

GOYHOOD

Written by

Andrew Sanford

arsanford1@gmail.com
650.274.4704
WGAW: 2207782

INT. VACANT APARTMENT. DAY.

Three 20somethings, ROBERT: typical white guy; if Carhartt (2023) and Lululemon had a love child, GABE: Jewish George Costanza...so George Costanza, and ZEV: if Adam Driver was gay, approach a shithole of a possible new apartment.

INT. VACANT APARTMENT. DAY.

A LEASING AGENT leads the boys through the unit. Gabe wipes dust off the counter and Robert mimes hanging himself.

LEASING AGENT

Three bed, one bath, new kitchen.
Take a look for yourself.

Zev, the most adult of the three, stays behind to keep chatting with the leasing agent, while Gabe and Robert snoop around.

ROBERT

Does the bathtub come with a
toaster, or is it BYOT?

GABE

Yeah, it's not great. But it's an
up and coming area.

ROBERT

You sound like a real estate agent
who's only a real estate agent cuz
acting didn't pan out.

He looks closely at a wall and waves Gabe over.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Look at this.

GABE

Oh is that "Just do it?" They like
Nike-

ROBERT

No.

Upon close inspection, we see "Don't do it." Faintly etched into the wall, with a few layers of paint over it.

GABE

This place looked so much better
online.

ROBERT
Something girls and apartments have
in common.

Gabe pokes his head into the main room. Zev is deep in
conversation with the realtor, having a ball.

GABE
Zev seems to like it.

ROBERT
He'd move to Chernobyl if it meant
we were done looking. You know how
much flux stresses him out.

GABE
You know how fussy he gets.

ROBERT
We're not moving here cuz Zev's
fussy.

GABE
I'm getting tired of looking too,
dude. Is this place REALLY that
bad?

ROBERT
You're joking.

GABE
But-

ROBERT
Don't be a scab.

They walk back into the main room.

ZEV
Sheryl, what's the price?

LEASING AGENT
It's 6,000 a month. Shared laundry
for all 10 units, street parking,
and we have biweekly street
cleaning.

GABE
Oh every two weeks? That's not ba-

LEASING AGENT
Twice a week. And I'll have to run
credit checks on all of you.

EXT. APARTMENT. DAY.

They leave the apartment and see a car up on blocks.

ROBERT

Christ.

INT. CAR. DAY.

They're driving away from the open house, marinating in an awkward silence.

ZEV

Well I loved it.

GABE

(muttering)

Surprise surprise.

ROBERT

Was it the bars on the second floor windows or the painted-over outlets that sealed it for you?

ZEV

Well for one, it has a roof, and that's something we need. This is the tenth place we've seen this week, and I'm done looking.

Robert looks at him like he just posted a picture with the caption "#adulthood."

ROBERT

Well I guess we can just book the fucking UHaul. Zev's done looking.

GABE

I think it could be doable.

ROBERT

You slimy little weasel! Getting killed in our sleep is not doable, Judas.

ZEV

Despite the fact that I didn't detest it, we'd never get it. So save your historical comparisons for when it matters. We can't afford it, AND we have shitty credit.

GABE

My shitty credit is just because my dad didn't tell me he switched my student loan payments to me when we graduated, so I didn't realize I was supposed to pay.

ROBERT

Oh why didn't you say so? Lemme just call the IRS.

INT. DELI. DAY.

Robert is in line, buried in his phone like anyone else his age. He looks up to see an absolute knockout of a girl, YAEL, in front of him in line. He gives her a quick up and down.

He notices that she's looking at Tinder. He slides into her view.

ROBERT

(gesturing to her phone)
Ooh. Chris spelled K-R-Y-S-S? Red flag.

YAEL

What? Why? It's not his fault.

ROBERT

Gotta have weird parents.

She smiles.

YAEL

I'd charm 'em.

ROBERT

(impressed)
I'm Robert.

YAEL

Yael.

Beat.

YAEL (CONT'D)

You know I saw you clock me and then take an hour to think of something to say, right?

ROBERT

Oh. Well--Ok then. I'll just go back to my mindless scrolling.

YAEL

Oh my god, are you gonna make me do everything?

She grabs his phone and puts her number in.

YAEL (CONT'D)

Text me when you catch your breath.

She grabs her sandwich and walks out, before Robert can say another word.

INT. EDITING ROOM. DAY.

Robert and his friend, OLIVIA, are editing footage. Olivia is cute, perky, and clearly in charge of the computer. Robert's relaxing behind her on a couch. There's a giant VICE banner, denoting where they work.

OLIVIA

Which clip do you like better for the genocide voiceover? "Dire and monotone" or "gather round, I've a story to tell ye?"

ROBERT

Gather round. We can close with monotone. Coffee?

He stands up and starts to fill a coffee maker.

OLIVIA

Yeah. Any news on the apartment front?

ROBERT

God no. It's brutal.

OLIVIA

Alrighty then. You gotten laid recently?

ROBERT

No. But I did meet a cute girl this morning. And like, you know how I'm, like, passable at talking to girls?

OLIVIA

Ha. Yes.

ROBERT

She tore me apart...and I loved it.

OLIVIA
Settle down, Red Rocket. But that's
good, no?

ROBERT
It's probably nothing. A fun
distraction though. Have you been
getting laid?

OLIVIA
Of course I have.

ROBERT
Anyone of note?

OLIVIA
Of course not.

ROBERT
Congrats, just don't tell Gabe. It
would ruin his tender little heart.

OLIVIA
I love Gabe.

ROBERT
He's in love with you.

OLIVIA
No he isn't. He's like my brother.

ROBERT
That wants to fuck you.

Olivia rolls her eyes.

OLIVIA
Eew.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP. EVENING.

Robert's on his phone, as Zev impatiently scrolls Zillow.

ZEV
We're really fucked dude.

Robert's in a far off place.

ZEV (CONT'D)
Yo.

ROBERT
Huh?

ZEV
We're homeless.

ROBERT
Oh. Yeah. Sorry.

ZEV
What's going on with you?

ROBERT
Nothing - I just can't find this
girl on Instagram.

ZEV
Maybe because you're searching for
"Yale." She's a woman, not a waspy
ivy league school with questionable
country club-like admissions
standards. It's E-L.

Beat. Robert looks up at Zev.

ZEV (CONT'D)
I had a 4.0 and a 2350 SAT, and
didn't get in. Can we focus on
getting a roof over our heads?

ROBERT
Alright, Bad Will Hunting.

ZEV
Ok. I think we can get an extra day
at our place now, but also that's
only one day. So we're looking at
needing to be out by 5 tomorrow cuz
the cleaning crew comes in the next
morning.

ROBERT
We could camp?

Zev looks at him incredulously.

ZEV
You know I'm like, gay gay, right?

ROBERT
Fine. Every place we've liked is so
far out of our price range. Should
we be SugarBabies?

ZEV

You and Gabe could never. But I'd just be getting paid for shit I already do.

ROBERT

Anyone we should know about?

ZEV

No. I'm in my sexual prime and I won't cater to your breeder custom of kissing and telling.

Robert's phone rings on the table, and a picture of Gabe looking way too happy shows up on the screen. Zev looks over.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Is that his picture from the sex offender registry?

Robert answers.

ROBERT

Whatsup dude.

Gabe's voice comes through the phone, three notches too loud.

GABE (O.S.)

Are you with Zev? I just drove past a random open house, you guys gotta come check it out.

ZEV

Hey. Is this actually worth coming to see?

ROBERT

Or is this like the time you said you had a new artist to show us, and it was Adele.

GABE (O.S.)

Fuck off, she was underground!

ZEV

She had two Grammys.

GABE (O.S.)

Whatever, I'll see you guys soon. I think this could be the place. The landlord loves me. It's right at Pico and Robertson.

EXT. POTENTIAL APARTMENT. DAY.

Zev and Robert pull up to a pristine building, especially compared to the tenement they looked at last. Gabe is outside obnoxiously waving them down. Zev and Robert get out of the car. Gabe runs to the car.

GABE

Ok. Thanks for coming. It's the penthouse. It's nuts. Please don't screw this up.

ROBERT

What could we possibly screw up that you haven't already?

GABE

I don't know. I've just laid some ground work, and I don't want you two to ruin it.

ZEV

That's what I think whenever I meet a cute guy at a bar and you're around.

GABE

Alright, the landlord's name is Nachman.

ZEV

Israeli?

GABE

Yeah. Israeli Modern Orthodox.

ZEV

Modern Orthodox? You shoulda led with that. I got it from here.

He heads in, pulling a kippa out of his back pocket and plopping it on his head as he saunters in.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Shalom!

ROBERT

What?

INT. POTENTIAL APARTMENT. DAY.

The three boys are greeted by (NACHMAN) RICK, the landlord. He is a short and portly Israeli man with a kippa on his head, and a beard as thick as his accent.

ROBERT
Sorry, you must be Nachman. I'm
Robert.

RICK
Please. Call me Rick.

Robert and Zev look confused.

ROBERT
Oh. Are you not Nachman? On the
listing it said Nachman Ben Dod.

Rick makes a dismissive motion and sour face.

RICK
That is my Israeli name. My
American name is Rick Benjamin.

Zev smirks. He knows the type.

ZEV
Perfect.

Gabe runs off to measure the bedroom. Rick gestures to him.

RICK
That one is nice but a little,
uhh...

He makes an overly enthusiastic face.

ZEV
We know.

Rick leads them through the apartment. Robert and Zev look around.

ZEV (CONT'D)
This is the spot. We have to do it.

ROBERT
So is the Palace of Versailles, but
we can't afford that either.

Finally the three boys end up back in the living room where Nachman Rick is waiting with his hands open.

RICK

So??

ZEV

Ok Rick. We love it. We really love it, but I doubt we can afford it. What's the monthly?

RICK

Usually it's seven thousand, but-

Robert's phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket.

ROBERT

Sorry, gotta take this. Work.

He slips outside.

RICK

Anyway, I was saying was it's seven thousand, and of course with credit check, pay stubs, you know.

GABE

Yeah...that's unfortunately not gonna work for us.

ZEV

We would if we could.

Gabe looks outside and then gets a wild look.

GABE

What if we did all the landscaping, and painted the exterior?

RICK

I have a landscaper and painter.

Zev catches Gabe's drift.

ZEV

If we did it, could you take off some of the monthly rent? And we'd help with your online presence...get renters in here when tenants leave. It'd save us both money.

Rick tilts his head.

ZEV (CONT'D)

Gabe can do repairs. He'll property manage.

GABE

I cannot.

ZEV

Ok. He can't. But we handle painting, landscaping, and online. We just can't go over \$4,500.

Rick takes a deep breath.

RICK

I like you guys.

He gestures to Gabe.

RICK (CONT'D)

You need to relax, but I like you two, and I like Jewish Top Gun.

GABE

Robert? What the f-

RICK

For three good Jewish boys, I can make exceptions. My daughter manages the property by herself right now and she needs help. You work for me, and we do \$4,500.

Gabe and Zev's eyes widen.

He gestures to the door, where Robert is outside.

RICK (CONT'D)

He IS Jewish, yes?

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT. DAY.

Zev, Gabe, and Rick walk out of the apartment and shake hands.

ZEV

We'll look for your email. Toh-da rabah, Rick.

RICK

This is good! Speak soon.

GABE

Thanks Rick!

Robert is still on the phone as Gabe and Zev usher him into the car.

ROBERT
What's going on-

ZEV
We'll explain in the car. Wave
goodbye.

Robert waves at Rick, who waves back.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR. DAY.

As soon as the car doors shut.

ZEV
Drive!

Gabe steps on it.

ROBERT
What's going on?

Gabe careens the car around the block and stops. He and Zev look back at Robert.

ZEV
You gotta get circumcised.

END OF ACT 1.

ACT II.

INT. CAR. DAY.

ROBERT

Circum sized? What? I am. Isn't everyone? I don't know why we all just accepted that cutting some skin off a baby's dick is normal, but we did-

ZEV

We mean ceremoniously. You have to be Jewish. Nachman Rick, our new landlord - surpriiiiiise - thinks we all are.

ROBERT

What? We got the spot?? He thinks I'm Jewish?

ZEV

Yes.

ROBERT

And I have to pretend to be Jewish.

GABE

Also yes.

ROBERT

Uhh, no. Wait what's the rent?

ZEV

Forty-five hundred, bitch. Fifteen hundred each.

ROBERT

Fuck that's cheap. But I have to be Jewish.

GABE

That, aaaand we have new jobs. We're property managers, painters, and gardeners.

ROBERT

You're out of your fucking mind.

ZEV

Oh come on! We wouldn't have gotten it otherwise.

Gabe looks at Robert and immediately launches into a defensive tirade.

GABE

He was placing such an emphasis on us being Jewish, the tribe sticking together, and all that shit.

ZEV

He wasn't, but-

GABE

He was in his head! I felt it!

ZEV

We had to make a call. You were outside, and closers close.

GABE

And he kind of just assumed you were Jewish, and then we didn't correct him, and it came to a point where it would've been rude to correct him. And we're saving so much money by working there!

ROBERT

So what's gonna happen when he finds out I'm an atheist and my mom's maiden name is Steinhammer? And that none of us know how to use fucking power tools!

ZEV

(calmly pleading)

Robby. This place is perfect. It's better than perfect.

ROBERT

You don't want me to tell him.

ZEV

If he thinks you're using religion as a prop-

ROBERT

But he's using it as a prop! I'm gonna get caught cooking bacon, or eating during Ramadan-

GABE

Passover.

ROBERT

See!?!

ZEV

We'll make sure you don't get caught. Gabe, you know what time it is?

GABE

Jew camp time?

ZEV

Jew camp time.

ROBERT

I thought you guys didn't like camps.

GABE

Not that kind of camp.

ZEV

Jesus man, that is so fucked up.

ROBERT

What! No. Fuck this, sorry guys. Can't do it. There are other apartments...that we don't have to work at. This isn't a goddamn kibbutz.

ZEV

You know what a kibbutz is but you think Ramadan's a Jewish holiday?

Zev shakes his head.

ZEV (CONT'D)

What's the big deal? We sign the lease and then we're good. He can't fuck with us once it's signed. You've read the California Tenants' Rights Handbook, right?

ROBERT

...No I have not read the California Tenants' Rights Handbook-

GABE

-Yeah I haven't either.

ROBERT

I just don't like lying. If he finds out, he'll be so mad at us, and it sucks having a bad relationship with your landlord.

GABE

So don't get caught.

Robert leans back, shaking his head. Zev and Gabe look at each other.

ZEV

Yeah, you probably couldn't pull it off anyway.

GABE

You've lost your touch.

ZEV

I miss the old Robert.

ROBERT

What the fuck is that supposed to mean.

GABE

I agree with Zev. You've changed and you won't do it. Shame.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. NEW APARTMENT. EVENING.

Zev is unpacking boxes in the new apartment. Nothing is set up yet, but boxes cover the floor and they seem to be making progress.

Gabe and Robert come through the door, slowly, carrying a couch.

They put the couch against the wall while Zev fishes three beers out of the fridge.

He hands them out as the three of them collapse onto the couch.

ZEV

L'chaim.

They cheers and sip their beers.

ROBERT
Jesus christ. Here goes.

They burst into laughter.

EXT. APARTMENT. NIGHT.

The sun has just fallen, and Robert and Gabe are heading out to his car to get the rest of the stuff. They reach his car but stop short of the sidewalk. Robert's jaw drops. Zev slowly walks up behind them.

Gabe pinches Robert's shoulders.

He follows Robert's gaze to reveal at least 35 Orthodox Jews walking in separate groups, down the street.

ROBERT
What is it, purge night?

GABE
Welcome to Friday night in the hood, my guy.

Robert's eyes are wide as saucers.

ZEV
Shabbat dinner, every week.

ROBERT
Shit should we be doing that?

GABE
No no no. That's the deluxe package. We do the standard model of only acting religious when our parents are in town.

An orthodox family walks by them, and the ORTHODOX DAD smiles and turns to them.

ORTHODOX DAD
Good Shabbos.

ZEV
Good Shabbos.

Robert feels he should say something.

ROBERT
Uhh, good Shabbos?

ZEV
Kid's a natural.

EXT. APARTMENT. NEXT MORNING.

Robert is walking out the door for work. He's about to get into his car when he's stopped by a familiar voice.

RICK
Good morning!

Robert turns to see Nachman Rick, the landlord. He is walking toward Robert and smiling.

ROBERT
(to himself)
Here we go.

He smiles and waves.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Morning, Rick!

Rick shuffles over. They shake hands, and Rick pulls Robert in for a hug.

RICK
Good morning, my brother. How is everything? All moved in? Wonderful.

ROBERT
Oh, yeah! Thanks for everything, we love it.

Rick again makes the same dismissive hand motion.

RICK
We stick together. We barely spoke the other day. Tell me. What is your family like.

ROBERT
Jewish--I mean. Just a regular family.

RICK
Lovely, where will you boys go for Shabbat?

ROBERT
Oh. Uhh, we'll just do it at home.
Zev has a menorah.

Rick laughs.

RICK
That is a good one. Nonsense. You
come to my family shabbat. I
insist!

ROBERT
That's very kind, but there's no
need--

HARD CUT TO:

INT. RICK'S HOUSE. SHABBAT DINNER.

Robert's eyes widen at Zev, Rick, and Rick's family tossing Hebrew around the table. Gabe is smiling but also has no idea what everyone's saying. Rick's mom says something to Robert.

ROBERT
(to Zev)
What'd she say?

ZEV
Pass the Manischewitz.

ROBERT
Of course.

Robert starts to pass the potatoes but Zev SMACKS his hand down and puts the bottle of wine in his hands before anyone sees.

INT. ZEV'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Zev is hard at work in his room, making a bedazzled Star of David. He's lost in the artistry, dancing along to music. The star itself is glittery, gold, and about as flamboyant as you can get while still being religiously accurate.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

Zev washes his hands of the glitter and the sink fills up. It's clogged.

ZEV
Fucking Gabe.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

The apartment is looking more and more set up. Zev comes in munching on a piece of matzh. His speech is muffled by the cracker.

ZEV
Yo-the shnk iz clurghed.

GABE
What?

Zev swallows.

ZEV
Sorry. The bathroom sink is clogged.

ROBERT
What are you eating anyway?

ZEV
Matzoh.

ROBERT
It looks like balsa wood.

Zev shoots him a look.

ZEV
Anyway...Gabe. The sink is clogged.
Did you jerk off into it again?

GABE
No! I jerk off in my room with my
Lubriderm, dipshit.

ROBERT
I'm an in-bed guy. Gabe, just text
Nachman Rick to fix it.

GABE
Why? It's not my problem!

ZEV
He won't respond until tomorrow
night.

Before Robert can ask.

GABE
Shabbat. No technology or work.

ROBERT
Ahh, shoulda known. Why don't you
guys do that?

GABE
Because we're borderline Gen-Z.

INT. APARTMENT. MORNING.

Robert, Gabe, and Zev are having coffee at the kitchen table. They're all dressed for work, and the apartment is completely set up.

ZEV
Gabe, Did Nachman Rick ever respond
about the sink?

GABE
Oh shit I knew there was something
I was forgetting.

Gabe crosses out "Tell guys about drain" from a whiteboard in full view of everyone.

ROBERT
Have you tried Drano?

GABE
Of course.

ROBERT
But you're still here, did you chug
enough?

GABE
Fuck off. Anyway. I think I've been
overtexting Rick.

ZEV
Imagine.

ROBERT
You hammertexted our landlord that
we're already on semi-thin ice
with?

GABE
First of all, he doesn't even know
we're on thin ice.

ROBERT
What did he say?

GABE
I'm trying to tell you!

Gabe pulls out his phone and starts to read.

ROBERT
Of course he has green texts.

GABE
Shutup. He said, "Please send me
Zev or Top Gun's number."

ROBERT
Seems rude - wait am I Top Gun?

Zev is unfazed.

ZEV
This is classic Israeli. What else?

GABE
Well, then I apologized.

ZEV
So soft.

GABE
Said the guy who almost cried when
I used his last face mask. Then I
said, "I'm sorry for the
inconvenience, but can someone come
fix the drain?" And then he said,
"I thought this is what cheap rent
is for. Be a man. Just kidding! I
send my daughter to fix."

ZEV
Of course his daughter is a
plummer. Israeli women are the most
self-sufficient beings on the
planet.

ROBERT
When's that happening?

Gabe checks his watch.

GABE
Uhh, right now actually. He said
she'd be here at 8.

Zev puts his head in his hands.

ZEV

Gabe could you maybe TRY communicating with us? Did you even open the shared calendar I sent you both?

GABE

No.

ROBERT

You sent us a shared calendar?

GABE

Anyway, she'll be here any minute. It's 8:01.

ZEV

Place is kinda messy.

ROBERT

Oh boo hoo. I can't imagine what Nachman Rick's daughter who's a part-time plumber looks like.

There's a knock. Zev shh's everyone, and Robert heads for the door. He opens it to reveal Yael, the girl from the coffee shop, in tight fitting workout clothes. They stare at each other for a moment.

YAEL

Oh my god. Hi. We met at the-

ROBERT

Yeah. Hi-

YAEL

Hahahaha holy shit. No fuckin way.

Zev glides in.

ZEV

Hi, I'm Zev, and this is Gabe. You two know each other?

YAEL

Sort of. I'm Yael.

GABE

You're Yael? Wait. Oh my god Robert won't stop going on about-

Robert hits him with a stiff elbow.

She smirks.

YAEL

My dad said you needed some basic handiwork done?

ROBERT

Oh. Yeah I just don't know a thing about sinks. If it was anything else I'd handle it. I'm like, great with cars and...wood stuff. And ceramics-

YAEL

Great...can I come in?

Robert is still in the doorway. Gabe mouths "ceramics?" Robert shrugs.

ROBERT

Oh. Umm. Yeah, of course. Sorry.

She walks in and spots a turntable with a collection of records displayed in the corner, under a wall with LP covers up as art.

YAEL

You've got every Bon Iver album on vinyl? Tell me do you also serve beverages in mason jars and hinge your self worth on the fact that you still drive a manual car?

Zev shoves a stray mason jar back in the cabinet.

GABE

You saw his Jeep?

YAEL

I'm kidding. Bon Iver's my favorite.

She pulls out an album, "For Emma, Forever Ago" and turns it on. The room fills with haunting music.

Zev gets up and pulls Gabe with him.

ZEV

Oh look at the time, wow we're late for work.

GABE

I'm good, I've got 20 minutes before I have to-

ZEV

Gabe you're late for work.

GABE

No- Oh. Right, the early start that my boss emailed me about. Bye!

Zev turns to Yael.

ZEV

So happy you were able to come by and help us. Toodles!

Zev drags Gabe out the door and all of a sudden Robert and Yael are left alone.

The song keeps playing, and they stand there awkwardly.

Gabe bursts back in.

GABE

Forgot my Hydroflask.

He leaves again. Yael finally breaks the silence.

YAEL

Anyway, I've gotta get to work so lemme tackle the sink.

She walks into the bathroom. Robert's alone. He starts frantically straightening up the apartment.

Yael comes out of the bathroom, holding a lotion bottle cap.

YAEL (CONT'D)

That was an easy fix. This cap and a bunch of glitter were stuck in there. I use the same lotion. Lubriderm, right?

ROBERT

Oh that's Gabe and Zev!

YAEL

Uhh, sure. You guys need anything else?

ROBERT

No we're good. I'll walk you out.

EXT. APARTMENT. DAY.

ROBERT

So did you see Bon Iver when they were at the bowl this summer?

YAEL

Of course.

ROBERT

So did I!

YAEL

What! They're coming back this summer.

She touches his arm.

YAEL (CONT'D)

The four of us should go.

ROBERT

You and I should go.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Or, yeah. The four of us. Or if you wanted to bring friends too.

YAEL

Yeah, we'll figure it out. Well I gotta run. Literally!

Robert gives a quizzical look.

YAEL (CONT'D)

No, like I'm going on a run. Sorry. That was so fucking dumb.

ROBERT

(western accent)

Yael come back soon now.

Beat.

YAEL

What?

ROBERT

Y'all, like Yael. Like "Y'all come back soon now." I don't know.

YAEL

No I got the joke.

ROBERT

Right.

Yael

But we SHOULD all hang out. Like-
me, my friends, your roommates.

Robert

Yeah that'd be great. Sorry about
my dumb fucking joke-

Yael

Don't apologize. Text me. Hey, try
not to jerk any more unicorns off
into your sink.

She takes off down the street, laughing, before Robert can
explain.

He calls after her.

Robert

That was Gabe!!!

She's gone.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

INT. ROBERT'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Robert comes into his room from work. He drops his bag and stops short.

ROBERT
(To himself)
What the-

He reaches up to the right side of the doorway and touches a mezuzah.

Then his gaze shoots to just above his bed where Zev's bedazzled Star of David hangs proudly.

He starts giggling and quickly heads into the living room where Gabe and Zev are watching a movie.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. CONTINUOUS.

ROBERT
Yo, whoever put the doorway
blessing thing and vajazzled star
in my room, bravo.

ZEV
Do you mean a mezuzah?

ROBERT
Maybe?

GABE
Wasn't me.

ZEV
You haven't noticed the mezuzahs in
every doorway?

ROBERT
I've seen 'em before, I just
assumed they were Ring cameras.

ZEV
They're a good way to tell the
difference between a practicing and
a cultural jew. My parents have em
at home.

ROBERT

But then how come you don't wear
the little hat every day?

ZEV

Kippa. I did growing up, but I made
a social decision when I hit high
school. Figured being gay was
plenty.

GABE

Can't argue with that.

ROBERT

Anyway, what do these mezzanine
things do anyway?

ZEV

Mezuzahs. But without boring you
with the Hebrew words, they block
out bad juju.

ROBERT

Gabe's a bad jewjew. Didn't keep
him out. And what about the star?

ZEV

Oh that's just so you look like a
good little Jewish boy.

GABE

Can't argue with that either.

ROBERT

Don't forget we're getting drinks
with Olivia tomorrow night. Shalom.

Robert leaves the room, and Zev calls after him.

ZEV

Not quite the right usage but I
love the spirit!

Gabe grabs Zev's shoulder, wide-eyed.

GABE

We're hanging with Olivia tomorrow.

ZEV

Yes, I have ears.

GABE

What should I wear?

ZEV
Clothes, for all of our sake.

GABE
I need some gay fashion tips! Help
me find something casual yet cool.

ZEV
One, you can't pull off gay
fashion. Two, you wouldn't know
casual yet cool if Ryan Gosling was
our third roommate.

GABE
You're such a dick.

ZEV
Write a song about it.

Zev gets up.

ZEV (CONT'D)
Better yet, write a song about
Olivia.

GABE
I already have. Kidding!

ZEV
Not you're not.

He heads into his bedroom. Gabe, now alone, quickly closes a
songwriting book open to a page titled "Olivia."

INT. FINN'S PUB. NIGHT.

Robert, Olivia, Gabe, and Zev are at a booth with beers. Gabe
is ogling Olivia, with about as much subtlety as Nic Cage in
'Face Off.'

GABE
Robert and Liv, when can I see the
next short?

ZEV
Yeah, which Macedonian
cybercriminal is this one about?
Ooh or is it a fun one like, "This
underground rave has been going on
in a barn in the former Yugoslavia
every year since 1989. So we took
acid and went."

OLIVIA

Sadly just a human interest piece
on a cobbler embroiled in the
battle for the Syrian border. It's
almost there.

GABE

I'm sure it's perfect.

Robert kicks Gabe under the table.

OLIVIA

I'm gonna run to the bathroom. Zev?

Zev stands up dutifully.

ZEV

After you, m'lady.

They leave. Gabe and Robert watch as they go.

GABE

What the hell do they do in there?

ROBERT

Cocaine.

GABE

Really?

ROBERT

No. Actually I dunno. Maybe. You
need to get your shit together. I
can feel your boner from here.

GABE

What?

ROBERT

You're gonna blow it. You've been
friends for 5 years, why are you
being so weird?

GABE

I know, I know, I just feel like
this could be the time. New
apartment, new me.

ROBERT

Well it's not gonna be the time if
you bust a nut every time she looks
at you. Can you tone it down?

GABE
Yeah. I'll try.

ROBERT
Thank you. She thinks you're great.
Just don't be so fucking weird.

GABE
Ok, ok. Am I being weird?

ROBERT
Extremely.

Zev and Olivia come back looking like they've got big news.

GABE
Did you guys just do coke?

ZEV
What? No. Yael is here.

OLIVIA
Zev said there's like, maybe a
thing between you two. She's hot!

ROBERT
She's here?

OLIVIA
She asked where you were.

ROBERT
Jesus.

ZEV
It's pronounced Zev.

GABE
Hey Robert, I can feel your boner
from here.

Awkward beat.

OLIVIA
What?

ROBERT
Nothing. He's a fucking idiot.

ZEV
Why couldn't Nachman Rick have a
hot son?

Yael walks over with a drink in her hand. She slides into the booth next to Robert.

Yael
 Hey guys! How fun is this? My friends were leaving and Zev came and said you guys were over here!

The Elton John/Dua Lipa song comes on in the bar.

Yael (CONT'D)
 I love this song!

Beat. She turns to Robert.

Yael (CONT'D)
 You wouldn't know a hint if it kissed you on the mouth. Let's dance.

Robert
 I don't think that's a good-

Before he can finish, Yael pulls him onto the dance floor. They move with undeniable chemistry.

Yael
 See isn't this fun?

Robert laughs, loosening up.

Robert
 Yes. Yes it is.

INT. FINN'S PUB. NIGHT.

Zev, Gabe, and Olivia are watching across the bar.

Zev
 Alright, I'm takin' bets, what do we think's gonna happen?

Olivia
 Oh they're gonna fuck.

Zev
 Ok, one for intercourse. Gabriel?

Gabe turns to Olivia.

Gabe
 You think they're gonna bang just like that?

OLIVIA

Yep.

GABE

Would you do it on the first night?

OLIVIA

If I was into it, of course.

Gabe spits out his drink.

ZEV

I'm gonna go hit on married guys.

He walks away, and Gabe and Olivia are left together. Beat.

GABE

So, do you like bread?

Robert and Yael are still dancing. She turns around, grabs him by the neck, and starts kissing him.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBERT'S ROOM. MORNING.

Robert rustles and reaches for a bottle of Gatorade next to his bed. He rolls over and offers it to a naked Yael, who is also starting to rise.

ROBERT

Drink up.

She takes a sip, gets out of bed, and starts to get dressed.

YAEL

Oof. It's late.

ROBERT

You wanna grab breakfast?

YAEL

I can't. Gotta work. I had a lot of fun last night. We should do this again.

ROBERT

Yeah we should! This. This, as in like....?

YAEL

As in we should hook up again.

ROBERT

Oh. Yeah. Totally. Also if you
wanna like go out or something?

YAEL

What - Oh. No. Oh. I'm so sorry, I
assumed you were just looking for
fun, like every other LA fuckboi.

ROBERT

Hmm?

YAEL

I actually don't "date" Jewish
guys. I obviously have in the past,
and it's not for me. So I made a
rule.

ROBERT

What? Why?

YAEL

Jewish moms.

He looks at her blankly.

YAEL (CONT'D)

Too many opinions.

ROBERT

Oh. It's all good! my mom's not
Jewish-

Yael looks up at the bedazzled Star of David. Robert follows
her gaze.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Right. I-

YAEL

This was fun. Don't make it weird.
Maybe I'll text you if I'm out
tonight.

She kisses him, playfully slaps him, and struts out before
Robert can say another word.

He lays back down onto the bed, under the Star of David.

ROBERT

Oy vey.

END OF EPISODE.