

THE LOUD HOUSE

#325 - "From Brad To Worse"

Written by

Andrew Brooks

First Draft: 7/11/22
Second Draft: 7/22/22
Board Draft: 08/03/22
Record Draft: 09/27/22
Network Animatic Draft: 11/09/22
Conformed Draft: 01/06/23

© 2021 Viacom International Inc., Nickelodeon. All rights reserved. WARNING: These materials are licensed for unadvertised, non broadcast, private use only. All other rights including, without limitation the right to reproduce, distribute or exhibit the materials are retained by Viacom International Inc.. Federal law provides severe civil and criminal penalties for the unauthorized reproduction, distribution or exhibition of copyrighted material. Criminal copyright infringement may be investigated by the FBI and may constitute a felony with a maximum penalty of up to five years in prison and/or a \$250,000 fine. These materials are the property of Nickelodeon, a division of Viacom International, Inc. 1515 Broadway New York, NY 10036, USA

EXT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - PARKING LOT - DAY

Dad drives the LOUD RV through the SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR entrance.

1 DAD
Here we are, kiddos! The Southwest
State Fair! YEEHAW!

The kids press their faces on the window in <AWE>.

2 LOUD KIDS WALLA
<AWE> <DEEP INHALE>

In the reflection, we see RIDES, GAMES, and people wheeling
GIANT VEGETABLES. Scented clouds from the fair swirl into the
RV.

5 MOM
Oh, Hun! There's a spot!!

BIRDS EYE VIEW: Dad parks.

9A DAD
Ah, perfect.

Dad squeezes into the tight space. Back inside the RV, Dad
heads for the door.

10 DAD (CONT'D)
Like a glove! Now, who's--

Dad tries to open the RV door, but it won't budge.

10A DAD (CONT'D)
Uh oh.

REVEAL it's completely shut in by the trucks beside to it.

11 LUCY
Trapped. With no way out.

She suddenly smiles.

12 LISA
Incorrect. <AHM>

Lisa points up. Dad <SHEEPISHLY CHUCKLES>, then looks up.

12A LUCY
Aw. Bummer.

13AB DAD
Ah. Good thinking, Lisa.

CUT TO the Louds emerging from the roof exit. They head down the RV's ladder. They hear excited <CROWD WALLA>.

13B FAN WALLA
<EXCITED WALLA>

The crowd has circled a SHADOWED FIGURE. Phone cameras FLASH.

15 FAN WALLA (CONT'D)
I love you!!/Can I have a
selfie?!/Please sign my baby!/Etc.

15A MOM
Wait, is that...?

The Louds walk over. The CELEBRITY is a man in full COWBOY GETUP and EYE GLASSES. He suddenly notices Mom and lights up.

16 BRAD PLAID
<HUH?> Rita? Is that you?

17 MOM
(squints then brightens)
Brad Plaid?!

The two hug as the crowd follows. Brad continues to blindly sign autographs and kiss babies while talking to Mom.

18 BRAD PLAID
Hot diggity! It is you! And I
thought these glasses were
monkeyin' with me. What's a
Michigander like you doin' here?

19 MOM
I'm actually writing a column about
life on the road with a big family.

20 BRAD PLAID
No kiddin'! So you became a writer
after all! I always knew you would!

Dad and the kids approach Mom and Brad.

21 DAD
Hey, honey!

22 BRAD PLAID
Howdy, sir. Would you like an
autograph?

Still in autograph mode, Brad signs Dad's forehead. Dad
<AHEMS>.

23 DAD
<AHEM>

24 MOM
Oh, <CHUCKLE> this is my husband,
Lynn. Everyone, this is Brad! He
and I knew each other from Camp Can
Do when we were kids.

26 BRAD PLAID
<LAUGH> We were practically hog
tied at the hip! In fact, we were
each other's camp crushes, if I
remember right.

Mom blushes, <GIGGLING>.

27 MOM
<GIGGLE>

28 DAD
<GRITTED TEETH LAUGH> How adorable.

29 LYNN
So, Brad, my man. What's with the
crowd? You, like, famous or
something?

30 BRAD PLAID
Well, I'm somewhat of a...
(riffing)
Countryyy siiiiiinger.

31 LOUD KIDS
<IMPRESSED OOHS/AHHS>

32 BRAD PLAID
I'm on tour across the country with
my horse! They call me the Croonin'
Cowboy!

He gestures to his TOUR BUS, with a poster of him and his
horse on it. He strikes the same pose and more fans faint.

33 MOM/LOUD KIDS
<IMPRESSED GASPS>

The other kids nod, excited. Noticing, Dad tries to politely
shuffle the family off.

37 DAD
Okay, great. But we better get
going. Lots to see and do.
(MORE)

DAD (CONT'D)

Just me and my family. And Rita,
who is my wife. <NERVOUS LAUGH>

38 BRAD PLAID

Say! Y'all should check out my show
after the rodeo tonight. How do
front row seats sound?

39 LANA

What?! That's so cool!

The family rapidly turns back to Brad, knocking Dad off
balance.

40 DAD

<WHOA!>

41 MOM

That is so sweet of you, Brad!

42 DAD

(forced smile)

Yes. So so sweet.

(smacks head, playing up)

<UCH> I just remembered: we're a
sing-along kinda family at
concerts, and we don't know any of
your songs! Guess we'll have to
pass. Well, thanks anyway!

Brad pulls out a VINYL RECORD, hands it to Dad, and signs it.

43 BRAD PLAID

Take my greatest hits album! You'll
catch up in no time. Now, you kids
are gonna love the fair! I'll be
your personal guide! Let's head 'em
up, and move 'em out!

The kids follow Mom and Brad.

43A DAD

<GRUMBLE>

Dad trails behind, reading the song names.

44 DAD (CONT'D)

"Rita-Round The World", "All I Need-
A Is-A Rita", "Rita Likes Pita".
<GASP> All his songs are about
Rita! Brad is obviously obsessed
with her!

Dad spirals.

46 DAD (CONT'D)
And it looks like he's trying to
rekindle his Camp Can Do flame!
Well, not on my watch, buster.
(addresses album cover)
Think you're such a big man? Well,
you're not so big!

Just then, Dad looks up and sees a fifty-foot STATUE OF BRAD
PLAID greeting patrons at the entrance (a la "Big Tex").

47 BRAD PLAID STATUE
A Big Brad Plaid howdy to y'all!

48 DAD
<GASP!> Oh come on!

EXT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - MIDWAY GAMES - MOMENTS LATER

The family walks by a MILK BOTTLE GAME. Lola's eyes sparkle.
She points to a GIANT UNICORN PLUSH.

48A LOUD FAMILY WALLA
<EXCITED WALLA>/Cool!/So fun!/Yay!

49 LOLA
Eee! Look at that unicorn! Eunice
has been begging for a baby
brother!

50 BRAD PLAID
Well, I'd be happy to--

51 DAD
Yeah, I've got it, Bryson.

Dad drops cash down. An ATTENDANT hands him two baseballs. He
throws one, completely missing the pyramid of bottles.

52 DAD (CONT'D)
<THROW EFFORT> Hands are a little
sweaty. Just from the heat - I'm
not nervous or intimidated in any
way!

Dad wipes his hand. He throws the other ball, missing again.

53 DAD (CONT'D)
<THROW EFFORT>

SLAM! He drops a fistful of cash on the counter.

53A DAD (CONT'D)
<GRUMBLE>

QUICK CUTS: Dad fires baseball after baseball. Some dink off the bottles, while others completely miss. Dad dumps out his wallet.

54 DAD (CONT'D)
<MULTIPLE THROW EFFORTS>

One ball BONKS the Attendant.

55 ATTENDANT
<OW!>

54 CONT'D DAD
Sorry!

Finally, a winded Dad weakly throws his last ball. It rolls towards the pyramid and knocks over a single bottle.

56 DAD (CONT'D)
<PANTING> <THROW EFFORT>

57 ATTENDANT
We have a winner!

58 DAD
(proudly smiling)
<PANTING> <PHEW> We'll take the unicorn, please.

59 ATTENDANT
Sorry sir, but that prize is for knocking down the *whole* pyramid.

The attendant hands Lola a deflated SQUEAKY TOY.

60 LOLA
<DEFLATED>

60A BRAD PLAID
Allow me, partner.

Brad takes the ball and throws it, knocking over every bottle in the booth.

60B ATTENDANT
Uh... that's never happened before.

61 LANA
<GASP!>

The family turns around to see Brad smiling. The attendant throws a BUNCH of unicorn plush toys, burying her.

61A LOLA
<GIGGLE> <SQUEAL!>

A gleeful Lola pops out of the pile.

62 LOLA (CONT'D)
Thanks, Dad! I mean... Brad!

65 DAD
<GRUMBLES>

EXT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Brad and the Loud kids boot scoot on a large DANCE FLOOR with other patrons. Brad scoots over to Mom and Dad.

66 BRAD PLAID
Your kids are natural boot
scooters, Rita! Bet they learned it
from you! Speaking of, care to dan--

Before Brad finishes, Dad whisks her off to the dance floor.

67 DAD
Sorry! Maybe next song, Brody!

Mom and Dad scoot onto the floor. A concerned Mom whispers:

68 MOM
Are you feeling okay, hun? You've
been acting a little...

69 DAD
Charming? Debonair? Like someone
who isn't crumbling on the inside?

Dad spins Mom. She <LAUGHS> happily as they two-step. Dad beams, closes his eyes, and spins Mom again. This time she spins OS and we see a new set of hands clasp Dad's. When Dad opens his eyes, he's shocked to see he has a new dance partner, Tootsie - a Mee Maw type in country attire.

75 TOOTSIE
Ol' Tootsie's got you now! Hang on!

Tootsie tosses Dad like a rag-doll O.S.

76 DAD
<TOSSED AROUND> AHhh! <OOF!>

Dad sees Brad tossing Mom in the air.

71 BRAD PLAID
<TOSS EFFORT>

72 MOM
<GIGGLING>

78 DAD
<GROWLS>

Dad <FUMES> and tries to move towards Mom, but Tootsie just then, Tootsie returns.

79 TOOTSIE
Time for another fling, chicken wing!

Dad's eyes widen. Tootsie tugs Dad O.S.

80 DAD
No no no! <YOINK!>

EXT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - BBQ PIT - LATER

The family walks along, Dad <GRUMBLING> and kicking the dirt. Lily, excitedly wearing a cowboy hat, sits on Brad Plaid's shoulders.

80 A LOUD KIDS WALLA
This is so cool/ <WHOA!>/ Can I get boots like Brad's?!

81 DAD
<GRUMBLING>

He sees a sign for a BBQ cook off. He grins cockily.

82 DAD (CONT'D)
A barbecue cook off?
(calls to Brad)
Hey, Brent! Whaddya say we put our grill skills to the test?

Brad gives a thumbs up.

83 BRAD PLAID
Sounds like fun, partner!

Dad <LAUGHS> almost evilly.

84 DAD
<EVIL CACKLE>

The family looks at him. He <CLEARS HIS THROAT>, embarrassed.

85 DAD (CONT'D)
<THROAT CLEAR>

CUT TO - the kids and Mom <CHEER> on Dad as he grills.

86 DAD (CONT'D)
<FLIPPING EFFORTS> <COOKING
EFFORTS>

87 MOM/LOUD KIDS
<CHEERING>

Nearby, Brad grills at his station. THE JUDGE approaches Dad.

88 JUDGE
And what do we have here?

89 DAD
It's my famous pulled chick-Lynn
sandwich with a side of mac-Lynn-
cheese! <SMUG> Enjoy!

Dad hands him a plate. The judge takes a BITE and <MMMS!>, impressed.

90 JUDGE
<MMMM>

Dad turns around to scoop up more.

91 DAD
Room for seconds? Or should I say
sec-Lynn-ds? Huh?

Dad turns back with another plate, but the Judge is gone. He's now part of a crowd around Brad's station. Brad flips meats into the air like a Benihana chef, which land perfectly on plates. The crowd <CHEERS>. The judge tastes the food.

92 JUDGE
<LARGE BITE> <SWOON!> These are
delicious! What did you call them?

93 BRAD PLAID
Shish Ke-Brads!

93A JUDGE/CROWD
<LAUGH> He's good!/<LAUGHING WALLA>

94 DAD
How dare he! Food-based puns are *my* thing! Can you guys believe this--
<HUH?>

Dad turns to the family, who enjoys Brad's dish.

94A LOUD FAMILY WALLA
<MMM!>/ <EATING> /<SWOONING>

He looks over at Brad's station where they're eating plates of food. A FUMING Dad squeezes a bottle of BBQ sauce.

95 DAD
<FUMING> <GASP!>

SPLAT! It squirts in his face and on his shirt. He <SIGHS>.

96 DAD (CONT'D)
<SIGH> Oh come on!

EXT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dad splashes water on his face. Lincoln walks in and hands him a SHIRT.

97 LINCOLN
Here, Dad. I got you a clean shirt.

Dad unfolds it and holds it up. REVEAL it's a BRAD PLAID SHIRT.

98 DAD
<RECOIL>

Dad sees the image and addresses it:

99 DAD (CONT'D)
You!! You may have won the first three rounds, Brad *Blech*, but I'm not out yet! You hear me?

100 LINCOLN
Um, Dad. You feeling okay? You're yelling at a t-shirt...

101 DAD
What? Everything's fine! You know, apart from Brad trying to steal your Mom away--

102 LINCOLN
What?! Dad, you're losing it.
Brad's not trying to--

They hear Brad outside the bathroom window.

103 BRAD PLAID (O.S.)
Hooowee! Do I got a big surprise
for Rita!

Dad and Lincoln peer outside to see Brad talking to someone
O.S. while cleaning his glasses.

104 BRAD PLAID (CONT'D)
You're gonna love this, Chuck. I've
got a seat for her on my private
jet. After the concert tonight, I
want her to fly away with me!

105 CHUCK (O.S.)
Uh, I'm over here, sir.

Reveal Brad is talking to a tree. He puts his glasses on and
sees the roadie, Chuck. He covers:

106 BRAD PLAID
<SHEEPISH> I knew that.

Dad and Lincoln <GASP> and duck back inside the bathroom.

107 DAD/LINCOLN
<GASP!>

108 LINCOLN
Whoa! You're right! Brad's totally
trying to steal Mom away.

109 DAD
Lincoln, what am I gonna do?!

Lincoln thinks for a minute and perks up.

110 LINCOLN
Leave it to me. Brad's not the only
man with a plan 'round these parts.

EXT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dad and Lincoln pop out from the roof of their RV. They watch
Brad leave his trailer on his horse. Lincoln smiles:

111 LINCOLN
Time for phase one: sneaking into
the arena.

112 DAD
Yes! How are we going to do that?

EXT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - RODEO ARENA - NIGHT

Dad and Lincoln, in CLOWN COSTUMES and wearing CLOWN MAKEUP,
peek out from a corner.

113 LINCOLN
Thank you, Luan, for never leaving
home without your clown trunk.

They approach a GUARD, playing up rodeo clown characters.

114 LINCOLN (CONT'D)
<CLOWN LAUGH> Nothing to see! Just
two rodeo clowns heading to work!
<CLOWN LAUGH>

The two honk their noses as the confused guard lets them in.

INT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - RODEO ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

Lincoln and Dad make it inside, still in costume.

116 LINCOLN
Now for phase two. I'll sneak into
Brad's dressing room and swipe his
glasses. And you'll switch Brad's
horse with a wild bull.

117 DAD
Don't ya think he'll notice?

118 LINCOLN
You've seen him without his
glasses. He can't tell a person
from a cactus. Before he can figure
it out, he'll be bucked all the way
to Timbuktu.

119 DAD
Nice thinking, son!

BRAD'S DRESSING ROOM: Lincoln enters the empty room. He takes
Brad's glasses from his desk. Suddenly, the doorknob JIGGLES.

119A BRAD PLAID (O.S.)
Be right there! Just gotta grab
something from my dressing room!

120 LINCOLN
Uh oh.

Lincoln grabs three COWBOY HATS off a RACK. He puts one on his head, and holds the other two on his hands, pretending to be the rack. Brad enters and fumbles around.

121 BRAD PLAID
Where did I put those dang glasses?

122 ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready
to welcome The Crooning Cowboy?

122A LINCOLN
<GASP!> <PHEW!>

Brad starts to leave, then turns to the 'rack'.

124 BRAD PLAID
Hold up a minute...

Lincoln tenses up, surely busted.

125 BRAD PLAID (CONT'D)
At least I got my 10 gallon!

He takes a hat from Lincoln's hand and exits. Lincoln <SIGHS> in relief.

126A LINCOLN
Whoa, that was close.

BULL PEN: Dad spots a bull inside a pen, bucking like wild.

127A DAD
Hey...
(reading name on pen)
"Stomper". We're just gonna go for
a little walk, okay buddy?

The bull pauses and looks at him. Dad opens the pen and hits the cowbell.

127B DAD (CONT'D)
That's right Stomper, follow me--

The bull SNARLS and rushes at Dad.

127C DAD (CONT'D)
<SCREAM!>

The bull chases Dad through the backstage area.

132 DAD (CONT'D)
<YELLING> <PANICKED RUNNING> <JUMP
EFFORT> <RUNNING>

They run past Lincoln exiting Brad's dressing room.

133 LINCOLN
<YAH!>

Lincoln ducks out of the way as Dad and the bull run past.
Lincoln opens the pen with the horse and ushers her into
Stomper's pen.

134 LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Come on, come on, quickly!

Dad spots the pen labeled "BRAD PLAID."

135 DAD
<DETERMINED RUNNING EFFORTS> <LUNGE
EFFORT>

At the last second Dad dives away from the entrance, but the
bull can't stop fast enough and slides into the pen. Dad
slams the cage shut, then <SIGHS>.

136 DAD/LINCOLN
<PHEW!>

Lincoln runs over and high fives Dad.

137 LINCOLN
Nice going, Dad!

The bull is <WOOZY>.

138 DAD
Now let's go watch Brad completely
beef it! Pun intended! HAHA!

After they dart off, Brad fumbles in, feeling his way towards
the pen. The bull is still woozy.

139 BRAD PLAID
<FUMBLING>

He hops over the fence and sits on the bull. He feels around
for a beat, then shrugs.

140 BRAD PLAID (CONT'D)
Whoa! Steady, girl.

RODEO ARENA SEATS: Lincoln (cleaned up) and Dad (still in clown makeup) join the family at their seats. Lincoln elbows Dad and Dad wipes his face on his Brad Plaid shirt. The clown makeup perfectly transfers to Brad's face. Suddenly, the lights dim.

141 ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together for the Croonin' Cowboy and his pita-loving noble steed... Rita!!

As everyone <CHEERS>.

142 MOM/LOUD SISTERS/CROWD
<CHEERING>

Dad and Lincoln's eyes widen in a panic. They turn to each other.

143 DAD/LINCOLN
Rita is a horse?!

144 DAD
That means Brad's obsessed with Rita the horse, not Rita the wife!
<GASP!> What have I done?!

Brad and the bull make their way out to the center of the rodeo ring. He squints as he looks at the crowd.

145 BRAD PLAID
Howdy, folks! How's about I play a little song for ya?

The crowd <CHEERS>.

146 MOM/LOUD SISTERS/CROWD
<CHEERING>

Brad strums his guitar.

146A BRAD PLAID
Oh Well she don't eat oats--

The bull fumes, and starts kicking around.

147 BRAD PLAID (CONT'D)
<WHOAS> Bad hoss! What's gotten into you? <YELPS!>

The bull bucks more aggressively.

148 DAD
I've put Brad in danger! I've got
to save him!

Dad puts on his clown wig and wipes his face on his shirt,
reapplying the makeup. He runs to the ring and jumps in.

149 DAD (CONT'D)
Brad, listen to me! You're sitting
on a bull!

150 BRAD PLAID
I'm sitting on a what now?! <YAH!!>

The bull sends Brad flying off.

151 BRAD PLAID (CONT'D)
<OOF!>

The bull charges him. Suddenly Dad pulls out a cowbell and
clanks it repeatedly, getting the bull's attention.

152 DAD
AAAAHHH!

The bull is charging Dad. Dad darts around the rodeo track
while the crowd <CHEERS> and <LAUGHS>.

153 MOM/LOUD SISTERS/CROWD
<CHEERING>/<LAUGHING>/<GASPING>

154 DAD
<PANICKED RUNNING>

Dad tries to hop the fence, but the bull slams into his butt.
Dad flies out of the arena.

156 DAD (CONT'D)
<YAAAAAAAAAAAAH!>

The family <GASPS> and runs out.

157 MOM/LOUD KIDS
<GASP!>

EXT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - RODEO ARENA

Dad lands on the arm of the giant Brad Plaid statue. Without
his glasses, Brad slams into the statue. <OOF!>

158 DAD
<YAAAAAAAAHHH> <OOF!>

He tries to grab the statues hat, but falls.

159 DAD (CONT'D)
<WOBBLING> <YAH!>

160 DAD/BRAD PLAID
<OOF!>

He lands on Brad, still fumbling around.

DAD
Oh! Brad! Thanks for breaking my fall.

Mom and the kids run over to them.

161A MOM
Lynn, oh my gosh! Are you okay?!
What is going on?!

162 DAD
<SIGH> Sorry, Rita. I really panicked when I thought you were gonna get on that plane but then I realized you're not a horse!

163 MOM
Uhhh... okay...

164 DAD
Let me rephrase. I was so afraid you were going to run off with Brad that... I sabotaged his show.

165 MOM
Honey, there's nothing between me and Brad. Why would you think that?

166A DAD
I know that now. But it is weird that he named his horse after you.

167 BRAD PLAID
No, I didn't. I named her after my Granny Margarita. Why, she'd eat an apple right outta your hand! [BEAT]
Granny, not the horse.

The Louds exchange puzzled looks.

168 DAD
I'm sorry, honey. And I'm sorry,
Brian-- Brad. I might have gotten a
teensie bit carried away.

169 LINCOLN
I'm sorry too. Here. These are
yours.

Lincoln hands Brad his glasses.

170 BRAD PLAID
No harm done, partner! If nothin'
else, you helped me put on one wild
show! And boy, you gotta teach me
your cowbell technique. That's the
one thing I could never master.

171 DAD
Well, it is an art form.

172 BRAD PLAID
Say, I still gotta finish the show,
before Rita - the horse Rita - and
I jet off on my plane. And I sure
could use a little more cowbell in
the big finale...

Dad smiles.

INT. SOUTHWEST STATE FAIR - RODEO ARENA - LATER

Dad's in the center of the ring with Brad as he sings "Rita
Likes Pita." The family throws pita into the ring.

173 BRAD PLAID
*Well, She don't eat oats, and she
don't eat hay/ There's jsut one
thing she'll nosh/ at the end of
the day./ It's the unleavened bread
that tickles her hide./ And she'll
eat it when it's plain or when
there's hummus on the side.*

174 DAD/BRAD PLAID
*Rita likes Pita! Rita likes Pita! /
It's the only thing I feed-a / and
there ain't no nothing sweet-a./
Rita likes Pita! Rita likes Pita!/
She makes my life complete-a / so I
always feed her pita/ Come on!*

174A LOUD FAMILY WALLA
<CHEERING!>

THE END.