

613 TIKI LOUNGE TRANSCRIPT

Hal: Good dinner, honey.

Lois: Thanks. I'm stunned I had time to cook anything. Traffic was horrible, and then on the way to the market I hit a possum.

Hal: You're kidding.

Lois: It was just awful. It laid there moaning and dying. I didn't know what to do. So I finally called Animal Services. I waited and waited, nobody ever came. I was so upset. I never did have time to get to the store.

Malcolm: If you never made it to the store, then what are we eating?

Lois: Something from the freezer. Finish it.

Hal: I'll pick up Dewey from his piano lesson. And you're waiting for the dry wall guy?

Lois: Yeah, but you got to get the vacuum. I'll take the boys for their haircuts, and go pay the phone bill.

Hal: All right. By the way, the dermatologist called. He said that the lump on my back is just...

Malcolm: Don't put it out with more fire, moron!

Hal: Oh, my God. I don't care if it's only a little poisonous. Get rid of it.

Hal: So he said it was just an ingrown hair.

Lois: What?

Hal: The lump.

Lois: Oh, good. That was 18 hours ago. That's the last time we talked to each other?

Hal: Oh, my God. I mean, oh, my God.

Lois: We talk to each other 20 seconds a day?!

Hal: Don't worry, honey. This is a problem, but I will take care of it. (to the boys) For the next five days, you boys will be my slaves. It will be miserable, hard, exhausting work, but - nope, that's it. Just miserable, hard work.

Malcolm: So no matter what we have planned or how busy we are, you're okay with exploiting us for child labour?

Hal: Good, we're clear. Let's get to work.

Reese: (picks up nail gun) Come to Papa.

Malcolm: Dad?

Hal: Oh, no, you don't, Reese. No way. You give the nail gun to Dewey.

Malcolm: You wanted to see me, Mr. Herkabe?

Mr Herkabe: Malcolm, one of the many perks of working in the glamorous field of public education is the constant opportunity to suddenly increase your workload. It's as big a morale booster as the constant chiseling of gum from one's shoes -

Malcolm: You know, you can come right out and tell me how you're screwing me over. You don't have to make a speech every time.

Mr Herkabe: Be patient. Yesterday I was informed that all faculty members must serve as advisors to at least one of the school's many clubs and organizations. I've been assigned the North High Boosters.

Malcolm: And you're telling me because...?

Mr Herkabe: It's coming. The Boosters are only nine members, which makes it a group. We need ten for it to be a club. And if it isn't a club, I don't get my \$200 advisor fee.

Malcolm: You want me to join?

Mr Herkabe: I love it when a victim fully grasps the horror. You have proved a worthy patsy.

Malcolm: I don't want to be in your stupid club.

Mr Herkabe: It's not a club until you joined keep up.

Malcolm: Okay, what's the blackmail?

Mr Herkabe: Why must you rush these things? As Vice Principal, I write the college recommendations. I've written two for you. One has your complete academic record. The other has your complete academic record and a short paragraph about your personality.

Malcolm: That's not fair!

Mr Herkabe: The meeting starts at 3:15 tomorrow. Come early if you want spirit cookies.

Hal: Keep 'em closed. Almost there.

Lois: Hal, you spun me around 50 times. I still know we're going to the garage.

Hal: Okay, open 'em.

Lois: Oh, Hal, it's - it's beautiful.

Hal: Well, I didn't do it all myself. The boys worked their butts off. You know, that's a working wet bar. And a real New Zealand Mocking Mask. Congratulations, boys, you did a fantastic job. Now, if you set one foot in here, I will cripple you.

Reese: What?

Hal: From now on, every night from 6:00 to 7:00 is "tiki time." Tiki time means your mother and I will be in here, alone, with no questions, no interruptions, no communication from you boys of any kind. Malcolm, you'll cover any of your mom's shifts at Lucky Aide. Reese, Dewey, baby-sit Jamie.

Reese: But...

Hal: No buts. You're the ones who ruined our relationship in the first place.

Lois: Hal.

Hal: (giving Jamie to Dewey) He needs changing. Aloha. (goes into garage and closes door)

Mr Herkabe: I would like to officially welcome my young friend Malcolm to the North High Booster Club. It's a very rewarding day for all of us, who care so much about... Whatever it is you do. Phillip?

Phillip: First, let's review our Food for the Homeless program. Wayne?

Wayne: Good news, Boosters, we raised \$428 at our rad "Bowling For Hobos" event. Unfortunately, the decorating budget got away from us. We spent \$425 on the balloons. But I think we might be able to salvage this by taking that three dollars and buying the homeless a really nice card.

Girl: Great idea.

Phillip: Good save, Wayne.

Wayne: All right, Stephanie, what about our pancake breakfast for the Abused Children's Counseling Center?

Stephanie: It's gonna be awesome. We have tons of decorations and hundreds of balloons.

Malcolm: Maybe if you eased up on the balloons, you'd have some more money for the counseling center.

Stephanie: I don't think abused children want to eat in some glumy undecorated room. I mean, after what they've been through, let's not abuse their sense of taste.

Group: Yeah. Absolutely.

Phillip: Let's move on to our Monte Carlo Night for the school library. This year we've invested in a professional Bingo caller. It's going to be insane. And Malcolm?

Malcolm: What? I'm awake.

Phillip: Don't worry. We've saved a really important job just for you. You are going to be our Monte Carlo Night auctioneer.

Malcolm: What?

Phillip: That's right. You're going to be in front of the whole school representing us. Welcome aboard, Booster.

Stephanie: Point of order! Can we start Smile Patrol before the kids go home?

Malcolm: Smile Patrol?

Phillip: We thought it'd be fun to roam the halls for anyone who's not smiling and give them a ticket. Meeting adjourned.

Mr Herkabe: I think someone's going to have to write themselves up.

Dewey: This is so unfair.

Reese: Yeah, when I grow up, I'm going to do exactly the same thing to my kids.

Dewey: Yeah, mine are going to pay big time.

Lois: By the time I came back, there were adult diapers all over the loading dock.

Hal: That's wonderful. Oh, I hear a coconut that needs refreshing. One more Beach Frolic coming up. So, go on.

Lois: I'm finished. That's my entire day.

Hal: Mine, too. Huh, how about that? Do you realize that we have never told each other our entire day before?

Lois: That's amazing. I wonder what else I've never told you.

Hal: Think, Lois. I want to know everything.

Lois: I had a pet turtle named Lee Majors. He gave my whole family salmonella.

Hal: I thought I loved you four seconds ago.

Malcolm: I want out of the Booster club. You can blackmail me all you want, but those kids are stupid, the auctioneer job is stupid, the whole thing blows and I'm quitting.

Mr Herkabe: Someone's putting the "boo" in booster.

Malcolm: Did you see the crap they're trying to auction? 500 take-out menus from a Chinese restaurant, an AOL starter disc, scrapbook lessons, a 15-minute neck massage from Earl the janitor. Nobody wants that stuff. I'm out of there.

Mr Herkabe: Good for you. Go right ahead.

Malcolm: What?

Mr Herkabe: I officially stopped caring at 2:15 when I was handed this check. And now I can finally splurge on new brake pads and treat my Civic like the lady that she is. You should really learn to trust me, Malcolm. It worked out well for everyone. I got my money, you get to quit, and the Boosters get to be rid of you.

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

Mr Herkabe: They don't like you any more than you like them. They think you're too lazy and selfish to be Booster material.

Malcolm: You're lying.

Mr Herkabe: Oh, my God, you care.

Malcolm: No, I don't. They're a bunch of hypocrites pretending to be into charity just to have an excuse to throw parties and socialize and be surrounded by balloons.

Mr Herkabe: Is this going to devolve into you shambling around the quite come next June desperate for someone to sign your yearbook?

Malcolm: Calling me selfish and lazy? I could raise ten times the money those idiots ever could!

Mr Herkabe: Please. You're not seriously thinking of "showing them a thing or two," are you?

Malcolm: Shut up!

Cut to the main house. Jamie is in his highchair, and Reese is sitting with him, attempting to teach him to smoke.

Reese: Jamie... Come on, just try it. It's easy.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Dewey: He's trying to teach Jamie to smoke.

Reese: Since we're stuck watching him, I figured we might as well do something cool with him. What's cooler than a smoking baby?

Malcolm: Why don't you just shoot him out of a cannon?

Reese: Come on, he could be famous. You know, "Jamie, that smokin' baby." He could do talk shows or tour with rock bands. But he doesn't even care.

Dewey: Give him a break. He's not even two.

Reese: I'm not mad that he won't light the cigarette. I'm mad that he won't try. (looks into Jamie's eyes) I think he's stupid. (to Jamie) Look, pal, we missed the chance to raise you inside a Sparklet's bottle. This is our last shot. We're not going to move. We're going to sit here for as long as it takes. (Jamie soils his nappy) Aw, man! You did that on purpose. (lifts Jamie out of his highchair) You going to play it that way, fine. Now it's war.

Lois: I miss the rotary phone, too. It made you slow down. Think about what you're gonna say.

Hal: Yeah, exactly. Now it's bup-bup-bup and there they are whether you're ready or not.

Lois: This is wonderful.

Hal: Just think, when we get to heaven we'll feel like this all the time.

Lois: Wouldn't that be nice?

Hal: What do you mean?

Lois: I mean, it would be nice, heaven.

Hal: You mean it will be nice.

Lois: I just don't personally... believe in that.

Hal: Well, okay, maybe not the clouds and the harps and angels, but you do believe in some kind of heaven, right? Okay, so you don't believe in heaven, but you do believe in some kind of paradise where our two souls will go spend eternity.

Lois: I'm just not much of an afterlife person.

Hal: Wait a minute, Lois. Where are good people rewarded and bad people punished?

Lois: Right here on Earth, if I have anything to say about it.

Hal: How is it I didn't know about this until now?

Lois: Well, I guess we just never had time to talk about it. (Hal doesn't respond) Are you okay?

Hal: Yeah, yeah. It's silly to ruin tiki time over this. I will refresh our drinks. Oh, I can't do this! You've ruined it.

Lois: Why?

Hal: Because for the last 20 years I've assumed we'd be spending eternity together. And if you don't believe that, then you won't be there.

Lois: Is that the rule?

Hal: Nothing about this place is right anymore. It feels like that New Zealand Mocking Mask is... mocking me.

Lois: Hal, I didn't say this to upset you.

Hal: I know.

Lois: Can we talk about it?

Hal: I think we've talked enough. I'm going to go take kind of a long walk now. But you stay. Enjoy your rum-tumbler.

Reese: Look at me play with this great toy, and I'm not gonna share it! Whee! This is fun! I'm not gonna turn around. Is he getting pissed?

Dewey: He's eating his foot.

Reese: Nice cover. I'm getting to him.

Dewey: You're having a feud with a toddler.

Reese: And you don't think he's playing that for all it's worth?

Lois: (comes inside and picks up Jamie from his playpen) Well, tiki time is over. You boys don't have to babysit anymore.

Victor: And Monte Carlo Night is starting to shape up really nicely. We've got really cool-looking plastic champagne glasses, and we've also got six-channel walkie-talkies so we can be in constant audio contact in all sectors of the gymnasium. I also took it upon myself to raise the balloon budget. I figure if we're not going Mylar, then why even bother?

Phillip: Okay, great, Victor. All right, and that brings us to the auction.

Malcolm: It's gonna be horrible, but not because I'm not busting my butt. I've been hitting up people all around town, trying to get decent stuff that people will actually bid on, but no one's interested!

Phillip: Well, I'm sure you're doing the best that you can. Meeting adjourned.

Mr Herkabe: I can't believe that this is what happens when you actually try.

Cut to the house, where Hal and Lois are getting into bed.

Hal: Um, Good Night.

Lois: Why can't we just get past this?

Hal: I don't know. Why the hell did we think that talking to each other was a good idea?

Lois: We were having fun and we got greedy. Now look at us. We used to have no time at all for each other, and it worked great. We should warn people. Write a book. Go on Oprah.

Hal: You know what would help?

Lois: What?

Hal: If you changed your mind and told me that you believed in heaven.

Lois: You want me to lie to you?

Hal: It's not lying if what you say would be true if the facts were different. I'll work with whatever you give me. If you just say the words, you'll be giving me a tiny little gray area where I can live in peace for the rest of my life. I can live in gray, Lois. Let me live in gray!

Lois: Hal, I'm sorry, I have to tell you the truth.

Hal: Why?

Lois: Because it's what I believe in. It's what I hang onto. The truth is all that I have. If I could give it up for anybody, I would give it up for you, but I just can't.

Hal: (turns out lamp and lies down) Heaven's going to suck!

Cut to the auction, where Hal, Lois, Reese and Dewey are arriving.

Hal: We have to be home by 9:30. The baby-sitter said her halfway house goes into lockdown at 10:00.

Lois: Ok. Did she tell you about the mobile over Jamie's crib? She said it looked like somebody took a saw and cut almost all through it.

Reese: That's weird. It's not like he has any enemies or anything. (glances at Dewey, who looks annoyed)

Lois: Hey, Malcolm, the place looks great. Look at all these balloons. This is going to be a fun night.

Malcolm: If watching your son be humiliated in front of the whole school is your idea of fun.

Lois: What are you talking about? You're finally getting the attention you always wanted. (Malcolm walks off)

Oh, come on, honey. I know you're upset. Let's try to have some fun tonight.

Hal: Sure. If the here and now is all we've got, then let's enjoy it in all its beauty and wonder. I'll get us some churros.

Mr Herkabe: Hello, Malc.

Malcolm: Malc?

Mr Herkabe: Forgive me, I'm feeling very odd tonight. What is it called when you look around and you are not filled with festering rage?

Malcolm: Being moderately happy?

Mr Herkabe: That is it! I am moderately happy. I have brake pads, and enough left over for a side mirror. And now I find that there's a wine tasting booth with an incredibly underpriced Riesling, just 25 cents a glass. So, if you'll excuse me, I think I saw a slightly drunk Ms. Bartlett headed for the ladies' room.

Reese: I can't wait to see the look on Jamie's face tomorrow when he tries to tickle what's left of Elmo. Then he'll be sorry he started this. Stupid baby.

Malcolm: Reese, let me ask you. When you end up in a situation like this, does it ever even occur to you to stop and figure out how you got there?

Reese: And let him win?

Hal: I mean, what do you do when your concept of eternity is wrapped up in a person that doesn't believe in eternity? I mean, does this eternity even exist?

Junior Boy: You might want to talk to a senior.

Victor: That's it, Mr. Herkabe, you just broke the North High bank.

Mr Herkabe: Sometimes you're kissed by the gods.

Victor: Your trip to the corndog cart has been comped.

Mr Herkabe: I should hope so. Ladies.

Malcolm: I've been working hard, and I do care about this, but all your stuff blows.

Stephanie: Don't worry, Malcolm. Just go up there and do your best. And don't be nervous. No one's expecting much.

Malcolm: Ladies and gentlemen, it's time for the Monte Carlo Night auction. Please gather around. It's a wonderful night and a wonderful cause. I have to say that the members of the North High Boosters have really taught me so much about the true spirit of charity. So

instead of the items listed in the program, we came up with some new items, which I think people will be very excited to bid on. First item up: Our own Stephanie Wright has agreed to put up for auction, a photograph of herself from eighth grade... with her original nose!

Crowd: Ten dollars! 20! 30! 40! 50! 85 dollars!

Malcolm: Sold! Next up: Wayne Finster, for the right price, has volunteered to read out loud all the notes his mother puts in his lunch every day.

Crowd: Five dollars! Ten! 25! 58 dollars and 25 cents!

Malcolm: Sold! Next item: Our club president, Phillip, has agreed to show the video his dad took of him crying after he got pulled from the Madison football game.

Crowd: 50 dollars! 60! 70! 80!

Malcolm: Sold! Over 200 dollars in 30 seconds. I think we've shown what the Booster spirit is really all about.

Stephanie: That is so much money! We're raising so much money! For an extra 50 dollars, I'll throw in a picture of me from before fat camp! In a bikini!

Crowd: 50 dollars! 60!

Wayne: I also have notes from my shrink!

Crowd: 80 bucks! 90!

Phillip: And my dad taped me singing "Skater Boy" into a hairbrush!

Crowd: 75 bucks! 80! 90!

Malcolm: Our next item up for bid, is me. I will let the top bidder cover my mouth with duct tape every morning for a week.

Crowd: 90! 100! 120! 130! 160! 170! 180! 200! 210! 240! 250!

Lois: Well, that was quite an auction.

Malcolm: Yeah. This was one of the best nights of my life. And I actually did something about myself. I was having this giant conflict that I thought about my principles, but it was really just about my own pride. And all I had to do to fix it is get over myself.

Lois: Excuse me. Hal? I've changed my mind. I do believe in heaven.

Hal: I knew it! Oh, I always knew you believed in heaven. (to a guy) Keep the whistle. I'm good.

Reese: Jamie, we need to talk. I'm calling a truce. I know you're willing to keep going it gets, and I respect that. But I realized something. Malcolm and Dewey are both geniuses, so they're gonna team up against us. And since you and I are both mentally the same, we should team up, too. Otherwise, they're gonna do something horrible to us, and we probably won't even understand it. So... here. (gives Jamie the cookie and Jamie gives him his marker) Hey, thanks.

Lois: (comes inside, sees the scribbles on the door and Reese with the marker) Reese, what the hell is wrong with you?!

Reese: What?