

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

### SHAME TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm: We're gathered here today to say good-bye to Jumpy Number Eight.

Reese: Nine.

Malcolm: Nine. He was a good... Nine? Are you sure, nine? Anyway, he was a very good frog. And he led a very full life.

Reese: I remember when I stuck him in Mom's sun visor and she almost hit that lady in the crosswalk. It was hysterical.

Malcolm: Farewell, Jumpy Number Nine. We know you're going to a better place.

Dewey: Bye, Jumpy.

Malcolm: Dad...

Reese: May he rest in pieces.

Boys: Amen.

Stevie: Kenarban... winds up... bases loaded... series on... the line.

Malcolm: Would you just throw the ball? Ow!

Stevie: Want me to... kiss it? (throws bad shot and fat kid picks it up)

Malcolm (TC): Oh, man. Kevin. I hate this guy. He's only been here for two weeks and he's already the most obnoxious kid in the school. (to Kevin) Little help.

Kevin: Lose your ball-ey, baby?

Malcolm: Can I please have my ball back, Kevin?

Kevin: (mocking Malcolm) Can I please have my ball back, Kevin?

Malcolm: Come on, Kevin.

Kevin: (mocking Malcolm again) Come on, Kevin.

Malcolm: De gustibus non est disputandum.

Kevin: De kub... You stink! Your new name is Stinky.

Malcolm: Whatever. Just give me my ball back.

Kevin: You want it? (throws it across the schoolyard) Go get it, Stinky.

Spangler: Men, most of you are at an age where your bodies have undergone significant changes. While the benefits of increased muscle mass and a more authoritative

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speaking register are plain, these changes can produce certain... negative desires. Now, we used to handle it with cold showers and regularly scheduled beatings but sadly, times have changed and I am forced to rely on a less effective option: education. Pretty, isn't she? Perhaps her name is Mary or Wendy or Becky Lou. It doesn't matter because her real name is disease. Not so pretty anymore, is she, men? Chancres... lesions... furuncles... Such is the price of weakness.

Francis: I can't believe they're swallowing this.

Stanley: Standard technique. Generate a fear response. Make the brain more receptive.

Francis: I don't care. Spangler has ruined everything in our lives. Now he has to ruin sex?

Spangler: Now, remember every one of these diseases can easily be transmitted to you.

Cadet #1: Excuse me, sir? Isn't that slide upside down?

Spangler: No, son. No, it isn't.

Dewey: Ow!

Lois: I'll get the ice pack. Dewey, we told you to stop climbing that tree. It's too big.

Dewey: I couldn't help it.

Hal: I know, sweetheart. That's it. I've had it. That sucker's coming down.

Lois: You're going to cut down the tree?

Hal: Darn right. I'm sick and tired of raking leaves and hosing bird poop off our car. And seeing that weird face in the bark that follows you wherever you go. And now it's going after the children? No, Lois, it has to be stopped.

Dewey: Can I help kill it?

Hal: Sure, sweetheart. We'll take turns.

Malcolm (TC): All right, frozen pizza. The only thing Rowena can't ruin. (Kevin pushes in front of him) Hey, no cuts.

Kevin: (mocking Malcolm) Hey, no cuts. Two slices, please.

Malcolm: Is there any more pizza?

Lunch Lady: No. All out. It's American Goulash for you.

Stevie: What... is that?

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Malcolm: I don't know. All I can identify are little pieces of carrot and I don't know, I think they're Skittles.

Kevin: Hey, look at the goulash boy.

Malcolm: Get away from me, Kevin.

Kevin: (mocking Malcolm) Ooh, get away from me, Kevin. He's so sad that he doesn't have pizza and I do.

Malcolm: I said get away.

Stevie: Chill... man. I got... your back.

Kevin: What are you looking at, Kenar-butt?

Stevie: Light... some shadows.

Malcolm: Kevin, I'm warning you. Get out of my face.

Kevin: Oh, Malcolm doesn't like me eating close to his face with pizza I have and he doesn't. (spraying Malcolm with chewed-up pieces as he talks) Pizza, pizza, pizza, pizza, pizza, pizza, pizza.

Malcolm: (pushes Kevin to the ground and starts punching him) You want pizza? I'll give you pizza. (smears pizza across Kevin's face then continues punching him)

Kids: Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

Malcolm: Wow, watching hockey's really paid off. I can't believe how good I'm doing.

Cut to the school nurse's office, where the nurse is examining Kevin, Kevin, who is crying.

Malcolm: What do you mean he's only seven?

Nurse: What's not to understand? He just turned seven. I guess you were too busy beating people to notice.

Malcolm: He can't be seven. He's bigger than I am.

Nurse: He's in second grade. Look at all this blood.

Malcolm: That's not blood. It's pizza sauce. Well, that's blood, but...

Caroline: Oh, my God. Oh, my God! What happened?

Kevin: I want my Teletubby!

Malcolm: A doll? You can't play with dolls if you're seven. Why are you seven?

Caroline: You beat up a seven-year-old?

Malcolm: I didn't know.

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Caroline: Malcolm, I don't blame you. I put this squarely where it belongs. (tearfully) On me.

Malcolm (TC): Oh, man, this is the most horrible thing I've ever done. (to Kevin) Kevin, I'm sorry.

Nurse: I think you've done quite enough.

Kevin: This is the worst birthday ever!

Reese: (reading something) Inappropriate... vicious. Oh, wait - Thug. Dude, I have never gotten thug before. That's like the Oscar.

Dewey: Susie Gunther ate my crayons. Can you beat her up tomorrow?

Malcolm: Leave me alone.

Reese: You know what my favorite part is? It's when you pound on someone and then a day later you still feel the pain in your knuckles. Oh, I love that.

Malcolm: Shut up, Reese.

Reese: Hey, hey, pace yourself, killer. (sees Hal finishing off chopping down the tree with his chainsaw) Whoa.

Hal: Whoo-hoo!

Reese: Dad. You cut down the tree and we missed it?

Hal: Oh, baby, you missed it, all right. I was about two-thirds of the way through her then crack! Kaboom! My chain saw goes flying. All the car alarms go off. About 100 squirrels came boiling out of the branches. Then a pack of dogs came out of nowhere and chased them all over. Man, I've never seen anything like it.

Reese: Man...

Hal: (sees Dewey's disappointed look) Oh, don't worry, son. You'll get to share in the best part. Cleaning up.

Spangler: I think you'll enjoy my sexual awareness lecture next week. It's been called riveting.

Cadet #1: I'm sure it is, sir.

Cadet #2: It sure worked wonders for me, sir. The only woman I can think of without vomiting is my own mother.

Spangler: As it should be, son, as it should be.

Francis: He's giving that same lecture to the underclassmen. I can't let that happen. I'm stealing his slides.

Stanley: And to you that's a good idea?

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Francis: Absolutely. I know it's hard core, Stanley but I'm not doing this for me. I'm doing it for them. After all, they are the future.

Stanley: Francis, I don't know why you assume we'll be able to just walk into Spangler's office and find the sex slides.

Francis: (in Spangler's office) Oh, man, I wish all my break-ins were this easy. Okay, I got 'em. Let's get out of here. Wait a second. Oh, my God, this is a gold mine. Spangler drinking... Spangler kissing... Spangler in a Speedo? Spangler out of a Speedo.

Stanley: All right, that's enough. Let's leave, huh?

Francis: Wait a second. I have an idea. I'm going to make Spangler's sexual awareness lecture just a little more interesting.

Stanley: You do realize what he'll do to you if you humiliate him like this, right?

Francis: And yet, I'm doing it anyway. Weird, huh?

Dewey: Why are the eggs so little?

Lois: They're robin's eggs from the tree your father cut down. Paul Bunyan.

Hal: That's nature for you. 100 years to grow, 12 minutes to cut down. There's got to be a lesson in there somewhere.

Lois: It is nice having this extra light in the room.

Hal: Oh. Wait till I bring in the wood chipper. Then you're really going to see something.

Malcolm: I can't take this anymore. When are you going to punish me?

Lois: For what?

Malcolm: For beating up a seven-year-old. (everyone laughs)

Lois: Oh, my God, that's right. You must've just felt ridiculous when you found out how old that kid was. I can only imagine the look on your face. (doorbell rings) I'll get it. Oh, this is nice. We should start every day with a good laugh.

Malcolm: It's not funny. It's awful. I did something horrible. Don't you even care?

Hal: Well, it's nothing to be proud of, son but you told us the whole story and he didn't give you much choice. It was an honest beating mistake.

Reese: Besides, it sends a good message to our enemies.

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Malcolm: What are you talking about? What enemies?

Reese: Oh, they're out there. And once they know we're capable of this they'll know we're capable of anything.

Malcolm (TC): Okay, so it's not just me, right? There's something seriously wrong with this family.

Lois: It's none of your business what we do on our property.

Ed: That tree was older than your house. You had no right to cut it down. We're a neighborhood. And removing trees is a neighborhood decision.

Lois: Oh, you people. For 15 years, you mowed your lawns at night so you don't have to talk to us. Now, all of a sudden we're a neighborhood?

Hal: What's going on here?

Ed: You've caused a blight by cutting down that tree.

Hal: How is cutting down a tree a blight?

Ed: Because now we can see your house.

Lois: Well, let me tell you something, Ed. As far as I'm concerned you and the neighbours can all just...

Hal: That goes double for me. I want you all off our property now or...

Malcolm: No wonder I'm a thug. How can they act like this? Then I found out he was only seven. I didn't know what to do. I felt like I had to talk to someone. I hope I'm doing this right. See, my family - we're not like regular churchgoers but I know places like this are supposed to help you feel better and that's really what I need. I did something terrible, and now I just feel like there's something wrong with me. I mean, really wrong, deep inside. I can't shake it. What do I do?

Priest #1: Look to the church.

Priest #2: Look to God.

Priest #3: Look within.

Priest #1: But first, you must ask forgiveness.

Priest #2: But first, you must atone.

Priest #3: First, you must cleanse your spirit.

Priest #1: The path to salvation.

Priest #2: The path to temptation.

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Priest #1: The path to meditation.

Priest #2: How does one define a sin? Well, it's mostly common sense.

Priest #3: Then you have to light incense.

Priest #1: If you practice abstinence -

Priest #3: It's whatever space you're in ?

Malcolm (TC): Huh?

Priest #1: C-C-Charity.

Priest #2: Prosperity

Priest #3: Clarity.

Priest #1: Divine.

Priest #2: Restitution.

Priest #1: Absolution.

Priest #3: Contribution.

Priest #2: Palestine.

Priest #1: Sacramental.

Priest #3: Accidental.

Priest #2: Mostly mental.

Priest #3: You'll be fine.

Priest #1: Transubstantiate.

Priest #3: Alleviate.

Priest #2: Who knows?

Priest #3: Align your spine.

Malcolm: Uh... well, thanks. I feel much better. Bye.

Hal: Hey, boys. Where's your brother?

Reese: I don't know. He said something about being evil and he took off.

Hal: Ah. Uh, stay back.

Reese: Wow! That was the coolest thing I've ever seen!

Hal: Really? All it does is instantly vaporize anything that goes into it. (when Dewey throws his lunchbox in) Dewey! What was...?! Actually, that was pretty cool. What else you got? Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo! Well, we've obviously run out of ideas.

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Kid #1: Yolanda, this is a love that cannot be.

Eraserhead: Stop! Can't you put some life in it? It's 1969! The slide rule is about to be replaced by the pocket calculator! You have to feel the panic in the air.

Malcolm: I can't stop thinking about what I did to Kevin. I feel like crap, and no one understands. Even you. You're supposed to be my friend and you don't even care.

Stevie: And yet... you keep... talking.

Malcolm: Maybe if I did something good that would cancel it out, right? Or if I'm only doing it to feel better is that selfish and doesn't count as much? (sees Stevie is gone) Stevie? (TC): Okay. So, I just have to think of a really giant good deed. That way, I know I'll be in the plus column. I bet I can think of something great. I just have to put some thought into it. (sees sign for a charity race) There! That's perfect. I'll run the marathon and get people to pledge money for every mile that I go. I hate running, so it'll be hard and I'll have to train for it, so it'll take dedication and it'll be helping cure diseases which no one likes. And then I can get on with my life.

Eraserhead: No! No! NO! I can't work like this! I'll be at my cubby.

Malcolm (TC): This'll work. It has to. (lets dog out of a yard and it chases him)

Hal: There we go.

Reese: Looks great, Dad.

Hal: Yeah? I don't know. Now that it's in there it sort of makes me miss the old tree. This one's a little droopy and the branches are a little spindly and there's no face. Well, there's that little one but it's not the... kindly little spooky face... Oh, my God! What have I done? Reese, get my chain saw.

Kevin's Brother: I hear your son likes to beat up seven-year-olds.

Hal: I wouldn't say he likes it. He's good at it, apparently.

Kevin's brother: (poking Hal) Look... in my family we don't go for that.

Hal: Probably not a good idea to poke me.

Kevin's brother: (mocking Hal) Probably not a good idea to poke me.

Cut to the school, where Hal and Lois are arriving to watch Malcolm race.



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Hal: I'm sorry I beat him up but how was I supposed to know he was 15? He was huge. You should have seen the grip he had on my throat.

Caroline: Okay, people, I need all the pledge sheets before we can begin. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Malcolm: Caroline?

Caroline: Malcolm, I am so glad you decided to do this. Now, were you able to get any pledges?

Malcolm: Here.

Caroline: Wow.

Hal: I don't suppose there's a beer guy around here.

Lois: This is a charity race at an elementary school.

Hal: Oh. So, I have to go to a stand, or something, huh?

Caroline: My God. Are these real?

Hal: Well, I assume so. Why?

Caroline: Well, look at all of them. He has more pledges here than everyone else put together. If he runs the distance he is going to raise over \$8,000.

Man on intercom: Runners, take your marks. Get set. (Gunshot)

Malcolm: (starts running, then falls on his knee) Ow.

Spangler: Perhaps her name is Mary or... Wendy, or Becky Lou. It doesn't matter because her real name is 'disease'. (cadets laugh) Isn't so pretty anymore, is she, boys? Chancres... lesions... furuncles - Such is the pri... Why, these aren't the proper slides. Some hooligan has switched them. This is obviously some ingenious scheme to humiliate me. I find myself so overcome with embarrassment I can't stop clicking. Although there's probably one in here of a cadet who thinks he's all alone, and... well... technical difficulties. We will resume the lecture with the proper slides at 0800 tomorrow. Gentlemen. (to Francis) Remember, son, a good soldier always checks the chamber.

Lois: Okay, this is going to sting. What is with you?

Malcolm: Nothing.

Lois: Usually you scream like a stuck pig when I put this stuff on. You've been such a zombie lately.

Malcolm: It feels worse on the inside than it does on my knee.

Lois: What are you talking about?

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Malcolm: Mom, I can't stop feeling bad about what I did to Kevin. I feel like I have a monster inside of me.

Lois: Oh, for crying out loud, Malcolm, that's no monster. That's your conscience. You should be thankful God gave you one.

Malcolm: Yeah. It feels great.

Lois: I'm serious. It's a gift. And you know what most people do with theirs? They keep them in the closet and bring them out only when they think he's coming to visit. You're not like that. Good for you.

Malcolm: But I can't stop thinking about it. Ow!

Lois: Were you thinking about it just then?

Malcolm: No!

Lois: See? I promise you will feel bad about Kevin only as long as you're supposed to. Now, go to bed. You're a nice boy, Malcolm and I'll kick the conniption out of anybody who says you aren't including that little voice in your head.

Malcolm: Okay. Good night, Mom.

Lois: Good night, sweetie.

Malcolm: Night, Dad.

Hal: Good night, son.