

EPISODE 12: "NOTHING LIKE CHRISTMAS (WITH THE JONESES)"

Gary: Calendar time...calendar time...the calendar never lies...oh, wow, it's only four days until Christmas!

Penny: Four days until Christmas? That's a miracle! December always feels longer than any other month.

Bob: Everything's longer when you have to wait. For instance when I had that band in my twenties where we met up once a month, the whole rest of the month was a drag!

Penny: So, what are our plans for this year?

Caroline: We're going to visit my parents tomorrow, visit Bob's parents on Christmas Eve, and then spend Christmas day at home.

Gary: Oh man, I always look forward to seeing Gramps and Grammy!

Bob: Woohoo! Score one for my parents.

Penny: And I always look forward to seeing Grandpa and Grandma!

Caroline: Score one for mine. See Bob, it's a tie.

Bob: I don't like ties.

Gary: The fun never ends with Gramps and Grammy! They're wild cards, you never know what they're gonna do next!

Bob: Yeah, it's because they were once part of a vaudeville act.

Penny: But Grandpa and Grandma are so sweet and loving! And they bake cookies! Everybody likes cookies!

Gary: Well, I can't deny that. But what about when Grammy throws a banana cream pie in Gramps' face? Isn't that just comedy gold?

Penny: Eh, I'm not much of a slapstick fan.

Bob: Let's do a Christmas sing along! (Goes over to the piano and starts playing Don't Stop Believin') Don't stop believin'! Don't stop beleivin'!

Gary: (chimes in) Don't stop believin'! Don't stop beleivin'!

Penny: Guys, what the heck does that have to do with Christmas?

Bob: It could be about believing in Santa Claus!

(Penny sighs and facepalms as Bob and Gary continue singing)

(Later on, Gary and Penny are playing a game at Marcy's house)

Gary: So, how's this game work, Marcy?

Marcy: Ever played regular Trivial Pursuit before?

Gary: I played SpongeBob Trivial Pursuit.

Marcy: Well this is a holiday edition. (Rolls the die) Alriiiiight! Christmas lore! Read me the card, Penny!

Penny: "What is the name of the reindeer who is initially not allowed to participate in the reindeer games, but ends up as a famous historical figure?"

Marcy: (sigh) Rudolph. That one was a softball. Your turn, Gary!

Gary: (Rolls the die) Christmas math??? (starts fanning) Is it getting hot in here? Why is this a category?

Marcy: (laughs) For the sole purpose of annoying you. Hey, lock in and you might get it. I'll read the card. "At approximately how many miles per hour would Santa Claus need to travel in order to traverse the globe, whilst stopping at every country, in twenty-four hours?"

Gary: Oh...wow...nope, I'm not even gonna think about it. I think my brain would explode.

Penny: Ooh! Ooh! Can I steal?

Marcy: Technically no, but what the heck I'll let you.

Penny: Let me just tap into the calculator of my mind. It would take...(mumbles) 1,040.72 miles per hour!

Marcy: You got it!

Penny: Knew I would!

Marcy: Back to me. (Rolls the die) Let's go! Christmas history!

Penny: "Why is Santa commonly depicted in a red garment?"

Marcy: Um...because red was the traditional color of wealth?

Gary: Oh, I'mma steal this one. Because he was red in an ancient Coca-Cola commercial!

Penny: Yep! Correct!

Marcy: Huh...how did you know?

Gary: Long story.

Marcy: Alright, Penny, guess it's your turn.

Penny: (Rolls the die) Christmas songs!

Gary: "Finish the song title - Let it blank"

Penny: ...Let it go?

Gary: Nope!

Marcy: This one I'm gonna steal. That would be "Let it SNOW."

Gary: Correctamundo!

Melody: I made Christmas nachos, everyone!

Marcy: YESSSS! Christmas nachos! Thanks, Mom!

Penny: Is this some sort of tradition you have?

Marcy: Yeah, we also have Christmas chili...Christmas pizza...Christmas hamburgers...

Gary: So basically you're taking the Christmas out of Christmas.

Marcy: Well, we're not bound to tradition, Gary. We just eat whatever we feel like eating and then go back to our housework. Anyway, you want some?

Gary: No thanks! Nachos are a summertime thing! This is dumb.

Marcy: Hey, I could say Christmas cookies are stupid.

Penny: Guys, this is a stupid thing to have a debate about. Let's just focus on the game...

Marcy: You're right. Gary, I believe it's your turn.

Gary: Okay...Christmas math again, fiddlesticks!

(Meanwhile, Bob and John are outside)

Bob: These Christmas lights are Beeeautiful! I wish I had a light display this cool.

John: You could, if you were willing to climb up a tree, climb up a giant ladder, plan out a light pattern, spend 3 hours stringing lights and spend a fortune.

Bob: Nevermind.

(Back inside)

Marcy: Well, I think that was a pretty fun game.

Penny: Yep, I thought so too.

(Gary is awkwardly silent)

Gary: So, Marcy, what do you want for Christmas?

Marcy: Vi-nyl Re-cord. (laughs)

Gary: Got it.

(Later on, Gary goes to shop at Vinny's Vinyl Heaven. There is a sign that says "THANK YOU TO EVERYONE WHO SIGNED THE CHANGE.ORG")

Gary: Let's see what's we've got...this can't just be any record! This has to be something extra special! Hmm...what's her favorite song? Oh yeah, "I Hate Myself For Loving You" by Joan Jett. They should have that. It would just be in the J's...(goes over to the J section) A-ha! Joan Jett! I love rock and roll I love rock and roll I love rock and roll...gah! That's too many "I Love Rock and Roll"'s to sort through!

(Goes to ask the clerk) Would you happen to have "I Hate Myself For Loving You?"

Clerk: We do!

Gary: Alright. Can you help me find it?

Clerk: Sure. I know, there's a lot to sort through. (starts searching through the "I Love Rock and Rolls") Aha, here it is!

Gary: How much is it?

Clerk: Two hundred dollars.

Gary: Hmm...that cuts into my own Christmas money...welllll...it's for a good cause...a very good cause in fact...no better cause...here's one...(reaches into his pocket and hands her a hundred dollar bill) and...here's the other one! (digs through his pocket and hands her another hundred dollar bill)

Clerk: Wow, you just happened to have those with you?

Gary: Yep.

Clerk: I wouldn't carry that much cash in my pockets downtown.

Gary: I guess that was kind of risky, but hey, I survived. The money's safe with you.

Clerk: Yeah, I don't know if I'd call it "safe" when it's in my hands, but anyway, thank you! Oh shoot.

Gary: What?

Clerk: After I pulled that record out, the "I Love Rock and Roll's" are getting unsteady.

(They all come crashing down, dominoes-esque)

Clerk: Nooooo! Come on!

Gary: Do you need any help?

Clerk: Nah, I can handle it.

Gary: Alright, well, thank you!

Clerk: Yep. Merry Christmas!

Gary: You too!

(Goes back to Marcy's house)

Gary: Hey, Marcy?

Marcy: Yeah?

Gary: I'm going to be traveling a lot the next few days, so I figured I'd give you this now. (Hands her the record)

Marcy: "I Hate Myself For Loving You?"

Gary: It's your favorite, isn't it?

Marcy: Yeah, it is, that's why I actually already had a copy. But, I guess it's the thought that counts. Thanks. I can probably make more than a few bucks selling this. So thank you.

Gary: Marcy!

Marcy: What?

Gary: I spent a lot of money on that! It was my gift to you! You can't just sell it!

Marcy: But I already have it! And money's cool too! Aren't you happy that you gave me something I can make a profit off of? I'm happy about that!

Gary: I didn't give you money I gave you a record!

Marcy: Alright, I guess I'll just have two copies of it now. I mean, it was really thoughtful of you to get this and I appreciate it, but really, I don't see the point in that.

Gary: What about sentimental value?

Marcy: Well, I just got this, so it's not sentimental yet.

Gary: BUT I GAVE IT TO YOU!

Marcy: Well -

Gary: I'm not doing this anymore! Have a good day! (Leaves)

(Back at the Joneses)

Penny: What happened, Gary?

Gary: I had my first fight with Marcy. Well, since that time in 9<sup>th</sup> grade when I traded skittles for her Twix and then I lost the Twix.

Penny: Well, I wish I had been there to mediate it. But don't worry, tomorrow will be better.

Gary: I don't know, I'm feeling pretty down about the whole thing...

Penny: Don't you remember the magic of grandparents? Grandparents make everything better!

Gary: Yeah, I guess you're right Penny, grandparents DO make everything better!

Bob: Hey, Gary! You're just in time for another Christmas singalong!  
(Goes to the piano and starts playing "Cold As Ice" by Foreigner)  
You're as cold as ice, someday you'll pay the price...

Gary: Cold as, cold as ice!

Penny: Again, could you please tell me what this has to do with Christmas?

Bob: Well, couldn't it apply to Frosty the Snowman?

(The next day, they are in the car)

Bob: Alright, Caroline, your parents live in North Carolina, right?

Caroline: Mmhmm.

Bob: I'm never sure, but I should remember it this way...Caroline...Carolina...it's so obvious! North Carolina, here we go!

(A few hours later)

Bob: Well, here we are! This is the place, right?

Caroline: Yep. Now, before we go in, there are a couple ground rules I must lay down. Grandpa has a failing memory, so don't assume he can remember things. You'll have to start from square one.

Gary: You mean I can't make clever callbacks to previous visits?

Caroline: No. That'll just confuse him. Also, Grandma is very prim and proper. So there will be no references to any genre of music that isn't classical, no reference to movies made since 1960, and no use of the words "dang", "heck", "suck" or any other gateway profanity.

Gary: Um, we'll try our best.

Penny: Yeah.

(They go in)

Caroline: Wow, this is a trip down memory lane. These are the same Christmas decorations we had when I was growing up!

Penny: It smells like pine...and prunes.

Gary: And vitamins.

Penny: I don't see either of them! Where could they be?

(They hear some mysterious opera music)

Bob: Do you all hear that eerie music? It's giving me the heebiejeebies.

Gary: Maybe they died and became ghosts!

Penny: Now I'm scared.

Gary: Yeah, let's get outta here!

Caroline: Relax, everyone, it's just opera. They always loved opera. But since neither of them are in this room and they don't have the best hearing, maybe I'll turn it down for now. (Turns off the radio)

Grandpa: HEY! WHY'D YOU TURN THAT MUSIC OFF?

(Grandma walks in)

Grandma: Now look what you've done! You turning the music off has caused Grandpa to have an episode! You'd best turn it back on.

Caroline: Oh, alright, Mom. (Turns the music back on)

Grandma: I see your kids have become quite the juvenile delinquents. (laughs) (Sees Penny) Your hair is too short! (Sees Gary) Your hair is too long! Ah well. It's nice that you've come to visit for Christmas.

Caroline: It's our pleasure.

Bob: Yep.

Gary: So, what have you been up to recently, Grandma?

Grandma: Well, I've been doing a lot of knitting lately.

Bob: (sarcastically) It's good you picked up a new hobby!

Caroline: Bob!

Grandma: And anyway, I've knitted something for all of you! Here's knee-socks for you, my sweet Caroline, relaxed fit long johns for Bob, a petticoat for Penny, and a tunic for Gary!

Everyone: Uh, thanks.



Grandma: Oh, I'm so sorry, Caroline, but I've forgotten to do the dinner shopping this year.

Caroline: Oh, I can pick it up, which store do you want? The local Safeway?

Grandma: No, the local Giant would be good.

Bob: What are you talking about?

Caroline: Oh, we usually buy our Christmas food day of from the local grocery store. It started one year when Grandma's stove wasn't cooperating, and it's been our tradition ever since.

(Grandpa comes rolling in his wheelchair)

Bob: Look everyone, it's Grandpa!

Gary: Hi, Grandpa!

Penny: Hi, Grandpa!

Caroline: Hi, dad!

Grandpa: Oh, hello.

Caroline: I've got to go get our dinner from the local Giant, but I'll be back shortly! (nudges to the family) Make conversation with him!

Gary: How have you been doing recently, Grandpa?

Grandpa: Oh, mostly blue and green...(starts rolling away in his wheelchair)

Penny: Look, he's rolling!

Bob: Don't let him get away! (Goes to stand in front of Grandpa) Why don't you roll back over there and we can talk a little more?

Grandpa: YOU...YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SHOT J.F.K! YOUR NAME IS LEE HARVEY OSWALD, AND YOU'VE ESCAPED FROM JAIL!

Bob: What? No I'm not! I'm innocent, I swear!

Grandma: You're being a naughty son-in-law, Bob! You've caused Grandpa to have another episode!

Penny: Can we bake cookies?

Grandma: Of course we can, sweetie! (to Caroline) Now we'll bake cookies. The rest of you have to calm Grandpa down.

Bob: Y-you want me to turn up the "ghost music?"

Grandpa: No! I'm tired of having peanut butter and jelly!

Bob: Grandpa, want to have a man-to-man?

Grandpa: Liar! (Throws the teddy bear that's with him across the room)

Bob: Oh my gosh, he's getting disorderly!

Gary: What should we do?

(Meanwhile)

Grandma: And now for the eternal question - sugar, snickerdoodle, oatmeal or gingerbread?

Penny: Snickerdoodle! Snickerdoodle! Snickerdoodle!

Grandma: Ho ho, snickerdoodle it is.

(A little later)

Grandma: And here we go! A fresh, piping hot batch of snickerdoodle cookies! Let's take them out to the rest of them, shall we?

Penny: Sure!

(Grandma and Penny go out to the living room where the others are still trying to calm Grandpa down)

(Grandpa is rolling around in his wheelchair angrily)

Bob: Is he usually like this?

Penny: Cookie delivery!

Grandma: Here comes the cookie train!

Grandpa: Eh? (Stops rolling and looks happily at the cookies)

Grandma: Want one, dear? (Gives Grandpa a cookie)

(Grandpa picks up his bear and happily eats the cookie)

Gary: Mmm...snickerdoodle! My favorite!

Bob: Yeah, nothing beats a snickerdoodle cookie.

Grandma: I think you know what time it is!

Grandpa: Huh? A Christmas carol?

Penny: We're caroling?

Grandma: Let's see...first page...(clears throat) Stave one - "Marley was dead, to begin with."

(A while later)

Grandma: "And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us, Everyone!" Now wasn't that a good story? Doesn't it just please your heart?

(Grandpa, Bob, Gary and Penny are all asleep)

Grandma: WAKE UP, EVERYONE!

Gary: What?

Grandpa: (startled) Whoawhoawhoa!

Bob: Oh, come on! I was in the middle of a dream where I was eating chocolate honey mustard!

(Caroline comes back)

Caroline: Alright, I've got everything we need for tonight's dinner! I can't believe it took so long, the lines were lengthy. They were out of cranberry sauce, so I got grapes, and they didn't have green bean casserole, so I got lima bean pilaf.

(After dinner)

Caroline: Well, Mom, Dad, it was great seeing you, but we need to get back to our house in Falls Church, Virginia so we can get to New York tomorrow. Bye!

(that night, Gary is on the phone with Marcy)

Gary: Marcy, I'm sorry I stormed out of your house, I was just really hoping you would appreciate my present to you.

Marcy: Well, I've been thinking about it, and if it's the thought that counts, isn't it more about appreciating your intentions than the record you got me?

Gary: Well yes, but the record is MY present to YOU. The record is what shows how much I care about you.

Marcy: Gary, I don't think care is a record.

Gary: But you're going to keep it, right?

Marcy: I'm still thinking about it.

Gary: Marcy, that record means a lot to me, please don't sell it.

Marcy: Well since it's your present to me, it's not about what it means to you, it's about what it means to me. Also, please don't tell me what to do.

Gary: Well, wouldn't it hurt you if you spent two hundred dollars on something for me and then I said I was going to sell it?

Marcy: Well, first of all I wouldn't spend two hundred dollars on something unless I was a hundred percent sure it was exactly what you wanted.

Gary: That's not what I'm trying to say!

Marcy: Well, you're getting desperate and defensive, and I'm getting flustered and frustrated. It's a shame this is all over a Christmas present. I'm not sure if this whole boyfriend/girlfriend thing is working out. I'll need to cool off and sleep on it. But we'll always be friends, okay?

Gary: Okay...(hangs up)

Penny: What happened?

Gary: The tensions continue to sizzle.

Penny: That's a pity.

Bob: NOOOO! THE MARRIAGE IS IN JEOPARDY! I can't believe this is happening!

Penny: Guys, remember the magic of grandparents! Grandparents make everything better!

(The next day, they are in the car)

Bob: We're off to see some stars! The stars of '70s variety show *Gramps and Grammy*, that is.

Penny: Yay!

Gary: Woohoo!

Penny: Were they really stars, Dad?

Bob: Oh yeah! That show killed in the ratings in its time! They may seem corny now, but that's what was funny in the '70s! Tally-ho to Manhattan!

(Later on)

Bob: Oh, shoot...parking in New York, Caroline, you take the helm. Let's switch seats. (Caroline and Bob switch seats. When Caroline sits in the drivers' seat she jumps up)

Caroline: WHEW! Have you had the seat-warmer on this whole time?

Bob: Yes...what? My butt gets cold!

Caroline: Well, mine's on fire. I can't sit here. Let's switch back. You need to get better at city parking anyway. It's a life skill.

(fade out and back in. Documentary-style text on the screen - "10 minutes later...")

Bob: Here we go!

Caroline: Ugh! Finally! Well, at least you got practice.

(As they walk in)

Penny: It smells like pine...and sawdust.

Gary: And banana cream pie.

(Grammy and Gramps walk in. Grammy is dressed as a median and Gramps has put a tablecloth over him)

Grammy: (putting on an Eastern-European accent) Welcome, my darlings! Unfortunately our house is being...what is it...haunted! By the ghost of Elvis!

Bob: Oh no! (whispers to family) Play along, everyone!

Penny: I'm spooked.

Caroline: Oh my gosh, this is frightening!

Gary: I might pee myself!

Grammy: (pulls a crystal ball out of her pocket) Thankfully, I can use this to communicate with him!

(Gramps does some ghostly mumbling)

Grammy: It sounds like he'd like to come out and perform a song for us!

(Gramps takes his tablecloth off and throws it across the room, revealing him in a suit and with a black "greaser" wig)

Gramps: You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, cryin' all the time!

Bob: YEAH! ROCK ON! ELVIS! (whispers to family) Play along!

(Everyone starts clapping)

Gary: Bravo! I can't believe I'm seeing Elvis in the flesh!

(Penny whistles)

Gramps: But wait...people, people, I have a confession to make. I'm not Elvis. I'm Houdini. And I'm gonna cut Grammy in half!

(Grammy lies on a "medical" table and they do the Houdini trick)

Bob: (Gasp)

Gramps: Don't worry, I'll sew her back together! ("puts her back together")

Grammy: Ta-da! I'm alive!

Bob: How do you do it?

Gramps: Nobody can know!

Grammy: Wasn't it impressive, Gary?

Gary: I...guess so.

Grammy: Seems like there's something weighing on ya.

Gary: Yeah, I just had a fight with my girlfriend/best friend.

Gramps: Well, we can't help ya charm the ladies, but maybe we can help you turn your frown upside down? (whispers to Gary) We've got some great routines prepared. We'll keep you out of the way so the jokes will be on the girls.

Penny: Your Christmas tree is so nice! (Water sprays from behind the needles) What? How did that happen?

Grammy: We just watered the tree. Guess it soaked up a little too much. Why don't you head to the bathroom to dry it off?

Penny: You bet I am! (runs to the bathroom and slips on a banana peel) Thanks a lot, you sneaks!

(Gramps, Grammy, Bob and Gary laugh)

Penny: Stop laughing at me, guys! (lets out one chuckle)

Gary: See? We're laughing with you, not at you!

Grammy: Everyone wash up for dinner! I'm - setting the table!

(Everyone gathers around the dinner table)

Grammy: Caroline, I'd like to get to know you better. Why don't you sit next to me tonight?

Caroline: Of course! (sits on a whoopie cushion)

(Gramps, Grammy, Gary and Bob laugh)

Penny: Mom, why'd you do it so loudly this time?

Caroline: The correct question would be, why do my in-laws have such a ridiculous sense of humor?

Gramps: Wait, what's that up there? Do you all see that?

Caroline: Oh yeah. Why is there a banana cream pie on the ceiling fan?

Gramps: Round and round it goes, where it stops, nobody knows!

(The pie falls on Caroline)

Caroline: My hair! If there are any more "slapstick routines" that involve me, I'm going out to the car.

Grammy: Well, there were going to be about a hundred more, but if you're going to be that way I guess we'll just have to be stodgy old folks.

Gramps: Back in my day, novelty songs were on the charts!

Grammy: Back in my day, there was nothing funnier than a banana cream pie to the face!

Gramps: Back in my day, the only bad guys were people with mustaches!

Bob: So, what are we actually having for dinner?

Grammy: (Lifts open the pot) Air! It's the latest healthy diet!

Gramps: Recommended by the good old Dr. Weisenheimer!

Grammy: From his book, "Oxygen Makes You Healthy As An Ox!"

Bob: Awww. Could you tone down the funny stuff just a little bit?

Gramps: I guess so. (to Gary) You feelin' better, pal?

Gary: Yep. So what's the real dinner?

Grammy: Stuffing pie, green bean casserole and cranberries.

Bob: That's more like it.

(After dinner)

Bob: Well, Gramps, Granny, that was a great visit, but, uh, I think we ought to head home now.

Penny: Bye!

Caroline: Great seeing you!

Gary: Thanks for everything! Merry Christmas!

Gramps: Right back at you!

(The next day, Marcy at her house)

Marcy: Christmas is finally here! I think no matter what I do with this record I should play it at least once. (Goes to take it out of her room) Oh hey, what's this? Bootleg edition? "Take 16, where Joan Jett has a bad case of the hiccups?" Oh my gosh! I was wrong! I don't have this, or at least, heh, not this version. This is awesome! I'd



better go apologize to Gary.

(Marcy goes over to Gary's house)

Penny: Hey, look, Gary, it's Marcy!

Gary: What does she want? (Opens the door) Hey, Marcy.

Marcy: Gary, I'm so sorry! It turns out I didn't have this after all! I didn't know it was a special edition where Joan Jett has the hiccups!

Gary: Huh, I didn't know that either. Guess that's why it cost 200 dollars.

Marcy: I have an offering of peace, too. Do you want one of my mom's snickerdoodles?

Gary: Sure! (takes one) Mmm, this is great!

Marcy: Anyone else want one?

Penny: I'll have one!

Bob: Me! Me! Me!

(They each have one)

Bob: Mmm, Caroline, you should try one. It's even better than your mother's!

(Caroline looks at Bob as if he's said something blasphemous)

Marcy: Gary, can we go to a quiet spot?

Gary: Sure.

Marcy: I hope we'll be together for as long as Joan Jett rocks.

(Gary and Marcy embrace for several moments. Then, Marcy's stomach makes an embarrassing noise. Gary pulls back in surprise.)

Marcy: Dang, excuse me. I better go. Had too much nachos. (as she leaves) Merry Christmas!

Everyone: Merry Christmas!

(When Marcy's out the door)

Bob: WOOHOO! THE MARRIAGE IS SAVED! (off Caroline's look) I know what will cheer you up. Some Christmas caroling!

Bob: (back at the piano, he sings the song) Don't stop believin'!  
Hold on tight to that feeling! Tree light people!

(Everyone joins in)

THE END