

Full House Fan Fiction

Like Daughter, Like Father

By: Doug Fowler

I had this idea to explain some apparent blank space in "Crimes and michelle's Misdemeanor" - and also how she could still be so good at age 3.9 if Danny had enver punished her. Enjoy.

LIKE DAUGHTER, LIKE FATHER

(Danny is helping Michelle get a sweatshirt and pants on in the bathroom as he talks)

Danny: Now that you know you can't always do what you want, and that you are supposed to listen, I want to tell you what is going to happen with your punishment.

Michelle: You sure it's not hearing you talk?

Danny: Yes, I'm sure. You are going to stay in your room until I come get you.

Michelle: For how long.

Danny: Until I decide you can be a good girl.

Michelle (tries to run out of the bathroom, Danny picks her up): I'll be good now.

Danny: Oh, no you won't. (He carries her held away from him, and talks loudly): I sent you to your room and you are going to stay there. (He plops her on her bed.) I'm not joking around.

Michelle (tearily): Are you gonna be like D.J. now?

Danny: Yes...or, rather...D.J. was doing things like I should have done...

(Danny steps outside the door and closes it, D.J. and Stephanie walk up beside him)

Danny: Oh, good, you're here. Could you...well...watch the door while I change out of my wet shoes....(Michelle sticks her fingers out the bottom of the door) Oh, man, there are those cute little fingers, just like last night...

Stephanie: You mean when she wouldn't go to bed at all (Danny nods)

D.J.: Be strong, Dad. She tried to come out the first time I put her in her room. (She holds the door shut)

Danny: How did your mom ever do it?

Stephanie: She started putting us in a chair when we were two, right, D.J.?

D.J.: Steph, let's not rub it in to him, okay?

Stephanie: Okay. I won't mention how you think you should have started back then, too, instead of waiting till she was closer to three. (D.J. rolls her eyes and sighs)

(Jesse and Joey are downstairs in the recording studio with a plate of liver)

Jesse: Still haven't tasted it, huh? (Joey shakes his head) I still can't believe we have to do an ad for the National Liver Council.

Joey: Hey, I thought it was the organ. It shows I was thinking, right?

Jesse: It shows I should never let you serve me kidney beans. I can't believe we actually have to have someone eat this.

Joey: Did you try it?

Jesse (pushing the plate toward him): I'm not gonna try it, you try it.

Joey (pushing it back): I'm not gonna try it. (His face brightens) Let's get Mikey.

Jesse: Yeah, he might eat it, he eats ev... (They both think) Do you know any Mikeys?

Joey: I was hoping you did.

Jesse: Well, there goes that idea.

Danny (walking downstairs): You know, I never really appreciated the value of dry shoes and socks. Listen, guys, I finally sent Michelle to her room.

Jesse: Hey, good work, man. We knew you had it in you. (Danny smiles proudly)

Joey: Are D.J. and Stephanie still raking leaves?

Danny: No, they're watching Michelle's bedroom door. It was hard, but I know, in the back of my mind, if I didn't complete my mission, D.J. would. Now, here comes the tough part. I need you guys to come up and help me talk to her about how we're all in charge of her and she needs to listen. I know that's going to be hard after last night, when you couldn't help me get her to bed...

Joey: Aw, Danny of course we'll help. It's either that or stay down here and eat liver.

Danny: Great. First we'll empty her pool out after we get it out of the kitchen...(they look at him strangely) Yeah, I know. Good thing I started now or she'd have brought all the leaves in from outside next to play in. Anyway, then we'll go upstairs and talk to her. (He leaves)

(Danny, Jesse, and Joey all come upstairs, the girls are also there)

D.J.: Not a peep since you left.

Stepahnie: She knows we mean business.

Danny: Well, that's good. Although, I'm the one who's really in charge...well, we're all in this together. Now, here's the deal - I go in, get her out of her punishment, then Jesse and Joey will come in and we'll talk to her. Great work, girls, thanks for helping. You can go now. (He enters Michelle's room.)

Michelle (sadly): Can I come out now?

Danny: Oh, look at those tears. I'm sorry...no, I can do this. Honey, you understand why I sent you to your room.

Michelle (as Jesse and Joey enter): Yes I do; no swimming in the kitchen.

Danny: Good. Now, Uncle Jesse and Joey and I all love you, and we want to help you.

Michelle: Just like D.J.?

Danny: Well...(the others sort of agree) Well, yeah, sort of. In a way. The truth is, D.J. reacted when things got pretty bad because she knew I wasn't ready to see you as my big girl. And, so, she did things just the way I should have done them. Only, now it'll be me setting limits, and punishing you by putting you in your room, or taking away dessert if I have to, or something else.

Michelle: You got it, Dude.

Danny: Uh...(He looks at Jesse and Joey, who shrug.)

D.J. (Stepping into the doorway): Do you want to get her to respond nicely?

Jesse: Yeah, yeah, thanks, DeeJ. See, it's like this Michelle, this is how you should talk. (He turns to Joey and talks very sweetly) Joseph, there's an absolutely revolting piece of liver that I just know you, my dear friend, will find positively disgusting. Won't you please eat it?

Joey (even more sweetly): Oh, no, thank you, Jesse. I appreciate the offer of being able to barely digest that repulsive looking meat that reminds me of old shoe leather. I insist that you, my good friend, sample that atrocious food.

Jesse (also very sweet): Oh, thank you, Joseph, but I could never take away my dear partner's chance to consume that vile and disgusting liver. It's just sitting out there waiting for you.

Danny (shocked): What? You left a piece of meat out to rot in my...! (Catches himself, talks as sweetly as the others): I mean, gentlemen, while you decide who will eat it I must insist that you please put it in the refrigerator so it won't spoil and look worse than it already does.

Michelle: Are they nuts?

D.J.: Michelle, what's they're trying to do is to get you to stop saying "you got it, Dude" when they correct you, just like I do. You should say "Yes, Daddy."

Michelle: Oh. Yes, Daddy.

Jesse (picking her up): Oh, thank you, munchkin; I don't know how much longer we could have kept up that sweet talk about liver.

Joey: Yeah, but now who's going to eat it?

Stephanie: You could always try Kimmy?

Danny: Well...she has a point. (Danny takes Michelle and hugs her) Why don't you guys get the tape set up while the girls call Kimmy. It's worth a shot, and then you can't say I didn't punish her for that pillow fight yesterday.

(Next scene is of Kimmy in front of a covered plate)

Kimmy: Hi, I'm Kimmy Gibbler! Is my hair right, DeeJ?

D.J.: You look great.

Jesse: Now say the words Joey's holding up while D.J. takes the cover off the plate. (He turns to Danny) And we all can hope she does this on the first take)

Kimmy (looking directly at the camera): Great, I want this to be perfect for all the handsome men out there. When I want a great tasting piece of meat, I always order my favorite! (D.J. uncovers the liver) Doesn't it look scrumptious! (She looks down) Ewwww, gross!

Joey: Cut. I think that's okay, but...let's cut out the "Ewwww, gross!" part.

Jesse: Great idea.

Kimmy (as she and D.J. walk up to D.J. & Steph's bedroom) How'd they get suckered into that one?

D.J. (As they enter): Joey thought it was for something to fight liver disease.

Stephanie (doing homework, looks up): Yeah. It looks like something in your body. Of course, I doubt you know there's an organ called the liver, Kimmy.

Kimmy: Watch it, squirt, I happen to know the liver is a very important part of the body. It's what makes you live, that's why they call it that.

D.J.: Well, at least now nobody else needs to eat that liver. I was worried Dad might refuse to punish Michelle till she opened her mouth and said he let her get away with everything.

Kimmy: Yeah. If that happens, you'd have to make her eat the liver.

Stephanie: I'd rather eat soap. I've never had to, but I know friends who have tasted it. I think even that would taste less disgusting than liver.

D.J.: Well as long as Dad stays consistent now, I won't have to worry about doing something like that...or beyond.

Stephanie: What do you mean?

D.J.: Well...let's just say I'd considered a few options. (More brightly) One thing I would try quite a bit; you know how you sometimes try to challenge me to see if you can beat me at something? (Stephanie nods) We would get Michelle to challenge me with the loser having to do the other's chores for a few days, or a week. When I wind up wining the challenge, the days she has to do my chores would be held back...

Stephanie (brightening): I get it! So when she gets too wild or does something and Dad doesn't punish her, you sock it to her with the extra chores! I love it when you talk sneaky.

D.J.: Bingo! Thankfully, though, I think she's going to start to be good, as long as Dad stays consistent with her.

(Jesse and Joey walk in from the kitchen, they see Michelle coloring with D.J.'s lipstick on the wall)

Joey (Whispering): Oh no, what do we do? We have to tell Danny right?

Jesse: Yeah, but I don't know. This is gonna be tough. Danny's not gonna have a wet shot this time.

Joey: I'll go up; he's going over next week's shows with Becky. (Joey runs upstairs)

Josse: Michelle, now you know it's wrong to color on walls.

Michelle: It looks pretty.

Jesse: Yeah, but that's not the point, munchkin. The rules say you only color on paper.

Michelle: D.J. says that, too. (She sees Danny and Joey coming downstairs, hides the lipstick behind her back): I love you, Daddy.

Danny: Awww, I love you too, princess. But I have a feeling Uncle Jesse wasn't the one³ to color on that wall. (Michelle lowers her head and hands him the lipstick) Come on. (He takes her up to her room again)

Michelle: You're bein' just like D.J. again?

Danny: Right. I guess...if you need to think of it that way.

(Danny closes the door again after a second, sees D.J. coming out of her room)

Danny: DeeJ, there you are. It was easier the second time; she was coloring with your lipstick. Here. (He hands it to her) I know you probably made her clean it up, too, but I don't want to wait, you know me.

D.J.: Yep.

Danny: Just so you know, she seems to understand better if I say it's what you would do when watching her. That way, it's one consistent rule in her mind. So, I'm not looking for pointers, but, well...okay, I am looking for pointers. DeeJ, this is so hard. Your mom was the one to discipline you girls till you were four and a half

or five.

D.J.: Dad, you're doing a great job. You are the boss, and she needs to see that. Keep up the good work.

Danny (as they embrace): Thanks, DeeJ.

(Later that evening, D.J. and Stephanie are doing homework at the table and reading, respectively. Danny enters their room with a dustrag and closes the door.)

Danny: The coast is clear.

D.J.: What?

Danny: I figured I'd look natural if I came in here with a dustrag.

Stephanie: What are you talking about?

Danny: It's Michelle. She won't go to bed. You know how these things usually come in threes? Well, this is the third one. What did you do when she did this, DeeJ?

D.J.: Dad, I hate to tell you, but I've never had that problem.

Danny: Oh, boy. Well, could you at least tell me what you would have done if you'd had to, so I can know what to do and make it look like I'm just doing what you did, or rather what you would have done if you'd had to, so Michelle thinks that you would have done just what I should have done, except I let you do it?

D.J.: Dad, I wouldn't worry. I'm having enough trouble following that; I'm sure she won't.

Danny: Well, just...give me a hint here. (He sighs) I think all this time, I put off doing it not just because I wanted her to keep being my baby, but because I wanted it to be like when your mom was living. It's just one more thing I have to do myself. And, like it or not, I have to accept the fact she's not here. But, I also have to accept the fact that I need your help sometimes. She knew just how to handle everything.

D.J.: Well, Dad, you know how to talk to kids. And, so did she. I think she'd try a sales pitch. I did this with Michelle once when she did something bad in her room - I couldn't send her there because she was already in her room. So, I made her sit against the wall. Tell Michelle she has two choices, Either rest in a nice, warm, cozy bed, and think nice, warm thoughts, and dream really fun dreams. Or, she can sit in a chair in the corner, where it'll be colder and she'll have nothing to do but look at a blank wall, no fancy dreams or anything. (She notices Danny has borrowed a piece of notebook paper and is writing) Dad, what are you doing?

Danny: Getting all that down; it sounded really good.

D.J.: dad, it has to come from the heart. Go out there, and make her go to bed. And, if she won't...well, I'll be there to help.

Danny: No, that's okay, DeeJ. It might sound kind of strange if I say `Listen to your father, or I'll have to have your big sister come talk to you.

D.J.: Yeah, Dad, it would.

(Several minutes later)

Danny (walking into the girls' room): Thanks again, DeeJ.

D.J.: I guess everything went well?

Danny: Yep; she said the lesson she learned was no swimming in the kitchen, so I had to tell her once again that the real lesson was that she had to listen to us when we say to do something, and then she understood. It was understandable, though, she might still have thought her swimming in the kitchen led to all of this. But, well, thanks to you, we've got a good head start. I think it'll be all right from now on.

D.J.: Great, Dad. (They embrace, he leaves)

(Stephanie puts her book down, comes over to D.J.)

Stephanie: You think Dad's really gonna be consistent now?

D.J.: About most things. I still wonder about her attitude, but that's gotten better. So, I think we'll have too many problems. If he starts showing signs of weakening, I'll just have to step in.

Stephanie: And, you'll do a great job. I still can't believe it; you knew all along that was just the thing to get Dad to start punishing her, didn't you?

(D.J. sighs, mopes over to her bed, and sits)

D.J.: Actually, I almost blew it.

(Stephanie sits beside her)

Stephanie: What do you mean?

D.J.: Steph, we were supposed to stop her. He said that himself; we've been doing that for so long. I got too anxious, then. We could have easily walked in on her doing something else bad and just told Dad about it; then I could have taken him off to the side and whispered that he should start punishing her. If he doesn't, no big deal, I lecture her, get dessert out of her for a few days by tricking her, and that's her punishment. But, when Dad didn't just send her to her room right away this time, I had to go for broke. I had to challenge him right there, in front of Michelle. And, he could just as easily have said he wasn't ready to start, or Michelle could have gotten out of it with her cuteness.

Stephanie: And if that happens, your job is a lot tougher.

D.J.: Exactly. I'd have to tell him someone has to be the boss. And, if he wouldn't be, well...I was all ready to say I'll be the one. I was ready to start right then.

Stephanie: Whoa.

D.J.: Yeah. Big whoa.

Stephanie: Wow, if you had to be like Mom, would you have had to quit school and everything?

D.J.: Okay, not quite that bad.

Stephanie: That's good. But, you know Michelle was going to brag about being his little princess. I mean that's just part of that attitude she has yet.

D.J.: Maybe you're right. It just makes me realize how I should have just started right at the beginning. When she just turned two, like you said. But, while I wasn't proactive, I have reacted when I needed to. And, if Dad has problems, I'll be ready in the future.

Stephanie: Right. Even if it means making her eat liver.

D.J.: Well...Yeah. Even if it means making her eat liver.