

620 STILTS TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Two kids down, three to go.

Hal: So, there I was innocently paying the bills, when I was suddenly slapped in the face by a charge for \$45. It took me almost an hour to sniff out your little rathole behind the refrigerator. Would you care to explain these?

Lois: Hal, I'm sorry.

Hal: Lois, we are poor! I thought we had an understanding.

Lois: I know. You're right, Hal. I just saw them in the store. And they're not real Christian Louboutins. They're just a cheap knockoff. I just wanted to try them on, just for a second. Then I saw them in the mirror, and they looked so elegant and glamorous, and I guess I just wanted for once in my life to see what it would feel like to be pretty.

Hal: Oh, please, I invented that act! Everyone says they'll economize, but I'm the only one rinsing out baggies. I'm the only one splitting two-ply toilet paper. I'm the only one snacking out of birdfeeders! (looking at phone bill) Look at this! \$18 for a three-minute... what the...?!

Woman's voice: Welcome to the Hot Fantasy Sex Line. What's your name, baby?

Hal: This is... Are you aware kids call these numbers?! Put some clothes on! (hangs up phone but call is still connected)

Woman's voice: Yeah, baby, would you like that? Oh, you just love not responding, don't you? You're such a bad boy. Well, big spender, I can keep going as long as you can.

Dewey: And that slapshot you took totally turned the game around!

Malcolm: Well, I wasn't aiming right for his mouth, but sometimes you get lucky.

Reese: You guys are not gonna believe what happened! I was at the college, checking out the trees over by the sorority houses, and then this guy comes up to me and asks if I wanted a job!

Dewey: Experimental drug testing?

Reese: He must've thought I was in college because of my binoculars and everything. Can you believe it? They pay people just to take pills! Why is anyone doing anything else?

Malcolm: Reese, this is the kind of job they give to guys on death row.

Reese: Yeah, and I'm totally skipping that part.

Dewey: Jamie, get out of here. I have to...

Young Lois: Francis, I am not going to ask you again! You tell me where you hid my pearl necklace!

Teen Francis: Somewhere you'll never find it! I have a hiding place so perfect, you could look for a hundred years and it won't matter! Your earrings, your necklace, your bracelet, all your meaningless material possessions you hold so dear, gone forever! Now I can go to military school knowing you're as miserable as I am, 'cause you'll never find it! Ever!

Dewey: The stash. Jamie, where did you...?

Malcolm: (he and Malcolm burst in, Reese is holding up a baseball bat) The stash?! What about the stash?

Dewey: I didn't say anything about the stash.

Reese: I think I heard you very clearly say "the stash." We don't talk about the stash unless we found the stash.

Dewey: I didn't find the stash!

Malcolm: Okay, but I suggest you remember our deal. If any of us does find it, we split Mom's reward three ways.

Reese: Because we're brothers and we love each other.

Lois: Malcolm, come on! We're going to be late!

Malcolm: All right, all right, I'm coming.

Lois: Why aren't you wearing your smock?

Malcolm: Because the longer I don't put it on, the longer I can pretend I don't work in that soul killing fluorescent tomb. As shocking as it may sound to you, I don't actually like stocking wart cream and telling 80-year-olds which diapers leak the least.

Lois: "Thank you, Mother, for getting me a job so I don't have to be a bum on the street." "You're welcome." "Can I open the door for you, after everything you've sacrificed for me?" "Why, that's very thoughtful of you." You really got to stop being such a snob. There's pride in doing anything well. I'd rather you were the best toilet scrubber in the world than a slapdash Supreme Court justice. And how about showing me a little bit gratitude? There's nothing embarrassing about working at Lucky Aide.

Sam: Listen to your mother. She's a beautiful, foxy lady.

Reese's Boss: Okay, everything looks great. You're young. You're in excellent health. You're a perfect candidate for this study. Now, one last question: are you taking any other medications?

Reese: Of course not. (to next person) Of course not. (to 2nd person) Of course not. (to 3rd person) Of course not. (to last person) Of course not.

Woman's voice: Billing. Can I help you?

Hal: Yes! I've just spent the last half hour trying to explain to you people! You cannot charge me \$800 for a phone call I never agreed to! This is wrong and unethical!

Woman's voice: You're absolutely right, sir. We're bad.

Hal: What?

Woman's voice: We've been very bad. We need to be punished. What would you like to do to us?

Hal: I don't want to do anything to you!

Woman's voice: Whatever you want, big boy. You're the one paying for this call. (Hal quickly hangs up)

Craig: Malcolm! Malcolm! Did you hear the news? They fired Sam the stilt guy! Word is he puked into the sunroof of the boss's El Dorado. This is bad, Malcolm, really bad.

Malcolm: Bad? He's been coming to work drunk for 20 years.

Craig: I meant bad for me. This means they're paying attention! Sam was my canary. Now my work has to speak for itself!

Lois: Don't say I never listen to you, Malcolm. I had to lobby hard for you, but you're replacing Sam. It's 30 cents an hour more; you get to work outside and wave to all your friends.

Reese: This is so sweet. I'm gonna make 2,500 bucks, and all I gotta do is swallow 300 pills a day and sneak Jamie's urine into a cup once in a while. Calonil, Frageset. Suppository. These taste the worst.

Dewey: Okay, Jamie, can you help your favourite brother find the stash? Remember this, the necklace? You know what I'm talking about, don't you? Do you know what I'm talking about? Oh, my God! Where did you...?! Can you show Dewey where you found this? Sure, you can. You show me where you found this, and we can write our ticket with Mom. We cut Malcolm and Reese out. It's just you and me. (Jamie toddles off) Is it in the bathroom? (Jamie goes to Lois's underwear drawer and tries to open it) Mom's underwear drawer? Of course! She'd never think of looking for it there. There's probably a false bottom or something.

Lois: (seeing Dewey holding a pair of her underwear) What are you doing?!

Malcolm: (TC): God, look at the dump this guy lives in. It's not bad enough I have to take his job. Now I have to take his stilts from him, too?

Craig: Those stilts are company property, and it's our responsibility to get them back. It's nothing

personal. (bursts into Sam's apartment) Cough up the stilts, alkie!

Sam: No, no! Please don't do this to me. I love my job! Malcolm, you gotta help me!

Malcolm: Sam, I'm sorry. I feel really terrible about this.

Craig: Don't drag this out, Malcolm. You got to crush him like a bug. It's kinder that way. (to Sam) You're a ghost, old man. No one can hear you.

Sam: Malcolm, please! Just tell them you won't do it. Then they'll have no choice. They'll have to take me back! Please, I'm begging you. I'm Uncle Sam! Please! I have nothing else! No family, no friends! This is my life! Please! You want me to kiss your ass and call it ice cream? I'll do it! I'll do it! It's ice cream! That's delicious ice cream!

Craig: You know who has delicious ice cream? That gas station down on Cedar. Smells a little funky, but mm-mm-mm.

Sam: Malcolm, please! Please!

Malcolm: Sam, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Sam: No, no! No, no! Please!

Craig: Okay, grab the suit and we'll get out of Sam's hair.

Sam: Please!

Malcolm: Sorry, Sam.

Sam: Please!

Malcolm: Sorry.

Sam: No, Malcolm!

Malcolm: Sam, I'm sorry.

Sam: Please!

Malcolm: I'm really, really, really sorry.

Sam: Please! Please! Please!

Malcolm: I'm sorry.

Sam: Please!

Malcolm: I'm really sorry.

Sam: Please!

Malcolm: Give me liberty or give me death to cockroaches, fleas and ticks. Lucky Aide Bug Bombs only \$2.49. (TC) Two years ago, I was thrown out of the locker

room completely naked. Compared to now, that was a moment of pride and quiet dignity. (to shoppers) Fourscore and seven stool softeners for the price of six.

Lois: How you doing, honey? The manager says he hasn't heard you announce the Lucky Leader specials all morning.

Malcolm: No one cares about the special, Mom.

Lois: All right, if you want me to get up on a ladder and do it with you -

Malcolm: (singing) It's a grand old sale, it's a high-flying sale on an exciting personal hygiene product that's new.

Lois: See? It's fun when you get into it.

Malcolm: (singing) If your jock has a rash and you want to save cash There's a star-spangled ointment for you. (TC) Crap. I'd kill myself, except they'd run that picture in the paper.

Craig: Sorry I'm late, big guy! Hey! Where's the stopper for your pee hose?

Reese: Hey, man, you don't look so good. You want to try some of these experimental drugs?

Malcolm: What's all this stuff?

Reese: I'm supposed to chart my progress in these journals. You know, blackouts, hallucinations, routine stuff.

Malcolm: You're lactating?

Reese: Not all the time. Usually, it just comes out in little sticky bubbles. Hey, would you fill out a few of these for me? My hand isn't writing down what I tell it to anymore. I have to go shave my feet again.

Dewey: Jamie, where did you go? You were supposed to let me follow you! I just turned my back for a second. How did you do that?! Jamie, come on! Do you have any idea how much this means to me? Okay, what do you want? (Jamie holds up picture from a catalogue of a toy pony) Okay, I'll get you the pony. But, first, you have to show me the stash. Fine. Pony first.

Hal: Oh, Dewey. I need your help. You're always skulking around, listening in on everyone's conversations. Do you have any dirt on your mom? I need something really big and awful. I did something bad, so I have to find something that she did bad, then I can confess what I did, and it won't seem like such a big deal.

Dewey: Sorry, Dad, but I don't just stash away information...

Hal: Stash? You found the stash? You and me partners. We cut everyone else out.

Dewey: No! No! I didn't find the stash!

Hal: Okay, okay. Are you sure she's not having an affair? Because that would be perfect.

Dewey: Sorry, Dad. I think she loves you.

Hal: Damn! If I can't do the "You did bad, I did bad" thing, then I gotta do the "I did bad, you'll get a big, expensive present" thing. Never get married, Dewey. If you want kids, get your eggs from the state.

Malcolm: Mom, what are you doing? I was in the middle of a game!

Lois: Do you want to explain why I found circled want ads sticking out of your backpack?!

Malcolm: Yes, I do.

Lois: I'm not interested! You are not finding another job!

Malcolm: Huh? No! I...

Lois: You are not getting a job away from my constant supervision, and that's it. I'm not going to risk your future by giving you even a second of freedom! This family has too much invested in you. Oh, cheer up. Once I find a proper wife for you, you'll have your precious space.

Hal: (on phone) Hi. Yes. Do you have a pair of Christian Louboutins red open-toed sling-backs, size 8½? Not the knockoffs, the real thing. You do?! Good! Now, I'm in a situation where money is no object, but how much...? Would you put a pair aside for me, please? Right. Yes. They will make a nice surprise.

Reese: (on phone) Hello?

Francis: Reese?

Reese: Francis, you gotta help me. I don't want to take drugs anymore.

Francis: Oh, geez.

Francis: Okay, Reese, I want you to tell me very specifically what kind of drugs did you take?

Reese: All of them.

Francis: Dude, didn't you learn anything from when my friends baby-sat you? Remember Richie trying to dry you off in the oven?

Reese: I don't know how it happened, but I think I did something bad. I don't know what to do.

Francis: Reese, I want you to listen very carefully. You're going to be okay. I'm gonna talk you through this. Now, the first and most important thing you have to do is - (horse starts running off with Reese on its back)

Dewey: Okay, Jamie, I need you to focus. You got your toy. Now take me to the stash. Here? Do we have to dig for it? Jamie, come back! You can't just go into someone else's house! Get back here! Come on, Jamie! Hurry! Before someone sees you! I'm not kidding. You're going to get caught!

Neighbour: See? That's the ringleader! They've been stealing stuff from my house all week! Every two years, they have another baby just so they can fit through the window!

Lois: Hal? What are you doing here? Is everything all right? Not yet, but it will be, as soon as you put these on.

Lois: Are you crazy?

Hal: If loving your wife is crazy, then I'm a drooling lunatic. You deserve the moon and the sky, Lois. Maybe someday I'll be able to buy them for you, but for now, these will have to do.

Lois: Oh, Hal. Thank you.

Hal: I accidentally spent \$800 on phone sex.

Lois: I was doing my makeup in the rear view mirror, and I ran over your golf clubs.

Hal: I burned a hole in your favourite dress.

Lois: You didn't get that promotion because I called your boss a fat-ass at the Christmas party.

Hal: I lost my wedding ring three years ago. This is part of a lawnmower.

Lois: Your Aunt Lucy isn't angry with you. She's dead. I just forgot to tell you.

Craig: I've read that the Chinese invented stilts so they could survive among Panda bears. Of course, that was before they built the Great Wall. After that, only the Emperor was allowed to walk on them.

Malcolm: (TC): Well, I had to do it behind Mom's back, but I was going through the want ads, and I finally found... (sees Sam walking behind him, also on Stilts) That explains the 15-foot high cloud of Bourbon I was smelling.

Sam: You stole my life!

Malcolm: Sam, great! I-I was just about to call... (Sam starts punching Malcolm)

Craig: Oh, my God! Don't worry, Malcolm. I'll help you!

Malcolm: Sam, you've got to listen to me!

Craig: Hang on! Damn it! What aisle are the screwdrivers in? Which batteries are the double A? The little ones, or the really little ones?

Malcolm: Sam, please listen... (TC): I'm never gonna shake this guy. He's way too good. I can't outstilt him. I can't outstilt him, but I can outskate him. (TC): Once again, brains triumph over... (tries to step into trolleys but they roll away causing him to do the splits) This hurts so much worse than it looks.

Sam: You're a Yankee Doodle dead man.

Malcolm: (TC): The weird thing is, I always knew I'll died this way. (praying) Okay, God, you've had your fun. Please, I'll settle for the lamest, most pathetic miracle you've got lying around. Just...

Hal: Well, I purposely dropped that bowling ball on your foot so you couldn't go to your high school reunion!

Lois: I'm two years older than you think I am! Damn it, Hal, we're to point here I don't think either one of us wants to get to!

Hal: What are we supposed to do?! I've just got so much rage built up...

Officer: Are these your boys?

Hal: You little monsters! How dare you get into trouble again?! After all your mother does for you!

Lois: Your father slaves away to put a roof over your head, and this is how you repay him?!

Officer: Okay, everybody, let's just calm down...

Hal: Why don't you mind your own business? We don't need you coming in here and telling us how to handle our children. We know what we're doing. Thank you very much.

Reese: Mom, Dad, the drugs are weared off.

Officer: Sundance, baby, is that you?

Malcolm: Will you listen to me?! I found you a job!

Sam: What?

Malcolm: I found you a job! I've been trying to tell you. It's perfect for you! It's at the circus!

Sam: The circus?

Sam's Boss: In what world do you depreciate an elephant over two years?! I want this all redone tonight! (to other workers) What are you looking at? Get back to work!

Hal: (on phone) That is fantastic son! Reese's roommate in detox is a lawyer. He thinks he can blackmail him into defending his felony case!

Lois: That's great.

Malcolm: (TC): Hey, the feeling's coming back to my thighs. Apparently, the medical term for what happened to me is "Holy crap, come look at this". because that's all the ER guys kept saying. But if I ever have to give birth, it'll be really easy. And Mom seems to be in a good mood lately.

Dewey: The toilet's backed up again!

Lois: I'll get it.