

702 HEALTH INSURANCE TRANSCRIPT

The boys are at the table. Reese is gulping down ice cream.

Malcolm: Eat faster!

Dewey: Don't chew it. Just swallow it!

Reese: Nothing.

Malcolm: (TC): Granted, this isn't scientific, but the fact that Reese can't get brain freeze has to prove something.

Reese: Wait. I'm feeling something in my toes.

Cut to the living room, where Dewey is watching TV when Malcolm and Reese arrive home.

Malcolm: We did it! We finally got back at Tim Schwab and his brother.

Dewey: What'd you do?

Reese: We found a dead octopus in a dumpster at the seafood store. We shoved its mouth full of medical waste and put it in the Schwabs' air conditioner.

Malcolm: That'll teach them to say we're obnoxious.

Dewey: Why didn't you let me help?

Malcolm: It couldn't wait, Dewey.

Reese: With a dead octopus, there's a very small window before it starts smelling like just another dead fish.

Malcolm: Reese, your hands still stink.

Reese: Yeah... Like victory.

Hal: We can't take a walk without our jackets anymore, Jamie. It's the first cool day of fall. Fall reminds adults about our mortality, but for you, it's just pretty leaves. Hmm. What's this? (on phone) You're telling me my family hasn't had health insurance for the last six months?! Yes, I know you never got the check! There must be some sort of grace period. And when those two months are over, what's the grace period on that? No, no, you can't wait until Monday to reinstate us. We can't go through the whole weekend without health insurance. Listen, listen, I am speaking to you from a house full of walking time bombs. Well, then you're just a bunch of lousy, heartless bastards!

Lois: Who you talking to?

Hal: March of Dimes.

Lois: I've got to go to work early. Hattie's called another secret meeting about the union.

Hal: Uh-uh.

Lois: Goodbye. (kissing Jamie) Bye, hon.

Hal: Listen, Jim. Can I call you Jim? Oh, okay, Steven. Let me level with you. Six months ago my wife asked me to do one thing. One. I was supposed to mail your check. The woman relies on the fact that I can be occasionally trusted to perform very simple menial tasks. Now, if you don't start my insurance, and if anything happens to anyone in this family, I am gonna have to explain to her that her entire life is built on a lie! Well, I just hope that when your marriage blows up in your face, I'm there to see it! (hangs up phone) Okay, Jamie, for the next two days there's no getting sick. There's no getting owies. All of the safety rules your mother and I told you about, well, starting today, we mean them.

Connie: Hi, I'm Connie Guzman, Teddy's mother. I guess our little guys are gonna have a play date this morning.

Hal: Oh, right. I'm, I'm Hal.

Connie: I was so relieved we could schedule something today. I've got a killer day ahead.

Hal: What was that?

Connie: It was just his allergies.

Hal: Allergies? Or disease? There are a lot of viruses going around. Some of these kids are nothing but walking germ bags. He seems a little unresponsive.

Connie: Is Jamie's mother home?

Hal: Boy, I do not like the way this gland feels. What did his poop look like this morning?

Teddy: Mommy...

Connie: You know, I'm not sure Teddy's up for a play date today.

Hal: Oh, Jamie will be so disappointed.

Connie: Come on, Teddy. You're going to Mommy's job interview.

Hal: We'll do it again some other time. Just make sure you bring a note from his doctor. (sees Dewey holding a bagel, cutting it with a sharp knife) What are you doing?! This is not a toy!

Dewey: I didn't think I was cutting my bagel with a toy.

Hal: (exchanging sharp knife for regular knife) This is plenty sharp. Wait! (grabs knife back and exchanges it with spoon) Here. And use the handle. (glancing around the room at all the sharp objects) I'm living in a death house.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where the staff are having a meeting.

Hattie: And that's why I propose we affiliate ourselves with the Teamsters. They can deliver a benefits package that's quite substantial. It's all spelled out in this literature.

Craig: (to Lois) Well, I think this is a bad idea. Bad, bad, bad!

Lois: Craig, it can't hurt to just listen.

Craig: When Mr. Cochran finds out we're talking union, we'll lose all our perks.

Lois: What perks?

Craig: We get to wear the smocks on our days off.

And they're talking about fixing the hand dryer in the men's room.

Joe: I just want to thank Hattie for organizing this meeting. I think it's about time the people who really do the work around here start standing up for ourselves. I for one, am sick of no overtime, no job security...

Craig: Excuse me, Joe, I just want to say that Mr. Cochran makes a lot more money than us. And I strongly feel that on that basis alone, he should be trusted.

Lois: Oh, for God's sake, Craig. You know what really bothers me? When I see Mr. Cochran parking his car out front every morning and we've got to park nine blocks away.

Hal: They let us use the shuttle to get to our cars.

Lois: That's the city bus, Craig.

Craig: I appreciate all the anger that's in this room, and God knows I'm not one to shy away from a fight, but I suggest that instead of starting a union, we form a special committee to maybe paint Mr. Cochran's house so he'll want to be nice to us.

Lady: Sit down and shut up, Feldspar.

Lois: You know what? I've worked here for almost ten years. I have never felt we needed a union, but when I think about what this place has done to some of us, how it's made us so afraid to even voice our opinions, then I think maybe we do.

Craig: Okay, but let the record show that I advocated a policy of cowardice and appeasement.

Hal: Oh. Come here. Hi. Okay.

Lois: Hattie's still holding these secret union meetings during our breaks. It's so complicated. We would have to pay dues, but we'd save on health insurance.

Hal: Oh, really? How fast would we get health insurance?

Lois: Hattie thinks we can start serious talks with the Teamsters next month.

Hal: Oh, who cares?

Lois: Boys, breakfast. Hal, where are all the forks?

Hal: Oh, uh, they were all bent out of shape so I sent them out to that guy who fixes them.

Lois: The "fork straightener"?

Hal: It's the man's work, Lois. I don't think we should make fun.

Lois: Hal, how are the boys gonna eat scrambled eggs without forks? (they see Reese eating his scrambled eggs with his mouth) I have to go.

Hal: (grabbing bike helmet and putting it on Lois) Honey, you know what's a great look? I saw this gal the other day, had a bike helmet, and I thought, "Why the heck can't women look this good all the time?" Oh, baby.

Lois: Hal, you're messing up my hair.

Hal: Okay, look, just buckle up and drive slowly. Get there late, but get there!

Mr Cochran: Let this be a lesson to every one of you.

Lois: What's going on with Hattie?

Lady: Cochran fired her this morning. He said it was for dressing provocatively, but he obviously found out that she's been calling the union meetings.

Lois: That's horrible.

Lady: Somebody around here's been snitching to Cochran.

Lois: Craig, is there something you want to tell me?

Craig: No, no, not really.

Lois: Why won't you look me in the eye?

Craig: Why won't you look me in the eye? I can play this game as long as you can, Lois.

Lois: I'll be watching you, Craig.

Craig: Nice cover.

Malcolm: Oh, my God!

Reese: What is it?

Malcolm: The Schwabs sent out a mass e-mail to everyone at school. They Photoshopped our heads onto a dirty movie.

Dewey: Gross!

Reese: That can't be a dirty movie. There aren't any girls in it. Oh, my God!

Malcolm: I'm not homophobic. If the three of us were gay lovers, I'd be fine with this. But it's not true!

Reese: This is so humiliating. My abs are way more ripped than that guy's.

Dewey: We've got to respond.

Reese: Well, I was saving this one to what grade Mr. Watts was going to give me, but we can climb up on their roof and drop a wasp nest down their chimney. I have one ready. I've been teasing the for months to keep them angry.

Malcolm: Perfect.

Hal: What does it take to keep you boys safe?

Malcolm: Dad, you don't know what the Schwabs did.

Hal: I don't care what they did! What is the matter with you boys? Don't you realize you could get killed?!

Reese: Dad, I'm not going to die.

Hal: What?

Reese: I'm 17.

Hal: And so you can't die?

Reese: I just don't see it happening.

Hal: I've got news for you, Reese. 17-year-olds die all the time.

Reese: Oh, come on, Dad. That's just something they tell you so you'll stay off drugs.

Hal: That's it! You're all grounded in your room for the rest of weekend!

Malcolm: What?

Reese: You can't do that!

Dewey: I know I'm gonna die, Dad.

Hal: Nobody is dying in this family until the start of business Monday morning! (closes door then opens it again to find the boys climbing out the window)

Malcolm: Okay, should there be an actual fire, I think we'll be in pretty good shape.

Lady: Did you hear? We did a little investigating. We found out who Cochran's snitch is.

Lois: Oh, no...

Lady: It's Joe.

Lois: Joe? What about Craig?

Lady: What about Craig?

Lois: Uh, does Craig know that it's Joe?

Lady: Everybody knows. Cochran just promoted Joe to manager. We're going to go congratulate him. Can you hand me some soap?

Lois: Sure. Wow, I had it completely wrong.

Mr Cochran: Did you get any information I asked for, Felspar?

Craig: Yes, sir. Lois almost caught me, but I can assure you our secret is safe.

Mr Cochran: Good, good, excellent. Now you've gotta tell me everything.

Craig: Of course, sir.

Mr Cochran: I'll need a complete list of names this timee.

Craig: They're all here. Just please, sir, make sure this stays quiet.

Mr Cochran: Don't worry about it.

Craig: Thank you, Mr. Cochran. Looks and brains, you're the complete package, sir! (turns around and sees Lois looking through the shelves)

Lois: What the hell are you doing talking with Mr Cochran, Craig?

Craig: Okay, Lois. If you can tell me what you think you saw, that would really help me focus my answer. (Lois grabs him by his shirt) You grabbed hair! You grabbed hair!

Lois: Craig, I heard you talking about a list of names.

Craig: Oh, that. Um. We were just rating all the hotties in the store. Don't worry. You're holding your own in both posture and dimples.

Lois: You expect me to fall for that?

Craig: I'd appreciate it.

Lois: Craig how could you?

Joe: (in other room) Get away from me, you animals!

Lois: Oh, my God! Joe. (goes out the back) Stop!

Lady: Stay out of this, Lois. This is retail justice. Pull it off.

Lois: But you're making a mistake. Joe isn't the snitch!

Lady: What?!

Lois: The real snitch just confessed to me.

Lady: Who is it?

Lois: I'm not going to tell you. I don't want you hurting him. He's a misguided, weak, pathetic individual who...

Lady: It's Craig!

Lois: Wait!

Dewey: (calling through padlocked bedroom door) Dad, why are you doing this?

Reese: (at bathroom door, also padlocked) We're gonna call child welfare, and this time they'll come.

Malcolm: (as Hal boards up the window) Please don't do this, Dad! It's just not necessary.

Hal: There. Now we can finally have a nice safe weekend around here.

Malcolm: Let's do it.

Reese: (pulls the poster off the back of the boys' door, and pushes open the hole in it) I told you this was worth spending Christmas vacation at Home Depot.

Dewey: Wait. Dad's gonna kill us when he realizes we're gone. Maybe we can just pretend we're too secure to care what the Schwabs think of us.

Reese: Nobody's gonna buy that.

Malcolm: We can't let this stand, Dewey. Remember the day everybody started calling Booger Boy "Booger Boy" and he didn't do anything about it?

Reese: What is his real name anyway?

Malcolm: Nobody remembers.

Dewey: I'm in.

Malcolm: (about Hal being trapped under the wood from the patio) Dad's under there!

Reese: Oh, my God you're right! Let's go!

Malcolm: No, no, no.

Hal: You boys are in so much trouble.

Dewey: I'm calling Mom.

Malcolm: Dad, are you okay?

Hal: I can't feel anything below my left knee. Is my foot okay?

Reese: Your foot looks fine. But I think the rest of you is facing the wrong way.

Lois: I can't find him anywhere. Have you seen Craig?

Joe: No. So long Lois, I'm off to the head office. A place we're washing your hands after using the restroom is a matter of personal choice.

Lois: Good-bye, Joe.

Joe: By the way, what did Cochran give you to cover for me?

Lois: What?

Joe: You know, for throwing Craig under the truck. Taking the heat off me.

Lois: You really are Cochran's snitch?

Joe: No, I'm getting kicked upstairs because of my skills and motivation.

Lois: But that's impossible. I saw Craig handing Cochran a list of names.

Joe: What? Oh, those were probably names for that stupid surprise party he's throwing for you.

Lois: What are you talking about?

Joe: Craig wanted make a big deal of your tenth anniversary of working here. I told him it would just depress you, but know Craig.

Lady: Cleanup in the storeroom.

Lois: Oh, my God! (runs into the storeroom where Craig is lying, covered in fire extinguisher foam, with his hands tied to a pole) Oh, Craig! I'm so sorry. Why didn't you tell me you were playing a party?

Craig: You know? Oh Lord, this day just keep getting worse.

Lois: Oh, Craig, this is all my fault. I just feel awful about this. I'll do whatever it take to make this up to you. I'll even... (mobile phone rings) Oh, hold on a second. (answers phone) Hello?

Dewey: Mom, it's an emergency. You've go to home quick. Something horrible happened.

Lois: Hello? Dewey? Dewey!

Craig: Lois, if you could just get the ropes. My hands are wet, I think wrists are bleeding.

Lois: I'll be right back.

Craig: Party starts at 5:00.

Hal: See? Better than new.

Malcolm: That's not going to work, Dad.

Dewey: We really have to get to the hospital.

Hal: I can't go to the hospital! Nobody in this family can go to the hospital. We've got no insurance. Why do you think I've been so concerned about your safety?

Malcolm: Dad, it's not the end of the world.

Hal: Of course it is. Your mother will never forgive me. This is worse than the time I left Dewey in Mexico. This is unforgivable. I'm unforgivable. (starts crying)

Reese: Whoa. I didn't think Dad would get this pathetic 'till we locked him in a nursing home.

Hal: This family deserves better than me. Your mother's home, boys. Help me up.

Lois: I raced home! What is it?

Hal: Honey, there's something you should know.

Malcolm: (making up cover story) Nine minutes and 23 seconds. I win.

Lois: What are you talking about?

Malcolm: We made a bet to see how quickly you could get here if you thought there was an emergency.

Dewey: You don't win. Reese said ten minutes. But you're not allowed to go over.

Reese: You can't decide that now. That's cheating!

Lois: You did what?!

Malcolm: I don't blame you for being mad, Mom. Reese underestimates you all the time.

Lois: This is just a game?! You made me race across town thinking one of you was dying and it's just a game?!

Reese: We got bored. There's not much to do around here.

Dewey: Yeah, maybe if you took us on a trip once in a while...

Lois: Hal, do you hear this?

Hal: I'm on it, Lois.

Lois: I can't believe that... Hal, are you crying?

Hal: With rage! You know how mad I get when these boys pull stunts like this.

Lois: There's something fishy about this.

Hal: Fishy is a nice way to put it, Lois. They are gonna get the grounding of their life. They are gonna feel the full brunt of my wrath. Oh, I've been wrong about so much lately I don't even trust my own radar. I got to get back to work. You start the punishment, Hal, but leave some for me. Drive safely.

Malcolm: It's gonna be okay, Dad.

Hal: It's a very special moment when a father watches his boys lie to their mother for him. There's only one thing that could make this moment prouder. If one of you could saw off my leg.

Reese: Don't worry, Dad. We'll get your knee taken care of.

Hal: I told you. We have no medical insurance. There's no way.

Reese: Dad. This is what we do.

Craig: Happy anniversary, Lois. I chewed through my ropes so I could have this set up for you when you got back.

Lois: Oh, Craig.

Craig: I invited the entire staff, but I guess they didn't show up, on account of seeing me as human garbage.

Lois: I wish you'd be mad at me. Yell at me, tell me I'm a horrible person. Please.

Craig: Don't apologize, Lois. If you want to make me happy, just sit down and enjoy your party. (through microphone) Hello, everybody. Here's one I'm sure you'll all remember. (starts singing):

Here she comes now,
Our Lois, Lois.
Struttin' down the aisle,
Like she doesn't know us.
Hey, she wears a smock,
And she looks all right, yeah.
You gotta scan and stock,
And mark the cat chow...
Meow, meow, meow, meow.

Yeah. (repeated several times)

'Cause she's been here ten.....years.
Through the laughs,
Through the tears.
Punchin' in,
Punchin' out.
'Cept that time
She had gout.

(Chorus repeat)

Doctor: Yeah, the knee's dislocated.

Hal: So what are you? Some kind of prodigy genius doctor?

Doctor: No, my dad's a really bad doctor. He lets me use his stuff.

Hal: You know, boys. I'm not sure we need Richard.

Malcolm: He does great work, Dad.

Dewey: He set my nose three times.

Reese: He gave me a tracheotomy with a crazy straw.

Hal: So, what kind of anesthetic do you use?

Doctor: Well, in a case like this, you're gonna need about eight c.c.'s of... Grab him!

Hal: (screaming) No! (calmer) Hey, look at that.