

BOY GURU
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First Draft

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - DAY

A bliss-filled child GURU named Damiano (10) sits in the lotus position atop an altar. His nervous but politely smiling SERVANT (named Dimitri) stands at his side.

To the right, three desperate supplicants (THILDA, YS, and ARI) are in line, waiting to be called forth to receive the Guru's divine advice. Ari fidgets and is having difficulty waiting her turn.

SERVANT

Behold, His Holiness the Guru.

THILDA, YS, AND ARI

(together)

May his innocence protect us.

The Guru smiles and waves at his followers and fans.

SERVANT

Come forth, and receive his wisdom.

Thilda steps up to the Guru, bows, and straightens up. The Guru, Thilda, and the Servant perform a sacred sequence of silly hand gestures.

GURU

Speak.

THILDA

O Great Damiano-ji, Guru of the Mountain, I seek advice. I went to dinner with a cute boy from Tinder, and when it was time to pay, he said, "Dine and dash!"

SERVANT

Oh, my!

THILDA

Mike punched the hostess in the face. Then we ran outside. We didn't pay! Still, he is an excellent kisser. He hasn't texted me in three days. Should I call him?

SERVANT

Oh, honey, no, I don't think--

THILDA
You are not the Guru.

The Servant bites his tongue. The Guru meditates on Thilda's question for a moment.

GURU
I have consulted with the
Divine Spirit! It says,
"Fortune favors the bold."

Pause. The Servant casts a doubtful look at the Guru.

THILDA
(reverent)
You have changed the course of
my life, Guru-ji. Thank you.

They clasp and raise hands, and hiss as they release into descending jazz hands. Thilda steps aside.

SERVANT
(to Ys)
Come forth, and receive his...
wisdom.

Ys steps forward, goes down on one knee, and kisses the hem of the Guru's robe. She stands, and the three do ritualistic hand things.

YS
O Great Damiano-ji, Guru of
the Mountain, Voice of the
Unnamed God, I seek advice.
Each morning at the SkyTrain
station, a little girl sticks
her tongue out at me. She
fills me with such rage that I
want to grab her smug little
face and smush it right down
into the third rail.

SERVANT
Oh, dear!

YS
I know, it's wrong. I'm a
terrible person.

GURU
Is her name "Becky"?

YS
Yes!

GURU

I know a Becky. Man, I hate
Becky.

SERVANT

(aside)

Uh, Guru-ji? She's considering
murdering a small child.

GURU

(to Servant)

The Becky I know could
literally be Hitler. Am I
right?

SERVANT

Not this again.

GURU

I mean, look at me.
Reincarnated.

SERVANT

Yes.

GURU

Wise beyond my years.

SERVANT

I get it. Becky is Hitler.

GURU

Well, she might be.

SERVANT

(mutters)

Could be a different Becky.

GURU

Hm.

(meditates;
then, to Ys)

I have consulted with the
Divine Spirit! It says,
"Follow your bliss."

YS

Oh. I... uh, OK. Thank you,
Guru-ji.

The Servant looks concerned. The Guru is pleased with himself
and his place in the universe. The three grunt and thrust
clasped hands into the air, and hiss as they release into
descending jazz hands. Ys steps aside.

SERVANT

(to Ari)

Come forth, and receive...
something.

Ari hurries forward, bows and scrapes, then returns to her feet and begins speaking, without attempting the wacky hand gestures. The Servant and the Guru look at each other, then at her. This breach of hand-gesture protocol is unusual.

ARI

O Great Damiano-ji, Guru of
the Mountain, Voice of the
Unnamed God, Keeper of the
Sacred Scrolls, and Lord of
the Sheep, I seek advice.

(remembering her
manners)

Oh hey. We haven't met before.
I'm Ari, your Holy-nesses High
Holy Astronomer. Howdeedo?

GURU

Howdy.

SERVANT

(impatient)

Get on with it.

ARI

Oh, right. Great Guru, a
mighty comet approaches. In
less than an hour, the comet
will strike us all dead, and
destroy the very Earth upon
which we stand.

Thilda and Ys cry out and clutch each other.

GURU

Like, the whole Earth?

ARI

Yes.

GURU

Oh. Huh.

ARI

What shall we do?

Everyone awaits the Guru's wisdom. After a beat:

ARI (CONT'D)

Sorry. I had hoped our first meeting would be a little more... tea and sandwiches.

GURU

(rattled)

Yeah, uh, no worries.

(inhales)

Let us pray.

The entire assemblage closes its eyes and prays. Guru-ji starts to sniff. Then he sobs and wails. Servant opens his eyes, and his heart goes out to the boy.

SERVANT

(hugging him)

Oh, Guru-ji, don't cry. It'll be OK.

GURU

It's not fair. I never even got to kiss a boy.

SERVANT

There, there.

THILDA

(to Ys)

Guru-ji is gay?

YS

(shrugs)

That's what it says on Grindr.

ARI

Guru-ji, it's no big deal. We'll all reincarnate... somewhere else. Right?

The boy Guru looks uncomfortable.

GURU

Um...

SERVANT

(gasps)

I knew it! You're a fraud!

The boy Guru hides his face in his hands.

THILDA

Don't yell at Guru-ji!

YS

He is a holy man!

SERVANT

He's not a holy man, he's not even a man! You're like, eleven!

GURU

(sadly)

I was going to be eleven... in August.

Guru-ji renews his self-pity meltdown. Thilda, Ys, and Ari rush over to comfort the Guru. They elbow the Servant onto the sidelines.

ARI

How can you yell at him, at a time like this?

SERVANT

For years, I've watched you dispense your fortune-cookie advice--

ARI

That's racist.

GURU

You all said I was the prophet incarnate. I didn't want to let anyone down.

The Servant turns his back to the Guru.

GURU (CONT'D)

Dimitri, my servant, my best friend. I'm sorry I deceived you. We're all about to die. Please forgive me.

The Servant folds his arms. Not budging.

GURU (CONT'D)

We'll probably reincarnate somewhere. Just because I'm not the Prophet doesn't mean reincarnation is fake.

The Servant is cracking a little.

GURU (CONT'D)

Dimitri. Forget my holiness.
Remember our friendship.
That's real.

The Servant is moved by the Guru's words. He turns.

SERVANT

Little Damiano, I forgive you.

GURU

Aw, you're the best, Dimitri.

SERVANT

You're the worst guru, Guru.

GURU

I know.

YS

(to Ari)

I guess I don't have to kill
Becky.

THILDA

And I don't have to call Mike!

GURU

All's well that ends well!

ARI

(doubtful)
Yay?

SERVANT

(facepalms)
No...

The sky brightens. Everyone looks up at the rapidly
approaching comet; their screams end abruptly as we...

GO TO BLACKOUT.