

**605 KITTY'S BACK TRANSCRIPT**

Dewey, supposed to be washing the dishes, plays Beethoven's "Symphony No. 9".

Lois: I said wash them!

Cut to the yard, where Reese is sunbathing. Cut to him later, now badly sunburnt.

Cut to the kitchen, where the family are eating dinner with the Kenarbans, celebrating Dewey's birthday. Reese is peeling at some skin on his toe.

Hal: That was a good one, Abe.

Abe: Yes, it was, wasn't it?

Lois: (to Reese) Stop it. You're going to give yourself Leprosy.

Abe: Thank you so much for letting us be a part of Dewey's birthday. You enjoying your special day, son?

Dewey: I expect nothing, and I'm still let down.

Abe: It's serious.

Lois: I hope you like your present, honey. You know, birthdays are going to be a little thin around here until we get back on our feet.

Dewey: No, I love my "Quarters of America".

Hal: (picking up board) See, we started you out with California and Maine. Oops, these are both Maine. Well, guess you won't be needing this one.

Dewey: Where's Francis? He was supposed to be here for my party.

Malcolm: Oh, he called. There was a TV show he wanted to finish watching. He'll get here after your bedtime.

Abe: Listen, I don't want to step on Dewey's big day, here...

Dewey: Don't worry about it.

Abe: ... but I just can't keep the news to myself. Stevie has been chosen to receive a Teen Courtesy Award.

Hal: Wow, that's fantastic. I don't know anyone who deserves it more. What is it?

Abe: The International Courtesy Association is awarding him a Gallet. That's the award they give to the youngster who best observes a Teen Courtesy Pledge, to be clean, quiet, polite and obedient.

Lois: Congratulations, Stevie.

Stevie: Thank you.

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Abe: See? He can't turn it off.

Hal: Well, we're all very proud of you, Stevie. (everyone starts getting up from the table)

Reese: (to Stevie) I'd keep this Courtesy Award to myself. That crippled thing won't protect you so much.

Abe: The Award Dinner's on the 12<sup>th</sup>. We want you all to come. You've been so good to us through the difficulties. You've been just like family.

Lois: How's the divorce going, Abe? Have you been able to find Kitty?

Abe: No address, but when I searched the Internet, I found some interesting pictures of her. From what I could tell, she seems to have overcome her fear of meeting new people. Whoa, but hey, I'm looking forward. Why, just yesterday, this cute new teller at my bank started flirting with me.

Hal: Really?

Abe: Get this. She told me I forgot to date my chick. Date, Hal.

Hal: Whoa.

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm and Stevie are discussing Stevie's award.

Malcolm: Are you excited about this Courtesy Award?

Stevie: I'll need...your help...with my...acceptance speech. There are...so many...people to...thank.

Malcolm: Have you thought about a blanket thank you?

Stevie: I have... a plan.

Reese: (bursting in) Oh, my God! This is so cool. Did you know that underneath your skin, there's more skin? Why have I always been so careful? (starts peeling back skin on his foot)

Cut to the living room, where the Kenarbans are leaving.

Abe: Thanks for a wonderful night. You know what, I'm seriously thinking about dropping by my bank tomorrow, and asking that new teller for some penny rows.

Hal: Hey, Mr Hot Stuff. Save some for the other fellas.

Lois: Bye-bye, guys.

Stevie: Goodnight.

Hal: Bye.

Abe: Come on, Son.

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Lois turns around and sees Kitty Kenarban looking through the other door.

Lois: Kitty?! Kitty Kenarban?! (opens door) How long have you been out there?

Kitty: Not long. All night. It looked like a lovely party. Hi, Hal.

Hal: Hi, Kitty. I should just...um...hmm.

Lois: What are you doing here?

Kitty: (comes inside) Well, I've sort of been stalking my family, trying to get the nerve to talk to them. I want to come back.

Lois: You want to come back?

Kitty: I know what I did was terrible. I don't know what happened to me. I guess I spent so much of my life being outrageous and uptight and good, that something in me finally snapped, and I had to bed bad. The last two years of my life have been a nightmare of booze binges and hotel rooms. Oh, there were so many parties. So many weird scenes. The childhood game of "Musical Chairs" will never be the same for me. Neither will "Shoots and Ladders", "Candy Man" or "Capture The Flag". But you know what's really amazing? Now that I have done literally everything, I'm finished. I'm done.

Lois: You've done everything?

Kitty: And now I'm done. Done for good.

Hal: Wait, I don't get "Candy Land".

Kitty: I am so sorry for what I've done, I just want to throw myself at Abe's feet and beg his forgiveness, but it just seems impossible. Could you, find it in your hearts to, maybe talk to him for me?

Lois: Oh, Kitty. There's not a chance in the world I would ever do that for you.

Kitty: But I -

Lois: You abandoned your family. Do you have any idea of the pain and humiliation you have inflicted on that dear, sweet man and that poor innocent boy? I know you and I used to be friends, but what you have done is so creepy and evil, it doesn't get fixed with "I'm sorry". It just doesn't. Yeah, that's pretty much it. (door bangs and Francis comes in)

Francis: (excitedly) Hey, where's the party? Oh. Hi Kitty. (Hal motions behind his back for Francis to leave the room) Ok, we'll catch up later.

Cut to the bathroom. Malcolm and Francis are cleaning their teeth while Reese sits on the edge of the bath, still peeling off his skin.

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Francis finishes cleaning his teeth and goes into the bedroom, where Dewey is lying in bed.

Francis: Ok, Dewey. Since you're now officially old enough, today's the day we start your initiation into full brotherhood.

Dewey: Wow. Really?

Francis: Reese went through this, Malcolm went through this, and now, it is your turn.

Dewey: Neat, when do we start?

Dewey: Right now. (pulls Dewey out of his bed and then lies down on it) Get out of bed, and lie down on the Floor of Brotherhood. And give me the Pillow of Paternity. (takes away Dewey's pillow)

Cut to the living room the next day. Abe knocks at the door, and Hal goes to let him in.

Hal: Hey, Abe.

Abe: (coming inside) We need to talk.

Hal: What's going on? (Lois walks in)

Abe: Give me a second. I'm just so... agitated.

Lois: What's the matter?

Abe: Kitty came over last night.

Lois: Oh, Abe. Would you like some tea or something?

Abe: No, thank you. But I would like some clarification.

Lois: What?

Abe: Did you actually call the woman I love, "creepy" and "evil"?

Lois: Wait a minute. You're mad at me?

Hal: What happened, Abe?

Lois: Kitty and I talked all night long. She told me about everything. Every horrifying detail was covered. And by morning, we decided to try and make a go of it. Stevie's over the moon. The boy needs a mother. And lord knows I need a wife.

Hal: Wow.

Abe: So, in the future, Lois, I'd appreciate a bit more support and respect for my wife.

Lois: You're mad at me? Were you going to pretend that the last two years just didn't happen?

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Abe: No, but I don't see the need for you to bring it up when you're not an affected party.

Reese: (coming in) You guys have to see this. You know how you thought I would never do anything with my life? Well, prepare to be blown away. (holds up leg with long layer of skin dangling off it) I'm going for the full body, head to toe. One continuous skin. It'll be the greatest thing ever.

Lois: Reese, get that off my chair, and get out of here. We're discussing something important.

Reese: Fine. You're not getting one dime of the film rights.

Lois: Abe, how can you be mad at me? I've been there for you, day after day, month after month through all the dinners, and the tearful phone conversations, the Parent-Teacher Conferences for Stevie. For God's sake, Abe. I'm your friend.

Abe: Then I wish you'd start acting like one. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a wedding album I have to tape back together. (leaves)

Cut to Francis in the bathroom, standing over Dewey, who, wearing a snorkel, has his head in the toilet bowl.

Francis: Receive the mystic waters that unite us in fraternal bonds. (flushes toilet) For though we are divided by maternal evil, so shall we be.

Dewey: (coming up) Ok, I found something down there. (Francis pushes his head back into the toilet bowl)

Cut to Francis and Dewey outside. Dewey is sitting at the table, holding a jar of ants.

Francis: (hands Dewey a straw) Ok, Dewey. Eat up. You're going to need your nourishment if you're going to get through these next three days.

Dewey: You took three days off work to do this?

Francis: Quit stalling and suck ants.

Cut to the boys' bedroom. Stevie is recording his speech onto a dictophone.

Stevie: Most...of all...I'd like...to thank...my father.

Malcolm: (stops tape) Got it. (rewinds tape so Stevie can practice saying it)

Stevie's Voice: "Ladies and gentlemen, friends and family. Esteemed colleagues of courtesy who honour me, but I can't let this occasion pass without remarking that you all share this award. Tonight helped me raise a better partiality as we strike a blow for stability. As we kiss rudeness goodbye, and wish it well. And furth - (Reese comes in and stops the tape)

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Malcolm: Reese, we're working on Stevie's speech.

Reese: I'm at a critical juncture, here. I've hit a mole, and I'm trying to decide whether I should work around it, or try to dig it out. The roots are pretty shallow.

Malcolm: That's grotesque, Reese.

Reese: You don't understand the important work I'm doing here, Malcolm. I'm creating a new Reese. Shedding my old life. That's how snakes live forever.

Malcolm: You're an idiot. (Lois comes in with a snack)

Lois: I thought you boys might like some chips and lemonade.

Stevie: No thanks. My creepy Mom... gave me juice. (Lois walks off)

Cut to the bedroom, where Hal and Lois are in bed.

Lois: ... not right, Hal. It's just not right. What business do they have being angry at me? Kitty ruined their life. She tore them apart. She tortured them for two years, and I'm the bad guy? I'm not the one with the S.T.D Mammectomy. I'm not the one who smuggled lord knows what, in lord knows where across the Turkish border. (Hal pretends to snore, although wide awake) Hal?

Hal: What? You're absolutely right, honey. You're absolutely right, I couldn't have said it better myself.

Lois: Hal, you're really not helping.

Hal: I'm sorry Lois, but you sort of brought this on yourself. I mean, you should have known better than to say something bad about the girl after a guy breaks up with her. They always wind up getting back together.

Lois: This isn't Biff and Buffy breaking up before the High School Dance. I just - I don't understand how he could take her back.

Hal: He's in love with her. And despite everything that's happened, he's still in love with her. I understand that. I would take you back if it happened to us.

Lois: Oh, you would not. How can you say that?

Hal: There's no life without you.

Lois: Oh, shut up and go to sleep.

Cut to the kitchen, where Dewey is blindfolded. Francis brings over a drip pan.

Dewey: (blindfolded) Aren't you a little old for this?

Francis: Prepare to drink from the chalice of brotherhood.

Dewey: Something smells horrible. Is that the drip pan?

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Francis: You're not supposed to know.

Dewey: I'm not drinking from that. It's disgusting.

Francis: Yes, it is disgusting, but it must be done. (holds drip pan in front of Dewey's face)

Dewey: Oh, man. (starts drinking, and gags)

Francis: (puts tray down) Awesome, Dewey. You did it!

Dewey: (takes off blindfold) I'm done?

Francis: You passed with flying colours. You are now a Full Brother. Now I would like to present to you... (opens cabinet and gets a cookie)... the Cookie of Brotherhood.

Dewey: That's it?

Francis: What do you mean?

Dewey: I did all that crap for a stupid cookie?

Francis: It's a meaningful cookie. It's a symbol of something really cool and special, you little ingrate.

Dewey: It's a symbol of what an idiot I am.

Francis: You know nothing of fraternity and sacred rituals. (Dewey turns to leave, but Francis stops him) Give me back my cookie. (eats cookie himself and Dewey walks off. Reese comes in, wearing a towel around his lowers)

Reese: Well, I hit a little bump in the road. I totally forgot I wasn't sunburnt underneath my swimming suit.

Francis: Are you wearing legwarmers?

Reese: Anything worth doing, is worth doing right. (hands towel to Francis)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm and Stevie are working on Stevie's speech.

Malcolm: (presses button on laptop) And...save. I think this is going to work.

Stevie: Why is... your Mom... so mean?

Malcolm: I guess when you find something you're really good at, you just stick with it.

Stevie: I'm glad... you understand... about my Mom.

Malcolm: Why would you ever think that?

Stevie: What?

Malcolm: Stevie, I'm sure whatever my Mom said was way too harsh, and totally unjustified. But your Mom abandoned you guys. Don't you even care about all the crap she put you and

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your Dad through? She shouldn't be able to just say "I'm sorry" and get away with it.

Stevie: This...conversation...is... over...right...now. (turns wheelchair around to leave. Reese comes in)

Reese: Can anyone help me? I can't reach this.

Malcolm: Get that thing out of here.

Reese: You're spending all this time with Stevie, helping him with his little Wussy Award, and you won't even help someone in your own family reach a mortality?

Stevie: (Reese is in his way) MOVE! (wheels out of the room)

Malcolm: (following him) Stevie...

Reese: Wait, guys! Ok, ok. I see how it is. You want my dream to die! (turns around and sees the now unattended laptop on Malcolm's desk.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom, where they are getting ready for the award presentation. Francis is standing in the doorway holding Jamie.

Lois: I'm sorry you guys are going to miss Stevie's award. Make sure you keep checking in on Dewey.

Francis: What did the doctor say?

Lois: It's weird. He said it's some kind of intestinal thing that people in third world countries get from drinking stagnant water.

Francis: Huh. That is weird. (carries Jamie off)

Hal: You know, you don't have to go.

Lois: Oh, Hal. Stevie's a wonderful boy. I'm going to go and support him.

Hal: He doesn't want you there.

Lois: Well, that's too damn bad. I'm going to support him whether he wants it or not. They think I'm the one with the problem, and they are wrong, Hal. They are wrong. And I'm not going to let them get away with it.

Hal: I just think it's going to be a little... uncomfortable.

Lois: Oh, I guarantee it's going to be a little uncomfortable. And if you do anything to make it any less uncomfortable, I will never forgive you.

Cut to the Award Ceremony.

Rappers: Pardon me, it's nice to meet ya. And I'm Bossy, that's how I greet ya. Hip, hop, hooray!

Lady: Oh, thank you, Sir Please A Lot and and Jam Masters, thank you. Who says rap has to be rude? I wish I could



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thank each and every one of you, for making this night possible. But there isn't time. I'm kidding. Of course, there is. Erin Errison, Barnett Errison, Barnett Errison Junior...

Malcolm: I can't believe you brought that thing with you.

Reese: It has a name, Malcolm.

Abe: Even though the mashed potatoes are not supposed to come with the duck, cram them in there, anyway. Whether the duck likes it or not.

Waiter: Ma'am?

Lois: The beef. Even though it's the carrots that are the problem, I'd like to exclude the broccoli. That may work as a metaphor, Ma'am, but you're really screwing up your entrée.

Hal: I'll just have another Margarita. Oh, and hurry, it's sort of an emergency.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is using the bathroom while Francis stands at the door.

Francis: You need another roll in there, Dewey?

Dewey: Shut up! (flushes toilet)

Francis: I'm really sorry. I got carried away. I just - I missed you guys. And let's face it, torture and humiliation are the only ways we have ever known to say we love each other.

Dewey: You know you're only making yourself feel better.

Francis: Ok, ok. I want to give you something, Dewey. Something special. I've never even told Reese or Malcolm about it. It's like the ultimate defence against Mom and Dad. It's totally bullet-proof.

Dewey: I'm listening.

Francis: In Mom and Dad's bedroom, on the nightstand next to Mom's side is a big vanilla candle. Have you seen it?

Dewey: Yeah.

Francis: Mom and Dad like to use that candle, when they, uh - lock their door and do grownup stuff.

Dewey: You mean sex?

Francis: I'm afraid so. Now it's gotten to the point that every time that candle is lit, all they can think about is, going back to their room. I have never seen it miss.

Dewey: (emerging from the bathroom) Wow. Thanks.

Francis: (holding out hand) We are now Brothers of the Candle.

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Dewey: Francis, you've got to stop that.

Cut back to the Award Ceremony.

Hal: (to the waiter) I'll have another Margarita.

Lois: Wow, I'm learning a lot tonight. I never dreamed there were so many ways of saying "thank you".

Abe: I wish there were more ways to say "you're not welcome". Excuse me. (gets up from table)

Hal: You know what I never have? A Margarita. (gets up and goes off)

Kitty: (Now alone with Lois at the table) Lois, please. This is just too tense.

Lois: I'm sorry. I don't have amnesia.

Kitty: You're the only one who has a problem with this.

Hal: (drunk, to an old lady) You, are one polite old bag, you know that, honey?

Lois: Excuse me. (gets up from the table and goes over to Hal)

Hal: Come here, Oldie. Give us a hug.

Lois: (to bartender) He's cut off.

Bartender: Hey, that's Kitty Kenarban at your table, right?

Lois: Yeah.

Bartender: So are both of you into the same scene? You know, sniff-sniff, reeeowwww?

Lois: I beg your pardon?

Bartender: Ahhh, nothing, nothing. Ahh, listen, um - (pulls out card) Could you give this to Kitty? We were both in the uh, Choir together, and I thought, maybe she'd like to join us for practice sometime?

Lois: (takes card from him) I'd be happy to.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome beloved PBS Children's TV icon, Frank Walston.

Frank: Before we bring out our Guest of Honour, I'd like to say a few words about courtesy. Now, I know that good manners sometimes seem like just a bunch of dumb old rules our parents invented, so they could scold us...

Hal: (drunkenly, yelling out) You got that right!

Frank: ...but, but, manners are so much more. Only human beings have a system that reminds us to care about each other. It is how we live in grace. Manners are what allow us to be kind to each other, to live with each other, but most importantly, they are how we forgive each other. And in

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the end, they allow us to listen to the voices of our bitter angels. Now, can I tell you...

Lois: (gets up and goes over to Kitty) Kitty, please forgive me.

Frank: ...well, the best part is yet to come. So, let us give a warm, courtesy welcome, to this year's gallant. No goof is he. Our own Stevie Kenarban. (everyone claps as Stevie wheels onstage)

Stevie: (lip-synching to pre-recorded voice that, unbeknownst to him, Reese has sabotaged) "Ladies and gentlemen, friends and family, esteemed colleagues of courtesy, you honor me. But I can't let this occasion pass without remarking that you all blow-blow-blow-blow. It means so much and requires so little to take a moment to kiss my butt. In conclusion, I feel the evening would be incomplete without telling that world that I am actually a lady. Thank you. Go to Hell."

Hal: (drunkenly) "He can talk! He's cured!"

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is vacuuming, when Reese comes in with his now finished skin "Reese".

Lois: Reese, your punishment isn't over until that bathroom floor is so clean you can eat off it, which is what you're going to be doing for the next two weeks. And get rid of that thing, it's disgusting.

Reese: Disgusting? If Malcolm made another him out of hair, you'd be throwing a parade for him right now. (Lois sucks up skin) AAAARRRRGGGGHHHH! Noooo!

Lois: It just took it.

Reese: That could have been me. (unplugs vacuum cleaner) I need a few minutes alone with the vacuum. (he carries it off as Dewey walks in, with Hal and Lois's vanilla candle, which he has lit, and puts it on a ledge.

Dewey: (handing Lois letter from school) You're supposed to sign this.

Lois: Disrupted class? Insulted the teacher? Dewey! You are in so much - (sees candle) trouble.

Hal: Ok, first off we have to figure out a punish- (sees candle) uh, punishment.

Lois: That's right, and it's going to be really, really - (Hal rubs her back) That's nice, honey.

Hal: You are going to - uh, to

Lois: Uh, Dewey, we're going to talk about this later.

Hal: That's right. Lois, there's something in the bedroom I've wanted to show you. (they hurry off and Dewey blows out the candles)