

A Very Brady Bathroom

Have you ever wondered why there's never a toilet in any of the Brady Bunch episodes that show a bathroom?

"C'mon kids, you'll be late for school," Carol shouted up the stairs.

"In a minute mom, " "Almost ready," responded six voices from upstairs.

In exasperation, Carol trudged up the stairs to find confusion. Half dressed children were scurrying everywhere. "What is taking you so long? You're going to be late for school."

"It's Marcia's fault," Jan exclaimed, "She hogs the bathroom sink for an hour brushing her hair."

"Not that you're any better," Bobby countered. "All you girls take forever."

"Well if we didn't have to work around the messes you boys make," Jan retorted.

"Alright, alright," Carol interrupted, "Let's just get a move on."

Later, Carol speaks to her husband, "Mike, isn't there something you can do? Having six children sharing that one bathroom is getting to be quite a logjam in the morning."

"Well we don't have much space up there to work with," Mike replied.

"You're an architect," Carol countered, "Work some architect magic."

"Well there's just so much space," Mike pulled out a plan, "But maybe if I took over this hallway closet....I'll see what we can do."

This is the story of a lovely lady....that this group would somehow form a family...

"Mom, we're home," Bobby called out, the first of the six through the door after school. "Oh, Hi Dad, why are you home?"

"Well, your mother and I have a surprise for the six of you. When everybody is here, we'll tell you."

After the brood had congregated, Mike began, "I know how it's been tough with the limited bathroom resources in the morning. I decided to reconfigure the house a little bit to make that better."

"That's great dad!" Marcia interjected.

“Well let’s go up and see.”

The door to the bathroom opened and there were plenty of oohs and ahs. “Wow, dad four sinks!” Greg said. “And a bathtub and a shower,” Jan shouted. This should give us twice as much in the morning. The kids continued to marvel at the design until Greg noticed.

“Uh, dad, what did you do with the toilet?” Bobby finally asked.

“Well,” Mike started, “I had to make tradeoffs. There is no toilet in the new design.”

“Then will we use the powder room downstairs?” Jan asked.

“No, Jan,” Carol says, “You know we keep that one clean for company.”

“Then how about the one in your bedroom, or Alice’s?” Peter asked.

“No, that wouldn’t be fair to Alice or us,” Mike stated.

Dumbfounded looks came over the children. Then what?

“Alice?” Carol called.

“Coming, Mrs. B.” came the reply.

A moment later Alice enters. She’s carrying an armload of laundry and sets it down. “Here you go!” Jan picks up one article, and the reality strikes home, “Diapers?” and begins to cry.

“Diapers” Mike repeats. It’s the only practical solution.

“I don’t wanna wear stinky diapers,” Cindy shouted and began to cry as well.

“No big thing for you,” Bobby taunted, “You just stopped wearing them anyhow.”

The discussion and argument proceeded for a minute when Mike finally holds up his hands. “Children, diapers are the way it is going to be. We’re going to get you changed into them in a minute. From now on, you will wear them. After you use them and you need a change, your mother, or me, or Alice will change you.”

“Use them?” Greg stammered.

“Well, of course,” Carol said, “That’s the whole point. From now on you’ll be wearing your toilet.”

“We’ll change out of them for school and back in when we get home, right?” Marcia inquired.

“No, Marcia. You’ll wear them all the time, even to school. It’s going to be impractical to change you in and out as you come and go in and out of the house. Besides, we were told by your doctor that after a while you might get used to them and lose control of wetting.”

“I don’t wanna lose control,” Bobby cried.

“I’m not going to lose control.” Peter asserted.

“Well let’s get started, I’ll do the boys. Carol, you do the girls. Alice, you lay everything out for us.”

“Sure thing, Mr. B.”

It grew real quiet except for the muffled sobs of six very saddened children.

...that’s the way we all became the Brady Bunch!