

DEEPLY SUPERFICIAL-SPEC PILOT(18M 6S)

"Pilot-Teaser-Dinner Date"

written by

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DEEPLY SUPERFICIAL

"Pilot"

CAST

KEITH.....KEITH ALLEN WEST  
ALEXANDRA.....ANGELA WILSON  
HARRY.....VIC BROWDER  
STEWART..... DOUG MONTOYA  
MOM.....TEDDY EGGLESTON  
GLORIA.....ALAINA WARREN ZACHARY

GUEST CAST

LANDLORD.....MICHAEL MILLER  
BRIAN.....BEN NOLTE

RESTAURANT MAN

RESTAURANT WOMAN

DEEPLY SUPERFICIAL"Pilot"SETS

Teaser, Scene A - INT. KEITH'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Teaser, Scene B - INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

  

Act One, Scene C - INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Act One, Scene D - INT. KEITH'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Act One, Scene E - EXT. KEITH'S - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Act One, Scene F - INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

  

Act Two, Scene G - INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Act Two, Scene H - EXT. RESTUARANT - NIGHT

Act Two, Scene I - INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Act Two, Scene J - INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

  

Act Three, Scene K - EXT. KEITH'S - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Act Three, Scene L - INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Act Three, Scene M - EXT. KEITH'S - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Act Three, Scene N - INT. KEITH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

  

Tag, Scene O - INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

FADE IN:

1

INT. KEITH'S - LIVING ROOM - DAY

1

PRISCILLA, pig of the desert -- a 70 pound potbelly pig -- squeals as she eats cheerios off the floor.

KEITH -- 47, tall and well dressed -- swigs coffee from a Waterford crystal mug. He surveys the entire room ecstatic with his redecorating.

Keith rips sage bundles out of the plastic wrappers and flings them into a brightly colored dish on the coffee table. A candle flickers next to the bowl of sage.

KEITH

Priscilla, don't be snarky with me. We are going to sage your ex-daddy's energy out of this house.

(beat)

You know he still eats pork?

Priscilla squawks and continues eating her snacks.

The door flings open and in comes Keith's friend and talent agent ALEXANDRA -- 47, wearing a flashy hippy-like skirt, shirt and scarf. She is carrying a reusable shopping bag.

ALEXANDRA

I brought Champagne! The moon is in Gemini, so today is great for bubbles and for a little voodoo to exorcise HIS energy out of this home.

Alexandra whips a crystal covered wand out of her bag and flails it around her in circles.

KEITH

Planets need to be in the right place for us to drink?

Keith kisses Alexandra on the cheek and takes the bag from her to sit it on the kitchen counter. She dances about the room still flailing the wand until she flops down on the couch.

GLORIA -- 55, Keith's housekeeper, a small statured Russian woman -- comes in carrying her purse and placing very large sunglasses on the top of her head.

GLORIA

We are done cleaning for week. Leave furniture where is now.

Gloria scolds Keith by shaking her finger at him.

ALEXANDRA

You know he will rearrange ten more times this weekend.

GLORIA

He cannot. I did the Russian version of Feng Shui and it is perfect.

Gloria straightens the sage bundles in the bowl to line them up in a pretty pile.

KEITH

Just feeling the flow of chi in the room, right?

GLORIA

No chi bullshit. Pfffft. If you stub toe on furniture it must be moved. I had five shots, I then vacuumed and full dusted with all toes being good.

Gloria blows everyone kisses and lets herself out.

CUT TO:

2

INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

2

Keith and Alexandra giggle and banter while polishing glasses.

Through the courtyard door prances STEWART -- 52, overweight and flustered. He is dressed in his signature tight t-shirt and yoga pants with off-brand workout shoes. He is carrying a tray of snacks including meats, cheeses and vegetables.

STEWART

Sorry, we are running late!

He is followed by his longtime husband HARRY -- 48, dressed in the gay leather Daddy uniform of faded jeans, crisp white t-shirt, a black leather vest and leather biker hat. Harry cradles a vase with 24 roses like a small child in his arms.

Harry places the roses on the mantle and arranges them ever so delicately.

HARRY

It doesn't look like that narcissistic asshole ever lived here.

Not satisfied -- thanks to his OCD -- Harry keeps fidgeting with the stems to place them just right.

Alexandra pours everyone champagne and hands flute glasses out to the group.

ALEXANDRA

A toast!

HARRY

Let's all celebrate and raise a glass, the house is free of that self-centered ass. We hope you are not feeling blue, you need to have some chicken over to screw.

There are cheek kisses all around while glasses clink.

ALEXANDRA

Chicken?

Keith rolls his eyes at Harry.

KEITH

Chicken is hot, horny, gay guys twenty five and under.

Stewart is carefully unpacking the snack tray and trying to craft a display on the cutting board sitting on the stove.

Stewart shoves some meat and cheese into his mouth, but still tries to talk.

STEWART

And, at Keith's age, he is known as a chicken hawk.

ALEXANDRA

Like the Foghorn Leghorn cartoon?

They swig their champagne. Keith refills glasses all around.

CUT TO:

3

INT. KEITH'S - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

3

Keith leads the gang over to the coffee table.

HARRY

In my day you just prayed your ex would get a sexually transmitted disease and then burned his shit... unless your new boyfriend wore the same size clothing.

KEITH

That is the ultimate recycling. Just  
keep dating guys the same size!

Keith lights the 4 bundles of sage from the candle. He hands one to each of them. Keith's sage bursts into smoke and flames.

Smoke billows from the group's sage far more than they expected. They all start coughing and choking.

The fire alarm screeches forcing them to flee outside, sage bundles in hand. Even Priscilla runs outside to get away from the smoke alarm just as it stops blaring.

4

EXT. KEITH'S - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

4

The gang tosses the sage -- smoke billowing -- onto the gravel. Keith uses a watering can to put them out.

HARRY

I don't think any bad mojo could have  
survived that sage hotbox.

STEWART

I thought it would be more of a gentle  
wafting smoke as we all chanted OOOO-  
HHHHHH-MMMMM!

KEITH

When have you known anything about me  
to be gentle?

The smoke billows through the open door. Wafting with their arms, they go back inside.

CUT TO:

5

INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

5

Keith gets small plates off the shelf and passes them to everyone.

KEITH

I want to tell you all... I have my  
first official post-divorce date  
tomorrow night.

Harry makes a motion like he is still wafting the smoke from his face.

STEWART

Tomorrow is a good day for a date! It  
is our tenth wedding anniversary!

Stewart blows a kiss at Harry.

ALEXANDRA

That's right! Congratulations guys!

STEWART

I got us our regular dinner reservations at Chez France.

KEITH

How romantic! See it's a good day to start a relationship.

Keith refills the champagne glasses.

HARRY

Whoa, Nelly! I am not sure you are ready to jump into a relationship. It's okay to just hook-up.

STEWART

Have you discussed dating with your new therapist?

KEITH

Yes guys! Dr. Hill says I should start dating and see how it feels. It is time to get back in the saddle.

(beat)

Oh, that sounds bad.

Stewart downs his Champagne and reaches out for a refill. Keith opens another bottle and tops off his glass.

STEWART

Just remember girl, you rode the last horse for twenty-four long years. The new models will handle very differently.

KEITH

There was not enough riding in those all those years! That's one of the reason's it ended!

HARRY

The new ones will want to ride bareback!

KEITH

Oh my! Can we not!

Keith smacks Harry on the shoulder. Harry smugly sips his champagne pretending not to notice the smack.

ALEXANDRA

Bareback? What? They say if you fall  
off the horse...

KEITH

We are not going through the gay  
glossary today.

Harry smiles. He is pleased with his latest configuration and  
makes the "washing my hands of it" motion.

HARRY

Just don't light anything on fire!

ALEXANDRA

(doing air quotes around the  
word fire)  
Oh! What's "fire" stand for in gay  
lingo?

KEITH

(doing air quotes around the  
first word fire)  
"Fire" is just fire. It's not lingo.

HARRY

Unless your talking about gonorrhoea.

KEITH

HARRY!

STEWART

HARRY!

DISSOLVE TO:

6

INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

6

Tomatoes are chopped, shrimp are rinsed and Keith mixes the  
various ingredients into the salad bowl. He shreds the Romano  
cheese on top.

Keith goes to the island and straightens the dishes and glass  
wear.

He picks the napkins out of the drawer and places them inside  
the napkin rings and lays them on the plates.

Keith opens the oven and pulls out the roast. He Reads the  
thermometer.

KEITH

One-hundred degrees. Oh no, no, no  
Priscilla that is more rare than a gay  
bar full of tops.

(Keith laughs to himself)

(MORE)

KEITH (CONT'D)

We are bumping this up to four-seventy-five for the next thirty minutes.

Priscilla snorts in agreement.

CUT TO:

7

EXT. RESTUARANT - NIGHT

7

Stewart dashes up to the door to whisk it open for Harry. He is carrying a dozen roses wrapped in paper for their table.

Stewart wears his normal outfit with a blazer over top. Harry wears a black suit jacket over his leather daddy uniform.

STEWART

Here you go babe.

Just as Stewart pulls the door it won't budge.

STEWART (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Must be stuck.

Stewart tucks the flowers under his arm and tries with both hands to wiggle the handle fiercely. He flails off one foot in a triumphant last attempt to unstick the door.

HARRY

The lights are out inside. This could be bad.

STEWART

Oh I am sure this is just...

Stewart sees the closed sign taped inside the window by the door.

STEWART (CONT'D)

"Closed due to a health code violation."

HARRY

See! This is the kind of stuff that happens when I let you plan something!

Stewart peers into the window hoping to see someone moving around.

STEWART

It can't be happening. They know us. We have our regular table!

HARRY

I knew this was not going to be a good day. Alexandra said one of those important planets was in retro-gay or something.

STEWART

Since when does "Mister Analytical" listen to her planet talk.

HARRY

(mocking Stewart)  
Don't worry, GIRL. I will handle our anniversary this year.

Both guys fold their arms across their chests and glare in silence for a moment.

STEWART

I was just trying to be nice since you have been "acting" so much.

HARRY

(making air quotes)  
What was that suppose to mean?

STEWART

I teach eight slow-flow yoga classes a week. Yoga! Like with grunting and students farting. Ugh! You put on a cute outfit and say some lines while trying not to look into a camera.

Stewart throws the roses on the ground in disgust.

HARRY

Hey. Hey. Hey. When we met you said you liked that I was an actor and you've always been supportive.

The guys huff and turn away from each other.

A fancily dressed STRAIGHT COUPLE comes walking up. They go right between Harry and Stewart to try the door.

The guys both burst out laughing. Harry picks up the roses and brushes off the dirt.

CUT TO:

8

INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

8

Keith pours himself a glass of red wine and looks at the clock.

KEITH

Perfect! Only 45 minutes to go.

The living room door flings open with extreme force. It smacks the wall and makes the hanging artwork clatter. MOM -- 67, short woman -- stomps in 2 steps and throws her luggage on the ground.

MOM

I've had it! I can't live with your sister anymore. She can be such a bitch!

Keith chokes on his sip of wine.

KEITH

Mom! What are you doing?

MOM

I woke up today and looked at the dishes your sister left in the sink and I said "fudge this shit" I am moving to New Mexico.

Keith is getting even more exasperated.

KEITH

Mom! You didn't think to call?

MOM

Call? I threw my clothing in the bag you bought me for Christmas last year and took that Uber thing to the airport.

KEITH

Umm... But...

MOM

No butts. I am going to bed and we can talk about this tomorrow. Hello Priscilla.

Mom starts her walk through the kitchen to go to keith's bedroom

MOM (CONT'D)

You won't mind the couch for tonight, right honey?

KEITH

(blurting it out)  
Stop right there woman! I have a date tonight and you can't be here.

He grabs her overnight bag and he scurries her out the kitchen door to the courtyard.

DISSOLVE TO:

9

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

9

The LANDLORD (75) sits stooped over at his desk. Alexandra, in her brightly colored hippie garb, barges in.

ALEXANDRA

What kind of stupid businessman would put a donut shop in this shitty office building?

LANDLORD

Businesswoman. It's been my wife's dream to open a donut shop.

Alexandra looks baffled not knowing what to say.

The Landlord moves over and places his hand on Alexandra's shoulder.

ALEXANDRA

Why are you giving her my space?

LANDLORD

She's always wanted a place called Debbi Does Donuts.

He begins to rub her shoulder.

ALEXANDRA

What does she know about making donuts?

LANDLORD

She won't be getting up at 4 am to be sure they are freshly made! I'll be paying someone to do that...which means I save money putting her in a place where I don't have to pay rent!

She smacks his hand off her shoulder. She stares at him in disgust.

The Landlord returns to his chair with a huff. He slowly rips the stack of paper in half and lets the pieces flutter down into the trashcan by the desk.

ALEXANDRA

Screw you and your wife's donuts!

Shocked, Alexandra whisks around and flutters out of the office.

LANDLORD  
(screaming after her)  
Since that was your old lease that I  
just tore up, consider this your 30  
day notice to vacate.

The landlord bends back over to work shuffling around large piles of paper and binders.

FADE TO BLACK.

10      EXT. KEITH'S - COURTYARD - NIGHT      10

Keith pulls his Range Rover back into his parking spot as the gate slams shut behind him. The kitchen door is open and smoke billows out as Keith hears the smoke detector screaming.

Priscilla runs out the door. Keith looks down at her to be sure she is okay.

Just then, standing next to him is his date CARLOS, 40, tall, fit and well dressed.

CUT TO:

11      INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER      11

Keith pulls the pan from the oven showing Carlos a tray of charred meat and potatoes.

CARLOS  
I am pretty sure I told you rare to  
medium-rare was fine.

KEITH  
Let's see if it is just the outside  
that's black?

Keith tries to cut the meat with a knife but it is charred solid.

CARLOS  
Well, the good news is the salad is  
still there. I've been thinking of  
going vegetarian since I knew I'd be  
meeting Priscilla.

KEITH  
Really?

CARLOS

No, but I thought saying that might make you feel better.

KEITH

Not really!

Keith looks at the roast in disgust.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Glass of wine while we figure it out?

They both laugh. Keith pours them each a glass.

Mom flings the door open again and stomps right up to Keith.

MOM

It's haunted. You took me to a haunted hotel.

(beat)

Oh hello, you must be THE date. I am his Mom. Yes I am short to have had a son that size.

Mom and Carlos shake hands.

KEITH

Mom it's just a rumor that it is haunted.

MOM

A rumor? Your own Yelp rating of the place only gives them three stars, and YOU say it is haunted. I can't believe you!

KEITH

That I'd send you to a haunted hotel?

MOM

No! That you'd put me up in what you think is a three star hotel! And allegedly haunted!

KEITH

Okay, so it is a little more than allegedly.

Keith tries to joke it off.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Mom this is Carlos. Carlos this is Mom.

The other door in the living room flies open and in comes Alexandra crying loudly.

Keith and Carlos share a look of disbelief.

ALEXANDRA

He tore it up. Right there he tore it up. I have thirty days to move out of my office.

KEITH

Into a bigger one?

ALEXANDRA

Would I be crying over a bigger office?

She bursts into even louder crying while trying to talk.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)

I have no office. He kicked me out because his wife wants a porn themed donut shop.

Carlos looks a little nervous with all this happening.

KEITH

Let's all calm down. We can figure this out.

ALEXANDRA

Is that charred lump your dinner? Oh no, it is your date night! I am sorry.  
(to Carlos)  
Oh I am Alexandra I am Keith's agent. I should make y'all sandwiches.

CARLOS

Carlos. Nice to meet you.

ALEXANDRA

What's your birth sign?

CARLOS

Taurus.

ALEXANDRA

(Dismayingly - knowing that is a bad sign for Keith)  
Oh. Not good.

Carlos looks confused.

KEITH

I am really good at Cajun blackening  
but I may have gone too far on this.

MOM

I am hungry. You're Alexandra! I am  
his Mom.

ALEXANDRA

Carlos' mom?

(beat)

Oh wait, Keith's mom. That makes more  
sense, wait... not really. Nice to  
meet you.

MOM

You too.

KEITH

WAIT! I have all of this under  
control. We have a big salad left.

Keith's elbow hits the salad bowl sending it flying onto the  
floor where a happy Priscilla comes to clean it up.

Everyone goes silent waiting to see how Keith reacts.

KEITH (CONT'D)

What the fuck!

Keith throws his arms in the air and turns away so the gang  
can't see he's upset.

DISSOLVE TO:

12

INT. KEITH'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

12

The guys walk in and see the madness of Priscilla eating the  
salad off the floor and the group talking loudly over each  
other. They stand there with a look of horror.

STEWART

(loud so they can hear)

We have Chinese!

The room goes silent.

HARRY

And plenty of pork-free egg rolls!

Alexandra squeals with glee and runs over to hug both the  
guys.

ALEXANDRA

Mom come meet the guys. They live upstairs.

Alexandra introduces Harry and Stewart to Mom. There are hand shakes and hugs and cheek kisses all around with banter we cannot make out.

Carlos grabs Keith gently by the shoulders and looks him in the eye.

KEITH

Interested in some Chinese?

CARLOS

I think you have your hands full here.

KEITH

How about we reschedule for next week?

CARLOS

I think you are going to have your hands full for a while. Let's not. I try to listen when the universe says something might not work.

Carlos sneaks around the gang to head out the door. Keith looks around the chaos from the night. Priscilla is still eating salad off the floor. The gang is laughing so loudly he cannot focus. He looks furious.

FADE TO BLACK.

13

INT. KEITH'S - KITCHEN - NIGHT

13

Harry, Stewart and Mom sit at the island eating Chinese. Keith and Alexandra stand opposite them. Harry hands Keith a tray of egg-rolls. Keith takes one and passes it to Alexandra.

KEITH

Well Mom, you can sleep in my room.

MOM

No, really. My back is bad, but I'll take the couch.

Keith glares at Mom letting her know he's not playing the martyr game after that night.

ALEXANDRA

Welcome to the gang Mom!

STEWART

I love it when we all get together.

HARRY

I am guessing you just let your date opt-out for now.

KEITH

More like he unsubscribed permanently from the "Date Keith" newsletter.

HARRY

Nobody said dating was going to be easy.

STEWART

Can you make do with a smaller office?

ALEXANDRA

Of course. It just needs to be in a commercial building to keep the Screen Actors Guild happy.

Harry looks to Stewart and smiles.

HARRY

You're right! I bet Keith would let us move the stuff from the front storage to the basement and you could work from here.

KEITH

Totally! The storage room is perfect. You would be right off the lobby!

ALEXANDRA

Yes! You'd let me move in?

MOM

At least she asked. I just got on a plane and showed up.

KEITH

Yes! It will be like my own mixed-use Melrose Place.

STEWART

Oh GIRLS, I want to be Heather Locklear!

KEITH

I own the building. I get to be Heather Locklear.

Keith walks to the fridge and comes back with a large chocolate cake.

KEITH (CONT'D)

I do have triple-liquor cake left. We should celebrate.

Keith reaches into the kitchen drawer and places three candles on the cake.

HARRY

Nothing says celebration like mixing your liquor and your cake.

KEITH

It's Irish whiskey, Kahlua and Bailey's.

ALEXANDRA

(looking at her phone)

Oh no. Today is a bad day in the stars. We have two planets in retrograde a Sun, Mercury, Venus trine.

(looking at the group)

Well, duh! That's why today went so wrong.

KEITH

Or...that's why today went so right.

(beat)

To all of us and our Albuquerque Melrose Place!

Keith pulls the lighter from the drawer and lights the candles. The lighter catches the cake on fire and it starts smoking. The smoke alarm screams.

FADE OUT.

THE END