

618 IDA'S DANCE TRANSCRIPT

Reese: Here you go, Jamie.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Reese: Mom's been going through the trash.

Malcolm: Check it out. This is my homework. I've spent every night this year cramming my skull full of integral calculus and conversational Latin. I just needed one class that wasn't going to kill me. And then I saw it... Music Appreciation. It's an actual class. All I have to do is listen to a CD and write down how it makes me feel. It's such an easy "A."

Reese: No matter how easy an "A" is, a "D" is always easier, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Not in this class. I better get started on my homework. (next day) "F"! I can't believe that goateed moron gave me an "F." "You obviously didn't even listen to the piece." I listened to it. You saw me.

Reese: You know, with the right kind of pen, you can turn that "F" into a "P."

Lois: Mom? Finally! Where have you been? I've been calling for weeks. I must have left ten messages. What on Earth is going on up there?

Grandma Ida: I'm busy. Gorga, Ludwina and Marica need me to help make pickles for the festival.

Lois: Mom, what are you talking about? Gorga? Marica?

Grandma Ida: Marica's Ludwina's cousin. She married the sailor with the milky eye. And she knows the curse to give you warts.

Lois: You're not making any sense.

Grandma Ida: I have to go. They're calling me.

Lois: Oh, my God, Hal. She's lost her mind. She thinks she's back in her old village. I have to go up there.

Hal: Why?

Lois: Hal, she has one leg, she's demented. She could wander out onto a freeway.

Hal: I thought we agreed we'd take no extraordinary measures to prolong her life.

Lois: Fine.

Hal: (sponging Jamie who is lying in his cot) There we go. If Mommy asks, you got a bath. (Reese comes in with a movie) Did you get it?

Reese: Oh, yeah. Exhumed Maniac. The guy at the video store said it even creeped him out, and he's an albino.

Hal: Oh, I love scary movies. There's nothing so primal as a man coming face-to-face with what really terrifies him. We'll keep this a secret from your mother.

Reese: Got it.

Hal: There's commercials she won't let me watch.

Reese: Well, she's gone for five days, we can have a film festival.

Hal: Now, the thing about horror films is that it's always what they don't show that's scary, because nothing on the screen can ever be as truly frightening as what we imagin... (starts screaming at what's on the screen)

Reese: I'm glad they shoved that guy's skin down his throat. I didn't think he'd ever stop screaming.

Reese: I have a favour to ask. I'm taking Music Appreciation, but I'm not doing so well. I have to get an "A" in this class. I know you know about this stuff, so I'm willing to pay you ten bucks an hour to teach me until I get it right, okay?

Dewey: "The Adagio for Organ and Strings" makes you happy?

Malcolm: Are you going to help me or not?

Dewey: So let me get this straight. You, the brilliant genius Malcolm, are coming to me, your little brother, for help on your homework?

Malcolm: Yes, Dewey, that's right.

Dewey: So you're a total idiot at music?

Malcolm: Yes, Dewey, it seems that way.

Dewey: That's probably why you're such a drag to be around.

Malcolm: Yes, Dewey, that's probably why I'm such a drag to be around.

Dewey: Interesting. And that must be why you're hitting yourself.

Malcolm: Is this gonna take long?

Dewey: Depends how fast you obey. And that must be why you're hitting yourself.

Lois: Mom. Oh, thank God you're all right.

Grandma Ida: What are you doing here?

Lois: Mrs. Kuccheck next door told me you were down here. She also said to stop stealing her newspaper.

Grandma Ida: I told her she's free to fight me for it.

Lois: You didn't return my calls for two weeks. I was worried.

Grandma Ida: Oh, yes, so worried. You get the earrings, Susan gets the bracelet. Now go home.

Lois: Mother... What is this place?

Grandma Ida: It's wonderful. It's like being back in the village. Everyone here is from the old country. They got the right kind of pickles. They know the old songs. After 50 years in this stink-hole of a country, I finally feel like I fit in.

Lois: Wow, I felt surrounded when there was just one of you.

Gorga: You going to introduce her to us or make us wait around like a pack of pigs?

Grandma Ida: Pack of pigs wouldn't leave their nail clippings on the floor for other people to step on. This is my daughter, Lois. (pointing with walking stick) Gorga. Ludwina. Big Kathy. Little Kathy. Marica. Floransa. Anca. And Mushka.

Lady: Is this the fat daughter or the one who drinks?

Grandma Ida: This is the one with the half-wit factory between her legs.

Lois: Well, I don't know what to say. I planned on two days to get you into the old folks home, two days to fight the court challenge, then I'd fly back on Sunday. Now I'm stuck here... it's \$300 just to change my ticket.

Grandma Ida: Good. You'll be here for the festival Saturday.

Lois: What festival?

Grandma Ida: You stop it. You know it's Saint Grotus's Day.

Lois: Oh, my God. Saint Grotus's Day? That's still around?

Big Kathy: It is. And we haven't turned our church into a Burger King either.

Grandma Ida: She's being modest. She was a terrific Grotus Day dancer. Made your children look like poisoned sheep. Best girl between the vlatnis in 15 counties!

Lois: Not the vlatnis. God, I hated that awful vlatny dance.

Grandma Ida: You loved it. She begged to go.

Lois: She dragged me seven blocks by my pigtails to some stinking butcher shop full of drunk uncles. I couldn't even see my feet through the flies and the cigarette smoke. When I was 16, I worked up the nerve to tell her I wanted to quit. She fed me nothing but bark for a week.

Grandma Ida: It's her stupid idea of a joke. (takes Lois aside) You're not around fancy big-shots with all their teeth, sipping wine. These are real people. You will not embarrass me in front of my friends by spitting on who you are and where you come from.

Lois: Fine. Oh. Boshnik bread. I haven't had this in years.

Gorga: Does it work or just cram its face with bread?

Grandma Ida: She works. And not on her back like your slut daughter.

Lady: Can she make a Saint Grotus's Day tart?

Grandma Ida: I'd have left her in the forest with her hand nailed to a stump if she didn't. (to Lois) You will make the tart this year.

Lois: The tart? By myself? That thing is gigantic.

Big Kathy: Yes, let Ida's daughter rest.

Gorga: The old ladies with arthritis can make the Saint his tart.

Lady: Ida's daughter can sit on her gigantic ass all day and eat bread.

Big Kathy: Jelly, dear?

Lois: Fine. I'm here for five days. I was expecting to be miserable anyway. I'll make the tart.

Gorga: We got it started for you.

Guy on movie: No! Not my eyes! Not my baby's eyes, too!

Malcolm: Hey, Dad.

Hal: (screams and picks up knife) What do you want?!

Malcolm: I wanted to trade my Fruit Roll-Up for a strawberry one?

Hal: Sorry, son. Of course you can. But ask for it like a man. Don't go creeping around the kitchen.

Malcolm: I'll just come back later. You seem busy.

Reese: Hey, Dad. Check out tonight's movie.

Hal: 'They Peeled My Face.'

Reese: The director went to jail for using real corpses.

Hal: Listen, Reese, I wanted to talk about movie night.

Reese: Really? I wasn't going to say anything 'cause it's so gay to talk about feelings, but I used to feel bad that we don't spend any time together. And now I find out that the one thing I like the most, that everyone else thinks is creepy, my dad likes it, too. How great is that?

Hal: Really great.

Lois: Does it have to be so hot? It's, like, 95 degrees in here.

Gorga: Yes, we'll turn on the air-conditioning and let the tart collapse so you can live like a movie star.

Big Kathy: Let's see how you did.

Lois: No, it's not done yet. I was nine hours into it when you made me start over because the almonds weren't facing Vadutz.

Gorga: You made vomit.

Grandma Ida: The Saint killed our enemies, then went to hell to ask Jesus to increase the severity of their punishment, and you reward him with vomit?

Big Kathy: You might as well wipe yourself with the beard of the Most Holy Patriarch.

Lois: Why is my tart vomit?

Grandma Ida: Stop your temper tantrum!

Gorga: Look here. The 15th layer... you put apricots. Is that correct?

Grandma Ida: The Saint didn't slaughter the peacemakers on the 15th. He waited till the 16th when they trusted him.

Lois: This thing has, like, 35 layers. Who's gonna know where the apricots are?

Gorga: So if you steal and no one knows, that makes it okay?

Grandma Ida: I taught her better than that, till my arm was going to fall off.

Gorga: She has to start over.

Lois: What? This is ridiculous. (gasps as all the ladies put their cigarettes out in the tart)

Big Kathy: Don't blame yourself, Ida.

Grandma Ida: She was born rotten. That's why the goat refused to breast-feed her.

Lois: Can I at least have a rag to tie around my head to keep the sweat out of my eyes?

Gorga: Yes, Your Majesty.

Dewey: We have to start from the very beginning. What do you feel?

Malcolm: I don't feel anything. It's just dinging, and it's annoying.

Dewey: What the hell is wrong with you? Babies understand this music.

Malcolm: I'll tell you what's wrong with me. You're teaching me bad on purpose.

Dewey: Great. Now you're stupid and crazy.

Malcolm: Am I? I asked to learn the one thing that makes you special, your stupid music, but you can't stand that, can you? You've been sabotaging me from day one.

Dewey: That's it. I quit.

Malcolm: You can't. You made a promise.

Dewey: I did not. We tried everything and you're an idiot.

Malcolm: You are not walking away from this, Dewey. You're going to help me beat this.

Dewey: I don't care. Fail your course.

Malcolm: I dropped that class last week.

Dewey: Then why are you bothering me?

Malcolm: Because you know music and I don't and that's not fair.

Dewey: It's totally fair. You just hate that you don't get to be better than everybody at everything all the time. Music's my only thing. And you know what? It's greater than everything you have put together, because it's about beauty and love and feeling, and not about proving what a creepy little genius you are to everybody, so excuse me. I'm going to appreciate music. (puts headphones on) It's all the sweeter because I know you can't. (turns on stereo and Malcolm turns the volume up loud)

Malcolm: Oh, my God. Dewey. Are you okay? I'm sorry.

Dewey: I'm deaf. I'm deaf. Oh, my God. Mom's gonna kill us!

Malcolm: Shut up. Calm down. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Your hearing will probably come back in a while. Please,

just don't say anything, okay? Let's just keep this quiet for a while. Do you understand? Does a punch mean yes? Good.

Lois: Well, I finished. I almost gave up when I thought I burned the prunes. But then I fell into this rhythm, and I just lost track of time. The next thing you know, it's done. And it came out perfect. It was a lot of work, but you know something? It feels good. What's that?

Gorga: That's the real tart.

Big Kathy: You kept screwing up. We just knew it would be easier for everyone if we just made it ourselves.

Lois: But I worked for days!

Big Kathy: I'm sorry. I know you'd rather be at the disco shaking your backside at a bunch of drug addicts.

Lois: You like St. Grotus's Day?! Huh?! You like tarts?! (gets up on the table) Well, what are we waiting for? Let's celebrate! (does dance on top of tarts) Well, maybe next time you'll think better before criticizing other people's desserts.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Dewey: Oh, Malcolm. I didn't hear you. I wonder why. Why don't you have a seat? Now I know some people say an eye for an eye makes the whole world blind. But I think it's simple fairness.

Malcolm: I don't know what you're talking about. Just say what you mean.

Dewey: You seem confused. You want me to help you? Well, let's see if I can make it loud and clear. I can't do it. I guess I'm just a better person than you are. (loud noise goes off)

Grandma Ida: You know, there's some diabetes medicine in the fridge you may want to destroy.

Lois: I am not going to be the bad guy in this, Mother.

Grandma Ida: I just want to understand my daughter's behavior. Why are you so frustrated? Is your husband failing to perform his shameful duty?

Lois: Mother, just shut up, and leave me alone.

Grandma Ida: After all the Saint did for us, all the enemy churches he burned, why would you destroy his holy cookie?

Lois: It doesn't even taste good.

Grandma Ida: It's not supposed to taste good. It's supposed to be hard to make. I can't believe you would humiliate me in front of my friends!

Lois: Friends? Those women are monsters. They treat me like garbage. How can they be your friends?

Grandma Ida: I need some people I can talk to, Lois!

Lois: Well, you used to need me! I'm going.

Malcolm: TC): All right. So now we're both deaf, but that's okay. We've had a while to practice now and we're pretty confident we can hide it from Dad!

Hal: Boys, listen, I'm going to grab the TV and hide it till your mother gets back. I'm going to tell Reese that it was stolen by junkies, desperate for a quick fix. If he ever suspects, you didn't hear it from me. Oh!

Reese: Hey, Dad. The guy at the video store finally admitted they have a secret room behind the snuff films. I'm going to go check it out.

Hal: Sounds like a plan. Boys... give me a hand here. Boys, help! Boys! Help... me! For God sakes, what's wrong with you?! Save your father's eyes!

Lois: (enters in St Grotus's Day dance costume) This makes up for everything.

Grandma Ida: Is that supposed to impress me?

Lois: Mother, I swear to God I almost quit twice between the first and the second corset. I'm this close to...

Grandma Ida: All right. You want to dance... we dance. (takes off fake leg)

Lois: What are you doing?

Grandma Ida: I'm not dancing in this thing. It just gets in the way.

Gorga: Begin we now the wushny sabor! The dance where mistakes are long remembered. (after dance is over) More drinking! Noroc!

Lois: Noroc, Mother.

Grandma Ida: Noroc.

Gorga: The lato vlatnis. Hard as a Cossack's heart. Sharp as a raven's beak.

Lois: Oh, crap. I hate the knives.

Malcolm: You think your dad getting killed by a TV set is funny?! I'll tell you what's funny! Being grounded for the rest of your lives!

Malcolm (TC): After about an hour, he managed to spit a piece of glass into my lap. You got to admire that kind of perseverance.

Hal: Your children and your children's children will grow up grounded in this house!

Malcolm: I can't hear what he's saying. But judging by the colour of his face, I probably shouldn't ask for the car this weekend.

Reese: Dad, come on. I've got something to show you. (leads Hal into living room where new TV is set up) We'll use this system until Mom comes home, then say it was defective, and get a refund. Tonight's going to feel like we're actually inside the guy's torso.

Hal: Son, sit down. Listen... These movies are torture for me. I chewed blisters into my fingers, I can't sleep, I'm afraid of everything. But... I love you, and I love spending time with you.

Reese: Oh. Like me and baseball.

Hal: What?

Reese: Like when you were so excited to teach me baseball when I was six, and I couldn't tell you how totally boring it is.

Hal: But... that look on your face when I got you your first mitt?

Reese: It's the same face I use when I get underwear for Christmas. "Wow, it's like you read my mind!" It's not so bad. We're both just liars for a good cause.

Hal: Yeah. Like that stupid camping trip.

Reese: I loved that camping trip.

Hal: That's what I meant.

Lois: Hi, Dewey.

Dewey: Mom. Your voice. Your beautiful voice. I can hear you.

Lois: Well, it's nice to see you too, honey.

Malcolm: (TC): Every morning those damn birds. They can't keep... Wait. I can hear. I can hear. Oh, my God, I'm so happy.