

719 STEVIE IN HOSPITAL TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Jamie, time to get going. Let's put your shoes on. (Jamie screams and runs away) Wonder what's gotten into him.

Reese: I have no idea. (cut to flashback of Reese showing Jamie how to tie his shoelaces) Now pay attention. I'm only going to show this to you one more time. The rabbit comes out of his hole, and runs around the tree. But he won't stop laughing at you. So you grab him by the tail and it rips off in your hand. You follow the trail of blood back to his hole. And then you reach in, pull the rabbit out and then you strangle him! And then you're ready to walk around.

Hal: What do you say, Reese? You want to take the new boat out this afternoon? Maiden voyage. Just you and me. Father and son slicing through the waves, wind in our hair. And look. I re-did the aft bathroom.

Reese: Sorry, Dad, I start my new job today.

Hal: Oh, come on! You don't actually do any work the first day. You're just filling out forms and deciding on a nemesis.

Reese: Did you know how hard it was to get this job? Everywhere else I applied called my references. Thank God telemarketing has no standards. Basically, I get to harass old people and shut-ins all day. I'm getting paid to do what I love.

Hal: Picture this, Dewey...

Dewey: Not gonna happen.

Hal: Give me one good reason.

Dewey: You're forcing me to say exactly why I don't want to do this and it's not going to make you happy and it's not going to make me happy. So why don't we just leave it alone?

Hal: How 'bout it, Malcolm? You're gonna be out of the house soon. This could be our last chance to spend some quality together time.

Malcolm: I can't, Dad. You know it was Stevie's big surgery yesterday. They just moved him out of intensive care and I really want to go visit him.

Hal: Damn!

Lois: See you tonight.

Dewey: Mom, did you remember to buy the baking soda for my class project?

Lois: Ah, I forgot.

Dewey: What? I asked you like five times.

Lois: That I remember.

Dewey: My science partner's going to hate me. I was supposed to bring in the baking soda for a volcano. Now it's just going to be a mountain full of vinegar.

Lois: Just do what your brother did. Take the baby powder and blame the guy who brought the vinegar.

Cut to the park, where Hal and Jamie are sitting on a bench by the lake, preparing to sail the boat.

Hal: I'm glad you changed your mind and decided to join me. It's nice to know that at least one of my sons isn't too busy to spend a little time with the old man. Oh, here, look. The deck is real teak. There's even a working foghorn. Listen. Easy, it's not a toy.

Boy: You're sitting on my bench.

Hal: What?

Boy: That's my bench.

Hal: I don't think anybody owns the benches, young man. I'm sure you can... find another one.

Boy: I don't want to find another one. I always sit here.

Hal: Jamie, I'll handle this. Kid, I didn't see you wiping off the pigeon poop with your son's blankie. I've earned this bench so take a hike. Okay, let's set her out there and aim for the horizon. She's in God's hands now. Well... in mine. Steady. Steady as she goes. Look at her. She is yar. (sees other boy with his own boat) Are you crazy?! What do you think you're doing?!

Boy: I'm think I'm sinking your boat!

Cut to Reese at the Telemarketing job.

Reese: Ma'am, anyone who enjoys breathing will benefit from the new Ionator 5150. This amazing all natural purifier has been proven to remove 63%... ..of all airborne pathogens including asbestos, cigarette smoke and Taiwanese dust mites. If you order now, we guarantee... ..you'll probably be dead by morning. But you're right, buddy, your life's not worth 50 bucks, so please let me off the phone so I can start saving people who want to live. All right, fine, I'll put you down for two, but next time, don't jerk me around.

Boss: How's everything going over here?

Reese: People are so stupid they'll believe anything. I threw the fact sheet out the window and just started making stuff up.

Boss: Ah, no problem. I made up the fact sheet. Six sales in 20 minutes. You're a natural. Keep this up and you got a good shot at winning the sales contest.

Reese: What contest?

Boss: We're tallying total sales over on the big board. First prize is a flat-screen TV. Second prize is a barbecue grill. Third prize is one of our air purifiers. But believe me, you don't want that. Keep up the good work.

Reese: (on phone)Hello, I'm calling from Air Scrub Air Filters. No, no, no, don't put Mommy on the phone. Just get her credit card.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm has arrived home.

Lois: How was Stevie?
Malcolm: I didn't get to see him.

Lois: You left for the hospital over three hours ago.

Malcolm: I tried taking the express bus, but somehow I ended up on a shuttle to the airport. Seriously, they need to label those things better.

Lois: They're bright red and say "airport shuttle" on the side.

Malcolm: We drove right past the hospital, but the stupid driver wouldn't let me out. When did people stop caring?

Lois: Calm down, Malcolm. It's no big deal. You can go tomorrow.

Malcolm: Yeah, if the buses will let me.

Lois: Hey, sweetie, how was your day?

Reese: I love this new job. If you claim to be a doctor on the phone, no one questions it, not even other doctors.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois wakes up and discovers someone has put something in her shoes, made her a mud 'coffee', and cut one of the sleeves on her shirt shorter than the other sleeve. Knowing it's one of the boys, she goes to their room to confront them.

Lois: All right, would someone care to explain something to me?

Malcolm: What?

Lois: Why is this sleeve slightly shorter than this sleeve?

Reese: Maybe one of your arms is getting longer.

Lois: They're not. I measured them.

Malcolm: That's crazy.

Lois: Oh, you'd like me to think so, but I know someone has been messing with my stuff. The mirrors on my car are askew, my toothbrush is wet, and the lint trap in the dryer, which I emptied this morning, is now magically full of lint.

Reese: Should you even be doing laundry in this condition?

Lois: I want to know who's responsible and I want to know now.

Malcolm: Mom, why would we do any of that to you?

Dewey: Yeah, Mom, why would we?

Cut to Malcolm at the Hospital reception.

Malcolm: Excuse me, what room is Stevie Kenarban in?

Hospital Clerk: Let me check. He's in room 220 right up the elevator.

Malcolm: Thank you. (walks towards the elevator, then moves back towards the desk) I was going to come visit yesterday morning, but I had this

giant hole in my lunch bag and everything just spilled out. My tuna sandwich was fine, but my orange started rolling down this hill, and by the time I caught up with it, I was late for school.

Hospital Clerk: It's still room 220.

Malcolm: Where would it be possible to find a gift?

Hospital Clerk: I would try the gift shop.

Malcolm: Good idea. Thanks.

Hospital Clerk: You're welcome. (Malcolm goes off to the gift shop)

Cashier: Can I help you find something?

Malcolm: Yeah, do you have any cards that don't say "Get well"?

Cashier: This is a hospital. Usually, we're rooting for the patient.

Malcolm: I get it, it's just that all these cards are really generic. And this is for my best friend, so I need something special.

Cashier: How about flowers?

Malcolm: I'm not asking him to marry me.

Cashier: This bear's pretty popular.

Malcolm: Let's see. He's allergic to the fur, the stuffing, the plastic eyes. And what's this tag made out of?

Cut to the gift shop, where time has passed and Malcolm is still figuring out what gift to choose for Stevie.

Malcolm: Okay... Let's go with the hula guy.

Cashier: You're sure?

Malcolm: Definitely. So we've narrowed it down to ten possibilities. Let's go over the pros and cons one more time.

Voice over loudspeaker: Attention: It is now 9:00. Visiting hours are over.

Malcolm: What? I can't believe you let this happen! (thumps the counter and sets off a singing fish)

Cut to the Air Scrub building, where Reese is now ranked 3rd in the competition.

Employee: Reese is a sales machine. If he keeps up this pace, he's going to win the whole thing.

Manager: Don't worry. I gave him the list of people that told us to go to hell.

Reese: (on phone) Listen, we wouldn't be calling again if it wasn't an emergency. The utility company's informed us that there's an alarming amount of graydon in your home. Now, your family's been chosen to survive, but your neighbors aren't going to be so lucky. Look, don't buy it from Air Scrub. Buy it from one of our competitors. I gave you the number, but for the love of God hurry!

(phone rings, and Reese answers in a high-pitched voice) Happy Air, how may I help you?

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm is on the phone.

Malcolm: ...and there isn't any kind of construction or quarantines, and you're not planning on moving the hospital before I can get there? Fine. Go take care of your precious bus crash. (hangs up) (TC):I want to make sure I cover all my bases. I got the directions, I got a gift, his favourite cookies. (goes outside) This time there's nothing that can stop me from visiting Stevie. There are very few things in this world as valuable as friendship. (walks towards the car but sees Hal in the garage having trouble repairing his boat)

Hal: Damn.

Malcolm: What's wrong, Dad?

Hal: Nothing, I just put the battery in backwards.

Malcolm (TC): Oh, God. Why now? I can't leave him like this. (to Hal) I'm here for you, Dad. I think I can handle it, Malcolm. I just need to get a little water out of the hull.

Malcolm: How'd that happen?

Hal: It's nothing. Some punk kid swamped me.

Malcolm: And you're just gonna let him get away with that?

Hal: It's no big deal. I'll just go to another part of the lake.

Malcolm: Why? So he can sink you there, too? You have to fight back. What did you always teach me about standing up for myself?

Hal: I can't beat up a ten-year-old. I suppose I could hold him down while you hit him.

Malcolm: No, Dad. Let's beat him on the water. With just a few modifications, we can make this boat unstoppable. We can reinforce the rudder for better steering and put a titanium tip on the prow. We'll slice his boat in half!

Hal: We can really do all that?

Malcolm: Absolutely.

Hal: Could we put a little skipper on the deck?

Malcolm: I don't see why not.

Hal: Malcolm, it's times like these I'm certain you weren't switched at birth.

Malcolm: Thanks, Dad. Now come on. We got a lot of work to do. Cookie?

Hal: Oh, thank you.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom the next day, where Hal is preparing to go to battle at the lake. He opens the closet door and is startled by Lois, who is hiding in there.

Lois: Gotcha! (sees it's only Hal) Sorry, Hal, I thought you were someone else.

Hal: What are you doing? How long have you been in there?

Lois: Just a few hours.

Hal: A few hours?! What's going on?

Lois: I don't know, Hal. I think one of the boys is screwing with me. My bookmark was on the wrong page. I found a loose thread on my smock. The car radio was tuned to a station next to the one that I always listen to. Oh, my God, I sound insane, don't I?

Hal: (leads Lois out of the bedroom) Honey, what you need is to take a step back and clear your head. You know what helps me? Working with Malcolm to weaponize my boat. (when they are gone, Dewey emerges from the back of the closet and cuts a button off Lois's smock, before quickly exiting the bedroom)

Cut to the Air Scrub building, where Reese walks past the whiteboard and discovers he is now tied at #1 with Carl. He carries on walking but stops when he overhears the manger on the phone with an upset customer.

Manager: (on phone) I understand you're very upset, but if you'd just let me get a word in.

Reese: I know I'm the new guy, but you've been on the phone for a half hour and you haven't close this deal? Remember your ABCs. Always Be Selling.

Manager: I can't interrupt him when he's in the middle of...

Reese: Hey, this isn't tele-listening. Give me the phone. I'll show you how to churn butter. (puts phone on loudspeaker mode) All right, gabby, we have better things to do than talk to you all day. Now, give me one reason why you don't need an air purifier.

Guy on phone: I'm going to kill myself.

Reese: Nice try. I use that excuse all the time.

Guy on phone: No, I'm serious. I just feel like I can't go on. I'm clinically depressed. And my cat dies because he was allergic to me! Oh, and my wife rans off with my brother Ted, and then my family just touched the inside that I'm not allowed to... (covers speaker) Get the manual!

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois discovers more weird things have happened to her stuff, and realises who the culprit is.

Lois: All right, Dewey, I know what's going on. I know it's you. If it were Reese, he'd be bragging to everyone about it. Malcolm doesn't have the patience. So, that leaves you, Dewey. If I had any proof, we'd be having this conversation while I was walling you up inside your bedroom closet. This is about the volcano, isn't it All right, I acknowledge that perhaps I was a little inconsiderate of your needs, but that in no way justifies these petty attacks. Still, we have to move on. So, here's the deal: In the future, I promise to be more attentive and aware of your feelings, not that being the loving mother I am, I wouldn't be doing that anyway. (sees what she thinks

is Dewey hiding behind the curtain) AHA! (pulls back curtain and sees it's only the vacuum cleaner) And in return, you will promise to stop this stupid campaign to drive me crazy. Just give me a little sign that we understand each other. (hears a tapping noise) Good. (camera pans outside where we see the noise is actually a tree banging against the house)

Cut to the lake, where Hal and Malcolm are arriving.

Hal: Now, just be cool, Malcolm. As far as anyone knows, we're just a normal father and son who love each other. Stay calm. There's a woman with a stroller. Wave with me so it looks natural. (Malcolm waves) Good, she's buying it. Arms down. No one suspects a thing. (Malcolm puts the boat into the lake) Steer clear of those ducks. We'll deal with them later.

Malcolm: I hope this kid shows up soon. I was planning on visiting Stevie today.

Hal: You just saw him yesterday, didn't you?

Malcolm: Not exactly.

Hal: But you did see him over the weekend, right?

Malcolm: No.

Hal: Wait. How many times have you seen Stevie?

Malcolm: If you add them all up... none.

Hal: None? Malcolm, I can't believe what I'm hearing. Your best friend is in the hospital, and you're here helping me stalk a ten-year-old.

Malcolm: I'm trying, but visiting someone in the hospital isn't as easy as you might think.

Hal: Malcolm, don't you see what you're doing? You're just avoiding an unpleasant situation.

Malcolm: I know. It's just that Stevie and I have never really talked seriously about his illnesses. We've kind of had this unspoken agreement that he was just a regular kid. If I had to see him lying in his hospital bed, hooked up to God knows what, it's kind of hard to pretend like nothing's wrong. I just don't know what to say.

Hal: Son, don't think about it. Sometimes all you have to say is hello.

Malcolm: That's a great way to put it. So simple.

Hal: I got it off that bus bench over there. It's an ad for a long-distance company. You get yourself down to that hospital and show Stevie that you give a damn.

Malcolm: Thanks, Dad. (rushes off, as the opponent kid's boat zooms towards him, and the kid walks along the path)

Hal: All right. It's high noon somewhere. (the kid steers his boat towards Hal's) Not this time. (the boy's boat knocks into Hal's and knocks something off it. The boy then crashes his boat into Hal's,

sending it flying through the air and it lands upside-down in the lake.

Hal: (pretending to be unhappy) Oh, no! What am I ever going to do? What about this? (presses a button and the boat opens up, revealing a missile) Say hello to my little friend! (presses a button on his remote controller, and the missile shoots out and blows up the boy's boat)

Boy: Hey, you broke my boat!

Hal: It's that kind of party, little man. (looks around and sees a group of people staring at him)

Boy: That was my grandad's boat. He gave it to me before he died.

Hal: He started it.

Cut to the Air Scrub building, where the whole office has now gathered in the cubicle where Reese is still on the phone to the depressed man.

Man on phone: There just doesn't seem like there's any reason to go on living. I'm overweight, I don't have any friends. I just... Look, look, this is pointless. I'm just gonna hang up now. No one cares about me.

Reese: Listen, Lyle. I'm as lost as you are. I mean... I may not even graduate high school. I'm completely broke. If I disappeared, who would notice? But now I've got a purpose. Maybe you and I were meant to talk today.

Man on phone: You mean like... like fate?

Reese: Exactly. Maybe life is like a roller coaster, and you only go down so you can fun coming back up.

Man on phone: Maybe. Well, I... I actually feel a little better.

Reese: Now, this is what I want you to do. I want you to walk to the bathroom, and I want to hear you flush those pills down the toilet. (toilet flushes)

Man on phone: They're gone. I-I did it. (the employees all cheer) I don't know what to say. Thank you, Reese. Thank you.

Reese: Don't thank me, Lyle. This is all you. You should feel good about yourself for what you did today. You should treat yourself to something really nice. Why don't you take out your credit card and buy a dozen air purifiers.

Man on phone: Well, that... That sounds a little expensive.

Reese: I just saved your life and now you're questioning me?!

Man on phone: Look, I'm, I'm sorry. I was just saying...

Reese: Every minute I'm talking to you, the price is going up! I want those numbers now, do you hear me?

Man on phone: Let me find my wallet...

Employee: Just give him the damn TV.

Cut to the Hospital, where Malcolm has finally arrived to see Stevie.

Malcolm: (angrily) Look who's in the hospital. Stevie Kenarban. What a surprise. Well, if you think I came down here to feel sorry for you, you've got another think coming. 'Cause I didn't feel sorry for you when they bolted your spine or you got that mold on your brain, and I'm not going to feel sorry for you now. Glad you didn't die. See you when you get out. Oh, and here's your cookie.

Stevie: I told you... he'd come.