wellbutrin.

ALDONA (CONT'D)

(Polish)

I married a fool! There's no such thing as the American Dream. You will die a peasant.

Farouk's interrupted by a PHONE CALL. He answers, trying to sound calm as he continues to STAMP OUT the fire.

FAROUK

Koyote! Hey brother, how are you? Yeah, it's coming along great. The floors will be even, I promise.

Farouk regards the pile of smoldering Styrofoam.

CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Farouk oversees his Faceless Employees as they finish the dance floor. They've used DUCT TAPE AND STYROFOAM to fill in the gaps. It's weird, but complete. Koyote and the rest are checking it out.

KRYSTAL

What is that? Styrofoam?

FAROUK

Sharp eye! I used foam technology to create an even surface. Plus, it has a natural springiness.

DECOY

It smells like fish.

FAROUK

Yes! You know what they say-- fish are a natural aphrodisiac.

BEATS

Yeah, they do say that.

DECOY

What? Who says that?

BEATS

Farouk did just now.

PARTY KID 1 (O.S.)

Hey, is this the Whet Desert House? Shit, did we get the wrong night?

TWO PARTY KIDS (*20s, androgynous, bright clothes*) are at the open door. They immediately turn to each other and get on their phones.

PARTY KID 2

I already told my friends to meet us here. D'you know what Zana's up to tonight?

PARTY KID 1 (CONT'D)

There's a deep house thing by the airport. She's going to Juicy Beets, but they card.

DECOY

No, no! You've got the right night. Doors open in a minute.

+
+

Decoy walks the Party Kids out the door and closes it.

KOYOTE

Guys, the horde is at the gates! We gotta make sure this floor is safe. Brody, go dance on it. Test it out.

BEATS

Like a gorilla, shot into space.

Brody steps onto the dance floor and does an awkward little dance.

KOYOTE

You gotta dance like you MEAN it, homie! Decoy, play him a banger.

Decoy hops up to the DJ BOOTH and plays fast UPBEAT TECHNO. They all bob their heads. Brody dances harder, flailing like a lunatic.

BEATS

Thatta boy, Brody. Get after it.

+

Brody keeps flailing. Koyote scrutinizes the dance floor.

KOYOTE

Okayyyyy, YES. It works. We did it!

They all CHEER and HIGH-FIVE. Brody's still dancing and panting.

BRODY

Can I stop dancing now?

KOYOTE

...Physically. But keep dancing in your heart.

EXT. MANSION - HOURS LATER

We hear MUFFLED TECHNO. Twenty people wait in line, checking their phones, trying to look cool. Tonya, Felix and Random Stylist are at the front. Brody's there, acting like a dickish door person.

BRODY

Sup, fellas.

TONYA

Hi! I think we're on the list?
Tonya, Felix and Amber.

+

+

Brody lifts up his clipboard and pretends he's checking the list.

BRODY

Sorry... I don't have your names on here. Try again next week.

RANDOM STYLIST

Maybe there's a different list or something? Krystal invited us?

BRODY

KRYSTAL invited you? Just a sec.

+

Brody goes inside and shuts the door. They wait there awkwardly.

FELIX

Maybe we should go?

Brody, acting contrite, comes back outside with Krystal.

TONYA

Krystal!

KRYSTAL

Tonya! Hey guys! You made it!
(to Brody)
They're cool. They're with me.

BRODY

Many apologies about the mix-up. +
You may enter. Enjoy your evening.

They all walk in, impressed with Krystal.

TALKING HEAD: KRYSTAL

KRYSTAL

The fashion industry is cutthroat.
Just look at what happened to Giana
Versace! But I'm going to MAKE it,
because I want Kitty to have all
the opportunities that I didn't
have, because my mom was just a
teacher. That's why I've decided to
take the cosmetology test.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Is this the same test you--

KRYSTAL

Again. I was going to say again.

INT. MANSION - LATER THAT NIGHT

AT THE DJ BOOTH: DEEP HOUSE MUSIC BLASTS. The LASERS and FOG are +
going. At night, they do look better. A banner hangs above the
booth: WHET WHEDNESDAY PRESENTED BY FAROUK'S FISH MEATS, flanked
by CARDBOARD CUT-OUTS of fish riding hover boards.

Koyote's on the decks. Krystal and Beats stand nearby. +

DIRECTOR (O.S.) +

Is the woman from MGM here +
somewhere? +

KOYOTE +

Hasn't shown up yet. But she will. +
(points out at the crowd) +
Check it out. Look at them out +
there. They worship me. +
(into the mic, distorted)
GET EM UP GET EM UP GET EM UP!

BEATS

You see that shit? They got em up! +

ON THE DANCE FLOOR: Those people trying to look cool before? They +
don't care anymore. About eighty kids are dancing, chatting, +
making out. Farouk pumps his fist next to a PIERCED DUDE. +

PIERCED DUDE
Does it smell like fish in here?

FAROUK
(winks to camera)
Yeah, bro! That's called branding!

IN THE HALLWAY: There's a line of people waiting for the bathroom. Decoy sees this and KNOCKS on the door.

DECOY
C'mon guys, take it somewhere else.
This is a BATHROOM-bathroom.

TONYA (O.S.)
Sorry, hunny!

The door opens and out come Tonya and the Two Party Kids from earlier. They're all wiping their noses and chatting rapidly.

TONYA (CONT'D)	PARTY KID 1
I don't know I stopped going to Burning Man three years ago it's just gotten so fuckin corporate.	But our camp is going to be so dope! We're biking around passing out frozen tangerines.

OFF IN A CORNER: Felix is making out with one of Farouk's Faceless Employees. As the party goes on, we segue into a...

MONTAGE

HOUSE MUSIC slowly rises throughout. We hear Koyote's V.O. while we CUT BETWEEN SHOTS of the party and the crew's home lives.

KOYOTE (V.O.)
People are like lonely little grains of sand in the desert, floating around, having tiny uneventful little lives. But our music helps them come together and turn into something greater. Like how the Jews brought all that sand together to make the pyramids. Our music does the same thing.

- KRYSTAL & KOYOTE'S APT: Koyote films Krystal as she puts fake eye-lashes on Kitty, doing a makeup tutorial.
- FAROUK'S AUTO HAUS: Farouk officiates a crappy gay wedding ceremony. A bored Aldona throws rice in the air.
- LULU'S CONDO: Nathan's sleeping in his room. Beats tip-toes in to tuck him in, paternally. Nathan wakes up SCREAMING.
- HIGHWAY: Brody walks down a lonely road at night, wearing nothing but the HALF-MELTED MASCOT HEAD. Decoy pulls up in the Chevy. Brody tries to get in, but the HEAD gets in the way.

TALKING HEAD: KOYOTE & BEATS

The music is still rising. Beats nods along as Koyote expounds.

KOYOTE

And after these kids dance all
night, they walk outside and they
gaze up at the sky and their hearts
are so full it looks like the stars
are on FIRE. And it's me that did
that.

BEATS

Plus the molly.

KOYOTE

Yeah, the molly helps.
(thinks, then)
But you need somewhere to do it.

The beat drops.

END OF PILOT