

NO SPOILERS!

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COLD OPEN

INT. WOJO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - PORTLAND

CHYRON: *Sundown* Season 1 Finale Night

JAMES "WOJO" WOJOKOWSKI (29) slowly and unsteadily carries three Red Stripes and three glasses of cheap merlot into his living room. Seated around the TV on Craigslist-find furniture are AARON & ERIN (late 20s; newlyweds); SAM & FRAN (late 20s; engaged); and GLENN "DADDY" DOBBS (mid-30s).

AARON

...*definitely* better than *Lost*.
Dude, I'd put it right up there
with *Breaking Bad*, maybe even
juuust above *Sopranos*.

WOJO

What are we talking about? Also--
(re: drinks)
this wasn't smart, someone *help*??

DADDY

(leaning down)
Here, spill 'em down my throat.

Erin helps grab some drinks from Wojo's hands.

AARON

I was saying just as first seasons
go *Sundown* has had, like, THE BEST.

WOJO

(re: TV)
We haven't even watched the finale yet.

AARON

Dude. Already the best.

ERIN

(teasing)
And y'all know my husband's *never*
one for hyperbole.

SAM

(doing Aaron impression)
"Dude, this Red Stripe, the BEST!"

AARON

Hey, all I know is Erin watched the
first three eps in one sitting and
didn't stop to check her *Etsy* *once*.

ALL

Whoa. / Unheard of! / What if someone
needed a bejeweled headband?!

ERIN

I'm just a sucker for a good ol'
fashioned love triangle... on a
dystopian future space station.

FRAN

Ohmigod, the airlock scene? I was
literally *dying* when-- oh shoot!
(wiping at couch)
I spilled, gah, I'm sorry, Wojo.

WOJO

No worries, Franny, I got an easy
fix.

He flips the wet couch cushion over - there's an older/bigger
wine stain on the other side.

FRAN

Still sorry about that, too.

Sam gives her a reassuring squeeze. The doorbell rings.

WOJO

Aims. C'mon in!

AIMEE (29) enters - she's flustered and disheveled (as usual).

AIMEE

Okay, a disclaimer. I was running
late, I had this bag of groceries, I
thought I'd grabbed the wine but...

She holds up a tall bottle of olive oil. They all crack up,
Aimee fights hard not to laugh.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Guys, I am NOT a crazy person who
brings *oil* to a viewing party.

WOJO

No no, of course not. You want a
glass of wine? Or like, some
vinegar?

AIMEE

Ha, wine please. Lots.

Aimee pushes Daddy's feet off the ottoman, plops down on it.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
Sheila didn't want to come, Daddy?

DADDY
God no, that woman's out cold by 8
every night since the baby.
(kisses his beer)
This is my wifey tonight.

Wojo returns with a wine glass for Aimee.

AARON
Alright, let's do this!

ERIN
Y'all, next season we should make
this like a weekly thing.

FRAN
Yes! The "Sundown Viewing
Friends...Club."

SAM
(gently)
Or... "Sundown Sundays"?

FRAN
Ugh, why do I even talk?

Wojo hits PLAY on the DVR. The familiar HBO "static" logo
plays.

AARON
Alright c'mon now, give us the
goods, *give us the GOODS--*

The Parental Guidance screen comes up--

**AL - Adult Language, V - Violence, N - Nudity, SSC - Strong
Sexual Content**

They all cheer!

ALL
Yes! / Jackpot! / Zero-gravity
tiddies! / Daddy LIKE!

They all settle in for their premium cable fix as we...

END COLD OPEN

ACT I

OPEN ON:

TITLE CARD: "TWO YEARS AND 26 EPISODES OF SUNDOWN LATER..."

EXT. AARON AND ERIN'S NEW HOUSE

Wojo walks up the driveway to a gorgeous mid-century house. He re-checks the address on his phone - yep, it's the place.

WOJO
(admiringly)
What a dump.

He rings the doorbell. Aaron answers with a big smile.

AARON
"Eddie Adams from Torrance!"

WOJO
Hey, "Jack." This is quite the new spread.

AARON
Thanks, man. Crazy you haven't seen it yet.

WOJO
Yeah, sorry. I know I was kinda... M.I.A.

AARON
More like, "J.E.N." Ohh what! Nailed it.
(offers high-five)
Dude, c'mon. Nailed it.

WOJO
(begrudgingly high-fives)
No, you did, you did nail it.

AARON
But seriously, man-- forget her. We're psyched to have you back.

WOJO
Thanks, I'll try not to disappoint.

AARON
Nah, Daddy'll do that.

INT. KITCHEN

A big eat-in kitchen with a center island. Erin is in there making hors d'oeuvres - she listens to hip-hop on her earbuds.

ERIN

(flowing along)

Doin' a hundred while I puff on the blunt, and rollin' another one up, we livin' like we ain't give a fuck--

AARON

(walking in, loudly)

Yo Weezy-- look who's here.

She blushes, takes out the earbuds.

WOJO

Reppin' the Dirty South?

ERIN

Like only a 30-something women's studies major can.

(hugs Wojo)

Hey, stranger! I'm so glad you're back in for Sundown Sundays.

Though I was sorry to hear about you and Jen.

AARON

No you weren't.

ERIN

I wasn't, I really wasn't. Wojo, I'm sorry, she just wasn't a nice person. I hated how she cut you off from all'a us.

AARON

What'd she say we were, "impregnable"?

WOJO

She said... our inside jokes were "impenetrable."

ERIN

Hmphf. I was taught if you don't have anything nice to say about folks, well, "see you next Tuesday!"

The doorbell rings, Aaron goes to get it.

ERIN (CONT'D)
She did have a very nice figure,
though.

WOJO
(wistful)
Trying to forget that, Erin.

Aaron walks back in with Sam & Fran and Daddy.

FRAN
Wojo! Yayyy!

DADDY
The prodigal sonuvabitch!

He bear-hugs Wojo. It turns into an exaggerated groping -
Wojo struggles to pull away.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Oh yes, fight it, that only makes
it sweeter!

WOJO
(to Sam and Fran)
Did this creep Cape Fear his way over
here under your Honda?

DADDY
They gave Daddy a ride. So Daddy
could DRINK.

SAM
We apologize in advance.

AARON
Daddy, you'll like this-- got a
pretty rad pinot greej in my new
Wine-Tap.

He fills a glass from a super-fancy wine fridge/dispenser.

AARON (CONT'D)
Pretty sweet, right? Normally
these things are like a grand, but
I had a hookup and got it for six.

Sam and Fran share a familiar glance and eye-roll.

FRAN
Well, we hate to show you up, but...
BOOM.

She pulls a bottle of "Two-Buck Chuck" from her bag.

SAM

You'll want to let that breathe.

AARON

Niiice, there's also Stellas in the fridge, you guys help yourselves.

(to Wojo)

Dude, let me give you the full tour.

DADDY

(playing with Wine-Tap)

While I tour this with MY MOUTH.

Aaron leads Wojo out of the kitchen. Once they're gone:

FRAN

So... bummer about him and Jen.

ERIN

Franny.

FRAN

I know, not really, she sucked. Anyone who posts that many gym selfies of her butt has weird priorities.

DADDY

Absolutely, it's messed up, and where can I see those?

SAM

Instagram.

(off Fran's look)

I assume? I don't know. What's Instagram?

Fran turns back to Erin - Sam gives Daddy a "Yeah, it's Instagram" nod.

FRAN

It was messed up how she always made him drop everything for her. He deserves so much better.

ERIN

Well, you know, I was thinking... there's always Aimee.

Beat. They all laugh at her. Hard.

ERIN (CONT'D)

What?! Y'all, it's not *that* crazy.

FRAN

It's pretty crazy.

ERIN

They've been friends forever, they both have bad luck dating, I think they could be cute together.

SAM

And when Aimee inevitably gets too weird and they break up? Cool, that won't be awkward for, oh, ALL OF US.

DADDY

Do NOT screw up Sundown Sundays, Er, it's all I have to live for.

FRAN

...Not your wife and child?

DADDY

Sorry, who?

INT. DINING ROOM

They're all sitting down to a big home-cooked dinner.

ERIN

Okay, y'all, we've got a strawberry-balsamic spinach salad, that's a chicken Florentine casserole, and for dessert? "Sundown Sundaes."

WOJO

Dammnn. I miss a few weeks and you guys go all Top Chef. And not the bullshit Texas season.

FRAN

Ugh no, just Erin. For the season 3 finale I did "Chips and Dips" and forgot the chips.

(then)

And two of the dips.

(then)

The theme was more "Guac Handfuls."

Erin starts serving out the food.

AARON

We're not waiting for Aims?

ERIN

She actually just texted, she's
running late--
(reading phone)
"start dinner w/o me, will be there
for the screaming." I assume she
meant "screening."

DADDY

Or her therapist told her to air
out her grudges again.
(then, dry)
That was a fun July 4th.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

They're polishing off dinner.

SAM

Er, this is all so good.

WOJO

Sammy, would you say it's--
(doing evil voice)
"Demonically delicious"?

They all crack up, Sam grimaces and sighs.

SAM

You've seen the commercial.

WOJO

Dude! It's on *all the time* during
Blazer games. "Lucifer's Wings are
sinfully spicy!"

They all pile on and "do" his commercial copy.

ALL

"Twenty tempting sauces!" /
"Delivery for the damned"

SAM

Haha, I know, it's terrible. But
it was good coin for the wedding
fund.

They others all sigh at mention of "wedding fund."

AARON

Dudes-- just elope already.

DADDY

Seriously. You're making "The Five-Year Engagement" seem short and that piece of shit was interminable.

FRAN

We just need to save up for maybe the next six months, eight tops, and then we'll have a better idea of when we can set a date.

AARON

Cool, we'll just keep 2018 open.

They laugh. Fran bristles - Sam notices, pats her knee.

SAM

Well if you guys know any rich parents who wanna pay for our wedding, man, we'll take it.

It's a joke but clearly a dig at Aaron & Erin. An awkward beat - Wojo clears his throat.

WOJO

(to Sam & Fran)

Hey, just promise you won't do that stupid mix-everyone-up "mingle seating" like at Finkelstein's wedding.

They all groan at the memory.

DADDY

Oh God, small talk with randos. My fucking nightmare.

WOJO

"So, how do you know the groom?"
"What do you do?"

FRAN

Ugh, try telling them you're an actor. They're always so judge-y, "Been in anything I'd have seen?"

DADDY

Just say "Yeah-- your mother."
Conversation over.

INT. LIVING ROOM

They all get situated on a hip sectional sofa, angled around an insanely huge wall-mounted flat screen.

WOJO
(re: TV, deadpan)
Surprised you didn't splurge on a big one.

AARON
(missing joke)
I know, I kind of regret it.

Sam and Fran again share their eye roll.

ERIN
So I figure we can hold off on doing sundaes until Aims gets here.

DADDY
(refilling wine glass)
I'll live, somehow.

SAM
Aar, you are recording it, right?

AARON
(offended)
Dude.

SAM
What, I'm just checking.

AARON
We got FiOS up in dis motha.
Platinum tier, record SIX shows at once, all in HD-- *this* is the greatest generation.

WOJO
Ha, World War what?

The doorbell rings. Aaron gets up to answer it.

AARON
Aims, finally. My bet is her crystal healing session ran long.

DADDY
No, she was stuck in a spiderweb decoration she put up for Halloween, today, in May.

FRAN

She was Googling "can you die from
a juice cleanse?"

SAM

No, she was Bing'ing it.

DADDY

It's Aims. The possibilities are
endless... -ly retarded.

ERIN

Y'all lay off, she's just unique.
(then, sweetly)
Wojo, you wanna make a little sofa
space for her next to you?

The others shoot her a look, Erin just smiles. Aaron walks
back in with a strange look on his face.

AARON

Uh, look who's here...

Following him is Aimee-- and some GUY.

AIMEE

Heyyy. Everybody, this is Tevin.
Tevin, everybody.

Tevin, this guy - this fucking *rando* - smiles and nods. The
gang joins in the most hollow greeting ever.

ALL

Heyyyy...

TEVIN

Hi. Hope you don't mind one more.

ALL

(so clearly lying)
Suuuure...

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. LIVING ROOM

ANGLE ON: Tevin, the uninvited random, smiling politely.

We pull out to reveal he's sitting in the center of the sofa, right in the middle of the gang-- and they regard him like he is NOT OF THIS EARTH. Next to him is Aimee, clearly uncomfortable.

ERIN

So... where're y'all coming from?

AIMEE

Um, dinner, at this new place downtown he knew. What was it called, Joyful?

TEVIN

Joy-Us. It's vegan street food. My step-uncle's a sous chef there. So yeah...

He trails off - the gang just kind of goes "Huh," "Neat," etc. Aimee avoids their eye contact.

ERIN

(getting up)

Well-- hope y'all saved room for dessert 'cause I was about to fix up some Sundown sundaes.

AIMEE

I'll give you a hand!

ERIN

No, that's o--

(off Aimee's look)

O-kay, sure. Tevin, care for something to drink?

TEVIN

No thanks, I don't partake in alcohol.

DADDY

(offers his glass)

Well then I'll partake his.

Aimee takes Daddy's glass, she and Erin head into the kitchen. The others sit for an awkward beat. Finally:

TEVIN
So, how do you all know Aimee?

A silent shared "ugh." Small talk with randos - their nightmare.

INT. KITCHEN

Erin scoops ice cream into bowls, Aimee paces around.

AIMEE
It's weird, I know, I'm sorry.

ERIN
Aims, it's fine.

AIMEE
Really? I feel like they were all shooting me death stares.

ERIN
Nooo.
(then)
Maybe Daddy.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

ANGLE ON: Daddy death-staring at Tevin as small talk goes on.

AARON
...and then me and Sam went to school with her, so... there it is.

TEVIN
Ah.
(then)
So then do you all live around here?

Tevin turns briefly to Daddy - Daddy forces a smile, nods. Tevin turns away - Daddy resumes his death stare.

BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN

ERIN

Everyone was just a little surprised, that's all. I didn't know you were seeing anyone.

AIMEE

I'm not, this was a first date.

ERIN

Oh...

AIMEE

He was like, do you wanna do something after dinner, and I was like, ohh, I'm actually meeting some friends, thinking that was a good out, but he took it as an invitation and I didn't say no and I... don't even really like him?

ERIN

Okay, now it's a little weird.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tevin has focused his small talk laser on Wojo.

TEVIN

...used to have a loft downtown, but now I live off of 48th Street.

WOJO

Ah. You like Palermo's over there?

TEVIN

Mm, not much of a pizza guy.

WOJO

Right...

He looks around - the others are no help, they're all staring at their phones. Wojo glances at his mostly-full beer - he drains it.

WOJO (CONT'D)

Welp, I need another.

(on way out)

Tevin, did you know Sam and Fran are actors?

They look up, surprised - Wojo sold 'em out. He smirks as he exits.

TEVIN
Actors, how fun. Been in anything
I'd have seen?

ANGLE ON: Fran's hand on Sam's arm - she squeezes. Hard.

SAM
(pained)
Tough to say.

INT. KITCHEN

Wojo enters, fanning himself.

WOJO
Whew! Some HOT convo in there.
Jobs, where we live, *whether we
like pizza.*

AIMEE
Ugh, I'm sorry. But to be fair, it
was just as awkward those couple
times you brought Jen.

WOJO
Yeah-- and look how that ended.

AIMEE
...Ended?

WOJO
Yeah. Wait-- did you really not
know we broke up?

AIMEE
No! I thought you were back
tonight 'cause she was, like,
letting you do your own thing.

ERIN
(snorts)
HA! Err-- sorry, Wojo.

WOJO
No you're not.

ERIN
I'm not!

She picks up the tray of sundaes.

ERIN (CONT'D)
 Honestly, I feel for both of y'all.
 It's just so hard introducing
 someone new into our lil' crew...

With that she turns and leaves them alone in the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Erin walks in with a sly smile.

ERIN
 Sundaes sundaes sundaes!

INT. KITCHEN

Wojo opens a new beer. Aimee looks confused at the fancy WineTap, then pours from the open Two-Buck Chuck.

WOJO
 This guy from OKCupid?

AIMEE
 Match. I stupidly forgot my
 OKCupid password.

WOJO
 I think you can get it resent to
 whatever email you registered with.

AIMEE
 I... forgot that, too.
 (changing subject)
 So when did you and Jen...?

WOJO
 Like three weeks ago? I'm fine,
 it's for the best. How long have
 you and this guy...?

AIMEE
 Ha, um, about two hours? This was
 our first date-- and our last date.

WOJO
 Ahh, gotcha. You know, you could
 probably just slip out the back,
 I'll tell him you got "taken."

AIMEE
 It's tempting. Except I *really*
 want to see this Sundown.

(MORE)

AIMEE (CONT'D)
I heard what's-his-name, Lord
Grantham is in this season.

Wojo's looking at a text on his phone - his brow's furrowed.

WOJO
Hm? Yeah Hugh, uh, Bonneville.
I'm... psyched.

AIMEE
Well, shall we?

WOJO
Um, go ahead, I'll just be one sec.

Aimee takes the wine glasses into the living room. Wojo just stares at his phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM

They're all spooning up sundaes except for Tevin.

TEVIN
...not that I'm lactose intolerant,
just not much of an ice cream guy.

DADDY
(taking Tevin's bowl)
Who is, really.

Aimee goes for the end seat of the sofa, away from Tevin.

FRAN
Oh we'll scooch down, Aims, so you
can sit next to Tev--

Aimee's look makes Fran realize her mistake, but too late.
Aimee begrudgingly sits next to Tevin.

AIMEE
...Thanks.

FRAN
("Sorry")
You're welcome.

AARON
Goddamnit!

They all turn to Aaron - he has his phone in hand.

AARON (CONT'D)
I accidentally saw a spoiler on
Twitter.

ERIN
Oh no, what?

DADDY
No, you shut your mouth! No
spoilers! I purposely stay off
Twitter and Facebook as soon as the
East Coast feed airs 'cause I don't
want some asshole to ruin it for
me. Don't you be that asshole.

TEVIN
You guys really like Sundown, huh?

DADDY
...who ARE you?

SAM
Uh, Tevin-- you all caught up on it?

TEVIN
Actually I have to confess: I've
never seen an episode. Maybe you
could catch me up?

A shared look of "Are you fucking *kidding* me?" Aimee sinks
deeper into the couch.

INT. KITCHEN

Wojo is still texting away. From off-screen he hears:

DADDY (O.S.)
Wojo! For the love of GOD, man!

He deliberates, then hits Send. He heads into--

INT. LIVING ROOM

Everyone looks miserably bored while Aimee recaps THREE
SEASONS OF HYPER-DENSE PLOT.

AIMEE
...but it's revealed the crew of
Omega Station is actually working
for Purefoy and he wants to--

AARON
 (quietly, to Wojo)
 Dude's never seen it.

WOJO
 Oh cool, of course not.

AIMEE
 ...and then in Season 3--

DADDY
 More stuff happens, it's great, you
 should check it out. Okay-- the
 Polack's here, LET'S DO THIS!

FRAN
 (chanting)
 Sun-down! Sun-down! Sun-- no?
 Just me? Okaaaay...
 (drinks)
 Red-wine! Red-wine!

Aaron queues it up on the DVR - the HBO static logo plays.

AARON
 C'mon, big money, *big money*...

The Parental Guidance screen comes up - it's ALL the
 warnings! They cheer, then realize:

SAM
 Whoa, that's a new one! "XV"?

ERIN
 "*Extreme Violence*"??!

DADDY
 Oh, Daddy feels a blood boner coming.

ALL
 (laughing)
 Ewww! / "Blood boner"?! / The worst!

TEVIN
 Hope it's not *too* gore-y. I get
 squeamish.

Buzzkill! They all sigh.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

They all watch the TV with rapt attention-- except Wojo. He
 keeps taking his phone out and texting.

The others are getting annoyed. Wojo slips his phone back in his pocket. Beat. It vibrates again, he takes it out. Aaron hits PAUSE.

AARON
Dude. Seriously?

WOJO
Hm, what?

SAM
Who are you even texting, we're all here.

WOJO
It's nothing.

AARON
Dude. If it's Jen...

Wojo's guilty look confirms it is indeed.

AARON (CONT'D)
Aw buddy, what are you *doing*??

They all start giving Wojo shit.

ALL
Boo! / Don't do it! / Cut her off!

WOJO
Hey, she texted first! She's gonna watch Sundown and I don't know, I guess she just... got lonely.

ERIN
(tipsy)
"Lonely"? If she didn't wanna be lonely she shouldn't have cheated!

The others all gasp and look at Wojo. Wojo shoots a "WTF?" look at Aaron. Aaron gives Erin a "That wasn't public knowledge!" look.

ERIN (CONT'D)
Oh, no. I, I thought everyone knew.

WOJO
Welp-- they do NOW. Even fuckin' "Tevin."

Tevin nods in solidarity.

ERIN

Oh Lord. I'm sorry, James.

WOJO

Whatever. Let's just watch.

(off their concern)

Can we just watch this? *Please?*

Sure, yeah, they agree, all feeling super awkward. Aaron hits PLAY - the screen stays frozen. He hits it again. Still paused. He holds down PLAY.

AARON

What is the prob--

ZZRRT! The whole screen pixelates, then goes a sickening black. Stunned silence. Then:

DADDY

NOOOOOOOOO!!!

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. LIVING ROOM - FIVE MINUTES LATER

ANGLE ON: the FiOS interface reads "DVR STORAGE: 0% USED."

AARON
Un-fucking-believable!

ERIN
Maybe try rebooting it? Again?

AARON
No point. It deleted everything.

AIMEE
Sucks! We were only like halfway in.

FRAN
Can't we watch the rest On Demand?

AARON
No, tonight's won't go up until
tomorrow.

DADDY
Fuck! Was anyone else recording it?

Wojo and Aimee shake their heads.

DADDY (CONT'D)
SamFran? *Please* say you were.

FRAN
Normally yeah, but... we just got
rid of our cable.

SAM
(near whisper)
For the wedding fund.

DADDY
So. That's that. I think I'm
going to cry.
(gets up)
And Daddy does his crying in the
toilet.

He goes to the bathroom. Aaron tosses the remote in disgust.

AARON
(to Wojo)
Thanks, by the way.

WOJO

For what?

AARON

It wouldn't have crashed if I didn't pause it for your texting.

WOJO

HA! Oh right, sorry that PAUSE completely overwhelmed your thing.

SAM

(side-glancing at Fran)
FiOS "Platinum Tier."

ERIN

Okay, Sammy dear? *Enough* with the *eyerolls!*

SAM

S-sorry, what?

ERIN

Oh please, like I don't notice. You and Franny, always with these *looks--*

(eye-rolls at them)

Y'all been at it ever since we got the house! I'm sorry Aaron likes his toys and I'm sorry my folks helped with the down payment and I'm sorry y'all have such a problem with that!

WOJO

Geez, Er-- calling *everybody* out tonight.

AARON

Don't be a dick.

WOJO

Don't share stuff I told you in private!

TEVIN

People! Maybe it's best we call it a night.

They all look at him incredulously-- then turn on Aimee.

ALL

Why is he *here?! / What the hell?! / HE'S NEVER SEEN SUNDOWN!*

Everyone's mad at someone, they all go on bickering at each other, until:

DADDY (O.S.)
WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?!?

They all go quiet. Daddy stands there, livid.

DADDY (CONT'D)
One night, you fucks. I have ONE NIGHT where I can get away from the crushing reality that is my wife and kid. Where all I want to do is drink and watch Sundown and shoot the same shit with the same people. And this, this is what I get?? *More* bitching and crying than at home-- and *NO* Sundown!? No! Daddy does NOT like! We are finishing this goddamned episode *tonight*. I don't know how, but we are. Because I NEED THIS!

They stare at him. Aaron points at Daddy's hand - Daddy realizes he's been waving a plunger this whole time.

DADDY (CONT'D)
Oh. Don't worry, I got it unclogged.

Beat. A snicker. Then another. Then boom, they all bust out laughing. The tension melts.

EXT. HOUSE

They all file out of the house into the driveway.

WOJO
Okay, I got a plan. But first off who all's too drunk to drive? Daddy, counted you two hours ago.

Aaron & Erin and Fran raise their hands.

FRAN
(chanting)
Red wine, red wi-- right, you get it.

WOJO
So Sam, you and Fran take the Aarins. I'll go with Aims.

DADDY
Wait, who's driving Daddy?

WOJO
Um...

CUT TO:

INT. TEVIN'S PRIUS

Tevin drives, Daddy rides shotgun. They sit in silence 'til:

TEVIN
So... what do you do?

Daddy shoots him a death stare as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SAM & FRAN'S HONDA

Sam & Fran up front, Aaron & Erin sit in back. The radio plays Steely Dan at low volume.

ERIN
I'm sorry for snapping at y'all
back there.

SAM
Nah, we're sorry. Your house is
dope, we should be psyched for you.

FRAN
It's great your parents can help, I
wish we had that.

ERIN
Mm, don't be so certain-- I'm
pretty sure my mama thought not
having a house was the only thing
keeping me from popping out
grandbabies.

AARON
Her housewarming gift was a *crib*.

FRAN
Yikes, that's-- oh! Hey, listen!

She turns up the radio - a commercial's playing:

SAM (V.O.)
 (evil voice)
 Make a deal with the devil-- for
 dinner! At Lucifer's Wings.

ERIN
 Yay, Sammy! Radio too? That's
 great!

SAM
 It's a check. Thank Satan.

AARON
 Dude, you should take that cash and
 get some Sirius up in here.

Sam & Fran start to eye-roll out of habit but stop
 themselves. Aaron sees it in the rear-view, laughs.

AARON (CONT'D)
 Haha, c'mon I was joking!

ERIN
 (quiet)
 No you weren't.

AARON
 (quiet)
 I so wasn't.

INT. AIMEE'S MINI COOPER

Aimee drives, Wojo rides shotgun.

WOJO
 So how will you break it to Tevin?
 Email, phone?

AIMEE
 Definitely not phone, I get anxiety
 just calling for Thai food.
 (then)
 I don't know, I was kinda thinking
 maybe I should give him another
 chance? Like, he's not so bad?
 And tonight probably wasn't the
 best way to get to know someone.

WOJO
 Eh, I think with dating stuff once
 you know... you know.

Aimee thinks and nods.

AIMEE

Yeah-- email.

Wojo tries to move his legs around the passenger seat clutter.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Sorry for the mess, I was doing
some shopping earlier.

He picks up a decorative Halloween spiderweb. He smiles at it
- then, ever so slightly, at her.

INT. BUNGALOW

A HOT GIRL in yoga pants lays on a couch watching some Real
Housewives bicker. The doorbell rings. She smiles and goes
to answer the door - Wojo's there.

JEN

Hey, you...

WOJO

Jen. That Sundown offer still
stand?

JEN

Totally. I'm glad you came, I
thought you'd be with your friends.

WOJO

Oh, I am--

He enters leading the whole gang into her house - Jen's agape.

ALL

(as they pass Jen)

Hiii / Thanks for having us / Always
a pleasure / Daddy like / I'm Tevin?

JEN

James, what the hell? You didn't
say anything about *them*.

WOJO

Yeahhh, I guess I kinda cheated.

Wojo smiles - Jen looks shamed. From the other room - a
chorus of disgust:

ALL (O.S.)

Ugh, Daddy! / Foul! / Jesus
man!

DADDY (O.S.)

Sorry! Too much dairy for
Daddy!

SAM (O.S.)
Yo, I think we just got that
"Extreme Violence"!

They all crack up. Wojo chuckles and goes to join his
friends as we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT III

TAG

INT. BUNGALOW - LATER

The whole gang, plus Tevin and a disgruntled Jen, are crowded around Jen's living room. They watch the Sundown's climax with super-wide eyes.

SAM

(whispering)

Yo, Lord Grantham's straight-up
EVIL!

From the TV we hear:

HUGH BONNEVILLE (V.O.)

You see, Mr. Pascal, while there's
more than one way to skin a cat,
there's but one way to skin... *your
scrotum.*

All their jaws drop in horror.

AARON

Dude!

MR. PASCAL (V.O.)

No, please, I beg y--YAEARGHHHH!

They all FREAK OUT!

ALL

OH MY GOD! / HOLY SHIT! / HOW CAN
YOU SHOW THAT?! / HIS BALLS ARE
FLOATING IN SPACE!!!!

TEVIN

(nauseated)

Oh, OH GOD--

He suddenly turns and vomits-- right onto Jen's leg. They
all gasp. Jen is frozen in shock. Long awful beat.

DADDY

(re: TV)

Ooh, scenes from next week!

They all immediately turn back to the TV.

END OF SHOW