

109 LOIS VS EVIL TRANSCRIPT

Dewey: I hate my brothers. I only like me. I hate my brothers. I only like me. I hate my brothers. I only like me.

Lois: (to Malcolm and Reese) Stop it right now! I mean it!
(to Hal) When are you going to be done?

Hal: Soon as I can, honey.

Lois: I said, stop it!

Dewey: I hate my brothers. I only like me. I hate my brothers. I only like me.

Hal: Five across. My mother the... blank.

Malcolm: (TC): I know a lot of kids say they like school. But honestly, I just find it exhausting. I mean, when I am in school I'm either bored, terrified... or confused about Julie Houlerman.

Julie: Hi, Malcolm.

Malcolm (TC): Perfect example. What does she mean by that? Is it just 'Hi'? Is she trying to say she likes me? Is she just being nice? And now I have to figure out a secret way to answer her without A) acting like I like her or B) acting like I don't like her or C) acting like I've never even thought about A or B. Just be pleasant and noncommittal. (to Julie) Hey, Ju... (Julie has walked off with her friend) (TC): She's doing this to me on purpose.

Girl: (to her friend) Oh, my god! Hey, how are you?

Francis: Stanley, you are incredible. I thought Malcolm was a genius but this is off the charts.

Stanley: Well, The school asked for an honor guard. I figured you'd like a few weeks without drill practice.

Francis: A pageant, though. Beautiful girls with self-esteem issues. It's perfect. Easy. Let's start with the obvious runners up. They're going to be the neediest.

Craig: You know, uh, this is a little intense. You, me, working this shelf... together.

Lois: What's intense about it?

Craig: I guess nothing. Excuse me. (walks off)

Reese: (boys arrive) Mom!

Dewey: You're not supposed to yell in the store.

Reese: (hits Dewey) Not supposed to do that either. Life's funny that way.

Craig: Hey... the Three Musketeers. Athos, Aramis... and you must be Porthos.

Dewey: You're creepy.

Craig: You really shouldn't say hurtful things to grownups.

Dewey: I'm sorry.

Craig: That's okay. We're still friends.

Mr Pinter: Craig... you have got to redo the nail polish. The crystal pinks are mixed with the frosty pinks are mixed with the God knows what.

Craig: Right away, Mr. Pinter. (does dance down the aisle)

Lois: Okay. I'm off work in five minutes. Don't touch the register. Don't touch the candy, the price tags, and don't touch the microphones. That includes by accident. That includes just looking. That includes hovering with your finger a half inch away from it. Fair warning.

Reese: Dare you.

Malcolm: Go ahead.

Reese: You do it.

Dewey: I'll do it.

Malcolm: Yeah, right.

Dewey: I will.

Malcolm: This isn't baby stuff, Dewey.

Reese: Yeah. Go ride the horsy out front. (chuckles) Horsy. I got to remember that.

Lois: (stocking shelves) The microphone, register... candy... price tags... steam cleaner. (goes to steam cleaner where the boys are playing with it) Boys!

Malcolm: It's not what it looks like.

Hal: Oh, hello, boys. How long you in for?

Reese: Another hour.

Hal: Yow. Hi, Honey.

Lois: Hi. Did you see Dewey outside?

Hal: Oh, what's wrong?

Lois: I don't know, but something's upsetting him. He didn't say a word on the way home and now I just can't find him anywhere.

Hal: Hmm. Hey, I'll check his special place. Dewey? You in there, buddy?

Dewey: No.

Hal: What's wrong, pal?

Dewey: I did something bad. They told me to ride a horsy and I'm not a baby but I would have played with the carpet cleaner and I didn't have a quarter anyway.

Hal: Uh-huh. Dewey, honey Daddy's getting a cramp in his leg. What did you do?

Dewey: I took something from Mommy's store.

Hal: Well, that's very serious. What did you take? A candy bar?

Dewey: No. It's not a candy bar.

Hal: Oh? Well, what is it?

Lois: A \$150 bottle of Cognac? How could you take this?!

Dewey: I'm sorry.

Hal: My God, would you look at this thing? Can you imagine the man who spends \$150 on a bottle of Cognac? What do you think a guy like that pays for socks?

Lois: Dewey, what am I going to do with you?

Reese: (still against the wall) This works pretty good, Mom.

Lois: Get your jacket, we're going back to the store. You are going to return this bottle to Mr. Pinter, apologize and accept the consequences. (at the store) What do mean, 'fired'?! You can't fire me for this.

Mr Pinter: Sorry. Store policy is very clear about stealing.

Lois: But he didn't steal it; he returned it. Right there. The bottle is perfect. You can just put it right back on the shelf.

Mr Pinter: I already marked it out of inventory. My hands are tied here.

Lois: What are you talking about? You don't even do inventory. You foist it off on me because you make so many mistakes.

Mr Pinter: You're not exactly making me regret my decision here, Lois.

Dewey: Mom?

Lois: (to Dewey) Oh, honey, it's okay. It's okay. (to Mr Pinter) This is just an excuse. You have hated me

since the minute you got here because I was first choice for your job and I turned it down.

Mr Pinter: You know, you think what you want, okay? At least I didn't raise a thief.

Lois: (rips off Mr Pinter's toupee and Mr Pinter yelps) Velcro. I win the pool.

Bridget: (singing) Sweet home Alabama... where the skies are so blue. Sweet home Alabama... Lord, I'm coming home to you.

Lady in charge: Oh, very, very nice, Bridget. That was very nice. Oh, Francis, I wanted to thank you again for being so helpful. Usually, the honour guards just sit around and gawk but you've really thrown yourself into this whole hog, haven't you?

Francis: What can I say? I love the theater.

Girl: Francis, will you help me decide on my leg extensions? Which do you think looks better: right leg... or left leg?

Francis: Mmm... can you... do both?

Malcolm (TC): It's been ten days since Mom lost her job. Yesterday for dinner, we had macaroni and rice. Today it's rice and macaroni.

Reese: Mom, I can't eat this stuff anymore.

Lois: Reese, this is not the time for complaining.

Reese: I'm not complaining; I'm constipated.

Lois: I'm sorry, we can't afford to live lavishly anymore. (to Dewey) Drink your milk.

Dewey: It's lumpy.

Lois: Then chew it.

Hal: Hey, come on, we can do this. We've had to economize before. Remember when Grandma drove into the living room? Or last year, when we were saving up for Disneyland?

Dewey: We're going to Disneyland?

Hal: No. It's like that. Except this time, we're just trying to keep the house.

Lois: Okay, everybody, stop worrying. I am going to find another job... another cashier job with flexible hours that allows me to leave whenever I need to take care of my kids.

Malcolm: Well, can't you get unemployment or something?

Lois: No. I only worked 38 hours a week. They consider that

part-time. (to Dewey) You know, I hope you are at least learning something from all this.

Dewey: Yeah - 'if you do something bad, don't tell.'

Lois: No - 'We did the right thing.' That's what's important.

Malcolm: Can't we at least do a load of laundry or something? Everything I have stinks.

Reese: Yeah, he wants to smell good for... Julie! (Malcolm pinches his neck and he gags on his milk)

Lois: Malcolm.

Malcolm: (goes and kneels against the wall) Yeah, yeah. (TC): It was worth it. (at school, to Stevie) So we can't do laundry, we have to share baths and yesterday, she had our cable turned off. Our cable!

Stevie: How's your... love life?

Malcolm: What? So, basically, everything I tell you in confidence as a friend you're going to use to make fun of me?

Stevie: I have... nothing else.

Julie: Hi, Malcolm. You want to split lunches?

Malcolm: What? Yeah, sure.

Julie: I have a Chinese chicken salad, a tangerine and, ooh, Jordan almonds. What do you have?

Malcolm: Leftover eggs from breakfast.

Julie: Oh.

Malcolm: Uh, I'm on a special diet, for sports. Oh, I forgot. I have to go... work out. I'll see you later. (gets up from table and goes over to Stevie) I can't take this anymore! Everything I want, I can't have! Anything that's nice, I can't do. Everyone in the world gets to do everything except me!

Julie: Malcolm...

Malcolm: Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know there's other people worse off than me. You know what? I don't care. I'm sick of going to school every day smelling like feet!

Julie: Malcolm...

Malcolm: I hate being poor, okay? I mean, is that so bad? Why is that like some big character flaw? It's not my fault we're poor!

Stevie: Malcolm!

Julie: You, um... left... your backpack.

Malcolm: (to Stevie) Maybe you should try taking a really deep breath before you start talking.

Stevie: Yeah.

Hal: (on phone, in bathroom) Francis, where have you been? I've been looking for you for days.

Francis: I'm sorry, Dad. I've just been buried here.

Hal: Okay, listen, I've got kind of a bad news/ good news thing here. Your mom lost her job, and we're pretty broke. The good news is, that makes your tuition an issue. Now, I think I can talk her into letting you come home.

Francis: Dad, no, I can't come home! Marlin Academy is the best thing that has ever happened to me. I am at a crucial point in my rehabilitation.

Hal: Uh-huh. What's her name?

Francis: That's the thing. There's, like, ten of them!

Lois: (Knock At Door) (To Reese) Check the peephole. If they've got a hand truck, don't open it. Craig, what are you doing here?

Craig: Lois, I just had a meeting with Mr. Pinter. Well, more like an hour begging, really. but the point is, you can have your old job back!

Malcolm: Yes!

Lois: That is such good news!

Craig: And all you have to do is apologize and let him dock your pay 150 bucks and you have to work the graveyard shift for a couple months.

Lois: Oh.

Reese: Sounds good, Mom.

Lois: No, thanks.

Malcolm: What?!

Reese: You're kidding.

Craig: Why?!

Lois: Because that's like admitting he's right. I'm not going to do that.

Craig: Lois, if this makes any difference I will work every graveyard shift right alongside you - every single one of them.

Hal: Oh, hi, Craig. What's going on?

Craig: Nothing. Just business. Take it easy, tiger. We're working. Well, I am. Hi. Back to the grind. (runs off)

Hal: Nice guy.

Lady in Charge: Thank you, Tanya.

Francis: Tanya, that was fantastic. I swear, when you put tap to it, the Pledge of Allegiance just comes alive. One suggestion: Do you have a tube top?

Tanya: Oh, Francis, you are just wonderful. I mean, you're so different than the local boys. I mean, I haven't even known you that long and I already feel so connected to you.

Francis: I know. It's almost mystical.

Tanya: Yeah, and I'm so glad the gay thing isn't an issue.

Francis: You're gay?

Tanya: No, no, silly. You are.

Francis: Wait. You think I'm gay?

Tanya: Oh, you don't have to hide anything, honey. I mean, we're a lot more liberal here than you think we are. I mean, it's not like Birmingham.

Francis: Wait a minute. You think I'm gay? Why do you think I'm gay?

Tanya: Oh, come on. You like the theatre, you're good with decorating and, well, you're completely obsessed with your mother. Can you undo my hooks?

Francis: Tanya, I'm kind of having a dilemma here...

Girl: Oh, great. Frannie, can you spray me? My suit keeps riding up.

Francis: That's why I'm here... girlfriend!

Malcolm: So what did you want to talk about?

Caroline: I'm your teacher! Can't we just talk? You know, that Julie Houlerman is a very special little girl.

Malcolm: Oh, come on! Caroline, I don't want to...

Caroline: Malcolm, Malcolm, Malcolm, so private, so guarded. But you don't have to be that way with me. I'm on your side. Julie knows that. She's not even in my class.

Malcolm: She talked to you? About me? What'd she say?

Caroline: Aw, nothing that wasn't obvious already. You know when you open up to people you will always be surprised just how well things turn out.

Kids: Surprise!

Caroline: Isn't it wonderful? Julie organized the whole thing herself and everyone in school responded.

Julie: Dear Malcolm, this isn't just food. It's an expression of how we all feel about you. Our hearts go out to you in your time of need. (everyone claps)

Malcolm: You're going to keep the food?

Lois: Yes. I'm not going to throw away perfectly good pie filling and... lamb chutney.

Malcolm: Don't you even care how humiliating this is?

Reese: We've done can drives. This is just the crap people find when they clean out the garage.

Lois: Okay, just stop it. I know how hard this is, but no one ever said life is fair. Sometimes decent, hard-working people get dumped on for no good reason. They just have to wipe their eyes and keep on walking. Something will turn up. We just have to hold on a little bit longer.

Hal: And in the meantime be thankful for small favours. Anyone want the last olive?

Malcolm: Those aren't olives. Those are peaches.

Don: Well, you got him here early, that's good. He'll be fine in a few days. Just like when this one ate the frog.

Dewey: I only ate half of it.

Don: I won't put the stomach pump on the bill. I mean, he did most of the work on the way over.

Lois: Thanks, Don. Uh...listen, as far as the bill goes what kind of neighbourhood are we in?

Don: Well... the emergency room, couple of days of observation, probably three or four.

Lois: Three or four... hun...? (Don walks off) Okay. You boys take care of your dad. I'm going to go see Mr. Pinter and beg for my job back.

Dewey: What? Mom, wait. You don't have to do that.

Lois: Yes, I do. I don't want to, shouldn't have to, but guess what? I do. But I want you boys to understand something. I am not going back on anything I said before.

Malcolm: (TC): She's completely going back on it but I'm not going to kick her when she's down.

Reese: You're totally going back on it.

Lois: No, I am not. Everything I said before still goes. You know, sometimes bad things happen and you don't understand why, and you just have to trust that there's a good reason for it. Sure, it's easy to work in mysterious ways when you have a job.

Malcolm: (Hal breaks wind) The first one who laughs gets their ass kicked.

Tanya: You have incredible hands.

Francis: Well, it's easy on such a beautiful back. Not to mention the most talented... sweet... and sexy... What?

Tanya: Francis... are... are you sure you're really... how you are?

Francis: Tanya, I'm so confused. I mean, I thought that I was, but when I'm around you I have these... strange, new feelings. I feel like... maybe I could... change. That you could be the woman who changes me.

Tanya: Oh, Francis... I was hoping you'd say that. I want to be that woman for you. Mm, and don't you worry, honey. If there's one thing we know how to do down here it's how to fix this.

Speaker: And with God's help, we can say "'no!'" to weakness. We can say "'no!'" to all things unnatural! It is procreation, not recreation! And when Satan tempts us, what do we do? Pray out the gay. Get to it!

Mr Pinter: I have to say, Lois, I'm surprised by this change in your attitude.

Lois: Yeah, well, me, too.

Mr Pinter: I know we've had our differences but I hope that we can make all this water under the bridge. So, if you'll just sign here...

Lois: Mm, what's this?

Mr Pinter: Your apology. I think I've captured your voice rather nicely.

Lois: You want it in writing?

Mr Pinter: Yes. Look, Lois, you can tell these clowns whatever you want - that I got on my knees and begged you to come back, I don't care. I just want you and I to know how things really are. That's not a signature.

Lois: No, it's more of a suggestion. "'The horse you rode in on'" is optional.

Mr Pinter: Now, look -

Lois: No, you look. I don't deserve this. The only thing I ever did wrong was all the work I did to cover your butt.

Mr Pinter: We obviously have different definitions of 'wrong.'

Lois: Yeah, I guess we do. For instance, I think it's wrong for you to put your name on sales reports that you didn't write. I think it's wrong you keep a little bag of 'herbs' in your bottom left drawer. And slept with the district manager's wife. And you want to know something? You don't even have to worry about it because I also think it's wrong to blab this kind of thing. You know, you should be so glad that I'm the only one that knows this stuff about you. Anyone else here would sell you down the river in a second. God, I am so much better than you. (to Hal and the boys) Yeah, he just ran off and quit for no reason. Huh, who knows why? See, you do the right thing and everything works out for the best.

Malcolm: (TC): (sniffing shirt) Clean. (holds up lunch bag) I have Ho-Ho's-- real Ho-Ho's. You know, I'm sure I'm neglecting my spiritual side, but... money rules. The best part is, I can finally get everything straightened out with Julie.

Julie: Hi, Malcolm.

Malcolm: (angrily) Look, we're not poor anymore! So I don't want any more of your stupid pity, okay? (TC): That helped, right?