

603 STANDEE TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm: (TC): After two months of unemployment, Mom went to Lucky Aide and begged for her job back. They finally let her come back as a Probationary Employee.

Lois: It just goes to show you, Malcolm. If you want to wear the smock, you can't be afraid to humble yourself. (Malcolm leaves the room) I'd forgotten how well this hangs.

Hal: (rushes in) Honey? I've got a surprise!

Lois: Oh, we're running late, Hal. I can't be late while I'm still on Probation at the store.

Hal: This is worth it! (leads her into the living room, where a cat habitat has been set up) Ta-da! It's a cat habitat. You know how you're always saying there's no reason for us to get a cat? Well, now there is one! It's got a tetherball, two main decks, an activity centre and a crow's nest to look out for other cats. I call it, Cat-Man-Do.

Cut to the yard where Hal is dragging the cat habitat to the kerbside to get taken with the trash.

Hal: Like every idea she has is so great!

Dewey: Do you think it's going to snow?

Hal: Don't be silly. It hasn't snowed in a year and a half.

Dewey: That could change. We could have a snow day any day now. I deserve a snow day!

Hal: The whole neighbourhood's going to see this thing in our trash, and know your mother is nuts!

Dewey: It's awfully big. Do you think the Trash Man's going to take this?

Hal: Oh, he'll take it. That's why I'm leaving him a six pack. (places beer cans onto the cat habitat) You're the only thing I've ever been proud of. Come on, Dewey.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Lois is serving a regular customer to the store.

Customer: Didn't you used to work here a couple of months ago?

Lois: Oh, yeah. I practically ran this place for about twelve years. If anything, I still hold the record.

Craig: (comes over and attaches "Help Me Learn" badge to Lois's smock) Lois, Mr Crechale said probationary Employees have to wear the pin.

Customer: It's so big.

Craig: I've been on Probation lots of times, Lois. You can choose not to feel humiliated. They're just trying to break your spirit with the pin, and the drug test, and those Draconian hygiene checks. I suggest for the next two weeks, you wash your hands after using the bathroom, just in case. Oh, by the way, they changed the codes. (Lois sighs) The Women's' Room isn't 456892, it's 630385. Oh, and if you ever need the Men's, don't try 876466, it's 459929.

Lois: (gets distracted by Craig and rings an item up incorrectly) Damn it. (over intercom) Overring on Two. (Malcolm comes over and fixes it)

Customer: I'm sure you're good at lots of things.

Lois: (sees Craig putting up a standee at the liquor display) What is this?

Craig: It's the new ad campaign for Smooth Malt Liquor.

Lois: You don't find this offensive?!

Craig: Why?

Lois: It's a black janitor with a mop and a six pack of Malt Liquor in his hand.

Craig: I don't know that he's the janitor, maybe he just spilled something.

Lois: (sees the name badge of the standee) His name is Slappy?!

Craig: A delightful throwback to a simpler time.

Lois: Well, I'm getting rid of it. (picks up standee and walks off)

Craig: If you get caught, I don't know about this. And I would have loved to have been called Slappy growing up!

Cut to the Wilkersons' yard. The cat habitat still sits, despite the Trash Man having been and gone.

Hal: The Trash Man didn't take it?!

Dewey: Nope.

Hal: Where's the beer?

Dewey: Oh, he took that. He drank one and poured the rest into his Thermos.

Hal: And he left this here to mock me.

Dewey: Maybe we can chop it up.

Hal: No! Dewey, we are not accommodating him. I did not pour my heart and soul into this thing so that the Trash Man could refuse to take it away. There are principles that need to - (sees cats in the habitat) Shoo! Get out of

there! (several cats jump out of the habitat, meowing)
This society is falling to pieces.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Lois sees Malcolm going to put the standee back.

Lois: What are you doing?

Malcolm: We had to replace the one that was stolen last week. I think Craig took it.

Lois: Craig didn't take it. I took it, and put it in the trunk of my car.

Malcolm: Mom, what are you doing? You're on Probation.

Lois: This is completely racially insensitive, it has no place in this store.

Malcolm: But Mr Crechale told me to put it up. (Mr Crechale is standing across from them)

Lois: Well, I'm telling you to take it down.

Malcolm: I can't do that. You're not my boss here, Mr Crechale is.

Lois: Mr Crechale didn't tear three inches getting you out of him. Now, are you going to take this down or not?

Malcolm: No. (turns and walks away) (TC): She isn't coming after me, is she?

Cut to the Wilkersons' yard. It's trash collection day again, and Hal runs outside to talk to the Trash Man.

Hal: Excuse me! Excuse me!

Trash Man: (getting out of the truck) Yeah?

Hal: I don't know if you remember, I put this cat habitat out last week.

Trash Man: Yeah, I can't take that. It's too big.

Hal: But, you took the six pack that I left you. You must have known it was an advance thank you.

Trash Man: Actually, I thought it was an overdue apology.

Hal: Apology? Why would this family give you an apology?

Trash Man: Because you people are pigs! You don't even use half the stuff you throw out. And nine months after your wife leaves three Birth Control pills in the pack, here comes the disposable diapers again. Talk about screwed up priorities! You guys buy those generic diapers that break apart in the can, and yet I notice someone could afford a Toblerone every Friday!

Hal: Hey buddy, this family's trash is none of your business! (calmly) You know what? Let's start again. There's no

reason we can't be civil. Now, you have a hard job. It's a job I respect.

Reese: (coming over with a bag of trash) Hey, Oscar. Here's your lunch. (Trash Man throws down the bag, kicks the wheelie bin, climbs back into the truck and drives off) All high mighty for a trash guy.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Lois is at the register serving a customer. Nearby, Malcolm is setting up a teddy bear display.

Lois: (messes up ringing up an item) Oops. (over intercom) Over-ring on Two.

Malcolm: (comes over to fix the problem, and sees Lois has put up a picture of him in drag) What's that?!

Lois: Mmm?

Malcolm: I threw that picture away!

Lois: Oh, we still have a negative. It reminds me of the old you. Back when you still knew right from wrong.

Malcolm: Just because I'm not doing what you want, doesn't mean you get to humiliate me!

Lois: Humiliate you? You mean there's an offensive image on display in the store?

Lady: My son used to love to play dress-up just like that. Give him a call. (hands over slip of paper with phone number)

Malcolm: Take that down!

Lois: Gee, I'm not doing what you want. You're not doing what I want. Maybe we should bring Mr Crechale into this, since he's the only one whose opinion you seem to care about.

Cut to Malcolm holding the open employee manual, with Mr Kerchel standing behind him.

Malcolm: (reading) "No employee may display personal items in his or her workspace." Don't worry, Mom. It only added a day to your probation.

Employee #1: (holding a symbol of God) I'm sorry, God. You're against the rules here.

Craig: (crying as he rolls up his cat poster) I don't know who I am any more.

Cut to Hal parked outside the trash man's house. It is now dark. He gets out of the car and quickly empties out a trash bag onto the trash man's lawn, before driving off again.

Hal: Now, that's the name of that dude.

Cut to the Wilkersons' yard the next morning, where Hal comes out in his pyjamas and discovers the trash man has dumped a huge pile of rubbish on their lawn.

Hal: I have to admit, I didn't see this coming.

Cut to the yard, where Lois is now standing, staring at the trash pile while Hal makes a phone call.

Hal: Well, the Sanitation Department claims that the trash man has an airtight alibi for last night. If I want to haul this stuff away myself, I need \$12,000 for a 19 tonne truck, and a classified sanitation license, which I'm pretty sure I don't have. Honey, I don't want you to worry about this. I will get rid of this crud, no matter how long it takes. (a neighbour walks by with his dog and tosses its poo bag onto the pile.) Hey! What makes you think that's ok?! Honey, I am not going to tell you that this is ideal. But if we refuse to fight this fight, then we're really living in garbage. Garbage of the spirit! And that's got to be the worst kind. Now, I feel sorry for our neighbours with no garbage on their lawn, but we don't want to sound too superior, everyone's doing the best they can.

Lois: (holds her hand up) N - (walks off)

Hal: You know Lois, there are things I don't say, like none of this would have happened if you'd let us have a cat!

Cut to the house, where Dewey wakes up and discovers the trash in the yard. He goes straight to his room, changes into winter clothing, and, pretending the trash is snow, goes sledding in it. He then makes a trash snowman and trash snowballs, which he throws at Reese who is nearby cleaning Hal's trash-covered car.

Cut to the house, where the family are eating breakfast when Dewey comes in wearing a suit he found in the trash pile.

Dewey: Can you believe some of the stuff people throw out?

Hal: Did you shut the door, tape the cracks and spray?

Dewey: You know, if you just dive in, you get used to it. (walks off)

Reese: How am I supposed to tell if the milk is bad? Everything in this house smells the same. (smells his armpits and looks unhappy)

Hal: (takes the milk from Reese and pours some into his coffee) Principles don't always smell like roses, boys. We are in this situation because this family stands for something. I expect a little stoics around here.

Malcolm: Oh, I'll be stoic, Dad. Until the massive pile of trash we're living in starts to decompose, and the maggots start fighting with the cockroaches about who gets to eat the rats' faecal matter, and then you're going to hear some complaining from me.

Hal: (sniffing the air) I think we've got a leak in here. Reese, check the windows.

Craig: (bursts into the house, moaning about the smell) Oh, I didn't think I'd make it.

Hal: On the table. (Craig smears something above his top lip and breathes in and out)

Lois: (coming in) Hey, Craig. Ready to go.

Malcolm: Craig's driving you?

Lois: Yeah. You can take the car.

Malcolm: But we can just go together.

Lois: Could we? Huh. You've been so intent and acting like we weren't in the same family.

Malcolm: No, that's not what I've been doing! I'm just mature enough to draw out a station between what goes on at home and what we have to do at work.

Lois: Oh, I see. So it's ok to sell out your principles as long as long as you're doing it for money.

Malcolm: (angrily) Yes, Mom! Big money! I've thrown away all my morale and agree to go to hell for \$6.25 an hour!

Lois: You know that sign is a bigoted image, Malcolm.

Malcolm: It's not that bad. It's a picture of a man with a mop and a beer. People who mop drink beer. People who drink beer mop.

Craig: Oh, Slappy? He's amazing. He's tripled our Smooth Malt Liquor sales.

Lois: I can't believe I've raised a son who is so insensitive to things that really matter!

Malcolm: (getting up from the table) If I'm insensitive, I got that way by watching you!

Reese: (angrily) Both of you, stop it! You're making this place unliveable!

Lois: Let's go, Craig.

Cut to the house, where Hal is hosting Poker Night.

Guy #1: I think it's nice when someone does a little extra for Poker Night. I mean, a six tonne pile of trash? (the guys all laugh)

Guy #2: You know, the smell around here actually makes Hal's dip taste good.

Guy #3: Man, you didn't tell me this, Hal. I'm going to throw it out on the front yard. (puts pile of cards on the table)

Hal: (stressed) Guys, I really don't know what I'm going to do. I mean, if I give up now, what kind of example does that set for my boys?

Guy #4: Yeah, that's a tough one, Hal. A man keeps chipping away at his authority. The next thing you know, he's not the king of his own massive pile of garbage. (all the guys laugh again)

Abe: Come on, guys. Hal's suffering. We really should be more sensitive... no, wait, I got one. I see my favourite band out there, A Flock Of Seagulls! (the guys laugh) (knocks over his beer) Oh, man! (stands up) If anyone looks at my cards, I'll be able to tell.

Lois arrives home from work, carrying the standee. She puts it down in the living room, in front of Abe and the Poker buddies, who stare at it in shock.

Malcolm: What the hell are you doing?!

Lois: I just thought I'd show this to the guys. You can explain why you've been fighting to keep this up at the store.

Malcolm: I wasn't fighting for it, I was just told to put it up by my boss.

Lois: You also added very vehemently that, "it's not so bad". Maybe you can explain to everyone here why this isn't racist.

Guy #1: First we picked the cotton, then we had to solve them moral dilemmas.

Guy #2: It's probably the saddest sight of all when racism impacts on white people. (the guys all start laughing and joking)

Lois: Will you stop it? I need your help! This is a completely offensive false image of African-American men! (Abe stands up with his beer in one hand and the mop in the other, just like Slappy. The guys are all amused.)

Malcolm: You know what's really bothering you? You don't think I'm prejudist. You're just mad that at work I don't have to obey you. And now that I'm getting older, you're losing more and more control over me every day. You can't stand that soon I'll be free!

Guy #1: He has a dream!

Guy #2: Sing it, my brother!

Lois: Should we talk about what's really bothering you? It's that you know I'm right! You do have a code of ethics that you're trying to deny!

Malcolm: What do you know about ethics? Bringing this in here to embarrass me in front of Dad's friends?! Did I tell Dad that sooner or later he'll realise he'll look ridiculous, and quit this stupid fight with the trash man?! Did I?!

No! Because, no matter how mad I get, I always treat you with some level of decency!

Hal: I realise I look ridiculous.

Lois: Hal, that's not the point!

Abe: Stop this! Just stop! What do we need to fight for? It's a nice night. We came here to play cards. Can we just play cards?

Guy #1: Why, what have you got?

Abe: Nothing. (the guys all groan and end the game)

Cut to the yard the next day, where Hal is walking along spraying the trash pile with bug spray. When one can runs out, he throws it on the pile and opens another.

Dewey: (from under the pile) Dad?

Hal: Dewey?!

Dewey: Dad?

Hal: Dewey? Dewey, where are you?

Dewey: I don't know! My garbage port collapsed.

Hal: Can you breathe?

Dewey: Yes. But I don't want to!

Hal: Just keep digging until you reach daylight. (goes over to Reese, who is standing by a tree, watching)

Dewey: Hey. I got your note.

Hal: I need some help with this, I am in over my head.

Reese: You did the right thing coming to me.

Hal: Your mother can never know!

Reese: It's not a problem. There's a way to solve this little trash dilemma, but I need to know that you'll go all the way. You have to want it bad.

Hal: The fact that I came to you should prove how desperate I am.

Reese: Good enough. From here, there's no turning back. We can implement my plan tonight. (glances at his watch) Meet me back here at exactly six o'clock.

Hal: That's in twenty minutes. Do you want to go now?

Reese: Ok.

Cut to Hal and Reese driving along the street in the garbage truck. It is now dark.

Hal: It's not stealing, it's just borrowing. Not stealing, just borrowing.

Reese: First we pick up all the trash from our lawn. Then we top it off with a little medical waste, and we pay a visit to a certain garbage man.

Hal: And those guard dogs are going to be ok?

Reese: They may have a slight headache.

Hal: Son, if you could just apply this kind of focus and determination to your school work--oh, that ship has sailed.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Lois is at the register when Malcolm walks over and puts the standee back up, then walks away before Lois notices it.

Craig: (coming over) Only six more hours until that pin comes off! The last six hours of probation are what I call 'The Danger Zone'. Your eyes are so focussed on the finish line, you don't even realise your hands are stuffing your pockets full of trail mix.

Lois: Damn it, Craig. Do you believe in right and wrong?

Craig: I'm not sure I follow.

Lois: (angrily) Let's just say there's something you have to do, and you've been hoping someone else would do it. But you've gradually realised you have to do it yourself, even if it breaks the rules.

Craig: Dear God, I thought I'd lost my chance years ago!

Lois: Huh?

Craig: Let's just get in the car and drive. You don't have to pack, I have clothes for you in the trunk.

Lois: Oh, for the love of God. (goes over and takes the Standee down herself)

Shirley: Thank the Lord you're getting rid of that thing!

Lois: Oh, Shirley, I had to. I just couldn't stand it any longer.

Shirley: Oh, believe me, I know. Ever since that thing went up, I swear we've had so many more black people in here.

Lois: What?!

Shirley: That is not our clientele. We just don't have the personnel to follow them around. Thank you, Lois. (walks off, and Lois, who at first looks shocked, soon changes her expression to a smile and returns the standee to its place)

Malcolm: (coming over) What are you doing?

Lois: I'm putting this back.

Malcolm: Really?

Lois: You know I've always believed in admitting when I was wrong, but there were things about this I hadn't considered. Maybe I was too focussed on controlling you. The point is, I want this to stay. This has to stay!
(walks off)

Malcolm: (TC): Wow! Now all I want to do is take it down. I mean, look at this thing! It's horribly offensive! What year are we living in, his name is Slappy for God's sakes!
(picks it up, then puts it down again) If I take it down now, she'll think I'm only doing it to be contrary. Am I only doing it to be contrary? No. I really am offended. These are my true feelings which I wasn't able to have before, because I was being contrary. Unless, it's the opposite of that. Ok, I am definitely taking this down, and I'm walking away and leaving it here while I pretend to do nothing and figure out what to do.

Cut to the Wilkersons' yard, where Hal and Reese are putting their plan into action.

Hal: Ok, go ahead. (Reese stares at the truck's controls, looking scared) Reese, what are you doing?! Come on!

Dewey: Dad, I followed a possum that led me out!

Hal: Dewey, not now! This is Daddy's time with Reese.

Dewey: Are you sure this is a good idea?

Hal: Dewey, I don't need you talking sense to me right now!
(Reese accidentally pulls out a water fixture and water sprays everywhere. He then crashes the truck into a car, setting off the alarm. He and Hal panic and run off down the road)

Dewey: What good is running going to do? We live here!

Hal: (calling) Nice try, little boy!

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Malcolm is standing alone in the store, staring at the standee.

Malcolm: If I leave it up, Mom gets what she wants. If I take it down, Mom still has hooks on me which is what she really wants. No matter what I decide... wait a minute, I don't have to decide. I can leave it to chance. (takes a coin from his pocket) Heads, I take it down. Tails, I'll leave it up. I'm not listening to my Mom any more. (looks at the coin) From now on, I'm listening to you. (the coin drops, and lands on its side)

Cut to the trash man's yard, where Hal has served him a fancy lunch.

Hal: I'm so glad you like the fillet. It really brings out the finish in the wine. (glances around the trash-covered

yard) So, we'll be taking away three bags today? (the trash man holds up two fingers) Two. Of course, two.