

EPISODE 20 - "BOYS VS. GIRLS VS. JERKS"

Bob: If there has ever been a perfect time to go bowling this is the day - rain, rain, rain, and more rain.

Caroline: I just hope a lot of other people don't have the same idea. You know what they say, great minds think alike.

Penny: What are you talking about?

Caroline: How we're thinking of possibly going bowling today.

Bob: On account of it's a rainy Saturday afternoon! Hey, that sounds like a song. (Attempts to sing) *Rainy saturday afternoon* - (ahem) *rainy saturday* - hey, I bet if I got my high school garage band back together they could help me figure it out. Maybe with a little Facebook snooping I could -

Gary: That sounds like it could be fun. The bowling, I mean.

Bob: Honey, we even got the kids' stamp of approval! We've got to do it! What do you say?

Caroline: I guess we can do it, but it's been a while since we last bowled. We should look at the local bowling alleys.

Bob: On it! Bowling - alleys - near - meerkats? What's wrong with this thing? I want bowling alleys near ME!

(Gary, Penny and Caroline laugh)

Bob: Hey! It's not funny!

Gary: We're not laughing at *you*, we're laughing at the autocorrect!

Bob: Oh. (laughs) I think we should take the guy - or whoever it was - who invented autocorrect and - oh, Bowling For The Soul!

Penny: What?

Caroline: That's what it's called?

Bob: Yeah, it looks like kind of a hipster place. It promises "otherworldly" bowling at "otherworldly" prices.

Gary: Pfft - otherworldly prices; is that supposed to mean something good?

Penny: Maybe by "otherworldly" they mean theirs are lower than

typically found in this plane of existence.

Bob: It seems that way. But *very* clumsy wording.

Caroline: *Well*, I *do* have to vacuum the floors and unclog the sink and sweep behind the piano et cetera et cetera et cetera, but I wouldn't mind a throwback.

Bob: Alright! So we're all on board. Last order of business - I'll invite the Smiths.

(John and Bob hang outside)

John: Isn't this Chaos And Creation beer good?

Bob: Yeah, but it's *local artisan*.

John: That's probably why it's so good.

Bob: It's also why it's worth a fortune! Anyway, we're going bowling. Would your family like to join us?

John: Marcy's been begging us to go bowling...then Tomas joined the bandwagon. Then Melody said, "That might be good." So, I don't even have to ask.

(Bob tells the family)

Bob: So, the Smiths are coming with. It'll be a party of eight!

(Gary and Penny cheer)

Caroline: Don't you mean nine?

Bob: Nah, Dan's staying home as usual. He's got to study for his C++ + class.

(The family are in the car)

Gary: Dad, I swear this is like the seven hundred and fifty second-time I've heard We Are The Champions!

Bob: It probably is, but maybe it'll bring us good luck for our bowling.

(When they get there, the Joneses and the Smiths meet up)

Gary: So, when's the last time you bowled?

Marcy: Two weeks ago. What about you?

Gary: T-three years.

Marcy: Don't worry. It's just like riding a bike. Get this - in Wisconsin the expression is just like *bowling*.

Gary: Really?

Marcy: Nah. But it's simple; you just roll the ball toward the pins. But there's also ways to min-max. Like choosing the optimal shoes, ball, targeting pins strategically-

Gary: Gosh, you're making bowling sound complicated.

Marcy: I'm not good at explaining things. Sorry.

(When they walk in)

Bob: So, we'd all like to do some bowling.

Clerk: Sounds good! How would you like to pay? Per game or per hour?

Bob: (turns to the others)

John: Let's do per game.

Bob: P-per game, please!

Clerk: And how many games would you like?

Bob: Ten!

(Sighs and cringe reactions from Caroline, Melody and John)

Clerk: (opportunistic grin) Well, why don't you pick out your bowling shoes then? Just tell me the sizes you want and we'll be good to go.

Bob: Alright! Well, I know I'm going to be needing one of the larger sizes, (chuckles), that fellow over there is probably going to be a large also -

John: Hey!

Caroline: Bob, I think it's a bit rude to estimate other people's shoe size. It crosses their boundaries.

Clerk: Sir, they say inside the shoe.

Bob: Alright, well, in that case, just let me lean on this wall real quick so I can take my shoe off and check -

Clerk: Why don't you just go look at the shoes? I'm sure with a little educated guessing you'll be just fine.

Penny: Are these European or American sizes?

Clerk: See the food menu? Hot dogs and Hamburgers - American, American!

(After the two families have done a lot of calculating)

Bob: We'll take an 11, a 10, two 9s, two 8s and two 7s.

Clerk: Alright.

Bob: I saw the other guy who works here spraying the shoes - is that some sort of cologne?

Clerk: No, it's for fungus.

Bob: Fungus? What kind of clientele do you have here?

(continued, huge cringe reactions from everyone else)

Clerk: Hate to break it to you but everyone has some fungus - even you.

Bob: Rest assured young man, my feet are fungus free.

Marcy: I kind of like the smell - though it does remind me of the hospital.

Penny: Can't we do anything without getting way off track?

Bob: You're right. Now - (turns to others)

Caroline: I think we should get 2 lanes.

Bob: Would you happen to have 2 lanes open?

Clerk: Yes, lanes 12 and 13.

(As the two families walk over)

Bob: So, I was thinking, what if we play versus style?

John: I like that! Joneses vs. the Smiths?

Bob: Guess.

Melody: Hey, how about girls vs. boys?

(Marcy, Gary, Penny and Tomas cheer)

Marcy: We'll skin you!

Caroline: Well, the kids seem to like that idea. How about you, Bob?

Bob: (nervously) -I guess it could be fairly interesting. So, who's going to take the unlucky lane?

Melody: Bob, I think you're the only superstitious one here.

Bob: You're right. So I guess we'll take lane 13.

(with the boys)

Bob: So, before we discuss strategics, I have two very important questions to ask you guys. Number one, what should our team name be?

Tomas: How about Skill Issue?

Bob: What? That makes us sound bad!

Tomas: No, it's supposed to be ironic.

Gary: I get it!

Bob: John, do you understand the new generation?

John: (shrugs) Irony was cool when I was a teenager too.

Bob: Alright, well if that's how everyone feels, then that's what I'll put. And now for the second important question - in the case that we win, what should our victory song be?

Tomas: What? Why is that relevant?

Gary: Yeah, Dad, that doesn't have to do with anything.

John: Bob, I feel like you're just trying to waste our time at this point.

Bob: Fine, I'll choose! "Even the Losers" Tom Petty.

(The three look happy that the issue's been resolved)

(Meanwhile, with the girls)

Melody: Alright, how about we decide on the two questions they just did?

Caroline: Have you been eavesdropping?

Melody: Of course. So, what should our team name be?

Marcy: How about the Nitro Thrashers?

Melody: Cool, I'll put that. And, what should our victory song be?

Marcy: "Bad Reputation" by Joan Jett.

Melody: Nice one!

Caroline: Hey, how come your girl's calling all the shots?

Penny: I smell some nepotism.

Melody: Well I just -

Marcy: No, you're right, Penny, I shouldn't be jumping on everything. Do you have a name idea?

Penny: How about...the Secret Factor of Z Squared?

Marcy: ...Do you have a song idea?

Penny: ..."Particle Man?" We could, we could pretend that they're saying "Particle Women."

Marcy: (sarcastically) Okay then.

Penny: You're right, your choices are better.

Caroline: So, who's going to bowl first?

Penny and Marcy: (simultaneously) I want to!

Penny: How about we settle this like men over a game of rock-paper-scissors?

Marcy: Sure. But can we play RPS 101?

Penny: What's that?

Marcy: It's rock paper scissors with 98 other playable items.

Penny: ...Okay?

Penny and Marcy: RPS 101, shoot!

Penny: Monkey.

Marcy: Death. Death claims Monkey, I win!

Penny: Best of three.

Penny and Marcy: RPS 101, shoot!

Penny: Sky.

Marcy: Dragon. Dragon flies across Sky, I win!

Penny and Marcy: RPS 101, shoot!

Penny: Church.

Marcy: Devil. Way to go, Penny! Church exorcises Devil! But I got two of three, so I still win.

Caroline: That seemed more like a game of luck.

Penny: Well, rock paper scissors is always a game of luck.

Caroline: Good point.

(Meanwhile, with the boys)

Tomas: So, who's going to go first?

Bob: I know how to decide! Bubblegum, bubblegum, in a dish. How many pieces do you wish? 1.

John: 2.

Gary: 3.

Tomas: 4.

Bob: 5.

John: 6.

Gary: 7.

Tomas: 8.

Bob: 9.

John: 10!

Bob: Alright, guess you're up, John!

Marcy: I think I'm going to use a 14.

Melody: Don't you think that's a little heavy for you?

Marcy: Just look at this. (Flexes her arm) See the bump?

Penny: Marcy, there's no bump.

Marcy: Yes there is.

(Penny pulls out a magnifying glass)

Penny: Oh, now I see it.

(Marcy play-slaps Penny lightly)

Marcy: I'm channeling my inner Rosy the Riveter here. (Rolls the ball. It moves slowly and lands in the gutter about half the way down.)

Penny: Rosy's disappointed.

Caroline: You should listen more.

Marcy: (embarrassed) Sorry.

John: (Picks up a 14 ball. As a grown man he is able to handle it better) I'm a tweener.

Bob: No you're not, you're at least like 40.

John: No, it's a bowling strategy. You see, it's all about precision. I aim for the center pin...(rolls the ball, it successfully hits the center pin, and a couple other ones)

Gary: Yeah!

Tomas: Nice one, Dad!

Bob: Way to go, John! (Bob and John high-five)

(back with the girls)



Marcy: Alright, lemme redo that with a 12.

Melody: No, Marcy, let's let someone else go. How about now you go, Penny?

Penny: Thank you! I'm going to be realistic here and choose a 10.  
(Steps up) Let me just do some calculations before I roll the ball...let's see here...x times y...carry the one...(wipes brow)  
Whew, a lot of variables to keep track of here. I'll need my calculator. (Begins to pull out her calculator)

Marcy: (BLEEP), Penny! Just roll the ball!

Caroline and Melody: *Marcy!*

Melody: We're going to have to talk about that later, Marcia.

Marcy: Sorry, Mom.

Melody: Give me your phone-

Marcy: What? But I'm not even using it!

Melody: I don't care. You need to be punished somehow - that was extremely inappropriate.

Penny: Hello, is anyone going to look at the pins?

Sound effect: Strike!

(Marcy, Caroline and Melody cheer)

(boys)

Bob: Alright, I say I should go next because I was second closest to the winner of "bubblegum, bubblegum, in a dish."

(Tomas and Gary sigh)

Bob: (looks at the bowling sizes) Welp, I think I'll go with an 8.

Gary: An 8! Dad, you're a grown man!

Bob: Gary, I'm not your average grown man. Hoopla! (throws the ball. It gets stuck in the middle of the row)

John: Bob, you butthead! The whole point of bowling is to roll the ball!

Gary: Yeah, Dad, what do you think this is, cornhole?

Bob: I don't want no backtalk!

John: He has the right to. We're lucky it was light so you didn't make a dent in the floor.

Tomas: Anyway, we'll have to get it unstuck with our next ball.

(with girls)

Caroline: Can I go next?

Melody: Of course.

Caroline: Alright. I think I'll go with a 10.

Melody: What are you, some kind of trad-wife?

Caroline: Ew, of course not!

Marcy: (teasingly) Mom, that seemed a little inappropriate.

Melody: Come on, how come I can never teach you a lesson without learning it myself? I'm sure you'll do great, Caroline.

Caroline: Thanks.

(She rolls the ball. It hits 3 pins)

Caroline: Yeah!

Melody: Good, but a little mild-mannered. Watch me! (Picks up a 12 ball and rolls it. It knocks down the remainder of the second frame of pins)

Penny: Way to go!

Marcy: Rock on, Mom!

(with the boys)

Gary: Tomas, you can go next if you'd like.

Tomas: No, you go next.

Gary: Okay! (Picks up a 12 ball and rolls it. It hits one pin)

Tomas: Good try, Gary. (note: he is being sincere)

Bob: Gary: good with the ladies, bad with bowling. You should strategize more!

John: (laughs) If by "strategize" you mean he should do your "8 pound throw" technique, then I say let him figure it out on his own. Tomas! You're up, my boy!

Tomas: (cracks knuckles) Let's do this. (Picks up a 15 pound ball and rolls it. It's a 7-10 split.)

Bob: Ay carumba!

John: (Glares at Bob, and turns to Tomas) I'm proud of you, son! A seven-ten split.

Gary: How did you get so good?

Tomas: I don't actually know, I haven't done much bowling.

John, Bob, Gary and Tomas: Go, Skill Issue!

Hunter: Skill Issue's right, morons!

Bob: Oh no! Not Hunter!

Gary: Dad, who's Hunter?

Bob: My arch-nemesis from the bowling alley 20 years ago! I wonder how he found me!

Hunter: How do you think? Facebook snooping, of course! That's right. I hunted you down.

(Cutaway to Dan playing a comedy rimshot on his drums. Cut back)

Hunter: Seems to me you've only got 23 friends. I've got 230. Me and The Rat Pack came to bowl.

John: Who's The Rat Pack?

Bob: Hunter's three friends - Tyler -

Tyler: Sup.

Bob: Jackson -

Jackson: Ayo.

Bob: And Ramona.

Ramona: Before you ask, I'm not his girlfriend. I'm just also arrogant.

Hunter: Me and the gang came up with a "challenge" for you. If we get a higher score than you, then I'll post that embarrassing picture of you from 20 years ago.

Bob: Which one?

Hunter: The one with the rubber duck.

Bob: Alright, boys, we've got to step up our game.

Marcy: Hey, guys! Get your Adam's apples back in the game!

Gary: Marce, I think we've gotta leave this battle to fight another one.

Marcy: What?

Gary: Hunter, my dad's old arch-nemesis, came with his friend group and they're going to humiliate him on Facebook if they beat his score.

Marcy: Then we've got a common enemy. Cyberbullying makes me freaking mad. (Pulls a notepad out) Peace treaty.

(Gary signs it, and Penny, who was listening also signs it)

Penny: Come on, moms!

(Caroline and Melody sign the treaty)

Hunter: Let's play "Eye Of The Tiger" as background music now, what do you say?

Ramona: Nah, that's too cliché. Why don't you play "Head Games" by Foreigner!

(View widens; turns out Tyler has propped up a phone and is filming it. He puts the music on.)

Bob: Shoot! I forgot we have to play *ten* games!

(Bowling montage to the music; Marcy continues to be too ambitious while Bob continues to make weird mistakes. Tomas only makes strikes and spares. Penny takes a long time to calculate, but always ends up doing well. Gary and Caroline are hit-or-miss.

Meanwhile, Hunter and The Rat Pack are about equal to Tomas and seem to be doing nearly perfect. The others see this and get more competitive. Marcy swallows her pride and plays it safe, and Bob finally remembers how to play right.

The Rat Pack take turns sipping from one can of Red Bull and put their hands in the air, then play with even more force. The families get even more worn out. At some point much later on, it is only Bob and Tomas still playing. Caroline, Melody and even John have fallen asleep. Gary, Penny and Marcy have gone to get a pizza dinner.)

Bob: (panting) Alright, we're on our tenth game. How are you guys so good?

Tyler: Probably because we watch Dude Perfect.

Hunter: Looks like almost everyone bailed out on ya. Some friends and family you've got! (laughs, and Tyler laughs along) What? Where's the rest of my squad?

(Jackson and Ramona have also fallen asleep.)

(Meanwhile)

Gary: This bowling alley pizza is better than some real pizza places.

Penny: Agreed.

Gary: What did you get, Marcy?

Marcy: Onions and garlic in blue cheese sauce.

Penny: Okay, I don't want to be anywhere near your breath.

Marcy: What did you guys get?

Gary: Pineapple and mushrooms.

Marcy: (cringes and scooches as much as possible) I don't want to be anywhere near that *pizza*.

Gary: I thought you really didn't want to let Hunter win.

Marcy: I don't. We'll go back as soon as we're done eating. At least we've got our best players out there.

Penny: Yeah, Tomas is our MVP, and Dad's gotten surprisingly good after the first five games or so.

(They go back with the group)

Gary: How's it going?

Bob: We're finally down to the tenth game.

Tomas: We could use a little help, though.

Marcy: Well, we're back.

Announcement: We will now begin our throwback dance-off in the Arcade Room!

("Let's Dance" by David Bowie starts blasting out on the speakers. Everyone who fell asleep during the game wakes up muttering)

Penny: And apparently everyone else is back too.

Caroline: (drowsy) What's the hubbub?

Bob: We're on our final game. You ready to re-join?

(Agreement from Caroline, Melody and John. A second montage begins. After coming back to the game everyone is more rusty. The Rat Pack have also woken up, and it looks like they're going to win.)

Melody: Alright, looks like we're each down to our last four frames. How are the scores looking?

Bob: (singsong) Boys are doing better!

Melody: Hey, we were doing better for the first like five games. More importantly, how is our common enemy doing?

Bob: Oh, they're knocking us out of the park.

Hunter: Hey, Tyler, put it off of time lapse! I want to save this victory in real time!

Tyler: I can't figure out how, the settings got weird!

(A third montage; the Rat Pack all get distracted by fiddling and fussing with the phone, and their rolls decline in quality. Meanwhile, all of the girls and all of the boys work together to bowl with a certain purpose, and they get great scores.)

Bob: Hooray, we finished! Did the gals finish?

Caroline: Yep.

Bob: How about you, *Hunter*?

Hunter: Oh, wait, it's over? Y-yeah, we finished!

Marcy: Alright, let's all add up our scores!

Gary: What? I'm not doing that!

Hunter: Yeah, neither am I!

Penny: I volunteer to do it for everyone.

Animated title card in homage to SpongeBob: LOTS AND LOTS OF  
CALCULATIONS LATER...

Penny: Alright, according to my calculations, Skill Issue won by a tiny baby hair followed by the Nitro Thrashers, who were a few hairs above the Rat Pack.

(All the Joneses and Smiths cheer, compliment each other and hug.)

Hunter: Curse you, Robert!

Ramona: So, who are we going to pick on now?

(Cut to some other time. Hunter finds Kristy playing baseball with her kids in the park)

Hunter: Can we get back together?

Kristy: No.

Hunter: How about we settle it over a baseball game?

Kristy: No!

(Btw, this is a reference to how she was recently divorced from somebody in the Valentine's Day episode. Apparently that's who she left Bob for, which could be another reason for their animosity)

THE END





