

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

Dewey: Let me go!

Malcolm: Get off it!

Reese: I can't breathe.

Dewey: Ow! Nooooooooo!

Malcolm: Leave the squirrel alone and get the fire extinguisher. Reese, no!

Dewey: Blood tastes funny.

Hal: You better be naked when I get back.

Lois: Done.

Reese: (softly) Malcolm... Malcolm...

Malcolm: Ow! Ow! How was that even remotely fair?

Reese: That's for us all having to go to your stupid Krelboyne picnic today.

Malcolm: You think I want you to go?

Malcolm (TC): My special class is having a family day, and if that's not bad enough, it's on the weekend that Francis is home. I'm going to look like a total idiot in front of him.

Francis: Pretty bunnies. Pretty bunnies.

Malcolm (TC): Luckily, I've got a brilliant plan to get out of this.

Lois: (sees Malcolm pretending to throw up in the toilet) Oh, poor baby.

Malcolm: Yeah Mum, I'm sick.

Lois: No, you're grounded for pouring perfectly good vegetable soup in the toilet. And you owe me 49 cents. (flushes toilet) (in kitchen) I don't understand why you don't want to go to this picnic, Malcolm; I think it sounds like fun.

Hal: Yeah, sitting on the grass, eating barbecue.

Malcolm: It's Krelboyne's. It's not going to be *on* the grass because half the class is allergic. And don't expect any meat either, because they all voted not to serve anything that ever had a mother.

Dewey: Cousin Nancy doesn't have a mother.

Lois: That's right. She has two daddies.

Reese: Oh, man, two guys as your parents? That house has got to be a dude's paradise.

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Hal: You know, there are a lot of proven health benefits to the vegetarian lifestyle. In fact, I've been seriously considering it myself. (Gets a sausage)

Lois: It'll be nice to meet the other parents. I'm sure they're better than the carnival freaks in Reese's class. What a horrible bunch of people.

Hal: Amen to that.

Francis: Well, this just sounds like a blast to me. Why do I have to go, again? Because it's a family picnic, Francis, and you're a member of this family.

Francis: Right, see, I just keep forgetting that, being forced to live... a thousand miles away at military school and all.

Lois: Well, I can't wait to see this academic circus. I bet it's really cute.

Malcolm: It's not a circus. It's a bunch of social misfits doing a bunch of weird stunts to show off how smart they are.

Lois: What's your weird stunt, honey?

Malcolm: Just some lame thing. Nothing you want to see.

Francis: You've got to get me out of there before my turn comes.

Francis: Why? What's the big deal?

Malcolm: It just is, okay? I don't want to do my act.

Francis: All right, relax. We'll hang out for like 15 minutes, establish your presence, then we'll go over the fence like at Grandma's wedding.

Malcolm (TC): That's why I love this guy.

Caroline: Welcome! Welcome, one and all! Run away with us and join the circus! The academic circus!

Malcolm (TC): Oh, no. My teacher.

Caroline: Malcolm, thank goodness. I was so nervous. I had a dream you didn't come, and I was... being chased by something big but invisible and - never mind. You're here, and that's all that matters. (to Dewey) Hello, little guy. Ready to leave your family and join the circus?

Hal: (about Dewey clinging to his leg) Oh. Huh? Little lower, son.

Lois: Oh, look at all your little friends.

Krelboyne #1: Hi.

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Krelboyne #2: Hi there.

Malcolm: They're not my friends. They're a bunch of geeks and losers.

Eraserhead: Malcolm's in the house!

Krelboynes: (chanting and dancing Cheerleader-style) Malcolm!  
Malcolm! Malcolm! Malcolm! Malcolm! Malcolm! Malcolm!  
Malcolm! Malcolm! Malcolm! Malcolm! Malcolm!

Reese: I'm going to kick so much Krelboyne ass today... it's not even funny.

Krelboynes: (continuing chant) Go, Malcolm! Go, Malcolm! Go, Malcolm!

Reese: Easy. You got all afternoon.

Malcolm: We're getting out of here in 15 minutes, right?

Francis: Make it ten.

Malcolm: Yeah...

Francis: Ooh, hello. Francis. And who might you be?

Malcolm: What?

Francis: Nothing.

Lois: Hello. I'm Lois. This is Hal. We're Malcolm's parents.

Doreen: That's very nice. I'm Doreen. These are the girls.

Lois: Hello, nice to meet you.

Hal: Yeah, it's really - (sees barbecue) Whatever.

Lois: Hope everybody likes brownies.

Doreen: Oh, my, that is so thoughtful. Are those nuts?

Lois: Walnuts.

Doreen: Oh... gee... we can't have that. Some of the children are severely allergic to nuts.

Lois: Oh, my gosh, I had no idea. Whose child is allergic?

Doreen: Well, no one in this class specifically, but you can never be too careful. (dumps brownies in bin) Believe me, this isn't meant to publicly humiliate you. I'm sure they were delicious.

Hal: Oh, hi, fellas.

Father: Hey there. What's your pleasure? Nature dog, health patty, tofu square?

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Hal: Good God.

Father: Want me to brown that chicken leg a little more for you?

Hal: Well... looks like I got here just in time. (opens Esky containing meat) Gentlemen... behold.

Father: Is that... meat?

Hal: Nothing but.

Francis: Hi.

Girl: Hey.

Francis: So, uh... you're here?

Girl: Yeah. You?

Francis: Yeah.

Malcolm: Hey, Stevie.

Stevie: Can't stop... to chat. Got to get... my chemicals... in the shade.

Malcolm: I thought you were doing your report on oscilloscopes.

Stevie: Changed to... catalytics. It's more... exciting. Right?

Malcolm: What do you care?

Stevie: I'm up... after you.

Malcolm: So?

Stevie: Following you... is like... following Streisand.

Malcolm: Well, don't worry about it. You won't be following me.

Stevie: Why? Have I been... bumped?

Malcolm: Francis, what are you doing?! Come on, the coast is clear and... it's already been ten minutes and - We're not ditching out, are we?

Reese: A small pack of Krelboynes has ventured out of hiding... to bask in the afternoon sun. Their defenses down, they're an easy target for nearby predators. They sense danger, but it is too late. Their hesitation is fatal. Rooooaaaaarrrrr! (after chasing them off) And the circle of life goes on.

Eraserhead: Kafkaesque, isn't it?

Reese: Huh?

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Eraserhead: Never mind. Kick his butt, Alphonse.

Dabney: Wait... wait. Here it comes. Yes, there! I've arrested the cellular mitosis!

Caroline: Thank you, Dabney. That was riveting. Our next act needs no introduction, having been the buzz of last year's math fair. Please welcome Flora Mayesh... and Fermat's Last Theorem! (crowd is silent) Hello? Is this...? Testing.

Doreen: So, I understand that Malcolm has quite the vocabulary.

Lois: Yeah, he's just yap, yap, yap, yap, yap all day long.

Doreen: Well, that's not the vocabulary I meant. It seems that he's taught... several of the children the 'R' word.

Lois: The 'R' word?

Doreen: I'm sure it's just something he picked up off the street - certainly not at home.

Lois: Yeah, well, 'R' you, lady.

Caroline: So, this is going well, right?

Malcolm: It's pretty much everything I expected.

Caroline: So, you ready, Malcolm? I mean, you're all set, right?

Malcolm: Sure.

Caroline: Good.

Stevie: I'm... ready. Thanks for... asking.

Francis: You know what's so great about our relationship? It just still feels so fresh, you know what I mean?

Jodie: Totally.

Hal: All right, take it away.

Father: I need two burgers and a dog, Hal.

Hal: Coming up. Dewey?

Father: Thank you, sir.

Hal: All right. Thank you. What have I told you about raw meat, son?

Dewey: I'm not.

Francis: Dad, I want you to meet someone. This is Jodie.

Hal: Hi.

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Jodie: Oh, it's so great to finally meet you. Francis talks about you all the time.

Hal: Oh, yeah? You, too.

Jodie: Oh...

Francis: I'm so glad that went well.

Lloyd: Ladies and gentlemen, I give to you the Nixon electromagnet. (Lloyd's face gets stuck to magnet) Turn it off!

Caroline: This is going dreadfully. Am I wrong? Please tell me I'm wrong.

Dewey: Excuse me.

Caroline: For what?

Stevie: This is it. You're almost... up.

Malcolm: Stop reminding me.

Stevie: Nervous?

Malcolm: No, I just don't want to do this. Don't you ever get sick of being a Krelboyne? Of people thinking you're some kind of freak?

Stevie: You are... what you are. Accept it.

Malcolm: Not without a fight.

Stevie: You're harshing... my buzz. Don't let... anyone... mess with... my stuff.

Malcolm: (TC): You know, in the wrong hands, these chemicals can make a pretty powerful stink bomb. These hands look wrong enough.

Doreen: And this field trip to the historic ghost town, I think we all know what that leads to - the occult, devil worship, state colleges. So then it's agreed that the trip will be cancelled.

Lois: Wait a minute. You can't decide that. You didn't even vote.

Doreen: I was only going by the general tone of the group.

Lois: General tone? I haven't heard a peep out of any of these other women all day. What, you all agree... with what Mrs. Control Freak here is saying?

Woman #1: Well-

Doreen: Phyllis!

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Woman #1: My name isn't Phyllis! And, no, I don't feel that way.

Woman #2: I don't either! I never liked - My husband told me to stand up to you, after I came home from that bake sale in tears.

Dabney: My soy burger, it's bleeding!

Lloyd: This is meat! We're eating meat!

Dabney: Oh, my God! We're eating meat!

Reese: Get out of the way!

Alphonse: Come here!

Malcolm: Okay, the difference between a stink bomb and a level-three toxic biohazard is apparently two extra drops of sulphur tetroxide. I'm totally suing that web site.

Malcolm: I didn't do it! I didn't do it!

Stevie: I want... a receipt.

Malcolm: I'm kind of conflicted. On the one hand, I ruined Caroline's picnic and very possibly endangered a hundred lives. On the other hand, now I don't have to do my act.

Jodie: Did you miss me?

Francis: Mm-hmm.

Jodie: So who was that girl with her hands all over you?

Francis: What girl, the paramedic? She was making sure I didn't inhale any toxic fumes.

Jodie: Oh, I'm sure you loved every moment of it.

Francis: God, would you quit nagging me?

Jodie: Maybe if you paid a little more attention to me.

Francis: More attention? You're smothering me. I need space.

Jodie: Oh, you'll get your space. We're through.

Francis: Fine by me.

Jodie: Here's the school ring you gave me.

Francis: The teddy bear key chain.

Jodie: Your shirt.

Francis: Your two poems.

Jodie: The book you lent me.

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Francis: Your Depeche Mode tape! And here's your gum.

Reese: I love Krelboynes. And I swear, I'm not just saying that. Why would I?

Eraserhead: Nice hang time.

Alphonse: Well, it's really a simple function of the tensile strength of the elastic waistband.

Malcolm: I brought you a hamburger. (TC): This should make us even, right?

Caroline: (crying) Thank you. Is this meat?

Malcolm: Uh, it might be.

Caroline: Look what I've been reduced to.

Malcolm: Okay, well, um... I'm going to...

Caroline: Oh, Malcolm, I'm so sorry.

Malcolm: Huh?

Caroline: I know how much you were looking forward to doing your act, especially with your family here. I failed you.

Malcolm: No, you didn't.

Caroline: Yes, I did. After today, they're going to fire my ass so fast. My parents were right. I never should have left the cannery.

Malcolm: Want another hamburger?

Caroline: (breaking down) Yes! I do. I do. I really, really do. I...really... do.

Hal: Can you believe it? Meat. I don't know about you, but I'm outraged.

Doreen: I want you to know that I am going to see to it that you never serve on a school committee, hold an office or even so much as set foot in a P.T.A. meeting as long as I can help it.

Lois: Is that a promise, lady? 'Cause I'd really like to get that in writing.

Doreen: I should have expected as much... from the mother of a foul-mouthed thug. What he's even doing in this class, I don't know.

Hal: Oh, I see you made a friend.

Lois: (sarcastically) Yeah. Tomorrow we're going shopping for shoes.



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Angry father: Academic circus? You got the circus part right. This is the biggest debacle I've ever seen. I guarantee you Principal Littledove will hear about this.

Father #2: He sure will, from all of us.

Malcolm: Can I ask you a question?

Francis: Yes. All women suck.

Malcolm: No, I mean... you'd still like me even if you found out I was a freak, right? The family wouldn't treat me any different, right?

Francis: Dude, we already know you're smart.

Malcolm: Yeah, but - Never mind. Just don't say I didn't warn you.

Lloyd: Look, it's Malcolm!

Girl: Hey, hey, Malcolm's going to do it, Dad!

Angry Father: The P.T.A. is on-line, missy. Are you aware of the power of the Internet?

Caroline: Hey, everyone look! Look, Malcolm's doing it. He's doing it. Hey, shut the hell up! (talking stops)

Malcolm: Um... Could somebody please show me some credit cards? (two guys hold cards up) Okay. The numbers on them are: 3699 7412 6823 9140. And 3424 1804 1835 3668.

Guy: He's right!

Malcolm: Okay. If you add the individual digits on each card you get 74 and 66. If you multiply those numbers, you get 4,884.

Doreen: How do we even know he's right?

Eraserhead: (holding up calculator) Oh, he's right.

Malcolm: 4,884 squared is 23,853,456. The square root of 4,884 is 69 and 885 thousands. The square root of that is eight and 3,597 ten-thousands.

Stevie: Factor it! The factors are 232 and 73.

Lloyd: Multiply it by pi.

Malcolm: 26 and 261 thousands.

Dabney: Cube it!

Malcolm: 584 and 214 thousands.

Eraserhead: The arc tangent! 89 and 9/10 degrees.

Lloyd: Natural log! 6 and 3,699 ten-thousands.

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Guy in crowd: What's the reciprocal?

Malcolm: 17 ten-thousands.

Eraserhead: In base eight!

Malcolm: 1 1 ,431 .

Dabney: The capital of Iceland! Reykjavik - but that's not math.

Doreen: Why can't you do that? Cellular mitosis. What are we paying your tutor for?

Reese: Do you have any brothers?

Lloyd: No. (Reese hits him and he crouches down) Ow!

Francis: Hey.

Jodie: Hi.

Francis: So, um... how you been?

Jodie: Fine.

Francis: You look good.

Caroline: Yes, it was. It was a wonderful circus. So many people were worried about -

Malcolm: Was it as bad as I think it was?

Stevie: Man, you killed.

Malcolm: That's what I was afraid of. Sorry you didn't get to do your act. Shove... the sympathy, showboat.

Reese: He fell on his butt and everything. He was just, like, dazed.

Dewey: Is Malcolm a robot?

Hal: No, son, he's just smart. Very, very, very, very, very, very smart.

Francis: Hey, Malcolm...how many fingers am I holding up?

Malcolm: Shut up. (everyone laughs)

Reese: Analyze what I had for lunch. (burps)

Malcolm: (laughing) Get off me, you moron.

Lois: You know what I don't understand? You rattle off those numbers... but you can't remember to brush your teeth.

Hal: Hey, who's for Burger Barn? (everyone cheers) Burger Barn! Burger Barn! Burger Barn!