

713 MONO TRANSCRIPT

Reese: (steps in dog dung) Damn it! (hops all the way home, into the bedroom, and wipes his shoe on Dewey's shirt)

Dewey: Damn it!

Lois: I have never been so angry. If you boys are gonna act like dogs, I'm gonna treat you like dogs.

Malcolm: (TC): This is so awesome. Mom and Dad just got back from the doctor's, and it turns out she has mono. She's been ordered to stay in bed for two weeks. After all those years of stepping on cracks, it finally paid off. I mean, it's no broken back, but I'll take it.

Hal: Honey, come on. You'll have plenty of time to yell at the boys once you beat this thing, but right now you've got billions of germs inside of you that you need to focus your hatred on. Besides, you're highly contagious.

Lois: Okay. Okay. (to Malcolm) Wait, what's on your face? (licks her finger and touches Malcolm's face)

Reese: (on the computer, writing e-mail) I can't wait until everybody at school finds out you got the kissing disease from Mom. Which will happen right about... (clicks send) now.

Malcolm: I didn't kiss her. You saw it.

Reese: What I saw was you and Mom making out on the couch.

Malcolm: Dewey?

Dewey: It was disgusting.

Malcolm: She licked her finger and touched my face.

Reese: Spare us the perv details.

Hal: (moving Jamie's crib into the boys' bedroom) Okay, Jamie. Here we go. None of Mommy's monster germs are in here. But don't get too comfortable in the big boys' room. It's only temporary.

Dewey: He's never leaving, is he?

Hal: What? No. This is just until it's safe to go back into our room.

Reese: You said the same thing when Dewey moved in. Are you gonna take him back now that your ringworm's better?

Hal: I told you we are still on yellow alert with that! Ready, Malcolm?

Malcolm: Yeah. God, I hate sleeping on the couch.

Hal: Oh, wait. No, no, no. We can't have you out there in the general population.

Malcolm: Well, then, where am I gonna sleep?

Hal: Right this way. (directs him towards Lois's bedroom) Come on.

Malcolm: Oh, God. Okay, I can get through this. I'll read books. I'll sleep a lot.

Lois: I'll apologize in advance. I have gas to beat the band.

Dewey: (he and Reese are watching TV, and Jamie brings him a soda and popcorn) Good job, Jamie.

Reese: What the hell was that?

Dewey: He's my slave.

Reese: You don't get to have a slave. You're my slave.

Dewey: Slaves can have slaves. This is America.

Reese: Okay, I'll tell you what. I'll give you your freedom if you give me Jamie.

Dewey: Really?

Reese: Your attitude's been pretty lousy lately. I know you've been spitting in my sandwiches. I mean, I still eat them, but now the trust is gone.

Lois: (looking at comic Malcolm is reading) Wait.

Malcolm: Don't you have something you can read over there?

Lois: I'm too tired to turn the page.

Hal: (comes in, wearing gloves and a scarf over his mouth) Stick 'em up! Who wants a snack? Here we go. A little bit closer. (tries to pass plate of chips over with tongs but drops them on the bed) All right. Sorry, just a minor setback.

Lois: Hal, we're fine. Thank you for your trouble.

Hal: Wait, don't eat it without the fun. (holds out can of cheese sauce attached to a stick, and pours it onto Lois's cracker) Yeah.

Lois: Just leave.

Hal: Well, forgive me. I thought you might appreciate having some human interaction.

Lois: You're in here every five minutes, when what we really need is rest. Hal, just go. Please, find something to do. (Hal leaves)

Malcolm: Finally.

Lois: Malcolm, quit hogging the covers. You're just like your father in bed.

Hal: (goes outside, sits on the steps and looks at trail of ants walking across the path) Look at you carrying that big leaf. All right. You'll be a hero when you walk in with that. The queen's not gonna tell you to get out. (sees Steve walking by Oh, hey, Steve. Steve, hey.

Steve: Oh, hey, Hal.

Hal: Hey, I was just, uh... So what's going on in your life, huh, fun stuff?

Steve: Oh, no, no. You know me and Carol. Just boring, boring, boring. Just a stay-at-home couple.

Hal: Yeah, me, too. Oh, Lois has mono. I've got her quarantined in the bedroom for two weeks.

Steve: So she's really out of commission, huh?

Hal: Oh, yeah.

Steve: That's rough. And there's no chance she'll come out of it sooner?

Hal: No, I'm afraid not. But thanks for asking.

Steve: You know what? Uh, Carol and I are having a luau in about an hour. Just a spur-of-the-moment kind of thing. Why don't you come by?

Hal: Wow, you guys really do this up right.

Neighbour: Well, they had to outdo a whole medieval feast at John and Stacy's and '70s Night at the Wongs.

Hal: Wait... so... you guys do this all the time?

Steve: Hal...

Hal: I'm such a jerk. I never extend myself. I just get in my car. I go to work. I live in my own little world. I never think to knock on a neighbor's door and say, "Hey, let's have a luau." In fact, in fact, when Lois gets better, we'll do this at our house. (everyone is silent)

Steve: Yeah, we should really talk about that at some point.

Hal: You're right. I'm being pushy. Friendships develop over time. Yeah. Okay.

Malcolm: No. No. No. No. God, no. No. No.

Lois: We're staying.

Malcolm: You said we both have to agree on something or we won't watch it.

Lois: When you own your own house, you can make a rule and break it.

Malcolm: That's not fair.

Lois: Oh, God. Get the remote.

Malcolm: It's on your side.

Lois: Fine, you want to watch the shopping channel all night, that's what we'll watch.

Malcolm: See? That's what we need.

Lois: Amen, we've been screwing around with medicine and bed rest when all we needed were some shiny beads.

Malcolm: I don't think they can.

Lois: Impossible.

Malcolm: Wow. I didn't see that coming.

Lois: Look at that oven mitt.

Malcolm: Oh, come on, it's got nothing on that wallet.

Cut to Malcolm and Lois the next morning, reciting the Pizzazzler ad word for word.

Malcolm, Lois: Vinyl, suede, ultrasuede, even carpet. Pizzazzler, it'll change your life.

Malcolm: You know, it actually has.

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Dewey is on the computer when Reese comes in with Jamie.

Reese: He's broken. I'm taking you back as my slave.

Dewey: What? We had a deal.

Reese: You gave me damaged goods. Look. Jamie, get me a soda and it'd better be cold, or I'm gonna brain you. (Jamie just stands there) See?

Dewey: It's not my fault you don't know how to work him. Jamie, get him a soda. (Jamie goes off)

Reese: All right, but you're doing that because I want you to, not because he wants you to. Make him think that, Dewey.

Lois: Malcolm, this is coming out great.

Malcolm: Do you think it's gonna be uncomfortable?

Lois: Maybe, but you're gonna have to make sacrifices if you're gonna be pizzazzulous.

Malcolm: Oh, well, I didn't think of it pizz-at way.

Hal: Okay, I'm going over to Dave and Tina's. Everything okay in here?

Lois: We're fine.

Malcolm: Fizzazine.

Lois: Fizzazine. Feeling mizzazzuch bizzetter.

Hal: Are you taking your pills?

Lois: Gizzo awazzay.

Malcolm: Yeah, lizzeave us alazzone.

Hal: Okay, well... Gizzazzood bizzazzye.

Lois: What? Hal, you're not making any sense.

Malcolm: That's really weird, Dad.

Hal: Sorry. Feel better. (leaves room, and Lois and Malcolm laugh)

Cut to Dave and Tina's house, where Hal is working the BBQ.

Hal: Oh, I'll tell ya. I get no respect. No respect at all.

Neighbour: This is the guy from the luau I was telling you about. He's hysterical.

Hal: Ever notice that stop sign on Maple? Evidently, Mary Keller thinks it's a slow-down-and-check-for-cops sign.

Carol: That Hal is so great. Too bad he's stuck with that woman.

Hal: That is right, Jay. She never stops there. I will terminate her.

Steve: You know who'd be perfect for him? Ellie. She's just coming out of that bad divorce.

Carol: Stop. That is terrible.

Hal: Hey, ask me for a burger with cheese.

Guy: I'll have a burger with cheese.

Hal: You can't handle the cheese.

Carol: I'll introduce them. Ellie, this is Hal.

Hal: Hi.

Ellie: Hi. So, Carol tells me you're here on your own?

Hal: Yeah, yeah. My wife kicked me out.

Ellie: Oh, that's terrible. So, are... are you out of the house?

Hal: No, no, no. I'm sleeping on the couch. But we're being smart about it. I mean, no contact at all. I think it's for the best, given our situation.

Ellie: Believe me, I know. Well, would you like to join me in a drink?

Hal: My, oh, my. Do you think we'll both fit? It's so good to get out and meet all you great people.

Ellie: I have a confession to make. This is my first night out in a long time. I've been kind of a hermit lately.

Hal: That was me, too, but now I wish I hadn't waited this long. I had no idea there was something so amazing right here on my block.

Ellie: Oh, Hal. Well, maybe we can do this again sometime.

Hal: Well, Phil and Jenny are having a Mexican fiesta tomorrow.

Ellie: Are you asking me?

Hal: Yeah, are you going?

Ellie: Sure. I'm sorry. I don't know how to do this.

Hal: Just say good night.

Ellie: Good night, Hal.

Hal: Good night. (calling through door to Lois) Russell makes a mean Singapore Sling. Oh, and you know that probate lawyer, Mrs. Chaffley? The one who's always on my ass about the lawn? Well, she can stand on her head and drink a pitcher of beer in seven seconds.

Lois: (calling) Glad you had a good time, Hal. We're doing fine here, too.

Malcolm: So, what do you wanna do now? You wanna Pizzazzle some more?

Lois: No, I'm kinda Pizzazzled out. How about if I do your hair?

Malcolm: Only if I get to do yours, too.

Malcolm, Lois: Dizzeal!

Dewey: (lying on the couch, Jamie gives him a cushion and a comic) Thanks, little man.

Reese: Aha! I see how you're doing it. You have a tack in your hand.

Dewey: Nope. That was just a pat on the head.

Reese: So you're pushing the soft spot?

Dewey: No, Reese. I'm just being nice.

Reese: So he doesn't know when the hit's gonna come.

Dewey: Reese, there's no trick. I'm just showing him respect.

Reese: You're not making any sense.

Dewey: Don't overthink it.

Reese: Oh, I got it. No, wait. I don't.

Dewey: He's my little brother. I'm just treating him the way I want to be treated.

Reese: Show me the hand thing again.

Ellie: Oh, Hal, the last few nights have been so magical. The barbecue, the... disco party.

Hal: Don't forget fondue night. I think I've gone up a whole pant size.

Ellie: I think I'm falling in love with someone.

Hal: Wow, you know, you're pretty great. It wouldn't surprise me if he was falling in love with you, too.

Ellie: Well, good night.

Hal: Good night. Good for her.

Malcolm: I can do your nails again.

Lois: I don't know what you could possibly do to improve them.

Malcolm: Well, we have to do something.

Lois: Truth or Dare.

Malcolm: Truth.

Lois: What's the worse thing you've ever done?

Malcolm: Total immunity?

Lois: Pinky swear.

Malcolm: All right, well, I'm not sure if this counts, but when the Harrises were on vacation I drove their car for a week.

Lois: Malcolm!

Malcolm: It's not as bad as it sounds. They left their window unlocked. And a lot of people leave a spare car key in the kitchen drawer. Except the Goldmans. They left theirs in a fake soup can in the cabinet.

Hal: Well, I'm off to Steve and Carol's... again.

Lois: Fine, Hal.

Hal: Hey, you know that Ellie Johnson down the street? She is a lot more fun than you think. I think she found a fella.

Lois: Good for her.

Hal: Should be a great party tonight. Steve's doing kabobs.

Ellie: Hal, I thought about it and it's just... too soon.

Hal: Well, they did say 7:30.

Ellie: I mean, I'm not... ready. I hope you understand.

Hal: Well, if you're not ready, you're not ready.

Ellie: You have such an amazing attitude, Hal. Don't ever lose that.

Hal: So I guess I should just go.

Ellie: Good-bye, Hal.

Hal: Good... Good-bye, Ellie.

Dewey: Okay, now say something nice to him. Like how you feel about him, but only good stuff.

Reese: I don't know. He's... ..not that bad.

Dewey: Good. Now tell him that.

Reese: You're not horrible like the rest of those buttmunches.

Dewey: There you go. Now pat him on the shoulder. It's like a slap, but slower.

Dewey: Good. Now see if he'll get you a soda.

Reese: Get me a soda!

Dewey: No, no. Do it with me. Would you mind...

Reese: Would you mind...

Dewey: ...getting me...

Reese: ...getting me...

Dewey: ...a...

Reese: ...a...

Dewey: ...soda?

Dewey: ...soda?

Reese: You stupid...

Dewey: Nothing else. (Jamie gets Reese the soda)

Reese: Wow. I just realized I totally lost sight of what's really important.

Dewey: There you go.

Reese: It's not that I like having a slave getting me things. It's that I like to have a slave so I can watch him suffer while he gets me things.

Dewey: What?

Reese: The fact that I had to ask for this makes it taste like bile. Thank you for helping me figure that out. (punches Dewey)

Dewey: What was that for?

Reese: Sorry, man. I had to get the taste out of my mouth.

Malcolm: I still can't believe you ate that dead fly.

Lois: Hey, I play for keeps.

Malcolm: All right, truth or dare?

Lois: Truth.

Malcolm: Remember when I was in fifth grade and I set the couch on fire? How'd you know it was me? I planted all that evidence, I had Stevie as an alibi. Even Dad thought it was Reese.

Lois: Honestly? I had no idea. You were the first person I saw when I started yelling, and you just crumbled.

Malcolm: You were bluffing, but you seemed so sure.

Lois: Of course, I seemed sure. With you boys, if I showed the slightest weakness or hesitation the whole thing falls apart. Half the time, I'm just going on blind instinct.

Malcolm: After all these years, five kids, keeping up that act. That's gotta be exhausting.

Lois: Tell me about it. Plenty of days I come home tired from work. The last thing I wanna do is be Lois.

Malcolm: I guess I do the same thing. Sometimes when I come home from school, I don't feel like arguing with you. But it's like that's my job.

Lois: It's funny, isn't it?

Malcolm: I bet half the time if we knew what the other one was really thinking, we'd just burst out laughing.

Lois: We probably would.

Neighbour: Where's Ellie?

Hal: Oh, she said she just wasn't ready.

Neighbour: Oh, yeah.

Well, what a shame. But you know sometimes people just cling to these relationships that don't make sense to anybody else, right, Hal?

Hal: What?

Neighbour: Nothing.

Hal: No, you clearly said something. What are you, what are you driving at?

Neighbour: Well, it's just that, you know, you're so fun and Lois is so... Mojitos?

Hal: No, no, mojitos. You were saying something about my wife, so let's just hear it.

Neighbour: Well, um, this is nothing against you, Hal, it's just that your wife is kind of a... pill.

Hal: What? Well, maybe that's your opinion, buddy, but that's not the opinion of everyone else here, is it? So that's how it is, huh? Well, let me tell you something. I think all of you people are just jealous! My wife happens to be the most wonderful, amazing, beautiful woman in the world, and I don't care to eat with anyone who thinks otherwise. (makes himself a plate of food and leaves)

Reese: (to Jamie) See me cowering? This is how a slave acts. You'll get it. We'll both just have to be patient. Now, let's start at the beginning. "No, I won't get you a soda." (hands Jamie a wooden spoon

and Jamie starts hitting him) Come on. Put some wrist into it. Wait, you're missing my eye. Get my eye.

Lois: Oh, don't worry Hal, I'll take down the rhinestones.

Hal: No, leave them. Last night was like making love inside of a star.

Lois: You know, Hal, now that I'm feeling better you can take me to one of those great parties.

Hal: Oh, I don't think so, honey. I never really fit in with those people.

Lois: Well, if they don't appreciate you, I don't want anything to do with them. Oh, for the...! Who left the refrigerator open? Malcolm?!

Malcolm: Sorry, Mom, I didn't... Mom, remember the...?

Lois: What the hell are you laughing at? You think wasting electricity is funny?

Malcolm: Not as funny as your pathetic parenting skills. Isn't it interesting that you treat your kids like criminals...

Lois: Oh, well, why don't you just live on the street...

Malcolm: ...and they end up turning into criminals? You must be so proud.

Lois: ...and see if a bunch of strangers will give you free, cold food?

Malcolm: You have all your kids afraid of you. Is that what you want?

Lois: That's all you want, free stuff, right?

Malcolm: You want me to be afraid of you?

Lois: You think everybody's just gonna give you...