

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