

AUNT DEE DEE
PILOT
"TEXTUAL HEALING"

Written by

Kurt Weichert

Based on, The "Aunt Dee Dee" series by Kurt Weichert

Kurt Weichert
Weichert Media
Kurt@weichertmedia.com
(239) 810-9356

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - 8:07 A.M. - FLORIDA

Sun's barely up. Birds chirp. A peaceful moment.

A Range Rover is parked in a space sideways. AUNT DEE DEE (60's) parks her cart behind her SUV - sunglasses too big, lips too puffy, holding a wine glass half full.

She pops the trunk. Inside the cart: two dozen bottles of wine. Most are screw tops.

DEE DEE
(to herself)
A balanced cellar is a balanced
soul.

She begins loading them into the back, talking to the bottles like they're old friends.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
There you go, Pinot. Right next to
Auntie Syrah. Oh! Don't squish
Sauvignon - she's fragile.

She begins unloading with dramatic flair. Customers stare.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
(to a passing woman)
It's for a charity brunch. I am the
charity. Smile more.

She opens a bottle with her teeth. Pours it into the same glass she's been sipping from since dawn.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Breakfast wine is a wellness
ritual.

She turns and sees another woman staring.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
(sweetly, slurred)
It's for brunch and emotional
regulation.

She drops the last bottle. It shatters.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
NOOO! Cab Franc! She was so young!

She slams the trunk. One last bottle slips from the cart - shatters on the pavement.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

Murderer!

She kicks her empty cart, which promptly rolls across the lot and slams into a parked Prius. She shrugs.

Dee Dee climbs into the SUV, takes a sip of wine, starts the engine, and immediately shifts into REVERSE – her wine glass balanced on the center console. She she crushes her own cart, nearly hitting two pedestrians.

CUSTOMERS DIVE FOR COVER as she barrels backward, smashing into carts and sideswiping a shopping cart corral.

She floors it –

Shoppers are screaming, dodging. A toddler's balloon flies into the sky.

WOMAN WITH STROLLER

Someone stop her!

SFX: WHOOP-WHOOP – SIREN BLAST

She brakes. A POLICE CRUISER appears in her rearview. Lights flashing.

DEE DEE

(rolls down window,
slurring)

Isss there a problem, Ocifer?

She tries to wink. Her eyelid doesn't move.

COP

Ma'am, have you been drinking?

DEE DEE

(earnest, holding wine
glass)

Excuse me, I have two wine
allergies: lies and poor taste. And
I'm not a "ma'am – I'm a vision.

COP

License and registration.

She digs in her glovebox, tossing out:

Lipsticks, A melted chocolate bar, a tiny framed photo of her dog, Chardonnay, a few parking tickets, a rolled-up wine menu and finally, her license.

DEE DEE
 (sweetly)
 Now officer, I'm sure we can work
 this out... like adults... with very
 good lawyers.

SMASH TO:

INT. SALON - LATE MORNING

CLOSE ON: Aunt Dee Dee reclined in a chair wearing a hydrating facial mask, eyes covered in cucumber slices, a mimosa in hand.

HAIRDRYER HUM fills the air. The vibe is peaceful. But the energy around Dee Dee is anything but relaxed.

Tawni (30s, glam, over it) is blowing out Dee Dee's hair, texting on the side.

DEE DEE
 (loudly, under the mask)
 This was a hate arrest. They
 targeted me because I'm glamorous.

TAWNI
 (playing along)
 Uh-huh. Like Marilyn Monroe in
 handcuffs.

DEE DEE
 Exactly! I had to detox with Chanel
 conditioner and cold pinot.

TAWNI
 Everyone loved me in jail! When
 they took my fingerprints they said
 I had the best nails. They just
 kept telling me I was the best!

DING. Her phone buzzes. Tawni instinctively checks it.

DEE DEE
 Is that my lawyer? Or Wine.com?

TAWNI
 (reads)
 No... it's from Dennis.

Dee Dee rips off the cucumbers like they betrayed her.

DEE DEE
 Read it.

Tawni hesitates.

TAWNI

(sighs)

"Dee Dee, I'm respectfully asking you to stop contacting me. Your messages are unwelcome. Please don't show up to the luncheon."

Beat.

DEE DEE

(coldly, removing mask)

So he does want me.

INT. SALON - MOMENTS LATER

DEE DEE peels off her face mask like it personally offended her. Her eyes burn with the fury of a woman who thinks cease-and-desist letters are foreplay.

DEE DEE

(distorted with rage)

Oh. Oh really, DENNIS?

She fumbles for her phone. Opens her message thread. Her nails click violently on the screen. She hits voice-to-text.

Her speech is slurry - but gaining steam like a wine-fueled freight train.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

(into phone, dictating)

I BROKE YOU FAMIKY UP AND I'M NOT TO BLAME. WAKE UP, ASSHOLE!!!

She watches as autocorrect changes famiky to family. She growls.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

NO! F-A-M-I-K-Y. That's how I spell it when I'm telling the truth.

She continues.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

YOU DUD EVERYTHING to your famiky-
(stops, hissing)
NOT "did," DUD!

She hits send. Then immediately starts another.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 MY SUSTER NEEDS TO APOLOGIZE TO ME
 and OUR FAMIKY FIR HER DEFAMATION
 OF ME!!!

SEND.

CHARDONNAY, her tiny dog in a Chanel sweater is sitting next to her at Tawni's Salon. Chardonnay lets out a single bark. Judgmental.

DEE DEE
 Oh don't you start - you took her
 side too when she got bangs.

She scrolls back through her messages, smiling like she's just submitted an op-ed to The New Yorker.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 That's called truth in literature,
 Dennis.

She raises her mimosa and drinks like she's won something.

INT. DEE DEE'S KITCHEN - LATER

Her husband HAROLD (60s) flips through emails. Dee Dee enters, eyeliner like war paint.

DEE DEE
 I'm going to the luncheon.

HAROLD
 You weren't invited.

DEE DEE
 Neither was Beyoncé to Coachella
 and look how that turned out.

HAROLD
 You just got arrested.

DEE DEE
 Exactly. I need to show them I'm
 still hot and untouchable.

HAROLD
 Didn't Dennis send you message?

DEE DEE
 It's with the rest of the hate
 mail.

(MORE)

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I need more Botox before I go.

HAROLD

You just got Botox.

DEE DEE

I need more.

HAROLD

I don't think your forehead can legally move.

DEE DEE

That's the point, Harold. I'm not going there with a face that tells the truth.

She storms out.

INT. COSMETIC CLINIC - LATER

A pristine white-walled clinic. Spa music plays softly.

DEE DEE sits in a chair, massive sunglasses on, little dog in her lap. She stares down the 20-something receptionist, who is visibly nervous.

DEE DEE

You're not listening. I don't want maintenance Botox. I want witness protection Botox.

NURSE MINDY

(offscreen)

We're not legally allowed to administer more product to your glabellar region, Ms. Dee Dee.

DEE DEE

My gla-what?!?

NURSE MINDY

Your forehead. It's at max dose.

DEE DEE

So was Joan Rivers at her funeral. Did we stop her?

RECEPTIONIST

You cried the last time we gave you fillers.

DEE DEE

I cried because I remembered who I
used to be!

NURSE MINDY

Maybe try a cold compress and a
nap?

DEE DEE

I'll nap when Dennis is dead.

A long pause.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm gonna... call the manager.

DEE DEE

Good. Call God while you're at it.

SCENE: INT. COSMETIC CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Dee Dee storms out of the consultation room in a huff.
Chardonnay yaps from her handbag.

She pauses at the unattended supply cart near the hallway.

DEE DEE

If no wants to help a woman, then a
woman must help herself.

She peers around. The receptionist is distracted, talking on
the phone.

Dee Dee palms a few small Botox vials and a couple of
needles, stuffing them into a satin Chanel pouch labeled "Lip
Gloss Emergency."

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Self-care is self-theft.

She blows a kiss toward the hallway security camera and
struts out.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - WOMEN'S RESTROOM - LUNCHEON - DAY

Soft music. Floral wallpaper. Hand towels folded into swans.

AUNT DEE DEE bursts in, already buzzed. She has a stolen
bottle of Chardonnay under her arm, her hair pinned too
tightly, her makeup melted into a chaos of bronzer and
glitter.

She locks the door behind her. Slumps down on the velvet chaise.

DEE DEE
 (holding bottle aloft)
 Cheers to the uninvited – we're
 just ghosts with good handbags.

She guzzles directly from the bottle, then pulls out the stolen Botox kit from her purse.

She opens a vial with wine-soaked fingers. It slips – PLUNK!
 – right into the toilet.

She freezes.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 (shrugs)
 Five second rule.

She reaches into the toilet like it's a purse and pulls the vial out. Wipes it on a paper towel with gold embossed initials.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 Nothing can kill Botox. Not even
 the truth.

She jabs the needle into her forehead – too hard. She winces, half crying, half laughing. Keeps going.

CUT TO:

SCENE: INT. LUNCHEON – MOMENTS LATER

Aunt Dee Dee emerges from the bathroom, wobbling slightly, wine bottle still in hand.

She smiles and waves like a pageant queen.

DEE DEE
 (calling out)
 The life of the party has arrived!

A hushed horror falls across the crowd.

People stare. A child gasps. Her Botox needle is still sticking out of her forehead. Blood pooling. One eyebrow migrating skyward.

Dee Dee spins, oblivious.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
(to no one in particular)
And yes, I did lose weight, thank
you for noticing.

EXTENSION – COUNTRY CLUB LUNCHEON: WRONG ROOM

INT. LUNCHEON ROOM – MOMENTS LATER

Dee Dee is still working the room – hugging strangers,
pouring wine into empty water glasses, babbling loudly.

DEE DEE
You look stunning, Kristen. You've
aged better than your mother. And
she had work done.

Everyone just stares. No one in the room is named Kristen.

An OLDER MAN leans to his wife.

OLDER MAN
Who the hell is that?

WIFE
I think she's drunk... or she escaped
rehab.

Suddenly, a uniformed COUNTRY CLUB HOST approaches.

HOST
Ma'am? I believe you're in the
wrong event space. This is the
Sulliman-Chang engagement brunch.

Dee Dee stops mid-sip.

DEE DEE
Is this not... Dennis's daughter's
brunch?

HOST
Dennis who?

Beat. Her eye twitches. She slowly turns to face the crowd.

DEE DEE
You're not... my enemies?

She laughs awkwardly and backs toward the door.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 Okay then. Cheers. Go love your...
 sushi or whatever.

She stumbles out.

CUT TO:

INT. REAL LUNCHEON SPACE - JUST OUTSIDE

Dee Dee sees the actual event down the hall. A beautiful spread. Dennis visible through the glass.

DEE DEE
 (to herself)
 Found you, Dennis.

She fixes hair and charges forward...

WITH THE NEEDLE IS STILL IN HER FACE.

INT. REAL LUNCHEON - MINUTES LATER

Dee Dee struts through the room like she owns the place - wine glass raised, needle still dangling from her forehead, wearing sunglasses indoors. Her tiny dog, CHARDONNAY, pokes out of a sequined purse like it's on parade.

DENNIS (50s, sharp suit, drained soul) sees her and stiffens.

DENNIS
 (whispers)
 Oh God... she found us.

MAGGIE (50s, fierce, put-together) follows his gaze. Her jaw tightens.

MAGGIE
 How did she even get past the front gate?

DENNIS
 She's like wine-soaked mold -
 always finds the cracks.

Dee Dee spots them. Her whole body lights up.

DEE DEE
 Denny! Suster! Oh, I'm so happy you
 finally invited me!

DENNIS

We didn't.

DEE DEE

(shrugs)

But I came anyway. Because love is stronger than the threat of restraining orders.

She moves in for a double air kiss. MAGGIE blocks her with one hand.

MAGGIE

Back up, Cabernet Karen.

DEE DEE

Oh please, I brought joy! And Pinot. And a sense of flair this luncheon was severely lacking.

MAGGIE

What you brought was a medical hazard and a dog in couture.

DEE DEE

Chardonnay is VIBRANT.

DENNIS

There's a needle hanging out of your face, Dee.

DEE DEE

(touching it, unbothered)

Oh! That's just a little glam maintenance. I'm aging like a fine wine – expensive, temperamental, and slightly flammable.

MAGGIE

You need to leave.

DEE DEE

You need to apologize.

MAGGIE

For what?

DEE DEE

For defaming me. And for stealing Daddy's watch in 1986.

MAGGIE

It was YOUR watch. You pawned it for eyeliner and a psychic reading.

DEE DEE
It was a spiritual investment.

DENNIS
Okay. We're done.

DEE DEE
Oh, you've been done, Dennis. Your khakis told us years ago.

MAGGIE
One more comment, Dee, and I swear to God I'll take that dog and give it a quiet life in a sober household.

Beat. Dee Dee gasps.

DEE DEE
That is a declaration of war.

INT. REAL LUNCHEON - MOMENTS LATER

Gasps ripple through the crowd as DEE DEE climbs onto the stage where the caterer was about to introduce the bride-to-be.

DEE DEE
(into mic)
I just want to say a few words before the salmon gets warm and the love gets lukewarm.

MAGGIE
Jesus, no.

DENNIS
I'm calling someone.

DEE DEE
(a hand raised)
Let me speak my truth!

The room quiets out of morbid curiosity. Chardonnay sneezes in her purse.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
Family is everything. And by everything, I mean a cocktail of guilt, Botox, and betrayal. But still... everything.

She sways slightly, takes a deep sip of wine.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 Love is complicated. Like a cork in
 a screw-top world. Like me.

Guests exchange uneasy glances.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 Now Dennis, I know you said you
 didn't want me here. And Maggie,
 you said—and I quote—"If she shows
 up, I'm burning the tent down."

Beat.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 But I forgive you.

MAGGIE
 You are not the victim here.

DEE DEE
 I am the only one here who told the
 truth. And that truth is... your
 daughter's fiancé is cute, but he
 dresses like he sells pyramid
 schemes.

GASP. The crowd recoils. Someone drops a fork. The MOTHER OF
 THE GROOM stands.

MOTHER OF GROOM
 Excuse me!?

DEE DEE
 I said what I said. Also:
 Chardonnay needs to pee.

MAGGIE
 (to Dennis)
 Get the leash. I'll call security.

DEE DEE
 (to everyone, arms wide)
 To love! To loyalty! To looking
 fabulous in court documents!

She raises her glass high.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 Cheers, bitches!

She stumbles. Her wine spills onto the mic. Sparks fly. The
 lights flicker.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
 (faintly, as power cuts
 out)
 That's called a mic drop...

SLO-MO:

Wine sloshes... arcs through the air... ... lands squarely ON
 THE MICROPHONE.

ZAP!

POP!

The mic crackles violently – DEE DEE's extensions lift like
 she just licked a toaster.

DEE DEE
 (gasping)
 I see... glitter...

FLASH! A small electric shock jumps from the mic to the METAL
 PODIUM – which connects to a CATERER holding a serving tray
 nearby.

CATERER
 Yeeow!!

He flails – a shrimp cocktail goes airborne and splats onto a
 guest's white pantsuit.

DEE DEE
 (blinking, singed)
 Was that the Holy Spirit?

She teeters. Chardonnay BARKS.

MAGGIE grabs her by the arm, dragging her off the stage.

MAGGIE
 Congratulations. You electrocuted a
 waiter and insulted my future son-
 law.

DEE DEE
 Tell your daughter she can do
 better. And if she needs a real
 toast—
 (she belches softly)
 –call me.

DENNIS
 Security's on the way.

DEE DEE
I am the security.

She raises her glass to no one in particular, then downs it.

SMASH TO BLACK.

[END OF ACT I]

INT. DEE DEE'S BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The Florida sun beats down. A fountain burbles. Flamingo statues glint in the landscaping like gaudy sentinels.

JULIO (40s), calm, sweat on his brow, trims hedges with monk-like focus. He wears earbuds – not for music, but as a defense system.

AUNT DEE DEE storms out in oversized sunglasses, carrying Chardonnay like a football and nursing a bottle of Pinot like an IV.

DEE DEE
Julio! Oh, thank God. The only man
who gets me.

JULIO
(mutters, barely looking)
Hola, Señora Dee Dee.

DEE DEE
You saw the news?

Julio doesn't respond. He has not seen the news.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
Apparently I'm "banned" from The
Cypress Grove Banquet Hall. For
what, Julio? For telling the truth?

JULIO
Maybe... sit down?

She dramatically flops into a chaise lounge.

DEE DEE
They're saying I electrocuted a
waiter. He's fine! He spilled
shrimp on his own pants. And if
anything, he needed that wake-up
zap.

Julio silently prunes a bush shaped like a dolphin.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

You understand me. You're a man of elegance. Of taste. You saw what happened to my family. The jealousy. The persecution. The... jealousy.

JULIO

(quiet, still not looking up)
You have something... in your face.

DEE DEE

Oh!
(she touches her forehead, pulls out another forgotten needle)
It's decorative.

JULIO

Looks medical.

DEE DEE

Well, thank you for noticing. Harold didn't say a thing.

She leans in, slurring with conspiratorial glee.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

Julio. Be honest. You think I looked good yesterday, didn't you?

JULIO

(beat, shrugs)
You looked... expensive.

DEE DEE

(eyes misting)
That's the nicest thing anyone's said to me all day.

Julio nods once, then puts on real noise-canceling headphones and walks away – as Dee Dee toasts the sky with Chardonnay in one hand, Pinot in the other.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

To my allies. Few but fabulous.

SMASH CUT TO:

News footage of Dee Dee being escorted from the luncheon by security and trying to swipe mimosas from another table.

INT. DEE DEE'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT EVENING

The counters are covered in half-eaten takeout. AUNT DEE DEE is perched on a barstool like a lounge singer on her third set. HAROLD, passive and exhausted, watches golf highlights on mute.

DEE DEE

You heard what they said, Harold.
"I'm banned." Banned. Like a
cigarette ad or a bikini wax gone
too far.

HAROLD

Maybe just take a beat-

DEE DEE

A beat? No. I'm taking Florida
back. One mimosa at a time.

She slides off the stool and nearly eats it.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

I'm hosting a brunch. A real one.
Not this... beige casserole country
club cowardice.

HAROLD

You hate brunch.

DEE DEE

Exactly! Which is why I'll do it
right.

She yanks open a drawer and pulls out an old "VISION BOARD" notebook covered in lipstick kisses and wine rings.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

We'll have wine flights, emotional
support llamas, and a champagne
wall in the shape of my thighs.

HAROLD

You mean "through the shape of your
thighs?"

DEE DEE

Details, Harold. Greatness is in
the delusion.

INT. SALON - NEXT DAY

TAWNI is applying toner to Dee Dee's hair with one hand while texting herself voice notes with the other. Dee Dee reclines with foil-wrapped hair and a sparkling mimosa in hand.

DEE DEE

This brunch will change everything.
I will rise, like a soufflé at sea
level.

TAWNI

Sure. Who's invited?

DEE DEE

Jan from pickleball.

TAWNI

You don't play pickleball.

DEE DEE

I attend pickleball. It's a
networking sport for women with
tennis injuries and unresolved
trauma.

TAWNI

Ah. Very niche.

DEE DEE

Also Linda with the dolphin yacht.

TAWNI

What's a dolphin yacht?

DEE DEE

It's a yacht... shaped like a
dolphin. She says it improves her
aura.

TAWNI

(under breath)
That tracks.

DEE DEE

And maybe Rita. If she apologizes
for spreading that lie about my
truffle oil being infused and not
cold-extracted.

TAWNI

(high sarcasm)
The nerve.

DEE DEE

I want you to host. Or emcee. Or...
vibe manage.

TAWNI

Do I get a title?

DEE DEE

Yes: Spiritual Coordinator of
Aspirational Elegance. There will
be exposure. To power. And possibly
shrimp poisoning.

TAWNI

It's what I've always dreamed of.

Tawni turns slightly and whispers into her phone's voice
recorder.

TAWNI (CONT'D)

(into the mic)

Episode 19: Brunch as Battlefield.
Alternate title: No Eggs, Just
Trauma.

Dee Dee raises her mimosa and toasts her reflection.

DEE DEE

To legacy. To brunch. And to
vengeance... served poached.

ACT III

INT. CATERING COMPANY - LATER THAT DAY

Dee Dee storms in mid-consultation.

DEE DEE
Listen, I need a brunch that says
"eat, pray, fear me."

The CATERER blinks.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
We open with French toast shooters.
Then crab legs that spell out the
word resilience. Dessert should be
whatever Oprah would fear.

CATERER
Do you have a head count?

DEE DEE
That depends how many cease-and-
desists get returned unopened.

EXT. DEE DEE'S BACKYARD - SAME TIME

JULIO trims hedges with serenity. Dee Dee bursts outside,
notebook in hand.

DEE DEE
Julio! Do you know any llama
wranglers?

JULIO
No.

DEE DEE
Fine. We'll pivot. Do you have an
ice sculpture guy?

JULIO
No.

DEE DEE
Ugh! Everyone's so limited.

Julio puts in headphones and mows silently away.

INT. SALON - EVENING

TAWNI scrolls through her phone, editing audio clips from Dee Dee.

We hear her voice saying:

"It's not drunk if it's fermented intention."

"My brunch will have better lighting than my wedding, Harold. And more believable vows."

Tawni hits pause and grins.

TAWNI

I'm winning awards for this.

She sips her iced coffee and hits record.

TAWNI (CONT'D)

Bangs and Brutes, podcast episode
20 teaser: "The Mimosa That Killed
a Dynasty."

INT. DEE DEE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The room is lit only by candlelight and a television playing Real Housewives on loop.

Dee Dee lays on the couch, holding Chardonnay in one hand and texting wildly with the other.

DEE DEE

(texting, slurring aloud)

To: Entire Contact List. Save the
date, you crusty flamingos! Brunch
is coming. Wear something that
makes you hate yourself less.

She hits send, grins.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)

Let's see if the social ladder's
ready for me to skip every rung.

She passes out.

Smash cut to:

INT. DEE DEE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candles everywhere. Tarot cards on the coffee table. A Himalayan salt lamp glows purple. DEE DEE, drunk in a silk kimono, holds a wine glass in one hand and her dog CHARDONNAY in the other.

TAWNI, half-stoned, half-exhausted, sits across from her with an iPhone on record.

DEE DEE
(pouring more wine)
Alright, Mystic Tawni. Do your worst. I need... answers.

TAWNI
(sighs)
Okay. Spirits of brunches past, present, and yet to RSVP... we summon thee.

She flips over a tarot card: THE TOWER.

DEE DEE
Oh no. That's bad, right?

TAWNI
Maybe. Could also mean "new construction."

DEE DEE
(reads the card)
Says here it symbolizes collapse, chaos, and—wait—is that a lady falling out of a burning building?

TAWNI
Or it's a metaphor for brunch seating. Open to interpretation.

DEE DEE
Ask the spirits! Ask them if I'm meant for greatness.

TAWNI
(in trance voice)
Oh powerful realm beyond the veil... is Dee Dee's luncheon destined to be a glittering success or a flaming wagon of shame?

Wind chimes rattle outside. Dee Dee gasps.

DEE DEE
DID YOU HEAR THAT?

TAWNI
It's just a breeze.

DEE DEE
No—it's Granny Lulu! She's here.
She says "More shrimp. Less rage."
And also... I owe her a bracelet?

TAWNI
Wow. She's really specific.

Dee Dee takes Tawni's hands.

DEE DEE
Promise me you'll host the séance
at the brunch. I want ghosts. I
want drama. I want... mystic crab
cakes!

TAWNI
Only if I get to plug my podcast.

DEE DEE
You can plug whatever you want. I
may be a mess, but I'm a connected
mess.

Chardonnay barks. A wine glass falls off the table and
shatters.

DEE DEE freezes, eyes wide.

DEE DEE (CONT'D)
That... was Grandpa. He always hated
Merlot.

TAWNI
(quietly, into recorder)
Episode 21: Paranormal Paranoia and
Pinot Grigio.

DEE DEE
(turning to camera that
doesn't exist)
My brunch is going to be historic.

TAWNI
(to herself)
If this brunch implodes, I get 50k
downloads on my podcast "Bangs and
Brutes."

SMASH TO BLACK.

ON SCREEN: NEXT TIME ON AUNT DEE DEE - "BRUNCH BITCH"