

619 MOTIVATIONAL SEMINAR TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm: Monkey!

Reese: Squid!

Dewey: Kangaroo!

Malcolm (TC): I have no idea if a monkey could beat a squid or a kangaroo in a knife fight, but if I admitted that, we'd have nothing to do for the rest of the day. (to Reese) Monkey!

Hal: A motivation seminar. For the whole weekend! Can you believe this? Like I need motivation.

Lois: And they just told you about it today?

Hal: They claim it was in some "memo" they sent me three months ago. So now, suddenly my job includes weekend seminars and memo-reading.

Lois: Can they really force you to go?

Hal: Lois, they can make you do anything. Once you sign up for a job in this country, you give away the whole kit and caboodle. Our weekends, our house, our kids...we don't own any of it.

Lois: Okay, everybody, dinner.

Hal: This is all just an exercise to remind the little man who's boss. They're just trying to motivate me to keep me in my place...to kill any dreams I might have of ever digging my way out... oh, my God, it starts at 9:00?

Dewey: Sorry. I forgot how late it was.

Lois: Why are your fingernails clean? Did you clean your fingernails?

Dewey: I thought I'd try it, and it turns out I like it. It makes me feel good about myself.

Lois: Well, that's enough of that. It's time for dinner. Damn. Pack of dogs is in the garbage again. (opens window and throws something at dogs) Go away. Scat. You know why they like our trash is Jamie's dirty diapers. If he digested his food a little better, there wouldn't be so much for them to eat in there. Filthy, disgusting animals.

Reese: You know, Mom, if you double-bagged the trash, the dogs might not be able to smell it.

Malcolm (TC): Uh-oh. Reese just made the classic mistake of expressing an interest in something that Mom said.

Lois: All right, Reese, since you're so full of good ideas, why don't you be in charge of cleaning up the garbage from now on.

Malcolm (TC): If he just shuts up now, it might not get any worse.

Reese: I don't see why it matters if some dogs dump a little garbage on our lawn. The backyard's a mess already.

Malcolm: (TC): Oh, this is hard to watch.

- Reese: (outside in the dark, cleaning up the garbage) Hey, get lost. Get out of here. You come back to laugh at me? You think you're so smart? I am a human being. I am probably smarter than the smartest dog that's ever lived. Now shoo. Shoo. I've got a gun! You make one step, and you're all getting it. Go away! Hey, that's mine! Give it back!
- Malcolm: Reese, where have you been all night?
- Reese: I started chasing these dogs, and it turned out they were really cool. So we went to the park, and then we found a tennis ball. And I took it from Toffee, and then Toffee took it from me and gave it to Rusty. And then we drank some water. And then we turned over some trash cans. Then Lucky did this hilarious thing where he rubs his butt on the ground. I can't do it. So then we chased this cat that was all like, "Aw!" Stupid cat. Then we stopped at the 7-Eleven, and I went inside and had a Coke while they had some burritos out of the Dumpster. Spike ate his twice.
- Malcolm: Wait a minute. You spent the night in a dog pack?
- Reese: Yeah. So then there were these squirrels who were like, "We're up in a tree, you'll never get us."
- Malcolm: You're talking about them like they're friends. They're just animals.
- Reese: Well, I'm sorry that we're not like your friends, sitting around all intellectual, discussing multiplication.
- Malcolm: You can't get into bed like that. You stink.
- Reese: Hey, I got checked out pretty thoroughly in that department, and I didn't hear any complaints.
- Seminar Leader: Every one of you is here because you're successful. Successful at letting yourself down. Nobody's better at settling, making excuses, short-changing yourself and those who count on you. Congratulations. You all got here the exact same way: one step at a time. Postpone that dream. Reduce that goal. It's just another year. It's just another cookie... Now you tell yourself it's good enough. It's not good enough! You think you can't help it, but you can. I'm going to tear away the nonsense, the dime store philosophies, the catchphrases and bring out your inner Viking. Scott Porter. It says here you'd rather not talk about your recent divorce.
- Dewey: Sorry I missed lunch. I was at the library, and I forgot to look at the clock...
- Lois: Do you think I'm a idiot?
- Dewey: Huh?
- Lois: Do you think I don't know where you've been?
- Dewey: What do you mean?
- Lois: Did you think I wouldn't recognize the signs? The clean fingernails, good posture, the cookie crumbs in your pockets. You're never hungry at dinnertime. You're seeing another mom.
- Dewey: I don't know what you're talking about.

Lois: Don't lie to me!

Dewey: It's not what you think.

Lois: Who is she?

Dewey: Why does that matter?

Lois: Who is she?!

Dewey: Mrs. Finnegan. It doesn't mean anything. A couple of weeks ago I stopped by her house, and she had her iron out. She was just so nice, and there was cake.

Lois: Well, it'll be a long time before you get any cake around here.

Dewey: I wasn't expecting any.

Lois: After everything I've sacrificed for you, all I've done... you come waltzing in here day after day, reeking of her fabric softener.

Dewey: Yes. I like fabric softener. Mrs. Finnegan doesn't mind taking a little time to stop the rinse cycle. And maybe it's nice to have someone who's got more to say to me than just, "Clean your room," "Comb your hair", da-da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da...

Lois: Do you love her?

Dewey: Of course not. It's just snacks.

Lois: Oh, you like her snacks? You like filling up on her cookies? You know they're store-bought.

Dewey: That's beneath you, Mom.

Seminar Leader: (about everyone crying) Doesn't feel good, does it? Well, you're not here to feel good. You're here to face the lies you tell yourself.

Angela: You can stop. I think I'm at bottom now.

Seminar Leader: You're not at bottom. I'll tell you when you're at bottom. You think you're fooling anybody with those vertical stripes? What are you, 30 pounds overweight? You might as well be a thousand pounds overweight. Is anyone in this room attracted to her? Do you want to know what you have to do, Angela? (mobile rings) Hello. Aw, geez, really? (to group) I got to go. (leaves)

Hal: Hey, shouldn't somebody...? (everyone in the room is bawling) Angela?

Angela: What do I do?!

Hal: Hey... come on... you know...

Angela: Yes. You're right. I do know. Of course I know. Thank you!

Scott: Can you do me?

Lois: Oh, who am I kidding?

Reese: Guys, I need a night off. I've been out with you every night this week.

They really want me to come.

Malcolm: Reese, this is crazy. What could you possibly be getting out of this?

Reese: You don't know how good it feels. You know where you stand with these guys. I've got Toffee and Jonesy under me, but I'm under Duke, Chewy and Spike. Scout tried to cross the highway yesterday, so I moved up. And Lucky's totally the boss. There's no phonies. You know what a growl means, you know what a lick means.

Malcolm: You're kidding yourself. You're not one of them.

Reese: You're just jealous 'cause I'm popular.

Hal: Morning.

Lois: Hi, honey. How was the seminar?

Hal: Unbe-freaking-lievable. I haven't slept in 48 hours. The Viking guy had to leave suddenly, so I stepped in, and I started talking to people about their lives. And honey, I got to tell you, I have wisdom. Nobody was more surprised than me, but I did so well they have me leading motivational seminars for the next eight weekends.

Lois: Wow.

Hal: This is the beginning of something, Lois. The bosses are seeing me in a whole new light.

Lois: Did they cross you off the probation list?

Hal: In ink. Morning, son.

Dewey: Hi, Dad. Thanks, Mom.

Lois: I called Mrs. Finnegan.

Dewey: You what?

Lois: She knows I know. You're never seeing her again. I can't believe you told her we had an understanding.

Reese: Morning.

Lois: Reese, I need you to put your dirty clothes in the hamper before you leave this morning.

Reese: I already did it, Mom.

Lois: You did? Why?

Reese: I feel bad I haven't always pulled my weight around here. I mean, you're the leader. It's my place to respect you.

Lois: Well... thank you, Reese.

Malcolm: Hey.

Lois: Good morning, Malcolm. There's money on the counter for your yearbook.

Malcolm: I don't want to buy a yearbook. I don't want anything that will remind me I ever went to that stupid school.

Reese: How can you say that? Being part of a group is important. Don't you care about loyalty? I think loyalty is the most important thing there is.

Lois: Well, I'm glad at least one of my sons knows something about that.

Reese: (sees guy outside) Hey! What are you doing here?! This isn't your house! You don't live here! We live here! This is our house! What do you want?! Huh?! What?! What?! What?! What?! What?! What?! What?! What?!

Hal: You'll have to climb the ladder of achievement one rung at a time. You'll never reach the top if you don't start climbing. And when you reach the top, you realize that the journey never ends.

Guy: Excuse me. If you're at the top, how come the journey doesn't end?

Hal: Because at the top of the ladder, there's a car. The question is, will you be driving? Or just a passenger? Whenever you let somebody else drive, he might have errands to do. Where do you think he might stop?

Lady: The dry cleaners?

Hal: Very good. Where else?

Guy #2: Drugstore?

Hal: Yes! Where else? Tim?

Tim: There's a place you can go to have your shoes treated so they won't develop a smell over time.

Hal: Excellent! Okay, now... what does all this... mean? (staring at whiteboard, panicking) It means nothing. (Yells) It means nothing! This is what happens when you let somebody else drive the car. You've all got to be the drivers of your own car. And what do you do if the gas gauge says your tank is empty?

Guy #3: Stop at a gas station?

Hal: No! You keep driving! You don't let anything stop you. Let me hear some "Vroom."

Everyone: Vroom!

Hal: You know!

Guy #4: Excuse me, Hal. I need to have bathroom break.

Hal: Need... or want?

Guy #4: I'd say need, Hal. I really have to go to the bathroom.

Everyone: (all talking at once) I need to go. Me, too.

Hal: So this is something none of us feel we can overcome? This has us beat. Well, then, we can put our work here aside and all go to the bathroom. Only there's no bathroom in the car!

Dewey: Hey, Mom.

Lois: Here's your lunch.

Dewey: Mmm. Meatloaf Sandwich.

Hal: Oh, morning, dear. Oh, honey, it feels so good to be helping people take control of their lives. Milton in Accounting called me from the Motel 6 this morning. He had to leave his wife and kids, but as soon as the Ice Capades reads his script, he's moving the whole family to New York. What are you doing?

Lois: Oh, I keep trying and trying to get Jamie to use the potty, but he keeps refusing. Those stupid parenting books say to put stickers all over it, make it a happy place, so I figured why not? I obviously don't know anything about raising children. Damn it! What's wrong with these boys?

Hal: Honey, let me handle this. (Talking to Jamie, who is on the potty) You are a superstar! You're not afraid of this potty! This potty is afraid of you! You have to visualize your success! Now, let's look at the five lies you tell yourself that prevent you from being all that you can be!

Lois: (Hal brings her Jamie's used potty) Oh, Hal!

Malcolm: Reese, where have you been? Why weren't you in school today?

Reese: A pack from another neighbourhood was sniffing around, trying to move into our territory. Me and the boys had a score to settle.

Malcolm: You were out fighting with dogs? What is wrong with you? Is that a bite mark on your leg?

Reese: This little crazy guy went after Toffee, Oh, man! And then Chewy and Angel went down! So we brought down a couple of theirs! Tit for tat, baby! Oh, we're gonna settle this thing no matter what it costs! It's gonna go on and on until the bitter end! They need me.

Store Assistant: \$120, \$140, \$160, \$180.

Dewey: That'll have to do.

Store Assistant: I'm giving you a good deal, kid. I didn't get in this business so I could rip off little children. Hey, you need a gun?

Hal: (about everyone cheering) Let's hear from some more who aren't afraid!

Guy #6: I'm gonna be a vice president in two years!

Hal: Hey, come on, he knows!

Lady #2: I'm gonna get out of debt!

Hal: Hey, she knows!

Lady #3: I'm gonna have sex with a member of every race!

Hal: All right! All right! Now let's see who's next up. Gerry? Is there a Gerry Morrison in the house? Oh, Gerry, it says here that you turned down a

promotion four times. Lady Luck smiles, but you give her the old stink eye. Gerry, what's going on?

Gerry: I guess I'm just frightened. I mean, I'm good at what I do now, and if I start trying to move up the ladder, I'll probably let everyone else down.

Hal: Gerry, did you know that Michael Jordan didn't even see a basketball until he was 30 years old?

Gerry: No, no. I didn't know that.

Hal: Who tied your tie this morning, Gerry?

Gerry: I did.

Hal: Somebody just came in, pulled up your pants, shaved your face, combed back that lovely head of hair?

Gerry: No. I did it all myself.

Hal: You did it all by yourself. You were in charge this morning, Gerry. But somehow when you walked out that door, you let the world take over. Why did you do that?

Gerry: I don't know.

Hal: Well, I do know, Gerry. It's because you denied the giant that's inside you. You two. Get down on your hands and knees.

Guy: I actually have a bad back.

Hal: Is that your back talking, or your mind?

Guy: Actually, it's my doctor.

Hal: Or your doctor's mind? You tell your back it takes orders from you now. Climb on top, Gerry.

Gerry: What?

Hal: Climb on top like the giant you are.

Gerry: Okay.

Guy: I think my back is...

Hal: A bridge of steel! How does it feel, Giant Gerry? Tall. Damn tall! All your life you've been letting people call the shots for you. Well, no more! Today is the day. You're a giant, Giant Gerry! The world looks better from up here.

Gerry: You bet it does!

Hal: And that's where you live now.

Hal: So what are you going to do, Giant Gerry?

Gerry: I'm gonna take that promotion! And I'm gonna become head of Systems Management!

Hal: I - I'm in Systems Management.

Gerry: Damn right you are! And I'm gonna take you off these seminars and I'm gonna put you on my team full time. I'm gonna work that department, and I'm gonna work it until it's the strongest one in the whole company! And I'm gonna push my workers until they've given me everything that they've got. And then they can all say good-bye to their families 'cause I'm driving straight to the top!

Reese: Man, that was amazing! They won't be leaving any more messages on our side of the park! Where we going now, Lucky, huh? Lucky, where you leading us? Really? You guys mean it? All right, I won't let you guys down. Let's roll!

Lois: You found him in a chicken coop?!

Cop: It's hard to know exactly what happened, ma'am. He and his friends appeared to have had themselves quite a little party. They just don't train ya to handle a scene like that. The law's a little murky in this area, but when we figure out how to charge him... I'll be back.

Reese: I never thought about how it would end. It just felt so cool to belong.

Malcolm: The important thing is you're out.

Reese: But my boys... They rounded us all up and then these vets came in, and one by one...

Malcolm: They killed them?

Reese: No. But they're not my boys anymore.

Dewey: Mom...

Lois: Dewey.

Dewey: I want to talk.

Lois: I really don't feel up to that right now.

Dewey: I know I hurt you and I'm very sorry.

Lois: Thank you, Dewey.

Dewey: But words are cheap. I wanted to do something that would show you I'm committed to this relationship. I want you to know how much you mean to me. I want you to know that no one can take your place. I'm going back Tuesday. I passed out before they coloured in the drop-shadow.

Lois: It's not that I don't appreciate... We are going down to the hospital and you're gonna have that lasered off right this... Okay, I know you're trying to... But what is wrong with...? I never imagined you'd be willing to... But that is so stupid! Oh, look, they made a heart!