

508 - Block Party Transcript

Lois: Jamie needs a change.

Dewey: I want to do it!

Reese: No, wait! We're supposed to take turns.

Malcolm: (TC): Mom told us Jamie swallowed one of her diamond earrings. Whoever finds it when it comes out gets a 20 buck reward.

Lois: Let Reese change this one, he hasn't gotten to in a while.

Dewey: Oh man!

Malcolm (TC): Somehow they never noticed that Mom doesn't own any diamond earrings.

Reese: (carrying Jamie off) Smells like my ticket to Easy Street!

Cut to the family in the car, driving home from vacation.

Malcolm: (TC): Every year for the last five years, we've spent a week in a cabin on a lake. This year got ruined and we had to come back three days early.

Lois: All I'm saying is I don't ask for much. Once a year I want to sit on a porch, stare at a bug zapper and make smores over a trash can.

Hal: The problem is the boys have gotten soft. God forbid they should have a little interaction with nature.

(cut to a clip of the boys at the lake with bugs crawling on them, screaming)

Hal: I blame video games.

Lois: (as they arrive at their street, which has been blocked off) What's going on?

Police Officer: Sorry folks, street's closed.

Hal: We live here. What is this?

Police Officer: You live here and you don't know? It's the Annual Block Party.

Lois: Annual?

Police Officer: Every year for the last five years.

Cut to the Wilkersons unloading their car, when a neighbour comes by.

Hal: Oh, hey Lloyd. What's going on?

Lloyd: Oh, Hal. You're back early.

Hal: What is all this? Why didn't we know about it?

Lloyd: Well... we came out this morning, and the sun was shining, and people started talking. It was a spur of the moment thing.

Hal: The banner says '5th Annual'.

Lloyd: Huh.

Malcolm: You guys throw a block party every year when we go away?

Lloyd: You know, I'm not consulted about the scheduling, there's a whole committee that takes care of - no, but I'm boring you. (he and his wife walk away)

Cut to the house, where Lois is on the phone to Jamie's babysitter.

Lois: Polly, yeah, we got home early. Listen, would it be ok if we walked over and dropped off Jamie for a couple of hours? There's a block party here, and we wanted to enjoy it. Ok, great. Thanks.

Malcolm: Enjoy it?! Doesn't anyone besides me get it? The whole neighbourhood hates us! So much, that they throw a giant celebration just because we're gone.

Lois: Malcolm, that's not news. I'm just surprised they're so organised.

Malcolm: It doesn't bother you that everyone despises us?

Lois: No. These people need somebody to be mad at. Having us to hate gives the whole neighbourhood something to bond over.

Hal: Your mother's right, son. Communities seek out a common enemy. If it wasn't us, they'd all team up against someone else. Probably a minority.

Lois: Malcolm, you can't spend your whole life worrying about what people think about you. They all like you, they all hate you, they all think whatever they want to think, and then you die.

Malcolm: Is that supposed to cheer me up?

Lois: I don't know why you need cheering up. You are a teenage boy with a block party right outside his door. Now, you can stay in here and sulk if you want to, but your father and I are going to go and have a good time.

Hal: (calling) Come on, honey. Oh, my god. It's a lawnmower parade!

Cut to the Grotto,.

Francis: Hey, Otto. What's this?

Otto: It's called a mount. It is an artificial cow's hindquarters. This will allow us to extract precious seed from Bruno. He cost me a fortune, but there is gold in those schlepels!

Francis: Can't we just let him go out and mount the heffers?

Otto: No! Bruno is much too rough for my girls, they have lived very sheltered lives. Most of them are even embarrassed by their milking.

Francis: I'm going to have to be the one to work this, aren't I?

Otto: It's not as bad as you think. All you have to do is climb inside. Bruno will mount you, offer his Schwartzencopf and you will extract the seed.

Francis: That's a million times worse than I thought!

Otto: Oh, now Francis, there's nothing to be afraid of. (holds up pair of safety goggles) Hmm, now I wonder why you have to wear goggles?

Cut to the block party, where a dance class is performing.

MC Ed: Let's hear it for Miss Michelson's class! I speak for all of us on Maple, and Jefferson, when I say the whole neighbourhood gets a lot nicer at this time of year! (the neighbourhood applauds)

Cut to some kids having a silly-string fight, which stops immediately when Malcolm walks over.

Malcolm: No, no. Go ahead, keep going. (the kids all stare at him)

Kid: We were done, anyway. (Malcolm walks off)

Cut to Reese and Dewey walking along the street.

Dewey: You know, I never really thought about us being the most hated people in the neighbourhood.

Reese: Well Dewey, most people go through life unnoticed. Their names are never in the paper, they've got no laws named after them. That's fine for most people, but I wanted more. (sees a group of kids sitting on the sidewalk, exchanging cards of some sort) Hey! (the kids all run off screaming) It's not always easy. You don't make a lot of friends being unpopular. (rips up the cards)

Kid: Someday we'll all get even with you, Reese!

Reese: Oh.

Dewey: What is it?

Reese: That kid just gave me the best idea of my life!

Cut to Hal and Lois walking along, holding hands.

Hal: You know, we don't do this often enough. just walk around the neighbourhood.

Lois: It's nice, isn't it?

Hal: Remind you of another fair 20 years ago?

Lois: (laughs) You spent 70 dollars to win me a 3 dollar stuffed animal.

Hal: Well, they make those hoops too small on purpose. If I hadn't played till I won, they never would have learned a lesson. Besides, I wasn't trying to win a stuffed animal. I was trying to win you.

Lois: (putting her head on Hal's shoulder) Oh, Hal.

MC Ed: (as everyone stares at Hal and Lois) I urge you all to stay calm, and try to enjoy the fair anyway. Otherwise, they and their awful children will have won!

Cut to Malcolm walking along the street, where he sees a man loading boxes into his car. He goes over to assist.

Malcolm: Oh, let me help you.

Man: Oh, you don't have to do that.

Malcolm: I don't mind, I'm glad to do it.

Man: Oh, thanks. That's very nice of you.

Malcolm: Really? Is there anything else I can do for you?

Cut to the house where Malcolm is helping the man load the boxes into his now fully-loaded car.

Malcolm: I'm just saying, kids should not be blamed for how terrible their parents are. I mean, if Saddam Hussein had a son - well, maybe that's not the best example, but you know -

Man: (getting into his car) Son, I don't care what anybody says. You're a very nice and thoughtful young man.

Malcolm: Thanks. I'm really glad I met you!

Woman: Hey! What are you doing?!

Malcolm: Huh?

Man: Who was that man?!

Malcolm: What do you mean?

Woman: Oh my god! We've been robbed!

Cut to Malcolm sitting on the sidewalk while the owners of the house reprimand him.

Woman: ... here while he robbed us?!

Malcolm: I was walking past, he needed help!

Man: You helped him?!

Malcolm: He was swaying!

Man: And you just believed him when he said that this was his house?!

Malcolm: No, he didn't say that, exactly. I mean, it was implied. I have a lot on my mind!

Lois: Oh, you are from that family in that house, aren't you?!

Malcolm: Yes, but I'm not like them!

Woman: Do you even realise what you've done?!

Man: What were you thinking?!

Malcolm: I just wanted somebody to like me! (starts crying)

Cut to the fair, where a man is doing a performance.

MC Ed: Thank you, Jim. Now, coming up in just a few minutes, we have our Fifth Annual Kielbasa-Eating Contest! Sponsored by Stavis Brothers. The Kielbasa that makes you go, mmmmm! (laughs)

Lois: Kielbasa-Eating Contest?

Hal: I remember a certain pigtailed girl who could pack away a dozen king-size.

Lois: That was a long time ago, Hal.

Hal: Come on, Lois. A woman reaches her gastronomic peak at just about your age. I'll sign up with you. Unless, you're afraid I'll beat you.

Lois: Hal, you're good at a lot of things, but this is Kielbasa. Let's go.

Cut to Dewey walking into the Wilkersons' yard with a group of neighbourhood kids.

Dewey: It's either a lizard or a baby alligator. It's been in our cesspool for a month. I think he lives on poo.

Kid: Where is he?

Reese: (walking into the yard) Hello, everyone. (kids all gasp) Don't worry. If I wanted to beat you up, you'd all be hanging from your underpants by now. I've gathered you here to make you an offer.

Dewey: What kind of offer, Reese?

Reese: I'm glad you asked, Dewey. It's no secret that I've tortured all of you over the years. Some of you have scars on the outside (removes one kid's hat to reveal a shaved spot in the back of his head). Some of you (puts his hand on another kid's shoulder) are damaged in places we can't see. Each one of you wants revenge. And you know what? You're entitled to it.

Dewey: Gee, Reese. Revenge sounds great. But how can we accomplish that?

Reese: Another good question, Dewey. For twenty bucks, I'll let each one of you beat the hell out of me for thirty seconds.

Dewey: Boy, Reese. This is tempting. But how do we know you won't let us hit you today, but then get even with us tomorrow?

Reese: That's the beauty part. I'll be tied up and blindfolded the whole time you're beating me. The line will form at the garage in one hour. I'm not going to tell you how to get the money. Your mothers all have purses. Except for you, Freddy. Your mother wears a travel belt.

Cut to the Grotto, where Otto and Francis are preparing for mounting.

Otto: (entering the stable) so, is everything good to go?

Francis: I think so.

Otto: How do you plan to work her?

Francis: What do you mean, 'work her'?

Otto: Well, you know, you will sit here, waiting for Bruno to become frishbrutton, and enter the artificial hindquarts. And then maybe you'll rub the hips a little bit (demonstrates), maybe you'll tease him with the tail. (starts banging the contraption) Gosh, I hope this is sturdy enough to take his weight. You know, he weighs 4,000 pounds. And when his patience is out, he might come down with (hits contraption again) Crash force!

Francis: I want a raise.

Otto: Yeah. All right.

Cut to the Wilkersons' neighbourhood, where Malcolm is in tears while still being reprimanded by the house owners.

Woman: Would you try and calm down, please?

Malcolm: Not just the neighbourhood! It's the whole world!
The way people treat each other, I mean, why does
it have to be like this?! There's just so much
hate!

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where the kids are lined up at the
boys' bedroom window, paying their money and telling Dewey their
revenge plans.

Kid: What about pulling Reese's hair?

Dewey: No, his head will be covered. (takes the kid's
money) Look, you're thinking too hard. Just let
your hatred tell your body what to do.

Reese: (coming into the bedroom) How are we doing?

Dewey: So far 23 kids have signed up. We've taken 460
dollars!

Reese: (grabbing the money) Oh my god!

Dewey: Just remember, we've got to save twenty bucks for
the cab ride to the hospital.

Reese: (looking at the pile of money) I'm going to get the
crap kicked out of me for money! This is the
greatest nation on earth!

Cut to the fair, where the Kielbasa-Eating Contest is about to begin.

MC Ed: It's a beautiful day in the neighbourhood, as we
begin our Fifth Annual Stavis Brothers Kielbasa-
Eating Contest! (the crowd cheers)

Hal: I try to line them up like one continuous dog. It's
the space between Kielbasas that tells your body
it's full.

MC Ed: With us this year, we have our old friends: Louie,
Jerry, Jackson, Lois and Hal, and last year's
champion, Big Tony! And eaters, take your marks!
(bangs the bell and the contest begins)

Cut to Malcolm sitting on the sidewalk, where a small crowd has now
gathered.

Woman: Are you going to be ok? (Malcolm nods) He's going
to be fine, now. (the crowd starts to walk away,
but stops when Malcolm starts crying again)

Cut to the candy stall, where Reese shoves a younger kid aside to get
to the candy.

Stall Attendant: Hey!

Reese: I'm in a hurry! I'm getting a beating in fifteen
minutes. What do you want for all of this? (holds
up wad of money)

Stall Attendant: What?

Reese: I'll take every piece of candy that you've got.
(hands over some of the money)

Stall Attendant: (to other kid) Get out of the way! Let me get you a bag for that.

Reese: I don't need a bag. (starts pouring candy down his shirt) But I would like to hear you sing. (holds up more money)

Cut back to the Kielbasa-Eating Contest, where two contestants have been eliminated.

MC Ed: Well, ladies and gentlemen. We've lost Jerry and Jackson, but Louie's put away six! But, he has a long way to go to catch up with Hal and Tony, who have eaten nine apiece. Now just a minute, Lois has eaten nine too!

Hal: (through a mouthful of Kielbasa) You're magnificent!

MC Ed: (as Louie gives up) And we just lost Louie. Looks like it's down to three!

Man: Unbelievable!

Woman: What is it?

Man: Hal and Lois are maxing Big Tony dog to dog!

MC Ed: (as Lois looks ready to give up) Oh, wait a minute. Is this the end of the road for Lois?

Lois: Hmmm? No, I just want more Sour Croat.

Cut to the house of the robbery, where Malcolm is still upset.

Man: (crouching down next to Malcolm) Look kid, will you please just go home?

Police Officer: Is there a problem here?

Man: It's all right, Officer. We can handle it.

Malcolm: There was a robbery. And I helped.

Woman: We're not pressing charges, we'd just like to forget about the whole thing.

Police Officer: Well, you still have to come down to the station and fill out some forms.

Man: You know, looking through the house, I don't think he got much. Just a bunch of junk from the garage.

Woman: Yeah, it's pretty hard to say what was taken.

Malcolm: I can tell you. I have a photographic memory. I can picture everything I put in the car.

Man: How would it be if we just phoned you later?

Malcolm: There were nine boxes. 14 by 12 by 21. A computer, and two high-definition colour printers. A signature machine, an embossing machine, two bottles of solvent-based Inkroticator. Three reams of linen-textured cotton paper with fluorescent security fibres, which you could use to counterfeit money. But for that you wouldn't need an embossing machine. Unless you were going to forge stock certificates! (turns to the owners) Oh my god! You're criminals!

Cut to the criminal couple getting into the Police car, while Malcolm watches.

Malcolm: And you know what the saddest part is? I used to care what you thought about me. (TC): Actually, I still do care a little.

Cut to the Kielbasa-Eating Contest.

MC Ed: Ladies and gentlemen, this is astonishing! Last year's record is shattered! (it isn't long before Tony gives up) Oh my god! Big Tony's for the count! Hell, it's down to Hal and Lois now!

Hal: You are going down, honey!

Lois: We'll see.

Cut to the line of kids outside the Wilkersons' garage, ready to beat up Reese.

Dewey: All right. You all know the rules. You each get thirty seconds. Absolutely no weapons of any kind. (the kids all drop their various weapons) All right, let me go see if he's ready. (goes into the garage) Reese, it's time to start. Here's your first secret anonymous customer! (bends down) It's Bobby Markovitch. (pretends to let Bobby in, but closes the door again and instead starts kicking Reese himself) Not so hard! Don't hurt my brother! Ok, you! Your time is up.

Reese: (who is hiding up in the rafters, watching)

Dewey: Reese?! What are you doing up there?! (looks down at the kid lying on the ground) Who's this?!

Reese: Some kid I found on the street. I don't know his name.

Kid: Chad.

Reese: Chad. Sorry, man. How could you hit me like that?! You're my brother! And my partner! And you didn't pay! (Reese struggles to get down, but Dewey hits

the garage door button. The door opens and Reese becomes stuck)

Kid: Let's get him! (the kids all race inside and start pounding Reese. The candy inside his shirt spills out, and they all rush to grab it)

Cut to the Grotto, where Francis is now sitting inside the contraption.

Francis: (climbing out) It's been two hours, this isn't happening. (turns off the CD player) Send him out to graze. (reading manual) Hey, look at this. It says we're supposed to smear on cow pheromones. They're supposed to make him crazy, no wonder he isn't into it. (looks through a bag) Do you see a bottle of pheremones?

Cut to Otto, who is sunbathing, and rubbing himself with the cow pheromones, which he has mistaken for sunscreen. Bruno smells it and runs towards Otto)

Cut back to the fair, where the Kielbasa-Eating Contest is a tie between Hal and Lois. The crowd is going wild.

MC Ed: It's been quite a day ahead of the sausage-eating. Both Hal and Lois are pushing the 21 mark. It's an amazing spectacle! Two great competitors pushing each other to claim a greater height.

Malcolm: (arriving back at the fair) What's going on? (TC): Oh my god! They're cheering for my family! I mean, it's for a totally lame and ridiculous reason, but they're cheering!

MC Ed: There's only one Kielbasa left, and it's on Hal's plate! The title is his, if he can finish it. (Hal flings the Kielbasa into the air and Lois spears it with her fork. She puts one end in her mouth, Hal takes the other, and they munch on it until they end up kissing. Ed watches, crying) Well, we couldn't have imagined every possible ending.

Woman: How could we ever have been so wrong about them?

Man: They're good, good people. It feels strange, not hating Hal and Lois any more. But god, I love living here. It's a great neighbourhood.

Police Officer: (to a different couple) I'm sorry I wasn't able to help with that noise, Friday night. Did that music ever stop?

Woman: Wait... you're the one who called the Police on my party?!

Man: You had a party and you didn't invite me?

Man: Oh, don't do that. Why are you such a big baby?

Woman: Don't you call him a baby! At least I don't have to ask him to mow his lawn every two weeks!

Man: Well, from what I hear, he's been mowing your lawn!

Man: Don't you talk to her like that! (all the neighbours start arguing)

Police Officer: Everybody calm down!

Cut to the street, where the neighbours have all gone home and it's just the Wilkersons.

Hal: Honey, there's no line for the giant slide.

Lois: (feeling sick after the contest) That's ok, honey. I'm just going to lie down here on the pavement.

Malcolm: (TC): Well, I guess Mom was right. We were serving a purpose in the neighbourhood all these years.

Dewey: (walking over with two bags of popcorn) Hey, Reese. Want to come help me fill up the Moonbounce with this?

Reese: Nah, I'm going to go put dogs in the Ferris Wheel.