

GAB & KEV MAKE IT WEIRD

Ep. 013:  
"The Feast"

Written by

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(featuring one joke by guest writer, Kevin Ruth)

*Inspired by the real friendship  
of real Philly weirdos,  
Gab Bottoni and Kevin Ruth.*

INT. PHILLY IMPROV STUDIO – NIGHT

KEV goofs into a microphone onstage in front of a group of laughing PHILLY HISPTERS.

KEV

So the other day a woman called me a misogynist, which I didn't think was fair.

Beat.

KEV (CONT'D)

Because I don't know how to give massages.

(he chuckles at himself)

Audience groans. Beat.

KEV (CONT'D)

That's a woman's job!

The audience laughs.

INT. PHILLY IMPROV STUDIO, GREENROOM – LATER

Kev sits on a couch that looks just as gross as it probably smells and sighs over the words in a pocket notebook. A fellow comedian, CHRIS, plops down beside him, a beer in each hand.

CHRIS

Uh oh, a standup shitting all over his own work! Everybody watch out! Self-deprecation coming through!

He tries to hand Kev a beer but he refuses.

KEV

Sorry, do I know you?

CHRIS

You do now. I'm Chris.

(puts his arm around Kev)

Bring it in, bud. People were laughing. You did it. Mission accomplished

KEV

I mean, it's a crowd full of improvisers. So. They're pretty easy to please.

CHRIS

So you had an easy day at the dildo factory. What's wrong with that?

KEV

I guess nothing...

(beat)

Well, actually. Everything. How can this already be so easy?

CHRIS

You live in Philly. What do you expect?

KEV

I don't know...to struggle for like a good decade before I can walk onstage before 2AM?

CHRIS

Move to New York or LA then.

Beat. Kev thinks.

KEV

Did you already go on?

CHRIS

Uh, this shirt on my belly is clean and dry isn't it?

He gives his big beer belly a nice pat as he winks.

KEV

I don't know the significance of that question.

CHRIS

I do a character called "Beer Bro." It's like this quasi-meta character experience where I deal with the passing of my father...while I chug a six pack. By the end of it my shirt is covered in major brews...and tears.

The green room VOLUNTEER pokes her head in.

VOLUNTEER

Places, Beer Bro!

CHRIS

Thank you, places!

He jumps up and faces Kev.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you one thing: you won't  
see shit like this in NY.

Chris jiggles his belly and pours both beers into his mouth.

INT. EVENTS BY DONNA OFFICE - DAY

Gab leans back in her seat, feet up on Kendra's desk as she laughs at a video on her phone. KENDRA tries and fails to push her feet off over and over again. Gab's phone rings; on the screen pops up: "Mama Maria." Gab rolls her eyes for what seems like forever before she whips her feet off the desk and straightens up.

She puts the phone to her ear.

GAB  
(to phone)  
Hey, ma.  
(she holds the phone away  
from her ear, wincing)  
I'm sorry, I was busy.  
(beat)  
I know, you're right, it *would* be a  
sin if I forgot to call you back  
and then you died in your sleep.

Kendra windexes the spot on her desk where Gab's feet were.

KENDRA  
Wow, I feel like I know the  
contents of this whole conversation  
just from hearing this one side.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

MAMA MARIA, a tired, 40-something year-old version of Gab packs a shopping cart full of oversized cans of crushed tomatoes with her cell phone tucked between her neck and ear.

MAMA MARIA  
You know what else is a sin? Not  
coming home to see your family for  
The Feast.

INTERCUT GAB/MAMA MARIA

GAB

Ma, I'm working. For some reason the government doesn't recognize Elvis Presley's death-day as a national holiday.

MAMA MARIA

I told you to take off for a family day.

GAB

There's no such thing as a family day.

Gab notices DONNA walk through the door. She ponders something, then grabs a stack of papers from her desk.

MAMA MARIA

Watch your mouth. Nothing is more important than family, Gabriella.

GAB

Sorry, ma, I have work tomorrow. It's not up to me. Love you, bye!

MAMA MARIA

You better.

She hangs up, throws her phone on the desk and follows Donna through the office.

Mama Maria tosses her phone into the overflowing cart. Another WOMAN approaches and grabs a can of tomatoes of the shelf. Maria glares into her until she puts it back and sulks away.

END INTERCUT.

GAB

Morning, D!

She sighs and pivots to face Gab.

GAB (CONT'D)

First, I wanted to tell you that I finished all of my paperwork.

She bows and presents the meager stack of sheets. Donna takes them. Gab rises and clears her throat.

GAB (CONT'D)

Now, for the next part. Elvis  
Preseley, the King of Rock 'n'Roll.  
You know him. And despite setting  
the unfortunate tone for cultural  
appropriation in American pop  
music, you probably love him.

DONNA

What do you want?

GAB

But for North Jersey Italian-  
Americans everywhere...in Northern  
New Jersey...he's still our other  
dark-haired/olive oil skinned  
Messiah.

DONNA

(to herself)

I'm so tired. Having it all is a  
living nightmare.

GAB

I need tomorrow off for a...family  
day. My parents are getting older,  
y'know, and god forbid I don't see  
them before they croak. I mean,  
anyone could die in their sleep,  
right? It happens all the time.

Donna grabs the papers and turns back around.

DONNA

Why can't you just lie to me and  
call out sick like everyone else?

Gab looks at her very seriously.

GAB

I would never lie to you.

DONNA

That's what my ex-pilates  
instructor said to me 9 months ago  
when I asked if she was committed  
to being my long-term trainer.

Beat.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Just go. And don't tell Kendra.  
It'll be a whole thing.

Gab salutes her as she walks into her office and SLAMS the door shut. Gab walks back over to her desk, sits down, and puts her feet up on KENDRA's, who knocks them off and mimes a bubble around her area.

Gab takes a bobbi pin from her hair and mime pops the bubble, then puts her feet back up. Kendra stews. Gab takes her phone out and makes a call.

GAB  
(to phone)  
Ay boy!

INT. THE INSURANCE GUYS OFFICE - DAY

Kev holds the company phone to his ear.

KEV  
(to phone)  
Gab, I told you I can't take  
personal calls at this number.

INTERCUT GAB/KEV

GAB  
But this is business.

KEV  
Alright. What?

GAB  
I have off tomorrow. You should  
play hookey so we can get high and  
go look at the big gold dong at the  
Art Museum.

KEV  
I still don't know what cultural  
artifact you're making a psycho-  
sexual connection to.  
(beat)  
And you know I can't be high in  
public.

GAB  
Come on. What else do you really  
have going on? Rise from your  
chair, Kev, and peek over the  
cubicle partition. What do you see?

Kev slowly rises and looks over. It's his quiet, bland cubicle neighbor DANIEL, corporate fire insurance's perfect, boring prince. He has a tough time cleaning his keyboard.

DANIEL

Oh hey, Kev!

Kev sits back down abruptly.

GAB

I bet the only pop of color in that  
depressing factory of a workspace  
is your tie.

He looks at his tie -- blue and red polka dots. She's right. We zoom out to see Kev as one of a sea of cubicles, and the boring buzz of meaningless clerical work pulses louder and louder. He sits back down, properly freaked.

GAB (CONT'D)

Now tell me again that you really  
don't want to go look at 5 foot-  
tall golden dinger with me.

KEV

I don't want to go look at a golden  
dinger. But taking the day off  
sounds nice.

Gab celebrates and accidentally knocks over Kendra's pencil holder. She falls to the ground after them.

KENDRA

My possessions!

GAB

(to Kendra)  
*Shhh!*

KEV

Hey, you're still coming to my show  
tonight right?

Gab winces.

GAB

Oh right. Of course. I definitely  
didn't forget about that.

KEV

Okay, good. I'm gonna need your  
honest opinion about my set.

Gab rolls her eyes.

GAB

I bet it's still great.

Kev glares into dead space.

GAB (CONT'D)

I hear that look you're giving me.  
Fine, yes, of course I'll be there!

Donna stands before all the employees with CHARLIE, an obvious activist (WOMAN) wearing a denim jacket adorned in radical symbols of equality and justice. Gab's phone, along with her jaw, drop to the floor.

DONNA

I'm very excited for you all to meet Charlie. She's our new diversity ambassador.

Kev looks at his phone suspiciously then hangs it up. He has a search engine up on his computer screen and he types in "Philly vs. New York Museums," then deletes "Museums" and replaces it with "Marijuana." He looks impressed with his second findings.

END INTERCUT.

Gab raises her hand.

DONNA (CONT'D)

What, Gab?

GAB

I just wanna say, I love the fact that we are getting more of a WOC POV up in here. And I look forward to working with you, as I've got the queerness covered in this office.

CHARLIE

I'm sure you're doing great work. Truth of the matter is, though, there's just no way any one person can represent, in a general sweep, the entire queer experience. And I think I bring to the table a fresh take on creating events that are truly all-inclusive.

The other employees seem impressed, giving *ahh's* of approval.

GAB

Pssh, totally. Real quick, Dee. I'm not being pulled off the annual Queer Ball right? 'Cause, like, I need that. Interpersonally.

Kendra violently *shushes* Gab.

DONNA

Well, Charlie, I have sufficient faith in you for all of that because I am a grown woman capable of full and complete trust of others.

GAB

Dee. Donna. Donna!

Donna trails back off into her office and SLAMS the door. Kendra places the last pen back in the holder Gab knocked over earlier.

GAB (CONT'D)

Crap.

Gab slams her fist on the desk and the pens go flying again.

INT. THE INSURANCE GUYS OFFICE, GAVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

GAVIN bounces on his silver bouncy ball "chair" as he works on his computer and sniffs the air.

GAVIN

Ah, Kevin. Enter.

Kev complies. Gavin bounces around to face him.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

What can I do for you?

KEV

I need to take a personal day tomorrow to go look at apartments. My lease ends next month.

GAVIN

This is nuts. Do you believe in fate?

KEV

Oh god.

He stands up and gets close to Kev's face and grabs him.

GAVIN

My roommate just got pregnant and moving in with her boyfriend. Leaving me with an empty room.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Before you say anything! Please  
know I make the best cup of matcha  
you'll ever have.

Kev squirms away and heads towards the door.

KEV

So I'm gonna take that personal day  
tomorrow to look at one bedroom  
apartments just for me.

GAVIN

Ha! Okay! No big deal!  
(beat)  
Oh god, I'm so lonely.

Kev stops. He almost made it.

KEV

Look, I'm not looking for a new  
apartment in Philly.

GAVIN

Oh. You're also leaving me, too?  
Us? Leaving us? The company?

KEV

I'm not. I mean, I don't know.

GAVIN

Why couldn't you have just called  
out sick?

KEV

Honest to a fault.

He gets up, approaches Kev, and embraces him.

GAVIN

Let me give you some advice for  
your journey tomorrow.

KEV

You don't need to--

GAVIN

Good luck.

KEV

That's not advice.

GAVIN

Do you have any last words for me  
before you go?

KEV

I'm just looking. But generally I  
would say stop memorizing your  
employees' identifying scents.

Gavin takes a deep sniff, releases the embrace, and pats him  
on the shoulders. Kev dips out and Gavin leaps back onto his  
bouncy ball, which makes a loud *POP*. He and the ball deflate.

INT. EVENTS BY DONNA – DAY

Gab wheels her chair over to Charlie, who sets up and  
organizes her new desk. Gab whips up her arm and pulls up her  
sleeve to reveal a tattoo on the inside of her arm that reads  
"GRRL PWR." Charlie looks at it and refocuses on her work.

GAB

That shit is forever.

CHARLIE

Nice. I'm having trouble finding  
your list of LGBTQ-safe venues.

GAB

Pfft, tell me about it.

CHARLIE

Isn't it your job to maintain that  
list?

Gab looks confused for a moment before a light goes off.

GAB

Oh. *That* list. Yeah, totally. I've  
got it all right here.

She points to her head and winks.

CHARLIE

Well, if you could put transfer  
that into here--

She taps the computer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

It would be a really big help.

GAB

Yeah, I was planning on doing that anyway. And I *definitely* have enough venues for a list of like three--

Charlie shoots her a concerned look.

GAB (CONT'D)

--a lot of places. A lot more than three places. I've gotchu. Girl. Woman. Person.

Gab wheels back to her desk...

...then wheels back.

GAB (CONT'D)

Y'know, I got this dumb tattoo in high school. I grew up in the suburbs so, I didn't know what was dumb and what wasn't. Yet.

CHARLIE

No worries. I remember my early activist days in the 'burbs. It's insane -- you can go to any suburb in any part of the country and find some kind of hateful, homophobic, racist fearmongerers spitting out a whole new generation of bullies.

GAB

Tell me about it. I have this super intolerant, Roman Catholic Italian-American family who, like, don't even realize how disgusting they sound sometimes. It's awful.

Charlie looks suddenly intrigued.

CHARLIE

Whoa. How'd that go?

Gab looks confused.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

When I told my father I was gender fluid, he reacted by trying to force me into wearing a pink dress. I bedazzled it, turned it into a romper and wore it under a military jacket. Then stripped it off in the front yard and set it all on fire.

GAB

Right. On. I haven't had the chance to like, properly educate my family yet. Or like, set anything ablaze.

CHARLIE

Oh. Bummer.

GAB

But *whooo* boy, do I plan to do that soon. Super hard.

CHARLIE

Oh yeah? When?

GAB

Well, I'm visiting home tomorrow, actually. Just to really stick it to them and make it clear that I am not gonna be coming around anymore if they're going to be a bunch of non-inclusive jerk-holes.

CHARLIE

Right on. Let me know how that goes.

GAB

Of course. I will give you the full deets. Should I text you or? No, right, we work together and you just met me. Know what? We'll just pow-wow again here on Monday. Cool.

Gab, all smiles, rolls backwards to her desk. She bumps into Kendra, who falls down.

EXT. PHILLY SIDEWALK – NIGHT

Gab walks by a small huddle of VAPERS through their big cloud of vape smoke with her phone to her ear.

GAB

(into phone)

Hey, mama.

She rolls her eyes.

INT. THE BUTTERONI KITCHEN – NIGHT

Mama Maria empties cans upon cans of crushed tomatoes into a big, steel pot as she tucks the landline phone in between her ear and her shoulder.

MAMA MARIA

Where are you? Are you out? You sound like you're in a bad area. Are you safe?

INTERCUT GAB/MAMA MARIA

GAB

Yes to most of the above. I'm about to see Kev's set.

MAMA MARIA

Aw, how is my little funny prince? Is he good? Still single? Are you treating him nice? Don't hurt that boy like you hurt your family by not coming home.

GAB

Jeez, Ma. You know, I was calling to tell you that I'll be there tomorrow after all.

MAMA MARIA

Good girl.

Gab disappears in a vape cloud and comes out the other side, magically at the venue. A sign reads: "Philly Improv Studio."

INT. PHILLY IMPROV STUDIO/BAR – NIGHT

KEV goofs into a microphone onstage in front of a group of laughing PHILLY HISPTERS. The sea of business casual beards and gender-vague haircuts creates a small barrier between stage and bar, where GAB munches on seitan hot wings amongst other cheap beer-drinking PATRONS.

KEV

So the other day a woman called me a misogynist, which I didn't think was fair.

Beat.

KEV (CONT'D)

Because I don't know how to give massages.

(he chuckles at himself)

Audience groans. Beat.

KEV (CONT'D)

That's a woman's job!

As the audience laughs Gab hoots and hollers.

GAB

Ow! That's my bud! My pal! My dude!

She returns her attention to DARRYL, a charming orb of positivity but constantly overwhelmed bartender.

GAB (CONT'D)

I mean "my dude" as in, my totally platonic, cis-gendered male life partner...who I'm not boning.

She winks at him and he turns his attention to other patrons. Kev slumps onto a stool next to her and points at her beer.

KEV

I'm gonna put this in me, okay?

He tries to down the beer but chokes after a few beats and sets it back down with a wince.

KEV (CONT'D)

Ouch. Bubbles hurt.

GAB

What's going on there, big daddy?  
(to Darryl)  
Again, "Daddy" in a totally non-sexual and non-paternal way.

DARRYL

There are no other ways.

Darryl stares blankly at her again, then shifts to Kev with excitement.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

You had a rad set, Kev.

KEV

You say that every night.

GAB

Because it's true! Philly loves ya.

Kev blows a big raspberry into the air.

KEV

I've been performing for the same underachieving, vegan Philly hipsters for the past 2 years.

Gab looks offended, licks sauce off her fingers and gets up.

GAB

Why don't you have a sietan wing  
and think about what you just said  
about OUR PEOPLE while I pee.

She walks away and he gives the wings a disgusted face.

KEV

(to Darryl)

I tell the same jokes to the same  
people who've all taken the same  
crash course in being supportive  
and nice to anyone that says  
anything ever.

Darryl gives him a confused look.

KEV (CONT'D)

Improv 101.

Darryl gives an "Ahhh" of understanding.

KEV (CONT'D)

Y'know, it's much harder to be a  
standup in New York or LA.

DARRYL

Why don't you move there then?

KEV

Ha.

DARRYL

I'm serious. I don't know why a  
funny, handsome guy like you  
couldn't make it.

KEV

Because.

(beat)

Well, for one thing.

(beat)

New York is so--

An alert Gab pops up behind Kev like a dog that caught the  
scent.

GAB

New York what? Who brought up New  
York?

She looks accusingly between Darryl and Kev.

DARRYL

I was just suggesting that a guy as funny as Kev would probably do well-

GAB

Hey, Darryl, why don't you get back to ignoring this side of the bar, huh?

(to the bar)

Ay, Philly! What do we think about New York?

A few voices from all directions overlap with variations of negativity.

THE BAR

Overrated. Un-liveable. Too expensive.

Kev shrugs and slurps the old beer.

GAB

Speaking of getting out of town and checking out other awful, un-liveable locations that are totally deviant from the gross beauty that is our beloved Philly, why don't you come home with me tomorrow for The Feast?

KEV

What happened to being juveniles at the Art Museum?

GAB

This feels more your speed. C'mon. Lasagna. Cannoli cake. My mom who thinks you're the friggin' second coming.

He shrugs.

KEV

How far is it?

GAB

A *super* tight two and a half hours.

KEV

And from New York?

Gab shoots him a deadly glare.

KEV (CONT'D)  
Just kidding!

GAB  
It's on the other side of the  
world.

He sips his beer and looks away.

EXT. THE BUTTERONI HOUSE – DAY

Through an elaborate lawn setup of marble angels, saints, and competing blessed mothers, Gab and Kev approach the suburban house/wannabe cathedral. He walks up to the door, but she stops him.

GAB  
Wait. Before we go in, honest  
opinion. Does this look say, "it's  
2017 and I'm not the conservative  
prude my family hoped I'd grow up  
to be?"

Gab unzips her jacket to reveal a #BabesForBernie tank top. She then lifts up her arm to reveal her armpit hair and points to her septum ring.

KEV  
Something like that. You should  
definitely take that thing out,  
though.

He flicks ring and it flies off her face. She collects it from the ground and attaches it back to her nose.

KEV (CONT'D)  
Suit yourself. But don't be upset  
if Maria rips it out of her  
(bad Italian accent)  
bella bambina's perfect little baby  
angel's face.

He squeezes her cheeks and she slaps his hands down. She zips back up, pushes past him and opens the door.

INT. THE BUTTERONI HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Gab and Kev transport into what can only be described as the oozing puss of the recurring, counter-cultural zit that is North Jersey, Italian-American nostalgia.

## INT. THE BUTTERONI KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gab and Kev walk deeper into the madness. Dark-haired, olive-skinned WOMEN and MEN fuss over Italian cuisine and each other. Everyone and everything is loud, set to the only slightly mismatched Elvis-like (copyrights, amirite?) background music.

## INT. THE BUTTERONI DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kev sits next to BABY AMEDEO (a 4 year-old and not a baby at all), who works adorably on a little plate of antipasto, but struggles to fork an olive. Kev swoops in.

KEV

You need help there, little guy?

BABY AMEDEO

Where's daddy?

KEV

I think Uncle Kev can handle this.

Kev gently removes the fork from his hand and continues the struggle to puncture the olive.

BABY AMEDEO

Are you a daddy?

KEV

I sure hope not!

(beat)

I mean, no.

BABY AMEDEO

Why not?

KEV

Well, I'm too young.

BABY AMEDEO

You're older than me.

KEV

True, but Daddies should be ready to settle down. Meaning they should meet someone they love very much. And they should also have a lot of money set aside.

BABY AMEDEO

Do you have a house for a baby?

KEV

You're asking so many questions.

(beat)

I have a one bedroom apartment in West Philly, kid.

BABY AMEDEO

How are the public schools in your area?

Kev stops forking and looks at the kid, confused.

KEV

They're not bad. West Philly has tons of kids and families. Parks, big sidewalks, not too much traffic. A vegan donut shop. My neighborhood is actually pretty perfect for starting a family. You know, after everything else.

BABY AMEDEO

After what?

KEV

After I experience different places.

BABY AMEDEO

Like South Jersey?

KEV

(whispers)

Like New York.

BABY AMEDEO

is Gaborella going with you?

Kev looks at Gab across the room, who stops cutting cheese to floss her teeth with a strand of her hair.

KEV

I don't think so. It's not like we're together. We don't...and we've never...y'know.

He looks meaningfully at Baby Amedeo, who looks blankly back as he shoves a piece of salami in his mouth. Kev gives the olive one final prod and it flies off the plate onto the floor. A DOG snatches it up.

KEV (CONT'D)

Great. If that dog chokes and dies I'm blaming it on you.

Amedeo's face sours and tears swell in his eyes.

AMEDEO

(crying)

I don't want Louie to die!

KEV

Oh no. *Shhhh*. You just seemed so mature for a second. Please stop crying.

One of Gab's imposing, thick-necked relatives, BIG UNCLE AMEDEO, notices the crying toddler, comforts him, and shoots Kev a dirty look. Kev looks mortified and tries to get up, but Amedeo grabs his shoulder and pushes him back down. Gab sees that Kev is in trouble as she places the cheese plate in front of the HUNGRY ITALIANS.

BIG UNCLE AMEDEO

What'd you do to the kid?

KEV

I may have casually introduced the concept of death to him. I'm so sorry.

Gab enters with more antipasto, which she drops on the table.

BIG UNCLE AMEDEO

Stop crying, little prince. When you die you go to heaven with Jesus. As long as you're a good little boy.

GAB

Or, more likely, nothing happens when you die because God, heaven, and the Bible are entirely man-made!

The surrounding relatives fall silent and gape at her.

GAB (CONT'D)

Okay, now that I have the floor. I just want to take this opportunity to say a little something about gender roles.

Mama Maria cuts in holding a jar of roasted peppers.

MAMA MARIA

Of course, this is the last fuckin' jar of fuckin' roasted peppers because I'm a fuckin' *stunod*.

Kev slinks away from Amedeo's grip and jumps up.

KEV

I'll go grab some! From the store.

MAMA MARIA

Look at that, Gabriella. If God had only given me a son.

(to Kev)

Thank you, baby. There's a Shop  
Rite right off 46. Take my Price  
Plus card.

She motions to the Price Plus card in the holy water bowl hanging on the wall. He grabs it and runs out.

MAMA MARIA (CONT'D)

(to Gab)

Help me clean the kitchen, you.

GAB

Why? Because I'm a WOMAN and that's  
my traditional ROLE? I think we're  
getting somewhere, people.

Mama Maria gives Gab a death stare so intense, it shakes the smirk right off her face.

GAB (CONT'D)

Coming, mommy.

The dog dry-heaves in the corner.

INT. THE BUTTERONI BATHROOM - NIGHT

With his phone out, Kev sits on the toilet in a bathroom almost exclusively decorated in marble. He presses a button on his phone and it beeps.

KEV

(to phone)

Siri, directions to New York.

SIRI

Are you sure, Kev?

KEV

No, but give them to me anyways.

SIRI

Just think about what you're doing.

KEV

Nevermind! I have fingers.

As he types, he catches a glimpse of the grotesque, bloody Jesus statue that sits on the shelf behind him and jumps.

INT. THE BUTTERONI FOYER - NIGHT

Kev grabs his jacket from the coat closet as Gab approaches.

GAB

I thought you were out getting roasted peppers.

KEV

Had to use the ol' john first. Italians love cheese, huh?

GAB

Sorry, I should've told you to bring lactaid. Hey, what do you think my family would do if I, oh I don't know, casually came out as bisexual slash polyamorous over lasagna or something?

KEV

They're probably going to ask you for a dictionary.

GAB

But once I explain, they'll probably freak out, right?

KEV

I don't know. Why do suddenly want to shock your family so bad?

GAB

I don't! I just feel like it's my civic duty to make them hashtag woke.

Kev gives her a doubtful look.

KEV

Oh and you're so "woke?"

GAB

Okay. Kind of getting a mean vibe from you right now.

Awkward beat as he buttons up his jacket, avoiding eye contact. Gab inches closer and forces him to look at her.

GAB (CONT'D)

Hey, come on. Gimme those eyes, big daddy!

KEV

Don't call me that, alright?

Beat. Gab looks hurt and takes a step back. She covers an imaginary chest wound.

GAB

Okay then, Kev-vin.

KEV

I've got to go pick up roasted peppers for your mom.

GAB

Cool. Go do that. I've got to go serve these meat and cheese eating monsters a little ethical non-monogamy and a whole lot of queerness.

They eye each other up for a moment, but neither cracks.

KEV

Okay.

GAB

(suspiciously)  
Okay?

KEV

(defensively)  
Okay.

GAB

(nonchalantly)  
Okay.

KEV

(sighs)  
Come here.

He pulls her in for a big hug, then heads for the front door.

MAMA MARIA

Lasagna!

GAB  
So you're okay?

KEV  
Oh my god.

She smiles as he walks out the door.

INT./EXT. KEV'S CAR - NIGHT

Kev exits the highway and changes the radio station from a sad, Elvis-like tune to something more upbeat. He opens his windows and gets blasted by the incoming air. In a matter of moments, the wind stops and he reaches his destination. He parks and turns the engine off.

He sits in his car and looks at the trains station before him. He gets out and walks toward an entrance with a sign above it that reads: "PATH-NYC." He goes in.

INT. THE BUTTERONI DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Gab sits at an enormous dinner table with an empty plate as the rest of her family feasts. She looks around at them, then SLAMS her fists on the table and stands up.

GAB  
Alright, listen up, fam.

Mama Maria arrives at the table with a personal-sized lasagna and places it in front of Gab.

MAMA MARIA  
And one vegan lasagna for my protein-deficient baby.

She kisses Gab on the cheek. Gab looks at her little lasagna and melts.

GAB  
You made me my own, mama?

MAMA MARIA  
Of course, Bella.

She sits down and takes a bite. Moans of pleasure follow.

GAB  
Vegan mozzarella AND ricotta?

MAMA MARIA  
Whole Foods has everything.

BIG UNCLE AMEDEO  
I believe it.

Gab chows down.

GAB  
This is so good. I can't believe  
this is so good.

Beat.

GAB (CONT'D)  
Fuck.

BABY AMEDEO  
I love lasagna!

The table releases giggles and *awww*'s as they all pour their attention and affection into the toddler.

EXT. NYC, W 4TH ST. - WASHINGTON SQ. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

The intro music to "Brother Louie" begins as Kev runs up the subway stairs and onto the busy NY sidewalk.

EXT. NYC STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kev struts along as "Kev-y, Kev-y, Kev-y, Kev-y" replaces the lyrics to "Brother Louie." Taxi cabs and PEDESTRIANS pass in a near shot-for-shot parody of the opening of *Louie* (FX). The title "Kevy" floats next to Kev's head for a moment.

EXT. PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Kev stands facing the street as he eats a big slice of pizza. A PASSERBY gives the camera a blurred out middle finger. Kev looks upset by that, tosses half the slice of pizza into the trash and walks out to the street and looks for the offender. He steps out of frame for a few beats, then backs into it again with his hands up in surrender, clearly intimidated by some one off screen.

EXT. THE COMEDY CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

Kev continues down the sidewalk, looking every which way -- half in awe, half intimidated. He approaches the famous venue, walks down the stairs and enters. The music ends.

## INT. THE COMEDY CELLAR - NIGHT

Kev squeezes into a dank hallway, full to the brim with other buzzing COMEDIANS, all focused on something out of sight. A small MAN at the front of the hallway raises a clipboard in the air.

MAN

Open mic sign up is closed!

The comedians groan.

COMEDIAN

Fuck it, I'm quitting comedy!

Kev squirms away from the hallway into the AUDIENCE section. He stands in the back -- the COMEDIAN onstage gets off and joins a WOMAN at a nearby table. He points to her shitty mixed drink.

COMEDIAN (CONT'D)

Whatever this is, I'm putting it in my body right now.

He throws it back and coughs it up. He sighs.

WOMAN

What are you sulking about, dummy? That bit where you got really close to getting on the list but in the end didn't make it was SO funny.

MAN

Shut up. It's for the best. This place would eat me alive anyway.

He buries his head in his hands. She pats him on the back.

WOMAN

We'll try again tomorrow, baby.

The man takes a deep breath and smiles at her. They kiss. Kev smiles at them, ponders for a moment, then sneaks out.

## INT. THE BUTTERONI DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Butteroni family continues to enjoy Baby Amedeo and the food. Gab's tank gets full as she nears the last few bites. She takes her sweatshirt off, and stretches, her hairy armpits on display. A few Butteronis groan. Baby Amedeo reaches for them and twirls his fingers in the hair. Mama Maria takes her sweatshirt and throws it over her.

GAB  
What are you doing?

MAMA MARIA  
Show some respect, huh?

GAB  
It's my body, my choice.

BIG UNCLE AMEDEO  
I don't know, I'm pretty sure hair  
nets are industry standard.

The comment gets a few laughs, but Gab looks hurt.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Kev runs toward the subway past the guy who flipped him off earlier. He doubles back and stops to give him two big thumbs down. He runs again and makes it down the subway entrance stairs.

INT. THE BUTTERONI DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Gab stands up and clears her throat.

GAB  
If you're so disgusted by something  
so obviously natural, then you're  
probably not going to like this. In  
addition to being body hair  
positive, I am...

(beat)  
a BISEXUAL slash POLYAMOROUS woman  
and I am NOT ashamed.

She looks around for a reaction.

GAB (CONT'D)  
That means I love boobs AND peen  
and if you guys have a problem with  
that you can just get over it  
because this is who I am and you  
have no choice but to accept me.  
And people just like me.

Awkward stares. She pulls a lighter from her pocket and holds a flame to the sweatshirt.

GAB (CONT'D)  
I didn't wanna do it but you're  
making me do it!

Mama Maria blows the flame out and pulls Gab into a hug.

MAMA MARIA

Baby, I don't know exactly what that means, but if you're happy, I'm happy.

AUNT GIA

Yeah, you goon. It's cool. Whatever.

BIG UNCLE AMEDEO

Yeah. As long as you're not getting your gay pit hair in my lasagna, who gives a fuck.

BABY AMEDEO

I colored a rainbow in class for pride month.

GAB

First of all, that's adorable and congrats on living in a chill ass school district. But also, seriously? Aren't you going to yell at me and say I'm going to hell?

MEDIUM-SIZED UNCLE AMEDEO sits up.

MEDIUM-SIZED UNCLE AMEDEO

What, just because we're raised Catholic, we can't be homos?

MAMA MARIA

Really, that's what you think of your family? You think with my seven siblings, half of them didn't turn out a little gay?

LITTLE UNCLE AMEDEO (even smaller-sized Amedeo) sits up.

LITTLE UNCLE AMEDEO

Yeah, why do you think we like Elvis so much? He was gorgeous.

Half the table looks up and nods in agreement; Gab looks shocked.

GAB

I had no idea.

GAB (CONT'D)

You totally can I just--I'm sorry?

Baffled, Gab falls back into her seat.

GAB (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Where's Kev?

EXT. NEW JERSEY SUBURBS - NIGHT

In lame romantic comedy style, Kev emerges gets out of his parked car and runs through suburban obstacles like a sprinkler, a playing CHILD, and a DOG to get to his final destination, all set to the over-the-top swell of music that drives him forward.

INT. THE BUTTERONI DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lasagna is cleared from the table, and in its place there is an overwhelming array of Italian desserts. Mama Maria observes the sulking Gab.

MAMA MARIA  
 What is wrong with you? Come here.

She pulls her into her bosom and caresses her head.

GAB  
 (crying)  
 Apparently nothing. Except for being a boring, basic poser. I'm not even hashtag woke to myself.

MAMA MARIA  
 You're my little basic Butteroni. But do me a favor and don't talk about your sex life under my roof ever again.

GAB  
 Wait what?

GAB (CONT'D)  
 Ma, sex is a pretty big part of womanhood. I can't ever talk to you, my closest female role model, about that?

MAMA MARIA  
 In your home, you make the rules.

GAB

But you never come to my home.  
You've made it pretty clear I have  
to come out to Jersey if I want to  
see you.

MAMA MARIA

Exactly.

Kev runs in. His cheesy climax music follows him, but stops  
as he raises the jar of roasted peppers like a trophy.

KEV

I'm back. For good.

Gab breaks free from Mama Maria, grabs Kev by the face and,  
as sexually and sloppily as possible, makes out with his face  
while she glares at her mom. The entire Butteroni clan gives  
an audible, disgusted reaction. The Amedeos throw their forks  
on their plates and Big Uncle Amedeo covers Baby Amedeo's  
eyes...and the eyes of the Blessed Mother statue next to him.

She releases and Kev falls back, frozen and freaked.

MAMA MARIA

(enraged)

Alright! That's enough, you  
friggin' animals! Not in my house.

She whacks Gab upside the head and Gab pats the sore spot  
proudly.

GAB

(sarcastically)

So sorry if my overt sexuality  
threatens your deep-seeded,  
Catholic repression.

She basks in their boo-ing and general sea of negativity.

GAB (CONT'D)

(to Kev)

Ready to head back, weirdo?

Kev shakes out of his daze.

KEV

Back to Philly?

GAB

Of course. Where else?

They turn to leave just as AUNT GIA brings in a large cannoli cake, decorated with lit candles and an icing print of Elvis' face. She places it in front of Baby Amedeo.

GAB (CONT'D)

One more thing.

She leans over the cake and blows out the candles. Baby Amedeo starts crying as the other relatives layer in various English and Italian expressions of disapproval. Gab kisses Mama Maria on the cheek, zips up her sweatshirt, and makes her exit.

The dog comes up to Kev's feet and vomps up an olive pit.

INT./EXT. KEV'S CAR - NIGHT

Kev drives and Gab sits in the passenger seat, giddy.

GAB

Mushroom soup. Your mouth tasted like weird, creamy mushroom soup with like those tiny chunks of mushrooms.

He forces a chuckle.

KEV

Listen, Gab.

GAB

Oh man, their faces! They were so disgusted.

Beat.

GAB (CONT'D)

It was pretty gross.

KEV

Yeah.

She looks at him, sees his serious face, and her smile fades.

GAB

Why are you acting so weird?

KEV

I went into Manhattan today.

Surprised and offended, she sits upright and turns her whole body to face him.

GAB  
Schemer! Scheming scheme-y schemer!

KEV  
I think I'm going to move there.

Gab takes a deep breath before she freaks. Panic takes over her breathing pattern. She opens the car window and sticks her head out.

GAB  
I'm having an asthma attack.

KEV  
Stop. You don't have asthma.

GAB  
Everything is the worst. Everything is bad and ruined and not okay.

Kev closes the window using the button on his side. She slinks back in and he glances at her.

KEV  
So you don't want me to?

GAB  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Are you insane?

A small smile escapes from the corner of his mouth.

KEV  
Don't worry. I'm not leaving anytime soon.

GAB  
Duh you're not!

Beat.

They stop at a red light and turns to her.

KEV  
But I think you should know the only thing stopping me from going is you.

Gab stares back blankly. The sound of their breathing becomes paramount. He leans in. Gab's eyes widen.

He notices Gab's body language: scrunched back against the window, mouth agape, weirded out.

She swallows air and lets out a big burp in his face, then laughs.

GAB

You fucking WEIRDO. I am never bringing you to North Jersey again. Back to Philly please!

He pulls back and forces laughter. The light turns green and his foot hits the gas.

KEV

Smelled a little something strange in that burp.

GAB

What are you accusing me of?

KEV

Oh nothing. I'm sure a good little vegan wouldn't eat any salami.

Gab gasps.

GAB

How dare you, sir. I am appalled at the accusation that I, a perfectly good vegan girl, would eat a cured meat product!

She pulls a slice of salami out of her sweatshirt pocket and shoves it in her mouth.

KEV

Ew, I knew it, you monster! Also whee whoo, whee whoo! Vegan police!

GAB

Stop, it's not nice to yell at an addict during a relapse.

The two pals laugh a bit more and then let out exhausted sighs. The sound of the road becomes primary. Kev turns the radio on and an Elvis-esque voice croons through the stereo.

Gab looks out the passenger window as Kev stares straight ahead. They both smile.