

Transcript from Malcolm-France

606 HAL'S CHRISTMAS GIFT TRANSCRIPT

Reese: (throws a ball at the wall, and it knocks down a picture) Crap! (as he glues a loose edge down, he sees a Picasso picture underneath and laughs) Pick. Ass. Oh.

Malcolm: Stupid Christmas vacation. There's nothing to do. I wish I cared about something. Then I could do that

Dewey: You missed it! It was so awesome!

Malcolm: What?

Dewey: Reese just came up with the most fun thing to do. Riding your bike through the graveyard with your eyes closed. He smashed into this one gravestone, flew through the air, hit another gravestone and landed in an open grave.

Reese: Lying in that hole was surprisingly peaceful. I no longer fear death.

Malcolm: I've been sitting here bored out of my mind for four hours. Why didn't you invite me?

Dewey: Didn't we?

Malcolm: No. You didn't. You walked right by me. I thought you were going out to the garage. Oh, well. It's not a big deal. It's just that my feelings are kind of... (TC) Oh, crap!

Reese: Your what, are kind of what?

Malcolm: Nothing. Forget it.

Reese: I think someone has feelings, Dewey.

Malcolm: I do not!

Reese: We've gotta make this right.

Dewey: Group hug?

Malcolm: Shut up!

Reese: Oh, listen to those feelings. Come here, you.

Malcolm: Get away from me! (TC) In our house, that's the "F" word.

Hal: Okay, if we get Reese the walkie-talkies with only two channels, we can move \$8.20 from his pile to Dewey's pile. Then Dewey can get the Spider-man figure that sticks to walls.

Lois: We have enough stuff that sticks to walls. Dewey can live with the regular Spider-man.

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Just make sure that Malcolm's pile has enough in it... Hal, we don't have a pile for Jamie.

Hal: Oh, damn it! You know, Jamie's not even old enough to know it's Christmas. We could...

Lois: Hal.

Hal: All right! But this is ridiculous. \$93 to get gifts for four boys.

Lois: Well, it's our own fault. We just weren't frugal enough.

Hal: What else can we do? We're already doing no-electricity Wednesdays, lunch lotteries, Family flush.

Lois: Okay, we'll make it work somehow. Just put it into four piles. (answers phone) Hello?

Francis: Hey, Mom, good news. I decided to come home for Christmas after all.

Lois: Francis, that is, um... great. What a nice surprise that you will be coming home for Christmas. We'll have the whole family here... exchanging gifts.... Piama, too? Of course.

Francis: We can't wait to see you!

Lois: Well, we can't wait to see you.

Hal: Six piles?

Lois: Five. Piama and Jamie can share.

Lois: Excuse me? I know you didn't think anyone would catch you, but you just slammed your door into my car. The least you could do is say you're sorry, lady.

Lady: You don't have to take that tone. It's not like I'm hurting your resale value.

Lois: I'm sorry. See? Like that.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house.

Lois: I don't know what happened. I just lost control of myself. It was like an out-of-body experience, and I was there watching this woman go insane. And the woman was me. But you know what, Hal? I'd do it all over again. It felt great. It was almost worth destroying my car.

Hal: Well, honey, the important thing is no cops were there to see it.

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Lois: (to boys) No one says a word. This is my one. My one to your 11,000! So, due to unforeseen circumstances, we are now completely broke. Therefore, I am making a proclamation. This will be a handmade Christmas. We're not spending any money on gifts. They will be homemade, and therefore, more personal, and more thoughtful.

Reese: But you can't do this!

Hal: Well, I think it's high time we had a handmade Christmas. You boys just don't appreciate the holidays. To you it's nothing but a disgusting orgy of materialism.

Malcolm: But...

Hal: No buts! You're the ones who turned your mother into a ticking time bomb! Oh, you just thank your lucky stars that she went off on an innocent bystander!

Malcolm (TC): So we had our Christmas feast of oatmeal and hot dog buns. Since then, we've been waiting three hours for Dad to come out of the garage.

Lois: What is taking him so long?

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

Dewey: Nothing you'd be interested in.

Malcolm: You don't know that. If it's interesting to you guys, it's gonna be interesting to me.

Reese: We were wondering what nose hairs smell like.

Malcolm: Well, that's very interesting!

Lois: (calling) Hal, hurry up already!

Hal: In a minute.

Lois: Hal! (after Hal finally emerges from the garage) All right, everyone over by the tree.

Dewey: Open mine first!

Hal: Okay, okay. Let's see what little Dewey made for his dad.

Lois: Where did you find that? I never take a good picture.

Dewey: I went through every box in the attic and found that one. I made the frame with mementos of your hobbies.

Lois: Wait. You made this frame?

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Dewey: Yeah. See it has a little golf club, a fishing pole, a poker hand. I even pasted on the Jumble you finished.

Lois: Dewey, this is really nice.

Reese: Here, Mom, this is from me.

Lois: Oh, it's so heavy. Wow! Reese, are these jams?

Reese: And candies. I had some sugar left over, so I figured, why not, it's Christmas. You made this?!

Malcolm: Here, Mom. Here, Dad.

Lois: Oh, my God, it's a clock.

Hal: You made this?!

Malcolm: I read up on all-wood clocks and then borrowed the tools from wood shop. See the gears? They make different patterns as they turn.

Lois: Oh, I'm very impressed, boys. You all worked so hard on these gifts.

Dewey: Open mine next. It's a sonata I composed for you.

Lois: Oh, I'll get to it. It's your father's turn to give something.

Hal: My gift... isn't here.

Lois: Not here? What do you mean?

Hal: Well, we-we knew the boys would really come through with great gifts, and any present that top what they did can't be here... can it?

Francis: Merry Chris...You started without us?

Reese: Dad's about to give us a really cool present!

Malcolm: Is it outside?

Hal: Let's find out.

Dewey: Like a treasure hunt?

Hal: Yeah.

Reese: All right! Let's go.

Francis: Wow, Mom, this is fantastic. I am so happy to be home for Christmas.

Piama: You said this house was Satan's trash can.

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Francis: You're quoting me out of context.

Malcolm: So, Dad, where is it?

Reese: Are we supposed to drive to it?

Hal: Yes! Yes! You guessed the first clue. Everybody into the van. Let's go!

Lois: Hal...

Hal: Merry Christmas, honey!

Reese: Are we there yet?

Malcolm: Yeah, where are we going?

Dewey: I know. We're going to Disneyland.

Hal: It's a thousand times better than Disneyland.

Dewey: Cool!

Malcolm: What was that?

Reese: A handshake.

Malcolm: (TC) Now they've got some lame, third-grade secret handshake. I think I got half of it.

Reese and Dewey: We love Dad! We love Dad! We love Dad! We love Dad! We love Dad!

Hal: Rest stop. Everybody out. No eye contact with strangers. Look at 'em scamper. You don't need to...?

Lois: No. You couldn't have said twice as good as Disneyland?

Hal: You saw those presents, Lois! What was I supposed to do? My presents were crap! What did you make them?

Lois: Lanyards.

Hal: Still better than what I had. Look, I underestimated these boys, Lois, and they deserve to have a really great Christmas. How much money do we have?

Lois: Zero.

Hal: No, I mean everything: credit cards, loose change, everything?

Lois: Oh. Minus \$512.

Hal: What?! Oh, for God's sakes! Can you think of a Christmas reason for stopping somewhere I can sell blood?

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Lois: Oh, Hal, don't worry about it. It'll be okay. You just need to find something that's a thousand times better than Disneyland, open on Christmas day and free.

Hal: Just because it's hard, Lois, doesn't mean it's impossible. I am going to make this happen.

Lois: Hal, we don't even have enough gas to get home.

Hal: Yes, we do. I did all the calculations, Lois. We're exactly 40 miles from the point of no return. And I promise you, I will figure out a plan by then. If not, I will turn the van around. Just don't rat me out. Please, honey. It's Christmas.

Dewey: I can't wait much longer. Mom, is it really going to be as good as Dad says?

Lois: Dewey, I think you'll remember this day for a long time. I think we'll all remember this day for a very long time.

Francis: All right, since no one wants to race cigarette butts, I'm outta here.

Malcolm: Francis, I need to talk to you about something. It's weird, but lately I kind of feel like I'm being left out by Reese and Dewey.

Francis: Aw, geez. Look, I'm sorry. You weren't supposed to know about the beach trip.

Malcolm: What?!

Francis: Hey, geez, watch it!

Malcolm: What beach trip?!

Francis: I took Reese and Dewey to the beach last summer. I would've invited you, but you were over at Stevie's.

Malcolm: He lives two blocks away! You have to go by his house to get to the beach! Why is this happening? I'm the brother everybody likes the best.

Francis: What are you talking about? I'm the brother everybody likes best.

Malcolm: I meant of the brothers who are still at home.

Francis: That's Dewey.

Malcolm: What? Where am I in the pecking order?

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Francis: Malcolm, I am not gonna stand here in a public toilet and rank me, Dewey, Reese, Jamie and you in order of popularity.

Piama: So are we getting close?

Hal: Now, now. You're not going to trick me into giving it away. It's a surprise.

Lois: Hal, you are five miles from your point of no return.

Malcolm: Look, I know we don't talk about our emotions, but I don't care anymore. I'm just going to lay it out there. My feelings are hurt. There, I said it. They're hurt because you guys are systematically excluding me. Being excluded is extra hard for me because I see all the other places I don't fit in, and we're brothers. I really want us to be in this together.

Francis: What a gasbag. Your feelings aren't hurt. Your ego is bruised.

Reese: The reason we exclude you sometimes is because you're a drag. You always have to be the special one.

Francis: Even now, this is all about how you feel things more deeply than everyone else. Look, we love you. We just need a break from you once in a while.

Lois: Okay, Hal...

Hal: Francis, can I see you up here for a second, please? I need your help with the radio.

Francis: What are you...?

Hal: I need to borrow \$1,800. I'll pay you back over the next six years in monthly payments of \$39.50. I have no money to give these boys a Christmas gift and I'm not even sure where I'm driving. I hate to ask you, but I don't know what else to do. I love you.

Francis: Well I guess this is as good a time as any to tell you. I got fired from my job. I'm totally broke.

Hal: What? You got fired from the ranch?

Francis: It turns out the ATM I was making all of Otto's deposits into wasn't an ATM. So sue me, right? Anyway, he's suing me. I don't know what we're going to do.

Lois: You're not moving back in! There isn't enough room in the house! Besides, Piama doesn't want to live with us.

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Francis: Piama doesn't even know about it. She thinks I'm on vacation. I've been acting like the happiest man in the world the last few weeks just to hide it from her.

Hal: I have to say, I am a little disappointed in you, Francis. You can't hide something like this from the ones you love. Honesty: it's the cornerstone of any healthy relationship.

Francis: Well, I'm sorry I can't help you.

Lois: Okay, Hal, it's been 40 miles. We are at the point of no return. Hal, turn around.

Francis: Let's get out and stretch our legs!

Reese: You coming Malcolm?

Malcolm: You sure? I might accidentally talk about myself.

Dewey: You mean like just now?

Lois: Hal what are you doing?

Hal: I'm buying time.

Lois: Look, I don't know how you gotta be along with this but that's it! The Christmas lie is over.

Hal: 60 more seconds, Lois. You can time me.

Lois: I'm not...! Fine.

Reese: Whoa, nice rides.

Dewey: Yeah. The fat lady at the car wash rides one of these.

Reese: Nice going, Dewey!

Dewey: I wasn't even touching it. It was you!

Gas Station Attendant: What'd you do, man?!

Malcolm: Wait, wait! Those guys didn't do it.

Gas Station Attendant: What are you talking about?

Malcolm: I'm not going to let these people take the blame when they didn't do it. It was my dad. He was trying to teach me a lesson so I wouldn't grow up and be like you.

Francis: Malcolm, oh, my God, that was awesome!

Reese: That was so cool!

Dewey: Thanks!

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Lois: Okay, honey, you've got 20 seconds.

Hal: Lois, there is going to be a Christmas!

Lois: Hal, no!

Hal: Oh, no! I seem to have slipped in an oil stain left here by a negligent owner or employee.

Lois: Hal!

Gas Station Guy: Oh, my God! Are you okay?

Hal: Yes, damn it!

Gas Station Manager: Oh, thank goodness. I don't have any insurance. We both dodged a bullet. After I sweep this up, you're getting wiper blades on the house.

Lois: Hal...

Hal: You know what? I saw a trail behind here that leads up into the hills. There's probably something really great up there. All we need is a few flashlights to get started.

Lois: Hal, it's time for you to face the boys and tell them what's going on. Hal, they're good boys. They forgave you for banjo camp; they'll forgive you for this. And I will try sharing the blame with you, but honey, this has got your fingerprints all over it.

Dewey: You know, you're a pretty good brother after all.

Malcolm: Thanks. You look cold. Take my jacket.

Reese: I think I could've handled those bikers, but with a baby and a chick around, you probably did the right thing, Malcolm.

Piama: (holding Jamie) Thanks for thinking of us, Reese.

Dewey: What's this?

Malcolm: Nothing. Give me that.

Dewey: It's a credit card receipt from The Clockworks. You bought those clocks?

Francis: You have a credit card? Since when?

Malcolm: They sent it to me in the mail a couple months ago. They must've thought I was old enough after I won that physics award.

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Reese: So when I superglued my eyelids shut, and I was in the emergency room, we could've used your credit card instead of having to call Mom?!

Malcolm: I'm not going to let you jeopardize my credit rating. I want to buy a house someday.

Francis: Malcolm, you're a jerk.

Dewey: Mom, Malcolm has a credit card, and he bought you Christmas presents with it.

Hal: What? Malcolm, you bought those presents, after everything I've been through? We all worked so hard to make this a special Christmas, and you just took a cheap shortcut!

Malcolm: Those clocks cost 50 bucks each!

Hal: I don't care what they cost! This isn't a competition, Malcolm. You know, all I really want from you on Christmas is this! I forgive you, son. Okay, everybody, listen up. I don't want this to ruin our trip. You wanna know where we're going?

Boys: Yeah!

Hal: Snow skiing on Mount Bundy!

Receptionist: That's a room for the night, ski passes and equipment rentals. Will you be putting that on your credit card?

Hal: Let's give it a shot. Oh, yes! In your face!

Lois: Hal, this is the low point, isn't it? We're not going to sink any further, are we?

Hal: What are you talking about?

Lois: You've stolen our son's credit card. If it weren't for my rage and your recklessness, our kids might have a fighting chance.

Hal: Lois, those are the exact things that make us great parents. If it wasn't for your anger and my recklessness, we wouldn't be on this amazing ski vacation, would we?

Francis: You know, this just might be our best Christmas ever.

Piama: Francis, I want you to quit your job.

Francis: What?

Piama: Ever since we left on this trip, you've just seemed so insanely happy. I can't let you go back to that job. You've got to find something

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else to do.

Francis: You're right. You know, in fact, let's not even go back to that ranch. I'll call Otto in the morning, and if he doesn't understand, tough.

Hal: Okay, so who wants some hot chocolate by the fire, huh?

Receptionist: Enjoy your stay, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Thanks.