

REESE DRIVES

SEASON 3, EPISODE 13

Transcribed by Allison, hosted by the
Malcolm in the Middle Voting Forums

<http://www.malcolminthemiddle.co.uk/>

Lois: Dewey! Come out, honey.

Hal: How did he find out he was going to the doctor this morning?

Lois: Well I certainly didn't say anything.

(They look on different places for him)

Lois: Dewey!

Hal: Son!

Lois: Dewey!

Hal: Come on out!

Lois: Come on, we're gonna be late. (She sees a straw in the sandpit) Oh, poor little thing. Go start the car.

(Opening credits)

(The family is sitting around the table)

Reese: Awesome dinner, mom. These are the best fish sticks I had in my entire life. Seriously, I don't know how you do it.

Lois: The microwave.

Reese: But perfect amount of time. Well I better clean my plate and get started on my homework.

Malcolm (to the camera): At first I thought it was a brain tumour. But tomorrow he's old enough to get his learner's permit. He's on his best behaviour until he has passed the test.

Reese: Can I get anyone a nice cup of peppermint tea? Helps digestion.

Malcolm: Mom and dad have looked for any excuse to ground him. But he hasn't screwed once since 3 weeks. It's getting kind of boring.

(Dewey stabs Reese in his leg with his fork. Reese screams and wants to hit him but then he looks at his parents and gives Dewey a stroke, instead).

Dewey: Didn't think so.

Reese: Remember dad. You pick me up from school tomorrow to take me to the DMD.

Hal: Wouldn't miss it, son. (To Lois) What are we going to do?

Lois: What can we do? He hasn't done anything wrong.

Hal: Oh please, it's Reese. We just haven't looked hard enough.

Lois: Hal, we have to face it. That kid is gonna be mobile.

Hal: Reese surrounded by 6000 pounds of steel and 20 gallons of explosive fuel. It's like giving a shark a submachine gun.

(The telephone rings. Hal answers it. It's Francis)

Hal: Hello?

Francis: Hey dad.

Hal: Francis! Hi, how are you? We haven't heard from you in so long.

Francis: Yeah, well you know how I've always been kind of impulsive and independent minded but basically just unlucky?

Hal: What?

Francis: Well there's been a certain incident here and without getting bogged down by the blame game let's just say there have been some damages.

Hal: That's why you're calling? No. Francis, you just can't do that, anymore. You're on your own. You've emancipated yourself, remember? You can't come running back to your parents for money at the first sign of trouble, anymore.

Francis: I'm not running to my parents. I'm calling as one adult to another.

Hal: No, you've made whatever mess you've made and you'll take care of it.

Francis: I have been taking care of it. I already got big red to cut me the lumber in exchange for a pair of boots. I've got my friend Pete to make the boots, but only because I promised him a new set of teeth. And as you probably know teeth don't come cheap. And that's why you...

(Hal hangs up the phone)

Francis: Hey, Dave. Do you remember the digital camera that Berny's got and that you liked so much?

Dave: Yeah.

Francis: What would you pay if I get it for you?

Dave: You can get Berny to give up his camera?

Francis: Absolutely.

(Reese is tied to his bed)

Reese: I've been waiting for this my whole life. Once I'm driving everything changes. All I have to do is stay out of trouble for the next 16 hours and I'm home free.

Malcolm: How's that?

Reese: A little tighter on this side.

Malcolm: Ok.

Reese: And remember: Do not untie me until the morning. No matter what I say or how much I beg.

Malcolm: Got it.

Reese: Oh oh, I've got to go to the bathroom.

Malcolm: Too bad.

Reese: Just testing. Thanks buddy

Malcolm: It's weird. Reese suddenly doesn't seem as irritating as he used to. It's amazing what a driver's license can do for a relationship.

(Dewey's standing on Reese's bed. He's holding a bag with toys in his hands)

Dewey: Hi.

Reese: Dewey, I'm warning you. If you even touch me you can forget about me ever driving you anywhere for the rest of your life.

Dewey: I have nowhere to go.

(He hits Reese with the bag)

(Next scene: The phone rings and Lois answers it)

Lois: Hello?

Craig: Hi Lois, it's Craig.

Lois: Craig, I can't talk right now. I'm on the other line.

Craig: It's ok, this will only take a second. I have something to say to you that I only feel comfortable to say because we're almost like family. Your son Malcolm is a filthy vandal.

Lois: What?

Craig: He threw eggs all over the front of my new apartment. He did it with his little wheelchair friend. They wanted some free Lucky Aid candy, I said no, next thing I know it's like d-day here.

Lois: Malcolm, get out here!

Craig: You'd think I'd be the last person you'd target after I forgave your family for burning my old place down, which I'd like to remind you again, I hardly ever mention.

Lois: Craig, I am so sorry.

Craig: Well, boys will be boys. All I want is for him to come over and clean it up. And if he could stop and get me a not fat.....along the way that would be great.

Lois: Don't worry, he's on his way. What's the matter with you? Throwing eggs at Craig's front door?

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

(Reese and Hal enter the house)

Reese: I did, I did it!

Malcolm: You passed the test?

Reese: I As it.

Lois: You've got 5 wrong.

Reese: Yeah, but 11 right. And that's good enough for my learner's permit. Man if the DMD was my school, I'd be like a C student.

Lois: Well, congratulations.

Reese: Dad, you send the check to the driving school, right?

Hal: Yes, Reese.

Reese: You're sure you signed it, right? And it's not gonna.....

Hal: Everything is fine, Reese. Just go there straight after school, tomorrow.

Reese: You guys are the best. I promise when you are old and crazy I'll drive to the home and visit you. Maybe we can go on a drive around the park. Would you like that?

Lois: I can't wait. (To Malcolm) Why are you still here? Get over to Craig's start cleaning.

Malcolm: Mom, I didn't do anything at his front door, I swear.

Lois: Malcolm, why would a grown man lie about something like that?

Craig: I lied because I needed your help. I finally got my ensurance settlement. This receiver works above SRS 5.1 and DTS.for surround sound, progressive scan DVD player plays both AAFF and mp 3.....CDs or CDRs. I figured you'd be comfortable with this levelThe guys at the store couldn't find a graphic equalizer with 2 hands and a flashlight.

Malcolm: You dragged me over here to hook up your stereo? Can't you get one of your friends to do this?

(short silence)

Craig: And take off the other friends I didn't ask? Malcolm, this goes far beyond just a stereo. This is gonna be the greatest entertainment center ever. Have you ever wanted to be the best at something? And not just good, I don't mean great, I mean the absolute best?

Malcolm: I don't know.

Craig: Well I have. Ever since I was a kid watching "land of lost" on my tiny black and white 6 inch. I knew there'd a the day, a day when I can create my own high-tech universe. A magical.....where fantasy and technology..... because I'm the king.

Malcolm: So your lived long dream was to become the world's best TV watcher?

Craig: Yeah.

Malcolm: I'm in

(Malcolm, Dewey and Reese are sitting at the breakfast table)

Reese: I still can't believe it. For the first time ever I'm gonna be *(changes his voice)* behind the wheel.

Hal: He keeps doing that.

Malcolm: Mom, I'll have to go to Craig's today after school.

Lois: You still have more to clean up?

Malcolm: Yeah, I mean we made the hell of a mess.

Reese: Hey Dewey, I want you to know that there's no hard feelings about the last couple of weeks - because you're gonna suffer every day for the next 10 years.

Francis: Oh, this is awesome. Willy's grandson is really gonna love it.

Guy: Just remember, you've got the get that sleigh team from camp 4 before dark.

Francis: Yeah, absolutely.

Guy: You've driven dogs, before, right? Because it's getting pretty tricky.

Francis: What do I look like? Stop worrying. *(Goes to another guy)* Hey Neal, you know how to drive a dog team, right?

Neal: Yeah

Francis: Do you still have a crush on Joe's sister?

Neal: Yeah, but Joe won't let me date her, just because I'm Irish and I've got a bounty on my head.

Francis: Let me see what I can do.

(Reese is sitting in the the driver's ed car but he isn't driving. Instead of him Jackie, a girl from Reese's school, is behind the wheel and runs over everything that comes in her way).

Jackie: Sorry...sorry...sorry...SORRY, I'm sorry.

Teacher: Damn it! I thought I paid this gas bill, already. You're doing great. Turn right up here, I think you're ready for some street driving.

Reese: What?! Jackie has been driving for half an hour. Her turn is over.

Jackie: It's only been 10 minutes, Reese.

Reese: No it hasn't, I've been timing you. You've been driving exactly 27 minutes. It's my term now.

Jackie: When did you learn how to tell time?

Reese: Face, it's digital.

Jackie: Oh I can't believe I have to be in the same car as a low life like you.

Reese: Oh, I'm a low life? You're the one that spends every day at lunch sucking on a straw that's been under my arm pit.

Jackie: You pig!

Teacher: That's it, I've had it. I don't even know what tax messaging is. How can they charge me 15 bucks a month for it?

(In Craig's house, again)

Craig: Malcolm, you can't connect those cables. Their.....aren't equal. You'll get a reflected transmission.

Malcolm: That's what the high speed scan modulation is for. Trust me, 480 P is more than enough to take care of it.

Craig: But then I can't use the analoged.....to play my SA CDs. You're tired, you're not thinking right.

Malcolm: Did it ever occur to you that I might be using single ended.....for the front left right speakers?

Craig: Are you mad? You can't do that.

Malcolm: Just watch me. (To the camera) I know it sounds weird, but that's the most refilling conversation I've had in weeks.

Jacky: Isn't there supposed to be some signal that shows the other cars to get out of the way?

Teacher: Does anyone see a box with stamps by their feet?

Reese: It's been 45 minutes. I'm not gonna get my term.

Teacher: Ok, pull over.

Reese: Finally.

Teacher: I just need to go to the post office. Oh god, look at that line.

Reese: What are you doing? It's my term.

Teacher: Sorry Reese, doesn't look like we have enough time. But you got very valuable watching experience. We'll get to you next week.

(The teacher leaves the car and also Reese gets out of it. He goes to Jackie's window)

Reese: Slide over.

Jackie: No way.

(Reese burps into her face which makes her slide over).

Reese: I at least get to drive back to the stupid school. I'm not going home without at least touching that wheel.

(Something hits the car)

Reese: What was that?

Jackie: You crashed.

Reese: No, I didn't. The car is not even in drive.

Jackie: Yeah well, you're behind the wheel. What you're gonna do now, hot shot?

(A woman goes to the car)

Woman: I'm so sorry. I...

(Reese starts screaming and drives away)

Jackie: So, let's see. We've got stealing a car, malicious crashing and...oh yeah, kidnapping me. I always knew you would go to prison, I just thought it would be after prom.

Reese: Will you shut up and let me think about this?

Jackie: Do you realize you are driving 20 miles an hour on a freeway?

Reese: Hey, I'm not getting a speeding ticket on top of everything else. Now you just leave me alone for a couple of minutes and let me figure this out.

(They hear a police car)

Jackie: Ha!

Reese: Ok, don't panic, it's just a cop. That's nothing, you can handle one stupid cop.

(He sees that there are suddenly 5 police cars behind them)

Reese: Oh man.

Jackie: What are you doing? Aren't you pulling over?

Reese: I don't know. I think I'm still going.

Jackie: Reese, if you're being chased by the cops and they say pull over you have to do it. That's a law.

Reese: Yeah well, believing so.

Jackie: You can't... *(she looks at the brake pedal next to her feet)* you know, that's a really good plan, Reese. I just see one little problem with it: this is a driver's ed car. *(When she steps on the pedal it breaks)*

Jackie: Those cheap...

(Pete and some other guys are coming out of a house)

Pete: I haven't seen him.

Another Guy: I spent 5 hours to get post holes because he promised me a satellite dish.

Second guy: He promised ME a satellite dish.

3th guy: Where the hell is my George Foreman grill?

1st guy: I'm as mad as the rest of you. I'm pretty sure these teeth came off from a dead guy. It tastes like a Canadian. Well he's no longer taking advantage of me. I can tell you that.

(Pete enters the house where there's Francis with a fake moustache).

Guy: Well Pierre, your identical American cousin is in a lot of trouble.

Francis: Oui.

(Malcolm and Craig are on Craig's roof)

Craig: Now a half turn. Easy, easy, don't strip it. Got it! Beautiful. Now all you have to do is to adjust it and we're done.

Malcolm: Congratulations.

Craig: I guess it was pretty hairy there, especially with thoseconnectors.

Malcolm:was inspiring

Craig: I hardly even remember it. I was running out pure adrenalin

Malcolm: You know, Craig, I've got to tell you...this was a lot of fun. I actually enjoyed spending time with you. You didn't have to lie to get me over here.

Craig: Yes, I did.

Malcolm: Yeah ok. But you wouldn't now. I guess what I'm trying to say is...you know, I'm sorry for the times we made you miserable.

Craig: It's ok.

Malcolm: You're a good guy. I like you.

Craig (*very touched and trying to hold back his tears*) Well then, check the signal, will you?

Malcolm: Ok

Craig: And try not to screw it up...buddy.

Malcolm (*from the inside of the house*): We're getting 42 %. Try to turn it a little to the right. A little more. 57...a little more...61...

(*Malcolm suddenly sees a picture of Reese and the driver's ed car on TV*).

A man's voice on TV: A low speed chase involving a teenager , a driver's ed car and what appears to be a hostage.

You see the Teacher on TV: It all happened so fast. He just took off- with my cheque book and all my financial papers in the car. That's not an excuse, I just hope the.....understands the situation.

Man's voice again: Although the hostage seems to be unharmed it's just a matter of time before the police will decide to end it. One way or the other

Malcolm: Oh no! (*To the camera*) Now they are never gonna let ME drive .

Craig: How's it looking? Malcolm? Malcolm? I can't hear you. You're not watching without me, are you?

(*Craig wants to climb down the ladder but it falls to the ground and he hangs on the gutter*)

Craig: Malcolm! MALCOLM!!!

Lois (*talking to a police officer*): Just let me talk to him and I can end this in 5 minutes.

Cop: I'm sorry Ma'am, I don't think this is a good idea. We have trained psychologists to handle kids in these situations. We know how they think.

Lois: Think? My son doesn't think. He's just driving around in circles. He's made 3 laps around the city, already.

Hal: There's our dry cleaner, again.

Dewey: Here's another picture of my brother you can show on TV.

(*On the picture you can see a naked little boy from the back*)

Lois: Just let me get on the phone and let me handle this. I'm the only one who knows how.

Cop: Trust me, we have this under control.

Lois: Don't think I don't know what's gonna happen. You're gonna do your standard police thing and my son is gonna get killed in a hell of a gunfire.

Cop: That almost never happens.

Lois: JUST GET HIM ON THE PHONE!

Lois: And you tell him if he ever wants to see daylight again he'll pull over this instant.

Voice from one of the police cars behind the driver's ed car: Your mother wants you to know that she loves you and...

Lois: He's got 10 seconds to pull over that damn car or I will ...

Voice: ...gives you lots of hugs and kisses.

Jackie: You can give up, you're not in trouble. Can you pull over now?

Reese: That's not my mom.

(Craig's still hanging on the roof).

Craig: Please dear god. I know I haven't been a saint, but if you...*(he falls down and lands on his cat)*

Jackie (is on the phone): No daddy, this is not my fault, I'm just a passenger. How's it that *you* look like an idiot? I'm the one...hold on. No, no I'm on the other line. If you wanna talk to him so bad use the.....thing. Hi, I'm back. No, I was not talking to mom, it was the...daddy, I don't care who she...no, I will not tell her. You have to stop putting me in...Go ahead, go ahead, cancel the card. Cancel all my cards. I'm going to be in this car for the rest of my life, anyway.

Reese: Ok, I've got an idea.

Jackie: What?

Reese: There's a railway crossing about a mile ahead. If we jump out a split second before the train squashes the car, we can start new lives as circus people.

Jackie: Reese, come on. This is getting scary. What are you gonna do?

Voice: This is your last warning. Pull over or you'll be forced from the road.

Reese: Jackie, I have to tell you something. Just because I hate you, it doesn't mean I'm not sorry.

Jackie: What?

Reese: I didn't mean to get you into this. It's just that I'm not...you know, I'm not very smart. So when I get in trouble I panic and then I do things that make it worse. I'm really sorry. And your dad is a tool.

Jackie: Hey, I was just kidding about the kidnapping thing. I mean you have enough to worry about without me being a jerk about it, right?

Reese: Wait a second. Jackie, give me your phone. I have a brother who's a total genius. He'll know what to do.

Francis: How many police cars are chasing you?

Reese: I don't know. 8, maybe 9. What am I gonna do? There's no way out of this.

Francis: Hey, don't give up. Sometimes things look the darkest just before the sun breaks through.

(The guys who are very angry with Francis suddenly enter the room).

Francis: And sometimes you just have to realize that the game is over and that you've lost. The only thing left to do is to stop running, stand up and face the consequences like a man.

(Even more guys are entering the room) And even if the outcome is even more horrible than you could possibly imagine, you can hold your head up high, show some class, and end it with dignity.

(You hear Francis screaming)

Reese: Class...

Lois: Where is he going?

Hal: He's turning.

(Reese drives the car through the obstacle course followed by the police cars. His family is watching him on TV)

Malcolm: Wow, nice. (Lois gives him a look) It was.

(Reese drives by the fake deer and gives it a stroke).

Cop: Ok, that's impressive.

Malcolm: Look, he's pulling over.

Hal: I think he's gonna parallel park.

Cop: No way.

Malcolm: The spot is way to small.

Hal: He's going too fast and he had to give himself some space on the right.

Malcolm: He did it!

Lois: Just get out of that damn car. Please.

Jackie: Reese, that was amazing.

(Reese gets out of the car)

Reese: Listen. When the kids at school ask you about this, tell them I got under your bra.

(The cops push Reese to the ground and one of them even steps on his face)

Hal: I'll call the lawyer.

Dewey: Give him a reason. Give him a reason.

Voice on TV: The suspect appears to be resisting. Oh, looks like they're taking out the pepper spray.

(You hear Reese screaming and Dewey smiles).

Malcolm: Why do we have to get dressed like this? It's Reese's hearing.

Lois: Because when the judge looks over at us I want him to see that Reese comes from a respectable family that loves him very much.

Dewey: Why don't they trial him as an adult?

Hal: Come on, we've got to go.

Malcolm: I have to go to Craig's after. Jellybean is getting his cast off and he wants me to videotape it.

Hal: Craig's talking already? Good for him. I was really..... out about that one blink "yes", 2 blinks "no" stuff.

Lois: No, you've got it the other way round, Hal. One blink means no.

Hal: So the soup WAS too hot.

END