

315 - HAL'S BIRTHDAY TRANSCRIPT

Cold Open: To decide who is going to parent/teacher night, Lois and Hal see who can endure the most pain from boiling hot saucepans.

Hal: Argh! Fine! I'll go to parent-teacher night.

Malcolm: Hello? Hey, Stevie. The usual. We're on punishment. We had the eggs, we had the golf clubs, what d'you expect? Whoa! Really?

Lois: I want that thing spotless! I want to be able to lick the bricks.

Reese: When you gonna lick the bricks?

Lois: I want you to be able to lick the bricks.

Reese: I'll lick the bricks right now.

Lois: This is your last day of punishment. Do you want me to tack on one day more?

Reese: Alright, alright! Oh!

Malcolm: Stevie's dad got three extra tickets to the Demolition Derby!

Reese: Cool!

Malcolm: That's not the best part! We're going with Stevie, so we get the handicapped seats in the front! Mom, can we go to the Demolition Derby tomorrow?

Dewey: Demolition Derby?

Lois: What? You wanna go tomorrow?

Reese: Yeah. Why not?

Dewey: Our punishment's over tonight.

Lois: You think we may have something planned for tomorrow?

Reese: Yeah, the Demolition Derby.

Lois: Or could it be that tomorrow is your father's birthday?!

Malcolm: Oh.

Lois: We talked about this!

Malcolm: Maybe Dad can come with us.

Reese: Yeah, we could get him a ticket. That can be our present.

Lois: You're not going anywhere! You're staying at home and we're gonna throw your father a birthday party like we talked about! I have something very special planned.

Malcolm: Like what?

Lois: It's none of your business. It's a surprise. I can't believe you! You have to be forced into celebrating your father's birthday?! You should be ashamed of yourselves!

Malcolm: You know what? You don't have to yell at us, we can hear you just fine if you talk in a normal tone of voice.

Reese: I'm OK with the present system.

Lois: Get back to work.

Reese: I'm not OK with the present system! How does she make me say things like that?

Malcolm: Oh, my God!

Reese: What is it?

Malcolm: Francis is coming home.

Reese: Really? You're kidding!

Malcolm: No, this is his itinerary. He gets in tomorrow.

Reese: I hope this doesn't ruin Mom's plan.

Malcolm: This is Mom's special plan!

Reese: Why didn't she tell us?

Malcolm: Because it's a surprise for Dad! And if we blow her secret, Mom is gonna kill us! So we just need to keep our mouths shut and finish our work.

Reese: Right. Come on, Dewey, you call this clean?

Cut to the living room the next day, where the boys are watching TV. Hal comes in and turns it off. The boys sing "happy birthday", and he turns it back on again.

Dewey: This is so unfair! Dad has tonnes of birthdays, but there's only one Demolition Derby. We never get to do anything good!

Reese: Well, at least Francis will be here.

Hal: (looking at himself in the mirror) Ah! Not bad. Still have a little snap in my skin.

Hal's Reflection: For the love of God, what did you do to me?

Hal: What do you mean?

Hal's Reflection: All those sit-ups I did, all those miles I ran every morning and this is how you repay me, by looking like hell?!

Hal: You think I look bad?

Hal's Reflection: Please! The crow's feet, the turkey neck?

Hal: OK, a few years have gone by, there's been a little wear and tear.

Hal's Reflection: Wear and tear?! You look like a puppet of yourself made out of cottage cheese!

Hal: What are you talking about? Check out the pant melons! They still do the trick.

Hal's Reflection: Sure, it's magnificent. But you won't be able to coast on that forever.

Lois: (on phone) I postdate cheques to the power company all the time, why is that suddenly such a big deal? (lowers voice) I'm a little short because I spend a lot of money to surprise my husband for his birthday. (raises voice again) But next month... No, it was a special circumstance. Look, can I speak with your supervisor? No, don't put me on ho...! (drops some clothes) Damn!

Hal: Oops, let me get those. (bends over to pick them up) Oh, there's one.

Lois: Yes, I'm still holding.

Hal: Do you have to stay on the phone?

Lois: Give me a minute, they're threatening to cut off the power.

Hal: It's a 24-hour number, you can call them back.

Lois: No, I can't!

Hal: Yes, you can!

Lois: (on phone) You know, there was a time when I didn't have to ask for your attention! What? Yes, I'm still... I wanted the supervisor!

Hal: A man likes to be noticed when he walks in a room, Lois!

Lois: Boys, would you leave the room so your father and I can talk?

Dewey: No!

Lois: Excuse me?

Dewey: I'm not leaving! You guys just chase us out whenever you want without even asking us! I'm tired of it! Watching TV is the only thing to do in this house that's actually fun! So you're left with two choices! You can either fight somewhere else or get us a TV for our room!

Cut to the boys, each standing in a corner.

Dewey: There's no reasoning with that woman.

Reese: I thought you made some good points.

Malcolm: It doesn't matter, she doesn't listen anyway. It's like talking to a wall.

Reese: (laughs) Hey, that's what we're doing.

Malcolm: Just relax, it's only for a couple of hours. When Francis gets home, they'll forget all about it. We can get through this.

Cut to the family sitting at the table. Hal is eagerly staring at his cake.

Hal: We've been waiting for 20 minutes, Lois, when can we eat?

Lois: Hal, we have to wait for the ice cream to loosen up. You know you like it soft.

Hal: No, I don't.

Dewey: Yes, you do.

Malcolm: In fact, so do we. We all do.

Lois: Since when?

Reese: Since yesterday. (winks at Lois)

Hal: What happened yesterday?

Reese: Dad, just be patient. This isn't a witch hunt. Just calm down, and whatever happens is gonna happen.

Hal: What are you talking about? What I'm trying to say is we're gonna get through this together. As a family. And as individuals. In this great country where we live.

Lois: (doorbell rings) Thank God! Come on, Hal!

Hal: What...? What are you doing?

Lois: Giving you your present! (opens the door, where Francis is standing) Ta-da!

Francis: Happy birthday, Dad!

Hal: Francis!

Reese: Oh, my God, it's Francis!

Hal: Oh, look at you! Come here! I can't believe it! How long are you staying?

Francis: A few days. You surprised?

Hal: Surprised? I'm, I'm, I'm in shock!

Lois: You should be! I've been planning this for months!

Hal: Thank you!

Lois: Happy birthday, honey.

Francis: Well, hold on, I got another surprise for you. Oh! (CHUCKLES) Everybody, this is Piama. She's my wife. We're married.

Piama: Hi.

Francis: I was gonna tell you over the phone and then I thought, why not bring her down here and surprise you!

Hal: What do you mean, you're married?

Francis: Piama and I are husband and wife. We got married last week.

Hal: Last week?

Lois: Francis, who is this woman?

Francis: She's my wife. Her name is Piama.

Piama: Hello.

Francis: Well, come on, isn't anyone gonna congratulate us?

Hal: What?

Francis: For getting married. That's what families do.

Lois: I think I'm gonna be sick.

Francis: Well, come on, Mom, at least try and be happy!

Lois: This is a hell of a thing to dump in my lap on your father's birthday!

Francis: Yeah, it's all about you, Mom. Excuse me for thinking my family would be excited to meet my wife! I can't believe you guys!

Malcolm: Come on, Francis, it's not their fault. What d'you expect?

Reese: You could've called ahead of time.

Lois: Boys, go to your room!

Reese: What? We're on your side!

Lois: I said go!

Hal: How long have you known each other? You never mentioned her.

Francis: I only met her a month ago. Today. Happy anniversary. Plus we had the whole bus ride down.

Lois: A month? (LAUGHS) I misjudged you! That's the longest you've ever stuck with anything in your life! Congratulations, you outlasted his paper route!

Piama: Lady, you don't want to stick your hand in my face.

Hal: Hey, hey, hey, everybody calm down.

Francis: We are calm! It's Mom's who's flipping out!

Lois: Oh, Francis, I haven't even started to flip out!

Francis: Why can't you be happy?!

Lois: We're supposed to be happy? You behave like this, after all we've done for you?!

Francis: I'm confused! Are we talking about the years of psychological abuse or sending me to military school?!

Reese: This family sucks. They don't care about us, they don't listen to us! Let's get outta here.

Dewey: To the Demolition Derby?

Reese: No, I mean let's really get outta here and get away from these people.

Malcolm: Where are we gonna go?

Reese: (pulls out Hal's credit card) Wherever this takes us. I snagged it out of Dad's wallet this morning.

Malcolm: You knew we were going to need it tonight?

Reese: Er,... yeah.

Dewey: I'm in.

Malcolm: Yeah, but...

Francis: ...into a pulp and throw me in the trash!

Lois: Why do I even try? You've been nothing but a problem since the day you were born!

Malcolm: Let's go.

Piama: He's trying to explain it to you, if you'd listen to him for once!

Lois: Why are you talking? Why are you talking?!

Hal: Can we just stop this?! Let's get in the car and go for a drive to cool off. We can still have a nice party.

Lois: Oh, we are long past having a nice party! As usual, Francis has taken something that should've been sweet and ruined it!

Francis: Don't pin this on me, I'm completely willing to have a party right now!

Lois: Oh, you want to have a party? Happy damn birthday! Hey, why don't we all have some cake?

Malcolm: We don't want to be a part of this family any more, we're leaving!

Francis: Oh, great, Mom, here we go with the dramatics!

Lois: Who else wants cake?!

Reese: Thank you.

Malcolm: You're welcome.

Lois: Who wants some delicious damn cake?

Francis: Can Piama have a rose?

Lois: Why not? There's plenty to go around!

Dewey: I'm the one who broke the ice maker last year!

Lois: Why do you have to ruin everything?!

Francis: Well, I learned from the best, Mom!

Dewey: Wow! I've never been in a hotel this fancy before.

Malcolm: This isn't a hotel, Dewey, it's our new home. OK, let me do all the talking.

Receptionist: May I help you?

Malcolm: My dad called in a reservation.

Receptionist: OK. There you are. As soon as your dad signs this, you're all set.

Malcolm: Oh! He's out at the car, but we can take care of it.

Receptionist: If you wanna have a seat, we'll just wait for your dad.

Malcolm: Could we speed this along? My little brother isn't feeling very well.

Reese: Yeah. My dad's gonna be a while. He's cleaning up Dewey's sick.

Receptionist: I'm sorry, but an adult needs to sign for the room.

Malcolm: Look, he's really sick. He could blow any second.

Receptionist: He doesn't look that sick to me.

Cut to the boys in their hotel room.

Reese: Dewey, that was amazing! We ran out of barf dust.

Dewey: I'm hungry.

Malcolm: I bet you are. How do you guys want your steaks?

Hal: Shall we look in the park?

Francis: Nobody goes there since they put the lights in.

Hal: Oh! Why didn't you tell us you were getting married?

Francis: It happened kinda fast.

Hal: How can you know anyone in a month?

Francis: Dad, I knew in a minute. Trust me, Piama is the one. She's a little fiery, but she's also kind and funny and completely real. You just haven't gotten to know her.

Hal: And who's fault is that?

Francis: I know, but that's why I brought her, so you'd all get to know her! It wasn't supposed to turn into the Apocalypse! And what about you and Mom? You got married pretty quick.

Hal: Yes, but I was a few years older, I'd already been with a lot of... I had lived a full life.

Francis: So you were older. I just ran into the right person for me a little earlier than you did.

Hal: Once you meet that person, why wait?

Francis: Huh? Why not do it if I'm sure? Should I not do it cos my family's not sure? It wouldn't matter if the wedding was next week or 10 years from now, you and Mom would've had a problem with it. All my life -

Hal: I would've come, Francis.

Francis: What?

Hal: If you had invited me, I would've come.

Francis: Really? I'm sorry.

Reese: Didn't I tell you flowers were a great idea?

Waiter: OK, we're all set. You have the Plaza burger, the main lobster, the porterhouse, large French fries and the complete dessert cart.

Waiter: Your parents have an interesting taste in food.

Malcolm: Yeah, they do.

Waiter: Actually, I'm gonna need one of your parents to sign that.

Malcolm: I left the tip blank, why don't you put in what you think is fair?

Waiter: Bon appetit.

Malcolm: Dewey, your dinner's here! There you go, Reese.

Reese: Thank you, Malcolm. So this is what a \$24 hamburger looks like. I thought it'd be as big as my head.

Dewey: Ah! Why don't we have a Jacuzzi tub at home?

Malcolm: Because that would make us happy. You know what? Forget about that place. Tonight, this is our home.

Dewey: You got a lobster?

Malcolm: Yes. I think I deserve a lobster. We all deserve something nice for once.

Reese: Whoa! This dinner was expensive. I wonder what Dad's credit limit is?

Malcolm: Let's find out.

Lois: They should be home with the boys soon. How's your tea?

Piama: Fine, thank you.

Lois: Sugar?

Piama: No, thanks.

Lois: That's a pretty bracelet.

Piama: Thank you.

Lois: What kinda stone is that?

Piama: Turquoise. Francis got it for me.

Lois: Oh. How was your flight?

Piama: We took the bus.

Lois: I guess that's what Francis did with the money I sent for his plane fare.

Piama: Plus the bracelet. (CHUCKLES)

Lois: Let's talk about something else.

Piama: Francis isn't the screw-up you think he is.

Lois: Really?

Piama: Did you know he works 16 hours a day at his job and he still built a wheelchair ramp for my uncle Jake? In fact -

Lois: I don't think we should talk about Francis either.

Piama: Why not? He's my husband and your son.

Lois: Needless to say, he and I have a very long and complicated history together that I don't feel like explaining to you.

Piama: Admit it, you don't like me.

Lois: I don't even know you.

Piama: Well, what would you like to know? I'm 19, my mom ran off when I was three and my dad kicked me out when I was 14 because I threw out his liquor. I've been married once before, no kids, thank God, and last year I spent three weeks in jail, but it wasn't my fault.

Lois: Will you stop this, please?

Piama: You can't stand for someone in your fancy family to marry beneath him.

Lois: What?

Piama: Just because I'm not all classy like you.

Lois: Classy? You think I'm classy?

Piama: Don't laugh at me.

Lois: I'm sorry, it's just this is a first. I hate to break it to you, but I am not classy.

Piama: Oh, yeah.

Lois: You know, I guess what you call class, I call manners.

Piama: I came down here hoping to get along with you. But you're not gonna let that happen.

Lois: You might be surprised at what I'd let happen.

Piama: So...what's gonna happen?

Lois: I don't know. What is gonna happen?

Hal: Good news! The boys stole my credit card! We just have to call the credit card company and... (they see Lois and Piama staring at each other and quickly lead their wives off in opposite directions)

Malcolm: About time! We called for chocolate syrup, like, 30 minutes ago! Argh!

Hal: Hello, Malcolm.

Reese: Hi, Mom, hi, Dad. Beat it, Vicky.

Dewey: We'll finish the cuffs later.

Lois: OK, boys, get your things, we're going home.

Reese: No! We're not going back there!

Hal: Well, you can't stay in this hotel room for ever. What you gonna do, live under a bridge and steal food out of dumpsters?

Malcolm: I don't know, We're not going home! We've had it with the way you treat us and all the yelling!

Reese: You are a terrible influence on us!

Malcolm: All you ever do is scream!

Dewey: And order us around!

Malcolm: There's Something wrong with this family! Families should have some way of communicating besides yelling!

Lois: OK, everybody, calm down. I understand what you're saying, I am not gonna yell, I am not gonna scream. We are capable of talking about this without raising our voices. Now, boys, I want you to understand I'm sorry about what happened. But you have to understand I get a little emotional when I learn that my oldest son was acting like an idiot and throwing his life away. Now, that doesn't mean...

Piama: Stop talking about him like that! Francis is my heart!

Hal: OK, we're even! Everyone's fine and there's no need for escalation! Isn't it beautiful when things work out? It's gone pretty well, considering we got off to a rocky start. We couldn't have asked for a better ending.

Lois: Get your wife out of my sight!

Francis: (whispering) She called you my wife, that's progress.

Malcolm: (TC): So Dad's birthday wasn't that bad after all. He got a new back shaver, we got to eat cake cut by a knife and Mom has promised not to yell at us any more. (to Francis) Bye, Francis.

Francis: Bye, Malcolm.

Francis: Happy birthday, Dad.

Hal: Thanks, son.

Lois: Piama.

Piama: Lois.

Lois: Any time you want to finish our little talk...

Piama: I'd like that.

Lois: Maybe I'll come for a visit.

Piama: Maybe I'll come back down here.

Lois: Any time, any place.

Francis: Er,... yeah. OK. Bye. (as soon as the door is closed, Dewey starts screaming as Reese chases him through the house)

Reese: Get back, you little weasel!

Lois: Reese!

Reese: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it's all my fault! I'll clean my room and do all my homework!

Malcolm: (TC): We may wanna go back to the old system.

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Reese: I'll lick the bricks right now.

Lois: This is your last day of punishment. Do you want me to tack on one day more?

Reese: Alright, alright! Oh!

Malcolm: Stevie's dad got three extra tickets to the Demolition Derby!

Reese: Cool!

Malcolm: That's not the best part! We're going with Stevie, so we get the handicapped seats in the front! Mom, can we go to the Demolition Derby tomorrow?

Dewey: Demolition Derby?

Lois: What? You wanna go tomorrow?

Reese: Yeah. Why not?

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Reese: Yeah, the Demolition Derby.

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Lois: We talked about this!

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Lois: Get back to work.

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Malcolm: Francis is coming home.

Reese: Really? You're kidding!

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Hal's Reflection: For the love of God, what did you do to me?

Hal: What do you mean?

Hal's Reflection: All those sit-ups I did, all those miles I ran every morning and this is how you repay me, by looking like hell?!

Hal: You think I look bad?

Hal's Reflection: Please! The crow's feet, the turkey neck?

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Hal: Oops, let me get those. (bends over to pick them up) Oh, there's one.

Lois: Yes, I'm still holding.

Hal: Do you have to stay on the phone?

Lois: Give me a minute, they're threatening to cut off the power.

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Hal: Yes, you can!

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Hal: A man likes to be noticed when he walks in a room, Lois!

Lois: Boys, would you leave the room so your father and I can talk?

Dewey: No!

Lois: Excuse me?

Dewey: I'm not leaving! You guys just chase us out whenever you want without even asking us! I'm tired of it! Watching TV is the only thing to do in this house that's actually fun! So you're left with two choices! You can either fight somewhere else or get us a TV for our room!

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Malcolm: It doesn't matter, she doesn't listen anyway. It's like talking to a wall.

Reese: (laughs) Hey, that's what we're doing.

Malcolm: Just relax, it's only for a couple of hours. When Francis gets home, they'll forget all about it. We can get through this.

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Hal: No, I don't.

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Malcolm: In fact, so do we. We all do.

Lois: Since when?

Reese: Since yesterday. (winks at Lois)

Hal: What happened yesterday?

Reese: Dad, just be patient. This isn't a witch hunt. Just calm down, and whatever happens is gonna happen.

Hal: What are you talking about? What I'm trying to say is we're gonna get through this together. As a family. And as individuals. In this great country where we live.

Lois: (doorbell rings) Thank God! Come on, Hal!

Hal: What...? What are you doing?

Lois: Giving you your present! (opens the door, where Francis is standing) Ta-da!

Francis: Happy birthday, Dad!

Hal: Francis!

Reese: Oh, my God, it's Francis!

Hal: Oh, look at you! Come here! I can't believe it! How long are you staying?

Francis: A few days. You surprised?

Hal: Surprised? I'm, I'm, I'm in shock!

Lois: You should be! I've been planning this for months!

Hal: Thank you!

Lois: Happy birthday, honey.

Francis: Well, hold on, I got another surprise for you. Oh! (CHUCKLES) Everybody, this is Piama. She's my wife. We're married.

Piama: Hi.

Francis: I was gonna tell you over the phone and then I thought, why not bring her down here and surprise you!

Hal: What do you mean, you're married?

Francis: Piama and I are husband and wife. We got married last week.

Hal: Last week?

Lois: Francis, who is this woman?

Francis: She's my wife. Her name is Piama.

Piama: Hello.

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Hal: What?

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Lois: This is a hell of a thing to dump in my lap on your father's birthday!

Francis: Yeah, it's all about you, Mom. Excuse me for thinking my family would be excited to meet my wife! I can't believe you guys!

Malcolm: Come on, Francis, it's not their fault. What d'you expect?

Reese: You could've called ahead of time.

Lois: Boys, go to your room!

Reese: What? We're on your side!

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Francis: I only met her a month ago. Today. Happy anniversary. Plus we had the whole bus ride down.

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Malcolm: You're welcome.

Lois: Who wants some delicious damn cake?

Francis: Can Piama have a rose?

Lois: Why not? There's plenty to go around!

Dewey: I'm the one who broke the ice maker last year!

Lois: Why do you have to ruin everything?!

Francis: Well, I learned from the best, Mom!

Dewey: Wow! I've never been in a hotel this fancy before.

Malcolm: This isn't a hotel, Dewey, it's our new home. OK, let me do all the talking.

Receptionist: May I help you?

Malcolm: My dad called in a reservation.

Receptionist: OK. There you are. As soon as your dad signs this, you're all set.

Malcolm: Oh! He's out at the car, but we can take care of it.

Receptionist: If you wanna have a seat, we'll just wait for your dad.

Malcolm: Could we speed this along? My little brother isn't feeling very well.

Reese: Yeah. My dad's gonna be a while. He's cleaning up Dewey's sick.

Receptionist: I'm sorry, but an adult needs to sign for the room.

Malcolm: Look, he's really sick. He could blow any second.

Receptionist: He doesn't look that sick to me.

Cut to the boys in their hotel room.

Reese: Dewey, that was amazing! We ran out of barf dust.

Dewey: I'm hungry.

Malcolm: I bet you are. How do you guys want your steaks?

Hal: Shall we look in the park?

Francis: Nobody goes there since they put the lights in.

Hal: Oh! Why didn't you tell us you were getting married?

Francis: It happened kinda fast.

Hal: How can you know anyone in a month?

Francis: Dad, I knew in a minute. Trust me, Piama is the one. She's a little fiery, but she's also kind and funny and completely real. You just haven't gotten to know her.

Hal: And who's fault is that?

Francis: I know, but that's why I brought her, so you'd all get to know her! It wasn't supposed to turn into the Apocalypse! And what about you and Mom? You got married pretty quick.

Hal: Yes, but I was a few years older, I'd already been with a lot of... I had lived a full life.

Francis: So you were older. I just ran into the right person for me a little earlier than you did.

Hal: Once you meet that person, why wait?

Francis: Huh? Why not do it if I'm sure? Should I not do it cos my family's not sure? It wouldn't matter if the wedding was next week or 10 years from now, you and Mom would've had a problem with it. All my life -

Hal: I would've come, Francis.

Francis: What?

Hal: If you had invited me, I would've come.

Francis: Really? I'm sorry.

Reese: Didn't I tell you flowers were a great idea?

Waiter: OK, we're all set. You have the Plaza burger, the main lobster, the porterhouse, large French fries and the complete dessert cart.

Waiter: Your parents have an interesting taste in food.

Malcolm: Yeah, they do.

Waiter: Actually, I'm gonna need one of your parents to sign that.

Malcolm: I left the tip blank, why don't you put in what you think is fair?

Waiter: Bon appetite.

Malcolm: Dewey, your dinner's here! There you go, Reese.

Reese: Thank you, Malcolm. So this is what a \$24 hamburger looks like. I thought it'd be as big as my head.

Dewey: Ah! Why don't we have a Jacuzzi tub at home?

Malcolm: Because that would make us happy. You know what? Forget about that place. Tonight, this is our home.

Dewey: You got a lobster?

Malcolm: Yes. I think I deserve a lobster. We all deserve something nice for once.

Reese: Whoa! This dinner was expensive. I wonder what Dad's credit limit is?

Malcolm: Let's find out.

Lois: They should be home with the boys soon. How's your tea?

Piama: Fine, thank you.

Lois: Sugar?

Piama: No, thanks.

Lois: That's a pretty bracelet.

Piama: Thank you.

Lois: What kinda stone is that?

Piama: Turquoise. Francis got it for me.

Lois: Oh. How was your flight?

Piama: We took the bus.

Lois: I guess that's what Francis did with the money I sent for his plane fare.

Piama: Plus the bracelet. (CHUCKLES)

Lois: Let's talk about something else.

Piama: Francis isn't the screw-up you think he is.

Lois: Really?

Piama: Did you know he works 16 hours a day at his job and he still built a wheelchair ramp for my uncle Jake? In fact -

Lois: I don't think we should talk about Francis either.

Piama: Why not? He's my husband and your son.

Lois: Needless to say, he and I have a very long and complicated history together that I don't feel like explaining to you.

Piama: Admit it, you don't like me.

Lois: I don't even know you.

Piama: Well, what would you like to know? I'm 19, my mom ran off when I was three and my dad kicked me out when I was 14 because I threw out his liquor. I've been married once before, no kids, thank God, and last year I spent three weeks in jail, but it wasn't my fault.

Lois: Will you stop this, please?

Piama: You can't stand for someone in your fancy family to marry beneath him.

Lois: What?

Piama: Just because I'm not all classy like you.

Lois: Classy? You think I'm classy?

Piama: Don't laugh at me.

Lois: I'm sorry, it's just this is a first. I hate to break it to you, but I am not classy.

Piama: Oh, yeah.

Lois: You know, I guess what you call class, I call manners.

Piama: I came down here hoping to get along with you. But you're not gonna let that happen.

Lois: You might be surprised at what I'd let happen.

Piama: So...what's gonna happen?

Lois: I don't know. What is gonna happen?

Hal: Good news! The boys stole my credit card! We just have to call the credit card company and... (they see Lois and Piama staring at each other and quickly lead their wives off in opposite directions)

Malcolm: About time! We called for chocolate syrup, like, 30 minutes ago! Argh!

Hal: Hello, Malcolm.

Reese: Hi, Mom, hi, Dad. Beat it, Vicky.

Dewey: We'll finish the cuffs later.

Lois: OK, boys, get your things, we're going home.

Reese: No! We're not going back there!

Hal: Well, you can't stay in this hotel room for ever. What you gonna do, live under a bridge and steal food out of dumpsters?

Malcolm: I don't know, We're not going home! We've had it with the way you treat us and all the yelling!

Reese: You are a terrible influence on us!

Malcolm: All you ever do is scream!

Dewey: And order us around!

Malcolm: There's Something wrong with this family! Families should have some way of communicating besides yelling!

Lois: OK, everybody, calm down. I understand what you're saying, I am not gonna yell, I am not gonna scream. We are capable of talking about this without raising our voices. Now, boys, I want you to understand I'm sorry about what happened. But you have to understand I get a little emotional when I learn that my oldest son was acting like an idiot and throwing his life away. Now, that doesn't mean...

Piama: Stop talking about him like that! Francis is my heart!

Hal: OK, we're even! Everyone's fine and there's no need for escalation! Isn't it beautiful when things work out? It's gone pretty well, considering we got off to a rocky start. We couldn't have asked for a better ending.

Lois: Get your wife out of my sight!

Francis: (whispering) She called you my wife, that's progress.

Malcolm: (TC): So Dad's birthday wasn't that bad after all. He got a new back shaver, we got to eat cake cut by a knife and Mom has promised not to yell at us any more. (to Francis) Bye, Francis.

Francis: Bye, Malcolm.

Francis: Happy birthday, Dad.

Hal: Thanks, son.

Lois: Piama.

Piama: Lois.

Lois: Any time you want to finish our little talk...

Piama: I'd like that.

Lois: Maybe I'll come for a visit.

Piama: Maybe I'll come back down here.

Lois: Any time, any place.

Francis: Er,... yeah. OK. Bye. (as soon as the door is closed, Dewey starts screaming as Reese chases him through the house)

Reese: Get back, you little weasel!

Lois: Reese!

Reese: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, it's all my fault! I'll clean my room and do all my homework!

Malcolm: (TC): We may wanna go back to the old system.