

415 GARAGE SALE TRANSCRIPT

Dewey: (running inside after school) Malcolm! In school, we learned the coolest thing. There were these people who did this broadcast, and convinced everyone that aliens were landing. So, what we do, is we wait for Reese to fall asleep, and then we flash some lights outside his window. And we go to the TV, but we will have made a tape.

Malcolm: Dewey, you're totally over-thinking this. (calls) Reese, aliens landed down the street. (Reese runs in wearing a helmet and carrying a bat)

Reese: Every man for himself!

Dewey: Oh.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom, where the boys are chasing various animals out, including birds, a rabbit, a cat and a skunk.

Malcolm: (TC): Mom's coming home a week early from Aunt Susan's. We did alright with her gone, but we still have a couple of things to take care of before she gets back.

Hal: (waving a golf club) Move it, move it! Now remember boys, if you see the Bobcat, don't be a hero. Stand on a chair and use your whistle.

Dewey: (chasing a skunk out) Get out of here, Foamy! Go home.

Cut to the boys standing in a line in the living room as Hal and Lois arrive home.

Reese: Do you think she'll notice the grass fire?

Malcolm: Just remember, as far as we know, Dewey has always been missing the tip of his finger.

Hal: Boys, we're home!

Lois: Oh, boys, I missed you so -

Reese: Dad knocked down your bedroom wall!

Lois: What?! (goes off to the bedroom)

Hal: (angrily) Shhh! (follows Lois) Honey, I know it doesn't look like much, but this is just the beginning stages of a major expansion. I have conceptual drawings here, (pulls out a piece of paper) Look, see how it continues onto my hand? It was going to be something really nice for you and the baby, with a window seat. And (gets upset) please just promise you won't get mad and leave again!

Lois: (hugs Hal) Hal, I'm just so glad to be home. Oh, god. My sister is the most obnoxious, sanctimonious know-it-all I've ever met! She spent every minute of my visit telling me everything that I've ever done wrong in my life. It was just awful.

Hal: Tell me about it. Dating her was the worst five years of my life.

Lois: Well, you know what she's like though, don't you? My parents. Susan was always the pretty one.

Hal: Awww.

Lois: Susan was the smart one. Susan was the one with all the talent. I was the one that couldn't do anything right. Hal, it got me thinking about Reese.

Hal: As if he weren't feeling bad enough.

Lois: No, Hal. I don't think we give Reese enough credit. I think that if we gave Reese a little more responsibility, he would rise to the challenge. Now, I'm not talking about giving him a key to the house or anything, I just think some encouragement would do him good.

Hal: Ok. (birds start chirping behind the wall) Oh, honey, come here! The eggs have hatched!

Cut to the kitchen, where the family are eating breakfast. Dewey comes in, wearing a pyjama shirt that shows half of his stomach.

Hal: Dewey? Mom's home.

Dewey: Huh? (looks down at his shirt) Oh, right. (goes off)

Hal: So, it's going to cost at least \$800 to close up the wall.

Lois: Well, I suppose I could go back to work at the drugstore.

Hal: Really?

Lois: (getting up from the table) Yeah, I'm sure I could stay on my feet for eight hours a day. And if you fall, the amniotic fluid provides a great cushion.

Hal: We'll think of something.

Malcolm: Hey, there's tons of stuff we don't use in the garage. Why don't we just put it out on the front lawn and see if we can sell it?

Reese: You mean like a garage sale?

Lois: That's a terrific idea, Reese. Don't you think that's a great idea, Hal?

Malcolm: Actually, I was the one -

Lois: And you know what? You can be in charge. You can organise all the stuff, you can set the prices, you can pick the date.

Reese: Why, I didn't do anything.

Lois: Reese, this isn't a punishment. This is us demonstrating our faith in you, because I know you are going to do a great job. We believe in you, don't we Hal?

Hal: For god's sakes, he's my son. And I love him.

Lois: Just answer the question, Hal.

Hal: Who wants juice?

Reese: I do!

Cut to Lois on the phone to Francis.

Francis: You can't just sell all my old stuff! Everything in that garage represents a precious childhood memory.

Lois: It's a bunch of old magazines, a broken yo-yo and a Rubik's Cube painted all one colour.

Francis: Well, you try and solve that thing!

Lois: I'm not going to argue with you. You have ten seconds to come up with a good reason to keep all that junk, or I'm getting rid of it.

Francis: See, this is why you are a terrible mother, because everything has to be a competition with you!

Lois: Oh, it does not!

Francis: I'm hanging up!

Lois: I'm hanging up first. (hangs up)

Francis: No, I'm hanging - (hears dial tone) Damn it!

Gretchen: (sorting through the mail) You mustn't talk about your family like that, Francis. There is nothing more important than - (gets excited) oh, look! It's a letter from our son, Rutger! We must hide zis immediately.

Francis: Why do you have to hide a letter from your son? (Otto comes over, grabs the letter and sets fire to it)

Gretchen: Otto, no!

Francis: What are you doing?

Otto: Nothing, because zis did not happen. Nothing happened. Except for me telling you that nothing happened. That happened, but only that. Things will begin to happen again, starting... now! (picks up the mail) Oh look, the mail came.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where the backyard is filled with boxes and junk. Hal carries out another box while Lois watches from a sunlounge.

Lois: As soon as the swelling in my ankles goes down, I'm going to get right back to work with you boys.

Hal: Thank you, honey.

Lois: No matter what it does to the baby. (Hal walks off looking annoyed)

Malcolm: (Reese is carrying a heavy box) Reese, if you put the heavy boxes down first, and then stack the light ones on top -

Reese: It just kills you that I'm in charge, doesn't it? (puts the heavy box down and crushes a box of Christmas ornaments)

Cut to Hal and Dewey in the garage, where Hal finds his old radio transmitter.

Hal: Oh, wow!

Dewey: What's that?

Hal: This is the transmitter from the pirate radio station I had in College! It was only a couple of watts, but I bought the truth to everyone within three blocks of the west side of campus. Until the FCC shut me down for telling it like it was. And for not having a license. See, the way it works -

Dewey: (angrily) I was just trying to be polite. I didn't think you were going to punish me for it. (walks off)

Hal: Hey there, Sparky.

Cut to flashback clip.

Younger Hal: So, half the campus is goose-stepping down to the bonfire to be brainwashed by the Stepford Cheerleaders! The Pied Pipers of Pep! They want us to forget why we came to this institution, but not Kid Charlemagne! I am here to seek knowledge.

Younger Lois: (comes in) Let's get going, Hal. And don't forget your head!

Hal: Rightyho! (puts on his tiger suit and runs off after Lois)

(Flashback clip ends)

Cut to Reese, who has found one of his old toys.

Reese: I remember this toy. I begged for it for months. It was supposed to move and talk, and learn my name. But the stupid thing never worked.

Cut to flashback clip.

Toddler Reese: (banging robot on the floor) Robot! Robot! Robot!
Robot! Robot! Robot!

(Flashback clip ends)

Cut to Malcolm, who has also found one of his old toys.

Cut to flashback clip.

Young Malcolm: Ok, now I need a five-inch curter.

Young Reese: (holding the piece over a hotplate) Coming right up! (cut to Malcolm's hand with a red burn in the shape of the piece)

(Flashback clip ends)

Dewey: Hey, look! My Baseball glove.

Cut to flashback clip.

Dewey: Hey, look! My Baseball glove.

(Flashback clip ends)

Cut to Malcolm in the garage, where he finds an old computer.

Malcolm: Dad, is this yours?

Hal: (not paying much attention) No, it must have been my roommate's.

Malcolm: You know, I think it might be -

Reese: Throw it out, it's garbage.

Malcolm: Reese, maybe we should try to find out what it is, before -

Reese: (calling) Mom! Malcolm's not respecting my leadership!

Lois: (yelling) Malcolm, you respect Reese's leadership! (Reese grins and crushes another light box with a heavy one)

Cut to the yard, where the camera pans around the exterior of the house, where a red cord has been wired up. Hal has set up his old radio equipment. He turns on a tape, has a quick groove to the music, then runs inside to turn on the main house radio.

Hal: Come on! Yes! (cut to Hal on the air) He said he'd return, and he couldn't be silenced! Kid Charlemagne is back on the air!

Cut to the Grotto, where Gretchen is telling Francis about her son Rutger.

Gretchen: Otto always planned that when Rutger finished College, he would come out here and live with us on the ranch, but instead he insisted on going to Medical School. And when he was Manche surgeon of his hospital, Otto was crushed.

Francis: It's so strange he never mentioned any of this.

Gretchen: That is Otto's teutonic pride. He will never ever show his feelings to anyone. (they hear Otto crying)

Otto: (crying as he greets some guests) Welcome to the Grotto. I'm sure you will enjoy your stay. And don't forget to visit the Gift Shop. (to the little girl) Perhaps tomorrow, you would like to go horseback riding on the clatus pony. (the girl gets scared and clings to her mother)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm is wrapping up the computer in a blanket, and he then hides it under his bed)

Lois: (calling) Malcolm, dinner! Hal, I'm not going to call you again!

Hal: (still on the air) There are so many things the Government doesn't want you to know, and that's why they don't want Kid Charlemagne on this mike! Do I love my country? Yes. Do I vote? I used to, until they moved our polling place to the house with the big dog.

Lois: (yelling) Hal, I said dinner! (to Reese) I think we should start the garage sale around seven, because serious shoppers like to get an early start. Unless you have a different idea, which I'm sure would be great.

Reese: I was thinking eleven-thirty, so I can watch cartoons.

Lois: Oh, so you'll be well-rested and better able to focus. Good thinking. (Malcolm emerges from the bedroom)

Reese: Where were you this afternoon? I instructed you to separate the twist-ties into length. He's been like this all day.

Malcolm: I was doing homework.

Reese: No homework takes more than 20 minutes.

Lois: (Hal finally emerges from the yard) Hal, what are you doing out there? I've been gone for six weeks, and now that I'm home, I barely see you.

Hal: I missed you too. Why don't I put on some music?

Reese: What is this childish need you have to defy my authority?

Malcolm: Bite me!

Reese: (pretending to cry) Just when I was starting to feel confident in my abilities!

Lois: Malcolm, I am sick of you always putting your brother down! This is Reese's project, and you are

going to be supportive! (Hal has put on a tape of his radio broadcast) Now, Reese is in charge of this garage sale, and you are going to obey him. No matter what he asks you to do, you are going to do it!

Malcolm: But he's -

Lois: Malcolm, you can either let him be in charge of you for the garage sale, or you can let him be in charge of you every day for the rest of your life!

Hal: Wow, it's like that guy is saying what we're all thinking!

Lois: Hal, would you turn that racket off?

Hal: Ok. I guess I can't expect a suburban housewife to understand.

Cut to the yard, where Dewey is sorting balls.

Reese: Dewey, what are you doing? A tennis ball doesn't go with the football, it goes with the ceramic bananas.

Dewey: This is stupid. Why are we sorting everything by colour?

Reese: Because I say so! And because alphabetical order was slowing us down.

Dewey: Us? (walks off)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm enters with Craig.

Craig: This better be good. There'll be hell to pay if Jellybean wakes up from her massage and doesn't see me on the table next to her. (sees the old computer and gasps) Oh my god! Is that a Nortare?

Malcolm: It's a Nortare 680B. It's like the first personal computer ever made. You have an interest in this kind of stuff, don't you?

Craig: There aren't many of these left. I'll give you five bucks for it.

Malcolm: Yeah right! I checked online. This is in mint condition, it's worth at least \$1300.

Craig: Deal! No take backs, double black magic, flush it down the toilet. You understand it's going to take me a couple of days to get the money?

Malcolm: That's exactly what I want. I want you to buy it this Saturday at our garage sale. In front of everybody. With cash. You're going to react in horror when I tell you Reese was going to throw this in the trash. And you're going to tell

everyone that they should have listened to me all along.

Craig: You know, right now you're sounding a lot like a James Bond villain.

Malcolm: Me?! There's nothing wrong with me! I'm fine. And right. And right! And on Saturday, everyone's going to know it.

Craig: Ok, but these revenge plans have a way of backfiring. Word of the wise, if you ever make someone an Axlux milkshake, don't do it on an empty stomach.

Cut to Hal driving around the neighbourhood, working out which areas do and don't pick up his radio signal.

Hal's Voice: Someone is looking down at you from a satellite with his finger on the death beam. And somewhere, someone is watching him. But who's watching them - (transmission goes fuzzy, and Hal marks the spot on his sheet of paper as a Police siren sounds behind him) Oh no!

Police Officer: Sir, do you know why I pulled you over?

Hal: Certainly not for operating an illegal pirate radio station. I mean, even if I did have the equipment in College, I wouldn't have kept it and be using it today. What's with all these questions, anyway?! Do you have a warrant?!

Police Officer: You ran a stop sign half a mile back.

Hal: What? There's no stop sign back there.

Police Officer: It's at the driveway to the Country Club. They just put it up.

Cut to the yard, where it is now dark, and Hal is back on the air.

Hal: That stop sign is a declaration of war! It's for the fat cats on top of the hill playing golf, while us regular Joes are late for our second job, or church, or dinner with our families. 'I'm sorry I missed little Bobby's first steps honey, but I had to come to a complete stop, just because those robber barons can't look both ways!'

Cut to the Grotto, where Gretchen is sitting by the fire, with a box of Rutger's old things.

Francis: Gretchen, what are you doing?

Gretchen: I was just going through some of Rutger's old things from when he was a boy. (holding up a jumper) Boy, I don't remember that he was so fat. (finds an old sock puppet and gasps in excitement) Shlupi!

Francis: Who's Shlupi?

Gretchen: Otto and Rutger used to love Shlupi. Otto would put Shlupi on, and Rutger would laugh and laugh. It was almost like a little brother to him. Shlupi could say all of the things that Otto couldn't, like "go to bed" and "behave yourself", and "take your finger out of zere, it's disgusting!" Oh, ze love in zat house. And now, (gets upset) it's gone.

Francis: Gretchen, I hate seeing you so upset. You've got to talk to Otto about this.

Gretchen: There's no getting through to him, he won't even admit that anything is wrong. (Otto walks past crying, but quickly starts singing to cover up his sadness)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where the garage sale is in full swing. Craig arrives for the sale of the old computer.

Malcolm: So, you have the money, right?

Craig: Yes, it cost me three Little Lous and Captain Placard plate, I hope you're happy!

Malcolm: I'll go get the computer. You memorize this script. (hands Craig a folded up piece of paper)

Lois: (Reese is fiddling with a toy, ignoring the customers at the garage sale) Reese, that's a great idea you're probably having to help that lady who's trying to buy something.

Reese: Yeah, ok. (goes over to the lady) Can I help you?

Lady: How much for the vacuum?

Reese: That's a set. You can only buy that if you buy the lamp.

Lady: But I don't need a lamp.

Reese: (grabs the vacuum) Then you don't need a vacuum. (to Lois, who looks surprised) She'll be back. And the lamp isn't going without the blender.

Lois: You've obviously put a lot of thought into this. Where the heck does your father keep disappearing to?

Hal: (around the back, broadcasting his radio station) And then the Stop Sign Army spring into action, all in support of the Military Industrial Country Club Complex. But that's not where it ends. (transmission goes fuzzy) Ok, pay attention to this. How many sides to a stop sign? Eight. That's just a little too close to the number of judges on the Supreme Court for this citizen. (transmission goes fuzzy again) Hang on a second, America. (dashes around the front of the house, where a van

is driving by, with a guy holding up a satellite. Hal quickly covers up his actions by running off with a stuffed animal)

Lady: (buying Dewey's piggybank) Here you go, dear.

Reese: Thank you very much.

Dewey: (seeing Reese selling his piggybank) That's my piggybank! That was in my room!

Reese: Relax, dipwad. I got two bucks for it.

Dewey: It had 16 dollars in it!

Reese: Wah, wah. Spilt milk.

Dewey: Mom, stupid Reese just did the stupidest thing!

Lois: You're as bad as Malcolm! I don't want to hear any more complaining out of you for the rest of the day, understood? Now, go! Help your brother. (dewey storms off)

Lady: Excuse me, do you have a microwave for sale?

Dewey: No, we - (smiles) Oh, actually, yes. Yes, we do. Follow me.

Craig: Excuse me, Malcolm, it's me, Craig. What's that your holding in your hands?

Malcolm: You mean this thing that I've been trying to save, that Reese has insisted all along was mere junk?

Craig: Mere junk?! Why, your brother couldn't be more wrong, nor you more right. Please allow me to buy it from you for the princely sum of - (Hal pulls Craig away)

Malcolm: Dad, what are you doing? Craig, get back here! Mom-

Reese: What are you doing with that?! I ordered you to throw this away! (they start fighting over the computer)

Malcolm: Let go of it, you idiot!

Reese: Give it!

Malcolm: No!

Reese: I'm in charge!

Cut to the living room, where Dewey is selling the microwave to a couple.

Lady: Here you go. Sixteen dollars.

Dewey: Thank you.

Man: Hey, is that stereo for sale? (lady goes to turn it on)

Dewey: Make me an offer.

Hal's Voice: ... it's because we believe in the constitution.

Cut to Hal and Craig in Craig's van. Craig is driving while Hal is Broadcasting his radio station.

Hal: We don't think that the constitution is an empty promise. We believe in the Bill of Rights, don't we?

Craig: Well, I never understood what the big deal is about quartering soldiers. I mean, as long as I don't have to change in front of them.

Hal: It's the spirit of free speech! It's the fundamental freedom that thousands of men have given their lives for! Take a left here on -

Loudspeaker voice: Attention. You are conducting a broadcasted direct violation of FCC Rule 27. Pull over.

Hal: (panicking) I'm not going down without a fight! I'm the voice of the little man! The man in the gutter! The man on the streets! The man that fights the man!

Craig: Oh my god! You're Kid Charlemagne!

Cut to the Wilkersons' yard, where Reese and Malcolm are still fighting over the computer.

Malcolm: Give it!

Reese: No! Let go!

Malcolm: Reese, stop, you stupid Jackass. You don't even know what you're doing.

Lois: That is enough out of you! Are you really so insecure that you can't stand anyone else getting any attention? Your brother has worked so hard to make this yard sale a success. He doesn't need you undermining him at every turn!

Malcolm: Mom, you have to listen to me! We have a Nortare 680B. It's a type of computer that was built in 1976. There's only a few in existence, and Craig is going to give us \$1300 for it!

Lois: (shocked) \$1300? Oh my god! (Reese smashes the computer over his knee) What are you doing?!

Reese: I have a lot of things to sell, and I don't have time to argue with this bozo. I've got a jet ski on hold, and the place closes at six.

Lois: What are you talking about?

Reese: I'm buying a jet ski with my yard sale money.

Lois: That money isn't yours. It's going to rebuild our bedroom wall.

Reese: But you said I was in charge. That means I get the money.

Lois: No, it doesn't.

Reese: Then why the hell would I want to be in charge?

Lois: Reese, this is helping you become a better person by building your self esteem. Which you are obviously going to need (angrily) if you are stupid enough to throw away \$1300 that this family desperately needs! (Craig's van pulls up and he lies down on the grass with his hands behind his head)

Craig: I'm cooperating! I never met this man before! I hate the constitution! I hate free speech! I'll snitch!

Lois: What on earth? (Hal emerges from the van with his radio equipment and runs off down the road, with two guys in suits following him)

Cut to the Grotto, where Francis is looking for Otto.

Francis: Otto, come out, I know you're in here. This is ridiculous, it's been three days. Look, I know you don't want to talk about this. But you can't just keep hiding. (opens a stall door where Otto is crouched in a corner) Are you happy like this?

Otto: (crying) Do I look happy?

Francis: Gretchen is freaking out, the guests are leaving in droves, and Muffy wants her stall back. You have to stop this.

Otto: There is nothing to stop, because there's nothing wrong. Now go away!

Francis: Look, if there's one thing I'm an expert at, it's pointless family conflict. And if Rutger is anything like me, you're going to have to make the first move. That means you're going to have to deal with your feelings.

Otto: I can't.

Francis: I know you can. That's why I want you to do something from me. Look at your wedding ring. (Otto does and Francis puts Shlupi over his hand)

Otto: Shlupi?

Francis: Yes, Shlupi. I think it's about time he weighed in all this.

Otto: (in Shlupi voice) I guess I was a little disappointed when Rutger wouldn't come. And then when the letters came, it was so painful. I couldn't bear it. I love him so much, Francis. (in Shlupi voice) (in normal voice) I swore that I would never do that to my son. And now, look. (in normal voice) Rutger is such a wonderful boy. He's so sensitive, he's so bright.

Francis: I'm going to go get Shlupi a phone.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where it is now dark and Hal and Lois are sitting on crates in the empty living room. Hal is holding an ice pack on his leg.

Hal: I'll tell you one thing, twenty years ago I would have cleared that fence, and the open manhole.

Lois: Oh, god. How could I have been so wrong about Reese? Hal, just say it again please, I really need to hear it.

Hal: Ok. Reese...is hopeless.

Lois: Thank you. (phone rings) Hello?

Francis: Mom?

Lois: Francis?

Francis: Listen, I've been doing some thinking, and I just wanted to tell you that, even though we haven't always gotten along, I guess you thought you were doing what was best for me. And, well, I appreciate it.

Lois: Wow, Francis. What brought this on?

Francis: I don't know. (camera zooms out and we see Francis is wearing Shlupi) I guess I just had a breakthrough. Anyway, I wanted to tell you about this thing that happened in Junior High.