

**611 DEWEY'S OPERA TRANSCRIPT**

Lois: Hal, did you baby-proof the kitchen like I asked you to?

Hal: I'm doing it right now.

Malcolm: This is so boring.

Reese: It's your fault for inviting Stevie over. He can't do anything, so we can't do anything, and it's always boring and lame.

Malcolm: Reese, he's not deaf.

Stevie: I have...my fun.

Reese: This is exactly what I'm talking about. This would be fun if I were looking at it. When you read it, it's not fun; it's sad. Now I'm bored and sad. Thanks a lot, Stevie!

Malcolm: Reese!

Reese: No, it's horrible. I think it sucks that he always gets his face rubbed in the fact that he will never get to enjoy anything. Maybe he'd be happier if they stuck you in some kind of special tank.

Malcolm: Whoa, check this out!

Reese: What?

Malcolm: Street-luging! Look at those pictures!

Reese: "Police call it the most reckless, dangerous teen craze in years." It says they look back with fondness on the crack epidemic.

Malcolm: We could totally build a board like that!

Reese: (realises Stevie is there) Except we wouldn't. Because our parents wouldn't allow it. So, since we're not doing it, no one has to say anything.

Malcolm: Yes, this sport seems immature, and frankly, I just think it's uncool. Hey, Stevie, look, Pentominos. Why were we bored?

Hal: So, you just bought a new bed, just like that.

Lois: Hal, we had that smelly, saggy old one for 20 years. It's time for a new one.

Hal: This one is certainly bigger.

Lois: Yeah. It's king-sized. They're a little bigger.

Hal: So you'll be further away.

Lois: I guess. Maybe a couple inches.

Hal: So, is that the reason? You want there to be more distance between us?

Lois: Hal, I didn't really think about the size. It was on sale at Mattress King.

Hal: I guess you couldn't pass up a deal like that, huh? It's just interesting to learn how it starts.

Lois: How what starts?

Hal: Well, first you buy the king-size bed, the largest bed made. But then of course, at some point, even the giant bed doesn't put enough distance between you and the hideous monster. So you start sleeping in another room. Then soon, we're barely exchanging pleasantries, and then one day you say, "Hal, let's just say what we're both thinking." And then, I end up eating alone on a Formica table under a swinging light bulb while you, are on a beach in Ibiza being rubbed with cocoa butter by your new lover who you can never get too close to!

Lois: Hal, it's a bed! The old one was horrible. This one is nice. Look, I know this is a big change for you. So I'm just going to have to think of some way to make you very, very happy in this bed.

Hal: Good luck!

Dewey: I'm here to snitch. Reese and Malcolm are in the garage. They won't let me in, but they're building something. If you want help in the penalty phase, let me know.

Hal: Dewey, I am not going to go in there and have a big fight with the boys because you've got nothing to do. We have a rule in this family about what we do when we're bored.

Malcolm: I don't care if they are your skateboard wheels. We're not putting a "No Fat Chicks" sticker on it.

Reese: All right, but it's still our policy. What're you crying about?

Dewey: I was just sitting there and this, this opera came on. People screaming and hating. It was our family, but with music! And they all mixed together in a counterpoint that underscored the futility of their lives! And the strettto showed the minor key had been hiding in the subdominant from the very first bar.

Reese: All I understood was, "Hit me, Reese. Hit me and never stop hitting me."

Dewey: Yeah, well, that was the gist of it.

Teacher: The animals in the farm include, but are not limited to, the cow, the horse, the pig, the chicken,

the sheep.

Hanson: Dewey, the algebra homework you gave us, did you want us to show our work?

Dewey: Huh? I dunno. Just a sec.

Teacher: ... the alpaca,

Hanson: You okay? You want to wrap your hands in tinfoil?

Dewey: I have nothing! I want to write an opera. I know I can do it. I have all the music. I can hear it in my head. I just don't have a story to hang it on. It has to be something so dramatic it's like a knife in the heart.

Teacher:... the peccary, the hog bear,

Dewey: That's the trouble with being a kid. I want a dog. I don't have a dog. But ultimately, so what?

Teacher: The sounds produced by said animals are, respectively: moo, neigh, oink, cluck, gobble, silent.

Reese: I don't see anyone. Are you sure this is the right place?

Malcolm: I don't know. It was a pretty reputable extreme sport chat room.

Malcolm: Hey! Is it cool if we ride with you?

Reese: All right! This is gonna be fun! Nope. That's not gonna happen. Too steep, too dangerous. I might die. Call me a girl. I don't care.

Malcolm: You know what? I'm gonna try it.

Reese: Are you serious, dude? It's too steep. Your face will be like an inch from the asphalt.

Malcolm: No, I'm pretty sure I can do this.

Reese: Malcolm, seriously. Think about this. I don't want you killed or brain-damaged. You're my brother and... (kicks Malcolm's luge)

Malcolm: Hey, this isn't bad. I'm actually having fun. Wow. I think I'm gonna turn out to be a really good luger. The whole unpopular thing will be just a funny story about my days pre-luge. I bet I'll get my own line of clothing. Maybe a girlfriend. Maybe two. They'd fight over me, but I'd make them work it out. (gets stuck in drain hole) Someone owes me an extreme apology! (to other guy) Hey! Hey, you! Jerk! You totally made me crash! Just because you can blow a lot of money on some high-end luge doesn't mean you're not a jerk! You're just a rich jerk. Jerk!

Hal: Aha!

Lois: Hal!

Hal: Oh, what a blind fool I've been! To think, when you said you didn't buy this bed to get away from me, I believed you!

Lois: Oh, Hal, calm down! It's just that when you sleep you're so hot, you radiate heat. You're like a giant radiator! And when I sleep, I need to flop my arms around and I can't do that if you're on top of me!

Hal: How long have you found me hideous?

Lois: For God's sakes, this is why I have to lie to you all the time!

Hal: Did you ever love me? Who are you?

Lois: Fair warning, Hal. If you wake that baby up, he is yours for the night!

Hal: A sale at Mattress King?! Oh...You must have laughed at me for swallowing that one! They don't know the meaning of the word "sale" over there. Their everyday prices are guaranteed rock-bottom!

Lois: You're just working yourself up to get your own way. You always do that, Hal.

Hal: What should I do when I know that you looked me in the face... (Dewey imagines Hal and Lois singing their fight) and....you lied?

Lois: Don't be hysterical. You always get hysterical.

Hal: It's called having feelings. You should know. You're an expert at faking them! At least mine are real!

Lois: Hal, don't make a thing out of this!

Hal: What should a man do, when he knows that he'll never be happy again?

Lois: Just get a grip, Hal, don't overreact.

Hal: Overreact? I feel horrible, I feel lousy! I'm having a stroke, seriously, Lois. It feels just like one.

Malcolm: I'm not stopping till I take that guy down.

Reese: How much skin is left on your chest?

Malcolm: Enough.

Stevie: You wanted...to see me.

Malcolm: Stevie, brace yourself. I'm going to tell you a really big secret about something so huge that every bone in your body is

going to want to tell, but you have to promise not to. This is an actual street luge. Like from your magazine.

Stevie: Heaven... forfend.

Malcolm: I need you to help me with some calculations of wheel friction and frame stiffness to get this thing perfect. I have to beat this rich jerk who keeps making me wipe out. I'm going to make a bet with him, and race him.

Stevie: You think...you can beat...this glorious...alpha male?

Malcolm: It's going to happen. 'Cause I'm going to hide in the bushes and jump out at him and force him to crash. It may not be the most honest thing in the world, but you know what, who cares? This guy totally deserves it.

Stevie: I'd hate... to be him.

Cut to the Buseys' classroom, where Zoe, playing Lois, and Hanson, playing Hal, are practising the Opera.

Zoe: Hal, get in this bed and go to sleep!

Hanson: Oh, I'll sleep, Lois. I'll sleep where I'm wanted!

Zoe: Are you coming back to bed, or should I just order a crib for you?

Hanson: I'm not coming back. I don't like to be where I'm not wanted. Especially if it's on a big giant bed!

Zoe: You've been on the couch for four days.

Hanson: I can hold on as long as you can.

Zoe: I have nothing to apologize for!

Hanson: Why would you? I bet they were the best four days of your life.

Dewey: No! No! No! You're both holding back too much. Glacienda, you sacrificed your future for a family that's not even grateful. You've got all this anger bubbling up that's ready to explode! And Don Argento, you have nothing in the world but that woman. You hate your job, you don't have friends and now you're losing her!

Chad: Dewey, when it says "Jamie wets his diaper," should I really wet myself?

Dewey: No.

Chad: But on show night?

Dewey: If the second act drags.

Hanson: Dewey, the problem is that these characters are just treading

water. I mean, it's been four days and we've done four scenes with him on the couch.

Dewey: You're right. They're just stuck. What if Don Argento solves his romantic problems with a machete in a tragic, yet comedic, big bloody mess?

Lois: (on phone) Yes, I want to return a mattress I bought last week in accord with your 30-day return policy. Okay, I'll speak with the king.

Dewey: You're returning the bed? That's it? In what world is that an ending?

Lois: Your father and I were arguing. It's just not worth it.

Dewey: That doesn't seem like a very satisfying resolution.

Lois: Well, sometimes marriage is about getting by. You're not always satisfied with everything.

Dewey: Wow. I can't believe Dad was so right. He said if he made a big enough stink, he'd get his way. Well, it's a good lesson for me, though. Thanks, Mom.

Malcolm: Okay. 80 bucks. Street rules. Which means no rules. And don't let yourself think about what might happen, because you don't want to get psyched out. And don't think about getting psyched out because you might get psyched out. People who get psyched out make mistakes.

Stevie: Good... advice.

Malcolm: What?

Guy: Go!

Malcolm: Oh, my God, Stevie, no!

Lois: All right, Hal, I didn't want to have to say this, but you've pushed me to it.

Hal: What?

Lois: There's a reason I bought a bed that was bigger. I did want some distance from you, but it's not because I don't love you and I don't want to be close to you.

Hal: I don't understand.

Lois: There are certain things that have to happen with my body at the end of the day. Certain events that have to...transpire. And if they don't transpire, I end up with stomach cramps, and I don't want it to happen two inches away from your nose.

Hal: That's your secret?

Lois: I know it's stupid and embarrassing and I want to be sexy for you, but after 20 years, I just have to have a break from clamping down and gritting my teeth all night.

Hal: Oh, honey, I don't care about that. And it's not a secret. The second you fall asleep you let loose like a sailor.

Lois: What?

Hal: Oh, yeah, it's like when they put the balloons away after the Thanksgiving parade.

Lois: Oh, my God. I can't hear anything. You're tunnelling out.

Hal: Honey, honey, relax. Honey, we're married. It doesn't matter how embarrassing something is. Because no one knows it... but me.

(Dewey imagines Hal singing.)

Hal: Lois...don't be embarrassed. I know...everything about you. I know when you, think you're alone, you have to check, if your ears have grown. Every day, before you go to work, you know how I panic, when I see a monkey. I've seen you take pizza, from the garbage and eat it! I know all of you, you know all of me. But it's only us, my love! No one else knows. No one else. No one else. No one...else.

Lois: I'll return the bed.

Hal: Honey, you've fallen asleep for a week in that bed. They're not gonna take it back.

Lois: (picking up Jamie) There you are. I was looking all over for you. Boy, I wish I was you. The worst thing in your life is taking a nap.

Stevie: You still... owe me... 80 bucks.

Malcolm: Take it out of my pocket.

Dewey: Ladies and gentlemen. We now present a story of shame, humiliation and the deep personal secrets, that lurk within..."The Marriage Bed."

Lois: Wow, everyone we know is here. I hope Dewey doesn't embarrass himself.