

612 LIVING WILL TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Wow, I remember this: this is Reese's fifth birthday.

Hal: This must be Christmas the same year.

Lois: He grew up so fast.

Hal: He sure did. Here's Malcolm's first day at school.

Lois: Oh... Remember when we lost Dewey at the flea market?

Hal: (holding up his wrist with the watch he bought at the flea market)
Still keeps great time.

Lois: You want to go through the arrest reports?

Hal: I'll pour some more wine.

Lois: Hal, do you want Raisin Bran or Oatmeal?

Hal: Oatmeal. No, wait... Raisin Bran. No, no... oatmeal. Oh, but Raisin Bran's got that crunch. And those raisins. But sometimes you get too many raisins. You don't have that problem with oatmeal. Oh, but oatmeal can be lumpy. But sometimes good lumpy. But, not usually. So definitely it's going to be Raisin Bran... no, eggs!

Lois: You're having Raisin Bran.

Hal: Oh, God, thank you.

Lois: Hal, I don't know why you have such a hard time making decisions.

Hal: Who knows? Probably no reason. You might as well ask me why I'm afraid of clowns and snakes.

Craig: Good morning, everybody.

Lois: Hey, Craig. Thanks for offering me a ride to work today. That's nice of you.

Craig: My pleasure. Hey, gee whiz, you know who I haven't seen in the longest time? Your boys. I think I'll just drop in and say an innocent hello. (goes into the boys' bedroom) Hey, boys, what do you say the four of us have a giant tickle party?! Okay, that was just a cover, I didn't want to alarm your parents.

Malcolm: What's going on?

Craig: I need you guys to teach me how to fight. There's this jerk who's always picking on me, and I'm sick of it.

Reese: Why are you asking us?

Craig: Because this guy's stronger and faster than me. The only chance I've got is if I fight dirty. And let's face it, your family is legendary for that.

Malcolm: Well, people exaggerate...

Craig: Please, you've got to teach me everything you know.

Reese: I don't think that's such a great idea. I mean, I teach you some tricks, you teach them to someone else, he teaches them to another guy and sooner or later, I'm in a fair fight.

Dewey: Sorry, Craig.

Craig: What am I supposed to do? (starts crying) I came to you guys asking for help because that's what I thought friends do for their friends.

Reese: Dude, calm down.

Craig: I thought we meant something to each other. I mean, after all these years, after everything I've done for you...

Malcolm: Craig, stop it.

Craig: I can't help it.

Malcolm: Okay. I guess we can teach you a few moves. Just stop crying.

Craig: Really? I mean, you're not just saying that? You'll teach me how to fight dirty?

Malcolm: Yes. But you're gonna have to fully commit to this.

Reese: And you need to know that once you start training with us, you're gonna see the world differently.

Dewey: And there's nothing we can ever do to restore your innocence.

Craig: Thank you so much. You guys are the best.

Reese: You hug me, and the lesson starts right now.

Peter: Hi. I'm Peter Rubin from Bernstein, Wyatt and McCormack. Are you Hal?

Hal: Look, I'll tell you what I tell all the other lawyers. Look around. This skeleton has been picked clean. But go ahead, sue away.

Peter: Actually, that's not why I'm here. I'll leave you a copy of the will to go through on your own, but the bottom line is that Mr. Edelman has given you power of attorney.

Hal: The family on the corner with the boat on the lawn? I barely even knew the man. Why would he give me power of attorney?

Peter: Well, there are some difficult family issues involved, and he wanted someone impartial. Apparently, he considers everyone else in the neighbourhood a friend.

Hal: So I'm the one that has to decide how all his stuff gets divided?

Peter: What? No.

Hal: Oh, thank God.

Peter: No, he's not dead. He's in a coma on life support. You have to decide whether or not to pull the plug.

Hal: What am I going to do? A man's life is in my hands. This isn't paper or plastic. This is life or death. There's nothing more life or death than life or death.

Lois: Hal, calm down. Panicking isn't going to help.

Hal: You know, this is all your fault.

Lois: What?!

Hal: I am completely unprepared for this. I've had no practice. I haven't made a decision around here in years. When exactly did it get to the point where you make all the decisions in our marriage?

Lois: When you said, "Lois, I want you to make all the decisions in our marriage."

Hal: Well, you didn't have to listen to me. Oh, I got all this stuff racing through my mind. I, I can't eat, I can't sleep...

Lois: Oh, Hal, if you want, I'll make the decision for you.

Hal: No. I was given this responsibility. A man entrusted his fate in my hands. I can't just shrug that off. I can do this. I just need to focus my mind on the problem and think clearly. Yes. I've got it! Lois, I have made the decision. Want to guess what it is?

Lois: Hal.

Hal: Oh, all right. I'll keep trying.

Reese: Craig, I'd like to welcome you to the first day of your new, more vicious life. I give you... the human body. For clarity, we've divided it into the three major theatres of operation. (points to each theatre) The head. The torso.

Craig: And what are those?

Reese: You know what those are. Now the first thing you need to know is that this is all about pride. Do you have pride, Craig?

Craig: Yes.

Reese: Okay, that is not the answer I was looking for. You show me a man with pride, and I'll show you a man with limited options. Let's say that this is your opponent, and he's coming after you. (pretends to be opponent) Hey, man, we can work this out. I didn't know she was your girl. (Reese rips out the egg "eyes" from the watermelon "head") See? Now he's blind, and you have the time to really get creative. Personally, I like to leave at least one sense intact so he knows what's happening to him.

Craig: I knew I came to the right place.

Reese: Okay, Dewey, you're up.

Dewey: Okay, first, I'm going to need you to take off your glasses. (Craig does and Dewey flicks sand in his eyes)

Craig: Ow! My eyes! I didn't know we were starting!

Dewey: There is no starting in dirty fighting. Life is one big fight from the day you're born to the day you die. Okay. Maybe we should slow down a little. (flicks more sand into Craig's eyes)

Craig: Ow! Time out! Time out!

Dewey: I think we're wasting our time here.

Reese: Let's just kick him in the kidneys and call it a night.

Craig: No! Please! I know I suck, but I want to be better. Please. I'll try harder, I promise.

Malcolm: Let me try something. All right, Craig, listen. I want you to think. I want you to visualize every bully that ever picked on you or beat you up. Really see the look of contempt on their faces as they pounded on you. You got it?

Craig: Mm-hmm.

Malcolm: Now, picture what they were looking at.

Craig: Oh. It's disgusting! (runs over and starts attacking "opponent")

Malcolm: Is he going for the plums?

Reese: It appears so. Well, he sure won't have to worry about the guy's children coming after him.

Lady: Look at him. He can't even move, and still you can see how much he's suffering. Lying there, enduring the pain, hour after endless hour. You can see in his face he's just begging to be put out of his misery. It's awful.

Hal: Oh God, yes.

Man: Look at him. Look how hard he's fighting. Those clenched hands, the set of his jaw. It's inspiring to see such a fierce will to live. He really wants to make it.

Hal: It's beautiful. He's really gonna...

Waitress: Here's extra pudding if... (Hal screams and runs out of the room)

Malcolm: Okay, it was a good plan having the guy meet you here. We've set up a few things to give you a little edge if you get in trouble.

Dewey: There's a broken bottle in that pile of leaves, and a can of bug spray under the Big Wheel. If it runs out, it still makes a great blunt object.

Reese: Remember, we're here for you. Unless it looks like you're getting a total beating. Then I may have to take his side.

Craig: Don't worry. I hate this guy more than anyone on Earth. This jerk is going to finally get what he deserves.

Vic: Craigy? Is that you back there?

Craig: Hello, Dad.

Vic: For God's sake, son, you have no upper body strength at all. I know girls that could get out of this hold.

Craig: Get your foot off my neck so I can kill you.

Vic: Craigy, do you have any idea how pathetic you look right now? Do you even care? Are you so wrapped up with being a useless piece of pudge that you can't even see how embarrassed you're making me?

Malcolm: Um, I think he needs to breathe.

Vic: I'm going to let you up now. I want you to dust yourself off, suck in your gut, and introduce me to your friends.

Craig: I'm not doing anything you tell me. I hate you. And I wasn't even choking. I was faking it.

Vic: Vic Feldspar. Nice to meet you, boys. I'm this one's father, I guess.

Craig: Father? Ha! You pretended not to know me at the father-son picnic.

Vic: Sorry I wasn't swelling with pride while I watched you suck the butter off other people's corncocks.

Craig: You wonder why I'm so messed up? It's because from the day I was born, I've heard nothing but four-count Burpees and constant, lisping criticism. Why don't you go back to San Diego and all your macho friends?

Vic: I'm not leaving until you seriously think about my offer.

Craig: I don't want your stupid gymnasiums. I told you.

Vic: Craigy, the people in Chicago put in a very nice bid. I can't put them off anymore. This is your last chance.

Reese: Whoa, whoa, whoa. He wants to give you a string of gymnasiums?

Craig: As long as he can get me back under his thumb.

Vic: Actually, I'm giving them up either way. It's time for me to retire. I got a top of the line Fleetwood RV. I'm going to drag it across America with my teeth. Son, don't be an idiot. There is still a chance I can fix you.

Craig: I don't care. I'm not going back with you. I escaped, and I'm staying escaped.

Vic: Okay, you're obviously hysterical. I've got to start my 30-mile run. That gives you two hours and 16 minutes to calm down. Meet me at Applebee's, and we'll try to discuss this like grown-ups.

Craig: I'll come, but it'll be for the great service and atmosphere, not for you!

Dewey: Dad, what are you doing?

Hal: I am making a decision tree. It is a tool to help you make difficult decisions. First, I started out with two branches, one for pulling the plug, the other one for keeping him alive. Then I made branches from those branches for all the possible outcomes. I'm getting it all out of my head so I can see what I'm dealing with logically.

Dewey: (reading)"Pulling plug causes feeling of Godlike power. Forced to kill again"?

Hal: Well, I'm trying to cover everything. But now I have gone through all the possibilities, and I really think I am zeroing in on a decision.

Dewey: All your outcomes on "pull the plug" assume that he dies right away.

Hal: Yes, Dewey, that's what pulling the plug means.

Dewey: Not necessarily. He could continue to live without his respirator, his body wasting away while he struggles for breath like a fish on a dock gasping for air, slowly suffocating over the course of weeks or even months. I read about this one...

Hal: Thank you, Dewey. (starts ripping decision tree down) Like I don't get enough of the know-it-all stuff from Malcolm.

Lois: Here you go, Craig. I made your favorite; lemon meringue pie.

Vic: I want to thank you people for your hospitality. Opening your house up to me and the living garbage disposal over here.

Lois: It's our pleasure. I hope you like dinner. I wasn't sure whether to make a chicken or a ham.

Hal: Chicken or ham, boy, that's a tough one. Chicken or ham. Your life must be a living hell.

Lois: So, did Craig tell you how he got honourable mention for his community gardens?

Vic: Sitting on his ass making food? Sounds about right.

Hal: (on phone) Hello. Oh, yes, Dr. Samson.

Dr Samson: Hal, you promised us a decision a week ago. The hospital needs this room for urgent care patients. Now, we have to either pull the plug on Mr. Edelman or move him to a private intensive care facility. We have to have your decision now, right now.

Hal: Okay, listen, I'm going to need your help here. Just strictly from an emotionless, purely medical standpoint, what should I do?

Doctor: Pull the plug.

Nurse: Let him live.

Doctor: Damn it, Georgie, you know the chances for a coma patient waking up are practically zero.

Nurse: Practically zero does not mean zero. Why the hell do you give up so easily?

Doctor: He's shown no activity, no responsiveness, no eye movement for a month. It's over.

Nurse: You know as well as I that patients can be in a persistent vegetative state for years and still recover.

Doctor: We can argue about this all day. We're not going to get anywhere. It's up to you. Just put an "X" somewhere.

Malcolm: What's wrong with him?

Lois: The doctors called it "hysterical conversion disorder." It's psychosomatic. Apparently, he's paralyzed from the waist up.

Malcolm: Waist up? (Hal makes kicking his legs around and making strange noises)

Reese: Dad, what is it? (Lois touches Hal's nose, he calms down then starts rubbing Lois's leg with his foot)

Dewey: I think he's thanking you.

Craig: Dad, what are you doing here? I told you no at Applebee's, no at Malcolm's house, and no all the way home as you jogged alongside my car.

Vic: I wanted to give you something.

Craig: What is it?

Vic: Used to call that your unk-unk. Your mother bought that for you the day she found out she was pregnant. The only day I saw her happier was the day you were born.

Craig: Wow.

Vic: I haven't been totally honest with you, son, but before I go, I owe you the truth. I never made it a secret how disappointed I am with the way you turned out. But what you don't know is if your mother was alive today, she'd be just as disappointed.

Craig: What?

Vic: Opening those gyms wasn't just my dream, it was your mother's dream, too. Fitness was her life, and it was her dying wish for you to embrace a life of health and vitality.

Craig: Why didn't you ever tell me that?

Vic: Because I kept thinking if I pushed you enough, eventually you'd turn yourself around. But, apparently to you, I'm an annoyance, not an inspiration.

Craig: No, you're...

Vic: It doesn't really matter. Your mom's in heaven now, crying at the waste you made of your life. I know you don't want to run those gyms to please me, but you might want to consider doing it for your mother.

Craig: Do those jumpsuits come in extra large?

Vic: I waited all my life to hear those words.

Lois: It's been four days, Hal. I've tried to be patient, but this has gone on long enough. You've got to snap out of it. Look, I'll admit you've been resourceful. You've learned to do so many things, and the sex has been interesting, but you can't go on living like this. Don't think I don't know what this is all about, Hal. You're trying to avoid making this decision. This is not going to work. And frankly, this whole thing is beneath you. It's a cowards way out, Hal. You think I wouldn't like a paralyzed vacation, everyone waiting on me hand and foot? But you know what? It doesn't work that way. You can't make up ridiculous illnesses just to get out of doing what you don't want to do. Oh, for God's sake, do you have any idea how insane you're acting? I'm just glad that your boys aren't here to see this. (Hal prepares to floss his teeth with his feet) Oh, Hal, you changed Jamie's diapers with those feet.

Cut to the living room, where Hal is stuck in Jamie's playpen.

Lois: Hal?! Reese, how could you just leave him in there?

Reese: Every time I pulled him out, Jamie started crying.

Lois: Okay, this is ending right now. You are going to stop being paralysed and you are going to make this decision. I know you think you can't do this. I know you're worried you'll choose wrong, but Hal, you had a very hard choice to make in your life before and you made not only a good decision. You made a brilliant one... you decided to marry me. No one thought it was a good idea. All your friends thought you were making a horrible mistake. Your parents, my parents. They all said I was a pushy, opinionated loudmouth, but you knew I was perfect for you. And I am. It's the best decision anyone's ever made. Every day I wake up grateful or that brilliant, brilliant decision. And you can do it again, Hal. I know you can.

Hal: (coming out of it) But with you it was obvious.

Lois: Even so, honey.

Vic: You better say your good-byes quickly. We need to squeeze in a lake swim before we head to the airport.

Craig: But...

Vic: Ready? Begin.

Craig: I'll miss you guys.

Malcolm: Craig, you don't have to do this.

Craig: Let's face it. I don't have any better options.

Vic: It's your lunchtime.

Reese: That's his lunch?

Vic: Every day until he drops 90 pounds. These pills here are my own formula. It's got three times the RDA of the all you basic vitamins and nutrients. Sadly, it doesn't contain any character.

Reese: See ya, Craig. I guess this means I don't owe you that 50 bucks anymore.

Dewey: I'll think of you every time I open a jar of mayonnaise.

Malcolm: So, um, Vic, Craig's mom was a real fitness buff, huh?

Vic: Absolutely. She did a triathlon the day after giving birth to Craig. There was no stopping that woman.

Malcolm: Really? No stopping this woman?! (holds up photo)

Vic: Give that back!

Craig: Mama? Oh, my God, she's beautiful. I thought you said all the photos of her were destroyed in the twister that killed her.

Vic: What did you want me to say? That your mother ran out on me with a guy who owned a pie shop? That after years of slaving away to give that woman everything, she decided she wasn't attracted to me anymore? That I wasn't man enough for her? Come on, Craig. What would that have done to your self-esteem?

Craig: So, my mom is alive?

Vic: Oh, great. So, now this all going to be about her.

Craig: How could you do this to me? How could you lie to me all these years?

Vic: I did what I thought was best for you.

Craig: No, you didn't. You did what you thought would punish her. All this time, you weren't yelling at me, but at this beautiful, beautiful woman. Dad, I'm not going with you. My life isn't a mess. I love my life. I love my job, I love my cat, I love my friends. I've made something of myself. I'm Desk Sergeant at my Neighbourhood Watch. And a 14th-level elf cleric. I am not going to throw that away.

Vic: You almost sounded like a man for a second.

Craig: Good-bye, Dad.

Vic: You actually have a pretty good grip there, son.

Craig: It's my joystick hand.

Cut to Hal and Lois getting into bed.

Lois: Hal, I am so proud of you for making such a great decision. And such a surprising one. I thought your only choices were life or death. Who would have thought there was a third option?

Craig: People aren't willing to think outside the box. See, the answer was there all the time. Someone just had to see it. Once I found out he was a bird lover, well, it all made sense.

Lois: And everything was at Radio Shack?

Hal: Everything but the hat.

Lois: You know what, Hal? Your solution was so brilliant, would you mind walking me through it one more time, step-by-step, just so I understand it completely?

Hal: Honey, no, it was so exhausting. I don't think I'll talk about it ever again.

Lois: Well, I suppose it's for the best.