

421 BABY PART 2 TRANSCRIPT

Recap previous episode (420 Baby Part 1)

Cut to the house, where Lois is lying on the couch, still having contractions.

Lois: (howling in pain) These contractions are coming so close together.
AAAAARRRRGGGHHHH!

Abe: Lois, you have to stop doing that! You are really freaking me out!
(the guys all start talking at once)

Lois: We can't wait for Hal any more. We've got to go to the hospital now!

Grandma Ida: You really think you're gonna see your husband again?

Lois: Mom!

Grandma Ida: He's a man, isn't he? He's had his way with you, what's he need to stick around for?

Francis: (approaching Grandma Ida, angry) If you're not going to have the decency to choke on the fumes of your own bile, can you at least take your poison over to Aunt Susan's?

Grandma Ida: Did she ask me to come? Did she call you?

Francis: No!

Grandma: No, of course not. She only wants to see me suffer! Can you imagine how she's laughing at me, knowing that now, I'm stuck with you as my favourite.

Craig: (coming in) Knock, knock. Lois, I need to borrow a coathanger. I dropped my sandwich underneath my car seat. (sees everyone) What's going on here?

Piama: Lois is in labour, and Hal's not here.

Craig: I have dreamed of this moment! Here's what we're gonna do. I am going to carry you in my arms to my van. I have one of the three original sirens from Stansky and Hutch. I can make that trip in 7 minutes flat.

Steve: You're talking crazy! There were only two sirens used in that entire series, and they're both in the Smithsonian.

Craig: Oh, contraire. (the guys all start having a debate)

Lois: Oh, Hal. Where are you?

Cut to the Convention Centre parking lot, where Hal and the boys are hurrying back to the car. Reese is now dressed in his own clothes.

Hal: Let's go! Your mother's in labour. We just wasted 45 minutes in the Security office.

Reese: Just our luck. We get a Rent-A-Cop trying to make a Sergeant.

Dewey: I think he made you pee in that jar just because he could.

Hal: (angrily) You boys have really outdone yourselves this time. Now, I'm going to take your Mom to the hospital, and I'm not going to hear one word out of any of your until we come back with the baby.

(crashes car into something)

Lois: Ok. Dr Kerr's going to meet you at the hospital, the guys are packing your bag, and Craig is cleaning out his car to make room for you.

Craig: (comes in with a huge pile of stuff) Two more trips and we're good to go!

Abe: (as the guys emerge, all carrying suitcases)

Piama: What are you doing with all of those suitcases?

Brian: I told you she didn't need both sundresses.

Trey: Hey, don't look at me. When I fly, I take one carry-on. That's it. (the guys all start arguing)

Grandma Ida: I'm ready to go to the hospital.

Francis: What?! You're not going to the hospital.

Grandma Ida: I'm not going, you're not going.

Francis: You want to go to the hospital so bad? I'll send you to the hospital!

Grandma Ida: I'll send YOU to the hospital.

Lois: Nobody's going to the hospital! It's too late! Somebody call the Paramedics. I'm having the baby here!

Cut to the hospital, where Hal is in a head brace.

Hal: Boys, call me a taxi. And then call Dr Kerr, and let him know your Mom's in labour. He's in the book. Then call Triple 8.

Malcolm: Dad, calm down.

Hal: I will not calm down! (Hal's cellphone rings) Hello?... Hello?!... Oh? Hello, Lois?... WHAT?! (nurse grabs his cellphone from him) Sir, stop moving.

All 3 Boys: What did she say?

Hal: (yelling) My wife's at home, and she's having our baby right now! I have to get home to her!

Malcolm: She's having the baby at home?!

Doctor: Sir, you're not going anywhere in the shape you're in. (to nurse) Give him 10 milligrams of Diazepam.

Hal: (thrashing around) Let me out of here, I'm fine! (sees needle) Wait! What is that? What! What is that? What does that do? (falls back unconscious for a few seconds, then comes out of it and sits up) I've got to get home to her!

Doctor: Give him 10 more. I want him immobilized. Why don't you boys come with me? We have all sorts of fun magazines in the waiting area. You like Highlights? You like Goofus and Gallant?

Malcolm: We don't want to read stupid magazines, our Mom is having a baby!

Doctor: I'm sure she's being very well taken care of, and so's your father.

So, there's nothing for you boys to do, but relax and wait for someone to come and get you.

Dewey: But we have to do something. This is all our fault.

Doctor: You're obviously very upset, young men. And frankly, I have no idea how to deal with you, that's why I'm not in Paediatrics. Now, let's go into the waiting room, like I told you. If you don't want to look at magazines, I'm sure there's a chair you can spin around in.

Cut to the house, where the guys are carrying Lois into the bedroom, where they put her on the bed. They're all talking at once.

Francis: Just relax, Mom. The Paramedics will be here soon, and they'll know what to do.

Craig: (sitting at the computer) Don't worry, Lois. I just Googled the word baby. Here we go, 28 million matches. There's got to be something useful in there.

Lois: Craig, get off that thing, we don't need it. Trey's a doctor.

Trey: Oh no, Lois. I'm a dentist.

Lois: (outraged) But you have medical training, don't you?

Trey: Yes, but I took up Dentistry specifically because - well, that area down there, when I look at it, I get giggly. I just do. Since High School.

Abe: Oh, for God's sakes!

Trey: I doubt I'm the only one. (doorbell rings)

Piama: The Paramedics are - (opens the door and sees it's only Lloyd)

Lloyd: Hi, is Malcolm home?

Piama: No, and -

Lloyd: I just need to use his notes for my Bio-Chem homework.

Piama: This really isn't a good time.

Grandma Ida: You don't say hello to your own grandmother?

Lloyd: I'm not Malcolm. We've been through this before.

Lois: (howling) Oh, God! This baby is pressing down so hard on my cervix!

Francis: Well good, looks like everything's under control here. Piama and I are going to head out, back to the ranch.

Lois: What are you talking about?!

Francis: Nothing, you think I'm running away? You think being here when my own mother gives birth is so intensely uncomfortable, I've made up a fake excuse to leave?! That is not even a tiny bit true!

Craig: Ok, clothes for babies, names for babies. Truck drivers dressed like - ewwww!

Lloyd: (comes into the bedroom) Excuse me, can someone help me find Malcolm's Bio-Chem notes? I need them to do my assignment.

Lois: Get out of here, Lloyd! I'm in labour! I'm about to give birth!

Lloyd: It's a really important assignment.

Cut to the hospital, where the boys are waiting in the corridor.

Reese: We're the worst kids in the world. Mom was right!

Dewey: We really are evil little trolls, who have absolutely no consideration for anything but ourselves. And destroy anything we come in contact with. Or are lucky we don't end up in prison or dead.

Malcolm: (comes over with a piece of paper) Here's what we're going to do. There's a class that starts here in ten minutes. It's all about how to be parents of newborn babies. We're going to take it.

Reese: What are you talking about?

Malcolm: We're going to learn how to help out. We're going to learn how to be good for once.

Dewey: All right!

Reese: Yeah. This baby's not going to be dropped on its head all the time.

Dewey: Yeah... what? (they all head off to the class)

Trey: Take a deep breath, and blow it out like you're blowing out a candle! (the guys all make breathing motions)

Abe: AARRGGHH! Oh, my God! I thought my fingers were going to explode!

Craig: Hey! Hey, I found something! There's been a slight increase in incidents of babies born with a tail. I wonder if that makes it easier to tell when they're happy?

Lois: Where the hell are those Paramedics?

Brian: They'll be here any second. Steve called them ten minutes ago. (pause)

Steve: Yeah, that's right. That's what I did ten minutes ago. (walks off and the guys all start talking at once again)

Cut to the hospital, where Malcolm, on behalf of the boys, is explaining to the Parenting class teacher why they want to attend.

Malcolm: So, anyway, we just feel awful. That's why we really want to take this class.

Teacher: Oh, my God! You should feel awful, you're horrible children!

Reese: That's our point!

Teacher: Well, I suppose everyone deserves another chance. All right, you can take the class.

All 3 boys: Thank you! Yes!

Cut to the Parenting Class.

Teacher: (pointing to a diagram) When your milk duct is blocked, it's

Cogmastitis. It's important that you let your baby suck the obstruction out of the breast. And don't be alarmed if the baby then vomits up a cottage cheese-type substance. Now, join me over here. (everyone gets up and moves to another area)

Dewey: Like I needed another reason to hate cottage cheese.

Reese: I've been kind of zoning in and out here, but did she just say milk comes out of those things?

Malcolm: Reese, that's what they're for.

Reese: My God! Woman are the cows of people!

Cut to the hospital, where Hal is lying on the bed, still unconscious.

(Hal's dream)

Hal: (weakly) I'm coming, Lois! (slides himself off the bed) I'm coming, Lois!

Cut to Hal running through the street, brace, straps and all.

Hal: (calling) I'm coming, Lois!

Cut to Hal riding on the bulbar of a bus, along with a bike)

Hal: I'm coming, Lois! I'm coming!

Cut to Hal running along the street, past a park and into a house that looks just like his, but instead a fat guy lives there.

(end of dream)

Hal: (in his sleep) I'm coming... Lois.

Cut to the house, where birth preparations are underway.

Piama: Here, I bought some towels to put under your knees.

Lois: Oh, Piama, don't use the good towels.

Grandma Ida: What does she know about towels? Her people dry themselves off by throwing dirt on their backs!

Lois: Thank you, Piama. Thank you very much.

Grandma Ida: (sitting on the bed next to Lois) I'm sure the Paramedics will come and get you very soon, and before they do, there's something I want you to know. Your father had a second family.

Lois: What?!

Grandma Ida: This slutty cocktail waitress in Manitoba. She was nothing but a pig. And the children that came out of her?!

Lois: Mother, why are you telling me this now?!

Grandma Ida: In case you die, I don't want you to think of him as a decent man. But don't tell your sister. Let her stew in her own ignorance. I only tell this to my favourite. (loud banging)

Lois: What are you doing?!

Francis: Building calms me down, ok? We're all trying to find ways to cope with this!

Lois: Yes, Francis. I'm trying to cope with this pregnancy BY GIVING BIRTH!

Lloyd: (comes in) Excuse me, I'm working quietly. I'd appreciate it if you could work quietly too.

Cut to the hospital.

Hal: Can I get out? (gets his hand free and undoes the straps and runs off)

Cut to the parenting class. Reese is talking, while tossing the doll around.

Reese: My biggest fear is that I won't be a good big brother. Babies are born stupid, and they're really counting on your. (teacher looks angry) They'll touch stuff they shouldn't (squashes doll's head), they'll eat anything. I'd say half of our Legos have been through this kid (points to Dewey with doll)

Dewey: Probably more.

Reese: (doll's head comes off and other participants gasp) Can I get a new baby? (throws head up in the air)

Cut back to the house, where Lois and Francis are both yelping. Everyone else is standing outside.

Piama: Lois, let go! Or at least grab his hand!

Steve: They say that childbirth is the most painful thing a person can go through.

Lois: (smoking cigarette) With a little light pancake, you could pass. You don't have to hang out with the other ones, you know.

Steve: (getting angry) Ok, you know what? So here's the thing, lady. We're better than you. Every one of us, in every way. I'm smarter than you. More educated, and I contribute more to Society. I have a family that loves me. I live in a big house, drive a nice car, and make more money in a year than you've probably made your whole lifetime.

Grandma Ida: Big deal, so you're a drug dealer! (scaring Grandma Ida) Booga-booga! (Grandma Ida screams and runs off)

Lois: Oh, Hal, where are you?!

Francis: The Paramedics will be here any minute, just hang on!

Lois: I can't hang on, it doesn't work like that. This baby is coming now!

Trey: Lois, you don't want to push until you're at least 10 centimetres dilated.

Lois: Well, take a look if you want!

Trey: Well, I - I - I'd be happy to look in your mouth.

Grandma Ida: (coming inside) Do you know, those animals are in your backyard right now, pacing back and forth like it's Africa. When this is my room, they don't come within twenty feet of the door!

Lois: Oh, I can't believe she's here! I can't believe my sister picked now to have a fight with her! I can't believe I'm actually going to have to move into the boys' room!

Piama: (holding cold washcloth to Lois's forehead) Calm down. Does your sister know that your mother is dying?

Lois: What are you talking about?

Piama: Does your sister know your Mom has a fatal disease that she's been hiding, and this might be her last chance to make peace. With her mother. Who's dying.

Cut to the parenting class, where the boys are practicing diaper changing.

Reese: Wipe! Cream! Done.

All 3 boys: Yeah! (they high-five each other)

Malcolm: Number One!

Dewey: In your face!

Participant: We're just learning how to take care of our babies.

Reese: That's loser talk!

Dewey: We're going to be the best big brothers ever. We aced diapering, and we totally own tub time.

Reese: I'm so glad I memorized all the common household chemicals that can be poisonous to the baby.

Malcolm: You know, all this stuff parents have to do. All the feedings, and bathings, and diaperings, and safety stuff, and scheduling. It just made me realise. Mom never did any of this!

Reese: (holds up bottle) There's a bottle of this on our headboard.

Dewey: No wonder we turned out the way we did.

Lois: ... in six months. Maybe a year.

Lloyd: I'm going to need that computer.

Craig: Not today, squirt. Lois is about to have a baby, and I'm in charge of research.

Lloyd: (sees picture on screen) She's hot.

Craig: (angrily) I can't work with somebody looking over my shoulder!

Lois: (on phone) Well, I'll see if I can find her. (calling) Mother, telephone!

Grandma Ida: (coming inside) Is the Border station going to return my rifle? (on phone) Hello?... Yes... well, I'm glad to hear you say that... no, I'm fine. I'm here with You-Know-Who, and she's doing you-know-what... again. (starts laughing)

Trey: Where are the paramedics?! These contractions are too close to time!

Lois: Francis, this baby's going to be born any minute. I want you to do

something for me.

Francis: What do you want me to do?

Lois: I want you to deliver the baby!

Francis: What?! No!

Lois: You can do it! You've done it before! You deliver barn animals all the time!

Francis: You're not a barn animal!

Lois: Francis, your father isn't here, you're the only person I trust!

Francis: You don't even like me!

Lois: But I love you, which is why you're going to do this!

Francis: No! You can't make me!

Piama: Francis, your mother is asking for your help!

Lois: Francis, you can do this. You know that you can. Now, you're going to put your hands inside of Mommy, and take out this baby!

Cut to the hospital, where Hal, who is hallucinating, enters an old lady's ward, whom he thinks is Lois.

Hal: Oh, Lois. I've found you! I missed the baby.

Imaginary Lois: It's ok. The baby is fine, Hal.

Hal: Honey, I'm the worst husband in the world. (crying) I can't believe how terrible I am! (hugs the old lady) I can't believe I made you go through this alone! I wish I could have been there!

Imaginary Lois: You were there, Hal.

Hal: I was?

Lois: We're a part of each other. Wherever I go, you're there. You are always with me.

Hal: I love you. (starts making out with the old lady)

Old Lady's Husband: Oh, my God! What is that man doing?!

Hal: (imagining it's Lois talking) What?!

Old Lady's Husband: Get that sicko off of her!

Hal: What?! Lois, are you -

Old Lady's Husband: Someone call the Police!

Malcolm: Dad!

Reese: Oh, my God!

Malcolm: What the hell were you doing?! (Hal comes out of it and sees the boys standing there with the old lady's husband and another relative. He then looks back at the bed and sees that 'Lois' is really an old lady, and screams)

Cut back to the house, where Francis is delivering the baby.

Trey: (covering his face with his shirt) Can you see the head?

Francis: Not yet.

Lois: You're not even looking!

Trey: Is it starting to crown?

Francis: Yes... yes! God, I can't believe I'm looking at... this! I'm gonna die!

Trey: If the head is completely crowning, it's ok to push! (Lois groans)

Grandma Ida: (coming to the doorway, with her bags) If anyone calls, I'll be at your sister's. No, don't worry, I'll let myself out.

Piama: Come on, Lois. Come on!

Francis: Ewww. Ewwwwww! Ewwwwww! (finally lifts the baby out, and it starts to cry) Oh! Oh! I got it! Oh, my God! (calls to the guys) I got it!

Guys outside: Yes!

Trey: (as Francis wraps baby up) Put it on her chest.

Lois: (taking baby from Francis) Hi, baby. Hi! Hi, baby. Oh, thank you, Francis! This is the nicest thing you've ever done for me, I'm so proud of you. You can go vomit now.

Guys: (as Francis emerges from the bedroom) Yeah, way to go! (they all clap and watch as Francis runs across the yard, clutching his stomach)

Abe: (calling) Well, is it a boy, or a girl?

Trey: (calling) It's a beautiful, healthy baby - (ambulance sirens drown him out)

Abe: (guys cheer and hug) I knew it!

Paramedics: Ok, so who's having the baby) I told you we shouldn't have stopped for coffee.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom, later. Hal (no longer in his head brace) and the boys are now home. Hal is sitting on the bed with Lois, playing with the baby.

Lois: I'd forgotten how small they are.

Hal: I'd forgotten how good they smell.

Reese: (the boys come in) Ok, hand it over. (Dewey takes the baby from Hal)

Malcolm: It's five-thirty, it's time for the baby's sponge-bath.

Dewey: Look how full this diaper is. When was the last time you changed it?

Malcolm: Have you at least come up with a name yet?

Lois: Yes... Jamie.

Dewey: It fits.

Reese: (as the boys head into the bathroom) We'll come back when your udders are ready.