

## Transcript by Amigo22

### 602 BUSEYS RUN AWAY TRANSCRIPT

Hal: Where the hell are my glasses?! (they're on his head).

Malcolm: (TC): He's been looking for those glasses for two and a half hours. He's totally shattered his old record.

Hal: This is ridiculous. They just disappear. Maybe they're in the car. Where the hell are my keys?!

Reese: Give me back the deodorant. I haven't done the upper half of my body yet.

Malcolm: No! This has to last us the whole month, and you're wasting it!

Reese: I am not wasting it.

Malcolm: You used up two inches of it drawing stick people having sex on the bathroom mirror!

Lois: Would you two keep it down? Your father's talking with that man he interviewed with yesterday. Thank God one of us might finally have a job.

Hal: (on phone) No, no, I understand. He sounds like an excellent candidate. I would have hired him over me too. Right, his experience is more...ok, he's much smarter... right, more charismatic.

Lois: (Reese and Malcolm are both talking at once) I said quiet! (stuffs pairs of socks into their mouths. Dewey walks in) And you. (Dewey puts a pair of socks in his mouth) No. (takes socks out of Dewey's mouth) This is the last day in your Special Needs class. You have no idea how many hours I have spent trying to convince Mrs Walsh that you are normal, so don't screw it up. Do you understand?

Dewey: Yes.

Lois: Do you?

Dewey: Yes.

Lois: Do you?

Dewey: Yes, Mom.

Hal: (on phone) Yes, he does have a better head of hair...No, I have no idea what he would like as a "Welcome to the Firm" gift... ok, goodbye. (hangs up phone)

Lois: Don't worry about it.

Hal: There's got to be something I can get a job at. There's got to be a big turnover in Test Pilots. Or advertising. I can do advertising.

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Lois: Hal, you have no experience in advertising.

Hal: I am a natural, little jingles are constantly popping into my head. (picks up jam jar and) "A-Wham-Bam! Thank you, Jam. Who's gonna love it? Your family am." (picks up banana and starts singing) "Banana skin, it's so nice and thin. There's no better way to keep your banana in."

Lois: Hal...

Hal: (picks up newspaper and starts singing) "Newspaper, keeping track of your neighbourhood raper".

Lois: Hal!

Hal: (sitting back down) Oh, I'm sorry, Lois. I just feel so useless, sitting around the house all day doing nothing.

Lois: Well, then, how about taking Jamie to the park? You never get to do that.

Hal: Yeah, you're right. I should enjoy him before he's old enough to be ashamed of me.

Cut to the Busey class.

Mrs Walsh: And I think we should all be very happy for Dewey to be rejoining the Mainstream class. It's really quite an accomplishment, and I think a positive example for the rest of you that you don't have to be in here for the rest of your lives. There's always a chance to esca- get a, transfer over. Ok, well, now it's time to say our goodbyes. If everyone would - (everyone leaps out of their seats, knocking over desks as they go)

Zoe: Please don't go.

Hanson: We need you, Dewey.

Zoe: It's going to make the eyes stop following us.

Hanson: Things have gotten so much better since you got here. Chad hasn't bitten anything alive in weeks. I get off my motorcycle for lunch.

Chad: You take care of us. You've got the microscope. And the beautiful view.

Hanson: Please, stay with us.

Dewey: It's not up to me. It's my Mom. (Bell rings)

Chad: Hug jail! Make him stay with a hug jail! (All the kids huddle together in a circle around Dewey, repeating his name over and over. Dewey ducks underneath and gets away, unnoticed)

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Cut to the park, where Hal is walking along pushing Jamie in his stroller, when he comes across a group of Bodybuilders.

Hal: Wow, you guys are huge! And, shiny.

Bodybuilder 1: Thanks, mister. But we can always be huger. And shiner.

Hal: You're out here all day?

Bodybuilder 1: As long as those disability checks keep coming.

Bodybuilder 2: Oh, no, no, no.

Hal: What happened?

Bodybuilder 2: My keys fell down the drain again. And my fingers are too titanicly muscular to fit through the little metal stripes and rip 'em out.

Bodybuilder 1: Well, maybe we could punch the concrete around it into dust, and loosen the bars.

Hal: Guys, you don't have to do that. Hang on. (picks up stick) This'll work. Give me your gum.

Bodybuilder 2: Ok, but I've been chewing it all morning and it hasn't helped. (Hal pokes the stick down the drain and picks up the keys.

Bodybuilder 1: He did it! Three cheers for the scrawny guy!

Bodybuilders: (lifting Hal into the air) Yeah! Hooray!

Cut to Dewey in his room, playing his keyboard, looking sad.

Malcolm: Come on, Dewey, this is going to be great. You've seen fireworks before, and you've seen movies. You've never seen them together, at the same time. Let's get moving, I want to pay matinee prices.

Dewey: I don't feel like it. Go without me.

Malcolm: Come on, we're trying to do something nice here, and reach out to you as a brother.

Reese: Yeah, you don't have to worry, we're not setting you up. Are we?

Malcolm: No.

Dewey: I just don't want to go, ok? Leave me alone.

Hal: Bye hon, I'm off to the park.

Lois: Oh, three days in a row.

Hal: Yeah, you know what? It's great. It's giving me a new outlook on things.

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Lois: I'm sure Jamie's loving it.

Hal: Oh, yeah. Jamie. (lifts up stroller hood and sees that "Jamie" is two bottles of Baby Oil) We've only got two bottles of Baby Oil left, I'll pick up a case this afternoon.

Malcolm: (he and Reese come in) I think two of my fingers fused together.

Lois: Great. That leaves eight for me to punish to the bone. Now, get moving. You better not be late for school. You hear me? (Throws lunch bags at them) And I want you home at three o'clock. Your homework better be finished or I'll set off some fireworks in a place a lot darker than a movie theatre. (hands Dewey his lunch bag) Have a nice day, honey.

Dewey: Aren't you going to warn me not to lose my milk money? Or that I better be polite to the crossing guard?

Lois: No.

Cut to the park, where Hal is with the Bodybuilders.

Hal: There you go. Balanced to the penny. The problem is, you weren't adding the check amount, you were adding your address over and over.

Bodybuilder 1: I thought that number had a lot of words in it. Thanks, Hal.

Hal: You see, it's not that difficult, guys. And remember for next time, the stamp goes on the letter, not the mailbox.

Bodybuilder 2: Is that the thing firemen use?

Hal: No, that's a hydrant. Remember the "no parking" stump?

Bodybuilders: Ohhhhh, yeah.

Hal: (glances at his watch) Oh, I gotta go. I promised Lois I'd stop by the market on the way home. (starts walking off pushing Jamie, who is asleep, in his stroller). Oh, you had a good day, didn't you honey? Hey, did you like when Carlo threw you way, way, up in the air? And Daddy was screaming, wasn't he? (turns around and sees Bodybuilders standing behind him) Guys, don't worry. I'll be back tomorrow. (starts walking off again and they keep following) Shoo. (gets into car and it won't start) Useless piece of junk!

Cut to the Bodybuilders running along the road dragging Hal's car along)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where the boys are in their bedroom. Malcolm and Reese are still on punishment while Dewey is lying on his bed, reading a comic book.

Lois: Goodnight, honey. I made you a turkey and cream cheese sandwich for school tomorrow. (Leaves room, closing door

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behind her.

Malcolm: (he and Reese walk over to Dewey's bed) What are you trying to do?

Reese: Mom hasn't made you do any of the crap she's made us do. Why is she being so nice to you?

Dewey: Because, for the last 3 days, I haven't done anything wrong. You see, Mom doesn't yell and scream at us because it's the only way she knows how to talk. She does it because we do stuff that's bad. And if you don't do anything, she doesn't get mad at you. You understand? It's not her. It's us.

Malcolm: Fine, don't tell us. (Malcolm and Reese walk away and Dewey resumes reading)

Cut to Hal and Lois in their room, getting ready for bed.

Lois: Well, that's strange. For some reason, I'm taking 1/3 less Asprin than usual. Why are you pacing?

Hal: Let me ask you something, Lois. What would you do if, hypothetically, there were a series of unforeseeable circumstances, you found yourself commanding an army of benevolent strong men?

Lois: What?

Hal: Picture it. A dozen guys, any one of 'em can rip a horse in half, willing to follow your every command. I'd have to do something really great with that, something noble and unselfish, but not too expensive. And we are not even taking into account that I could easily be led to the dark side. Lois, you have to promise me. If you ever see me holding a cat and laughing maniacally over a globe, you need to let me know.

Cut to the house the next day, where Lois and Dewey are playing cards.

Lois: After this, I'll show you how to play Gin Rummy. That's always been mama's favourite game.

Dewey: Ok.

Lois: So, Dewey, do you like being back in the normal class? (doorbell rings)

Mrs Walsh: Hello.

Lois: Mrs Walsh, what a surprise. You're here to check up on Dewey, I can assure you that he's just as normal and wonderful as-

Mrs Walsh: No, actually, I just came to find out if Dewey's heard from any of the children from the special needs class.

Dewey: No, why?

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Mrs Walsh: Well, uh, seems they've run away.

Lois: All of them? The whole class ran away?

Mrs Walsh: They just disappeared.

Lois: Dewey, do you know anything about this? (Dewey shakes his head)

Mrs Walsh: Ok, well, thank you, and if you hear anything, please let me know. I'll see ya.

Lois: Oh, those kids. I'm so glad you're out of that class. You know what? I think I'm going to bake you some cookies.

Dewey looks unhappy, then goes outside, leans against a tree, and throws and catches a tennis ball, when suddenly Chad falls through the tree and dangles from the branch, where he grabs Dewey and hoists him up) Dewey climbs up into the branches, where his special needs classmates are hiding out.

Dewey: What are you doing?

Chad: We couldn't take it any more. It's horrible without you.

Hanson: We're never going back.

Zoe: This is our new home.

Hanson: They'll never find us here. It's perfect. We took blankets, and we stole some food from the dumpster outside some restaurant. We can't think any more. What we're doing, Dewey.

Dewey: You thought I'd steal food from the trash and tell 20 kids to run away and live in the trees forever? Oh, maybe. But you can't stay up here. People are looking for you. Mrs Walsh came to my house.

Hanson: We're never going home.

Zoe: You come live with us. The squirrels will have to vote you in, but I'll put in a good word.

Dewey: No! This is crazy. I'm not living up here, and neither are you. I'm sorry, but I'm telling.

Hanson: You're not telling anyone. Do you realise how much trouble you'd get in?

Dewey: What are you talking about, I didn't -

Hanson: Zoe.

Zoe (pretending to cry): We didn't want to do it. It was Dewey's idea. The whole thing. He tricked us into it. Why did you make us do this, Dewey?

Lois (calling): Dewey, come get your cookies, while the chocolate

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chips are still warm and melty!

Cut to Malcolm and Reese in their closet.

Malcolm: We've lost Dewey. It's the only possible explanation. He's turned on us, and he's feeding Mom information.

Reese: This is bad. Real bad.

Malcolm: I know. What does he have on you?

Reese: Oh, man. I have all kinds of things going on he might know about. I have my lost dog scam, the rat baby farm. The electrified mailbox I'm noodling with.

Malcolm: We don't have any choice. We have to neutralize him.

Reese: Yeah, but how?

Malcolm: Ok, we let him overhear something we're planning. Something way across town. We make it so juicy and harmless-sounding, he won't be able to resist telling Mom. So, she waits in the cold for three or four hours, and when nothing happens, he's lost all his credibility.

Reese: Nice.

Cut to the boys' bedroom. Dewey arrives home from school, puts down his backpack and goes into the bathroom. He stuffs some rolls of toilet paper down his shirt, then leaves through the hallway door. Lois then comes into the bathroom.

Malcolm: (not realizing he's talking to Lois) Ready to go to the sewerage treatment plant and do some unwanted vandalism?

Reese: Yes, I've got the shovels and the flares for the senseless destruction we've got planned. I sure hope Mom doesn't ever find out.

Malcolm: Oh, don't worry about Mom. She's too stupid. And besides, she's probably busy stuffing her fat face.

Reese: I sure hope Mom doesn't ever find out you said that. By the way, do you think she's gotten stupider or fatter?

Malcolm: Good question. I'd say...

Cut to the living room, where Malcolm and Reese are against the wall, standing upside-down with their heads in trash cans.

Hal: All right honey, I'm going to the park. Oh, I hate Ab Days. (picks up Jamie's baby bag). They keep pulling me in to judge. All I know, is somebody's tummy is not going to be as flat as somebody else's, and somebody's going to end up crying.

Lois: (watching news) Look at this, Hal, they still haven't found those kids.

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Hal: You're kidding.

Lois: This is terrible. Where could they be? All those kids are such messes, they don't know how to take care of themselves. Someone has to help them.

Hal: Someone will help them, Lois. As a matter of fact, I think someone's gonna help the crap out of those kids.

Cut to clip sequence:

1. Hal and the Bodybuilders walking along the road
2. Dewey on his bike, throwing a stack of pizzas up to the tree)
3. Hal and the Bodybuilders sticking up "Have You Seen Us?" signs
4. Dewey rigging up the hose so the Buseys can wash themselves
5. Hal and the Bodybuilders wrenching up car boots, in search of the Buseys
6. Dewey flinging food up into the trees with Reese's skateboard

Cut to the yard, where Dewey climbs back into the tree.

Hanson: Ok Dewey, our next pizza delivery comes with a free collectible cap.

Dewey: This has to stop! I haven't slept in four days! You guys have to come down!

Chad: Why, it's going great.

Dewey: Going great? You guys are on milk cartons! This is serious now. Everyone's looking for you. The cops, your parents. Shiny giants in Speedos.

Hanson: Doesn't matter. We have a better life up here.

Zoe: The fairies take care of us.

Chad: (looking in a handheld mirror) Mom's right, I do have crazy eyes.

Dewey: It's going to be winter soon. The leaves are going to fall off the trees. People will be able to see you!

Hanson: We've thought of that. We're gonna head south. There's a string of trees along Highway 8. We may lose a few kids to predators and stuff, but they'll know they died free.

Cut to Hal and his group of Bodybuilders searching for the Buseys.

Hal: Ok guys, drink a little, but keep moving. I guess we should go back out again.

Dewey: Dad, when you've finished watering you men, can I ask you something?

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Hal: Well, go ahead, son. What is it?

Dewey: I've got this decision to make. There's a lot of people depending on me, and I'm not sure what to do.

Hal: That's the part of leadership no-one talks about, son. You think it's gonna be all parades, and strong men carrying you around in one of those fancy Sultan do-dads. But what they don't tell you about, is the crushing responsibility. Men who expect nothing in return, but an able general, who could lead them to victory. And instead, you break their hearts. (turns to Bodybuilders) Men, I've been wasting your time. You deserve better than me. I've let you down.

Bodybuilder 1: You haven't let us down. We've let you down. You're the smartest man in the world, and we let you down. It's all our fault. (punches tree) We're weak. Weak. (punches tree again) Weak little girls. (punches tree again and Chad falls out.

Bodybuilder 1: Does this mean I'm a daddy?

Cut to the yard, where the Buseys all sitting on the ground outside the Wilkersons' house, surrounded by Hal and the Bodybuilders, the Police, TV reporters, Lois and Dewey, and Mrs Walsh.

Hal: Hero? I wouldn't say hero. But you can, if you want.

Mrs Walsh: I just don't understand, I mean, what on earth could have possibly possessed you children to do this?

Hanson: What do you expect? We're creepy.

Busey kids: Yeah, we are.

Mrs Walsh: Well, I think the first thing we have to do is eliminate the things that get you over-excited. I think maybe your recess time might be what put you over the edge.

Dewey: Wait, they didn't mean to get everyone so upset. They just wanted-

Mrs Walsh: Thank you, Dewey, it's really not your concern any more. (starts directing children away)

Dewey: It was nice while it lasted. (launches into fake outburst) WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NOT MY CONCERN? HOW COME NOBODY EVEN CARES ABOUT ANY OF MY CONCERNS?

Lois: Dewey, what are you doing?

Dewey (ripping off shirt): I'VE GOT SO MUCH FEELINGS RUNNING THROUGH MY HEAD, AND I CAN'T GET ANY OF THEM STRAIGHT, AND THEY'RE POUNDING, AND THEY'RE POUNDING! (falls backwards and screams like a whining dog)

Lois: Dewey, knock it off! Stop it this instant!

Dewey: (Lying on the ground, kicking) I HATE IT! AND THE PEOPLE!

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AND THE PEOPLE, AND THE HANDS! (Bites Lois's leg, shocking everyone)

Lois: He's normally not like this!

Mrs Walsh: I think it might be best for everyone if Dewey goes back into the special needs class. Just for a while. (All the kids smile)

Hal: See you later, honey. I'm going to the park.

Lois: (holding phone) Hal, it's that job you interviewed for last week. They saw you on TV, I think they want to hire you.

Hal: (taking phone) Hello? Thank you. Well, sure I can. Thank you.

Hal and Lois: (excited) Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes!

Lois: Oh, thank God, I can't believe it.

Hal: I know, me too.

Lois: I was starting to worry that neither of us was going to find a job. I thought you were going to spend the rest of your life in the park.

Hal: Ok men, quiet down, I have some important news I have to tell you. I...got a job. That means I'll be going to work during the day. Which means I won't be coming to the park any more.

Bodybuilders: Oh, no. Not coming to the park?

Bodybuilder 1: We need you, Hal.

Bodybuilder 2: What are we going to do without you?

Hal: This past week has been one of the best of my life. And you'll be fine, I promise. Well, Eddie, look at you. Using that ATM like old pro! I swear, you've been doing it all your life. And you, Marcus. Who's taping Guiding Light and watching it with dinner? I know who! And the rest of you guys. You're amazing. Every one of you. Ahh, you greasy goots.

Bodybuilder 1: We'll never forget you, Hal. You did so much for us, I wish we could pay you back somehow.

Bodybuilders: Yeah.

Cut to Hal in the car.

Hal: Oh, hi. Today's my first day, I'm not sure where to go. (guy glances behind Hal) Oh, it's ok. They're with me. (drives off, with the Bodybuilders running ahead, pulling the car along)