



## 2 MANChILDS

"Pilot"

(Excerpt from script, ACT 3, 6pgs)

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ACT THREE

INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Yutz stares longingly at the picture of Yessica as Kaz tries to suspend himself perpendicularly on the subway hand rails.

YUTZ

Where'd you say this fourth one's from?

The Homeless Man is PICTURED with a big grin on his face, worn out beanie on his head. Card reads:

CALL ME - CARL

Plumber, Contractor, Driller, Fumigator, Broker

KAZ

I don't know. It smells, though.

Yutz takes a whiff and violently pulls his head back, trying not to gag. He tosses the card.

YUTZ

Dude, what're you doing?

Kaz spins himself around on a pole.

KAZ

C'mon. Yer a New Yorker. Hip hop pole dancing. Saw it on Youtube. There's good money to be made doing this.

YUTZ

Yeah. For hip hop pole dancers.

The train SCREECHES to a stop. Kaz falls, lands hard.

PASSENGER gets off, drops a quarter on the floor next to Kaz.

KAZ

See. Apartment fund.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONDEMNED HOUSE - BRONX - LATER - DAY

Yutz, backpack over his shoulders, and Kaz tip-toe towards the entrance. Suddenly, it's dark/cloudy. Wind swirls. A tumbleweed rolls down the street. Yutz starts to KNOCK...

VOICE (O.S.)

Hold up!

Kaz and Yutz's jaws drop to the pavement as Yessica saunters towards them from across the street in business attire. A beam of sunlight shines above her head like a halo.

YESSICA

Let's, uh, go around back...

KAZ

Sure. Or we could go around front...

YUTZ

... Or. The. Side...

Yutz suddenly can't move. Kaz SMACKS him in the head to get his attention.

YESSICA

Um, the back unit is quieter and has more space, too.

KAZ

Sounds romantic.

Yessica shrugs before crawling through a window. Yutz and Kaz stare at her skirt, drooling.

INT. CONDEMNED HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Yessica opens the door from inside...

YESSICA

So, uh, what do you guys think?

Kaz and Yutz just stare at her, mouths agape.

KAZ

I love you! Uh, I love it!

YESSICA

Yer not gonna find better than that in the city.

YUTZ

No, we're not!

KAZ

(under breath)  
Or any city.

Yessica cautiously leads Yutz and Kaz down a flight of stairs and into a dingy basement apartment. NASH, a gangly man with sunken eyes, slouches in the corner with a pipe fashioned from a miniature whisky bottle and a short glass tube.

NASH

Hey baby... some guy came 'round earlier, asking a lot of questions.

YESSICA

(serious, glaring)

Nash. These are the guys I was telling you about... Kaz and Lutz.

Smirking, Kaz kicks Yutz in the shin.

YUTZ

Uh... It's Yutz. Kaz and Yutz.

YESSICA

I'll give you a break on broker fees since you guys are cute.

Kaz and Yutz look at each other, blushing.

KAZ

(winks at Yessica)

Oh. WOW. That's great... Uh, how much of a break?

YUTZ

--Shh!!! Dude! Show some respect. She's a professional.

Just then, a button pops from her shirt, shows her cleavage.

YESSICA

Not anymore. I do this now.

Kaz catches the drool from Yutz's mouth with his sleeve.

Yessica scans the room, gingerly steps over PEOPLE curled up on the floor, scratching forearms, missing teeth...

YESSICA

See what I mean about the space. And ooh electric sockets. In case you guys use lights or stuff.

She flicks the switch, jumps as SPARKS fly from the socket.

YUTZ

Whoa. Like fourth of July.

YESSICA

Huh. Natural light?

A tiny beam of light streams in from a lone window above.

KAZ  
That's the best kind.

YESSICA  
So, it's a five hundred dollar  
deposit. Fourteen hundred a month.

Yutz pulls Kaz aside.

YUTZ  
(to Kaz)  
Dude, this is it! Let's do it! I  
think we should do it!

KAZ  
(seductively)  
--Hey, where are the bedrooms?

Yutz kicks Kaz in the shin.

YESSICA  
Um, oh - right here.

KAZ  
What about the kitchen?

YUTZ  
Dude, what's with all the  
questions?...  
(to Yessica)  
... He asks a lot of questions.

YESSICA  
Right here. And look - if you need  
running water, just use this hose.

Yutz grabs at the top of the hose resting just outside the  
window. He pulls it into the room --

YUTZ  
Convenient.

Kaz grabs it away from Yutz.

KAZ  
Neat.

Yutz grabs it back from Kaz.

YUTZ  
Practical.

They grab the hose simultaneously, yank back and forth on it  
like a tug of war...

... Kaz holds Yutz down, wraps the hose around his neck...  
 Meanwhile, Yessica smokes from Nash's pipe, looks bored.  
 ... Yutz, his face bright red, stomps down on Kaz's foot --

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)  
 EVACUATE THE PREMISES!

--Kaz drops the hose.

YUTZ  
 What's that?

NASH  
 The cops.

Kaz foams at the mouth, the fiery look back in his eyes.

KAZ  
 Cops!?! Sick. This city is in  
 constant motion, bro!

YUTZ  
 (looks around, scared)  
 Yeah man, uh, greatest city in the  
 world.

YESSICA  
 So, yeah it's a three-hundred  
 dollar deposit. Twelve hundred a  
 month.

LOUDSPEAKER (O.S.)  
 YOU HAVE SIXTY SECONDS TO COME OUT  
 WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

KAZ  
 Dude. It's so ON!

Yutz cleans the drool from Kaz's mouth with his sleeve as  
 Yessica pushes them forward up the stairs.

NASH  
 I wouldn't go up there. They might  
 start firing.

YUTZ  
 Firing?! Firing what??

Yutz holds Kaz back by his shirt tail.

YESSICA  
 Let's go! The tear gas is comin'.

NASH

It's a pretty good buzz.

Door opens. Tear gas bombs roll down the stairs...

... Yessica shoves Yutz into Kaz. She follows them up the stairs. Kaz's enthusiasm grows as he gets to the door.

KAZ

(to Yessica)

Now?

YESSICA

Go now!

Kaz puts on his He-Man helmet, swings the door open as Yessica pushes him outside...

... She speeds past. Kaz and Yutz both race to keep up.

YESSICA

Fifty bucks and I'll wave the deposit BUT I GOTTA KNOW RIGHT NOW.

Kaz's eyes bug wide as World War III erupts behind him.

KAZ

(to Yutz)

Let's do it, bro! I think we should do it! We should totally do it!

YUTZ

Um...

A look of doubt spreads across Yutz's face as Yessica is tackled and pinned down by a SWAT OFFICER. She shouts out--

YESSICA

Yer not going to find better than that in the city!

YUTZ

(looks back, shouts)

You have honest eyes, too!

KAZ

(to Yutz)

Really?!?

POP POP POP Gunshots. BOOM. The entire building blows as Nash stands watching, with pipe in mouth.

END ACT THREE