

EPISODE 14: "THIS NEW YEAR'S I KNOCKED OVER MY BOYFRIEND'S TEN-FOOT-TALL CHRISTMAS TREE IN A FREAK SKATEBOARDING ACCIDENT AFTER DRINKING TOO MUCH SPARKLING APPLE JUICE"

Gary: Yeah! Three hours till midnight!

Penny: Woohoo!

Bob: Alright, so. *We* are going to the Smiths for their grown-up New Years' Eve celebration, and *Marcy* and *Dan* are coming over here for this time.

Gary: Sounds good!

Bob: Remember, nothing bedraggled.

Gary: Yep.

Penny: I'll be on lookout.

Caroline: Bye for now, kids! Have a nice countdown!

Penny: Thanks! You too!

Gary: Bye, Mom! Bye, Dad!

(There is a knock at the door)

Gary: (opens it) Hi Marcy! Hi Dan!

Dan: Yo.

Marcy: Hey. Sooo, anything interesting-

(another knock at the door)

Penny: (opens the door) Colin?!

Colin: 'Ello, chaps!

Marcy: What the heck is he doing here?

Gary: No idea. Did you invite him, Penny?

Penny: I didn't invite him! Why would I invite him? Marcy, are you sure you didn't invite him?

Marcy: I swear on my copy of *Exile on Main Street* I didn't invite him!

Gary: Then who did?!

Dan: Who *is* this guy? Wait, is he that dude who played the synthesizer in our band?

Colin: Yes, and I invited myself.

Penny: So...you rode your unicycle across the block to our house at 9:30 in the evening. Why would you do that?

Colin: I was bored. My parents were drinking champagne and they were watching the New Years' live specials on the TV so I couldn't use it for video games.

Gary: So your solution to that was to come to our house.

Colin: It seemed the most logical path, yes. By the way, I've brought my comrades.

Fred: Hello!

Steven: Wazzup?

Cohen: Oy!

Gary: I thought you hated me! You said I was a "poser" and kicked me out of your DND game before I even joined.

Fred: Well, we're not the type to hold grudges.

Steven: Yeah, let's let bygones be bygones.

Cohen: All is forgiven, brother.

Gary: Fine. Just stay out of the way.

Marcy: I have no clue who any of you are.

Penny: Oh wait, Gary, weren't they those people you were hanging out with that one time when Marcy was mad at you about breaking a rock or something?

Gary: Yeah.

Marcy: Ohhhh, that's how you know them.

Dan: I'm not familiar with this lore. Is there a book I can read or something?

Penny: (nudges Gary and whispers) Do something.

Gary: Uh, sorry guys, no. You can't all just invite yourselves into my house. Especially not since the last time you came over you blew up my backyard.

Colin: If you make us leave we will hack your computers.

Gary: Blackmail. Nice.

Colin: So, what sorts of entertainment's going on?

Dan: Yeah, I was wondering the same thing.

Penny: Not much.

Gary: Well...you could admire my ten-foot Christmas tree.

Marcy: I've been seeing it all month, and I never liked it. We look at each other with silent contempt.

Fred: I'd have to agree. This tree is (snorts) less than impressive.

Cohen: It's a botanical abomination!

(The nerds all laugh.)

Marcy: Gary, can you, um, take more of a stand against these guys?

Gary: I don't want to get hacked.

Marcy: (smiles) Why don't you "hack" them back? (pulls out her Swiss Army knife)

Gary, Penny and Dan: Marcy!

Marcy: Sorry.

Steven: I'm hungry. You got any more Cliff bars in your backpack, Colin?

Colin: Nope, I'm all out.

Steven: Fiddlesticks!

Colin: Gary, what's there for refreshments?

Gary: Let's see...we've got deviled eggs.

Penny: We do?

Marcy: Niiice!

(The normal kids enjoy the deviled eggs. The nerds look left out)

Gary: Guys. I literally got this out for you. Help yourselves.

Fred: My stomach doesn't tolerate mustard and paprika.

Colin: My mom's keeping me on a low-mayo diet.

Steven: I'm trying to watch my cholesterol intake.

Cohen: I don't like eggs!

Marcy: Dang you guys are picky.

Dan: Yeah, who do you think you are?

Colin: We're the future. Someday you'll be texting your friends on messaging platforms made by us!

Penny: Um, I think I'm going to specifically avoid those messaging platforms.

Dan: Hey, I'm into computers too, but I'm not out of touch with reality like you guys.

Cohen: Who needs reality when you've got virtual reality!

Steven: Good comeback, Cohen!

(The nerds all laugh)

Gary: Well, you know guys, if you really want something, why don't you look in our kitchen and just make it for yourselves?

Colin: Great idea!

(The nerds all scramble into the kitchen)

Fred: Oh my gosh, we can make almond butter and quinoa!

(The nerds have finished their meal)

Fred: All that salty almond butter and dry quinoa made me thirsty!

Colin: I can sympathize. (to Gary) Got any drinks?

Gary: Oh yeah, I was waiting for someone to ask that, because we have 6 cartons of...smart champagne!

Penny: Oh yeah, I forgot about those.

Steven: But we can't drink champagne.

Gary: Nah, smart champagne is a cool way of saying champagne without the alcohol. It's literally just sparkling apple juice.

Fred: My stomach doesn't tolerate sparkling drinks.

Colin: They make me belch.

Steven: The fizz shocks my system.

Cohen: I don't like apple juice!

Marcy: (facepalms, sighs) I need this. Get me your largest glass.

Penny: (gets out the biggest glass) Here you go?

Marcy: Thanks. I just can't deal with these bubblewrap kids anymore. (pours herself a lot of the sparkling apple juice and starts drinking it)

Penny: Neither can I. (Starts drinking sparkling apple juice too)

Dan: Yeah, I'm sick of it. (Also drinks sparkling apple juice)

Gary: Eh, I suppose I could have a glass. (drinks some)

Cohen: Boy, I feel excluded.

Marcy: If you feel left out, why don't you just try some? It tastes great. It won't kill you.

Colin: But our moms-

Marcy: I'm glad you care so much about your parents. To be honest, if my mom said I couldn't drink sparkling apple juice, then I probably wouldn't. But yours seem extremely strict. How old are you guys again?

Colin: Also 16.

Fred: I'm 17.

Steven: I'm 17 too.

Cohen: I'm turning 18 in 3 months.

Penny: That's concerning.

Cohen: Also, I'm dual enrolled in community college.

Dan: Oh yeah, I thought I recognized you. You're in my computer class, right?

Cohen: Yeah.

Dan: Are you the one who farted that one time?

Cohen: I decline to comment.

Marcy: In that case, I feel like you guys should have *some* agency of your own decisions.

Fred: But if I disobeyed my parents they might take away my Linux.

(Gary and Marcy both sigh)

(Meanwhile)

Caroline: This champagne is good.

Melody: Yep.

John: Agreed.

Bob: I think it's a little flat.

Caroline: Bob, I feel like you're just trying to have a different opinion from everyone else.

Bob: You're probably right. Who's that on the TV? Is that Taylor Swift?

John: No, it's Eminem.

Bob: I never know anymore.

(Back with the kids)

Fred: So, I was just reading that they had a breakthrough in quantum physics!

(The nerds burst into loud excitement. Marcy drinks another bottle of sparkling apple juice)

Colin: Do you mind if I use your sound system?

Gary: Uh....

Penny: No. Sorry.

Colin: Then you can say goodbye to all your files.

Penny: Come on!

Gary: Fine.

Colin: Hey, guys, I heard this rad new genre called spacewave! (Puts on some extremely loud electronic music)

(All the normal kids cover their ears)

Dan: THIS HURTS MY EARS, AND I'VE WORKED ON A GENERATOR SO THAT'S REALLY SAYING SOMETHING!

Gary: THIS MUSIC HAS NO MELODY!

Marcy: AND IT DOESN'T EVEN HAVE A GUITAR! (Drinks another bottle of sparkling apple juice)

Penny: You think maybe you should lay off?

Marcy: Not until these guys lay off everything they're doing.

Colin: Hey guys, guess what I brought! (Pulls something out of his backpack) My new prototype!

Gary: Oh no. Not this again. Remember what we talked about last time? You're not putting robots anywhere near my house.

Steven: Remember what we talked about earlier? Bygones are bygones!

Cohen: New year, new us, new you!

Colin: Besides, this is just a robot cat. I call her Neocat!

Penny: Um, we have real pets, are you sure "she" will get along with them?

Colin: Well, let's just let her explore a little bit and see what happens.

(Neocat crawls around and pounces on a cat toy. Felix goes up to her

and decides he wants the cat toy. He pounces on Neocat and Neocat makes a robotic yowling noise.)

Penny: Owwww! What the heck is that?

Dan: It's a crime against the eardrums, that's what it is!

Colin: It's the yowling sound I've programmed so that we know when Neocat is in trouble.

Marcy: Well, turn it off!

Colin: Uh, sorry, I haven't programmed a "yowling off" feature yet.

Marcy: Oh my gosh. (Drinks another bottle of the sparkling apple juice)

Gary: Marcy, I really think that's enough.

Marcy: Eh, maybe you're ri, ri, riiiiiiight. (burps) Hey, that's your guitar, right?

Gary: Yep.

Marcy: Can I borrow it?

Gary: (shrugs) Okay.

(Marcy grabs the guitar and stands on a nearby chair)

Marcy: (slurring words) We're not gonna take it, no, we ain't gonna take it, we're not gonna take it anymo- Stage dive! (jumps off the chair)

Fred: Nice landing, but I recommend you try more aerodynamic pants.

Penny: Uh oh, Marcy's drunk.

Dan: This seems to happen when she has too much sparkling apple juice.

Marcy: Time for Round 2! (Jumps on the couch) Animal show! Animal show! Animal show!

Steven: There's an animal show?

Colin: I've always enjoyed documentaries.

Fred: I think they can be frightening.

Cohen: Nobody asked you, Frederick.

Gary: Marcy, in the nicest way possible, you're making a complete butt of yourself.

Marcy: I don't mind. Oh cool! A skateboard! Did you get that for Christmas?

Gary: Uh, no, my dad did. He thought it would make him hip, cause he hasn't been in touch with culture since the early 2000s.

Marcy: Can I give it a whirl?

Penny: Given your current state, I wouldn't recommend it.

Marcy: Eh, I'll give it a go. (Gets on the skateboard) I've done this more than once. I've probably done it twice. So I'm sure I know what I'm doing. Have you ever done this before?

Gary: Nope.

Penny: No.

Dan: If I have, I don't remember.

Marcy: Well, it's easy.

Gary: Marcy, I really don't think that drunk skateboarding is a good idea.

Marcy: Just watch me. (Gets on the skateboard) I'm just going to go straight across the living room and then turn right into the kitchen. (she goes straight) See, I'm doing it. And now for the turn...(bumps into the tree, which shifts significantly to the right. She gets off.) Oh shoot.

Gary: I'm flinching.

Penny: I'm wincing.

Dan: I'm in brotherly disappoint.

Marcy: Guess I was pretty "drunk" there wasn't I?

Gary: Yeah.

Penny: Yep you were.

Dan: You shouldn't have had so much sparkling apple juice.

Marcy: Yeah, I messed up. But I'm not going to drink any more.

Dan: I knew you'd come to your senses.

Gary: I'm glad, Marcy.

Penny: You made the right choice.

Marcy: Yep. Glad that's sorted out. (leans on the tree) I feel more chill. Guess it's only a half-hour till New Years now...(the tree falls down, breaking a bookshelf, a pile of games and the piano, and making a dent in the floor.) Uh...my bad?

Gary: What just happened?

Penny: Marcy, oh my gosh!

Dan: Come on Marce, let's go home. Come on. (Takes Marcy by the hand)

Marcy: (fighting tears) I'm sorry, Penny! I'm *sorry*, Gary! (After they leave)

Gary: What-were you guys just *watching* this whole time?

Steven: Yeah.

Cohen: You can't blame us, it was entertaining.

Fred: Yep. Funny stuff.

Gary: J-just get out of here, will ya?!

(The nerds all leave.)

(A bit later...Caroline and Bob walk to the house)

Bob: Those hosts...not funny.

Caroline: Yes, and not family-appropriate either.

Bob: Inappropriate stuff is fine as long as it's actually funny. Now where is that key...oh, here it is!

(Bob opens the door)

Caroline: Hey, kids!

Bob: We're home!

(Gary and Penny rush to the front door)

Gary: Nice! Er, cool! Er, welcome back!

Penny: Unfortunately you can't come in at the moment.

Bob: What do you mean?

Caroline: We're the parents, we can come in whenever we want!

Penny: Well, Pippi's had an accident, and I-I'm cleaning it up.

Caroline: Oh, I can help you with that.

Penny: No, I'm trying to g-gain responsibility.

Caroline: Oh, alright. You can go back to cleaning it then.

Penny: (nudges Gary, whispering) Can you come up with a better lie?

Gary: I'll try. So, in, um, addition to Pippi's accident, Felix also had a hairball.

Penny: Yep. I'm going to clean that stuff up right now. (Walks further into the living room, making sure to block the tree disaster) Oh! And also we were working on a...New Year's surprise!

Bob: Ooh, I like surprises.

Caroline: Well, I don't. So, can we see the surprise?

Gary: Sure. I-it's outside.

(They go outside)

Bob: I don't see a surprise.

Gary: That's 'cause it's in the backyard.

Bob: Ohhhh, okay!

Caroline: Is this surprise messy?

Gary: Welllll...not really. Alright, here's the surprise!

Bob: What? This just looks like the regular backyard.

Gary: T-that's because it is! This was a...ploy to help you reconnect with nature?

Bob: I don't like ploys.

Gary: It was Penny's idea.

Caroline: You know what? I'm beginning to think that these are all excuses because you don't want us to see something in the house.

Gary: I decline to comment.

Caroline: Come on, Bob. Let's go in.

(Gary reluctantly follows. Caroline and Bob go in the house)

Penny: WAIT! I'M NOT FINISHED CLEANING UP THE ACCIDENTS!

Caroline: Sorry, we're coming in - (gasps) Oh my GOSH! What the heck happened here?

Bob: (BLEEP)!

Gary: Well, *Pippi* get a little...playful, and she accidentally-

Penny: Don't make the pets look bad! *Marcy* had too much sparkling apple juice and she rode on the new skateboard you got, Dad, and she bumped into the Christmas tree making her turn, and she then apologized and coolly leaned on the tree, and then this happened.

Gary: PENNY!

Penny: Sorry, the truth must come forth.

Caroline: Oh, no. The bookshelves...

Bob: That bookshelf probably cost...fifty bucks!

Caroline: And these games...

Bob: Seventy-five bucks!

Caroline: And the piano...

Bob: (Gasp) Five-hundred bucks! PLUS sentimental value!

Caroline: AND THE FLOOR?!

Bob: Oh, come on! I can't believe it! *Marcy* always causes trouble!

Penny: When has she caused trouble before?

Bob: Uh...I'll think of examples later. Anyway, your allowances for the next 6 months will be used to pay for a new bookshelf, new games and piano reparation! Wait, sorry, I mean - piano rehabilitation!

Gary: Why our allowances?

Bob: Because, you're the ones who are friends with Marcy. And the floor - I'm not quite sure what to do about the floor.

Caroline: Well, it's damage to our home, so I think we should tell our insurance about it.

Gary: Marcy won't get in trouble with the insurance company, will she?

Bob: Doubt it. They don't care about the whodunnit, they care more about the who-pays-for-it.

Caroline: I'll call Marcy's mom and tell her about what happened.
(Calls Melody)

Melody: Yes?

Caroline: Unfortunately, Marcy had a little...incident over at our house that is now costing us a fortune.

Melody: What did she do?

Caroline: She knocked over our ten-foot Christmas tree, which apparently caused a domino chain of destruction.

Melody: Oh my gosh! I'll be sure to talk to her about that. (Gets off the phone) Marcia Lilianna Smith! What the heck happened over there?

Marcy: Well, I guess I just made a huge mistake. I'm sorry, Mom.

Dan: It's because she had too much sparkling apple juice.

Melody: Hmm...well, considering your father just broke our lamp after drinking too much champagne-

John: Sorry, I know I'm paying for it-

Melody: I guess it would be hypocrisy for us to punish you. So...I guess just don't do it again.

Marcy: Nope.

Melody: And learn how to skateboard.

Marcy: (laughs) Alright.

Melody: And if the Joneses ask for help cleaning up the mess, you'll have to do as much as you can.

Marcy: Got it.

Melody: Now, I am going to send you to bed, okay?

Marcy: Yeah, I was tired anyway. Thanks for being so understanding, mom!

Melody: Thank your father.

Marcy: Thank you, Dad!

John: (to Melody) Look, I'm sorry about the lamp, okay?

(The next day)

Bob: Alright, I called the insurance, and they said, "We've reviewed your claim regarding the damages to your property. In order to process reimbursement, we require a determination of third-party liability. If another party is responsible, legal action must be pursued so that restitution can be recovered from the liable party."

Caroline: What? Who talks like that?

Bob: It was a robot. Anyway, basically they're saying "we won't pay you unless you sue someone."

Caroline: How do you know?

Bob: I took an insurance class in community college.

Caroline: Why?

Bob: Because Kristy was thinking of becoming an insurance agent. Then she decided not to.

Caroline: Anyway, what are we supposed to do? We can't sue anyone.

Bob: Guess we just have to sue the Smiths.

Caroline: What?! They would hate us if we did that.

Bob: Well, I guess sometimes you get hated for doing the right thing.

Caroline: But suing our friends/neighbors isn't right!

Bob: Well, according to the insurance company it is.

(Bob goes to the Smiths' door)

John: Hey, Bob, what's up?

Bob: Bad news is what's up. I'm afraid I have to sue you.

John: Uh...is that a punchline? Where's the setup?

Bob: No, we actually have to sue you. For bureaucratic purposes. Our insurance company says we have to.

(Melody comes to the door)

Melody: Sue us for what?

Bob: The whole Christmas tree debacle. See, there's a tree-shaped dent in our floor, and insurance won't cover it unless someone's "liable."

John: Why don't you just let us repair it ourselves?

Melody: Yeah, we'll help you as much as you want if you don't sue us.

Bob: Hmmm. I believe the insurance says that "voluntary repairs" look "suspicious." So, maybe later we can just drop by the small claims court and work it out.

John: Fine.

Bob: And bring witnesses.

(At the small claims court)

Judge: Okay, next case - Bob and Caroline Jones vs. John and Melody Smith...for damages caused by a ten-foot Christmas tree as a result of a drunken skateboarding accident.

John: Well, not "drunken"...

Melody: It was just sparkling apple juice.

Judge: You can't interrupt me while I'm calling the case, that's a breach of decorum.

John and Melody: Sorry.

Judge: If you were truly sorry then you wouldn't say anything. Now, present are the plaintiffs Bob and Caroline Jones, the defendants John and Melody Smith, and witnesses Gary, Penny, Marcy, Dan, Colin, Fred, Steven and Cohen.

(Series of scenes from the case)

Judge: And, is it true that *you* are the one who gave Marcy the sparkling apple juice?

Gary: Well, yes, but she *chose* to drink too much of it.

Judge: I see.

(Next scene)

Judge: And, did you warn Marcy of the risks of her skateboarding stunt?

Penny: Well, we tried to. But she wouldn't listen. She *insisted* she knew how to pull it off.

(Next scene)

Judge: Marcy, what was your motivation for leaning on the already susceptible tree?

Marcy: I dunno. I was trying to be cool.

(Next scene)

Judge: Were you aware of the risks of your sister drinking too much sparkling apple juice?

Dan: Yes, it's happened before. But, we've never measured how much she drinks and so we didn't know her tolerance level.

(Next scene)

Judge: Now, did you have any involvement in the incident?

Fred: Nope. I just idly stood by and watched it transpire.

(Next scene)

Judge: Have you known Marcy to have poor impulse control?

Steven: I don't know. I'd never met her before.

(Next scene)

Judge: Do you have any idea what caused Marcy to over-indulge?

Colin: Wellllll, I admit we may have gotten a bit inconsiderate in our antics.

(Next scene)

Judge: And, is there anything you remember about the incident that nobody else has brought up until now?

Cohen: When skateboarding, Marcy didn't wear a helmet.

Judge: That's all I needed to hear! I find the defendants to be fully liable of the damages. Case closed.

(Outside the courthouse)

Gary: Well, that was a waste of an afternoon.

Marcy: You're telling me!

Bob: This is great! Now you can pay us!

John: Bob, we offered to fix it from the start. Why did we have to go through all this?

Bob: Because, it's better this way.

John: Let's never speak of this again.

Melody: Agreed.

Caroline: You got it.

Bob: Aw, I thought it would make a good bar story!

THE END

