

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

**610 - BILLBOARD TRANSCRIPT**

Hal finds pieces of paper in Jamie's playpen.

Hal: Oh, my God.

Lois: What?

Hal: Did you see this? Look what Jamie wrote.

Lois: Oh, my God.

Hal: He knows his letters. There are actual words here. I mean, it's crude, and it's not clear what he's communicating, but Jamie is a genius.

Reese: There's my homework! (Hal and Lois look shocked) What? I do my homework once in a while.

Malcolm (TC): Once every six months, Mom wakes us up at 5am, shoves us into the car and makes us go to the outlet stores.

Lois: I tell you, I am never disappointed in Value Village. No other place in the county has such a selection of irregulars.

Dewey: Are these made in some country where people aren't symmetrical?

Lois: Stop complaining. If it weren't for Value Village, most of this family would have to run around naked. That place is all that separates us from the apes. (sees everyone looking at a Billboard advertising a Strip Club) Oh, for crying out loud.

Hal: What? I was not! You look great!

Lois: The Paysons Outlet has 48-packs of paper towels for half price. I wish we had more room in this car. I knew we should have put the rack on top. (everyone is silent) What's wrong with all of you?

Hal: We're just thinking about all those towels, honey. I mean, you're not the only one who loves a bargain.

Cut to the house. The boys are sitting on the couch watching TV. Lois is folding clothes and Hal is in the kitchen making a sandwich. Lois goes and turns off the TV with the remote.

Boys: Come on! What are you doing?

Lois: Saving your minds from turning into mush. You've been sitting on that couch watching TV for hours.

Malcolm: So what? There's nothing else to do.

Dewey: There's never anything to do around here.

Lois: Because you have no imaginations, because you sit in front of that idiot box all day long.

Hal: (now sitting at the table, eating his sandwich) Your mother's right. It's a sad day when three healthy boys can't think of

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anything to do with a beautiful Saturday. You could take a walk, you could roll a hoop, you can start a rock collection. There. That's three ideas in five seconds. I hope you're embarrassed.

Lois: You boys have no idea how lucky you are. The day will come where you won't be able to complain about having nothing to do. (Malcolm and Reese look annoyed about being lectured)

Hal: That's right. You'll have responsibilities and a career and children. And then you'll ask yourself, "Hey, where's my boredom now?"

Reese: All right, all right, just stop lecturing us! (the boys get up and leave the house)

Lois: God forbid those three should have to make their own fun.

Cut to the Billboard, where the boys have climbed onto it and are running along shaking cans of spraypaint.

Malcolm: I hate to admit it, but Mom challenged us to use our creativity, and I think we're better for it.

Dewey: How much time do we have before the lights come on?

Malcolm: We've got a few minutes.

Dewey: Let's give her crazy eyes, Dracula fangs, and a giant fart cloud.

Malcolm: (Reese starts spraypainting) Eh. Feels done. We went to all the trouble to get up here. Let's really think about... Reese! What are you writing?

Reese: "I want Reese." Come on. You know she's thinking it.

Malcolm: How are we supposed to get away with this if you put your name up there?

Reese: Relax. We're miles from our house. Nobody here knows us.

A spray can rolls off onto the ground in the mall below, right in front of Lois, who is there shopping. She picks it up, looks around and sees the boys on the Billboard.

Lois: Oh, my God!

Dewey: Did you hear something?

Lois: What are you boys doing up there?

Malcolm: It's Mom!

Dewey: How'd she know where to find us?

Reese: I told you she's got tracking devices in our feelings! If you two geniuses had ripped them out like I did, we wouldn't be in this mess!

Dewey: Maybe she didn't see us.

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Lois: (as other shoppers gather to look) Reese, Malcolm, Dewey!  
You get down here this instant!

Reese: (in fake voice) Missus, I don't know who you are  
thinking we are. Your boys are very different boys than we  
are being. (the Billboard lights come on)

Dewey: Oh, no!

Reese: Where's the back door on this thing?

Malcolm: It's a billboard!

Dewey: We are so dead! This time she'll finish us! What are we  
gonna do?!

Reese: Oh, God! Oh, God! Why do billboards have to be so visible?

Lois: Come down now!

Malcolm: Reese, give me your pocket knife.

Reese: Okay... But if you miss her, you'll only make her madder.  
What are you doing? (Malcolm closes grate and locks it with  
Reese's pocket knife) Hold on. I know that look. He's using  
his brain.

Malcolm: (changes "I WANT RE" to "I WANT RESPECT" We can't come down  
because we are, protesting this offensive depiction of women!

Lois: What?!

Reese: What?!

Malcolm: We've come up here to make a difference in the world!

Reese: Yeah!

Malcolm: To speak for women like this one who can't speak for  
themselves!

Reese: Yeah, because they're billboards!

Malcolm: (to Reese) Shut up! (to crowd) We're not coming down until  
women everywhere get the respect they deserve! No matter  
how long it takes, we're staying up here!

Lois: Oh, for the love of God. I don't know who you think you're  
fooling.

Woman 1: It's about time!  
Woman 2: Thank you, boys!  
Woman 3: God bless you!

Cut to Lois talking to the cops, who have arrived on the scene.

Reese: Oh, no. She's talking to the cops.

Malcolm: Wait, that's good. If she gets ahold of us, she'll have to  
beat us within the law.

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Dewey: All these people showing up is making her madder and madder. Why didn't we just climb down right away? What were you thinking?

Malcolm: I don't know. I panicked.

Lois: I want to know what you're going to do to get my boys down.

Officer: It's a complicated situation, ma'am. We have very specific guidelines for how to deal with political protesters.

Lois: They're not political protesters. Those boys don't give a damn about women's rights! If they did, they'd (raises voice so boys will hear) clean up their rooms once in a while! This is hooliganism!

Hal: (arriving on the scene) Sorry it took me so long. Eight different baby-sitters turned me down. Do you know Jamie's on a website? Where are the boys?

Lois: I told you. (points to the billboard)

Hal: Oh, good God! I thought it was a metaphor.

Lois: (to the cop) I'm sure you have ladders. I'm sure you have people who climb them. So get one of them up there and get my children down!

Officer: Ma'am, let me explain something about the Police Commissioner. This is an election year. We've had a lot of unflattering video on the news lately. The Chang case, the Jefferson case, the Rodriguez case. All he has left is the white vote. So he's not going to let a bunch of video cameras tape us manhandling those children. But if there's anything else that we can do for you...

Lois: Yeah, how about you call a cop?

Hal: (making up story) Sorry, Officer. It's not you, it's me. I have a severe gambling problem. Lost the house playing Pai-Gow. She's a saint. Would you excuse us a moment? (starts leading Lois away) Honey, calm down. You know what pepper spray feels like. Let's just give it an hour or two. When these people lose interest and the crowd disperses, we'll get the boys down.

Reporter1: That's right, Steven. I'm here at the scene of this dramatic demonstration... In an age of cynicism when it's said that young people don't care about the important issues.

Reporter2: These three youngsters seem to have struck a nerve among like-minded citizens who've had enough of this degrading depiction of women.

Hal: (running to Lois, who is sitting on a flight of stairs) Lois, did you see all the news vans? Lyle at Seven told me to get out of his shot. He is one handsome man.

Reporter1: (coming over with cameraman) Over here we have the proud

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mother of these three young protesters. What do you want the nation to know about your boys?

Lois: No comment. (gets up and walks off)

Reporter 1: So you must be the father? Can we get some comment from you?

Hal: I, I don't know that I really want to sound off.

Reporter 1: How do you account for your sons' extraordinary sensitivity to women's issues?

Hal: (making up story) Well, Dinah, in our house we emphasize the rights of all people. I've tried to pass along what I like to call "core values." Equality, respect, compassion, nutrition. We have something called the Clean Plate Club.

Malcolm: What's that cop doing?

Dewey: I think he's throwing something.

Boys: (as bag is thrown onto Billboard) Oh my God!

Reese: What is it?

Malcolm: It's a cell phone. (phone rings) Hello.

Lois: Hello.

Malcolm: Mom?

Lois: Before you say anything, I want you to listen carefully. There are a couple ways we can handle this. If you come down right now, I can go as low as three weeks in your room. If there's no more trouble, you get two meals a day and enough light to read by. You should think about this very carefully, but you've only got ten minutes until this offer expires. Then all bets are off. (hangs up phone)

Reese: Oh, my God.

Dewey: I know.

Malcolm: She's negotiating. She's never negotiated anything before.

Reese: We found a weakness. All these people and the TV cameras. She must be scared.

Malcolm: I didn't think this was possible.

Dewey: Suddenly, she looks so small. (the boys all stand up)

Malcolm: People, the battle before us may be long, but we will not stop until we end the oppression! Women of the world, unite! (women cheer and clap)

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Lois: (to the cop) I am their mother, and I say this has gone on long enough! Don't you have snipers with tranquilizer guns or a giant net?! What do I pay taxes for?

Hal: (being interviewed by news reporters) No, the life of a crusader is not an easy one, but once that fire is lit, there is no putting it out.

Reporter2: Feminism must be very important to your boys.

Hal: Meryl, please! They're not my "boys." They're my children. If you feel the need to label them, I'm sorry for you. (making up story) It's high time we showed a national audience - this is national? That we're still producing heroes in this country, and three of them are up there!

Officer: (mobile phone rings) It's your sons, ma'am.

Lois: (answering phone) Well, you're cutting it awfully close. I gave you ten minutes, and you've taken nearly nine and a half.

Malcolm: We decided we're not coming down.

Lois: What?!

Malcolm: We discussed it as a family. See, we figure you're as mad now as you possibly can ever get. We've reached the point where nothing we do can make it any worse. So every hour we stay up here is another hour of freedom. Plus another 30 or 40 supporters added to our fan base.

Lois: Malcolm, let's set aside the fact that you know you've done wrong. Let's ignore that you're pretending to have principles you don't have just to get out of it. You have to come down sometime. And life is long.

Malcolm: That's what's nice about being young. We really don't think that far ahead. This whole thing's been kind of eye-opening. If nothing else, we've all had a lesson on the ephemeral nature of power.

Lois: Power's a funny thing. It's when you think you have it that you're in trouble.

Malcolm: Valid point. Historically. But on a philosophical level, Mom, we've already won. We're free. And no matter what happens tonight, we both know it. (hangs up)

Dewey: I think it's getting cold up here. I don't think we should do this anymore. I don't know who we think we're kidding. We're not going to be able to win this.

Reese: (grabbing Dewey) Dewey, don't look into her eyes!

Dewey: Huh? What just happened?

Lois: Damn it.

Hal: (still being interviewed) I remember my mother, smart as

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any man, down on her knees in the kitchen, scrubbing that floor 'til it shined. I think I was seven when I made a promise to myself and to all women -

Wendy: Hal?

Hal: Yes. Oh, my God.

Wendy: I saw you on TV tonight, and I couldn't believe it was you, but you kept talking and talking and talking. And I realized it had to be you.

Hal: Wendy, how long's it been?

Wendy: 23 years, Hal. You know, I remember the last time I saw you down to the day and the minute. I can tell you exactly where I was standing -

Hal: Wendy! (leads her off) That was so long ago. I've got a whole new life now. You can't just come here and expect...

Wendy: Promises were made, Hal. And now that I found you, I'm not just gonna go away.

Hal: Look, I know that there are some issues that probably need Resolving - (pushes her into news van and closes the door) (to Lois) Listen, honey, let's get a cup of coffee way over there.

Lois: No. I have an idea. (goes over to where snacks are being prepared for the boys) Is this going up to the boys?

Lady: Yes, it's some baked goods, some jackets for when it gets cold... and my phone number.

Lois: Oh, this is wonderful. You certainly went to a lot of trouble. My boys are just going to be so appreciative of your kindness.

Dewey: I think the Green Valley Women's Collective makes better banana bread than the Feminists for Change.

Reese: According to the wrapper, we're the first male hands to touch this.

Dewey: You know, except for Mom and Dad and Francis and Jamie, I think this has really brought our family together. (Reese takes a cupcake) What are you doing?

Reese: What?

Dewey: You know what. Why do you get the one with the cherry?

Reese: I just grabbed one. I don't care.

Dewey: If you don't care, then let me have it.

Reese: I already took it.

Malcolm: Hey, I'm here, too. I want the cherry.

Reese: You always do this. You only want it because I have it.

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Malcolm: I don't care what you have. Reese, you're not the center of everything - wait. Why would they only put a cherry on one cupcake? This is Mom. (takes cherry off Reese's cupcake and stands up) There may be those who will try to drive a wedge between us. But if we learn nothing else tonight, we will learn to stand together! (drops cherry)

Lois: Damn it.

Malcolm (TC): We have a pretty sweet deal up here. Food, drinks. Everyone of our needs is being taken care of. Every one.

Reese: Man, they better stop sending up bran muffins. (lowering basket down to the ground) Hey! You may want to burn this basket!

Malcolm: How are the books they gave us?

Dewey: The feminist joke book's a little ham-fisted, but these fairy tales are interesting. In this one, Cinderella tells the Prince he's sapping her woman-strength, and she pushes him aside to create a matriarchy with fluid gender roles.

Reese: (standing up, looking down at the crowd) Can you believe these cows actually think we're on their side ?

Woman 3: (calling) We love you, boys!

Reese: (yelling back) Right on, sister! Check out that pig.

Dewey: You don't have to talk about them like that. They've been really nice to us.

Malcolm: Yeah, and they really believe in this stuff.

Reese: That is such a load. Every woman down there is just here because they're jealous.

Malcolm: Of what?

Reese: Of the fact that they're not hot enough to be strippers. They act like they're all offended, but really they're just mad about their own giant butts. Believe me, in their heart of hearts, every woman wants to be her.

Malcolm: What about Mom?

Reese: We're not talking about moms. We're talking about women.

Malcolm: So all women want to be strippers? There are no women in the world who want to be doctors or lawyers or anything like that?

Reese: Cut the act, Malcolm. They can't hear you. Just because they look like dogs doesn't mean they hear like dogs.

Dewey: I'm sleeping on the other side. (gets up and drags blanket with him. Malcolm follows.)

Reese: Come on, I was just being honest! So whipped. (lies down

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in sleeping bag, goes to sleep and has a dream that the lady on the Billboard is talking to him)

Reporter3: Right now the mother of the protesters is with the Police Commissioner, pleading for her brave boys whose sacrifice continues to inspire so many.

Lois: (being interviewed) Those boys are like dogs. I have to get them on their backs just to re-establish my dominance. Look, this whole protest thing is a lie anyway. They don't believe a word of it. If it's an issue of liability, I'll sign any waiver. Just get them down here!

Man: Do I appear to look concerned?

Lois: What? Yeah, sure, you look concerned.

Man: Oh, thank God. My handlers say that I don't pull it off. Can't do the mouth.

Lois: I want those boys down.

Man: Believe me, there is nothing I would like more than to tear 'em down and crack a few heads. But in an election year we all have to make sacrifices. You know, this whole thing brings me back to my days on the Freedom Ride.

Snack Lady: It's fantastic. We're getting an injunction.

Lois: What?

Snack Lady: The ACLU found a judge who's completely sympathetic to what your boys are doing. In two hours, we'll have an airtight court order and your boys can stay up there for days, even weeks.

Lois: (running to reporters) Excuse me, I have something to say. (reporters all turn to her) (makes up story) I want the world to know how proud I am of my boys for making this statement, despite the wind and the cold and little Dewey's medical condition. And I want to thank the Police Commissioner for letting my son stay up there, even if it means rolling the dice on a diabetic coma. It's nice to see someone who cares about principles more than they care about the life of a little boy.

Man: Get 'em down.

The Police Officer rides up to the top of the Billboard where Dewey is sleeping. Dewey wakes up with a fright.

Dewey: Malcolm! Reese!

Malcolm: Oh, my God!

Man: (calling) We'll have you in your mother's arms in a minute, little Dewey!

Dewey: No!

Wendy: Excuse me, are you Hal's wife?

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Lois: Yeah, this is, uh...

Wendy: There's something you need to know about your husband. We both worked at the Tiger Shop at Macy's. One night he got me drunk and borrowed \$400 from me!

Lois: What?

Wendy: He bought a velour suit and faked his own death to get out of paying me back. He actually blew up a phone booth. I figure with interest it comes to about ten grand.

Lois: I'm sorry, but...

Reese: (as he and Malcolm are riding down to the ground) Hey! Hey, everybody! You can take us down, but first I have something to say. I realized something up here. This woman is beautiful, she's sexy, and perfect and gigantic, but you know what? She isn't real. If she was real, she'd be different. I know that if I was real, I'd want people to listen to me. I'd want people to care about what I think and not ignore me. I guess what these protesters are trying to say is, that women, real women, (they reach the ground and reporters and camera crew approach Reese while Dewey is lifted off and laid on a stretcher) aren't that different from regular people. They want the same things that men want. Only men don't have to hold a big protest to get them. And women shouldn't have to either.

Lois: (in front of reporters) Well, I'm very proud of you boys. Let's go home where I can truly express how I'm feeling. (to Malcolm, leading boys off) I've had six hours to figure out all the horrible things that are going to happen to you. (to Reese) You, I still have to think about.

(Dewey is being loaded into an ambulance)

Officer: Get him to Deaconess Diabetic Center right away.

Dewey: Dad! Tell them what's going on! Tell them I'm not -

Hal: (Covers Dewey's mouth with breathing mask) He's fading! Let's go! Let's go!