

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

715 AA TRANSCRIPT

Dewey: Mom, Reese is poking me!

Lois: That's it, you two. Either side of the couch, now!

Dewey: He's still poking me!

Lois: Reese, go to your room! I don't want you within 30 feet of him!

Cut to Reese in his room, emptying boxes of pencils onto his bed. He tapes them together with masking tape, then edges it towards Dewey.

Lois: Come on, Hal! We're going to be late.

Hal: Fine, but I don't see what the big deal is. So what if he stopped drinking for a year? I thought that's what you're supposed to do in AA.

Lois: Francis' one-year anniversary of sobriety is very important to him.

Hal: Sounds to me like it was just dreamed up by the greeting card companies.

Lois: What is wrong with you? Francis has joined AA, and is turning his life around. These are the people who helped him do that, and he wants us to meet them.

Hal: Where were they when he needed to learn to ride a bicycle? Or when he lost his first tooth? We did all the heavy lifting. And now these guys get all the glory.

Lois: I can't believe you're jealous of these people.

Hal: Well, what does he need us for? He's got them now. We're useless. We're like his appendix. Now he's just going to open up his stomach, remove us, and put us in a jar up on a shelf, right there in the living room...or the...den, or... a mantelpiece, if he's got one. Uh, I'm gonna go wait in the car. Where's Jamie? (Car horn toots)

Lois: There he is. He's been dying to go to that sitter's all morning. I swear that woman feeds him nothing but sugar all day long.

Hal: (horn keeps tooting) I'm coming!

Malcolm: Bye, Mom. Say hi to Francis.

Lois: Oh, wait, wait, all right. You've got your food money. You've got your emergency numbers. We'll be home Sunday night around 9:00. But before I forget. This is the one thing left in this house that I care about. I don't want to spend the next two days worrying about "How will they break it, where will they hide the pieces, how will they lie to me about it when I come home." So... (drops vase) There. Now I can relax.

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm is lying on his bed reading. Reese comes in and lies down on his own bed.

Reese: I'm bored.

Malcolm: Mom and Dad are gone. You want to make some crank calls?

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Reese: Nah. I guess I'm getting old. I'm really not inspired.

Malcolm: We could cherry bomb Ms. Waller's mailbox.

Reese: What's the point? She'd just chase me, have an asthma attack. The neighbors would call 911. I'd get away with it because of her blackout. We'd both just be going through the motions.

Malcolm: You're right. Terrorizing the same old neighbors year after year just doesn't feel satisfying anymore. Maybe we're growing up. Maybe we don't need to go out and create random havoc. (Back door closes and Dewey runs into the room)

Dewey: Hey, guys, I was digging around in the garage, and I found the spare key to Dad's car!

Malcolm: Do you know what this means?

Reese: We can key stuff!

Malcolm: No, we have mobility. We can drive over to the next city.

Reese: And key stuff there!

Malcolm: And key stuff there, and cherry-bomb stuff there. Reese, we have access to a car with no adult supervision. We can do whatever we want, and if we get caught? They'd blame Mom and Dad for being absentee parents. This is the perfect crime.

Dewey: I was thinking we could drive to the arcade.

Reese: Arcade? What are you, 12?

Dewey: Yeah.

Reese: Dewey, get out of the way. Malcolm and I have to plan some pain.

Malcolm: What about South High? I think their band practice starts in two hours.

Reese: Perfect. I still have some connections at the slaughterhouse. One phone call, and I got a trunkful of pig's blood.

Francis: It's humble, but it's home. Actually, they just walled off a bedroom from the apartment next door... but anyway, it's home.

Hal: Uh, you know, Francis, your mother and I passed a motel on the way here...

Francis: Nonsense. I won't have my parents staying at some motel. You can sleep here.

Hal: On the rug?

Francis: It's a futon. Believe it or not, someone was actually going to throw that away.

Hal: You know, my back...

Lois: Hal, let him do this.

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Hal: All righty, we'll stay.
Francis: Great! You know, I'm really glad you guys came up here for my celebration.

Piama: Speaking of which...

Lois: Piama!

Piama: It's fine.

Francis: Really, Mom, I have a handle on it. Besides we're not just celebrating my sobriety. We're also celebrating my new job.

Lois: Francis, that's wonderful! What is it? A laser-etched crystal. It's the perfect fusion of science and art. The detail is amazing. And you can see everything on this nude fairy.

Piama: That's me.

Francis: You can put whatever image you want in these crystals, but it all adds up to one thing: financial independence in five to twelve years. We're starting our own business. We already looked into the franchise and locked down the location. Now all we have to do is work out the financing.

Lois: Oh?

Francis: Don't worry, Mom, we don't need any money... we already got \$10,000 from Piama's mom's lawsuit settlement. The newspaper used her picture without her permission for an article on mental defectives. All we need from you guys is to co-sign the loan. We hate to ask, but... you're the only people Piama and I could turn to for this.

Hal: Did you hear that, honey? He's turning to us.

Lois: How much?

Francis: It's just a small business loan: \$20,000.

Lois: \$20,000?!

Hal: And none of your drunk friends could help you out on this, huh?

Francis: Not at all. Oh, and don't worry, the bank already ran your credit. It's horrible, but all that means is they just crank up the interest rate.

Lois: In what world would you think we would sign that?

Hal: Honey, come here. Let's hear the boy out. You heard him; he needs us.

Lois: Hal, I'm not going to sign anything. We're in enough debt as it is.

Hal: Lois...

Francis: I hate to do this, but can we talk about this later? We really got to get to my AA party.

Hal: Of course! And I got to tell you, son, I am drunk as a skunk with pride right now.

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Cut back to the house, where Malcolm and Reese are marking out their destruction route on a big map.

Malcolm: Okay, we have 12 hours and eight gallons of gas. This is our radius of destruction.

Reese: So much to do, so little time. What about my old 4th grade teacher?

Malcolm: If we get Mr. Bradshaw, then we can't moon the girls' school.

Reese: No, the mooning is a definite. For you to even suggest that makes me really question your commitment.

Malcolm: Well, If I give you Bradshaw, then I can't do donuts on the lawn of my old basketball coach.

Dewey: What about the arcade?

Reese: Not now, Dewey. All right, I'll give you the donuts.

Malcolm: Great.

Reese: So which way are we leaning on the whole cat show situation?

Malcolm: If you get me that coyote, then I'll get you to the cat show.

Dewey: The arcade is on the way to the cat show.

Malcolm: Out!

Reese: Hey, are we still peeing in the mailbox on Fifth, or aren't we? I've already drank three of these. Do not embarrass me out there.

Cut to the kitchen. Malcolm is pacing around and Reese is sitting at the table with his head in his hands.

Malcolm: Come on, Reese, we are so close. Do you really need five minutes to work over your old lab partner?

Reese: (practices his moves in the air) Yeah. Why do something if you're not gonna do it right?

Malcolm: All right, do you think you could work your boy over in the back seat of the car?

Reese: What are you getting at?

Malcolm: After we push over those gravestones, we can pick up the lab partner. By the time you're done with him, we're at the promenade, where we do our pedestrian-only drive through. Then it's a straight shot down 45th street, just in time for the old folks' health walk.

Reese: A quick streak, and dude... we're done!

Malcolm: Yeah! (high-fives Reese)

Reese: All right, we have to get going. We need the car key.

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Dewey: Are we going to the arcade?

Malcolm: We already told you we don't have time for that, Dewey.

Dewey: You know something? I don't remember where I put it.

Reese: Stupid! How could you misplace it?! Wait a minute... he's lying.

Malcolm: Dewey, give us the key now!

Dewey: Nope.

Reese: All right, Dewey, we can either do this the easy - (Dewey punches him in his privates) OW! No fair. That's just what I was going to do.

Cut to Francis's AA Meeting.

Francis: Crash!

Crash: Frankie, my man! (to Piama) Little Miss P.

Piama: Hey, baby.

Francis: Crash, I'd like you to meet my dad.

Hal: Hello.

Crash: (grabbing Hal) Stay strong, brother.

Hal: Okay.

Francis: And this is my mother.

Crash: She's real?

Lois: Excuse me?

Crash: It's... I thought... I don't know what I thought.

I'm sorry. Excuse me. (runs off)

Lois: What was that all about?

Cut to the house, where Malcolm is holding Dewey down while Reese pings rubber bands on his stomach.

Malcolm: Give it up, Dewey.

Dewey: No!

Reese: Tell us where the key is!

Dewey: No!

Cut to the kitchen, where Malcolm and Reese are standing on chairs, holding Dewey by his underpants.

Malcolm: Tell us where the key is!

Dewey: No.

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Cut to the yard, where Reese is holding Dewey down while Malcolm leans over him dangling a worm.

Malcolm: Give us the key.

Dewey: No. (Malcolm shoves worm into Dewey's mouth, and he sucks it down)

Malcolm: That was our last worm!

Reese: It's no use; he's immune.

Malcolm: It's our own fault... we've been torturing him since Mom brought him home from the hospital.

Reese: Remember when he was a baby? I could make him cry, just like that. Now we're stuck with this. (grabs handful of dirt and forces it into Dewey's mouth)

AA Guy #1: We've all come a long way, but we still have a long way to go. None of us could have gotten to where we are today if it wasn't for everyone here. But there is one man that I would especially like to thank: Francis! (everyone claps) Francis, your honesty has really helped me through this. I went through life feeling pretty sorry for myself. Thinking that I was brutalized and abused, but then I heard your horror stories and I realized that my junkie abusive mom wasn't that bad at all. Oh, sure, she beat me, she left me in that dumpster, and all but, she was a saint compared to "L." (Lois is open-mouthed in shock) I don't know how you survived it, man, but I thank God you did.

Lois: "L"?! Hal, can you believe this?

Hal: (crying) Oh, they are so open here. It's just so raw! It's beautiful.

Crash: Let's be fair. We all have an "L" in our lives. My "L" was the Vietnam War. Thankfully, though, I don't have to visit my "L" on Christmas and holidays. I can leave my "L" buried deep in the darkest recesses of my mind. And I thank God for that. Stay strong, Francis.

AA Guy #2: And now, let's hear from the man of the hour. Our very own Francis.

Francis: Thanks, George. Thank you all. A lot of horrible things have been said tonight, and I appreciate your honesty, but that's in the past. We need to clean the slate and start over, and to do that, we need to make amends to the people we have wronged. To my beautiful wife, Piama. For all the terrible things I put you through, I'm sorry. And to my brothers, who aren't here right now, for all the times I couldn't be there for you 'cause I was in my own, messed-up place... I'm sorry. To my father, I put you through so much, yet you were always there for me. I'm sorry. And to my mother, L, I forgive you.

Lois: (angrily) You forgive me?!

Cut to the house, where Malcolm is sharpening a kitchen knife.

Malcolm (TC): Okay, it's a bit extreme, but Dewey has left us no choice. Since he's withstood our most horrible tortures, Reese and I have to do something that goes against everything we believe in this house.

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Reese: How thin do you want the ham?

Dewey: (lying on the couch, watching TV and drinking a milkshake, while Reese massages his shoulders) Same as the last sandwich.

Reese: How's the milkshake?

Dewey: Mm, quite nice.

Reese: You'll notice there's no snot, spit or pee in there.

Dewey: I thought it tasted different. And the massage is amazing. You got tension out of my shoulder I didn't even know was there till it was gone. I feel eight!

Malcolm: (bringing Dewey his sandwich) Can we get you anything else?

Dewey: Well, there is one thing... Nah.

Reese: No, what is it?

Dewey: It's a little childish.

Malcolm: Nonsense, Dewey. Come on, this is your day.

Dewey: I would really love a piggy-back ride around the neighborhood.

Reese: I'll get my shoes.

Dewey: Guys, this is fantastic. I really think we've healed a lot of wounds today.

Malcolm: Really? That's great, Dewey. You know, I was thinking, you're full... you're relaxed, you're watching your favourite TV show. Do you think we could have that, uh, car key now?

Dewey: You know something? You guys have earned it. You really have. And I wish I could give it to you.

Malcolm: What do you mean?

Dewey: You guys threw me a curve ball. I had no idea it was going to go this way. Bravo. But I swallowed it.

Reese: What?

Dewey: I know. It was foolish and spiteful, but this was before we reconnected. Hey, is there any more of this shake left?

Cut to Francis's unit, where Lois, Hal, Francis and Piama are arriving home. Lois is yelling at Francis about what was said at the meeting.

Lois: Unbelievable! You invite me up here for a celebration, and instead, you blindside me?! You told complete strangers that I'm a monster!

Francis: Mom, I acknowledge your anger.

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Lois: Well, get ready to acknowledge a lot more! Oh, you "forgive me," Francis? Do you forgive me for 27 hours of labor?! For staying up all night with you when you were sick with 105-degree temperature?! For the thousands of hours I spent trying to get you to do your homework?!

Francis: Yes, Mom, I forgive you.

Lois: So it's all my fault that your life is messed up and you're an alcoholic?! I'm the source of everything wrong with your life?!

Francis: Mom, I'd love to get into this, but we don't talk about these things outside the meeting.

Lois: Well, get your coat. We're going back.

Hal: Uh, Lois, let's not ruin Francis' special day.

Lois: Why not? Apparently, I've ruined everything else!

Hal: What's past is past.

Lois: "What's past is past"?! So you think this is all my fault, too?!

Hal: Can we discuss this in the other room?

Lois: There is no other room!

Cut to the house, where Dewey is tied to a chair and Malcolm and Reese are making a laxative to make Dewey poop out the key.

Dewey: Just admit it, guys: You've been beat.

Reese: Are you kidding? Now that we know where the key is, it's only a matter of time.

Malcolm: Here's Grandma's special cereal.

Reese: That stuff is so powerful, she had to eat it in the bathroom. The recoil is going to put you through the ceiling, little man. I don't know why we're going through all this trouble. I had a much faster way to do this.

Malcolm: We're not cutting him open, Reese. This will still work out. We just have to adjust the destruction list. The way I look at it, we have to skip paint ballooning the Tai-chi group, the charity 10K won't get its phony route markers, and I'm afraid planting the porn magazines in the feminist bookstore will have to wait till another time.

Reese: (furious, yelling at Dewey) It's like you're killing my children!

Dewey: Wait. Wait...

Reese: Shut up, Dewey! That's not the end I want to be hearing from! (pours blended cereal into Dewey's mouth through a funnel. Dewey gags).

Cut to Francis's unit, where Lois and Hal are arguing in the bathroom.

Lois: You're taking his side in this?!

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Hal: I'm not taking anyone's side. There are no sides! I'm just saying look at it from Francis' side.

Lois: He crucified me in that meeting!

Hal: You're right to feel attacked by these people, but this is about Francis. He's building a new life. We've got to go easy on him. He's only been sober for one year. He's a one-year-old. You're fighting with an infant!

Lois: That infant dragged my name through the mud and now wants us to give him \$20,000!

Hal: This is an investment in a business for our son.

Lois: What?! He's quit drinking, and now magically, he knows how to run a business?!

Hal: See? You are still stuck in this stupid death struggle, that you have had with him since he was born! Francis has changed, and you have got to face that fact!

Lois: No! Francis has not changed! He has just changed his tricks to get what he wants. This whole day has been about getting us to sign that loan!

Hal: There you go again! I know for a fact this is not about the loan!

Lois: How? How do you know that?

Hal: Because I've already signed it, okay?! So can we just move on?!

Lois: What?! (grabs onto Hal's nipples, and Hal screams)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Reese, dressed in a rubbish bag cape, rubber gloves and a mouth cover, is pacing the room while Malcolm is in the bathroom with Dewey.

Malcolm: (opening door) Nothing yet.

Reese: I wish there was something I could do. I feel so helpless.

Malcolm: Just think good thoughts. (closes door and Reese keeps pacing.) (yelling) Reese, quick, the colander!

Dewey emerges from the bathroom, slamming the door behind him. He pulls up and zips his pants, then leaves the bedroom.

Reese: (he and Malcolm, both dressed in protective gear, lean over the toilet bowl) Where do we start?

Malcolm: I guess you just... go for it. (they hear Dewey speed off in the car, tooting the horn as he leaves) Dewey! He had the key all along!

Reese: No!

Malcolm: That little - (sees Reese preparing to sift through the stool) What are you doing?

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Reese: There could be a spare.

Lois: I cannot believe you went behind my back on this! If you think you're going to get away with this, you are sadly mistaken! \$20,000, Francis?! How in the world would you - (Francis gives her back the loan) What's this?

Francis: The loan. If you're not on board, we won't do it.

Lois: What?

Francis: I don't want you and Dad fighting because of us. This is not how we wanted to start our business. Piama and I will just get the money from someone else.

Lois: But I was - really?

Francis: Absolutely. Come on. Let's go get something to eat.

Piama: Oh, that new Thai place just opened up around the corner.

Francis: Sounds good to me. Dad, you better get your jacket. It might get cold.

Hal: Okay.

Lois: Francis?

Francis: Yeah, Mom?

Lois: Are you sure you don't want the money?

Francis: Mom, I don't want anything you don't want to give. (Lois gives Francis back the loan form) Mom...

Lois: I want you to have the loan. I was wrong. You've changed.

Francis: Are you serious? Really, you don't have to do this.

Lois: Oh, I know. That's why I want you to have it. So that you and Piama can start your business with our blessing.

Francis: Wow, Mom, this is huge!

Lois: Well, it is a lot of money.

Francis: Not the loan...you.

Lois: What?

Francis: You actually admitted you were wrong. That's the first step. Are you ready to take the next one?

Lois: What are you talking about? What step?

Francis: The first step to admitting you're an alcoholic.

Lois: I'm not an alcoholic.

Francis: Okay, you're not ready. This is my fault. They tell us not to do this. It has to come from you. Is everybody ready to go?

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Lois: Francis, I don't drink. I mean, maybe I have a glass of champagne on my birthday -

Francis: Every birthday?

Lois: What does that have to do with anything?

Hal: I think we should get going.

Francis: Come on, Mom, you have the classic signs. Irrational behavior, not able to control your emotions. Everybody else is the problem.

Lois: Francis, I do not drink. I am not an alcoholic.

Francis: Mom, you don't have to drink to be an alcoholic.

Lois: Yeah, you do! Alcoholism. It's in the name.

Hal: I think your mother's right on this.

Francis: No, she's not. I barely drank, and I'm an alcoholic.

Piama: It's true; I've only seen him tipsy once. He gets sick. I can't even give him cough syrup.

Lois: How the hell can you call yourself an alcoholic if you don't even drink?!

Francis: What do you mean?! My life was a wreck! I had no future, no hope. I had all the signs.

Lois: Except for the alcohol part.

Francis: Why do you keep harping on that?! Why do you have to do that?! You never let me have anything! You wouldn't let me have that bike or those throwing stars! Now you won't let me have alcoholism... the one thing I'm doing right in my life!

Lois: Unbelievable. If it's not me, it's alcohol, right? The problem's always somewhere else. Francis, you need to take a look in the mirror. Come on, Hal, let's go home. (leaves the unit)

Francis: Wait a minute. You can't walk out on me! This is your problem, too! At least you support me, right, Dad?

Hal: You know, I thought I did, son, but then I realized I was just doing it for all the wrong reasons. I was just trying to buy your love. (picks up the loan form and rips it up) See you on your real birthday, son.

Francis: (goes to look in the mirror) You know, maybe Mom was right. I was blaming her and the alcohol for my problems, when the real problem was always right in front of me. (sees Piama's reflection)

Piama: Me?!

Francis: Yes, you. Who else could it be? Why didn't you tell me I wasn't an alcoholic?!

Piama: How am I supposed to know?! You seemed messed up to me.

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Francis: You made me look like an idiot!

Piama: Well, that wasn't hard to do.

Francis: Was that an insult?