

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

### SLEEPOVER TRANSCRIPT

Photographer: Squeeze in. Little closer together. Chins up like baby birds.

Malcolm: Move.

Reese: Shut up.

Malcolm: Stop touching me.

Reese: I'm not touching you. I was clipping on my tie.

Malcolm: While touching me.

Lois: Stop it!

Malcolm: Why do we have to do this?

Lois: We don't have a single picture of us all together. That's ridiculous. We're a family. We should have a family portrait.

Malcolm: Well, Francis isn't here.

Lois: I'm not going to cough up \$200 bucks to fly him in for one silly picture. Where's Dewey? (sees Dewey standing in another family's portrait) Dewey, get out of there. That's not your family.

Hal: You sure you want autumn leaves as a backdrop?

Lois: Yes.

Hal: You didn't even look at happy windmills. It's more colorful. Space shuttle.

Photographer: Next.

Lois: I have a coupon for one eight-by-ten and two wallet-size for \$9.99 and that's what I want. I don't want the Golden Moments collection. I don't want the Family and Friends collection. I don't want the Lifetime of Love. One eight-by-ten and two wallet-size for \$9.99.

Photographer: Fine. We have an installment plan if that would help.

Malcolm: I brought a picture of Francis. He's going to be in the portrait.

Reese: Cool. I'll hold it.

Malcolm: No, I'm going to hold it.

Reese: Let go.

Malcolm: Come on.

Lois: Dewey, pants on, mister.

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Photographer: I'm sorry. This coupon's expired.  
Lois: What?

Photographer: It's expired. What you want will run you \$39.50.

Hal: Ooh, lonely beach.

Lois: Hal. For another \$5.00 you can have the Instant Memory set. That comes with double exposure silhouettes.

Lois: Look, could you please do what I'm asking you to...

Reese: I'm older!

Malcolm: It was my idea!

Lois: That is it! Get up! Get back! Come here! Go there! Okay. We are going to take this picture and it's going to be good. And that means no faces no tongues, no crossed eyes no bunny ears. We are going to smile. We are going to look good. It is going to cost us \$9.99. And all of this is going to happen by the time I count to three. One, two, three (arguing stops long enough for portrait to be taken, then resumes)

Lois: (answering phone) Hello. (heavy breathing on other end)Hello. (breathing continues) Listen, pervert, this is the third time you've called today and I have just about had it with...

Stevie: Is Malcolm... there?

Lois: Oh, hi, Stevie. Sorry. Uh, Malcolm, phone.

Malcolm: Hey, Stevie.

Stevie: You're coming... tonight?

Malcolm: Yeah.

Stevie: And sleeping... over?

Malcolm: It's a sleepover. That's what you do.

Stevie: I'm just... excited. Never... had one. We can... read comics and build... models.

Malcolm: Stevie, I never thought I'd say this but slow down.

Stevie: Ha... ha.

Stanley: Forty-one... forty-two... forty-three...

Francis: Okay, stop. I can't do any more.

Stanley: You think later on you can manage to stand on my stomach while I do sit-ups?

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Francis: Oh, just give me a minute, okay? (goes to get drink and snack) Finley, what are you doing in the cupboard?

Finley: Poquito cabeza.

Francis: Get out of there, man.

Finley: I can't. I've been marked by the brothers of the apocalypse. Poquito cabeza.

Francis: Brothers of the apocalypse? It's ridiculous. It's five seniors with limited imaginations.

Finley: Yeah. That's easy for you to say. You've got Stanley protecting you. And you're not holding poquito cabeza.

Francis: Would you stop saying poquito cabeza?

Finley: I can't. And I'm not coming out. Oh, could you turn in my math homework?

Francis: These guys are so lame.

Stanley: Amateurs.

Francis: Poor Finley. He's good at math, right? (erases Finley's name on his homework and writes his own name)

Cadets: (Chanting): Finley, boom-ba-yay. Finley, boom-ba-yay, Finley, boom-ba-yay...

Finley: Oh, no! Please! No! No! Please! No!

Cadets: ...Finley, boom-ba-yay. Finley, boom-ba-yay...

Finley: No!

Stanley: Stop. Froot Loops.

Cadets: Finley, boom-ba-yay...

Finley: Please, help me! Help me! No...!

Malcolm: Hey, Mom, I'm going to Stevie's.

Lois: You be nice to that boy. He can't walk. If he's got to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, you get up and you help him.

Reese: Yes! There's a Chucky movie on tonight.

Lois: Not in this house. You know how your father feels about evil puppet movies.

Reese: Please, Mom. It's not a school night. I can stay up.

Lois: You really think you're old enough?

Reese: I totally am.

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Lois: Well, if you really think so. (holds arm out)

Reese: Aw, Mom, no fair.

Lois: What's the matter? Afraid you can't beat your mommy?

Reese: (in arm-wrestle with Lois) She's just a person. She's just a person.

Lois: Oh, no. He's finally going to win.

Hal: What's he playing for tonight?

Lois: Bedtime and a Chucky movie.

Hal: Stop screwing around and pin him.

Kitty: Oh, you'll have to forgive the mess, Malcolm.

Abe: Mmm, when our Stevie enters a room it's like a typhoon hit. Well, uh, we'll leave you alone.

Malcolm: Check it out, Stevie. The T-Rex is three feet tall with a movable jaw.

Stevie: Red paint for blood.

Malcolm: This is so cool.

Kitty: I heard screaming.

Malcolm: Yeah. I said, ''This is so cool.''

Kitty: Is that a switchblade?

Malcolm: It's an X-Acto knife to cut the pieces apart. I use it all the time.

Kitty: (taking it from him) We'll lock this up with the scissors. How about a puzzle? (takes one off shelf) Stevie, it's been a long time since you did the Arc de Triomphe. We'll just give that back when you go home. (gives Malcolm puzzle and takes away model)

Stevie: Puzzles are... fun.

Malcolm: You think we can order some pizza?

Stevie: Mom's making... pizza. Cheeseless... sauceless pizza.

Malcolm: That's just bread.

Stevie: Pizza... bread.

Cadet #1: Wise poquito cabeza. Who shall your next victim be?

Francis: I am so sick of these guys.

Cadet #1: What's that? You're not sure? I think we have a winner. You are cordially invited to attend -

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(Francis snatches doll head from him) Hey! I don't have a problem with you Francis.

Francis: Look, Stevenson, this place is horrible enough. So the poquito cabeza thing stops now. Okay? Just stop. Just stop. (in bedroom, now with Stanley) Just stop packing. You were protecting me. I know we don't have, like, a formal agreement or anything but my act of courage was kind of dependent on your role as my bodyguard.

Stanley: I'm sorry, Francis.

Francis: You're sorry? Do you have any idea what these guys are going to do to me?

Stanley: Four words: Nana has a fever. End of discussion.

Francis: So what am I supposed to do?

Stanley: Remember that move I taught you?

Francis: Yeah.

Stanley: Don't even try it.

Cadets: (chanting) Francis, boom-ba-yay. Francis, boom-ba-yay. Francis, boom-ba-yay...

Stanley: I have to admit, it's kind of catchy.

Cadets: ...Francis, boom-ba-yay.

Kitty: (standing over Malcolm's bed) Did you have fun tonight, Malcolm?

Malcolm: I guess, but isn't it kind of early to be going to bed? It's not even 8:00.

Kitty: Don't worry. That jigsaw puzzle will still be there in the morning. Now I know you boys want to do a little chatting before sleepy time. Let's say four minutes.

Abe: Mrs. Kenarban can be a tad strict. She doesn't know that sometimes boys have to be boys. Am I right?

Malcolm: I can't move.

Stevie: Welcome to... the club.

Malcolm: I'm never going to fall asleep. It's too early.

Stevie: Want to tell... ghost stories?

Malcolm: No. I want to do that dinosaur model.

Kitty: Everything all right in there, boys?

Malcolm: Um, yeah. A plush toy just fell on the floor. We're fine. (switches off intercom)

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Stevie: (gasping) You can't.

Malcolm: I just did. Your parents need to cut you some slack.

Stevie: They just... want me... to be safe.

Malcolm: No, they want you to be four. Stevie, parents aren't allowed to control everything you do. Sometimes you just have...

- ( *Bell Dings* )

Stevie: Sorry. Conditioning.

Malcolm: Come on. I got an idea. We're going to get you out of here. (goes to open window)

Stevie: Don't. It's alarmed. (as Malcolm is pulling him out through the window) You got me?

Malcolm: Yeah.

Stevie: You got me?

Malcolm: No! (they both fall on the ground)

Stevie: I didn't know... you cared.

Reese: Okay. You want maturity. Here's three weeks of social studies homework. Now I'm one week ahead. Plus, I called Grandma.

Grandma Ida: (on tape) Hello.

Reese: Hi, Grandma. It's Reese.

Grandma Ida: Who's this?

Reese: Grandma, it's Reese.

Grandma Ida: No, I won't accept charges.

Reese: It's Reese.

Grandma Ida: I'm very tired. Please.

Reese: It goes on like that for another ten minutes but I still want credit.

Lois: Honey, I'm very proud of you but you still haven't proven you're old enough to extend your bedtime.

Reese: Come on, Mom. I'll do anything.

Lois: All right. Tell you what. You can stay up and watch the movie... if you put Dewey to bed.

Reese: Oh. Anything else.

Lois: That's the deal. You give him his bath, you put on

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his pj's... you read him a story.

Hal: Lois, have a heart.

Lois: Take it or leave it.

Reese: I'll take it. (Dewey runs off) Come on, Dewey! It's bath time!

Hal: You know he doesn't stand a chance.

Lois: I know, but at least it'll give us the night to be alone.

Hal: Oh. I love the way your mind works. (yawns) Honk.

Lois: (chuckling) Smoothie.

Stevie: I'm... winning. I... lost.

Malcolm: Yes.

Stevie: I got... another quarter... in my chair.

Malcolm: (to Security Guard) Somebody stole my friend's wheelchair.

Guard: What's it look like?

Malcolm: It's a chair with wheels.

Guard: I'll go get a form.

Malcolm: I don't need a form. I need a wheelchair.

Cut to Malcolm running along the road pushing Stevie in a wheelie office chair.

Guard: (yelling) Hey! Come back! Come back kids!

Stevie: I'm screwed.

Malcolm: You're not screwed. We just got to get you home. We'll deal with everything else... (wheel comes off chair and falls down drain) What are we going to do now?

Stevie: Carry me... like... a backpack. Stop! Stop! Gonna... puke.

Dewey: Ow! Let me go!

Reese: Come on, Dewey. It's me. You like me.

Dewey: No, I don't.

Reese: Dewey, please!

Dewey: How much does my head weigh? (lies head on scales then looks up and checks) Zero. Zero.

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Hal: Remember the last time we had a quiet moment together like this?

Lois: Bob's funeral.

Hal: Yeah.

Hal: Oh, that was nice. And you look great in black.

Lois: Oh...

Hal: You do. You do.

Lois: (about phone ringing) Let the machine get it.

Hal: Mmm.

Francis: Mom, Dad, hi. Listen, something's come up. Sorry about the way I sound but I'm calling from inside a washing machine. Don't worry, I think I'll be fine as long as... Oh, hi, guys. How's it going? Hey, hey, what are you doing with those quarters? Hey, you guys, you don't want to... Hey, come on...!

Hal: Morning dew.

Lois: You know all my secrets.

Hal: Mmm. Well, we've been together a long time.

Lois: Well, don't worry. I know all your secrets, too.

Hal: No, you don't.

Lois: (chuckling) Oh, yes, I do.

Hal: No. I'm a man of mystery, Lois.

Lois: Okay. Let's hear one. Let's hear a secret.

Hal: Well, it's not really a secret as much as it is a fantasy but it's a little embarrassing, so...

Lois: Well, so... whisper in my ear.

Hal: Aha. (chuckling) Just kidding. Just kidding. Saw it in a movie once. Don't want to do that. That's... (still chuckling) Oh, God. I gotcha.

Lois: We can do that.

Hal: Really?

Lois: Mm-hmm. (Dewey runs by screaming)

Reese: Get back here!

Hal: Okay, I just have to pick up a few things. Give me 20 minutes?



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Lois: I'll be waiting. Yes! Honey? Honey. Aren't you forgetting something?

Hal: Thank you! Thank you!

Lois: Your car keys.

Hal: Right.

Guy in street: That's a nice cart.

Stevie: Thanks. It's new. Downtown rocks. What's that?

Malcolm: A stripped car.

Stevie: What's that?

Malcolm: A naked man arguing with a wall.

Stevie: What's that?

Malcolm: A nudie bookstore... with my dad coming out of it.

Hal: Hmm? Oh. Here you go. Daddy is gonna get some love tonight...

Stevenson: Perhaps you'll survive - perhaps not. Many have perished at the hands of the grand executioner. They are the lucky ones. Are you scared?

Francis: Actually, now that you mention it... no.

Stevenson: What? Scared now?

Francis: No. I'm just kind of itchy.

Stevenson: Huh? You are hanging over a bottomless pit. In five seconds, I will cut the rope. Are you scared now?

Francis: I'm really not, no.

Stevenson: Why not? This stuff is way scary.

Francis: Sorry. It just feels so... amateurish. I mean, I know you guys are trying, but... I've been tormented by the best. Let me tell you a little bit about the master.

Lois: Travelling?! He wasn't travelling! Why don't you put your glasses on? You're missing a great game! Oh, oh-oh, you're going to give me a technical?! You're going to give me a technical?! You can't give me a technical!!! Look at that little pee-pee. Oh, Francis, I forgot how tiny you are. Oh-oh-oh- That's the moment of his birth. You see? See him coming out feet first? Doctors said it was the biggest mucus plug they'd ever seen. An eight-inch scratch on the car, Francis! Do you know how much that'll cost to fix?! If you think you are ever, ever borrowing my car again you are sadly mistaken! And I saw that tattoo, Jimmy! I'm telling your mother!

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Francis: And that's just the stuff I didn't block out.

Cadet #1: Oh, man! What have we been doing?

Cadet #2: This is all so wrong. We've got to stop treating people like this.

Cadet #3: Yeah. If we're going to do this, we're going to do it right.

Cadet #1: You will never amount to anything. Why can't you just apply yourself?! Do you enjoy seeing me suffer? Is that what this is? After all I've done for you and this is the thanks I get?!

Stevie: We passed that couch an hour ago.

Malcolm: I know where we're going. Oh, no, I don't. This sucks.

Stevie: You complain a lot.

Malcolm: I'm sorry, but tonight hasn't exactly been the most fun in the world.

Stevie: Not tonight. All the time. You never stop bitching.

Malcolm: Okay, great. You're going to do this now? Fine. You were right. We shouldn't have snuck out of your house. We shouldn't have gone to the arcade. It was stupid of me for even thinking about it. It was a dumb idea.

Stevie: No. Good idea. Execution sucked.

Malcolm: (sees chair thieves) Your chair. Hey!

Stevie: I'm slowing you down. Get them yourself.

Malcolm: Okay.

Thief #1: Uh... uh... Get out of the chair.

Thief #2: Right!

Malcolm: You better be running! Hey, Stevie, I got your... (sees Stevie has fallen out of trolley) Oh, my God! Stevie, are you okay?!

Stevie: Can't feel... my legs.

Malcolm: That's not funny.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house. Hal and Lois are preparing to make love in the bedroom. Reese is conked out in the hall and Dewey is watching the Chucky movie.

Lois: Is there anything I can do to get out of the ticket, Officer?

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Hal: Just love me.

Lois: Aw, geez, Hal - Is that it?

Hal: Can't he be a sensitive cop?

Stevie: Tonight was... awesome.

Malcolm: Well, we kind of got lucky.

Stevie: I was sort of hoping to get caught.

Malcolm: What?

Stevie: Never been in trouble. Like to see what it's like.

Malcolm: Sometimes you're such a Krelboyne.

Stevie: I guess we are in trouble after all. Malcolm?  
Malcolm. Malcolm?