

**420 BABY PART 1 TRANSCRIPT**

Lois: (something breaks) Oh, for God's sake, what was that?! (looks around the room and nobody is there) Wherever you are, whatever you've done, don't think I won't find you! (we see Dewey crouched underneath her pregnant belly, holding a broken plate)

Cut to the yard, where Lois and Piama are carrying out drinks.

Lois: We're so glad Francis decided to come down for a visit, it's been so long. And you tagging along is an added bonus.

Piama: Well, making you happy makes me happy.

Lois: You know, I don't think that nursery would ever get done without Francis's help. Hal has this thing about heights.

Francis: (from the roof) I can't reach it. Dad, you have to come up another rung.

Hal: (standing on the first rung of the ladder, whimpering and holding up the hammer for Francis) My ears are popping!

Cut to the living room, where Malcolm is arriving home with Lloyd. He is looking through the mail.

Lloyd: So, my doctor said I only have to wear these special shoes for two more years. Then I'm down to nights and weekends. (grabs letter) Great Scott! You got a letter from Martindale Academy!

Malcolm: What's Martindale Academy?

Lloyd: It's the greatest, most advanced private school in existence. Do you know how many millions they've spent to make sure you've never heard about it?

Malcolm: (reading letter) It says I've been accepted. I didn't even apply.

Lloyd: No-one applies. They find you. This is unbelievable. Malcolm, you're going to the show! You're set for life! Wait, what am I thinking? You can't go. You're too poor. You're like the poorest guy I know. Argh, I'm such a jerk. Here I am describing this Nirvana you'll never be able to experience? Holding out this hope of power and success to a guy in a three-dollar shirt....I mean, look at this hovel!"

Malcolm: Lloyd, you have to stop talking.

Lloyd: It's okay to cry, Malcolm. Tears are free.

Cut to the living room, where Hal and Lois are arriving home from the Doctor, while the rest of the family are eating lunch.

Lois: Ok, everybody. I just got back from the Doctor, and everything's fine, but the baby's a little bigger than expected.

Hal: So, instead of having the baby in two weeks like we thought, we're going to induce labour on Thursday.

Dewey: Thursday?! This Thursday?!

Reese: You can't do that!

Hal: Oh, what difference does it make? It's just six days sooner that our lives are over -

Lois: Hal!

Hal: And our new, more fulfilling lives begin.

Dewey: This stinks.

Lois: I know this is being sprung on you very suddenly, and you all have the right to be a little upset.

Dewey: A little?

Lois: Don't push it. Hal, you know what? I've got an idea. Why don't you take the boys out tomorrow, and do something fun? I could use the time alone anyway, to straighten up the house before the baby comes.

Piama: I can help you clean.

Lois: Well, that will take a little longer, but I guess I could use the company.

Hal: Hey, there's a car show in the Convention Centre.

Malcolm: Yeah, let's spend the whole day looking at cool things that we'll never get to own.

Lois: Oh, come on, Malcolm. If we only looked at stuff we could afford, all we would ever see is crap.

Hal: Don't be a party pooper. It'll be great!

Cut to Hal and the boys at the Convention Centre.

Malcolm: Festival of Brides?!

Reese: That's the lamest thing for a car show I've ever heard.

Hal: No, the car show was here last week.

Malcolm: Let's get out of here.

Hal: No, I just dropped fifteen bucks on parking. We're going in!

Cut to the house, where Lois, Francis and Piama are cleaning.

Piama: I know it's your fifth child, but still, you must be a little excited?

Lois: Well, sure. Every child is exciting. Not that you want to rush into something like that. (groans) Oh! Wow!

Francis: Are you ok?

Lois: The baby just started kicking like crazy! It's almost like something was upsetting - (they see Grandma Ida standing outside the window) Mom!

Grandma Ida: Are you going to open the door, or should I lie down in the grass and feed the worms?"

Francis: Oh, great. Who opened the gates of Hell?

Lois: (goes to let Grandma Ida in; Francis and Piama follow) Mom, this is a surprise. What are you doing here?

Grandma Ida: I'm moving in. (drops her bag down and walks inside)

Lois: What do you mean, "you're moving in"?

Grandma Ida: You are family, you will take care of me.

Francis: This is ridiculous. You have a condo, it's nicer than this house.

Grandma Ida: It burned down.

Lois: Oh, I - Mother, you can't just - how did your house burn down?! (Grandma Ida drops her still-lit cigarette on the arm of the couch and lights up another)

Francis: It was the villagers, wasn't it?

Grandma Ida: It's a mystery.

Lois: Why don't you go and stay at Susan's? She has four extra bedrooms, and a Satellite Dish.

Grandma Ida: Your sister should stick her head in a can of beans!

Lois: What? She's always been your favourite. She's the only one you called when Dad died.

Grandma Ida: She isn't my favourite any more. She called me bitter! Then she hung up on me. On me! Or maybe I hung up on her. Who remembers? Either way, she should rot in hell!

Lois: Mother, we can't afford to put you up here.

Ida: You can afford a maid.

Piama: I'm not the maid, Ida. My name is Piama. I'm married to Francis.

Ida: Tell the help not to talk to me.

Cut to the Convention Centre, where Hal and the boys are walking around the Bridal Expo.

Reese: I know I haven't been everywhere, but I'm pretty sure this is the most boring place on earth!

Hal: What are you talking about, Reese? Do you know what kind of craftsmanship goes into these lace veils, huh?

Malcolm: So, um, Dad? I was wondering. Do you have any kind of, savings put away?

Hal: (laughs) Oh, I'll have to tell your mother that one!

Malcolm: No, I'm serious. What if something came up? Like a big, unexpected expense? Are you prepared for something like that?

Hal: Don't worry about that stuff, son. Things have a way of taking care of themselves.

Malcolm: But -

Hal: Come on, you boys are young, you're at a Bridal Expo. You should be having the time of your lives (the boys look unimpressed) Dewey? Dewey!

Dewey: (over talking to the spotlight guy) What are those wires for?

Guy: You see that big spotlight up there? I'm in charge of that puppy. Do you like it?

Dewey: I really do. I'd like to tell you a little story.

Cut to the house. Lois, Francis and Piama are sitting around the table while Grandma Ida swaps the Wilkerson's photos for her own photos.

Francis: Are you going to let her get away with this? (Lois doesn't respond) You are, aren't you?

Lois: She's my mother. You know the way I am around her.

Francis: Ok, if that's what you want. That woman may be one of the first people your new baby sees when it comes into this world. (pretends he is rocking the baby) Smiling down at it. Cradling it in her arms.

Lois: All right. She's gotta go. (goes over to Grandma Ida) Mom, there's something important that I have to tell you.

Grandma Ida: What is it?

Lois: (angrily) You are a horrible mother! You've always been a horrible mother! (starts crying) My whole childhood, you bullied me and ignored me, trivialised my feelings into nothing but hippurase on my sister, until I felt like I was worthless in comparison!

Grandma Ida: Well now, she's worthless. I've got a right to change my mind. But just because your sister disgusts me more than you do, doesn't give you the right to talk to me like this!

Lois: I will talk to you any damn way I want, you hateful old woman! You are leaving! Wow! I don't know how I finally

summoned the strength to do that, but it feels great!  
Now, I'm not asking you, I'm telling you! Get out of my house!

Grandma Ida: No.

Lois: What?

Grandma Ida: You heard me, I said no.

Lois: What do you mean, 'no'? You don't have any choice!

Grandma Ida: What are you going to do, pick me up and throw me out?  
Are you going to toss an old woman out into the street,  
in front of your neighbours?

Francis: Sounds good to me. (picks Grandma Ida up and proceeds to carry her outside) You brought this on yourself, you old monster. You have no idea how good this makes me - (Grandma Ida grabs his privates, and he groans in pain and puts her down. Piama helps him to sit down)

Cut to the Convention Centre.

Announcer: Attention, ladies and gentlemen. It's your clucky day. Chicken Dance lessons are being given every ten minutes at the Fielding Dance Academy Pavilion. (Dewey walks over to him)

Dewey: Excuse me, can I talk to you for a second?

Cut to a chef selling slices of cake. Reese pushes in front of the people waiting.

Reese: Hey, can you get me a piece with a flower?

Chef: I'm talking to an actual customer right now.

Reese: I'm a customer.

Chef: Yeah? Are you getting married?

Reese: Why, does somebody like me? (Hal and Malcolm come up behind him, eating slices of cake. A guy in a suit approaches Reese)

Guy: Hey, what are you, about 5'7'?

Reese: Yeah.

Guy: Perfect. I own a Tux shop, one of my models didn't show up. I'll give you 20 bucks if you walk around the floor in a Tux and pass out my card.

Reese: Buzz off!

Hal: (through a mouthful of cake) 20 bucks? He'll do it! Need anybody my size?

Cut to Reese, now dressed in the Tux.

Guy: It's very simple. You just walk up to somebody, get down on one knee, hand them one of my cards, and say, "I propose that you get your Tuxedo from Manchada McCaskey's."

Reese: No problem. (as soon as the guy walks off, Reese throws the cards in a nearby bin)

Cut to Dewey watching a guy playing an accordion and singing.

Guy: (singing) Everyone around the world, come on!

Dewey: I think the accordion is very underrated.

Guy: Yes, yes it is! (singing) Yahoo!

Dewey: What are you doing today at 3:16?

Cut to Reese casually walking past the Chef selling cake.

Chef: Hey Sir, how about some cake?

Reese: Sure. Can I have a piece with a flower?

Chef: No. You get one with a flower, and a little lemon bee on it. (Reese takes the plate and looks down at his Tux)

Cut to the house, where Lois is glancing out the window. Grandma Ida is asleep on the couch. Lois goes to wake her.

Lois: Mom, wake up.

Grandma Ida: The children! Just let me live!

Lois: Remember, I didn't want to do this.

Grandma Ida: (knock at door)

Lois: That's the Police. You see what you've driven me to? I've actually called the Police on my own mother. They're here to cart you away!

Grandma Ida: (pretending to be upset) How could you do this to me? After everything I've done for you, we're family for God's sakes!" (faking story) Good, you're here. That's them, get 'em out of here.

Lois: What?!

Grandma Ida: They've been stealing from me. I want them out of my house!

Lois: Wait a minute, no, this is MY house!

Male Officer: Folks, let's just slow down.

Grandma Ida: I have the deed. It's in the Safety Deposit Box at the Valley Federal Bank. Number 24866, you can check.

Lois: No, I have the deed! It's, it's uh, in a shoebox, it's under my bed - well, I don't know where it is, but this is MY house!

Grandma Ida: You devious, ungrateful girl! She's done nothing but lie since the day I took her in! And (glances at Francis) her big boyfriend thinks he's so tough. How tough is it to hit an old woman? (clings onto the Police Officer and pretends to be scared)

Francis: You dirty old - this is what she does. You have to stop her. (shaking Police Officer by his shirt) You have to stop her! (cut to Francis now lying on the floor, with the Police Officer holding his hands behind his back and a stick at his head) As I was saying, she is a very clever woman. And if you know her as I do, you too would be suspicious of her story.

Female Officer: And on Monday, when the bank opens, whoever actually has the deed can go get it. Then you apply for a court order, and the whole thing can be straightened out in six to eight months.

Male Officer: You can get up now, Sir. And if you hurt a single hair on that lady's head, I'll be back. Off-duty.

Cut to the house, where Lois, Francis, Piama and Grandma Ida are eating soup for lunch.

Grandma Ida: Pass the rolls. (Francis takes a roll, rips off a chunk, rolls it up, licks it and throws it to her) You think that bothers me? Guess why your soup tasted different when you came back from bathroom. (goes out of the room as Francis gags)

Francis: There has to be some way to get rid of her.

Piama: Well, we know she doesn't burn.

Lois: Let's just face it, we're stuck with her.

Francis: You can't give up! You can totally do this!

Lois: I'm sorry, I just don't know what to do. She's too powerful!

Francis: Every monster has its weakness. Frankenstein has fire, Dracula the cross. There has to be something that Grandma's afraid of!

Cut to the kitchen, where Abe has come over.

Abe: So, what would you like me to do for you?

Lois: Well, it's, uh - it's kinda hard to say, Abe. Um, it has to do with my mother.

Abe: Oh, I know about mothers. Every time mine comes over to Sunday dinner, she always brings that pie with real whipped cream. And she knows that's my one weakness.

Francis: Our Grandma's kinda like that. Except she's a wrinkled sack of hatred, kept alive only by the wilt and destroy.

Lois: We just want her out of the house. And she refuses to leave. And I had this idea. You see, she's a horrible biggard. I mean, she's terrified of, black people.

Abe: Oh. What do you want me to...oh, I see...b-b-because I'm ...you want me to...well, I suppose I...really?

Piama: I'd do it, but I'm not dark enough. I'd just annoy her.

Cut to the Convention Centre, where Reese is telling a joke to a group of people.

Reese: And then I said, "Orange you glad I didn't say banana?" (everyone laughs; the Tux guy approaches him)

Tux Guy: Hey. I found these in the trash. (holds up his cards)

Reese: Can we discuss this later, I'm with friends.

Tux Guy: Give me the Tux.

Dewey: (across the room, where a guy gives him a balloon) Thank you.

Reese: What? No. I like this Tux. It's mine.

Tux Guy: It's not yours, now give it back or I'll call Security.

Reese: (yelling) Hey, I'm over there! (runs off)

Tux Guy: Hey! (runs after Reese)

Cut to Hal looking at himself in the mirror, trying on flower badges.

Hal: (to Malcolm) Tell me which one you like. Be honest.

Malcolm: Dad, I just want to know. Do you have any kind of financial plan at all?! Any plan about anything?!

Hal: (picking up his bags) Malcolm, I'm telling you for the last time. Stop worrying about money.

Malcolm: Hey, I do your taxes. I know what you and Mom make! I know how much you're spending and I have a pretty good idea how much it costs to have a baby. (Hal stops at and grabs a handful of lollies from a jar and puts them into his bag) You guys are going to be at least 70 bucks in the hole every month. By the time the baby starts school, you're going to be \$18,000 in debt. And that's where they'll cut you off. You're going to be bankrupt and ruined!

Hal: Something will come up.

Malcolm: You can't keep saying that!



Hal: (angrily) Fine. I'm a failure as a father. I'm a terrible parent. Is that what you want to hear?!

Malcolm: No. But I have a way to fix it. (pulls out letter from his pocket)

Hal: What's this?

Malcolm: It's from the Martindale Academy. It's this amazing Prep School. But it's in London. (hands letter to Hal) They're offering me a complete scholarship. Tuition, housing, everything. If I'm not home, you just might make it. I'm totally willing to do it.

Hal: Absolutely not! You don't get to leave!

Malcolm: But -

Hal: Malcolm, you're our only hope!

Dewey: (comes over and hands Hal a balloon) Hold this.

Hal: Sure. (Dewey walks off) Now, let me explain something to you. Whenever your mother or I say something will come up or things will work out, that is our code for "Malcolm will think of something". But we need you. The family is only a family as long as we all stick together. (glances around) Where's Dewey? (the lights go out; the spotlight shines on Hal, and the accordion guy plays a tune.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, if you'll please turn your attention to the man with the balloon, and listen to the following heart-wrenching story. (hands microphone to Dewey)

Dewey: Hello. My name is Dewey. And the man with the balloon is my father, Hal.

Hal: (calling) Dewey? Where are you?

Dewey: See, I'm the youngest of four kids. And I always get the short end of everything. I've never had a hot shower, or a bed to myself. I'm the third person to wear this underwear. And yet, I've never complained.

Hal: (calling) Dewey, what is this about?!

Dewey: Even when my parents decided to have another baby, I was happy to share what little I have. And then they told me they're inducing labour. And they picked a really interesting day to do it. Do you remember what day you picked, Dad?

Hal: (calling) Dewey!

Dewey: (raising voice) What day did you pick, Dad?

Hal: (also frustrated) This Thursday, now just come down from - wherever you are!

Dewey: Of all the days you could have picked, you chose this Thursday. Anything interesting about Thursday, Dad?

Hal: Would you stop this?!

Dewey: Anything at all that you can think of, that might be happening this Thursday?

Hal: Ok, Dewey, what is the big deal about Thursday?!

Dewey: It's my birthday!

Hal: It is not your - oh, God!

Dewey: (quietly) Well, ladies and gentlemen, that's the story of the little boy who lost his birthday. If you have any thoughts or comments, my Dad would love to hear them.

Lady: Ok, I've got a few comments.

Hal: This would be a good time for one of those ideas we were talking about.

Malcolm: I've got nothing.

Cut to the house, where the rest of the Poker Buddies have arrived.

Lois: Thank you so much for coming over. I know this is a little weird.

Guy #1: Actually, I'm kind of excited. This is kinda like when I did "Spoon River Anthology" in College.

Guy #2: Do we have to hear that story again?

Guy #1: We sold out both shows.

Cut to Grandma Ida coming out of Hal and Lois's bedroom, closing the door behind her.

Grandma Ida: Four pillows on one bed. This is why you can't feed your children - (sees Abe and the Poker Buddies and gasps)

Lois: Oh, hi Mom. I'd like you to meet some of our friends.

Brian: Nice to meet you, ma'am. If you'll excuse me, I need to use, your toilet."

Lois: I've been telling Abe all about you.

Abe: (stands up and attempts Gangsta talk) Welcome....to da hood, yo yo. Gettin' all jiggly with it. Representin'....can't touch dis.

Francis: Abe... Chill.

Steve: (arriving with 2 other guys) Hello? Anybody decent?

Steve: I used my spare key to get in. I hope you don't mind.

Lois: That's why you have it. So you can come over any time you want. Mom, these are our neighbours. Steve lives next door. Malik is on the other side, and Trey lives across the street.

Malik: (laughing) Why, Lois, you make it sound like you're... surrounded.

Steve: (as Grandma Ida goes to light a cigarette) Allow me. (lights the cigarette for her, then she takes it and backs away, where she runs into Trey)

Trey: (horrifying her) Well, hello. Who is this fine lady? So whatcha doin' later on? 'Cause I like that wagon you're draggin'. (Grandma Ida screams and runs off to Hal and Lois's bedroom)

Cut to the bedroom, where Lois has joined Grandma Ida, who is packing.

Lois: Mom, where are you going?

Grandma Ida: I can't believe you live like this. I would rather sleep in a bus station. Or a dumpster.

Lois: (pretending to be upset) Well, there's obviously nothing I can do to change your mind, but I am heartbroken. You only just got here. I...

Grandma Ida: What's wrong with you?

Lois: (in pain) Nothing. Everything is perfectly fine. (goes back to the living room) Francis, you have to listen very carefully. I'm having a contraction, I'm going into labour.

Francis: What?!

Lois: I have got to get to the hospital. And you have got to get your grandmother out of here, now!

Piama: (as Grandma Ida emerges with her bags) Come on Ida, let me help you.

Grandma Ida: Don't you have rain dance to do?

Lois: (crying in pain) Bye, Mom. Great to see you. Have a safe trip. Don't forget to call us whenever you get to... wherever! (her waters break)

Grandma Ida: Maybe I stay a few more minutes.

Cut to the Convention Centre, where Hal, Malcolm and Dewey are heading towards the exit. An old man shoves Hal as he walks past.

Hal: Dewey, I hope you're happy!

Dewey: I thought I would be, but not this much.

Hal: Let's find Reese and get out of here. (fishes into one of the bags and pulls out his cellphone) Why is my cellphone off? (freaks out) 68 messages?!

Cut back to the house, where the guys have crowded around Lois.

Trey: The contractions started at 3:27.

Grandma Ida: Oh, This one can tell time. (phone rings)

Lois: Hello? (calmly) Oh, hello, Hal... oh, no, I'm fine. Now, honey, I don't want you to get too excited, but I think you should come home now, because I'm, well I'm - I'm having the baby.

Hal: What?! Ok, well, just stay calm, too. Getting worked up will only accelerate things. Just relax, do your breathing. (to boys) Where the hell is Reese?!

Malcolm: What's wrong?

Hal: Your Mom is having the baby now!

Dewey: See, was that so hard?

Lois: (lowering to the floor) Now, Hal, I don't want you to panic. You drive safely. There's no reason to rush.

Hal: Rush? Come on, you know me better than that. (to boys) Find your brother!

Lois: So, I'm just going to make myself some tea, and relax until you get here.

Hal: Good idea. You know, Camomile always relaxes me. (calling) Reese! Damn it, Reese, where are you?! I'm thinking of taking 6<sup>th</sup> street home, do you want me to stop and pick up some ice cream?

Malcolm, Dewey: Reese! Where are you?

Reese: Over here.

Hal: Reese?!

Reese: I'm inside the giant violin case.

Hal: Damn it! Get him out of there! (calmly, to Lois) So, is that a 'yes' on the ice cream?

Lois: No, I'm fine. Just come on home. Carefully.

Hal: Sure thing. Honey, can you hold on a second? (starts kicking the violin case)

Guy: Hey, what are you doing?!

Hal: (picking up violin case) Boys! Run! (on phone) The boys send their love, too.

Tux Guy: Hey! Hey you, come back here! You can't run off with my \$600 Tuxedo!

Hal: (on phone) We're just pulling out of the garage right now... got it on the oldies station. They're doing a Beatles A - Z. Can you think of a Beatles song that starts with Z, 'cause frankly I can't.

Lois: Hal, you sound funny. Is everything okay?"  
Hal: (over the phone, lying)

Hal: (he and the boys are now running through the undercover parking lot, with staff from the Bridal Expo running after) Yeah, just turning onto Maple. Hey, the gas station by the church stopped selling diesel.

Reese: (as Hal and Malcolm throw the violin case into the trunk)  
OW! Shotgun.

Hal: (as the boys get into the car) Oh, you wouldn't believe the huge pothole we just went over.

Malcolm: Let's go, Dad!

Hal: Oh! I can't find the keys! Where the hell are the keys?!

Reese: (from inside the violin case) I've got 'em. Now let's go!  
(Security guys surround the car)

Lois: Hal?

Hal: Honey, can I call you back?

To be continued - (421 Baby Part 2)

