

EPISODE 8 - "UNCLE ALBERT/ADMIRAL SMITH"

Gary: Calendar, calendar, calendar time...woohoo! It's the day before Thanksgiving!

Bob: You know what Thanksgiving means?

Gary: Food?

Penny: The parade?

Caroline: Being thankful? You know, actual thanksgiving?

Bob: No, it means it's that time of year when you can have both pumpkins *and* a Christmas tree! It's like Chrisaween! Let's go get some.

Gary: Yeah!

(Gary and Bob arrive at the farm)

Bob: Well, this is the place.

(Gary and Bob walk into the shop)

Gary: Marcy?

Marcy: Yep. I'm volunteering as a "consultant" here.

Gary: Consultant? Nice.

Bob: Nice indeed, Gary! (out the side of his mouth) When I was 20, I dated my financial consultant Kristy.

(Marcy looks at him in disgust)

Gary: (chuckles awkwardly) Well, why don't you show us around.

Marcy: (deadpan) Yes. So, let's start with the pumpkins.

Gary: How do you usually do this?

Marcy: Well, you choose a pumpkin, and I can tell you whether it's a cool one or a sucky one.

Gary: Alright! (holds one up) How about this one? It feels light.

Marcy: That's not a good sign.

Gary: So should I choose a different one?

Marcy: No, no, you can choose that one if you want. I just recommend against it.

Gary: How about *this* one?

Marcy: Bob - er, Mr. Jones, that pumpkin's almost entirely rotten.

Bob: Yeah, even I can tell that.

Gary: How about *thiiiis* one?

Marcy: That one's pretty unbalanced. Chances are it'll fall on its side.

Gary: Alrighty then.

Bob: How about THIS one?

Marcy: Bob - er, Mr. Jones! That one's perfect! You should get that one 100%.

Bob: Ha! Father knows best.

Gary: Now let's check out the "X-mazz" trees.

Marcy: Alright. First of all, are you looking for dwarfish or lanky? Slender or rotund?

Bob: Slender! Slender! Slender! I don't want a tree that looks like me.

Gary: Dwarfish, so in order to decorate it Bob has to bend down - which he doesn't like doing - so Penny and I can take the lead!

Bob: Hey! I want lanky then!

Marcy: Maybe instead of trying to narrow it down right away, you could just look around and see which ones look better to you?

Gary: Sounds like a good idea.

Bob: Yup. Good game plan.

(They start walking around)

Bob: OH MY GOSH!

Gary: OH MY GOSH!

Marcy: What?

Bob: THIS TREE IS INCREDIBLE!

Gary: Let's get it.

Marcy: It's ten feet tall. I've been in your house. It won't fit in.

Bob: Then we'll make it fit.

Gary: How?

(Bob whispers something in Gary's ear)

Bob: We want it.

Marcy: Yeah? (confused) Alright. Dan will cut it for you.

Gary: What's he doing here?

Marcy: ...Also volunteering?

(While Dan and Bob are doing stuff with the tree)

Marcy: By the way, Gary, I won't be able to talk to you at all for a few days. My grandpa is coming over, and unfortunately he's sexist. Very. So I can't listen to rock music, can't dress how I want to, can't talk to guys, can't even work on stuff.

Gary: That's terrible.

Marcy: Yep.

Gary: My Uncle Albert is coming to my house. He works at a Dairy Queen in Michigan, last I heard. So at least we'll get some good cheese curds from the visit.

(Later, Gary and Bob have driven back to the house)

Gary: Uh, how are we going to get this in?

Bob: I have a game plan.

Gary: What's your game plan?

Bob: We'll ask everyone to pitch in.

Bob: (goes in the house) HEY, CAROLINE! PENNY!

Caroline: Yes?

Penny: What?

Bob: WE BOUGHT A TEN FOOT TREE, AND WE NEED YOUR HELP GETTING IT IN!

Caroline: Bob! Why the heck did you buy a ten foot tree?

Penny: Yeah, we won't be able to use it.

Bob: Gary and I were amazed by it.

Gary: It was breathtaking.

Caroline: This won't do. You must return it. There's no point in carrying in a tree when we have no place to put it.

Bob: That's my point. We're going to make space. I have a game plan. Just bring it in. Trust me.

Caroline: Are you sure you can make this work?

Bob: Yep. Game plan.

Caroline: (sighs) Fine.

Penny: Do I have to help?

Bob: Yep. The more horsepower the better.

Penny: I offer very little horsepower.

Bob: If you help, I'll give you one dollar.

Penny: Okey dokey!

(They all work really hard to bring it in)

Bob: More force, Caroline! Hold it tighter, Gary! Penny, you're barely moving it.

Penny: I warned you I wouldn't.

(They finally get it in the door.)

Caroline: Sooo, what exactly are we going to do with it?

Bob: (Looks out the door) THIS is what we're going to do with it!
(Opens the door. It's John)

John: Hey, Bob, I'm here to "elevate your ceiling" like you asked.

Caroline: Why do you have a hammer?

John: Bob paid me 25 dollars to do this. (Goes up to the corner of the living room and hits a hole in it) There. (to Bob) Are you happy now?

Bob: Oh yes, thank you!

John: You're welcome. I'll be waiting for the venmo.

(leaves.)

Caroline: (faints)

Gary: Well, that just happened.

Bob: Yep. She fainted.

Gary: No, I mean you just paid our neighbor to make a hole in our ceiling so you could put up a ten foot Christmas tree.

Penny: What about when we're done with the tree?

Bob: Then I'll pay John another 25 dollars to patch it up.

Gary: Huh.

Penny: Okay.

Bob: By the way, are you kids excited about Uncle Albert coming over tomorrow?

Penny: Maybe a little.

Gary: Wait, isn't he the guy who always mooches off of us?

Bob: He is, but he's also my sweet baby brother.

(The next day, Bob is waiting by the front door)

Penny: What are you doing, Dad?

Bob: Just waiting for Albert. I only get to see him once a year, it's exciting!

Gary: Where does he live again?

Bob: Michigan. He doesn't like planes, so he's driving.

Caroline: Is his wife coming?

Bob: No, he's single, remember? He hasn't had good luck with finding a mate, because most women don't want a high school dropout. Also- Oh look, there he is right now! (Opens the door) Hey, Albert!

Albert: Hey hey! Ho ho!

Gary, Penny and Caroline: Hi, Uncle Albert!

Albert: Hello, ladies and gents! Sorry I was late.

Bob: It's alright, I haven't done a thing all day. I was waiting for you!

Albert: Ha, classic Bob! You want to roughhouse?

Bob: No need to ask!

(Albert and Bob laugh and slap each other on the backs)

Gary: (sighs) Men.

Albert: I brought my bassoon. You want to duet?

Bob: Always do! (Goes over to the piano and starts playing a little bit of "Bennie and the Jets.")

(Albert joins in on his bassoon)

(They segue into "Everybody Wants To Rule The World".)

Penny: I didn't think those songs had bassoon.

Bob: They obviously don't.

Albert: We're improvising.

(They wrap up the jam)

Albert: Now, what sort of "refreshments" are in your "inventory?"

Bob: I know what you're looking for. Yes, we have chips and French onion dip and beer.

Albert: Great! (After he eats) Now, I was fired from Dairy Queen again and I'm in a bit of, shall we say, trouble...

Caroline: (facepalms) Oh, here we go.

Albert: Let me explain.
(Meanwhile, at the Smiths)

Marcy: Do we always have to call Grandpa "Admiral?"

Melody: Unfortunately yes.

John: Well, he was an admiral, but I will admit my dad's a little full of himself.

(He comes in the door)

Melody: Admiral, you just barged right in!

Admiral: Don't give me no lip, woman! Does a man really have to ask to enter his son's own home?

John: Well, Dad, it's just proper etiquette-

Admiral: I don't want to hear it from you, either! I don't care about the "etiquette" of an effeminate sissy like you! The only sane one in this family is that wonderful boy of yours!

Dan: I'm flattered. I guess.

Admiral: (sees Marcy) I see you still aren't raising your girl right. How many times have I told you about a young lady's place! First of all, change out of that T-shirt and...whatever type of pants those are!

Marcy: I don't - okay.

(Marcy goes upstairs)

Marcy: (as she finishes changing) Worst. Grandparent. Ever! I can't believe my dad has such a pig of a father. Why does Thanksgiving always have to be the worst day of my life?(Comes back down)

Admiral: Now, "Marcy," as usual I've taken away your phone, your guitar and all your stuff that's meant for men.

Marcy: (sighs and sulks on the couch)

(Back at the Joneses)

Caroline: (annoyed) So, basically you're saying you need a lot of

money from us before you get back to Michigan, but you need to start heading back to Michigan right after Thanksgiving in two days so you can do a job interview with Culver's "frozen custard and cheese curds."

Albert: Precisely!

Bob: (sighs) *Albert*, why didn't you just ask Gramps and Granny? They still have a lot of moolah from their variety show days.

Albert: Falls Church is closer than New York.

Bob: No it's not.

Albert: Well, at least it's easier to park here, and there are less wise guys.

Bob: Well I'm sorry, but I just don't think we can give you much.

Caroline: We just splurged on Thanksgiving food and bought an electric stove.

Albert: Well, is there any way you could help me make money, you know, a good old get-rich-quick scheme?

Bob: Hmm...Thanksgiving...are there any good opportunities? (smiles) I've got an idea! We'll make a float and put it in the local Thanksgiving Day parade!

Caroline: Bob, you can't make a whole float in 24 hours.

Penny: Well technically you could.

Gary: Wouldn't be a good one.

Albert: Bob, I think that's a marvelous idea! I'll help you to the best of my abilities.

Bob: Great!

Gary: I'm in.

Bob: Even better!

Penny: I can help with designing and logistics.

Bob: Uh...not sure what you said, but I think it's good. Let's go make it in the garage!

(Bob, Albert, Gary and Penny rush down)

Caroline: Well, at least it gives me some peace and quiet. Yoga time!
(stretches; her backside runs into the tree) Okay, that's uncomfortable. I think I'll watch a Hallmark movie instead.
Ugh, I can't see because of this tree!

(Meanwhile, in the garage)

Bob: Alright, it's settled then. We'll make an IRS themed float.
It'll look like a giant dollar, with lots of moneybags on top. We'll sprinkle dollar bills into the crowd.

(Meanwhile, with the Smiths)

Marcy: Mom, what the heck am I supposed to do?

Melody: Well, you could help me cook for tomorrow. I'm sure he'd be okay with that.

Marcy: You sure.

Admiral: (in the middle of an argument with John) Women belong in the kitchen! Women *belong* in the kitchen!

Marcy: Alright, s-sure.

Melody: Alright, first off, can you chop these onions?

Marcy: Sure - wait, chop? I get to use a knife! Oh my gosh, this is like doing what I'd normally do, but somehow okay! (as she chops she starts crying) These are tears of inspiration! Tears of joy!

(Back with the Joneses, they are regrouping in the garage after some shopping.)

Albert: Alright, Penny and I got everything we needed from the craft store.

Bob: And me and Gary got everything we needed from the hardware store! Now, are we ready to build this float?

Albert, Gary and Penny: Yeahhh!

Bob: Alright, me and Albert will do the base, and you kids can do all the frilly stuff.

(After a few minutes)

Albert: To be frank, Bob, I don't think we're getting anywhere.

Penny: Neither are we.

Gary: Shoot, if only Marcy were here, she would be so helpful with this.

Penny: Yeah. She would always talk about doing projects like this.

Gary: Yep, and I always sort of tuned out because it was completely useless information to me.

Penny: You never know why someone's skills are important until they aren't around.

Gary: Maybe if I think hard enough I could remember the things she used to say...think, Gary, think...I need some brain food (pulls out a Snickers) Alright! Some of it's starting to come back to me. Guys, are we using 2x2 lumber?

Bob: No.

Albert: Don't think so.

Gary: Then let's use 2x2 lumber. Did you bolt frames to the base?

Bob: Nope.

Gary: Then bolt those frames! Penny, let's remember to cover big shapes with chicken wire.

(Montage of them building the float. Once Bob and Albert have finished the base of the float, they sit around drinking beer while Gary and Penny do all the decorating. It slowly comes together looking like a giant dollar bill.)

Bob: Wow! I can't believe we were able to finish our whole float in just 10 hours!

Penny: And it's all thanks to Marcy!

Bob: She isn't even here, what are you talking about? (Goes up to Caroline) Honey, we finished our float! Want to see it?

Caroline: You did not finish a whole float.

Bob: Yeah we did! It's got decorations and everything! It's shaped like a dollar bill.

(Caroline goes to check it out)

Caroline: Wow, that's...actually really good. (Faints)

Albert: Does she do that a lot?

Bob: Yep. Well, good work, everyone. I guess we're all ready for tomorrow. Wait, I don't really want to drive this thing.

Albert: I can do it! After all, I've got a lot of practice with driving.

Bob: Great! That means me and the kids get the fun job of throwing money at the crowd.

(The next day, at the float parade)

Announcer: And there's the Joneses with their float, "This'll Be Your Favorite." It appears to be a giant dollar bill adorned with moneybags. Oh, look! They're throwing money at the crowd! Is that even legal? (a dollar bill falls into his hands) I don't know, but I don't care!

(The Smiths are watching the parade)

Marcy: You know, my boyfriend made that.

Admiral: He did? Well, it takes a true man of the Earth to build a float. Hmmm.

(Later that day, at the Joneses' thanksgiving table)

Albert: This is just stupendous! I now have enough money to buy a condo in the cheap part of town! Thank you so much, Bob!

Bob: Hey, I'm always there for you, little bro.

(Albert and Bob hug)

Penny: What a sweet, brotherly moment.

Albert: Now, let's dig in! Mmm, sweet potato with marshmallows. My favorite!

(At the Smiths' thanksgiving table)

Melody: Well, everyone, I think we owe a big "thank you" to Marcy. She made this all by herself.

Marcy: It was easy, because I just applied everything I know about cutting, heating stuff, resource management - to cooking!

John, Dan and Melody: Thank you, Marcy!

(Admiral grumbles)

Admiral: I don't see the reason to thank a lady for doing her natural job. (grumbles) I bet this tastes like food made by a boy. (Takes one bite of the green bean casserole) This tastes just like how my Mama Leon used to make it! Marcy, you're a goddess! I never thought a girl like you could bring me such joy. I need to rethink everything! Wait, why are there cheese curds? That's not very Thanksgiving-y!

Melody: Because I wanted a taste of home, so I taught Marcy how to make them.

Admiral: Wait, where are you from?

Melody: Wisconsin.

Admiral: I thought you were from New Hampshire or something!

(Admiral eats all of the cheese curds)

Melody: Hey! I didn't get any!

Admiral: They were the best thing I've ever eaten! I simply must have more!

Marcy: Well you know, I heard next door at the *Joneses* there's a guy who makes wicked cheese curds.

Admiral: There is? Hot diggity dog!

(Admiral goes to the Joneses house)

Bob: Who goes there?

Admiral: Admiral Smith!

Gary: Are you Marcy's sexist grandpa?

Admiral: I was, kid, I was. But now I've changed my ways! Anyway, I'm here for the guy who makes cheese curds.

Uncle Albert: That would be me!

Admiral: I'd like to talk to you.

Uncle Albert: Oh, I was just about to go back to buy a condo in

Michigan!

Admiral: Gah, I'm tired of living in Front Royal. I've always heard good things about Michigan.

Uncle Albert: I'm single, and I could use some company. If you come live with me I can make you all the cheese curds you want!

(Uncle Albert and Admiral Smith drive off into the sunset, playing "Fun, Fun, Fun" by the Beach Boys)