

MALCOLM BABYSITS TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm and Reese are playing a violent video game and Dewey is sitting behind them, watching and playing with a toy. They are all being nice to each other.

Dewey: Pass the chips please.
Reese: Here you go. (holds out bowl of chips)
Dewey: (takes handful) Thank you.
Reese: You're welcome.
Malcolm: Wow. That was a really great move. My head just went flying!
Reese: Thank you.
Lois: (comes in) I told you boys, these games are too violent. (changes TV to a kids channel and a cheesy song comes on) Here. Watch something wholesome.
TV Show: The sun is a mass of inconesive gas, a gigantic nuclear furnace, where Hydrogen is built...
Dewey: (stands up and goes to Reese) Give me more chips!
Reese: Get your own, dufus!
Malcolm: Shut up, I'm watching!
Dewey: You shut up, I want more chips!
Reese: Here! (throws chips at Dewey's face)
Dewey: Arrrrrrgggghhhhh! (jumps on top of Reese and Malcolm and they fall onto the floor and start fighting.

Cut to the kitchen, where Hal is working at the table and Lois is sorting out the washing while talking to Malcolm.

Lois: Ninety dollars for a toy?
Malcolm: It's not a toy, it's a Robotics Kit. You build a little mechanical Rover. It teaches you about electronics and engineering.
Lois: Does it teach you how to pick up your socks? Because that I'd be interested in.
Hal: She's right, son. Robots are evil.
Malcolm: What?
Hal: West World Terminator that Creepy made from the Jetsons, how much scientific proof do you need.
Malcolm: Mom!
Lois: Malcolm, no! Look, if you want this thing so badly, you pay for it with your own money. You're gonna start babysitting next week, just save up.
Malcolm: I don't even know what they're going to pay me!
Lois: I'll tell you what they're going to pay you. They're going to pay you what all jobs pay. Less than you're worth and just enough to keep you crawling back for more. Now go on, it's bedtime.
Malcolm (TC): (goes to bedroom) That's the way discussions go down in this family. I tell them my needs and they say no. Then Dad reveals another cartoon character he's afraid of.

Cut to kitchen, where Hal and Lois are kissing.

Hal: Hey, how much time do you think we have?
Lois: Not long enough for that look.

Cut to bathroom where the boys are standing at the sink. Reese and Dewey are cleaning their teeth.

Malcolm: You buttlake, that's my toothbrush!
Reese: So? Use mine.

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Malcolm: You can't just take someone's toothbrush! Give me that!
Reese: Fine. (goes to toilet and drops toothbrush in) Oops! (Malcolm sprays Toothpaste at him)

Cut back to kitchen, where Hal and Lois are still kissing until Lois notices a bug on the ironing board and whacks it with the iron.

Lois: Hal, that is the third bug I have seen today, you have got to call the exterminator!
Hal: What, and miss out on watching you hunt? You're like a sexy bug-killing panther.

They kiss again as crashing noises and the boys' yelling are heard from the bathroom.

Cut to bathroom, where Malcolm and Reese are fighting. Malcolm's tee-shirt now has water on it and Reese's is still covered in toothpaste.

Lois: (entering bathroom) Bedtime was twenty minutes ago, go to bed! (pushes Reese into the bedroom) Go to bed! (pushes Malcolm into the bedroom, then goes to lift Dewey off the toilet) Bed! (Leads Dewey into the bedroom) Hal, bring the spray!
Reese: I haven't rinsed yet!
Lois: (taking off Reese's tee-shirt) Only boys who behave themselves get to rinse. Honestly, every night we go through this.

Camera switches to the double bed where Dewey is sitting on the edge of the bed and Malcolm is behind him, wiping his face with his tee-shirt, which he then throws to Lois.

Dewey: Mom, can I have a story?
Lois: Once upon a time, there was a little boy who made his mother so crazy, she decided to sell him to the circus.
Dewey: The evil circus?
Lois: No, the nice one, with monkeys.
Dewey: Thank you.
Hal: (walking around with the spray can in his hand) Oh, wait, wait, wait, I think I see where they're coming from, ahhh, cannot hide. (notices a tear in the wallpaper, which he pulls back and the wood on the wall flakes off, leaving a hole, where the bugs are nesting, and he jumps back and starts spraying around the room) Ok, come on boys, we're off camping out tonight. Here we go.

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Francis is standing, smiling about the key he is holding.

Stanley: Hey Francis, aren't you going to open up your Mom's care package?
Francis: Give me a minute. I'm still savouring this. I swiped Commandant Spangler's master key. It opens every door in the Academy, Stanley. Every door.
Stanley: You know, I think it's cookies.
Francis: Who cares. I am about to expose every secret sin this place conceals to the harsh light of day.
Stanley: So, can I open it?
Francis: Yeah. (Stanley opens package) What'd my Mom send me? Bug-infested cookies. As usual, a mixed message.

Cut to the mansion of the Inksters, the family Malcolm is babysitting for. Mr Inkster is giving Malcolm a tour.

Mr Inkster: And this is the living room.
Malcolm (TC): This is the biggest, nicest house I have ever seen! (Goes to look at fish tank)
Wow!
Mr Inkster: We call him Barney.

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Mrs Inkster: (enters with the kids) Malcolm, we saved you some dinner.
Malcolm (TC): Dinner? Me? Saved? Dinner?
Mrs Inkster: We weren't sure what you liked best, turkey or roast beef, so we fixed you a platter.
Malcolm (TC): Platter?
Mr Inkster: Ok kids, what time is it?
Kids: Bedtime!
Kid #1: Yay, I'll race ya!
Malcolm: They're going to bed? So, you're just paying me to hang out here for three hours?
Mr Inkster: Well, maybe three and a half. We'll round up to four, of course. (Gives Malcolm his money)
Malcolm (TC): Come on, there's gotta be a catch!
Mr Inkster: Oh, and Malcolm, you can't watch television (Malcolm looks unhappy) unless you turn on the satellite first, otherwise all you get is pornography.
Malcolm (TC): It's weird. I think I'm having a spasm. The muscles in my face keep pulling on my mouth. Oh, I think I'm happy!

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Hal and Lois are walking through the house with the Pest guy.

Hal: I just don't understand how we got so bad, so fast.
Pest Guy: Well, it's been pretty hot this year, that's part of it, but, uh, mostly it's that giant pile of candy wrappers and half-eaten cereal boxes you have in your crawlspace. It's like there's some kind of creepy hobo living down there.

Camera switches to Dewey, who is sitting on the couch watching TV, scratching himself.

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Francis and Stanley are exploring in the dark, with a torch.

Stanley: Wow, there really is a lost bomb shelter.
Francis: Wow, this is almost as exciting as that room full of folding chairs. Let's get out of here.
Stanley: Oh, come on, Francis. Don't you want to explore? We might find the abandoned furnace room, or the old Civil War empatorium.
Francis: I didn't want to say this before, but you've confirmed it. Marlin Academy is the most boring place on earth. We're not gonna find anything interesting. (opens another door, exposing a dead man) I take that back.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where the family are moving into the camper trailer Craig has dropped off for them to stay in while their house is being pest treated. The house has been covered with red and blue tents.

Dewey: (waving a plastic truck around) Look, the circus! The circus is at our house!
Lois: Well, say goodbye for a few days boys, we're moving out.
Malcolm: This is humiliating. Why can't we just stay at a nice hotel?
Lois: Because we're giving all our money to the exterminators so they can stay in nice hotels. Craig, thank you so much for lending us your trailer.
Craig: Ah, I'm just glad someone's finally getting some use out of it. I bought it fifteen years ago to take on my honeymoon.
Lois: You were married?
Craig: No, I live on hope. (smiles at Lois)
Lois: Well, thanks again.
Craig: You're welcome.
Lois: (starts walking to camper, then turns around to see Craig still standing there) Bye. (Continues to camper then turns around to see Craig still there) Goodbye!

Cut to interior of camper, where the family are getting set up.

Lois: Oh, this is cosy.
Malcolm: It's one hundred and fifty degrees in here!
Reese: My butt is sweating.
Lois: Ah, it just needs to air out a little. It's a trailer. Come on, let's take the best of this.
Malcolm: I'm gonna go babysit.
Lois: It's too early.
Malcolm: They don't mind.
Lois: They paying you ok?
Malcolm: Yeah, it's ok. (leaves camper, then pulls out wad of notes) (TC): I can't believe how much these people are paying me! (rubs money against his face) I did the Math, I'm actually making more an hour than Mom does! (takes money away from his face) I gotta stop doing this. It's creepy, right?

Cut to the secret room at Marlin Academy, where Francis and Stanley are examining the man.

Francis: Lester. Looks like he was the janitor. How long do you think he's been down here?
Stanley: (touches the man, then licks his fingers) I'd say May of '85.
Francis: You can tell that by tasting?
Stanley: No, the date on the newspaper.
Francis: Then why did you lick him?
Stanley: How often do you get to taste a mommy?
Francis: We should tell someone about him.
Stanley: Oh no, you can't do that. The Commandant will know you took the key, and he'll punish you, and then he'll punish me. And I'm going to have to punish you.
Francis: Yeah, but don't you think that's kinda sad? I mean, Lester's family will never know what happened to him. They probably still set a place for him on holidays.
Stanley: Yeah, well, judging by the empty Scotch bottles and German dungeon porn, I don't think so.
Francis: (looks at a movie case) Damn. Baiter.

Cut back to the camper, where the family are trying to keep cool. Lois is holding a wet cloth over her forehead. Dewey is standing under her, moving his head around, catching the drips from it in his mouth. Hal is sitting on a bench with his feet on the table, dressed in a singlet and underwear.

Hal: And you made fun of me when I bought this mesh underwear.
Lois: Ha.
Hal: Who looks like an idiot now?
Lois: I stand corrected. (Reese comes in from outside) Close the door, were you raised in a barn?
Reese: But it's cooler outside.
Hal: Are you sure?
Reese: Yeah.
Hal gets up and goes to the door, leans outside then back inside, then steps fully outside, then goes back inside again, then stands half-inside, half-outside.

Lois: Will you please make up your mind.
Hal: There's no need for that kind of tone.
Lois: That isn't a tone.
Hal: There it is again.
Lois: Look, Hal. It's hot. We're all cranky. Will you please just drop it.
Hal: Fine. I think you should apologise.
Lois: Well I didn't hear you apologising to me when you used up all the liquid

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in the chemical toilet.

Hal: Well, we have your taco casserole to thank for that, don't we?

Lois: Boys, could you step outside for a second, your father and I need a little privacy.

Cut to the backyard. Reese and Dewey leave the camper then Hal and Lois start arguing.

Lois: Look, I didn't want to say anything in front of the boys, but you are behaving like a giant ass!

Hal: Oh really? Well, as long as we're on the subject of giant asses-

Cut to the Inksters' house, where Mr Inkster is on the balcony looking through a telescope, when Malcolm comes out.

Malcolm: I'm ready to go.

Mr Inkster: Hey, you want to see something?

Malcolm: That's ok, I don't want to break it.

Mr Inkster: Oh, don't be silly, come take a look.

Malcolm: (goes to look through telescope) Wow!

Mr Inkster: That's a spiral galaxy.

Malcolm (TC): These people are amazing. They're rich, they're smart. They're polite. What are they going to do next? Give me a million dollars?

(Malcolm's imagination) Mrs Inkster: Malcolm, do you want a million dollars?

Malcolm: What?

Mrs Inkster: I said, did you want a sandwich to take home?

Malcolm (TC): Oh, close enough.

Cut to the Wilkerson's house. It is now dark. Hal is kneeling on the grass outside, sorting through a pile of clothes as Lois hurls the boys' clothes out the window. She is crying.

Hal: I only asked out your sister because you said you weren't interested! And I was thinking of you the whole time!

Lois: Oh, don't give me that! I saw the charm bracelet!

Hal: (picks up sweatshirt) This isn't even mine. (Camera shows us the group of neighbours watching from the footpath) What, are you insane? You're throwing out stuff that's not even mine! (Mr Inkster and Malcolm pull up) What are you looking at? Hey, it's a private conversation buster! Huh? Oh yeah, like you've never seen this before! My mistake. I'm on the next street over.

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Francis and Stanley are still walking around exploring.

Francis: You were right about Lester, I checked him out. No wife, no kids. Not a friend in the world. (opens door to the room Lester is in, where all the other cadets are having a party. Loud music is playing. A cadet is taking photos.) Did you tell anyone about this place?

Stanley: No.

Francis: Must have been me that did. All right, that's enough! Party's over! (Music stops) Do you guys have any respect for the dead?

Drew: You took his wallet!

Francis: Lester would have wanted me to have his ID. But that's not the point! This man was not just an alcoholic pervert janitor. He was one of us! He hated the Commandant as much as we do. He was filled with rage like we are! This man was a hero. And heroes do not rot alone in basements. They are immortalized in song. They are sent off to Bahaal in flaming ships! They are not put in beer hats (removes hat) or used as photo props (removes photo from Lester's hand) or

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given fake moustaches! (rips off moustache; bottle clunks)
Cadets: Oh, man!
Stanley: That wasn't fake.
Francis: My bad. What do we do now?
Stanley: Go for the spare.

Cut to clip sequence:

Cut to the camper, where the Wilkersons are trying to get reception on the TV.

Cut to the Inkster's house, where Malcolm is watching the same scary movie, with perfect reception, on their Plasma TV, while sitting on the couch between two large bowls of chips.

Cut to the camper, where Lois is serving up stew for dinner.

Cut to the Inkster's house, where the children and Malcolm are dining in style.

Cut to the Wilkersons' yard where Hal, Reese and Dewey are in Dewey's paddling pool on the lawn. Hal and Reese quickly exit the pool before anyone sees them.

Cut to the Inkster's house, where Malcolm jumps into their pool.

Cut to the Inksters' lounge where Malcolm is talking on the phone to Francis.

Malcolm: Francis, I'm sorry I'm calling you so late. I had to talk to someone.
Francis: Hey, no problem. What's going on?
Malcolm: I don't know. Do you ever feel like you don't really belong in a family?
Francis: Dude, I'm in Military School. I think that question's been answered.
Malcolm: Right. (TC): This is good. At least someone else in the family is normal.
Francis: Hey, listen, while I've got you, you're in school with all those Science brains. How would you reattach a head to a dead body?

Cut to the camper, where Lois has just bought the clothes back inside, and goes to put them down. Hal is carrying a mattress in preparation for going to bed. Reese is reading. He turns the page.

Lois: Keep it down!
Reese: Huh?
Hal: Don't talk to your mother like that!
Lois: Look, would you go sit in the corner!
Reese: There are no corners!
Hal: (leans over Lois) Are you ready to make up?
Lois: No.
Hal: Me neither.

Cut to the yard, where Hal is rolling out his bedding, as Malcolm arrives home.

Hal: Oh, hello son. I hardly see you any more. Your babysitting has turned into a full time job.
Malcolm: Well, sometimes I just go over there to hang out. Watch TV, live in a house. Dad, does this seem ok to you?
Hal: Gosh no. Your mother and I have never fought for this long before. (gets into sleeping bag) It's been days and we still haven't made up. I don't even know what the problem is. Something's missing. (Lies down) boy, look at that sky, Malcolm. Just think. Somewhere out there, in all those stars and planets, there might be at this very moment, a space dad, who just got kicked out of his space

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trailer, who's looking down at us. Or would it be up at us? Or maybe sideways.
Malcolm: Trust me Dad, they're all looking down, on us. (Goes into camper)

Cut to the Inksters' house.

Mrs Inkster: The Matinee gets out at four, so we should be back before dinner.
Malcolm: Ok. What do you want me to feed the kids for lunch?
Mr Inkster: Whatever you want. We trust you.
Malcolm (TC): They trust me. People like this trust me. I honestly have to say something nice back to them. This is where my family sucks. I have no training in this. (To Mr Inkster) This job, me, like.
Mrs Inkster: Well, we're thrilled to have found you, Malcolm. The kids love you, you're great to have around. You've really become one of the family.

Cut to Malcolm sitting on the couch, with three bowls of food, watching Wrestling on TV.

Malcolm (TC): I may not have been switched at birth, but I should have been. I love these people!

Malcolm puts his feet up on the table, bumping a remote, and the channel changes. He tries to change the channel back using the various remotes, when the channel changes to him sitting on the couch. He gets up, and starts walking around, where he soon discovers a Nanny cam, which had been hidden under a blanket. Next to the camera is a pile of four tapes:

Tape #1 MALCOLM - USED OUR BATHROOM
Tape #2: MALCOLM - CURIOUS SCRATCHING
Tape #3: MALCOLM - THREE EXTRA SLICES OF BOLOGNA
Tape #4: MALCOLM - NOT USING COASTER

Cut to Marlin Academy.

Francis: Ok, come on! (Cadets carry Lester's body out of the room)

Cut to the Inkster's house, where Mr and Mrs Inkster are sitting on the couch. Mr Inkster pours glasses of wine while Mrs Inkster sits with a pad and pen.

Mr Inkster: Well, let's see what our little friend did today. (Switches on video)
Video: Malcolm walks around in view of the camera, whistling. He puts a blender on the coffee table, then tests out the motor. He then takes the jug to the fish tank, scoops a fish into it, then walks directly in front of the camera, holding up the fish in the jug.

Malcolm (on video): Oh, hi. Don't worry, I never hurt Barney. He's part of the family. Just like I'm part of the family, right? And since a big part of this family has been such a huge phoney, and launching secret investigations against each other, I thought I'd join in. (starts going through various documents on the table) Personal computers are great. You can file tax returns, medical records, embarrassing private e-mails. Little security tip though. Never use your birthday as your password. And hiding things in a fake salt can, that's just silly. (holds up piece of paper with lipstick kiss mark on it) I don't know who Melissa is, but she sure wears a lot of lipstick. Anyway, I think I hear you guys pulling up in the driveway. So let's just leave it at this. I quit. Bye.

Mr Inkster: Who's Melissa?

Cut to the Wilkerson's' yard, where Hal is washing dishes while Lois is yelling at Reese in the camper.

Hal: Oh, hello son. Didn't hear you drive up.
Malcolm: I decided to walk.
Hal: So how's the job going?
Malcolm: They were jerks, so I quit.
Hal: Well, that's very much what work is. Welcome to the club.
Malcolm: Dad, I'm really sorry.
Hal: About quitting? Nah, no big deal. Especially for you. Malcolm, you should set your sights as high as you can. If anyone in this family has a shot of greatness, it's you. Just uh, do me a favour and, look after your brothers.
Malcolm: Ok, wait, wait. You mean everything you just said, right?
Hal: Well, why would I say something I didn't mean?
Malcolm: (TC): See, that's what I'm talking about. This family may be rude, loud and gross, and have no shame whatsoever. Anyway, with them, you know where you stand. And when I have a problem, they're always there.
Hal: Oh, my lord. Sex! (Goes to car then speeds off)
Malcolm: (TC): Things didn't work out so bad. I made enough money to get my Robotics kit. Or maybe I should do something nice for my family. Take them to dinner. Treat them to a movie. Nah. Then I couldn't do this. (Rubs money against face)

Cut to Marlin Academy.

Francis: Like the Ancient Civilisations before us, we send off this noble man with the riches he had in life, so he may enjoy them in the after-life. (Stanley throws a lit match into Lester's body, setting it alight. Francis gives him a kick and he floats away, burning) Farewell, Noble Lester. It's burning really fast. How much gas did you use?
Drew: Half a can.
Francis: Where did you put the can? (Loud explosion) Oh.
Stanley: Look, it's heading towards the Boathouse (another loud explosion).
Francis: What do you think? Run?
Stanley: Yeah, I'd run. (Cadets all bolt)

Cut back to trailer, where Lois covers up the boys who are asleep on the double bed. Hal comes in carrying something.

Hal: I figured it out.

Cut to the yard, where Hal and Lois are exiting the camper.

Lois: Hal, are you ok?
Hal: Whenever we fight, you yell, then I yell, but then we, you know, see we haven't had a chance to, because we're in a trailer with kids, and –
Lois: Oh my god, Hal, you're right! But what are we going to do, we've got the kids –
Hal: Oh, no, no, no, I've got it all figured out (takes gas masks out of the bag, and they take each other's hand and head into the house, wearing their masks.