

**714 HAL GRIEVES TRANSCRIPT**

Hal: We are not stopping until we find that smell.

Reese: Check out that black thing. Was that even food?

Hal: I believe it was cheese at one time. (they smell it and groan) No, that's not it. (pulls out a pack of mouldy bacon, and they groan again)

Reese: Nope.

Hal: No.

Reese: Hey, what about that?

Hal: (reaches in and pulls out milk carton, which has a rat sticking out of it) Oh, God! Isn't that the school rat that Dewey was taking care of last summer? (they smell it and gag) No, that's not it.

Cut to the kitchen, where Hal is on the phone ordering pizzas.

Hal: No, no, no, don't hang up. We've almost made our decision.

Reese: (holds up coupon) I get three meat toppings for the price of one!

Dewey: No, no! Buy two pizzas, get one free!

Reese: That's two free cheese pizzas! I'd rather eat vomit!

Malcolm (TC): The prospect of a deal sends this family into a frenzy. When you throw in pizza, they need me to keep from totally losing perspective. Shut up, everyone! Just shut up! If we're not having deep-dish, then I swear I will tear up these "free cheesy bread" coupons right now!

Reese: Damn your cheesy bread! I need toppings!

Dewey: Why don't we just get the stuffed crust special?

Hal: And lose my free bucket of soda? Are you insane?!

Hal: (on phone) Now, listen, Dennis, I'm a reasonable man, but I can't go back to my family with a lot of lawyer talk about coupon expiration dates. So why don't we just reduce the two three-fers to two-fers? Five toppings on each, and we'll just grandfather in the wacky wings, okay? No, no, hold on, hold on. This call-waiting guy will not take a hint! (on other line) Hello. I can't talk right now. I... Yes. What?

Malcolm: Dad, come on, you're gonna lose those wings! What?

Hal: My father died.

Cut to the family arriving home after attending Hal's father's funeral.

Malcolm (TC): It was weird going to Grandpa's funeral. We hardly even knew we had a grandpa, and now we don't. Reese is taking it really hard.

Reese: Why! Why! Why couldn't he die before he lost all his money?

Cut to Hal lying on his bed watching sport on TV.

Lois: You okay?

Hal: Yeah, I'm fine.

Lois: Are you sure? It seems a little weird that the second you come home from your father's funeral, you turn on Sports Bloopers. (turns off the TV)

Hal: Hey.

Lois: Hal... It is not healthy to keep all this bottled up.

Hal: I agree. I just don't have anything to unbottle. I mean, I thought I'd cry when I saw him in the box. I thought I'd cry when they closed it. I thought I'd cry when they put it in the ground and I threw dirt on him, but... nothing. Actually, I did get a little misty listening to the funeral we passed on the way out. Do you know that man was the shoeshine guy on the same corner for 40 years?

Lois: Hal. You don't have to be brave.

Hal: I'm not. You know me. I cried at that movie about the boxing wallaby.

Lois: I remember.

Hal: I think I'm not feeling anything because I never really had a relationship with him. I mean, I suppose he knew my name, but he'd always just call me "buddy."

Lois: Oh, Hal.

Hal: So, now a relationship that was totally meaningless and trivial is over. It's hard to get too upset.

Cut to the living room the next day. Lois has just arrived home from work, when Abe comes over.

Abe: Hey, Lois. I'm returning the Newsweek you lent me on Y2K.

Lois: It's okay, Abe. Hal's asleep.

Abe: Good. How's he doing?

Lois: Well, he seems to be doing fine, but he can't be. His father just died. He got more upset when his transmission gave out.

Abe: Well, he did just have it rebuilt. But I know what you're saying. Sounds like he needs to talk to someone.

Lois: Abe, thank you! I know he respects you.

Abe: Not me. I don't want to see him cry. He needs to talk to a professional.

Lois: A therapist?

Abe: No, a professional actor. I suggest William Shatner, TV's Captain Kirk.

Lois: What?

Abe: That's who I turn to in a time of need. Lois... There's this wonderful service where they hook up ordinary people with celebrities. You pay a fee, and you get a phone call from your choice of participating TV or movie stars. Well, mostly TV stars.

Lois: And you think this is something Hal would want?

Abe: Absolutely! He's a huge fan of classic Trek. It's not something you share with your wife. Lois, believe me, I don't think I would've gotten through my social anxiety disorder without a few late-night discussions with Agent Mulder. It turns out the truth was right in here. (cut to Abe hanging up after making a phone call) Apparently, Shatner's not available. He's being knighted.

Lois: Well, thanks for trying, Abe.

Abe: Oh, it's not over yet. I am not going to rest until a classic TV star puts Hal's spirit at ease.

Cut to Hal wheeling a trolley of ice cream into the boys' bedroom.

Hal: Wake up, boys! You don't want breakfast to melt!

Dewey: Ice cream?

Hal: Last time I checked, you can't have a sundae bar without it. Wake up, Malcolm. (stuffs spoonful of ice cream into Malcolm's mouth)

Malcolm: (coughing) Dad... it's 5:00 in the morning.

Hal: Well, I couldn't sleep until my sons are as happy as I can make them. Today's special, every scoop comes with a hug! And it doesn't stop here. We've got a full day of pick-up basketball in the park, a barbecue, more ice cream, then I thought we'd take a nap underneath a tree, and then catch fireflies.

Dewey: What about school?

Hal: I've got that covered. 'Please excuse my son. He has... the flu... explosive diarrhea... a rare bone disease...' We may have to get you a cane.

Dewey: Cool!

Malcolm: Does Mom know?

Hal: Please, will you let me worry about your mom, okay? Seriously, though, don't tell her. Now, who wants a ride on top of the car?

Lois: Abe, I appreciate what you're trying to do, but I'm not sure...

Abe: Lois, do you know what it cost me to get Leonard Nimoy's private number? Ferengi noses don't grow on trees.

Lois: Let's just...

Abe: It's ringing!

Leonard: Hello?

Abe: Mr. Nimoy?

Leonard: This is he.

Abe: We apologize for disturbing an important man like yourself. But my friend's father just died, and he could use some sage advice from a learned actor- director-poet-photographer-vocalist. I'm sorry, but in Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan, was Ricardo Montalban the gentleman he seems to be? Because a little birdy told me...

Lois: Abe!

Leonard: (now on speakerphone) I'd be happy to help your friend. It's very sad when a man loses his father. I've been through loss myself.

Lois:

Oh, that's very kind of you, Mr. Nimoy. I'm his wife.

Leonard: So will this be charged to your credit card?

Lois: What?

Leonard: Well, that's eight dollars a minute for the Nimoy, and for another five, I'll leave an outgoing message on your answering machine as... (in funny voice) Mr. Bob Hope! How about that Brooke Shields? She's got legs that go all the way down to the ground that I've got to tell you...

Leonard: Nimoy's Bob Hope is great. Is there nothing the man can't do? (Lois hangs up the phone)

Hal: Hey.

Lois: You doing okay?

Hal: Oh, yeah, you know, I'll drop the kids off at school, maybe look through a photo album.

Lois: Well, that's what bereavement days are for. I love you.

Hal: I love you, too.

(Lois leaves to go to work) Okay. (Hal takes off his shirt, puts on protective glasses, and he and the boys start playing baseball in the house using glass Christmas baubles)

Hal: I've got clear shot to the refrigerator. Who's gonna stop me?

Dewey: Nice.

Cut to clip sequence of Hal and the boys having a spray war, watching a trash can 'rocket' explode, fighting with sticks,

Reese: (tastes the liquid in the inflatable pool) Mmm, pudding!

Hal: (he and the boys are finishing tidying up the living room when they hear Lois's car in the driveway) It's your mother!

Malcolm: Hurry up

Hal: (now alone in the kitchen, sitting at the table) Oh, hi, honey.

Reese: God, I hate school. What's to eat in this dump? (Lois doesn't buy it)

Hal: Good night, boys.

Dewey: Good night, Dad.

Hal: What a day. Memorable, huh? And if you thought today was fun, tomorrow's gonna make it look like garbage. Quick question. If I died in my sleep tonight, who'd be sad?

Dewey: I would!

Reese: Me! Me!

Malcolm: Sure. Of course we'd be sad.

Hal: You boys have just earned some S'mores. Back in a jiff.

Malcolm: Wait, Dad. You don't have to do this. I think I know what's going on. If you want to talk about stuff...

Hal: Malcolm, all I'm interested in right now is filling your bellies with marshmallowy goodness.

Malcolm: But, Dad...

Hal: Don't worry. I'll make yours double thick.

Dewey: This is so awesome.

Reese: Yeah. I don't know what alien worm burrowed into Dad's brain, but I'd like to shake its hand.

Malcolm: Don't you guys see what's going on? This is all because of Grandpa. Ever since he died, Dad's been feeling bad because he doesn't miss him enough. So now he's trying to compensate by bonding with us.

Reese: That's just a lot of fancy language for all-you-can-eat S'mores.

Malcolm: This isn't fun and games, Reese. He's got a real emotional problem.

Reese: You think Dad could really be doing this to buy our love?

Dewey: I guess.

Reese: I say we squeeze him for all he's got.

Dewey: It's the least we could do for him.

Malcolm: Where's Dad?

Reese: It was weird. I got up early this morning and found him sitting at the kitchen table looking at a picture of him and Grandpa with this peaceful smile on his face.

Malcolm: Really?

Reese: Yeah. Then he said he really worked some things out last night. And then he just took off for work. (Dewey moves Reese's lunch bag) Hey, get your greedy mitts off my lunch!

Dewey: I was just moving it to get to my lunch.

Reese: (throws Dewey's lunch bag into the bin) What lunch? (he and Dewey start fighting)

Malcolm: (picking up his own lunch bag) Later.

Dewey: Oh, God. Get off me.

Reese: (Malcolm leaves, and Reese and Dewey go and open the closet where Hal is hiding)

Dewey: Found you!

Hal: Well, you have to admit it was a pretty good hiding place. I was in there for over an hour.

Reese: I helped.

Hal: And you should share the prize. Hey, where's Malcolm?

Dewey: He had to go to school.

Reese: Yeah, he said this was stupid.

Hal: Too bad. I guess he misses out on Motocross!

Dewey: Sweet! I mean, I guess it's okay.

Hal: Come on. It'll be better than yesterday.

Reese: What was yesterday? I can't quite remember. Can you, Dewey?

Hal: I knocked you into pudding.

Reese: I guess the problem with memories is that they fade. Especially in the minds of young people that are scrambled with video games and death metal.

Dewey: I can barely remember my own name.

Reese: Hey, you know what doesn't fade? Things Like these pants. I can still remember the crisp September day when Mom gave them to us. She had a little lipstick on her upper tooth. Her eyes crinkled. She smelled like lilacs.

Hal: Hey, you know what? I can get you things.

Reese: I don't know. You'd have to drive us to some kind of mall or something.

Hal: You boys go get in the car. I'm going to call the credit card company and have them up my limit.

Reese: Taken care of.

Cut to the mall, where the boys are in a sports store. Hal throws Reese a ball.

Reese: Nice. It's just a shame I'll have to catch it with a dirty mitt.

Cut to Reese and Dewey now dressed in sports gear)

Dewey: I want to remember how great you are in spring, summer, fall... (cut to Dewey in the snow) and winter, too.

Reese: Wow, Dad, you buy out the whole store? No one's got a better dad than us.

Dewey: Except Joe Garoogian.

Reese: Dewey! You don't deserve to remember how good Dad is. You only deserve to remember me whacking the crap out of you.

Hal: Not so fast, Reese. The boy's just being honest. Now tell me, what is it about this Joe's father that's so great?

Dewey: His dad's vice president of an electronics company. He can get any type of TV, video game or stereo he wants.

Hal: Is there an electronics store near here?

Reese: Tech Boys on Willow. Price Town's closer, but they have crap for high-def.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is sitting on the bed looking at photos, when Abe comes to the door.

Abe: I've got something for Hal that I think may do the trick.

Lois: Abe, I thought we were done with this.

Abe: I thought we were, too, Lois, until 3:00 this morning, when I found myself in a collectibles auction site and saw this baby. Yes, it's a Vulcan lyre with ten preprogrammed Christmas carols.

Lois: Abe, I'm sorry. I know you're trying to help, but this is not what Hal needs.

Abe: You're right. I guess I got carried away and lost sight of what got us started in the first place... to hook Hal up with a member of the original cast of Star Trek.

Lois: That's not what got this started. Abe, Hal's father died.

Abe: And I will not let him die in vain. I will call Sulu. I will call Chekhov. And if they say no, so help me, I will call the Gorn.

Lois: Abe, stop, just stop. I appreciate your trying to help, but I don't need any of this. I'm going to take Hal to a bed and breakfast for a nice weekend, and that's it. He just needs some emotional comfort.

Abe: So you think a weekend of nurturing and sex is going to get him through this? Do you even know this man?!

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm comes home and discovers all the stuff Hal has bought for Reese and Dewey.

Malcolm: What the hell's all this?

Reese: It turns out Dad still has some grieving left to do.

Malcolm: I can't believe you. You lied to me and you totally took advantage of him.

Reese: I don't see it that way. They say money can't buy love... but they're wrong. I'm actually starting to love Dad. Now I'm not saying somebody couldn't come along and outbid him, but right now, he's the front-runner.

Malcolm: You can't do this. This is wrong. You're giving all this back.

Reese: Who are you to question his process?

Malcolm: Reese, he's crazy.

Reese: Mom's crazy. But she's the kind of crazy where all she does is yell at us and punish. Now Dad's crazy in a way where he buys us an Xbox 360. And you want to mess with that? You're just afraid of happiness, Malcolm.

Malcolm: You can delude yourself all you want. All this is going back to the store.

Reese: Hey, give that back! -You had your chance!

Malcolm: Reese, this is over!

Reese: This is the only good thing that's ever happened around here and you're ruining it!

Hal: Boys! What are you doing? Today's a happy day. You're supposed to remember this the rest of your lives.

Malcolm: I need to talk to you, Dad.

Reese: Dad, if you love us, don't listen to him.

Malcolm: Look at what you're doing. Look at the money you're spending. Look at the reason why you're spending it. Something is very wrong.

Hal: I hear you, Malcolm. I understand that things have gotten a little unbalanced and, and I know what I need to do.

Malcolm: Thank God.

Hal: I'm going to buy you a car.

Malcolm (TC): It's moments like this that really define character. I love you, Daddy!



Lois: (on phone) No, it's not our honeymoon, but I would like the honeymoon suite. What? No, that must be a mistake. My credit card can't be maxed out. I just paid the bill. (yells) Reese!

Reese: (wearing a diving suit) Get me out of this. (Lois comes to the boys' bedroom door and sees all the stuff Hal bought them) Malcolm's getting a car. We only did this so Dad wouldn't buy us something more expensive. (pretending to cry) I miss Grandpa.

Cut to Hal and Malcolm, sitting in a car.

Malcolm (TC): I know this is wrong. But somehow my body's not doing anything to stop it. Maybe that means at some level, I don't even know it's wrong. And if I don't know if it's wrong, then I can't get blamed for doing it. Right?

Salesman: Now, a high-tech package comes with a CG rearview imaging system, a GPS and a DVD.

Malcolm: I don't absolutely need a DVD player.

Hal: Sure you do, Malcolm. Every time you stop at a red light, I want you watching movies, thinking of your dad. What else have we got?

Salesman: Want the sports package?

Hal: That's like asking if we want doors.

Salesman: (now sitting at a desk with Hal and Malcolm) There it is, every option we offer, including some I didn't even know about. Floormats have undercoating. Comes with a 14-year warranty. We don't sell many of those. All it needs... is your signature.

Hal: Huh.

Salesman: What?

Hal: My dad had the same pen.

Salesman: Hell, he must've been a great guy. This is a great pen.

Malcolm: We don't really need to get into that right now.

Hal: See, I just lost my dad.

Salesman: I'm sorry. Bet he would've loved to see his grandson driving that sports pack.

Hal: I don't know if he would have. He was pretty emotionally distant. He had a lot of trouble showing love.

Salesman: Yeah. Old-timers, eh?

Hal: But I didn't care. I didn't care if he had trouble. I loved him. He was my dad.

Salesman: You know, I see that you're in a lot of pain right now, and... I'm going to need some grief counseling, too, if I let you take me up on this offer I'm giving you.

Hal: I remember coming downstairs in the morning, and he would be at the table and he would say, "Hey, buddy, I'm doing four things at once: I'm watching TV. I'm reading the newspaper. I'm drinking coffee, and I'm talking to you." Isn't that amazing?

Salesman: You know, I got a guy whose wife died who's looking at this car, so...

Hal: (starts crying) He didn't have to do anything for me. He was my dad.

Malcolm: Dad... You don't have to do anything for me, either. But if you want to... that'd be great. (goes to sign paperwork until Lois arrives and stops him)

Hal: I lost my dad.

Lois: (hugs Hal) I know.  
Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is lying on the couch reading, when the doorbell rings.

Dewey: Hello?

George: I'm George Takei. I played Sulu on Star Trek. Did your grandfather die recently?

Dewey: Yes.

George: Allow me to extend my deepest condolences. I got a call from a neighbour that your father might like to talk to me. And when I called back, the line was busy. So I decided to come over. It was a six-hour bus ride with a lot of stops. May I have some water, please?

Dewey: Sorry, my parents aren't home. But you can use the hose out front.

George: Delightful. If you don't mind, I'll make camp on your front lawn in anticipation of their return. Improvisation: my stock and trade. In episode 18, "The Squire of Gothos," the script read, "the crew ad-libs hello." Well, I was off to the races.

Dewey: Well, I've got a lot of homework. (closes the door)

George: (from outside) Ooh, mushrooms! May I help myself?