

PARANNOYANCE

"Pilot"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLASHING THROUGH THE MANSION

- A) A rocking chair moves in an empty room.
- B) An antique clock ticks out of control.
- C) A shadow figure shifts in a corner.
- D) A ball rolls steadily down the hallway.
- E) A light flickers on the ceiling.
- F) A door slowly opens on a piercing feminine SCREAM...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

ANDREW, 30's, is SCREAMING into a piece of paper held in his beautifully manicured male-modely hands.

ANDREW

This quote is ridiculous! How could anyone ever afford this?

(beat)

My career is over...

INSERT - LETTERHEAD FROM A PLASTIC SURGEON

We see a letter that reads: Estimated quote for Rhinoplasty total: \$8,273.47

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew's roommates, HILL and BRIAN, late 20's, sit casually on the couch... grooming one another.

Hill looks up at Andrew as she clips Brian's toe nails.

HILL

Come on. Your nose looks fine.

BRIAN

Seriously. You can't even tell it's broken, man.

Andrew pulls the paper away from his face, revealing a horrifically busted nose.

ANDREW

Oh, really?

He slams his body down on the couch between them.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

You might not be able to tell, but I can. And so will my agent.

HILL

Don't be ridiculous, you don't have an agent. Besides, don't you just model shit from the nipples down anyway?

ANDREW

Yeah, but I was working my way up to showcasing my face.

(screaming into paper)

Fuck you, you fucking plastic surgery doctor fuck!

He throws the paper down and reaches for the tablet on the coffee table.

BRIAN

There's other parts of your body you can model, man. Maybe you can move on to shoes?

HILL

Or socks? You have great ankles. Way better than mine.

BRIAN

What about watches?

ANDREW

(off tablet)

Wait a minute...

BRIAN

Or canes. Canes are just modeled from the forearm down, right?

HILL

Hey, I know! Dining room tables!

Brian and Hill romp around like Tweedledee and Tweedledumb-ass.

ANDREW

Guys, listen! There's a ghost hunting competition...

The roommates stop mid-laugh to look at Andrew.

HILL  
You're kidding, right?

ANDREW  
(reading off tablet)  
They're "taking submissions A-S-A-P  
and will pick three teams to  
compete in the re-imagined 'One  
Million Dollar Paranormal  
Challenge' from the 1960's. The  
event will be hosted by Delores  
Quackenbushen in her Hollywood  
Hills mansion."

BRIAN  
I don't know, man. The last time we  
were in a remotely scary situation  
you got your ass beat with random  
kitchen appliances.

HILL  
It was more like his face,  
remember?

We see Andrew, squinting off in the distance...

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE/BRIAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian sloths around in his room playing a video game when the  
electricity goes out.

BRIAN  
(panicking)  
Ah, what just happened?!

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hill is on the toilet. She responds similarly to the outage.

HILL  
Hello?!

INTERCUT with Brian's bedroom.

BRIAN  
Hill? What's happening?

HILL  
 Brian? I think the electricity's  
 out!

BRIAN  
 Well, can you come get me? I'm  
 scared!

HILL  
 I'm scared! And I'm on the toilet--  
 and I'm the girl! Aren't you  
 supposed to come get me?

Brian  
 That's not a thing anymore! Is  
 Andrew here? Maybe he can--

HILL  
 No, we're all alone!  
 (beat)  
 Ok, let's just meet in the hallway  
 at the same time and go find the  
 electricity box thing together.

BRIAN  
 Fine! But on the count of three...

HILL  
 Fine!

HILL/BRIAN  
 One. Two. Three.

We hear the bathroom toilet FLUSH O.S.

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hill and Brian meet in the hallway, grab hands, and  
 cautiously make their way toward the kitchen.

BRIAN  
 Ah, I didn't hear you wash your  
 hands. Not sure if I should be  
 holding your--

HILL  
 Don't worry... I was just changing  
 my tampon.

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brian and Hill HEAR a drawer squeak open.

BRIAN  
What was that?

HILL  
Shush up. It sounds like a mouse or something.

They vigilantly enter the kitchen and see the back of a dark figure standing in the corner. It slowly turns toward them, holding a flashlight underneath its chin... in a stereotypical spooky way.

BRIAN/HILL  
Ahhh!

Hysterical, Brian and Hill scramble for random items around them to throw at the figure- not realizing that it is Andrew.

ANDREW  
What the...

We see tableware, a drying rack, magnets, a bread loaf, boxed cereal, and a bag of tangerines dart through the air.

BRIAN  
Hey, not the food, man!

HILL  
Oh. Sorry!

As Brian bends down to collect his precious food from the floor, Hill reaches for the "Nurtti-Ninja" and violently chucks it into Andrew's face.

Andrew grabs his nose and falls to his knees in pain.

ANDREW  
Stop! It's me... it's me!

END FLASHBACK

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Andrew shakes his head at his idiotic roommates.

ANDREW  
Well, hopefully that was an isolated incident... and a genuine mistake.

HILL  
I honestly thought you were a mouse!

ANDREW  
I was screaming, "stop!"

Annoyed, Hill stands up and leaves. Brian follows.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Ummm, excuse me. We're in the  
middle of a--

HILL  
I'm bored.

EXT. ANDREW'S HOUSE/BACKYARD - DAY

Hill and Brian play a game of badminton. Badly. Andrew confronts them.

ANDREW  
Look, I need money like, now. When  
you guys broke my nose, you pinky-  
swear-promised you'd pay for the  
damage. But, clearly it's going to  
heal this way before either of you  
ever make an attempt to find  
gainful employment.

BRIAN  
That is... a sound assumption, man.

ANDREW  
This competition might be a  
solution. Besides, don't you two  
know who Delores Quackenbushen is?

Brian and Hill shrug their shoulders and resume the game.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Oh my god, it's like you've spent  
your lives living up each other's  
assholes!  
(off Brian and Hill's  
laughter)  
Delores Quackenbushen is the second  
wife of the first cousin of the guy  
who indirectly knew the neighbor of  
the Amityville Horror House...

HILL  
Wouldn't it just be like, her  
cousin then?

ANDREW

...And get this, the prize money is exactly what I need to cover my surgery. So, it's literally a sign!

HILL

Uh, you told us this thing was a million dollars.

ANDREW

(glancing at tablet)

Nope. That was for the previous competition.

HILL

It sounds sketch. Like it was made-up or something.

ANDREW

Like your resume?

Hill flashes him the evil eye as she takes a drink from her Sippy Cup.

BRIAN

I don't know, man. Hill can't sit through a scary movie without someone getting hurt. You freak out every year when stores start decorating for Halloween--

HILL

And Brian still has a night light in every room of the house.

BRIAN

I have an enlarged urethra that causes me to pee frequently during the night and I prefer to see where I'm going. Which is why I need said night lights.

(to Hill)

You-- know-- that!

As Hill rolls her eyes, Brian throws his racquet down and sits in a nearby lawn chair.

ANDREW

Is that why my utility bill is so high?

HILL

Ok, let's say we were qualified for something like this.

(MORE)

HILL (CONT'D)  
 Which, we're not. Thousands of  
 weirdos are going to apply, so... I  
 don't think we're gonna get inside  
 the factory, Charlie.

The tablet DINGS. Andrew looks down at the notification.

ANDREW  
 (surprised)  
 Oh, my god... we're in!

BRIAN/HILL  
 In what?

ANDREW  
 I submitted us as a team back in  
 the living room and just got a  
 confirmation email.

Hill grabs the tablet from Andrew in disbelief.

INSERT - TABLET SCREEN

We see an email that simply reads: "You're In"

BACK TO SCENE

HILL  
 (to Andrew)  
 This is bullshit! Last summer when  
 Brian and I threw that impromptu  
 slip-n-slide house party, which,  
 I'll admit was not the best idea,  
 didn't you say that all decisions  
 needed to be made together as  
 roommates?

ANDREW  
 Yeah.

HILL  
 So you didn't think to ask us, or  
 initiate a vote?

ANDREW  
 Nope.

BRIAN  
 Well, what happens now, man? We go  
 and get locked away in this lady's  
 dank, dusty ghost house for the  
 next...

He grabs the tablet from Hill.

BRIAN(CONT'D)  
 (reading tablet, upset)  
 ..."Two days?"

ANDREW  
 Guess so. Glad we're all in  
 agreement. Thanks guys!

As Andrew steps away, Hill sits next to Brian and pulls out her phone.

HILL  
 Anytime, Adolf.

ANDREW  
 (returning)  
 Oh, one more thing. The competition  
 is this weekend and there's a  
 mandatory orientation dinner  
 tonight in like, an hour. So...  
 let's look pretty.

HILL  
 (looking up from phone)  
 But, it's Friday. I have  
 commitments.

ANDREW  
 (assertive)  
 Don't forget who pays the rent  
 around here. Either get a move on  
 or move out... your choice.

Andrew leaves Brian and Hill sulking in their chairs. After a beat, they reluctantly follow him inside.

INT. UBER CAR - NIGHT - TRAVELING

As the roommates sit crammed in the back of their Uber en route to the "Quackenbushen Mansion," we see the UBER DRIVER, 20's, staring intensely at Andrew through his rearview mirror.

Uncomfortable, Andrew quickly faces the windshield- reading its many decals...

INSERT - WINDSHIELD DECALS

We see a superfluous display of service logos including Uber, Uber Eats, Lyft, Amazon Delivery, Post-mates, GrubHub, DoorDash, Eaze... and Topless Maids.

HILL  
 (to Brian)  
 What the hell are we getting  
 ourselves into? I have no idea what  
 to expect.

BRIAN  
 I expect to eat. This is a classy  
 joint, right? Should have a nice  
 spread.

Hill retrieves a mirrored compact from the duffle bag on her  
 lap and begins to apply bright red gloss on her lips.

HILL  
 I love how high you aim in life. So  
 high. Like an eagle.

The car hits a bump in the road, smearing the gloss across  
 Hill's cheek- making her look like a stupid clown hooker.

HILL (CONT'D)  
 (to Uber Driver)  
 What's your deal?

UBER DRIVER  
 Sorry!

BRIAN  
 (sarcastic, to Hill)  
 Hey, nice job on the makeup, man.

Hill closes the compact, unaware of the scarlet smear.

HILL  
 (bragging)  
 Well, I did run the makeup  
 department at Sephora... before  
 they terminated me for time theft.  
 Whatever that means.

ANDREW  
 Guys, I think we're here.

The roommates stare wide-eyed with fear at...

INSERT - DELORES QUACKENBUSHEN'S MANSION

We see a weathered, scary house surrounded by palm trees. A  
 cinematic lightning bolt flashes across the landscape- making  
 you want to do the "Time Warp" again!

BACK TO SCENE

Andrew, Brian, and Hill are huddled together, freaking out with the Uber Driver... who somehow slipped into the back seat.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
 (to Uber Driver)  
 What the hell are you doing back here?

UBER DRIVER  
 (seductively)  
 You tell me.

ANDREW  
 Eww.

Andrew opens the car door. One by one, the roommates exit with their bags- leaving the Uber Driver inside.

HILL  
 F-Y-I Mister Uber Driver... we are not leaving you a good review.

UBER DRIVER  
 Awe, how about the tip? Just the tip?

ANDREW/BRIAN/HILL  
 No!

The Uber Driver's pervy smile morphs into a sad, frowny face as he watches his passengers abandon him.

EXT. MANSION/WALKWAY - NIGHT

Andrew, Brian, and Hill warily approach the house and observe a dark silhouette peering back at them from behind the window.

HILL  
 (frightened)  
 And-- that's my cue.

As Hill turns to run, Andrew throws her over his shoulder and carries her down the walkway until they reach the...

EXT. MANSION/FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Andrew presses the door bell and a creepy ring sound goes off... just as expected.

The door slowly opens on KEVIN, 40's, dressed in a catering tuxedo. She's a weird one. Like, super weird.

KEVIN  
(dramatic)  
Welcome... to orientation.

The roommates stand frozen in the doorway, thrown off by the tiny butler.

INT. MANSION/FOYER - NIGHT

The roommates are gathered in the foyer for orientation-sizing up their fellow competitors.

JEB MOREHEAD, late 30's, is standing at attention in the corner with his brother-cousin JESSE, 20's, and their mother FLORENCE, 60's, who's resting on her electric scooter. Their uniforms consist of matching camouflage fishing vests and trucker hats. **Our "Professional" Ghost Hunting team.**

Sitting casually on the staircase with an arm full of "Home Depot" bags is JILL, 30's, with her wife LYNNE, 30's. **Our "Intermediate" Ghost Hunting Team.**

Lynne flashes an obligatory smile over at Andrew, Brian, and Hill. **Our "Beginner" Ghost Hunting Team.**

BRIAN  
This seems pretty normal-ish.

ANDREW  
(pointing to teams)  
Oh, yeah. I mean, we have the  
"Trailer Park Boys" over there,  
"Ellen and Portia" of course, and  
the "Tiny Butler."

Kevin pops up behind the roommates. She does this a lot, folks. So, get used to it!

KEVIN  
I'm actually the temporary  
assistant to the regional butler...  
who's unfortunately still missing.  
(beat)  
I'm also a lot of fun at funerals.

She pauses for a reaction. Nothing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Tough crowd. Ok, phones in the  
basket.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Can't have you "twittering" or  
"insta graham cracker-ing" and  
breaking the non-disclosure.

Kevin goes around with a basket collecting phones from the teams.

HILL  
What? No. I need my--

KEVIN  
(in a German accent)  
Phones en ze basket, people!

Kevin points the basket at them like a pistol.

ANDREW  
Oh my god, here!

Andrew and Brian quickly pull their phones from their pockets, toss them in the basket, and throw their hands in the air.

Kevin intimidatingly steps closer to Hill.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
(to Hill)  
Just do what the woman wants.

Hill locks eyes with Kevin and slowly surrenders her phone.

HILL  
Don't-- browse-- my history.

Kevin respectfully nods and then turns to address everyone.

KEVIN  
Dinner will be served in the dining  
room. Please, follow me.

Florence signals for her boys to collect their trash bags, a.k.a. "suitcases." As everyone piles behind Kevin with their belongings for the weekend, Hill pulls Brian out of line.

HILL  
(anxious)  
Brian, I need you to help me.

BRIAN  
But... dinner's ready.

HILL

I'm freaking out! Do you know what's going to happen to us in there?

BRIAN

We're going to eat... because dinner's ready.  
 (off Hill's dismay)  
 And then they might make us play trivia or something.

HILL

Exactly! She took my phone-- how am I supposed to Google the answers?

BRIAN

(whispering)  
 Here, take this and chill, man. Just don't tell Andrew, it's a whole thing. Trust me.

He pulls a small, pink pill from his pocket and puts it into her mouth. She reluctantly dry swallows it.

HILL

Bubble gum flavor?

Brian shrugs his shoulders and hurries off with Hill. In the B.G. we see a ghoulish, female GHOST, 18, slowly descending the staircase in a vintage nightgown.

INT. MANSION/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is seated at either side of the formally dressed table. Stretched down the middle is a ridiculously long submarine sandwich complete with individual bags of chips.

BRIAN

(disappointed)  
 Is that a giant party sub?

ANDREW

"Subway" must be out of rack of lamb today. Too bad.

BRIAN

This was my only expectation, man!

We hear Jill's stomach GROWL from a few seats away.

JILL

(to Lynne)

I don't care, I'm going for it. I worked all day and I'm fucking starving.

As she reaches for the sandwich, Lynne catches the Morehead family eyeing them from across the table. Embarrassed, Lynne smiles at them, stopping her wife mid-reach.

LYNNE

(sotto to Jill)

Your dining etiquette is horrendous.

KEVIN

Ladies, gentlemen, and others.  
Your hostess... Delores Quackenbushen!

Jeb springs up in roaring applause as a large chair at the end of the table swivels around revealing DELORES QUACKENBUSHEN, 50's, dressed in gaudy costume jewelry and an old-fashioned ballgown.

As she turns to face her guests, her knees hit the table with a BANG, interrupting her grand entrance.

DELORES

(in pain)

Son of a Babylon whore-- I ripped my panty hose...

She searches the sides of her chair for the adjustment lever.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Kevin, be a doll and help me get this fucking chair under control!

Andrew leans over to Hill.

ANDREW

Oh my god, the little one's name is Kevin?

HILL

That's actually a pretty cool name, man.

Andrew looks suspiciously at Hill as Kevin scurries over to assist Delores, who is flailing up and down and all around. Finally, the chair stabilizes and Kevin rolls Delores to the table.

DELORES

(in a pretentious accent)  
 Welcome, everyone. I am so happy to  
 have you in my home. My very  
 expensive home...

She looks disappointedly at her guests.

DELORES (CONT'D)

(breaking accent)  
 Interesting. None of you are  
 wearing any black. I expected a  
 bunch of goths to show up, you  
 know, with fun leather harnesses  
 and lots of kinky fetishes?

(beat)

Anyway, I guess we'll just have  
 dinner and get to know one  
 another... through polite  
 conversation.

Jill reaches for the sub again.

DELORES (CONT'D)

(back to pretentious  
 accent)

But, first I'd like to share a few  
 of my infamous stories...

Jill slinks back in her chair as Kevin begins a "round of  
 applause" for Delores- demanding everyone to chime in.

DELORES (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you!

(theatrical)

This house is old. It has history.  
 Back when the estate was first  
 built, it was erected over an  
 ancient burial site. When the  
 original owners lived here, they  
 had a number of scary incidents  
 happen. One night, after a T-V  
 stole a child, they finally brought  
 in a psychic to perform a  
 cleansing. It was later discovered  
 that not all of the graves were  
 removed--

JILL

(sotto to Andrew)

Isn't that the premise of  
 "Poltergeist?"

DELORES

Later, the next owners had strange occurrences with animals. Apparently, the little fur balls had been brought back to life and were terrorizing the town--

ANDREW

(sotto to Jill)

That's "Pet Sematary." I remember the trailer.

JEB

Shhh!

Jeb aggressively points a mini pencil at Andrew and resumes taking notes.

DELORES

I had originally chalked all of these rumors up to folklore, urban legend, and Stephen King until... it started happening to me.

(pantomiming)

Doors would close on their own. I'd hear footsteps creeping in the night. It wasn't until my most prized possession went missing, a bracelet belonging to my great grandmother, that I realized I needed to get this thing under control!

(breaking accent)

I may be the second wife of the first cousin of the guy who indirectly knew the neighbor of the Amityville Horror House. But, that doesn't mean I know everything about the paranormal. What I do know... is that this house is haunted.

The lights suddenly go out. Everyone begins to scream. After a beat, they come back on.

KEVIN

Sorry, I took a disco nap and my head hit the switch. Timing is everything, am I right?

DELORES

(annoyed)

Kevin! Fetch me a vodka soda in a tall glass.

(MORE)

DELORES (CONT'D)

(beat)

Hold the soda, hold the ice, and  
pour up to a quarter inch from the  
top.

Kevin nods and quickly exits the room. Oddly concerned, Hill  
leans over to Andrew and Brian.

HILL

She shouldn't be treated that way.  
Is there like, an H-R department  
for butlers? What did they do in  
"Downton Abbey" when the downstairs  
people had an issue with the  
upstairs people?

ANDREW

You've never watched the B-B-C a  
day in life...

Andrew stares suspiciously at Hill as Delores continues her  
speech.

DELORES

(in pretentious accent)

Now, you're probably wondering why  
you're here and what your objective  
is. Well, it's simple. Find that  
pesky ghost, retrieve my bracelet,  
and claim your reward. You have  
until midnight Monday morning,  
preferably Sunday night, and only  
one team can win. Feel free to use  
your own equipment to investigate.  
But, I do have some fabulous tools  
for you to borrow, which are  
available in your rooms. Let's see,  
there really aren't any rules  
except...

(taking out a list from  
her bra)

..."Be mindful of the furniture,  
don't leave your fingerprints on  
anything, don't rob or rape anyone,  
don't change the thermostat, don't  
use the silverware in the third  
drawer from the oven, don't use the  
oven, don't enter my room, and  
don't ever-- ever pet my purebred  
pussy."

(provocatively)

She bites!

INSERT - DELORES' CAT

We see a luxurious feline lounging and licking itself.

BACK TO SCENE

HILL  
(sotto)  
Awe, Me-ow!

ANDREW  
That's it. Excuse us, everyone.

As he pulls Hill out of the room, Kevin enters with Delores' drink on a silver platter.

DELORES  
Yummy! Well, I've got my dinner.  
Everyone eat up. You can each have  
one bag of chips per team, Kevin  
will come around with the tap  
water, and for dessert... something  
called a "Tide Pod."  
(raising her glass)  
Enjoy!

As Delores exits the room with her "dinner," everyone plunges toward the table for a sandwich except for Florence, who's trying to reach from her scooter.

JESSE  
I got yew, momma!

Jesse fights through the crowd and tosses whatever he can back to Florence.

INT. MANSION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Andrew enters the hall to confront Hill, we simultaneously see the Ghost in the B.G. crawling away... on the ceiling.

ANDREW  
What's happening?

HILL  
Nothing-- I-- is something  
happening?

ANDREW  
In the last five minutes you've  
displayed kindness, compassion, and  
an interest in British drama.

HILL  
So?

ANDREW  
So, for you, that's weird.

HILL  
I'm not weird, I'm hungry! Or, I  
thought I was hungry. Was I  
thirsty?  
(beat)  
Anyway, would you respect someone  
with an online degree? Be honest.

Andrew vigorously snaps his fingers in front of her face.

ANDREW  
Hey! Quick question for you...  
(beat)  
...Who was the first U-S President?

HILL  
I don't know, I don't have my  
phone.

ANDREW  
What's the thing you hate most in  
current fashion?

HILL  
Mom jeans.

ANDREW  
Do you consider us friends?

HILL  
Awe... sure I do!

She awkwardly holds out her arms to hug him. He slaps them  
away.

ANDREW  
You're fucking high! You would've  
immediately told me to go fuck  
myself before you answered a single  
question. Don't try to deny it...

As they argue, a door down the hall CREAKS open- filling the  
hall with a rush of WHISPERS.

ANDREW (CONT'D)  
Shhh. What is that?

Using Hill as a human shield, they travel down the hall  
toward the SOUND until they reach the door and peek inside.

INT. MANSION/DEN - NIGHT

Delores is positioned on a prayer kneeler surrounded by candles. She is rocking back and forth, chanting, and waving her arms over a plethora of envelopes and receipts.

INT. MANSION/HALLWAY - NIGHT

ANDREW

(whispering to Hill)  
Is she performing some kind of ritual?

HILL

(whispering)  
Oh my god, she's a witch...  
(beat)  
...We need hanging rope, lighter fluid, matches, a wooden duck, and--

ANDREW

(whispering)  
Shut up.

He places his hand over her mouth and she bites him. Hard.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

(shouting)  
Fucking, owwww!

INTERCUT with Delores' den.

Catching them spying, Delores quickly blows out the candles and sprints toward them- shutting the door behind her.

DELORES

You must have wandered from the flock! Let's go join the others, shall we?  
(spinning them around)  
Nothing to see here.

She tightly wraps her arms around them and leads them back to the dining room.

INT. MANSION/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Finished with their minuscule meals, the remaining teams watch in anticipation as Kevin sits on the table- pulling the last Tide Pod from her mouth.

KEVIN  
 (counting)  
 Twenty One... that's a new record!

Everyone cheers. Delores enters the room with Andrew and Hill.

HILL  
 (pointing to Delores)  
 Brian, she's a witch!

DELORES  
 Why don't we just return to our seats?

As Andrew walks away, we see Delores caress his ass, which sparks a jealous response from Jeb. Spoiler alert... he's obsessed with her and wants to pet her purebred pussy real bad!

Andrew and Hill sit back in their chairs.

BRIAN  
 Hey, where were you guys? I've been talking to the lesbian couple about In Vitro. It's quite beautiful. There's this thing called "The Stork" that literally gives them a baby--

ANDREW  
 (whispering)  
 What the fuck did you give her?

BRIAN  
 (whispering)  
 I didn't give her anything, man. I swear to--

Brian looks down at the fork that Andrew has firmly pressed against his junk.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Baby aspirin.

ANDREW  
 Baby aspirin?

BRIAN  
 (whispering)  
 Yeah, man. Look, she needed something to calm her down-- it was all I had on me.  
 (MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I thought, you know, it'd have a placebo effect. There's no reason she should be acting like someone on an actual trip!

They look over at Hill licking her plate like a dog.

ANDREW

(whispering)

Tell her now, or I'm going to serve your little meatballs at my Aunt Lydia's next pasta party.

BRIAN

Ok, just get that fork away from me, man!

Andrew releases the fork and Brian leans over to break the news to Hill.

HILL

Hey, man... you've gotta try this plate!

Hill hands Brian her plate.

BRIAN

Yeah, um, how do I explain this? I gave you a chewable children's aspirin back in the foyer and you're not on whatever you think you're on. So, you're gonna need to cut the performance art thing, man. Cuz, Andrew's pissed.

HILL

(processing)

Oh...

Embarrassed, Hill grabs the plate away from Brian as Delores attempts to wrangle her guests once more.

DELORES

Let's break up the monotony, shall we? Why doesn't everyone go around the room and introduce themselves.

KEVIN

(excited)

I'll go first! I'm Priscilla, but you can call me Kevin...

Kevin blushes as she makes eye contact with Jesse.

DELORES  
 (smacking Kevin's arm)  
 Not you, the competitors.

As Kevin walks away like a codependent child, Jeb rises confidently from his seat to introduce his team.

JEB  
 (in a hillbilly accent)  
 Miss Quackenbushen, I'd like ta  
 thank yew on behalf a myself, my  
 momma Florence Morehead, 'n my  
 brother-cousin Jesse fer havin' us  
 here.

(beat)  
 We're from a small town, south a  
 the Missoura Compromise, 'n bein'  
 here in yer infamous presence is a  
 dream come true. Ghost huntin's  
 been in my family fer generations,  
 so I guarantee we're more than  
 qualified ta crush the competition  
 'n dew yew proud.  
 And, let me declare that if any one  
 a yew's an enemy a the second wife  
 a the first cousin a the guy who  
indirectly knew the neighbor a the  
 Amityville Horror House... they're  
 an enemy a me 'n mine.

He looks directly at Andrew.

ANDREW  
 Ok?

DELORES  
 (to Jeb)  
 Interesting. I didn't quite catch  
 your name.

JEB  
 (removing his hat)  
 Well, I'm Jeb Morehead, ma'am.  
 Pleased ta make yer--

DELORES  
 Next!

Jeb bows to Delores and takes his seat. The wives stand up.

JILL  
 Uh, how do you follow whatever that  
 was, right?  
 (MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)

Ah, thanks for having us, and for the "Subway Snack Pack." I'm Jill and this is my wife, Lynne. We met about three weeks ago and we've been like "Xena and Gabrielle" ever since! So, I guess this would be our first adventure together.

LYNNE

It's an honor to be in your home.  
Namaste to you all.  
(giving namas)  
Namaste.

DELORES

Lovely. Next!

Delores scans the table for her next "victim."

DELORES (CONT'D)

Where's that elder millennial with the busted honker?

Brian raises Andrew's hand for him.

ANDREW

Don't touch me.

DELORES

Oh, don't be shy. Come, hither pither. Introduce yourself.

Andrew walks to the head of the table next to Delores.

ANDREW

Hi, I'm Andrew. I'm an aspiring face model and those are my useless roommates over there.

Hill rolls her eyes as Brian gregariously waves to everyone. Delores pulls Andrew closer and begins unbuttoning his shirt.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Excuse me-- are you insane?

DELORES

Sure! Let's pretend I'm a casting director, too. Slate for me, kid.

ANDREW

(confused)  
Ok?

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Well, I was recently attacked in my home, because I was seemingly mistaken for a rodent or something. Resulting in this...

As he points to his broken nose, Delores starts unbuckling his belt. We ZOOM IN slowly on an E.C.U. of Andrew continuing his monologue.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Obviously, the deadbeats responsible for this aren't stepping up to help like they said they would. So, I found this competition online and... here we are.

We ZOOM OUT quickly and see Andrew's famous torso, wearing nothing but his underwear. Delores steps back into frame and delicately places a brown paper bag over his head.

Delighted, she throws out some swanky "jazz hands" and shouts...

DELORES

May the best team win!

A random and unnecessary THUNDER CLASH fills the room. The teams look around as traumatized and confused as you are!

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW