

VIDEO	AUDIO
EXT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY	
MFS: MACK, late 30s, stands next to JAMES, early 40s.	<u>MACK</u> Got the sauce?
James holds up a bottle of SWEET LITTLE RICHIE'S BBQ SAUCE.	<u>JAMES</u> Yep. Consider our tastebuds saved.
Mack faces James.	<u>MACK</u> Great. How does he make BBQ sauce taste that bad?
James stuffs the BBQ sauce in his back pocket.	<u>JAMES</u> I have no idea—
RANDY, late 30s, opens the door. Mack and James are surprised but try and keep themselves composed.	<u>RANDY</u> Fellas! Let's eat! Got the game on the flat screen ready to go.
INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY	
CS: Randy sits on the couch and Mack and James sit down after him. A football game plays on the TV.	<u>RANDY</u> Sit back and get your grub on, boys. Made my special BBQ sauce fresh this morning, and the ribs are fresh off the grill.
James and Mack look at a bowl of BBQ sauce, an extra empty bowl, and a large plate of ribs on a table in front of them. Mack looks disgusted. James has a fake smile.	<u>JAMES</u> Looks tasty.
Mack turns to Randy.	<u>MACK</u> Yep. Can't wait to dig in. Hey, Ran, I think I dropped my keys by the front door. Think you can get em for me?
Randy stands with his back to his friends.	<u>RANDY</u> Sure, man.

MS: Randy exits towards the front door. James grabs the bowl of BBQ sauce off the table, rushes to the side patio door, opens it, throws the bowl of sauce really hard, closes the door, and sits on the couch. James grabs the empty bowl off the table and pulls the SWEET LITTLE RICHIE'S BBQ SAUCE BOTTLE out of his back pocket. He opens the bottle, fills the bowl with BBQ sauce, and slips the bottle in his back pocket.	<u>RANDY (O.S.)</u> Hey, Mack. I don't see your keys, man. <u>MACK</u> (to Randy) I swear I dropped them up there. <u>JAMES</u> (to Randy) Just keep lookin. <u>RANDY (O.S.)</u> Guys, I promise they're not here.
MCU: James and Mack grab a rib and dunk them into the bowl of SWEET LITTLE RICHIE'S BBQ SAUCE. They take a bite of their ribs, smile, and fist bump.	<u>MACK</u> (to Randy) Bro, you know what, man? They're in my pocket.
MFS: Randy enters. James and Mack shrug their shoulders and take a bite of their ribs. James and Mack smile and nod their heads at Randy. One of the football teams makes a touchdown on the TV and they all cheer. Mack and James dunk their ribs in the bowl of SWEET LITTLE RICHIE'S BBQ SAUCE, clink their ribs, and take a bite.	<u>RANDY</u> How does this happen every time you guys come over? <u>RANDY</u> Whatever. Y'all like that sauce though, huh? It's on point, right? <u>RANDY, MACK, AND JAMES</u> Yeaaahh!

[illegible]