

## Transcript by Amigo22

### 102 RED DRESS TRANSCRIPT

Lois is mopping the floor in the hallway, when she passes the boys' room. Malcolm is studying at his desk and Reese is sitting reading a book. She carries on mopping, then goes back to the boys' doorway, smelling they are up to something.

Lois: What'd you do?

Malcolm: What?

Lois: Don't give me that. What'd you do?

Reese: Nothing.

Malcolm: Mom, I'm trying to study.

Lois: Oh. I'm sure you don't mind if I, took a look in here. (opens one of the boys' drawers and rummages through it)

Malcolm: Mom, I'm telling you, we didn't do anything.

Lois: Oh, you boys are up to something. I can smell it. (Pause) If you've broken another window, it is going to come out of your - (rips open curtains and no window is broken)

Reese: Are you done? You wanna frisk me?

Lois: You just consider yourselves lucky. This time. (Leaves room and closes door, exposing Dewey, hanging from the hook on the back of the door, tied up. Lois opens the door quickly, then closes it again.)

Malcolm: Either she's losing her touch, or we're getting better.

Malcolm: (TC) The good thing about being smart is that I never have to look up any phone numbers. The bad thing is, no-one else in the family ever bothers to remember anything. (On phone) Hey Francis. You told me to remind you about Mom and Dad's anniversary.

Francis: Ah, great, when is that?

Malcolm: Today.

Francis: Dude, you're supposed to remind me *before*, so I can get 'em something.

Malcolm: That's ok. We'll put your name on their gift.

Francis: Cool. Thanks man, I owe you one.

Malcolm: No, you owe me twenty. That's what your share comes to.

Francis: You got them an eighty dollar gift?

Malcolm: Uh, yeah.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Craig brings Lois a gift.

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Lois: Oh, Craig.

Craig: Happy anniversary. Sixteen wonderful years to the same man, that Hal is one lucky hombre.

Lois: Craig, you shouldn't have.

Craig: Oh, please. A special gift, for a special lady, on a special day.

Lois: I mean, no, really, you shouldn't have, aren't only husbands supposed to give gifts?

Craig: Fine, throw it in the trash then.

Lois: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, hold on, let's see what it is first. (Opens gift) Oh, look at - I've been meaning to try this colour.

Craig: I know, I saw you eyeing it a couple of weeks ago.

Lois: I didn't know we carried this brand.

Craig: We don't.

Lois: So, where did you see me -

Craig: So, uh, big plans for tonight, what are you going to be wearing?

Lois: Oh, it's going to be great, I have the most perfect red dress. It took me two months to save up for it, but it was worth it. Oh, I've been fantasizing about this night for ever.

We are shown Lois's fantasy, of her and Hal eating at the restaurant, and then Craig's, of himself and Lois eating at the restaurant, and Hal nearby cleaning up and crying.

Lois: Craig.

Craig: Oh. Yeah - uh, say, Lois, uh, you want to go catch a movie or something over lunch, they're playing My Best Friend's Wedding over in Electronics.

Lois: Um, no thanks, I don't.

Craig: Fine, forget it. (storms off, bumps into a rack of goods and it falls down onto him) I'm ok!

Cut to the bathroom at the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is getting ready.

Lois (calling) Are you boys almost finished wrapping our present? I have to meet your father at the restaurant in ten minutes.

Cut to the kitchen, where the boys are wrapping Hal and Lois's present.

Malcolm: More paper.

Dewey: I get to do the bow!

Reese: Why did she give you the money to buy the gift?

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Malcolm: Because she didn't want another Karate video.

Reese: It's Karat-A.

Dewey: I get to do the bow!

Reese: What'd we get them, anyway?

Malcolm: Picture frame.

Reese: Brown-noser.

Dewey: I get to do the bow!

Malcolm: We're not finished yet!

Dewey: Yeah, but I get to do the bow!

Cut back to the bathroom, where Lois wipes her mouth with a tissue, then goes to throw the tissue in the toilet, where she discovers her red dress, which is burnt.

Malcolm: Finished.

Reese: Finally. (Grabs bow from Dewey's hands and sticks it onto the present.)

Dewey: No! I was supposed to do the bow!

Reese: Well, you should have said something.

Dewey: I'm telling. Mom! (Sees Lois coming down the hall with the dress and runs back to the kitchen) Noooooo!

Lois: Fire? Fire? Fire?

Malcolm: Mom, what -

Lois: This is the most stupid, irresponsible, dangerous thing you have ever done! Is this what you want? Where we have to identify your charred little bodies through their dental records? I want a straight answer. Who did this?

Reese: Malcolm did it.

Malcolm: Reese did it.

Reese: I didn't do it!

Malcolm: I didn't do it!

Dewey: We're going to the dentist?

Cut to the boys in their room with Lois, who is holding up a toy plane.

Lois: Who? (Malcolm and Reese point to each other. Lois throws the toy into a rubbish bag)

Reese: I didn't like that one, anyway. (Lois reaches for a plane hanging from the ceiling)

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NO, no, not that one. (Lois grins as she pulls the toy down to put it in the bag) Oh.

Cut to the boys in the living room, spinning around with their heads on baseball bats.

Lois: Who?

All 3 boys: It wasn't me, it was him!

Lois: Ok, into the hallway.

Malcolm: I think I'm gonna puke.

Lois: Yeah? Well, that's going to be the highlight of your evening, because nobody is going anywhere till one of you tells me who!

Cut to Hal sitting at the restaurant with a waiter.

Hal: Everything's all set up.

Waiter: I believe so, sir.

Hal: Table seven, Chateau Brut, eighty-seven hors d'oeuvres medley.

Waiter: Yes, sir.

Hal: Oh, jeez. One more thing. I almost forgot. See, uh, my wife always orders lobster, so could have the chef slip this on the lobster's claw, just before you serve it? She gets such a kick out of stuff like that. Hmm, so do I for that matter.

Waiter: Not a problem, sir.

Hal: The violinist has our song?

Waiter: He received the sheet music this morning.

Hal: Good, good, good, good, good. You would be surprised how many times I have heard "Tears of a Clown" just butchered.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house, where the boys are all huddled together in the corner.

Malcolm: Tell her.

Reese: You tell her.

Lois: Who?

Malcolm: Reese did it, and he never tells the truth.

Reese: Malcolm did it, and he never tells the truth.

Lois: Ok, closer to the wall. (pushes them closer)

Malcolm: Wait, Mom, seriously, it reeks over here.

Dewey: I can't help it.

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Lois: Ok. Into the TV room, let's go, (Drags Malcolm and Reese away, leaving Dewey alone in the corner. She then comes back and drags Dewey away)

Cut to a high angle shot of the living room, where the boys' legs are sticking out from under the couch, then cut to the boys under the couch.

Reese: I'll give you five dollars if you tell Mom you did it.

Malcolm: You tell her, you did it, because I didn't do it. (TC) I really didn't.

Reese: What are you eating?

Dewey: Nothing.

Malcolm: Why don't you guys shut up so I can think of something?

Reese: What's there to think of? There's nothing we can do. I've never seen Mom so mad.

Malcolm: Me either. (TC) Reese is right. We're out of our league. There's only one person who ever had Mom this mad at them, and survived.

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Francis picks up the phone.

Francis: Hello?

Francis: And she has your heads where?

Malcolm: Under the couch. All because Reese won't admit he did it.

Reese: You admit it.

Malcolm: I didn't do it.

Reese: Neither did I.

Malcolm: Liar!

Francis: Whoa, whoa, whoa, chill, you are not going to get anywhere fighting with each other. Now, first of all, you all burned the dress.

Malcolm: I didn't-

Francis: Hey, you all did it. You have to stay together, you have to stay united.

Stanley: United against who?

Francis: My Mom.

Stanley: Nice!

Francis: Ok, now no-one broke so far, so you should be proud of yourselves. She do the toy thing yet?

Malcolm: Yep.

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Francis: Spinning?

Malcolm: Uh-huh.

Francis: Ok, good. I think I know where she's going. Separate interviews. Listen. When she gets you alone, she's going to pretend she's on your side. She's not.

Cut back to the Wilkerson's house, where Lois is sitting at the kitchen table with Malcolm. A can of soft drink is in front of him.

Lois: (To Malcolm) Go ahead. It's a name brand. (Opens the can and Malcolm takes a sip) I'm not mad at you. I know you didn't do this. You're a good boy. And I want you to help me find out who did.

(To Reese) This is serious. One of your brothers could have burned the house down. And for that, he will be severely punished.

(To Dewey) But the one who helps me, will be a very happy boy. And I want that to be you.

(To Malcolm) Because you've always been the best one.

(To Reese) You've ALWAYS been the BEST one.

(To Dewey) You have always been the best one.

Malcolm: Mom, honestly. I don't know who did it.

Reese: I don't know.

Dewey: Don't know.

Cut to all 3 boys together in the kitchen with Lois.

Lois: Well, I guess you boys think you've got your old Mom over a barrel, huh? Well, we'll just see about that. If you boys wanna play, we can play all...night...long.

Cut back to Hal at the restaurant.

Waiter: Sir (hands Hal cordless phone)

Hal: Oh, thank you, thank you. Oh, can I have another vodka martini please, before you go? This time, let's go olive, onion, olive. Well. (phone is still busy)

We see Francis on the phone at Marlin Academy, with a small group of cadets around him. We cut back to the Wilkersons' house, where the boys are in the bedroom. Malcolm is talking to Francis. Lois is playing one of Dewey's tapes up loud on a portable stereo.

Francis: What's that, I can't hear you.

Malcolm: She's killing us!

Cut to Lois in the hallway, where she turns up the volume on the stereo, and drinks her cup of tea. Cut back to the boys' bedroom, where Reese is lying on his bed, his head buried in pillows.

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Dewey (sitting on his bed, cuddling his teddy bear): Why does she have to ruin everything I love?  
Malcolm (on phone): Francis, I'm just going to tell her I did it. I know it wasn't me, but anything is better than this!

Francis: Malcolm, you cannot crack now, she will own you for the rest of your life! Now listen to me, Malcolm. You have to do exactly what I say.

Cut to Lois walking through the house to the boys' bedroom, smiling. She opens the door to find them dancing around in a circle, singing along to the tape. She closes the door again.

Reese: Did you see that?

Malcolm: Hooray!

Malcolm: Francis is a genius. Come on, sing louder! (The boys start dancing and singing again, as Lois opens the door again, this time holding a video camera.)

Lois: Oh, so cute! Oh, your grandmother and all your friends are just going to love this at your next birthday party!

Cut back to Francis on the phone at Marlin Academy.

Francis: You're kidding me! Ok, just hang in there, give me a minute to think. Damn she's good. (a few more cadets join the group)

Eric: What's up?

Joe: Did they crack?

Francis: No, Dewey faked a stomach cramp. Bought 'em some time.

Joe: Good man.

Cadet: Man, if we would have had your Mom in Nam, there'd be a McDonald's in Hanoi Square right now.

Drew: Dude, there is a McDonald's in Hanoi Square.

Cadet: All right! (he gives five to Drew)

Cut back to Hal at the restaurant, trying to get hold of Lois, but the phone is still busy.

Hal: Franklin. Ready to order.

Franklin: Are you sure, sir?

Hal: Mmm-hmm. See, in our family, we have a saying. After an hour, eat without her. If it's any longer, something's wronger.

Franklin: Very catchy, sir.

Hal: Well, when life gives you lemons, make lemonade, Franklin. Do you have any lemonade?

Franklin: No, sir.

Hal: Do you have lemons?

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Franklin: Yes sir.

Hal: Well, throw one in another martini, and let's share those specials.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm opens the boys' bedroom door and looks down the hallway.

Reese: What's she doing?

Malcolm: Can't tell.

Reese: Maybe she left.

Malcolm: Yeah, I think she's gone down to buy us all presents.

Dewey: Hooray!

Reese: Man, it's just too quiet out there. It's driving me crazy.

Dewey: Maybe we should sing some more. (Malcolm and Reese lie down on their beds)

Reese: Shut up, Dewey. I wonder how many holes are up in those tiles.

Malcolm: One hundred and eighty six thousand, four hundred and eighty.

Reese: You counted ALL of those?

Malcolm: No. You just count one tile's row across and down, multiply it and then multiply it again by the number of tiles.

Reese: You're doing that more and more.

Malcolm: Doing what?

Reese: That brain thing. Are you just gonna keep getting smarter and weirder?

Malcolm: I dunno.

Reese: Well can you tone it down a little bit? Cos I cant keep up with all these butt kickings.

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

Reese: Well at least twice a day I have to whoop ass on some kid calling you a weirdo. Honestly! It's exhausting.

Malcolm: You beat up kids cause they call me a weirdo?

Reese: Well the last kid? He was a freak anyways. He was in NO position to throw out names.

Malcolm: Thanks!

Reese: For what?

Malcolm: Nothing.

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Reese: Hey, what am I thinking right now?

Malcolm: I'm smart, I'm not a psychic.

Dewey: Can you understand what dogs are saying?

Malcolm: No.

Dewey: I can.

Lois (calling): Oh, boys!

Cut to the boys in the living room with Lois, who is spreading a tarpaulin out on the floor.

Lois (putting on gloves): I don't know who put you up to this sticking together garbage, but I don't like it. Therefore, you have forced me to do something terrible. Say goodbye to a cherished family member. WHO? (swings axe at TV)

All 3 boys: NOOOOOO!

Lois: Uh uh uh! Don't you dare! (door knocks) And don't move a muscle! (walks to door)

Ed: Hi Lois.

Lois: Look, Ed. Its nine o'clock. I'm a little busy right now.

Ed: Well, you see, there is the problem. It's nine o'clock at night and I keep hearing screaming. Now this didnt sound like your normal screaming. It sounded more like killing screaming. Now I'm not one to complain-

Lois: Thats why we like you! (shuts door in his face)

(Lois sees that the TV is gone and the boys are panting)

Lois: In your room, NOW!

Cut back to Hal at the resturant. He is entering the men's bathroom, where the attendant is doing something at the bench.

Hal: Nice place you've got here.

Attendant: Thank you, sir. I like to create an atmosphere. Did you enjoy your meal, sir?

Hal: Well, if you can call four olives, two onions and a whole lot of alcohol a meal, then, yes.

Attendant: Pretty good, sir.

Hal: What have you got in the Colone department?

Attendant: Were you looking for anything in particular?

Hal: Well, I've been thinking about a signature sense.

Attendant: Yeah.

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Hal: I'd like to leave a room and have people say, "boy, it smells like Hal in here".

Attendant: Hmm, good.

Hal: In a nice way.

Attendant: You strike me as a Sandalwood.

Hal: Sandalwood, huh? Sandalwood, let's give a smellsy, shall we? (Puts some on and rubs his wrists together) Huh?

Attendant: Yes, that's quite nice, you're not kidding me. Here we go.

Hal: (laughs as he wipes some on his neck and face) Oh, that's quite nice! You do a service to your craft, sir. (To another guy) This man is a genius. (The other guy leaves) Snooty bastard. You'd think this place would be the great equalizer, huh? Even a king looks like a fool when he's answering nature's call, am I right? I'm right. Well. It's been a pleasure. Have a good evening.

Attendant: Oh, sir?

Hal: Yes?

Attendant: Thank you for making eye contact with me.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house.

Lois: (sounding close to crying) Boys, I - I just don't know what to do any more. I don't want to punish anyone, all I want is the truth. I don't know how things got this far, but I just want it to stop. (Camera angle changes showing us that Lois was practising in front of the bathroom mirror, what she was going to say) Nah, they'll never buy it. (walks back to the kitchen, sees the present on the table, and picks it up, looks at it, then looks up in fright) Oh my god, Hal! (puts down the present, then goes to pick up the phone, where Malcolm is talking to Francis, who now has all the cadets around him)

Francis: They saved the TV!

Cadets: ALL RIGHT, YEAH!

Francis: Beautiful work boys, that's beautiful, you have her exactly where you want her, totally crazy. Now its time to take the offensive.

Malcolm: The offensive?

Francis: Exactly. She wont...wait a minute. Do you hear breathing?

Malcolm: What?

Francis: MOM??? (All the cadets bolt from the corridor)

Lois: Malcolm. Would you hang up the phone please?

Francis: Hi mom! Happy anniversary!

Cut to the boys in their bedroom.

Malcolm: Not good, not good.

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Reese: What? What is it?

Malcolm: MOM...PHONE!

Reese: Oh god...oh god.

Dewey: WE'RE GONNA DIE! (dives under the bed)

Malcolm: I gotta run away. (puts on his shoes)

Reese: Wait. We can get out of this (grabs malcolm by shirt) THINK. THINK!!!

Malcolm: (TC) All I can think about..is how hard he's stretching my nipple. OW!

Malcolm: Think. Think. I got it.

Cut back to the restaurant, where Hal is sitting at the table with the men's bathroom attendant, and they're laughing. (Violinist comes to their table and begins to play)

Hal: Here it is. That's our song. Our song. (the guys keep laughing)

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Lois is reprimanding Francis on the phone.

Lois: I cannot believe you, Francis. You think you are so clever turning them against me, don't you.

Francis: No, Mom.

Lois: We did not send you to Military School so you could undermine my authority long-distance.

Francis: Then why did you send me?

Lois: Well, it was not so you could undermine my authority. And If I am not mistaken, you are undermining my authority!

Francis: And what are you doing? You're spending your anniversary at home, fixating on a stupid dress. Is that what you wanted to do tonight?

Lois: What am I supposed to do, Francis? Let it go?

Francis: Yes, that is exactly what you should do, let it go. But you can't, because you can never let anything go.

Lois: I can too let things go.

Francis: Fine.

Lois: I can.

Francis: Fine.

Lois: I CAN!

Francis: Ok, just forget I said anything.

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Lois: I cannot talk to you anymore, ooh, you make me so mad, sometimes I just want to break your neck! Did you get the cookies I sent you?

Francis: Yeah, they were great.

Lois: Good. (Hangs up on him and a smashing noise comes from the boys' room. Lois goes to their room and opens the door, exposing Reese hanging from a piece of roof that's dangling from the ceiling, and Malcolm wearing a pillow strapped to his body, and a torch on his head..)

Malcolm (TC): I swear to god, on paper, this was a great idea (Reese falls onto the dusty floor)

Lois: All right, that's it. Get dressed, we're going to dinner.

Malcolm (TC): Oh my god, it did work!

Reese: What?

Lois: Dinner. I won't have you boys starving to death. The last thing I need is a bunch of social workers and reporters tearing up the front lawn. Now hurry up before I change my mind.

Reese: What about the dress?

Lois: I really liked that dress. (She closes the door, and the ceiling falls down on their heads)

Cut to the lounge, where a car pulls up outside.

Hal: Hey, thanks for the ride, Tony.

Tony: Any time, Hal.

Hal: (unlocking the door and coming inside) Hello? Honey? Boys? Anybody home? (No answer, as Lois and the boys are at dinner) Gotcha! This evening just keeps getting better and better. (Sits down on the couch, lights up his pipe, and throws the still lit match onto the couch cover, which soon catches alight.)

Cut to exterior shot of the house, where we see Hal taking the burning cover to the bathroom, and hear the toilet flushing.