

Transcript from Malcolm-France

FRANCIS ESCAPES TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Everybody up! Let's go! Let's go! I got to do laundry before work! I am taking breakfast off the table in five minutes!

Malcolm (TC): I know this kid, his mom wakes him up with a kiss on the forehead.

Malcolm: Okay, I've been up for half an hour. I've had my cereal. It's time for Mom to ask the same annoying question she asks me every morning.

Lois: So, Malcolm, what are you doing in your genius class today?

Malcolm: Nothing. It's just as dumb and boring as being in regular class, except now I get ostracized.

Lois: Ostracized? Oh, you're learning such big words.

Hal: Hey. They want to know what I think about caller ID blocking. Do I think about that? Oh!

Lois: What?

Hal: Nothing. Just a sharp Cheerio. Oh!

Lois: Hah! \$210! Look at all the calls that Francis is charging to us. 60 minutes. Oh! Oh, 80 minutes-- And every one of these calls is to Beebee. \$210 on Beebee!

Hal: I know. Now, honey, just try to understand. He's off in Alabama. He's all by himself at military school. He's lonely, so he calls his little girlfriend.

Lois: She's a tramp.

Hal: No one's saying she's not a tramp.

Lois: Didn't you change our code number?

Hal: I have, three times. I don't know how he's getting it.

Malcolm: (on phone) 65 51 9. That'll be good till the bill comes on the 15th.

Francis: Thanks, man. You are a good brother.

Malcolm (TC): I was taking money out of her wallet anyway.

Lois: He is doing this just to upset me.

Hal: Oh, come on, Lois. He's 16 and thinks he's in love. What are you going to do?

Malcolm (TC): Oh, man, never ask her that.

Francis: (on phone) Beebee, you can't imagine how much I miss

Transcript from Malcolm-France

you. It is like a white-hot fire burning in my chest. The only thing that keeps me going is just the thought of holding you and stroking your hair and being with you in a perfect, golden moment.

Beebee: Oh, yeah. I'm totally the same way.

Francis: Oh, I'm just so... Are you watching Buffy?

Beebee: I can do both. You know, I think of things, too, like... No, it's too embarrassing.

Francis: Tell me.

Beebee: It's not the kind of thing you can say over the phone. It's something I'd have to show you.

Francis: Beebee, I think it would be better if you told me, and then you showed me. (Stanley hangs up phone) Stanley, what are you doing? That was Beebee!

Stanley: Sorry, man. Commandant says your phone privileges have been revoked for a month. Your mom complained about the bills.

Francis: Okay, let me just tell...

Stanley: Francis, do you remember the thumb thing? The one you did to my thumb, or the one you did with your thumb?

Malcolm: (answering phone) Hello.

Francis: Malcolm! Thank God. I don't have any more quarters, so just listen. I need you to swipe Mom's credit card and I need you to buy me a cell phone. What you want to get is the unlimited off-peak plan, and then FedEx it to me.

Malcolm: Francis, no. I can't do that.

Francis: What? Dude, don't bail on me.

Malcolm: I'm sorry, but Mom is totally on the warpath about the phone calls. Her radar is up. I can't do anything. Seriously, you've just got to find a way to live without calling Beebee all the time. Hello? Hello? (Dial tone) He understands, right?

Francis: (imagining reading a letter):

Dearest Beebee,

Something wonderful has happened. The pain and confusion of the last few months has disappeared, replaced by a single glorious purpose.

From the ashes of the old Francis rises a new man filled with boldness and determination.

I fly to you on angel's wings, knowing I follow the mandate of my heart.

Transcript from Malcolm-France

Cut to the Wilkersons' house. Dewey wakes up screaming. Reese groans.

Malcolm (TC): Every night for the past two weeks. He thinks there's a monster under the bed. It seemed so funny when we thought of it.

Lois: Oh, sweetie, not again.

Dewey: The monster! It tried to suck my brain out!

Lois: All right, I have had it. You two are banned from Nintendo.

Malcolm: Okay.

Reese: We're already banned from Nintendo.

Malcolm (TC): The sad thing is he thinks he just outsmarted her.

Lois: All right, fine. Pillows.

Reese: What?

Lois: That's right. I'm taking your pillows. Come on, come on, hand 'em over. And I'm not getting up again. If that monster wants to suck out your brain, you just let him take it and you go back to sleep.

Teddy Bear: I love you. I love you. I love you. We're all -
(Malcolm kicks rubbish bin he's just put the teddy bear in)

Malcolm: Hello?

Francis: Don't scream. It's me.

Malcolm: Francis!

Francis: Way to go, dipwad. You got me in the nards.

Malcolm: Francis, what are you doing here?

Francis: I'm taking control of my own destiny. I'm just picking up Beebee and we're going to head off for Canada.

Malcolm: You're going to visit Grandma?

Francis: No, a different part of Canada. Someplace wild where people don't have to destroy love just 'cause they don't understand it.

Malcolm: You just ran away from school? Mom's really going to kill you now.

Francis: No, she won't because she won't know. Malcolm, you can't tell anybody. I'm placing my life in your hands here.

Malcolm: Did you roll around in something?

Transcript from Malcolm-France

Francis: You'll get used to it. Look, I need you to get Beebee to come see me tonight, okay? Give her this. Let it air out for a while first. Try to get me some food, 'cause I haven't eaten in, like, 36 hours.

Malcolm: Francis, this sounds kind of drastic, even for you.

Francis: Malcolm, I do not have time for doubt! The die has been cast, my future is set. Now, there's one question in my mind - Can I trust you?

Malcolm: But...

Francis: Can I trust you?

Malcolm: Yes. Yeah, definitely. I'll toss my lunch bag over the fence before school.

Malcolm: Oh! Uh! Mmm! Can I have some?

Stevie: Can't. It's a... prescription... sandwich.

Malcolm: Prescription sandwich? Stevie, that's not even a good lie. If you don't want to share, just say so.

Stevie: Don't want...to share. Let's play... Ironside. I'll be... Ironside.

Malcolm: I don't want to play stupid Ironside.

Stevie: What's your... problem?

Malcolm: It's my brother Francis. He escaped from military school and hitchhiked all the way here. He's all scraped up and smelly and hungry and dirty, and now he's hiding out at the creek. If my parents catch him, he's dead. He's talking like he's crazy. I don't know what to do.

Stevie: Squeal.

Malcolm: What?

Stevie: Squeal. Rat him out.

Malcolm: I can't do that. He's my brother. I promised him. I can't tell anybody.

Stevie: You told... me.

Malcolm: Yeah, but by the time you tell anyone he'll be a thousand miles from here.

Stevie: Tou... ché.

Malcolm: Beebee...

Beebee: What? Oh, you're that kid.

Malcolm: My name's Malcolm. I'm Francis's brother. You met me,

Transcript from Malcolm-France

like, ten times.

Beebee: Yeah, you're the freaky little brain, right? Just be cool. What do you want?

Malcolm: (hands Beebee letter) Here. Francis is back home. Well, he's not home. He's hiding.

Beebee: Huh. Three pages?

Malcolm: Both sides.

Beebee: He loves to make me read. What's that word?

Malcolm: Consummate. It means he likes you.

Beebee: Oh. Assnigation, rendezvous, tryst? How the hell is anyone supposed to know what he's talking about?

Malcolm: Beebee, just meet him at the creek at 7:30, okay?

Beebee: See? You can say it in English, and you're, like, ten.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Beebee: I'm wearing a tank top.

Malcolm: Beebee, I don't think...

Beebee: Don't think. Just walk. Go.

Malcolm (TC): The worst part is, I think I'm stealing panty liners.

Lois: Gosh, I had such a good day at work today. I got to work the cash-only line for the first time in a month, and my register came out to the penny. Plus, that creepy new assistant manager sliced his hand open with a box cutter. Spent the whole afternoon in the emergency room.

Hal: Here's to him. Honey, this chicken is absolutely delicious.

Lois: Oh, well, it's a little recipe I came up with. It's Shake 'n' Bake - but for pork.

Hal: How about that? That's one for the recipe box. Let's call it, uh, Chork. All in favour? No one for Picken? Chork it is. Brava.

Lois: Oh, cut it out. You big talker.

Dewey: Will this make me taste better to the monsters?

Hal: Sure it will, son.

Malcolm: (about Reese's attempt to steal his chicken) Get out of here!

Reese: You're not eating it. You haven't had a bite in two minutes. I counted.

Transcript from Malcolm-France

Malcolm: I'm saving it.

Reese: There is no saving.

Hal: Malcolm, he's right. The rule is no saving.

Reese: Oh, yeah, I care.

Malcolm: Cut it out! Come on, it's mine. Get out of here!

Reese: No!

Malcolm: Give it back!

Hal: Boys, boys, stop it. You're going get your mother out of... You're going to ruin her nice day.

Lois: Francis did what?!

Hal: Another night in the chat room.

Lois: That kid! That kid! He thinks he can run away from school like some kind of escaped convict? If he thinks he can just vanish in the night and I won't find him, well, he is sadly mistaken.

Hal: Lois, you just calm down. There's nothing we can do right now.

Lois: Yes, there is. I can call the police.

Hal: They're not going to look for anybody unless they've been missing 48 hours.

Lois: Not if I say he has drugs on him.

Hal: Lois, stop it. You have to accept the fact that, for now, this is beyond your control. Francis is going to have to sink or swim on his own, and frankly, I don't think that's such a bad thing. In the meantime, we just have to leave it up to fate.

Lois: Fate. Fate is just what you call it when you don't know the name of the person screwing you over.

Malcolm: Mom, I'm sure he's okay. (TC): Uh-oh, tactical error.

Hal: Why do you think he's okay, son?

Malcolm: Because... he's always okay.

Hal: Malcolm, this is a very serious situation here and I know you love Francis as much as we do, so if you have any idea...

Lois: Oh, for God's sake! Where is he?!

Malcolm: He came here to see Beebee. (TC): Oh, my God, how'd she do that?

Transcript from Malcolm-France

Lois: I knew it. When did you talk to him?

Malcolm: (TC): Don't look at her eyes. This morning. And Dewey shoved a sandwich in the VCR.

Lois: Malcolm, where is he?

Malcolm (TC): Got to think. Diversion... (to Lois) Delancey Park. He's meeting her at Delancey Park by the soccer field.

Lois: Well... we'll just see what fate has in store for Francis.

Malcolm: Francis, I have to tell you...

Francis: Is Beebee coming?

Malcolm: Yeah. But I have to tell you something first. I ratted you out to Mom.

Francis: What?!

Malcolm: I didn't mean to. Mom did... her eyes... and her voice, it was... I didn't mean to.

Francis: Malcolm, how could you do that? I trusted you.

Malcolm: I know. I'm sorry. Look, I sent her to the park. You've got an hour to get out of here and have a head start before...

Francis: Are you crazy? I can't go anywhere. Beebee's coming. Beebee.

Malcolm: Francis, what's wrong with you? Why are you getting in trouble for her?

Francis: You don't understand.

Malcolm: Duh! No one understands. She's not nice, she's not smart, she's a thief, she's not even that good-looking. And, oh, guess what else. She treats you like crap.

Francis: I know.

Malcolm: You do?

Francis: Of course I do. There's something you don't know.

Malcolm: What?

Francis: That no one in her whole life has ever loved her the way that I do. All she has to do is see that, and everything will change.

Malcolm (TC): I really thought he had something better.

Francis: Look, Malcolm, you'll understand when you're older. Now, just go.

Transcript from Malcolm-France

Dewey: What are you doing?

Malcolm: Nothing. Mind your own business.

Dewey: Who were you talking to?

Malcolm: I wasn't talking to anybody. You're imagining it.

Dewey: I heard you talking.

Malcolm: Okay, I'll tell you. But you have to keep it a secret. You know the monster under your bed? It's called a Sasquatch. He hunts back there during the day. I was throwing him some raw meat so he wouldn't come get us tonight. I don't think I gave him enough. So, if I were you, I'd keep very quiet and stay the hell out of there. Get it?

Lois: (to car) Mooooove!

Beebee: Francis?

Francis: Beebee?

Beebee: Francis?

Francis: Don't move. I want to remember this forever.

Beebee: Where are you?

Francis: No! Don't look at me! I wanted so much to be perfect for you, but I couldn't find any soap. I'm hideous.

Beebee: Really?

Francis: Yes. But it's okay. Everything is okay now that we're together. I can't tell you how beautiful you look at this moment. You look like an angel or a perfect dawn or a galaxy of stars.

Beebee: I don't think we should see each other anymore.

Francis: And... my heart soars when I think...

Beebee: Did you hear what I said?

Francis: I... um... What?

Beebee: Look... you're a nice guy, and all those letters you sent - The stuff that I understood, anyway - was sweet, but I don't know. It feels different now. It's hard to explain.

Francis: Would you try?

Beebee: Well, maybe I just like the long-distance thing 'cause, you know, you'd call and you'd talk and you'd make me feel so good about myself, and I didn't have to do anything. Yeah, that's it.

Transcript from Malcolm-France

Francis: Beebee, please.

Beebee: I just think it's better we end it now before anybody gets hurt. I'm sorry, Francis.

Francis: Ow. Ow! Ow! Ow! Arrrrrrrggggghh!

Dewey: Get out of here! You stupid, dumb monster! This is my house!

Francis: Ow!

Dewey: Go away! Leave me alone!

Francis: Ow!

Lois: You. You there. What do you think you're doing?

Boy: Excuse me?

Lois: Do you know how dumb and careless you're being?

Boy: Well, I brought...

Lois: I'm not talking about that. But shame on you. Don't you know how this is all going to end?

Girl: Do we know you?

Lois: No, but I know you. You're young and pretty. You love to get 16-year-old boys so twisted up they don't know what they're doing. You think it's all in fun. You don't care how bad you hurt him. Let me tell you something, young lady. Hearts are precious things. You should be careful with them. You! You there! What do you think you're doing?

Dewey: The monster started growling, so I threw rocks at him and I killed him. He started flying around on rocket boots, and I got to ride inside his head, and now the monster's my friend, and we - and we went to get Slurpees.

Reese: You did not.

Dewey: You're just lying.

Hal: Reese, If that's what Dewey says happened, there's no reason to argue about it.

Reese: No one believes I beat the last level of Mortal Kombat.

Hal: Because that's just ridiculous, no one beats Sub-Zero.

Francis: (about Malcolm turning bedroom light on) Leave it off. So, Beebee broke up with me.

Malcolm: Oh. You okay?

Transcript from Malcolm-France

Francis: I think I'm fine. There's a strange sense of peace that comes over you when you give up that last shred of dignity. It's nice.

Malcolm: I'm really sorry.

Francis: Well, if you're going to love women, you have to expect the occasional flaming wipeout. It's in the fine print, but you agree to it when you sign up.

Malcolm: So what are you going to do?

Francis: I'm going to go back to school. I only missed a day, so it shouldn't be too bad. There's a pack of farm girls that hang around outside the fence. Probably check that out.

Francis: Later days.

Malcolm: Wait. I'm sorry I ratted you out. I just got scared.

Francis: Dude, it's ancient history. Don't worry about it.

Malcolm: Well, can't you at least hit me or something, just so I feel like we're even?

Francis: You want me to hit you?

Malcolm: I don't know. Yeah.

Francis: Okay. (Hits Malcolm lightly)

Malcolm: Thanks.

Francis: Psych. (laughs and hits Malcolm harder)

Malcolm: Ow!

Francis: Now we're even.

Malcolm: Ow!

Francis: How'd you find me?

Hal: Malcolm told me. You know, you should probably rethink the whole 'trusting him with secrets' thing.

Francis: How mad is Mom?

Hal: Well, let's just try to get a couple states behind us before we ask her. So, how'd it go with Beebee?

Francis: We broke up.

Hal: Does it hurt?

Francis: Oh, yeah.

Hal: Well, son... I wish I could say it gets easier, but I honestly don't know. I've never been dumped.