

608 LOIS BATTLES JAMIE TRANSCRIPT

Hal: Mr. Hawkins? It's Hal. Remember a few weeks ago, in the break room, when someone left the tin foil on their burrito and the microwave caught fire and the sprinklers went off and shorted out all the computers and we lost all our database for the last five years? Yeah, well, I just thought you might like to know who the "slack-jawed idiot" was.

Malcolm: Dad, Dad, you need four apples, not three! You only won another lottery ticket!

Malcolm: It was Phil in accounting. He feels just awful about it, and I wouldn't be too hard on him. His wife's a bit of a drinker, and she's not particularly faithful...

Reese: I'm starving. I hope Mom has something decent for dinner.

Malcolm: I saw her pulling baloney stew out of the freezer last night.

Dewey: Don't worry. I stuck a bloody Band-Aid in it before we left.

Reese: Holy crap. Look at that!

Dewey: Cool! A diving board!

Reese: Oh... my... God. This is the greatest thing ever. And someone just dumped it here for us to find. We've got to take it home!

Malcolm: What are we gonna do with it?

Reese: I don't know. But... look at it! It's... it's got the... and it's... up and... and bounce and... and bounce!

Malcolm: He's right. We need it.

Reese: (the boys start dragging the board along the road) One, two, three... go! One, two, three... go! One, two, three, go! One, two, three, go!

Lois: Aah, Jamie, this is ridiculous! You'll eat dead bugs out of the zapper, for God's sake, why won't you eat your peas? You love peas! Come on. This is name-brand stuff. It's three times the price of the food I eat! If you want to breathe, you have to open your mouth. (Jamie opens his mouth and Lois sneaks in a spoonful of peas) See? There's no reason for... (the mouthful of peas winds up on Lois's face)

Lois: (scraping peas off face back onto spoon) Now you're just going to have to eat some eyebrow, too.

Hal: Hi, honey. Didn't you have the same fight with him at breakfast?

Lois: This is the same fight as breakfast. It's the same jar of peas and it's the same stubborn little boy who is not gonna get his own way. That baby thinks he is gonna break me, but he doesn't know who he's dealing with. Hal, I'm not about to lose it with a... (sees Jamie's empty highchair) God, how does he do that?

Reese: One, two, three, go!

Dewey: Please, we have to stop. I have to empty the blood out of my shoes again.

Reese: One last time. One, two, three, go!

Reese: This is gonna be so great! This is the answer.

Malcolm: What's the question?

Reese: I don't know yet, but this is definitely the answer.

Lois: (holding up flour-caked shirt) Would you look at this? Jamie poured flour in the dryer. Now I get to wear a loaf of bread to work tomorrow. He destroys everything! He's absolutely the worst kid we have ever had!

Hal: Oh, you say that with every kid. Let's face it, Lois. It's just the hand we were dealt. God just doesn't like us. That doesn't make us bad people.

Lois: No, there's something different with Jamie. He's not like the other ones. I'm telling you, I can see it in his eyes.

Hal: Honey, calm down. You know what will make you feel better? You take a look at him while he's sleeping. You know how cute he is, with his tush all squished up in the air like that...(sees empty cot)

Lois: Did you see him?

Malcolm: See who?

Hal: That-a-way!

Lois: We're in lockdown! This door stays closed till you hear the all-clear call.

Hal: The perimeter's sealed. He's not getting out this way.

Lois: My jewelry box! Jamie, Mommy told you... All right, Jamie, you've had your fun. Now it's time to give that back to Mommy and go to sleep. Jamie... I asked you to give it to me!

Reese: Would you look at this thing? It's amazing. We've got to come up with something really great to do with it.

Dewey: What if we tied mattresses to ourselves and jumped off it?

Reese: Nah. We could do that off the roof.

Malcolm: We could launch mannequins into the Prestons' Jacuzzi.

Reese: Uh-uh. It's not good enough.

Dewey: We could get a squirrel to dive off it into a cup of water.

Reese: Not good enough. Not for her. Not this old beauty.

Malcolm: Well, how about if we got a vat of Jell-O...

Reese: No! It's not good enough! I got it! We take a dog, tie him to a bicycle... No! It's just not good enough!

Dewey: Mom's home early!

Lois: (in car, to Jamie) You do not pinch, you do not poke, you do not bite, you do not spit, you do not eye-gouge, you do not vomit intentionally on other babies! (carries Jamie over to the boys) A lifetime ban from Gymboree! A lifetime ban!

Malcolm: I can't believe it.

Dewey: She didn't even see the board.

Reese: This is a sign we were meant to have this. We were meant to do something really, really great with you. It'll come. We just have to be patient.

Lois: No! This is Mommy's purse! You can't have it! Please, it's the only thing in the house that's Mommy's!

Hal: Lois...

Lois: Well, he has a million toys. Why does he only want to take my things?

Hal: Honey, honey, you're taking this too personally. He doesn't understand what he's doing. He's just a baby. Look, if you just give it to him for just a couple of minutes, he'll get tired of it.

Lois: You're right. I guess I was just feeling that if I gave in to him, he'd see it as a sign of weakness. I'm going to stop this right now.

Hal: Yeah.

Lois: Here, sweetie. Mommy's purse. You can have that for five minutes, okay? (Cut to Lois pulling out mangled purse from Jamie's playpen) I thought you said he wasn't eating anything.

Malcolm: It's mocking us. It's a ten-foot-tall springboard that we got for free, and we can't think of a single thing that's good enough to do with it!

Dewey: I bet it belonged to some other family that went crazy because they couldn't come up with anything to do with it. They probably just sat around, staring at it for months, until they finally snapped and started eating each other.

Reese: Damn it, we're better than this! I know we are! Remember that squashed groundhog we found on the highway? We came up with a hundred things to do with that, from the horrible to the beautiful!

Dewey: I miss Flatty.

Reese: Maybe we're just going about this the wrong way. We have to think outside the box. If you were a diving board, what would you want someone to do with you?

Dewey: Take me ice-skating.

Reese: Don't be an idiot. That place is freezing, and it's always so crowded.

Dewey: Yeah, but they have good hot dogs.

Reese: Those hot dogs suck compared to the ones at the train station.

Dewey: Why would a diving board want to go to a train station?

Reese: How should I know? Maybe he wants to visit a relative.

Malcolm: Okay! Okay! Back in the box.

Lois: Jamie doesn't have to eat his peas anymore. He can eat whatever he wants because Mommy surrenders. Mommy has a tiny pony for Jamie who wants to hug him and give him yummy candy corn... Mmm, I'm delicious! Is there a big boy who could eat me? (Pounces on floor with washing basket) Gotcha, you little... (sees 'Jamie' is a toy doll. Looks up as shelves tip over)

Cut to living room where Malcolm, Reese and Dewey are cleaning up the mess from the shelves falling down.

Dewey: Jamie tries to kill Mom, and we're the ones who have to clean it up. You want to tell me how that's fair?

Malcolm: You gotta give that kid some credit. It's the closest any of us actually ever came.

Dewey: Yeah. Jamie wasn't really spawned by Satan, was he?

Malcolm: No. If he was, we'd have a way better house.

Reese: (holding Jamie up to diving board) You're the one, Jamie. Show me the way!

Lois: There's a lot of things I can handle. A lot of things I've managed to survive. I'd even say I've thrived where others would have just thrown in the towel.

Hal: Yes, honey, you certainly have. Now relax, and let the bubbles do their work. Soothing. Sooth...

Malcolm: Dad, we finish-

Hal: (yelling) I told you to stay the hell away from this bathroom until I said so! This is a child-free zone until further notice! (calmly) Soothing...soothing...

Lois: You know what, Hal? I'm done. I give up.

Hal: What are you talking about?

Lois: Jamie wins. He beat me. All those years, all those terrible things those kids have done. It doesn't make me stronger, it's just worn me down. Like termites eating away at a house, until all that's holding up is paint. I'm just paint, Hal. Jamie knows it. You'll do a better job than I can. I trust you.

Hal: No, no, no. No-no-no-no-no-no! You can't leave me alone with those kids! We had a deal, Lois! You are in charge of the spiritual and emotional development, discipline and scary injuries. I kill spiders, mark their heights on the door frames and supply car snacks. You walk out now and the whole system falls apart!

Lois: I can't do it, Hal. I don't want to. I just don't have it anymore. I mean, it's normal, right? People give up, they quit...

Hal: Lois, you listen to me. No one is as good as you are. You took those vicious little fiends, and you twisted and crushed them into submission. And you didn't do it because you had to. You did it because you loved the game, and it was beautiful!

Lois: I just don't have that anymore.

Hal: Honey, yes, you do. I know you do. You just lost your way a little. You just need to think. Think back to the first time you found that spark. There's got to be some way to remember. And I'm going to help you.

Francis: So, here I am. Dad said you needed some help on something?

Lois: Francis, your father and I are trying to remember something, and we really need your help. We'd like you to think back to your earliest memories.

Francis: What's this all about?

Hal: Mind your own business. Just do it, will ya?

Francis: You've got to be kidding me. My childhood was a nightmare! I've spent the rest of my life trying to board up that haunted house.

Lois: Francis, this is important. I really need to remember something, and I don't know what it is.

Francis: But...

Lois: Please. You're the only one who can help me.

Francis: My earliest memories... It's kind of vague. I remember we had that apartment... I remember it being really colourful.

Younger Lois: Come on, Francis, honey. Please, won't you eat anything? We've tried the carrots, and the peaches, and the oatmeal, the apples, huh? Don't you like anything?

Younger Hal: Lois! Would you like to know what your son did to my director's cut of *The Eyes of Laura Mars*? He also shaved a hole in the carpet with my new Norelco!

Lois: I'm sorry, Hal. I asked him very nicely not to play with it, but he just wouldn't listen. I can't get him to do anything. I've read Dr. Spock and Piaget and Eisenberg, and *The Language of Hugs*, all these books, nothing's helping.

Hal: What he needs is a little discipline.

Lois: I think he'd behave better if he just ate something. Look at him. He's just wasting away. I'm going to give him another Hershey bar.

Hal: Lois, no! You can't keep coddling him like this! I am sick and tired of always having to be the bad cop because you're constantly giving in to him.

Lois: Okay, Hal, I'll try.

Hal: You keep saying that, and then you do it again!

Lois: I'm going to be tougher with him. I promise.

Francis: Huh. It's weird. I just have this vague feeling of you actually being a good mother.

Reese: I hate you! I hate you, I hate you! I hate you!

Malcolm: Reese, this is crazy. You've been staring at that damn thing for four days. We're getting rid of it.

Reese: No! Wait! I finally have an idea.

Malcolm: What is it?

Reese: I'll have it in a second! Just wait!

Malcolm: It's over, Reese. Once the board's gone, things should go back to normal. Did you know that the Newmans put a statue of a naked guy on their front lawn a week ago? We should be ashamed of ourselves.

Reese: No! We are not getting rid of this!

Malcolm: Reese, what is the big deal? What is so special about this board?

Reese: I think it's my last time.

Malcolm: Last time for what?

Reese: For anything stupid and reckless and fun. Maybe it's because I'm almost 18 now, but lately I've been hearing this voice in my head that says, "That's dangerous, that's stupid. You're gonna hurt yourself." And the old voice, the one that says, "This is fun. Do it anyways. They'll figure out how to save you." It just gets quieter and quieter. Pretty soon I won't be able to hear it at all. But before it dies, I want to say good-bye to it the right way. We'll give it the best send-off any crazy voice could ever ask for. I'd do it for mine.

Francis: And then, right around the time I was starting to walk, there was some kind of... Ah... I don't know. Let's stop. I want to stop.

Lois: Honey, please, keep going. You can't stop now.

Francis: No, I don't want to. We've been sitting here for five hours. Why are we doing this, anyway?

Lois: Francis, please. I think we're really close. Just one more time.

Francis: Well... I kind of remember that Frisbee game we used to play...

Younger Lois: Okay, honey. Maybe we'll eat later.

Younger Hal: Lois, did you see what he did in there? He used my tennis racket to smash my camera and all my lenses to bits! I still had film in it from the US Festival! Where is he?

Younger Lois: Hal, it's not his fault! I'm pretty sure he's working through a limitation-anxiety phase. All the literature says this is the age where he's trying...

Younger Hal: You cannot undermine me every time I try to discipline him!

Younger Lois: I can't help it. He's so small, and helpless...

Younger Hal: I can't take any more of this! It is tearing our marriage apart! For his own good, you have got to

buckle down! Do you understand me, Lois? You have to find some way to be this boy's mother!

Younger Lois: Hello, Dr. Sachs? It's Lois again. I know I just called, but... my husband yelled at me again about being stricter with Francis, and I wanted to know if you could write me a note that says yelling at him could damage his psyche? It's such a tender time for Francis. He's so fragile and unformed and I just want to make sure I get it right, but everything I do feels wrong. If this is all supposed to be so natural, why can't I get this? I love him so much and I want to be a good mother and I know I have to be stronger, but I just don't think I can look in his eyes and not give him what he wants. He has such a sweet little face and he's so innocent. (Sees Francis pouring lighter fluid into a cup) I'm going to have to call you back. Fire... is... dangerous. (starts fireplace and throws Francis's teddy into it) Fire can hurt you. Fire can kill you. I will not let that happen. Let me make one thing clear. I love you, and I will do whatever I have to to take care of you, and keep you safe and happy and alive. I don't care if you grow up to hate me, but you will understand this: I will... do... anything. That is how much I love you.

Lois: Yes. That's right. It's coming back to me; that sense of strength and power, and purpose... I finally knew who I was, and what I was born to be.

Hal: Honey, you're back! I knew you could do it!

Francis: (crying) Mr. Fuzzles!

Lois: Thank you, Francis. You can go now.

Reese: What? What is it?

Malcolm: We've got something for you. Dewey and I finally came up with something good enough for that insane voice in your head. Here, put this on first.

Reese: Roman candles?

Malcolm: Well, that's how they started off. We decided to give 'em a little more... oomph. Do you care if you keep your eyebrows?

Reese: Hell, no!

Malcolm: Okay, the fuse is timed for 20 seconds. You're gonna light it, and then get up on the board, and jump. The rockets should kick in around there. They won't give you any momentum, but they will ignite that. Hopefully, you will land in that kiddie pool. We think that's got a 50-50 shot of putting you out. If the roof doesn't collapse. Or ignite. And it's all gonna be caught on that video camera. It has a direct feed to the Internet. You're the featured page on GiantJackass.com.



Reese: This is more than anything I could have ever asked for.

Malcolm: Nobody deserves it more than you.

Dewey: Should I get the hose?

Malcolm: Not yet. He would've wanted us to wait.

Lois: Good boy. You finished all your peas!

Hal: Hey, slugger. Guess what. The clinic called. They said my ass was a perfect match for your hand. They can start the skin grafts next week.

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

Reese: What? He loves the stuff. He goes through three or four cans a day. I don't know how he does it. Half a can makes me nuts.