

**FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER**

**PILOT FOR NBC**

Adapted by

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From the  
Original series

By

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CAST OF CHARACTERS  
(in order of appearance)

GARY - The younger son. A single, aspiring songwriter who writings jingles freelance for an ad agency, he is the artist and the more sensitive of the two. The baby of the family, he gets advice from all quarters. He makes many cracks at his brother's expense, but gives a little less than he gets. Of the family, he might be closest to the voice of reason.

PAUL - The older, taller son. Paul sells batteries over the internet. More immature, flashy and outgoing, he lives in a high rise apartment with a bunch of other fratty guys, yet is lonely and has good values regarding women, secretly wanting a woman like his mom. He loves large quantities of good food, and is materialistic. As the oldest, he has absorbed his parents' worldview more than Gary.

NEIGHBOR - Mr. Koechner is a lonely weirdo with an odd fixation on Barbara. It remains to be seen whether he is Boo Radley or Jeffrey Dahmer.

MOM - The key to Barbara is that she has spent the last twenty-five years in an exclusively male and immature environment, which has rubbed off on her in ways she is not even aware of. She has an active social life and volunteers at the hospital, but has trouble fitting into the society of mature, responsible middle-aged women because her sons and husband suck her into their shit. Her agenda is to see her family settled, married, happy in good careers. In pursuit of that agenda, she often gets too involved and messes things up. For herself, she is looking for a job outside the home, but hasn't told anyone yet.

DAD - Gene is a hard-of-hearing, retired food chemist who worked at Sara Lee for thirty years. Not the most socially adept in his youth, he is now his fifties, with less contact with the outside world, and his inappropriate behavior and disconnection from modernity has only increased. He has a weird friendship with a Pakistani guy at a newspaper kiosk, whom he quotes a lot, praising his "eastern wisdom." A force for chaos in the family, Gene follows his interests such as old magazines or finding Gary a "female" with dogged determination as he adjusts to retirement.

LIZZY - The family's cousin from Cleveland, whom they haven't seen since she was a spoiled, fat twelve-year-old. She moves to Chicago to attend graduate school, aiming to be a professor of criticism. She is something of a lefty, with sympathy for Occupy Wall Street and very little, at first, for her cousins.

EXT. THE FISHERS' HOUSE - EARLY EVENING ON A FRIDAY

A little townhouse in a Chicago suburb. A Hyundai Veloster pulls up and we hear Gary and Paul giving each other shit.

GARY

For someone who is so into cars,  
it's weird how much you suck at  
driving.

PAUL

(getting out)  
Please. This is a lot of car to  
handle. I doubt you could.

He tries to lock the car and the alarm goes off. He has trouble stopping it.

GARY

Perfect.

They step onto the path that leads to the front door. Gary gestures for Paul to go first.

GARY (CONT'D)

Age before beauty.

PAUL

(no, you first)  
Dust before the broom.

They both go and walk together. Paul subtly checks Gary off the path into a bush.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Walk much?

EXT. FRONT STOOP/ INT. FISHER HALLWAY

They see the door is ajar. Gary pokes it open.

GARY

Hello?

A German shepherd sits panting in the hall.

PAUL

Did Mom and Dad get a dog?

GARY

Looks like a police dog. Did you  
call this week?

PAUL

Nah. They could have been dead for days.

GARY

"Neighbors complained about the stench."

There's a toilet flush.

KOECHNER (O.S.)

Sorry! Sorry!

Koechner comes out of the hall bathroom by the front door.

KOECHNER (CONT'D)

Mine's broken. Didn't mean to...  
(he makes a face)

There's an awkward moment.

PAUL

Right.

GARY

Um, new dog, Mr. Koechner?

KOECHNER

Bout a month. She's a knockout, isn't she? Hubba hubba.

Koechner goes to pet the dog and flinches nervously before touching her, as if intimidated by the dog, who's normal.

KOECHNER (CONT'D)

A very hot dog.

PAUL

Ah, puns.

Koechner looks at him blankly. Wasn't making a pun.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Okay, well, are our parents...?

GARY

Alive?

KOECHNER

Your mother is in the kitchen. I believe she's bought a new bra.

He smiles at them.

GARY  
Perfect. Bye, Koechner. Say bye,  
Pubehhead.

PAUL  
Bye-bye. Where are your manners,  
Lubehead? Show him to the door.

Gary opens the door for Koechner, who reluctantly follows the dog out. Gary fastens the lock behind him and shudders. Paul takes this opportunity to walk into the kitchen first.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mom is in there bustling around.

MOM  
Paul!

She gives him a kiss.

PAUL  
Hi mom! I don't know what's  
keeping Lubehead, late again, I  
guess.

GARY (O.S.)  
Right behind you!  
(he comes in)  
Mom! You look beautiful! New bra?

MOM  
(kisses him)  
What? Gary, don't be weird.

GARY  
Where's dad?

MOM  
Not sure? Garage?

Gary exits out the back door to the garage.

PAUL  
Hmm. Haven't seen him for days...

MOM  
(playing along)  
If he's hanging from a rafter, cut  
him down, won't you, Paul?

PAUL  
"Neighbors complained of the  
stench."

MOM  
(laughs)  
Really! He's not that bad.

INT. FISHER GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Paul walks in behind Gary who is watching their DAD, who has his shirt off and his back to them.

GARY  
Shh. Look.

PAUL  
So? He's got no top on. Dad never  
has a top on.

GARY  
Yeah, but...

Dad turns around and we see that he is holding his pants out and looking into his underpants, holding back the elastic as he peers in.

PAUL  
What's he...? Why's he looking at  
his...?

Gary shrugs. Suddenly Dad lifts up a magnifying glass from inside his pants and peers through it into his underwear.

GARY & PAUL  
Whoa!

PAUL  
Magnifying glass?

GARY  
Um... does that mean it's very  
small?

They grimace to each other.

PAUL  
Maybe he's grown another one.

They LAUGH. Flustered, Dad lets his pants snap shut and pretends to be examining a box.

DAD  
Yes, good solid construction. Oh  
hello, bambinos!

GARY PAUL  
Hi Dad! Hi Dad!

GARY  
How are you?

DAD  
What?

Dad grimaces as he moves towards them. Paul points to Dad's hearing aid.

PAUL  
Are you switched on today?

DAD  
What? Yeah. Sorry, my hearing  
machine's not quite...

Dad fiddles with his hearing aid as he approaches them. When he gets there, he gives them a double hug.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Ah, the two-man army that sprang  
from my loins!

PAUL  
That's us! Hoo-hah.

GARY  
Yes. Um, how are your loins, dad?  
All good?

DAD  
I was being literary, Lubehead.  
You were both born out of your  
mother's vagina like everybody  
else.

GARY  
Was that necessary? After you, Dad.

Dad exits, then Gary exits and pulls the door shut behind him, locking it. Paul sighs and searches for the spare key under pots and garage junk.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Gary comes in.

GARY

Here to help, Mom. Not sure where  
Pubehad is, guess he doesn't care--

PAUL (O.S.)

Right behind you!

Paul enters, followed by dad.

MOM

Gene, put on a shirt, for goodness  
sakes.

DAD

I told you before, it's sweltering  
in here!

Mom looks to the boys as if he is completely crazy. Gene  
exits to get a shirt.

MOM

(to Paul)

So, no Alison...?

GARY

Oh yeah. Where's your girlfriend?

PAUL

Oh, she couldn't come...

GARY

Because she doesn't exist.

Mom laughs.

PAUL

Very funny. No, she said to say  
sorry. She's with my friend.

GARY

Jared?

PAUL

Er, yeah.

GARY

Her real boyfriend.

PAUL  
Shut up. At least I've got a  
girlfriend.

MOM  
(to Gary)  
True...

GARY  
Who you share with another man.

With that, Paul quickly takes the butter knife out of the  
butter dish and butters Gary's hand.

GARY (CONT'D)  
That showed me.

Dad reenters with a shirt on and his hand in his pants. Gary  
and Paul share a look. Gary nods to Paul to say something.

PAUL  
So, Dad. Sure you're okay?

DAD  
It's just my knee.

Dad unconvincingly rubs his knee, readjusting his crotch  
along the way.

GARY  
What happened?

DAD  
Uh... I banged it.

PAUL  
On what?

DAD thinks a moment.

DAD  
My other knee.

GARY  
Right...

MOM  
Is he still whining about his  
stupid knee?

GARY  
Oh, Mom and Dad, good news - my  
thing's tonight.

MOM  
What thing?

GARY  
You know, the music I did for that  
ad? That jingle?

PAUL  
...that he didn't get paid for.

GARY  
They took me out for lunch  
actually.

PAUL  
Sorry. Paid in potatoes.

MOM  
Shut up Paul. It's on tonight?

GARY  
Yeah, the radio - later. It's no  
big deal.

MOM  
That's wonderful Gary. Oh, you're  
going to do so well.

She gets up and gives him loads of kisses on his head.

MOM (CONT'D)  
Gene...

DAD, who's eating parsley from the grocery bag.

MOM (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Gene. Gary's jingle's on tonight.  
(to Gary)  
We have to remember to listen.

GARY  
Oh, and tell Alison to listen too.

PAUL  
OK.

GARY  
Although won't she find it  
difficult with Jared's balls in her  
ear?

Mom bursts out with a loud, oddly fratty laugh.

PAUL  
Thanks, Mom.

MOM  
Gary, I need the casserole for  
crumble...

It's on a high shelf. Gary starts to reach for it.

PAUL  
This is a job for a man of normal  
height.

He puts his hands on Gary's shoulders, one foot on the back  
of his leg and uses him as a stool to reach the casserole.

GARY  
Blah! Get off!

The PHONE RINGS. Gary squirms free of Paul.

GARY (CONT'D)  
I'll get it. Hello? Oh, Aunt  
Nina! It's Gary. Everything good?  
(listens)  
Uh huh, one moment, I'll put her  
on.  
(to mom)  
Aunt Nina.

MOM  
Oh no. Tell her I'm not in.

GARY  
I just...

MOM  
(panicky)  
I was just here but the hospital  
called all us volunteers in.

GARY  
She was just here, but the hospital  
called all volunteers in.  
(listens, then covers  
mouthpiece and turns to  
mom)  
At seven pm?

MOM  
(improvising)  
A terrorist blew up a bus.

GARY

What?!

MOM

A chimp escaped from the zoo and mutilated dozens of people.

GARY

That's worse.

MOM

Say the terrorist then. Tell her!

GARY

Um, I think maybe someone... there was a bus explosion... okay... She'll call you right back.

(hangs up)

I don't think she believed it.

MOM

Of course not. Busses don't explode on their own, you left out the most important part.

PAUL

The terrorist, stupid! How could you leave out the terrorist? Are you trying to get mom in trouble?

DAD

Stop it with the terrorist already! What about the chimp? Has he been captured? They can really do damage.

MOM

Oh boys, I've really stepped in it this time. Aunt Nina's furious at me. She's really scary like this.

She sits down and wrings her hands. Paul glances at Gary.

PAUL

That's too bad, mom.

MOM

It's a long story.

Gary looks alarmed and pokes Dad.

GARY

(loudly)

Dad, do something.

DAD

Barbie? The boys and I, we just want you to know, maybe it would be a good idea to get the crumble started and then tell the story.

The boys nod.

MOM

Of course.

EXT. FISHER HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Koechner, the neighbor, sits on a lawnchair looking in the Fisher's windows and eating Twizzlers out of a big plastic tub. He sees the family setting the dining room table. He goes to pet his dog and can't quite get up the nerve to.

INT. FISHER DINING ROOM

They are setting the table, Paul putting down the silverware and Gary folding napkins.

MOM

So, Cousin Lizzie--

GARY

Nina's daughter?

PAUL

That's Gobble Gobbler.

DAD

I remember that. "Gobble Gobble Gobble!"

MOM

What on earth are you talking about?

GARY

Fat Lizzie the Gobble Gobbler.

PAUL

When we had Thanksgiving that time at Aunt Nina's.

GARY

She was the turkey in Find the Turkey and she hid outside in a bush.

PAUL

And we forgot and played Escape  
From Monkey Island.

GARY

And it started to rain but she  
didn't come inside.

PAUL

And she missed all the dark meat,  
and that was her  
(whiny voice)  
"all-time favorite!"

MOM

Okay. It's coming back to me.

Gary walks after Paul, switching the silverware so one  
setting is all spoons, the next all knives, etc.

MOM (CONT'D)

Well, Lizzie --

DAD

Fat Lizzie the Gobble Gobbler.

MOM

Lizzie is going to Northwestern,  
and she got an apartment in South  
Side in Watkins Tower.

GARY

Watkins Tower? Yikes.

MOM

I know. That's what I said to  
them, and now Nina doesn't want to  
pay for Lizzie's apartment and  
Lizzie is freaking out--

GARY

That apartment was my "all time  
favorite!"

PAUL

It was so close to my all time  
favorite crack house!

DAD

I want to live there 'cause I like  
dark meat!

The others stare at him.

MOM  
Gene, really.

DAD  
What? We're all making the same  
joke.

GARY  
Uh, no.

PAUL  
Yeah, don't be racist.

DAD  
Please. It's called wit.

Paul and Gary and Mom glance skeptically at each other.

DAD (CONT'D)  
"Gobble gobble gobble!" Fat brat!

MOM  
And now they're all furious at me.  
Me! The one innocent party.

DAD  
Mrs. Innocent Buttinski.

Mom notices the silverware.

MOM  
Paul, what is wrong with you? All  
spoons?

PAUL  
Huh?

GARY  
God, sometimes it's like you're  
trying to screw it up.

INT. FISHER HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gary crosses from the dining room to the kitchen.

DAD  
Pssst.

Gary looks around. Dad is gesturing for him to join him in  
the hall bathroom.

GARY  
What do you want?

DAD  
Just come here.

Mom and Paul cross behind Gary and notice this.

MOM  
What do you want, Gene?

DAD  
It's nothing, Barbara. Gary?!

PAUL  
What's he want?

GARY  
What do you want?

DAD  
Just come will you, for the love of  
Mike!

Dad ducks into the bathroom.

PAUL  
(under his breath)  
Do you think he's gonna show you  
his...

GARY  
Oh god...

INT. HALL BATHROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Gary enters, followed by Paul.

DAD  
Not you!

DAD shoves Paul out and shuts the door.

GARY  
This is normal.

DAD  
Gary, can I speak to you a moment?

GARY  
Um... OK. Is there no one else you  
can talk to about this?

DAD  
No.

GARY  
Well, I'm just saying now, I really  
don't want to see it.

DAD  
See what?

GARY  
You know, your...

It's clear DAD doesn't know what Gary is talking about.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Nothing...?

DAD  
So... um... Gary...

GARY  
Yes?

DAD  
Any...? You know... any...?

GARY  
Oh, dad, not this. Not...

DAD  
..."females"?

GARY  
Females! Do you have to call them  
"females"? You're not a policeman.

DAD  
OK. Broads?

GARY  
Broads?! Were you in the Rat Pack?

DAD  
So no females then?

GARY  
No! No females! No girlfriend  
now! No females! Can I go?

DAD  
No.

GARY  
I'm going now.

Gary turns to go but Paul enters.

PAUL  
Nice family piss?

DAD  
Go away Paul.

PAUL  
(gesturing down below)  
Did he, um...?

GARY  
It's not about that.

PAUL  
Oh. "Females"?

GARY  
Females.

DAD hands Gary a torn-out bit of newspaper.

DAD  
Oh, here, Gary...

GARY  
What?  
(reading)  
Great. Thanks. Excellent.

PAUL  
What is it?

GARY  
(handing it to Paul)  
Dating sites. Jewish dating sites.

PAUL  
Perfect.

DAD  
Did you know, there are places you  
can go on the Internet now to find  
girls?

PAUL  
(innocently)  
Are there?

GARY  
Yes, I know, Dad. Yes, girls on  
the Internet. Yes.

DAD  
Oh. How did you know?

GARY  
Because I live in the world.

Mom enters.

MOM  
What are you all doing?

GARY  
It's nothing Mom.

PAUL  
Just Gary's potty training.

DAD  
Oh, go away Barbara!

MOM  
Shut up Gene.

PAUL  
(to Mom, showing her the  
paper websites)  
"Females."

MOM  
(knowing)  
Oh.

She stays and shuts the door behind her.

DAD  
(to Gary)  
So...?

GARY  
So what?

DAD  
Are you going to go on the  
Internet?

GARY  
Well, yes at some point I will go  
on the Internet.

DAD  
To look at girls?

GARY  
What do you think the Internet's  
for?

MOM  
 Seriously Gary.

GARY  
 What? You're going to make me go  
 on the Internet to look at women?

PAUL  
 (patronising)  
 We're only trying to help.

MOM  
 Shut up Paul.  
 (to Gary)  
 Just a little look with Dad on the  
 Internet.

GARY  
 I have to look with Dad?

MOM  
 (so important to her)  
 Please, Lubehead.

GARY  
 For God's sake. Fine. Okay, Dad,  
 let's go cruise J-Date.

MOM  
 (clapping hands)  
 Yay!

INT. SPARE ROOM UPSTAIRS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

DAD and Gary are at the computer. Gary is clicking. DAD  
 stands over him pointing at the screen.

DAD  
 She's nice.

GARY  
 No she's not.

DAD  
 She's pretty.

GARY  
 Have you ever seen a woman before?

Click. Click. Click.

GARY (CONT'D)  
 (reading)  
 "I love life." Why do they always  
 say, "I love life"?

DAD  
 What do you want them to say? "I  
 hate death"? Give me that thing.

DAD starts clicking the mouse. Gary sighs.

GARY  
 That's a man.

More clicking.

GARY (CONT'D)  
 You're on men now.

DAD  
 Yes, alright.

More clicking.

GARY  
 Still on men.

DAD clicks.

GARY (CONT'D)  
 Still on men... Dad,  
 "Sportsjock69"?! Please!

Paul sticks his head in.

PAUL  
 Found a husband yet?

GARY  
 (grunting)  
 Huh.

PAUL  
 Dinner's ready.

DAD  
 Ooh, dinner. Just click on one of  
 them and get the ball rolling.

GARY  
 No!

PAUL  
 Yes!

DAD  
Alright, what about her?

A picture of a really sexy model girl fills the screen.

GENE  
Dad, she's just the model for the site. She's not real.

DAD  
Well she looks pretty real to me!

DAD gives a dirty laugh, which turns into a horrible, long, phlegmy cough. Gary and Paul look on, revolted.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Send her a message. Initiate contact.

GARY  
Absolutely not. They'll charge my credit card.

PAUL  
I'll pay.

DAD  
Just one, for practice, for God's sake.

He reaches for the mouse, they struggle for a moment and then he manages to click something.

DAD (CONT'D)  
Hee hee!

GARY  
Dammit!

DAD  
You're going on a date!

DING DONG - the doorbell rings. They look out the window, to see a young woman standing on the doorstep. Dad turns to Gary and Paul, impressed.

DAD (CONT'D)  
That was fast.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. FISHER HOUSE - NIGHT

A tall, slim young woman waits by the front door.

INT. SPARE ROOM UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Paul, Dad and Gary look at her out the window. Mom comes in, a little flustered.

MOM

Boys, Gene, I have to tell you something. I invited Lizzy.

DAD

What?!

Mom!

PAUL

GARY

To Friday Night Dinner? No!

MOM

She is your cousin.

DAD

Did you get extra food? Tell me you got extra food.

MOM

I got a little extra.

DAD

Barbara, do you remember exactly how much extra food?

PAUL

Yeah mom, did you get a full extra twenty percent?

DAD

No! That's not enough, Paul. See, percents are tricky -- you think 20% because there's going to be five people, but there were four before, so it's really an extra 25%.

PAUL

Mom, did you do the math?

GARY  
(snapping his fingers)  
The casserole. Mom, the crumble is  
in the same dish.

PAUL  
Good thinking, Lubehead. How did  
you make extra crumble if the dish  
is exactly the same size? Answer  
that, Mom!

MOM  
For goodness sakes--

DAD  
Answer the question!

DING DONG - doorbell rings again.

MOM  
Oh, you should all eat less anyway.  
Look at your fat rear ends!

She runs to answer the door. The boys turn around to  
nervously examine their behinds. Dad sticks his hand down  
the front of his pants and anxiously squeezes his crotch.

DAD  
My knee hurts.

INT. FISHER FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Mom opens the door to reveal an annoyed LIZZY.

MOM  
Lizzy! Hello, welcome, come on in.

GARY  
Hey Lizzy, remember me? Gary?

LIZZY  
You're the younger one, right?

PAUL  
It's so obvious. Hi, it's Paul.  
You look great, come in.

LIZZY  
Thanks for inviting me over, but  
you need to know, I can take care  
of myself. I've studied krav maga--

DAD  
What? You've studied to be a  
mugger?

LIZZY  
"Maga."

DAD  
At Northwestern? I'm confused.

LIZZY  
I have a taser and pepper spray...

DAD  
(to Paul)  
For mugging, right?

LIZZY  
...but my mom is still refusing to  
cosign the lease on a perfectly  
good apartment which I will lose  
tomorrow, and I start class in  
three days. She's lost it, being  
completely irrational, I can't talk  
to her when she's like this. So  
basically you've totally screwed me  
unless you can get her to change  
her mind.

Beat.

MOM  
(hostess laugh)  
What a lot of problems you have.  
At least you're going to get a nice  
dinner. Like a Diet Coke?

She turns and leads Lizzy in.

GARY  
It's really good to see you, Lizzy.

LIZZY  
I'm sure. We were always so close.  
Gobble gobble gobble, right?

Gary turns to Paul and looks frightened.

INT. FISHER DINING ROOM

Finally, the family is eating dinner. Mom serves the food.

DAD  
Barbara, you've outdone yourself!

MOM  
(beaming)  
He says that every time.

LIZZY  
(under her breath to Paul)  
You do this every single week?  
(she makes a 'yikes' face)

PAUL  
(whispers)  
You're free to shove off.

Lizzy is taken aback. There is an awkward beat.

MOM  
Um, you know, Lizzy, Gary has a  
song on the radio tonight. He's  
the next Marvin Hamlisch.

PAUL  
Yes, perfect. In every way.

LIZZY  
You play the piano?

PAUL  
No, he doesn't play an instrument.

GARY  
I compose on the computer.

PAUL  
Not an instrument.

LIZZY  
What do you do, Paul?

PAUL  
Internet entrepreneur. I started a  
website with some friends from  
college.

LIZZY  
Oh, which one?

PAUL  
1800battree dot com.

GARY

What do you sell again, at bat-tree dot com? Is it trees for bats, i.e. bat habitats, or trees to make baseball bats out of?

PAUL

1800battery and 1800batteries were taken.

GARY

Oh bat-TER-ies. I had no idea.

Lizzy SNICKERS.

MOM

Lizzy, are you dating anybody?

LIZZY

Not right now.

PAUL

Who cares about that mom, tell us about your friends. You must have attractive friends?

GARY

Not like you're not attractive yourself.

(jocularly)

Does anyone know if you can date cousins?

That didn't land right, and everyone looks at him.

GARY (CONT'D)

You know, I mean, as a compliment, you have a good body, but obviously we're cousins, so I would never do anything...

PAUL

Ugh. Wow.

Paul takes a spoon of water and throws it in Gary's lap.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Yich, what have you done in your pants?

GARY

What are you -- what? Nothing...

PAUL

Please, everyone look someplace else.

MOM

What are you studying at Northwestern, Lizzy?

LIZZY

Criticism.

MOM

Oh that's nice. What kind, social? Literary?

LIZZY

No special kind. I will criticize anything. It's how I was raised.

DAD

Good lord.

LIZZY

Gene, are you still with Sara Lee? Weren't you a chemist?

DAD

Yes, food chemist. I retired early, with a package. Quite generous.

PAUL

So you have a large package?

DAD

It's a good size.

GARY

Does it always stay the same size or does it grow?

DAD

It grows, depending on certain circumstances.

PAUL

What makes your package grow, Dad? Girls?

GARY

Yes, Dad, do girls make your package grow?

DAD

What? How could girls make my package grow? My package grows when the inflation rate is high.

PAUL

Ah. An inflation man.

GARY

You have inflation magazines under your bed, don't you?

DAD

"Inflation magazines?" Boys, you don't know what kind of fools you sound like. Talking about what makes my package grow when you have no idea.

MOM

Honey...

DAD

Don't interrupt. You have no idea what makes my package grow either.

GARY

Yes!

PAUL

Three points.

LIZZY

Perfect!

Mom whispers to Dad. Dad realizes and GLARES at them.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Um, where is the bathroom?

MOM

Right down the hall there, honey.

Lizzy gets up and leaves. When she exits, we see through the window behind her, the neighbor Koechner is pressed up against the glass, unnoticed but watching everything. Dad immediately turns to the boys.

DAD

Don't forget: what you're mocking made you. My package, my sex package I mean, made both of you, so show it respect.

PAUL

Of course, dad.

GARY

Goes without saying that we respect your sex package. How is your sex package, by the way?

DAD

We're eating, for the love of Pete!

PAUL

Just, we saw you looking in your pants...

DAD

I told you. My knee...

MOM

Please. You don't keep grabbing your knee. I'm not stupid.

He unconsciously adjusts his crotch.

MOM (CONT'D)

Alright. Did you hurt your penis?

DAD

What?

GARY & PAUL

(squirming)

Mom!

MOM

Is something the matter with your penis?

DAD

My what?

MOM

Your penis.

DAD

Oh. My penis. Right. My penis.

Dad looks at them and takes a deep breath.

DAD (CONT'D)

I was bitten.

GARY

Bitten?

MOM

Bitten?

DAD

Yes.

MOM

On your penis?

Gary and Paul squirm even more.

MOM (CONT'D)

Were you bitten on your penis?

DAD

Yes. Yes, on my ... penis. My penis. Yes.

GARY

Wish everyone would stop saying "penis."

MOM

Bitten? By who?

DAD

Not who. By something with wings.

MOM

What?

GARY

Like, a crow?

DAD

Smaller. A hornet of some kind, or a bee. Probably a bee.

PAUL

Bitten by a bee? You mean, stung by a bee?

DAD

That's what I said.

PAUL

Ah...

GARY

Ooh. Sorry dad.

MOM

(sympathetic)

Gene, why didn't you tell me. Wait -- eww, was it in our bed?

DAD

In the yard. I was urinating. Watering the lawn, heh heh.

PAUL

What was wrong with the toilet?

DAD

Nothing. But it's my property, sometimes I like to do what humans have done for thousands of years.

GARY

Before toilets. Thousands of years before toilets.

MOM

Yes. Once toilets were invented most of us haven't looked back.

DAD

I just find that thinking limiting and boring. I like a good toilet as much as the next fellow, but for goodness sakes there's a limit.

LIZZY (O.S.)

I'm sorry.

We see she came in on that last line.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

In my family we're given all the time we need.

She sits down, embarrassed. As she takes her seat, she notices Koechner still looking in through the window.

LIZZY (CONT'D)

Don't look now, but there's a peeping tom.

MOM

(glancing over)

Oh, that's just Mr. Koechner, our neighbor.

(waving out window, loud)

Hello, David!

Koechner, realizing he is being seen, mentally tries out a few excuses for being there, like examining a flower.

PAUL

You know what, Lizzy. Koechner's lived here all his life, you should get to know him. I'm sure he could show you around.

GARY  
You could go on a date.

LIZZY  
Yeah, he looks pretty cute. Think  
he'd go for me?

PAUL  
I don't know. If you played your  
cards right.

DAD  
(only one taking this  
seriously)  
I think you could interest him, if  
you dressed more femininely.

LIZZY  
Ew.

GARY  
Dad, we're don't really want to  
find pieces of Lizzy in Koechner's  
fridge.

MOM  
Mr. Koechner is not a cannibal.  
He's just a sweet, lonely, socially-  
awkward person.

PAUL  
Who occasionally enjoys the taste  
of human flesh.

GARY  
But not his normal diet. A treat.

LIZZY  
Definitely not on his diet. He's  
going on a diet of no more human  
flesh until he loses ten pounds.

PAUL  
Until he can fit back into his  
leather Gimp suit. No fried human  
flesh.

Mom giggles at that one, glancing at Koechner outside.

MOM  
(playing along)  
He does have an enormous barbecue  
in his yard.

LIZZY

Does anyone know how he prepared  
and ate Mrs. Koechner?

KOECHNER

(easily heard in a  
conversational tone)

Is that your famous apricot  
chicken, Barbara?

They realize he has heard everything.

MOM

It is.

KOECHNER

Looks good.

Awkward moment. Then Mom realizes...

MOM

Oh my goodness. Gary -- when's  
your jingle thing on?

GARY

What? Oh God! My ad!

INT. KITCHEN/HALLWAY/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT - FOUR MINUTES LATER

Chaos. Mom, Dad and Gary are searching for a radio that  
works. Old batteries and an assortment of old radios are  
everywhere.

GARY

I can't believe no freaking radios  
work. Why do you have a million  
freaking broken radios?! Are you  
building a robot?

Mom laughs loudly.

MOM

He never throws anything out.

PAUL (O.S.)

I've got it!

He runs in and tosses Gary car keys.

PAUL (CONT'D)

You can listen in my car.

GARY

Let's go.

MOM

Come on, Lizzy.

DAD

Are you leaving before crumble?

PAUL

No, Dad. We're all going to  
Lubehead's first concert.

They rush to the front door and Gary flings it open to reveal  
Koechner. Gary jumps back in shock.

GARY

Yah!

KOECHNER

Hello Barbara.

MOM

Hello, David. So sorry, I can't  
stop. We're in a real rush...

KOECHNER

I wanted to read you a poem of  
thank you for letting me use your  
bathroom.

Koechner holds up a clipboard. His DOG barks.

KOECHNER (CONT'D)

"My pipes were jammed, disaster  
nigh, but then an angel from on  
high--"

MOM

So sorry, we're in such a hurry.  
(hurrying DAD)  
Come on Gene.

KOECHNER

(calling after her)  
It's not long!  
(to be fair)  
It's somewhat long.

The FAMILY gets in. Koechner starts to walk back to his  
house.



LIZZY  
 (re: the volume)  
 My God...

DAD  
 Was it loud?

The OTHERS give him a look. Mom notices that Koechner is still outside.

MOM  
 Gary, can you just... I think you should drive a little, at least so it looks like we're going somewhere.

GARY  
 Shut it Mom.  
 (to himself)  
 Why doesn't it come back on?

Gary finally gets it on and tunes it. They hear MUSIC.

DAD  
 ... I like it. I really like it, son. Well done.

GARY  
 That's Coldplay, Dad.

DAD  
 Oh thank god. I hate this.

The music finishes and an ad starts up.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 You fought for your country...

MOM  
 (excited)  
 Here we go!

John Philip Sousa music starts.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
 Now your last battle shouldn't be paying for your coffin. Who's fighting for you when it's time to pay for your funeral?

DAD  
 This is more like it! It has bounce and spirit!

GARY  
 Dad--

PAUL  
This is great, Lubehead. So hip.

GARY  
Dad, this is John Philip Sousa.  
Mine's for car insurance... car  
insurance remember?

Mom glances outside and sees Koechner.

MOM  
Oh, he's still looking at us.  
Gary, just drive. Drive!

GARY  
Alright. God!

Gary starts to reverse slowly out of the driveway.

PAUL  
Careful! She's very responsive!

DAD  
Where are we going now?

In the car, an ad for tampons comes on.

YOUNG WOMAN (V.O.)  
Unless your tampons give you the  
security of Tamprex with wings...

MOM  
Is this it?

GARY  
(sarcastically)  
Yes, my ad is for "tampon  
insurance."

LIZZY  
Oh, I use these!

Paul looks horrified.

EXT. CAR

A confused Koechner watches them roll five yards into the  
street at one mile an hour.

INT. CAR

Suddenly...

RADIO AD (V.O.)  
 "Looking for cheaper car  
 insurance"?"

GARY  
 Shhh! This is it.

An excited hush, as a rather dull ad for "Hangerford Car Insurance" plays.

PAUL  
 Where's the music?

GARY  
 Shhh!

They listen for about ten seconds. No music.

DAD  
 I can't hear it! Damn my ears.

LIZZY  
 I don't hear anything either.

GARY  
 Where's all my music?

DAD  
 Is it good?

No answer. Paul and Mom share a look. The ad ends, with only the last two notes sun in a very fast, rising cadence.

RADIO AD (V.O.)  
*Hanger-ford!*

Tense silence in the car.

GARY  
 Three notes. The bastards.

Mom and Lizzy look at each other. Poor Gary. Just then Koechner's face appears at Mom's window. She jumps.

MOM  
 Ahhh! Fucking hell!

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

They all come in disappointed and sit. DAD shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

DAD  
I'm going to the bathroom.

MOM  
In your chair?

DAD  
What? No, in a moment from now.

He gets up and walks out.

MOM  
Do you want me to put calamine  
lotion on your penis?

Lizzy reacts.

DAD  
I can manage.

He leaves the room.

GARY  
I'll get the crumble.

He trudges to the kitchen. Paul glances at mom.

PAUL  
I'll help him.

He follows Gary. Mom turns to Lizzy.

MOM  
They're good boys.

LIZZY  
Yeah.

MOM  
If you have any nice friends they  
can sleep with, we'd really  
appreciate it.

LIZZY  
...Okay.

MOM  
I'll call Nina for you now.

LIZZY  
Wow. Okay. Good luck. I'll clean  
up.

MOM  
Thank you dear.

Mom sighs and picks up the phone. As Lizzy exits...

MOM (CONT'D)  
I think they'd be fine with just  
one night stands.

LIZZY  
Awesome.

INT. FISHER KITCHEN

Gary takes the crumble out of the oven.

PAUL  
And now, the number one song in the  
land, rising three spots from last  
week when it was number four, the  
beautiful love ballad from hit  
newcomer Gary Fisher... the  
Hangerford song.  
(singing)  
"Hangerford." That was it. Keep  
your feet on the ground but reach  
for the stars.

GARY  
Bite me.

PAUL  
Ah, charisma! Character defined as  
grace under pressure.

GARY  
Pubehhead defined as a head  
unattractively covered in pubic  
hairs.

PAUL  
Let me help you with that.

He takes the little sink shower head and aims it at Gary.

GARY  
I'm holding crumble!

INT. FISHER DINING ROOM

Lizzy comes in with a garbage bag.

MOM  
 (shouting into the phone)  
 Really? Fine! I'll co-sign it  
 myself!... Good! You can stick it  
 there too!

She hangs up, trembling.

LIZZY  
 That was the bravest thing I've  
 ever seen.

MOM  
 You're welcome.

Lizzy smiles and exits to the yard with the garbage. Gary comes in from the kitchen with a large stain on the front of his pants, holding the crumble, followed by Paul.

GARY  
 Crumble!

MOM  
 (ravenous)  
 Bring it here.

PAUL  
 Where's Dad and Lizzy?

MOM  
 Don't worry, there's not enough  
 anyway. Start serving.

EXT. FISHER HOUSE - BACK YARD

Lizzy lugs a garbage bag to a can out back. A SECURITY LIGHT TURNS ON, surprising Koechner climbing over the fence between their yards.

KOECHNER  
 Oh, hello.

LIZZY  
 Hi.

KOECHNER  
 Just looking for my dog.

We see Lizzy put her hand in her pocket on something.

LIZZY  
 That's nice.

KOECHNER

She's a rescue. I think she was  
abused. Possibly molested.

LIZZY

Oh god, what makes you think that?

KOECHNER

Just a sneaking suspicion I have.  
She's such a damn good looking dog.  
(still straddling fence)  
So, how are you related to Barbara?

INT. FISHER DINING ROOM

Gary, Paul and Mom are stuffing themselves with crumble when they hear a ZAPPING SOUND and see a BLUE LIGHT FLICKERING from the back yard.

MOM

What is that?

They go to the window, where they are LIT by BLUE FLASHES.

PAUL

That's a taser.

GARY

Lizzy's tasing someone in the  
bushes.

PAUL

It's a man with his pants down.

GARY AND PAUL

Dad!

MOM

Gene!

EXT. FISHER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

From outside we see Gary, Paul and Mom staring out the dining room window aghast, as we hear Dad's screams amid the zaps.

DAD (O.S.)

Ow! Stop! I'm on my own property!  
Agggh!

END OF SHOW