

COLD OPEN

INT. CLASH OF CUPCAKES STUDIO STAGE-- DAY

BROADCAST MODE: cheery and colorful, many quick shots of audience members enjoying themselves, upbeat music, punchy graphics.

DEV

And we're back, on another thrilling Clash of the Cupcakes. As you may know, this year marks the tenth anniversary of Borat, that legendary comedy film. So, naturally, today, we're throwing a party, an American citizenship party, for the guest of honor himself, Borat!

An actor who is dressed like BORAT but looks nothing like him playfully dances around the stage as the audience applauds. This bit is super stupid, and Dev can tell. He rolls his eyes, throws back on his host face, and continues.

DEV (CONT'D)

Our judges have viewed our competitor's final entries. Who will take home the prize? Will it be Suzie Cakes' "Kazakhstan Koffee Cupcake" or Bill and Tina's "American Flag Fondant Masterpiece?"

Music tenses and camera zooms in on FAKE BORAT, standing behind a table with the two decadent cupcakes, plated side by side. After a moment, he points to the one on the left.

FAKE BORAT

(in a terrible Borat voice)

I like a-this one!

The crowd cheers as the camera pans to SUZIE CAKES, the group on the left. They rejoice and hug each other.

DEV

Oh, and it's Suzie Cakes takes the win. Have fun at the big party, you two!

(to camera)

That's all for this edition of Clash of the Cupcakes! I'm Dev Shah, saying "Stay Sweet America!"

He waves at the camera until the floor manager calls "CUT", which snaps the camera out of BROADCAST MODE, back to REALITY. Just as they cut, Dev drops character and slumps and shakes his head. As he walks back to his dressing room, he mutters under his breath:

DEV (CONT'D)
Cupcakes for Borat? What a fuckin'
joke.
(in a terrible Borat
imitation)
My wiiiife looves cupcakes.

CUT TO:

Title sequence.

Music: "Blame Beelzabub" by Sean Ono Lennon

Episode Title: Tamika

ACT 1

INT. DEV'S DRESSING ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Dev unwinds. He hums and takes off his makeup and necktie. He is exhausted and wants to go home.

There is a knock at the door. Right as Dev is beginning to respond, his producer, LAWRENCE, enters.

DEV

Come in. Oh, I see you're already in.

(sluggishly)

What's up, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

Well you know my girlfriend, right?

DEV

No, but go on.

LAWRENCE

Well, we was eating last night at this little Chinese joint, and she ate some bad crab or somethin', so she was throwing up all last night and it turns out she got some sorta stomach virus or whatever...

Dev looks at him so as to say, "huh? Why are you telling me this?"

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Oh, well and it's our anniversary this week--

DEV

Hey happy anniversary, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, and we were gonna go to this fancy restaurant, Del Frisco's Double Eagle Steak House--

DEV

Oh yeah I've heard of that place.

LAWRENCE

But we had to cancel, cuz she's sick now, but we had a gift card, and now I...

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do with it,
and... I know it was your birthday,
so... you want it?

DEV

Lawrence, my birthday was two
months ago.

LAWRENCE

Well yeah... and I didn't get you
anything then, so I thought I might
as well pass this on to my good
friend Dev.

DEV

Uhh, okay, I'll take it. I love
steak. Thanks, man.

LAWRENCE

Yeah, no problem.

Lawrence turns to go, but stops himself.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah, I forgot! I was suppose
to tell you about an event you
gotta do tomorrow, a ribbon
cutting, at four o'clock.

DEV

What? Tomorrow? For Clash of
Cupcakes? Lawrence, you gotta tell
me about these things--

LAWRENCE

(slightly indignant)
I'm sorry.

DEV

Maybe more than a day in advance!

LAWRENCE

Okay, well it's a press event, so
look sharp.

Dev sighs heavily and nods. Lawrence begins to walk away.

DEV

Ya can't do me like that, dude.

LAWRENCE

(sarcastically)
I love you, too!

Lawrence walks out the door.

DEV
Wait where even is it?!

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
I'll email you!

EXT. NYC STREET -- THE NEXT DAY

ARNOLD walks by himself, on the phone with an exterminator.

ARNOLD
(into phone)
Yeah, cockroaches. All over. Bad.
(beat)
You'll send a fumigator over today?
Great.
(beat)
Tomorrow? But wait where am I gonna
stay until then?!
(beat)
Okay, thanks, I--

The phone rings again. It's a FaceTime call from Dev!

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Wait wait, I'll call you back.

He presses the button to switch calls.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hola, Cap!

DEV
(from Arnold's phone)
Oh Capo, my Cap! I've got a
proposition for you.

ARNOLD
(into phone)
Hit me with your best shot, little
man.

DEV
(from the phone)
How would *vous* like to join *moi* at
The Del Frisco's Double Eagle Steak
House tonight? I got a gift card.

Dev flashes the gift card.

ARNOLD

(into phone)

Woah! Steak dinner on Dev? Looks fancy. And yuuuuummy. Count *moi* in. Man, this night is going to be tight!

BOTH

(sung)

I'm gonna get my T-Bone on! I'm gonna get my T-Bone on!

DEV

(from phone)

Great. I just gotta host an event at a bakery, then I'll be ready. But tonight! We got it.

They pretend to fist bump, through their phones.

DEV (CONT'D)

So, how goes it with you, my friend?

ARNOLD

(into phone)

Let me tell ya. Remember my Tall Boys app? The one that matches you with girls looking for a little more girth?

Dev nods.

DEV

(from phone)

Mmhmm.

ARNOLD

(into phone)

Well, I found this major cutie who is super into me!

DEV

(from phone)

Woah congrats, compadre! Love to meet her sometime.

ARNOLD

(into phone)

Yeah, so get this. Last night, we was getting it on, freaky style, you know. And everything was fine and dandy. But then I saw these huge fuckin' cockroa--

Since he's only paying attention to his phone, Arnold does not see the lamp post he WALKS RIGHT INTO!!!!, and he bangs his head hard, and falls to the ground, dropping his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. DEV'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

DEV
 (into the phone)
 Hello? Arnold? Buddy, are you okay?
 Hello?
 (beat)
 Hm. Must have lost connection or something.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. NYC STREET -- CONTINUOUS

People on the street around Arnold stop and look at each other, confused. "What just happened?" "Is he okay?" "Do we call an ambulance?" etc. There is some blood and it is clear that he has broken more than one tooth and needs immediate dental attention. Very disoriented, Arnold wakes up with a small crowd around him, sees the blood, then immediately faints. Sounds of a siren approaching from the distance can be heard.

CUT TO:

INT. DEV'S APARTMENT-- CONTINUOUS

Dev hangs up the phone and puts back in his pocket. He looks up at the clock. 3:24. The cupcake shop grand opening starts at 4. He puts on a sharp blue suit and makes his way to the subway station. CHEERY FRENCH MUSIC plays underneath.

INT. SUBWAY CAR-- FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Dev sits in a nearly full subway car, on his phone, bored.

A large clump of people exits the train, revealing a six year old black girl, quietly crying. She wears a bright yellow tee shirt that looks like it's three sizes too big for her. It has "River East Elementary School" printed on it. "TAMIKA," her name, is written in black sharpie below the school logo.

Confused, Dev looks around and notices that the whimpering girl is all by herself.

Dev walks over to the little girl.

DEV
Hey, are you okay?

She doesn't turn around or respond.

DEV (CONT'D)
Um, are you lost?

No response again.

DEV (CONT'D)
It's alright, don't worry, I'm not going to hurt you or anything. I'm on your side. Where's your mom?

Still facing away from him, she shrugs.

DEV (CONT'D)
Well, I can see that she's not here. Do you know where she is?

She turns her head, but not her body.

TAMIKA
(quietly, through tears)
At home.

Dev notices her shirt and puts two and two together.

DEV
Oooh, I see. Are you with your school?

Tamika nods sheepishly.

DEV (CONT'D)
Where are they?

She shrugs.

DEV (CONT'D)
Well, do you want me to help you find your group?

She shrugs again.

DEV (CONT'D)
I see you sitting here alone like this, I can't just walk away. If you wanna get home, you're gonna have to work with me here.
(beat)
(MORE)

DEV (CONT'D)

Okay. If you got on by yourself,
that must mean your group is at the
stop before here. That sound good?

TAMIKA

Huh?

DEV

We can go back see if they're there
waiting for you.

TAMIKA

Oh, okay.

The train slows to a stop.

DEV

Okay? Great.

DEV (CONT'D)

Your name's Tamika? Hi Tamika, I'm
Dev.

TAMIKA

Hi.

DEV

How old are you, Tamika?

TAMIKA

I'm six.

They exit the train together.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT 2

INT. OPERATING ROOM -- ABOUT A HALF HOUR AFTER ARNOLD'S FALL

PAM, a dental assistant, guides Arnold to the operating chair. She puts a bib on him and leans the chair back. INTENSE ORCHESTRAL MUSIC plays.

Shot from Arnold's point of view, Pam puts the nitrous oxide mask over his face. The music intensifies, and as the anesthesia kicks in, the shot gets progressively hazier, until it FADES TO BLACK.

INT. NYC SUBWAY STATION -- CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS DEV SCENE

Dev and Tamika get off the train. The station is nearly empty, except for a couple shifty-looking homeless dudes.

DEV

Welp. If we're looking for a group of eighty elementary schoolers in matching tee shirts, looks like we won't find it here.

He sighs and continues to look around and think of solutions. He looks at his watch. It's 3:50.

DEV (CONT'D)

What to do, what to do... Um, I could call you a cab?
(out the side of his mouth)
Cuz I gotta get to my thing.

Tamika cocks her head and looks up at him.

DEV (CONT'D)

No, no you're right. I can't just put you in a cab by yourself, you're too young.
(beat)
Hey, don't think I'm trying to get rid of you. I just got places to be, ya know.

Dev spots an MTA SECURITY AGENT at the other side of the station.

DEV (CONT'D)

Oh, I'll just talk to the security guard, see if he can help us out.

He begins to walk over to the security agent, but Tamika quickly stops him.

TAMIKA

No.

She grabs his arm.

DEV

What, you don't want me to talk to the guy to get you back home?

Tamika shakes her head. She's afraid.

TAMIKA

(firmer)

No. Scary.

She begins to whimper again.

DEV

Oh, oh that's okay. We don't have to if you don't want to. Um... how about this, I'll call the police. They're nice.

TAMIKA

No! No no.

DEV

Dang, okay, fine. Well, what's your address, then? I could put it into my phone so we can see how far we need to go.

Tamika hesitates. Dev leans down to her level.

DEV (CONT'D)

Do you know your address?

She shakes her head.

TAMIKA

I don't know.

DEV

Okay, okay, that's okay. Right. I totally forgot that you're six.

(trying to hide his frustration)

We'll find a way to get you home. We'll walk! It won't be easy but we'll do it.

(MORE)

DEV (CONT'D)
 (sigh)
 Let's go.

They begin to leave the station.

TAMIKA
 (very quietly)
 Thank you.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE -- AFTER ARNOLD'S PROCEDURE

Pam helps Arnold out of the operating chair. He stumbles on a cart of dental tools and nearly knocks it over.

PAM
 Oh, honey. Let's get you seated.

She helps him to a chair.

Arnold, with wide eyes, runs his fingers on his lips, making a silly noise and giggling at himself. He's loopy AF.

ARNOLD
 (slurred)
 Oh, me? Ow, my mouth hurts.
 Daaaamn.

He starts giggling again.

PAM
 Sweetie, I think you need to get someone to pick you up and take you back home. I don't know if I can let you go... in this condition.

Indignant, Arnold begins to stand up.

ARNOLD
 What? I'm okay! I don't need anybody to...

He spaces out for a few seconds. He's forgotten what's going on.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 Uhh... what?

PAM
 Call a friend, okay?

ARNOLD
 (nodding)
 Got it.

(MORE)

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Don't I get a goodie bag?

Pam exits. He takes out his phone and begins to call Dev.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 No, Dev has his thing right now.
 Hmmm and Brian's out of town. Oh,
 Denise!

He dials again.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Denise? Can I ask you an eensy
 weensy little favor?

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET -- ABOUT A HALF HOUR LATER

Arnold and DENISE stand on the sidewalk, waiting for an uber. They share an awkward silence for a little while. He's still loopy. She is judging him hard.

DENISE
 So you ran into a lamppost? Dude,
 that is weak.

He shrugs. She shakes her head.

DENISE (CONT'D)
 You're lucky I'm doing this for
 you.

Denise begins to type into her phone.

DENISE (CONT'D)
 Yo what's your address, again?

ARNOLD
 Oh... about that...

DENISE
 What.

ARNOLD
 I've... got roaches all up in mi
 casa. Exterminators say I can't go
 back in till tomorrow. Fumigatin'.

DENISE

Man, why didn't you lead with that!
I can't have you stayin' at my
place tonight! I got a hot date
coming over!

ARNOLD

Ooh! Denise got a new girl! Who you
seeing?

DENISE

Girl from the gym. She fine, real
fine. Does yoga and everything.

ARNOLD

Cool, cool.
(beat)
So can I stay at your place?

Arnold flashes his big, wide, cute smile, with his fucked up
mouth, so as to childishly beg.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Pleeeeaase?

DENISE

First of all, close your mouth. I
didn't sign up to see that nasty
post-op shit.

(sigh)

And alright. But one night only,
though. And stay out of my way. I
don't want your loopy ass fucking
up my night.

They shake on it.

EXT. NYC STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Dev and Tamika walk. Dev looks down at this little girl he
has all but abducted.

DEV

(to himself)

Gosh, this looks weird.

(to Tamika)

You sure we're going the right
direction?

Tamika stays silent.

DEV (CONT'D)
 O...kay. Help me out a little here.
 Does any of this look familiar to
 you?

She looks around and shrugs.

TAMIKA
 I don't know.

DEV
 (under his breath)
 Well you're a big help.

She shoots him a sassy look, so as to say "what did you say?"

DEV (CONT'D)
 Kidding.
 (beat)
 You know you can talk to me, right?
 I told you, I'm not gonna hurt you.
 I just wanna talk.

Tamika hesitates, then:

TAMIKA
 Okay.

DEV
 Alright then. So, Tamika, how was
 your day?

TAMIKA
 Good.

DEV
 Well, what'd you do?

TAMIKA
 Went on a field trip.

DEV
 Ooh, field trip! You have fun?

Tamika shakes her head.

DEV (CONT'D)
 Whaaaat! I used to love going on
 field trips when I was your age!
 Get to go do fun stuff instead of
 doing school!

TAMIKA
 Not really.

DEV

Why not?

TAMIKA

I don't got any friends. No one wants to walk with me or talk.

DEV

So I guess that's why you got split up?

Tamiks hangs her head and nods.

DEV (CONT'D)

Well, where'd you go?

TAMIKA

Some art museum by Central Park.

DEV

The Met?

TAMIKA

Yeah I guess so.

DEV

(attempting to boost her spirits)

Well that sounds aight.

TAMIKA

Nah, it was boring.

DEV

Yeah, you're right, I kinda hate art museums, too. It's like, I get it! I don't need to see another painting of a dead old dude sitting on a horse. And oh, what's this? A whole room of French oil paintings of fruit? Big whoop.

Tamika giggles. She's becoming comfortable around him.

DEV (CONT'D)

I can see why you split.

TAMIKA

(with a smirk)

You a funny dude, Dev.

DEV

(smirking back, now trying to impress her)

(MORE)

DEV (CONT'D)

Hey, well, did you know that I'm on TV?

TAMIKA

Woah, really?

DEV

Yeah I got my own show on the Food Channel. Clash of the Cupcakes.

TAMIKA

Woah, cupcakes!?

DEV

Ever heard of it?

TAMIKA

Uhh, I don't know.

DEV

Well, people think it's pretty cool.

TAMIKA

Do you like it?

DEV

It's fun I guess, but it's not really what I want to be doing.

TAMIKA

What?! I love cupcakes! Why would you not want to have your own TV show? About cupcakes!

DEV

Well, it's not all just eating treats all day. It's work. I don't know. It's boring. And it's corny as shit, too.

He realizes that saying the "S-word" in front of a first grader is a no-no.

DEV (CONT'D)

Oops. My bad.

TAMIKA

It's okay. I heard that word before.

Dev shakes his head.

DEV

Well, sorry. Yeah, it's just... I don't know.

TAMIKA

I'd want that job.

DEV

Oh yeah? The other day, we had to do a show themed around Borat.

Tamika cocks her head and looks up at him. She clearly doesn't understand the reference.

DEV (CONT'D)

The "my wiiiife" guy?

She still doesn't understand.

DEV (CONT'D)

Eh, whatever. Not everything needs a tenth anniversary celebration. Cheap TV. I don't know, I just feel like I'm not actualizing my true potential.

TAMIKA

Well then you should get a job you do like.

DEV

(sarcastically)
Yeah, problem solved!
(sigh)
If only it were that simple.
Alright, do you see your house now?

Dev's phone vibrates. It's a text from Lawrence. It reads: "yo man where you at? Waiting for YOU, bro!"

DEV (CONT'D)

Oh, shit!

He quickly covers his mouth, realizing he's slipped up again. Tamika doesn't care, though. He looks at his watch. "4:10"

DEV (CONT'D)

My job! I'm late! I thought I had more time!
(under his breath)
Fuck!

TAMIKA

What?

DEV
I have a thing I gotta go host at a
cupcake shop.

TAMIKA
Really?

DEV
Yeah, and I'm late.

TAMIKA
Can I come?

DEV
What?

TAMIKA
I love cupcakes.

DEV
Uhh okay, sure. It'll be like a
better field trip.

Dev hails a cab. One quickly comes to them.

DEV (CONT'D)
You gotta be professional, though.

TAMIKA
What's that mean?

DEV
Um, just stay where I can see you,
okay?

TAMIKA
Okay.

They get in the cab.

INT. DENISE'S APARTMENT-- EARLY EVENING

Denise and Arnold enter Denise's apartment. She drops her bag
down and he plops himself on her couch.

ARNOLD
I like what you've done with the
place.

DENISE
Uhh, I haven't changed anything
since the last time you were here.

ARNOLD
 (slightly indignant)
 Yeah, well I never come here, okay.

DENISE
 They really gave you too many drugs
 at that dentist office.

ARNOLD
 What can I say? Big Bud need the
 big stuff.

DENISE
 Ew, don't call yourself that in
 front of me, I ain't Dev.

ARNOLD
 Eh, it's wearing off.

He mimes "No it's not."

Arnold suddenly remembers his infested apartment and sulks
 and shudders.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 Dang, dude! I can't believe I've
 gotta live in the same place as
 those evil little creepy-crawlies!

DENISE
 Yeah, I hate bugs, man.

ARNOLD
 (with a coy smile)
 I was sweet talkin' with a
 beautiful lady, though.

DENISE
 (suddenly more interested)
 Oooh, she a fly honey?

ARNOLD
 Aaaagh now you got me thinkin'
 about flies. Those guys are mad
 nasty, too! But yes.

DENISE
 Well you know what they say, 'You
 can catch flies with honey, but
 you--

BOTH
 'catch more honeys being fly'

ARNOLD

Yeah, I know. I invented that phrase.

DENISE

Um, okay then.

An awkward beat passes.

ARNOLD

Well, I gotta take a dump. Can I use your john?

DENISE

TMI, dude.

He gets up and goes.

Denise checks her phone and sees two missed texts from her date, named "New Boo (*heart emoji, crying laughing emoji, poop emoji*)". They read, "Just got off work. Heading over early. That okay?" and, dated fifteen minutes later: "OMW! See ya in 5! Can't wait! (*Winky emoji, kissy emoji, wine glass emoji, peach emoji*)."

DENISE (CONT'D)

Fuck! Shit! I got a date! She's almost here! Aw damn! Damn!

She scrambles to put on nicer clothes.

A knock at the door! Denise rushes back in. She takes a deep breath and goes to answer it. She opens the door and SASHA, a beautiful blonde, walks in with a bottle of red wine and two bags of food. She is the same girl Arnold was referring, but Denise doesn't know that.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Good evening, boo.

SASHA

Hello yourself.

They smooch. Sasha pulls out the bottle of red wine.

SASHA (CONT'D)

I brought you some wine.

DENISE

(with a heightened, flirty demeanor)
Oh, thank you.

SASHA
(gesturing to the bags of
food)
And Pho from your favorite place.

DENISE
(flattered)
Well, that's Pho-antastic.

SASHA
Well, let's sit down. I wanna hear
about your day!

Still fuddled and oblivious, Arnold casually slumps out of
the bathroom. Sasha notices him.

SASHA (CONT'D)
Arnold?

Arnold flips around.

ARNOLD
Cutie?

DENISE
Excuse me?

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT 3

INT. FANNY'S FABULOUS CUPCAKE SHOP-- EARLY EVENING

Dev rushes into the cupcake shop, with Tamika right behind him. There is a crowd of twenty or so people inside and a line nearly around the block, who have all been waiting (im)patiently for Dev to come and cut the red ribbon. A small camera crew stands waiting and perks up once Dev enters.

The crowd cheers when they see the small-time celebrity. Dev is out of breath. Tamika doesn't leave his side, so as to not get lost in the shuffle. He spots Lawrence.

DEV

Hey man sorry I'm late.

LAWRENCE

Man, quit your apologizing. Time is money.

Lawrence notices Tamika.

LAWRENCE (CONT'D)

What's this? I didn't know you had a daughter!

DEV

Oh she's not my daughter. She's some kid I found on the subway.

Lawrence gives him a look that says "Whaaaaaat"

DEV (CONT'D)

Wait, wait a minute. That didn't come out right. She was lost, and I'm helping her find her way home.

LAWRENCE

Dude, why didn't you just call the police?

DEV

She didn't want me to.

LAWRENCE

You serious?

DEV

She asked me not to, what am I supposed to do.

LAWRENCE

So you're takin' orders from a five-year old girl now?

DEV

Hey, she's six.

LAWRENCE

Whatever, man.

DEV

Ugh, just watch her for a minute. Get her a cupcake or something.

Lawrence hands Dev a notecard with a script and shoves him to his mark, next to the owner of the bakery. Tamika looks up at Lawrence. He has no idea what to do with her.

The camera crew gives the go-ahead for Dev. They're rolling. He slaps on his fake smile and reads off the notecard.

DEV (CONT'D)

I'm Dev Shah and you're watching Cupcake Extras. I'm here at the grand opening of Fanny's Fabulous Cupcakes on west 72nd street. By my side is the Fabulous Fanny herself, Fanny Ellis. Tell us a little bit about your journey, Fanny.

Shot stays focused on Dev. During the following speech, he occasionally glances over to see if Tamika is okay with Lawrence. He is visibly preoccupied.

FANNY

Well, Dev, first can I start by saying what an honor it is to be featured on this show. This has been a hard journey for us, and there are some people I'd be remiss if I didn't thank...

CUT TO:

EXT. NYC STREET-- AFTER CUPCAKE EVENT

Dev and Tamika walk together, each with a box of cupcakes.

TAMIKA

That was your job?

DEV

Yup.

TAMIKA

Looked pretty fun to me. I got a double chocolate cupcake.

DEV

Was it big?

TAMIKA

Yeah.

DEV

Was it yummy?

TAMIKA

Yup.

DEV

Then I'm glad you had a good time.

TAMIKA

You still sad?

DEV

No, it was fun. I guess you don't understand.

(ironic and exaggerated)

You could never understand the creative plight of a true artist.

She giggles.

DEV (CONT'D)

Eh, yeah I guess I might be overreacting.

TAMIKA

Yeah, dude. My mom works at CVS and you're the one complaining.

DEV

Yeah, yeah, I get it. Now let's really get you home. What now?

TAMIKA

(after a beat)

Astoria.

DEV

What?

TAMIKA

My mom picks me up from Astoria. On the train.

DEV

What? You knew where you live this whole time and didn't tell me?

TAMIKA

Because I don't know.

DEV

You don't know?

TAMIKA

I don't remember my address! I don't live here! I'm just six! I don't know my way around this city! Also I think I seen you on the TV.

DEV

Well you should have told me you live in--

He struggles to stop himself from cursing.

DEV (CONT'D)

Queens! Argh! I'm such an idiot!

She begins to cry again.

DEV (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, no no don't cry. It's okay. I'm sorry I got a little angry there, I'm just trying to get you home. This hasn't been easy for me, too, believe me.

She starts to curb her whimpering. He touches her shoulder.

DEV (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'm not mad at you.

Dev lets out a heavy sigh and shakes his head.

DEV (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Now let's get this fucking cab.

He hails a cab and the two get in.

INT. TAMIKA'S APARTMENT- MINUTES LATER

Tamika and Dev walk down the street. She notices her apartment and runs to the door.

TAMIKA

That's it!

Tamika knocks on the door as Dev follows behind her. ANGELA, Tamika's mother, cellphone in hand, opens the door frantically.

ANGELA

(Into phone)

She's here! I'll call you back.

TAMIKA

Hi Mama!

Angela embraces Tamika tightly.

ANGELA

Oh my god! My baby! Where were you?
Don't you ever scare me like that
again!

(to Dev)

Who are you?

TAMIKA

He's Dev!

ANGELA

I don't know any Devs...

(To Tamika)

Did he hurt you?

(To Dev)

What did you do to her?

TAMIKA

We got cupcakes!

DEV

(overcompensating)

Look, I was on the subway and I saw
her crying. She was lost so
I wanted to take her home but I had
to get to my job, and that's
it. She's home now. I know you
must've been worried...

ANGELA

Well it has only been a couple
hours. And you did have me worried
sick. Wait a minute! Yeah! I knew I
recognized you from somewhere.
You're from that cooking show,
Battle of the Muffins!

DEV

Yeah, it's Clash of the Cupcakes.

ANGELA

Oh oh I knew that. That's Tamika's auntie's favorite show! She watches it all the time when she's trying to fall asleep.

DEV

(not exactly flattered)

Oh... great. Always cool to meet a fan's sister.

ANGELA

Could I...?

She gestures to her phone so they can take a photo together. They snap a quick and awkward pic.

DEV

Well, as unconventional as this might have been, I had fun with your daughter this afternoon.

(To Tamika)

I was having a pretty lousy day before I met you. Thanks for turning it around for me.

Tamika puts out her fist for a fist bump. Dev hesitates, then daps her, with a smile.

DEV (CONT'D)

Quite a way with words, this one, huh. She always been like this?

ANGELA

Yeah. But she likes you, I can tell. I ain't mad at you, Dev. I'm just glad she's safe. And I never thought all this would end with me meeting a celebrity!

Dev smiles.

DEV

Well... have a good night.

Dev waves and begins to leave as Angela and Tamika begin to go inside. Tamika stops to run back out and give him a hug.

INT. DENISE'S APARTMENT-- CONTINUOUS

SASHA
Arnold?

ARNOLD
Cutie?

DENISE
Excuse me?

SASHA
You know him?

DENISE
That's your girl?

SASHA
Are you okay? the other night when
we were... talking... we were cut off.
I think I heard a scream or
something.

DENISE
What is going on here?

ARNOLD
Oh, that was... nothing.

DENISE
Bitch got scared of a bug.

ARNOLD
(like a little girl)
Hey! I'm infested!

SASHA
No, I was talking about your face.

ARNOLD
(trying to play it cool)
Oh yeah, ran into a pole, emergency
root canal. No big deal. Guy stuff.

SASHA
Ohh.

An awkward beat passes.

DENISE
(quietly)
Well, this is awkward.

SASHA

Well, Arnold, um do you want to stay and join us? I'm sure we've got enough wine to share. Only if you're down, Denise.

ARNOLD

Oh sure, I could--

SASHA

(with a flirty edge)

Please, stay, and have some Pho.

Denise looks uncomfortable and pissed.

ARNOLD

Oh, well of course then. I'm sure it will be Pho-king delicious.

He sits down at the table with them.

SASHA

Denise, could you get us another glass?

DENISE

(to herself)

Us?

Denise begrudgingly gets up and gets another glass.

SASHA

(to Arnold)

Have some pinot noir.

ARNOLD

Ahh, well you know what they say: "once you go Pinot Noir, you'll wake up not knowing where you are."

Denise gives him a weird look.

SASHA

(trying to be polite)

What, oh yeah? Never heard that one.

An awkward silence passes. Arnold sips from his wine glass.

SASHA (CONT'D)

So... what's our endgame here?

DENISE

Excuse me?

SASHA

Well... you're both here... I'm here... we're all adults...if we're all down,
 (gesturing towards the bedroom)
 we could...

ARNOLD

Well I do like you... a flattering proposition, to be sure. I might heavily consider--

Denise snaps.

DENISE

Naw man! This is some bull!
 (to Arnold)
 Get out my house! You're messin' up the groove here! I'm tryna get my freak on, not tryna tag team with "Big Bud." No offense, Arn.

ARNOLD

None taken.
 (in a silly sad voice)
 If that's how it is, then I guess I must be on my way.

Arnold's phone vibrates. It's a text from Dev. It reads: "T-Bone time! T-Bone time! Don't forget Cap! (*Fork emoji, knife emoji, sailboat emoji, brown smiling man emoji*)" Great! An out for Arnold! He gets up to go. Wait a minute. He's still got some dried blood on his shirt.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Oh. Denise?

He gestures to his dirty shirt.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)

Can I borrow a top?

Denise shakes her head, but agrees.

DENISE

Yeah, sure.

Arnold goes into Denise's room.

DENISE (CONT'D)

(to Sashs)
 So you really have a dating app to help you find large men?

INT. DEL FRISCO'S DOUBLE EAGLE STEAK HOUSE-- LATER THAT NIGHT

Dev and Arnold sit at a table, catching up. Arnold is wearing one of Denise's shirts, an all over camo print FUBU hooded sweatshirt that is somehow too big for him. Funny image.

DEV

...Denise was dating 'hi cutie number six?' Daaamn! Yoga girl fiiiine! Super small world!

ARNOLD

I know! There's a million billion girls in New York. How was I supposed to know we were dating the same one!? She even offered me to stay for dinner with them.

DEV

Weird. Denise and Arnie on the same date.

They both giggle and shudder.

ARNOLD

I even think Cutie was tryna smush.

DEV

Weird! Imagine if the three of us went on a date, then had a threesome!

Arnold fake screams.

ARNOLD

Woah dude, don't make me think about that.

DEV

Yeah, me neither.

A WAITER comes to their table to take their order.

WAITER

Good evening, gentlemen. What can I get for you tonight?

DEV

I'd like a ten ounce T-Bone steak, medium rare.

WAITER

Indulging tonight, are we sir? Excellent choice.

WAITER (CONT'D)
 (to Arnold)
 And for you, sir?

ARNOLD
 (sullenly)
 I'll just take a french onion soup.

DEV
 (playfully taken aback)
 What?! No steak?! But we was gonna
 T-Bone buddies!

ARNOLD
 Sorry, Cap.
 (gesturing to his mouth)
 Can't have solid food until lunch
 tomorrow. Doctor's orders.

Arnold shrugs. Dev fake pouts.

DEV
 But hey, at least we made it out
 alive.

They clink their wine glasses.

ARNOLD
 Yeah, and I only have
 (intentionally
 mispronouncing)
 Tribial braim dablage.

Dev does a double-take and looks concerned.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 Gotcha! Just fooling.

Arnold giggles while Dev lets out an uncomfortable laugh.

ARNOLD (CONT'D)
 Oh, and I almost forgot. Can I
 crash at your place tonight?

CUT TO BLACK.

Roll credits.

Music: "GO!" by Common

END OF EPISODE