

Days of our iLves

Episode 04 | PooTube

Like sands through the hourglass, so are the Days of our i, capital L, v, e, s.

[Electronic beeping, getting faster]

TOM: Oh, Jesus.

Somebody help me!

I don't know what's going on here.

Oh, no, no, no, no, no. This cannot be happening.

Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Oh, my God. Oh, my God. O oh, my God. Please, before it's too late. Help! Quick!

Hurry, hurry. hurry!

NURSE: Please calm down. The doctor's on his way. I'm going to start running the code now.

TOM: That's awesome. This Nintendo has a serious malfunction. But I'm not a hundred percent sure it's the code. It could be the hardware or maybe some weird battery issue.

NURSE: Excuse me?

TOM: Can you fix this?

NURSE: I'm just a nurse. What are you talking about?

TOM: I was having an awesome session of Pong when this piece of shit DS suddenly sped up. Then it completely crashed. Look at the screen. It's totally frozen. And it's also making this awful flat-lining noise.

NURSE: I don't understand. What happened to Fred?

TOM: Nothing happened to Fred. Look at him. He's sleeping like a baby. Those drugs you gave him were totally awesome. I know I've already asked you a couple of times, but is there any chance you—

NURSE: The answer is still "no." And this is a hospital, not an airline. That button is for medical emergencies.

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TOM: I think this qualifies. You should check my blood pressure. I'm about to smash this fucking thing.

NURSE: That sounds like the best idea you've had all day.

FRED: Tom.

TOM: Fred, you're awake.

FRED: Wait a minute. Are we reusing sound effects now?

TOM: Yes. That was one of those smashes from my dream sequence in the first episode, but that's not important right now. How are you feeling?

FRED: Confused. Where am I? What's with all the flowers?

TOM: You're in the hospital, Fred. An ambulance brought you to the ER this morning. You've been admitted.

FRED: Oh, my God. The surgery. She nicked my vocal cords, didn't she? Or was it my jugular?

TOM: Listen to yourself, Fred. Your vocal cords are fine. You suffered a panic attack and fainted at the doctor's office.

FRED: It must have been the sight of the scalpel.

TOM: No, it happened in the waiting room. She had you at "hello." And on your way down, one of your arms flew out and you inadvertently spanked a very naughty toddler.

The parents are pretty upset, even though the kid was a total monster. Apparently, he'd been screaming like a banshee and tearing the waiting room apart while his mother just sat there admiring the little shit. Most of these flowers are from other patients at the medical clinic.

FRED: So, I still have the mole?

TOM: I'm afraid so.

NURSE: And you also have a nasty bump on your head.

TOM: They doped you up and decided to keep you overnight for observation.

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NURSE: Your blood pressure is good, Tom. So are Fred's vitals. Do you guys need anything else?

FRED: Not right now. Tom or I will push that button if we need an alcoholic beverage, newspaper or moist towelettes.

NURSE: I'll be back later to check on you, Fred.

TOM: Sorry. One more question.

NURSE: Yes?

TOM: The tech mentioned something about a cleaning fee for the MRI...

FRED: What happened in the MRI?

TOM: Turns out, you also have giardia. They're treating you for that as well.

NURSE: Talk to Administration. When Fred is discharged tomorrow, they'll calculate the final charges.

Don't forget to take your pills.

FRED: Wow. I really don't remember much.

TOM: It's probably for the best.

FRED: Do you think this diaper is really necessary?

TOM: Yes, I absolutely do, Fred.

Leave it on.

Can I get you anything?

FRED: I wouldn't mind one of those candy strippers. I'm craving a chocolate bar and maybe some Sour Patch Kids. I'm also kind of horny.

TOM: The word is actually stripers. And I believe most of them are female.

FRED: That's okay. I don't mind mixing it up once in a while.

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TOM: You're not listening. They are not strippers, Fred. They don't take their clothes off. And when you say you don't mind mixing it up, is that your way of saying you'd finally like to talk about what happened last night with Susan?

FRED: No, not really. I think that's a conversation I'd rather have when I'm no longer wearing a bulky adult incontinence product.

It's not even the right kind. These flex fit have excellent absorbency. But I prefer the bold design and color options of the real fit.

TOM: But we have to talk this through eventually, Fred.

I keep turning the events over and over in my own mind. How many times have we had Susan and Jake over for dinner? Countless times. I never imagined that something like that could happen. Not in a million years. Not to me. I've always been Mr. Monogamy.

FRED: I knew we shouldn't have drank from that unlabeled bottle.

[Whirring of a small motor]

TOM: Fred... *enough*.

Would it be possible for you to stop fucking around with the hospital bed? I'm trying to have an adult conversation here.

FRED: I do have one question, though. Do you think it was a little weird that Jake was sleeping in our spare room while we were all, you know, doing it?

TOM: It's just sex.

At any rate, Jake didn't say anything. When he finally got up and left for school, I told him his mom slept on the couch and had gone home to get ready for work. If he didn't believe me, he certainly didn't let on. I think he's always been a pretty heavy sleeper. Just like his mother.

FRED: She'll definitely be upset that you borrowed his DS and destroyed it.

TOM: I'm sure he'll get over it. I'm more worried about Susan. She really depends on that thing to keep him occupied when she's at underwater yoga. She'll probably make me fork out to get the kid a new one.

I may get one for myself as well.

FRED: Oh, man. I'm feeling really tired again.

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TOM: Do you want something to eat? I could run down to Big Bear Donair.

FRED: Stop looking for excuses to go there. You're supposed to be cutting back on rotisserie meats. Come to think of it, I'm actually not too hungry anymore. I think I just want to sleep. It's been a rough day, or so I'm told.

Do I need to take my pills now?

TOM: Just the flagyll.

Do you want me to spend the night? I could probably sleep in that chair over in the corner.

FRED: No, it's okay. Go home. Get good night's rest.

TOM: Are you sure?

FRED: I'm sure.

But, Tom...

TOM: Yes, Fred?

FRED: There is one thing you could do before you go.

TOM: Anything.

[A few VERY wet farts; giggling]

FRED: Maybe you could help me change this diaper.

TOM: Code brown! Code brown!

I need a nurse. Or maybe just a shop vac. Stat!