

607 HAL SLEEPWALKS TRANSCRIPT

Lois: I gotta get to work. You make sure your father gets out of bed. I don't know why, but he hasn't slept for the last four nights. So, if you have to, yell 'fire'. If that doesn't work, set one.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom, where Hal is getting dressed.

Hal: (struggling to get his pants on) Wha...why would your mother buy me pants without a zipper?!

Malcolm: Dad, you have them on backwards.

Hal: Oh. Malcolm, I need your help. Our 20th anniversary is coming up, and I've been going crazy trying to think of the perfect gift for your mother. It has got to be something really fantastic, and I've got nothing!

Malcolm: Maybe you're trying too hard. Why don't you just do something simple? You know, get a bottle of champagne, watch a sunset, recite a poem to her.

Hal: So, you just use the genius thing on yourself, is that it, son? Come on! This anniversary has got to make up for 19 crappy celebrations. You have no idea of the hell I've put that woman through.

Cut to a flashback sequence of past anniversaries:

#1 - A trumpet band, conducted by Hal, plays in the bedroom while Lois cowers in the corner;

#2 - Lois goes to her closet, where Hal jumps out with champagne and glasses and knocks her out with the closet door

#3 - Hal takes Lois outside, where two planes make a heart-shaped trail in the sky

Hal: I wish I could say that was the low point of the day.

Cut to Grove Elementary, where it's recess. While the rest of the school is having fun, the Buseys are sitting by themselves at a table, watching. Chad is staring at something.

Dewey: Chad, are you trying to make Coach Cleary burst into flames again? (Chad nods.)

Zoe: (runs over, along with Hanson, who is making motorcycle noises) Hey, Dewey, you won't believe it. It's the most amazing thing ever!

Hanson: We made friends with a normal kid. He spoke to us and everything! It was...

Dewey: Calm down. Just breathe, ok?

Zoe: All this time, we thought he hated us.

Dewey: Who is it?

Hanson: Kyle Rogers. He likes us so much, that he put both our names in to be Student Body President. He said he can't wait to hear our campaign speeches.

Dewey: Really?
Zoe: Yes! I feel like I'm in a dream. Except there isn't an armless scarecrow who can't stop crying. This is so great! But we'll have to promise that we'll both stay friends, no matter what happens.

Hanson: Don't worry, Zoe. We won't let anything come between us. Even though we're both competing for this great honour.

Cut to Dewey talking to the Principal. Kyle sees him, and approaches him afterwards.

Kyle: Hey Dewey, what did you do? Rat me out to Mr Myers?

Dewey: Of course not. I just figured that if you're so interested in the democratic process, I nominate you to run for school president, too.

Kyle: What?

Dewey: I've got to admit, it's clever making Hanson and Zoe run for Office. They're going to be humiliated. The only thing more humiliating would be losing to them. (walks off)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is cleaning a zit on Malcolm's ear, while Malcolm reads his mail.

Malcolm: Ow! Leave it alone! No-one can even see a zit back there!

Lois: Just stop squirming, so I can clean it. You know, a little more effort on your personal grooming wouldn't kill you. Sunday nights before bed, your father goes over every square inch of his body with a hand mirror.

Malcolm: (getting up from the table) Oh my god! Do you remember that summer seminar in Arizona that I applied for last year?

Lois: Yeah, you didn't get it.

Malcolm: I know, but somehow my name was entered as an alternate for a Study in Europe program. The guy who was supposed to go was bitten by a tick, and now basically lives in a hyperbaric chamber. So, I get to go in his place!

Lois: Slow down, Malcolm. We can't afford to help you with that.

Malcolm: That's just it! It's all paid for! I'm going to Paris, Munich, Vienna. I'm going to be staying in castles! (hands letter to Lois)

Lois: (reading letter) This is an incredible opportunity.

Malcolm: This is the luckiest thing that's ever happened to me! I have to do something to protect it.

Lois: What?

Malcolm: It's like, I feel I should balance it out, somehow. You know, give something back, so I don't lose it.

Lois: Listen to you. Something wonderful happens and all you can think about is how the world's going to take it away. You're growing up.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom in the middle of the night, where Hal starts sleepwalking.

Hal: (goes to the boys' bedroom and hauls Reese out of bed by his shirt) You! Come with me.

Reese: What are you doing? Dad, you have to understand. The reason I missed so many days of school, was that the calendar on my watch stopped. I thought it was Saturday all week.

Hal: Put it on the shelf.

Reese: The watch? You want me -

Hal: Don't know what I'm going to do...your mother... it's horrible.

Reese: Well, I don't know. You married her.

Hal: What about our anniversary? It won't fit!

Reese: What about the anniversary? What are you talking about?

Hal: It's got to be the best. Where is it?

Reese: Are you still asleep?

Hal: The dogs were right. I got to get her a great present!

Reese: Dad, your shoe's untied.

Hal: Of course! (bends down and pretends to tie his shoelace, even though he's not wearing any shoes) Thank you.

Reese: Yeah, you are going to have to get her a good present. She's a great lady. In fact, I don't know why, but she wants you to give me \$20.

Hal: (goes to retrieve a \$20 note from behind a wall decoration, then goes back to the table) That's good, that's good. She'll know what to do.

Reese: Thanks.

Hal: I don't know the answer. (bangs fist on the table) Tell me. Tell me, now!

Reese: Ok, calm down. I think you're going to have more success if you can relax, make me a B.L.T with avocado, and open up a bag of chips. Then you can sit at my feet and purr while I eat.

Hal: That's it! (goes to make Reese his snack)

Cut to Grove Elementary. While the Buseys work on their campaign posters, Kyle discovers that rumours have been spreading about him.

Kyle: (to another kid) What are you talking about?! You have to vote for me! All those rumours you've heard are lies! I don't want to have school on Saturdays! I don't wear Pull-Ups! (the kid walks off)

Mr Myers: I'm glad to see you're so pumped about the election, Kyle. A lot of kids think they're too hip for Student Government. But I think you'll find out how excited you can be, when you organise your first Recycling Drive.

Hanson: You know what, Zoe? I actually hope you win.

Zoe: Thanks, Hanson. And I hope you win. Of course, I can't speak for Bad Zoe.

Dewey: Ok, Chad. See those kids over there? They're friends of Kyle's. On Election Day, it would probably be better if they didn't vote.

Chad: Ok. Why don't you go back inside? You don't want to see this. (runs off)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is unpacking groceries when Malcolm arrives home.

Malcolm: Hey, Mom? You know when I said I was going to give something back? Well, I was thinking. Maybe I could work at a Homeless Shelter, teach some kids how to read. But then it came to me. (holds up guitar) I bought a guitar!

Lois: What?

Malcolm: It's perfect! I mean, Dewey has this incredible music talent. I must have it too, I just haven't tried it yet.

Lois: How long do you have to return it?

Malcolm: Fifteen days. I'm not going to return it.

Lois: Well, that'll be long enough for you to figure out that you can't do this.

Malcolm: What are you talking about? I can play music if I want to.

Lois: I'm sorry honey, you can't. Your brain doesn't work that way. You don't have that kind of creative spark.

Malcolm: What?

Lois: See, Dewey is a flyer. He'll just drift and float through life, and things will turn out for him. Now, you and I, we're burlers. We're at our best when our heads are down, and we're grinding through a mountain of drudgery.

Malcolm: You don't know that.

Lois: Yes, I do.

Malcolm: (angrily) You actually think you know what I'd be good at before I even try it?!

Lois: That's right.

Malcolm: Oh, really? Then tell me: how would I be at scuba diving, or mountain climbing, or Flamenco dancing.

Lois: Bad at scuba diving, good at mountain climbing. Flamenco dancing, a disaster. I'm not trying to hurt your feelings, I'm just telling you what I know.

Malcolm: It's a good thing you weren't John Lennon's mother!

Lois: If I were John Lennon's mother, he'd still be alive.

Cut to the Kitchen. Jamie is in his playpen, playing with a toy hammer and pegboard, and Reese is making a sandwich when Hal arrives home from work.

Hal: Hey, Reese.

Reese: Hey, Dad.

Hal: Oh, here. (throws him a new watch) Got you a new watch.

Reese: Thanks. What did you do that for?

Hal: I don't know. A thought just popped into my head that you needed one.

Reese: And you have no idea why?

Hal: No.

Reese: Wow.

Hal: (reaches into his bag and pulls out a music box) You've got to see this. (hands music box to Reese) I finally found the perfect anniversary present for your Mom. She had this exact music box when we were first married. Until your brother Francis got a hold of it, and smashed it into a million pieces. Anyway, I'm walking through this antique store in complete desperation, and there it is, the same music box. Oh, what a relief. I am going to sleep like a baby tonight.

Cut to the garage, where Malcolm has bought a guitar lesson book and music stand, and is preparing to learn how to play his guitar.

Malcolm: (TC): I have fifteen days to learn how to play this thing well enough to totally humiliate my Mom. Seems doable. (sees his reflection in a mirror, where he makes various poses, then makes noises as though he is playing a tune. He is embarrassed when he sees Reese standing in the doorway)

Reese: I'm willing to forget I ever saw this, if you tell me everything you know about sleepwalking.

Malcolm: Sleepwalking? Well, all I know is it's a dissociative state, which basically is -

Reese: Just tell me what causes it.
Malcolm: Well, there's a few things. It usually happens when a person is under intense, emotional or psychological stress.

Reese: So, if a sleepwalker stays stressed out, he'll continue sleepwalking?

Malcolm: I don't know, probably.

Reese: Beautiful. (leaves the garage, and Malcolm continues making guitar noises)

Cut to the kitchen, where Reese and Jamie are alone. Jamie is still playing with his hammer and pegboard. Reese goes over and swaps the hammer for a real one, and the pegboard for the music box Hal bought for Lois.

Reese: (smiling at Jamie) Who's a little carpenter? Jamie's a little carpenter!

Cut to the boys' bedroom, in the middle of the night.

Hal: (hauling Reese out of bed) You come with me.

Cut to the kitchen, where Hal and Reese are sitting at the table.

Hal: I had it! The gift...perfect...destroyed! That little one. Bad diapers!

Reese: Come on, Hal. What happened, happened. The main thing is, I'm here to help.

Hal: Need help, can't do it alone.

Reese: Now, tomorrow you'll be on your way to work, when you'll realise that your favourite son, Reese, is completely out of hair care products. So you'll put together a charming gift basket full of shampoos and styling gels.

Hal: It has to be done! No questions! Get to work!

Reese: It's interesting you'd say that. Because actually, there are quite a few projects I've lined up for you. (pulls a piece of paper from his pocket) Oh, but first, I'd like you to do something very important for me. (picks up one of Jamie's stuffed animals)

Hal: Important! Of course, it's important.

Reese: Yes, it is. I want you to kiss this. You know, like you really mean it. (moves stuffed animal towards Hal, and Hal kisses it)

Stuffed Animal: Let's be friends!

Cut to the kitchen the next morning, where Hal is on the phone with the antique shop, while Dewey is frustrated over the upcoming Student Body President election, while preparing posters of Kyle that read 'THE REAL KYLE ROGERS'.

Hal: Yes, yes, I'll hold, thank you.

Dewey: I hate politics! The voters don't read, they don't think for themselves. They're completely swayed by the last thing they heard, whether it's true or not. Democracy is a failure, because let's face it, people are idiots.

Reese: I think you'd feel better about the world, Dewey, if you had a programmable zombie robot.

Hal: (on phone) That's right, I'm looking to replace the music box with the ballerina on top... I wouldn't say broken so much as vaporised, my toddler got a hold of it. (sees Jamie with his hammer) Oh-oh-oh, give me that! (goes over and takes hammer from him) So, anyway, I would really appreciate it if you could help me. (oven timer goes off, and Hal squawks like a chicken) A list of local distributors who might have one... what are you talking about, why on earth would I do that?! Listen, the truth is I'm pretty desperate here, so if you could just give me some information... (another timer goes off and Hal starts walking backwards)... that can help me track down another ballerina music box, you can actually turn this into a very special anniversary celebration. (Lois arrives home, and he quickly fakes a cover-up) Oh, please! Like the orphans would really see any of the money I would give you. Do you have an orphan there with you? Could I speak to one, please? I didn't think so. Do you know what? You people make me sick! (hangs up phone) Damn telemarketers!

Lois: Hal, you know what I realised on the way home? Our 20th anniversary is in 3 days.

Hal: Oh, just 3 days, huh? Boy, talk about time flying. It'll be here before you know it. (Reese bangs a spoon against a glass bowl, and Hal sprays sauce and mustard on his face)

Lois: 20 years... we're really going to have to do something special.

Cut to Grove Elementary, where a fight has broken out between the Buseys.

Hanson: She totally did! I saw her, I swear!

Zoe: She's a liar, vote for me!

Chad: Stop screaming at me! You're not my Guidance Counsellor!

Dewey: Guys, guys, calm down. What's going on?

Hanson: Zoe thinks she'd make a better president than me, even though it's a known fact that she has hair lice!

Zoe: Oh yeah? Well, I wonder how the voters would feel if they knew that Hanson likes to French-kiss his poodle. And I know, because dogs don't lie to me.

Dewey: What are you doing? I thought you two were going to stay friends, no matter what.

Hanson: Oh, wake up, Dewey! There's a little too much at stake here to play that game!

Dewey: Stop it! The truth is, you two were nominated as a joke. You had a chance to show the rest of the school that you were better than Kyle and his friends. Now you're no different than they are.

Chad: We used to be a team. You two and the four of me. We have no idea who you are any more.

Dewey: You guys do what you want. I'm sick of this. (walks off)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where the family are sitting on the couch watching TV, when Malcolm comes in with his guitar.

Lois: Hal, you didn't even touch your pie.

Hal: No, I'm saving that for Reese. (Reese grins)

Malcolm: I have something I want you guys to hear. (switches off TV) I've been practicing. Really practicing a lot. And I had an idea for a song. I don't know if it's any good or not, but it really means something to me. Do you mind if I play it for you?

Lois: Of course not, Malcolm. We'd love to hear it.

Malcolm: (singing) No-one knows just what I've been through,
I can't stop the pain inside me.
Now I'm staring out my window,
Children play, they seem so happy.
Why are we here, going nowhere?
Why does my life feel so empty?

Dewey: (singing) Meow, meow, meow, meow,
Meow, meow, meow, meow,
Meow, meow, meow, meow,
Meow, meow, meow, meow.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Dewey: That's the Meow Mix song. (singing) No-one knows just what I've been through, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow...

Hal: (joining in) Now I'm staring out the window, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow, meow.

Lois: (she and Reese join in) I want chicken I want liver, Meow Mix, Meow Mix, please deliver. Now you know that cat meow means Meow Mix, Meow Mix, Meow Mix!

Reese: Meeeeowwww!

Malcolm: Ok, stop it! God, I've just spent two days of my life rewriting the Meow Mix song. I poured my heart into this. I actually got tears in my eyes writing it. How pathetic

is that? I clearly have even less talent than you gave me credit for. (unplugs guitar and storms off)

Hal: Should we tell him the kid recovered from the tick bite, and the trip to Europe's off?

Lois: No, let him return the guitar first.

Cut to the boys' bedroom in the middle of the night, where Hal wakes Reese up again to help him.

Hal: (writing on a pad) Gotta get this... it has to...

Reese: (takes pad from him) Ok, let's see what you've got here. These aren't even letters. Why did I think a zombie could write an essay on Johnny Trumane? (gets up) Come on, we may as well go to bed.

Hal: No, don't! Wait! Have to get an answer!

Reese: Dad, I'm not going to be able to help you with an idea for Mom. And the other ideas I have for you are just going to land us in jail.

Hal: You can help! You're the one I can talk to. You're my guy!

Reese: Really? (sits back down) I thought Malcolm was your favourite.

Hal: (shakes his head) Smart one scares me. You're normal, like me.

Reese: Is that why you grab me?

Hal: (putting his hands on Reese's shoulders) You're my guy.

Cut to Grove Elementary, where Election Day has arrived, and Kyle, who is clearly stressed, is presenting his speech.

Kyle: I don't care if everyone thinks this election is a joke. I'm not screwing around any more, you've gotta vote for me, please! Whatever you heard about me is all lies!

Hanson: Hey, Dewey.

Dewey: Hi.

Hanson: I've been thinking about what you said. You're right, we are better than these jerks. I'm going to throw the election so Zoe will win. She'll become popular, then she can tell us what we're missing, instead of us having to imagine it.

Dewey: How are you going to do that?

Hanson: I haven't slept in two days, and I've been staring into a strobe light for the last 20 minutes. It's time for everyone else to meet the Hanson that until now, only the paramedics have seen.

Kyle: What are you smiling at, Hooper?! What are you smiling at, Hooper? I'm not kidding, vote for me, damn it, just do it!

Mr Myers: Ok, thank you, Kyle. And now for our next candidate, David Hanson.

Hanson: (giving Tourettes speech) Good afternoon, fah...fah...teachers and stu...stu...stu.. I'm offering...boo...and I say to you...son of a... (starts cursing)...the cafeteria's...and I promise to... (continues cursing) and...to be able to...

Kid: Go Hanson!

Hanson: ...I promise to... and I will work hard to...

Kid: Hanson! Hanson! Hanson! (rest of school joins in)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house in the middle of the night, where Reese hauls Lois out of bed the same way Hal did to him, and leads her into the bathroom)

Lois: Reese, what do you think you're you doing?

Reese: Look, there's something you should know. Dad's been sleepwalking every night for the past week. He's in the kitchen right now, making me Pierre.

Lois: What are you talking about?

Reese: It's because he's stressed out about picking a present for your anniversary.

Lois: Oh, you're kidding.

Reese: Don't worry, right now he'll do anything you say, and he won't even remember the conversation the next day. So, you can go out there, and end his suffering. He's a good man. Treat him right. Oh, and don't make him drink out of the toilet. It's not as satisfying as you think.

Lois goes to the kitchen, where she sees Hal cooking.

Lois: Hal?

Hal: No, not now! Have to think! Nothing! I've got nothing!

Lois: I know you've been very worried about our anniversary.

Hal: Sshhh! You can't find out about this!

Lois: Don't worry, I won't. Of course, this is the 20th, and that's very special.

Hal: It has to be... the best.

Lois: So, listen carefully. Here are the gifts that Lois has been dreaming of. A 3-pack of vacuum cleaner bags, a new heating pad, oh and some of those gel inserts for her work shoes, size 9.

Hal: That's it! Yes! Oh, finally! The relief!

Lois: And one more thing. There's nothing you love more than changing Jamie's poopy diapers.

Hal: You got that right.

Cut to the kitchen, where the family are celebrating Hal and Lois's anniversary with cake.

Malcolm: (TC): I returned the guitar. Mom was right, I don't have any of Dewey's talent. But it's ok, I'm good at a lot of other things. I've learned a little something about myself, and I feel good. (leans over and punches Dewey)

Dewey: Ow!

Lois: (opening her gifts) Vacuum cleaner bags? Hal, this is uncanny, this is exactly what I was hoping for. How on earth did you know?

Hal: Come on, honey. When you've been married as long as we have, it's like being a psychic. I just know.

Dewey: Oh, man! I think Jamie has a present for someone.

Hal: I got it! Oh, I've been waiting for this all day! (lifts Jamie out of his high chair) Come on, buddy! Oh yeah! (carries Jamie off) Yahoo!

Reese: (he and Lois exchange glances) Happy anniversary, Mom.