

716 LOIS STRIKES BACK TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Reese, I just bought that for you. Will you look at... Give it to me. Let me see what I can do with it.

(Lois makes the jacket into a waistcoat for Malcolm)

Malcolm: I sneezed in chem lab and spilled acid on it.

(Lois makes the waistcoat into stubby shorts for Dewey)

Dewey: I'm not wearing these stupid shorts anymore. Everyone's making fun of me.

(Lois makes the shorts into a tie for Hal)

Hal: A denim tie. How cool is that?

Reese: (on phone) No way! No way! That's awesome. Okay. I can't wait to see you. No, I can't wait to see you more. No, I can't wait to see you more. Okay, you win. (hangs up phone) All right, Cindy's only a few blocks away, so everybody calm down. When she gets here, just try to be cool. I want to make a good impression. Do I have a bat in the hanger?

Malcolm: You've asked me five times. The answer's still yes.

Lois: So, this is pretty exciting, Reese. When did you meet this girl?

Reese: I haven't actually met her. Her cousin goes to school with me, and Cindy saw me at the dance last week and thought I was hot.

Lois: Oh, well, I don't blame her. I mean, forgetting I'm your mother for a minute, if I saw you walking down the street, I would think, there is one hot guy.

Dewey: Yeesh.

Reese: Cindy and I talked on the phone almost every night last week, and we totally have the same sense of humour. She said she saw me put the plastic dog poop in the punch bowl at the school dance, and we both agreed that the real stuff would have been funnier.

Lois: You put plastic poop in the punch bowl?!

Reese: Once again, you completely miss the point. (picks up bowl to check how his hair looks)

Dewey: So, what kind of loser would want to go out with you?

Reese: (pulls out photo) This kind of loser. And if she kisses half as good as her picture does, this is going to be sweet. (doorbell rings) Okay, there she is. Everybody, get out of here. No, wait. She'll probably want to meet you. Okay, you can stay, just don't say anything stupid. How's my hair? Can you smell my pits? Why'd you let me put on this stupid shirt?

Lois: Reese, relax. All you have to do is just be yourself.

Reese: You're right, Mom. Thanks. (goes to door with bunch of flowers)
(opens the door and sees that Cindy is actually a pig. Four girls
are looking from the path, laughing and taking photos.)

Diane: Enjoy your date, Reese!

Principal: And the pig was actually wearing lipstick?

Lois: Reese was devastated.

Principal: I can just imagine. And-And I don't like it. No, no, no, not one
little bit. Now, uh, what is it that you want me to do?

Lois: Look, I know that Reese has not been a model student, and once
again, I want to apologize for your tires. And your mailbox. And
your lawn fountain. But what those girls did is just cruel, and I
need to see them punished.

Principal: All right, you let me see what I can find out. Now, these girls are
obviously quite clever. I mean, where do you even... find a pig? And
then we have to get it over to your house, and put makeup on it.
Reese was completely blindsided, huh?

Lois: You know what? I have had it. How would you like it if I called the
Superintendent and told him all about this?

Principal: Great. I'll put him on the speaker phone.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois, who is furious, is chopping
vegetables.

Lois: Unbelievable. I've never witnessed anything like that in my entire
life. There's no excuse for it. How did an immature jerk like that
get to be Principal of a high school, Hal? How?

Hal: Well, with what they...

Lois: He actually laughed. He couldn't care less that our son is curled up
on his bed and completely devastated by this.

Hal: Honey, I think you actually got chunks of cutting board in the
salad.

Lois: Well, I happen to be very upset, Hal.

Hal: I'm upset, too. And this... Principal sounds like a real idiot, but,
you've talked to him, and if he's not going to do anything about it,
I don't see what else we can do.

Lois: Well, you know what, Hal? That's just unacceptable to me.

Hal: It's just the way it is. Kids do cruel things to each other. But,
you know, they bounce back when you're young. And I actually think
that Reese is coming around a little bit. (hears Reese crying) Well,
I brought him soup yesterday, and he couldn't even make a sound.
Now, I really... I really think things are going to turn out okay.

Lois: Are you trying to calm me down?

Hal: No. I just don't think it leads anywhere good when you get like
this.

Lois: Get like what?

Hal: Well... you know.

Lois: No, I don't know. How is it I get?

Hal: Well...

Lois: If I have a problem, I would love for you to explain it to me.

Hal: You know what, honey? This seems like a-a longer conversation, and it just so happens that I am right in the middle of a project in the garage. I'm fixing that drawer from our bathroom cabinet. You know how you've always had to keep your makeup brushes in the pockets of your robe? Well, I finally got around to it, and wouldn't you know, it's time for that second gluing. (walks off to the garage, shouting) But if you let it dry too much, you might as well make a bird's nest out of it. But then I'd have to sand it and paint it, and that's a whole different magilla. But when I'm done, we will roll up our sleeves, and we will get through this. I mean, if you have to vent, go ahead. I am your sounding board. I don't care if you have to bite my head off. It's okay, it's what I'm here for. I am your rock. You've always been there for me, and I'll be there for you, even though physically, I may be in the garage, and you in the kitchen. No matter where I am, I'm there.

Cut to the bedroom, where Lois comes in and sits on Reese's bed, with a school yearbook.

Lois: I want names. How many were there? (Reese holds up 4 fingers) Good. At least you can hear me now. Just nod when you see one. (Reese nods) Kristin? It's okay. She can't hurt you now.

Cut to Lois in the car at the High School. All the students are heading home. Kristin goes to her bike, flicks her hair and puts on her helmet.

Lois: You just love that beautiful hair. Don't you, sweetie?

Cut to Hal, sitting in the garage, reading a magazine. He hears Lois's car in the driveway, quickly stands up, goes to his workbench and picks up a tube of glue)

Hal: Damn this drawer! What do you want from me?! (when Lois is safely inside, he goes back to his chair, stepping on a piece of wood on the way, which catapults a soda can into the air)

Cut to Hal in the garage, still playing with the soda can and piece of wood.

Hal: And you can kiss that baby good-bye. Another walk off home run for Hal, and the crowd is on its feet. Hal! Hal!

Cut to Reese and Dewey watching TV. Reese is whimpering.

Dewey: I can't take this any more, Reese. You have to stop this and get on with your life. Did I remind you of your life? (goes to retrieve his ant farm, then sits back down on the couch) Look, Reese. It's my ant farm. I've been raising them for months. I know all their names and love each and every one of them. Here, have fun. (holds out a can of ant spray)

Reese: Why does everything I love always turn into a pig?

Dewey: Hey, I've got it. You'll love this. Today at lunch, Rick Jensen sat in beef stew. And then spilled lemonade on his crotch. It was a perfect storm. Kids were coming from other schools to laugh at him.

Reese: Was he able to get his pants clean?

Dewey: Come on, Reese. (leads him off) You should get back to bed. I'll bet his mom wasn't able to get his pants clean.

Cut to the living room, where Malcolm arrives home from school.

Lois: Hi, Malcolm. How was school?

Malcolm: Okay, I guess. Well, there was this one weird thing. This girl named Kristin, she's one of the girls that picked on Reese. You're not going to believe what happened to her.

Cut to the school, where Kristin parks her bike and lifts up her helmet, which Lois had filled with bubblegum.

Kristin: Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh! My hair! Oh, my God. Oh, my God! Who did this?! Who did this?!

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm continues describing the incident.

Malcolm: They tried to get it all out, but I heard the janitor ended up having to cut off all her hair with a hedge trimmer.

Lois: (excited) Really? (sees Malcolm's face) That's terrible. People can be so cruel.

Cut to the bedroom of Diane, who is sitting on her bed, talking on her mobile phone and instant-messaging on her laptop. Her room is filled with teddy bears and dolls.

Diane: Oh, absolutely. Ugh! I know, exactly. Oh, Kristin could not stop sobbing. I'm m-ing her now, she's a complete wreck. I know. Did you see her without her hair? You know, I never realized she had such a tiny head. (Lois looks through the window) Oh, but you know what the best part is? Now Dylan's available. Does he? No. Get out!

Cut to the Wilkersons' house. It is now dark, and Hal is outside testing out the pitching machine he has created.

Hal: Okay, rookie... Show me what you got. Okay... At least we know you're not on steroids.

Cut to the school, where Malcolm runs into Lois in the corridor.

Malcolm: Mom, what are you doing here?

Lois: I'm here to pick up some things for Reese. You know, so he can catch up on his school work.

Malcolm: I hope you rented a truck.

Lois: You know what? Everyone seems very amused by your brother's pain. Well, I think people better start thinking twice.

Diane goes to her locker, opens it and a sea of doll heads pours out.

Diane: Oh, my God! Who did this? (picks up two heads) Moppet?! Baby?! (a group of students has gathered to look) No! No! (bursts into tears and falls to the floor)

Malcolm: It's you! (turns around but Lois has gone)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is cooking in the kitchen when Malcolm arrives home.

Malcolm: There you are. You took off so fast from school, we didn't get a chance to talk about what happened to Diane.

Lois: I'm a very busy woman, Malcolm. It isn't easy running this household.

Malcolm: I can imagine... cooking, shopping, cutting the heads off of dolls.

Lois: I have no idea what you're talking about.

Malcolm: Come on, Mom, it's pretty obvious what's going on here, and I think it's sick! Did you see Diane's reaction?

Lois: No, I didn't... Was she crying?

Malcolm: She had to be wrapped in a blanket and carried to the school nurse's office.

Lois: Terrible, just terrible. There's a salad in the fridge and you boys can make yourselves sloppy Joe's whenever you're hungry. I've got some errands to run.

Malcolm: Oh, "errands," right? I know what you're up to, Mom.

Lois: Oh, yes, Malcolm, you've caught me. I've got to return an overdue video, go to the cleaners, and pick up milk and cereal for the morning. Guilty as charged.

Malcolm: Oh, nice try. Now, I want you to look me in the eye and... (follows Lois to the bathroom, where he talks to her through the door) Mom, I know you're behind all this, and sooner or later you're going to have to talk to me.

Lois: For God's sake, Malcolm, can't I have a moment's rest?

Malcolm: No, you can't! Tell me, did it feel good to cut through Elmo's neck? Did it?! Mom? Mom? (opens bathroom door and sees open window. Lois is gone)

Cut to Hal outside, playing with his pitching machine.

Hal: Runners on second and third, with two out. Here's the wind-up, and the pitch. You know, it's a shame to see some of these veterans hang on a little too long. Oh, sure, they were great once, but there comes a point when you just have to say "I'm done," and hang them up.

Malcolm: Dad, you've got to do something. Mom has been stalking those girls who humiliated Reese like some kind of vigilante.

Hal: What? Are you sure about this?

Malcolm: Yes. She's nailed two of them so far, and she just climbed out of the bathroom window to go get the third.

Hal: This sounds like a lot of supposition, Malcolm. I mean, it would be a different story if you had hard evidence or an eyewitness.

Malcolm: I saw her at school today. She was there when these butchered dolls' heads rolled out of one of the girls' lockers.

Hal: And what exactly do you mean when you say you were "there"?

Malcolm: Dad, stop it. Don't you care?

Hal: Of course, I care, But I think what we need right now is caution and prudence. A proactive wait-and-see... if you will.

Malcolm: So you're not going to do anything?

Hal: Listen, when your mother gets like this, we need to vigilantly keep abreast of all the developments in a fully-engaged yet cautiously-detached...

Malcolm: Oh, forget it... if you're not going to help me, then I'll just stop her myself, and you can stay here and play your ridiculous little game.

Hal: Good. Sorry about the delay, folks. There was a fan on the field. Now let's see if this bonus baby is really worth all the money that they paid for him. My God, that could've killed...

Cut to the bathroom, where Dewey is sponge-bathing Reese.

Dewey: You wouldn't believe the homework Mr. Hendricks has been dumping on us lately. Lift your arm. I mean, okay, your wife moved out. Don't take it out on us. If his behaviour with her is anything like it is in math class, I totally get it.

Hal: (comes into the bathroom) Hey, how is he doing?

Reese: He's having a very good day.

Cut to the house of Heidi. Heidi's parents are sitting in the living room, reading. Lois is outside the window, with a bag. She silently opens the window, drops the bag inside and closes the window again, without Heidi's parents noticing. She then pulls out her mobile phone calls their number.

Heidi's Dad: (answering phone) Hello?

Lois: Hello. This is the Edgewood Hotel. I'm calling to verify a room with a queen-sized bed for tonight.

Heidi's Dad: I'm sorry, there must be some mistake.

Lois: Oh? The reservation was made by Heidi Kaczenski. She also requested a bottle of champagne and the romance package.

Heidi's Dad: I think you'd better cancel that reservation. (calling) Heidi! Get in here this minute!

Heidi: (comes downstairs, wearing her robe and brushing her hair) Dad, what is so important? I...

Heidi's Dad: You and Scott got a hotel room for tonight?!

Heidi: What?!

Heidi's Dad: That was the hotel calling.

Heidi's Mom: How could you do this to us?!

Heidi: I didn't do anything. I was in my room getting ready for the dance.

Heidi's Dad: You really don't know anything about this?

Heidi: No!

Heidi's Mom: (discovers bag containing hotel brochures and condoms) What's this? Oh, my God!

Heidi: That is not mine!

Heidi's Dad: I don't know what the hell you were thinking, but as of right now, you and Scott are through!

Heidi: I hate you! I hate both of you! (starts crying and goes back upstairs. A pot plant breaks outside)

Heidi's Dad: I saw something move. There's somebody out there.

Cut to the street, where Lois sprints across the yard and trips up a kid playing on his skateboard.

Heidi's Dad: What's going on out here?

Lois: I'll tell you what's going on. I saw this punk peeking in your window.

Jordan: What?!

Heidi's Dad: I can't believe this! Jordan, I thought you were a good kid! (leads him off)

Jordan: But I was just...

Heidi's Dad: You picked the wrong night to mess with me, you little perv! Well, let's see what the police have to say about this.

Lois: I need to talk to you.

Reese: Not now.

Lois: Please, I need to tell you something. I've been a terrible mother.

Reese: It's okay, Mom. I've known that for a long time.

Lois: No, you don't understand. When those girls humiliated you... Instead of trying to comfort you and help you deal with your feelings, I just got caught up in my own anger and went on a rampage.

Reese: What?

Lois: All I was worried about was making them pay, and they did. But what disturbs me is... how much I enjoyed crushing those three girls and watching them suffer. I tapped into some dark, ugly place inside of me. I was acting like...you. Oh, God, who am I kidding? I wasn't acting like you. I am you. There's this horrible thing that's part of us that makes it seem okay to do really scary stuff. I must have gotten it from Grandma, and I passed it on to you, sweetie. And all I can say is... I'm sorry. I'm deeply, deeply sorry.

Reese: There's one left?

Lois: No, Reese... That doesn't matter.

Reese: Yeah, yeah, I know that, Mom. I'm just trying to let it sink in. You know, that girl will be getting away with it.

Lois: She doesn't matter. What matters is us.

Reese: I get that stuff about us, Mom. That was amazing. I was just thinking about what must be going through her head. But you're right, it's not about her.

Lois: Exactly. What do you mean what's going on inside of her head?

Reese: You know, how she thinks she beat you. "I'm perfect, and I got away with it, and that tired, frumpy housewife just didn't have what it took to finish the job."

Cut to Lois and Reese in the car, driving to Paula's house.

Lois: If you think you're manipulating me, you're wrong. That girl just needs to know she can't go around hurting people without there being consequences. And that way, she'll grow up to be a very nice young lady.

Reese: Got it.

Lois: And I want to make it clear that this is a one time thing, due to very special circumstances.

Reese: Understood.

Lois: Now get back there and fill up those balloons with paint.

Hal: And I'll tell you what, Joe. The idea that man came from an ape still rankles me. I say prove it. Point well taken, Skip, but the good news here at the ballpark is that the rain delay is finally over, and we can get back to playing America's... (sees his pitching machine is gone)

Lois: I think we have enough. Let's move. (opens the van door and Malcolm is standing there)

Malcolm: I knew I'd find you here!

Lois: Well, congratulations, Columbo. Now, move, we're in a hurry.

Malcolm: Mom, no! What you're doing is crazy. It goes against everything you've ever taught us.

Reese: You don't get it, Malcolm. This is a one time thing, due to very special circumstances. Tell him, Mom.

Lois: Get out of our way!

Malcolm: This is not going to happen.

Lois: They're moving. Adjust left.

Reese: (operating machine) Adjusting left. (starts catapulting balloons)
Direct hit.

Paula: Oh, my God! Stop it! Make them stop! Let go of me you coward! Stop it!

Reese: This is nice. Just the two of us.

Lois: I was just thinking the same thing.

Paula: Stop it! Stop!

Cut to Lois, Reese and Malcolm, who is tied up in the back seat, driving home.

Reese: It's a shame it was over so quickly.

Lois: I know. Maybe we can go bowling together some time.

Reese: I'd like that.

Malcolm: Unbelievable. So as long as you can rationalize your behaviour, I guess you can do whatever you want. There are no rules, huh, Mom? Is that what you're saying?

Lois: Oh, Malcolm, for Pete's sake. Don't be so upset. I'll do something with you next week.