

EPISODE ONE

"MEET THE FAMILY"

Written by

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EXT. JONESES HOUSE - MORNING

Sunlight spills across a perfectly average two-story - neat lawn, white fence, and certainly no hint of the chaos within.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Still. Peaceful. Morning light streams through the blinds.

INT. GARY'S ROOM

GARY, 16, sleeps under several posters as sunlight pours through an open window.

INT. PENNY'S ROOM

PENNY, 14, sleeps beside bookshelves and a wall scattered with post-it notes.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

CAROLINE, 38, and her husband BOB, 43, are sleeping. CAROLINE snores as BOB sprawls diagonally across the bed - he rolls over a couple times.

EXT. NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - MORNING

A ROOSTER in a chicken coop struts out of his shelter and crows loudly.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE FAMILY STILL ASLEEP

- INT. GARY'S ROOM - GARY, still out like a light, knocks over his stuffed SpongeBob in his sleep.

- INT. PENNY'S ROOM - Still asleep, PENNY mumbles a few math problems.

-INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CAROLINE snores louder. BOB rolls over again.

END SERIES

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A typical suburban living room: couch, coffee table, mantelpiece; notably a piano sits against one wall, the keys half-buried in stacked mail.

PIPPY, the family's beagle-dachshund mix, pads to the window, curious. A moment later, she BARKS—loud and shrill.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOB rolls over, opens his eyes, and mutters.

BOB  
(muttering)  
Dang dog!

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

BOB, who has changed into his signature Hawaiian shirt and gray sweatpants, grumbles and trudges downstairs, hand on the railing. PIPPI keeps barking.

BOB makes it to the bottom of the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As PIPPI continues barking, BOB appears in the corner of the room and draws closer.

BOB  
(raises his voice)  
Shut up, dog!

PIPPY stops. Tilts her head — judgmental.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(backpedaling, apologetic)  
Oops. Could you please be a little quieter

PIPPY turns away, apparently satisfied.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

PIPPY leaves the room.

BOB (CONT'D)  
(yawns)

You know what? I could really go for some lemonade.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen isn't the healthiest: potato chip bags, half-finished sodas, and crumpled napkins clutter the counter.

BOB shuffles into the kitchen, squinting against the light. He opens the cupboard, then freezes mid-reach—like he's forgotten what he came for—before grabbing an unopened lemonade.

FOOTSTEPS THUNDER down the stairs. CAROLINE, who has changed into her signature teal blouse and yoga pants, rushes into the room with a sense of urgency.

CAROLINE

Bob, there's *already* one open in the fridge!

BOB

(drowsy, blinking slowly)  
What? Where did you come from?

CAROLINE

(confused, pauses mid-step)  
Upstairs.

BOB

Ah, that makes sense. Did you hear the dog barking?

CAROLINE

No, but I heard the creaking of the cupboard when you were trying to get a lemonade out, so I thought I should let you know there's an open one. Also it is 8:30. We should wake up the kids.

BOB

(grins)  
And I know just how to do that!

BOB mischievously shakes a jar of dog treats. PIPPI instantly begins barking again.

CAROLINE

(puts her hands on her hips)  
Bob, you don't want to get Pippi worked up over and over again just for the heck of it! She has a medical condition. If she barks too much she will conflate her GI tract, and that's a slippery slope.

More frantic THUNDERING FOOTSTEPS down the stairs is heard. PENNY and GARY enter.

CAROLINE  
(to Bob)  
Well, at least it's effective.

GARY  
(with a mix of drowsiness and enthusiasm)  
Is it time for school already?

BOB  
Yes sirree Bob!

CAROLINE  
Everyone must get ready.

GARY  
Alright.

GARY rushes upstairs and races right back down - now in khakis and an indigo shirt that reads in gold: "SCIENCE IS REAL, BUT I PREFER FANTASY."

GARY  
Well, I'm ready.

CAROLINE  
I don't think you should wear that shirt to school. Also, have you brushed your teeth?

GARY  
No...

CAROLINE  
Then go brush!

GARY  
Alrighty then.

He backs up the stairs and returns a moment later in a plain blue shirt.

GARY (CONT'D)  
Now I'm truly ready.

CAROLINE  
Fine. (scans the room) Where the heck is Penny?

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

PENNY frantically brushes her teeth.

PENNY  
(muttering while brushing)  
Bruuuushhhinnng...  
(stops brushing)

She stops.

PENNY (CONT'D)  
Oh no, I've brushed the even teeth before the odds!

(resigned)  
I guess I have to start all over again.

She starts brushing again, and then a moment later spits out her toothpaste.

PENNY (CONT'D)  
(realizing)  
I'm using my Tuesday toothbrush!  
(panicked)  
I need to fix that.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CAROLINE  
(sighs, a little amused)  
I'll go check.

CAROLINE heads up. She returns.

BOB  
What's the state of affairs?

CAROLINE  
(half-amused)  
She's still brushing her teeth. She told me she's on her "third attempt."

BOB and GARY stand by the kitchen counter.

CAROLINE steps to the base of the stairs, arms crossed.

She steps to the bottom of the stairs and hollers up:

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
Penny! Being tardy is worse than using the cherry toothpaste on a Monday!

PENNY finally rushes down the stairs, toothpaste dripping on her signature polo shirt and jeans.

CAROLINE

Alright, Bob, can you drive them?

BOB

Sure, but first I need to put on my driving cap.

He goes to the wardrobe and rummages through it.

BOB (CONT'D)

Now where is that cap...oh, here it is!

He puts on his "driving cap." It slides off slightly.

GARY (teasing)

It's sliding!

PENNY

Off your slippery dome.

BOB

I guess I just need to apply a little more Vaseline.

CAROLINE

(deadpan)

(sighs) There's no time! You'll just have to drive them to school  
with an off-kilter cap.

BOB

Fine. I bet my friends on Facebook don't have to deal with problems  
like this...

(sighs)

but I guess some people are just luckier than others.

INT. JONESES' CAR - MORNING

Inside a messy car - newspapers, junk food wrappers and the like,  
BOB drives, windows rolled down, blasting "Sweet Home Alabama" on the  
car radio.

PENNY and GARY sit stiffly, clearing embarrassed by the volume.

PENNY

(shouting over the music, critically)

Why are you playing this? We aren't even in Alabama!

GARY

(calling out)  
Also, I thought you didn't like southern rock.

BOB  
(nostalgic)  
It reminds me of a simpler time.

They pull up to the school. BOB parks, rolls up the windows and switches off the radio.

BOB  
Well, here we are!

The kids, relieved the embarrassment is through, eagerly get out of the car.

EXT. BOB DYLAN HIGH - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

BOB  
(loftily)  
I wish you both good luck on your pursuits of academics, rumors and romance!

PENNY looks at him, perplexed.

GARY  
(very sincerely)  
Thanks, Dad!

The kids walk to the front entrance of the school, which is a typical looking school: BOB DYLAN HIGH is written on a sign out front.

As they walk in, they notice everyone seems to be gathered in the auditorium.

PENNY  
Oh, looks like there's an assembly.

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The bustling auditorium is bursting with students and teachers. On the stage at the front stands PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED.

GARY and PENNY have gone their separate ways and weave through the crowd to join where their homerooms are sitting.

PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED  
(into microphone)  
Hark, students! Wait.

The mic SCREECHES, making everyone cringe. PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED winces. He fumbles around with the microphone, turning it up and down, and every time he adjusts it produces even more feedback.

The crowds, fed up with the racket, are about to go back to their classes, but just then he finds a way to stop the feedback.

PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED

(confident)

HARK! Now, you may have noticed that I am using a vocab word to reinforce your vocab. Anyway, the thing I want to call to your attention is that there have been allegations of paper airplane throwing in some of our classrooms...

There is a mix of laughs and gasps from the crowd.

PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED (CONT'D)

(gravely)

In fact, the allegations have been so bad that we have no choice but to...ban paper. So now, everyone must write their notes in PAPYRUS SCROLLS!

*(beat of silence)*

PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED (CONT'D)

Now, you may recognize the word papyrus from history class. If you have any questions, Ra, our cryogenically preserved Ancient Egyptian, will be in the counselors' office. Thank you, that is all.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Students slowly file out—some whisper, others eye their notebooks nervously. One student attempts to fold a papyrus scroll into a paper airplane and is immediately tackled by a teacher.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

PENNY is especially bewildered and talks to herself about it as she walks to her class.

PENNY

Why would this solve anything? Papyrus is just a thicker version of paper.

INT. HALLWAY - FAR END - CONTINUOUS

GARY walks with MARCY, 16, his best friend and girlfriend. MARCY, wearing her signature tie-dye shirt and black cargo pants, expresses her enthusiasm for the new policy.



MARCY

I think this is a nice adjustment! I like to feel antique. I hope next they drop science in favor of alchemy.

GARY

(half-enthusiastic, half-sarcastic)

Actually I agree. I think this change of pace will make school a hundred times more interesting! I feel reborn!

MARCY

(amused)

I'm not sure if I would go that far.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

A standard chemistry room. Beakers and materials line the back. Students sit ready, notebooks out. MR. ELECTRON, the teacher, sits at his desk.

MR. ELECTRON

(claps)

Now, the first thing we'll do today is put all of our notebooks in the Bunsen burner so they can be burned.

MARCY raises her hand.

MARCY

Mr. Electron? I like burning stuff at every given opportunity, but isn't this kind of a waste of money?

MR. ELECTRON

(enthusiastic)

Not quite! You see, the ashes of the notebooks will be given a proper funeral and spread out over the lake! Now, once you're done burning your notebooks, everyone may grab a papyrus scroll and a carving instrument.

MARCY

(fist-pumping)

Yessss! Carving instrument! (whispers to Gary) Did you hear that?

GARY

(nervously tries to match her excitement)

Yeah.

COLIN

(pompous)

Carving instrument? Not to name names, but not everyone in this room

may be skilled enough to carve. Also, the resident troublemakers will likely use them to do bad things.

MR. ELECTRON

Well, you know, I'm not a big fan of this idea myself, but I guess paper is a privilege, and some people just can't handle it.

INT. CHEMISTRY CLASSROOM - LATER

After a few minutes have passed, the class have reluctantly gone along with burning their notebooks, and now begin to work with the papyrus.

GARY shifts his scroll awkwardly, holding the carving stylus like a pencil. As he presses down, the tool slips—slicing his finger. He jerks back with a yelp.

GARY

I papyrus cut my pinkie!

MARCY pulls her seat over.

MARCY

(sympathetic)

Here, let me help you. I'm pretty good at carving.

She smiles at him, and he smiles back.

EXT. JONESES HOUSE - DAY

The midday sun beams onto the Joneses' house as a NEIGHBOR walks their dog by.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CAROLINE is in the middle of an intense dish washing session. BOB wanders in and rummages loudly through chip bags.

CAROLINE

(turns to Bob)

There was a phone call from the principal!

BOB

What happened?

CAROLINE

(flat)

Apparently the school's switched from paper to papyrus, and Penny's protesting it because it's "illogical" and a "waste of

resources."

BOB  
(enraged)  
What? That's stupid!

CAROLINE  
I agree. I'll call him back.

BOB  
(dramatic)  
No, let me handle this.

He pulls out his cell phone and dials.

BOB  
(into phone)  
Hey! My kid's right! Papyrus is stupid! I don't even know what it is!  
  
He pauses to listen to the other end of the phone, which is  
unintelligible to the audience.

BOB (CONT'D)  
You can't make me serve detention, I'm not a student!  
(pauses to listen again)

BOB  
I have 25-year-old homework?  
  
He puts the phone down, confused.

CAROLINE  
Um, Penny isn't in too much trouble, is she?

BOB  
Oh, because of her maturity they gave her a "paper accommodation." On  
the other hand, I'm in hot water with the principal. I never turned a  
current events report from twenty-five years ago.

CAROLINE  
What?

BOB  
(grinning nostalgically)  
A compare and contrast on Bill Clinton's saxophone playing vs. his  
executive decisions.

CAROLINE  
(half-laugh, half-groan)

No, I mean, how do you...*(sighs)*

BOB

*(dreamy)*

Hmm...I wonder how Gary's doing in the most important class.

CAROLINE

*(sighs)*

His math grades are still in the toilet.

BOB

*(shaking head)*

No, when I say most important class I mean loooove.

CAROLINE

What is it with you wanting Gary to have a girlfriend in high school?

I didn't meet anyone until I went to college!

BOB

Caroline, you are a complete weirdo.

*(beat)*

And that's why I love you.

CAROLINE looks bewildered, and then smiles.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NEAR LOCKERS - DAY

GARY, MARCY and COLIN linger by their lockers. GARY and MARCY are in the middle of a friendly debate.

GARY

Now, I can give you twenty reasons why the Beatles are better than Led Zeppelin.

MARCY

*(Laughs)* And I can give you fifty counterarguments!

As MARCY is about to continue, COLIN jumps into the conversation.

COLIN

*(strokes his mustache)*

Hmm, I'd like to float my opinion, but first I must know -

*(pauses dramatically)*

which has the better *pixel art community*?

MARCY

What?

GARY

We're talking about who is the best rock band of all time.

COLIN  
(confused)  
*Rock and roll?*  
(awkward)

I thought you were talking about Minecraft servers!

GARY exchanges a look with MARCY and decides he needs to get rid of COLIN somehow.

GARY  
(points offscreen)  
Hey, Colin, look! Somehow Gregory stole your trading cards, and he's bending them!

COLIN  
No! I've gotta do something!

He sprints off.

Once GARY and MARCY are alone, GARY leans on his locker, trying to seem cool.

GARY  
(apprehensive)  
Hey, Marcy...

MARCY  
Yeah?

GARY  
You want to, uh...

BOB's voice echoes in his mind.

BOB (V.O.)  
Get on with it!

GARY  
(blurts)  
...Get dinner at my place?

MARCY  
(slightly surprised)  
Ye-wait, with all your family, I'm not sure.

GARY thinks fast for a way to make her more comfortable with the idea.

GARY  
Led Zeppelin rocks harder than the Beatles!

MARCY  
(laughs) Alright, sure.

INT. JONESES CAR - AFTERNOON

BOB drives GARY and PENNY home. His driving cap is back-this time centered on his head. The radio hums low.

BOB  
(giddy)  
Gary, give me the scoop on Marcy!

GARY  
She's...coming over for dinner.

PENNY  
(gasps, excited)  
No way!

BOB  
(explodes)  
Holy cow, Gary! You are a winner! You are a winner and I am a loser!  
As a father this is my proudest moment!

PENNY  
I mean, this is great, but I thought your proudest moment as a father was when I got second place in the national spelling bee!

BOB  
Yeah, and now that's second place in my memories too.  
(softens)  
But don't worry, I love you just the same.

GARY  
Dad, can you try not to be embarrassing tonight?

BOB  
Oh, absolutely! Anything to make this the best night of her life!  
(faux French accent)  
Tonight I'm your butler.

GARY  
Sweet!

EXT. JONESES HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The car pulls into the driveway. BOB, GARY, and PENNY pile out and rush inside.

INT. JONESES HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CAROLINE lounges on the couch with a book. Peaceful - until the front door is opened, when BOB races in and flings his driving cap on the coffee table.

BOB  
(giddy)  
Honey, I have some *exciting* news!

GARY and PENNY stand behind him, smiling.

CAROLINE  
(puts down her book)  
Yes?

BOB  
(sounding way too hyped)  
MARCY IS COMING OVER FOR DINNER!

CAROLINE  
What? Not tonight! Remember the rule? We have to plan any guest three weeks in advance so that we can prepare.

BOB  
(shrugs)  
Okay, let's take a vote. Who wants Caroline's stinky rule?

CAROLINE raises her hand.

BOB (CONT'D)  
And who wants Gary's girlfriend?

GARY, PENNY and BOB raise their hands. PIPPI and the cat, FELIX, BARK and MEOW happily.

CAROLINE  
(flat)  
Fine. But you three have to do all the work and if she's embarrassed it's not my fault.

BOB  
(strategic)  
Alright, Gary. I have three questions. What's her favorite food?

GARY  
Spaghetti.

BOB  
What's her favorite music?

GARY  
'70s rock.

BOB  
Nice! And what's her favorite animal?

GARY  
Why does that matter?

BOB  
Reasons. So what is it?

GARY  
Scorpion.

BOB  
Alright! Now, what time does she expect dinner?

GARY  
5 o'clock.

BOB  
Oh shoot, we don't have much time! Why don't you go to her place and walk her over?

GARY  
Sure.

PENNY  
I want to go too.

CAROLINE  
(grabbing her bag, already moving)  
I've got to do some shopping, but if I want to be back by 5 I've got to run out the door. Bye!

EXT. JONESES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CAROLINE runs out to her car and drives away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS



GARY  
See ya, Dad!

PENNY  
See ya!

They walk out the door.

EXT. JONESES HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

PENNY  
Marcy's just a couple blocks down Broad Street, right?

GARY  
Yep.

They take off down the sidewalk.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOB  
Alright.  
(rubbing hands)  
Here comes the bride! Now time to get everything set up. I've got a  
game plan! Operation - Impress the In-Law!

INT. STAIRWAY TO BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

BOB hikes down a huge flight of stairs to get down to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

BOB goes over to a mysterious cupboard and opens it. He blows off  
several spiderwebs, reaches behind a box of Christmas lights, and  
uncovers an old CD.

The CD is called "BOB ON THE RUN." It features BOB doing the same  
pose as Michael Jackson on his "Off The Wall" cover, only instead of  
in front of a wall, it is in front of his picket fence.

BOB  
(smirks proudly)  
If she likes classic rock, she'll love my renditions!

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

BOB is cooking spaghetti in a pot. He gets out tomato sauce, shakes  
his head, and gets out *kimchi* instead. He spoons a large amount of  
kimchi into the pot.

BOB  
I think plain old spaghetti isn't fancy enough for tonight.  
(pauses, looking at the kimchi)  
That's why I'm using kimchi instead of tomato sauce!

EXT. DOWNTOWN - AFTERNOON

BOB drives up to a store with a sign that says "PERCIVAL'S PET PALACE."

INT. PET STORE - CONTINUOUS

BOB walks in and admires the different animals - parrots, fish, rodents and the like. He walks up to the counter, where a CLERK with dyed hair and tattoos scrolls on her phone.

BOB  
I'd like to borrow a scorpion, please.

CLERK  
(dryly)  
Sir, we don't borrow animals. This is a pet store, not a "pet library."

BOB  
Well then, can I *buy* a scorpion?

CLERK  
Yes, I believe we have a few in the back, but since scorpions are so exotic you'll have to pay five hundred dollars, and you must sign a couple of waivers.

She hands him a few papers.

BOB quickly goes through the papers, haphazardly putting his signature on each one.

BOB  
Done!

The CLERK returns from the back and hands him a scorpion in a cage.

CLERK  
Here you are, sir. The scorpion **MUST** remain in its cage at all times.  
Also, it can't be around other animals.

BOB

Got it! (salutes)

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

BOB is standing around looking satisfied. He has everything prepared;

- Kimchi spaghetti on the table
- "BOB ON THE RUN" queued on the stereo
- A *scorpion in its cage* as the centerpiece
- The cat and dog locked in the bathroom.

CAROLINE walks in the door, grocery bags in hand.

CAROLINE  
Home, honey!

She spots the scorpion on the coffee table and freezes.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
What the (BLEEP) is *this*?

She points at the scorpion.

BOB  
(smiles proudly)  
The setup.

CAROLINE  
(screams again)  
*Oh no! Return the scorpion or this dinner is canceled!*

BOB  
But Marcy likes scorpions!

CAROLINE  
You think everyone who likes scorpions wants to see one in real life?

BOB  
(defensive)  
Well I like monkeys, and when I see one at the zoo it makes my day.

CAROLINE  
Well I don't like it.

BOB  
(sincerely)  
Dear, we have to make a good impression!

CAROLINE

(sighs, relenting)

Whatever. If that's the way it's going to be, I guess we can have a scorpion just for tonight. (fans the air) What's that horrible smell?

BOB

(grins)

The spaghetti!

CAROLINE

(holding her nose)

What's wrong with it?

BOB

It's avant garde.

CAROLINE

(sternly)

If they break up you are responsible.

BOB

Caroline, listen to me!

(PBS narrator accent)

In the words of Charles Dickens, "A spouse ought to have complete faith in...the other spouse."

CAROLINE

You made that up.

BOB

No, I -

EXT. JONESES HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

MARCY

Hey, this is a pretty nice block. My family are looking at moving out of our rambler and into a two-story.

PENNY

Well, if we were neighbors, that would sure be convenient.

GARY rings the doorbell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOB

Hooray! (claps)

GARY, PENNY and MARCY step in. GARY and PENNY kick off their shoes as MARCY hangs up her hoodie.

PENNY

(to Marcy)

Around here it's customary to take your shoes off.

GARY

Yeah, we all walk around barefoot.

MARCY

(laughs) Um, okay. (kicks off her shoes)

BOB

(puts on a faux French accent)

Hello, Madame Marcy. I am Raoul, and I will be serving you tonight.

(bows)

MARCY

Ew, don't call me madam. Also, I didn't know you guys were French.

PENNY

We're not, Marcy.

GARY

Dad's being pretentious.

MARCY

(in a daze) I thought you said this wouldn't be too weird.

GARY thinks fast for a way to uplift the moment.

GARY

"Stairway to Heaven" is better than "Yesterday"!

MARCY

(smiles)

Who cares, I like weird!

MARCY glances around - and freezes.

She notices the scorpion on the coffee table.

MARCY (CONT'D)

(beams)

You have a pet scorpion?

PENNY

(sighs) We don't, Marcy.

MARCY

(points to the scorpion)

Yeah you do! There's a scorpion right here! Gary, why didn't you tell me you had a scorpion?

GARY

(goes along with it)

Because I sometimes forget about it. Penny's the one who feeds it.

PENNY

What? I don't know what scorpions eat!

GARY

(teasing)

Yeah, that's why you just give them milkshakes and junk.

(pause, to Marcy)

Oh yeah, I think Dad made your favorite, spaghetti with marinara sauce.

MARCY

(fans the air)

Wow, something smells.

BOB

(again with his faux French accent, even more dramatically)

That is the smell of the avant garde!

(in his regular voice)

This spaghetti has kimchi, not tomato sauce!

MARCY

(giving a curious look and shrugging)

Huh, that actually sounds not bad.

CAROLINE has just finished setting the table.

CAROLINE

Why don't we all get ready to eat?

MARCY

Sure.

INT. DINING ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Everyone is gathered at the table. MARCY is sitting between GARY and PENNY.

BOB is sitting at the end of the table looking very important.

CAROLINE hovers nearby, dishing out the food.

BOB

(Clears throat) Now I know what you've been thinking...

Everyone glances at each other, confused.

BOB (CONT'D)

"What will the dining music be?"

MARCY

Not really. I thought we were gonna watch a movie or something. Can it be rock?

CAROLINE

No, it can't. Rock isn't appropriate dining music. We will listen to classical or jazz.

GARY

Mom!

BOB

Caroline, Marcy's wish is our command. Now time for some real headbangers, as performed by yours truly!

BOB hits "play" on the stereo.

GARY

Dad!

MARCY

I didn't know your dad was a musician. That's pretty cool.

PENNY

He's not, Marcy.

The first song begins: Bob's cover of "Dream On" by Aerosmith. It starts off with a cheesy keyboard sound. However, it gets worse when the vocals come in.

The room falls into awkward silence. GARY and PENNY cringe intensely.

MARCY looks on with disbelief.

CAROLINE stares and drops a plate. It CLATTERS loudly to the floor.

BOB proudly admires his work and looks at all of them with glee.

BOB

(oblivious)

I know, it's one of those things where it's so good you don't know what to say, right?

MARCY, about to take another bite, drops her fork on her plate.

GARY  
You don't like the food?

MARCY  
Nah, the food's great. But, I agree with Penny. Your dad is not a musician. (laughs)

The song gets to the climax where the vocal is at its highest. BOB starts to sing along to his own recording but his voice is cracking like crazy.

CAROLINE FAINTS.

PENNY  
Dad! Can you stop?

GARY  
Dad! This is embarrassing!

MARCY  
Chill out, Raoul!

BOB can't hear anyone because he is too engrossed in the music, singing, dancing around wildly and playing air guitar.

BOB  
(cheering himself on)  
Whoo! Rock on me! Look out, ladies! The rocker of all ages has arrived! I am Bob Jones superstar!

CAROLINE is out like a light on the floor, GARY and PENNY's cringing has turned to disgust, and MARCY is starting to look like she's had enough.

Just when it seems like things can't get any worse, the SCORPION becomes agitated by the music and SPRAYS VENOM on the wall.

GARY and PENNY freeze in shock.

MARCY flinches—but her fear turns into frustration. She pushes her plate away and stands.

MARCY  
That's it. I quit.



She steps over CAROLINE, grabs her coat, jams on her shoes, and STORMS OUT.

The door SLAMS behind her.

EXT. - JONESES HOUSE - EVENING

MARCY stands on the Joneses' front porch and takes a deep breath.

INT. - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOB is still jamming, and he has gone nuts. He lunges onto the chair where Marcy was once sitting, oblivious that she left, and belts out the final chorus.

PENNY

(sighs, deadpan)

I knew this would happen. Somebody should've been supervising Dad to avoid this tragedy.

GARY

You think I can get her back?

PENNY

(points to Bob)

Probably not if *this* continues.

GARY

I'll see what I can do.

GARY gets up and rushes out the door.

EXT. JONESES HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Joneses' house sits in near darkness. Only a porch light illuminates the front steps.

MARCY is still cooling off from the chaos, when she sees GARY approach unexpectedly, and her expression softens to one of reluctant contemplation.

GARY

(softly)

How are you feeling?

MARCY

(quiet, hurt, vulnerable)

Gary, I may like weird, but I don't like people who drive me up a

wall. (sighs) I... don't think this is going to work out. I can't really like you if I can never visit you.

GARY

Don't worry. I'll make sure next time is better.

MARCY

(voice breaking, fighting tears)

I don't think there is a next time.

(begins to walk)

I'm going home. Please don't follow me.

(moment of bittersweet silence)

GARY

(desperate)

N-not only does Led Zeppelin rock harder than the Beatles,

but Robert Plant is cuter than Paul McCartney,

John Bonham is much better than Ringo,

their songs are more innovative, inventive and enduring,

their live act was better,

their idea of love is more universal,

and their fans are nicer people!

In fact, they're the smartest, strongest, sweetest people I know!

(catches his breath)

MARCY turns back to GARY and smiles. The two have a moment of silent affection.

MARCY comes back to the front door.

MARCY

Okay. I'll go back in and finish up. I just want him to stop singing.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BOB is on the final notes of his seemingly extended version of "Dream On."

PENNY

(raises her voice)

Dad! Don't you see? Your music has driven off Marcy, our guest, the very reason you started playing it in the first place!

BOB looks around and notices the absence of GARY and MARCY.

BOB

Oh no. What have I become? Was I truly so wrapped up in delusion that

I found myself unable to catch a glimpse at the cosmic realities of  
life?

He turns the music off.

Just then, CAROLINE comes to and sits up.

CAROLINE  
(blinking)  
Oh good, that terrible music was just a dream.

GARY and MARCY re-enter. Everyone turns to look.

BOB  
(hands in the air)  
WOOHOO!

PENNY  
Glad to have you back, Marcy!

CAROLINE  
(groggy)  
What? When did you leave?

MARCY  
Long story.

INT. DINING ROOM - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Everyone has finished the meal.

MARCY  
Thank you. That was better than I expected! Is there any dessert?

CAROLINE looks in the freezer.

CAROLINE  
All we have is vanilla ice cream.

MARCY  
Mmm. I'll take some!

BOB lunges toward the freezer.

BOB  
That's not good enough! We must make it fancier!

He frantically pulls out chocolate sauce, strawberries, peanut  
butter... and sriracha.

MARCY

No! Stop! I just want vanilla ice cream.

BOB does a double take.

BOB

(quietly stunned)  
...Sure, I guess.

INT. DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

GARY, PENNY and MARCY have finished eating vanilla ice cream.

MARCY

(graciously)

Alright, this was a great visit and I loved meeting you and I really  
hope we can do this again sometime. Before I go can I use your  
bathroom?

CAROLINE

You don't even need to ask.

MARCY

Alright. Thanks!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARCY enters. A beat.

Suddenly, two furry ANIMALS leap at her from behind the toilet.

MARCY

(yells)

WHY ARE THERE ANIMALS IN THE BATHROOM?!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone looks at BOB angrily.

BOB

(chuckles)

Oh yeah, I forgot about that. You see, the scorpion can't be around  
other animals.

MARCY comes out of the bathroom with a lot of fur on her, but she is  
laughing about it.

MARCY

Well, I guess I'll head out. See you later!

GARY  
See you later!

PENNY  
Bye!

CAROLINE  
Always welcome!

Everyone waves goodbye.

BOB  
(back to his faux French accent)  
It has been a pleasure serving you. Also, I have a confession to  
make. My name isn't Raoul. It's Rafael.  
(normal voice)  
Just kidding. It's Bob.

MARCY shakes her head with amusement and walks out the door.

OVER BOB'S EQUALLY CHEESY COVER OF PAUL MCCARTNEY'S "MAYBE I'M  
AMAZED," WE SEE A MONTAGE THAT TIES UP THE LOOSE ENDS OF THE EPISODE:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

GARY and PENNY clean the dishes, trying as best as they can to get  
all the kimchi off.

INT. PET STORE - NIGHT

BOB hands the caged scorpion back over the counter much to the  
CLERK's befuddlement.

EXT. JONESES' BACKYARD - NIGHT

CAROLINE chucks the "BOB ON THE RUN" CD into a giant hole she made  
with a shovel.

EXT. BOB DYLAN HIGH - MORNING

INT. PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED'S OFFICE

BOB struts in confidently and hands PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED his finished  
paper.

BOB  
Here's my homework, Mr. Principled.

PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLED

(looks it over)

Well, the grade would be a fifty, but because of the fifty point late deduction, the grade is zero.

BOB

(snaps fingers)

Oh, *fiddlesticks*!