

HATTIN

"PILOT"

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"MITCH & MYRA"

COLD OPEN

EXT. MIDTOWN MANHATTAN - LATE EVENING

New York city, Manhattan more importantly, as the palpable electricity of a city that never sleeps takes hold and up it wakes for another night of what it does best.

FADE IN:

INT. MYRA'S BEDROOM

We get a look at a nice but not too nice bedroom with a large arching window rising from floor to ceiling with throw pillows and gym bags substituting for luggage lining that floor before the view of the city lights and central park.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

There's an unsettlingly loud banging on the door.

The blankets on the bed fly off and to the floor, revealing **Myra**, early to mid 30s, looking as annoyed as you would expect someone being woken up so suddenly.

MYRA

What!?!

The door pops open and we meet **Mitchel**, silver fox type, ambiguous age, could be anywhere from 40 to 60. Has an Anderson Cooper thing going. Has likely had work done.

MITCHEL

You're still sleeping?

MYRA

I was trying.

MITCHEL

It's your first night in New York and you wanna sleep? So you're the most boring new roommate I could have found? Lucky me.

MYRA
(hint of a southern accent)

Yes. Yes indeed I do. Lucky who? Lucky
you.

She grabs the covers and pulls them back into place.
He steps into the room and crosses his arms disapprovingly.

MITCHEL

Excuse me but what the hell?

MYRA

Hey man this is the dream. This is
what I wanted. I didn't come here to
be a tourist. I came here to be a New
Yorker and this right here...

Pointing to the bed and herself.

MYRA (CONT'D)

...is New Yorker.

She shrugs, brushing him off.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Sleeping in the city that never
sleeps.

MITCHEL

Your country ass shows up here and you
wanna tell me what being a New Yorker
is? Girl please.

MYRA

Listen, Virginia ain't country. I
think that's the worst part. It ain't
got no damn identity.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

It'll give you an accent if you're around the right people but you get none of the southern hospitality. Just people acting like they represent D.C even though they don't live or work there. We're the DMV! Why? Because we all suck on our own so we gotta team up to be nothing together.

She shakes her head.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Why do you think I wanted to leave so bad? TV doesn't show you it's not all military and CIA stuff. It's trees and commuting. -- And fans of a football team. It suuuuucks.

Myra groans and flops back into bed.

MITCHEL

It's not all trees. I was there once for a wedding. It had a quaint jenesequa. Not that I really appreciated it. The couple just seemed to want to get us all out of the city and not go predictably north.

MYRA

First of all I don't know what that means but now *your* New Yorker butt wants to defend Virginia to me? What you know about fox screams?

MITCHEL

Fox screams?

MYRA

Tube that shit.

Mitch shrugs and pulls out his phone, a few button presses and he pulls up fox calls.

Audio of a Fox screaming plays.

MITCHEL

Oh my God.

MYRA

Yeah try getting woken up by that as a kid and not having some problems. Now let me sleep. I've earned this sleep. This is the end of a journey.

MITCHEL

No ma'am this is the beginning of one!

He jumps further into the room, getting extra animated about all this.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Feel that feeling instead. That journey has ended you're here and you're crapping it all up!

MYRA

For the love of God. Are you gonna nag me like this from here on? Is this gonna be a regular thing?

Mitch takes a seat at the edge of the bed.

MITCHEL

I'm not gonna let you waste this, the fox screams while horrifying are nothing compared to walking down 16th and having a homeless guy scream at you. Way scarier.

MYRA

Oh no.

Myra sits up in bed again, looking positively disgusted with what Mitch had said, pointing a judge-mental finger his way.

MYRA (CONT'D)

You're one of those people? *How rich are you?* One of those elitist don't talk to the homeless types?

MITCHEL

You said elite with some heat. Are you a Republican?

MYRA

No. I voted for Obama and only Obama.

MITCHEL

So you just sat and watched that shit happen?

MYRA

Hey! I slept through all the other elections! Nothing beats sleep! Except pizza and masturbating!

Trading her index finger for her middle to flip him off.

MITCHEL

Are those the two you use?

Myra almost stutters, she wasn't ready for that one.

MYRA

Fuck you.

MITCHEL

Make me bitch.

MYRA

We'll see how the evening goes.

MITCHEL

What does that even mean.

MYRA

Means if you don't leave me alone I'm going to turn you into a sock puppet.

MITCHEL

Oh you feeling real brave.

MYRA

I'm many things in the pursuit of sleep but don't make this about me. I'm gonna start giving shit in this nice ass apartment to the homeless to fight your karma.

MITCHEL

What you're gonna do is get stabbed
and wind up homeless your damn self.

MYRA

What is this, New York in the 70s?
They still stabbing people out here?

MITCHEL

Shooting, stabbing, throwing bottles,
it's a lot going on and how do you
know what it was like here in the 70s?
And don't just gloss over what I said.
If you give away anything in here that
I paid for I'm giving you to the
streets and you can sashay the fuck
away.

Myra gave him some credit and snapped her fingers.

MYRA

How do you?

MITCHEL

I didn't say I did, also you're
evading a statement to evade a
question. How do you *know*?

MYRA

I saw the Warriors.

MITCHEL

That was the barely the 70s.

MYRA

How old are you?

MITCHEL

If you don't know i'm doing something right.

MYRA

You're welcome Joan.

MITCHEL

Don't do that. I love her.

MYRA

So do I, she'd appreciate the fact that her relevance is endless.

MITCHEL

You're right.

MYRA

Okay, awful good awful talk, going to sleep now *byeeeeee*.

Myra tries to pull the covers over her shoulder, Mitch grabs them to stop her.

MITCHEL

I can't let you do this, you have to do something you'll always remember your first night here. You'll tell this story 20 years from now.

MYRA

Do you have a monopoly or something on the city what is this? Let me sleep!

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Let. Me. Sleep. Bitch. I'll clap it
out for you.

Myra starts clapping to audibly punctuate each word.

MYRA (CONT'D)
(three claps)

Let. Me. Sleep.

MITCHEL

You done?

MYRA

No.

She pauses and claps again.

MYRA (CONT'D)
(one clap)

Bitch.

MITCHEL

So theatric now as I was saying maybe
not a monopoly but I got a slice,
maybe a franchise.

Myra drops her head into her hands, exasperated with him.

MYRA

Dude you ain't got a pop up shop.

She lifts her head back up.

MYRA (CONT'D)

Looking at this place...What did you
inherit a pre-war apartment Eva Gabor
sang about? Looking like a Saks
catalogue threw up in here.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

How much can I pay for one pillow case? \$1850? You rich ass bastard.

MITCHEL

Oh we roasting now? Girl you were living in your parents basement. Your mattress was on the floor. Like you were selling ass nobody wanted. You don't have money. I'm basically your New York daddy until you find a job.

MYRA

I'll tell you who your daddy is, that fucking guy you ran out of here, whispering, man looked like he chews carabiners cause it's something to do.

Mitch pauses, clenches his jaw and exhales slowly out of his nose, bringing his index finger up to his lips to regain composure before lowering it.

MITCHEL

Funny thing is i'm actually enjoying this, you have a wit. It's stretching me, my last roomma--

MYRA

You wanna talk about stretching now, frosty the bottom bear?

Mitchel reaches for his tummy.

MITCHEL

Fuck you i'm verse! I caught myself walking into that.

(MORE)

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

That's why I stopped. You gotta let
the whole word get out or it's a
technical!

Mitch rushes out of the room and slams the door.

MYRA

Yeah yeah, go out there and regroup.

Basketball knowing ass fatherfucker.

Myra rolls over in bed and pulls the covers over her shoulder
and closes her eyes.

CUT TO: MAIN
TITLES

(A black screen appears, with
white letters which reads)

"I always knew york."

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM

The living room is spacious. Decorated in something of a
modern vintage lot of deep blacks and a big red tufted couch.

Myra is sitting in the middle of the couch, blanket around
her shoulders and a snack bag in her lap with Mitch to her
right in leather massage chair, both in the glow of an
obnoxiously large flat screen television.

MITCHEL

Sooooo...this is really what we're
going to be doing? Sitting around?

MYRA

It's not so bad you know, we sit, we
watch, anything can happen.

MITCHEL

But nothing is *going* to happen.

MYRA

Well you don't know that but there is
a comfort in that too. Just like
there's a comfort in this candy.

She starts to reach back into the bag but stops.

MITCHEL

About that...

MYRA

What about it?

Popping a chocolate in her mouth.

MITCHEL

You've gone through at least 15 of
those in actual minutes. Sickening yet
I can't look away. It's mesmerizing.

MYRA

I've polished off a bag in less than
that. I don't do serving sizes, you
say family size I say me size.

She points to Mitchel.

MYRA (CONT'D)

And if you start shaming me it's going
to be a problem. Get with the times
daddy.

Mitch starts to say something and snaps his fingers in
frustration thinking better of it.

MITCHEL

It's fine I'll behave but I'll win in
the end when your poo is chocolate
rain later.

MYRA

I'll worry about that when the time
comes. Just taking it easy tonight.

She stuffs another into her mouth.

MITCHEL

I think you're going to disappoint a
lot of people like that.

MYRA

What people? Who are these people?
Always with these hypotheticals and oh
so timely references.

MITCHEL

Why do you talk to me like we've known
each other for years? I could kick you
out tonight and feel nothing.

MYRA

Soul bond probably. We've done this
shit before in another life. But first
of all no you couldn't and second of
all you wouldn't.

MITCHEL

Why and why pray-tell?

MYRA

A few reasons, first of all I'm pretty sure you like me. We texted a bunch. You agreed to let me be your roommate, knowing I don't have any damn money. Number two I signed an agreement.

MITCHEL

Stop counting off. It's more annoying than it is cute. Is an agreement even legally binding if no money changes hands?

MYRA

I don't know. I really don't know shit about shit. This is what happens when you're a late bloomer. But at least i'm honest enough to say it.

MITCHEL

You're not a late bloomer, your vagina is like the statue of David's clenched fist.

MYRA

Oh shit the comeback queen! -- first of all I'll count as much as I want, second of all fuck you again. -- third of all. That sounds like a compliment even though I know it's just return fire for your carabiner cocksman.

MITCHEL

It just might be lil' bitch.

MYRA

It's not my fault my mama likes to cook and I like to eat. That buffet started with her in more ways than one.

MITCHEL

I don't care for any part of that mental image.

MYRA

Hey, watch it, this ain't the home box office. We don't do that here. We don't ship relatives for the story.

MITCHEL

Cut that out. I'd love to go to there.

MYRA

I know we'd have so much room for activities! And no swear jar!

MITCHEL

Is that what kept you at your home box?

MYRA

Got me...but kinda, home was comfortable. My parents weren't big on throwing me out the nest.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Let time slip by a few times, before you know it you're pushing 30 and you haven't even kissed anyone.

MITCHEL

(gasps)

Are you serious right now? Oh my God you're my new project.

MYRA

Oh no go project your mountain man.

MITCHEL

Oh yes. This is so friggin' believable. Look at you!

MYRA

Oh shut it. Everything doesn't have to be a romantic comedy. I live my life how I want. I'm a writer, i'm an artist, I create. I live for my characters, their experiences.

Jazz hands.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I don't need no lover distracting me. I can be anything and alone is an anything. Same goes for you. You don't have to be a campy old whore.

MITCHEL

I'm not campy.

MYRA

Punchline's coming Blanche.

MITCHEL

Punchline was right there. Don't pass the buck. I just flow through men and men flow through me. I just go with it. It's an energy exchange.

MYRA

Okay Alan Watts.

MITCHEL

But I can't just ignore your situation. It would be so much fun to try to get you a date. How often does an opportunity like this fall in my lap? I could tell stories about how I helped this dingy youth blossom.

A deadpan stare from Myra.

MYRA

Fun for who? I hate that. I always see it on television. Oh I think you should date so and so. Know what I hear? Hey I am imagining this person pounding you out like a baker's mallet and I like that mental image so let's make that happen so I can mind skeet.

MITCHEL

Never really thought of it like that.

MYRA

Bullshit you haven't.

MITCHEL

No no, you're right it really is like friend cuckholding or something. I apologize. I'm reviewing so many past instances now and I'm slightly horrified.

MYRA

Don't just throw cuckhold out there like that, you can't just say cuckhold on our show. It would never air, follow some logic if we're gonna riff about our show that doesn't exist.

MITCHEL

Are you sure? They say shit.

MYRA

They do not say shit, they say shit on cable. But cuck is one of those words, it hits harder than fuck even. -- You got your fuck this, fuck that, fuck this fucking shit. -- It's funny. -- Cuck hits hard and it confuses. -- So uptight people think it's really bad. It's like cunt that way. Gotta get more people saying it, edge starts wearing off.

MITCHEL

Then we're cucking everyone!

MYRA

Now you're getting it!

MITCHEL

So you're saying we're the cuck show?

MYRA

Sounds like a brand to me. The FCC will love it! Just as i'm loving this but no that sounds like the theme of the apartment if I actually wanted anything to do with this. You get me a date, and window cleaners watch the consummation.

MITCHEL

That's the cuckshow.

MYRA

Meta...so meta dude but stop saying it now, the horse is thoroughly beaten.

MITCHEL

Unlike your kitty cat.

MYRA

Score two for you, congratulations.

MITCHEL

Good talk though, I could get used to this. I'm glad I let you move in. I know it's been very wacky to start.

(MORE)

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

A little bit of a cliché if you will but this is why I went with you. I really wanted someone to move in to help me get out of my own head. If you didn't notice.

MYRA

Makes sense, I mean what other benefit did I come with? No money, no real job, writing is more like screaming at the universe until coins pop out.

MITCHEL

(more serious tone)

It's why I was pressing you to do something fun. The way I talk to you is usually how I talk to myself when i'm alone and it's unhealthy to be this rude to yourself. Takes me to some unpleasant mental spaces if I dare be vulnerable.

MYRA

Me too and no you go ahead and open up. I know I joke a lot but I wasn't as happy as I could have been where I was. If anything I was miserable in a dreadful fucking give it all up place. So heart to heart here.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

I appreciate this opportunity more than I can ever express. I wasn't doing great. By any means at all. I love my parents but being in the nest that long was shaping me into something else, no confidence, no hope for change that I could grab onto besides working some minimum wage gig but of course I haven't magically gotten it in the few hours I've been here.

Mitch stays respectfully silent as Myra pauses expecting him to throw in a zinger. An exchange of glances as she can't believe it but is happy to go on.

MYRA (CONT'D)

But when you have no friends, nowhere to go and that is your reality for years it stunts you. There's no way for it not to. It's like always mentally preparing for friendships, situations, life moments that never come and it's just you all on your own. So I understand you.

She adds some hand gestures for good measure.

MYRA (CONT'D)

And it gets bad for me too. It got real bad without being as vulnerable because when I open up that much I hate feeling like i'm dragging people down and the very worst pangs of that I wanted to put me down.

Mitch gives it a few seconds, folding his hands in his lap then leaning forward like a therapist.

MITCHEL

I don't want you to feel that way though, if you're my roommate and we're trying to be a family or just supportive of each other. Whatever this thing is we're doing. Be open, be real, be raw, be you.

Myra leans off to the side, clearly looking emotional, that offer caught her off guard and hit deep.

MYRA

Man. You.

Pointing her finger at him like De Niro.

MYRA (CONT'D)

You're good. But yeah. I don't want to say I was fully suicidal. But majorly living in a perpetual state of looking at it like a good way out. You know not eager but thinking about it every damn day and that's too often.

MITCHEL

I'll make you a deal.

MYRA

Oh really now? We wheelin? We dealin?

MITCHEL

As long as you fight, so will I.
Sadness warriors, running amuck,
getting into things and doing
everything we can to distract each
other from our actual problems.

MYRA

Sounds terribly unhealthy but I love
it.

MITCHEL

We feel something we eat it.

MYRA

Right on.

MITCHEL

We get down we go downtown.

MYRA

Sounds great.

MITCHEL

We think about kicking the bucket we
fuck it.

MYRA

That's you, that's not me.

MITCHEL

But of course.

They reach towards each other and shake hands.

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

So we good?

MYRA

Yeah but you did get a little aggressive with the date talk but I feel comfortable. I feel safe, this works for me. I was worried it was going to be way too intense.

MITCHEL

Intense in what way?

MYRA

Not the good supportive talk way but you know when you imagine moving out of state to a new city, you think all the worst things about a roommate. Creepiness, expectancy...

MITCHEL

...Wanting to fuck you, not get you fucked because they're a supportive friend that is refusing to recognize your choice of abstinence.

MYRA

Exactly! But in lieu of my own, what about you.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

Why were you whispering about your
guy? Soon as I came in you were
running him out.

MITCHEL

He's not my guy. He's just a guy.

MYRA

I hear what you're saying but you
snatching a key from him tells me he
was doing more than breaking your
back.

MITCHEL

You are a eyeballing ass...okay, he
wasn't supposed to have that key.

MYRA

Ooooooh we got a story. Let's hear it!
She begins happily getting re-comfortable.

MITCHEL

There's no story, he wanted to move in
when I got rid of the old roommate.

MYRA

Wait a second, you chose me? A
stranger you texted like 37 times over
your boyfriend? Look who's trying to
be abstinent now.

MITCHEL

He's not my boyfriend, he's just a frieee...fuuuuck. Fuck. Friend. A fucking friend okay.

MYRA

Not anymore but why would you do that? Because there's no way in hell I was that captivating.

MITCHEL

I felt you needed this. That without me you were just going to waste your life. I read some of your stuff. Come on I wasn't going to just let a total stranger move in here. You're good but you were living in the middle of nowhere. -- Some people need New York and New York needs some people. People like you make New York, New York. It'll destroy many but it'll make others who they needed to be. -- Who they want to be. This, this city, it's shit. -- But it's the best shit. It's an energy, it's an arrogance, even when you're failing at life you still feel better than anyone living everywhere else.

(MORE)

MITCHEL (CONT'D)

Especially in Manhattan. And clearly I was right. Soul bond like you said.

MYRA

Why the fuck do you think I came here? Me and my old ass laptop, big ass pair of sunglasses, \$20 coffee, that's the dream daddy of Y-C.

MITCHEL

That's a lot, too wordy and you aren't going to rob me of being able to see how much you needed this. I saw it, I saved you and that's the good karma that overrides my bad homeless karma. I saved the homeless, à la you.

MYRA

Bitch did I text depression? You got vibes through my emoji placement?

MITCHEL

It's a gift. Or the soul bond. We're gonna keep using that. Broadly generalizing everything about us that works rather than trying to deconstruct anything.

MYRA

It's horse shit is what it is.

MITCHEL

Just shitting all over the good faith
we built? Alright Virginia. You got a
lot of horse poo to step in? Down by
the *crick*? Where your slumped back
horse can wash down the slop?

Falling back to the jokes between them, smiles returning,
seriousness lifting.

MYRA

(deadpan)

If anybody I know is washing down
slop.

Mitchel actually starts cackling at that one.

MYRA (CONT'D)

It is you gulping down firefighter
seed out of that uncoiled hose he
lazily drops into your mouth.

Mitchel is still laughing as she goes on.

MYRA (CONT'D)

And I saw two horses and a llama farm.
That's another thing about Virginia
though It tries to be country, rural
and suburban and doesn't do any of
them well so nobody finds a goddamn
identity and gets depressed and
looking for escapes. Tinder there, I
tried. Always couples looking for a
third or somebody cheating.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

That's why i'm a New Yorker now. Oh
yeah that's what I need having a
threeway with the parents of somebody
I went to christian school with.

MITCHEL

Of course you went to christian
school. That's how you got to this
point sexually. But when you a 30
something virgin you have to make some
compromises.

MYRA

They did teach us sex was a gift to
married people. I stuck to that for a
loooong time but that compromise isn't
getting stuffed by a man with a
braided belt while his wife Karen sits
on my face.

MITCHEL

Damn. Vivid.

MYRA

So were the offers!

MITCHEL

Well you're yelling, your angry, sort
of a full fledged pain in my ass now.
Congratulations you are a New Yorker.

MYRA

Great when do I get my Yankees hat?

MITCHEL

Oh no this is a Giants house.

MYRA

That's disappointing.

Myra forces a look of disgust.

MYRA (CONT'D)

I'm a Washington team that plays
football fan. I forgot this part,
changing teams and shit.

MITCHEL

How hard is it? You don't even have
the problematic name attachment
anymore you redneck lil' fucker.

MYRA

Hey i'll lil' fuck you.

MITCHEL

Why you gotta say *lil* fuck?

MYRA

Cause lil' fucks gotta fuck.

She leans back seemingly proud of her shitty joke.

MITCHEL

Apparently not as lil' as you are but
that's enough, you're stepping on it.

MYRA

Stepping on what?

MITCHEL

My time, patience and shit as I think
i've exuded enough effort trying to
talk you out of his apartment.

MYRA

Listen man, I get where you were
coming from. I know you need to get
out too. I know I'm being a
predictable smart ass, wise ass,
smarmy whatever but I really just
wanted to get away. I really just
wanted to live somewhere with at least
the illusion of meaning and substance
it's all of the things you said. That
sense of superiority that comes with
it, gives my depression a wall to back
up against. -- I got a corner to fight
out of. We'll do stuff but back there
it was just like a mudslide, every
time I was down it was like rain
sliding me farther down a hill into
shit until I didn't feel like climbing
back up. I just wanted to rest and
enjoy the energy tonight and
decompress. We're running from the
same monster but in different ways.

(MORE)

MYRA (CONT'D)

This city might be what you said you know, garbage to a lot of people but it's hope to me, just give me tonight.

MITCHEL

Even whe--

MYRA

Yes, even when I have to listen to you boomers talk about how great New York used to be when you could get porn on the corner and your ass ate for a dime.

MITCHEL

I mean you could probably get that now but I see your point.

MYRA

Are you saying I'd have only to pay someone a dime to get head? Compliment taken.

MITCHEL

Well people will eat anything.

MYRA

Ain't that the truth.

MITCHEL

Watch anything too.

MYRA

God I hope so.

Myra reaches for the remote on the coffee table and turns on the television. The television lights up as our scene fades.

FADE TO BLACK.