

608 MALCOLM'S CAR TRANSCRIPT

Hal: Look tickle monster! He's going to get you. Honey, you can stop looking for the car keys.

Reese: You are going to be so proud of me.

Malcolm: Why?

Reese: I spent the last five nights in a chat room reeling in this creep named Heinrich. I got his address and showed up at his house with a printed transcript of our conversations. He calls me "Sugarbuns" 15 times on nine separate occasions.

Malcolm: Reese...

Reese: So the guy starts crying, "What about my wife? What about my kids? I'll do anything." Entrapment. It's not just for police anymore. Why do I care about this? The guy works at the racetrack. He's going to make bets for us on the horses we pick. Well, the horses you pick. This is tomorrow's racing form. You'll pick the winners and I'll place the bets, we split the winnings 50-50, like brothers.

Malcolm: That's kind of nice.

Reese: Yeah. I got to keep this guy on his toes. Time to leave a suspicious message on his answering machine.

Malcolm: Wow, blackmailing a pervert to facilitate underage gambling. How could this not work out? (TC): It did work out. It's been four days and Reese and I have already won almost \$300. I can't believe it. Reese's plans usually end up with a missing toe or something.

Stevie: Since when... do you... buy lunch?

Malcolm: Oh, well, (making up story) I've been making some extra money at work. There's an incentive program at work, we're given bonuses for finding inefficiency, it's really improved morale at the store. You know, I actually enjoy going to work now that everybody is - (gets distracted by car and Stevie's wheelchair falls off the curb) Whoa! Jeez, are you okay?

Stevie: Trying to finish...what God started?

Malcolm: I'm sorry, I didn't see the curb. I was distracted by that - (goes off to look at the car, letting go of Stevie's wheelchair which falls over)

Lois: Do you believe this?

Hal: What happened?

Lois: I was half way through my haircut when Troy casually mentioned that his price had gone up from \$21 to \$28. And he thought I would just sit there and take it. Well, I showed him, Hal. I got up and I walked right out of there. This is extortion, pure and simple.

Hal: What are you going to do about...?

Lois: (gets scissors out of drawer) Here, even it up.

Hal: What?

Lois: I can't walk around like this. Cut it.

Hal: No, I couldn't.

Lois: Hal, it doesn't have to look good. Just hack this side off. Even it up.

Cut to Lois admiring her new hairstyle in a handheld mirror.

Lois: Oh, my God. This is beautiful, Hal. You've never done this before?

Hal: No, I guess I just have a knack for it. Lois, I didn't think it was possible, but you are even more stunning than ever.

Lois: Oh, Hal. (everyone goes outside to see Malcolm pull up in his car) What in the...?

Malcolm: This is my new car. I bought it. Now, I know what you're thinking, but please just give me 45 seconds to explain why this is the perfect car for me and how it was such and insanely great deal that I had no choice but to buy it.

Dewey: Hey, there's some black gooey stuff leaking out of it.

Malcolm: I know it looks fast and dangerous, but that's a good thing. Cops will have their eye on my car, so I'll be extra motivated to drive safe and slow. It didn't cost much, so I'll have enough to pay for the first year's insurance. Think of all the money you'll save from less wear and tear on your car, since I won't have to drive it anymore.

Dewey: I can put my finger through the metal.

Malcolm: Dewey, get out of there! I'll be able to work extra shifts since I won't have to ride in with you, which means I'll be bringing more money into the house. Oh, and I love it. I know you don't care, but it just needed to be said.

Lois: Malcolm, the fact that you even want this so bad should have been your first clue that this is...

Hal: Lois.

Lois: Hal, he's not...

Hal: Look, every boy has to go through this. It's the only way they find out what's important in a car. Look, let's go. I need to feather your neckline a little bit.

Reese: Where were you? We were supposed to meet Heinrich right after lunch to get our bets in. Today was totally wasted. Although he did buy me a swimsuit.

Malcolm: I got a car, Reese. I finally have a car. It's the coolest

thing I've ever seen.

Reese: It's a piece of crap.

Malcolm: (to his car) Don't listen to him. You're magnificent.

Woman #1: Lois, your hair looks beautiful.

Margie: She's right, Lois. It's fantastic.

Lois: Thank you. I've been getting compliments all day.

Margie: It looks so much better.

Woman #1: Yeah, I thought you were trapped in the '70s with that old cut.

Margie: And your head doesn't look so boxy anymore.

Paula: Lois? What did you do to your hair? I love it. Fred, isn't it fantastic?

Fred: Mm-hmm.

Paula: Who's your stylist?

Lois: My husband did it.

Paula: Really? Where's his shop?

Lois: He doesn't have one. I just got the scissors out of the drawer and, I don't know, he just got inspired.

Paula: Amazing.

Fred: Okay, ladies, we're agreed. Lois looks beautiful. Now, let's get back to work. I got a job to do, too, honey.

Craig: Good evening, Fred. There goes the soul of this store.

Margie: And it keeps your nose from taking over your face.

Lois: Yeah, thanks.

Paula: So I'll see you tonight?

Craig: I wouldn't miss it. (Paula leaves) Lois, you've got to help me.

Lois: What?

Craig: I need you to cover the rest of my shift for me.

Lois: Again? Craig, what's going on?

Craig: Paula wants to surprise Fred for their anniversary. He's a big golfer, so she wants to learn how, so I've been giving her lessons.

Lois: You don't know how to golf.

Craig: True, but somehow she got the idea that I only missed the cut at the Masters by three strokes.

Lois: You lied to her?

Craig: Lois, my job here is hanging by a thread. I thought if I could help the boss's wife surprise him with a game of golf, they'd end up kissing on the 18th green, and maybe I'd be in there somewhere getting the credit for it.

Lois: Or you could just work hard at your job and then you wouldn't have to suck up.

Craig: Lois, I don't have time for your fantasies. I'm in trouble here. The first few lessons we worked on driving the cart, but now she wants to know how to swing a club. I need to take a lesson so I can bluff my way through her lessons.

Lois: Craig...

Craig: Please, Lois. I can't lose this job. This is the only true thing on my resume.

Lois: All right, but I'm only...

Fred: Feldspar! I want all those 50-pound bags of dog food out on the floor before I get back from the warehouse.

Craig: I'm on it. Thanks, Lois.

Lois: Sorry I'm late, Hal. The grocery store was -

Margie: Hi, Lois.

Lois: Hal, what are you doing?

Hal: Just giving Margie a new look.

Margie: I had to have him do me. Your husband's a genius.

Dewey: And I get to keep the hair.

Margie: Now where was I? Oh, my sister. Honestly, a beach condo on her salary. Who is she trying to impress? She's just so insecure, she always has been. Every year she sends a Christmas card with a picture of her family sitting on a sailboat. It's not even theirs.

Hal: Uh, Lois. Do you have to do the grocery thing in here?

Margie: So, they rent that boat from their horrible neighbours who, P.S., don't even know how to sail.

Malcolm: What is your problem, you stupid car? You're driving me nuts.

Stevie: Where... were you?

Malcolm: Oh, Stevie, good. Here, take this. If it turns over, yank it out.

Stevie: I waited... at the library.

Malcolm: You should have seen her today. I was at a light and these jerks pulled up next to me wanting to race. I hit the gas and she just flew. I totally blew the doors off for four seconds before she dropped an oil pan. That's it!

Reese: Malcolm, we did it. We won over \$250 from...from the good grades program at school.

Malcolm: Awesome. That'll pay for this. Isn't it beautiful? (to the car) This is for you.

Stevie: I e-mailed... my chess move... days ago.

Malcolm: Stevie, I don't have to do everything with you. Tell you what. I'll take you for a drive. That'll... What is your problem, you stupid car?! You're driving me nuts!

Paula: So I'm thinking, I feel young, so why not look young? So I got the Botox done to crow's feet and my forehead, then I had my chin done and my tummy tucked. And I may not stop there.

Hal: Work it, girlfriend. Oh, hi, Lois.

Lois: Can I talk to you for a minute?

Dewey: Does your grandmother know you borrowed her hands?

Woman #1: I went to six different stores and could not find that avocado oil you recommended.

Lois: Hal, this isn't working for me.

Hal: Well, that's because you don't scrunch and sprits like I told you to.

Lois: No, this. Look. Craig is flaking out on me. I'm pulling double shifts for him and every time I come home, it's full of people. I never have any time alone. There is hair everywhere. And I do not like the way you are standing lately.

Hal: Lois, these women are walking out of here with a glow. It's wonderful.

Lois: Well, can't you at least some of the money you're making to hire a cleaning lady?

Hal: I'm not accepting money for this!

Lois: What?!

Hal: I am transforming these women, Lois. I won't soil that with money. And it's not just the hair. They confide in me, they need someone to listen to their problems. You wouldn't believe what some of these women are going through. Nancy, she's getting audited. Margie's husband has a gambling problem, and Paula in there, she is having an affair.

Lois: What?!

Hal: Yes, for the last five months. It's some guy she's pretending to take golf lessons with.

Malcolm: Why do you keep doing this to me? I fix your throttle leakage and your alternator dies. I buy you a new alternator and your water pump explodes. Every time I think I'm getting close, you find a new way to hurt me.

Reese: Hey, thanks for placing that bet today. I tried to get out of detention, but none of the fire alarms were working. Where's the money?

Malcolm: I never made the bet.

Reese: What?

Malcolm: I didn't make the bet. I spent the money on something else. A car bra!

Reese: What? You had \$200. That horse came in at five to two. I don't know what that is, but I'm supposed to get half of it.

Malcolm: Sorry, man. But look how hot she looks.

Reese: Malcolm, you got to calm down. This car is messing you up.

Malcolm: This car is not messing me up. It's made me happier than I've ever been in my life.

Craig: Oh, Lois, thank God. Fred asked me to scrub out the Dumpsters tonight, but Paula wants to work on her short iron, so I had to schedule an emergency lesson with the golf pro. The guy charges, like, 90 bucks an hour. It's really eating away at my savings, but I guess I have no one to blame but myself, and, oh, my God, you know about the affair. Damn it! Damn it! You do know, right?

Lois: Yes, I know.

Craig: Damn it!

Lois: Craig, how could you lie to me after all I've done for you? I let you sleep on our floor when you thought your cat's ghost was trying to kill you. I settled that feud between you and the Girl Scout troop.

Craig: They started it.

Lois: Shut up! I do all this and you repay me by making me drag around 50-pound sacks of dog food so you can sleep with the boss's wife? That's inexcusable!

Craig: I didn't plan this. It just happened. One night after inventory, we stopped in the parking lot to talk. I bent down to pick up her keys, the next thing I know, she's got me handcuffed in a shower in a motel out by the airport. She's crazy, Lois. But she makes me crazy, too.

Lois: Craig...

Craig: I'm not kidding. There is a dark, scary place inside of me that I didn't even know was there, but Paula knew it was there, and every night she takes me to that scary place and shows me some new, terrible, delicious corner of it. You're not going to rat on me, are you?

Lois: No, but you have to end this today.

Craig: I can't, Lois. I'm addicted. I don't even know who I am anymore! I know I've let you down, but I want to thank you for helping me anyway.

Lois: Craig, I never said I...

Craig: If that homeless guy is still in the Dumpster, just let him drink from the hose. He'll leave you alone.

Malcolm: Stupid car. That's four coats. Now will you run?!

Reese: (calling) Malcolm, your leopard-skin seat covers are here.

Malcolm: Sweet. I can't wait to see you in them. (goes inside to see Reese and Stevie with a guy from the AAA) What's going on?

Reese: Malcolm, this is Mike. He's from AAA.

Mike: You're in a safe place with people who care about you. Sit down, son.

Malcolm: What's all this about?

Mike: Stevie and Reese have something to say and I think you should listen.

Stevie: You've abandoned... your friends. You didn't even notice my new... deck shoes.

Malcolm: Stevie, I've just been busy, okay?

Reese: Your car is ruining everything. It's even affecting our illegal gambling. I tried to pick a winner myself, but since I'm an idiot, I picked one that came in at over 600 to one. I won \$11,500 that I can't even touch because I'd have to fill out a tax form! \$11,500 that's just sitting there tormenting me because of that stupid car!

Malcolm: Stop calling it stupid! That car isn't stupid. That car is great. It's the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Reese: Really? Where'd you get that shiner?

Malcolm: That was my fault. I wasn't being careful enough.

Mike: Malcolm, we're here to help, but the first step is for you to admit that you have a problem. I did. That's why I'm in AAA. There's thousands of us, Malcolm, and we all know what you're going through.

Malcolm: I guess I didn't realize how bad things had gotten. I think I need to take a good long look at every - (gets up, knocking over chair as he runs outside, jumps into his car and starts the engine.) Oh, yeah. Oh, that's it. (Speeds off)

Stevie: I didn't get... to read... my poem.

Hal: And then when Martha left the room, Tina checked the price tag on the leather coat... factory outlet.

Dewey: (washing Stevie's hair) Temperature good for you?

Stevie: Perfect. As was the scalp massage.

Reese: (to Craig) So all you have to do is cash in the ticket for me, give me the \$11,000, and you can keep \$500.

Craig: Deal.

Reese: Thanks, man.

Craig: Well, I think it's important you have an adult you can trust.

Malcolm: (TC): This car is a tease. Yesterday, she gave me the ride of my life. Her bra flew off before I even hit the freeway. I was so happy! And today, she won't even start. It's like yesterday didn't even happen. I can't take this anymore! Please start! Please, I'm begging you! Just give me a little something, please?! Oh, thank you so much! I knew you'd come back. We're meant to be together. Don't you see? (goes to open door and handle comes off, so he checks the passenger door and the handle is gone too. Then he tries to turn off the engine but the keyhole comes out.) Help! Somebody help me! I'm stuck! Help!

Dewey: There's a bit of a wait. We got slammed with a wedding party and we're way behind.

Craig: Huh, The Human Volcano. One of my favorites.

Frank: Oh, it's so much better now that he can read minds.

Craig: Exactly. He used to just have heat grip. How lame was that? You allergic to nuts?

Frank: No.

Craig: All right. (gives Frank a piece of his health bar) What are you studying in school?

Frank: Regular stuff, I guess. I don't really like school. Everybody makes fun of me.

Craig: Yeah, I remember those days. Kids can be so cruel. The smart kids, the loners, they were the meanest.

Frank: The worst is gym class. My own team throws the ball at me in dodgeball.

Craig: Hey, you know how you can get out of gym? Pretend to have asthma. All you need is a fake inhaler. Here, take mine. It also gets me good seats on the bus. Don't worry. Things are going to be better for you from here on out.

Frank: My dad tells me the same thing.

Craig: Well, your dad's a smart man.

Lois: Frank, your new haircut looks great. Let me just get my purse and I'll drive you back home to your parents. Craig, you know Frank's parents, Fred and Paula. Remember, Fred is our boss at Lucky Aide? And I believe you're giving golf lessons to his mom. Let's go, Frank. And I promise I'll drive very safely so we don't have an accident. I wouldn't want to ruin your life with my carelessness.

Malcolm: TC): I'm not going to make it. Stevie was right about this car. And so was Reese. He was right about the car, and the horse racing. That makes it easier. I don't want to live in a world where Reese is right.

Hal: You really have to snap those sheets if you want to get the hair off. Come on. Throw your fanny into it.

Reese: Dad, seriously, you got to stop talking like that.

Hal: Oh, I'm sorry. It's just so draining listening to all these people with their tawdry little secrets. Like that Paula woman, Fred's wife? Not only is she cheating on her husband, now she's two-timing on her golf instructor with her swing-dance teacher. She is learning new moves every night if you know what I'm talking about. She is so cold.

Stevie: Hey!

Hal: Stevie, please, we're talking. And Sheila's husband Randy just got a new assistant. She's 19 years old and she doesn't even know how to type. The girl wears a halter top to the office. Halter tops? Hello? Dukes of Hazzard on line three. They want their costumes back.

Hal: Malcolm? Malcolm, are you all right?

Malcolm: What happened?

Hal: It's okay. It's okay, son. You'll be fine. Just breathe deep.

Malcolm: Stevie! you saved my life. I treated you like dirt. You saved my life. Your wheel's kinda on my crotch.

Stevie: Is it?

Fred: I can get off early, can't you just cancel your lesson?

Paula: I wish I could, but we're working on the Texas Two-Step tonight. We never see each other anymore. Lois, I see you more than I see my wife these days.

Lois: Oh, Fred, things have a way of changing for the better. You'll see.

Craig: Attention, Lucky Aide shoppers: My name is Craig Feldspar and I have a message for Paula Lynch. Paula, I can't go on like this. I'm going to do the right thing, and make you my wife. I just bought an \$11,500 engagement ring which I hope you'll accept.

Guy #1: You're cheating on me with Craig Feldspar?! I think we're both victims here, Fred.

Lois: I'm going to go... something that way.

Craig: Sure, it won't be easy for us, but the path of true love never did run smooth. We'll move in with my grandmother and care for her together.

Hal: Well, they're about to tow her away. You want to come say good-bye?

Malcolm: No.

Hal: I know it's tough, son. I thought I'd never get over my first car. '64 Plymouth Fury who couldn't keep her top on. Then some guy stole her from me. I saw her a few months later with a new driver and a different paint job, but, she meant nothing to me. I had moved on. And so will you. (snips at the back of Malcolm's hair)

Malcolm: Are you cutting my hair?

Hal: No.