

THE IMMORTALS

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

The living room of the TUCKERMAN family - fully furnished yet completely bare of any distinguishing decorations - think "lived-in modern."

THEY ARE OVER 5,000 YEARS OLD, NEVER AGE, AND NEVER DIE.

ABE TUCKERMAN (40s), the father, in loose, minimalist clothing just this side of "hippie guru," scans a newspaper with saintly concern.

ABE

(shaking head)

War... murder... scandal...

I remember a simpler time.

(tossing away newspaper)

...before these things were invented.

TAMARA TUCKERMAN (40s), the mom, is a hot mess who has run out of fucks. She wears whatever, hangs out of her clothes, and says "hygiene is for suckers." Yet it works. Smokingly.

TAMARA

Sorry, can't talk. Busy.

She chugs from a bottle of RUM. Not her first.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

...Doing the thing that makes me not hear the talking anymore.

In the door slumps NIM TUCKERMAN (12), their son and a gangly, perpetual almost-teen. His zits have zits. His voice has been breaking for centuries and will never fully change.

By contrast, striding arrogantly in is daughter ASTER (9), her attire and bearing is "4th grade Greco-Roman goddess" - but entirely undercut by her adorable Cindy Brady lisp.

ABE

Hey kids! How was school?

ASTER

Egads. It's been 5,000 years, and I still don't know when I'm ever going to "use this stuff."

NIM

Ella Meyerson doesn't know I exist.  
I wanna be dead.

At that, ZEKE TUCKERMAN, the decrepit grandfather clad in Goth black and a perpetual deathwish, "rush-hobbles" in.

ZEKE

Did someone say "dead?" Let's do  
each other. Criss-cross!

ABE

You know that's not gonna work.

TAMARA

(to kids)  
So absolutely nothing interesting  
happened to you all day?

Nim and Aster shake their heads "No."

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (OC)

(salacious)  
Oh Tammy, I'm still waiting...

The voice belongs to a shirtless, betowelled YOUNG HUNK beckoning from Tamara's "Woman-Cave," where we can see a disco ball, red lights, and kinky stuff.

TAMARA

(to the kids)  
Good. Keeping a low profile.  
So Mama gets to keep doing *this*.

She giddily hurries to her hunk in the Woman-Cave.

ABE

Ahem? Full-grown man, right here?

TAMARA

After all these centuries, you can  
still make me laugh.

ASTER

Oh wait, twas one thing: I, Aster  
Tuckerman, have been dubbed by the  
mortals at my place of schooling as  
"HAVING HEAD LICE!"

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE

LICE?

The hunk rushes out through the living room.

YOUNG HUNK

Sorry, Lady, I like to keep my casual Internet hookups clean.

He exits. Tamara looks heartbroken.

ABE

(sighs)

Nothing's more awkward than one of your wife's breakups.

NIM

You guys, HEAD LICE? Do you realize what this means?

ASTER

That my affliction shall spread to all of you within hours!

ZEKE

Maybe I'm already infected - and there's only one remedy!

Zeke runs over and STICKS HIS ENTIRE HEAD IN THE FIREPLACE.

No one bats an eye.

He pulls his head back out. It's a SCORCHED BLACK CINDER.

And then, it UN-SCORCHES. And he's back to normal.

ABE

Look at the bright side, Pop.  
At least the lice got to die.

ZEKE

Parasites get all the breaks...

TAMARA

(to Nim)

You see, foolish boy? It means nothing TO US. Have you forgotten who we are?

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLES SEQUENCE

Chyron: 1 KAJILLION YEARS AGO, BC

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

A group of CAVEMEN sit around.

CAVEMAN LEADER  
Remember: NO look at comet!

The cavemen pound their clubs in agreement.

CAVEMEN  
No look at comet! No look at comet!

ANGLE ON: The Tuckermans, identical except in caveman furs.

ABE  
Hey gang, wanna go look at the  
comet?

EXT. OUTSIDE CAVE - CONTINUOUS

The Tuckermans look up as a COMET flies overhead, dropping COSMIC RAYS on them - covering them with a WEIRD GLOW.

The other cavemen come out to gape at them.

NIM  
Oh crap.

And then, time ACCELERATES: The other cavemen drop, decompose, and turn into skeletons... while the Tuckermans REMAIN THE SAME.

Over the Beatles' "Life Goes On"...

DISSOLVING MONTAGE of The Tuckermans, through the ages of humanity, always in each other's faces, squabbling.

- Biblical Times: In robes, waving shepherds' crooks at each other
- Roman Times: In togas, waving spears at each other
- Mongolian Warriors: On horses, in pelts, waving scimitars
- 19th Century England - Nim and Aster are ash-faced child factory laborers, fighting and coughing
- 20th century America - The Hindenburg crashes, an unhurt Zeke rolls out, throws his hat down in frustration
- In accelerating succession, 20s flappers, 50s squares (BxW), 60s hippies, 80s caricatures, 90s grungers, to...
- Today: Their current living room, waving smartphones. They all rush each other, creating a big "fighting" cloud, out of which pops the title...

"THE IMMORTALS"

## ACT ONE

INT. TUCKERMAN LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NIM

So I'm the only one who's concerned about headlice?

ABE

What can a tiny parasite do to us Tuckermans? We've survived fires, world wars, floods... THE flood... the Black Plague...

ZEKE

How I miss the Plague. All was quiet, lines were short, my commute was AMAZING.

NIM

Mom, you work for the school. Don't you remember what the policy says?

TAMARA

Yes, to scrub down the entire house, bathe everyone from head to toe, and wash all the linens. And after 5,000 years... I am DONE with all that shit.

ABE

Well, I see this as a great opportunity! What better way to relate to our mortal neighbors than to finally itch in the same swimsuit areas as them?

ASTER

I have no more in common with those dirt-nappers than a sea slug!

NIM

But GUYS, yu're missing the POINT!  
(breaking down)  
I was this close to mustering the courage to intend to plan to schedule a time to consider asking Ella Meyerson out... and now she'll think we're freaks!

ABE

Now son, a freak is just a mutated friend you haven't made yet!

ZEKE

Ah, forget it, Nim. Love is for suckers.

TAMARA

He's right. Last thing you want to do is get involved with these mortals, more than 5-6 times a day.

ABE

Nice to see she's on the rebound.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAYWORTH MIDDLE SCHOOL - THE NEXT DAY

A school bell RINGS.

INT. CAFETERIA

Students pour in for lunch. Among them is Aster, striding with her usual confident gait, only to find...

...everyone moving away from her.

...people pointing at her head and covering their mouths.

...her usual lunch table of girls suddenly "filling up."

Unbowed, she approaches the gaggle of 9-year-old girls.

ASTER

What is the meaning of this insubordination?

(tearing up)

I'm part of the "A"s club too, right, Alana, Amy, Angie, Adamanthia, and Aaaaaaaj?

AAAAAAAJ

We've... decided to... go in a different direction.

ADAMANTHIA

Like, "hygienic?"

Aster starts huffing, and puffing, and turning red.

Just then a LUNCH LADY hands her a hairnet.

LUNCH LADY

You need this more than I do, hon.

Aster reaches full-tilt rage, bellows with the crisp "R" of a trained Shakespearean actor...

ASTER  
CRETINS!

AAAAAAAJ  
Yeah, that's not helping.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - ELSEWHERE

Nim's lunch tray wobbles from the lingering shock waves of Aster's scream.

Nonetheless, he persists.

NIM  
(under breath)  
Ella...

His target, ELLA MEYERSON, is in sight. From his increasingly BLURRY/SHAKY POV, he gets closer, closer...

She is laughing with her friends, therefore inaccessible. But he edges closer, closer, not at all creepy-stalker-like.

In SLO-MO, her head starts to turn. Now is his moment.

NIM (V.O.)  
*Why do I always get this way around girls?*

FLASHBACK

EXT. ANCIENT ARABIA

CHYRON: ARABIA, 1200 AD

We see a magnificent palace.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Nimrod Al-Tuckerman, for saving the life of the Sultan, I grant you...

INT. HAREM

The SULTAN shows an Arab-robed Nim a variety of harem girls.

SULTAN  
...any girl in my harem!

Nim gets jittery with a perfect storm of nerves, excitement, and hormones. He tentatively approaches one girl.

HAREM GIRL #1  
Um, no thanks.

Nim moves to the next.

HAREM GIRL #2  
Actuallyyyyyy... I'm good.

Then the next.

HAREM GIRL #3  
Oopsy! Just became celibate!

SULTAN  
Girls, what is this? Make yourself available to this man!

HAREM GIRLS  
"MAN?????"

Their CRUEL LAUGHTER envelops Nim. A giant PEE-STAIN blooms on his "lower robes. Causing even more laughter.

REVEAL the Harem is actually way bigger and wider than we could imagine -- an ocean of LAUGHING AND POINTING GIRLS.

BACK TO PRESENT

NIM  
*No, Sultan, do not behead all the girls on my account!*

Nim realizes he is shouting this IN THE CAFETERIA, unconsciously dabbing his crotch with napkins

Everyone is gaping at him.

NIM (CONT'D)  
Well, that's not helping either.

And with that, he does an abrupt 180, only to run into...

The SAME LUNCH LADY. She hands him a hairnet, too.

LUNCH LADY  
The Tri-County Board of Vermin Mitigation thanks you.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM

Tamara is the GYM TEACHER. A mixed group follows her lead in calisthenics. Her style could best be described as "Doing whatever the hell my body feels like doing at the moment."

TAMARA

And 1- and 2- and do some stuff  
with your hands over here-- and do  
an Irish jig I guess, and--

They are all straining to keep up with her confusing improvisations.

Then suddenly, a FLASH OF DISCOMFORT in Tamara's eyes.

She reaches up to her head and starts SCRATCHING. Hard. Then down her neck, then shoulders, then into her waistband.

The students are doing it, but totally weirded out.

NERDY STUDENT

(whispering to another)  
I would kill to be getting pummeled  
by a dodgeball right now.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF "ANYTIME WHATEVS" CONVENIENCE STORE - AFTERNOON

This is where the school "burnouts" hang after, or honestly, during school. They are gathered around someone, shouting...

BURNOUTS (UNISON)

Old dude! Old dude! Old dude!

REVEAL that they're gathered around ZEKE, and one of them is using a rusty RAZOR BLADE to shave the words "BLACK PLAGUE" into his beard.

ZEKE

C'mon! Don't be afraid to let that  
razor graze my neck, severing my  
jugular vein. WHO'S AFRAID OF A  
LITTLE BLOOD?

They hoot and holler: "Not me!" "No way!" "Balls of steel!"

But then, the shaver FREEZES UP.

SHAVER

Old dude...

They all GASP. A TINY LOUSE squirms in his beard.

SHAVER (CONT'D)

Buggy!

They all echo "Buggy!" and flee, screaming like children.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - AFTERNOON

Nim carries his backpack home to the TUCKERMAN HOUSE. It's as deliberately nondescript as possible. Windows are blacked out. The color so dull it almost blends into the background.

He pulls out his keys and is about to enter, when he reconsiders...

NIM

Aw, what do I have to lose?

He turns and heads next door, to their next-door neighbors, the REYNOLDS - whose house is a complete contrast:

A mid-sized wannabe-mansion in this middle-class suburb, with columns and a phony-looking "family coat of arms" over the unnecessary "front gate," which Nim now enters.

In his head, Nim hears these voices:

TAMARA (VO)

Now remember the rules for interacting with the neighbors...

NIM (VO)

(reciting by rote)

No saying the phrases

"Foolish mortal!"

"Back in the Bronze Age"

Or "Oh yeah? Well, I actually met Jesus!"

TAMARA (VO)

And?

NIM (VO)

And if anyone asks, we're weird because we're 'Christian Scientists.'"

Nim steels himself to knock on the front door.

INT. REYNOLDS KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

On the inside, too, the decor is "Aspirational." Trump-ish touches of faux-luxury and gold-plating. Same with snooty, judgmental single mom SOPHIE REYNOLDS, the Black Hawk of helicopter parents to her lone, perfect son SKIP (14).

Nim is seated at Sophie's raised-way-too-high breakfast bar.

SOPHIE  
Advice? About what?

Nim glances uncomfortably at Skip.

NIM  
Could... he give us a moment?

SKIP  
Could. Won't.

SOPHIE  
Don't mind Skip. He is the sole of discretion.

NIM  
Miss Reynolds. You're a woman...

SKIP  
Every inch!

NIM  
That's really not helping with the "uncomfortable" vibe here.

SOPHIE  
Just ask your question, Weird Neighbor Boy.

NIM  
Christian Scientist!  
(starting over)  
How does your... gender... like to be talked to?

Skip starts snickering.

SOPHIE  
Easy, son.  
(to Nim)  
Oh heavens child, just start with the simple things: net worth, pedigree, suitability as breeding stock...

NIM  
There's this girl, Ella Meyerson...

SKIP  
*Ella?* You don't have a chance!  
Unless you've got some kind of  
"Make-A-Wish" thing going on...

NIM  
Pret-ty much the opposite.

SOPHIE  
Beg pardon?

NIM  
Look, I just want to talk to her,  
but every time I try--  
(scratches himself)  
I just start psyching myself out--  
(more scratching)  
Getting all in my own head--  
(scratching head, roughly)  
Know what I mean?

Sophie and Skip stare at him in horror.

Sophie pulls out a giant arsenal of SANITIZERS, and launches an all-out spritz, spray, and spurt attack, until Nim is completely DOUSED IN GOO.

Then she sticks a business card into Nim's gooey hand.

It says "The Itch-Slapper: Hair & Lice Remediation, 24/7"

SOPHIE  
You will march home at once, and  
call this number ASAP!

NIM  
But you don't understand, my family  
- they'll never...

SKIP  
Or I tell Ella Meyerson that you've  
contracted HIV-bola.

NIM  
Wish that were an option.

CUT TO:

INT. TUCKERMAN LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nim is holding up the business card to his family.

ABE

No need for that. Problem solved!  
We all just submerged our entire  
heads in insecticide for an hour.

ZEKE

I swallowed at least a gallon, but  
it did nothing. *What kind of  
merciful God keeps letting me live?*

NIM

Sorry, they have to send someone  
over to go through every hair, by  
hand, with a comb.

ASTER

One of those SOIL-DWELLERS, daring  
to touch my maiden locks?

TAMARA

A lice-checker snooping around our  
house? That is a big "Aw helll no."

NIM

... or else Ms. Reynolds will order  
the Neighborhood Association to  
brand our home with the "Giant,  
Neon 'Letter L' of Shame.

ABE

She can just do that to whoever she  
wants?

NIM

It was literally her entire  
platform when she was elected  
Neighborhood Association President.

TAMARA

OK, Abe, you wanna prove your  
manliness? FIX THIS.

ABE

(playing macho)  
I got this, babe. Sit still, Aster.

Abe grabs a comb and starts to pick through Aster's hair.

ASTER

AIEEEEEEE!!!!

ABE

Now darling. Remember what the centuries have taught us: Pain is but a fleeting shadow, which only exists when we give it light.

ASTER

You're right, father.

Then she BITES him. Abe makes an even more HIGH PITCHED, GIRLISH SQUEAL.

ABE

OK! We're calling the hair guy!

Off of Tamara's "shooting daggers" expression at Abe, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

INT. TUCKERMAN KITCHEN - LATER

This is like if the most unkempt fraternity house's kitchen exploded. Creatively soiled and molded pans, pots, and dishes reach for the sky like dystopian ruins.

And yet it can be all neatly shoved behind cabinet doors for company -- as Abe and Nim speedily do now.

TAMARA

Guys, you KNOW what ends up happening every time we let one of "them" in here to snoop around...

FLASHBACK

A MONTAGE of the Tuckermans throughout history, experiencing the same thing:

- In the MIDDLE AGES, being chased by a mob wielding TORCHES.

MOB

Burn them!

- In BIBLICAL TIMES, it's a crowd holding up FLAMING IDOLS.

MOB (CONT'D)

Sacrifice them to Shalthazam!

- In CAVEMAN TIMES, cavemen in pelts hold aloft FLINTS and STONES, striking them desperately together to make fire.

MOB (CONT'D)

Burn them, soon as we know how!

-Mobs from all three eras join forces to make a GIANT BLAZE, and then...

- Triple-panel of the Tuckermans, repeatedly, scorched, tattered, trudging off, shlepping the remains of their stuff.

NIM

So where now, guys?

TAMARA

(sigh)

Some place where people can keep their traps shut.

BACK TO PRESENT

ZEKE

Your mother's right. WHY must we be stuck in this endless cycle of torture? Specifically, me.

He runs to the oven, sticks his head in it, turns the dials.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Goodbye, cruel world!  
(nothing happens)  
Sheesh, how long does it take to reach "Self-Cleaning" mode?

He rushes to the MICROWAVE, pushes some buttons.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Black Plague, serving size: one.

He sticks his head in. It lights up, hums. His HEAD EXPLODES.

And his body crumples to the ground.

And then his head REASSEMBLES, and flies back onto his body.

TAMARA

Great. Now my popcorn will smell like "Father-in-Law."

Just then, the DOORBELL RINGS.

ABE

Coming!

He opens the door, to reveal...

REGGIE MCMANUS, "THE ITCH-SLAPPER"

An African-American man so big and muscular he has to squeeze his biceps down to fit through the door.

And yet...

REGGIE

(sweet, whispery voice)  
Who's got ver-min?

ASTER

Touch my hair, and prepare to lose a finger.

Reggie cracks his knuckles so loudly, the house shakes.

REGGIE

Bring it on, girlfriend.

STYLIZED SLO-MO - MELODRAMATIC MUSIC A LA "CARMINA BURANA"

Reggie and Aster, circling each other like street fighters.

His hands/tools make a move, hers block.

Their hands become a slapfighting blur.

Various, anime-esque strobed "snapshots" of:

-him clutching her hair while her mouth is open in a silent scream.

-Him sitting atop her, holding her in a headlock.

-The reverse.

-Her fist pulling back for the ultimate TKO, soaring forward unstopably, and connecting...

- with a shampoo bottle labelled "Lice-B-Gone," its contents spraying explosively across the universe.

NIM

REGGIE!

This breaks Reggie and Aster out of their deadlock.

NIM (CONT'D)

With my sister, you just need the right tool.

He pulls out a LOLLIPOP. Aster's eyes go hypnotic. Reggie gets to work.

NIM (CONT'D)

By my estimates, you got 9 minutes.

ABE

(to Tamara)

See, honey? 9 minutes of combing, then he'll be on his way.

REGGIE

Actually, I also have to do a full bedroom and bathroom check.

TAMARA

Abe! A word in private?

She YANKS him out of the room

REGGIE

Glad you folks called quickly. Case like this can spread like the plague!

At that, Zeke's EYES GLOW with new purpose.

ZEKE

So you're saying if someone wanted to spread them like the Black Plague...

(remembering Reggie)

Sorry, Plague of Color!

(continuing)

How would he -- OR SHE -- okay, he - do it?

CUT TO:

INT. TUCKERMAN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tamara pulls Abe with her, then presses a secret button, opening a panel, which they enter into...

INT. "SAFE ROOM"

It's a carefully concealed room, with a hot plate, mini-fridge, and 5 sleeping rolls...

..and also a jumbled mess of bric-a-brac from all different eras and styles of history.

Tamara and Abe crawl in from a secret door under the toilet.

TAMARA

"Full bathroom and bedroom check?"  
You're sure he's not also going to find this?

ABE

Not to worry - the Tuckerman safe room is as safe from the prying eyes of mortals as ever!

Tamara picks up an old BURNED POTTERY SHARD.

TAMARA

You mean as safe as you said we were in that "vacation timeshare" in ancient Troy?

ABE  
C'mon, who saw that coming?

TAMARA  
YOU did.

FLASHBACK

Ancient-garbed Abe catching some rays on the beach. He gets up to turn over, then spots THE TROJAN HORSE. He runs to tell the GUARDS at the walls of Troy.

ABE  
(squealing with delight)  
Look guys, horsey! HORSEY!

The Guards look hesitant, but let the Horse in.

BACK TO PRESENT

ABE (CONT'D)  
So now it's a crime to love giant  
fake animals?

TAMARA  
I'm just so tired of moving and  
breaking stuff. What if something  
happens to our Ming vase?

Tamara picks up a BEAUTIFUL CHINESE VASE.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
(wistful)  
Why didn't we just stay in China?  
The way this country's going, we're  
gonna have to move back there in  
about 10 years.

Abe takes it from her, admiring it.

ABE  
Straight from the Emperor's  
favorite boutique!

FLASHBACK

INT. ANCIENT CHINA - CERAMICS BOUTIQUE

The shelves are filled with exquisite works. Abe is working at the counter. The EMPEROR enters.

ABE  
Emperor Ming! A thousand worlds of  
honor to you!

Abe bows, the Emperor bows back. Abe bows again, deeper. The Emperor reciprocates. Now Abe overdoes it - clearly he's getting competitive. The Emperor SIGHS and gives a big bow.

ABE (VO) (CONT'D)  
(thinking)  
Really? That's all the honor you  
got, big guy?

Abe leans back for the windup. In SLO-MO we see him take THE BIGGEST BOW IN HISTORY.

Which tips a VASE off the shelf, knocking another. Then another, like dominoes, but also going vertically up and down the shelves until the entire store is RAINING FALLING VASES.

As the DUST SETTLES from the cloud of destruction, Abe smiles sheepishly at the Emperor.

ABE (CONT'D)  
I win.

BACK TO PRESENT

TAMARA  
Oh right, that's why we had to  
leave China.

Tamara picks up a TWISTED CRUDE AXE.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Ooh, lookey - the axe you used to  
fight off the Visigoths, the first  
time they sacked us.

ABE  
Not this again! It was the GOTHS.  
Racist.

TAMARA  
(getting turned on)  
I remember you fighting so  
bravely... not really understanding  
how an "axe" works... but pounding  
the antlers off that guy's helmet  
with the handle...

ABE

And you, running around distracting those footsoldiers by cooing, "Who wants a little rapey-rapey...?"

Tamara and Abe look at each other, and something long dormant twinkles. A little. They move towards each other.

They're just starting to get frisky, when...

NIM (OC)

Uh, guys? Reggie needs you.

Nim pokes his head in, catches his parents making out.

NIM (CONT'D)

(more sad than disgusted)

Yep, still everyone but me.

They all scoot back out the secret entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. ASTER'S BEDROOM

You've heard of a "Princess" canopy bed? Try one where the canopy is a replica of the Parthenon.

Reggie is in here, taking notes. So is ZEKE.

ZEKE

...I'm just saying, do the actual lice have to start on the rats, or can they come from any source?

Nim, Abe and Tammy rush in.

REGGIE

Um, what are these?

He points to a huge, functional-looking SACRIFICIAL ALTAR, on which lie several SCORCHED STUFFED ANIMALS.

ABE

You know, kids and their suicide cults. Just a phase.

TAMARA

Is that the time? Time for you to be going!

ASTER

(still lollipop-licking, and lisping)

Sacrifices.

An AWKWARD BEAT.

REGGIE

Well, the... good news? ... the,  
um, burning killed any lice in the  
(can barely squeak it out)  
Children's toys.

Then his eyes spot ASTER'S COMB: Gold-filigreed, and painted with scenes of Egyptian antiquity.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

That comb's probably your biggest source of contagion, so you're gonna need to just boil it and freeze it.

Aster's eyes go WIDE.

ASTER

YOU WILL NOT LAY A HAND ON THE COMB OF OSIRIS.

And that moment, with a sickening CRUNCH...

The LOLLIPOP is finished.

REGGIE

I think it's time to go.

He skedaddles.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

(sticks head back in room)  
Be sure to give me 5 stars online!

ASTER

(voice low and horrifying)  
*REVENGE.*

ABE

Now Aster hon, you can't just murder a guy in cold blood for coming around and doing his job.  
(embarrassed)  
Again.

ASTER

Not him - The neighboring ones, who brought this interloper upon us!

Aster grabs the comb and RUNS. We hear the HOUSE DOOR SLAM.

TAMARA  
 (calling after her)  
 Remember the rules for interacting  
 with "them!"

NIM  
 Wait, she's going to go foist her  
 licey comb on Skip's Mom!

TAMARA  
 (realizing)  
 The head of the School Board -- who  
 can get me fired!

ABE  
 The President of the Neighborhood  
 Association!

NIM  
 FOCUS, people - the MOTHER OF SKIP.  
 Who will now tell Ella Meyerson  
 that I--

ZEKE  
 Don't worry, folks. I'll get that  
 comb.

Zeke bolts out after Aster

TAMARA  
 (to Abe, searingly)  
 Now there's a man who actually  
 "fixes" things.

ZEKE  
 (from down the hall)  
 ...Cause it's time for Grandpa to  
 start Black Plague 2.0!

NIM  
 I am going to never-die a virgin.

As the three exchange a look of worry, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - THAT EVENING

Zeke has caught up to Aster.

ZEKE

Dearest Granddaughter, hasn't  
anyone told you it's wrong to seek  
revenge on someone?

He holds up a PORTABLE HAND-FAN.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

...when you can seek it on  
EVERYONE?

Aster and Zeke share an EVIL GRIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - SECONDS LATER

Zeke and Aster walk, blowing her comb's contents with the fan.

ZEKE

(boxing announcer voice)  
"Put your hands together for our  
old friend... THE BLACK PLAGUE!"

ASTER

Ex-CUSE me?  
(announcer voice)  
Attention, Mortals! ASTER THE  
IMMACULATE hereby unleashes THE  
PLAGUE OF LICE!

ZEKE

Hey! It was my idea first!

ASTER

You're not causing a Black Plague -  
you're just going to make them  
itchy.

ZEKE

If I can't off myself, can't an old  
man at least relive better times?!

INT. REYNOLDS KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Sophie and Skip hear the racket. Sophie rushes to the window.

SOPHIE

Ugh. That little monster would make  
the Pope pro-choice!

SKIP

Lice? Protect me - I'm fragile!

Sophie pushes a large red button marked "NEIGHBORHOOD ALERT."  
A Star Trek-alert-esque SIREN BLARES INTO THE NIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TUCKERMAN KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Abe and Tamara are watching through the window.

TAMARA

And, right on schedule: Here come  
the torch-bearing peasants...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD

The whole neighborhood is awake and marching angrily toward  
Aster and Zeke and the Tuckerman house, waving flashlights.

INT. TUCKERMAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Abe and Tammy continue watching through the window.

TAMARA

I thought we'd get another 5-10  
years before we had to shlep our  
stuff off in terror again.

ABE

Hey look at the bright side: We're  
selling at the top of the market!

Tamara glowers at him, but there's also a touch of sadness.

TAMARA

I never thought I'd long for the  
days of the Visigoths...

A LOOK crosses Abe's face.

FLASHBACK

He's remembering the "fighting-off-the-Goths moment" that they reminisced about in the Safe Room.

Axe-wielding Abe gazes at Tamara taunting the barbarians.

ABE (VO)  
That's my woman, taunting strangers  
to sexually assault her...

BACK TO PRESENT

A new look of STEELY DETERMINATION has crossed Abe's face.

ABE (CONT'D)  
We're not going anywhere. Abe  
Tuckerman is going to FIX THIS.

Abe stiffens up and marches outside, MANFULLY.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Abe confronts the mob.

ABE  
Attention, neighbors!

Everyone stops. Abe steps between Aster, Zeke, and the crowd.

ABE (CONT'D)  
My family and I have something we'd  
like to get off our chest...

The neighbors listen with curiosity.

NEIGHBOR#1  
You're Christian scientists?

NEIGHBOR#2  
You're secretly Mexican?

From their window, Sophie and Skip make a horrified GASP.

NEIGHBOR#3  
We know about the human-organ-  
trafficking stuff, too.

NEIGHBOR#4  
We do?

Aster and Zeke look at each other, confused.

NEIGHBOR#3  
Aaaand, we're cool with it.

ABE

Um, no. What I want to say is, the  
Tuckermans are HERE TO STAY!

Tamara watches from the window.

TAMARA

(smiling despite herself)  
Even centuries later, he's still...  
*attempting.*

Sophie emerges and "anger-strides" toward him.

SOPHIE

We'll see about that, Tuckerman.  
(calling behind her)  
Skip, fetch me... *The Neon "L"*

The crowd GASPS.

INT. REYNOLDS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Skip opens up a closet to find the giant flashing neon "L."

He also notices a ton of other giant flashing neon letters,  
including in other languages and alphabets.

SKIP

How many of these do you have,  
*Maman?*

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

The crowd's anger starts turning on Abe.

Then suddenly NIM rushes out to face them.

NIM

(sotto)  
How am I going to ever face a girl  
if I can't confront my own Gramps?

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nim steps boldly in front of Abe, and grabs Zeke's fan.

NIM

Enough, Grandpa! I know why you're  
really trying so hard to reenact  
the Black Plague!

The crowd shifts from angry to CONFUSED.

Zeke reaches for the fan. Nim moves back.

ZEKE

Because I am a major history buff!

NIM

No.

ZEKE

Because all life is just rot  
waiting to happen, so I'm just  
hitting the "fast-forward" button  
to hasten the pain?

Zeke lunges for the fan. Nim keeps it away.

NIM

No, because of Calley...

At that name, Zeke visibly melts.

FLASHBACK

MEDIEVAL EUROPE

MONTAGE of still-same-aged ZEKE and a similar-aged WOMAN,  
having the ultimate romantic tryst -- among the devastation  
of the Black Plague:

(MUSIC: The Four Tops, "My Girl")

- Zeke and Calley make out on a beach while behind them a  
host of rats from a docking ship swarm onto land.

- Zeke and Calley walk hand in hand next to a pond, then  
break off some bread and toss it to the DUCKS... who climb  
over a pile of bodies to get it. Zeke and Calley make out.

- In a hut, Calley's adult children face Zeke disapprovingly:

ADULT CHILDREN

Mom, we don't like this guy.

Then succumb to the Plague. Zeke and Calley make out.

- A wagon piled high with the dead is tugged slowly along. On  
top of the pile is Zeke and Calley... you guessed it.

BACK TO PRESENT

Zeke's eyes are MISTY WITH TEARS.

ZEKE

She was my one true love, but then  
one day she was just gone, like...

ABE

Someone who died from *Yersinia*  
*Pestis*-linked Bubonic Plague?

ZEKE

Watch your mouth - she was a LADY!

NIM

See? Some tiny part of you still  
knows what love feels like - why  
won't you give me that chance too?

Zeke relents.

ZEKE

You're right, boy.

SOPHIE

Bravo! Weird Neighbor Boy now has  
Goomba as a wingman. HOW DOES THAT  
HELP WITH OUR LICE OUTBREAK?

The neighbors get riled again, "Yeah!" "What about that?" "We  
still haven't discussed the human-organ-trafficking!"

Skip has now emerged with the "L" - which he carries with  
enormous difficulty.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

(leading a chant)

Plant the L! Plant the L!

The crowd takes up the chant as Skip still struggles to drag  
it toward the Tuckermans' house.

Nim draws a deeper breath, girds himself, and blocks Skip

NIM

AND I want to reassure everyone  
that the Tuckermans intend to do a  
full house cleaning and fumigation,  
as part of our plan to be the best  
neighbors we can be!

The neighbors stop the chant, but still murmur, unsettled.

Suddenly, REGGIE walks out.

REGGIE

Actually, y'all got nothing to worry about from the Tuckermans. I found the main source of the lice.

Reggie takes the "L" and effortlessly, with one hand, tosses it so it lands in SOPHIE'S YARD.

SOPHIE

Nonsense! My house is immaculate enough to have one's concierge plastic surgeon swoop in and remove a "unpleasantness" in one's posterior region.

(realizing)

One's heard.

REGGIE

Specifically,  
(pointing at Sophie)  
This lady's bedroom.

Reggie POUNDS the ground, and the L tips over, smashing into Sophie's window. We see a CLOUD OF LICE emerge from it.

SKIP

Ew, Maman, I am NOT sleeping in there anymore!

(realizing)

What? Sometimes I have nightmares!

(shuddering)

...of *imperfection*.

The mob turns on Sophie, backing her into her own home.

SOPHIE

There's been a misunderstanding! I have made my house inhospitable to all forms of organic life!

(making "call me" gesture)

*Architectural Digest*, call me?

Into the clearing steps ELLA MEYERSON, who heads for Nim.

ELLA

Hey, Nim...

NIM

Ella?

ELLA

You're a brave guy, standing up for your family like that.

NIM  
Y-y-you called me a... "guy?"

ELLA  
Well, ok, "Tween." "Prepubescent."  
"Man-child hybrid"...

NIM  
That's enough synonyms!

ELLA  
So... Are you... busy Saturday  
night?

Tamara has joined them outside by now.

TAMARA  
Mmm, one of those "fast girls."  
Just like his Mama...

ABE  
..capable of breaking a man's  
heart, over and over, for  
centuries...

TAMARA  
Oh hush you. Let's go in our  
bedroom and... mingle lice!

She deep-kisses Abe and drags him home.

NIM  
Gosh Ella, I... I... I...  
(starts to melt)  
I gotta wash my hair!

He runs away in terror.

NIM (CONT'D)  
(yelling back, lamely)  
You know there's lice about!

Off of Ella's - and Zeke's - weary sigh, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. TUCKERMAN KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

The family sits around eating WHATEVER THE HELL THEY WANT for breakfast: A triple-banana-split, an entire rack of lamb, a bag of dog food.

Aster sits gazing at the Comb of Osiris.

ASTER

(sighing)

Tiny things, you live and die in  
but a flash. Just like all these  
mortals around us.

ABE

"As flies to wanton boys are we to  
th' gods,  
They kill us for their sport."  
Nice guy, Billy Shakespeare. Knew  
him well.

TAMARA

You did not! We spent the 16th  
century enslaved in a Caribbean  
colony because you blew all our  
dough on "Molasses Futures!"

ABE

They assured me it was the "Brown  
Sticky Gunk of the Future."

Zeke rushes in, beaming.

ZEKE

Guess what, folks: I've got ne-ews!

NIM

Got a little "action"... as I'm  
told it's called?

ZEKE

No, I get that all the time.  
Remember the longevity stats on old  
men vs. old women?

ANGLE ON:

EXT. TUCKERMAN HOUSE - OUTSIDE ZEKE'S BEDROOM WINDOW

A line of HORNY OLD WOMEN lined up.

H.O.W.  
C'mon, Zekepypants!

H.O.W. #2  
We really don't have long.

H.O.W. #3  
Seriously. My bad cholesterols are  
through the roof!

BACK TO SCENE

ZEKE  
No, I just found a scientist -  
well, ex-scientist -- who's  
experimenting with reanimating the  
dead. And he promised to DO ME  
BACKWARDS!

Tamara dumps the Banana Split, lamb, and dog food onto the  
floor... then sticks in a straw and LOUDLY SUCKS.

TAMARA  
Aw, who are you kidding, Zeke?  
There's no escape.

Tamara goes over to Aster's comb, and speaks to it.

TAMARA (CONT'D)  
Screw you, blood-sucking losers!

ASTER  
But Mother!  
(an unusual soft side)  
*I wuv them!*

TAMARA  
Yeah, well thanks to them, once  
again we almost got called on our  
immortality, forced to pack it all  
in, change our names and hair  
colors, burn all the evidence, and  
confront the most sinister evil  
that's been thrust upon mankind:  
MOVING. And as God is my witness, I  
am NOT MOVING AGAIN!

ABE  
Until next time.

THEN THE CAMERA MOVES AWAY, TO REVEAL:

Through the FUMIGATION-TENT of their next-door neighbors'  
house, their kitchen window was open, and inside it...

SKIP heard the whole thing Tamara said.

SKIP  
(terror skittering in his  
voice)  
*Maman...?*

He drops his copy of "WONDERFULNESS FOR GENIUSES"

SKIP (CONT'D)  
*MAMAN!!!*

Off his look of terror, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE