

IRISH NEVER QUIT

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EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

The angelic face of TOM PHILLIPS (14). Clear skies behind him. Tom addresses BINU BINGHAVI (14), who holds an ice cream cone. Binu is adorable. Wears thick glasses and a blue turban/patka.

TOM

Binu... When your mom died? The teachers said it was cuz of natural causes... But we all knew it wasn't.

(beat)

They only told us that because they thought we were too young to handle the truth. But everyone knew that your mom didn't die of natural causes... She killed herself... I think she did it cuz she was mad at herself for bringing you to America and trying to raise you here. It was probably hard on her, because her son had skin that looked like shit...and smelled like shit... Your skin looks like shit in the summer, but in the winter? It looks like yellow...piss.

(beat)

20 bucks on Tuesday, or I'll break your jaw in three fucking places.

He leaves. Binu removes the paper from his cone. Drops both. Emotionless, Binu considers the cone as it lies on the dirt.

Next, he retrieves a pen and spiral notepad from his pocket. Binu straightens out the wonky spirals. Flips through pages.

Scans a list of boys who regularly shake him down for money. "Calvin: \$8, Freddy: \$35, Roger: \$6. Now he adds: "Tom: \$20."

Credits roll as Santigold's "The Riot's Gone" leaps forward.

INT./EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

A sports MONTAGE. Binu shoots hoops. Air balls and bricks.

He tosses a football, bouncing his throws off a tree tire.

A giant helmet wobbles atop his patka. Baseballs whizz by.

He picks up his bike. It's too tall for him, so he gets a running start with it and jumps on after gaining momentum.

A PAPERBOY tosses a newspaper from his car. Speeding into the frame from the opposite direction, Binu intercepts it.

Binu reaches his house. The tiniest home among tiny homes.

INT. BINU'S ROOM - DAY

Binu paints at an easel. A wrapped birthday present waits.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Being followed Tom on their way home, Tom knocks him down.

TOM

Tell your dad I want a Slurpee.

Binu stands, limps.

BINU

My dad doesn't work at 7-11.

TOM

Yeah -- it's a convenience store.
Because 7-11 won't even hire him.

BINU

My dad's a doctor.

TOM

No, he's not.

BINU

What? He's a cardiologist. He's an
attending physician at Stony Brook.

TOM

Let's go to the store; I'm thirsty.

BINU

He doesn't work at a convenience
store. He's a top-ranked cardiologist.

INT. C-STORE - DAY

Ding! A cash register drawer flies open, slams to a stop.

Binu stands next to his father, BHUPHANDAR BINGHAVI (44).
B.B. sports a thick, black beard and thick, black turban.

B.B.

Clean the bathroom. Jaldi karo.

Binu takes off. CUSTOMER steps to the register.

B.B.

How are you, my friend?

CUSTOMER

Hey, B.B. I'm alright.

B.B.

Rain is coming.

CUSTOMER

Hope so.

B.B.

Rosebush needs water?

CUSTOMER

Yeah. She's dying on me.

Masking some apparent pain, B.B. grins.

B.B.

I have been there as well...
Rain is coming.

CUSTOMER

Your lips to God's ears, brother.

B.B. looks to the bathroom. Binu's cleaning a toilet.

REGISTER

A DRUNK (55) drops bite-sized candies on the counter.

DRUNK

These are value packs from Costco.
You can't break 'em up for resale.

B.B.

I am sorry, yaar.

DRUNK

You can't sell these.

B.B.

What is problem? You own Costco?

DRUNK

Fuck you.

B.B.

You own stock? Costco stock-shares?

DRUNK

You can't break these up for resale.

B.B.

Acha? This is serious problem.
(innocently)
Maybe you should call your Congressman.

DRUNK

Fuck you.

B.B.

Maybe I should call my Congressman.

Drunk knocks over a display.

B.B.
You are drunk. Go home; get rest.

DRUNK
You go home. Go back to Pakistan.

B.B.
I'm Indian. Pakistan? They don't
want me there, either. I promise.

Outside the bathroom, holding a mop, Binu watches on.

Drunk hocks up a loogie, then spits upon the counter.
B.B. wipes the mess with a napkin, fires it at Drunk.

Drunk grabs B.B. from across the counter. Pounds him.

Handsome and self-assured, REGGIE KENNEDY (28) looks on.
He places a lid on his coffee, then heads to the cooler.

Reggie gets a bottle of beer, then sets his coffee down.

Reggie approaches Drunk from behind, then casually smashes
the bottle against the side of his head. Drunk screams out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Reggie's out. From the front entrance, Binu watches in awe.
Binu disappears. He soon returns, wheels his bike outdoors.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Reggie walks. A police car shows up. Lights on; sirens off.
Reggie sees it. On his bike, in the distance, Binu watches.

IEXT. BACK ROADS - DAY

Binu speeds down an alley. He pedals through puddles, past
dogs and debris. Into the woods, he hops over fallen trees.

EXT. POLICE LOT - DAY

Binu enters the lot. Deploys a kickstand; takes the stairs.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Reggie is on the phone with his dad, MARCUS KENNEDY (60).

REGGIE
You can't get me...? Are you drunk?
(beat)
Well it's never stopped you before.

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

Binu, at the intake window. A DESK COP peers down at him.

BINU

Hi. I'm looking for the prisoner.

DESK COP

The prisoner?

BINU

The detainee.

DESK COP

... What do you need, doll?

BINU

The guy who just came in probably two minutes ago: White male, 25 to 35, 6'1"/190? I wanna bail him out.

DESK COP

You are precious.

BINU

How much is bail?

DESK COP

Are you his...brother?

BINU

I'm his attorney. How much is bail?

DESK COP

... Reginald Kennedy. It's 604.12

Binu sighs. Walks away. After a moment, he returns to the intake window. Binu produces his wallet and unfastens the Velcro. He then calmly counts off seven, crisp \$100 bills.

LATER

Reggie retrieves his personal effects from a brown envelope.

He's released from the detention area. Walks into the lobby, sees Binu waiting. Reggie approaches, and the pair face off.

REGGIE

Hey.

BINU

Hey.

REGGIE

What's your name?

BINU

Binu.

REGGIE
Your dad posted for me?

BINU
I did.

REGGIE
What do you mean?

BINU
I wasn't sure you were the right guy.

REGGIE
I don't get it.

BINU
... They said it's "Reginald Kennedy."

REGGIE
And?

BINU
... Nothing.

REGGIE
What?

BINU
I wasn't gonna say anything.

REGGIE
Yeah you were.

BINU
I just... That's really your name?
Reginald Kennedy?

REGGIE
Yeah.

BINU
... That's a black guy's name.

REGGIE
I actually go by "Reggie" Kennedy.

BINU
That's even more black.
(beat)
I can't even imagine a blacker name
than that... What's your dad's name?

REGGIE
Marcus.

BINU
Your dad's name is 'Marcus Kennedy?'
(MORE)

BINU (cont'd)
 What does he do, play clarinet in a
 jazz band?

REGGIE
 How 'bout your dad? What's his name?

BINU
 Bhupandra. Buhphandar Binghavi.

REGGIE
 That's cool.

BINU
 It's not.

REGGIE
 It's cool; how's it not cool?

BINU
 This is America. Do you need a map?
 (beat)
 I wish my name was Reginald. I'd
 have people call me "Naldo." But
 they'd probably call me "Regina."

REGGIE
 Whatever. Listen, kid: I owe you.

He heads out. Binu watches him. Reggie turns around.

REGGIE
 You comin' or what?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Binu and Reggie trudge along. Walking, Binu guides his bike.

BINU
 You don't have friends you can call?

REGGIE
 You can go ahead.

BINU
 I'm a soldier. Leave no man behind.

REGGIE
 Oh, you're a soldier?

BINU
 Yeah, man. God, Country, Corps.

The multicolored beads on Binu's spokes rise and fall.

REGGIE
 I don't really have any friends.

BINU
I have like, three.

REGGIE
That's not bad.

BINU
It's not good, either... I do have the rest of my life to meet people, but you're a grown-ass man. If you don't have friends by now, it's more of a socialization problem.

REGGIE
Probably.

BINU
You should talk to someone about that.

REGGIE
... I don't have friends; I only have hanger-ons.

BINU
I know what that is, but I don't.

REGGIE
It's people who I'm there for when they need me. But they're never there for me when I need them.

BINU
Why aren't they there for you?

REGGIE
Because they're not my friends . . . You don't know what a hanger-on is, but you know what socialization means?

BINU
Sometimes I realize I've been using a word wrong or pronouncing it wrong. Then I think about the conversations I had when I must've made a fool of myself. You know the word "boutique"? I just figured out that it's "boo-tique" and not "bo-tique." I've been saying "bo-tique" all my life like a village idiot half-wit.

REGGIE
That's rough.

BINU
Oh, it's fucked. I've just never heard anyone pronounce it. This girl Bianca has heard me say bo-tique.

(MORE)

BINU (cont'd)
 Now it's gonna haunt me until we
 graduate high school in 40 years.

They walk in silence. Reggie looks at the bike. He stops.

REGGIE
 You got pegs on that thing?

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

Reggie now rides the bike, with Binu standing straight up behind him. He's well-balanced on the pegs that stick out from the center of the back wheel. Gracefully, they glide.

EXT. C-STORE - DAY

Binu and Reggie reach the sidewalk. They hop off the bike.

REGGIE
 Where do you live?

BINU
 Off Netherwood. We moved here from
 Wyandanch last year... You know it?

REGGIE
 Yeah, I know it. Bullets are scared
 to be in that neighborhood.

A LOCAL (35) pulls up and parks. Approaches the pair.

REGGIE
 What's goin' on, Steve?

LOCAL
 Not much; how you doin'? I heard you
 did a job for Rob Bianchi.

REGGIE
 Yeah, it took a minute.

LOCAL
 Can you do a deck for me and Stacey?

REGGIE
 I actually can't. I'd love to, but
 part of the deal with Kevin was that
 I give him my only deck on the block.

LOCAL
 Did he pay a premium? Don't worry --
 he'll never know.

REGGIE
 I mean, it's an exclusive. Call Phil.

LOCAL

You're doin' "exclusives" for layin' a foundation and throwin' down wood?

(beat, to Binu)

Hi, big guy. You doin' construction and apprentice work for my man here?

REGGIE

(cold)

Maybe he is... Kid, think your pops will let you run for twelve an hour?

LOCAL

Reggie, I'll give you ten grand.

REGGIE

I don't want your money.

LOCAL

You do want my money. You need it.

REGGIE

... He gave me a really big contract.

LOCAL

Oh yeah? Is that what happened?

(beat)

Tell me. How did it work out the last time you signed a really big contract?

REGGIE

Are you serious?

LOCAL

Think beggars and choosers, Reggie. Life is about beggars and choosers.

REGGIE

... Go fuck yourself.

LOCAL

You used to be a chooser.

He heads inside. Reggie watches. Binu, silent. Then...

BINU

We should firebomb his house.

(beat)

He's married?

BINU

We should wait until his wife and kids are asleep, and then we should firebomb their house with Molotov cocktails... What was that about?

REGGIE

Nothing -- I'm gonna get an Uber.
You gonna stay here or ride home?

BINU

... What's goin' on at your place?

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Binu and Reggie evaluate the colorful, crowded cereal aisle.

REGGIE

Let's do Kix. You can't go wrong
with Kix... What's your name again?

BINU

Binu. Binu Binghavi.

REGGIE

Reggie Kennedy. Reggie.

BINU

I kinda like Special K.

REGGIE

They cheat you on the freeze-dried
strawberries. There's so many less
of them than their used to be. And
in general, everything here's way
too sugary. Reese's Peanut Butter
Cups? Cinnamon Toast Crunch?
Fuckin' Lucky Charms? Kix is bland,
at least on the surface, but
Special K's more sugary than you'd
think. It's a Trojan Horse, Beaner.

BINU

On the surface? No. Kix is straight-
up bland, and Kix knows it's bland.
General Mills isn't trying to mask
their intentions on the global
foodstuffs stage. It's shit product.

(beat)

By the way, it's not "Beaner," it's
"Binu." I don't care, but the next
South Asian kid might be sensitive.
See... "Binu" is a South Asian name,
and "Beener" is a racial slur, most
commonly applied to Mexicans.

REGGIE

That's not good.

BINU

Yeah, bro. It's meant for Mexicans,
because they love beans.

(MORE)

BINU (cont'd)

So ironic, because my favorite meal is rice and rajma, an Indian meal my mom used to make for me. Rice and rajma is just rice and beans... But yeah: "Beaner" is a slur for Mexicans, though it's like the Swiss Army knife of racial slurs. They use it for most Latinos. Or..."Latinos, Latinas, Lantinx...?" Your mileage may vary.

LATER

Reggie pushes shopping a cart. Binu periodically adds items. Reggie, in turn, casually removes them. Binu doesn't notice, and Reggie doesn't care about placing items in random spots.

LATER

The pair stare at lobsters in a tank. American as apple pie. From a kneeling crouch, Reggie rises. Spots KAREN JACK (29).

Reggie taps Binu on the arm. Binu shifts his gaze to Reggie. Reggie tilts his head, signaling that the pair should leave.

Reggie pushes their cart across the back of the supermarket. Peers down aisles, sees Karen again. He spins the cart 180°.

BINU

Who was that?

REGGIE

No one.

BINU

Who was it?

REGGIE

No one.

REGGIE

Uh, that was super fucking someone.

REGGIE

We went to school together.

BINU

Did you know her?

(beat)

Did she know who you were?

At the deli counter, they watch a BUTCHER (50) chop meat.

BINU

Were you friends?

(MORE)

BINU (cont'd)

(beat)

It's not a multiple choice question.
Were you friends?

REGGIE

... We were high school sweethearts.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Reggie carries a shopping bag. Suddenly, a car pulls out.
It stops short, almost hitting Binu. Karen exits the car.

KAREN

Oh, my God. I'm so sorry.

BINU

It's fine. I'm fine.

KAREN

I didn't look while pulling out.

REGGIE

Oh. Glad that mystery's solved.

Karen recognizes Reggie.

KAREN

... Hey.

REGGIE

... Hi, Karen.

A moment. Then, Binu meekly shatters the ice.

BINU

It's nice to meet you, Karen.

KAREN

Again, I'm so sorry. Running over
a defenseless boy isn't a good look.

REGGIE (quietly)

It's not ideal.

BINU

It's fine. I should've jumped in
front of you for the insurance money.
My job doesn't pay well, and the art
career isn't exactly taking off.

KAREN

Oh, the art career isn't taking off.
That's two of us. Sorry I forgot my
business cards; we coulda networked
our way all the way to the bottom.

BINU

I have mine.

He rifles through his wallet. Pauses to look at Riley.

BINU

By the way, you owe me 600 bucks.

He selects a card, flicks it admiringly, hands it off.

KAREN

Not bad. Tasteful. Minimal.

BINU

Again, my career isn't going so hot. Few hundred here, few hundred there. But all the galleries want that hot, young thing. You know the drill.

KAREN

... We must have the same agent. Mason Mitchell?

BINU

Uh, I'm 14, so I obviously don't have an agent and career. But I know about Mason Mitchell. He's your agent?

Karen nods.

BINU

Wow. So, he's a real P.O.S., right?

KAREN

Pardon?

BINU

Mason Mitchell. He's known for being a major-league asshole.

KAREN

Speaking of major-league assholes -- Hi, again, Reggie.

REGGIE

Always a pleasure, Karen.

KAREN

Sarcastic. Still.

REGGIE

... Always a pleasure, Karen.
(beat)
And I wasn't being sarcastic.

BINU

Noted. Uh... You're obviously Karen, he's obviously Reggie, and I'm Binu.
(MORE)

BINU (cont'd)

Now, from what I remember about the discussion we had in the supermarket, you and Riley were like...total high school sweethearts.

(beat)

Am I getting that right?

Karen closes her eyes. Riley bows his head.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

On the bike, Binu and Reggie pull up to a McMansion.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

While watching "Shark Tank," dad Marcus Kennedy drinks a beer. Cracks open another. Reggie and Binu enter. Slowly take seats.

MARCUS

So? What are the charges?

REGGIE

I didn't even look. This guy was messing with little man's father. I caught him with a twelve ounce.

Reggie stands, grabs two cans of beer. Sits, opens and drinks.

MARCUS

Hi, there. I'm Reggie's dad.

BINU

Sorry. I'm Binu. Nice to meet you.

He goes to shake Marcus's hand, sits back down. After a bit...

BINU

You like "Shark Tank"?

MARCUS

Best show on television.

BINU

I think so, too. I can just plop down, tune in during any episode that's on, then peace out until bedtime. And what makes it better than Jeopardy, Price is Right, or other shows, is that you don't get sick of it. Like, everyone loves Jeopardy, but only to a point.

MARCUS

What I like it is that every episode, you watch someone present the sharks their inventions or small businesses.

(MORE)

MARCUS (cont'd)

And then three times a show, you get to see dreams get totally destroyed.

Binu nods, impressed by the observation.

MARCUS

They do it on purpose. Because usually, when someone's dreams get destroyed, it's a process. Ask Reggie here. You see it coming. But in the Tank, some jabroni from Connecticut has this anti-gravity vacuum cleaner he's been tooling away on for seven years with his bird-brained brother.

BINU

Yeah. And when the sharks reject them, we get to witness their lives explode, just like you said.

MARCUS

It's a beautiful thing.

On the show, contestants look like nervous young mothers.

BINU

What I don't like is when the sharks do want to get into business, but the contestants play hardball. Mark Cuban will be like, "You know what, Bradley? I'm rooting for you, cuz you're a good person, and your wife's having a baby. I want to offer you \$500,000 for a 10% stake in your company." But then, the guy dilly-dallies way too long, fights with Barbara Corcoran, and the offer gets pulled.

MARCUS

Right? Forget the money. Just take the deal for the partnership alone.

BINU

That's what I always say.

Marcus cracks another beer, drinks, then addresses Reggie.

MARCUS

You should call the lawyer.

REGGIE

... Which one?

MARCUS

It's probably Assault or Battery.

(MORE)

MARCUS (cont'd)

Don't worry about it. With the War on Police, they'll drop everything. The inmates are running the asylum.

BINU

Actually, you might have a problem.

BINU

Assault is like...if you act as if you wanna punch me? That's assault. But if you do hit me, it's battery. Problem is, you hit the guy with a weapon. That is aggravated assault, and now your ass is in the jackpot.

MARCUS

Jesus, where did you find this kid?

REGGIE

At a convenience store.

MARCUS

And you say I'm politically incorrect? That's not funny.

BINU

I mean, it is where he found me.

REGGIE

... How old are you?

BINU

14.

REGGIE

Someone's ass being in the jackpot? You're 14 and you know that phrase? Where did you hear it?

BINU

From baseball. Terry Collins, the Mets manager? He said it while mic'd up during an argument with an umpire.

Reggie downs his beer, cracks another. Like father/like son.

REGGIE

So you like baseball, huh?

BINU

Favorite sport. You a fan?

The color drains from Reggie's eyes.

EXT. C-STORE - DAY

Binu and Reggie ride into the lot and soon get off the bike.

INT. C-STORE - DAY

Minutes later, having made introductions, the three wrap up. Reggie gets beer from the cooler. Heads back to the counter.

B.B.

Will he come for dinner?

BINU

No. We know their culture, but he won't know ours. The smell of our house? The sound of our music? No.

B.B., upturned hands -- "Can I ask?"

BINU

Respect the Rules of Engagement.

Reggie returns to the counter. Binu and B.B. straighten up.

REGGIE

So, you're sure you're okay, boss?

B.B.

I am fine. It could have been worse.

REGGIE

I mean, you took some awful punches.

B.B.

I'm fine. I'll be better in the day. You should come for dinner tomorrow.

BINU

Uh, Reggie's a bit of a lone wolf.

REGGIE

Dinner? Really? I would love that.

B.B.

You will come?

BINU

He is extremely booked and busy.

REGGIE

I'm so in-between jobs. Let's eat.

B.B.

Have you ever tried an Indian food?

BINU

Reggie's kinda steak and potatoes.

REGGIE

B.B.? Indian food is the only food.

B.B.

Will you eat a yummy steak-potato?

BINU

I don't even know what that means.

REGGIE

Only if you teach me how to make it.

Binu rubs his brow.

B.B.

Is 8:00 too late?

BINU

Americans eat early, Dad.

REGGIE

Eight...would be great. And Binu, don't be a weirdo if Karen calls. Don't talk about me.

BINU

Don't worry. I've got a plan.

REGGIE

What's that supposed to mean?

BINU

You're on a need-to-know basis.

REGGIE

That's not cute... Also, it's Sunday. Don't you have school tomorrow?

BINU

... I have to check.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Binu sits at the back of his Honors English class. An origami star hits him in the face and lands on his desk. Binu regards the star with suspicion. It reads, "Open Me."

He looks left and sees DARNELL JACKSON (14) on the opposite end of the room. Darnell points to the girl in front of him.

She is BIANCA MARTÍNEZ (14), the object of Binu's affection.

Binu unfolds the star. "Want to hang out Friday? Just us?" Below that it reads, "Circle one." Binu flips the star.

"Circle one" refers to one of two choices: "No" and "No."

Binu looks at Darnell, who blows him a kiss. Binu smiles and fires an apple across the class. It misses Darnell, but hits a BIG KID (15). Big Kid looks down at the apple...up at Binu.

Mimicking Darnell's finger point, Binu indicates the BOY (15) sitting in front of him. Teacher MRS. JONES (40) gets started.

MRS. JONES

Okay -- alphabetical order. Binu, you're up first.

Binu walks to the head of the class. Surveys the landscape.

BINU

In the annals of human civilization, there are a bevy of treasured texts. The Bible, the Torah; the Quran and the Vedas. The Tao Te Ching and the Egyptian Book of the Dead... These sacred books mean so much to so many. They lift spirits and warm hearts... Yet rarely do they touch souls. Class, for that we look to but one great man.

(beat)

Shakespeare... Granted, it actually might have been three women who did most of the heavy lifting. His cook, a seamstress, and a chambermaid, but that's neither here nor there.

Sitting next to each other across the room, Binu's friends, crush Bianca Martinez and the aforementioned Darnell, grin.

BINU

Shakespeare gifted us a defining text, and it was entitled Macbeth... "Double, double, toil and trouble. Fire burn, cauldron bubble."

He strokes his chin, measures his words. A calm descends.

MR. JONES

Binu, if you haven't read the play, start.

BINU

Sorry. Can I redo this afterwards?

MRS. JONES

You're getting an "F." Be better.

BINU (quietly)

Macbeth. More like Macdeath.

MRS. JONES

That's not as clever as you think.

BINU

Uh, it wasn't supposed to be clever. It was a private observation that wasn't meant for public consumption.

MRS. HILL

Enough. Guys, break into groups.
Your assignment is on the board.

Bianca, Darnell, and SAM FALATKO (14) move desks together.
Blackboard: "What's the worst thing that you've ever done?"

MRS. JONES

Binu, this one's right up your alley.
It might be a little less challenging.
It says, "What's the worst thing that
you've ever done?"

BINU

Thanks, I know how to read. I picked
it up when the British civilized me.

MRS. HILL

Do you want to stand in the corner?

BINU

I also have opposable thumbs.

Binu heads to the desk with friends Darnell, Bianca, and Sam.

DARNELL

Well, well. The game is afoot.

BINU

What's that supposed to mean?

SAM

It's Shakespeare, you idiot.

BIANCA

It's actually Sherlock Holmes.

DARNELL

Let's do this. Bianca -- Worst thing
you've ever done.

BIANCA

This is hard... Back in Puerto Rico,
Luna and I often went hungry. Y'all
know that, but I never told you that
I had a brother... His name was Robby.
Once, when I was seven and Robby was
five, Luna and I were playing outside.
Robby came out with a turkey sandwich.
Somehow he scraped it together from
whatever he could find in the kitchen.
It was just a single slice of meat on
two squished up pieces of dried bread.

(beat)

No cheese, no condiments, nothing.
But yeah; I was seven and Robby was
five.

(MORE)

BIANCA (cont'd)

When I saw what he had to eat, in a fit of jealousy, I knocked it out of his tiny fingers and onto the ground... Robby burst into tears and bent down to pick it up. But before he could, the local pack of dogs that you live with as a rural family? They pushed my brother over and ate the sandwich... Robby just sat there on the ground all covered in mud. He cried and kept screaming, "I made that to share it with you, Bianca... I made that to share it with you..." Three years later, Robby passed away.

Bianca and Darnell wipe tears. Bianca perks up, claps her hands.

BIANCA

Your turn, guys -- this is fun!

BINU

Okay, forget Robby. Last year, we had a paper due, end of quarter. I already had a "C," which was bad, cuz the night before it was due? I hadn't started it. Jersey community colleges don't want smart Indian kids who get bad grades and whose moms work the fry station at McDonald's. They want dumb white kids with good grades and whose dads get to work the sour cream gun at Taco Bell. You know how they dispense sour cream with that like, gun contraption? Yeah. So the paper was due, but I didn't do it. Now, we were supposed to drop the paper in Ms. Lee's office mailbox, so the morning it was due? I just walked into the History office, scooped up everyone's paper, and walked on out.

SAM

And then she wouldn't know who handed it in and who didn't. Buying you time.

BIANCA

Wait, that was you? I handwrote mine!

DARNELL

Yikes.

BIANCA

He's the worst.

She taps her pencil, gets up, then walk away to sharpen it.

BINU

She's the best.

INT. HALL - DAY

Binu inserts money into a vending machine. Makes his choice. Nothing happens. A beat. He inserts more money. Same result.

Binu takes a weathered dollar from his wallet. Rubs it hard against the machine's edge. Straightens it out, but no luck.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Binu carries a tray. He walks slowly and looks for a friend. None in sight. Binu settles himself at a large, empty table.

After some time passes, bad bully Tom sits across from Binu.

TOM

Tomorrow...? Don't check your locker.

INT. BINU'S HOUSE - NIGHT

B.B. and Binu prep Dinner for Reggie. Gujarat meets Kerala. The kitchen looks like an Indian market. A lovely disaster.

B.B.

When he comes, don't talk about Ma.

BINU

Why not?

B.B.

Don't talk about her. It's sad.

BINU

I don't talk about her. That's sad.

LATER

The three men, seated. B.B. heaps food onto Reggie's plate.

B.B.

Reggie, tell me. What do you do?

REGGIE

I build decks. Usually in the cooler months, as that's when the guys from Latin America go back home. Winter is when I do best, because the summer is when they do best. I can't keep up.

B.B.

Do you have brother-sister?

REGGIE

I have a little brother. He's up at SUNY New Paltz.

B.B.

I haven't heard of it. Where is it?

REGGIE

Uh... It's in New Paltz. So... And what about you? Superstar wife and girl to go with the superstar here?

B.B.

You know, my wife died six years ago, so it's Binu.

REGGIE

I'm sorry.

BINU

No one should lose their wife or mom, but I've come to realize that if someone had to lose their mom...just, it might as well be me.

REGGIE

Well... Not for nothing, but same team. My mom died, but I do have the brother.

BINU

... Your mom died, too?

REGGIE

She passed when I was 18, yeah.

BINU

... Can I ask what she died of?

REGGIE

Heart disease. Alcoholism, really. It's kind of a thing in my family.

(to B.B.)

You know anything about that?

B.B.

No.

REGGIE

What about your mom? Can I ask...?

Binu looks at his dad, who slightly shakes his head: "No."

BINU

Depression... Right back at you.

(beat)

Do you know anything about that?

REGGIE

... A little bit, yeah.

A silence descends.

BINU
 So, yeah... This was fun.
 (beat)
 You wanna see my artwork?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

In the tiny room, the three new friends watch "Shark Tank," as B.B. Binghavi and Marcus Kennedy are not too different.

B.B.
 Reggie, have you seen this program?

REGGIE
 Yeah. It seems to be pretty popular.

B.B.
 Who is your number one shark?

REGGIE
 Oh, that's tough. Mark Cuban. It's probably an obvious answer, though.

BINU
 Ugh. You're such a "Mark." Probably have an Elon Musk poster on the wall.

B.B.
 I like the one with the blue eye.
 Don't like the blonde. Or the black.

BINU
 Dad?

REGGIE
 Binu, by the way: That whole thing about Karen? And you having a plan? Again, don't be weird.

BINU
 Weird is my default setting. You've now been to our planet; you can see for yourself how we exist... Collect some samples while you're here. Also, curious why you say..."if" she calls.

REGGIE
 Why...? Did she call?

BINU
 No.

Binu just holds on him. The phone rings. No one moves at all. Reggie eyes the phone. Cold as ice, Binu eyes Reggie. Then peeps the phone himself. Second ring. Binu looks back to Reggie. B.B. slowly gets up.

BINU
You can relax, Dad. It's for me.

The phone rings a third time.

BINU
Nothing important... It can wait.

REGGIE
Stop it. So you mean that it's not a matter of "if" she calls, it's about "when" she calls.

The phone rings again.

REGGIE
Is that Karen?

BINU
Shooshie. It's all part of the plan.

REGGIE
Again... What's the plan?

Binu smiles.

BINU
We're going to get her back.

INT. BINU'S ROOM - NIGHT

As he did on page two, Binu paints in front of an easel. Reggie eyes the wrapped birthday present. *Also page two.* He relaxes in a chair, and B.B. steams clothes for Binu. As if it's an empty tube of toothpaste, Binu squeezes a tube of paint as hard as he can. Even with two hands, no.

BINU
Dad, can I have paint money?