

**520 VICTOR'S OTHER FAMILY TRANSCRIPT**

Francis: Guys, look. I like you both. You work hard. But you've got to realise how other people see this relationship. Dude Ranches have a lot of conservative customers, so even though I personally don't have a problem with you two as a couple, this has to stop. (opens gate) Thunder, get back in your own stall.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is watching TV, when Hal comes in with a letter.

Hal: Dewey, I just found this letter. It says your school's going to have a Father/Son 5k race. And it was in the trash.

Dewey: I wanted to save you the trouble of agreeing to do it, then coming up with a bunch of lame excuses when you don't show up. It's degrading for you, and even though I should know better, still slightly disappointing for me.

Hal: (sits down next to Dewey) Come on, I'm not that bad.

Dewey: Last week you missed my class performing an original one-act play that I wrote.

Hal: Well, I was there yesterday when the Mayor presented you with an award for it.

Dewey: No, you weren't.

Hal: Well, I saw every second of the video. Look, son, I am going to be at that race. (gets up and walks off)

Reese: (on phone) Ok, if you say so. I'll check. Mom, do you want to talk to dead Grandpa's secret other family?

Lois: What did you say?

Reese: This lady says she's your sister, and she wants to talk to you. (hands her the phone) Make it fast. I have a radio station in Hawaii on hold.

Lois: (on phone) Hello?

Roberta: Hello, Lois. This is Roberta, from Manitoba. Your sister... half way. God, this is weird.

Lois: Hi. Um, what's up?

Roberta: You know, your Mom's lawsuit is over.

Lois: I hope you know, I didn't have anything to do with that. Please, I tried to talk her out of it, but she just wouldn't listen. And I'm so sorry she gave your phone number tho those prisoners.

Roberta: Well, it's all water under the bridge. It's just, now that the court case is over, it - it just felt weird to have family that I didn't ever talk to. So, now I am...

talking. Uh, not very well, apparently. (clears throat)  
God, where is my Diet Root Beer?

Lois: You drink Diet Root Beer? I drink Diet Root Beer too.

Cut to the family outside, packing the car.

Lois: I'm telling you Hal, it is uncanny how much we are alike. We both have five letters in our middle name. We both like movies about English ladies living in tropical countries. We have the same ring size, and we both hope to go skiing one day.

Hal: Wow. Make sure I get the right one back. I wish I could come. (Dewey gives him a look) Although, obviously not as much as I want to go racing with Dewey. (chuckles) Right, sport?

Dewey: It would be pretty to think so.

Reese: (Jamie starts crying) Get ready for 21 hours of this.

Malcolm: Reese, you put him in the seat face down.

Lois: (answering her cellphone) Hello? Oh, hi Mom.

Grandma Ida: I lost the case. They said I was never legally married to Victor, because there were no documents. Oh, that Judge had guts after what I mailed him.

Lois: That's very sad, Mom.

Grandma Ida: Not married! Victor came to my house, and defeated each of my brothers in combat. The proof, was the bite marks on his back.

Lois: Mom, I really don't want to hear this again.

Grandma Ida: My life is horrible! I can't think of anything but death. I thought I'd come down tomorrow for a visit.

Lois: What?! You want to come see us tomorrow?! (signals to Malcolm to think up an excuse)

Malcolm: Birthday party for Jamie.

Lois: Mother, that's a great idea. We would love to see you, because tomorrow is Jamie's birthday. And there are gonna be kids here, and balloons, and songs -

Grandma Ida: I just remembered. Tomorrow I'm getting waxed.

Cut to the house of Victor's second family.

Lois: Oh, I can't ring the doorbell. It's too weird.

Reese: You can do it. Canadian doorbells work just like hours.

Lois: No, Reese. I mean, it's strange. These people have the same DNA as us. It's kinda spooky.

Malcolm: (steps forward and rings doorbell) Don't be so freaked out, Mom. There's nothing spooky about this.

Roberta: You must be Lois. And I bet that you're Reese, and Malcolm, and Jamie. I'm so glad you're all here. Come in, come in.

Lois: So, is Dad's other - I mean, is Victor - is your mother here?

Roberta: Uh, yes. But she's really, uh -

Sylvia: You shouldn't have come! I haven't had time to finish the cookies, and my hair is just a mess! (sees Lois) You look just like your father! Well, we're all thinking it. I don't care how uncomfortable this is. Give me a hug! (hugs Lois)

Reese: Wow. Grandpa really went for old women.

Cut to Malcolm and Jerome sitting in the patio.

Malcolm: (TC): Genes are weird. Reese and I are brothers, and we're barely the same species. But Jerome is my half-cousin, and we look the same, we stand the same, and we're already talking like we're best friends.

Jerome: Malcolm, you're describe an ontology of modality that's completely consistent. As consistent as logicism. (they both laugh)

Malcolm: (TC): And he's funny.

Jerome's Brother: Hey, Malcolm. I'm gonna take your brother goose hunting.

Malcolm: You're taking Reese hunting?

Jerome's Brother: Yeah. He says he's never held a gun before, but boy, he seems like a natural with it.

Reese: God, I hope the zombies attack today.

Malcolm: So, how's your school?

Jerome: Ok, I guess. They've got me in this accelerated programme.

Malcolm: Me too. Kinda sucks.

Jerome: Yeah. It's great being so popular, but every group of friends you're in expects you to go to all their parties. Which is like, physically impossible.

Malcolm: Yeah. Impossible.

Jerome: Not to mention juggling homework, Hockey practice, being President of the Student Body, and still trying to find enough time for your girlfriend. Oh, I have to call her. (pulls out his cellphone)

Malcolm: (TC): I'm clinging to a slight hope that she's imaginary.

Jerome's Girlfriend: Hello?

Jerome: Hey, it's me... you did get the flowers... I'm glad you like them...yeah...

Malcolm: If we were born so much alike, then why is he so much happier than me?

Roberta: (coming out with a plate of cakes) Were you talking to that cute girlfriend of yours? Wait, you know what? That's none of my business.

Malcolm: (TC): Oh.

Cut to Lois and Roberta in the living room.

Lois: Roberta, your house is so lovely. It's just beautiful, and everything is so fancy.

Sylvia: Well, thank you. I can't take much credit for it, though you know Victor. He loved to spoil us. (puts a cake down on the table and sees the photo album Roberta is holding) Oh, look. The Lake house. I think that's the summer we nursed a Heron back to health.

Lois: Oh, it's beautiful. Here's one of the toolshed. One time we killed a wasp's nest inside it.

Roberta: Look at this one. You girls are dressed like Hobos. Oh, was that a fun costume party?

Lois: Yeah. Really fun. And long.

Roberta: Here's another one of Dad doing his pretend angry face, and you doing a pretend sad face. I don't think you guys are serious in one of these photos.

Lois: That's us. Just a couple of kidders. You know, I can't get over how happy and friendly Dad looks in picture, after picture, after picture.

Sylvia. (pours cups of tea then sits down) Yeah. You know, Victor wasn't perfect. Sometimes he'd come home a little grumpy. But, I'd sit him down, we'd talk it out, and before you knew it, he'd be laughing and joking and giving the girls hugs and kisses.

Lois: You know, I think I need a little fresh air. (gets up as Jerome and Malcolm come inside. (whispering to Malcolm) Boy, this is weird. I keep thinking about why things turn out the way they do. It's amazing how different your life could be, if you just changed one person.

Malcolm: Tell me about it. You know what else is strange?

Lois: What?

Malcolm: Have you heard a bird, or a cricket, or anything in the last two minutes?

Lois: No. Everything's gone as quiet as a graveyard. (they turn around, see Grandma Ida standing at the door, and scream)

Grandma Ida: Sylvia!

Lois: Mother, what are you doing here?!

Grandma Ida: (mocking Lois) "Oh, Mommy. I'd love you to come to my baby's party." You think I was born yesterday? I could spot lies coming out of your mouth since before it had teeth in it.

Lois: Lock the door. (Malcolm edges towards the door but Grandma Ida lets herself in) Aha!

Roberta: (panicking) Oh, my God, mother! She's inside. Lock yourself in the den. I'll call the Police.

Grandma Ida: So, Lois. Are you enjoying your, "celebration"? Looks like you sold your soul cheap enough. Coconut cake?! From the woman who stole your father's fluids?! And made bastards with them?!

Lois: Mother, what the hell are you doing?! Get out of here, the Police are coming!

Grandma Ida: Why? I don't even get to look at what was stolen from me?! Where do you think she got this money? This couch was my trip to Paris! Look at this place! While we live like dogs, they were playing on grand pianos, and eating with napkins! Why do you think you girls were so short and ugly? Victor fed you on beans, so he could give his other daughter Ballet lessons.

Sylvia:(from the den) Ida, I think you should know that besides the restraining order, I have a knitting needle! All right, it's a Crochet hook.

Grandma Ida: Listen to me, tough guy. I know about Victor's other pension! Victor worked for Paragon Brush from 1960 to 1964. Manitoba Family Law says, "As Common Law wife, I am entitled to the pension.

Sylvia: I really don't know what you're talking about.

Grandma Ida: Truth will bust out of the grave, and strangle you. And your whole family!

Lois: Mother, we will discuss this later! If you do not turn and leave, so help me, I will tear that wig off your head and everyone will see your tick scars!

Grandma: It's not over!

Reese: (as he and Jerome's brother arrive home) Canada is the greatest nation on the face of the earth. (calls) Hey, Grandma. I can't believe I've never been hunting before. (Lois looks angry) Nature's so complex and beautiful. And bad at hiding.

Jerome's Brother: (crying) Never... again. He was... it was... a horrible laughter!

Reese: Thanks, man. (hands Jerome's Brother the gun) I'm not going to need this any more. Next time, I'm going to make a little eye contact.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Hal announces a practice session for himself and Dewey, with two days left before the race.

Hal: All right, the race is in two days. Let's get out there and practice. Where do we keep the sports bottles?

Dewey: Do we really need props for this charade?

Hal: (finds fire extinguisher in the cupboard) Hey, when did your Mom get a fire extinguisher?

Dewey: (nervous) Uh, Dad. You probably don't want to -

Hal: Why would she hide this from me? (sets off extinguisher and sprays himself in the face)

Cut to the kitchen, where Dewey is talking to Lois on the phone.

Dewey: (on phone) Yeah, Mom. He found it... the doctor says two weeks. Bye. (to Hal) I have to admit, you almost had me fooled. I really thought you were going to come through this time.

Hal: Dewey, it was an accident. Believe me, if I wanted to blind myself, there are one hundred easier ways I could have done it! Knowing that I let you down hurts much more than burnt corneas. And they hurt a lot! (starts crying) I hate breaking a promise to you, Dewey. I really do. (he doesn't realise Dewey has left the room) It's the truth. (sits down) I remember once when my Dad told me he was going to take me to an air show.

Cut back to the house of Victor's second family, where Malcolm is sitting in on Jerome's Student Body meeting.

Malcolm: (TC): Jerome is amazing. He was born with the same brain as me, but he used it to become friends with the kind of popular, well-adjusted people who hate me.

Jerome: You're right. Nobody cares about Student Council. But I say, what's bad about getting together, planting a few trees, and making the school a little more pleasant for everyone?

Malcolm: (TC): Wow. Jerome took something seriously, and didn't get laughed at. It's like the triple lots of High School socializing. (Jerome sits back down, not realising someone has put a Whoopee Cushion on his seat) I'm glad it's him, not me. (Jerome laughs, along with everyone else, then stands up and hugs his girlfriend) Why couldn't that be me?!

Jerome: (as everyone heads off) Hey, don't forget about tomorrow night, Karaoke party.

Malcolm: You do Karaoke?  
Jerome: Yeah, you should come.

Malcolm: Karaoke's not my thing. I mean, you can probably sing.

Jerome: No, I can't. I'm terrible.

Malcolm: Then why do you do it? Aren't you afraid you'll look like a total idiot?

Jerome: Hey, if you're afraid of looking stupid, you'll never have any fun.

Malcolm: (TC): He's forgetting about fun at someone else's expense. God, he's so much better than me.

Cut to a Lawyer's office, where Lois and Ida are having a meeting.

Lawyer: We froze Victor's pension because of the dispute with the other family. But you're absolutely right: Manitoba Law states that "The Common Law wife is entitled to her husband's pension". And even if the other family isn't willing to sign a Release, you would probably prevail in court. Of course you'd have to prove you're the Common Law wife, with DNA tests of children, lease in both your names, phone bills, that sort of thing. But I think you'd win.

Grandma Ida: Finally, a Canadian who isn't an idiot.

Lawyer: The problem is, the pension's only \$43.50 a month, Canadian. And what, with hiring a Lawyer, court costs, other expenses, it would all cost so much, I don't see you breaking even for twenty or thirty years. Do you think you'll live that long?

Lois: God no! I mean, (rubbing Ida's back), no.

Lawyer: I'm really sorry. Look, just so today isn't a total loss, I'm going to fix you up with a coupon for 10% off our Elite Wonder Bristle. It's the brush I use. (leaves the room)

Lois: Ok, Mom. You tried. Let's go.

Grandma Ida: No. We're going to do this.

Lois: What? Were you listening? He said you're going to lose money going after this thing.

Grandma Ida: I don't care. We're going to get a lawyer.

Lois: Do you really hate these people so much, that you're willing to ruin yourself, just to get even with them?! It's stupid!

Grandma Ida: He was my husband.

Lawyer: (coming back into the office) Ok, here's your coupon. If there's anything else you need, feel free to give us a call. Just think of us as Victor's second family. Well, uh, third.

Cut to the house of Victor's second family, where Lois has arrived.

Sylvia: Hello, Lois, dear. (looks around for Grandma Ida)

Lois: My Mom's not here.

Sylvia: Come in.

Lois: Look, Sylvia. It turns out, there is a pension, a tiny one. \$40 a month.

Sylvia: Is that all?!

Lois: Yes, and my Mom's all worked up about it, and she's willing to waste all her money on a court fight to get it.

Sylvia: Oh, dear.

Lois: So, I was wondering if you'd be nice enough to just sign a Release so she could have it.

Sylvia: Oh, I don't see that ever happening. Goodbye, Dear. (guides Lois towards the door)

Lois: But, you people got everything. For my Mom, this is all she's got. She's just looking for some way to feel connected with her husband.

Sylvia: You mean my husband. (closes door in Lois's face)

Lois: This conversation is not over! (Sylvia goes and turns up the stereo, then sits down and picks up a magazine, while Lois stands at the window, yelling at her)

Cut to Grandma Ida's flat, where she and Lois are going through some old bits and pieces.

Lois: Aha! A check for Victor's sister, with your signature on it!

Grandma Ida: Beautiful! Let them try and say that's not a marriage. And look! (holds up photo) The pig Victor got for my dollery.

Lois: It might take a year or two, but we are going to get that \$40 out of their eye sockets! (Grandma Ida laughs like a maniac) You know, Mom. If this thing does go to trial, it might help us if you worked a bit on your demeanour. You know, when you deal with other people, you could be pleasant, and say, "how are you?" And that way, people will think that you care about their feelings, and then they might care about yours.

Grandma Ida: What the hell are you talking about?!

Lois: I'm just trying to help you.



Grandma Ida: (hugging Lois) I know you are, Vuschka. I'm sorry. Just a lot for me to remember. You can show me more tricks tomorrow. (gets into bed)

Lois: It's kind of funny, huh, Mom? After all these years, you and I are actually helping each other. (goes to retrieve a document that's been slid under the door)

Grandma Ida: When you live as long as I have, you get used to anything. What's that?

Lois: It's the results of the blood test that Lawyer wanted me to take. This says paternity is genetically impossible. This says that Dad is not my father!

Grandma Ida: I was 80% sure you were his.

Lois: What?!

Grandma Ida: The very second Victor walked in the house, I dragged him to the bedroom. I guess his soldiers got outranked.

Lois: What?! Mother, how could you do something like that?! I was lonely.

Grandma Ida: Your father had a lot of business trips. Now, we know what his business was.

Lois: Then who was my father?!

Grandma Ida: Oh, what do you want to get into that for?! Rodo Goboski. The only interesting thing about him was, he could walk up a flight of stairs on his hands.

Lois: What about Susan? Is she Dad's daughter?

Grandma Ida: Anything's possible.

Lois: How could you lie like this?!

Grandma Ida: (taking results sheet from Lois) Sweetie, don't be upset. We can change this A, to a B. The Judge will completely buy it.

Lois: Mother! I'm taking Jamie and getting out of here. (leaves)

Cut to Dewey's school, where it is the day of the race.

Dewey: Dad, I don't want to. It's demeaning.

Hal: What's demeaning about it? (Dewey looks at Hal's Guide Dog) Oh. (starts running on the spot)

Dewey: Dad, your right shoe's untied.

Hal: See, Dewey? Teamwork! (bends down and mimes tying his shoelace).

Announcer: Runners, take your marks...set... (gun goes off and Hal runs completely off-course. He runs through a reserve, a wedding and on a treadmill outside a shop).

Cut to the house of Victor's second family, where it's Karaoke Night.

Jerome's Brother: (singing) She's a brick house.

Jerome: (to Malcolm) You're next.

Malcolm: Jerome, thank you. I thought I was genetically doomed to be unhappy. But you're my blood, and you can be happy. So that means I can, too!

Cut to the patio, where Roberta and Sylvia are sitting. Lois arrives with Jamie.

Lois: Hello.

Roberta: Hello, Lois. Can I pick him up? (whispers) I talked to Mom about it, she's being stubborn and completely unreasonable. (sits down with Jamie) Aren't you a cutie pie? You are.

Sylvia: I don't want us to have another argument, Lois.

Lois: We don't have to. I have some news. We did a blood test. I'm not Victor's daughter. It turns out, I'm not related to you people... at all.

Roberta: But we're so alike.

Lois: I know, it's amazing, isn't it? You know what's even more amazing? It doesn't change anything. Because no matter what, I know that I am Victor's daughter. That horrible, deceitful, bitter man was my father. He was my father when I was two, and he locked me in the closet. He was my father when I was eight, and he got me drunk. He was my father on my wedding day when he told Hal he could do better. He was my Dad.

Sylvia: You've got a funny little brain, young lady. But if it makes you feel better, I'm happy.

Lois: Well, you know the same way that I know he was my father, I know that Ida was his wife. Not technically, not legally, but I know it. And you know it, too. And that's why you hate her so much.

Sylvia: I don't hate, dear. I'm Canadian.

Lois: Well, it's why you're angry, then. But the problem is, you're angry at the wrong person. It's not Ida. It's Victor, your husband, who betrayed you both, who manipulated you both, who made you both feel like you weren't worth being the only one. You hate him. And you know what? He deserves it. Funny thing is, I came up here because I thought Roberta and I were the same. But it's you and my mother, who are really alike.

Sylvia: I'll sign whatever you want. Just don't ever say that again.

Cut to the Karaoke party, where it's Malcolm's turn.

Lois: (comes inside) Come on, Malcolm. We're going.

Malcolm: I want to stay here with my cousins.

Lois: They're not your cousins. Turns out we're not even related to them. Now, come on. (Malcolm stands there, shocked. Eventually he drops the microphone and goes outside.)

Reese: (arrives at the house, covered in mud) Look, you're going to hear a lot of stories, none of which are true, about some weird stuff happening in the woods. There could be some grainy photos, but my point is, we should get over the border as quickly as possible. Let's go!

Cut to Hal still running the "race". It's now dark.

Hal: Dewey, please. Can't go on much longer. (touches some tape fencing off an area where cops are working, and thinks it's the finish line) I did it! I did it, I did it, I did it! (laughs) I did it!