

1           EXT. CHESS TABLE, PARK - DAY (DAY 1)  
1

The scene begins with RISHI (Male, 20s), impatiently waiting for his LITTLE BROTHER (Male, African American, 6-12 years old) to make a move in a currently unseen game of chess between the two of them.

After an exchange of visual expressions, the Little Brother makes a compromising move against himself. Rishi's black knight eliminates a white pawn.

                  RISHI  
                  (frustrated)  
                  Is that your move?

                  LITTLE BROTHER  
                  Yeah.

In a display of frustration, Rishi rubs his hand on his face.

                  RISHI  
                  Alright, well let me tell you why  
                  that move was stupid: First, you  
                  can't move the knight diagonally.  
                  Second, in case you're color blind  
                  I'll remind you that the black  
                  knight you just moved was mine. I  
                  don't understand why every game we  
                  play you somehow manage to fuck it  
                  up! Is it me, or are you just that  
                  stupid?

Rishi displays another gesture of frustration.

                  RISHI (CONT'D)  
                  You know what? Just...Just go home;  
                  there aren't even any hot girls  
                  around anyway. Just get the hell  
                  out of here.

The Little Brother gives a blank stare. He then slowly rises and flips the chess board at Rishi's face and walks away towards the park's exit.

                  RISHI (CONT'D)  
                  Okay, walk away! Like father, like  
                  son!

Two ATTRACTIVE GIRLS jog by.

                  LITTLE BROTHER  
                  Fuck you, you little brown bitch!

Rishi notices the Girls giving him an angry, disapproving stare as they pass by. Rishi calls back to the Little Brother in an attempt to redeem himself in their eyes.

RISHI  
 (overly friendly)  
 Haha, so funny! Brown bitch. What a  
 jokester! I'll see you next week,  
 buddy!

As the Little Brother exits the park, he flips Rishi off. A few seconds later, Rishi gets a call from ERIC.

RISHI (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Hey, what's up? I'm at the park  
 right now. Want to meet up in five?

2        EXT. PLAYGROUND, PARK - DAY (DAY 1)  
 2

Rishi and ERIC (Male, 20s) are sitting on a bench.

ERIC  
 Why are we meeting in a park?

RISHI  
 Cause I was just with my little  
 brother.

ERIC  
 So where is he?

RISHI  
 He just stormed off, just like  
 that! Kid's so sensitive. I'm here  
 trying to make him a better person,  
 one little critique and he goes  
 home crying.

ERIC  
 Why in the hell did you become a  
 Big Brother again? Every week your  
 kid goes home pissed off.

RISHI  
 I did it for the ladies. It's a  
 proven fact that women are  
 attracted to sensitive and  
 nurturing men. It triggers a  
 maternal instinct in them. That's  
 why gay guys are always surrounded  
 by girls.

ERIC

And how's that going for you?

RISHI

It's going. But it doesn't help that the kid threw the game board at me again and bitched me out in front of everyone.

(Whispering)

Jackass.

ERIC

So why don't you just get a different Little Brother?

RISHI

What do you mean like trade up?

ERIC

Yeah, well I wouldn't put it in that context, but just ask for another kid.

RISHI

I don't think it works that way, plus what am I suppose to say this one's defective?

ERIC

No! Of course not. Just say I'm having a tough time connecting with the one I have now can I have another kid to mentor.

RISHI

Na! Even if I could do that I truly think I can reach out to this one. I think I can actually make a difference in his life.

ERIC

Wow! That's deep man-

RISHI

Plus he was the last black kid that they had. You do realize in choosing him that my "bitch" demographic now includes black women.

ERIC

You're a fucking moron.

RISHI

Debatable. What's going on with you? How'd your audition go today?

ERIC

Abysmal, dude. They were looking for someone who's "foot fancy."

Rishi gives Eric a funny look.

RISHI

Foot fancy? The hell is foot fancy? You mean, dancing?

Eric nods.

RISHI (CONT'D)

What's with you and dancing? You're absolutely horrendous at it. It's so mind-numbing to watch. If I died and went to hell, I imagine that it would be a Broadway production with dances choreographed by you. And lyrics by Shakespeare.

ERIC

I don't need this shit from you today. I'm already getting an earful from my dad. He keeps asking me to come back home and work for him.

RISHI

Yeah, my brother keeps telling me the same thing. To do something with my life.

(beat)

We gotta start doing something productive or we're eventually going to get cut off.

ERIC

Yeah, I know.

RISHI

Listen, why don't we start a company, so while you're looking for acting gigs we can make some quick, vital cash on the side?

ERIC

I don't know, we don't know  
anything about building a company.

RISHI

What? Are you joking I know  
everything about starting a company  
I was raised by entrepreneurs.

ERIC

Now I only say this as your best  
friend, but your family is really  
smart, you on the other hand are  
dumb as shit.

Rishi give Eric a look.

RISHI

Listen first of all I'm a god damn  
genius. Second hear me out why  
don't we start a social media  
company? Everyone's doing it.

ERIC

But what would we do with it? Every  
approach to social media has  
basically already been done.  
There's even a site for dogs.  
(beat)  
And a site for dogs with dogs.

Beat.

RISHI

What about apps?

ERIC

Why would we do an app for dogs?  
Configuring the software for paws  
alone would--

RISHI

No. Apps for people, idiot. I keep  
hearing about all of these apps  
that are getting bought out for  
hundreds of millions of dollars.  
Facebook bought Whatsapp for  
trillions of dollars--

ERIC

Trillions of dollars?

RISHI (CONT'D)

Or maybe it was billions. The point is, why don't we just make an app?

ERIC

Well neither of us know shit about programming, that's why.

RISHI

Okay first of all how hard could it be, plus I'll have my brother helping us out.

ERIC

Okay then there's like a million apps out anyway. How are we going to compete with that?

RISHI

We'll create a useful app. There's so many garbage apps out there. Like, "Words With Friends"?  
(Whispering to Eric)  
It's fucking Scrabble, man.

This revelation sinks in to Eric. He then gets a text message.

ERIC

Ryan just texted us. He wants to know if we'd be down to go to this girl, Chelsea's, house party.

RISHI

Yeah that's fine. Wait who's Ryan again?

ERIC

You know that really rich kid who lives with his parents and just does what ever he wants.

RISHI

Who?

ERIC

Dude we were at his yacht party like a month ago for his modeling career.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

(Rishi still has a slightly confused look on his face) You kept telling him that he needs to have more ambition and to stop being a burden and suckling on societies teat.

RISHI

No! That doesn't sound anything like me. (Then a sudden realization came to Rishi) Wait in't Ryan, that kid that went down on that chick with herpes?

ERIC

He is, well he saw it at the last second and ran for the hills. Five-second rule, right?

RISHI

I don't see how that applies here...Still dude, that's gross. He had no idea?

ERIC

Nah, or else he wouldn't have been down there in the first place.

RISHI

Wouldn't it be great if you knew who the damaged goods were at a party?

(beat)

Wait, why don't we do that?

ERIC

What, an STD app? That's has to be private information how are we doing to get that information from people?

RISHI

Oh don't worry, I have a plan.

As a very satisfied and smug Rishi slowly crosses his legs in a feminine manner, he turns to the camera and winks. Eric confused about the wink and looks at Rishi uncomfortably.

FADE TO BLACK.

END

1 INT. CLINIC, WAITING ROOM - EVENING (NIGHT 1)

1

Rishi and Eric are in the same sitting position as the end of the last episode (including expressions), with only the location change and Rishi's protective accessories he's wearing being the difference. Rishi seems super paranoid about "catching something" from someone.

An anonymous girl, CHELSEA (Female, 20s), enters and walks towards the DESK ASSISTANT (Female, 20s) to sign in for an appointment.

CHELSEA

Hi, I'm here for my appointment.

DESK ASSISTANT

Name?

CHELSEA

Chelsea Porter.

DESK ASSISTANT

Okay Chelsea, just fill these forms out please.

The Desk Assistant coughs softly. Rishi freaks out and takes out a medical mask and puts it on. An ANONYMOUS PERSON walks out of CAROL'S office.

DESK ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Okay, Eric and Rishi? Carol is ready to see you.

The Desk Assistant guides Rishi and Eric into Carol's office. Rishi walks very cautiously around Chelsea, avoiding her.

2 INT. CLINIC, CAROL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

2

Rishi and Eric both sit down cross their legs and wait for Carol to enter.

ERIC

Okay, how do you want to do this?

RISHI

(confident)

Just let me do the talking.

CAROL (Female, 40s, counselor) enters.

CAROL  
Hello gentlemen, how can I help you  
two today?

RISHI  
Hello Mrs...Carol. My name is  
Rishi, and this is my partner,  
Eric.

Rishi puts his hand on Eric's leg, Eric then puts his hand on  
top of Rishi's hand. Both look at each other, then notice  
Carol giving a polite, knowing smile and then at their hands.  
At this moment they both pull their hands away.

RISHI (CONT'D)  
Carol, how long have you been  
working at this fine establishment?

CAROL  
Exactly five years next Friday.

RISHI  
That's weirdly specific, but great.  
You've been with these people for a  
while is what I mean.

CAROL  
"These people"?

RISHI  
(dismissive)  
You know, the undesirables.

Eric clears his throat and leans forward to interject and  
remedy the situation.

ERIC  
What my partner means is--

RISHI  
(immediately interrupting)  
Those that have sexually  
transmitted diseases of course, or  
(using air quotes) "STDs"; the  
untouchables of our society.

CAROL  
Actually, the proper term now is  
STIs; sexually transmitted  
infections.

RISHI  
Okay fine, I mean what's the  
difference?

(MORE)

RISHI (CONT'D)

I don't think it really matters  
STD, STI both roll right off the  
tongue. I'm just more use to STDs.

Carol gives Rishi and Eric an angry, perplexed look. Eric finally leans in and begins to interject.

ERIC

See Carol, Rishi and I are starting  
a business venture. Think of a  
database that contains the  
information of everyone who carries  
an STD--

CAROL

(correcting)  
STI.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Okay and having said database right  
on your phone. Our dream is to  
create an app that gives users this  
power.

RISHI

Exactly and we're calling it  
"Positive Feedback." Our hope is to  
give our people the knowledge to  
distinguish between the fresh and  
the stale.

Carol is clearly taken aback.

CAROL

Is this a joke? This is some joke  
that you're playing?

RISHI

I take it that you're confused? May  
I assume that those children in  
that photo over there on your desk  
are the result of you and your  
spouse's copulation?

CAROL

(hesitantly)  
Yes?

RISHI

Fantastic. Now, imagine your  
children are attending a social  
gathering;

(MORE)

RISHI (CONT'D)

a soiree or cotillion of sorts,  
with the intent of courting young  
females and/or males. No judgment  
here.

Rishi fake laughs. Eric flashes a "what the fuck" face to  
him, which Rishi responds with a confident "I've got this"  
face.

RISHI (CONT'D)

Now before your children approach  
their potential counterpart, how  
would they know if said female, or  
male, has said STDs? Wouldn't you  
feel safe if your children knew who  
had what before getting down to  
said sexual intercourse? This is  
the beauty of Positive Feedback.

CAROL

(irritated)

So what is it that you would like  
from us over here?

ERIC

We were hoping that you could lend  
us a copy of your patient files  
with the usual dossier of  
information: name, ailment,  
picture, you know. We would greatly  
appreciate it.

RISHI

Yes and it doesn't have to be a  
hard copy. We would gladly accept a  
USB, and you don't even have to  
alphabetize it. Actually for  
convenience sake make it a USB, it  
would make matters a lot easier on  
us. But don't worry about  
alphabetizing it. Unless you want  
to. Thanks Carol.

Rishi winks and smiles at Carol.

CAROL

Firstly, I am appalled. Secondly,  
you of course are not allowed  
access to confidential files such  
as those with client's personal  
information. And having said all of  
that, thirdly, you can now leave my  
office.

RISHI  
Carol, I believe it is imperative  
for you to reconsider this--

CAROL  
Absolutely not! Get out of my  
office!

Rishi angrily gets up.

RISHI  
Okay, I understand how it is. You,  
just as I, are a business woman.  
But unlike me, you're always  
looking out for yourself and are  
scared of repercussions to your  
business while I look to shepherd  
the virtuous away from the impure.  
It's fine. There are other clinics.  
We will take our business  
elsewhere. Good day!

Rishi storms out of Carol's office.

ERIC  
Okay great, here is our information  
please call us if you change your  
mind.

Eric hands Carol a sticky with their information and then  
leaves Carol's office.

3           INT. CLINIC, WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT 1)  
3

Rishi again walks very cautiously to avoid Chelsea. On the  
way out of the clinic, both Rishi and Eric help themselves to  
a superfluous amount of condoms.

FADE TO BLACK.

END

1           EXT./ESTAB. RISHI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT (NIGHT  
1)           1

2            INT. RISHI'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS  
(NIGHT 1)        2

Shots are lined up on the table and Eric is waiting for Rishi to come out of his room.

ERIC  
Damn an entire day of waste.

RISHI  
I know I'm still pist that the security guard at the last clinic was so rough with me.

ERIC  
Good I'm happy he threw you out. You were acting like a maniac did you have to stand up every time and storm out with that stupid speech!

RISHI  
You know I'm not appreciating this attitude you are having with me.

ERIC  
Dude, are you almost ready?!

RISHI  
Give me one more minute!

Rishi emerges, wearing red pants, a blue button-up shirt, painted nails, a golden chain, and a band-aid. Eric stares in disbelief at him.

ERIC  
I'm glad you took all of that time to just look like Papa Smurf's pet Chihuahua in the end.

RISHI  
Yeah, okay I'm getting fashion advice from the guy dressed as Kermit the frog's stay at home wife? Screw off.

ERIC  
Whatever, lets just go to this party and forget about today's failures.

RISHI  
What's with the negative thinking! We learn from our mistakes and move on.

ERIC

Yeah I guess, what do you want to toast this to?

RISHI

How about a tribute to Positive Feedback...and all the lives it will save.

The two hit the shots.

3            INT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (NIGHT  
1)            3

Rishi and Eric arrive at the party and there's around 20-25 PARTYGOERS enjoying themselves. The majority of the Partygoers are in the living room, dancing and talking, with the rest in the kitchen playing beer pong and flip cup. Rishi heads to the kitchen for a drink. Eric spots RYAN (Male, 20s) and approaches him.

ERIC

Ryan, what's going on, man?

RYAN

(excitedly)  
 Oh! Hey, what's good?

ERIC

Not much. Just got here--

RYAN

True! Where's your boy at?

ERIC

Rishi? I think he went to grab a drink somewhere. By the way, remind me whose party this is again?

RYAN

This is Chelsea's party...

Ryan looks around, unable to find Chelsea.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Well she's gotta be around here somewhere. She's wearing a black dress. If I find her, I'll introduce you.

ERIC

Sounds good, man.

Rishi has returned and interrupts the conversation.

RISHI

Can you believe this party doesn't have Red Bull? Instead they're serving Rockstar. Who in their right mind drinks Rockstar? It's fucking absurd.

Eric and Ryan give Rishi a weird look.

ERIC

Anyway...Rishi, this is Ryan.

RISHI

Oh hey, what's going on? I think we met before at your boat party.

RYAN

Yeah! That was a fun night. By the way, that's an interesting outfit you've got on. Very patriotic.

RISHI

(matter-of-factly)  
I'm peacocking.

RYAN

Peacocking?

ERIC

Don't bother. It's this whole thing-

RISHI

No, no. He should know this! I'm dressed in an extravagant manner, hence when the cheeky little honeys see me, they will be so intrigued that they will have no choice, but to engage in a conversation with me.

Rishi takes a sip of his beer and places it down on a nearby table.

RYAN

Or you'll be an easier target for the police to track down.

Two GIRLS walk by, getting Eric and Ryan's attention, while ignoring Rishi.

ERIC  
 (to Rishi)  
 Hey, Ryan and I are going to try to  
 dance with these girls.

RISHI  
 Why? You are terrible at  
 dancing...You know what just go for  
 it. But before you go, don't we  
 know that girl at the counter?

ERIC  
 Yeah I think that's Chelsea; the  
 girl who's throwing this thing.  
 We've probably seen her at one of  
 the other parties Ryan invited us  
 to. Also I may be bad at dancing,  
 but at least I don't look like  
 Nelly's mentally challenged nephew.

As Eric is heading to the living room to dance. Rishi yells  
 back at him.

RISHI  
 Yeah well... you're an asshole.

Rishi walks towards Chelsea.

RISHI (CONT'D)  
 Aw man, look at this. Could you  
 kindly point me in the direction of  
 the Red Bull?

CHELSEA  
 No. There isn't any.

RISHI  
 (sighing)  
 I wish they had Red Bull. It's the  
 only thing that goes well with  
 vodka. Every party should serve Red  
 Bull, don't you think? The host  
 really let us down this time.

Chelsea gives Rishi a weak smile and arches her eyebrows.  
 Eric awkwardly dances in the background.

CHELSEA  
 Why don't you just drink Rockstar,  
 like everyone else if you want  
 something similar. Or maybe--

RISHI

I'm going to stop you right there. I wish it was just that easy; that I could just trick my clever taste buds so effectively. But unfortunately, Rockstar is like RC Cola to Red Bull's Coca Cola, understand? Nothing can compare to the deliciousness that is Red Bull.

Chelsea is visibly uninterested in making conversation with Rishi.

RISHI (CONT'D)

By the way, I'm Rishi. Ryan's friend. What's your name?

CHELSEA

Oh I'm Chelsea.

RISHI

Oh, you're Chelsea. Nice party! By the way, you look really familiar. Have I seen you before?

CHELSEA

I don't think so.

Eric continues to dance awkwardly in the background.

RISHI

Were you at Ryan's boat model party thing by any chance?

CHELSEA

No.

RISHI

Huh, well for some reason you look really familiar.

A RANDOM PARTY GUEST interrupts.

RANDOM PARTY GUEST

Hey Chelsea, the jungle juice is running low and we're making a second batch. You have any more Kool-Aid?

Rishi hears an echo effect with the word "aid", which triggers a flashback to when he saw Chelsea at the clinic. The flashback plays in reverse.

Eric keeps awkwardly dancing. He kicks over an iPod cord and the music playing abruptly stops, just as:

RISHI

Oh! That's right! I know where I remember you from! You're the girl from the AIDS clinic!

Everyone at the party stops and stares at Chelsea. Rishi doesn't realize the awkward moment that he's created.

RISHI (CONT'D)

So how did everything go?

Chelsea just gives a blank, but embarrassed, stare at Rishi. Rishi still doesn't get it.

RISHI (CONT'D)

And I'm going to take that as a "not good"...This is great. I'm working on an app with my friend called "Positive Feedback." You wouldn't mind giving me your information, would you? Nothing private, just contact information and sexual ailments?

Chelsea looks furious and gives Rishi an angry, embarrassed look. Rishi finally senses the awkwardness and detects that he's crossed a line.

RISHI (CONT'D)

(sheepishly)

And so, I'm going to head out. Good luck with everything.

As Rishi is exiting, he bumps into Eric and they both begin to leave together.

ERIC

Ready to bounce?

RISHI

Yeah.

Right before Rishi and Eric leave, Rishi meekly puts a bunch of condoms (from the clinic) on a table and then closes the door behind him.

4            EXT. CHELSEA'S APARTMENT, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (NIGHT  
1)            4

Rishi and Eric are leaving the building.

RISHI

Hey, did you know that Chelsea chick was at the clinic today?

ERIC

Yeah, you yelled that piece of information out pretty loudly.

RISHI

In hindsight I probably shouldn't have brought that up. And especially not so publicly.

ERIC

So what now?

RISHI

The same thing we do every night, Pinky--

ERIC

(tired)

Shut up. Just, shut up.

RISHI

Yeah, okay. Let's get some pizza.

Eric nods, and they exit.

FADE TO BLACK.

END