

720 CATTLE COURT TRANSCRIPT

Dewey arrives home from school carrying a mouse, and sneaks off to his room hoping Lois won't notice.

Lois: Dewey. Is that what I think it is? You know the rules about animals in the house.

Dewey: Okay, okay, I'll get rid of it. (takes the mouse to his room, where he feeds it to another animal in his dresser drawer)

Cut to the kitchen, where Lois is serving dinner.

Lois: And we can all thank Reese for the wonderful dinner he brought home from work.

Hal: Oh, way to go, son. And someday, all that toner I keep bringing home will come in handy, too. So, what's new and exciting down at the old meat packing plant?

Reese: Tons. They have me back on the floor where all the action is. And they upgraded to the new Slaughter-Bot. Now it has six chainsaw arms, and it doesn't get jammed on the horns anymore.

Dewey: You people wonder why I wake up screaming all the time.

Lois: Dig in, everybody. (puts the tray of meat on the table)

Hal: What kind of meat is that?

Reese: Don't knock it. This is the stuff that keeps the cow from falling apart. (serves himself some meat while Jamie watches, with his hands over his face)

Lois: So, Malcolm, you have any exciting plans for when you're grounded this weekend? You gonna alphabetize all the stuff in your closet? Or you can update all those exciting new countries onto your globe. Hey, you could finally give the corns on your feet the attention they deserve.

Malcolm: It's bad enough you're punishing me. You don't have to mock me while I'm so miserable. (TC): I am so happy. I'm sneaking out to a concert Friday night while Mom works the late shift. The band sucks, but I have backstage passes. And if that's even one-billionth as insane as I've always imagined it, I can die happy.

Hal: Well... I couldn't eat another bite. The pay channels seem to be on an unusually low scramble tonight, so if you'll all excuse me. (gets up from the table, followed by Dewey)

Dewey: Dad? (pulls piece of paper from his pocket and hands it to Hal)

Hal: What's this? (reading) "This coupon entitles you to one free game night with Dad."

Dewey: Let's go.

Hal: Dewey, I wrote this in a blind panic in the hall closet while everyone was singing you "Happy Birthday." You're not gonna hold me to this, are you? Does it have an expiration date?

Dewey: No.

Hal: Listen, I'll tell you what. In exchange for this, I'll give you two coupons good for future services. (Dewey pulls more handfuls of coupons from his pockets) What kind of pack rat are you? Don't you ever throw anything away? All right, fine! Let's go. And I'll start burning through some of these free hugs. I don't need them hanging over my head.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Malcolm is packing shelves while Craig price-tags items. A lady at the end of the aisle is attempting to pick up a box that is yet to be tagged with the new price. Craig frantically moves down the aisle price-tagging, meanwhile the lady reaches the end of the aisle and quickly grabs the untagged box.

Craig: I'm sorry, ma'am, I can't sell you that box. It's damaged.

Customer: I don't see any damage.

Craig: (squashes the box and puts it back on the shelf) Thank you for choosing Lucky Aide. (the lady walks off)

Lois: Craig, I need you to cover my Friday night shift. There's a lifetime movie I want to see. Heather Locklear is a welfare mom trying to get her kids back.

Malcolm: Friday?

Craig: I wouldn't want you to miss that, Lois. I cried my eyes out at the part where...

Lois: Shh!

Craig: Right. We'll talk later. (Lois goes off)

Malcolm: Craig, how could you let her do that to you?

Craig: I would have totally spilled the romance with the hunky social worker.

Malcolm: No. Why do you let her push you around like that? She didn't even ask. She just assumed that you'd have nothing better to do than to pick up her crappy shifts. That's not right. She does this all the time. She takes advantage of you without any consideration of your feelings. Doesn't that upset you?

Craig: I guess I am a little cheesed off.

Malcolm: There you go. I knew you were too much of a man to let her get away with this. You're gonna show her that Craig Feldspar can't be pushed around.

Craig: Thank you, Malcolm, for opening my eyes. You've awoken a sleeping giant, and he's very cranky.

Dewey: Six, seven, eight, nine, ten. I win. Wow, I smoked you again, Dad. Looks like I'm just better at life than you.

Hal: Good for you, Dewey. But I hope you know that this isn't how things work in the real world. It's very oversimplified. I mean, you can't

just break into a zoo, roll a couple of elevens and suddenly become the dean of a university.

Dewey: I did.

Hal: Son, I'm just trying to give you a life lesson here.

Dewey: Yes, that's my orange limo sitting at the finish line, isn't it? Interesting.

Hal: (reading another coupon) "Dewey goes straight to bed with no dessert." Interesting.

Cut to North High, where it's lunchtime.

Guy: Here's your seat, Reese... all warmed up. And a low-carb lunch just like you asked for.

Reese: No, thanks. I brought my own lunch today. What? You can't have blood sausage without the blood, can you? You'd better get moving. I have science next period, and those lab stools are freezing.

Carrie: (coming over) Is it okay if I sit here?

Reese: This is on a dare, huh? If you have to touch me, I'm okay with that, but I have to approve any photographs.

Carrie: No, it's just that I couldn't sit and watch kids eating the flesh of murdered animals.

Reese: Is that the special?

Carrie: Is that why you're sitting alone? Are you a vegetarian, too?

Reese: (lying) Yes, I am. The very thought of eating meat makes my taste buds cry in disgust. I just thought I was the only one.

Carrie: You're not alone.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Craig is spying on Lois from behind a trolley loaded up with soft toys.

Malcolm: So, Craig, did you tell my mom that you couldn't cover her shift for her Friday night?

Craig: Oh, I think I did far better than that.

Malcolm: Huh?

Craig: Patience, my friend. My trap is about to spring.

Lois: (at the counter) This stupid pen doesn't work.

Craig: I was up all night scribbling with it. Watch her face as her whole world comes crumbling down. (Lois gets out a new pen) Okay, I didn't see that coming. But who would?

Malcolm: That's it? That's what you did to get back at her?

Craig: Relax, Malcolm. That is just the first course in my tasty menu of revenge. (another of Craig's traps fails) That was supposed to stick. Don't worry, her finger sponge is as dry as a bone.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey arrives home from school early, thinking there is an emergency.

Dewey: Dad? What's going on? I got your message at school. Is everything okay?

Hal: Everything's about to be. Have a seat.

Dewey: (sees a game set up on the table) You pulled me out of a math test to play a game with you?

Hal: This is much more important than some useless math test. I have to make sure that you understand you got lucky last time. Life won't always go your way, Dewey. And the sooner you learn that lesson, the better. Sit down. (Dewey looks unimpressed) Sit.

Cut to the house later, where Hal and Dewey are still playing the game.

Dewey: "You study hard and become an astronaut." All right.

Hal: Wha...?! What... what kind of lesson is this stupid game teaching you?! Where's the card that tells you your hemorrhoids are not covered by your health plan, huh?! Oh, would that not make a fun game? (Dewey rolls the dice)

Cut to the Lucky Aide.

Craig: (reading a magazine) Hey, Malcolm. Did you know that henna parties were so last year? I had no clue.

Malcolm: Craig, I just checked the schedule and it still says that you're covering for my mom Friday night. I thought you were going to do something about that.

Craig: Oh, I think she suffered enough. Her name tag's been on upside down all night.

Malcolm: Craig, don't you want to be taken seriously?

Craig: I'm taken seriously.

Malcolm: No, you're not. Especially not by my mom. She has nothing but complete and utter contempt for you.

Craig: That's not true.

Malcolm: Oh, yeah? She said the reason she ever makes eye-contact with you is because the rest of you is too hard to look at.

Craig: She did?

Malcolm: And you think she doesn't know that her name tag's upside down? Of course she does. She just doesn't care, because it was only Craig the doormat who did it. You mean nothing to her. Nothing at all. You have to stand up to her. For once in your life, Craig, be a man!

Craig: I hate her! (runs off crying)

Malcolm: (TC): Okay, so I lied and destroyed a man so I could go to a concert. I'll get him a T-shirt.

Cut to Reese preparing his 'vegetarian' lunch, sneaking pieces of meat into tomatoes and lettuce leaves.

Reese: There. I've just got to remember third, fourth and ninth leaves and every other tomato.

Dewey: I don't understand why you can't just eat vegetarian for one meal.

Reese: You know I get my headaches if I go too long without meat.

Dewey: And you don't see lying to Carrie as a problem?

Reese: Come on, Dewey, tell me how this is any different than her wearing makeup? It's not about me it's about her fantasy of me. And I owe it to her to live up to that fantasy. Now hand me that stapler. (starts stapling pieces of bacon to the inside of his hat)

Cut to the park, where Reese and Carrie are having lunch.

Carrie: This is amazing. Isn't it great finding someone with the same values?

Reese: Exactly. We couldn't be more on the same page. (lifts up his arm and eats a piece of meat off it. Carrie grabs Reese's hat and puts it on her own head) Hey, give me back my hat!

Carrie: You want your hat back, come and get it. (starts running away)

Reese: Oh. Oh, no. (runs after her)

Carrie: (as dogs whiff the meat smell and run towards them) Hey, look at those gorgeous dogs.

Reese: Who gives a crap? I mean, except us. When is America going to finally realize that dogs are not our enemy?

Carrie: (watching as the dogs attack Reese's pants) Wow, they really love you.

Reese: Yeah. This happens all the time. I guess they can smell that I really love animals. Get out of here, you mangy bastards! (turns around in time to see a piece of bacon slowly sliding out from under his hat which Carrie is wearing)

Carrie: What? What's wrong, Reese?

Reese: Hey, you know what I realize? That is not my hat.

Carrie: What are you talking about?

Reese: Some crazy guy just shoved it of my head and took off. I have no idea what's inside of it!

Carrie: (takes the hat off and discovers the bacon) Oh, my God, is this bacon?!

Reese: That's not mine, I swear! I've been set up! (a pork chop drops out from the leg of his pants) And that is not my pork chop! Oh, my God, the conspiracy goes all the way to the top! (Carrie throws the hat to the ground and storms off, while the dogs tuck into the meat)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house that night, where Lois arrives home from work and sees Hal sitting at the table with a board game.

Lois: What are you doing?

Hal: Trying to instill in Dewey the values sadly neglected by Mr. Milton Bradley in those cowardly Parker Brothers. I mean, how does kids are supposed to learn about how life really works? Non from that G-rated fairy tale. You can't just play a "Joy In The Circus" card and walk away scot-free.

Lois: (reading a game card) "Found A Tumor?"

Hal: That takes you to the Chemo Spinner.

Reese: (on the phone) Oh, come on, Carrie, you've got to get over this vegetarian hang up. You can't honestly tell me those animals were innocent. They were sent to the slaughterhouse for a reason. And if you don't think they're planning some kind of uprising, you're just aluding yourself. (Carrie hangs up on him) Hello? (clicks phone off) She didn't have an answer to that one, did she?

Lois: (as Malcolm arrives home) Malcolm, do you know what's going on with Craig?

Malcolm: No. Why?

Lois: He left this bizarre weepy message on the answering machine. I mean, it's more bizarre and weepy than usual. Did something upset him at work?

Malcolm: Oh, right. I think they switched from cylindrical-shape ice cream scoopers to the conical ones. He took it really hard.

Dewey: I'm going out to play.

Hal: Oh, sorry, son, but you are staying in to play. (Dewey looks unimpressed)

Cut to Reese asleep in bed, where he has a dream about an animal court.

Cut to the house the next day, where Hal and Dewey are still playing Hal's adapted game. Both are so tired they can barely read the cards.

Hal: Well, Dewey, looks like you pulled another "Debilitating Depression" card. Back to the lockdown ward for you, my friend.

Dewey: Dad, we've been playing all night. Can't we stop?

Hal: That is exactly what I'm trying to teach you, son. You can't just quit when things get tough. You have to grind it out day after day after day to feed your kids, to pay your mortgage. That's how real life works. Unless, of course, you pull the "Suicide" card. But there's very few of those in the deck. Well, my turn.

Lois: (cooking breakfast) Oh, morning, Reese. I'm making sausage for breakfast, your favourite.

Reese: (scared after his dream) No way! You can't pin that on me! I'm innocent! I'm innocent, you hear! (runs out of the house, as Craig arrives)

Lois: Craig, what are you doing here?

Craig: Just stopped in to say my good-byes.

Lois: Good-bye?

Craig: Yup, quit my job at Lucky Aide, bought a little secondhand Vesper and I'm about to hit the road.

Malcolm: What?

Craig: That's right. I'm going to finally fulfill my dream of eating a Swedish pancake in every IHOP in America. It's only been done twice, you know, and one of those was undocumented.

Lois: Craig, that's crazy. Why are you doing this?

Craig: Oh, you know, it's the same old story. Girlfriend crowding me, too many friends jockeying for face time. A man needs his freedom, Lois. What more can I say? Anyways, I won't be able to cover your Friday night shift after all.

Malcolm: (TC): I know this is all my fault, but maybe this will be good for him. He's made a realistic decision to evaluate his life. How can that be bad?

Craig: I don't have much money, but I've got my banjo. I figure I'd pay for my meals with songs, the kindness of strangers should take care of the rest.

Lois: Well, then I guess it's good-bye.

Craig: You know I've never been really big on the sissy stuff, so I'd better just haul tush. (leaves)

Malcolm: (TC): I wasn't going to say anything until he got to the banjo stuff, but he'll be dead before sundown. Mom, I think there's something you should know. Remember last week when you asked Craig to cover for you on the schedule?

Cut to Lois putting on her jacket and collecting her handbag.

Lois: You ruined his life so you could go see some band?! Are you that selfish?

Malcolm: Apparently, because there's a part of me hoping you'll still let me go. Okay, that part's gone.

Lois: Get in the car! We got to go find him!

Cut to Reese and Carrie sneaking around at the meat packing plant.

Carrie: Reese, I still don't understand what we're doing here.

Reese: I've worked here all this time and I didn't understand.

Carrie: Understand what?

Reese: This is a crime against nature. Would you like to be slathered in a delicious sauce and charbroiled to order? I don't think so.

Carrie: (as Reese opens the gates, releasing the cows) Wow, wait up.

Reese: You're free! You're all free! Go and live your lives! (to a calf) Earn this. (the calf follows the others)

Carrie: You're a hero, Reese! Look at them run!

Reese: It's beautiful, isn't it? I mean, besides the flies and crap and stuff.

Carrie: Oh, my God! They're heading under the freeway! (a car skids)

Cut to Craig sitting on his Vesper, ready to go.

Craig: This is it, the open road. A great new chapter's about to be written, a new legend about to be born. Will I travel from town to town solving crimes like Knightrider, or administer frontier justice like the guy from Kung Fu? (starts the engine) I guess we'll just have to see. Okay, America, get ready to meet Craig Feldspar. (Lois and Malcolm pull up in the van)

Lois: Craig, wait! (the cows from the meat packing plant run towards Craig and knock him off his Vesper) Oh, God! (she and Malcolm run over to him)

Malcolm: Craig, are you all right?!

Lois: Craig, Craig!

Craig: Kit, is that you? Just help me back on my hog. I'll be fine. (tries to stand up but falls back down onto the Vesper) Thanks. I'm good to go.

Lois: Oh, Craig, don't be ridiculous. You're not going anywhere.

Craig: Why? Do you need somebody to paint your lawn or mow your house?

Lois: Look, Craig, Malcolm told me about that. I admit I take you for granted sometimes, I apologize for that, but we can talk about that later. You have to come back.

Craig: I can't.

Lois: Why? Craig, come on. Aren't you interested at all to see how my mom punishes me?

Craig: No.

Lois: Why not?

Craig: Because for the last 12 years, I've dedicated my life to a relationship that can't exist. I can't go back to that.

Lois: Craig, what do you want from me?!

Craig: I want more!

Lois: I'm sorry. I can't give you more. You know that.

Craig: (upset) There's got to be something. There's got to be some scenario where you could see us together. Please?! Anything!

Lois: Okay, this is the only universe this could possibly exist in. I'm 90 years old. Hal is dead. I have dementia and I need someone to keep me from catching myself on fire. There's no money for a nurse, the kids won't do it, and I'm asleep 22 hours a day. Then and only then maybe could we be together.

Craig: It's like you're reading straight out of my diary.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Hal and Dewey are still playing the game in their sleep-deprived state.

Hal: Six, seven, eight. I win!

Dewey: Oh, wow. I got to tell you, Dad, I really thought this was just going to be another one of your stupid, useless lessons, like the time you made us nurse that rabid squirrel back to health. But this one really worked. I can't believe it, but I really learned some valuable things about... life and about how the world really works. Thank you.

Hal: (excitedly) That's loser talk!

Dewey: What?

Hal: I am living in Successful Estates while you are being buried in a piano box! In your face, drug addict! Hotcha! (starts dancing around the room) I won! I won! Oh, yes, indeed, I won! I won, I won, I won...