Problem Child 3: Junior in Love

By Scott Alexander
Hi. This is me. Junior Healy.
This is me and my dad, Ben Healy.
He's the best. I love him and he loves me.
This is my grandpa, Big Ben Healy.
He's old, wrinkly and mean.
Believe it or not,
some people think I'm a little devil.
But I'm not. I'm an angel.
An avenging angel.
In general, I like people.
I just got no patience for losers,
whiners, criers and biters.
This is Mortville Elementary School
where I'm currently serving
a five-year sentence.
And this fine specimen
is my teacher, Miss Hicks.
I hate Miss Hicks, and for some reason
she's not too fond of me either.
But don't worry,
she's about to take an early retirement.
Steve, "Frog to Fish Liver Transplant". A-plus-plus.
Murph.
Potato art? Well, at least this year you tried.
D... plus.
- Oh, yeah!
- Calm down, Murph.
And finally,
last and certainly least, Junior Healy.
Yes, Miss Hicks.
Don't "Yes, Miss Hicks" me,
you vile little hellion.
In all my 43 years of teaching,
I've never encountered a more sinister
presence in the classroom than you.
Well, it ain't been no picnic for me either.
Well, it seems that once again
you haven't completed your assignment.
Big surprise. Class...
...take a good long look at this lazy slacker
who's about to get an F.
Oh...!
- Busted.
- Do you know what "F" stands for?
  It stands for "flunk", it stands for "failure".
- It also stands for "fat farm".
- What are you saying?
  I'm saying join the circus,
you'd make a fortune.
And besides, lady, I did do a science project.
- It's all about sound waves.
- Oh, right.
- And when do I get it?
- Oh, it's coming. Any second now.
Whey...!
Whoa!
Junior, I can't get this off!
I can't see! Junior...!
Going down?
Naturally, that overgrown rat Murph squealed
on me and the Principal called my dad.
But as the poet said,
if you're gonna do the crime,
you're gonna do the time.
What's the big deal? I never touched her.
- Accidents happen.
- Well, there's been a lot of accidents lately.
  It's that time of year.
- You're mad at me, aren't you?
- Yes, I am.
So you don't like me anymore?
Junior, you know that no matter
what you do, I love you very much.
And I would do anything in the world for you.
But I just can't handle everything.
So I've decided that we need
someone special to talk to.
A shrink?! Turn it around, pal!
- And what does this remind you of, Junior?
- An ink blot.
Well... And this?
Another ink blot.
OK. And this?
A basket of warm, fuzzy, new-born kittens.
- Really?
- Really?
No, it's just another crummy ink blot!
How many times do I have to tell you, lady?
Thank you, Junior. Would you mind
stepping outside for a moment?
I need to speak to your father.
It's all right, Junior. It won't be long.
And, Junior, don't get into trouble.
- Dad!
- OK.
So what do you think?
Is there anything wrong with Junior?
- Absolutely nothing.
- Nothing?
He is perfectly normal.
And just as sweet as a cinnamon bun.
That's right.
And you are doing a wonderful job, Mr Healy.
I just think that Junior's biggest obstacle
is that he feels like an outsider.
He needs to feel like an insider.
Get him involved in some activities
with his peers.
Peers? What are peers?
I don't know if that would be such a great idea.
You see, Junior's a little bit... high-spirited.
Exactly. And that's why
we need to channel
that energy into positive activities.
- Sports.
- Sports?
- Scouting.
- Scouting?
- Or cotillion?
- Cotillion!
- As in dancing with girls cotillion?
- Exactly.
Why don't you just kill me?
I ain't going. No way!
Let me go!
Believe me, Junior. One of these days,
you're gonna thank me for this.
Nice, huh?
Junior!
Stop! I'm not gonna go!
Don't!
Hold it!
I've told you once, I'll tell you a million times.
I ain't dancing with no skirts.
And that's final.
Even though you need to be with other kids
and feel more comfortable with yourself,
I can't force you, Junior.
I mean, you're getting older now.
It's time you started
to make your own decisions.
After all, what I think is right
might not necessarily be right for you.
Son, you're free to do what you want.
- Really?
- No!
Put this on. You're going dancing.
No! Child abuse!
Stop! No, help, child abuse!
Somebody do something!
That's better.
Wow, look at this place.
This is great.
This is hell.
Hello.
Junior.
- I couldn't help it.
- Junior, this is Lila Duvane.
This is your teacher.
She's a world-famous foxtrotter.
Since when? The Civil War?
Welcome to
the Lila Duvane Academy of Dance.
What a darling little boy.
You can drag me in here
but you cannot make me dance.
No way, no how, no...
Wow.
What a dame.
She's the most beautiful girl in the world.
And I don't even want to torment her.
Junior.
Junior, are you OK?
Yeah, yeah, great, Dad.
Now, can you cheese off?
You're cramping my style.
I take a few adult pupils
for private lessons.
Want some punch?
Absolutely not.
- Murph, who's that girl?
- Tiffany.
She just moved here. Why?
- Do you like her?
- Me and a broad?
Get serious. She just seems,
I don't know, lonely.
Yeah, right. Stand in line.
See? That's that scout guy, Duke. He's got
so many badges I can't even count 'em.
And there's the captain
of the hockey team, Blade.
And there's that actor guy, Corky McCullum.
He's so famous he's got his own cereal box.
Big deal. What have they got that I ain't got?
A prayer. Look, you're out of your league.
Why don't you talk to my sister Bertha?
She thinks you're hot.
Who let her out of Jurassic Park?
- Did you just insult my sister?
- No. I insulted T-Rex.
- Where are you going?
- To meet Tiffany.
You? You don't stand a snowball's chance
in a microwave.
Sure I do. All I got to do is talk to her.
What's going on? My heart's pounding.
My palms are sweating. And I'm thinking
thoughts I never thought before.
Junior and Tiffany. Tiffany and Junior.
Sure, it sounds crazy,
but somehow it all makes sense.
Here goes nothing.
Stand back, boys,
and watch a master at work.
- Hi.
Say hello.
I'm Tiffany.
Tell her your name. Talk to her. Say anything.
I saw a dead cat yesterday.
Get lost, Healy.
Yeah, beat it, troll.
Nice tie.
Children. Children.
Listen up, children.
Now, everyone choose a partner. And choose wisely.
Because just around the corner is our annual costume ball.
Where two lucky children will be chosen King and Queen!
Tiffany, may I have this dance?
My pleasure.
Hello.
Oh, no.
Oh, yes.
Hey, what's the big idea?
Put me down right now.
Tiffany!
Duke. He thinks he's so cool.
I know just how to heat him up.
And Blade, he's flying a little too high.
Somebody's gonna have to shoot him down.
Ready, aim, fire!
And Corky McCullum, he's got a pretty big head.
Maybe I should take a little off the top.
They will pay. Oh, yes, they will pay.
I am Mr Burtis, and unlike some of the teachers you've had...
...I've got rules, lots and lots of rules. Rules that will be followed at all times. Rules that cannot and will not be broken.
You.
Little boy, what are you gawking at?
The bell.
Why?
You'll see.
Uh-oh.
Thanks, I learned a lot!
Bye-bye, Billy. And, remember,
brush three times a day
or this deadly fungus will grow in your mouth,
cover up your entire head
and make your skull cave in.
Next up, Junior Healy.
Oh, no, you don't!
- No, no, let me out!
- Gotcha!
That's got to hurt.
- Is it a cavity?
- Is it a cavity?
Is it a cavity? Mister,
your son's mouth is a disaster area.
What have you been eating,
kid, hand grenades?
Speak up, cotton-mouth, I can't hear you.
A little dentist humour.
Nurse Kiki, the X-ray.
Yes, Doctor.
Oh, Ben... Can I call you Ben?
Well, I just did so I guess it's a little late.
Ben, did anyone ever tell you
you have excellent teeth?
How would you like some free dental floss?
Here, keep that for yourself.
Isn't it heinous?
Your child has a rare condition
known as Appaloosa gingivitis nervosa.
Now, what this means
in simple layman's terms
is that his incisors are in
a life-and-death struggle with his bicuspids.
And his canines are horrified,
paralysed with fear,
staring incredulously at his molars.
- I don't even want to talk about his molars.
- That's a horse's mouth, you quack!
Nurse Kiki, more cotton!
- Bad boy!
- He's obviously delirious from the pain.
You poor boy.
What you must be going through.
The guilt. The shame.
Luckily, there's a cure.
A nose job?
Oh, I'm sorry. I moonlight a little on the side.
Your kid needs braces.
- Braces? Oh, no, you don't!
- Cotton!
Look, kid, braces aren't so bad.
All you need them for is a year, two years.
All right, ten, twenty years, the most.
Everybody's had 'em. I mean, look.
Stallone, Schwarzenegger,
the entire cast of Melrose Place.
Heather Locklear,
she used to have teeth out to here.
She was a walking can opener.
She could eat apples through a picket fence.
Now look at her.
She's got a smile almost as sexy as mine.
How soon does he need 'em?
How soon can you pay?
I don't know.
I don't mean to sound cheap,
but how much are they?
Braces, a one-way ticket to Geekville.
But as bad as it looked for me, my dad
had to do something even more humiliating.
Ask his old man for a loan.
It's open.
- What are you doing here?
- I just came by to say hi.
- Hi.
- Dad, what are you doing?
- Boxing's a great way to stay in shape.
- Yeah, but with Conchita?
Your best fighters are Latinos.
You got Chavez, Duran...
- Come on, you flabby old goat, give it to me.
- That's the way I like 'em. Feisty.
- Where's the little demon?
- He's at school.
And, Dad, he's not a demon. Junior loves you.
Yeah. He'd love to see me pushing up daisies.
Be a man. Be a man.
Speaking of Junior,
we had a little bit of a crisis today.
What happened?
Somebody finally drain the lake?
We went to the dentist
and found out he needs braces.
No, no. That's a complete waste of dough.
Have 'em yank all his teeth out.
Braces are expensive, and I was wondering
if maybe I could borrow some money.
- How much?
- $5,000.
Sure. No problem.
- Come on.
- Really?
Yeah. All you got to do is knock me out.
- What?
- You heard me. Give him the gloves.
Dad, I don't want to fight you.
- What's the matter? Afraid you'll lose?
- No.
Take a sock at me. You know you want to.
- No, I don't.
- Sure you do.
- Do it.
- But you won't. I'll tell you why.
Because you're a failure, you got no guts.
That's why your wife dumped you.
That's why you can't get a girlfriend.
That's why other people push you around.
That's why you got that rotten kid.
A rotten kid with rotten teeth.
- He is not rotten. You take that back.
- Make me.
Remember, right, block, jab. Right, block, jab.
He has no left. Go for the gut.
All right. 5,000 smackers, right here.
- Will you take back all you said about Junior?
- No way, loser.
And that's all you are.
A tiny little cry-baby loser.
You hit your own father, huh?
Dad, I'm so sorry.
I don't know what got into me.
- That's all right, Little Ben.
- No hard feelings?
No, none whatsoever.
Ay, carambal
There she is. And she's alone.
Ah, Tiffany, little do you know
the happiness that awaits you.
Do you, Junior, being of sound mind
and incredible intelligence, grace and charm,
take Tiffany to be your lawfully wedded wife,
to have and to hold, and make every day
as wonderful as the last day of school?
And how!
And do you, Tiffany,
promise to devote your entire life to Junior?
Will you agree
to a reasonable pre-nuptial agreement,
to never gain too much weight,
bug him about staying up late to watch T,
brushing his teeth,
or changing his underwear
for the rest of your natural days?
Anything.
Ever since the first day I laid eyes on you,
I knew I had to be yours and yours alone.
And so it shall be, mi amor.
Then, by the power vested in me
by the Dream Sequence Board of Review,
I pronounce this striking young couple
man and wife.
- You may kiss the bride.
- At last!
This time, don't be nervous.
Grab the bull by the horns.
Profess your undying love to her.
- Hi.
- Spit it out, you dope.
Last summer, my big toenail
turned black and fell off.
- Hey, Healy.
- Hey, Dork.
It's Duke, not Dork. Duke!
Duke.
Come on, pal. I'd thrash you right now,
Prairie Dog Scouts don't fight in front of ladies. You wouldn't know that because you're not a Scout. A geek like you wouldn't last a second. Come on, Tiff. See that badge. It's for canoe racing. - Me and my dad just set the new record. - Really? Wow! This guy Duke is a tough nut, but I know just how to crack it. Come on, Dad, only one more mile. Floor it. Boy, I haven't seen you so excited about anything that wasn't flammable. Are you kidding, Dad? Prairie Dogs are the best. Did you know that 31% of all good deeds are performed by Prairie Dog Scouts? Is that so? And look here. Famous Prairie Dog Scouts have included President Herbert Hoover, General George Patton and rock musician Frank Zappa. Wow. You're really gung-ho about this Prairie Dog stuff. Who wouldn't be? Where else could you learn how to feed, clothe and house a family of four using only an eight-foot birch tree? I'm thrilled to see you're so excited about something. You wouldn't have any particular reason for joining Scouts, would you? - What do you mean? - Reasons, like... Well, remember when you joined that archery class? Dad, all I'm doing is going out in the woods and playing with other kids under adult supervision. - Would you rather I joined a gang? - No, scouting is just fine. - Hey, Dad, they got archery here too. - Oh, boy.
Left, right, left! Left! Left!
And halt!
Prairie Dogs, line up.
- On the double.
- Scoutmaster Flimm.
Hi. We spoke on the phone.
I'm Ben Healy. This is my son Junior.
Welcome aboard, grunt.
Mister, today you're dropping off a boy.
But believe me,
you're gonna be picking up a man.
Well, that's great.
Scoutmaster Flimm,
I have a little suggestion for you.
Junior doesn't always respond well to authority
so you might want
to take it easy on him for a while.
- Is that so?
- You have no idea.
Well, gosh, Ben, thanks. I'll keep that in mind.
Nice meeting you.
Bye, Dad.
Have a nice day.
Get in line, Healy, now!
Go, go, go, go, go, go!
- Cut it out!
- Watch it!
Attention!
Prairie Dog Healy, I said attention.
That means snap to, on the double!
Understand?
Yeah.
No, no, you don't say yeah.
You say, "Yes, sir, Scoutmaster Flimm!"
Let's hear it.
Yes, sir, Scoutmaster Phlegm!
It's Flimm, not Phlegm.
Flimm!
Sorry.
Prairie Dog Duke,
give me the Prairie Dog motto.
"Prairie Dogs do not rest.
Prairie Dogs are the best. "
What is this? A kennel?
Kennel?
OK, it's time for today's lesson. Fire-starting.
Healy, you get the firewood. Get going.
Duke, go with him. Make sure he does it right.
Move it, scrub.
- So, Dork...
Whatever. Anyway, do you like Tiffany?
- What do you care, twerp?
- Just asking.
She's all right.
Does she like you?
Of course, why wouldn't she?
'Cause you're an idiotic, zit-licking, moronic boob.
- What?
- I said there's a stick by your boot.
- You don't like Tiffany, do you?
Good. 'Cause she'd never go out with a twerp like you in a million years.
You and Tiffany!
Ow!
- Where are you going?
- Nature's calling. Be right back.
Perfect.
Be prepared.
Hey, where's Healy?
- He's taking a leak.
- What a wimp.
Real men hold it in.
What's that sound?
Sounds like a chainsaw.
- Back to camp, soldier.
- Sir, yes, sir.
I'll supervise young Master Healy personally.
Healy!
Healy!
Where'd that little pipsqueak? Ooh!
An arrowhead.
- Today's my lucky day.
- Timber!
Oh, Mama!
Prairie Dogs never say die!
OK, so far I was having
a little trouble meeting Tiffany.
But there's nothing that turns
a woman's heart to butter like a good deed.
Here's your notebook, Tiffany.
You must've dropped it.
No need to thank me,
I'm a Prairie Dog Scout, it's my duty!
Loser.
- Blade, hi.
- What's up, Tiff?
- Your hair looks nice today.
- So does yours.
I know.
Of course, you realise, Blade,
that you have just entered your own Vietnam.
A war you cannot win.
Hey, Dad!
I think I've finally found a sport I like.
Are you sure you want to do this?
These guys look pretty advanced.
Especially that one right there.
Blade? He stinks.
I don't know.
Don't worry, Dad.
I can skate rings around these guys.
Hey, fellas, mind if I join you?
- Get out of here.
- No way, loser.
Wait a second, guys.
Sure, Healy, you can play.
Come on, guys, we'll have some fun.
Oh, OK.
- Gee, thanks.
- I like the top.
- Junior, be careful.
- I will.
Don't worry, sir. We'll take good care of him.
- Goodnight, Healy.
- Junior, look out!
Junior, wake up.
- How many fingers do you see?
Just one, Mr Lincoln.
Mr Lincoln?
Yeah. Aren't you Abraham Lincoln?
The man who freed the slaves?
No, Junior, I'm Ben Healy. I'm your father.
Jeez, Dad, get a clue. I was only kidding.
You had me worried. You took quite a hit.
There's a lesson to be learned here.
There once was a man
by the name of Knute Rockne
who started coaching football
at a little school called Notre Dame.
Now, everyone thought his good-for-nothing
team would never amount to anything.
But who had the last laugh?
Knute Rockne, that's who.
See, old Knute, he had something
that no one counted on.
And that was stamina, enthusiasm, drive.
He even put all his players
in silk jerseys, so that...
Cut to the chase, Dad. What's the point?
The point is, Junior, you can't quit.
Quit? Who said anything about quitting?
I ain't no quitter. And that goes for hockey and
Scouts and even that stupid dancing stuff.
I'll be there till no one else is left standing.
I am so proud of you.
Thanks, Dad.
Puke! What is this, a Greek freighter?
What's he doing here?
Dad gave me the nightshift to help pay
for your braces. He's gonna be babysitting.
- Why? What's in it for him?
- Oh, nothing.
Do I have to have a reason to spend a little
quality time with my only grandson, huh?
He's a rascal, isn't he, eh?
Overseas operator?
I want to make a person-to-person call
to the Philippines.
- Manila.
- Quality time, my butt!
Ah, now, shut up up there.
Leilani? Hello.
Yeah, I saw your picture.
Boy, you sure are a good-looker.
Ben!
- Sarah! Hi.
- Hi.
- I didn't know you worked here.
- Work here? I own the place.
Well, actually, my father does.
So, can I help you?
Actually, yes.
- I'm thinking of buying an exercise machine.
- Good for you.
It's good to be healthy. Not that you're not.
I mean, you're very firm and supple.
Healthy. Firm and healthy.
Anyway... do you know what you're looking for?
Well, I'm having a little trouble deciding.
But I think a treadmill.
Good choice. Ery aerobic.
- Try one out.
- Oh, can I?
Absolutely. Let's just turn it on.
- OK.
- And...
So how's Junior?
Well, actually, great.
I've been meaning to thank you.
Ever since we came and saw you,
his whole attitude has changed.
We're doing the activities that you suggested,
and he loves them.
He can't wait to go back to cotillion.
And he jumped at the chance to join Scouts.
And he's even playing... roller hockey.
- That's great.
- So... have you decided?
Gee...
...I think I'll wait.
Do you have any of those
little deodorant balls for shoes?
OK, Helga. Now, you be sure and say hello
to everybody in Dsseldorf for me.
Yeah. Yeah, auf Wiedersehen
to you too, baby.
Oh, boy.
- Where's the good hooch?
- I don't know.
Yes, you do. Now, don't you lie to me, boy, or I'll tell your daddy what happened to old lady Figler.
I'm telling you, I don't know.
- The closet, eh?
- No.
Out of the way, punk.
Nectar of the gods!
Hey, hey! Come on, let me out!
Let me out! Let me out!
So long, chump.
What are you doing out there, you little devil?
Let me out of here.
- I hope I didn't take up too much of your time.
- Not at all.
I don't work on commission, anyway.
Well, here you are.
Your shoes are gonna smell great.
Not that they don't already.
- I'm sure they smell fine.
- Thanks. And thanks again for all your help.
Sarah.
I wonder, if it's not a breach in professional ethics, do you think sometime you might want to go out to dinner?
Gee, Ben, that's really sweet of you to ask, but I just broke up with this guy and it's a little soon for me to be dating again, you know?
- Unfortunately, I do.
- Thanks for asking.
- Goodnight.
- Goodnight.
- Phlegm.
- Flimm.
- That's my woman.
- Sarah? But...
You leave her alone, you hear me?
Now, hold on.
If you'd like to discuss this like an adult...
She needs me and me only.
We're in love, I tell you, love.
Keep your mitts off.
Thank you for bringing that to my attention.
Hey, Dad, how was work?
A little rough.
- Where's Big Ben?
- I think he went home.
Come on, Junior, I'll tuck you into bed.
Let me out.
Let me out!
Oh, my God.
Oh, that little devil.
How the hell do I get out of here?
No!
- Comfy?
- Junior, are you?
Mr Healy, this is the best decision
you've ever made.
A clean mouth is a happy mouth,
and no one likes rotten teeth.
Unless, of course, the British.
I hate the British.
They have teeth like wolverines.
They're heinous.
Finally. Let's get started.
Nurse Kiki, the gas.
Where the hell is that...
No, I don't...
Look at the funny Mr Clowny.
Clowns! I hate clowns!
And I'm sure they hate you, too, kid.
Nuke him.
Listen up, children.
I have a very special announcement.
I've just been asked to direct
the Mortville Elementary School play.
We will be doing
an original version of Peter Pan.
Starring our very own Corky McCullum.
Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you.
Try-outs on Monday at 3 p. m.
And remember, there are no small parts.
We will return after these messages.
- Corky, great job today!
- Thanks.

Hi, I'm Corky McCullum.
Actors, dancer, and the highest-paid child star in history. But I'm still a normal kid.
And that's why I start out every day with a big hearty bowl of delicious Krazy Krunch cereal.
And why is it so delicious?
'Cause it has twice the sugar of the other leading brands combined.
So, get the treat that's sweet to eat.
Krazy Krunch. Mm, eat some today.

Eat my shorts.

Time's up. You ready for bed?
- Yeah.
- OK.
- Where's your headgear?
- Gee, I don't know.
- It's around here somewhere.
- Well, let's find it.
- Dad, Dad, can I ask you something?
- Sure.

Well, lately I've kind of been thinking about girls.
- Really?
- And something sort of confuses me.

Say no more.
I knew this day would come and I'm ready for it.

Mother Nature. Well, she's quite a lady.
She makes acorns grow into giant oaks.
She makes the seasons change.
And she turns tadpoles into frogs.
And she does other things too.
Now, it's nothing to be nervous or embarrassed about.
You see, it's all very natural.
It's a beautiful thing.
What's beautiful?
Junior, do you remember when we were at the zoo and I told you that
the giraffes were playing piggyback?
Dad, I've been through Grandpa's
bottom drawer. I know all about that stuff.
You do?
- Well, what do you want to know?
- Why are all dames nuts?
Why are all dames nuts?
That's a good question, Junior.
That's a very good question.
Why are all dames nuts?
Well...
I... have no idea. But they always seem
to gravitate to the wrong guy.
Don't I know it.
But, hey, if you ever have
a problem with a girl,
or you just want someone to talk to,
you come and see me, OK?
And I'll try my very best
not to become a blathering idiot.
- I love you, son.
- I love you, too, Dad. Goodnight.
Goodnight.
Free! Oh, thank God, I'm free.
Thank you, Natasia, trs bien.
OK, I guess that about wraps it up.
Hey, wait, I haven't gone yet.
You want to audition?
Yeah. I've prepared a poem.
How sad.
OK. Let's hear it.
- There once was a lady from France...
- Stop!
...who did an unusual dance.
- She'd roll on the grass and tickle her...
- That's enough. Get off my stage.
Auditions are over.
The role of Peter Pan, of course,
will be going to Corky.
And Wendy will be played by Tiffany.
I don't believe it.
The rest of you will play
Peter and Wendy's friends.
Except for Junior Healy, who will play a weed.
That's if the glare from his tinsel teeth
doesn't distract the audience.
Sure, laugh now, Corky,
'cause I'm about to bring down
the curtain on your love life.
Tiffany, darling, so glad you could make it.
Wow, do you really live here?
Well, on the weekends.
Rupert, don't just stand there
like the English fop that you are,
get the lady some lemonade.
As you wish, sir.
Good help is so hard to find.
- Come, let me show you the grounds.
- OK.
I thought since we'd be working together
we should take the time to rehearse,
really get under the skin of Peter and Wendy
and, in the process,
learn more about each other.
Oh.
I want to play the pain in Peter.
True, he's a boy, but he's a lost boy.
And aren't we all?
At the same time, you can't overlook Hook,
the omniscient patriarchal symbol.
- You mean the guy with one arm?
- Yes, dear.
I want to bring the same truth to this role
that I brought to Guppy the newsboy
in Hey, Hey, It's Guppy!
- I loved that show.
- Who didn't?
I thought that's when my life really began.
- Until I met you.
- You're so sweet.
That's why audiences love me.
And you will too.
Your steed, Master Corky.
Ah.
Watch me
while I make this beast earn his keep.
- Then we'll have brunch by my private lake.
- That sounds swell, Corky.
Ahem.
My most abject apology.
Tally-ho!
Tally-ho, sir. Ery good.
Excellent, sir.
Excellent.
Stimulating.
Oh, Olympic quality, sir.
Wow, Corky, I never knew
you were such a good horseback rider.
My love affair with the equine began
with the extensive training I underwent
for the critically acclaimed Guppy Goes West.
It's an expensive habit, but then again
most of the things really worth doing are.
Rupert, raise the fences.
Your slightest whim is my command, sir.
Watch and marvel.
Hi-ho, Silver!
Bull's -eye.
Rupert, I'm wet.
Well, well, well, welcome.
And what are we doing today?
Let's see. Uh-oh, spleen removal.
That's Mrs Galecki,
that's my two o'clock appointment.
Oh, sorry. Junior Healy.
You're here to have your braces tightened.
Don't worry. This won't hurt a bit.
Unless, of course, the gas wears off.
In that case, it's a doozy.
I've seen big burly Marines
break down and cry like little babies.
Some of them even fainted.
Look, how many times
do I have to tell you? Enunciate.
Doc, your bookie's on the phone.
Whoo! Ha-ha!
Don't go anywhere.
Like you could.
Oh, boy, my ship has come in.
Okey-doke, let's get back to work.
You and I are gonna be good friends.
I'm gonna be dancing at your wedding.
And you'll still be wearing braces.
I... I feel...
I feel light-headed.
Oh, oh, look!
The gas.
Nurse Kiki, remove my trousers.
- Done so soon?
- Yeah. Couldn't have gone better.
OK.
Damn you, Junior Healy!
Look at me, Ben Healy,
I've been doing this for 70 years.
That's it, girls, get those legs up and down.
Shake those tushies all around.
Come on, girls.
- Hey.
- Sarah.
Hi, Ben.
Am I glad to see you.
I wanted to get some more of those
deodorant balls. They're great.
Sure. No problem.
Is something wrong?
No, well, it's just that
last time you were here,
I had a bit of a run-in with your old boyfriend,
Scoutmaster Flimm.
Eugene? Oh, did he hit you?
No, he just picked me up and shook me.
Oh, Ben, I am so sorry.
Eugene has a problem with jealousy.
It comes from poor self-esteem.
In kindergarten, another child
had a deluxe box of crayons,
while he only had burnt umber.
He's been obsessing about it ever since.
I think it's time he got over it.
It's been a few years.
I know.
We tried and tried
until, finally, his insurance ran out.
I just don't see the two of you together.
We had a stormy relationship.
I broke it off. And ever since then,
he's sort of been stalking me.
But this time he has gone too far. I'm gonna
call him up and give him a piece of my...
Forget it. I'm fine. I mean, I can handle it.
- You're a very brave man.
- Well, not really.
But I am carrying pepper spray.
Oh, Ben, I've been thinking,
if you still want to get together sometime,
we could have coffee.
I'd love to hear how Junior's doing
and, well, it would be fun being with you.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Great. Well, Junior's in a school play
a week from Friday.
- Would you like to go with me to that?
- Sure.
Great!
Oh, gosh, I'm late for an appointment.
Whoops.
I better get going.
Do you want me to get you
those deodorant balls?
Oh, no, actually, I just came by to see you.
Goodbye.
Yes.
Ben Healy, you got the stuff.
Why, Ben, what a surprise.
- I'm warning you.
- No...
...I'm warning you. Leave her alone!
Nice move, spaz.
Yeah!
Hey, Blade, we're playing Healy's team today.
Awesome. Where is the little doofus?
All right, face off.
Hi, guys. I'm back.
Yeah. Come on, man. You get him, come on.
- Good luck, Junior.
- Go, red, go!
- Dad, Junior's on the blue team.
- I know.
Kill 'em, red, kill 'em.
Hope your dad has a good health plan.
Hope your dad knows a good bone specialist.
- I can't look.
- You sissy.
I'm gonna crush you, you little sucker.
Not so fast.
Hey, hold it!
Junior!
This is a better game than I thought.
Help! Help!
Junior, don't test me.
- You're out of here, son.
- Who died and made you king?
Blade.
Time out. Time out.
My mask is stuck.
It won't come off.
Mommy!
Yeah!
You're next, showboy.
- We're not gonna start this again, are we?
- How do you expect me to react?
Am I supposed to be proud?
Two minutes into your first roller hockey game
and you've been banned for life.
You always tell me to give it my all.
I'm starting to see a pattern emerging
and I'm not happy about it.
Hey, Dad, hockey's a dangerous sport.
I'm not talking about hockey.
I'm talking about the way you treat people.
I didn't do nothing to Blade and those guys
that they wouldn't have done to me.
Except they wouldn't have done it
with as much style.
Junior, we are a society of rules, OK?
What if everyone went around
doing whatever they wanted,
without any concern
for what their actions would result in?
Yeah, Dad, I know.
The judge gave me that whole speech
when he issued that restraining order.
How do you think I feel when people see us
and they cross to the other side of the street?
- Powerful?
- No. Humiliated.

From now on, things are gonna be different.
We're gonna have a code of conduct,
and this time you're gonna abide by it.
- What are you doing?
- I'm getting out.
- You can't just leap out of a moving car.
- It's better than listening to this lecture.

I wish that my dad was as hard on me
as I am on you.
At least it would've shown me
that he cared about me.
Junior, your grandpa and I don't have
the greatest relationship in the world.

Duh!
When I was growing up, anything seemed
like it was more important to him than me.
And I vowed when I had a son of my own
I was gonna be the best father that I could be.
I don't always hit my mark, but I sure try
because I want you to be a better man.

Well, do you have to try so hard
on the yelling part?
I'm sorry, but when I see you
moving in the wrong direction,
I'm gonna do whatever it takes
to get you back on track.
You're right, Dad.
- Let's go get something to eat at Pizzariffic.
- All right!

Ben, is that seat taken?
Oh, no, it's yours.
I mean, I saved it for you.
I hope you don't mind meeting me here.
I thought it would be safer.
- It's OK.
- Scoutmaster Flimm didn't follow you, did he?
Oh, Ben, don't be ridiculous.
I switched cars.
- Well, I don't need these, then, do I?
- No.
That's better. Oh, thank you.
Do you think they'd mind if I took a snapshot?

Ladies and gentlemen,

Mortville Elementary School,
in conjunction with the Duvane Dance
Academy and Krazy Krunch Cereal,
proudly present Peter Pan!

Good day, forest creatures,
what news do you bring?
There's a new boy in town, and he likes to fly.
Soon he'll come down...
from the clouds up high.

But who is this magical boy?
He's a conceited little dweeb
whose parents are robbing him blind.
Shut up!

- Continue.
- Look, here he comes now.

Hello, everybody.

Oh, Wendy, it's good to meet you
Oh, babe, 'cause I'm your biggest fan
And now it's time to greet you

My first name's Peter
His first name's Peter
The last name's Pan
Peter Pan
Peter Pan, Peter Pan...

Pan...

- I wonder where Junior's going.

- Maybe he has a costume change.

Hurry, someone barfed in the girls' bathroom.
Barfed? Hold this, I'm on the way.

Peter Pan, Peter Pan

Break a leg, Corky.
Help! Help!

Junior Healy.

Corky! Corky!

What the hell do you think you're doing,
you little weed? Let go of that now.

- I said now.

- OK, but don't say I didn't warn you.

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Now, that's entertainment!

Are you sure you had
nothing to do with all that?
Who? Me?
Well, I thought you did a terrific job.
You were the best weed I ever saw.
- Thanks, lady.
- Junior, you don't have to call her lady.
- Her name is Sarah.
- And your name is mud.
- Eugene...!
- I told you to leave her alone.
Sarah belongs to me.
Yeah, and you stay away from Tiffany.
She's my girl.
Eugene, you keep forgetting. We broke up.
You'll take me back.
You need me. You love me.
I told you not...
Now, let's settle this once and for all.
Duke and I are challenging you
and Junior to a test of manhood.
A relay race at tomorrow's
Prairie Dog Scoutarama.
- The winners get the women.
- Now, see here.
- I am not some prize to be won.
- Are you two man enough?
I need time to train for something like that.
I knew it.
- You got no guts.
- He does too.
He's not afraid of anything.
He's the greatest dad in the world.
Thanks, Junior.
And you're the greatest son in the world.
We'll take on you and your lousy race
and we'll beat your butts.
- You're on.
- You're on.
Can you blow that a little louder?
I still can hear out of this ear.
Quiet!
Well, I hope you're ready
to look fear dead in the face
and find out what kind of man you really are.
First, there's the gunny sack race.
Then the Prairie Dog obstacle course.  
And finally, if you make it that far, 
the canoe race.  
May the better man win.  
You dated this guy?  
- Good luck, Duke.  
- This'll be a cinch.  
- Good luck, Junior.  
- She talked to me. She knows my name.  
Quick, think of some snappy repartee.  
Once, when I sneezed, 
a piece of corn came out of my nose.  
- Bad choice.  
- Ben.  
You don't have to do this.  
I want to. Don't you see?  
Sarah, I know it sounds corny,  
but there comes a time in every guy's life  
when he's got to prove that he's a man.  
By running a sack race?  
On your marks, get set, go!  
Jump, jump, jump.  
Come on, come on, come on.  
Jump, jump, jump.  
- Sir, permission to speak, sir.  
- Granted.  
- There's something stinky in this sack.  
- It's just mud.  
It doesn't smell like mud. It smells like...  
- Did you do something to their sack?  
- No, but a cow did.  
Junior...  
- Bleagh!  
- Oh, yuk!  
Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!  
Come on, Dad, let's get on them.  
Ow! Ow! Ow!  
Shut up, you little cry-baby!  
No pain, no ga... Argh!  
Ow! Ow! Ow!  
Hurry, Dad, come on!  
No, don't stop. Go, go, go, go, go, go!  
Sir, it hurts!  
Come on, hurry!
Don't give up on me.
Come on, Dad.
- They're coming.
- Follow me.
Come on, hurry, Dad!
Let's go. Over it.
Come on! You can do it! Up and over!
Come on, Ben, you can do it!
Hand over hand over hand!
He's stopping. Why is he stopping?
Come on!
Loser!
- Come on, Dad, you can do it.
- I can't. I'm slipping.
Yes, you can.
You got no guts.
You got no guts.
You've got no guts.
Yes, I do.
Come on, Dad.
Almost there.
You got it!
Hustle, hustle, hustle!
Come on, Dad, they're winning!
Hop in, boy.
OK, shove off, shove off!
I smell victory.
Hurry, hurry, they're winning!
Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!
Stroke! Stroke!
Come on, sissy boy, put some shoulder into it.
- Let's go.
- J stroke it! J stroke!
- Come on, Ben, J stroke!
- Go, Junior!
Come home, Ben, that's right.
- He's catching up.
- Let's go! Attaboy!
You're doing a great job.
Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!
- Faster! Faster!
- Daddy, I can't. I'm tired.
Whine, whine, whine, just like your mother.
Come on, Dad, we're gaining on 'em.
- We can do it! We can win!
- Stroke! Stroke!
- They're catching up!
- Yeah! Beat that psycho!
- Stroke! Stroke!
- I'm gonna get you.
I don't think so.
We're not moving.
Sir, there's something very wrong here.
Come on, Conchita,
stop skipping rope, will you?
Bring me some damn lunch, I'm starved.
Well, I'll try anything once.
Yeah, Junior, yeah!
- We did it!
- I knew you could, Dad.
Hey, guys.
- What's wrong?
- Get away! Somebody help me!
Say something,
and this time say something right.
- Hi, Tiffany.
- Hi.
You wouldn't dance with me, would you?
Why, Junior Healy, I thought you'd never ask.
Ever since the first day I saw you,
I've always kinda liked you.
- I think you're cute.
- Thanks.
- Do you think I'm cute?
- Of course.
- Am I the cutest girl in the room?
- You're no dog, that's for sure.
Does my hair shine
and bounce more than anyone else's?
- I don't know.
- I'm thirsty. Get me some punch.
Now!
Everybody says I've got
a peaches and cream complexion
and perfect bone structure.
Some day I'm gonna be a fashion model
or maybe I'll just be like Mother
and marry a rich old geezer.
Now, they're probably gonna crown us
King and Queen of the Costume Ball.
That's 'cause you're with me.
There's no way
you would've picked you otherwise.
Act surprised, but not too surprised.
And don't do anything stupid.
And when you wave to the crowd,
keep your hand cupped.
And only wave three times to each side.
And smile, but not too big.
Big smiles wrinkle your face.
Boys and girls.
On behalf of Lila Duvane,
who unfortunately cannot talk tonight
because she recently bit off
part of her tongue...
- Gross!
- Yeah.
I would like to announce the King
and Queen of the Costume Ball.
Tiffany and Junior!
I don't believe it!
Hey, Tiffany, you forgot your dress!
Brute!
Girlfriend! Wait, girlfriend! I'll help you...
This is not my day.
Don't worry, pal. There's other fish in the sea.
- I'm sorry it didn't work out.
- That's all right, Dad.
Look at all the neat stuff I did. I joined Scouts,
I played hockey, I was in a play
and I got to see
that rotten wench's dress rip off.
Yeah.
Anyway, you just remember,
I'm here if you need me.
- Thanks, Dad. You're the greatest.
- So are you, son.
May I have this dance?
This is not my day.
- Hi.
- Hi.
Well, there you have it.
Another happy ending.
I got a new girlfriend.
Dad got Sarah.
And Duke, Corky and Blade
learned that sometimes love hurts.
Well, I guess that wraps things up.
So until next time, this is Junior Healy saying
so long, suckers!