

Transcript from Malcolm-France

PILOT TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm: (TC): This is the world. 196 million square miles. If I covered 100 square miles an hour every hour for the rest of my life I'd still only see half of it. This is the left nostril of my brother Reese. It squeaks all night long. These are the freezing cold feet of my little brother... Dewey. This is my oldest brother Francis. He's the one I really like so, of course, he got sent to military school. My name is Malcolm. You want to know what the best thing about childhood is? At some point, it stops.

Lois: Malcolm, Reese, Dewey, get in here!

Reese: Stop!

Malcolm: I'm not touching you!

Lois: There's only two toaster waffles, so one of you has to have cereal.

Malcolm: It's mine!

Dewey: Come on! Give it! You cheated! Give it! Give it!

Hal: Huh, look at this. They're sending an unmanned probe to Venus and letting a bunch of schoolchildren name it. That's going to end badly.

Malcolm: (TC): They do this every month. He has sensitive skin. The hair gets itchy under his clothes.

Lois: It always seems like such a shame to just dump this in the trash. Maybe birds would like to make nests with it or maybe you boys could use it for school projects. Arms up.

Reese: Dude.

Lois: Malcolm, you come right home from school today. I made a play date for you with Stevie Kenarban and you have to take a bath.

Malcolm: What? Mom, no!

Reese: Malcolm has a play date?!

Malcolm: Shut up, Reese!

Reese: With Stevie 'The Wheelie' Kenarban? Oh, man! (laughs)

Hal: Why is playing a problem?

Malcolm: First off I don't even know Stevie.

Lois: I saw his mom at the grocery store, she said you boys ate lunch together.

Malcolm: One time. He rolled his wheelchair over next to me. It's not like I could say, 'Go away.' He's not even

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in my class. He's in the Krelboyne class in the trailer next to tetherball.

Lois: You listen to me, young man. That one lunch obviously meant a lot to Stevie. He's a human being with human feelings. Now, you are going to be friends with that crippled boy and you are going to like it. Understood?

Malcolm (TC): Yes, ma'am. Understood. If I give up now, I won't get the lecture.

Lois: You kids...

Malcolm: Damn.

Lois: You just take your legs for granted like nothing could ever happen to them. Well let me tell you something. That is just wishful thinking. There's meningitis. There are car accidents. I could be giving you a spanking and accidentally snap your spinal cord. Every day is a lottery and first prize is that you don't have to scoot yourself around town on a skateboard with your hands. You think about that.

Dewey: I don't take my legs for granted, Mom.

Lois: I know, honey. You're a good boy. Stop playing with yourself.

Malcolm: Stop pushing me...stop touching me!

Neighbour: (to her girls) Go on, just go.

Lois: No, wait, wait, wait. Okay, I ran out of ham. One of you has to have egg salad, okay? And don't ditch your little brother. I don't want him getting kidnapped.

Reese: (calling) Yeah, Mom, that would be terrible. (To Malcolm) It's your turn to walk with him.

Malcolm: I walked him yesterday and the day before.

Reese: I walked with him when he wet his pants.

Malcolm: Okay.

Dewey: Mom said to hold hands.

Malcolm: She did not say to hold hands, Dewey. I'm not holding hands.

Dewey: Come on, hold hands. Please?

Malcolm: No! You're in the first grade. You're too big for that. Look, I'm walking right next to you. You'll be fine. Damn it! This is why everyone teases you.

Richard: Hey, Malcolm.

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Malcolm: Hey, Richard.

Richard: So my mom was telling my dad last night, about your brother. She said he's in jail.

Malcolm: He's not in jail. He's at Marlin Academy. It's, like one of the best private schools in the country and it's totally unfair. Everyone acts like Francis is just this big troublemaker and he's not.

Francis: Dad, I know what you're going to say and believe me, I totally agree with you. There is no excuse for what I did. It was idiotic, immature, totally reckless, and I'm really sorry. I'm just...I'm hoping against hope that you will give me another chance, which, I admit I don't deserve. But if you could just find it in your heart to forgive me, I know I could earn your trust back.

Malcolm (TC): It's not like it was even our car.

Dewey: Spath, Spath, Spath!

Spath: (to kid) All right, here's how it works. You can beg for mercy on your belly, lick the bottom of my shoes, or take a beating. You must pick at least two but... but-but, if you pick three you get a pass for the next two weeks. All right? Now, that's your best value.

Malcolm (TC): Dave Spath. He never gets sent anywhere.

Malcolm: What do you do if he catches you?

Dewey: Roll in a ball.

Malcolm: What if he starts kicking you?

Dewey: Stay in a ball.

Malcolm: Okay. Come on.

Spath: Wait. Never mind.

Teacher: Those of you finished with your tempera paints may bring your work up here and start on your charcoal still lifes. You may take two pieces of fruit only and please be careful with them. I bought them with my own money. My own money.

Julie: God, Malcolm, that's so good.

Teacher: Oh, Malcolm, this is wonderful. The perspective is good. The composition is clean, and it even shows signs of actual technique. I have to say this is the high point of my day. (laughs) How's that for sad?

Julie: Are you okay?

Malcolm: Um, yeah, I'm fine.

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Teacher: Malcolm.

Malcolm: What?

Teacher: They need to see you in the office.

Malcolm: Okay.

Teacher: I think they mean right now.

Malcolm: Okay.

Teacher: Get up, Malcolm. (Malcolm gets up and the kids laugh at his pants)

Caroline: Hi. I'm Caroline. Want to have a seat? Are you Malcolm?

Malcolm: Yes, and I didn't do anything.

Caroline: You're not in trouble, Malcolm. You're here 'cause some of your teachers think you're, um... You know what? I just want to play some games with you. Puzzles, stuff like that.

Malcolm: Why?

Caroline: Boy, oh, boy, you are a suspicious little dickens, aren't you? Now, you can look at this picture for 60 seconds and I want you to tell me everything that's wrong with it, okay?

Malcolm: The man only has four fingers.

Caroline: Right, but this time I want you to take your time and really look...

Malcolm: The car shadow's going the wrong way, the steering wheel's on the wrong side, there's no brake pedal, the words in the mirror should be backwards, the guy's watch wouldn't say 12:00 if he's looking at a sunset and I have red paint on my ass. That's right. Red paint all over my ass!

Malcolm: These are good cookies.

Stevie: Yeah... they're good.

Malcolm: So what can you do? I mean, what do you want to do?

Stevie: I know... a joke.

Malcolm: Yeah? Okay.

Stevie: A guy...goes into...a bar...and he...has a... frog on his...

Malcolm: Frog on his head.

Stevie: On his head. And the... bartender...Wait, I screwed up. A frog...goes into... a bar.

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Malcolm: You want to watch TV?

Stevie: Can't. Not allowed.

Malcolm: What? You mean, ever?

Stevie: Mom says...TV makes you...stupid.

Malcolm: No, TV makes you normal. (TC): How can they do that? He's in a wheelchair. So what do you do all day, homework?

Stevie: Mostly... read... comics.

Malcolm: You have comic books? (Stevie wheels over and opens his cupboard with his comic books in it) Whoa! You really have Youngblood, number one?

Stevie: Want to... read it?

Malcolm: No way. I'd wreck it. Oh... did you read the last Savage Dragon when they split him in two?

Stevie: Yeah. Brilliant.

Malcolm: I like how he never has to learn a lesson or anything. He just gets to pound on everyone...

Cut to the Wilkersons' house.

Malcolm (TC): Saturday morning is the only thing my family does better than anyone else.

Lois: (rummaging in dryer) Damn! You boys, you keep this house clean till your dad comes home.(looks in fridge) Two of you can have slices of pizza for lunch. The other one can have... I don't know. I think they're peas.(phone rings)

Lois: Somebody get that.

Reese: Not it.

Dewey: Not it.

Malcolm: (answers phone) Hello.

Francis: Young Master Malcolm.

Malcolm: Francis, hi.

Francis: Hey, man, I wrote you guys a really long letter yesterday but, listen, they only gave me, like, three minutes, so would you put the special prosecutor on?

Malcolm: Mom, it's Francis.

Lois: Hey, Francis, how's school?

Francis: Oh, couldn't be better, Mom. My new roommate showed me how to kill mice with a hammer yesterday, so, you

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know, between that and the general atmosphere of simmering homoeroticism I think I'm really starting to turn around.

Lois: Honey, it's only until summer.

Cadet #1: Come on, push it!

Cadet #2: Give it up, prom date.

Francis: Yeah, listen, um... I know I shouldn't ask but would you be able to send me my allowance like, a couple of weeks early, 'cause I kind of need some...

Lois: Oh, my God! Are you smoking?

Francis: What?

Lois: You're smoking. I can hear you smoking. You're smoking, aren't you?

Francis: Mom, I'm not smoking. Geez.

Lois: After seeing the anguish your father and I went through to quit didn't any of that register with you? Okay, listen. I'll talk to your dad. Maybe we can send you part of it. Honey, I have to go. I'm late for work. I'll call you later.

Francis: Okay, thanks, Mom. I love you.

Lois: (hangs up, then presses button again) Oh... I love you. (Doorbell rings) Somebody get the door.

Malcolm: I'm not getting it, you get it.

Reese: Shut up!

Malcolm: You shut up!

Reese: No, you shut up!

Malcolm: Make me!

Reese: I'll make you right- (they start wrestling)

Malcolm: (screaming) Not my face!

Lois: You'd better not be fighting in there, Reese, Malcolm! I said, you better not be fighting- (Doorbell rings again) For crying out loud! Reese! Malcolm! (answering door) Yes, can I help you?

Caroline: Oh. My god... um, hi. Hel... hello. I'm...are you...? I'm... Caroline Miller from Malcolm's school. I sent you some letters and left some messages on your answering machine.

Lois: Okay, fine. You caught me. What do you want?

Caroline: Um... well, it's been three weeks and you haven't

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responded and it's really important...I mean, well, for Malcolm's sake that the parents be as involved in...

Lois: So you're here to insult my parenting skills?

Caroline: No. I'm sure you're a terrific parent. (looks through window at boys fighting)

Dewey: Who's the baby now?

Caroline: I'm here because I think that there is a tremendous opportunity for...could you, you know, maybe put a top on?

Lois: They're just boobs, lady. You see them in the mirror every morning. I'm sure yours are a lot nicer than mine.

Caroline: That's actually not...

Lois: Let me tell you something else. The reason I didn't respond is because it is a load of crap.

Caroline: What?

Lois: You are not going to stick my Malcolm in some special ed class. What is it with you people? Why do you have to label everybody? Malcolm may be a little strange and, I know, I know, he never shuts up but he is not disturbed. You know, he is a good boy...

Caroline: Please! You know what? You don't understand at all, okay? So if I could just come in for a minute, I could explain everything.

Reese: Ow! Ow! Ow!

Lois: Wait, wait, wait, wait. There's something we have to talk about.

Hal: I thought we weren't going to mention Aunt Helen until after the biopsy.

Lois: It's not that. It's about Malcolm.

Malcolm: I didn't do it.

Reese: Yes he did, I saw him.

Lois: A teacher from school came by and she ran some tests with Malcolm. He has an IQ of 165.

Hal: Who?

Lois: Malcolm. He's a genius. He's going to a special class.

Malcolm: What?

Hal: Malcolm's special? Where do you think that came from?

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Lois: They have a special program for gifted children. They have advanced textbooks and devoted teachers and all sorts of good things they don't want to waste on normal kids. You start on Monday.

Malcolm: Mom, no. I don't want to.

Lois: What are you talking about? Of course you want to.

Malcolm: No. I want to stay in my own class. I don't want to be a Krelboyne.

Reese: Mom, seriously, Krelboynes get their butts kicked.

Lois: Just stop one minute. There's nothing wrong with being smart. And there's nothing wrong with being cut from the herd. It makes you the one buffalo that isn't there when the Indians run the rest of them off the cliff.

Malcolm (TC:: Huh? (to Lois) Mom, this isn't fair. If I don't want to go, why do I have to?

Lois: Because it's not just up to you. We have to do what's best for you.

Malcolm: Mom, please! Don't make me go! Please!

Hal: Malcolm, calm down.

Malcolm: But it isn't fair!

Lois: That's right. It isn't fair. It's the first time anyone in this family has ever been given an edge and you are not going to waste it.

Malcolm: Dad?

Lois: Honey?

Hal: Well...look, honey...Malcolm, you see... Oh, for crying out loud. How come there's never any iced tea in this pitcher? I make a fresh batch every morning and it's gone by the time I get home.

Malcolm: I want a better family!

Lois: Malcolm...

Hal: Look at that. Gone.

Malcolm: I don't want to go to a special class. People think I'm weird enough already.

Lois: I know.

Malcolm: I like where I am. I want to stay.

Lois: That's because you don't understand the world yet. Sweetie, life does not give you a lot of chances to

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move up even if you deserve it. Look at your dad and me. Malcolm, I'm proud of you. You boys are so lucky. You have so many gifts that other kids don't have. And I don't just mean Stevie Kenarban, either. I mean, look at those Parker boys across the street. They may be healthy, but honest to God those are the ugliest little boys ever born. They look like boiled beets, don't you think? And those Henderson kids? That electrocuted their dog when they were trying to get free cable. How smart can they be? Just remember, any kid who makes fun of you is a creepy little loser who'll end up working in a car wash.

Malcolm: This shouldn't make me feel better, but it does.

Lois: You'll be all right, sweetie. If you don't make a big deal out of this, nobody else will either.

Teacher: And I just can't say enough about how proud we should all be of Malcolm, for getting into the gifted program. Now Malcolm may not look different than the rest of us, but he is. Very different. In his brain. And I think we should recognize him for that.

Julie: Bye.

Caroline: All righty, today we are starting a new section on the Peloponnesian War which I know you are all going to love. Malcolm? Are you okay?

Malcolm: Uh, yeah. Fine.

Caroline: All right. (squeezing past students) Excuse me.

Malcolm: (to class) Stop staring at me! (to Stevie) Why do they keep doing that?

Stevie: You're new.

Malcolm: Oh, great. So I'm the freak of the freak show?

Stevie: Just... chill out.

Malcolm: Don't tell me to chill out. You chill out. Nobody can live like this.

Stevie: I'm okay.

Malcolm: Oh, sure. You're okay because it doesn't make any difference to you. You've always been a freak. I used to be normal. (TC): Wait. Who just said that?

Stevie: You're going to take that the wrong way aren't you?

Stevie: You...suck.

Malcolm: (TC): Around here, being smart is exactly like being radioactive. I can't believe I'm doing this.

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Malcolm: Stevie?

Stevie: What?

Malcolm: Look, I, uh...

Spath: Score! (he and his friends laugh)

Malcolm: Hey, Spath! Why don't you stop being such a buttwipe?!

All Students: Ooh.

Spath: What'd you call me?

Malcolm: You heard me! I don't care anymore! I just don't care, Spath, okay? All you ever do is make everybody miserable! Except for your little monkey-slaves over there. Who, by the way, only pretend to like you. They hate you as much as everyone else does! And you're just too busy being mean and stupid to ever figure it out! (TC): I keep trying to run, but my legs won't work. Mom was right, they are important.

Spath: Wow. I don't know about you but a Krelboyne really hurt my feelings.

Stevie: Hey...

Malcolm: Go away, Stevie.

Spath: It's good you two are friends. He won't mind sharing his wheelchair.

Malcolm (TC): Okay, this is where something good happens, finally. So we're going to slow down and make it last as long as possible.

(Students gasp and shout)

Spath's friend: Dude, you hit a cripple.

Spath: I didn't mean to...I wasn't trying...Stevie, I'm sorry.

Stevie: Ow... aah...ow!

Spath's friend: What's your problem? I mean, he's in a wheelchair and he has glasses.

Malcolm (TC): So then, the principal comes out, and everyone's all talking at once. So the story he puts together is that Spath attacks Stevie for his lunch and I'm like this hero that stepped in to defend him. It was beautiful. Okay, it wasn't funny when Spath started crying. No, wait, it was. Dad's hair... ugh. Yeah, I know. It's gross. But, hey, if a bunch of birds can make the best out of what they get then so can I.

Dewey: Malcolm?

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Malcolm: Like having to go to special class. I can make it work out, right?

Dewey: Malcolm?

Malcolm: Not now! (TC) Like my family. We're not the greatest family in the world but we can get better, right? I mean, it's not impossible.

Dewey: Malcolm?

Malcolm: What?!

Dewey: Can I get out?

Malcolm: No, stop asking. (TC) So basically, I think everything's going to be okay.

Dewey: (Pounding) A bug went up my nose.

Malcolm: So what do you want me to do about it?