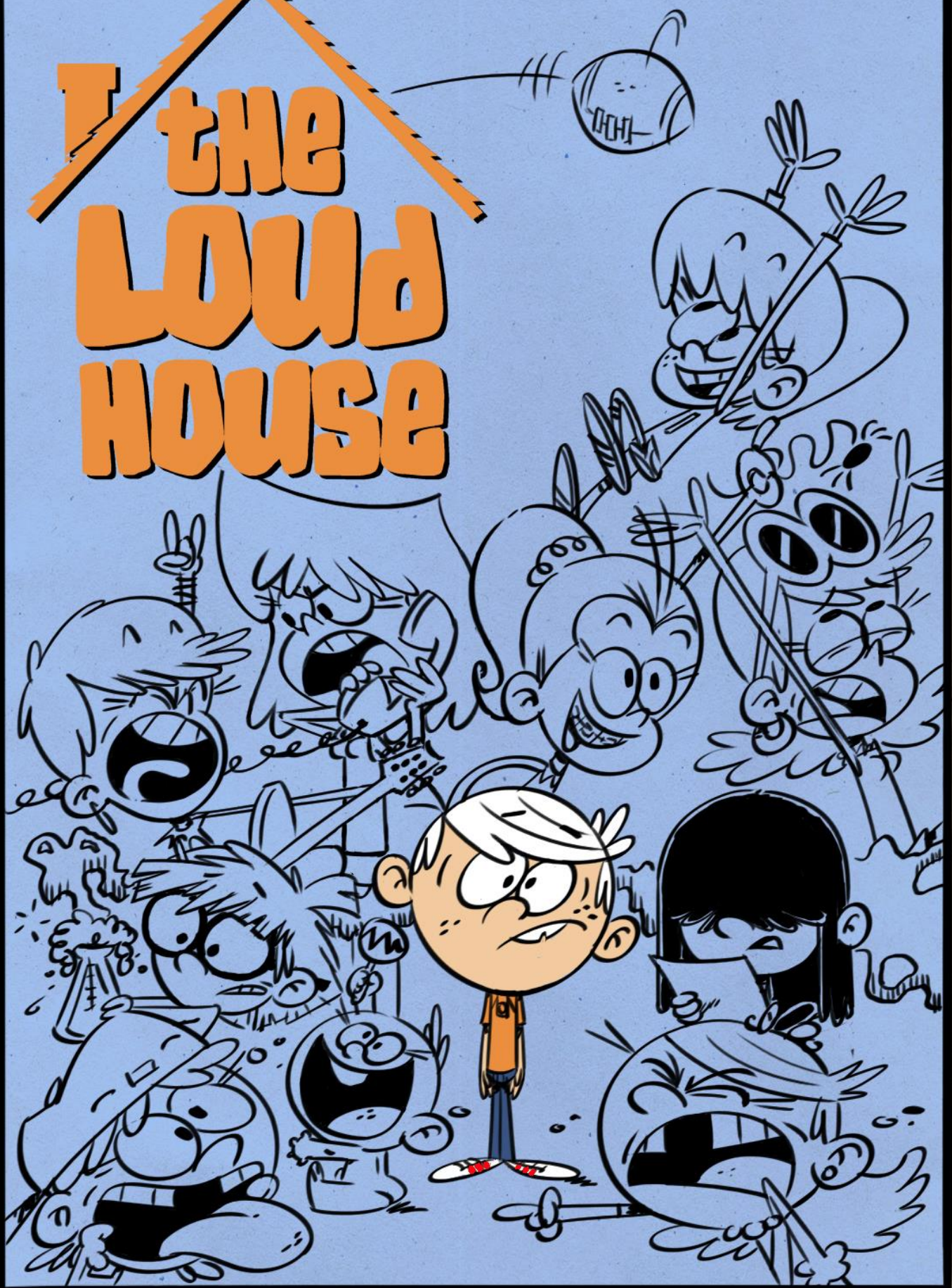


the LOUD HOUSE





Ever wonder what it's like to grow up in a big family?

My name's Lincoln Loud and I am the only boy of eleven kids! That's right, I have 10 sisters!

Ten of THEM, one of ME, and it's just as crazy as you'd think.

Surviving, I mean, heh heh, GROWING UP in a big family has its challenges. Even the little things, the everyday things that you might take

for granted, are exponentially magnified, blown out of control and taken to extremes. The sheer chaos of something as simple as breakfast time is like the storming of Normandy and getting seconds is... wait, what are seconds? To make (read: fight, push, shove) your way through the ever-changing sea of pandemonium and shifting alliances, it is imperative that you always have a plan of action. Knowing what you want and knowing how to get it are the keys! (Like licking all the buttons on remote control in order to be couch commando!)

However, if (when) that plan goes awry, (someone put vinegar on the remote!!!) then you should also have a backup plan (I learned to LOVE vinegar!) and most definitely a backup backup plan. And if all else fails, learning to bust out some tears is a useful talent. Charles Darwin would have a field day here. His book would be called: "Survival of the Fittest, not to mention the loudest, fastest and most cunning."

With such a big family, it's easy to get lost in the shuffle. One time I was forgotten at home while my family took a trip to France. Okay, not really, but I WAS left in a shopping cart in the mall parking lot. My oldest sister, Lori says that after mom realized I was missing she went and got her hair and nails done before coming to get me. I have yet to disprove that story. Mom pleaded the fifth.

Privacy in the Loud house is like Bigfoot or the Loch Ness Monster. Insomuch as it is rumored to exist and there have been sightings, but in the

end it all turns out to be a cruel hoax. To say we are a crowded house is an understatement. Every nook and cranny is filled with people or things or people and things. So learning to share is not only a given, it is also punishable by law (and sister's wrath) if you don't. It's not so bad, but this whole experience would be a LOT easier if we had more than one bathroom! On the plus side, as the only boy, I DO have my own bedroom. Even though it IS just a converted linen closet at the end of the hall, It's all mine... my own little oasis in the sands of chaos.

Noise. 11 kids times 15.5 decibels per kid equals... loud. This just cannot be helped. It's a numbers game. There's just no such thing as peace and quiet at our house. A sudden silence can mean only one thing; someone's getting in trouble and the rest of us are all secretly listening in on what the punishment will be (and thanking our lucky stars that it isn't us). It is rumored (proven fact) that constant din of the Loud family can be heard from blocks away. A collective sigh rings out through the neighborhood once our family has gone to sleep for the night. Needless to say, we go through neighbors like we go through rolls of toilet paper.

In a family this big it's like we exist in our own little microcosm of the world at large. Stuck in traffic? Try waiting in line for the bathroom after mom's famous chili con carne (she got the recipe off the back of a soup can). Don't like crowds on a holiday shopping weekend? Try navigating the halls of our house the morning after a power outage reset all of the alarm clocks and we're all late for school! Worried about that bully who's out to get you?



That's nothing compared to the wrath you'll face here once your sister finds out you "accidentally" broke her favorite porcelain figurine in epic sci-fi action figure battle! We even have our own economy and banking built on promises, favors, IOU's, and threats of "do it, or I'm telling mom!" The latter yielding the highest returns. Yelling out "Not it!" is our voting system and the occasional threat of a knuckle sandwich or revealing a secret can really sway a voter (me) to "be it." Don't get me wrong though, there are plenty of benefits to growing up in a big family. The sea of

gifts I receive on birthdays and holidays alone is enough to boggle the imagination, but I digress, it's more than that. Having 10 siblings can be fun! We are never a (wo)man short when playing ball in the yard, we get a whole row to ourselves at the movie theater and we could put on a full stage performance of The Sound of Music. Sure, the house may be crowded, but I am never lonely. There's always someone to talk to, confide in, play with, or help me. If I catch any of my sisters in the right mood I know they'd do anything for me, and truth be told, I would do anything for them. Which means I am not above having to be the occasional make-up tester or fashion show participant. And sure, we may fight, argue, and bicker, but we always have each other's backs and woe to anyone my sisters' catch giving me a hard time.

That's when the 10-headed monster rears its ugly head! And a lot of the time it's the 11 of us against the world. We might be loud but no matter what, we are family.

In the end I've learned that it takes the 3 P's, Patience, Perseverance and Problem solving to survive in a family this big. And with all of the chaos, noise, and craziness, it might be hard for anyone to believe me, but I wouldn't change it for the world. Because in 1 family with 11 kids, 4



pets and 2 exhausted parents, you can be sure that there is never a dull moment in The Loud House! I suppose you'd like to know a little bit about my sisters? Well, let me tell you, they are as individual as they come. Each with their own distinct personalities that combine as well as oil and water. They seem to constantly be at each other's throats for one reason or another, but when they DO band together (into the afore-mentioned 10-headed monster) even the strongest of men cower in "its" presence. Since I have 5 older sisters and 5 younger, I find I am frequently looked up to, often looked down on and always given a sideways glance. My sisters are anything but dainty. They are loud, pushy, strong-willed, and make my life a continuous roller coaster ride, but I love every one of them.



LORI (17): The Oldest. She is the first child born in the Loud clan and as first born she sees herself as the boss of us (not me!). She loves to strike fear in the hearts of the other siblings (not me! Okay, sometimes) and commands respect. Lori cannot wait to move out and openly wishes she was an only child. She is easily frustrated which I have learned to take full advantage of. She feels she's paved the way for her younger siblings and deserves constant accolades. Which, in a way, she has. It's not a rare event to hear the phrase "Oh, you're *Lori's* little brother." But I'm not sure this a good thing as she is known far and wide for her signature foot stomp and "uggghhhhh!" quickly followed by storming off and slamming a door. Lori has the mastered the art of the eye-roll. Still, if you catch her in the right mood, she's a great ally to have. Also, It pays to be nice to her as she is the only one of my siblings who can drive.



LENI (16): The “Blonde”. She is every ditzy gal you've ever known rolled into one teenager. To say she was an air head would be an insult to air. She is the reason Blonde jokes were invented. Leni is a total fashionista who only cares about one thing: accessorizing (though she probably cannot spell it). She is easily distracted by shiny objects and easily falls for Luan’s pranks (more on this later). Leni should be able to drive but she’s failed all of her driving exams. Let’s hope 26th time’s the charm. Don’t get me wrong, Leni might be flighty (and also not a natural blonde, knowledge of which I will take to my grave), but she actually has a heart of gold (even though she swears she has a heart of blood) and gives the best consoling hugs (even though half way through the hug she’s forgotten why she’s giving it, but that’s okay).



LUNA (15): The Rock Star. She's loud, boisterous, independent and always at 11. Luna sings and power chords everything and she always carries her guitar with her. She has encyclopedic knowledge of all things rock and roll, yet can't remember what she had for breakfast. Priorities. Everything can and will be turned into a musical instrument for Luna, namely my head... as a drum kit. Occasionally she speaks in a British accent, and refers to some imaginary band member named "Keef". "Am I roight, Keef? I said, Keef, am I roight???" Weird. Luna is a rock genius though and will most likely make the top of the charts. You can always count on Luna help out, and she'll do most anything you ask, as long as you're ok with her supplying a rocking guitar accompaniment (which can be a little annoying when you're taking a shower, in the bathroom, or trying to sleep).



LUAN (14): The Jokester. She's a stand up comedienne and pun master rolled into one. She will resort to props to get a laugh. She speaks a mile a minute and changes her train of thought just as quick. She is easily excitable and never lets anything get her down. Everything she does in life is a punch line or a set up to a punch line. To Luan, her siblings are the straight men to her jokes. You've got to be on your toes, when Luan is around, and just to be safe, when she's not around, too. She never gets mad, but she's got an evil streak, and when it comes to pulling pranks she loves helping me plot revenge on other siblings. She doesn't need to know why, she's just IN! To Luan, laughter IS the best medicine and she has quelled many a tense Loud family moment with her sense of humor, turning anger to laughter is her forte.



LYNN (13): The Sporty one. To say she kinda likes sports would be like saying the beach is kinda sandy. It's all sports all the time. She will turn anything into a sport. Put away the eggs? Jump shot! Score! Clean up the eggs? Slap shot! Score! Lynn is athletic and full of energy and equally hyper. She wishes I was a bit more, shall we say, "sport-friendly", as she's always looking for a teammate. I learned the hard way that teammate actually means tackling dummy. Lynn is very competitive and she'll bet on anything and accept almost any dare (she's got the body cast to prove it). She's proud of her smell and only changes her "lucky socks" when the neighbors complain. She is the queen of "Two for Flinching" and I should know, I have the bruises to prove it. She also loves a good fight, so bullies beware... I've got a bodyguard and her name is Lynn. Oh and blood is her favorite color.



LUCY (8): The Emo. Lucy is a mopey negative nelly who only wears black and writes poetry. Her life is contained, in rhyme; in the stack of journals she keeps her closet on the top shelf, behind the box of photos. I mean, I've heard that's where they are. She can also cry on cue or maybe the tears are always there, I'm not quite sure. She's usually quiet and keeps to herself, but we've nicknamed her "Spooky" because she has this way of just mysteriously appearing out of nowhere. The other siblings and I never get used to this. You can always count on Lucy to give the macabre point of view in any given situation. Even birthdays are not so much a celebration of life, but "one year closer to the eternal dirt nap". Buying gifts for her is easy though. It comes in black? I'll take it.



LOLA (6) & LANA (6): The “twins”. I put twins in quotes because even though they are identical, they couldn’t be more opposite.

Lola is the quintessential beauty pageant child. Sugar and spice and some things that are not nice is what she’s made of. Lola is snooty and judgmental does not hold her tongue when it comes to letting you know. She doesn’t just act like a princess, she actually believes she is one. Strike that, she believes she is the Queen. Lola is the eyes and the ears of the household. She knows all and sadly, she tells all, but all of this can come in handy if you know what to trade for a juicy bit of intel. What Lola wants Lola gets, not because she deserves it, but saying yes is far better than experiencing her wrath when you say no. She cannot believe she has to have Lana as a twin. What a biological slap in the face.

Lana is the quintessential Tomboy. Snips and snails and puppy dog tails is what she’s made of and might even have those very things in her pockets. She loves amphibians and creepy crawlies and lives in her overalls. Where Lola loves to wear pinks and purples, Lana prefers to wear earth tones and actual earth. Outside of playing in the mud, Lana’s favorite past time causing her twin misery. And it’s so easy. She may seem like she has better things to do, but somehow she always just “happens” to “accidentally” get mud on Lola’s gowns. Got a dirty job to be done? Lana’s your gal. Need a back-zit popped? Lana’s your gal. Need to get something out from under Lynn’s stinky bed? Lana is DEFINITELY your gal!!



LISA (4): The genius. She's smarter than all of the rest of us combined. And that is a conservative estimate. She'll most likely be a rocket scientist, or a brain surgeon or an evil genius that takes over the world (my money is on the latter). She was an honorary MENSAs member at the age of two and will get her PHD by the time she's 9...If she doesn't blow up the house and everyone in it first. Lisa says she doesn't have time for humans, and when it's pointed out that she is also human she breaks down in a fit of laughter. She wears clothes only because she "has" to, and cuts her own hair to save time. It's not like I can use any of her smart either, ask her for help on homework? She'll spend the whole time explaining why the education system is built on creating obedient fact repeaters rather than individual thinkers. Mom and dad insist she's our biological sister, but for the rest of us, the jury is still out.

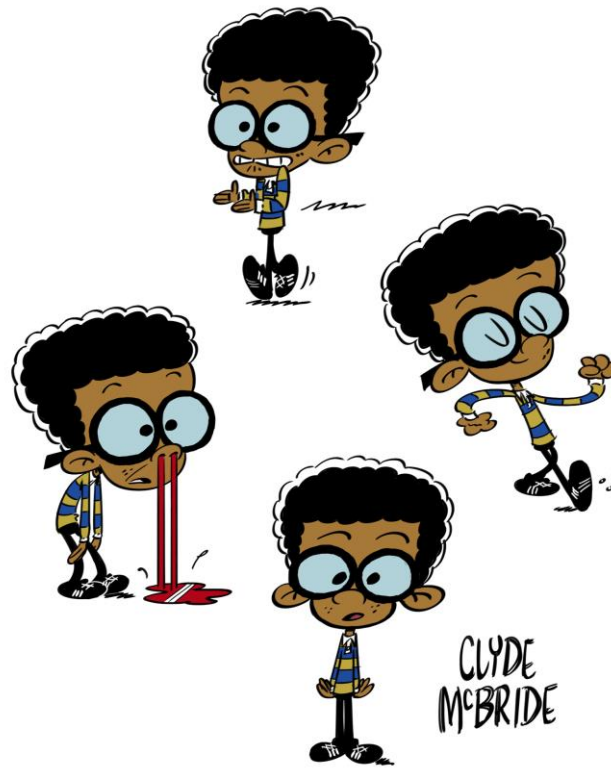


Finally, there's LILY (15 months) The baby or, as she's affectionately known, "Drooly Andrews". She is the youngest of the household and is a living, breathing, walking, babbling, poop machine. You just pray that when it comes to being your turn to change her diaper she hasn't had any solid food within the last two hours. And speaking of, she goes through diapers like they were going out of style. Offering to change her diaper for one of your sisters carries a hefty trade tax. It can be lucrative. We buy them by the gross. Getting her dressed is a Sisyphusian task. And when you finally do succeed, do not turn your back on her for even a moment because you'll turn back to be right where you started. This kid loves to be naked. But no matter what, she always brings a smile to our faces and we all love Lily unconditionally. Mom and dad say her name should have been "Oops". I don't get it.

Speaking of MOM & DAD, you may wonder where they are during all of the mayhem. Oh, my folks are around, they've just learned how to stay sane with just one simple rule: "Don't call for them unless there's blood or law enforcement involved". They say it's because they want us to learn to "solve" our "problems" on our own. Mom is the ruler of the roost and puts on a pretty good game face when it comes to dealing with us. Dad is harried and hopeless and has pretty much pulled every hair from his head. They are both pretty weird in their own right and they utilize unconventional means of parenting, but they are the glue that keeps this family together. I think they are pretty great. (In the series, we plan keep their identity hidden and we will not show what they actually look like for quite some time.)



To add to the chaos we also have Charles the Dog, Cliff the Cat, Harvey the Bird and Geo the Hamster. Although they are our pets, I sometimes think that they are smarter than all of us which leads me to question who is actually controlling who in this house.



I can't forget to mention my best friend, CLYDE McBRIDE (age 11). Clyde is like the brother I never had. We are like two peas in a pod and share pretty much all of the same tastes in movies, comics, tv shows, toys, and stuff like that. Unlike me, Clyde is an only child. He says he envies me because it would be cool to always have siblings around to talk to. I can't argue with him fully on that, but oh man do I envy him on occasion. The peace and quiet at his house is wonderfully deafening. Clyde spends a LOT of time out our house, which would be fine, but he gets super-shy around my oldest sister Lori which causes him to break into spontaneous nose-bleeds. The weirdo also has a major crush on her. And if she so much as looks at him he freezes up and talks uncontrollably like a robot. Clyde is a walking Murphy's Law. Anything that can go wrong to him, will. He is what Mr. Kurtzman down the street calls a Schlamiel and a Schlamassel. Clyde is French Creole. His family is from New Orleans which could possibly mean he has a voodoo curse. Just thinking out loud. Because he's an only child his parents VERY over-protective and VERY involved in his life. I suppose that's a good thing having parents all to yourself, but it's a little creepy. Around me, Clyde is a super-spaz ball of energy and a willing participant in all of my schemes and usually takes the brunt of their failed results. He's a good egg.



Oh, and I guess I should say a thing or two about myself! I am 11 years old and, as you know, I've got five older sisters and five younger sisters, which puts me smack dab in the middle. Talk about extreme middle child syndrome! I've got it in spades! Some may see this as a bad thing, but I see it as me being the "fulcrum" to the teeter-tottering family turmoil. I am like the Loud House Yoda. Bring balance to the family do I. Because I am the only boy, I my sisters really look up to

me and trust me to bring a certain unbiased perspective to any situation. I am basically the Switzerland of brothers. I'm neat and clean, not by choice, but by necessity. My sisters are ruthless when it comes to me leaving my stuff lying around. They'll vacuum up anything that is left in their way (I still miss you, vintage Six Million Dollar Man action figure). When dad's away, I am essentially the man of the house, which is perfect because I am calm, cool and collected in the face of adversity. It makes me the natural leader. I am relatively short for my age, but that doesn't mean I'm not quick or agile or strong. I am really quite athletic. Not to brag, but I did make the Kessel Run in less than 10 parsecs. I believe in Bigfoot, aliens and everything in between. I am a bonafide science-fiction and horror fanatic and am well versed in both genres. For 11, I am well read and have discriminating tastes in literature. I am proud of, and totally dig, my white hair and believe it is a symbol of my unique qualities. Needless to say, I'm pretty much an all-around good guy.



Dearest Brother,

We are taking the liberty of adding a few details of your “self-description”. You forgot to mention that you shower in your bathing suit. And you fidget. A lot. Remember that one time you got stuck in a chair at school? Classic! By the way, you couldn’t keep a secret if it was stapled to your forehead. And man of the house? Hilarious. You jump at your own shadow! And we always find you asleep in Lily’s crib during a thunderstorm. Well read? You read funny-animal comics in your underwear! What the heck is a Kessel run? It’s more like bathroom run. And as we recall, you didn’t make it. And as far as your white hair, it’s that color because Lynn peed on your head when you were a baby. Score! (that was Lynn). Chemical reaction, not selected uniqueness. Besides all of that, you really are a good brother, but don’t let that go to your head or we’ll tell mom about “The Incident.”

*Love,
“The 10-Headed Monster”*



Hey, can I help it if I enjoy a little “open air” while reading my comics? Anyway, everything I just shared should be taken with a grain of salt. Although, I’ve done my best to give you an idea of what it’s like to grow up with such a large family, I have just barely scratched the surface, and be warned that in this ever-changing sea of chaos nothing can be taken for granted in The Loud House!

STORY DIRECTION



By breaking the fourth wall, our intrepid hero, Lincoln Loud (brother to 10 sisters!) invites us, the audience, along for the roller coaster ride that is life at his house. Using his unique perspective, Lincoln can speak directly to us, he can also pause the action, do an instant replay, draw on the teleprompter or even take us into fantasy sequences starring his siblings (if he’s going to go into “battle”, then it will look like WW1 from his perspective, at least for a moment). Any verbal or visual trick Lincoln can use to help convey the

chaos, we will get a glimpse at just what it takes to navigate the crowded halls. And just how one does get a turn in the bathroom!

The Loud House stories are as unique and varied as the kids who occupy them. The main point of all of the stories is to answer the series question: “WHAT IS IT LIKE TO GROW UP IN A BIG FAMILY?” The Loud House story-lines take simple, every-day situations and multiply them by a factor of 10! Whether a small idea or a big one, there will be multiple story-lines in each episode in order to ensure the feeling of chaos and frantic, kinetic energy within the household. Whether you are an only child, have one sibling or many, The Loud House stories, above all, aim to be relatable, funny, honest and sincere.

Most of the early stories will be told from Lincoln’s POV, inviting us in to HIS chaotic world, but as we get to know the sisters, we will get to see the world from their own diverse perspectives.

Stories will also be grounded in personal, social and physical stakes.

Stories will come from the following areas:

- Lincoln vs. Specific Siblings
- Lincoln vs. All Of His Siblings
- Lincoln vs. His Siblings Out In The World
- Lincoln vs. Clyde

SAMPLE EPISODES

Left In The Dark

When Lincoln wants to watch the finale of his most favorite show – he needs to make sure he gets to the couch first! He cleverly gets each sister out of the way ... but when the lights go out there may be NO TV to enjoy and Lincoln will be left in the dark.

Space Invader

Lincoln agrees to let Lynn (the sporty one) sleep in his room for ONLY 24 hrs, when her sister Lucy (the emo one) kicks her out of their shared bedroom.

No Guts, No Glori

It's Date Nite for Mom and Dad so that means Lori (the oldest) is in charge for the nite – but she always says NO and has so many rules – what if Lincoln was in charge and had no rules – what would happen then?!?

Heavy Meddle

When Lincoln's being teased at school he wants to keep his sisters from finding out so they don't get overly involved in his business and blow things out of proportion like they always do. Plus it's a girl who is teasing Lincoln so he really wants to keep that on the down-low. So shhh!

Sound of Silence

When Lincoln learns about the wonders of noise-cancelling ear buds – his blissful day of peace and silence turns the house into a drama filled war zone – because he has missed every word that everyone has said all day. Oops!

The end for now...