

DAD, STOP EMBARRASSING ME

SCENE A

INT. BRIAN'S MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING (NIGHT 1)  
(Brian, Brittany)

A NICELY DECORATED ROOM WITH A FIREPLACE AND A SITTING AREA. BRIAN STEPHENSON, 45ISH, GOOD-LOOKING, SMART AND FASHIONABLE, BUT PROBABLY NOT AS GOOD-LOOKING, SMART AND FASHIONABLE AS HE LIKES TO BELIEVE, SITS NEXT TO BRITTANY LOWELL, 20'S, BEAUTIFUL AND IN A MINI-DRESS WITH AN EMPHASIS ON THE MINI. BRIAN HANDS HER A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE.

BRIAN

Here you go. (LOOKS AT HER EYES)

Damn, so pretty.

BRITTANY

(FLATTERED) My eyes?

BRIAN

No, my reflection in them. (THEN)

Kidding. Kind of. I mean look at me.

Whatever. (THEN) You do have great eyes.

BRITTANY

Thank you. I don't wanna brag, but the guy at the DMV asked me if I wanted to donate them.

BRIAN

I donated blood once. But the Crips got mad. (OFF HER LOOK) Inside joke. Hey, I have a little gift for you.

HE GRABS SOMETHING FROM A TABLE AND HANDS IT TO BRITTANY.

BRITTANY

Oh wow, is this your company's eyeliner?

BRIAN

Yep, BAY's newest product. One coat, totally waterproof. That stuff won't come off in a hurricane. I know that because one of our models got caught in a hurricane. Got impaled by a selfie-stick. But her eyes? The prettiest in the whole ICU.

BRITTANY

So how does someone like you even get into the cosmetics industry?

BRIAN

"Someone like you?" Is that code for a straight, black male? (LAUGHS) You want the long or the short version?

BRITTANY

Up to you. But the longer you talk the longer we keep our clothes on.

BRIAN

(REAL FAST) My mom made her own make up and sold it to the ladies in the neighborhood, she started a company, bad stuff happened, now I run it.

DAD, STOP EMBARRASSING ME (WRITERS' DRAFT 1/5/19) 3.  
"Pilot" (A)

IN ONE SWIFT MOTION BRIAN RIPS HIS SHIRT AND PANTS OFF, SO  
HE'S ONLY IN HIS UNDERWEAR. THEY KISS.

SFX: SMOKE ALARM BEEP

BRITTANY

(STILL IN KISS) Brian?

BRIAN

(STILL IN KISS) It's fine. We can  
stop, drop and roll together.

THE ALARM CONTINUES. BRIAN BREAKS THE KISS, GRABS HIS CLOTHES:

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Sorry about this. Probably my pops  
and sister, Chelsea. I let them crash  
here.

BRITTANY

Awww, that's nice.

BRIAN

Nah, it's really not.

BRIAN EXITS, AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE B

INT. FAMILY ROOM/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER (NIGHT 1)  
(Brian, Sasha, Pops, Chelsea, Manny)

BRIAN CROSSES INTO TO FIND HIS DAD, WILLIE "POPS" STEPHENSON, FORMER FOOTBALL COACH, 70, AND HIS SISTER, CHELSEA, MID 30S, SMOKING A BLUNT. BRIAN'S GARDENER / HANDYMAN, MANNY CAMPOS, 50ISH, WAVES AWAY THE SMOKE FROM THE ALARM.

BRIAN

(TO POPS, RE: BLUNT) You're getting high again? What did I say about smoking in the house? Can't you be like a normal dad and just get drunk?

POPS

It's legal now. I can smoke in my own home.

BRIAN

It's not your home. It's my home.

POPS

(TAKING A HIT) Touché.

BRIAN

Smells like a damn Snoop concert in here. You can't be smoking like this now that Sasha's gonna be here for the summer.

POPS

You don't think your fifteen year old daughter knows what weed is? Look around, man, it's everywhere. It's 2018 for god sakes.

BRIAN

It's 2020.

POPS

(RE: BLUNT) Oh damn, this is some good shit.

CHELSEA

(TO BRIAN) Look at you in your "gimme some sugar" clothes. You think you're all sexy. That girl upstairs know you had a lisp 'til you were thirteen? Yeah, you were thuper thexy back then.

BRIAN

Shut up, Chelthea. (THEN, RE: BLUNT)  
Just put that out. And Manny, what are you still doing here? I know you ain't doing no lawn work this late.

MANNY

(EXHALES SMOKE AND COUGHS AS HE EXITS)  
Trimming the night jasmine, Mr. Brian.

BRIAN

(TO CHELSEA) Don't you have work to do? BAY is bleeding money and we got the pop-up event tomorrow for the investors. If I wanted my head of marketing to sit around and get high all day, I would've hired Pops.

POPS

I'm listening.

CHELSEA

It's all handled. And I found out the heavy hitters are from Korea so I rented a Korean food truck. They're gonna serve Kogi kimchi quesadillas.

BRIAN

I have no idea what those are, but I love the sound of it. Kogi kimchi quesadillas.

CHELSEA/BRIAN

Kogi kimchi quesadillas.

POPS

Now we're talking! Who's driving me to Taco Bell for some of that shit?!

SASHA (O.S.)

(CALLING OUT) Hello...?

BRIAN

Sasha? (THEN, RE: JOINT) Chelsea,  
treat that like a first date and put  
it in your pants.

BRIAN CROSSES TO THE LIVING ROOM, FOLLOWED BY CHELSEA AND POPS.

RESET TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRIAN ENTERS TO SEE HIS DAUGHTER, SASHA, 15, BEAUTIFUL,  
STRONG WILLED, HAS JUST ENTERED WITH A SUITCASE.

BRIAN

Baby girl!

BRIAN GIVES HER A BIG HUG.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? (LOOKS AT  
WATCH) I thought your flight left at  
six and then I was going to pick you  
up tonight. (THEN) Well, the car  
service I hired was gonna pick you up.

SASHA

(ANNOYED) My flight landed at six. I  
called and texted you like a thousand  
times.

BRIAN

Oh, shit. I've had my phone on "Do  
not disturb" 'cause I've been...  
working.



SASHA

(IGNORES BRIAN, HUGS CHELSEA) Hi,  
Aunt Chelsea. I texted you, too.

CHELSEA

Was that you? I was like, "Whose damn  
number is this and why do they keep  
bothering me?" Finally had to block you.

SASHA

You don't have my number saved in your  
phone? I'm your niece!

CHELSEA

I follow you on Instagram! What more  
do you want from me?!

SASHA

Grandpop, I'd hug you, but I don't  
wanna get a contact high.

POPS

(FOR BRIAN) So you know about weed?

SASHA

I know your eyes are bloodshot from  
hitting a heavy Indica and your fingers  
are orange from having the munchies and  
binging on Flamin' Hot Cheetos.

POPS

(TO BRIAN) She gets it.

BRIAN

(RE: PHONE, TO SASHA) You did text a lot. And I see you've discovered the middle finger emoji. (THEN) I'm sorry, Sash.

SASHA

(IT'S NOT) Whatever, it's fine. I used your Uber account. I'm tired and starving, can you at least take me to go get something to eat?

BRITTANY (O.S.)

Brian? Everything okay?

SASHA

Who's that?

POPS

That's what your dad's been "working" on.

SASHA

(EYE ROLL, TO BRIAN) Of course, you have some girl here.

BRITTANY CROSSES DOWN THE STAIRS.

BRITTANY

(SEES EVERYONE) Oh hi.

BRIAN

(TO BRITTANY) Hey you. Just a little family business. Brittany, this is my pops and my sister, Chelsea.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And this beautiful young lady is my daughter, Sasha. She just flew in from Chicago.

SASHA

He forgot to pick me up.

BRIAN

There was a small mix up. Sasha's gonna spend the summer interning at BAY. She's a real influencer. Her Instagram is blowing up.

SASHA

I blocked you.

BRIAN

Yeah, but you didn't block Brian'sGymSelfies74.

SASHA

(RE: PHONE) I just did.

CHELSEA

Me too.

BRITTANY

Same. (TO SASHA) Oh my god, I have the same shirt, but in blue. And tighter.

CHELSEA

Brittany, you should join us. You can sit next to me. (SMILING) Please.

BRIAN

(TO BRITTANY) Actually, I'll be back  
up in a minute.

BRITTANY

No problem. Nice meeting you guys.

(BRACELET FALLS OFF) Oops.

BRITTANY BEGINS TO BEND OVER IN HER TINY DRESS. BRIAN  
QUICKLY GRABS HER BRACELET AND HANDS IT TO HER, DURING:

BRIAN

Nope, don't need that. Here you go.

BRITTANY CROSSES BACK UP. A BEAT, THEN:

CHELSEA

So, Sasha, how do you like new mommy?

SASHA

She actually seems pretty cool.

BRIAN

Thank you.

SASHA

Plus, it'll be nice to know someone  
here my own age.

AND WE:

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. SASHA'S ROOM - LATER (NIGHT 1)  
(Brian, Sasha)

SASHA IS ON HER BED, LOOKING AT HER PHONE WITH AIRPODS IN.  
THERE'S A KNOCK ON THE DOOR AND BRIAN POKES HIS HEAD IN.

BRIAN

Hey, Brittany left. You got  
everything you need?

SASHA

(SHE'S NOT) I'm fine. Why'd Brittany  
leave? She have curfew?

BRIAN

Funny. She has to get up early for  
soccer practice. (REALIZING) It's an  
adult league. (CHANGING SUBJECT) You  
see I bought you Netflix?

SASHA

Dad, I use my friend's mom's account.  
Only idiots pay for Netflix.

BRIAN

Sorry again, about the airport.

SASHA

(STILL NOT) It's fine.

BRIAN

Worst part is, the car service is  
still charging me seventy five bucks,  
'cause they say I cancelled too late.  
(OFF HER LOOK) Definitely forgetting  
to pick you up was way worse. (RE:  
AIRPODS) What are you listening to?  
Little Beyonce and Jay Z?

SASHA

No, I'm not really into them anymore.

BRIAN

What? Don't let the Beyhive hear you  
say that. We used to sing and dance  
to them all the time when you were  
little. (AS BEYONCE) YOU READY? UH  
OH, UH OH, UH OH, OH, NO, NO.

SASHA

(TAKES OUT AIRPODS) I'm actually  
really into J Balvin right now.

BRIAN

Yeah, alright. Very cool. (LOUDLY)  
J Balvin in the house.

SASHA

You have no idea who he is, do you?

BRIAN

I do not. (THEN) Look, I know I screwed up today, how about over the next couple weeks I take you to the Happiest Place on Earth?

SASHA

Nah. Disneyland is for kids. Plus, last time you cried on Space Mountain.

BRIAN

First off, it is for kids. (POINTING TO HIMSELF) Kids of all ages. And second, yeah I cried. It's dark. (THEN) Well, what else? There's gotta be something you want to do.

SASHA

I'm fine.

BRIAN

Oh shit, the first seventeen times you said you were "fine" I didn't believe it, but now I totally buy it. Come on, how about we go to dinner? Anywhere you want. Except Hooters. Brittany's mom works there.

SASHA

Well, I do kinda want to go to that sushi place we'd go to when I was younger, Sushico.

(MORE)

SASHA (CONT'D)

Remember the first time we walked in  
and the chefs yelled "Irasshaimase!"  
You grabbed some guy's octopus and  
chucked it at them.

BRIAN

(LIKE A QB) Still got that arm.

(THEN) That sushi chef was trying to  
act gangster. (RE-ENACTS) He Ginsued  
the hell out of that octopus right in  
mid-air. Don't mess with that dude.

SASHA

So can we go?

BRIAN

Last time we went you got food  
poisoning. Spent the night throwing  
up so much you slept in the bathroom.  
Although, holding your hair back over  
the toilet like that did remind me of  
all the good times your mom and I had  
when we first met.

SASHA

Yeah, and you spent the whole night  
with me. You even sang "Party in the  
USA" so I'd feel better and fell  
asleep in the tub holding my hand.

(MORE)



SASHA (CONT'D)

(SMILES, THEN) Then your foot kicked  
the cold water on and you dropped the  
f-bomb so loud it scared me awake.

BRIAN

Then you puked all over my new Guccis.  
And you want to go back to this  
place?!

SASHA

It'll be fun.

BRIAN

Alright, but if you get sick this time  
you're on your own. I love you, but  
not as much as my new Sleep Number bed.

SASHA

So tomorrow night?

BRIAN

Ooh, can't do tomorrow. We're throwing  
a party for BAY for some investors.

SASHA

(KNOWS THE DRILL) Right, work comes  
first.

BRIAN

It's a big deal. Doing a whole BAY  
pop up store. As our official summer  
intern you should go. Plus, we're  
gonna have karaoke.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I'll let you be Queen B. (THEN)  
Maybe. (THEN) We'll talk about it.

SASHA

Great, 'cause nothing's cooler than  
karaoke with your dad.

BRIAN

Tell you what, if you go to the party,  
then we can sneak out and the two of  
us can go to dinner.

SASHA

Really?

BRIAN

Why not? I'm the boss. The man. I'm  
not gonna get in any trouble. (THEN)  
Just don't tell your Aunt Chelsea or  
I'll get in trouble. (THEN) So what  
do you say, the party then dinner?

SASHA

(PUTS AIRPODS BACK IN) Okay, yeah.

BRIAN

Great. The party is going to be...  
(SASHA IGNORES HIM) Right, cool, I'll  
leave now. (EXITS, AS BEYONCE) UH  
OH, UH OH, UH OH, OH, NO, NO.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE D

EXT. PORCH - THE NEXT MORNING (DAY 2)  
(Brian, Pops, Chelsea, Johnny)

BRIAN, POPS AND BRIAN'S FRIEND, JOHNNY WILLIAMS, 40'S, A COP, SHORT, WORK ON BUILDING THE PORCH. BRIAN IS DRESSED LIKE ONE OF THE "PROPERTY BROTHERS", MINUS ANY ACTUAL CONSTRUCTION SKILLS. HE TAKES A MEASURING TAPE FROM HIS TOOLBELT LIKE IT'S A GUN IN A HOLSTER AND MEASURES A PIECE OF WOOD.

BRIAN

Alright, what do we got here?

(MEASURES) Looks like a two by four.

HE "RE-HOLSTERS" HIS TAPE MEASURE.

JOHNNY

That's scrap wood?

BRIAN

(NO HE DOESN'T) I know. Just making sure it fits in the garbage. (THROWS IN GARBAGE) And I was right.

POPS

This is good. Every house should have a porch. Ain't no problems on a porch 'cause ain't nothing to do on a porch.

BRIAN

You can smoke your weed on the porch  
instead of inside my house.

POPS

Good idea.

POPS LIGHTS UP A JOINT. BRIAN GRABS A NAIL GUN.

JOHNNY

(RE: JOINT) Come on, Pops.

POPS

I know you're a cop, Johnny, but it's  
legal now.

JOHNNY

No, I mean pass it over. (GRABS  
JOINT, THEN TO BRIAN) Zia said Sasha  
is here for the summer.

BRIAN

Yeah, full-time father right here.

BRIAN ACCIDENTALLY DROPS THE NAIL GUN. A NAIL RICOCHETS  
AROUND. THEY ALL HAVE TO DUCK AND JUMP TO AVOID IT.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(RE: NAIL GUN) This thing's a piece of  
junk. But you see how quick I was  
avoiding that shit? (DOES MOVE AGAIN,  
TO JOHNNY) Hey, does Zia get annoyed  
with you? It's like Sasha's different  
now.

JOHNNY

Yeah, she's a teenage girl. And  
you're her dad. I brought home  
Mexican food yesterday and the only  
thing I heard from Zia all night was a  
text saying, "You forgot salsa. Angry  
face emoji. Rolling eyes emoji.  
Eggplant emoji." She said that last  
one was for her friend, Kyle. No idea  
why they were talking about eggplants.

BRIAN

I thought Sasha'd be excited to spend  
the summer here with the internship  
and all. Instead, she spent the night  
in her room. Paid as much attention  
to me as you do a salad.

POPS

Maybe 'cause you forgot to pick her up  
from the airport. (OFF HIS LOOK)  
When it comes to being a parent you  
gotta give things time and space.  
Things will work out.

BRIAN

Oh, you're giving me parenting advice?  
'Cause last time I checked you were in  
and out of jail when I was growing up,  
then I had to give you a place to live  
so you wouldn't be homeless.

POPS

Like I said, things worked out. All I  
know is you can't change the past, you  
just gotta move on and keep on livin'.

BRIAN

That's a pretty convenient way of  
looking at life. Let's you forget  
anything you want.

POPS

You got something to say to me?

BRIAN LOOKS AT HIS DAD FOR A BEAT. HE'S GOT LOTS TO SAY.

BRIAN

Nah, I'm good. (THEN) I'm blessed  
Sasha is spending the summer here, but  
if I'm being honest, it's a tough  
time. I'm swamped at BAY and I need  
to focus on raising some cash or else  
we'll all be homeless.

CHELSEA CROSSES OUT AND GOES TO HER CAR, DURING:

JOHNNY

Hi, Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Shut up, Johnny. (THEN) Pops, don't  
let Dumb and Dumber here screw up the  
porch.

JOHNNY

(TO BRIAN, LAUGHS) She called you dumb.

BRIAN

Yeah, that means you're "dumber."

JOHNNY

I know. Dumber is better.

BRIAN

What?

JOHNNY

That's what the "er" means, my man.

Bett-er. Smart-er.

POPS

Stupid-er.

JOHNNY

See, Pops gets it.

BRIAN

I can't believe the city willingly  
gives you a gun.

JOHNNY

Pretty cool, right? (THEN) You know,  
you and Sasha could go to therapy  
together.

BRIAN

What? Black people don't go to therapy. Might as well tell me to go to Jersey Mike's.

JOHNNY

I don't know, man, it really helped me and Janelle's marriage.

BRIAN

You guys got divorced two years ago.

JOHNNY

Yeah, but without therapy we would've gotten divorced four years ago, we got two more years out of it. That was two more birthday sexes. (OFF THEIR LOOKS) Birthday sexes are the best sexes.

BRIAN

Only people who go to therapy are white people. And serial killers. And guess what? Serial killers? All white people.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:



SCENE E

INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT (NIGHT 2)  
(Brain, Sasha)

SASHA LOOKS AT HER PHONE. SHE'S WEARING A DRESS THAT A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD SHOULDN'T WEAR, BUT THEY ALL DO.

SASHA

(CALLING OUT) Dad, hurry up!

BRIAN (O.C.)

I'm ready.

BRIAN IS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS IN SUPER TIGHT, SKINNY JEANS THAT ARE TOO SHORT WITH RED BALENCIAGA SHOES. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER'S OUTFITS.

BRIAN / SASHA

Oh, hell no!

SASHA

What are you wearing? Your skinny jeans are too skinny. You've got a moose knuckle!

BRIAN

A what?

SASHA

That's camel toe for dudes.

BRIAN

Well, in that dress you can see your  
camel, your moose and your damn  
hippopotam-ass!

BRIAN TRIES TO GO DOWN THE STAIRS, BUT CAN'T BEND/MOVE IN HIS  
SKINNY JEANS. SASHA STARTS RECORDING HIS FAILED EFFORT.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You best put that phone down.

SASHA

What? I can't hear you. You'll have  
to come down here.

HE TRIES AGAIN. NOPE.

BRIAN

Son of a bitch!

BRIAN AWKWARDLY SLIDES DOWN THE RAILING, BUT CAN'T CONTROL  
HIS SPEED AND STOPS ONLY WHEN HIS GROIN NAILS THE BANNISTER.

SASHA

(NOTICING, DISGUSTED) Oh my god, your  
feet.

BRIAN

(IN PAIN) You're worried about my  
feet? What, they have camel toe, too?

SASHA

Your feet are old. Too old for those  
shoes.

BRIAN

These are new shoes. The sales lady  
said I looked like Michael B. Jordan.

SASHA

Your old slave feet don't belong in  
new young shoes. You got marching  
Civil Rights feet.

BRIAN

Okay, watch your mouth and go change.

SASHA

I'll change if you change.

BRIAN

Nah, it don't work like that.

SASHA

Dad, this is what girls my age wear.  
You should know that from your  
girlfriend Brittany.

BRIAN

Fine, I'll change. Now go put on your  
prettiest burqa.

WITH GREAT EFFORT BRIAN WALKS UP ONE STEP. AFTER A BEAT, HE  
LOOKS UP THE REST OF THE STAIRS, THEN TURNS BACK TO SASHA.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Let's go to the damn party.

SASHA

(SMILING AND RECORDING) After you.

BRIAN SLOWLY MAKES HIS WAY OUT THE DOOR, AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE H

INT. BAY POP UP STORE - THAT EVENING (NIGHT 2)  
(Brian, Sasha, Pops, Chelsea, Stacy, Johnny, Brittany, Matt,  
Extras)

BRIAN IS SHOWING SASHA, BRITTANY, CHELSEA AND JOHNNY AROUND.

BRIAN

Guys hate shopping with their ladies  
but at BAY they won't because we are  
going to have the "BAY Cave."

JOHNNY

(SHOUTS) BAY Cave! (THEN, NORMAL)  
What's a BAY Cave?

BRIAN

Wall-to-wall TVs, video games, massage  
chairs and free hot wings. It's  
basically a bougie "Dave and Busters."

BRITTANY

(PROUD) First time I had sex was in a  
ball pit at "Dave and Busters."

CHELSEA

Same with Johnny here. Of course, he  
was alone.

CHELSEA AND JOHNNY CROSS TO THE BAR, DURING:

STACY (O.S.)

Brian.

BRIAN TURNS TO SEE HIS ASSISTANT / HEAD OF OPERATIONS /  
GENERAL DO EVERYTHING WOMAN, STACY PHILLIPS, 32, BEAUTIFUL  
WITHOUT KNOWING IT OR TRYING, CROSSING OVER.

BRIAN

Hey, Stacy!

STACY

Oh my god, Sasha, you're so grown!  
Why is your dad wearing your jeans?

SASHA

(HUGS) If you think those are bad,  
check out his Civil Rights feet.

STACY

Whoa, I have a dream you will never  
wear those shoes again.

BRIAN

Stacy, this is my special friend, Brittany.

BRITTANY

Stop, I'm not special.

STACY

(SHAKES HAND) Oh, I'm sure you are.

BRIAN

Stacy is the heart and soul of BAY. I  
don't know what I'd do without her.  
(THEN) She planned this whole party.  
Except the unicorn glitter bath bomb  
gift bag. That was me.

STACY

He's being nice. This party and company is his vision. I just helped with some of the details. Mostly limiting the glitter.

BRIAN

Hashtag modest dad. Hashtag actually really cool dad. Hashtag your friends wish I was their dad dad. (RE: OLD SCHOOL SONG, DANCES) Oh shit, this is my shit.

SASHA

(VIDEOING HIM) Hashtag not my dad.

BRITTANY

(RE: BRIAN) Yeah, that is just... gross. (TO SASHA) Wanna see if the food truck is still serving?

SASHA

Yes please. Can I ask you something?

BRITTANY

(LOUDLY) Sorry, I can't get you a drink. (SOTTO) I had to say that for your dad. What do you want? Tequila?

SASHA

I was just going to ask how old you are.

BRITTANY

Oh. Well, old enough to get you tequila if you want.

THEY CROSS OFF.

BRIAN

(RE: DANCING) Only the sexy people  
now. (TO PASSERBY) And you! You can  
dance, too.

STACY

(RE: PHONE) Brian, Matt just got here  
with the investors. Please stop  
dancing.

BRIAN

Shit, okay, how do I look? Do I smell  
good? (SNIFFS ONE ARMPIT) How's Dolce?  
(SNIFFS THE OTHER) How's Gabbana?

STACY

Relax. Just go get your jacket.  
Tonight is gonna be great because BAY  
is great and you're great.

BRIAN SMILES GIVES HER A KISS ON THE CHEEK. THERE'S  
SOMETHING THERE, WE'RE JUST NOT SURE WHAT YET.

BRIAN

Thank you.

STACY

Just not at dancing. Or fashion.

ANGLE ON: POPS, WHO IS WITH A FEW MODELS.

POPS

So when you think about it, since my  
son runs this company and I'm his dad,  
this is really all because of me.

(MORE)

POPS (CONT'D)

(BLANK STARES) Nothing, huh? Let's  
try this. Who wants to get high?

MODELS

I do. / Yes please. / Definitely.

ANGLE ON: BRIAN CROSSES INTO A BACK AREA TO GRAB A JACKET.  
HE TURNS ON THE LIGHTS AND SEES JOHNNY AND CHELSEA MAKING OUT.

BRIAN

Oh, hell naw!

CHELSEA

Don't you know how to knock?

BRIAN

Don't you know how to keep your tongue  
in your own mouth?! I thought you  
hated him.

CHELSEA

That's what makes it hot. (SLAPS  
JOHNNY) Officer Naughty.

JOHNNY

Careful now. You're under arrest.

JOHNNY HOLDS UP HIS HAND, WE SEE THEY'RE HANDCUFFED TOGETHER.

BRIAN

(TO CHELSEA) You're supposed to be  
working the party.

CHELSEA

Well, right now I'm working Johnny.

BRIAN CROSSES OUT AND OVER TO STACY, WHO IS WITH BRIAN'S OLD  
FRIEND, MATT ROSS. BRIAN GIVES HIM A HUG.



BRIAN

Matt, my man. Thanks for coming. I'm excited to meet the investors.

MATT

Great, they want to go out for dinner and drinks. That means In-N-Out and Budweisers. Apparently that's what they think "Makes America Great Again."

STACY

Brian actually has a dinner.

BRIAN

Yeah, I'll show them a good time here tonight. I hope they like glitter bath bombs. That sounded weird. We can hit dinner tomorrow night.

MATT

Can't. They leave for Seoul in the morning and you need investors...

BRIAN

(BEAT, THEN) Yeah, okay. Let's do it.

MATT

Awesome, I'll grab 'em. By the way, hilarious joke wearing your daughter's pants.

MATT CROSSES OFF. BRIAN LOOKS AT SASHA, WHO IS ON HER PHONE.

STACY

Brian, I'm sure they'd understand if --

BRIAN

We can't lose this opportunity. You  
take Sasha to the restaurant and I'll  
meet you there. (CROSSES TO SASHA)  
Hey, baby girl, what are you doing?  
'Grammin'? Snap chatter-ing?

SASHA

Right now "ignorin'."

BRIAN

So listen, I need to give some  
investors a tour of the place then  
wine and dine them for a bit.

SASHA

(KNEW THIS WAS COMING) So, we're not  
going to dinner.

BRIAN

No, we are. Stacy's gonna take you  
then I'll make up an excuse to leave  
and meet you there. Promise.

SASHA

Dad...

BRIAN

Promise. We're just going to In-N-Out.  
I'll be in and out. It's in the name.  
(RE: SONG) Oh shit, this is my jam too.

BRIAN STARTS TO DANCE AGAIN, AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE J

INT. FAMILY ROOM/KITCHEN - LATER (NIGHT 2)  
(Brian, Sasha, Pops, Stacy)

SASHA IS AT THE TABLE. STACY TAKES OUT SOME ICE CREAM.

STACY

You want some ice cream?

SASHA

Are you trying to ease the fact that my  
dad blew me off with (READS CARTON) "Boom  
Chocolota?"

STACY

Yes, but only because I can't offer  
you chardonnay.

SASHA

I should've had that tequila.

POPS CROSSES IN.

SASHA (CONT'D)

Hey, Pops.

POPS

That's my ice cream. I'm high and the  
Uber driver wouldn't stop at the DQ.  
Felt racist, just not sure how yet.

HE GRABS THE PINT OF ICE CREAM AND CROSSES OUT.

STACY

Listen, I'm not going to defend your dad missing dinner, but just so you know, I've never seen his eyes light up like when he's talking about you.

SASHA

Really?

BRITTANY

Yeah. I mean, you and Disneyland.

SASHA

You know, you don't have to hang with me. I'm totally fine.

STACY

I know. This is fun for me. It's my motherly instincts. (THEN) Not that I'm a mom yet. (THEN) Or ever will be according to my mom. (THEN) I have cats.

BRIAN ENTERS.

BRIAN

Hey.

STACY

Hey.

BRIAN

(TO SASHA) I'm really sorry I missed dinner. You got my texts, right?

SASHA

Yep.

BRIAN

Cool. 'Cause you didn't text back.

(THEN) You know, you should turn the little thing that says "read" on, so I know you saw them.

SASHA

That's why I don't turn it on. So you don't know. Only old people and nosey fathers have it on.

STACY

Alright, I'm gonna go. Bye, Sasha.

(TO BRIAN) Good luck.

BRIAN

(HUGS HER) Thanks, Stace. Oh, and --

STACY

Yes, I'll show you how to turn off the thing on your phone so people can't tell if you read their texts, old man.

STACY EXITS. BRIAN LOOKS AT SASHA, WHO'S ON HER PHONE.

BRIAN

I really am sorry. (NOTHING) It took longer than I thought but, hey, we can hit that sushi place anytime.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

We got the whole summer to do whatever we want. (THINKING) Damn, is it just me or is that a hit song?

BRIAN HARMONIZES THE WORDS "WE GOT THE WHOLE SUMMER TO DO WHATEVER WANT" WHILE DANCING.

SASHA

Can't wait to see what excuse you come up with the next time we try to go.

BRIAN

Excuse me?

SASHA

It's always something with you. You didn't pick me up from the airport because you forgot. You couldn't take me to sushi because the clients wanted to go out. You left my ninth birthday early to take home the girl who played Ariel because "Dating a mermaid is a once in a lifetime opportunity."

BRIAN

That's not fair. She also played Anna from "Frozen"! (THEN) And you've had a really tough life. Got to ride in a limo, go to a Hollywood party and have a Disney themed birthday! You know how many birthdays I visited my dad in jail?

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(AS POPS) "Oh shit, it's your birthday? Here, I got you cigarettes. Don't tell your mom. Actually, gimme 'em back, a kid shouldn't have those. They're too valuable."

SASHA

At least you got to see your dad. You lived two thousand miles away from me my entire life. You'd send a check or a present, but almost never came to visit me. You don't know anything about me.

BRIAN

That's not true.

SASHA

Really? Who's my doctor? Who was my favorite teacher last year? Last night, I told you my favorite artist, who is that? (RE: BRIAN) And don't look at my Instagram.

BRIAN

(CAUGHT) Shit. (THEN) I don't know what you kids are listening to these days. I'm old. Look at the text messages you've sent me that say "Read" by 'em. Or my feet.

SASHA

Do you even know why I wanted to come here and work at BAY for the summer when mom suggested it?

BRIAN

'Cause you love makeup and it'll look good for your college applications.

SASHA

I don't care about any of that. I wanted to come out here to finally get to know you. I wanted to spend time with you for more than just a long weekend. I wanted it to be like that night you took care of me when I had food poisoning. I thought this time could be different.

BRIAN

It will be.

SASHA

No, it won't. I already know who you are. You're a fun guy. People seem to like you. We do these cool things, like go to amusement parks or your BAY party. But you're not a good dad.

BRIAN

(HURT) What?



SASHA

I'm not going to quit on this job, so  
lets just get through the summer then  
we can go back to how it used to be --  
absentee relatives.

SASHA CROSSES OUT.

BRIAN

(QUIETLY) Damn. (LONG BEAT, THEN  
CALLING OUT) I know we're black, but  
how about we go to therapy?

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE K

EXT. PORCH - LITTLE LATER (NIGHT 2)  
(Brian, Manny)

MANNY IS WORKING ON THE PORCH. BRIAN CROSSES OUT.

BRIAN

Hey Manny, what are you still doing  
here?

MANNY

Mr. Brian, some of the work on the  
porch? It's not so... good.

BRIAN

Really? (MANNY NODS) Johnny did that.  
I tried to tell him. But he spent half  
the time with a two by four between his  
legs yelling, "Look, I got wood!"

MANNY

Don't worry, I'll fix it. (LOOKS  
AROUND) This porch is a death trap.

BRIAN

Johnny es muy stupido gigante. (THEN)  
Son of a bitch, it's J Balvin!

MANNY

What?

BRIAN

Sorry. J Balvin, he's a singer.  
Sasha likes him.

MANNY

Oh yes, I know him. My daughter,  
Isabella, she loves his music. She is  
even trying to get me to play his  
music with my mariachi band.

BRIAN

You see, you know that about your  
daughter, but I don't? Maybe I'm more  
like my old man than I thought.

MANNY

If you were more like your father I  
wouldn't have to fix this porch. (OFF  
HIS LOOK) You know, before I was able to  
bring my wife and daughter to be with me  
here in America... Legally. We are  
definitely all here legally.

BRIAN

Look at my skin. You think I'd be the  
one telling President Trump some  
different shit?

MANNY

You are very woke, Mr. Brian. (THEN)  
My family and I were separated for  
many years while I worked here. When  
we were reunited Isabella was distant.  
She knew I loved her, yes, but she had  
to learn to trust me again. (A BOARD  
CRASHES DOWN ON HIS FACE) That one  
wasn't even nailed in.

BRIAN

Yeah, Johnny sucks as a carpenter.  
And he's short. (THEN) How'd you get  
Isabella to trust you again?

MANNY

I was just there for her. I listened.  
I took an interest in the things she  
likes to do. Nothing special.

BRIAN

Hmmm. Yeah, okay. (THEN) And then  
you took her on a trip to Disneyland?

MANNY

No. I've never been.

BRIAN

(GASPS) Well, I know what someone is  
getting for Christmas.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE 1

INT. SASHA'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY (DAY 3)  
(Brian, Sasha)

SASHA IS SOUND ASLEEP. BRIAN BARGES IN.

BRIAN

Sasha, get up!

SASHA

Oh my god, what the hell? I don't  
wanna go to Disneyland.

BRIAN

Hey! Young lady in this house we do  
not speak ill of Jesus or Mickey. But  
it's something else. Now come on.

AND WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE M

EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 3)

(Brian, Sasha, Manny, Pops, Chelsea, Matt, Mariachi Band)

BRIAN LEADS SASHA OUTSIDE. HE IS COVERING HER EYES.

BRIAN

(REMOVES HANDS) Okay, keep your eyes  
closed until I tell you to open them.

BRIAN CROSSES OFF. WE STAY ON SASHA.

SASHA

This is the kind of "Stranger Danger"  
stuff you warned me about as a kid.

BRIAN (O.S.)

Okay, open your eyes.

WE REVEAL BRIAN IS WITH MANNY AND A FULL MARIACHI BAND.

SASHA

What the...?

POPS AND CHELSEA ARE THERE. BRIAN AND MANNY AND THE BAND  
LAUNCH INTO J BALVIN'S "MI GENTE" WITH BRIAN SINGING WHILE  
MANNY HELPS OUT WITH BACKING AND GUITAR, DURING:

SASHA (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Is that J Balvin?

BRIAN

Your favorite singer. Or band. The point is, I know you love him. Or them. Focus on the gesture. (SINGS) SI EL RITMO TE LLEVA A MOVER LA CABEZA YA EMPEZAMOS COMO ES / MI MÚSICA NO DISCRIMINA A NADIE ASÍ QUE VAMOS A ROMPER.

IT LASTS AS LONG OR AS SHORT AS WE WANT. BRIAN AND MANNY DO A VERSION OF J BALVIN'S "X DANCE." EVERYONE JOINS IN. THEY FINISH THE SONG WITH A FLURRY.

SASHA

That was so cool. Thank you. Even your dancing was... you sounded great.

BRIAN

(LAUGHS, HUGS HER) I don't want you to think I don't care. That I don't pay attention. I haven't always put you first. I thought being the "cool" dad was enough.

SASHA

Wait, you seriously thought you were cool?

BRIAN

I want to have a great summer.

SASHA

We will.

BRIAN

Oh, you think I mean with you? When  
you going back to your mom's?

SASHA

(LAUGHS, THEN) I'm sorry I called you a  
bad dad.

BRIAN

It's okay. It's like when people say  
I'm a bad dancer or I dress too young.  
I know they don't mean it. (THEN) From  
now on, you'll know nothing is more  
important than you, Sash. Not even BAY.

SASHA

What about Disneyland?

BRIAN

Don't push it, baby girl.

SASHA

You know, if you still wanted to go in  
the next couple weeks...?

BRIAN

Really? (SHE NODS, THEN SING SONG)  
WE GOING TO DISNEYLAND, WE GOING TO  
DISNEYLAND. WE GONNA EAT TURKEY LEGS  
AND CHURROS. THEN WE GONNA THROW UP  
ON SPACE MOUNTAIN.

SASHA

You mean you're going to cry on Space  
Mountain.



SASHA CROSSES AWAY, AS POPS AND CHELSEA CROSS OVER, DURING:

BRIAN

(CALLING AFTER) It's dark!

CHELSEA

(HANDS HIM A BEER) That was nice what  
you did for Sasha.

BRIAN

Thanks. You think I'm a good dad?

CHELSEA

No. (PICKS UP SMALL KEY FROM GROUND)  
There's the damn key. I've gotta  
unlock Johnny. (CROSSING OFF, TURNS  
BACK) You're just getting the hang of  
being a proud father.

CHELSEA'S GONE AS MATT PULLS UP AND CROSSES OVER, DURING:

POPS

You're there for Sasha. (BEAT) More  
than I ever was for you.

BRIAN

Pops, come on. You were --

POPS

Stop. Just take the damn compliment.

BRIAN

(TOASTS) Appreciate you, Pops. (SEES  
MATT) Hey, Matt, is this one of those  
things where you show up with a giant  
golf check for me?

MATT

Yeah, the investors had a great time last night. They loved you.

BRIAN

I mean... (RE: HIMSELF) Yeah.

MATT

But they're not going to invest.

BRIAN

What? Why not? I need that money. My whole future, my family's future, is riding on BAY.

MATT

They know you're losing money and they think your plan of opening a brick and mortar store like the pop up is a death wish. Sorry, man.

BRIAN

Shit!

A BEAT, THEN POPS OFFERS A BIG FAT JOINT TO BRIAN.

POPS

You're gonna need this more than me.

AND WE:

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW