

JUMPING THE SHARK

"Episode 108: Ted Fucking McGinley"

written by

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**NOTE TO READER:**

What follows is the story of a poor slub who realizes he's actually the chubby best friend character in a long-running sitcom called *Ronnie Rules* (think *Married With Children* or *According to Jim*, except crappier).

In this episode, our hero PATTON has his revelation, so it opens as if it's just another episode in the long running comedy series.

Add your own over the top laugh track as you read.

CREDIT SEQUENCE:

WE TAKE IN A COOKIE CUTTER HOUSE IN THE MOST COOKIE CUTTER TELEVISION NEIGHBORHOOD. YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THE STUDIO TOUR TRAMS CRUISE BY IN THE BACKGROUND.

CUE THEME MUSIC, THE KIND OF EARWORM ALAN THICKE MIGHT WRITE.

A MINIVAN SKIDS UP THE DRIVEWAY.

OUT POPS:

--- RONNIE (40S, A BIG BLOW HARD OF A MAN)

--- JANET (ALSO 40S, IMPOSSIBLY HOT WIFE FOR A GUY LIKE THIS). SHE GIVES HIM AN EARFUL. HE PULLS OUT SOME EARBUDS AND SHE STORMS OFF FRUSTRATED.

--- DAUGHTER EMILY (16, CUTE & BRAINY), WEARS A "LEVEL 85 ELVEN MAGE" T-SHIRT.

--- ROUND-FACED PATTON (40S, THE LOVABLE DOOFUS BEST FRIEND). HE SLIPS OFF A PAIR OF SHADES, TAKES IN THE WORLD, ONLY TO GET TANGLED IN THE SEATBELT AND STUMBLE OUT 'KRAMER STYLE'.

--- AND FINALLY, NANA (AKA BARBARA) (60, KNIFE FOR A TONGUE), FOLDING UP A COPY OF BIG-GUNS MAGAZINE (THINK PLAYGIRL). JUST AS SHE'S ABOUT TO EXIT--

SLAM!

THE SLIDING DOOR CLOSES IN HER FACE.

NANA SEETHES THROUGH THE GLASS.

RONNIE GRINS BACK.

THE CAMERA WHIPS ROUND TO THE LICENSE PLATE.

"RON 3 RULZ"

A GIANT RUBBER STAMP FLIES INTO FRAME.

KA-CHUNK!

THE STAMP LEAVES SOME SHITTY YELLOW TITLES.

"RONNIE RULES"

COLD OPEN

OVER BLACK --- KA-CHUNK! THAT STUPID RUBBER STAMP AGAIN:

RULE #179: THE MOTHER-IN-LAW CHANGES EVERYTHING. NEVER LET HER MOVE IN. UNLESS IT'S HER URN. EVEN THEN KEEP IT IN THE GARAGE.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

RONNIE LOOKS DOWN AT PATTON, BURIED IN THE DISHWASHER PRACTICALLY DROWNING IN SUDS. BOTH SPORT SOFTBALL UNIFORMS WITH 'SUBWAY' LOGOS - THEIR TEAM SPONSOR.

RONNIE

You're not done yet?

PATTON

Maybe you should call a repairman.

RONNIE

And admit to my mother-in-law I can't fix a dishwasher?! The first words she taught my daughter were "dada's not a man." That's her ring tone for me.

PATTON

But you can't fix it.

RONNIE

Patton, buddy. We're a team. A unit. If you fix it, by extension, I get the credit. Speaking of team, you have to tell Sgt. Hankins he can't play first anymore.

PATTON

Why?

RONNIE

You want to beat those smug Quiznos bastards, don't you?

PATTON

Oh, the attitude they have, 'we serve  
pasta now', *we're speeecccialll*.

RONNIE

Well it's not gonna happen with  
Hankins and his stubby arms. It's like  
watching a T-Rex swat flies.

PATTON

He lost those in Iraq!

RONNIE

And I thank him for his service by  
wearing this American flag pin. But if  
we let him boot another throw...the  
terrorists win.

RONNIE NOTICES A PIECE OF PAPER TAPED OVER A LIGHT SWITCH --  
"TURN THIS SWITCH ON AND I WILL DIE"

RONNIE

Are you trying to get me killed? If  
Janet sees you putting Scotch tape on  
her walls, she'll finish what that  
vasectomy doctor started back in 2013.

PATTON

There's something stuck back here.

PATTON YANKS IT OUT -- A HUGE PINK DILDO.

PATTON

Wow...think I found your problem --  
Is this yours?

RONNIE

Of course not! It's pink! If it were mine it would be camouflage or have a sports team logo.

PATTON  
(SNIFFS IT)

Doesn't smell like Janet...

RONNIE

Give me that!

RONNIE SNATCHES IT AWAY. THINKS ABOUT IT. SNIFFS IT HIMSELF.

RONNIE

Lemon fresh. Definitely not Janet.

JANET ENTERS. RONNIE STUFFS THE SEX TOY IN PATTON'S PANTS, CREATING AN IMPRESSIVE BULGE.

JANET

Holy Moose Knuckle! You really have to stop wearing sweat pants.

PATTON

It's a morning thing. Cartoons. Have you seen those Bratz Doll commercials?

JANET  
(NOT BUYING IT)

Show me what's in your pants...

PATTON WHIPS IT OUT.

RONNIE

That isn't yours...is it...?

JANET

I haven't seen anything that size since...my Bachelorette Party --

RONNIE

You told me you went to your sister's house and played board games and stuff.

JANET

Yeah...Jager Jenga, Stoli Scrabble, Straddle the Stripper...

RONNIE

It can't be our little girl's, can it?

JANET

She's not little anymore if she's using that.

EMILY ENTERS READING A MANGA COMIC AND WEARING A "WHO'S YOUR DADDY?" DARTH VADER T-SHIRT.

RONNIE GRABS THE DILDO, STUFFS IT BACK IN PATTON'S SWEATS.

EMILY

Hey. I have to go to my SAT Tutor course after school...

SHE STOPS DEAD IN HER TRACKS.

EMILY

Bratz again, Uncle Pat? We really shouldn't have a TV in the kitchen.  
(PATTON SHRUGS)

Did you see the rental house next door sold? Dude moving in reminds me of Mr. Jordan, my 9th grade teacher who all the girls had a crush on. Until he started texting us those delfies.

PATTON

Delfies? Like, selfies with your dog?

EMILY

No. *Delfies*.

EMILY AWKWARDLY MIMICS TAKING A 'DICK SELFIE'.

EMILY

Though sometimes he was wearing a leash.

EMILY SITS DOWN TO SOME MILK AND CEREAL. JANET PUSHES A PROTESTING RONNIE TO TALK TO HER.

RONNIE

Uh, Emily...you know we can talk about anything, right?

EMILY

Nope. Doesn't sound like us.

RONNIE

You're old enough now to have certain biological needs...

EMILY

Dad, if this is 'the talk', Nana beat you to it. Showed me a tape. It involved midgets, drag queens and was synced to Pink Floyd's Dark Side of the Moon. So, I'm not having sex...

RONNIE

That was just the Wizard of Oz...

RONNIE GETS UP, SATISFIED. JANET DOESN'T AGREE. GRABS THE DILDO. SUCTION CUPS IT TO THE TABLE.

JANET

Is this yours?

EMILY

Woah! I wouldn't touch that even if it  
was shaped like a light-saber.

RONNIE

So if it's not yours and not Janet's --

NANA WALKS IN.

NANA

Aaah! Mighty Thor!

PATTON AND RONNIE EXCHANGE GLANCES. *AWKWARD!* HE DISAPPEARS  
BACK INTO THE DISHWASHER.

RONNIE

Honey, burn our Avengers DVD. And all of  
our cutlery.

JANET

EMILY

Mother?

Nana?

THE DILDO'S MOTOR WHIRS.

RONNIE

Every night I heard that. I just  
figured she was shaving her mustache.

NANA TRIES TO GRAB HER TOY OFF THE TABLE, BUT IT'S STUCK.

THAT'S WHEN A HEAD POPS IN THE OPEN WINDOW. A HANDSOME FACE,  
ALL PEARLY WHITES AND CHARM.

IT'S TED MCGINLEY!!! ICONIC TV STAR OF *HAPPY DAYS*, *LOVE BOAT*  
AND *MARRIED WITH CHILDREN*.

NANA

Ted?! What are you doing here?

TED

I'm back, sweet teets. I'm your new neighbor!

THE SEX TOY BREAKS FREE.

~~~ GOES FLYING!

~~~~~ PAST TED'S FACE.

~~~~~ STRAIGHT TOWARDS THAT TAPED LIGHT SWITCH.

THWACK! ZZZZZAAAAAAAAAAP!!!! PATTON'S FEET TWITCH. HE GOES LIMP...THEN THE POWER SHORTS OUT.

IN THE DARKNESS, THE DILDO BUZZES.

TED (O.S.)

Bad time?

ACT 1

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

PATTON'S POV:

A BLURRY, BRIGHT WORLD. FOR A MOMENT, HE SEES...STAGE LIGHTS?

RONNIE (O.C.)

Come back from the light, buddy.

POPPING INTO VIEW IS RONNIE AND JANET. RONNIE WAVES A SUB.

RONNIE

Foot long oven roasted chicken with  
Pepperjack cheese and seasonal avocado...

JANET

Eat fresh...

PATTON GOES TO TAKE A BITE BUT RONNIE BEATS HIM TO IT.

RONNIE

Yeah, he's fine.

END POV

PATTON'S ON THE COUCH. HAIR STICKING UP. THE CARTOON VERSION  
OF ELECTROCUTED.

AROUND HIM --- RONNIE. JANET. AND TED.

PATTON

Who the <BLEEP> is that?

EVERYONE'S SHOCKED AT THE FOUL LANGUAGE.

RONNIE

Whoa buddy. Mixed company. That's Ted.  
He's the guy who saved your life.

TED

Saved? Come on now...More like resurrected.  
Except Jesus took three days.

PATTON

I should go to the hospital...

TED

It's okay, I'm a doctor.

JANET

Hmf. I thought you were a professional adulterist.

TED

Those days are long over, Janet. I'm a plastic surgeon now. Saving marriages three cup sizes at a time.

*PATTON HEARS SUBTLE CANNED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.*

JANET

How did you get in here anyway? I thought vampires couldn't enter a house uninvited.

RONNIE

If that were the case, your mother would still be on the curb with her bags and coffin.

*THE LAUGHTER'S LOUDER NOW. PATTON RUBS HIS TEMPLES, CONFUSED.*

TED

Listen, I didn't come here to cause trouble. I'm having a little party to introduce myself to the neighborhood.

TED HANDS OVER A FLIER FROM THE STACK HE'S CARRYING.

TED

Barbecue, crabs...all the beer you can drink. And you heard about the Cirque du Soleil troupe in town? Got 'em putting on a show for the kids.

RONNIE

Those are the fancy acrobats I like!

JANET

We'll pass. Thanks for stopping by.

RONNIE

Apparently we're busy and hate awesome things.

PATTON

Um, did everyone forget about me? Because ten minutes ago, I was electrocuted. To death. And something is very, very wrong...My dick is on fire!

SMOKE IS ACTUALLY RISING FROM PATTON'S CROTCH.

AT THE SAME TIME, NANA ENTERS, ALL SLUTTED UP.

NANA

Are we barbecuing? I smell knockwurst.

*THIS TIME THE AUDIENCE LAUGHTER IS DEAFENING, EVERY HYENA LAUGH AND SNORT CLEAR AS DAY.*

RONNIE

Just a little wienie roast.

PATTON

I'm a grower...  
(COVERS HIS MOUTH)

*Why did I just say that?*

NANA

Speaking of sausages...

NANA STRUTS UP TO TED. PULLS HIM IN FOR A PASSIONATE KISS.

JANET

Ronnie, do something.

RONNIE

I would, but I left my industrial  
pliers and hazmat suit at the office.

JANET

Mother. Mother! Barbara Anne Okanski!

NANA AND TED FINALLY STOP.

JANET

You're not leaving dressed like that!

NANA

What, I look bangin' --

JANET

You're not supposed to look bangin'!  
You're supposed to look like Norman  
Bates's mother...Oh my God! Are you  
going commando under there?

NANA

Of course not dear...I have a thong.

JANET

Thong equals wrong! Put some Granny panties  
on right this minute, old lady!

RONNIE

Janet...you're acting crazy.

JANET

That man seduced Mama thirty years ago, and almost broke up their marriage. He's not welcome in this house! Or this neighborhood!

RONNIE

Yeah but...he has a nice pool and two functional arms. I bet he can play a mean first-base.

PATTON

Guys!

EVERYONE STOPS THEIR BICKERING.

PATTON

I think there's something seriously wrong with me. I'm hearing voices.

RONNIE HUSTLES PATTON TOWARDS THE KITCHEN.

RONNIE

Come on buddy, you're fine. Now go get us a couple of beers. That's how I drown out Nana's voice...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

PATTON STUMBLES IN THE KITCHEN. PAST EMILY, WHO'S DRESSED IN FULL STAR TREK GEAR AND PRACTICING HER 'SPOCK FINGERS.'

PATTON

Oh God, please tell me I'm not hallucinating you dressed in a onesie?

EMILY

Shhh. You want my folks to hear? I need a ride to Tribble Con.

PATTON

Just tell them already. They'll understand. They watch Glee.

EMILY

If only I was gay. I love short hair and always wanted a Pinterest page about wood working. At least I'd be cool. Dad used to give swirlies to geeks like me.

PATTON

That's how we became friends. He was impressed my head wouldn't fit in the toilet.

EMILY

Please! I'm getting my promotion today!

PATTON

Em, now is not the best time...

EMILY

I thought at least you'd understand how important this is to me...

YOU KNOW THAT LOOK A KID GETS WHEN THEY THINK THEY'RE GOING TO DISNEYLAND AND GET SIX FLAGS INSTEAD? THAT'S EMILY.

PATTON GRABS HIS GYM BAG. PULLS OUT A JEWEL CASE. INSIDE, A PAIR OF GOLD STAR TREK 'RANK' PINS.

PATTON

How could I forget? Lt. Commander!

EMILY JUMPS UP AND BEAR HUGS HIM.

EMILY

I wish you were my real uncle...

PATTON

I wish my crotch wasn't so hot right  
now...And that came out more molesty  
than I would have liked.

PATTON GOES FOR THE FRIDGE. GRABS SOME CANS LABELED 'BEER'.  
PUTS ONE ON HIS GROIN.

PATTON

This isn't even cold.

PATTON PEEKS THROUGH THE OPENING. THINGS HAVE CALMED DOWN IN  
THE LIVING ROOM. TED'S AT THE FRONT DOOR WITH RONNIE.

PATTON

That guy Ted is so familiar.

EMILY GOES UP TO PATTON. SHE'S SWAPPED IN HER NEW PINS AND  
HOLDS THE OLD ONE IN HER HAND.

EMILY

Uncle Pat. I want you to have this. I  
know it's silly and all, but you're a  
part of my crew. Which means you have  
to do what I say.

PATTON

Alright, wait in the car Commander. I  
just have to finish here. I'll be out  
by...Stardate, uh, 2:35pm.

SHE RUNS OUT. HE WATCHES HER GO WITH A SMILE. THE STUDIO  
AUDIENCE GIVES AN 'AWWWWWW'...WHICH SNAPS HIM OUT OF HIS  
THOUGHTS. HE HEADS BACK INTO THE --

INT. LIVING ROOM - FRONT DOOR

AND APPROACHES RONNIE WHO IS TALKING TO TED.

RONNIE

Listen, the neighborhood association is pretty touchy about fliers being plastered around. Even Sgt. Hankins couldn't put them up when his therapy dog ran away. Man that guy has no luck.

TED

But my party --

RONNIE

Got ya covered. I'll take them around personally. Everybody loves me.

TED HEADS OFF. RONNIE TURNS AROUND AND JANET'S IN HIS FACE.

JANET

What are you up to?

RONNIE

Nothing. I told him he can't have a big party without the association's approval and he has to cancel.

JANET

We don't have a neighborhood association.

RONNIE

What's a little white lie if it means my wife's happiness?

JANET

Then why are you hiding those  
invitations behind your back?

RONNIE

Recycling. You know much I care about  
the environment and stuff. Yay trees!

JANET

I don't like this.

RONNIE SPOTS PATTON, WAVES HIM OVER.

PATTON

Sorry. Beer's warm. In fact, nothing  
in the fridge is cold, like it never --

RONNIE

We lost power when your giant head  
shorted out the dishwasher. Who knew  
electricity could pass through that  
thing. I thought the diabetes would  
act as a barrier.

JANET

I don't know what kind of scheme  
you've cooked up, but I forbid you  
from talking to that home-wrecker.  
That goes for the both of you!

RONNIE

Wouldn't dream of it.

JANET MARCHES OVER TO NANA, WHERE ANOTHER LECTURE SOON STARTS.

RONNIE

I've got a plan to get Nana and Ted together.  
(AUDIENCE LAUGHTER)

We're going to --

PATTON

I know you heard that.

RONNIE

Heard what?

PATTON

The laughing. You paused and waited  
for it to die down.

RONNIE

Get a hold of yourself, man. I didn't  
hear any laughter. Though I should  
have. You always laugh at my jokes.

PATTON

The jokes at my expense.

RONNIE

You live for that humiliation.

PATTON

Who would be best friends with someone  
who makes fun of them all the time?

RONNIE

Have you learned nothing watching The  
Real Housewives of Beverly Hills?

PATTON

Yes! Television. Where everything's a  
setup for the next joke.

RONNIE

Uh, it's on Bravo, Patton. Bravo's real.

*AUDIENCE LAUGHTER.*

PATTON

See! It's starting to make sense.  
(PACES, NOODLING THROUGH IT)

What kind of beer just says 'Beer'?

RONNIE

Government beer?

PATTON

The government doesn't make government beer!

RONNIE

Thanks Obama!

PATTON

How is it I live in Chicago and have  
never met a black person?

RONNIE

Our mailman is kinda black. I think.

PATTON'S ON A ROLL. 'SEEING THE MATRIX'.

PATTON

All the furniture is facing one way.

RONNIE

You know Janet and her Feng  
Shui...Namaste.

RONNIE BOWS.

PATTON

Dumb father --

RONNIE

What now?

PATTON

Out of his league wife.

RONNIE  
(BELCHES)

What can I say? I'm charming.

PATTON

Plus look -- two people ten feet away  
and we can't even hear them.

THERE'S JANET AND NANA. FAKE TALKING.

RONNIE

It's called acoustics. Who's dumb now?

PATTON

Horny Grandma that lives with  
them...The chubby best friend.

RONNIE

I wouldn't call you chubby. Fat best  
friend. Because you're fat, see.

RONNIE RUBS PATTON'S BELLY.

RONNIE

You'd think for someone who works at  
Subway, you'd be all thin like Jared.

PATTON

That's it! The final piece -- Why would a  
grown man be working at Subway?

RONNIE

Bad life choices?

PATTON

It's product placement. We have a corporate sponsor!

RONNIE

Of course we do. Who do you think paid for these softball uniforms that smell like bread and shattered dreams?

PATTON

It all adds up. We're on a shitty network sitcom!!!

PATTON'S ALMOST GIDDY AT THE REVELATION.

PATTON

And they didn't bleep the word 'shitty'! It's on cable!

THIS TIME, HE WAITS FOR THE AUDIENCE LAUGHTER TO FADE.

PATTON

Please don't be TNT...

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

A DOUBLE-WIDE DRIVEWAY SHARED WITH THE OTHER NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR. AND UP ON ALL FOURS, A CLASSIC MUSCLE CAR ALWAYS BEING WORKED ON BY THE OWNER, WINSTON.

OH, YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT WINSTON LOOKS LIKE? NO CLUE.  
BECAUSE ALL WE EVER SEE OF HIM IS A PAIR OF LEGS AND CROTCH.

PATTON

Sooooooo, we're just going to ignore  
this? Like I don't flipping matter?

RONNIE

On this TV show, you the star?

PATTON

No.

RONNIE

Then yes! Instead, let's focus on  
getting the crypt keeper out of my  
garage, so I can watch the Adult Video  
Awards in peace this year.

WINSTON

What's your obsession with moving  
Barbara out of the house? Family is  
the foundation of happiness.

RONNIE

Winston, my pal, that is where we  
differ. My joy will be returning the  
garage into it what it was intended  
for...Sunday football and chili farts.  
But I'm not just thinking about me.

(MORE)

RONNIE (CONT'D)

Barbara's alone with her battery-powered  
friend every night. All that dry  
friction, just one spark and --

HE RUBS HIS FINGERS TOGETHER LIKE A BOY SCOUT WITH TWO STICKS.

RONNIE

Poof! Up goes the whole neighborhood  
like a California wild fire.

WINSTON

The heart wants what the heart wants.  
Even at her age.

RONNIE

Which is why I've scheduled some one  
on one time with Ted and Barbara this  
afternoon. He doesn't know I threw  
away those fliers, and no one's  
coming. And she doesn't know there  
isn't a party.

WINSTON

Classic screwball setup. Well played.

RONNIE PULLS OUT HIS PHONE.

PATTON

What are you doing now?

RONNIE

Phase two. I swiped Nana's phone. Figured  
I'd sext a little message to our new  
neighbor and get this funeral started.  
What's the emoji for 'blumpkin'?

PATTON  
(WORRIED. TO HIMSELF)

This could actually work.

HE GRABS THE PHONE.

PATTON  
No! You can't do this!

RONNIE  
Why are you fighting me? I've only had  
two dreams in life. To see Chicago win  
another Super Bowl, and for Barbara to be  
dragged off into the woods by a  
bear...because I love symmetry.

PATTON  
So *that's* why you hang food over the  
garage window every night!

RONNIE  
It's been six years, I want my life  
back. Now let me send that text!

RONNIE AND PATTON WRESTLE FOR THE PHONE.

PATTON  
No! You have to trust me on this.

RONNIE  
The last time I trusted you I was  
getting my testicles snipped by some  
dude in a camper.

PATTON  
Dr. Vick's Vasectomy Van is pioneering  
the mobile men's clinic!

BLOOP! -- BOTH MEN LOOK AT THE PHONE.

RONNIE

You just sent it.

PATTON

Janet's not going to like this.

RONNIE

Janet's not going to know anything.

She's at the spa, thanks to the best  
husband in the world.

BLOOP!

RONNIE

It is on like Donkey Kong! Our boy Ted  
just sent Barbara a delfie.

PATTON

Whoa. Impressive.

RONNIE

Yeah, you gotta scroll to see the  
whole thing...

PATTON SCROLLS. A LOT. THEN A LITTLE MORE. THEN SOME MORE.

RONNIE

Now for phase three. Slip the phone  
back in Barbara's purse...and secretly  
decorate Ted's bedroom for some  
afternoon delight.

PATTON

And just how are you going to do that?

RONNIE

WE. We are going to do that. You'll  
distract Ted and I'll sneak inside to  
put out all of Nana's favorite things.

RONNIE POPS OPEN THE CAR'S TRUNK. INSIDE, A PLASTIC TUB.

RONNIE

Hard candies. Lace Depends. Ben Gay  
scented candles. Those were not easy  
to find.

PATTON

Hold on. You distract Ted and I'll  
take care of the bedroom.

RONNIE'S ABOUT TO PROTEST.

RONNIE

I'm very stealthy. I used a Groupon  
for parkour lessons.

RONNIE

Alright, it's a plan.

INT. TED'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

PATTON FLOPS OUT OF THE WINDOW INTO THE HOUSE. SO MUCH FOR  
THOSE LESSONS...

GETS TO WORK LAYING OUT NANA'S 'APHRODISIACS'. WHEN HE COMES  
ACROSS AN OPEN BOX.

TED'S MEMORABILIA...A SERIES OF FRAMED PHOTOS FROM THE REAL  
TED MCGINLEY'S CAREER -- WITH FONZI, BOTH GIVING A THUMBS UP  
TO THE CAMERA -- IN A WEDDING PHOTO WITH MARCY D'ARCY...

PATTON

Now I remember! I know who this is...

STARES AT A YOUNG TED IN HIS WHITE CRUISE SHIP UNIFORM.

PATTON

This is Ted <BLEEPING> McGinley! The  
destroyer of television shows. Happy  
Days. The Love Boat...

PATTON'S STAGGERED AT THE REALIZATION. HE LET'S THE FRAME  
DROP, SHATTERS ON THE FLOOR.

PATTON

And now us...Which means no more  
me...No more...anything. I've got to  
stop this!

INT. TED'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

NANA'S STILL DOLLED UP. AND GIDDY WITH ANTICIPATION. JUST AS  
SHE'S ABOUT TO SLIP OUT THE BACK DOOR --

JANET COMES BURSTING THROUGH! IN A SPA ROBE AND FACE CAKED  
WITH MUD, HER WHITE EYES BULGING.

JANET

Well, well, well, looks like you were  
right Patton!

NANA TRIES TO PUSH PAST, BUT PATTON HAS HIS BACK TO THE DOOR.

NANA

Listen up beer nuts, I'm a grown ass  
woman and can make my own decisions.  
You let me through this instant!

JANET

Use what God gave you Pat. Put your  
flabby ass into it.

PATTON

Can you lay off the tubby remarks?  
Words hurt Janet.

JANET

Sorry, I'm not used to you and me  
being on the same side.

PATTON  
(SINCERE)

I know, it's nice, isn't it?

JANET

Shut your pie hole.

RONNIE (O.S.)

Traitor!

RONNIE COMES IN FROM THE LIVING ROOM.

JANET

The only traitor I see here is you.  
Pimping out my mother like some whore.

NANA

You're only a whore if it's for money.

RONNIE

She's right. This is a booty call.

NANA

You're a part of this?

RONNIE

I set the whole thing up. I want  
nothing more than your happiness.

NANA

My happiness would have been Janet marrying  
Skip Wunderson. He's a lawyer. He can afford  
to build his mother-in-law a proper guest  
house.

(MORE)

NANA (CONT'D)

He's not some loser who can't do basic home repair. Or use his tongue properly. You should hear how this one complains.

RONNIE

Words hurt Barbara.

NANA

Sorry. I'm not used to being on the same side as you.

RONNIE

I know, it's nice, isn't it?

NANA

JANET

Shut your pie hole!

Shut your pie hole!

TED'S HEAD POPS IN THE OPEN KITCHEN WINDOW.

TED

I heard yelling. You okay?

NANA

The warden and her prison bitch won't let me out of the house.

TED

They can't stop you from coming to my party.

RONNIE

Ted, there isn't going to be a party. I trashed those fliers so you and Barbara could get some private time. But I didn't expect you'd get cock-blocked by Benedict Arnold and Al Jolson.

TED

What about all that food I prepared?

PATTON

I'll bring some Tupperware by later.

NANA

(TO TED)

Why don't you pull your motorcycle out front and let's take this titanium hip replacement out for a spin.

JANET

Mother, is this what you really want?

NANA

I know things haven't been the same between us since Dad died. But you have to let me make my own choices. You have to let your family make their own mistakes, even if they are --  
(STARES AT RONNIE)

Colossal. Errors. In judgment.

JANET

Pat, step away from the door.

PATTON

I forbid it!

IF IT'S POSSIBLE, PATTON WEDGES HIMSELF IN EVEN FURTHER. HIS LIFE DEPENDS ON IT!

RONNIE

You know we have a front door, right?

PATTON

Ted isn't who he says he is. He's no doctor. How could he go to medical school when he got kicked out of college for harassment? And he's married too! I saw the wedding photos.

NANA

Is this true?

A BEAT AS TED GATHERS HIMSELF.

TED

It's true...My marriage lasted only a few years though. She was a harpy of a woman and we divorced in ninety-seven. I *was* kicked out of college for bullying. Nerds! But it was a mistake. I drifted aimlessly, had a lot of jobs. Was a photographer when I met your mom on the high seas.

JANET

You mean when you tried to steal my mom, like a lecherous pirate.

NANA

Wasn't like that at all, dear. Your father and I had a rocky marriage. We only stayed together for you and your sister. By the time you were gone, we were too old for anything else.

TED

It's never too late Barbara. I went  
back to college, then medical school.  
Graduated at the top of my class, and  
found my calling. You know how much  
joy there is sculpting the outer  
beauty of a woman to match the inner  
one? Plus the pay is like amaze-balls.

THE TWO WOMEN SWOON.

PATTON

Are you guys actually buying this?  
Please tell me you're not.

JANET TAKING HER MOTHER'S HAND SAYS 'YES'.

PATTON

Uh...He's a serial killer! I found  
human remains and a kill box in his  
basement. Call 911!

EVERYONE IGNORES PATTON'S OBVIOUS LIE. TED LOOKS AT NANA.  
SNAPS HIS FINGERS. SHE FALLS IN HIS ARMS.

TED

Heeeyyyyyy!

TED PLANTS ONE ON NANA. *AND THE AUDIENCE WOOOOOOOOS!!*

PATTON

Wooing!? You idiots don't understand  
what you're 'wooing' for! We're doomed!

TED AND NANA PART. TED PULLS SOMETHING FROM HIS MOUTH.

TED

I think your tongue ring came out.

NANA

That's my dental bridge.

PATTON

I need a commercial break. NOW!

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

PATTON HURRIES OVER TO WINSTON. YEP, HE'S UNDER THE CAR.

PATTON

Winston! Thank God you're here! Still.

I need some of your homespun wisdom.

WINSTON

Just a sec. The A/C drain hose is clogged again.

Can't let that build up or it might explode.

PATTON

Yeah...that's why I watch Cinemax before

I go to bed.

WINSTON

What's your trouble, Pat?

PATTON

Well, we got this new guy at work.

Uh...Ned. He's been added to our

shift. Happens sometimes, like the

Holidays and during Sweeps. They'll

come in, work for a few days, but by

the end of the week, they're gone...

WINSTON

Uh huh.

PATTON

...but *this* guy. The bosses love him.

He's not going anywhere! And I can't

seem to do anything about it.

WINSTON

Let me ask you something. When you look at this engine, what do you see?

PATTON

Usually just a pair of legs and some overalls. Do you ever come out from under there?

WINSTON

Humor me.

PATTON

Uh, that's the battery, dipstick-- ooh, this is where the washer fluid goes...Ronnie and I peed in there once to play a joke on Nana, you should have seen the look on her face. The guy behind her in the convertible didn't think it was too funny.

WINSTON EYEBALLS PATTON THROUGH THE ENGINE.

PATTON

Ronnie made me do it.

WINSTON

You look at this engine and just see a bunch of individual parts...But what I see is an integrated system. A high tech tapestry, with rules governing how it all fits together and works.

A 'CLICK' AS WINSTON TIGHTENS SOMETHING.

WINSTON

Maybe the throttle valve is letting in too much air. Or the fuel injector isn't spraying enough gas. The key is understanding those rules...to maintain that delicate balance.

PATTON

So...you're saying I need to douse Ned in Gasoline?

WINSTON

Give the ignition a turn.

THE ENGINE PURRS.

WINSTON

It's not about what you need...you have to understand what the whole system needs.

PATTON

I think we keep circling back to the gasoline idea.

A VOICE COMES FROM WINSTON'S HOUSE.

WINSTON'S WIFE (O.S.)

Winston, sweetie, it's late. Mama needs her own lube job.

WINSTON STARTS TO SLIDE OUT. LEGS. TORSO. ALMOST ON HIS FACE. A HAND GRABS PATTON'S SHOULDER. IT'S TED!

TED

Pat, I think we got off on the wrong foot.

PATTON

Hold that thought.

PATTON SNAPS BACK AROUND, BUT WINSTON IS ALREADY GONE. HIS PORCH SCREEN DOOR CLANGING CLOSED.

PATTON

Dammit!

TED

Peace offering?

TED HANDS OVER ONE OF THOSE GENERIC BEER CANS.

PATTON

This is one of Ronnie's beers.

TED

Was just having a drink with my new bestie.

PATTON

You are not Ronnie's bestie. You're his worstie!

TED

Are you sure about that, my potato-shaped friend? Way I see it, I'm gonna be around for a long time. Right. Next. Door. And you can't offer Ronnie what I can. The one thing he's always wanted.

PATTON

WrestleMania cruise tickets? Well, beat ya to it. I even got us matching Hulk Hogan speedos.

TED

Better. New boobs for Janet.

PATTON

No! Not Janet! You sick bastard! She's perfect, like a sunset or a dolphin. You don't touch her.

TED

Oh, I'm gonna touch her alright. With my hands. Before *and* after, with FIVE follow up visits. Thank you Obamacare.

PATTON CAN'T TAKE IT. REACHES OUT FOR TED'S NIPPLES AND TWISTS WITH PENT UP FURY!

TED

Oww! You purple-nurpled me!

PATTON

My rage knows no bounds!

TED

Your days on Ronnie's couch are numbered fat boy!! And to think I was going to invite you over to watch The Bachelorette...

TED SCAMPERS OFF. PATTON LOOKS DOWN AT A GAS CAN.

PATTON

Winston was right! This means war!

WINSTON (O.S.)  
(FROM INSIDE HIS HOUSE)

That's not what I meant at all...

EXT. TED'S HOUSE - LATER

PATTON POURS OUT THE LAST BITS OF GAS AS HE TALKS TO HIMSELF.

PATTON

I see what's going on. The show's gotten stale. You want to shake things up.

PATTON SETS DOWN THE CAN AND PULLS OUT A PACK OF MATCHES.

PATTON

But if I let this happen, we'll jump the shark. Slide towards inevitable cancellation.

PATTON THINKS.

PATTON

Maybe that's what we deserve. We're not exactly breaking new ground here. Horny old lady? Wisdom spewing neighbor? Look at me, I'm a walking fat joke. What am I really trying to save here?

PATTON STARTS TO WALK AWAY. TUCKS THE MATCHBOOK BACK IN HIS POCKET...AND FINDS -- THE ENSIGN PIN.

PATTON

Emily.

HE STARES AT IT FOR A BIT. AND KNOWS WHAT HE MUST DO. HE CLIPS THE PIN TO HIS CHEST. STRIKES A MATCH.

PATTON

She deserves to live long and prosper!

PATTON DRAMATICALLY FLICKS THE MATCH LIKE A JOHN WOO MOVIE. JUST AS IT'S ABOUT TO HIT --- A GUST OF WIND BLOWS IT OUT.

HE STRIKES ANOTHER. FLICK! --- SIMULTANEOUSLY WE HEAR A CAT'S MEOW AND SEE A FURRY FWOOSH OF FLAME!

PATTON

Mr. Buttons!! Sorry PETA! Please don't  
boycott!!

PATTON LOOKS DIRECTLY AT US.

PATTON

You can't stop me. This house is going down!

HE LIGHTS UP THE WHOLE DAMN BOOK --- BUT ONLY MANAGES TO  
CATCH HIS PANTS LEG!

FLINGS THEM OFF. JUST IN HIS TIGHTEY-WHITEYS WHEN --  
THE KINDA-BLACK MAILMAN WALKS BY.

KINDA-BLACK MAILMAN

Making meth again, Mr. White?

PATTON SNATCHES THE MAIL DELIVERY AND THE MAILMAN HEADS OFF.

NOW PATTON NEEDS SOME OTHER IGNITION SOURCE.

*TED'S GRILL!* SNATCHES UP A FLINT STICK. IT'S NOT WORKING!

QUICK SERIES OF ATTEMPTS AT MAKING FIRE

-- BANGING TWO ROCKS TOGETHER, SMASHES A FINGER

-- RUBBING TWO STICKS RAPIDLY. A BEAT LATER, THEY'RE JUST  
PENCIL-SIZED PIECES OF WOOD

-- DOING A 'RAIN DANCE' AND BEGGING FOR LIGHTNING

END SERIES OF SHOTS

PATTON SITS. DEJECTED. THEN WINSTON'S WORDS ECHO IN HIS MIND.

PATTON

*Know the rules.* YES! This is comedy. I

can't just burn down a house. But --

EXT. TED'S HOUSE - LATER

PATTON POLISHES OFF A 'QUIZNOS' SUB. HIS STOMACH GRUMBLES.

BENDS OVER. PUTS THE FLINT STICK AGAINST HIS BRIEFS.

PATTON

But if it's funny...

BRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT!

THE STICK TURNS ON.

WHOOSH! -----> THE GAS FINALLY IGNITES!

WE SEE THE FLAMES REFLECTED IN PATTON'S SADISTIC GRIN.

PATTON

Thank God for Quiznos cheese farts.

THEN PATTON HEARS A BANGING. IT'S NANA! SHE AND TED ARE AT THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW.

PATTON

Nana! You have to get out of there.

NANA THROWS OPEN THE SASH. SMOKE EVERYWHERE.

NANA

The fire's in the hall! We're trapped!

PATTON

Oh God! What have I done? If Nana dies, this becomes a very special episode! We still jump the shark --

PAT KNOWS WHAT HE HAS TO DO.

PATTON

Jump, I'll catch you.

TED

The two of us?

PATTON

Well, not at the same ti--

BAM!! TED'S GOT NANA IN HIS ARMS AND BOTH LAND ON PATTON. KNOCK HIM OUT.

INT. TED'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

PATTON'S GOT AN ICE PACK ON HIS HEAD. HE COMES TO.

RONNIE

Welcome back, buddy. Looks like you've  
got nine lives like a cat...

RONNIE HOLDS UP THE BURNT MR. BUTTONS.

RONNIE

Well, not this Freddy Kreugered cat.

PATTON

Nana?

RONNIE

She and Ted are fine. Managed to land  
on some spongy ball in the yard.

PATTON

That ball was me.

RONNIE

You're a hero! But if you were looking  
out for me you would've let the old  
broad face plant in Ted's front yard.

PATTON

He's still moving out right? He has no  
place to live.

TED WALKS BY CARRYING A BUNCH OF BOXES. SOME A LITTLE SMOKY  
FROM THE FIRE...

PATTON

What?!! Here?!! Janet wouldn't allow  
this.

RONNIE

It was the fire. Made Janet think. She might hate Ted, but she'd hate losing her mom over him more. Sometimes life comes down to the lesser of two evils. Like a BJ or tossed salad in prison.

RONNIE HEADS OFF TO HELP TED. PATTON WATCHES, WHEELS TURNING.

PATTON

I know how to fix this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THE ROOM IS DECKED OUT FOR A BIG PARTY. BALLOONS. STREAMERS. LOTS OF GUESTS.

WITH A HUGE BANNER -- *'CONGRATS BARBARA & TED ON NOT DYING'*

RONNIE

Why do I have to pay for this?

JANET

It's the least we could do after screwing up his last party...and for saving my mother's life.

RONNIE

Well...one out of two ain't bad.

JANET

Where's Patton? I thought you said he's was bringing a sub?

RONNIE

He's setting it up in the kitchen. Wanted to make it extra special for Ted.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

PATTON REVEALS A GIANT HOAGIE, WRAPPED IN SUBWAY PAPER, AND  
PILED HIGH WITH ALL THE FIXINGS. TED SALIVATES OVER IT.

PATTON

Peace offering?

TED CAN'T RESIST THE LURE OF THEIR CORPORATE SPONSOR.

TED

Wow. I don't know whether to eat it or  
have sex with it.

PATTON

It's your call. This is all for you.

TED DIGS IN.

TED

It's soooooo good. You can really  
taste the Jalapenos in this bread.

PATTON

How about the cheddar?

TED

To die for!

PATTON

Glad you like it. You're the new guy after  
all. And I'm happy to step aside, if that's  
what *they* really want.

PATTON LOOKS AT THE FRIDGE PLASTERED WITH FAMILY PHOTOS. A  
LIFETIME OF MEMORIES...AND HE'S IN MOST OF THEM TOO.

TED

That is mighty generous of you Pat. But not as generous as the classically delicious toppings on this amazing sub. Tangible proof that a sandwich can be high in flavor without being high in fat. I swear, there is not a better meal in the world. You are one terrific sandwich artist, you know that?

TED TAKES ANOTHER BIG, MOUTH-WATERING BITE.

TED

Why are you smiling?

PATTON

'Cause I didn't make that sub.

PATTON PULLS THE REAL WRAPPER FROM THE TRASH. QUIZNOS!

PATTON

Anyone who *really* loves Subway knows we don't make jalapeno cheddar bread!

TED

No! It can't be.

PATTON

It is. The chief rival of our main sponsor! The very reason for our existence. You might be able to replace me but Eating Fresh will outlive us all.

TED BEGINS TO CHOKE, SPIT.

PATTON

And so...TV Gods...I offer you the  
same thing you gave me. A...  
uh...Stouffer's choice.

TED'S TRYING TO INDUCE VOMITING IN THE BACKGROUND.

PATTON

You want this? For Ted to live with  
our family? In America's living room  
week after week? After his public  
declaration for the arch rival of  
everything we hold sacred?

PATTON LOOKS RIGHT INTO THE CAMERA.

PATTON

Which is more precious to you? Our corporate  
sponsor, or a man's life?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A COFFIN WITH DEAD TED IN IT. CLUTCHING A FIVE DOLLAR FOOT  
LONG TO TAKE TO THE AFTERLIFE.

AND STILL UP: THE '*CONGRATS BARBARA & TED ON NOT DYING*'  
BANNER --- WITH THE WORD 'TED' STRUCK THROUGH.

MOURNERS FILL THE SPACE. THE FAMILY GATHERS AROUND THE BODY.

RONNIE

(IN TEARS)

He was taken from us too early...Why  
Lord?! Just a few more days and my  
head would be resting on Janet's  
enormous boobs watching Sports Center.

PATTON

Let it all out.

NANA

And my vaginal rejuvenation surgery  
would have left me looking like a  
teenager down there. Literally. Organ  
donor, terrible tragedy. Emily, don't  
text and drive.

EMILY'S AT TED'S CORPSE, TAKING A SELFIE.

EMILY

Uh, okay Grandma.

JANET

The hospital said it was Salmonella  
poisoning. Bad ingredients, something.

NANA STARTS HITTING PATTON.

NANA

This is your fault! How could you put  
this moron in charge of anything?

RONNIE

Delegation builds self-esteem in  
business and friendships alike. Didn't  
you read my e-book?

NOW NANA WAILS ON RONNIE.

JANET

Mother. Stop it! That's how you broke  
your hip. Ronnie quit antagonizing...

THE THEME MUSIC COMES UP AS THE GROUP CONTINUES TO GO AT IT.  
PATTON USES THE DISTRACTION TO SLIP AWAY.

PATTON

What did we learn here?...I think  
Winston would say don't fix what ain't  
broke. But if needs tinkering, work  
with the parts you have on hand. They  
made it this far on their own...let  
them run their course.

(A BEAT THEN)

Or maybe it's just <BLEEP> you Ted  
McGinley!

END OF ACT THREE

TAGINT. RONNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

RONNIE AND PATTON IN THE BED TOGETHER. LIKE THEY DO THIS ALL THE TIME. RONNIE'S TAPPING AWAY AT A LAPTOP.

PATTON

What'cha doin'?

RONNIE

Trying to get rid of the Fifty Shades  
of Grey Pubic Hair problem downstairs.

VIBRATOR BUZZ/MOANS COME THRU THE FLOOR. RONNIE STOMPS.

RONNIE

That's why you have loose stools!!!  
(THEN, CALM)

I placed an ad for Nana on Craigslist.  
Turns out "GILF" is a thing. Already  
got twenty-six hits.

BLOOP!

RONNIE

Twenty seven. Ooh, from Australia

PATTON

Is that a turkey neck?

RONNIE SHUDDERS. PATTON REACHES OVER, CLOSES THE LID.

PATTON

You've seen enough wrinkled dingus for  
one day. How about we save Craigslist  
for the next ep-- Next week?

RONNIE

You're right. Next week...Hey, you better get going. Janet tried to sneak a package past me earlier. She's been in the bathroom for twenty minutes. I'm hoping it's crotchless.

PATTON

You mean like my sweats?

SHOWS HIS SWEATPANTS, WHICH IS FULL OF HOLES.

RONNIE

That's why you don't have a girlfriend.

PATTON

Oh, I'm sure they'll try to give me one at some point.

JANET FINALLY EMERGES FROM THE BATHROOM. AND SHE'S GOT ON SWEATS, JUST LIKE PATTON.

PATTON

Hey, same-zees.

RONNIE

Can this week get any worse?

JANET LIFTS A PEE STICK.

JANET

I'm pregnant...

FREEZE FRAME.

KA CHUNK! THAT GIANT RUBBER STAMP IS BACK.

RULE #152: NEVER GET YOUR VASECTOMY DONE IN A VAN.

END OF SHOW