

409 GRANDMA SUES TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm: (showing Reese a comic in the newspaper) Check this out.

Reese: What does it say?

Malcolm: Just read it, it's funny.

Reese: I don't read. Not unless I absolutely have to for school. Otherwise I feel like they've won.

Malcolm: You never read the paper?

Reese: No.

Malcolm: Not even comics? Like Peanuts. You never read Peanuts?

Reese: Nope.

Malcolm: Are you serious? You've never read Peanuts?

Reese: Uh-uh.

Cut to the driveway, where Malcolm is crouched down holding a football on the ground.

Malcolm: Go ahead! I promise I'll hold it. (Reese starts running)

OPENING CREDITS

Cut to the yard where Malcolm is asleep in a tent.

Lois: (calling) Malcolm, I said come in for breakfast!

Malcolm: (TC): Francis and Piama came to visit at the same time Grandma was here. Eight people, seven sleeping spaces. Guess who gets the shaft? This is my reward for being at the library when they asked for a volunteer.

Lois: (calling) Malcolm, this is your last chance!

Malcolm: (TC): I gotta get in there. Breakfast has turned into the best part of the day. (struggles to unzip the tent)

Cut to the kitchen, where the rest of the family are eating breakfast.

Francis: (angrily) I can't believe what I'm hearing, are you insane, or just evil?

Grandma Ida: rip out your throat!

Francis: What kind of a complete idiot butters their toast like that? Everybody knows it's inside to outside! (picks up a piece of toast and demonstrates)

Grandma Ida: Come talk to me of toast when you grow some hair in your pants. Stupid animal, thinks he knows about toast.

Lois: Mom, would you please pass the potatoes?

Grandma Ida: I think you've had more than enough potatoes. Does the chair have to break before you stop eating?

Francis: (to Piama) I told you my family was worse than your family.

Piama: Are you kidding? My grandpa chopped the pinky off our milkman for bringing us two percent.

Reese: Hey! Mom, Grandma just stole my bacon.

Lois: Reese, this is Grandma's last day here. If she wants your bacon, you let her have it.

Grandma Ida: Cry baby.

Hal: (carrying Grandma Ida's bags) Ok, Ida. I went ahead and did all your packing for you. Let's get a move on.

Grandma Ida: Bus doesn't leave for three hours.

Hal: Yeah, but, uh, there could be a parade; it could take us all day to get through the traffic.

Malcolm: (coming inside) Great, there's barely any food left!

Lois: Well, you should have come when I called you.

Cut to the family heading outside to farewell Grandma Ida.

Lois: Call when you get home, Mom.

Dewey: We'll miss you.

Grandma Ida: Even the little one lies.

Lois: Reese, I asked you to rake these leaves.

Reese: I'm waiting for the rest of them to fall first.

Hal: Let's not delay Grandma by having this needless discussion, shall we?

Grandma Ida: Sure, can't wait to get me out your door. Forcing an old woman onto the... (slips on a leaf and falls to the ground)

Lois: Mom!

Cut to Malcolm in the tent, doing his homework.

Francis: Grandma's back, Mom wants you to help her unpack.

Malcolm: This is unbelievable, it's all Reese's fault. If he'd just cleaned up the yard like he was supposed to, none of this would have happened.

Francis: Malcolm, she slipped on a leaf. A tiny, single leaf. I wouldn't be surprised if she broke her collarbone on purpose, just so she could stay here and torment us.

Malcolm: (holding a trashcan lid against the wall of the tent and it makes a clanging noise) And I'm the one who suffers. I was so close to sleeping in the house again. I forgot what a bed feels like!

Francis: What are you complaining about? I'm the one who had to carry her to the car with her dress hiked up over her hips. I went blind for almost fifteen minutes!

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom, where Reese is on the computer. Dewey comes in, and Reese quickly turns around to hide the screen.

Reese: Oh, it's just you.

Dewey: What are you doing?

Reese: Everyone's blaming me for Grandma getting hurt. And I've got an idea for how to cheer everyone up.

Dewey: What are you going to do?

Reese: I don't know if I can trust you.

Dewey: Come on, you can.

Reese: Hmm. Tell you what. Punch yourself in the face. (Dewey does, and falls over) Ok, you're in. First thing you can do is show me how to turn this thing on.

Cut to the kitchen, where the family are eating dinner. Lois is trying to feed Grandma Ida a chicken wing through her helmet.

Grandma Ida: Your fingers are too fat. Who has fingers like that?! I'm losing my appetite just looking at 'em!

Hal: She can feed herself, Lois.

Grandma Ida: This is your fault! You keep your yard like a jungle! And steps? Who builds a house with steps?! Do you think you're better than everybody else?

Francis? Well?

Piama: My family's still worse. My mom faked stomach cancer so she wouldn't get custody.

Francis: First time.

Lois: (attempting to feed Grandma Ida again) Just use your tongue as leverage.

Grandma Ida: Enough! I had better food in Refugee Camp.

Reese: Boy, everyone's in such a crappy mood, it's awful. If only there was some way to cheer everyone up.

Dewey: Be cool.

Piama: (doorbell rings) I'll get it.

Grandma Ida: It's for me.

Lois: Here Mom, let me help you.

Malcolm: (coming inside) You're eating dinner?! Nobody even called me.

Reese: What happened to your face?

Malcolm: An owl flew into my tent. If I knew I was missing dinner, I would have grabbed the snake out of its beak.

Lois: (answering the door) Yes?

Delivery Guy: Is this 1233-

Grandma Ida: Go ahead, this is her.

Deliver Guy: (hands Lois piece of paper) You've been served.

Grandma Ida: What are you waiting for, a tip?! Get out of here!

Lois: (reading piece of paper) You're suing us?!

Piama: (to Francis) Ok, you win.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom. Grandma Ida is sitting on the bed attempting to light a cigarette, while Hal and Lois confront her and Francis and Piama watch.

Hal: (angrily) You're suing us?!

Lois: Hal, keep it down. The boys are in the house!

Grandma Ida: Don't be so dramatic. I'm suing insurance company.

Hal: Our insurance company!

Grandma Ida: You don't think I have a case? You don't think I have pain that I have suffered? For years I have suffered in silence.

Francis: (angrily) You useless, miserable, money-grabbing old hag!

Grandma Ida: Keep talking, tough boy. I sue you too.

Lois: All right, everybody just calm down! Mother, please. Think about what you're doing. You are suing your own child!

Grandma Ida: I don't want to talk about it any more. Let the lawyers handle it.

Lois: Lawyer?! We don't have a lawyer!

Grandma Ida: Well, you better get one. (gets up and leaves the room)

Hal: She can't get away with this! I've had it, I'm going to toss her out on her cage!

Lois: (close to tears) Hal, we can't do that, she's my mother! My twisted, horrible monster of a mother.

Francis: Why don't we just kill the old hag?

Lois: Ok, just stop it right now! And nobody tells the boys about any of this.

Hal: You mean about killing her?

Lois: No, Hal, about the lawsuit. Oh, I think I'm going to be sick.

Hal: I know, I'm feeling the same way.

Lois: No, I really think I'm going to throw up. (goes to the bathroom, and Hal follows her)

Cut to Hal and Lois at the Doctor's office.

Doctor: Well, I think I've figured out why you're feeling so lousy, Lois. You're pregnant. (Hal and Lois exchange glances)

Lois: Pregnant?

Doctor: Congratulations. (sees Hal and Lois's facial expressions, and laughs) This is the best part of my job. Seeing the looks on peoples' faces when I give them the good news.

Hal: This is... fantastic.

Lois: Thank you so much, Doctor. You're one hundred percent sure, because it would be terrible if you were somehow wrong, like maybe my chart got mixed up with someone else's?

Doctor: Nope, it's your chart. I promise.

Hal: Could you just make our happiness complete and check again?

Lois: Yes. Take as much blood as you need. Just be certain. We wouldn't want you to take our dream away.

Doctor: Relax, I am absolutely sure. Congratulations. (leaves the office, and Hal and Lois hug each other and cry)

Hal: Oh, god this is awful!

Lois: This can't be right; this must be some sort of mistake!

Hal: What are we going to do?

Lois: I don't know, we can't afford the children we have!

Hal: If this baby is half as bad as our least-bad one, we're still ruined!

Lois: Oh, this has gotta be some kind of cruel joke!

Hal: Terrible. Just terrible! Are you as turned on as I am? (they quickly break free from each other)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where the boys and Francis and Piama are watching *The Flintstones*.

Grandma Ida: (calling) I'm done with my business. (the boys exchange glances) You can't fool me, I know you're out there!

Francis: Ok, whose turn is it?

Piama: She's not my Grandma.

Francis: (picks up a pad and pen) Ok, I'm thinking of a number.

Malcolm: Wait a minute, you're just writing down the number so you can't be the one.

Francis: One! That's it, you're up.

Dewey: Enjoy.

Reese: Go ahead, Malcolm.

Malcolm: This is so unfair! I don't even live here!

Grandma Ida: The longer you wait, the worsen I'll be!

Malcolm: I hate you all. (gets up and walks off)

Francis: (to Piama) You know, my parents don't come home for another half an hour.

Piama: You're dreaming.

Francis: Come on, I'm going crazy. (kisses her)

Piama: Ok.

Francis: Hey guys, I'm going to go show Piama the posters in your room for a while.

Reese: Good idea.

Dewey: Have fun. (after Francis and Piama leave, he and Reese both jump up and retrieve a package from under the couch cushions) I thought they'd never leave!

Reese: Tell me about it! Ok, it's still good. I'll get the gift wrap, you write the card. (pulls card from inside his pants and hands it to Dewey, who appears grossed out)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Francis blocks the door closed with a chair.

Piama: There's no lock?

Francis: With my brothers?! They just got the door back a few months ago. (they start kissing)

Piama: I don't know, Francis. This feels weird, in your brothers' bedroom.

Francis: No, this room is fine. I've had plenty of girls in here.

Piama: Quit while you're ahead. (they start French-kissing)

Grandma Ida: (yelling) That's good enough! No-one's going to eat off it!

Francis: Ok, maybe not in here.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom that night, where Grandma Ida is sitting on their bed watching TV. Hal and Lois come in to talk to her.

Lois: Mom, we need to talk. We just got some interesting news from the doctor.

Hal: Yes, uh, it's very good news. Well, kind of good news. Extreme news.

Lois: I'm pregnant.

Grandma Ida: You're joking.

Lois: Believe me, we were as surprised as – (glances at Hal) as you are. You know, we're already stretched to the limit financially, and obviously another baby is gonna make things even harder for us.

Hal: Yes, so in light of that and the burden it's going to put on us, don't you think that certain actions should be re-examined?

Grandma Ida: Yes, yes of course. (Hal and Lois breathe sighs of relief) You should settle.

Hal: What?!

Lois: Mom!

Grandma Ida: It's for your own good. You can't keep your legs closed for twenty minutes. At least take good advice when you hear it.

Cut to the tent where Malcolm is in bed.

Malcolm: (TC): Sleeping is the only thing that makes my life worthwhile. I can dream I'm somewhere decent.

Francis: (he and Piama enter the tent) Hey Malcolm, we need to borrow the tent for about an hour.

Piama: Two hours.

Malcolm: What?! Why?!

Francis: None of your business, we just need it.

Malcolm: No! It's bad enough being kicked out of the house, now you want to take away the one place I have with just a tiny piece of privacy?! Forget it, find your – (Francis punches him) Ow!

Francis: Thanks. Really.

Malcolm: I hope you're happy! Forcing your own brother out into the night in his underwear!

Francis: (grabbing the blanket from Malcolm) We're gonna need that.

Cut to the living room where Hal and Lois are discussing their situation.

Lois: What are we going to do? We're in debt up to our eyeballs as it is.

Hal: Well, we're just going to have to cut back. No more vacations; stop going out to fancy restaurants for birthdays; and it wouldn't kill us to stop wearing designer labels.

Lois: Hal, who's life are you leading? We don't do any of that stuff! We can't afford this baby. Where's it going to sleep? We're not even

going to be able to feed it after my mother gets finished with us. Oh God, this is so unfair.

Hal: (picks up car keys) Honey, relax. Here's what we're going to do. First, I'm going to go out and get you some mint chocolate-chip ice cream. No, that always helps. And then, we're just going to sit down and figure this all out. Hey, everything is going to be ok. We'll find a way, we always do. Promise. (Hal goes to the van, gets in and starts crying) Oh no! Why me?! No! Why?! Why?! Why, why, why, why, why, why?! Why?! (we see Malcolm watching from where he is camping out in the back seat)

Cut to the tent the next morning, where Malcolm is asleep. A bug crawls into his mouth, and he gags and sits up.

Malcolm (TC): Ok. I'm really getting sick of this. Nobody should know a beetle tastes better than a June bug.

Cut to the family eating tiny pancakes for breakfast.

Reese: Can I have more pancakes?

Hal: You've had ten already, Reese. Don't be a pig. We need to save every penny we can. (Dewey pours a glass of orange juice) Dewey, go easy on the orange juice, that stuff doesn't grow on – wait, it does! So why's it so damn expensive?!

Francis: Yeah Dewey, you wouldn't want to be greedy. A greedy, conniving old lady, who doesn't have a shred of decency in her entire body.

Grandma Ida: The hooligan talks of decency? (laughs) How amusing.

Dewey: Why is that amusing?

Grandma Ida: Mind your own business.

Dewey: Ok.

Lois: Hal, I need to talk to you about... the thing.

Hal: Which thing? The first thing or the other thing? (Lois stares at him, and he gets up and goes to their bedroom)

Reese: (to Dewey) They know about the thing.

Dewey: Shut up. It's probably a different thing.

Lois: I just got off the phone with the insurance company. They say that our rates are going to triple!

Hal: What?!

Lois: Even putting in the claim is going to cost us!

Hal: Triple?! Oh! (sits down on the bed) I guess we should probably tell the kids. Who knows, they might have a few bucks we can borrow.

Lois: No, let's not tell them yet. I know my mother, I know that if we give her once last chance, she'll do the right thing. I just know it!

Cut to the kitchen where Hal and Lois, and Grandma Ida are meeting with their lawyers.

Ida's Lawyer: And you understand everything I've explained to you about the deposition process?

Hal: (to his lawyer, who is sitting behind them) Yes.

Ida's Lawyer: You don't have to do that.

Hal: (to his lawyer) Sorry.

Lois: (hears Malcolm unlocking the door, and quickly goes to stop him) No, no, no, no, no, sorry Malcolm, you can't come in right now.

Malcolm: What are you talking about?! I live here.

Lois: Sorry, you just can't.

Malcolm: Now I can't even go into my own house?! Why am I always the one singled out for abuse?! Reese and Dewey are in there!

Lois: No, they're not. Francis and Piama took them miniature golfing. (closes door in Malcolm's face)

Hal: And moreover, being of sound, mind and body, and with... just cause, we... (turns to lawyer) Strike that.

Ida's lawyer: Sir, we just need you to state your name. (glass shatters)

Malcolm: (climbing in through kitchen window) I'm sorry I had to do that. But I had no other choice. I am still a member of this family, no matter how hard you try to forget it! And I deserve the right to know what's going on around here!

Lois: Malcolm, this does not concern you!

Malcolm: Yes, it does! There's something really weird happening in this house! And all I'm asking is for the courtesy of not being treated like an idiot!

Hal: Well, your evil grandmother is suing us!

Grandma Ida: Did you hear that? They called me evil. I want that on record.

Malcolm: Ok, so, she's suing us. You don't have to keep that from me. It's horrible, but everything she does is horrible. There's no reason –

Hal: And your mother is pregnant.

Malcolm: Pregnant?! Are you nuts?! That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard! How could you do that to me?! To all of us, what the hell were you thinking?!

Francis: (arriving home with Piama, Reese and Dewey) All clear? I kept them out as long as I could, but ten dollars doesn't buy a whole lot of mini golf.

Malcolm: You knew about this, and didn't tell us?

Dewey: Tell us what? (horn honks)

Reese: (excitedly) It's here! (runs off)

Ida's lawyer: Maybe we should take a five minute break.

Grandma Ida: I don't pay for breaks. (phone rings, and Hal goes to answer it)

Francis: Mom made me promise not to tell you. For some reason she was trying to protect Grandma.

Malcolm: What does Grandma have to do with Mom being pregnant?!

Francis: What?

Piama: You're pregnant?

Dewey: (screaming) Noooooooooo!

Francis: You're having another kid?! What is wrong with you two?! You have enough problems as it is!

Lois: (yelling) I can't believe you boys! This is how you react to wonderful news? This is a blessing! You should be ashamed of yourselves!

Hal: (from the laundry) Psst... I need to talk to you.

Lois: What?

Hal: Well, we don't need to worry about our insurance premiums going up, they just cancelled our policy!

Lois: What are you talking about?

Hal: They said something about too many late payments, some kind of loophole. So, whatever your mom gets, we have to pay out of our own pocket!

Lois: Oh, my God! (sound of truck reversing into the yard)

Reese: (runs inside carrying a present) I have good news! You know how everyone's been so depressed around here lately? Well, I was thinking, "what could I do to cheer everyone up?" And then it hit me. It was the most obvious thing in the world. I bought us an above-ground swimming pool! And the best part is, you don't have to pay for it for six months. (hands present to Lois) It's a raft. With cup holders. They're setting up the pool right now. Oh, and don't just thank me. Dewey was in on it too.

Dewey: He's lying!

Reese: Huh?! (looks around) What's going on?!

Malcolm: Mom's pregnant!

Reese: What?! You can't do that! Do you know how dangerous it is to have a baby *and* a pool?

Lois: All right, that's it! Boys, get to your room, right now! (to Reese) And you, you get that truck out of my backyard! (the boys all look unhappy as they leave the room)

Cut to the boys' bedroom where they are talking about the new baby.

Francis: I can't believe it, another baby?!

Reese: None of us gets enough of anything as it is! Now we're going to have to split it five ways?!

Dewey: What are you guys complaining about? All I ever had was being the youngest. Now I won't even have that!

Malcolm: You guys don't get it. You're only looking at this in the short-term. We're screwed for life! And I actually had some potential! I could have gone to College!

Piama: Listen to you guys. Nice family this kid is going to be born into.

Malcolm: Hey, we're allowed to be upset! We're the ones getting left out while every resource this family has is going to our baby brother!

Dewey: Brother?

Cut to the kitchen, where Hal and Lois are talking amongst themselves, as are Ida's lawyer and his partner.

Grandma Ida: How much is she costing me? I'm not paying for your little tart of a girlfriend!

Lois: Mother, we need to talk.

Hal: Ida, we have no insurance. We were late on our payments, and they cancelled us.

Lois: If you don't stop this lawsuit, we'll be ruined! Do you understand?

Grandma Ida: I'm sure you'll manage somehow. Agencies, welfare. But who is there to help me, huh? Nobody! (the boys and Piama emerge from their bedroom)

Reese: Mom, Dad. We just want to tell you we're sorry for the way we acted about the baby.

Malcolm: Yeah, we figured it out. Reese and I can double up in the bed again.

Dewey: And I can sleep with the baby. It'll be fun having a busy box again.

Francis: Yeah, and I could probably send home thirty bucks a week to help out.

Lois: (she and Hal smile) Thank you, boys.

Grandma Ida: Helloooo! This lawsuit isn't going to go away just because you ignore me. (her lawyer snaps his briefcase closed and prepares to leave) Where do you think you're going?

Ida's Lawyer: I'm out of here. They have no insurance. What did you think, I'm gonna take forty percent of this run-down dump of a house?!

Grandma Ida: Thirty percent. And yes!

Ida's Lawyer: Let me explain something to you. This house would fit in my house's garage, but then I'd have to park my Porsche in the driveway. Now, I don't mind tossing innocent people into the street. I just don't do it for free! (leaves)

Grandma Ida: I think I feel well enough to travel.

Cut to the boys eating breakfast.

Malcolm: (TC): Francis and Grandma are finally gone, and everything's back to normal. Well, not exactly normal. Dad told us that during the first trimester of pregnancy, women sometimes get a tiny bit hormonal.

Hal: (running through the house) Quick, boys! Someone left the cap off the toothpaste! (the boys jump up and run from the house, screaming)