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# House Arrest

By Michael Hitchcock

Hi. I'm Grover Beindorf.

I'm 14 years old.

I live in Defiance, Ohio,  
which is somewhere between  
Toledo and Hicksville.

It's a nice town,  
but pretty average, I guess.

To tell you the truth,  
that's how I was, too,  
that is, until last April,  
when everything happened.

I'm sorry.

Now, if you're going to blame someone,  
you should blame me.

But things just didn't happen  
like they were supposed to.

It's like everything snowballed on me.

I'm getting ahead of my story.

Let's start at the beginning,  
when Mom and Dad got married.

So.

What did you think?

- It's excellent.
- Except the song.
- Stacy, it's their song.
- I still think it sucks.

Jeez, Groves, your parents  
have been married 18 years?

That's got to be some kind of record.

Teddy, Jimmy,  
you're going to be late for school.

- Don't think it's gonna work.
- Yeah, it will.
- Hi, Louise.
- Hi, kids.

Hi, Mrs. Finley.

- Will you get dressed?
- You can't make us.

Yeah, you're not our real mom.

- Bull's-eye!
- Awesome!

That's how I know there's a God.

Louise!

I'm coming!

Would you just get  
the bomb squad dressed?  
Shut up!  
I don't owe you any more alimony!  
What are you talking about?  
- Louise!  
- Coming!  
Don't look!  
What?  
Cosmo.  
Shut up!  
What do you mean, child support?  
Why would I owe you child support?  
I've got the kids!  
- Wife Number two.  
- Thanks.  
- Come on, Stacy, hurry up!  
- Wait up.  
Morning!  
Not bad, huh?  
- How's it going?  
- Okay.  
- Coming up on the rear.  
- No fair.  
- Passing on the right.  
- Wait up!  
- By a nose!  
- No fair, you're cheating!  
Come on, Stace!  
- Anybody home?  
- We're in here.  
Here, Fuzzy.  
- Morning.  
- Morning.  
- Where did you go so early?  
- To Matt's.  
- Did you get our note?  
- Yes, thank you.  
- You are the note queen.  
- Yes, I am, and here's another one.  
Today's my Thursday staff meeting.  
I'm going to be late.  
There's lasagna in the freezer.  
- Put it in at 5:00 at 350, no higher.

- At 350, no higher.

Smarty, I'll be home to take it out.

So, why were you at Matt's?

He was just helping us with something.

What?

- Happy anniversary!

- Happy anniversary.

Unwrap it.

It's for both of you. Do it together.

- We call it "The Best of the Beindorfs."

- The best part's when I'm born.

Did I say something wrong?

No, honey, why don't we watch it later,  
after work...

Listen, kids,

Daddy and I have something

we need to talk to you about.

Janet.

Here you go.

It's Mystery Meat Day.

Grover Beindorf just can't get enough.

- Say something, Grove.

- Turn it off, Matt.

Oh, baby, come to Papa.

- Next.

- I'm paying for both.

- You're a quarter short.

- It's all I've got.

Move out of the line,  
and put something back.

Here.

Thanks.

Come on, let's go.

Go sit with her.

I can't breathe.

Why not?

You just loaned Brooke Figler lunch.

- She's got to be nice to you.

- She doesn't know...

- Man.

- Nasty.

I'm sorry.

Where are you going, Finley?

- Just chill, man.

- What did you say, Barndoor?  
I didn't hear you.  
I said, "I'm sorry."  
Good. Now tell me  
that you're a skinny, ugly little wussy.  
Go, T.J.  
I'm a skinny, ugly little wussy.  
No shit.  
Looks good on you, Beindorf.  
Later.  
Way to go, Beindorf!  
You geek!  
Loser!  
Remember when Krupp  
pulled down your gym shorts?  
Or when he flunked sixth grade and said  
he was gonna beat up all fifth graders  
but he only beat up you?  
Or in fourth grade when he smeared  
dog crap all over your back  
- and called you "Turd Boy" ...  
- Matt, shut up, okay?  
I'm sorry.  
My parents are getting separated.  
Really?  
Groves, I'm sorry.  
Did they say why?  
Not really.  
I don't mean to scare you,  
but that's usually a bad sign.  
It means there's a lot wrong.  
- Who's moving out, your mom or dad?  
- My dad.  
Also bad.  
If your mom's moving out,  
it's usually just temporary.  
Check out his suitcases.  
If most of them are packed,  
you're really in trouble.  
- What do you mean?  
- Divorce.  
No. They're not getting a divorce.  
They said it was only a separation.  
Divorce isn't even up for consideration.

Groves, I hate to break it to you,  
but that's what they always say.  
First it's separation, then it's divorce.  
If I were you,  
I'd lock them in a closet  
until they worked everything out.  
But look on the bright side.  
From now on, you get twice the gifts  
on your birthday and Christmas.  
I'm kidding.  
Hey.  
Hi.  
How's it going?  
Bad.  
Same here.  
What can we do about it?  
I don't know.  
Have you been  
down in the basement again?  
I think there's mice down there.  
Come on.  
- Watch your step.  
- Stacy, I can't see, honey.  
One, two, three!  
Surprise!  
Wow.  
Oh, my.  
Do you like it?  
What's all this?  
Your anniversary party.  
- When did you kids do all this?  
- When we got home from school.  
What do you think?  
Grover!  
Honey, you know the rules about this.  
You're not supposed to touch it.  
It's only for a very special occasion.  
You guys are getting separated.  
What could be more special than that?  
Good cake.  
- Thanks.  
- Thanks.  
And you've made the basement  
look very festive.

We wanted to remind you  
of your honeymoon in Hawaii.  
There's the lanai you stayed in.  
I made it.  
And Dad,  
we even found your old ukulele.  
- My God, where did you find this?  
- It was stuck behind the workbench.  
- Why don't you play something?  
- Yeah.  
No, that's probably not a good idea.  
Listen, kids,  
I'm not sure you understood.  
We did.  
You guys are getting separated.  
What we don't understand is why.  
- Grover...  
- Are you two having affairs?  
No.  
Oh, no. Kids...  
It's like we said this morning,  
Daddy and I are just having some  
difficulties, and we feel like  
we need some time apart. That's all.  
Maybe you should get counseling.  
No, honey, actually,  
we don't need counseling.  
The truth is,  
no one ever really needs counseling.  
We just need time apart  
from each other.  
- No, you don't.  
- Grover.  
You guys spend enough time apart.  
Maybe you need some time together.  
- That's enough, son.  
- You guys used to get along just fine.  
I remember when you couldn't  
keep your hands off each other.  
- Grover, let's just stop this, okay?  
- Ned, don't yell at him.  
I'm not yelling,  
I'm trying to get some control here.  
You don't get control

by yelling at people.

I'm sorry, is there a list of ways  
to get control that you've made for us?  
Things I'm doing, not doing,  
should've done?

- Not doing?

- Yes.

- Okay, the Beindorf family room.

- What about it?

Well, supposed to have  
an entertainment area,  
and a room for pool  
and maybe an extra bedroom.

It's been 14 years,  
you haven't finished the bathroom.

I've been working 14 years, Janet,  
trying to afford the house.

And what's my job?

Is it a hobby?

Excuse me, kids. Great job on the party.

Wait. Dad, you can't leave.

I mean,

the party's not over.

Yeah, you've got to watch the tape.

You promised you'd watch it. Come on.

It's really not very long.

Plus, we have one more surprise.

Oh, Grover.

Please take the champagne

back upstairs

and put it back where you found it.

Thank you.

Label out.

What has gotten into these kids?

Why did you argue

in front of the children?

One thing the book said is,

"Don't argue in front of the children."

Did it also mention

that I would always be at fault?

- What?

- Keep your voice down.

I think they know

there's something wrong here, Janet.



Can't you just be quiet?

- What is that?

- I don't know.

- Grover, what are you doing up there?

- I'm nailing the door shut.

There you go, he's nailing the door shut.

It drives me...

What?

You guys are gonna stay  
down there a while.

He's really doing it.

He's nailing the door shut.

Grover, stop it right now. What you're  
doing is very bad for the wood.

We'll pay for the wood.

We'll be back in the morning  
and see if you worked anything out.

They got my tools.

And the phone's gone, too.

Oh, my God!

Boarded up the windows?

We boarded them up  
and put cement in the basins.

I used the cement that's been  
sitting in the garage for three years.

And if you yell for help,  
no one will hear you.

Besides, the Bagleys are on vacation.

You two are in very serious trouble!

Do you hear me?

Very serious trouble!

As a matter of fact, starting now,  
you're both grounded.

No offense, guys, but

I think you are.

Grover! Stacy!

Good night.

Grover!

Will they be ready  
by tomorrow morning?

I don't know, I hope so.

What do you think  
they're going to do tonight?

Try to escape.

Morning.

Morning.

- Morning.

- Good morning.

- You guys ready to come out?

- Yes, honey.

We talked through most of our problems  
last night

and we think we've solved them.

Yes, all of them, in fact.

This was a good idea.

Yes, we're fine. Really, we're fine now.

- Dad, is that true?

- Yeah, I can't believe it, but...

- It worked.

- Yeah, you should see us.

- Really?

- Yes.

- Swear to God?

- Swear to God.

Come on, we're fine now.

We're really happy.

You should see us.

So, what did you guys talk about?

Everything. What didn't we talk about?

- I need to be home more often.

- And I need to be less controlling  
and organized.

And critical,

and I need to finish things that I start.

I'm actually not very critical.

You're critical.

- Of the two of us, I'd say...

- No, you're critical.

- When am I critical?

- You hate my hair.

I love the claw. I just can't touch it.

- Doesn't make me critical.

- It's not nice of you

to criticize the one thing

that I'm very sensitive about.

No. Wait! Stop! What are you doing?

You guys lied. You're not better at all.

Grover, let Mommy and...

Come on!  
Let us out, damn it!  
I got it!  
- This is not funny!  
- Wait! What about this?  
Yeah, come on!  
- Why did you argue?  
- Why did you have to say I was critical?  
Because you are.  
Grover, are you on drugs?  
Yeah, I'm on heroin,  
and Stacy's on crack.  
- Happy now?  
- He's kidding.  
You'd better be joking!  
Do you hear me?  
Gregory Alan Beindorf, do you hear me?  
What is wrong with you?  
You guys are splitting up,  
that's what's wrong with me.  
Now get down there,  
and start solving your problems.  
Not critical?  
Hi, Mr. Mitchell?  
Yeah, okay.  
My dad can't come to work today.  
He's barfing up all over the place.  
Okay. Thanks.  
Breakfast. Lunch.  
Hurry up.  
You can't tell any of your friends  
at school.  
I won't.  
Hey, you Beindorfs.  
Where are your folks?  
They're late for work.  
Good morning, Chief Rocco.  
They got the bug that's going around.  
I didn't know there was one.  
Yeah, it's really bad.  
Especially for old people.  
What?  
Shut up.  
Grover.

Grover.

- What's wrong?

- Nothing.

Yeah, there is.

You've been acting weird all day.

Listen, if you're still freaked about your parents, you can tell me.

I've been through it.

Not through this.

What do you mean?

- Promise not to tell.

- Of course.

Okay.

Do you remember yesterday when you said that I should lock my parents in a closet?

Yeah.

Well,

I did, but not in the closet.

I locked them in the basement.

But I didn't really lock them in.

I nailed the door shut.

And I told them I wasn't gonna let them out until they talked out their problems.

- You're kidding, right?

- No.

Yeah, you are. You're yanking my chain.

Matt, I swear. I swear.

It's like something came over me.

I had to do it.

- Where are they now?

- They're still down there.

You kidnapped your parents?

I am impressed, Barndoor.

Who would have thought that a wussy like you could pull off something like that?

Please, tell me you're kidding.

Come on, faster, faster.

Anybody home?

What is it? One of them? Wait.

- Got it.

- Give it here.

Oh, please.

- Who's out there?

- I don't know. Let me see.

Give me whatever it is  
you're using to do that.

Come in here and get it, son.

- Hi, Mr. Beindorf.

- Move!

- Hi, Matt.

- Hi, Mrs. Beindorf. How are you?

How do you think we are, Matty-boy?

- Don't yell at him. He could help us.

- Maybe I should ask if he likes cake.

Do you like cake, Matt?

- No.

- No, that's mine!

- I'm trying to get their attention.

- I'm in the Twilight Zone.

Matt.

You know you were always my favorite  
of Grover's friends.

I don't know

where he got this stupid idea,

but do you think

you could talk him out of it?

- What do you want?

- Thank you.

- Phone. Somebody's on the phone!

- No, she's not here right now.

Ralph Doyle? Got it.

Hello! We're locked

in the basement! Help!

The noise? Yeah, it's the TV.

Bye.

How come you can tell your friends,  
but I can't tell mine?

Hey, everybody.

Oh, no.

- What is that?

- I don't know.

- Hello?

- Is someone else there?

Is someone else there?

Excuse me, hey, who are you?

Hello, who are you? Excuse me.  
I'm your new security guard.  
Oh, my God.  
This door's gotta go.  
Folks,  
you're looking at "The Enforcer 2000."  
It's the best security door  
that money can buy.  
Now, there's no need to thank me.  
It's my gift to you.  
Since you're my favorite new customers,  
here's a little bonus gift.  
A shiny new pair of jumper cables,  
which just so happen to be connected  
to two, count them, two  
12-volt car batteries in my backpack.  
That's why you're going  
to hand over the knife, Mr. Beindorf.  
What are you talking about?  
Let's just say that this tomato here  
is you. Gentlemen, please.  
Here you go.  
- Well, he wouldn't use that on us.  
- No, of course not.  
So let's go.  
After you, hon.  
Give it to me, Mr. Beindorf.  
Of course.  
Now give me whatever Mrs. Beindorf  
was digging with.  
That was mine.  
He was using this piece of chair.  
Give it to me, Mr. Beindorf.  
And give me the rest of the chair, too.  
Good.  
Why don't you just tell him everything?  
Maybe he'd like  
my social security number.  
I'm surprised you're not out there  
helping them.  
If you were, they'd never finish.  
Thanks, big guy.  
- Okay, we're all done.  
- Good.

Catch you later.

Who is this guy?

Remember,

this hurts us more than it hurts you.

- You want a ride?

- Yeah, that would be good.

Groves, I've got a way to keep an eye on your parents.

You can use my video equipment hooked to the cable on the basement TV.

No.

Well, hey, man, you gotta disconnect your doorbell.

Otherwise your parents'll know when somebody rings.

- You can use my Christmas lights...

- No.

Wait a second.

I don't get it. Why are you helping me?

It's like I told you.

I think what you're doing is a good idea.

No. But you hate me, remember?

You've always hated me.

That's before I respected you.

Okay, buddy?

Later.

- Man, I still think I had a good idea.

- Yeah, well, I got a better one.

Hello, Dad. Hi, Mrs. Burtis.

Changing your will again?

I think I better be going.

- Bye, Mrs. Burtis.

- Bye. Nice to meet you.

- Say hi to your husband for me.

- I will.

What class did you say

this was for, T. J?

Sociology, Mom.

It's a trust experiment.

Sociology? This is kind of fun.

You know, they used to take us on wheelchairs, and...

Hang on, Dad.

Experiment complete.  
Except one thing.  
We don't take Sociology.  
You guys should pay more attention.  
Wait a second. What are you doing?  
They can't go down there.  
Yes, they can. I paid for the door.  
Now, open it.  
I can't hold them much longer.  
Hurry! Hurry!  
- Open the door!  
- I'll get it!  
Come on! Hurry up!  
This way, everybody!  
Push them in!  
Thank you.  
- What is going on?  
- I don't know!  
Who are these people?  
Grover!  
No, wait a second! They can't stay here!  
Look, it took over three hours  
getting them here.  
We ain't taking them back!  
No. Stop! You can't do this!  
Listen, dude, your parents aren't  
the only ones with problems, okay?  
My dad treats Mom like dirt.  
My dad's coming up  
on his second year with Louise.  
So what?  
So he always gets divorced  
on his second year. You know that.  
It's like clockwork. Come on, Groves.  
We'll do some massive group therapy  
on them. It'll be fun.

**MATT:**

What are they doing here?  
- Well, I couldn't leave them at home.  
- Here you go, Matt.  
- You're such a good doggy.  
- You brought Cosmo?  
- T.J. brought Spot.



- Say hi, Spot.  
- A snake?  
- A boa constrictor.  
- Cool.  
- Where do you want the sleeping bag?  
What is all this?  
Dude, our parents could be  
down there for months.  
Make way.  
- Somebody had to have seen you guys.  
- Nobody saw us, all right? Trust me.  
I can't see.  
Get off of my leg. Get off.  
I've got business to do.  
Get away.  
People, if we could just...  
Hello!  
Go ahead.  
You don't understand.  
We've been trying this for a little while.  
They don't listen.  
Maybe you could come downstairs,  
be a little more comfortable.  
It could be a while.  
Wait a minute.  
You mean we're going to be locked  
in a basement for a long time?  
That's some kind of joke, right?  
I don't know, I read an article  
about some people  
who were locked in a basement.  
The neighbor came and found them,  
hanged to death.  
Jimmy!  
Hello. Sorry.  
Jimmy, what are you doing?  
Get those things outside.  
Incoming!  
What are you guys doing?  
No rules, man! Boogie down!  
We'll punish the parents tomorrow.  
I don't want to punish them, okay.  
I want to help them!  
Cosmo!

Grover, honey!

Hi.

Grover, listen, your mother  
and my problems aside,  
this is completely out of hand now.

I know.

What do I do?

- What do you do?

- It's very simple.

All you have to do is let us out.

You listen to me, sonny boy.

The second that I get out of here,  
I'm having you arrested.

That's right. Yeah. This is  
unlawful restraint. Now, that's a felony.

- Honey.

- Come here!

I'm going to have you arrested, too.

Oh, sweetheart. Here, darling, take this.

You know?

What is it with you people?

Have you ever heard of dusting?

Here.

Donald's allergic to mold.

Honey, if anything,  
the house is spotless.

So, when you're frightened,  
just do like my book says,  
"Feel the fear, and go for it."

That's right.

"Feel the fear, and go for it."

Sorry about last night.

I just wanted to have some fun.

Fun time is over, Stace.

- Why, are you letting them out?

- How can I? I'm a felon.

I'm gonna do what we started out to do,  
get Mom and Dad back together.

They need our help,  
so we're gonna help them.

- How?

- I don't know yet. I need time to think.

- What about the other parents?

- Stacy, they're not our problem.

Okay, make sure everybody gets some breakfast. And don't let T.J. out of your sight. Good morning. Lovely day.

- Lots of marshmallows.
- More marshmallows.

All right.

- What are these?
- Crunch-berry burgers.

Delicious. Excuse me. If we could gather around? Ned and I just want to tell you how embarrassed we are and sorry, and really hope we're going to get out soon. But until we do, I just thought maybe it would be a good idea if we laid some ground rules so that we all just got along better. First of all, if you have any questions, please don't... I do. Listen. You could actually... I need some help with something. You don't happen to have a cigarette, do you? No. No, in fact, we don't allow smoking in the house. Oh, well, I guess I'll just go outside.

- What a charming...
- Secondly, we are down here, so we might as well make the best of it, and... Just like that, just make the best of it? Did you hear that, Gwen? T.J. did say something about sleeping bags, in case we have to stay... Listen, honey. We don't need sleeping bags because we're not staying another night in this godforsaken...

Oh, sweetheart.

Oh, my God, give me the roll.

So, Ned, how long have you been remodeling down here?

Well, I...

About 14 years!

Well, takes time.

So, is your bathroom still working?

Yes. Toilet, sink, it all works.

- Louise?

- Yes.

Would you run interference for me, please?

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

Where the grapes of wrath are stored

I'm not being punished because your marriage is falling apart, buddy. I'm holding you personally responsible for this.

- Sounds like some sort of threat.

- Well, is that what you think?

Dad, can you come up here for a second?

Go ahead, wussy.

Yes, what is it?

Mr. Mitchell just called. He wants you to be at the airport in one hour with the plans for the Lakewood mall.

Good, then it's not too late. Great.

Let me out of here right now, and I can still make the flight.

- I don't think so, Dad.

- Found it.

- What do you mean?

- Good.

- Where are you going?

- The airport.

We told Mr. Mitchell you were still sick.

Wait. You don't understand. I worked very hard on this. I can't blow it.

Dude, just chill out, all right!

It's just a mall. Later.

Ned, would you like to play Operation?

Stacy!

Bombs away!

Stop it.

Guys, don't ring the doorbell  
until I tell you.

We didn't.

- Yeah?

- Are the Beindorfs home?

No. They're at the doctor's.

I'm babysitting.

Well, I brought them  
some chicken soup.

Thanks.

"Feel the fear, and go for it."

"Feel the fear, and go for it."

Feel the fear.

Feel the fear.

You owe me a quarter.

Thank you for joining us.

I'm Robin Leach

with those champagne wishes  
and caviar dreams.

- We'll look forward to joining you...

- Incoming!

- ... on the next edition of...

- This way, my friend.

Hey, guys.

Everything okay?

- Everything is just groovy.

- Fine.

Well, listen.

I brought some company.

I think we can help her.

Hi.

Hi.

Hi. I'm Cindy Figler, Brooke's mom.

I'm here for the emergency  
PTA meeting.

Come on in. Everybody's downstairs.

Cool.

Hello. My daughter says there's  
some kind of health problem at school.

- Yeah, lice.

- Lice?

I don't understand.  
Isn't that some disease  
from the Middle Ages?  
Hi.  
Everybody's right down here. Go ahead.  
That way.  
That's your mom?  
Is this the PTA meeting?  
Mom.  
Brooke, don't call me Mom.  
I have a name. What is it?  
What is it?  
- Cindy.  
- Thank you.  
- Fresh meat.  
- Excuse me.  
What seems to be the problem here?  
- We've been kidnapped, honey.  
- Kidnapped?  
My name is Gwenna.  
This is my husband, Donald.  
Everybody, let's get started.  
Just gather around the door.  
We're going to start group therapy.  
What? Group therapy?  
That's funny. You're gonna need  
physical therapy when I'm done.  
What's going on?  
- You understand me?  
- We'll explain it to you.  
Mom, you dress like me,  
you look like me, you talk like me,  
you say "cool," Mom.  
Not group therapy.  
It was a nice try.  
Now.  
Does anybody  
wanna play some football?  
Guys!  
All right, there's no need to shout.  
I always believe we should  
relate to children as adults and peers.  
I think if we talk to them very calmly...  
Watch this. Brooke, honey.

- Come here.

- Go deep.

Brooke, it's Cindy.

Obviously, you're feeling confused about something.

Brooke, darling.

This way.

Hey, Barndoor. Incoming.

This way!

- Dude!

- Why did you do that?

Shut up, okay? Everybody just shut up, and listen for a second.

Come on, Groves. You don't...

Your parents are here because you guys said they needed help.

Now you could just care less.

You're too busy playing football or watching TV or having some party.

Who died and made you housemom?

I've got news for all of you.

This was my idea, remember?

It's not a joke, and it's not a party.

I'm not doing this to impress anybody.

You got that, Matt?

Or are you too busy kissing up to T. J?

Well, what's wrong with that?

Go ahead.

Beat me up.

T.J., let him go.

"T.J., let him go."

From now on, you're gonna start to listen to what I have to say.

Or I'm gonna let all the parents out.

Come on.

You're such a bully.

My mother needs help.

Dude, let him go.

You guys heard the man.

Now, let's listen up.

Okay. First order of business.

We gotta clean the house. After that, we're going to make

this group therapy thing work.

But, Grover, how are we going  
to get them to listen to us?  
I've got an idea.  
Don't hover over me.  
You made me drop the Adam's apple.  
I'm sorry, Vic. My God, it's just a game.  
They've been vacuuming up there  
for over an hour.  
I hope they haven't stained my carpet.  
What do you use?  
For really tough ones,  
I dab a little detergent.  
Then I sprinkle  
with a little talcum powder.  
Does that blot?  
Hello. What is this, vacation?  
We're being outwitted by a bunch  
of snot-nosed kids. Come on.  
There's gotta be a way out of here.  
Excuse me, I'm not sure  
who elected you mayor of the basement  
but this is my house,  
and I also happen to be an architect,  
so I think I would know  
every nook and cranny...  
Of course.  
- What?  
- The laundry chute.  
Do you remember  
when we bought the house,  
there was a laundry chute that went  
from our bedroom to the basement?  
You closed it 'cause you were scared  
the kids would fall through.  
- It's under the drywall.  
- The laundry chute!  
Where are the plans?  
Now we're going up the laundry chute.  
Even marry your own brother?  
He's not my brother. He was  
my brother, but he's my husband now.  
Hi. You don't happen to have  
a cigarette, do you?  
Yes. As a matter of fact, I do.



I have one cigarette  
that I've carried in my purse  
ever since I quit smoking five years ago.  
Any time I get the urge, I pull it out,  
and I look at it, and I say,  
"Who's stronger, you or me?"  
That cigarette...  
That's so good. Good for you.  
- Thanks.  
- Can I have it?  
No. It has sentimental value.  
Don't label them all, all right?  
This crap's labeled, these aren't.  
- I just...  
- Found it!  
- Found it.  
- Got it!  
Good. Now we're getting somewhere.  
Okay. Here we go. Let's see.  
Watch out.  
Stop that, Grover.  
Watch out.  
Grover, what are you...  
- Is that a camera?  
- It has a camera for a head.  
Testing. Testing. Testing.  
Five, four, three, two...  
Hello, and welcome  
to The Grover Beindorf Hour,  
live from up above.  
These are my assistants.  
We are here to help you.  
Oh, my God.  
Did you say something, Mom?  
Yeah, the holes.  
If you're mad about the holes,  
don't worry.  
I promise, it may take 30 years  
but I'll pay you back for them.  
Okay, everybody, let's get started.  
- Mrs. Finley, please move the TV...  
- I've had enough.  
...under the camera, everybody make  
a semicircle around the TV

and we'll begin with a little music  
to remind us of better days gone by.  
Remember this one?  
One, two, three, four.  
No. We're not just getting started,  
we're finishing.  
It's ending, it's over right now! Finito!  
Pull it up!  
- Faster!  
- Teddy, Jimmy. Pull it up.  
I hate that song.  
That was our song.  
Well, how am I supposed  
to remember that?  
- I gotta get out of here.  
- It was.  
Everyone is going to participate, Dad.  
And why's that, son?  
Well, because if you don't,  
we won't feed you. Then,  
we'll shut off the water, which means,  
once you flush that toilet,  
your drinking water's gone.  
- You wouldn't.  
- Of course he wouldn't.  
Oh, yes, we would, Louise.  
Now, move the TV.  
Come on, help me move the TV.  
It will start out easy.  
I promise, it won't be hard.  
When we're through,  
we'll have a little lunch.  
- Maybe.  
- How's that?  
You know, my son's got a point.  
T.J., I just wanted to say...  
- What's wrong?  
- What's the matter?  
What's happening?  
- Help!  
- Do something!  
- What do we do?  
- Stacy, call 911!  
Breathe in his mouth!

Dad, cut it out. Everyone sit down,  
and let's get this thing going.

- Please.

- He's trying to breathe on his own.

- Get off me.

- It worked.

He's alive. Did you see that? He's alive.

Cool.

- That just wasn't funny at all.

- At least I tried.

Okay. Everybody,

settle down.

settle down.

I think that the kids

have a very good idea here.

It's obviously important to them,

and I think that we should cooperate.

I certainly don't want

to drink toilet water.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Yes, I think my wife is right.

Why don't we get in that circle thing,

that they were saying?

Good, good, good. Okay.

Okay, let's start out easy,

by going down the line,

and saying our names and occupations.

We'll start on Dad's end. Dad?

Dad.

Ned Beindorf.

I'm an architect.

I work at Mitchell Engineering.

Or at least I did.

Oh, me? I'm Cindy Figler.

I'm a dental hygienist by day,

and I'm a performance artist by night.

Mom, you're a waitress.

Brooke, I am not a waitress.

You know I get up

and perform those pieces.

I only serve coffee between sets.

Anyhow, I think it's way cool

that you kids

have chosen to share your feelings

with us.  
God, she's doing it again.  
What? Your mom's okay.  
She's talking like me. I can't stand it.  
What's she talking about?  
I think we should all hold hands.  
Mom, please stop it.  
I'm Victor Finley.  
But everybody just calls me Vic.  
Hi, Vic.  
I'm a salesman at Buckeye Big and Tall.  
You know.  
"If you're big and tall,  
and you want to look sporty,  
"come on down to Buckeye's,  
and ask for Shorty."  
Hi.  
I'm Louise Finley,  
and I am a part-time cosmetologist  
at Stang's Pharmacy,  
and I'm Vic's full-time audience.  
Yes, well.  
I'm always getting standing ovations,  
especially in bed.  
This is great. We're all talking.  
Let's continue.  
Mom?  
Yes?  
What were you doing?  
Just stretching, honey. My back hurts  
very much. I didn't sleep well.  
I'm Janet Beindorf,  
and I'm a loan officer at Defiance Bank.  
I'm in charge of  
keeping 317 credit histories up to date  
and ready at a moment's notice.  
So, you're the one!  
He loves to play games  
with finance people.  
Stop it. Just stop it.  
Next.  
Dad?  
Yes, I'm Donald Krupp, attorney at law.  
I want you kids to know

that you are guilty of kidnapping  
under Ohio revised code,  
Section 2905.01.

This is an aggravated felony  
of the first degree.

- Second degree under the revised code.  
- Gwenna, I'm talking.

Mrs. Krupp, what were you saying?

Gwenna Krupp, homemaker.

That's it. I've had it. This is ridiculous.

Your son is truly certifiable.

Wait a minute.

- My son is certifiable?  
- Yeah, your son.

How about when

the yearbook comes out  
and your kid's picture's gonna be there,  
"Most likely to be a serial killer."

That's your boy.

Everybody just settle down, okay?

That's right. Go ahead, push me.

That's worth a few thousand bucks.

Come on. Go ahead.

Okay, everybody settle down.

Violence doesn't solve anything.

- This is better than American Gladiator.  
- Give him a left.

Everybody has to take a deep breath.

The squirt guns.

Hurry.

You're acting like children.

You take your dad, I'll take mine.

- I'm gonna faint.  
- This is horrible.

Louise, I'm sorry.

I didn't know what it was.

What can I do? I'm sorry.

We're taking a break.

But you guys aren't getting any lunch,  
you're not getting any dinner,  
you're not getting anything,  
until you apologize.

He started it.

Janet? Ralph Doyle here.

Listen, I'm leaving town on Monday.

Please give me a call before then.

So, what's next?

We just wait.

- My dad's pretty stubborn, you know?

- Yeah, so is ours.

You know, your mom's been handling this the best of all.

Yeah. She should. She's been in therapy since the day I was born.

Well. It worked.

She's always been the most popular mom on the block.

That was okay when I was seven.

Now she wants to, like, go and hang out with me and my friends, or worse, go out with us.

I just wish she'd learn to stay out of my life.

At least she cares enough to try to stay in it.

You know,

I don't see why this is necessary.

That old fart still thinks he's chief of police. He's dangerous, okay?

Yeah, but I don't know about this.

All right. Prepare for demonstration.

Now, it's just really quite simple, okay?

Rocco trips over a series of carefully disguised wires, et voila!

- Awesome.

- Wow.

I think you might want to give this a little more thought.

- I think maybe this'll work for you.

- Thank you.

Grover?

Grover? Grover.

- Yeah, Mom?

- Can I talk to you upstairs, please?

- Grover, whose dog is that?

- Matt's.

This has gotten out of hand.

It's very tense down here, especially  
between your father and Mr. Krupp.  
Tell them to start getting along.  
They're adults.

You know how your father gets.  
He's not gonna back down.  
Especially when his pride is hurt.

- Honey, please just let us out.  
- I can't do that.

Well, at least give us some food.  
Something's gotta bend here.  
Now, I know these people  
are your hostages.

But they're also guests in our home,  
and we don't treat guests this way.  
So why don't you make a meatloaf?  
There's some turkey in the fridge,  
and you can use Aunt Mary's recipe.

Yeah, I know, Mom.

I've made meatloaf and lasagna,  
pot roast.

You don't have to leave notes for me,  
or hide them in my lunch,  
laminated lists for me.

I'm not a kid anymore.

I know.

Here they are.

Thanks.

- Ned, Ned.

- Yes?

Do you think Krupp is right?

Do you think we're bad parents?

I think Krupp is an idiot.

No, I don't think

we've been bad parents.

I think you've done a great job.

- Listen. We found the chute.

- Great.

Okay. I think the kids are gonna be  
distracted cooking for a while, let's go.

- All right. We gotta organize. Louise?

- What?

- Could you watch the stairs?

- Where?

- At the top of the stairs.

- Okay.

Cindy, could you find something sharp to dig with over there?

Incoming!

Sleeping bags? Thanks.

- Gwenna, sleeping bags.

- Sleeping bags!

I got something!

You can hit the thing, even if it's really hard.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

Where? Where? Where?

- Straight up.

- Straight up?

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord

Louder, louder!

Forks on the left,

knife and spoon on the right.

Well, our silverware usually comes wrapped in plastic.

Doesn't your mom cook?

- She can defrost it.

- Or have it delivered.

Actually, guys, the glasses go on the...

Wait a minute. Who's gonna say anything if we change things around?

"Obi-Wan has taught you well."

Well, shall we?

Here we are.

This is unbelievable.

Yeah. This is really nice.

I still can't believe you're here.

Why not?

Because, you know,

you're Brooke Figler.

- What's that supposed to mean?

- Gorgeous, popular, legendary.

And what are you?

Invisible.

Everyone's invisible to the Ice Queen.

She has her image to uphold.



How would you know?  
In eighth grade,  
I sat behind you for a whole year.  
I felt the chill.  
You never even came to class.  
Did I strike a nerve?  
Come on, you guys,  
you're acting like them.  
She's right. I'm sorry.  
Yeah. Me, too.  
You know, they could learn from us,  
I mean, if we could get along.  
That's one thing all of us have  
in common. Our parents are nuts.  
If my mom reads one more  
New Age self-help book...  
My mom still labels my sandwiches.  
What about Matt's dad  
with those jokes?  
- What's wrong with my dad's jokes?  
- Yeah. They're funny.  
We happen to like them.  
And then there's my parents.  
When you get old, you get crazy.  
I'm not gonna be like that  
when I grow up.  
Me neither.  
You know, this dinner calls  
for a special celebration.  
And a little music. I'll be right back.  
What are you doing? No!  
What's a little fine dining  
without some bubbly?  
You don't understand! My mom  
has been saving that for 14 years!  
- She's gonna kill me.  
- No wine before your prime.  
- She'll get over it.  
- No!  
Yes, siree, a little beverage for thee.  
"To champagne wishes  
and caviar dreams."  
I've always wanted to try this stuff.  
Your mom should have drank it

while it was still fresh.

So, Ned, why do you have all these strange decorations down here?

Well, the kids put them up for our anniversary.

Yeah. They wanted to remind us of our honeymoon in Hawaii.

Can you imagine having a Hawaii honeymoon?

That'd be so great. Where did you go?

- We didn't have a honeymoon.

- You didn't have a honeymoon?

No. Donald was still busy at work, and I was still waitressing.

- You waitressed?

- Yeah, for five years.

Really?

You see, Donald and I

were at law school together.

He couldn't afford the tuition so I dropped out and started waitressing until he got established.

- She wanted to.

- I got it!

Well?

The latch is broken, and the door is rusted shut.

Get me down.

Honey, let's take a little break.

A pipe or something that we could hit at it with.

Just hang on a little longer, honey.

When we get out of here, I'm gonna buy you a whole truckload of cigarettes.

- No, it's not that.

- What is it, then?

It just must be nice to have kids who care about you as much as theirs do.

What are you talking about?

My kids love you.

You see, it's your kids.

They don't think of me as their mother, they don't want me as their mother.

Well, of course they do. Why do you

think they locked you in here?

- Brilliant.

- Brilliant.

Brilliant.

Absolutely brilliant.

- What are you doing?

- Turning off the electricity.

Don't you understand?

They can't survive without electricity.

No Nintendo, no MTV.

I've already thought of it. It won't work.

It will work.

Two hours without electricity,  
they'll be screaming for their mommy.

Two hours without electricity  
and we're gonna be screaming  
while they burn down the house  
with matches.

You don't like this  
because it isn't your plan.

- You are so childish.

- No, I'm not.

Yes, you are.

- Why are you acting this way?

- Why am I acting this way? Why?

I haven't a clue.

Let's take a stab at it, shall we?

I got it! We've been held hostage  
since Thursday,

our kids are starting to act like Freud,

I've probably lost my job,

spurned a fist-fight with the town's  
biggest ass-wipe

and we just wasted the entire day  
with your stupid plan.

Turning off the electricity is brilliant,  
it's a brilliant plan.

I forgot, you graduated from Mensa,  
didn't you?

You and Nostradamus were like this.

It's a bad plan, Ned, a stupid plan.

- What did he just call me?

- "Ass-wipe."

The plumber's wrench

is over by the camera.

You guys are in big trouble now.

Who's there?

Groves, what's going on?

- It's the cops.

- Hide.

Hi.

Can I help you?

We're responding to a complaint.

A neighbor says

your lights keep flashing.

Oh, that. It's the electricity. We've been having some troubles with it.

- Are your parents at home?

- No, sir.

Hi, officers. Groves,

we're waiting for you. Come on.

You guys can come, too.

- You sure?

- Yeah, follow me.

Come on in.

Hi.

- Wanna play?

- Yeah.

No, thanks.

The problem's with the fuse box.

The wire came loose from the jamrod, which caused a short in the connector.

How are you doing, officers?

I paid those parking tickets.

So, what did you find?

The usual, Chief. Sex, drugs, Twister.

Everything's fine, Chief.

Have a good night.

Get some rest.

Yes! We did it!

- How did you keep the parents quiet?

- Ah, my friend, with Matt.

Stay back.

Remember the tomato, okay?

You are going too far with this.

You're not staying back.

You're not fooling me.

Got him! He is faking. I knew it.

Come on, you little wuss.

Stop it!

- Mr. Krupp.

- How?

Mom, thanks.

He called me "Mom."

It was our way out of here.

That dumb thing didn't work.

Grover! Grover!

I am ashamed of all of you.

You ask us to listen to you and trust you  
and you're up there drinking?

It was my fault, Mrs. Beindorf.

I opened it, and I only took a little sip.

Only a sip? Well, that's just fine, isn't it?

What kind of impression are you making  
on these younger children?

- I'm sorry.

- Well, sorry isn't good enough, is it?

Now, I want you all in bed right now!

Do you hear me? Right now!

Right now!

You heard the lady, let's go.

That was good.

Good night.

So, that's how it's done.

What do we do now?

If I had a little piece of wire,  
my stupid plan would have worked.

Wire? That's it?

There's wire all over the basement!

If that's all you want, why not take  
a part of Louise's brassiere?

You could wire the whole town.

She's gonna get it.

This is gonna be the time.

- I got her.

- Don't let her go.

Hook it around the ledge.

Just bend it around really good.

I got it!

What is this?

Take it away from my face!

Grover.

Quick, come here.  
First window on the right.  
That dude can have us put away, man.  
But we're minors.  
I don't think Rocco's smart enough  
to get us put away.  
Yeah, but what if he does?  
I mean, what if we end up in jail?  
What would our parents do to us?  
What would the other prisoners  
do to us?  
- They could be outside the house.  
- We could be surrounded.  
Did you hear something?  
- They're inside the house.  
- They're in the wall.  
Wait!  
It's Mom.  
Hi, kids. Do you think you could maybe  
just give me a little hand here?  
Thanks.  
Look out!  
I got you.  
- What happened?  
- Why were you screaming?  
What's so funny?  
The only thing you ever finished in  
this house was closing off our escape.  
What do you mean, our escape?  
What do you mean?  
This is our only means of escape?  
- Are you all right?  
- I ripped my pants.  
There's always champagne.  
What do you say?  
Why not?  
- We gotta board this up.  
- Yeah.  
What is this?  
That was something that Ned gave me  
for Valentine's Day. It just wasn't me.  
I know. When you become a mom, you  
don't get to wear stuff like this anymore.  
I'd roll over and die if I believed that.

- Cake?  
- No, thanks.  
- Do you want some champagne?  
- No, thank you.  
I prefer not to indulge  
in artificial stimulants of any kind.  
You are of age to drink, right?  
21 at least?  
What do you mean by that?  
I think what he's trying to say is,  
judging from the way you talk and dress  
- I'd say you're about 15.  
- Excuse me.  
Excuse me, I don't really think the way I  
talk and dress is any business of yours.  
You know, a lot of people  
don't dress their age.  
Phil Donahue did a whole show...  
Gwenna, no one wants to hear  
about Phil Donahue right now.  
Why are you always interrupting her  
all the time?  
How would like it  
if somebody interrupted you  
every time you started to talk?  
Like I said...  
- I don't think you respect her very much.  
- Respect?  
She's my wife.  
Of course I respect her, for God's sake.  
- Actually, Donald, you do...  
- Gwenna, I'm talking.  
You're a fine one to talk about respect,  
with you and your kid.  
Think your daughter respects you,  
you dress like you're 12?  
Not bad. Excuse me.  
- How about a toast?  
- To what?  
How about to a night  
all alone, without our kids.  
Sorry, John.  
- Ned, do you play that thing?  
- No.

Come on, Ned, one song.  
I'm sorry I made fun of you,  
really, honey.  
Come on. You play, I'll hula.  
- How do you know how to do a hula?  
- I learned it on our honeymoon.  
Go, girl.  
Hey, handsome.  
Come on, dance with me.  
Come on, Ned. Dance with me, please?  
No, I can't.  
That's not what I remember.  
Come on.  
- What about music?  
- I'll take care of the music.  
- It's a music box.  
- Oh, no.  
- I don't remember.  
- Yes, you do.  
Hips.  
It's a shame  
these other people are here.  
What people?  
The night is young  
And so are we  
Dreams come true  
Dreams come true  
In Blue Hawaii  
All my dreams will come true  
On this night of nights with you  
- What are you doing up?  
- I couldn't sleep.  
Me either.  
What's going on?  
They're dancing.  
Lovely you  
And Blue Hawaii  
With all this loveliness...  
Let's go to bed.  
Okay.  
Cosmo, go away.  
Ladies and gentleman, put your  
hands together for the Mr. Tom Jones.  
They're playing our song.



I'm sorry.

It's okay. I just finished, actually.

- Go ahead.

- Thanks.

And, Grover.

Remember last night,

when you said that you were invisible?

Yeah.

Well, you're wrong.

I've always noticed you, and

you're not invisible.

I fixed up those traps, but I think

we ought to give them a test.

I'll get it.

Hello. Is your mother home?

Yes, but she's sick.

We all are.

She's been waiting for this.

Can you tell her it's from Mr. Doyle?

Okay. Do you work with her at the bank?

No, I'm her lawyer.

Thanks.

- Listen, I just...

- I thought that...

- Go ahead.

- No, go on.

Well, last night, I...

Could I just have your attention

for just a minute, please?

Introducing the new Cindy Figler.

Come on.

From the private basement collection

of Janet Beindorf,

Cindy is wearing

a beautiful evening gown

of green sequins

and it's got a green dirndl skirt, as well.

We're ready.

All right, everybody.

Let's get down to business.

Mom? Dad?

- Your turn.

- Are you all right?

Okay, I'm the one asking the questions

right now, all right?  
What's the first thing  
that you noticed about Dad?  
Honestly?  
His car.  
- His car?  
- It's true.  
It was a 1972 Olds Cutlass convertible.  
It was dark blue with a V8 engine.  
It had no muffler. It was very loud.  
My father hated it,  
and of course, I loved it.  
It really was a beauty,  
and Ned took great care of it.  
Dad? What did you notice about Mom?  
That she was the most beautiful girl  
I had ever seen.  
So, let's cut to the chase.  
What went wrong?  
It's just like we said.  
It's not any big thing.  
- It's just a bunch of...  
- Little things?  
Like you thought you should  
get a divorce?  
Honey, we've said  
we're not getting a divorce.  
Mommy and Daddy  
just needed some time.  
We thought it would be best  
if we separated for just a little while.  
I didn't, actually.  
I mean, you said you were unhappy,  
and I said, "Well, if you're unhappy,  
- "then maybe we should get..."  
- Ned, you did say so.  
No, I wasn't happy, but I didn't say...  
Ned, I remember you saying it.  
You don't really talk all that much, so I  
would remember that you would say it.  
Why does everything have to  
turn into a fight with you guys?  
No wonder you're getting divorced.  
Son, again, no one is saying anything

about divorce.

No one is talking about divorce.

Then who sent the divorce papers?

Who turned off the answering machine?

I want to see those papers. Matt!

- Hey, Matt, are you still up there?

- Right here, Mr. Beindorf.

Matt.

Matt, bring the papers up

for me to see. Now!

- Hello?

- Hi, it's Ralph Doyle.

- What do you want?

- I want to talk to your mother.

- I thought I told you that she's sick.

- Did you give her that...

You mean the divorce papers?

She got them, she was just thrilled.

- What happened to trial separation?

- Just listen to me, please. You never...

- It's getting a little ugly down here, man.

- Can't you tell we're having a party?

Whoopee!

I'm sure she must have

some questions.

Oh, yeah? Well, so do I!

We're supposed to be saving

marriages, not breaking them up.

What happened?

Things just aren't going

exactly the way we planned.

- Ned.

- What?

Come on, I'm sorry.

About what? You purposely

deceiving me? I don't think so.

I went to this lawyer just for advice.

He said anybody who separates,

they usually draw up divorce papers.

He said you were probably doing

the same thing.

Well, I wasn't.

- And if I were, I would've told you.

- Come on, Ned, just talk to me.

Talk to my attorney, Donald.  
I'll get you the house.  
The kids may be a problem.  
Yes! That's it!  
- We're through!  
- Oh, my God!  
Yeah, but who are you going to get  
to fit through there?  
- They're trying to escape!  
- It'll be okay.  
Groves is going to be pissed!  
He'll be back any second.  
Get in there!  
Making progress.  
I made it!  
- I'm stuck!  
- Hang in. Hang in, honey, hang in.  
- Yes, you can do it!  
- Louise.  
- Help!  
- Be careful!  
Help!  
Look out for the trip wire!  
Don't do that!  
Help me, come on!  
Matt, Jimmy, Teddy, come here!  
You can't push and pull  
at the same time!  
Grover?  
Wait!  
Groves, where have you been, man?  
Hey, what about me?  
Later!  
Operator? This is Chief Rocco.  
Get me the police.  
Grover!  
Nothing's wrong, huh?  
Well, what about this?  
Hello.  
This is Officers Davis and Brickowski.  
All right, now.  
- Don't you worry about anything.  
- Something strange is going on here.  
Hey! Did you see that?

Hey, Dave! What happened to you?  
Did you see that?  
How did those kids do that?  
Mayday!  
You wait right here. Don't go away.  
- I'm gonna get help.  
- But...  
- Chief!  
- Chief Rocco!  
Help!  
Grover, come on, open the door.  
Please?  
Come on in.  
How are you doing?  
Bad.  
Same here.  
- It's over.  
- What do you mean?  
I mean, we failed.  
Our parents aren't going to change  
just because we want them to.  
What we did was wrong.  
Wrong and stupid.  
It's time to let them out, guys.  
No, wait a minute!  
Look, it wasn't stupid at all.  
So, maybe we can't fix everything,  
you know, but,  
who can?  
But at least we tried, right?  
I don't know if your parents will separate  
or divorce or live happily ever after,  
but we didn't fail.  
I mean, at least they know how we feel.  
She's right, Groves.  
Who'd have thought we'd all be friends,  
you know?  
Hey, who says we're friends?  
We're more like a family.  
You guys, group hug, group hug!  
God, I love you all so much!  
I love you!  
The house is completely surrounded!  
Come out with your hands up!

- What's going on?  
- Oh, no.  
- The cops!  
- The cops?  
Hey! Mayday!  
The house is surrounded.  
Come out with your hands up.  
Fellas? Excuse me?  
Did you hear that? We're free.  
- Who is that?  
- We're free!  
We're free?  
We're free!  
I can't believe that we're free!  
Come on! Let's go.  
Gwenna.  
I forgive you. Come on.  
Come on.  
I'm sure that it's not over yet for you.  
I knew you two still loved each other  
when you were fighting  
over the fuse box.  
You have so much passion.  
Yeah, don't ever lose that, honey, okay?  
Move it, rookie.  
Keep the house covered!  
I repeat. Put down your weapons,  
and come out with your hands up.  
The house is completely surrounded.  
Prepare to enter, boys.  
You have five seconds.  
One.  
Two.  
Three.  
Movement at the door!  
Our parents are locked in the...  
Our parents are locked in the basement.  
And  
Mr. Finley is stuck  
in one of the windows.  
We are prepared to surrender!  
Let's go!  
Let's go, go, go!  
Move!

Come on, move!

Come on. Let's go. Move.

- We're in here!

- Help us!

In here!

Behind the blanket, you idiots.

Come on!

- Look at this!

- It's some kind of cult!

Officer, my husband's in the wall.

Does anybody have a cigarette  
for my friend here?

Forget it, I quit.

Sir, sir, sir, could you help me?

My husband is in the wall.

You're in very big trouble.

You know that, don't you?

Ned?

We're going to have to get  
a statement from your daughter.

- I'll be there in a minute.

- Ned? We have to talk.

- I don't...

- Don't talk. Look.

Just look!

Look at what Grover's done for us.

Not this. Just everything else.

I know we made mistakes, Ned.

I made most of them.

I don't think they would have done any of  
this if we hadn't done something right.

- But you said...

- But it doesn't matter what I said.

Ned.

You love me very much.

And you love me, too.

Hold on a second, Ma. Grover!

- Grover.

- Grover.

Anything you say can...

You've also the right to remain silent.

Anything you say...

- Excuse me?

- All right!

Oh, my God! They're kissing!

- Let's go bail out our boy.

- Okay.

I'm stuck!

Excuse me, miss.

Son, do you understand these rights...

Grover! Do you have any idea...

Excuse me!

Excuse me.

Hello? Anybody?

We were charged with kidnapping,

civil disobedience

and practicing psychotherapy

without a license.

We all spent a night in juvenile hall,

but then Mr. Krupp came and got us out.

Mrs. Krupp said she'd take him

for everything he had if he didn't.

They later got divorced.

Mrs. Krupp went back

to law school, though.

They started up their own law practice,

Krupp & Krupp, attorneys at law.

Mr. and Mrs. Finley are doing great.

They even passed the two-year mark.

And Mrs. Finley is expecting

a new member of the family.

Mrs. Figler stopped going out

on Brooke's dates

and started going out on her own.

All of us kids still pretty much

hang out together

and things pretty much

got back to normal.

Well, not quite normal.

And Brooke and I are also

kind of dating right now.

It's weird, but great.

All right, Grover rules!

Mom and Dad found a good shrink,

and they're still together.

In fact, right now, me and Stacy are

with them on their second honeymoon

in Hawaii.



- Stacy, can you zoom in on that kiss?

- Sure!

Hang on a second, I almost forgot.

Mom and Dad made us promise never  
to lock them in the basement again.

We promised. Because we figured  
there's always the attic.

Come on!

Come on, let's go to the beach  
before it's too late.

Tomorrow, the first thing we should do  
is go windsurfing  
and then go scuba diving.

- All right, should I stop making plans?

- I think so!