

Transcript from Malcolm-France

HOME ALONE 4 TRANSCRIPT

Dewey: And then there's a big explosion and lots of bubbles. That's where babies come from.

Lois: Oh, well, close enough.

Malcolm (TC): I did the math once. It turns out, every 17.4 dinners; my family actually has a pleasant meal together.

Hal: Hey, look at this. I made a pea angel.

Lois: Oh, you're a pea angel. Stop playing with your food.

Reese: (holding out spoon with potato on it) Oh, Mom...

Lois: Don't you dare.

Reese: Relax, I wasn't really going to.

Lois: Then don't.

Reese: I wasn't going to.

Lois: Then don't.

Reese: Well, don't accuse me of something that I wasn't going to do.

Malcolm (TC): Interesting mood shift. It would take hours to explain the psychology behind this. So let me just put it this way: (points to Lois) dynamite... (points to Reese) kid with matches.

Dewey: You're going to throw that at Mom?

Reese: I wasn't going to.

Hal: Jeez Louise. Reese...

Lois: Hal, I can handle this. Reese, I'm warning you.

Reese: I wasn't going to. But if you think I would, then maybe I should.

Malcolm (TC): Oh, good. Now he's panicking.

Lois: Just put the spoon down and apologize.

Malcolm (TC): Okay, she gave him an out.

Reese: Apologize for what? I wasn't going to do anything. Just stop talking! Just stop talking and let me think!

Malcolm: Dad, do something.

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Hal: I got it. (Picks up own spoonful of potato and flicks it at Lois)

Lois: What do you think you're doing?

Hal: I'm being cute and spontaneous?

Lois: (to Reese) Don't do it.

Reese: I wasn't going to.

Malcolm: (TC): Yep, this is a good dinner.

Cut to Krelboyne class. The 3 o'clock bell rings.

Caroline: Malcolm.

Malcolm: Yeah?

Caroline: Can I see you for a minute, please?

Class: Ooh. Teacher's favourite. Teacher's pet.

Stevie: 'Dear...Penthouse...'

Malcolm: 'Yesterday I pushed my friend Stevie down some stairs.'

Stevie: Point... taken.

Malcolm: What?

Caroline: Malcolm, I'm a little concerned. You're doing very well in your studies, but... I still sense an emotional distance between us. And I hate it. I'd really like us to try to connect on a deeper level.

Malcolm (TC): Whoa. She is coming on to me. (to Caroline) I thought you were dating the janitor.

Caroline: Who told you that? God. One drink and...Never mind. What I am trying to say is, I know your parents. I know you have a colourful home life. So, just remember if you ever need anything at all - a sympathetic ear, a shoulder to cry on - I want you to come to me.

Malcolm (TC): Yeah. That's what I need. Another mom. (to Caroline) Okay. Great. Thanks a lot. Well, I got to go do the...thing.

Dewey: And then I drew a robot, Francis. But my crayon broke. And then I had a Popsicle. I mean, I had 12 Popsicles. You like Popsicles, Francis?

Reese: Shut up, Dewey. Stop bugging Francis. I'm so glad you're home. You don't know what it's like dealing with these little kids all day.

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Malcolm (TC): It's the coolest thing. It's the first time Francis is home from military school. Mom and Dad are going off to some wedding and Francis is in charge of us for the whole weekend. I can't believe how much I missed him.
(to Francis) Hey.

Francis: Hmph.

Malcolm (TC): He's so great.

Lois: (calling) Boys! The number for the hotel is on the counter. I left money for pizza, but I want a receipt and exact change.

Hal: Yep, that underwear is going to wrinkle. It's kind of nice having Francis back in the house, don't you think? What?

Lois: Nothing. You're just cute when you think you're being subtle.

Hal: Really?

Lois: Of course it's nice having Francis home.

Hal: Well, it's been a few months now. Maybe it's time to, you know, think about it.

Lois: I don't know. Maybe. We'll see how he does this weekend. God, I hate this hairdo. I don't even know why I bother trying to impress your family anymore. They've always hated me.

Hal: Well, you are the one who stole their little Hally away from them. Better get moving.

Dewey: And then it got away. But I found another one, but it died. And then...

Reese: I said leave him alone, you butt-munch.

Dewey: Let me go.

Reese: Make me. (Dewey climbs onto Reese's back and yanks his nose)

Malcolm: Guys, quit it. Listen for a second. I just heard Mom and Dad. They're thinking about letting Francis come home.

Reese: You serious?

Malcolm: Yeah. They want to see how he does with us this weekend. Okay? So we can't screw up.

Reese: Cool. Let's go tell him.

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Malcolm: No. You know how Francis gets when people tell him what to do.

Lois: I am warning you. If you get your nose pierced, you are going to military school. And I mean it. Really. Do you hear me?

Francis: Hey, Mom. (close up of Francis's nose piercing) What's for dinner?

Reese: Right. What are we going to do?

Malcolm: We're going to be good, that's what.

Dewey: How do we be good?

Malcolm: I don't know. (TC): Honestly, it's never come up before. Look, we're just not going to do anything. That way, we can't get in any trouble.

Hal: Honey. We're late. We better hit the road.

Lois: Fine. I'll shave my legs in the car. (to boys) Okay. I've marked the liquor bottles, and we can taste when they're watered down. I've locked out the smut channel, counted your father's cigars. I've checked the odometer on the car and the balance on the credit cards. We love you, have a good time. And just remember, Dewey will tell us everything you did while we're gone.

Hal: Uh, what your mother said, boys. Minus one. (they drive off, then reverse back again)

Lois: Don't even think about it.

Malcolm: Think about what?

Francis: She's bluffing. Okay, I am going to show you guys the coolest thing you have ever seen. Get me some lighter fluid, a waffle iron and one of Dewey's stuffed animals. The furrier, the better.

Malcolm: Actually, we're kind of tired.

Francis: Tired?

Reese: Yeah. Tired.

Dewey: I'm not tired. (Malcolm hits him) Okay, yeah, I'm tired.

Malcolm: Let's just go watch TV.

Francis: Whatever.

Malcolm (TC): This plan better work. The only thing worse than no TV is golf on TV.

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Francis: Oh, come on, guys. Let's go outside. Let's go do something.

Malcolm: No. They're only on the sixth hole. (TC): They're only on the sixth hole.

Francis: (answering phone) Hello.

Richie: Francis, bud, I heard you were in town.

Justin: You da man, Francis!

Francis: Hey, guys, what's going on?

Richie: Same old, same old, man. Oh, Circus says hi. Dude, you're not going to believe it. I finally moved out. I'm living in the basement now. Total freedom, dude.

Justin: You da man, Francis!

Richie: (about his Mum delivering his clean washing) Mom, you're supposed to knock. Dude, we're coming over.

Francis: Okay. Hey, Richie and the guys are coming over.

Malcolm: Maybe they shouldn't. You know, Mom and Dad are gone.

Francis: Okay, got it. Richie, listen to me. I'm watching my brothers, so we got to hang here. And no parties okay? I'm serious. It's got to be just the three of you.

Francis: (as he and Malcolm look around the trashed yard) Huh. You wouldn't think only three guys could do so much damage.

Richie: (calling from Police car) Call us next time you're in town.

Justin: (calling) You da man, Francis!

Lois: Are you trying to seduce me? I can't believe we're going to this wedding. What a waste of time.

Hal: Oh, come on, I promise it'll be fun.

Lois: Hal, I'm not Dewey.

Hal: Sorry. But still, we're alone, we're away from the kids. Right now, we're just two unencumbered consenting adults. I say we enjoy it.

Lois: Yeah, you're right. It will be nice to have some time for just the two of us. And I'm going to love not having to yell at somebody every 20 seconds. (yells out window) Either speed up or get off the road, jackass!

Hal: Absolutely deserved it.

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Reese: I hate those guys.

Francis: Did you see Circus break that cinder block with his head? That's a good lesson for you guys. It didn't break the first six times. But did he quit trying? No, sir.

Malcolm: Francis, we have to clean this up.

Francis: Yeah.

Malcolm: No. I mean now. If Mom and Dad see this they'll freak.

Francis: So what else is new? They always freak. I'm used to it.

Malcolm: This is different. We have to clean up.

Francis: What's with you guys? I'm in charge here. I'm the only one who'll get in trouble. Relax.

Dewey: But we want you to come home.

Francis: What?

Malcolm: I heard Mom and Dad talking. This weekend is like a test for you, or a trap. If you do good, they may let you come home.

Reese: And if you don't, they're gonna toss your butt back into military school.

Francis: Okay, look...

Malcolm: Francis, it sucks around here without you. Can't you just try for our sake?

Francis: Look, guys, I appreciate your sentiment. But they're not going to decide my whole future based on how I behave over one weekend without even telling me about it. It's too arbitrary. It's unreasonable.

Malcolm: It's Mom.

Francis: Okay, let's clean up. (The boys frantically run around tidying up the house) It's perfect.

Reese: The house has never been this clean.

Malcolm: Uh-oh.

Francis: What?

Malcolm: It's too clean.

Francis: You're right. They'll never buy it.

Hal: Ah. Looks like we're the only ones

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who gave them pot holders. Hi.

Lois: Hi. It's great to see you.

Relative: You, too. You look terrific.

Lois: How long do you think it's been?

Relative: I don't know. Will you excuse me?

Hal: Well, that was worth driving 600 miles for. Who was that guy?

Lois: It's the groom, Hal.

Hal: I wish people would wear name tags at these things.

Francis: Oh, perfect. Nice touch with the bread crumbs, Dewey.

Dewey: (mouthful of bread) Huh?

Reese: I clipped my toenails on the coffee table.

Francis: Attaboy. She will never know a thing.

Malcolm: Wait. (spreads chip crumbs on the mantelpiece) Ta-da! (stuff crashes down on top of him) Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

Francis: Malcolm! Malcolm, are you okay?

Malcolm: I think so. Ow!!!

Francis: Hold still. Come here and let me see it. Let me see it.

Malcolm: How does it look?

Francis: Not... too bad.

Dewey: Put his face back on!

Reese: Oh, man, what's that white stuff? Is that bone?

Malcolm: What?!

Francis: Get ice and some paper towels. We have to put pressure on it.

Malcolm: Ow! Ow! Ow!

Francis: I'm sorry. I have to put pressure on it. Reese, give me the ice!

Reese: We don't have any. We've got this.

Francis: Fine. Give me some antiseptic. (phone rings) Don't answer that.

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Dewey: (answering phone) Hello.

Lois: Hi, Dewey.

Dewey: Hi, Mom.

Lois: We're just calling to check in. Let me speak with Francis.

Dewey: He's... in the bathroom.

Lois: Well, let me talk to Malcolm.

Dewey: He's in the bathroom.

Lois: They're both in the bathroom? What are they doing in there?

Dewey: I have to go to the bathroom.

Francis: We have to get you stitches. Let's go to the hospital.

Malcolm: No! You can't. Mom and Dad will find out.

Francis: Malcolm, this is a head injury. You could have a concussion.

Malcolm: (TC): Concussion? I think he's making too much of this. I'm not as figgled as he hoogers. (to Francis) No! I don't care. I'm not going to the hospital. Do you hear me? There is no way that I... (Reese holds up mirror) Get the car! (about his face covered by a blanket) I can't see anything.

Reese: You want to get blood all over the car?

Malcolm: Wait! We can't take the car. They'll know. Mom checked the odometer, remember?

Francis: I'm on top of it. (drives car backwards to the hospital)

Dewey: Whee! Hi, school!

Reese: Oh, Malcolm, you should see this! Francis is kicking ass!

Francis: (about the radio) I hate this '80s crap.

Malcolm: One good thing about a head injury: there's a good chance I won't remember any of this.

Francis: Oh, great. A one-way street. How does that work if I'm going backwards?

Priest: And on this joyous day, as we celebrate the occasion of two souls joining into one...

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Hal: Do you think this is going to be one of those long services? What's wrong?

Lois: Did you know that your family has given me a nickname?

Hal: Really? That's nice. What is it?

Lois: Lois... Common... Denominator.

Hal: Hey, come on. It's just that they've never seen anyone like you. I mean, you're, you're honest, and, uh... unpretentious. Direct. They're baffled by that. I'm the only one that gets you, Lois, and, frankly, I...I like that. Kind of makes you my secret treasure.

Lois: Oh, Hal.

Priest: ...Between the Lord and us, his servants, two people brought together in love... (Hal and Lois start making out)

Hospital Clerk: Oh, for God's sake. You kids again? And a head injury. You boys like to keep it interesting, don't you?

Malcolm (TC): We kind of have a history here.

Francis: Look, Doc, uh, about the bill...

Doctor: Oh, don't worry. We'll send it to your parents.

Francis: Yeah, well... we were kind of thinking we'd pay for it now.

Doctor: Okeydokey, but it's probably going to be about \$400.

Malcolm: What?! \$400? Don't you have a frequent customer discount like at the car wash? Or maybe we could work it off. We could empty bedpans, or wash cadavers. (TC): It's probably not nearly as cool as it sounds.

Doctor: Sorry.

Francis: Well, we're screwed.

Malcolm: Come on, there's got to be something we can do, someone we can call.

Francis: There's no one, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Actually, there might be, but I'm not sure if it's worth it.

Caroline: Oh, Malcolm! Are you all right? Sorry it took me so long. I was having a chardonnay when you called, and I had to take a cab. Oh, God, I knew we made a deeper connection. I just knew it. Now it's going to be hard to turn against your parents, but in time you'll see...

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Malcolm: No! You don't understand. My parents didn't do this. It was just an accident, and they can't find out about it.

Caroline: What?

Malcolm: It's kind of complicated. See, my parents are away at a wedding, and my brother is home from military school to take care of us. I don't think people should be punished just 'cause their dad uses cheap nails.

Reese: We need \$400, lady.

Malcolm: Will you let me talk?! We need the money for the doctor bill, because if my parents find out that I got hurt then they'll send Francis away, and we'll never see him again, and, you know, we love him.

Caroline: Malcolm, I can't do that.

Malcolm: But you said if I ever needed anything...

Caroline: Yes, I was talking about emotional stuff. I... Do you have any idea what a teacher earns? I have \$62 in my checking account.

Malcolm: They take credit cards.

Caroline: I'm sorry. I'm... I'm, I'm just sorry.

Francis: We can break her.

Malcolm: Guilt. Go for guilt.

Francis: I got it. (calling) That's okay. Thanks, anyway. (crouches down in front of Dewey) Well, squirt, looks like I'm going to be going back to military school and I'm not going to see you for a really, really long time. But I need you to be brave. Can you do that for me, squirt?

Dewey: (crying) Stop, Francis!

Francis: I wish I could, kiddo, but I can't.

Dewey: Why are you doing this?

Francis: I'm not doing this, Dewey. It's just the way life is sometimes. Please stop crying.

Dewey: It hurts!

Francis: I know it does. It hurts me too.

Caroline: Wait! I'll, I'll do it. I guess Jamaica isn't going anywhere. Where is my credit card?

Reese: It fell out of your wallet.

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Caroline: How did that happen?

Reese: Let's go. Processing is right over here. Right near the vending machines. Do you have any change? Thank you.

Francis: Way to take one for the team, buddy. When we get home you can eat ice cream until you puke.

Dewey: Yay.

Cut to the house. The boys are standing in a line watching Hal and Lois inspecting the house.

Lois: Huh. Well... no holes in the wall.

Hal: or crappy attempts to plaster them up.

Lois: But I'm sure there's something. There's always something. (sees Malcolm wearing beanie) What are you hiding underneath that hat?

Malcolm: Nothing. I was just wearing... (Lois pulls hat off)

Lois: You boys.

Malcolm: That's it?! So, you guys think Francis did a good job taking care of us, then?

Hal: Oh, a great job.

Lois: Absolutely. You know, Francis, we were having our doubts about that school, but it's really matured you. In fact, I think it's the best decision we ever made.

Malcolm: Mom: 62,437...Kids: zero. (TC): So, we get to see Francis again in a month or two. I know. It sucks, but we gave it a shot. And school's easier now because Caroline won't even make eye contact with me anymore. So it wasn't a complete waste, and Mom always says it's not a wasted experience if you learn something from it. And I definitely think I did. (to Reese) Okay! Ready!