

**Frankie:** Hello? Hello? Can you hear me? — Oh, damn it. — Come on!

**Frankie:** Some people call this the \_\_\_\_\_ ... you know, one of those places you \_\_\_\_\_ on your way from somewhere, to somewhere else, but you wouldn't live here.

**Flight attendant:** \_\_\_\_\_, right now we're flying over the great state of Indiana, if you'd like to \_\_\_\_\_.

**Frankie:** Well, \_\_\_\_\_ next time, and you'll see us down here in the middle... Orson, Indiana, \_\_\_\_\_, proud home of Little Betty Snack Cakes, the demolition derby for the homeless, and the world's largest polyurethane cow.

**Frankie:** So how'd I \_\_\_\_\_ in the middle of the road in this \_\_\_\_\_?

**Frankie:** Here? No. — Bars! I got bars.

**Frankie:** Guess it all started a couple of weeks ago, and no, I'm not an actual superhero, not unless you count getting my kids \_\_\_\_\_ for school every morning.

**Frankie:** I made breakfast! Come on, we're late! Let's go, let's go!

**Frankie:** That's my youngest-Brick. — You know how you think giving a kid a cool name will make him cool? — It doesn't.

**Frankie:** Okay, now listen. Today at \_\_\_\_\_, I don't want you \_\_\_\_\_ alone on the perimeter, all right? Makes you an \_\_\_\_\_, you know? Like... Like the gazelle that gets separated \_\_\_\_\_ . You've gotta find yourself a group of kids and just \_\_\_\_\_ .

**Brick:** You know you're my hero, right, Mom?

**Frankie:** Thank you, honey. Eat your pancake.

**Brick:** It's \_\_\_\_\_ .

**Frankie:** Well, \_\_\_\_\_ . It'll last longer.

**Frankie:** Hey, Mike, have you seen that envelope with my driver's license from the DMV? I need it for work. — Why is this place \_\_\_\_\_ ?

**Frankie:** That one over there would be Axl. — Since he \_\_\_\_\_ 15, he \_\_\_\_\_ his room and only comes out to \_\_\_\_\_ our food and \_\_\_\_\_ sarcastic comments.

**Axl :** Oh, we're \_\_\_\_\_ chips. \_\_\_\_\_, Mom.

**Frankie:** Yeah, I can't hear you if you don't have \_\_\_\_\_.

**Brick:** Mom, where's my homework?

**Frankie:** Ah-ha! Okay. — When did this happen? Mike, look at this. Look at this. This is... I haven't had my driver's licence picture taken in seven years, okay?

**Mike:** Mm-hmm.

**Frankie:** Here's the old one. Look at this. \_\_\_\_\_ to me?

**Mike:** Uh, well, \_\_\_\_\_, you were all \_\_\_\_\_ and wondering what your life's gonna be. And now... Well, now you know!

**Sue:** Mom!

**Frankie:** Hey, \_\_\_\_\_ if you want to \_\_\_\_\_. Axl, put some pants on. Here.

**Frankie:** Okay, maybe it was just a bad picture. I mean, yikes. — Mike, does it ever \_\_\_\_\_ that I'm not young and shiny anymore?

**Mike:** Well, sure, honey. It's a \_\_\_\_\_, but what are you gonna do?

**Mike:** Oh, shoot! I wanted chips for my lunch.

**Axl:** She didn't buy any.

**Frankie:** Sue, \_\_\_\_\_ a pancake. We're late. — That's Sue. She's been \_\_\_\_\_ a bit of an \_\_\_\_\_ ... for the past 13 years.

**Sue:** Mom, the dryer \_\_\_\_\_ my leg warmers again.

**Frankie:** I told you, you can't put wet things in the \_\_\_\_\_ anymore.

**Sue:** Well, I need 'em, 'cause \_\_\_\_\_ ? I'm trying out for \_\_\_\_\_ this week.

**Frankie:** I know, I know... That's not an \_\_\_\_\_ parents should have on their faces when their daughter tells them she's \_\_\_\_\_ something. But see, Sue had a long history of things she tried out for...a long and... painful history.

**Mike:** Show choir.

**Sue:** Mm-hmm.

**Mike:** Wow, super. That...that should be fun to try out for.

**Frankie:** Now listen, Dad's gonna fix the dryer again, but right now, I just need everybody to go. Let's get out the door. Come on. Let's go, let's go!

**Axl:** Mom.

**Frankie:** That driver's license picture was a big \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ from the DMV. Somehow the life had been \_\_\_\_\_ right \_\_\_\_\_. But who or what had sucked it?

**Sue:** Mom, he's not giving my bag back!

**Axl:** Mom, Mom, Mom.

**Brick:** Mom! Mom!

**Frankie:** We did teach 'em the word "Dad," didn't we?

**Mike:** Ha-ha-ha!

**Frankie:** We're a two-job family. Mike manages a bunch of \_\_\_\_\_ down at the quarry.

**Mike:** Oh, for cryin' out loud.

**Frankie:** And my latest job I'm too \_\_\_\_\_ is selling cars at Orson's last \_\_\_\_\_ car dealership.

**Frankie's Coworker 1:** Wow, wow, wow. What a month, huh?

**Frankie's Coworker Bob:** Frankie, don't let him \_\_\_\_\_ you. He may be the \_\_\_\_\_ around here, but he's been \_\_\_\_\_ by the Elks Lodge twice. I'm not gonna say by who. It was me.

**Frankie:** Really?

**Frankie's Coworker - Bob:** I told them that he's a pedophile.

**Frankie:** No.

**Bob:** Yeah. He's not. He's not a pedophile. He's not.

**Frankie:** Wait, Bob.

**Bob:** What?

**Frankie:** Okay, this check can't be right.

**Frankie:** This is lower than the amount I \_\_\_\_\_ gas to get here.

**Frankie's Boss-Mr. Wheeler:** Ain't nothing wrong with the check, Frances.

**Frankie:** That there is your \_\_\_\_\_, and that's what it's gonna stay until you sell a car and get a \_\_\_\_\_. Now one week left in the month. You sell a car, or you may be \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_. Yeah. Yeah.

**Frankie:** I, um... But listen, I mean, my keister's having a little \_\_\_\_\_ right now. I may not have sold a car yet, but I've \_\_\_\_\_.

**Mr. Wheeler:** See that \_\_\_\_\_ up there? He came real close to not being hit by a \_\_\_\_\_. You see what I'm saying? By the way, did you ever get a new driver's license? We gotta post them, and that old one didn't look a \_\_\_\_\_. Oh, yeah. Now that's you.

**Frankie:** I see myself as kind of a \_\_\_\_\_ for people and \_\_\_\_\_, and I just have a feeling about you and this little cutie. Why don't we take it for a \_\_\_\_\_ and...

**Man on Speaker:** Frankie, you have a call on line one. Your son's school is on line one.

**Frankie:** \_\_\_\_\_, or just in trouble? 'Cause if it's just in trouble, can you ask him if I \_\_\_\_\_?

**Man on Speaker:** *Sighs deeply*

**Frankie:** Yeah, this is Frankie Heck. Is everything okay?

**Mike:** You said you were gonna \_\_\_\_\_.



**Frankie:** No, you said you were. I even put a post-it on your thermos.

**Mike:** Is that what that means?

**Man on speaker:** There's birthday cake in the break room. It's angel food.

**Frankie:** Feel that? Uh, \_\_\_\_\_ right here. Pretty \_\_\_\_\_, huh?  
That's 150 horsepower. And did I tell you about our \_\_\_\_\_ deals? Oh, get in the \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ and pull over, pull over, pull over!

**Frankie:** Quick, quick! Get in, get in, get in! Brick, honey, how do you like those seats?

**Brick:** They're amazing. They also come with optional leather trim and preferred suede inserts.

**Frankie:** And if you buy today, I'll throw the inserts in \_\_\_\_\_.

**Brick:** Mom, \_\_\_\_\_? That's a \$600 value.

**Brick:** At least you're still my hero.

**Frankie:** Aww, thanks, \_\_\_\_\_. I made dinner!

**Axl:** Thank you.

**Frankie:** Sure.

**Mike:** Hey, \_\_\_\_\_, you think you're \_\_\_\_\_ us?

**Frankie:** We are a family, and we are going to eat together as a family.

*This is Dancing With the Stars.*

**Frankie:** Okay, quick, let's hear about everybody's day. Mine \_\_\_\_\_. Next.

**Sue:** Well, ahem, I'm trying to decide what number I should do for my show choir \_\_\_\_\_.

**Axl:** Oh, my God.

**Sue:** What?

**Axl:** Does it really matter what song you pick? 'Cause there's no way you're gonna \_\_\_\_\_.

**Sue:** Mom!

**Frankie:** Mike.

**Mike:** Axl.

**Frankie:** You know, your brother's just trying to say you should just choose whatever you want.

**Mike:** Now me, I like a quick song. Quick, leave 'em wantin' more.

**Brick:** You have a meeting with my teacher on Monday.

**Frankie:** What?

**Brick:** It's imperative that you both be there, she says. *Whispers* Imperative!

**Mike:** Who's he \_\_\_\_\_? Why does he do that? I thought I told you to \_\_\_\_\_.

**Brick:** I like it. It \_\_\_\_\_ me.

**Frankie:** Okay, what teacher's meeting? I didn't even get a \_\_\_\_\_.

**Brick:** Oh, my God, you're \_\_\_\_\_.

**Brick:** Mom!

**Frankie:** Mike.

**Mike:** Axl.

**Frankie:** Yeah, well, \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_, it is Monday. Okay, we both work Monday.

**Brick:** Sorry. Sorry. *Whispers* Sorry.

**Mike:** Did I tell you Hank at the quarry found his finger today?

**Frankie:** Oh, really? That's good.

**Sue:** Mom, Dad. Are you guys \_\_\_\_\_ me? You know, 'cause I never make anything?

**Mike:** Oh, sure I'm disappointed, hon. This is, like, the 12th thing you've tried out for. I mean, I love not having to go to the events.

**Sue:** I'm thinking maybe I won't try out for show choir... If you guys don't think I should.

**Frankie:** Of course she shouldn't. Show choir in Indiana has always been \_\_\_\_\_. \_\_\_\_\_  
basketball, its combination of singing and Broadway-caliber choreography is the most \_\_\_\_\_ competition  
around. I didn't want to see her \_\_\_\_\_, but then I looked at her young and shiny face not  
\_\_\_\_\_ yet by busted dryers and mean bosses with guns...

**Frankie:** \_\_\_\_\_.

**Mike:** Hmm?

**Frankie:** You really... You really think so?

**Frankie:** No.

**Sue:** Dad?

**Mike:** This could be \_\_\_\_\_.

**Sue:** Okay! Cool.

**Frankie:** We are \_\_\_\_\_.

**Brick's Teacher:** Brick is a very quirky child... maybe clinically quirky, even.

**Frankie:** We have \_\_\_\_\_ what you mean. We knew exactly what she meant.

*Happy birthday to you!*

**Brick:** Mrs. Rettig, Mrs. Rettig, I want to tell you something funny I did the other day.

**Brick's Teacher:** Well, that may be because you haven't spent much time here in the classroom.

**Mike:** Are we \_\_\_\_\_? I mean, isn't that the \_\_\_\_\_ school... that between 8:00 and 3:00, he's \_\_\_\_\_? If he, you know, eats his napkin at dinner, we don't call you and ask you to \_\_\_\_\_ to our house.

**Frankie:** Look, I would love to spend more time here, but I work. I'm at work right now.

**Brick's Teacher:** Brick's a very \_\_\_\_\_ boy, but we feel he could \_\_\_\_\_ a series of more \_\_\_\_\_.

**Frankie:** Okay, look, Brick isn't your \_\_\_\_\_ kid, but he is funny and sweet and probably a \_\_\_\_\_.  
Okay, so he doesn't fit into your \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_ mold. But that doesn't mean that he needs fixing. Our oldest son had a completely \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ until he was six.

**Mike:** Like a candy corn.

**Frankie:** And so what, we got some \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ when we took him to the mall? You know what we did about it? Nothing. And eventually, it just \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ all on its own.

**Mike:** I think what we're trying to say here is, thanks for \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_, but our Brick doesn't need any special anything. He's fine.

**Brick's Teacher:** Mm-hmm.

**Brick's Teacher:** His best friend is his backpack.

**Mike:** I just hope he's weird enough that our insurance \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_.

**Frankie:** How \_\_\_\_\_ are you \_\_\_\_\_ your car?