

Transcript from Malcolm-France

STOCK CAR RACES TRANSCRIPT

Reese: What are you looking at, monkey boy?

Dewey: Ow! Ow! Ow! Reese!

Reese: What are you doing?

Dewey: Help! Ow! Help! Mom!

Reese: Cut it out. Cut it out.

Dewey: Ow! Help! It hurts! Ow!

Reese: Knock it off, you little...

Lois: Reese, what the heck are you doing? Honestly, you can't leave that kid alone for five minutes without picking on him!

Reese: I didn't do anything, Mom.

Malcolm (TC): I gave him that.

Hal: Honey, which juice don't I like? Apple or grape?

Lois: You don't like either.

Hal: Oh, right.

Lois: Malcolm, what is all this stuff from your teacher? That woman sends home two or three fliers every day.

Malcolm: She says she wants the parents to be as involved as possible with the children.

Lois: At school? It's the only break I get. What exactly is 'Personal Fulfilment Week'?

Malcolm: Square dancing. (TC): That's right, square dancing.

Reese: You should see it. The Krelboynes dance on the Tetherball courts, in front of the whole school. We laugh our asses off.

Lois: Excuse me?

Reese: Butts. We laugh our butts off.

Lois: Open. Swish. Spit.

Reese: This tastes like crap.

Malcolm: Reese is right. This class is turning me into a total weirdo.

Lois: You are not a weirdo. You are gifted. And if gifted kids are supposed to square-dance, then you'll do it. Probably teaches you geometry. (to Hal) Don't forget to mail these bills. They're late.

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Hal: Two blues, one pink. We're doing better.

Lois: Don't get cocky. They're hot until I deposit my paycheck. (To boys) You kids, let's get going. Come on Malcolm, you don't want them to start do-si-do-ing without you.

Malcolm (TC): That's it. For the sake of my manhood, today I'm ditching school.

Hal: Hey, why don't I drive you boys to school today?

Malcolm: Uh, that's okay, Dad. I don't mind walking.

Hal: Oh, no, no, no. I really want to. A chance to spend a few extra minutes with my sons, enjoying their company. Honestly, son, it'll be the highlight of my day. Come on.

Malcolm: Great. Now I can't even be mad at him.

Francis: Oh, Stanley. Let me show you how it's done.

Stanley: Uh-oh, eyes down. (Cadets all walk past Francis one by one and punch him in the arm)

Stanley: That was good. You didn't give them any satisfaction. In another six months, they'll be bored with you.

Eric: (laughing at sport on TV) That's got to hurt.

Francis: Mom was right. I do get some sick thrill out of trouble.

Eric: Ow!

Cadet #1: That skinny guy! Come on, get him!

Cadet #2: Commandant on the floor. Ten-hut!

Spangler: I smell smoke. Who is responsible? Very well. We'll do it the hard way. Patton. (reaches Francis and Patton barks) Francis, please lift up your right foot. Son, you have the worst attitude I've ever seen in 15 years at this institution. You seem compelled to break every rule, to flout every convention. You are never going to make it in the armed forces or anywhere else. Now, I was never fortunate enough to serve in combat... but I do know what it requires. Look at this dog. He is vicious, he is ungrateful and yet even he understands the importance of obedience. Do you hear what I am saying, Francis?

Francis: Yes, sir. I'll try to be more like a Jack Russell terrier, sir.

Spangler: There will be no hot water for this floor for the entire month. You can thank the cadet after I leave.

Francis: (Cadets all walk up and one punches him in the eye)
Ow!

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Dewey: Reese wiped his booger on my lunch bag.

Hal: Dewey, what have we taught you about snitching?

Dewey: Only snitch when asked to snitch.

Hal: Good boy. So, looking forward to school?

Malcolm: I guess.

Hal: That's a shame. 'Cause we're not going to school.
(Laughs)

Malcolm: Where are we going?

Hal: Boys, I'm going to share something with you that I hope you'll remember for the rest of your lives. Now, I don't want to spoil the surprise, but I've been planning this for years. I just had to wait until you were all old enough to appreciate it.

Reese: Hookers?

Malcolm: If it gets me out of square dancing, fine.

Hal: Just sit back and enjoy the ride, boys. We're rebels. We're wild men! (cackles) Whoo!

Lois: Where did I put the damn paycheck?

Stanley: Those guys are wimps. That's not even half the size of the one I gave you... just to get you out of riflery.

Francis: Hey, thanks for pulling them off me. I owe you one.

Stanley: One?

Francis: Hey, you want to see something very, very cool?

Stanley: Oh, boy, what have you done now?

Francis: Oh, isn't he beautiful? He only cost me \$20. I'm calling him Otis.

Stanley: Did you listen to anything Spangler said? You're already in enough trouble as it is without bringing in a pet.

Francis: Well, Spangler has that oversized gerbil. And besides, Otis is not a pet. Otis is a symbol.

Stanley: Of what?

Francis: Of everything that is beautiful in the world. Independence... free thought. I may be stuck here in this militaristic loony bin but at least some part of me can stay connected to the things that give me my

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humanity. You're not going to turn me in, are you?

Stanley: I don't know. On the one hand, you're probably going to get caught. Because you always do. Then, of course, I'll be involved, even though I had nothing to do with it. On the other hand, it's a snake.

Francis: Good man! I think I'm starting to bring out the rebel in you.

Stanley: Touching. Right. Sorry.

Malcolm: Stock car races!

Reese: Oh, cool!

Hal: That's right, boys. The real field of dreams, only with concrete instead of all that grass.

Hal: Here we go. Excuse us, please. Oh, boys, boys. You see that blue car down in front? Number 16?

Boys: Yeah.

Hal: That is Rusty Malcolm. Greatest man in the history of the sport. Maybe the greatest man ever. 15 NASCAR titles. Six world records. Inventor of the in-car urination system. The list is endless. And he came from nothing, just like you boys. You see, this is Rusty's last race ever. He's retiring. So, I wanted to share him with you before he went, so that you can see for yourselves how much you can accomplish in this world... with a little persistence and determination.

Guy in stand: Did you read that article in 'People' about him getting a divorce?

Hal: Shut your filthy mouth. You know, you were named after Rusty, Malcolm.

Malcolm: I was?

Hal: Yessiree, Bob. Took me two kids to win that argument.

Announcer: And there they go. Whoo! Gentlemen, start your excitement, because here they come! Woohoo! Whoo!

Dewey: He won! Rusty Malcolm won!

Hal: No, sweetheart. That was just the pace lap.

Malcolm: How many laps are there? Oh, hundreds. We've got four hours of this.

Malcolm: Four hours?!

Hal: Uh-huh.

Reese: Do we at least get to see any flaming wrecks?

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Hal: Reese, it's not about that. See, it's about strategy and technique. It's about the melding of man and machine. The wrecks are just sort of a bonus. Dewey...you can keep track of the laps.

Malcolm: Can we go get sodas?

Hal: What? Already? Well, okay. Guess it can't be a special day without sodas, huh? Here. Oh, wait, wait, wait, wait, wait. Get your dad a beer. Take my I.D. Come on, Rusty!

Lois: (vacuuming chair) Firecrackers. Malcolm. (finds porn magazine) I'm going to say Reese. Three rooms to go, and already I have enough evidence to ground them for life.

Malcolm: Dewey, stay with us. You're going to get lost.

Dewey: No, I won't. Yes, you will. You always do.

Reese: You know you could help. I'm watching him. He's right over - (looks around and Dewey is gone)

Malcolm (TC): Man, how does he do that? Totally your fault! He was right in your eye line. You don't pay attention to anything!

Reese: I pay attention. (finds burger on ground and shoves Score! (picks up burger and shoves it in his mouth)

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Reese: (mouth full of burger) Too slow.

Malcolm: Come on. Let's just go find Dewey. This place sucks. It's hot, it stinks... nobody's T-shirts cover their stomachs, and I'm bored out of my mind.

Reese: Hey. Look at that. Let's check it out.

Malcolm: I don't know. It doesn't just say 'keep out.' It says 'forbidden.'

Reese: And they wouldn't bother making it 'forbidden' if it wasn't something totally bitchin' on the other side.

Malcolm: Wow. I can't find a flaw in his logic.

Reese: Come on. What's the worst that could happen?

Malcolm: We didn't do anything!

Reese: I'm a diabetic. I need insulin.

Guard: Sit down!

Malcolm: You are such an idiot! (TC): It actually was pretty bitchin'. And I'm totally getting one of these for Christmas.

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Lois: (doorbell rings) What does the sign say?

Caroline: 'No soliciting.'

Lois: Well, that includes Jesus.

Caroline: No, it's Caroline Miller, Malcolm's teacher. I need to talk to you.

Lois: (frustrated) Yeah, come on in.

Caroline: Oh, spring cleaning?

Lois: Oh, ho. Yeah, I'm cleaning house, all right.

Caroline: I'm sorry to bother you at home, but when Malcolm didn't show up for school today...

Lois: What? Malcolm cut school today?

Caroline: Yeah, actually, not just today. Now, your first reaction is probably going to be one of understandable...

Lois: Wait! (writes on piece of paper) 'Ditching.' We have a winner!

Caroline: Anyway, this week we've been doing a lot of work on folk movement, and I-I think that Malcolm may be ditching because he's afraid that well, that he may not seem, graceful.

Lois: Oh, you're serious.

Caroline: Yes, I'm serious. I think he may have body issues.

Lois: Look, honey, you're probably very bright, but you've got a lot to learn about boys. First off, they're able to think maybe three minutes into the future, and it's our job to make sure that future comes crashing down on them within the time limit. Otherwise, they never learn anything. Help lift.

Caroline: (sees something gross under couch) Eew! What is that?

Lois: Don't be such a baby. I'll get the tongs.

Malcolm: I'll be Kevin. You be Clyde.

Reese: Think you can cry?

Malcolm: No. I got to feel it.

Reese: Ooh, I got an idea.

Malcolm: No!

Reese: Just follow my lead.

Malcolm: No, Reese. Whatever it is, no!

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Guard: Well, I guess you boys had some time to think about what you've done.

Malcolm: Yes, sir.

Guard: Look, I, uh, used to be your age... and I understand how tempting a place like that can be. And I guess you kids really didn't do any major harm...so I've decided to let you off - (Reese punches him)

Malcolm: (he and Reese run to the door) Open it!

Reese: It's locked!

Malcolm: Okay, I think I can cry now.

Announcer: And Rusty Malcolm has retaken the lead with only 100 laps to go.

Dream Rusty: Great beverage work, Hal!

Dream Hal: My pleasure, Rusty!

Announcer: Here comes Rusty Malcolm into the pits. It's going to be four tires...

Hal: Hey, how about that, boys? (sees their empty seats and sighs) Well, this just plain hurts my feelings.

Francis: Oh, man. Oh, ma... Stanley, I'm sorry, I...

Stanley: Wait. I'm trying to see if I'm inspired by its symbolic bid for freedom. No. I'm just really pissed.

Francis: Okay, don't overreact. It's just a snake, right? So, it's got to be around here somewhere. No big deal. (hears Patton whining in pain)

Spangler: Oh my God! Patton, no! (two gunshots can be heard)

Francis: (on phone) Hi, Mom. Uh, I was just thinking about how much I missed you guys, and I love you, and I was thinking I should come for a visit, you know, like today. There's a flight leaving in half an hour and I already booked it, so I just need your credit card number to -

Lois: Well, honey, here's the thing. Right now you are actually better off being as far away from me as possible.

Francis: But...

Lois: You got to trust me on this one, Francis...or, uh, should I say (takes fake ID from basket of Francis's stuff) 'Olaf Mortenson' of Wheatville, Montana? (Francis slams down phone)

Caroline: You know, I have learned more in two hours with you than I have in six years of teaching. So, did your life turn out anything at all like you planned?

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Lois: Oh, God, no. Oh, when I was a girl, I had all these crazy, romantic dreams. I wanted to be a blackjack dealer in an Indian reservation. Didn't work out. Stubby thumbs.

Caroline: Well, at least you have your home and your family. All I come home to every night are three howling cats And Bob.

Lois: Who's Bob?

Caroline: My shower head. (they both laugh) Do you have anything stronger?

Lois: (pulls out bottle) I'm way ahead of you.

Announcer: And it looks like Rusty Malcolm will win his final race!

Hal: Rusty! (looks around for boys) I can't believe they're missing this.

Announcer: Rusty Malcolm maintains the lead high off the third turn... (Dewey runs across track) What...? Oh, for the love of God!

Hal: (while everyone else panics about seeing Dewey) Rusty do something? Missed it! What'd he do?

Spangler: Men... a terrible tragedy has befallen us. At approximately 1700 hours, our beloved Patton was set upon by a serpent and devoured. I, myself, fired a few rounds as it slithered away, but, hampered by a lack of depth perception, my efforts were useless. Now... after an incident such as this, certain questions arise. Leaving aside for the moment why God feels the need to take away everything that I love... that leaves us with the matter of who is responsible. (Walks over to Francis and holds up hand) Can you explain that, Francis?

Francis: Yes, sir. I believe you lost that finger trying to start the school lawn mower.

Spangler: What is in the hand?

Francis: They appear to be Raisinettes, sir.

Spangler: They are snake droppings, found in your footlocker. Now, what do you have to say for yourself?

Francis: Sir, I'm obviously the victim of an elaborate conspiracy to frame me. It's just too perfect, sir.

Spangler: (angrily) Two months! No hot water, no television and an 8:00 p.m. curfew for the entire academy! Feel free to thank the cadet after I leave.

Francis: Could I ask one favor? Send a picture of me to my mom with 'I told you so' written across it.

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Cadets: Yeah! Whoo!
Finley: Way to go, man.

Francis: What?

Drew: We hated that yappy, little rat. Let's hear it for Francis, you guys! (everyone cheers)

Francis: (as cadets take turns to punch him) This is an improvement, right?

Hal: Reese!

Announcer: Rusty Malcolm wins the stock car -

Hal: Malcolm! Dew -

Dewey: Hi, Dad.

Hal: Hi. Where are your brothers? (sees guard with Reese and Malcolm) Oh, geez. Come on. Uh... what seems to be the trouble here, Officer, uh... Carl?

Guard: These your boys?

Hal: Yes, sir, that they are. Couldn't be prouder of them.

Guard: These are two of the worst kids I have ever encountered in my life. And I work the state fair.

Hal: Really? See, that must be fascinating - seeing people from all over, the different cultures...

Guard: I don't want to be a hard case here, but these kids physically attacked me. Plus, they completely destroyed a \$300 pneumatic drill... which someone's going to pay for.

Hal: Well, this all sounds pretty serious. But don't you worry, Officer Carl. They are going to hear all about it when I get them home. I'm just sorry that they had to put you through all of this. That's not fair. And I, uh, see, I fully intend to pay for - (kicks guard in the leg) Clyde, Kevin! Get to the car! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! (when they pull into the driveway) Ooh! (chuckles) Okay. All right, men. Well, I hope you've all learned something today, huh?

Malcolm (TC): I learned my dad is actually capable of doing something cool. I'm not saying violence is cool, but that was cool! I always wondered where we got it from.

Hal: (throwing evidence in bin) Program, tickets - huh. Your mother's paycheck. Now, boys, remember, as far as your mom knows, I have been at work all day. (laughs) Okay, go on. All right. (Hal and the boys go inside and see their baskets of stuff on the table. Lois is sitting there with a cup of tea)

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Malcolm: (TC):Well, at least she doesn't know I skipped school
all week.