

**717 HAL'S DENTIST TRANSCRIPT**

Lois: You're the one who invited your friend over. Now that he's here, you can't just suddenly change your mind. Now get up and be nice to Ryan.

Hal: (unenthusiastically) Fine. (goes to the door) Hi, Ryan. You want a beer?

Cut to the living room, where it's Poker Night.

Abe: You look pretty dumb in those glasses.

Hal: Oh, yeah? Well, I read a book about poker tells, and my eyes have been giving away my cards. We'll see who looks dumb when I am dancing on a mountain of poker chips.

Guy #1: I'm out.

Trey: Me, too.

Guy #2: Fold.

Hal: Damn!

Guy #3: (bringing over bowl of popcorn) Gentlemen.

Abe: Fiddle Faddle! (starts stuffing his face) Now it's a poker game.

Hal: Easy there.

Abe: I can't help it. Kitty's got me on an extreme diet.

Guy #2: Hey, this isn't Fiddle Faddle.

Guy #3: I make it at home. I pop some corn, brush some melted caramel on it, let it cure, blanch and double roast the nuts. You lose a weekend, but you save 73 cents a batch.

Hal: I'll bet a buck.

Trey: I'm out.

Guy #3: Fold.

Guy #1: Me, too.

Hal: (removing sunglasses) Damn, you could see through these glasses, can't you? (eats some fiddle faddle) Oh! Oh, my tooth!

Trey: Please, let the dentist take a look. (shines small flashlight into Hal's mouth)

Hal: It's this one.

Trey: Uh-oh, #31 is cracked.

Hal: Is that important?

Trey: Only for eating and talking. It's one of the glory boys. You better get that fixed.

Hal: Great. My company doesn't have a dental plan anymore. They got us a foosball table instead.

Guy #1: So where you been going?

Hal: The dental college. It's not too bad, but they do make you sign a death waiver.

Trey: Forget about that. Come by my office on Monday, and I'll take care of it.

Hal: Really?

Trey: Absolutely.

Hal: Wow, it's been so many years since I've been to a real dentist. Do you supply the ether rag, or should I bring my own?

Cut to the boys walking along the street. They're all bored.

Reese: God, I'm so bored. Everything's boring. It makes ditching school almost seem like a bad choice.

Malcolm: Even talking about boring is getting boring.

Dewey: Yeah, boring.

Reese: Bored, bored, bored, bored... (suddenly excited) Wait! You see that?

Malcolm: What?

Reese: It's a dead squirrel! Gentlemen, our week just filled up.

Dewey: Sorry, not interested.

Malcolm: Sure, it looks good to you now, but it's just going to wind up in the closet with all the others. Pass. (he and Dewey walk off)

Reese: Your loss. See you, suckers. (walks along the road by himself, where he comes across Lois in an alley attempting to get onto a bike) Mom?

Lois: Why aren't you in school?! You're in trouble, young man!

Reese: (walks over to her) Oh, I don't think so. You're in the middle of an alley trying to get on a bike. You are ashamed of something. I can always smell shame. It's kind of like rotten coconut.

Lois: Okay. There's this stupid bike-a-thon at work. Some idiot made a big stink about how the store's not doing enough for charity.

Reese: Then don't do it.

Lois: I have to. I'm the idiot. And I... I... I can't ride a bike... And it's very embarrassing.

Reese: So you really can't ride a bike?

Lois: No.

Reese: (yelling) Hey, everybody! My mom can't... (Lois wrestles him onto the ground)

Lois: You don't understand! My father didn't believe in training wheels!

Reese: Mom!

Lois: He just tied me to the bike and pushed me down the hill.

Reese: Mom, there's glass down here!

Lois: I came back with three teeth in my hand, and he just pushed me down all over again. After that, I just told people I knew how to ride. And I've been living with this lie ever since!

Reese: Mom!

Lois: If you tell anybody, I will kill you! Do you hear me?

Reese: I won't tell a soul! Let me up, and I can help!

Lois: What?!

Reese: I know how to ride a bike! I'll teach you!

Lois: You'd really do that?

Reese: Absolutely. And you don't have to be embarrassed. No one will ever find out your horrible secret. (sees a man walking along and fakes a cover story) No, lady, I don't want your drugs!

Cut to Malcolm and Dewey sitting on the side of the road. They're still bored.

Malcolm: Wow, and I thought Reese was the one dragging us down.

Dewey: Maybe we should see how he's doing with his squirrel.

Malcolm: If I know Reese, all the good parts are gone by now. Nothing exciting ever happens around here. (a mattress suddenly falls out of the sky)

Dewey: Wow... we even have boring miracles.

Malcolm: It must have fallen from a plane or something. (he and Dewey go over to look at the mattress)

Dewey: Wow, this is brand-new. At least what I think a mattress would look like new. It's got no lumps.

Malcolm: No weird stains.

Dewey: No springs sticking out of it.

Malcolm and Dewey: It's got tags! (they leap onto the mattress)

Dewey: Wow, It's like sitting on a cloud... with two clouds under it.

Malcolm: This is amazing. I'm in ass heaven.

Dewey: Maybe it's worth some money.

Malcolm: Sell it or keep it? Let's think about this for a second. (they lie down)

Cut to the street, where it is now dark. Malcolm and Reese are still lying on the mattress, now asleep. A car screeches in front of them and wakes them)

Malcolm: Oh, my God, we totally fell asleep.

Dewey: That wasn't sleep. Sleep makes you feel like you've been beaten up.

Malcolm: We got to keep this thing. (they pick the mattress up and go home)

Cut to Trey's office, where he is examining Hal's broken tooth.

Trey: Enjoying Lord of the Rings in high-def?

Hal: Oh, it's unbelievable. No lines, no commercials... I'm bringing Lois here for our anniversary. I still can't get over all this. A real sink to spit in. I really don't have to swallow it.

Trey: Hal, are you crying?

Hal: They're good tears. How much longer will it take?

Trey: I'm done.

Hal: You can't be. I didn't bite down on the pain stick.

Trey: No, it's done; I finally got the temporary crown on. I got to tell you, Hal, it was in pretty bad shape, but I think you're going to be happy with the results.

Hal: Wow, you really are a friend.

Cut to Hal at the counter, where he has just received the bill.

Hal: Two thousand dollars?! Excuse me, but this can't be right. Trey said he would take care of it.

Receptionist: The doctor handed me the bill himself.

Hal: You don't understand. I'm a friend of Trey's.

Receptionist: And he gave you the friend discount: ten percent.

Hal: You mean he was going to charge me more?!

Customer: Can I have the key to the bathroom?

Hal: Careful, it'll cost you \$200 in a bathroom fee! You know what? You can tell Trey that this is what I think of his bill. (rips up what he thinks is the bill)

Receptionist: That was your parking validation.

Hal: I know. Could I have another one?

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm and Dewey are waking up in their new bed.

Malcolm: Morning.

Dewey: Morning.

Malcolm: Last night was...

Dewey: Fantastic.

Malcolm: I'm glad we got these 600-thread-count sheets. Anything else would have been an insult to this beautiful mattress.

Dewey: We really have been living like beasts.

Malcolm: (sighing) A good night's sleep. Just think what we can do with all this new energy.

Dewey: Yeah.

Malcolm: Five more minutes?

Dewey: I'm right behind you, buddy. (they go back to sleep)

Cut to Reese riding along the street, showing Lois various stunts.

Reese: See? Just do that.

Lois: I can't.

Reese: You want me to show you again?

Lois: No, Reese. I'm afraid.

Reese: So you're chicken, huh?

Lois: Yes!

Reese: Oh. Mom, you might not know this, but I used to be afraid of a lot of things. Thunder, frogs, mailboxes...

Lois: You were afraid of mailboxes?

Reese: I used to imagine that if I stuck my hand in a mailbox, it would slam shut and rip my hand off, but I simply conquered my fear by ripping the lid off of every mailbox in the neighbourhood. I turned that fear into hate. And you have to hate that bike just as much.

Lois: I don't have hate.

Reese: You've got hate in there. You just have to find it. Do you hate work?

Lois: Surprisingly, no.

Reese: What about your life? Your best years are gone, and they weren't so good.

Lois: I don't hate my life, Reese.

Reese: What about the stuff I've done to you, like when I baked your shoes, or broke your wedding china, or when I sold those tickets to those fifth graders to watch you shower?

Lois: You did what?!

Reese: Perfect! Now direct that anger to the bike! (Lois gets onto the bike and it wobbles around)

Lois: (grabbing onto Reese) Don't let me fall!

Reese: Okay, I think we've made a lot of progress! That's enough for today!

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where

Reese: (faking cover story) So, lately, I've been going to the library with Mom. That's all. I don't want anyone following us. Like I said, it's just the library, where we do... library things. (goes to the closet) Has anyone seen our bicycle pump? (turns around and sees Malcolm and Dewey asleep in their new bed)

Cut to the living room, where once again it's Poker Night.

Abe: Hal's in. Your bet.

Guy #1: Five dollars? I'll call.

Trey: Hi, guys. (takes off coat) Where should I put this?

Hal: I'll take care of it. (angrily throws the coat to the floor)

Trey: This is about the dental visit, isn't it?

Hal: You know, I don't recall a dental visit. I recall a mugging!

Trey: I'm surprised you'd bring it up, considering you ran out on the bill.

Hal: Con artist!

Trey: Welsher!

Abe: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! What's this about?

Hal: I went to Trey to get my tooth fixed for free like he promised, and then this pirate hands me a bill for \$2,000!

Trey: Free?! I never said I'd fix it for free!

Hal: You said you'd take care of it!

Trey: And I took care of it! I fixed it! Now Hal is walking around here pain-free with a stolen smile!

Hal: How dare you?! We were all here. (to the group) Now, who's right?

Abe: I think the answer is pretty clear.

Guys: Hal!

Guy #2: Trey!

Guy #1: What are you talking about? The man said he'd take care of it. Everyone knows what that means.

Guy #3: Yeah, it means he'd fix it for free.

Hal: Thank you!

Guy #2: You're just saying that because it was your cheap-ass caramel corn that broke his tooth in the first place.

Hal: It had nothing to do with the caramel corn!

Abe: Guys, guys, guys, this is ruining the game. Malik, you do mediation at your law firm. Can't you help out?

Malik: Fine. Fellas, I want you both to just sit down and listen to each other. Trey, can't you see where "I'll take care of it" could be misinterpreted?

Trey: Well, I suppose it could.

Hal: Yeah!

Malik: And, Hal, can't you see that Trey is a professional? He went to years of medical school.

Abe: Yeah, and then he gave up and became a dentist. (the other guys laugh)

Malik: Trey deserves to be compensated for his work. It's natural and it's fair.

Hal: I guess it is. I'm sorry, Trey.

Trey: No offense taken.

Hal: So, Malik, how much do we owe you?

Malik: Ah, nothing. We're friends.

Hal: (jumping up, angrily) A-ha! You see?

Trey: It's not the same! You came to me as a professional. You get a salary for your work. Imagine going to somebody's house, playing Tetris, shuffling papers and making long-distance calls, and nobody paid you?!

Hal: That's it! I don't want your repo thugs coming after me, so here! (yanks out the crown, and howls in pain)

Cut to the kitchen, where the family are eating dinner.

Hal: So, Peterson puts the report on my desk and says, uh... (almost chokes trying to swallow a mouthful of food without it touching his sore tooth)

Lois: Hal, if your tooth hurts, don't eat.

Hal: I'm fine.

Lois: Hal, just stop it.

Hal: Stop what?

Lois: We're all afraid you're going to choke to death. You can't eat if you don't chew.

Hal: I don't need to chew. I am fine. The key is relaxing the esophagus. Jamie, I hope you're paying attention.

Reese: So, Mom, how's the bike-a-thon going?

Lois: (faking excitement) Just great. I'm really excited about it.

Reese: You are, huh? How long have you been riding?

Lois: Long enough.

Reese: Fascinating! Hey, you know what I could go for? Another piece of cake.

Lois: There is no more.

Reese: (looks at Lois's piece) What about that piece?

Lois: My piece?

Reese: That's okay. I don't need another piece of cake. I can just continue talking. So, what was I talking about? Oh, yeah, your bike riding. (Lois gives him her piece of cake)

Malcolm: These chairs are so uncomfortable.

Dewey: They have no idea how to conform to our bodies.

Cut to the bathroom, where Hal and Lois are getting ready for bed. Hal is attempting to floss his teeth.

Lois: Hal, you have an infection. You have to see a dentist.

Hal: I made an appointment with Dr. Voorhees tomorrow.

Lois: Isn't that the guy we took Dewey's hamster to?

Hal: He's a doctor. If he isn't in the society pages, then you're not impressed, huh, Lois?

Lois: Go back to Trey! We'll find the money somehow.

Hal: No way!

Lois: Well, you are going to have to find some way to deal with this.

Hal: I know and I have. I'm not an idiot, Lois. Now, please, will you hand me my scream box?

Cut to the boys' bedroom the next day, where Dewey angrily storms in, waking Malcolm up.

Malcolm: Hey, what's all the noise? You know the rule. The only sound allowed in this room is snoring.

Dewey: I've been waiting ten years to see Conrad Horner perform, and I overslept and completely missed it.

Malcolm: Oh, he'll come back in a few years.



Dewey: He's 98. I got there in time to get a program off the floor and see his ambulance drive away.

Malcolm: Oh, well. You know what would help? Sleep. I actually dreamed I was in this bed sleeping.

Dewey: Sleep is all we ever do anymore. Do you even know what day it is?

Malcolm: I don't even know what year it is.

Dewey: (yanks the covers off Malcolm) Get up! Don't you have a test tomorrow? It could affect college, your future!

Malcolm: I'm pursuing my dreams right here in a much more direct way.

Dewey: Well, I'm done with it.

Malcolm: (pulling the covers back over him) Fine! More room for me.

Dewey: So that's your plan? You're going to sleep for the rest of your life? That's pretty pathetic.

Malcolm: I'll leave my mark. Long after I'm gone, the memory coils in this bed will still remember the contours of my body.

Dewey: Listen to yourself. That's insane. This bed is evil. It's draining your soul, Malcolm! (Malcolm falls asleep) Malcolm?

Cut to the bedroom, where Reese is ready to take Lois bike-riding again.

Reese: Okay, Mom, I think today we might break the 12-inch distance record we set yesterday. It's white-knuckle time.

Lois: I'm not doing this anymore.

Reese: What?!

Lois: You know I can't do it. I just cannot get on that bike again. It's just too hard.

Reese: Oh, it's too hard? Well, why didn't you say so? When things get tough, you got to just give up and run away from your dreams. Lower your expectations. That's fine. I've had my fun. If you want to quit, go ahead and quit.

Lois: All right, Reese, you made your point. Let's give it a try.

Reese: No, I was really saying quit.

Cut to the living room, where Hal has invited the Poker buddies over again.

Abe: I want to thank Hal for inviting us all over for a special afternoon game.

Hal: I don't want to be the one to break up the game here. I have nothing to be ashamed of.

Trey: If you're implying...

Abe: Gentlemen, gentlemen, no one is implying anything. All I'm saying is it's hard keeping the game together. And despite our differences, I

think we can all agree this is nothing like the hidden jack incident of '91.

Guy #1: Here we go.

Guy #2: You are damn right. Here we go.

Trey: Don't throw around accusations. I will not be accused of cheating.

Guy #1: I never said you were cheating. I said it looked like you were cheating. That's totally different.

Trey: I don't need to cheat. You're not that good a poker player.

Guy #1: So the card I needed to make my straight just decided on its own to leave the table?

Abe: Guys, guys, come on. I'm just saying we made it through that, we can make it through this. I have a feeling by the end of this game, the problem will be solved.

Guy #3: Show 'em.

Hal: Pair of twos.

Guy #1: Beats me.

Guy #2: Me, too.

Trey: Pair of two's the winner.

Hal: Wow, I win again? Oh, I must be on a real lucky streak. I must have a thousand dollars here. Wait a minute. (tries to grab other guys' cards)

Guy #1: Dead hand. Cards over.

Hal: (holding up cards) You had a flush! Look! You're letting me win!

Trey: You are?!

Abe: We're just trying to get this thing settled.

Hal: I don't want your money if I didn't win it. I have no need for your pity!

Trey: I can't stand it anymore! I'll give you the dental work for free. Happy? Let's go right down to my office right now and put back that crown.

Abe: It's settled.

Hal: No! I am not some charity case, and I am not going to relieve you of your conscience, either.

Guys: Hal!

Hal: No! You will be the one to have to live with the pain, not me! Give me that glass of ice water!

Guys: No, no!

Hal: I hope you're happy!

Guys: Hal, Stop! Think about it. Hal! Hal! Hal! Come on, Hal! (Hal takes a mouthful then screams and falls to the floor)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm wakes up and discovers he's back in his old bed.

Malcolm: My back's killing me. What happened?

Dewey: Malcolm, you're awake. We were worried about you for a while.

Malcolm: What happened to the new mattress?

Dewey: What are you talking about?

Malcolm: The mattress! I know there was a mattress.

Dewey: Maybe it was a dream.

Malcolm: It wasn't a dream! The mattress was perfect and white, and it felt like a cloud! It fell out of the sky, and it made me happy!

Dewey: Was it just a bed, or was there a beanstalk, too?

Malcolm: Maybe it was a dream.

Dewey: You were happy, Malcolm. Of course it was a dream.

Reese: Okay, Mom, this is it. Once you're up, don't look down.

Lois: But...

Reese: Trust me. Just start pedaling. I'm going to make sure you get through this. You are not alone.

Lois: Thank you, Reese.

Reese: Now go!

Lois: Oh, my God! I'm doing it! I'm riding!

Reese: Don't worry, Mom! It's for your own good.

Lois: Reese?!

Reese: Try to go slow, Mom! I'm going to crash into you! I'm going to prove to you that falling isn't so bad!

Lois: No, Reese, I'm doing fine, see?

Reese: Mom, it's the only way! Thank you. (they ride towards each other, collide and Reese flies off his bike, landing on his crotch).

Lois: (rides off and ignores Reese Reese, it worked! I'm not afraid. I can ride.

Reese: Mommy...

Cut to Hal and the Poker Buddies driving to Trey's office. Hal is tied up like a prisoner, screaming. They are soon pulled over by a Police officer.

Hal: Help me! Help me!

Police: So... Want to tell me what's going on here?

Abe: It's cool, Officer. You see, we tied him up because he's got a painful, busted tooth, and he refused to let us fix it.

Hal: Help! Help me! I need help!

Police: Okay. Drive safe.

Abe: Thank you, sir.

Hal: Help! Help me! Help me!