

718 BOMB SHELTER TRANSCRIPT

Reese: Theven... heigth... Nine... Yeth, I thtill have the record, thucker!

Lois: I swear this mall gets more beautiful every time we come.

Hal: They have really made some changes. They're used to be a Banana Republic over there. Now it's over there.

Malcolm: Can we please just get my underwear and get out of here?

Lois: Malcolm, you know it's hard to buy underwear for you. You have your father's irregular crotch.

Hal: Nothing to be ashamed of, son. If a woman really loves you, it won't bother her a bit. Will you look at that? They turned a Soap Town into a Soap And Such.

Girl: Hi. Are you here to take class?

Malcolm: Yes, that's why I came in here, to take class. It's dancing, right?

Girl: Yes. Just sign up at the counter.

Malcolm's Rival: So, you're the new guy.

Malcolm: What? Oh, yeah, hi.

Malcolm's Rival:: It's all right. I don't mind a little competition, but just so you know what you're up against.

Announcer: So the person who keeps his or her hand on the vehicle the longest is going to drive out of here in this brand-new truck!

Lois: Oh, Hal, look at that truck. Can you imagine if we could finally get rid of the van?

Hal: That piece of junk's costing us a hundred bucks a month in duct tape alone.

Announcer: All right, the contest is going to begin in ten seconds. If all the contestants are ready, here we go. In seven, six, five, four, three, two, one. And we're off!

Lois: I can't believe we never entered one of these contests before.

Hal: It's going to be a long ride, honey.

Announcer: We got our first loser.

Hal: Ha! Idiot!

Announcer: Number two.

Hal: Ha! Damn it all to hell! (trying to pull Jamie's pants up while holding him) Come on, pal, here we go, here we go. (puts him in highchair) There we go. Oh, geez. (Jamie is wriggling out) No, no, no, Jamie! You have to stay in your chair until breakfast is ready, okay? Listen, your mommy's going to be home in a couple days, just as soon as she wins that truck. And then everything will be back to normal. Oh, eggs. (answers phone) Hello!

Lois: Oh, hi, Hal, how's it going?

Hal: Oh, uh, everything is... everything's great, honey.

Lois: Oh, good. Listen, I was thinking this might be the perfect time for you to get to your "To Do" board.

Hal: Well, um, you know, I am not sure that I'm going to be able to...

Lois: Hal, I'm making this sacrifice for the whole family. I think the least you can do is catch up on some housework.

Hal: Okay, okay, I'll talk to you later. (looks at To Do board) Oh, geez. (sticks on note saying "DO TO-DO LIST") What was that?

Reese & Dewey: Nothing!

Reese: Oh, my God, Dad's middle management trophy... The Middie. We have no choice but to confess and take the punishment. (to Dewey) You're a good brother.

Malcolm's Partner: Are you sure you've never danced before?

Malcolm: No, never.

Malcolm's Partner: You really have a gift.

Malcolm: She's right. Turns out, I'm naturally talented at science and dancing... two things that are guaranteed to get you beat up.

Girl: All right, partner up.

Malcolm's Partner: You know, our dance competition's coming up next week. You can choose any girl in the class to be your partner.

Malcolm: Really? Any girl?

Malcolm's Partner: You and Danielle would be a dream together.

Malcolm: Who? I think I need a little time to think about it.

Girl: (to her boyfriend) Say hi to Angela for me.

Lois: So who's Angela?

Girl: She's my best friend. He's helping her move.

Lois: Huh.

Girl: What? No, I am not worried about him and Angela.

Lois: Good for you. I actually met my husband when he helped me move. Boy, there's nothing sexier than a man coming to the rescue. The two of you lug that mattress up the stairs, you get it laid down on the floor in the bedroom. You're both already sweaty. Anyway, I think you're making the right choice. A truck will never let you down.

Girl: I've got to go.

Announcer: Oh, another one out!

Dewey: Can't we just throw the thing in the trash?

Reese: That is the worst possible place. Dad accidentally throws his car keys out three times a week, and he always ends up going through the barrels.

Dewey: What was that?

Reese: There's a handle here.

Dewey: Oh, my God, do you know what this means?

Reese: Yes! Rabbits have been using our technology!

Dewey: No, it's a bomb shelter. People built these in the '50s and '60 in case of a nuclear war.

Dewey: This is incredible.

Hal: What the hell... ?

Dewey: Dad?

Hal: Boys, are you down there?

Dewey: Dad, look, we have a bomb shelter.

Hal: Oh, good God. I never knew this was here.

Dewey: Isn't it amazing?

Hal: All right, let's get out of here. We don't know how stable this place is. There could be snakes and rats and... Is that my trophy?

Dewey: Yeah. Here!

Hal: You broke the Middie! They only give out 200 of these a year! Wait!

Reese: Hurry, get the trash cans!

Hal: You boys let me out of here! You better not burry me in here with the rats!

Reese: You want to see what's on TV?

Dewey: Okay.

Hal: Get me out of here!

Malcolm: They let me pick Hanna as my partner. We really got a shot at winning this competition. Plus, I get to touch her body, like, a lot.

Hanna: Sorry.

Dewey: Dad, if you can hear me, knock once on the hatch. Okay, it's pretty obvious we've all made some mistakes here.

Reese: There's no point in trying to figure out who's right and who's wrong. The important thing is you forgive us so we can forgive you

so we can let you out. Now if we're all on the same page, knock once on the lid. He agreed. We're both witnesses.

Dewey: You know Dad, I really think... It's a trick!

Hal: I just...vengeance!

Reese: Back, Dad! Back, Dad! Back! Back!
I don't know if I can trust Dad after this.

Dewey: You're insane.

Reese: I'm just saying, how much food could there be down there? Eventually, this will take care of itself.

Dewey: Reese!

Reese: He's had a long life. What is he, like, 70?

Dewey: Forget it.

Reese: Ah, you're right. I forgot about Mom. She's bound to notice eventually, no matter how busy she is. And once she latches onto something, you know how she never lets it go.

Hal: Well, hello. Mr. President. Well, looks like we're in this Cold War together. So, Jack... what are you drinking?

Malcolm: So what if she's a klutz? She's still beautiful, right?

Hanna: I can't wait for the competition. You and me out there in front of everyone?

Malcolm: All right, she's totally hot, but she's got no presence. Her footwork's sloppy and her jazz squares all over the place. I'm just going to have to make my peace with this. I chose Hanna for the contest and now there's nothing I can do about it.

Hanna: Oh, my ankle!

Malcolm: I'm so sorry. Are you all right?

Hanna: It hurts. I can't stand on it.

Malcolm: Oh, my God, what a terrible accident. (TC): It was an accident. (to Hanna) I'm so sorry. (TC): It was.

Teacher: Good! Perfect. All right now just turn, and be stronger with your arms.

Malcolm: I'm so glad you were still available for the competition. I was really upset by Hanna's, um... accidental injury, but I think you and I might win this thing.

Danielle: Well, if we can do it with our dancing, maybe you could stop sleeping with the judges.

Malcolm: That'll free up my evenings. Who knew she banter, too.

Hal: Salisbury steak... my old friend. Ha-cha. Hello, ladies.

Dewey: Dad? Dad, you alive?

Hal: The minute I get out of here, you boys are in so much... trouble!

Reese: Hey, if he's not willing to negotiate, we've got no choice. We're going to have to split up. Ok, I'll meet you in Mexico in five years.

Dewey: Wait a minute. What if we do everything on his "To Do" board and then let him out?

Reese: That's brilliant. He couldn't be mad at us if we did all this for him. He's got stuff on here that he's been meaning to do for years. (pulls first note off) "Change Dewey's diaper."

Malcolm: So, for the contest, what do you think we should wear?

Danielle: I was thinking about a really hot sequined backless number. And for me, something classy.

Malcolm's Rival: Just so you know, I was holding back in there. You two have no idea what I'm going to unleash tomorrow at the contest.

Danielle: Well, if it's anything like what you unleashed during stretching, we're pulling out of the competition.

Malcolm's Rival: Insults are for those who can't express themselves... in motion!

Danielle: I think I'm falling in love with him.

Malcolm: You, too? So, I'll see you tomorrow?

Danielle: Right. Oh, there was one more thing. Nope, that wasn't it. See ya.

Lois: I'm sure it's nothing, Cheryl, but you'll probably feel better after a doctor's taken a look at it.

Announcer: There's another one. She's down and we're here in the...

Malcolm: Wow, Mom, just four left. That's great.

Lois: Yeah, and it'll be three before you know it.

Malcolm: Mom, I need some advice on something.

Lois: Sure.

Malcolm: I started taking this dance class, and -

Lois: Oh, good for you.

Malcolm: I just signed up to meet a girl.

Lois: Of course.

Malcolm: I got to dance with the girl I wanted, but... she had an accident and I started dancing with this other girl and... I didn't think there'd anything other than dancing there, and...

Lois: And now she likes you and you're going to break her heart?

Malcolm: No, that's not it. I like her, too.

Lois: You both like each other?

Malcolm: Yeah.

Lois: So why are you bothering me? I'm working here.

Malcolm: The point is I like her, but she's not exactly what I consider to be... a cute girl.

Lois: Oh, this is going to be a tricky one. Here, hold this. What is wrong with you? You're attracted to her, she's attracted to you. The only problem is in your head. Listen, if you're trying to build relationships on looks, you are in for a world hurt. Take Janet here. 20 years ago she marries her husband because she thinks he looks like Lee Majors. And today he's lost all his hair, he's gained 200 pounds, and she is stuck with a blimp who won't even put on his shirt to come to the dinner table. She is reduced to trying to win attention by bringing home a truck. I mean, how sad is that?

Janet: That is what I'm doing, isn't it?

Announcer: There's another one. 36 down. There's only three left here, ladies and gentlemen.

Lois: You see that? That took courage.

Hal: I'll tell you, Jack, they made women in those days. There's nothing wrong with a little meat on the bones. Now that is a fanny. Ah, Jack, you died too young. We beat 'em. Now they're wearing blue jeans and eating cheeseburgers in Red Square. Oh, and we made it to the moon. Big waste of money. I'll tell you what I miss the most, Jack. All these years, we have never had a president as cool as you. Here's to you, buddy. You're right to look at me like that. You just can't drink a martini without an olive. Oh, would you look at that. We have a back door. I'll be right back, Jack.

Dewey: After you finish the fireplace, I'll start scrubbing the shower tiles. And I'll give Jamie a bath, then we can both do the gutters.

Reese: All right, but first we have to shampoo the rug to give it time to dry.

Lois: If you are 99% sure you turned your oven off, don't drive yourself crazy. Besides, dogs have an instinct to run away from fire.

Announcer: Well, there was number three. And then they were two. Don't go anywhere, folks, we're going to crown a winner.

Lois: So it's just you and me.

Mabel: All the little children have gone home.

Lois: You have any kids?

Mabel: Four.

Lois: Five.

Mabel: Epidurals?

Lois: Please. You tear?

Mabel: Like an old sock.

Announcer: All right ladies, it's time for another bathroom break. You're not taking a break, Mabel?

Mabel: I'm good.

Lois: Me, too.

Malcolm: Hey, Danielle. Before we go there, there's something I need to tell you.

Danielle: I like you a lot.

Malcolm: You do? I mean, great.

Danielle: You know, I'd never would have expected it.

Announcer: And now, Malcolm and Danielle.

Malcolm: Why wouldn't you have expected it?

Danielle: Huh?

Malcolm: Why wouldn't you have expected to like me?

Danielle: It wasn't a criticism of you. It's just that... Sometimes I can be really shallow about these things. Malcolm?

Malcolm: So what kind of guys do you like when you're shallow?

Danielle: No, it's nothing. It's just that... I've made mistakes in the past going after guys just based on their looks.

Malcolm: So you almost didn't go out with me because I'm not good-looking enough?

Danielle: Would you let it go, okay? I like you. Now dip me.

Malcolm: Face or body?

Danielle: What?

Malcolm: Face or body, which don't you like? Or maybe you don't like any of it.

Danielle: It's all fine. It's good enough. Now dip me.

Malcolm: I can't believe you'd think like that.

Danielle: For God's sakes!

Malcolm: You know, you're no prize.

Reese: No, we can't let Dad out until we do everything on the list. If Dad's going to act like...

Hal: I can explain.

Dewey: Wait a minute. You've been sneaking out the whole time?

Reese: Is that party mix?

Hal: You're damn right it's party mix. This is the only thing that has kept me sane while I was trapped in that hellhole.

Dewey: Then why are you going back?

Hal: I am not on trial here.

Reese: I can't believe he wasn't really trapped. Come on, Dewey, let's go mess up the house.

Lois: I did it! I won the truck!

Hal: Lois, you're not going to believe what these boys have done. They trapped me in a hole... I was there for three days.

Reese: He wasn't trapped...

Lois: Did you hear what I said? I said I won the truck!

Hal: Oh, my God! You won the truck! We won the truck! We won the truck! We won the truck! We won the truck! Let's go for a ride.

Lois: Just a sec. First I have to change my pants.