

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

IDA LOSES A LEG TRANSCRIPT

Lois: You flush the toilet, and I open the curtain.

Malcolm (TC): Grandma's visiting again. Sometimes she can't spread enough misery with just a phone call. She must have felt a vibration of happiness at the edge of her web and came scurrying down just to crush it. The worst thing is how it affects Mom. (to Lois) Mom, I took 20 bucks from your purse. I'm never going to pay it back.

Lois: I don't care who started it, you and your brother work it out.

Malcolm (TC): See? It's sad.

Hal: (sits down and finds Grandma's teeth) Oh! Lois, I keep finding your mother's teeth everywhere. Is she spitting them out or are they escaping?

Lois: She must be wearing her smoking teeth. Those are her fancy teeth. Look, I can't fight every battle with her, Hal. I got her to smoke outside. That's today's victory.

Dewey: Now that I have a car, I'm leaving and I'm never coming back.

Imaginary Person: No, Dewey, please don't go. We didn't know it was the baby's thermometer.

Dewey: It's too late for apologies. I'm out of here.

Imaginary Person: Dewey, just name your price. We'll do anything.

Dewey: You think this is about money? This is about respect...oh, crap.

Malcolm: Dad, chili for breakfast?

Hal: Hey, Jamie ate two bowls and you don't hear him complaining.

Reese: Why isn't Mom back from Grandma's yet?

Hal: For God's sakes, Reese, your grandmother lost a leg. Show a little compassion for your mother who's stuck there taking care of that miserable hag. She'll be back when she gets back. And don't take this out on me. I'm not the one who walked into the street. But no one's blaming you for this, Dewey.

Dewey: Dad, I already feel awful about it.

Hal: Which is exactly what I'm telling you not to do. You need to stay positive. Think about how good you'll feel next time when you remember to look both ways. Shouldn't you boys be getting ready for school?

Reese: Didn't you hear? They went to four-hour days. It's

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shameful. The taxpayers won't even support -

- Hal: Forget it, Reese. You are not going to misbehave this week. Your mother already thinks I can't be trusted to watch you boys. Like somehow I'm going to do something idiotic and irresponsible. (reading newspaper) Hey, look at this. Some kid fell asleep at a frat party and another kid glued his face to the floor. Can you imagine what that looked like? Just regular old Super Glue. We've got a ton of that stuff in our garage. Where do people get these ideas?
- Lois: Mother, I was getting the door for you.
- Grandma: I don't need your pity! I'm fine!
- Lois: No, you are not fine. You need to relax. If you keep thrashing around, the doctor says it'll make your leg bleed again.
- Grandma: Ha! Scare tactics those butchers tell you so you'll get weak and they can sell you more go-go pills.
- Francis: (bringing in Grandma's bags) There... and there. I helped get her moved back in and I spent some time in her place. My obligation is fulfilled. Have fun you two.
- Lois: Get back in here. We are not having this argument again.
- Grandma: Let him go. It's the little one that owes me his life.
- Francis: See, even she thinks so.
- Lois: Francis, everyone else in this family has either school or a job. So you're staying here and helping your grandmother.
- Grandma: I don't need help. Look at him. He has nothing between his legs and he manages.
- Francis: If you think I'm above punching you, you are totally wrong.
- Grandma: Of course you'd hit a cripple. You couldn't even get a white girl to marry you.
- Lois: Stop it both of you. Can you go at least five seconds without screaming at each other?
- Francis: I am sick of you!
- Grandma: You stupid Nancy boy!
- Francis: You dried up old hag! If I had been driving that truck myself...
- Grandma: You ought to strangle yourself...

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Dewey: Well, I wonder which nightmare I'm going to have tonight. "The Forest of Severed Legs" or "Drowning in Grandma's Blood"? Well, good night.

Malcolm: I'm going to sleep like a baby tonight.

Reese: Me, too. Nothing's going to wake me up.

Malcolm: Same here.

Reese: Well... good night.

Malcolm: Good night.

Reese: What's under your pillow?

Malcolm: What's under your pillow?

Reese: I think we both know what's under these pillows.

Malcolm: I guess we do.

Reese: Good morning.

Malcolm: Good morning.

Reese: I feel great. Ready to start the day.

Malcolm: Me, too. Think I'll brush my teeth.

Reese: I'll join you.

Hal: Jamie, I am not kidding. You have to the count of three to eat these peas. One...two...three! All right. But one of these days you are going to learn that I am serious. (gives him bottle of chocolate sauce)

Dewey: Dad, I've been thinking a lot about Grandma losing her leg. I mean, Grandma lost her leg saving my life, but she doesn't really want to talk to me, so I figure the least I can do is honour her leg. You know, pay it some decent last respects. Like maybe have a funeral for it or something.

Hal: Dewey, you just can't do that. The leg is medical waste. The hospital has to process it and do whatever they do with that stuff. How about this? Tomorrow, we go in the garage and make your grandmother a peg. You can paint it like a candy cane.

Dewey: No, I want the leg.

Hal: You can't get a leg, Dewey. That's just not going to happen.

Dewey: (on phone) Hello, Pathology? Yes, this is Judy Green from Dr. Weiss' office. I'm calling about the chop-and-drop he did Thursday on the old lady. Listen, Dr. Weiss thinks he may have left his wedding ring in that leg. He was pretty hammered. Yeah, again. So anyway, we need to get that leg out of there before the lawyers come around and do their Monday-morning quarterbacking. You know what, instead of the usual place, just send it to my house. I'll give you the address.

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Francis: I don't care if you knew the end of that Star Trek episode! I didn't and you ruined it! You can't let anyone else be happy!

Grandma: Shut up, monkey! Anyone with half a brain could see the rocks were alive!

Lois: Both of you, stop it! Francis, it does not matter how horribly you act, you are not getting out of this! You are stuck here, so suck it up! (to Grandma) And you... you are old and injured and you need his help. All your yelling and viciousness does not equal physical strength. You cannot bully a can of soup down off the shelf. You cannot scream it down. You need his help.

Francis: Yeah, you old bat, where's your gratitude?

Lois: Francis... I am not asking you to do this for her, I'm asking you to do this for me. I am leaving in a few days and I need to know she's being taken care of. You have to find some way you can get along with her.

Francis: But she's horrible.

Lois: I know, I know, but just try. Find something you have in common, something you can agree on.

Francis: I don't think that's possible.

Lois: For God sakes, you both have such huge reservoirs of hate, you're telling me there's no overlap? What about boy bands? (calls to Grandma) Mom, you hate boy bands, right?

Ida: They're making a living, give them a break.

Francis: You see?

Lois: You're not getting out of this so easily. You stay here and you figure it out right now.

Francis: Hey, Ida, don't you hate how bossy my mom is?

Grandma: Oh God, she's awful. Always ordering me around, making me jump through hoops for her like every day is her birthday.

Francis: And God forbid you forget her birthday. Then it's martyr time for the next five weeks.

Grandma Ida: And for what? Everyone knows it's a made-up holiday anyway. And those stupid cards? Money in the garbage.

Francis: Oh, God yes! What a scam. It's like, "La-la, I'm old, so here's a stupid cartoon with boobs on it."

Grandma Ida: Exactly. No one really remembers the day they had their child. They pretend they do to feel important.

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Malcolm (TC): I haven't slept in two days. I cut school just to have some time in the house without Reese. I just need an hour. A half hour. Any sleep at all, then I'll have a jump on him. You can't win this on strength. You've got to win it on planning. (closes eyes, then opens them to see Reese standing over him, and screams)

Reese: You saved yourself this time. But your reactions will get slower. And I'll be waiting.

Malcolm: Wait! Reese, wait! This is so stupid. We're both ruining our lives over it. I got a "B" on my History midterm.

Reese: I fell asleep beating up a kid.

Malcolm: We have to stop this.

Reese: I totally agree.

Malcolm: Okay. Truce?

Reese: Truce.

Lois: She wears a size 8½ shoe just like me. Why, Dewey?

Dewey: Just checking. Thanks, Mom. Okay. Prince Charming looking for Cinderella. That's all it is.

Francis: Grandma, hold still. I can't re-dress your wound until I clean it.

Grandma: Your breath is disgusting.

Francis: Do you see what I'm doing, and you're complaining about - I will go brush my teeth as soon as I'm done.

Dewey: We are gathered here today to pay tribute to, a leg. A leg that saved me. But also kicked me, and stomped on my toes a lot. But that wasn't your idea. Anyway, uh - I'm sorry. I just thought once I had the hole and the severed leg in front of me the words would come naturally. (Hal pulls up) Dad, what are you doing home?

Hal: Dewey, I know you need your time alone, but I did something I think is gonna make you feel a lot better.

Dewey: Actually, I'm kind of busy right now.

Hal: I kept thinking, "There must be some way I can help take little Dewey's mind off all this, there must be some way I can put the fun back in his life." Of course, your mom is probably going to hit the roof when she finds out, but you just let me handle that, huh?

Dewey: Dad, what are you talking about?

Hal: I'm talking about a lovable furry playmate who you can spend years with, frolicking and... Oh, my God! What the hell is he eating?

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Dewey: What is who eating?

Hal: Your dog! You have him for two seconds and this is what happens?!

Dewey: I didn't ask for a dog! Who brings a dog to a leg funeral?!

Hal: A leg funeral?! Dewey, after I said -

Dewey: You didn't say not to, you just said I wouldn't be able to!

Grandma: This is me with your Uncle Vlad. This is the only picture of him sober. And there's Cousin Rega. You smile at her, she jumps into bed with you.

Francis: And what's wrong with this person? What was his moral failing?

Grandma: My dear old friend, Peter. Look at him, holding a menu like he could read.

Francis: Wait, who's that little girl with you and Grandpa?

Lois: Oh, Mom, don't you want to watch the news?

Grandma: Who's that little girl? That's you, you big sissy! This was the time your mother sent you to live with us.

Francis: What?

Lois: Come on. It wasn't "to live" with you.

Grandma: It was six months. It felt like forever. We put you in a dress because you wouldn't pee like a boy.

Francis: I don't remember any of this!

Grandma: And you never paid me for the food he ate. Oh, God, what whining; "I want my Mommy. Where's my family, Ooh, you're scaring me!" Blah, blah, blah.

Francis: What's going on?

Lois: Francis, it was a very difficult time. Your father was changing jobs, and then Reese came along. He was like a whole pack of wolves by himself. It was just too much.

Grandma: You were a horrible child. You tore a huge gash in your side trying to get out through the window.

Francis: (pulls up sweatshirt to show scar) That's what this is from?

Grandma: You cried like a baby when I tried to sew you up.

Francis: I was a baby! (to Lois) You dumped me off and you left me with this monster?!

Lois: Francis, it's not the way you're thinking. You don't even remember it.

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Francis: No, but you know what? It's good to know. It's really nice to know that as a toddler, your own mother couldn't wait to get rid of you.

Lois: Francis...

Francis: Actually, I should thank you. 'Cause you waited till I was 15 before you kicked me out for good. That must have been so hard for you.

Lois: You can't judge me for this. You weren't there.

Francis: And whose fault was that?!

Grandma: (taking photo from album) How did you get in here? Nobody liked looking at you when you were alive. (throws picture away)

Cut to the house, where Malcolm and Stevie are entering the boys' bedroom. Malcolm closes the door behind them.

Stevie: Okay... what's going on?

Malcolm: Look, I got into this thing with Reese and it's way out of hand. I haven't slept in three days. If you could just do me a favour, just be on lookout for Reese. If I can get one hour of sleep, then I can have the upper hand and I can end this.

Stevie: Okay.

Malcolm: Thank you. Wait a minute. Why'd you say okay?

Stevie: What?

Malcolm: I mean, I just told you and you said okay like it wasn't a big deal. It seems like you'd at least want to think about it for a little bit. Unless this was a setup. That's what this is, isn't it?

Reese: (bursting into the bedroom, waving glue tube around) What's going on in here? What are you guys up to?

Malcolm: Oh, nice cover. You two have a side deal!

Stevie: No!

Reese: Or maybe you're just trying to make me think we have a side deal.

Malcolm: Why would I do that?

Reese: Exactly!

Malcolm: Don't try to make me think that you're confused, because I know you aren't.

Reese: Why would I want you to think that?!

Malcolm: Because... there's some angle that I'm not seeing, but I'll get it.

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Reese: (he and Malcolm point their tubes at each other) Nice bluff!

Malcolm: Nice fake-out!

Reese: Oh, yeah? Well, you can play all the smart games you want, but I'm not gonna let you get away with it. I'll glue my own face to the floor! Then what are you gonna do, huh?

Malcolm: That'd be the perfect way to make me let my guard down, wouldn't it?! (smears glue on his face and lies down on the floor) Stevie, I know you'll be mature enough, not to do anything, I would do... (falls asleep)

Hal: Come on, Champion. Come on, boy. You don't want that nasty old leg, do you? Okay, just kidding. Sorry.

Dewey: Dad, he's ruining it! Throw another steak in there.

Hal: I am not going to waste another steak. He's not going for it, and it was \$12 a pound.

Dewey: It was not! It was bargain meat, and he knows the difference.

Hal: I am doing my best here, son. Oh, boy.

Dewey: He's gonna finish the whole thing! Call 911!

Hal: Dewey, what part of this looks like authorities should be involved? God, if only your grandmother wasn't so damned tasty.

Dewey: Now there's no way to feel better. Now I have to feel bad forever.

Hal: Oh, Dewey. Maybe you can try and think about it this way. Your grandmother, she is the most horrible woman who ever lived, but even she understands the difference between a life that's been lived and a life with potential. You want to pay her back? Live up to that potential. And if you think about it, you might have done her a big favor. Let's face it. Saving your life is her only chance of getting into heaven. Which isn't going to make you that popular in heaven, but we'll deal with that later.

Dewey: Okay. Hey, Dad? Is it okay if we don't keep the dog?

Hal: Yeah, that sounds fair.

Francis: Grandma, you have to sit still or I can't get the bandage on.

Grandma: Just keep your eyes on the stump, Romeo.

Lois: Well, okay, I put all the doctors' numbers on the fridge. The safety rail is up in the shower. Thank you, Francis. I have to tell you something.

Francis: What?

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Lois: I wasn't a good enough mother to you and I'm sorry. I shouldn't have left you with her, and I shouldn't have sent you to military school. I got overwhelmed and I took things out on you that weren't your fault. They were my fault, and I'm sorry.

Francis: But?

Lois: But nothing. I'd like to think I was a little bit better with the other boys, but that's just further proof that you got a terrible deal.

Grandma: Yes, boo-hoo for the boy with two legs.

Lois: You deserved a mother who was more patient and more caring, and it breaks my heart that you didn't get that mother.

Francis: Thank you. Wow. Wow. Wow. I've just waited so many years to hear you say that. Why don't I feel better?

Lois: What do you mean?

Francis: I mean, I actually had fantasies where you said that, pretty much word-for-word. It's spooky how close it is, but it's not helping. Why didn't it help?!

Lois: You want me to say something else?

Francis: No, no, I mean, you said everything! Anything else would just be fake. I mean, that was like the perfect thing, and I am still filled with all this resentment. Oh, my God, this sucks! That was, like, the one thing I was living for and it's just... not working at all!

Grandma: Can you take the soap opera outside? I want to watch the whore that gives the weather.

Lois: Mother, please! Just try to breathe.

Francis: No! You can't just have your life dream stripped away from you and be okay about it!

Lois: Do you want a cold washcloth?

Francis: I don't think so. I don't know. I don't know what I want.

Lois: Do you want me to give you some money?

Francis: How much money?

Lois: I have \$200. I only need \$30 for the bus.

Francis: Okay.

Lois: Here.

Francis: And the Tic Tacs.

Lois: Okay, honey, just remember that I love you. In my own imperfect, bad mothering way, I do love you.

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Francis: I love you, too.

Lois: Ok. I'll call you.

Grandma: Okay, Rockefeller, it's lotion time. Cut your nails.

Reese: (the dog runs in and starts licking him, and he thinks it's the girl he likes) Jennifer, cut it out! You're so bad. Your breath smells like feet.