

502 WATCHING THE BABY TRANSCRIPT

- Lois: Finally, Mama's going to have some pictures of her beautiful baby to show all her friends at work.
- Polly: Seriously, if you want me to stay a few more hours and baby-sit, I – I won't mind. Lois looks exhausted.
- Hal: No-no-no-no-no, we're fine. We'll see you Monday.
- Polly: Wait, isn't today Monday?
- Hal: It's Friday.
- Polly: Oh my god, I'm supposed to be in court today. I'm filing a restraining order against my sister. She thinks that just because she's been my boyfriend's first and third wife, she has some kind of a claim on him.
- Stevie: Isn't that... the Cat Lady?
- Malcolm: I guess. For a while she was the Naked Jogger. But mostly she does four bucks an hour.
- Hal: Ok boys, in the kitchen. You're making dinner tonight.
- Reese: Why do we have to?
- Hal: Because your mother hasn't had any sleep for the last four days. Now get in there! And keep it down, she's nursing the baby.
- Lois: (as Hal leads her into the bedroom) I don't want to go to sleep.
- Hal: Come on, come on.
- Lois: I am telling you, I am not tired. Hal please, just stop treating me like a child.
- Hal: Honey, you need your rest. The boys and I are going to take care of this baby for the rest of the night so you can sleep. So stop arguing with me. (he turns around and Lois is conked out on the bed)

Cut to the living room, where Malcolm is changing a crying Jamie, while Hal prepares to go to the Lucky Aide for diapers.

- Hal: Try to get Jamie to eat while I make a run for more diapers. If that nipple gets clogged, we've got some clean ones in the drawer. I'll only be gone ten minutes, and I don't want anything to go wrong during that time. I am trusting you boys are mature enough to handle this.
- Reese: (giggling) He said nipple.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Hal puts a pack of diapers on the counter in front of Craig, who is more interested in the magazine he is reading than serving Hal.

- Hal: Hey, Craig.
- Craig: When will J-Lo learn? Take it from a bad boy, we're nothing but trouble. (sees the pack of diapers) Oh, you're buying the Tidy Winks.
- Hal: Yeah, and I'm in kind of a hurry.

Craig: I don't want to criticise, but I think I know why you're buying the Tidy Winks. It's the absorbency, right? People always fall for that, but what they forget is the elasticity in the legs is suspected best.

Hal: Craig, I just –

Craig: You know, since I'm kind of little Jamie's unofficial, second, alternate godfather, I've been doing some research, and I recommend you take a look at the baby naps. They've got this fabric that not only has remarkable weaking capability, but –

Hal: (angrily) Craig! For god's sakes, I'm in a hurry! Now, I just want the Tidy Winks, okay? I don't have time for a big discussion. Now please, would you just ring me up?

Craig: Certainly. (rings up the diapers) That'll be \$7.98.

Hal: (fishes around in his jacket pockets, realises he has forgotten his wallet, then looks up at Craig) Craig, don't make a thing out of this.

Craig: Why, whatever do you mean, Hal?

Hal: I'm sorry that I snapped at you before, but I really need these diapers. Can you loan me the money?

Craig: (laughs) I could loan you the money. Hal. But that would be helping you. And since you have a tendency to yell at people who try to help you, I don't think that's the wisest course of action for me to take.

Hal: Look, Lois will pay for these tomorrow when she comes in. (grabs diaper pack and starts walking away)

Craig: (yelling) You can't take those, they're shoplifting!

Hal: Fine. Then I'm shoplifting. What are you going to do about it?

Craig: (calling) Vernon! (the security guard walks up behind Hal, and startles him)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois sleepily rolls over and falls off the bed, onto the dusty floor.

Cut to the living room, where Dewey is taking a soiled diaper outside to bin while Malcolm and Reese make a diaper out of newspaper. Jamie is still crying.

Malcolm: Where's Dad with the diapers? (calling) Dewey, triple-bag that diaper, and make sure the garbage can lid is on tight. And hold your breath, because if you pass out, we're not coming out there to get you.

Reese: Oven mitt.

Stevie: What a fun... Saturday night.

Malcolm: Nobody's enjoying this, Stevie. You don't have to be sarcastic. (goes to answer the door)

Girl #1: Malcolm right?

Malcolm: Yeah.

Girl #2: See, I told you I knew his name.

Girl #1: So, we have a proposal for you and your idiot brother.

Girl #3: Oh, my god. Another one? And he's in a wheelchair. Checkmate! Kathy?

Girl #2: Do you guys want to go out on a date with us?

Stevie: You pray... and you pray... and finally... it happens. (takes a spray of his inhaler)

Malcolm: What do you mean 'go out'? When? Where?

Girl #1: Right now. With us. In that.

Reese: (the boys rush to the window, where they see a limo parked outside Oh, my God, I'll bet it has a toilet. Dibs!"

Malcolm: No, wait, Reese. We're supposed to be taking care of our little brother. We can't just go ride around in the coolest car we've ever seen, with three incredibly hot girls.

Dewey: (runs in from outside) Guys, guys! I put the lid on tight, but I think it's eating through the... (turns around and Malcolm, Reese and Stevie are gone. We hear the limo drive away)... can.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Hal is standing in front of a board containing lots of photos of shoplifters like himself, while Craig takes a photo of him.

Craig: Ok, now look ashamed.

Hal: Ok, can I at least have a phone call to let my family know where I am?

Craig: (pinning Hal's photo to the board) Well, technically you're not under arrest, so no. But, since we're friends, I'm going to allow you to work off your \$7.98. Two hours of minimum wage ought to do it. (hands a mop to Hal, who looks unimpressed, then takes a picture of his facial expression)

Cut to the house, where Dewey is now taking care of Jamie.

Dewey: Stop fussing, I know you're not hungry. Oh, I know. You want your pacifier. Oh, where is it? What do I do? Oh, how about a story? Stories are good. All right. Once upon a time, there was a little baby named Jamie, who had a big brother named Dewey. Jamie worshipped Dewey. Dewey and Jamie always had a good time together, even though their hateful older brothers always tried to make their lives miserable.

Story Malcolm: Hey Reese, do you want to have some fun?

Story Reese: Yeah, fun is good. (he and Malcolm start playing catch with Jamie)

Story Dewey: Stop! Put him down! Stop it!

Story Malcolm: Shut up, Dewey. We're better than you are. (throws Jamie across to Reese, but instead Lois grabs him)

Lois: What do you two boys think you're doing?

Malcolm: We're sorry, Mom.

Reese: I'm stupid.

Dewey: And the two older brothers paid the price for their folly.

Story Lois: (as Malcolm and Reese are sucked down the garbage disposal) I warned you two about messing with my favourite children. Maybe this time you'll learn to behave. (turns off garbage disposal) Well, now you don't have to worry about those two any more. And Dewey, just remember, don't go near my closet.

Dewey: Closet. Not bad.

Cut to Malcolm, Reese, Stevie and the girls in the limo.

Girl #1: Ok, so here's the deal, freaks. Our boyfriends left us in the middle of the Fall Formal to go to some stupid party.

Girl #2: Us.

Girl #3: How can Kevin do this to me? I call him twelve times a day, I show up at all his practices. I even changed my whole schedule so that we could have all the same classes.

Girl #1: Well, now we are going to pay them back. Big time.

Malcolm: Wait a minute. There was a Fall Formal? Why wouldn't we know about that? Oh.

Girl #1: So now, we're going to go to this party, and make out with you guys in front of those inconsiderate jerks.

Malcolm: You want to make them jealous?

Girl #1: No, we want to make them puke. See, once they see us kissing losers like you guys, they're never going to live it down.

Malcolm: You came over to our house and asked us out because we were the most disgusting guys you could find?

Driver: Actually, some kid with a hunchback and gills turned 'em down. Said he had too much pride.

Malcolm: Forget it. We're not going to be paraded around like monkeys on a chain.

Girl #3: You know, we've already been disappointed once tonight. Can you stop thinking about yourself for one second?!

Malcolm: I can't believe this.

Stevie: I think... the middle one... likes you.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house where Dewey continues telling his story.

Dewey: Dewey and Jamie had to know what was inside the secret closet, but Mom kept the key hidden under her pillow. So they came up with a brilliant plan.

Story Dewey: (dancing around, waving a ribbon and singing) Tell me, when will you be mine? Tell me, Quando, Quando, Quando. When will you say yes to me? Tell me, Quando, Quando, Quando. (while Dewey distracts Lois with his song, Jamie crawls under the covers to retrieve the key)

Cut to the Lucky Aide. While Craig polishes his name badge, Hal is mopping the floor in the staff area.

Sanjay: Psst! What are in you in for?

Hal: Diapers.

Sanjay: Another victim caught up in the evil net of Craig Feldspar. He's a monster.

Woman: He treats us all on the nightshift like dirt.

Sanjay: The absolute power of Assistant Night Manager has corrupted him. We're nothing better than slaves.

Hal: But you're the employees, you're the people who actually run this store.

Woman: He doesn't care. Do you know what he insists on using in the coffee machine? Store brand. It is so bitter. It's like drinking death.

Woman #2: He won't change the incline of the wheelchair ramp out front. I stall out every damn day until someone gives me a push.

Sanjay: He has an iron grip on the store radio. He forces us to listen only to Show Tunes, even though we voted unanimously for Adult Contemporary. (angrily) What does he have against Phil Collins?!

Hal: That bastard! You can't let him do this to you. Without you, he's nothing. He must be stopped.

Woman: (from out in the store) Vernon. (Hal quickly resumes mopping as Vernon slowly walks past)

Woman #2: I don't know. Maybe Craig's not so bad. He did give me the Employee of the Month award after I cleaned his aquarium.

Hal: Employee of the Month awards are the opiate of the masses. You people can't let fear run your lives. Are you going to act, or suffer under Craig forever?

Craig: (over loudspeaker) Attention all Lucky Aide employees. I need someone to microwave a three-cheese hot pocket asap.

Woman #2: The madness ends now.

Cut to the limo, where the girls are getting back in after discovering the boys aren't at the party.

Girl #3: I told you, they wouldn't stay at Lori's party all night.

Girl #1: Well then, we'll go to Charlotte's party. And if they're not there, then we'll go to Lisa's party. And then we'll try the party out on the pier.

Malcolm: What parties? Who are these people? Do we even go to the same school?

Stevie: Stop rocking... my boat.

Malcolm: Let's just walk home, take our horrible punishment from Dad, and be done with it.

Reese: What are you talking about? These girls want to fool around with us.

Malcolm: Only because we're losers.

Reese: Hey, we're riding in a limo we didn't pay for. We're about to make out with hot girls who don't even like us. I don't know what we are, but we are not losers.

Malcolm: Have you even thought about where this is going? Her boyfriend is Erin Stepanavich. Have you seen that guy? If he sees you kissing his girlfriend, he's going to kill you.

Reese: I know.

Malcolm: Then why are you –

Reese: Because anything's better than the way things are now. Look, I've had this cute lab partner in Science for eight weeks now. Her name is Cheryl. I finally left Cheryl a note on her desk asking her out. And when she read it, she turned to me and said, 'do you know who Reese is?' So then she goes, 'does anybody know who Reese is?' And everybody shrugged. So then I said, 'probably some nobody.' And you know what? I was right.

Driver: Wow, that's awful, kid. You want to wear my hat?

Reese: So tonight, I'm going to fix that. From now on, when I walk by, people are going to say, 'what happened to that guy's face?' Someone's going to say, 'That's Reese. He made out with Erin Stepanavich's girlfriend. And that, I can live with.

Girl #1: Ok, so which one do you want to kiss?

Girl #2: Why don't you just ask me which roach I'd rather eat?

Girl #1: You are such a wuss. You watch, I'll do it. (she and Reese lean towards each other to kiss, but the girl pulls back) I can't do this without a drink.

Reese: You guys can get liquor?

Girl #2: We know a store where this idiot works.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where the girls are being served by Craig.

Craig: Welcome to our country, Mrs Nam-Hong. I hope you're enjoying your stay here. You know, I'm thinking about retiring to Cambodia. I hear you can get a hut on the beach, with a wife and servants for \$100 a month. The only problem is, I need these special orthotics which are very difficult to find in the tropics. Like editions called Pro-Nation, which isn't so bad by itself, but combined with Hammer Toes –

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is still sleepily walking around the house with Jamie, telling his story.

Dewey: Ok, now where was I? Oh yeah. So, Dewey and Jamie waited until it was late at night, and then made their move.

Story Dewey: (looking around) Wow.

Dewey: And that's when they realised, Mom and Dad had created a secret good house, which they went to every night while the kids were asleep. Which is why they were so obsessed with our bedtimes. When we never have anything nice, and they always come out of their bedroom smiling.

Story Hal: This ninety-inch screen is much better than the seventy-five inch we have in the bathroom.

Story Lois: Oh, absolutely. By the way, Dewey asked for ice cream again today. I told him we couldn't afford it. (she and Hal laugh maniacally)

Story Hal: Oh, I wonder what he'd do if he saw our ice cream helicopter. (they laugh maniacally again)

Story Lois: (holding up her drink glass) This could use some freshening up. Did you charge the Brother-Bot?

Story Hal: I believe it's good to go. (activates a remote) Drinks, Francis!

Francis Bot: (in robot voice) You-are-the-worst-parents-in-the-world.You-undermine-my-confidence-at-every-turn. You-are-the-worst-parents-in-the-world.

Dewey: And yet, as unbelievable as all of this was, it still didn't prepare them for the biggest surprise of all. The most incredible thing they'd ever seen: a pair of pants, his size, that had never been worn or handed down from an older brother. With no holes, no stains, no funny smell, no dead stuff in the pockets. He had to wear those pants. (squeals, and Jamie starts to cry) Sorry.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Craig is still lecturing the girls about culture.

Craig: It's not so much a paste, as a crust. I had to have it scraped off by -

Girl: Can we just get our – (feedback noise over the loudspeaker, and then Phil Collins music starts playing loudly, and the night shift employees march towards him, waving brooms, toilet plungers and other objects)

Craig: (screaming) Vernon! (runs off down an aisle into the office) Vernon! (crouches down and grabs the microphone) Vernon, the hamsters have left the wheel! This is not a drill. The hamsters have left the wheel! (as Vernon walks along an aisle, a row of baby powder bottles falls like dominoes, showering him in powder. While he groans in discomfort, two employees grab him and attach him to the blood pressure monitor. Meanwhile, the other staff break into the office, while Craig cowers in the corner)

Hal: (calling as he runs out of the store with the diapers) Congratulations, guys. Now, when he signs that confession, give him his clothes back.

Cut to the limo in the Lucky Aide car park, where the girls freak out about the drink situation.

Girl #1: What are we going to do? I don't know where else to get beer.

Malcolm: Can we go home now?

Girl #2: Shut up. Oh my god! Joe and Erin's here! (the boyfriends pull up in a 4 wheel drive)

Girl #1: Hey, Erin? You think you're so special? Well, watch this. I'll kiss anything!

Malcolm: You don't have to do this, Reese.

Reese: Hey, she's the one who's disgusted by this, not me. (does a weird head movement, then reaches into his pocket and pulls out Jamie's pacifier) Oh my god! Jamie's noo-noo!

Malcolm: What?

Reese: Jamie's noo-noo. He can't sleep without his noo-noo. We've got to get this home. (gets back into the limo and closes the door)

Girls: (still outside) Hey!

Reese: I'll give you anything you want, just take us home, now.

Driver: You know, kid. Just don't ask. You've got heart. (they drive off and leave the girls standing in the car park)

Stevie: Are they... meeting us... later?

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is still telling Jamie the story. Jamie is now in his baby seat on the table.

Dewey: So, the alarm's going off, and Dewey and Jamie are trapped.

Story Hal: Oh my god. Someone is trying to steal the Perfect Pants!

Story Lois: There'll be die-hard consequences for this! Francis, find whoever is stealing the Perfect Pants, and stop them!

Francis-Bot: Do-this-do-that. You-are-terrible-parents. You-have-made-it-impossible-for-me-to-trust-another-human-being. You-are-terrible-parents.

Story Lois: (she, Hal and Francis-Bot open the door and discover Jamie lying on the floor wearing the pants. Dewey is gone) Jamie! I should have known it was you. You are in so much trouble. (Jamie tries to crawl away, but Lois grabs him) You are grounded. Do you hear me? That means no TV, no phone privileges, no going out with your friends. Nothing! (they exit the room, and Francis-Bot closes the door, where Dewey is standing, relieved.

Dewey: The moral of the story is that I'll screw you over in a heartbeat, the way my brothers do me. That's the way it works around here. Oh, you're asleep.

Reese: (bursting in with Malcolm and Stevie) Don't worry, Dewey. We've got Jamie's noo-noo.

Dewey: (as Jamie wakes up and cries) What are you doing?

Reese: (puts pacifier into Jamie's mouth and he stops crying) See? That's all he needed. (Hal bursts into the house just as Jamie spits out his pacifier and starts crying again)

Hal: Ok, everybody relax, I got the diapers.

Boys: Dad!

Hal: What?

Malcolm: Way to go, Jamie was just asleep.

Hal: (angrily) Well, how am I supposed to know that?!

Lois: (Jamie's crying and the boys' arguing wakes her) What is going on here? Oh my god, is that a newspaper diaper? What have you been doing? You've got this baby so agitated, he's going to be up all night! (picks Jamie up)

Malcolm: We could take Jamie for a drive. That always puts him to sleep.

Lois: At this hour?

Cut to the family and Stevie in the limousine.

Hal: I can't get used to this.

Lois: I've never been in a limousine this big before.

Dewey: Yeah right. (Hal and Lois exchange glances)