

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

### FUNERAL TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm (reading) I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye.  
'Tis but the pale reflect of Cynthia's brow. Nor that  
is not the lark whose notes do beat the vaulty  
heavens so high above our heads. I have more care to  
stay than will to go. Come, Death. And welcome.  
(class cheers and claps)

Eraserhead: Yes! He nailed it!

Caroline: Malcolm, that was wonderful! So sensitive and full of  
passion. It was just beautiful.

Malcolm: (about Stevie smiling at him) Before you say  
anything, just remember we're best friends. So that  
wheelchair isn't going to stop me from kicking your  
ass.

Stevie: Bring it on, Homeo.

Lois: What do you mean what happens when you die? You're  
dead. That's it.

Hal: Now, honey, that's not quite true. Actually, son,  
after death your body undergoes a fascinating series  
of changes. First it bloats up like a balloon, then  
shrivels like a raisin. Then tiny microbes you can't  
even see, but are on you right now start to devour  
your flesh and return all the elements in your body  
back to the soil. Now, some people will tell you that  
your hair keeps growing, but that's... that's a myth.  
It's actually your head that shrinks.

Lois: Now go get ready for Aunt Helen's funeral. (Dewey  
quickly scrambles off the bed and leaves)

Malcolm: (on phone) Julie, listen, I'm sorry I'm canceling out  
so late.

Julie: That's okay. I mean, it's a funeral. So, were you  
close with your aunt?

Malcolm: No, but I guess my mom was. She keeps saying how  
important this is. Anyway, I'm really sorry.  
Especially since you're stuck with the extra ticket.

Julie: Well, that's okay. Maybe I'll ask Jimmy to go.

Malcolm: Who's Jimmy?

Julie: Jimmy Westcott. He plays football. Bye.

Malcolm: (TC): Oh, yeah. Life's fair.

Lois: Did you call that girl? Yes, I called her and told  
her I couldn't go to the concert and now she's  
probably going to invite someone else.

Lois: Well, Malcolm, I'm sorry that my mother's sister -

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

the woman who took care of me every day after school had to die and inconvenience your social life.

Malcolm: She does it on purpose. I could have made up a million different escape plans. But now my brain is filled with mom guilt.

Lois: Who's this?

Reese: How should I know.

Lois: Hal?

Hal: Beats me.

Lois: (calling) Dewey... is this a friend of yours?

Dewey: Uh-huh.

Lois: Who is he?

Dewey: I don't know.

Hal: What's your name, son?

Boy: Egg.

Hal: Did he say Greg?

Lois: I thought he said Craig.

Dewey: His name is Egg.

Hal: Egg?

Dewey: I named him.

Lois: Well, you can't keep him. He needs to go home, okay?

Dewey: Okay.

Malcolm (TC): This stinks. Whether it's a wedding, funeral or court date these family gatherings are always the same. I can't wait till I get zits. At least then I can fight back.

Lois: Hal, you have to get ready. Why are you still messing around with those record albums?

Hal: I thought I was going to spend today in the garage listening to them on my quadraphonic, but now that we're going to the funeral, I have to reseal the shrink wrap.

Lois: Hal!

Hal: I have to get my speech ready.

Lois: Honey, you know you don't have to talk at every funeral we go to.

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

Hal: I wish that were true. You see how people look to me when they ask if somebody has a few words to say?

Lois: They're not looking to you, they're looking at you.

Hal: To, at... what's the difference? (phone rings)

Lois: (answering phone) Hello.

Francis: Hey, Mom, I'm just warning you, someone claiming to be the Commandant might call you. It's this guy down the hall. Play along and pretend you believe him. He's totally harmless.

Lois: Francis, I can't talk to you right now. We're on our way to Aunt Helen's funeral.

Francis: Aunt Helen died?

Lois: Well, I sure hope so. We're going to her funeral.

Francis: Well, when did she die? Mom, why didn't anybody tell me?

Lois: We didn't want to have to worry you over nothing.

Francis: Nothing? She's dead. How's Uncle Fred taking it?

Lois: I don't think he's thought too much about it. He died about two months ago.

Francis: What?!

Lois: Francis, I'm sorry. I really have to go. Here, talk to your brother. (passes phone to Egg, thinking it's Dewey)

Francis: Mom? Hello?

Lois: (standing in boys' room) All right, let's see it.

Malcolm: (about his suit being too small) I can't breathe.

Lois: Fine. You know the drill. Upgrade. (after everyone is changed) See? Problem solved.

Reese: (now in tee-shirt and underwear) Hello?

Lois: Oh. Okay, well, you can wear one of the suits that Uncle Fred left you.

Reese: Aw, Mom, a dead suit? Cool. A dead suit.

Lois: (sees Egg in the doorway) Dewey, why don't you help your little friend find his way out?

Dewey: I did. He keeps coming back.

Reese: (closing door when Lois, Dewey and Egg leave) This thing's an open casket, right?

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

Malcolm: I think so. Why?

Reese: Because I'm going to stash this with Aunt Helen.

Malcolm: What is that?

Reese: It's a Mighty Man. Mom and Dad had it in their closet for some reason.

Malcolm: It's Dewey's birthday next week. This is his present.

Reese: Oh.

Malcolm: What'd you do to it?

Reese: I stomped on it.

Malcolm: Why would you do that?

Reese: Look, I don't know why I do the things I do. I just know I don't want to get caught. That's why Aunt Helen is getting a new friend.

Malcolm: You're going to bury that with her? You are so dead.

Reese: Hey, I watch lawyer shows. Mom will think I did it but she can't prove it without this. It's in the Constitution. No evidence, no conviction.

Hal: (sitting on bed looking at joke cards) Oh, yeah. Hi, honey. I finally found my joke cards. For some reason they were behind the water heater.

Lois: Really?

Hal: Hey, how's this? A priest, a rabbi and Uncle Fred are... (corrects himself) Aunt Helen... Are playing golf with Saint Peter. '

Lois: Hal, please.

Hal: (reads next card) Have you seen my pun file? It's in a box marked 'laughter thoughts'. (Lois looks blank) Laughter thoughts?

Francis: (on phone to Dewey) How did she die?

Dewey: Cats ate her face.

Francis: Dewey, I think you're confused. I'm asking about Aunt Helen.

Dewey: Cats ate her face.

Francis: Put Mom or Dad on the phone.

Hal: (on phone) Hello?

Francis: Dad, what happened to Aunt Helen?

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

Hal: Cats ate her face. Here, Dewey knows more about it than I do. (hands phone back to Dewey)

Malcolm: Mom, I hate wearing Reese's hand-me-downs. Look at this. Jelly in the pockets, the fly's broken and it smells like wet dog.

Lois: Well, you should be glad he only wore it once.

Malcolm (TC): You know, I'm trying to be there for Mom but the annoyances are starting to outweigh the guilt. I'm this close to sneaking out of the whole thing.

Lois: (taking Jelly from Malcolm with a tissue) Well, I suppose you're entitled to complain. After all, it's only my Aunt Helen.

Malcolm (TC): What is she, a mind reader?

Dewey: (on phone) And then there were ants on her bones and the police came.

Malcolm: Dad, listen...

Hal: can you think of anything that rhymes with cadaver?

Malcolm: How long is this funeral going to take?

Hal: Including traveling time? All day. (Malcolm sighs) I know, I know. But it will make your mom happy.

Malcolm: Mom really loved Aunt Helen, huh?

Hal: Oh, God, no. Your mom hated her.

Malcolm: What? She hated her?

Hal: Everyone did. Horrible woman. I used to have to forbid her from calling here 'cause she always made your mom cry.

Malcolm (TC): I can't believe Mom tricked me like that. I'll tell you one thing - I now consider myself totally free to ditch this funeral. I got to call Julie. (Grabs phone from Dewey) Hello?

Francis: Malcolm! Thank God, somebody I can talk to.

Malcolm: Sorry, I have to make a call. (hangs up)

Julie: So, your aunt's... not dead?

Malcolm: No. it turned out to be one of those comas where they think you're dead and they put you on the embalmer's table and you wake up at the last second. It was a close call.

Julie: Uh, okay. I guess we'll pick you up at 2:00.

Malcolm: Great. (TC): I figure I'll commit to it first and come up with a plan later. I always think better

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

under pressure...or is it when I'm not under pressure? Oh, well. Too late now.

Reese: I'm ready to go.

Hal: Yeah. Hey! You're taking a backpack to the funeral?

Reese: My back gets cold.

Hal: Fair enough.

Lois: Look, Francis, I guess I get scattered. You know, sometimes I forget what I told you and you're not here so...

Francis: I'm not there because you sent me away. I swear, I'm not even a part of this family anymore.

Lois: Francis, it's very important that you understand that is not true, but I don't have time right now.

Francis: Oh, I understand. It's not like it's a matter of life and death. Oh, wait, it is! Anyone else die in the last five minutes I should know about?

Lois: Francis, You wanna know everything that's been happening? Your father mowed the lawn, Reese polished off all the cereal and I dropped a frying pan on my foot and I got a big black mark. You want me to send a picture? (sees Egg throwing cutlery out of the drawer) Egg! Cut it out!

Francis: Who is Egg?

Lois: Oh, he's a new boy in the house.

Francis: What?!

Malcolm: (swinging something) Okay, it'll only hurt for a Second and I'll get out of the funeral. I can tell Julie a really cool story about how I got my black eye. Aw, I'm so gutless.

Reese: Why are you taking so long? Let's go.

Malcolm: Reese, listen. I know it sounds crazy but I need you to hit me. (Reese punches him in the stomach) Ow! You idiot! In the eye!

Reese: And leave a mark for Mom to see? Forget it. No bruises, no evidence...no crime.

Malcolm (TC): I guess we move on to plan B: lying.

Lois: What book report?

Malcolm: I just remembered. I have a big book report due tomorrow and I haven't even started reading it.

Malcolm (TC): Standard technique - You volunteer a small crime to distract them from looking for the big one.

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

Lois: So, what's the report on?

Malcolm: A Tale of Two Cities.

Lois: Oh, how many words?

Maoclm: 750.

Lois: Was that on your assignment sheet?

Malcolm: No, it's an addendum.

Lois: When did you get that?

Malcolm: Thursday. I didn't bring it home. That's why I forgot to do the assignment. (TC): Ooh, nice one.

Lois: Well, I suppose if it's school work...

Malcolm (TC): That's the mislead. Wait for the reverse.

Lois: A Tale of Two Cities. Who's that by?

Malcolm: Charles Dickens.

Lois: Oh, I thought it was Victor Hugo.

Malcolm: No, it's Dickens.

Lois: Is that the one with Jean Valjean?

Malcolm: That's Les Miserables.

Lois: No, no. Isn't A Tale of Two Cities the one with Jean Valjean, where he's says 'It's a far, far better thing I do...' right before he steals a loaf of bread?

Malcolm: No. Sidney Carton says that right before they behead him.

Lois: I thought you hadn't read it.

Malcolm: What? No. I said I hadn't written it.

Lois: And when is it due?

Malcolm: Tomorrow, I told you.

Lois: On Les Miiserables?

Malcolm: Yes. No! A Tale of Two Cities.

Lois: Which you haven't read yet.

Malcolm: Right.

Lois: But you just said you did.

Malcolm: No, I-I said I didn't, and then you said... it was

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

Thursday, and... Look, I just don't want to go to this stupid funeral. There's no reason for me to go and I want to go to the concert with Julie!

Reese: Let's go, let's go! I'll be waiting in the car.

Lois: Malcolm I am ashamed of you. Wanting to deny your poor Aunt Helen her due.

Malcolm: No, that won't work on me. Because I know you didn't love Aunt Helen. You hated her!

Lois: 'Course I hated her. What does that have to do with anything?

Malcolm: What?

Lois: Malcolm, this isn't about love. It's about family. We have a duty to this family and we are darn well going to do it.

Malcolm: But why? It's not fair. You can't just stick the word 'family' in front of something and turn everyone else into slaves. It makes no sense. No one liked this woman so why do we have to pretend like we did now? What good will it do anybody?

Lois: Hal?

Hal: I got nothing.

Lois: I could really use some support here.

Hal: Excuse me? I am being incredibly supportive. I'm giving up my entire day for this-this thing, and you don't hear me complaining.

Lois: Hal, it was a bunch of old record albums. It's not like you're not giving up something important.

Hal: Well, they're important to me.

Lois: You-You people. I can't believe you. I asked you to do one thing that...

Francis: (through phone) You're not asking; you're ordering.

Lois: (slamming phone on bench several times) After all I do for this family. I cook, I clean, I spackle, I plunge and none of it means anything to any of you people. And the one time I ask you for something - something that I shouldn't even have to ask you for - and all I get are complaints!

Hal: Well, what about me, hmm? You think I want to be cleaning out the gutters when I could be surfing the beaches of Europe or-or cruising around on my hog?

Lois: What hog?

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

Hal: Ah-ha! Exactly. Where's my hog?! (Lois throws off her apron and proceeds to leave) Where do you think you're going?

Lois: I have had it! From now on, no one has to do anything. We can all just do whatever we want, and I want to take a bubble bath!

Hal: Fine! (storms off outside to garage)

Malcolm (calling) So, that's a 'yes' on the concert?

Hal: (in bathroom, where Lois is in the bath) Are you going to be in there all day?

Lois: If I feel like it.

Hal: Fine. Just so you know, when I'm done in the garage, I'm using the bathroom whether you're in here or not.

Reese: Mom, I think we should go to Aunt Helen's funeral. I mean, she was a good woman. It's the least we can do.

Lois: I don't know what you're trying to pull Reese, but I don't like it.

Reese: Am I the only one that cared about her?

Lois: Yeah, You're the good one. Enjoy your moment in the sun. And get out of here. This is me time.

Malcolm: (holding up two shirts) Hey, Reese, which one stinks more? (Reese runs up and kicks over the bin) What's your problem?

Reese: You couldn't keep your big mouth shut until after the funeral. Now I'll have to wait for another relative to die to bury this thing. It could be weeks.

Malcolm: You'll think of something.

Reese: No, I won't. You have good ideas all the time but for me, this was special. (walks off)

Malcolm: Hey! You can't leave this mess here. I've got a guest coming over.

Reese: Too bad. Thanks to you, no one has to do anything anymore. Its anarchy, baby. That's the word, right?

Malcolm: Um... Mom? I was just wondering if you could wash this shirt for me?

Lois: (laughing) You must be joking.

Malcolm: But you're the only one that knows how to use the washer and dryer without getting shocked. Please?

Lois: Well... since you said please. (Rinses shirt in bath water) There you go. All washed.

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

Hal: (talking to his record player) I think you've been in the garage long enough. Okay. (Plugs cord in and there is a big electrical flash) Gosh! Well, no, no, no. You are going to get your own outlet. Uh... okay, here we go. Okay... okay, here we are. Come on. Come on. Gotcha!

Oh, for - No, not my problem today. (starts up record player, sits down and starts grooving)

Lois: (to Egg) Hand me that loofah.

Dewey: He wants juice.

Lois: Go get your own juice.

Dewey: You said I'm not supposed to.

Lois: (sighing) You're right. Okay, from now on you are officially old enough to get your own juice. Poof.

Dewey: (spilling juice all over floor) Darn it. Darn it. Darn it. (calling) Mom, I spilled!

Lois: So? Clean it up.

Malcolm: (Blow-drying his shirt) Green apple soap. Girls like green apples, right? Oh, man, she got my pants wet, too. (undoes belt buckle)

Julie: (yelling over music) Hello? Is Malcolm here? Is Malcolm here?!

Hal: Huh?

Julie: Malcolm?! (opens boys' bedroom door) Malcolm?

Malcolm: Julie!

Julie: Nothing. (Runs off down hall, trips over record player cord, slides across sudsy floor where Dewey is wiping up his juice, and lands head-first in the rubbish bin)

Malcolm: Oh, my God! Are you okay?

Julie: I just wanted to be nice. People told me not to come to your house. But I thought they were just being silly!

Malcolm: Julie, I'm sorry. Things aren't usually like this. Just give me a minute and I'll be ready to go.

Julie: I don't want to go anymore! Just leave me alone!

Malcolm: (stomps on record player cord, and record cuts out) (yelling at Hal) How could you let her see me in my underwear? (Storms off into bathroom) Mom, this has gone too far. You have to do something. It's not supposed to be like this.

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

We're not supposed to injure my friends. We're not supposed to let people see me in my underpants. We're supposed to be there for each other.

Lois: Like when a family member dies, and we're supposed to go to their funeral?

Malcolm: I'll be in my room. (lying on bed, on phone to Francis) Then she slid into the trash and ran off. I swear, this whole family is falling apart.

Francis: Yes! I knew this moment would come. They don't have their scapegoat around so everything goes to hell. No one realized that I'm the one who held this family together. Without me to blame everything on they don't know what to do with themselves.

Malcolm: A scapegoat... thanks.

Francis: Mom thinks... (Malcolm hangs up on him)

Malcolm: (TC): He's right. This family needs a scapegoat. I started this, so I should be the one to end it. (goes into living room where Hal, Lois, Reese and Dewey are) I did a terrible thing today. I tore this family apart and I'm really sorry for that. But... it's not half as bad... as what Reese did! (Opens Reese's backpack and pulls out destroyed Mighty Man)

Lois; Oh, my God! Was this Dewey's present?

Dewey: Present?

Lois: Reese, how could you? Do you know how expensive this was? Hal?

Hal: I'm on it. That was a terrible thing to do to your little brother.

Malcolm: (sitting in armchair) There's more. He was going to bury it with Aunt Helen.

Hal: You were going to make Aunt Helen spend eternity with a crushed Mighty Man?

Dewey: M-Mighty Man?

Lois: I can't believe you.

Hal: This is a whole new low, Reese.

Reese: First of all, this is all circumstantial. I don't know how that thing got in my backpack. As for this Aunt Helen business, no one knows what I would've done at that funeral because we're not going.

Lois: Who says we're not going?

Reese: You did.

Lois: Well, you can guess again. You are going to march

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

right up to that coffin and apologize to that poor, dead woman. (tp Hal) We all are.

Hal: All right, everyone in the car as is. We'll have to drive creatively, but we might make it to the funeral on time. Let's go. Chop, chop, here we go! Egg! Come on!

Hal: (at funeral, giving speech) Aunt Helen used to say 'oh, you're going to miss me when I'm gone.' And, uh, by the looks of today's turnout I could see it wasn't just an idle threat.

Lois: (on phone to Francis) Yeah, Francis, your father's giving a speech and it's actually kind of good.

Man: Can I get my phone back?

Lois: I'm almost done, sweetie. Oh, Aunt Helen looks just lovely. (yelling at Reese who is in the corner) You turn right back around, mister! You'll never guess what Reese did.

Malcolm (TC): Well, it's been a pretty productive day. I made Julie Houlerman hate me. Reese is going to kill me the second we get home, and right now Aunt Helen is personally bad-mouthing me to God. (picks up glass of water) You want some more water, Uncle Louie?

Uncle Louie: Sure.

Malcolm (TC): I need someone to put in a good word for me.