

711 BRIDE OF IDA TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Look, soon or later someone will have to do the dishes.

Dewey: For the love of God! We should have left for the airport nine minutes ago!

Malcolm (TC): Dewey's in this big-deal piano competition in St. Louis this weekend. It's being held at a huge, fancy hotel. Prominent musicians from all around the world are going to be there. And the best part is, Reese and I don't have to go.

Reese: This is unbelievable! She's leaving us alone in the house for the whole weekend! She's losing it!

Malcolm: Shh. Don't remind her. Be cool.

Lois: ...Four, and Dewey's makes five... I still feel like I'm forgetting something.

Hal: Okay, listen, they're not likely to do another Patrick Swayze festival for four, maybe five years, so I'm counting on you to tape the whole thing.

Lois: Let's go! We still have to drop Jamie off at Mrs. Foley's. I still feel like I'm forgetting something. Hi, Mom. I thought we were gonna miss you.

Grandma Ida: Be careful with those bags, you cow.

Lois: Hi, Raduca.

Raduca: Family, howdy.

Grandma Ida: You're here to work, not gossip like a fishwife.

Reese: What's Grandma doing here?!

Malcolm: You never said Grandma was coming!

Lois: Oh, I didn't? Ah, well, then, it's just a nice surprise for you boys. Remember last month when you came in after curfew and you said, "What are you going to do about it?" Sorry it took me so long to get back to you.

Grandma Ida: These are sex organs of four different animals.

Reese: And a little oregano.

Grandma Ida: Reese, I've watched you grow all these years. You are the one hope for this family. I just pray you are ready to become a man. (slaps Reese)

Reese: Ow! Hey, what was that for?

Grandma Ida: You are ready.

Lois: Dewey, slow down.

Dewey: No, we have to get to Gate Seven or we'll miss our connecting flight.

Lois: Oooh. Cinnabons!

Dewey: No! No Cinnabons, no bretzels, no frozen yogurt. You can raid the mini-bar when we get to the hotel.

Lois: Do I have your permission to go to the bathroom?

Dewey: No. If you go to the other side of the partition, then we'll all have to go through security again. Dad, you tell her. Dad?

Hal: (in a store) Ooh, it's Paris. It's even more beautiful than I imagined!

Grandma Ida: In our country, after a boy turns 16, he becomes a barochi. We watch this boy for one year. Then, when he is ready, he is plucked from his mother's teat and thrown into the town square, where he must battle with the other boys for dominance.

Malcolm: Wait, up until this point, they're still breast feeding?

Grandma Ida: It keeps families close. The boys fight each other with all their might. When it is over, the one left standing is the man. The rest are dronska. Then more breasts are offered to the proud young man. But these are not the withered spigots of the mother, no. These are the ripe, inviting pleasure domes of the virgins of the village, presented dripping with wine.

Reese: Our family comes from the coolest country in the world.

Grandma Ida: And it must continue, Reese. You must carry on with this ritual.

Malcolm: Grandma, this is not only moronic, it's impossible. For one thing, there is no village full of boys for Reese to fight.

Grandma Ida: No, we will have to make do. The closest thing we have to a boy is you.

Malcolm: What?

Grandma Ida: You shall be the rock on which his knife is sharpened. There will be contests of strength and endurance. When he defeats you, he shall be a man.

Malcolm: What if I defeat him?

Grandma Ida: And once you are a man, you shall get this. (Raduca brings over a plate of potatoes)

Reese: The whole plate of potatoes?

Grandma Ida: You will take Raduca for your bride.

Reese: You mean... Like I marry her? Now?

Grandma Ida: That is why I brought Raduca to this country.

Malcolm: You brought her here six months ago. She's been working as your slave.

Grandma Ida: I should get something for my trouble.

Malcolm: Grandma, you can't take two teenagers who've never met each other and force them into some sham marriage. That's not the way things work in civilized countries.

Reese: If I get a wife, does that mean I get to have sex?

Grandma Ida: So much sex you won't believe it.

Reese: I'm in.

Dewey: Well, Dad, this makes it all worth it. (holds up card with "Dirk" on it)

Hal: They never have "Dewey"s.

Lois: Look, there's no one there.

Attendant: Ma'am, we need you to get back in line.

Lois: We're just trying to get in the empty one.

Attendant: That line is for first class and Commodores club passengers only.

Lois: Excuse me?

Dewey: Mom, we need to make this flight.

Lois: So, this airport's policy is that increased security should only inconvenience poor people?

Attendant: I don't make the rules, ma'am.

Lois: No, no one makes the rules. Why would anyone want to take responsibility?

Dewey: Mom!

Security Guard 1: Ma'am, step over here, please.

Lois: I know what it is. It's the underwire on my bra. It always sets these things off.

Security Guard 1: You seem to have something under your shirt.

Lois: Yes, as I said, I have a bra on under my shirt, and there is an underwire in my bra.

Security Guard 1 (into walkie-talkie) Code 25.

Lois: I can't believe this is the first underwire to come through this place. Surely you people have encountered bras before. This is punishment for what I said about the first-class line, isn't it?

Security Guard 2: Ma'am, I need to touch your breasts.

Lois: You need to touch my what?!

Security Guard 2: I'm required to probe with the back of my hand. If you like, you can request up to two female witnesses.

Lois: Let me understand this. Because I made a comment about first class, I am being singled out for a public feel-up?

Dewey: Oh for God's sake, Mom, just let her touch your boobs!

Security Guard 1: The kid makes a lot of sense, ma'am. Now, do you want to do this the easy way or the hard way? (more security staff walk over)

Hal: Okay, the tickets are changed. The next flight leaves in 15 hours.

Dewey: So I get no time to practice and no sleep tonight.

Hal: You should have seen what happened the first time I touched 'em.

Guy: (exiting Commodores Club room) No, I'm canceling everything. I'm chartering a helicopter and getting out of...

Hal: (knocking guy over) Sorry. Oh, I...

Guy: What? No, I just tripped over some stupid kid that was playing around the floor.

Hal: I'm sorry... I-I'm so sorry. (picks up guy's Commodores Club card, which he'd dropped)

Grandma Ida: Two boys enter, one man emerges. You must beat him at every contest... or there will be no bride for you.

Reese: I really appreciate you doing this for me.

Malcolm: Listen, moron, I'm not doing this to help you get married. I'm gonna try to win to keep you from flushing your life down the toilet.

Grandma Ida: We begin with the Trial of Pain. Raduca, the strings. This trial teaches an important lesson. Until you can ignore your own pain, you cannot truly ignore the pain of others. The first one to take two steps backwards is the victor.

Reese: I don't get why this is supposed to hurt so much.

Grandma Ida: Go. (Malcolm and Reese both take steps back and start yelping)

Malcolm: (TC): I didn't think anything above my waist could be so sensitive.

Reese: Why don't you want me to be happy?!

Malcolm: I'm only doing this because I love you!

Reese: Must... take... mind off... ear pain!

Grandma Ida: (grabs Reese's arm and holds it in the air) The victor!

Reese: That was so easy! I barely worked up a sweat.

Receptionist: (Hal enters Commodores Club room) May I help you?

Hal: Oh, hi, yes. It kills me to have to do this, but I'm gonna return this.

Receptionist No... please, Mr. Saunders, don't do that. I implore you. We know our service got a little slack last year, but we have improved. We have expanded the buffet. Before you make a decision, let us get you a massage or a manicure. We have complimentary 30-year-old Scotch and a full bar. Can't we please, please, persuade you to give us another chance?

Hal: Well, all right. (relaxes in leather armchair) But let's not have a repeat of last time.

Grandma Ida: You are now one step closer to your manhood. The next trial takes place within the Sack of Fellowship. Once inside the sack, you will face a choice: to work together or to fight each other. If you work together, you'll both lose.

Reese: So now what happens?

Malcolm: I don't know. I'm still trying to figure out why there's a dog in here.

Reese: Grandma, what are we supposed to do?

Grandma Ida: Just get out.

Reese: That's it?

Grandma Ida: That's it. (drops a cat into the sack)

Raduca: Yes! Yes, yes, yes!

Reese: I did it! Yeah!

Malcolm: Okay, Reese, you beat me fair and square. Just-Just help me get out... (Reese kicks Malcolm back into the sack)

Hal: How's it going, sport?

Dewey: Fantastic. I've been practicing for hours. Of course, I'm screwed if we have to play on real pianos.

Hal: Ah, buck up, son. We're all sacrificing.

Dewey: Why are your nails shiny?

Hal: No reason.

Dewey: Can I at least have a dollar for the soda machine?

Hal: Nope. All gone to the great tip fairy. Boy, these chairs are hard.

Lois: (Dewey tries to reach into her purse, and she clamps it shut on his fingers) Stop, thief! (Dewey yelps in pain)

Lois: I'm sorry!

Dewey: You crushed my fingers.

Lois: I didn't mean to. Let me see.

Dewey: Look what you did to me.

Hal: Keep the fingers elevated, Dewey, and don't worry. I know where I can find some Evian ice.

Reese: Cool! Grandma's got props for the next one.

Malcolm: I'm done, Reese. I'm not going through any more of these trials.

Reese: What's the matter? I thought we were finally doing something as a family.

Malcolm: If you want to let that crazy old bat ruin your life, fine. Knock yourself out.

Reese: How is she ruining my life? She's getting me a bride. A female bride. I mean, what are the odds that a girl is ever going to want me?

Malcolm: You can get a girl, Reese. If you just didn't act like a vicious, stupid thug all the time.

Reese: Come on, Malcolm, let's be realistic. Grandma, Malcolm doesn't want to play anymore. So I guess I win by forfeit.

Grandma Ida: What?! You cannot become a man by forfeit. You must go through all the trials. You must win every one.

Reese: But they're your rules. Can't you just change them?

Grandma Ida: These are not my rules. These are the ways of our people. The ways cannot die.

Malcolm: Yes, they can. They should. They should be murdered and mashed up and dumped down a salt mine along with nuclear waste and left there to fester and rot in a toxic pool of its own filth!

Grandma Ida: Your pretty words don't hide your fear.

Malcolm: What?!

Grandma Ida: You are afraid of the next trial because it is a test of intelligence. You are afraid to find out who is really the smart one in the family. He goes around with his nose in a book, sucking in facts. He doesn't have what we have. You and I have street smarts.

Malcolm: Oh, here we go. Every moron who's willing to act like a criminal is loaded with street smarts. Well, let me tell you something, Grandma, you're either smart or you're not. Saying you have street smarts just means you're willing to do things that smart, sensitive people are too decent to do. That's not a sign of intelligence. It's not. It's not!

Reese: I promise to always love and respect you. As long as you stay in a 20-pound weight range.

Cut to the airport, where Hal is being pampered in the Commodores Club room.

Waiter: Your drink, sir.

Hal: Arturo, I would be a dead man without you.

Waitress: Mr. Saunders.

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Hal: Please. Mr. Saunders is my father. You can call me... (isn't sure of the real Mr Saunders' first name) what my first name is.

Waitress: If you'll just follow me.

Hal: Now, do I disrobe for a salt glow, or just strip to the waist?

Waitress: Sit down here. Our teleconference service was down for an hour. I'm sorry it took so long to set up, but everyone's ready for you now. London, Berlin, Tokyo.

Hal: Tokyo?

Guy from Tokyo: Mr. Saunders, we finally meet face to face.

Hal: Yes, uh... Well... Hi, there.

Lady from Berlin: I'm afraid we can't wait for your reply any longer. We need an answer from you.

Hal: You need an answer from me?

Lady from Berlin: We have five governments involved. If you can't decide, we shall have no choice but to sever all ties. That means Malaysia, that means Taiwan, that means the entire eastern sector!

Guy from Tokyo: We need you to choose now, sir. Is it yes... or no?

Hal: Okay, um... Just... (long pause while he pours himself glass of water from a jug and drinks it)

Lady from Berlin: Fine. You have us at a disadvantage. We will wire another six million into your account.

Hal: All right, then. The answer is yes.

Guy from Tokyo: Very good. We'll begin shipping the antidote at once.

Hal: Excellent. By the way, Are-Are we... good guys? (other participants laugh) (back in main airport) Hey, honey.

Lois: What have you been doing?

Hal: Well, I can honestly say I have no idea. Do you want me to...?

Lois: No. Stupid hot sauce.

Hal: You okay?

Lois: Dewey's been absolutely horrible to me. I know we missed the flight, I know I hurt his fingers, I know this isn't the greatest day of his life, but he's been acting like I'm trying to ruin his contest on purpose.

Hal: Well, honey, it has been an awful lot of stuff in a row.

Lois: What are you saying, Hal? You agree with him? You actually think that I would...? (squeezes sauce sachet and it sprays in Dewey's eyes, and Dewey screams and falls to the ground)

Grandma Ida: This is the final test. The game of Vishnok will show us who has the brains around here.

Reese: Grandma, how do we play?

Grandma: Shh! You will listen! The rabbits run to their lair. The moon embraces you. The horse turns to lead. The apple holds the key. You have two minutes.

Reese: What are we doing?

Malcolm: I don't know. Did you feel this?

Reese: What?

Malcolm: The rabbits run to their lair. The moon embraces you. The horse turns to lead. The apple holds the key. (pulls out key) Ha! I beat him! It's over!

Grandma Ida: ...proski, verontut...

Malcolm: The marriage is off. After 2,000 years your ways are dead.

Grandma Ida: I am content the ways have been followed.

Malcolm: What?! No. No, you don't get to pretend you're okay with this. I never followed your ways. Well, I did, but it was for a different reason...

Grandma Ida: Pack up my things, cow. We leave in five minutes.

Reese: (still stuck) No, wait. Don't go! I got two out of three. There must be some way I can marry Raduca.

Grandma Ida: It is impossible. You're not a man. The most you can ever hope to be now is a very butch woman.

Reese: Well, I'm going to marry her anyway!

Grandma Ida: It is forbidden. The ways don't allow you.

Reese: Well, then from now on, I reject your ways forever! Listen, I'm not the perfect guy. I might not even be a good guy. But if you marry me, we'll both be certain for the rest of our lives that I never could have done any better.

Grandma Ida: She will never marry a dronska like you. She's a good girl.

Raduca: I will marry you.

Grandma Ida: I forbid you to do this!

Raduca: You cannot forbid me. I am American girl now. I have iPod. I wear thong. I shave!

Grandma Ida: Hide your shame, whore!

Reese: You can't talk to my wife that way. I'm going to spend the rest of my life with the woman I probably love.

Hal: Well, apparently only permanent blindness gets you bumped up to first class.

Lois: Well, the redness is going down. I think you can compete just fine.

Dewey: Why don't you just cut the act, Mom? You got what you wanted.

Lois: What are you talking about?

Dewey: You don't like watching me be successful, because it reminds you that you never did anything with your life. And now, instead of taking joy in your kids' accomplishments, you undermine us so we won't show you up. Maybe it's unconscious, maybe you know you're doing it, but that's what's been going on this whole trip.

Lois: So what?

Dewey: Huh?

Lois: You think you're the first kid in the world whose parents ever sabotaged him? Please, Dewey, parents undermine their children all the time.

Hal: My dad told me I would never amount to anything and live a life of hardship and constant disappointment.

Dewey: Wait. We're talking about Mom.

Lois: Well, you shouldn't be. This is your life. Crap flies at you. You got to learn to deal with it. Besides, which story would you rather tell... The one where you show up at a contest, play something and get a prize, or the one where your family torpedoes you and even though you are crippled and blind, you still come through to win first place?

Dewey: I guess the second one's a better story.

Lois: Of course it is.

Dewey: Okay, Mom. Let's go to St. Louis.

Lois: Damn straight. Let's win this thing.

Hal: (as he, Lois, Dewey and Jamie arrive home) Wow, that Chinese kid was good.

Malcolm: I have to hand it to you, Mom, having Grandma look after us sure kept us out of trouble.

Lois: Where's your brother?

Malcolm: In Vegas.

Priest: I now pronounce you man and wife.

Reese: I'll do everything I can to make you happy. As soon as we get home, I'm kicking Dewey and Malcolm out of the big bed.