

708 ARMY BUDDY TRANSCRIPT

Hal: God, Jamie. How in the world did you get a hold of one of these? Do you have any idea what could happen if you play around with one of these? Look. See? This isn't a game. This is not a toy. Call... your mother! Hi, hon. How was your day?

Lois: It is Big Super Crazy Day at the Lucky Aide. I feel like I have been hit by a truck.

Hal: Oh, here's your herbal tea.

Lois: The thing is absolutely nothing is on sale. They take all the stuff off the shelves, dump it in the bins and the people go nuts. I dropped my car keys in one of 'em. I had to wrestle a woman for 20 minutes to get 'em back. Oh, God, my neck is killing me.

Hal: Got it.

Lois: Then this 90-year-old man with glaucoma comes in. He wants to pay for his toiletries with a bag full of pennies.

Hal: Feet up.

Lois: We finally settled on five dollars, six buttons and a run-over bottle cap.

Hal: Feet down.

Lois: I swear, Hal, I could hardly stand up through my shift. I'm afraid I'm going to have to break down and buy those custom orthotics for my shoes. Dr. Fletcher said I've got the pronation of a circus clown.

Hal: Well, if you need 'em, you need 'em. That's all there is to it. That right heel looks like it could use some pumice.

Lois: Hal, what would I do without you? I swear I couldn't make it through the day if you weren't here to pick up the pieces and put me back together again.

Hal: Oh, nonsense, honey. I'm only doing what any husband would do. Any husband who cares. There. Back in. Now if you'll lean forward, I'll get that spot between your shoulder blades.

Lois: Actually, that's the one part of me that doesn't hurt today.

Hal: Really? Did I mention the washer is out again? (Lois groans) I got it.

Dewey: It's not fair. You owe me ten dollars, Malcolm. You promised to pay me back a month ago.

Malcolm: Dewey, it seems to me you're the only one holding onto this. The rest of us have moved on.

Reese: You keep hounding people. Pretty soon, no one's going to want to borrow money from you.

Malcolm: He fakes. He fakes again. A behind-the-back pass to... (ball hits Lois's bag of groceries and she drops it) (TC): Uh-oh! Do you get points for missing your mom's head?

Lois: (shooting a hoop) That rim's a little loose.

Malcolm: Mom, how did you do that?

Lois: Orthotics, boys. They can change your life. Give me a hand with the groceries, Malcolm.

Malcolm: I might as well. I don't think I'll be playing basketball ever again.

Reese: What the...

Abby: I've been waiting to get you alone, you miserable, scum-sucking piece of garbage.

Reese: Short Stack, is that you? I don't believe it! What the hell are you doing here, you ugly grub eater?

Abby: I had a few days' leave. Thought I'd spend it with my favourite idiot.

Lois: Who's this?

Reese: Only my best buddy from the army. Remember that story I told about that girl soldier who went all crybaby when she got her first care package from home? Abby's the one that kicked her ass and made her shut up.

Abby: It was what any platoon leader would have done. I'm Abby Tucker. It's nice to meet you.

Lois: I'm Lois. This is Malcolm.

Abby: Oh, right, Pea Pod. I see what you mean.

Lois: So, you're a platoon leader. It's nice the army let women have some authority once in a while.

Abby: Yes, ma'am... although it does feel a little weird to give orders to men.

Lois: Well, it shouldn't. Men are like dogs: it calms them down when they know their boundaries.

Reese: Look, if you don't mind, she's only got a couple free days, and we've got a ton of catching up to do.

Lois: Sure.

Dewey: I want my money. I want my money. I want my money. I want my money. I want my money.

Malcolm: Dewey! I heard you the first 500 times. Just shut up.

Dewey: Ok. (switches on tape recorder with his voice recorded)

Dewey's Voice: I want my money. I want my money. I want my money.

Malcolm: You know, you're right. I wasn't being fair to you. A deal's a deal. I've been saving all this stuff for you for a special occasion. But today's as good a day as any. Happy Dewey day.

Dewey: You're giving me garbage.

Malcolm: I once lent five bucks to Francis, and all I got was a double-dip swirly. Consider yourself lucky.

Hal: Hi, honey, sorry I'm late. I had to stop by and pick up this puppy on my way home. Why don't you rub yourself up against this for a while, while I get your foot bath ready. I'm making a small adjustment on the pH, which I think you're going to find especially refreshing.

Lois: Hal, you can forget about all that. I wore my new orthotics today. See? It was miraculous.
All the pain and tension disappeared everywhere. It was like once my feet were properly supported, the rest of my body fell in line like a family of ducks.

Hal: Well, how about that? So, I guess Crazy Days have quieted down a little, huh?

Lois: Are you kidding? Today we started After Crazy Day Sale. It was wild. And wouldn't you know, the old blind guy with the pennies was back. He has the most delightful stories about his health. Did you know that men can get yeast infections?

Hal: Imagine that.

Lois: So, honey, you can put all that paraphernalia away. I don't need it anymore. Isn't that wonderful?

Hal: Yeah. I couldn't be happier, hon. (something beeps) Shut up.

Lois: Are you absolutely sure you don't want to sleep inside tonight?

Abby: Ma'am, your backyard is more than adequate. Oh, and you folks don't have to worry about that possum any longer.

Lois: Oh, well, thanks.

Abby: I have to confess, I'm a great admirer of yours, ma'am.

Lois: Me?

Abby: Yes, ma'am. Reese told me so many amazing stories about you. Is it true you once made him cut the front lawn with a pair of manicure scissors?

Lois: I can't take all the credit for that. After all, he was the one who didn't refill the ice cube tray. Malcolm, Reese, get the lead out!

Abby: Say it, or I'll lick your ear!

Reese: I'm a worthless sack of pus, and I will always be your bitch!

Abby: You know it's true, but it's still nice to hear once in a while. So, is the latrine free?

Reese: I think Dewey's still using it.

Abby: That's okay. I dug my own.

Malcolm: So when are you guys going to hook up and get it over with?

Reese: What? What are you talking about?

Malcolm: Oh, come on. Every time I turn around, she's got her hands all over you. She clearly digs you, dude.

Reese: You take that back.

Malcolm: What's your problem? I mean, I wouldn't turn my back on her, but I think she's kind of hot.

Reese: No, she isn't. Buddies can't be hot. I don't believe you. The best friend I ever had wakes me up in the middle of the night, gives me a stinging face fart, and you go and turn it into something ugly!

Dewey: I sold those comics you gave me. Turns out they're pretty crappy.

Malcolm: Dewey, we're done with this.

Dewey: In fact, Captain Danger 243 even had a misprint. Funny how people in the comic world are very interested in misprints. Especially when there's only five such copies in existence, and Quentin Tarantino has the other four.

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

Dewey: Is it hot in here, or is just money?

Malcolm: Oh, my God, this is fantastic! Who knew we were sitting on such a gold mine here?

Dewey: We? I don't think so.

Malcolm: Dewey... you didn't think the whole garbage thing was for real, did you?

Dewey: You told me I should be happy with what you gave me, and I have to say... I am. Here's 20 bucks. Make yourself scarce. What? This is my room. You can't buy me out of here for 20 bucks. Here's \$40.

Malcolm: Forget it! I'm not... Okay.

Hal: I'll be damned if I'm gonna call that washing machine repairman again. I could only find the Japanese version of the manual, but I think I get the gist of it.

Lois: It's all taken care of, honey.

Hal: What? What do you mean?

Lois: After dinner, I felt so energized, I thought I'd take a look. Turns out one of Jamie's toys was jammed between the drum and the housing. Isn't that wonderful I don't have to bother you with all this anymore?

Lois: Well, that's strange.

Hal: What's that, dear?

Lois: My orthotics they were right here in my shoes. I left them there last night. Where could they be?

Hal: Beats me... unless... Wait a minute. Oh, for the love of... that darn kid!

Lois: Who?

Hal: Jamie. See, there's a little piece of jelly on the back of the shoe see that? We have to face it, Lois: we are raising a klepto.

Lois: What would he want with my orthotics?

Hal: Who knows? Yesterday, he took the last donut. Well... I doubt we'll ever see those orthotics again. Oh, and just when you were feeling so good. Oh! Why, God, why does this always happen to us? Why can't we just once catch a break?

Lois: You did have them. Why are they covered in dirt? Did you bury them, you little devil?

Hal: Isn't he a clever kid?

Lois: Well, thanks again for the company, although I still don't know what you find so fascinating about my job at the Lucky Aide.

Abby: Are you kidding? The way you handled that unruly mob without once firing over their heads. You are incredible.

Reese: So you want to do some buddy stuff. You know, wrestle, horse around. No funny business, no strings attached.

Abby: Yeah, sure. Just give me a second.

Reese: What are you doing that for?

Abby: My lips are a little bit chapped. You want some?

Reese: What else did you buy?

Abby: Shampoo and nail files, some Q-tips. Why?

Reese: You don't have to get all fem on me!

Abby: What's the matter, big dog? Afraid I can't take you anymore? What's wrong, Reese?

Reese: We have to get some stuff out in the open. Punch me if I'm wrong, but there's something in the air around here that smells a whole lot more than friendship.

Abby: God, am I that obvious?

Reese: So it's true?

Abby: Don't be mad, Reese. I swear I did not intend for this to happen. It's just a silly schoolgirl crush, and I know it won't go anywhere.

I'm sorry. The last thing I want to do is make you uncomfortable. Am I making you uncomfortable, Reese?

Reese: No, it's cool. It's nothing I can't handle.

Abby: That's good.

Lois: I need someone to dry.

Abby: Yes, ma'am.

Reese: Damn! I never should have let her see me in my bike shorts.

Dewey: Hold it. You're not going anywhere.

Malcolm: You don't even like this show. What's more important is, you don't either. Oh, good, a sing-a-long. Nice and loud now.

Lois: Have I told you how much I love my orthotics?

Hal: Yes. You made up a little song about them at dinner, remember? Are you coming to bed?

Lois: Oh, I can't. I'm just too up to sleep.

Hal: Well, if you're really looking to release some tension, I guess there's something I could do for you. If you ask nicely.

Lois: Hal, you are sweet, but I'm going to take a rain check. I'm jogging on down to the high school to run a few laps. Hold these while I get my running shoes.

Dewey: Okay, you're done. The school day's officially over.

Malcolm: This was worth way more than \$45.

Dewey: You know, I have to agree. So tomorrow we'll go with Mom's earrings and something that shows off your figure.

Malcolm: No, I'm done with this. I'm not going to humiliate myself anymore for money that's rightfully mine.

Dewey: Then you'll never know how much you could have had.

Malcolm: Trust me, I really don't care.

Dewey: Not at all?

Malcolm: No.

Dewey: Not even to the nearest thousand?

Malcolm: Thousand?

Dewey: Nah, you're right. This is getting kind of boring. I'm sure I can find some other way to torment you.

Malcolm: No! No! This is working out great. Look, I'm even breaking out in hives. You don't want to throw that away. I got it. How about I go walking through the mall tomorrow... wearing swim fins and goggles.

Dewey: We'll see.

Malcolm: (goes to closet to put hat away, and sees Reese hiding in there) How long have you been here?

Reese: Since last night. To be honest, I'm a little hurt that no one seemed to miss me.

Malcolm: Is this about Abby?

Reese: You were right, Malcolm. She wants me bad. This is a disaster.

Malcolm: Why? You've got a girl that's crazy about you.

Reese: But it's just wrong. She's my buddy. The best friend I've ever had. But in a roll around the floor and make her smell my armpit kind of way.

Malcolm: Everyone has their own kind of foreplay. The important thing now is how you feel about her.

Reese: It's hard to say. Now when I think about her, I get all nervous in my stomach. Like my bowels could cut loose at any moment.

Malcolm: That's love, dude.

Reese: Wow. You'd think somebody would put that in a song.

Malcolm: Listen, I know we've had our differences, but I say this as a brother. You're not that great a catch. This girl might be the best shot you'll ever get. You need to suck it up and at least tell her how you feel. Otherwise, you might end up looking like an idiot. Do we still have the skirt that goes with these?

Lois: Who's the lamebrain who left the trash cans in the middle of the driveway?!

Hal: Yes!

Lois: I hate these things.

Hal: Oh, honey, what happened?

Lois: I was standing at my cash register putting up these cute little butterfly decals, when suddenly, I got the most excruciating cramp in my leg. It was like that time Francis chomped down on me, only I couldn't turn the hose on it. You know, if they're going to fix one problem and just cause another, I don't want any part of them.

Hal: Why don't I get the footbath ready?

Lois: It's my own damn fault for thinking there was a magic pill to give me my life back. I should have known it was too good to be true. You can't trust the banks. You can't trust your own kids. And you obviously cannot trust doctors. God, Hal, you're the only person I still have to believe in. I'm so happy I can still trust you.

Abby: Oh. Sorry. I was... looking for Reese.

Lois: Well, if the refrigerator door isn't open, he's probably not home. Hal, get rid of these. I'm gonna try to walk it off.

Hal: Well, honey, you know, it may not be all their fault.

Lois: I've made up my mind. I do not want them anymore.

Abby: Looks like a mild strain of the gastrocnemius. Used to see it all the time in boot camp. Uh, you might want to try massaging that muscle.

Lois: You think so?

Abby: Well, I'd be happy to do it for you.

Lois: Oh, would you? Abby, that would be great. Go ahead. Don't be timid. No, really... dig in. Oh, yeah! Oh, God, that's the spot. Oh, yes. Yes. Don't stop. That's it. That's a little high.

Abby: I'm sorry.

Lois: Did you just make a pass at me?

Abby: Ma'am, forgive me.

Lois: Oh, no, no, no, it's not that I'm not flattered, but I'm the mother of, like, five children. I've been married for 100 years. Why would you think...?

Abby: I was wrong, ma'am. I was way out of line.

Lois: Do I give off that kind of vibe? Because I would hate to think people are walking around with me giving them false hopes. Would it help if I changed my hair?

Abby: Ma'am, I really have to go.

Lois: Sure. Don't beat yourself up. I'm sure there are many women who find you very attractive.

Dewey: Don't forget the cherry.

Malcolm: There. Happy?

Dewey: In truth, it was better conceptually.

Malcolm: Just give me my money and leave me alone.

Dewey: Tough words for a human sundae. What do you know? That's the last of it.

Malcolm: Really? That's the last of it?

Dewey: So it appears.

Malcolm: Aha! Who looks like the idiot now, huh? I've got all the money all \$148 of it, and what do you have, little man? Nothing!

Dewey: Except my self-respect, but it's hard to put a price on that. Wait, maybe I can.

Abby: Reese? You in here?

Reese: I have a present for you.

Abby: What?

Reese: Something I've never given another girl in my entire life. I hope you like it.

Abby: Reese, what the...? Oh my God, you tied a bow.

Reese: I'm giving you my innocence. I've saved myself for you, Abby. Let's not wait any longer.

Abby: I'm gay.

Reese: What?!

Abby: I like women.

Reese: Are you kidding?

Abby: No. I thought you knew. You dropped your bow.

Reese: So, you don't think I'm attractive, not even a little?

Abby: Look, uh, maybe if you were the last person on earth, or we were trapped on a desert island, and you had surgery... Nope. You're still dog meat.

Reese: This is fantastic! We're buddies again! We're right back where we started! Wait a minute. But if I'm not the girl you're hung up on around here... Oh, my God. Oh, my God!

Abby: Reese, it was just a stupid...

Reese: Big Gloria, the meter reader?

Abby: Yes. Yes. There was an awkward scene. It turns out she's taken, but that's not why I'm leaving. May not be seeing you for a while, Big Dog.

Reese: So, this really is it then?

Abby: You take care of yourself, Reese. You're a great guy, you know that? You're more than that. You're the best friend I've ever had.

Reese: I'll miss you, too, buddy.

Hal: A little more, and you will be just like new. All I got to say is that you better be good to her. (burns himself) Oh! Sweet mother of God! You home wrecker!

Lois: Hal, what are you doing?

Hal: Saving our marriage!

Lois: What?!

Hal: I was... I was... I was trying to put your orthotics back together the way they were, but I... There's only so much I can take, Lois. At some point, a man has to take a stand.

Lois: What do you mean, put them back the way they were? Did you do something to my orthotics?

Hal: Yes, and I'd do it again.

Lois: Why?!

Hal: Because... Because I miss the old you. I missed the Lois who would come home racked with pain and tension and snarling like a rabid bobcat. That Lois needed me to make her feel better.

Lois: Oh, Hal.

Hal: So, now you know. Now you can go out and get new... orthotics, and I'll just try to stay out of your way.

Lois: Hal, you are being ridiculous. These things are not gonna replace you. Remember that time I got that non-stick German waffle iron? I was walking on air for weeks, but it didn't last.

Hal: True.

Lois: Remember when our kids made us happy?

Hal: Oh, well, we were both just being stupid there.

Lois: But the point is, something's always gonna come up. I'll be miserable again.

Hal: You promise?

Lois: Of course.

Lois: Come on. Now, I am gonna get another pair, Hal.

Hal: Fine, but I don't want to know about 'em. And keep them out of our bedroom.