

AIRBNB & ME

"Pilot: Sex and Guests"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXTERIOR. APARTMENT BUILDING. BROOKLYN, NY. PRESENT DAY.

We open on a beautiful Spring day. We zoom into a Brooklyn apartment building - not much to look at from the outside - and up four flights of stairs. As we pass each apartment, we hear a cacophony of sounds - babies crying, televisions blasting, someone shouting in Polish, a three-some loudly making love. Finally, we get to the top floor and see two dudes knocking on the door of the Airbnb they've booked for their stay in NYC. It opens and we meet ETHAN, 35-year, no-longer-twink-he's-practically-ragwunkally-t'was, welcoming the bros. We follow them inside as Ethan shows off the apartment - it's gorgeous, full of natural light, and kept hotel clean.

STAR THE LAB (V.O.)

Ahem! Over here.

The camera abruptly shifts away from Ethan and swivels over to his bedroom where we meet Star The Lab, 10-year old, talking black Labrador, regally lying on the bed with her paws crossed. She speaks perfect English in a Mid-Atlantic accent, straight out of Katharine Hepburn.

STAR

(to camera)

I know what you're thinking. I  
don't look a day over two.

Star winks at the camera then aggressively chews her hide to get rid of an itch. Regaining her composure, she turns back to us.

STAR (CONT'D)

Je m'appelle Star. Welcome to 137  
Meserole Ave, apartment 4B. My  
home.

Star looks out the window of the loft apartment.

STAR (CONT'D)

I live out my days in this sky  
prison, staring out at a world I  
rarely visit. Arthritis is a bitch.

The camera zooms in to the rooftop across the street, where ten cats prowl back and forth.

STAR (V.O.)  
 And every day, I watch those  
 creatures prowl across the roof. My  
 arch nemeses: The Jellicle Cats.

The cats abruptly form up in a line to sing the opening from  
 the musical CATS.

JELlicle CATS  
*Jellicles can and Jellicles do!*

The camera pans back to Star, who's most displeased.

STAR  
 All day, they taunt me with Andrew  
 Llyold Webber. Couldn't they at  
 least stick to "Jesus Christ  
 Superstar?"

Star smiles slyly.

STAR (CONT'D)  
 That's right. I'm a God-fearing  
 Republi-canine! Spell dog backwards  
 and what do you get?! It's always  
 been clear to me who's going to  
 Heaven. Those who Vote Red.  
 (beat)  
 And yet, I can tolerate *him*, can't  
 I?

The camera shifts to focus on Ethan, who's sporting a fake  
 smile, playing the gregarious host to his guests, cracking  
 small, overdone jokes he's said a hundred times.

STAR (CONT'D)  
 I've lived with this fussy gay most  
 my life. He is *too much*.

ETHAN  
 (gesturing)  
 This is your cupboard!

STAR  
 But how was I supposed to know when  
 he adopted me?! It all happened so  
 fast.

The camera dreamily dissolves.

INTERIOR. KILL SHELTER. CHICAGO. 9 YEARS BEFORE.

We track through a kill shelter, witnessing a cacophony of sights and sounds: a newborn puppy mewling, a Sheepdog demanding "I want goulash!" in Polish, a bitch and a stud dirty-talking while humping through the bars of their separate cages. We arrive at PUPPY STAR, a 1-year old, sulking quietly in her cage.

STAR THE PUPPY

(to camera)

My first owners were die-hard Progressives, literally. They caught me watching Fox News and left me to die in this kill shelter. All hope was lost, until...

TWINK ETHAN, 20s, recently-out twink whose fashion hasn't caught up to gay standards, sports a hetero-esque Cubs T-Shirt and shorts. He approaches Star and lovingly pets her head through the bars of the cage. Star's eyes light up with hope.

TWINK ETHAN

She's perfect!

STAR THE PUPPY (CONT'D)

He's perfect!

Ethan opens up the cage, and she leaps into his arms.

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S 2008 TOYOTA PRIUS. MOMENTS LATER.

Star hops in the front seat of Ethan's car, tail wagging furiously. Ethan sits in the driver's seat and smiles at his newfound best friend.

ETHAN

"Starlight" - is it?

STAR

(bitterly)

My last owners believed in astrology.

Ethan pretends to vomit in his mouth.

ETHAN

That's too gay - even for me.

STAR

(beaming with joy)

Of course! *Far* too gay!

ETHAN

So...let's call you Star!

STAR

Oh! But, that seems quite queer as well.

(beat)

What if you named me Margaret? As in Thatcher!

ETHAN

Gurl, this isn't Billy Elliott. Plus, you gotta be a *little* gay if you're gonna live with *me*, hunny!

Star's brow furrows in horror as Ethan pops a Kylie Minogue CD-ROM into his car stereo. Ethan bops to the beat in his seat and drives them away.

STAR

(out the window)

Nooooooooo!!!!

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S APARTMENT. PRESENT DAY. CONTINUOUS.

Star takes what she thinks are two elegant sips from her water bowl. Water spills everywhere and drools down her face.

STAR

I was less tolerant then, I admit it. And, over the years, my genetic impulses over-rode my morals, for I've come to love this gay.

Star's eyes narrow.

STAR (CONT'D)

But I want him to become a *Good* Gay. A gay a conservative dog could get behind. A gay who could have a drink with Nikki Haley.

In the background, we see Ethan approaching Star with the two bros in tow.

STAR (CONT'D)

We've lived with strangers 24/7, since Ethan moved us to Brooklyn a year ago. They're always cousins if the neighbors ask.

Ethan and the two bros come clearly into focus.

ETHAN  
 (to the Bros)  
 And if anyone asks, you're my  
 cousins!  
 (beat)  
 On my mother's side.

Ethan bends down to pet Star.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 And this is the STAR of the  
 apartment! My dog Star!

The bros chuckle.

STAR  
 (cooly)  
 Every-time you laugh at that joke,  
 a dog goes to Hell.

The bros stop laughing, taken aback.

ETHAN  
 She sure is a character.

Ethan leans in close to Star.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 (hisses)  
 Will you, for once, just behave?!  
 You know I need a 5-star review!

Star slinks away from Ethan's grip and over to the beefier of  
 the two bros, a guy named ZANE, 6'2", flawless Adonis. Ethan  
 gulps, taking in just how attractive Zane is.

STAR  
 (teasingly to Zane)  
 Tell me, sweet, masculine man. Are  
 you familiar with Madison Cawthorn?

Zane chuckles.

ZANE  
 Lol. Who?

Ethan coughs.

ETHAN  
 Did you just say "lol" out-loud?

ZANE  
 Lol, yeah.

STAR  
(to camera)  
Welcome to our family.

CUT TO THE OPENING CREDITS AND THEME SONG.

THEME SONG  
*AIRBNB - THOSE STRANGERS AND ME  
MAKING THAT THREE-PART HARMONY, OH  
AIRBNB, JUST WAIT AND YOU'LL SEE  
MY NEW YORK FAMILY!*

ACT ONE

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S APARTMENT. 4:30 AM.

Ethan presses a pillow over his face in bed. We hear the sound of grunts and moans of a woman and a man having sex coming through the wall. A mixture of emotion battles on Ethan's face: attraction and annoyance.

Ethan grabs his phone from the nearby charger to check the time. He groans and bends to look under the bed, where Star is reading a copy of ATLAS SHRUGGED, illuminated by a head lamp.

ETHAN  
(pointing to wall)  
Is that what I think it is?!

STAR  
(not looking up)  
No shit, Sher-Cock.

ETHAN  
What the fuck am I supposed to do!

STAR  
You're the creature that needs to sleep. I nap all day.

Star turns a page with her nose and reads a quote.

STAR (CONT'D)  
"What is man but a collection of chemicals with delusions of grandeur."

ETHAN  
Don't you fucking bring Ayn Rand into this!  
(beat)  
I'll call Airbnb.

Ethan picks up his phone, loads the AIRBNB app, and navigates to the SUPPORT menu. He becomes more and more flustered as he tries to find a CONTACT option buried in the app somewhere. Finally, he finds the link and dials in.

WELCOME MESSAGE (V.O.)  
Hello Superhost! Thanks for helping the world travel like a human.



Audible bangs come from the wall as the pace of sex increases.

INTERIOR. AIRBNB CUSTOMER SERVICE SUPPORT CENTER. CONTINUOUS.

EMILY, mid-20s, customer service agent stuck in this job, smiles and cheerily answers the call on her headset.

EMILY

Hello! This is Emily from Airbnb Host support. Am I speaking with Ethan?

INTERCUT. CUSTOMER SERVICE CENTER AND APARTMENT. CONTINUOUS.

ETHAN

They're having sex on my living room couch!

EMILY

I'm sorry - could you repeat that?

ETHAN

My guest and an anonymous human body are having sex on my leather couch in my living room.

EMILY

Oh! I'm so sorry to hear that...

We hear the sound of a keyboard clacking on the other end of the phone. Emily frantically searches through her computer manual for what to do.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ok...so we always suggest you first contact the guest directly to resolve the issue.

ETHAN

And what - exactly - do you want me to say? Stop fucking *on my leather couch* and go to your room?!

Emily types faster on her keyboard, desperate to find an Airbnb-sanctioned response.

EMILY

No worries. We're going to figure this out, Ethan.

ETHAN

Gurl, hurry up! It's impossible to get semen out of leather!

EMILY

(more flustered)

Let's move on and register a complaint. Please be sure to document evidence of the incident.

A beat.

ETHAN

You want me to record them. Having sex.

EMILY

Um...well you need proof in the event the guest disputes.

ETHAN

Earth to Emily, I think that's illegal! *Do you work for Sean Cody?!*

EMILY

(about to cry)

I'm sorry I don't know who that is.

ETHAN

A racist porn producer!!!

Ethan hangs up the call.

INT. ETHAN'S LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.

Ethan opens the door, phone in hand, to barge into his living room. He stops dead at the sight of the two breeders hardcore fucking on his brown leather sofa, so wrapped up trying to orgasm they don't notice him.

WOMAN

Close! Close! I'm so close!

Ethan stares slack-jawed at the porno-level sex happening right in front of him. Without realizing it, he robotically raises his phone to take a video, then catches himself before hitting record.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Wait, I'm less close. FAR! FAR!

Mortified, Ethan loses his nerve and, desperate for a place to hide, creeps into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.

ETHAN  
(hyperventilating)  
Holy. Fuck. So...hot...

Ethan sits down against the bathroom door. Almost immediately, his hand starts to pull down his shorts as if it has a mind of its own. Ethan stares as he does this in disbelief, then abruptly spits in his hand and starts feverishly masterbating as he listens through the door.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
Ok, yes! I'm close! I'm  
close...I'm...!

The two breeders make explosive O-Sounds and Ethan climaxes at the same time, stifling his cry in a moment of pure joy and absolute revulsion. He breathes hard, leaning against the door.

A long moment passes. Ethan looks in the bathroom mirror and grimaces at his reflection. This is his life. He slowly cleans himself up with tissue paper, throws it out, then opens the door a crack to take another peek.

The two breeders are now wearing underwear, snuggling on his couch in repose. A covetous moment flashes across Ethan's face - how he wishes he could be in the bro's arms. The emotion slides into jealousy, then disgust, then rage, then triumph. Ethan raises his hand, clawing the phone, and presses the camera up against the crack in the door.

ETHAN  
(whispers)  
Got ya now!

Ethan takes the pic. It makes a loud "k-chhh" sound in the now silent apartment because he forgot to put his phone on silent.

The perspective shifts to Zane and the woman who lean up confusedly from the couch. They see Ethan, crouched behind the bathroom door like a gay gremlin, phone in hand. The perspective reverses to Ethan - horrified, realizing he's been caught red-handed being a creep.

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S BEDROOM. HOURS LATER.



ETHAN

I have to send the pic I took,  
which - sorry by the way - to  
Airbnb.

ZANE

Wait, bro, is there any way you'd  
let this go?

Suddenly, the intro melody of "100% PURE LOVE" by Crystal Waters starts playing in the background as Ethan processes the implications of that line. He looks up hungrily into the Bro's face.

ETHAN

You'd never be able to book again.

ZANE

Please, bro, I'll do anything if  
you don't report this case.

ETHAN

I've got all the evidence I need.

Ethan brandishes the shot he took on his phone.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You wouldn't win in the event of a  
dispute.

ZANE

I'm helpless, Bro.

A beat.

ETHAN

Then get on your knees and suck my  
co...

The music cuts out with a record scratch as Star slaps Ethan's head, shattering the imagined sex scene back to reality.

STAR

(to Ethan)

Ahem! You were saying...

Ethan rubs his temples, shooting Star a malevolent look.

ETHAN

I guess just go to Chase and get me  
\$200 so I can clean the couch. Ok?

ZANE  
 (relieved)  
 Lol, you got it man. Thanks for not reporting me.

Zane, still unable to process the hold he has on Ethan, goes in for a bear hug. Ethan sighs as he comes in contact with the hottest man he's ever touched. Zane gives him a pat on the back, pets Star on the head, guffaws one last "lol" to himself, and leaves to get the money.

Ethan stares after him - longing, despairing, and exhausted.

EXTERIOR. A CHIC SIDEWALK CAFE IN BUSHWICK. AN HOUR LATER.

A beautiful Sunday in Brooklyn. Ethan sports raccoon eyes, bed-head hair, and an outrageous lewk someone ten years younger than him could pull off. He sits at an outdoor table, holding a leash that connects to Star, who's hiding from the sun underneath the table. She's wears a pair of Gucci sunglasses.

ETHAN  
 I mean I have never been so turned ON and turned OFF at the same time in my life!

STAR  
 You attract the crazies, you know.

Ethan guzzles his Bloody Mary.

ETHAN  
 Not my fault that crazy stuff happens to me all the time.

STAR  
 It is. You are chaotic evil, Ethan.

Star bends around to vigorously lick her vagina. Ethan looks away, disgusted, and gestures to the waiter.

ETHAN  
 Marcussss! Another please! And make it Spicyyyyyy!

Star coughs out whatever she found down there.

STAR  
 It isn't *cute* for a 35-year-old man to eat gay brunch by himself.

ETHAN  
Please, I'm eating with you.

STAR  
(rolls her eyes)  
I'm not gay.

MARCUS, 30-something, rail-thin, tattooed, decorated head to toe in jewelry, delivers Ethan his third Bloody Mary.

MARCUS  
Hi, handsome. Well, I can see we're *drinking* today. A lot.

Ethan snorts. Marcus bends over to pet Star on her head, who allows him to do so.

MARCUS (CONT'D)  
And how's my favorite Brooklyn babe doing?

ETHAN  
(too loud)  
Please. Don't encourage her.

Marcus sighs and refills Ethan's mostly-full water glass which he's barely touched.

MARCUS  
Rough night?

ETHAN  
Don't wanna talk about it.

MARCUS  
Girl, lighten up. It's a beautiful day. You look great.

ETHAN  
Thank you, it's the botox. You didn't have to listen to the hottest man in the world fuck all night.

MARCUS  
I *wish* I could have listened to that!

ETHAN  
Mmmhmm. I'll have another order of fries, thanks.

MARCUS

Yup, you got it. Truffle a la fries.

Marcus rolls his eyes and backs off, annoyed at Ethan's attitude. Star growls under the table.

STAR

You fool! Can't you tell Marcus was making romantic overtures to you?!

Ethan burps.

ETHAN

Like anyone would want to date me.

STAR

(gestures with her paw)  
Not like this! *None of this* is healthy.

Ethan drains the last dregs of his third drink, confirming the point. He takes his water and pours it into a bowl under the table for Star. She reluctantly takes a sip.

STAR (CONT'D)

Your nonstop state of drama removes the peace of mind necessary to attract a suitable partner.

(beat)

You don't want to die alone. That's what *I* want.

ETHAN

What? Why would you want that?

STAR

(poetic)

All dogs wish to die alone.  
Crawling under the porch, decaying under the bed, the sweet porcelain tomb of a dry bathtub - readying oneself to meet thy Creator.

ETHAN

(rolling his eyes)  
You should write a book.

Star gestures to her paws.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I've offered to write if you narrate!



A beat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Look! At least I'm making a living  
off living with crazies.

(groans)

Oh no. Speaking of...

SIMON, 50-something rival Airbnb Superhost, persnickety and sweats too much, approaches their table from the street. He's walking a cat on a leash - it's one of the Jellicle Cats from the roof across from Ethan's apartment, AKA Simon's place. Star growls under the table.

SIMON

12:30 PM, 30-minutes after check-  
out, and he's already drunk. Hiiii  
Ethan.

ETHAN

(laced with malice)

Nice to see you Simon.

SIMON

Trouble with the latest? I noticed  
you dropped to a 4.7.

ETHAN

What the fuck are you talking  
about?

Ethan whips out his phone and opens the Airbnb app. We zoom in to read his latest review from Zane. It's 1-Star.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

That motherfucker.

SIMON

Tsk, tsk. Language, Mr. Piss. We  
have a lady present.

Simon sneers down at Star under the table. She paws off her Ray-Bans and shoots him a death stare.

STAR

You wouldn't know how to address a  
lady if you watched ALL ABOUT EVE  
on repeat.

SIMON

Oh, I wasn't referring to you,  
bitch.

Simon picks up his Jellicle Cat. She comes to life in his arms and begins screeching.

JELLCLE CAT

*Memories! Not a sound from the pavement!*

ETHAN/STAR

UGH!

Simon slams his hands down on Ethan's table.

SIMON

Better be careful Ethan. One more review like that and you'll lose Superhost status. And if you're not a Superhost, you're super toast.

Simon giggles at his own joke and struts away, Jellicle cat in tow. Star growls quietly, a plan hatching behind her eyes.

ETHAN

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Why did he call me Mr. Piss?! Does he think I'm into water sports? And what am I going to do about my rating?!

STAR

Don't worry about it. There are more important things in life...like the midterms.

Star attempts an earnest, human-like smile at her joke. It comes across as demonic. Ethan frowns.

STAR (CONT'D)

Tom-foolery aside, I've tried to shape you into something other people can be around. Real relationships. Not strangers. True love - not Brando-esque bros.

Ethan snorts and dips a french fry in mayo and then ketchup and then mustard and then eats the Neopolitan fry in one bite.

STAR (CONT'D)

I fear I do not have time to complete my task. I'm getting old, Ethan...

ETHAN  
(interrupting)  
No! No! No! We're *not* talking death  
*again* at gay brunch.

STAR  
(losing her composure)  
I'm *not* gay!!! *One* gay does not  
make a gay brunch!

ETHAN  
Fine!  
(to the waiter)  
Marcus! Check please!

STAR  
You are impossible.

ETHAN  
Love you, bitch.

ACT TWO

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S APARTMENT. LATER THAT DAY.

Ethan is finishing giving a tour to his new Airbnb guest, MIKHAEL, a 30's something, handsome Israeli man.

ETHAN

And this is the STAR of the apartment! My dog, Star!

Star holds her tongue this time as Mikhael bends down to pet her. Star leans in and sniffs his clothes.

STAR

(whispering to camera)  
Wait...what's this I smell?

MIKHAEL

(to Ethan)  
She's sweet. A Labrador, yes?

ETHAN

Yup. I spent \$80 on a DNA test just to find out she's 100% that Lab.

MIKHAEL

(singing GI JOE song)  
*The more you know!*

STAR

(gasps to camera)  
He *is* a gay!

MIKHAEL

Excuse me, where is the W.C.?

Ethan can't help but crack a smile as he points out the restroom. Mikhael walks in and closes the door.

STAR

(panting)  
Ethan! He could be the one!

ETHAN

C'mon, he's just European. I mean, Middle Eastern. I mean...European via Middle...what do you even call an Israeli?

STAR

Hope!

ETHAN

Don't be a Zionist. Besides, you think you've got better gaydar than I do?

STAR

I can smell if someone is gay.

ETHAN

What?!

(beat)

That's problematic.

STAR

I can smell if someone is of a "homosexual persuasion."

ETHAN

You are *casually* confirming right now...that there is a gay GENE?!

STAR

There is a unique pheromone linked to...

ETHAN

Stop. You are going to get us all genetically cancelled. By Marjorie Taylor Green if she ever found out.

STAR

You know I'm not into the ULTRA MAGAs! And I'm just trying to help.

Mikhael returns, wiping his hands on his pants.

ETHAN

Sorry - forgot to put out the new towels.

Ethan offers him a clean towel, hands lingering for just a second longer than they should in the exchange, testing for a connection. Mikhael smirks and takes the towel. Star watches eagerly, her head ricocheting back and forth between each man.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You'll want to freshen up or something. Long flight?

MIKHAEL

I suppose. I slept.

ETHAN

I can never do that. Too wired.  
Specially on a plane.

MIKHAEL

I learned to nap in the army. You  
nap when you can.

ETHAN

Okkkkkk casual IDF reference. Guess  
they did *something* good for you...

MIKHAEL

Hmm. Politics already?

ETHAN

We can talk boycotting Israel; we  
can talk colonialism; we can even  
talk scripture if ya nasty.  
(Points to himself)  
American Jew, through and through.

MIKAHEL

I am not so religious. And better  
we drink before such topics, yes?

ETHAN

Oh, ok! There's a cute dive around  
the corner - place called DuckDuck.

MIKHAEL

Duck. Duck?

ETHAN

(laughing at his own joke)  
Goose.

MIKAHEL

What?

Star groans and walks away, throwing shade over her shoulder  
at Ethan.

ETHAN

(quickly)  
Let me get my wallet.

INT. DUCKDUCK BAR. A FEW MINUTES LATER.

Classic Brooklyn dive. Cash only. Hipsters, queers, country  
music on the speakers. Ethan and Mikhael sit down on a faded  
orange leather couch, each holding a Tequila/Soda.

MIKHAEL  
You call this "Gay Tap Water?"

ETHAN  
New York's finest. "Well Tequila,"  
bubbles, and a lime. Who can ask  
for anything more?

MIKHAEL  
(takes a sip)  
Disgusting.

ETHAN  
Low cal.

MIKHAEL  
Tell me something that isn't so  
obvious. About you.

Ethan takes a nervous sip.

ETHAN  
I'm an Airbnb Superhost.

MIKHAEL  
This I know.

ETHAN  
I'm a gay Brooklyn Jew.

MIKHAEL  
This I figured.

ETHAN  
Right, something not obvious.  
(beat)  
I've never loved anyone more than I  
love my dog.

MIKHAEL  
Saddest thing I've ever heard.

Ethan laughs a bit, some of his tension easing.

ETHAN  
I don't know what I'd do without  
her.

MIKHAEL  
You're single?

ETHAN  
Perpetually.

MIKHAEL  
So, never been in love? How old?

ETHAN  
Rude.

MIKHAEL  
(laughing)  
Ok, ok.

ETHAN  
And you?

MIKHAEL  
32 - and many times in love, yes.

Both of them take another sip. A beat.

MIKHAEL (CONT'D)  
But not right now.

ETHAN  
So, this is like a break-up trip?

MIKHAEL  
A month ago.

ETHAN  
Sorry. Guess it's time for Mikhael  
to get his groove back.

MIKHAEL  
I'm not going to ask you what that  
means.

ETHAN  
Good. I don't want to tell you.

Mikhael grabs both drinks, now empty, and goes to the bartender. Ethan pulls out a JUUL and nervously puffs on it, then hides it back in his pocket. He looks out the window - we see a flicker of hope mingled with anticipated disappointment fighting in his reflection.

Mikhael returns with two Negronis.

MIKHAEL  
A proper drink, no?

ETHAN  
Thanks. Though I like my Negronis  
with Aperol.



MIKHAEL

No, no. Life's better a bit bitter.

They toast.

INTERIOR. DUCKDUCK BAR. AN HOUR LATER.

Both men are well into being tipsy. Empty glasses litter their table.

ETHAN

He was the nicest guest ever. Had just come back from Bali on a whole "Eat, Pray, Kill yourself" adventure.

MIKHAEL

My favorite type.

ETHAN

We stayed up most of the night, chatting and smoking.

MIKHAEL

There's a shoe drop coming, right? That's what you call it?

ETHAN

The next day he checks out and... I shouldn't be telling you this - you're staying in that room.

MIKHAEL

Maybe you'll have to trade with me.

ETHAN

Star would kill you in your sleep if you slept in *her* bed. She's very possessive.

MIKHAEL

What! Happened!

ETHAN

Bedbugs. He brought in bedbugs. The next guests woke up with them crawling over them.

MIKHAEL

Oh my God.

ETHAN

Nicest guy too. Just goes to show.

Ethan downs the rest of his drink and twirls his glass in the air.

MIKHAEL

You are definitely trading rooms with me.

ETHAN

Your turn.

MIKHAEL

Grossest thing ever...well, I had my cell phone stolen during a blowjob in Barcelona.

ETHAN

Fucking hot.

MIKHAEL

It was...very good, actually.

ETHAN

Nice of him to finish.

MIKHAEL

I get my breadth back and reach down in the dark room to find he is gone.

ETHAN

And that bitch took your Nokia.

MIKHAEL

Razr - Motorola.

ETHAN

The name's Razr, Motorola Razr.

MIKHAEL

(mimicking the same)

I'll have a Negroni with Aperol, no Campari.

ETHAN

Hah. Remember when you had to text a letter by pressing one of the numbers a bunch of times in a row?

MIKHAEL

I think we were happier with these phones.

ETHAN

So, what did you do without your Razr?

MIKHAEL

I didn't call or text anyone the rest of the trip. It was nice.

INTERIOR. SIMON'S APARTMENT. EVENING.

We are inside a spotless apartment, even nicer than Ethan's, styled art-deco, empty and silent as Simon and his guests are out for the evening. We pan to the window and zoom in to see Ethan's apartment directly across the street. We pan back up and out to the rooftop, where the Jellicle cats are still singing songs from CATS, stuck on a loop, trapped in an Andrew Llyold Webber fueled nightmare.

Suddenly, we cut back to the window pane. We see a paw gripping for dear life on it. Another paw grabs hold, and Star hoists herself up onto the ledge, panting furiously.

STAR

(to camera)

And I'm 70 human years old, bitch!

Star uses her nose to nudge the open window wider, gets her head through, then hoists her whole body inside Simon's apartment. She lands on all fours, panting, tail alert, head whipping back and forth, making sure the coast is clear.

STAR (CONT'D)

Let's see what kind of a review you get tonight, Simon.

Star squats in the middle of the room, and pushes as hard as she can. She grunts and shits onto the hardwood floors. She finishes, smug and satisfied. As she's leaving, she spots the Roomba in the corner and grins with delight.

STAR (CONT'D)

There can only be one Superhost on this block.

Star scoots over to the Roomba and then uses her nose to activate it. It starts cleaning around the room, spreading her shit in concentric circles. Star barks with maniacal laughter.

Suddenly, the Jellicle Cat from the walk with Simon struts into the room and gasps. Star and the Jellicle Cat both freeze. The cat looks in horror to the Roomba, spreading Star's shit around, and back to the dog.

Star lunges forward, grabs the cat in her jowls, and throws it out the open window.

JELLCLE CAT

"Are you blind when you're  
born?!!!"

STAR

That's for being a Demo-cat!

ACT THREE

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S APARTMENT. LATER THAT NIGHT.

The two men stumble inside, laughing and drunk. Mikhael walks into the living room and shuffles through Ethan's record collection without asking. He lands on a Nina Simone record and puts it on the player. "My Baby Just Cares For Me" plays softly.

ETHAN

So - she *does* have good taste.

MIKHAEL

My parents saw Nina when she played in Tel Aviv. 1978. We listened to her a lot.

The two sit on Ethan's leather couch in his living room. Ethan does a quick scan around for any leftover cum from the bro - coast is clear.

MIKHAEL (CONT'D)

Her music is so playful - and so sad.

ETHAN

Like most dark rooms.

MIKHAEL

(slaps him and laughs)  
Nina would love a dark room.

ETHAN

(sings to the tune)  
*Sing to me in a sling*, Nina Simone.

MIKHAEL

You are drunk.

ETHAN

Yeaaaaahh.

He reaches up to touch Mikhael's hand. Mikhael lets him grab hold, then turns his palm up and traces the lines on it.

MIKHAEL

You are playful and sad.

ETHAN

Yeahhhhhhh.

MIKHAEL

I like it.

Mikhael leans in to kiss Ethan, they start making out slowly to the beat of the music. Ethan suddenly pushes him off and gets up and starts to dance to the song.

ETHAN

(faking a corporate voice)  
We can't. It's against Airbnb policy.

MIKHAEL

I won't tell.

ETHAN

(grinning wider)  
It's a bad idea. We're roommates for two weeks.

MIKHAEL

Very bad idea.

ETHAN

(beaming)  
Let's fuck.

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S APARTMENT. MOMENTS LATER.

Star opens the door to her apartment, keys in her mouth, then drops them agog as she sees the two gays having sex on her leather couch. Her joy that a connection has been made evaporates with her horror at the pace it's unfolding. She sneaks over to Ethan's bedroom.

INT. ETHAN'S BEDROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Star tries to unlock Ethan's cell phone as daintily as she can with her paws. She gives up and successfully uses her nose to input the unlock code. She navigates the menus with her nose to the recent call list and dials the Airbnb customer support line.

WELCOME MESSAGE (V.O.)

Hello Superhost! Thanks for helping the world travel like a human.

Audible banging comes from the wall as the pace of sex increases in the other room. Star growls.

INTERCUT - AIRBNB CUSTOMER SERVICE CENTER AND APARTMENT.  
CONTINUOUS.

EMILY

(already anxious)  
Hello, this is Emily from Airbnb  
Host support. Am I speaking with  
Ethan?

STAR

(poorly imitating)  
Yes...this is...the gay.

EMILY

I'm sorry?

STAR

Two humans are having sex on *my*  
leather couch in my living room!

EMILY

Um, sir...is this the same case you  
reported this morning?

STAR

(giving up any pretense at  
faking Ethan)  
No! It's two *gays* engaging in pre-  
marital coitus!

EMILY

What?

STAR

(barking)  
Gay sex, you fool!

EMILY

Please - lower your voice. Did you  
try speaking to the guest since  
this morning?

STAR

What - exactly - do you want me to  
say? That *gays* are sex-craven  
monsters?!

EMILY

No, I mean...

STAR

We finally say, "OK GAY," you can marry - and they still can't wait 24 hours to bone?! What happened to this country?!

EMILY

(over it)

I see you didn't file a claim or send in any evidence.

STAR

Evidence! Ah, yes, of course! Record them! And threaten to release the footage on GayHamster.com... *unless* they agree to marry!

EMILY

(losing it)

I don't know what the hell you're talking about, if this is a prank or what, but just - stop. Customer service agents are PEOPLE TOO.

Star gawks at the phone.

EMILY (CONT'D)

All day, all night, people bitch and moan. The bed's hard. The street's loud. The wallpaper's cheugy! And I can do NOTHING, NOTHING to help!

Emily dry heaves into a kleenex.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I just want my life to mean something. Is that so criminal?

A beat.

STAR

My God.

EMILY

(sobbing)

Thank you.

STAR

That's right, dear. Believe in *My* God. Only through the light of Jesus, can you find...



EMILY

Fuck off.

She hangs up the call.

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S LIVING ROOM. MIDNIGHT.

Ethan and Mikhael snuggle in their underwear on the leather couch that's seen so much action in one day. They share Ethan's JUUL, passing it back and forth.

MIKHAEL

(teasing)

Should I go? I'm sure you will put me up in a nice hotel after what you've done.

ETHAN

You've got a room right there with a door that closes, hunny.

Mikhael props himself up on one arm on the couch.

MIKHAEL

Do you know who I am?

ETHAN

A sluuuuut?

MIKHAEL

You watch Porn on Twitter?

ETHAN

I mean I never pay, so, yes.

MIKHAEL

I always think people want to sleep with me because I'm...@IsraeliZaddy.

ETHAN

You're a porn star?!

MIKHAEL

It's a nice way to pay for international flights.

ETHAN

(shouting)

OK!! I just fucked a porn star!

MIKHAEL

See...I shouldn't have said.

ETHAN  
How many followers?!

MIKHAEL  
Rude.

ETHAN  
OMG. I gotta tell...  
(beat)

MIKHAEL  
I'm waiting.

ETHAN  
I was going to say my dog.

Mikhael looks Ethan up and down, making a show of pity.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
I don't have a lot of friends right  
now.

MIKHAEL  
You've lived in New York, how long?

ETHAN  
(reaches for the Juul)  
A year.

MIKHAEL  
Are you a serial killer?

ETHAN  
Yes, I'm Jeffrey Dahmer.

MIKHAEL  
And I'm Ryan Murphy.

Ethan laughs, then takes a big breath.

ETHAN  
I didn't know anyone when I moved  
here, and I don't get out much.  
When I do, I'm older than  
everybody. I'm past twink. I'm not  
even twunk. I'm t'was.

MIKHAEL  
What you are is a 100% selfish  
American.

ETHAN  
(sighs)  
Sure, right, that's it.

MIKHAEL

A selfish American who thinks only  
of himself, and keeps his life in  
these little boxes: twink, twunk,  
t'was, otter, bear...

ETHAN

Ostrich, Dolphin, porpoise...  
Yeah yeah, whatever you say.

MIKHAEL

I don't know you.

ETHAN

Same.

A beat. Ethan starts to get up.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Ok, Hashtag Israeli Zaddy. I guess  
I'll be retiring to my room.

Mikhael puts a hand on Ethan's hip.

MIKHAEL

Stay up.

ETHAN

Why.

MIKHAEL

I don't know. Show me some trashy  
American movie.

ETHAN

Why.

MIKHAEL

I'm not tired.

ETHAN

It's late.

MIKHAEL

You're young.

A beat.

ETHAN

Only if I can show you the greatest  
movie ever made.

Ethan reaches for the remote and speaks to it.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Siri, play "Serial Mom."

MIKHAEL  
This is about a mother of cereal?

ETHAN  
(grins)  
Something like that.

The two cuddle as John Water's camp flick SERIAL MOM plays on the TV in the background.

Star peers out from the door; we see the movie playing out on the film of her eyes. Beneath her is a recording of Ethan and Mikhael having sex, silently playing on the phone. Star looks down at the clip, considers uploading it, then locks the phone screen with her paws. She looks up, hoping beyond hope this will all turn out alright.

INTERIOR. ETHAN'S APARTMENT. THE NEXT MORNING.

Ethan wakes up on his couch, groggy but with a smile plastered on his face. He looks around for his lover and doesn't see him. There's a moment of panic, followed by the usual self-hatred.

ETHAN  
(to himself)  
I always fuck it up.

Just then, the door opens and Mikhael walks in with a bag of bagels and coffee. Ethan is dumbfounded.

MIKHAEL  
We're doing...how you called it,  
gay brunch?

ETHAN  
(smiling)  
Yes. Gay brunch.

Star struts into the living room and stretches. She looks pleased as punch as she turns to Mikhael.

STAR  
I hope you got extra lox. I don't  
eat IAMS.

Suddenly, we hear a shout from the apartment across the street. We pan over to see the figure of Simon, screaming and throwing his hands out his window.

SIMON

I'll get you, you mangy bitch! And  
your little gay too!

The Jellicle Cats on his roof howl and meow in five-part  
discordant harmony.

Ethan turns back, beaming at Star.

ETHAN

What did you do?

STAR

Shat all over his rating.

ETHAN

Good dog.

STAR

(looking Ethan)

Good gay.

(looks at Mikhael)

Good gay.

They share gay brunch as we fade to black.

**END**