

## CHEERLEADER TRANSCRIPT

The Krelboyne class are singing.

Krelboynes:   Doo, be, doo, be, doo,  
                  Doo, be, doo-be-doo,  
                  Doobee, doobee, doobee-do,  
                  Doo, be, doo-be-doo,  
                  Doobee-doobee-do be-dah,  
                  Doobee-doobee-do be-dah,  
                  Doo, be, doo, be, doo,  
                  Doobee-doobee-do be-dah,  
                  Doo, boo, doo, be-bah,  
                  Doo, be...  
                  Doo, doo, doobee, doo, be... doo, doo-wah. (bell rings)

Caroline:       All right class, recess is over.

Krelboynes:    Ohhhhhh man!

Caroline:       I know.

(Malcolm comes in)

Caroline:       Malcolm I think you should say something to your classmates. They stayed inside while you were out playing ball with your friends.

Malcolm:       Thanks!

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm is waking up.

Malcolm:       Oh man. I don't know why mom makes me get up at eight. School doesn't even start till 8:15! (goes to the bathroom, where he sees Reese combing his hair) What are you doing?

Reese:          Nothing.

Malcolm:       You look different.

Reese:          I took a shower.

Malcolm:       I knew it!

Cut to the living room where Dewey is watching the news.

Reporter:       ...on the state-legislature-sponsored initiative limiting the cabinet's attitude of overanalyzing past and current positions.....this type of governmental interference. In international news-

Dewey imagines the reporter is saying:

Reporter:       Boring boring boring. I'm incredibly boring. Do you know who's boring? Me. boring loring zoring soring boring...why haven't you changed the channel yet? (Dewey switches to cartoons)

Cut to the kitchen. Reese sits down to eat his breakfast, and the rest of the family stares at him.

Reese:          What? I took a shower. Is that a crime?

Lois: Reese, is this going to be a daily thing, because we have a schedule.

Hal: Honey, I'll handle this. Son, are you on drugs?

Reese: No, it's just – WHY DOESN'T EVERYONE JUST LEAVE ME ALONE?  
(runs off)

Malcolm (TC): Wow! Usually we don't get someone storming off from the table until *after* pancakes.

Cut to Dewey watching TV.

Advertisement: Hey kids! It's a new improved Herby! Now with super sleepy fuzzy fur!

Herby: I'm sleepy.

Advertisement: Herby is not available in stores. Order yours now through the special -

Dewey imagines the Herby talking to him:

Herby: Hi Dewey! I can make you happy. I can make your brothers be nice to you! I can get you out of school. Your parents want to buy me for you. All you've gotta do is ask them. They're right there in the kitchen! Go on... yeah, go ask them.

Dewey: Mom, can you buy me a Herby?

Lois: No. They're too expensive. (Dewey's imagination) Maybe. Ask me again in 4 seconds.

Dewey: Can you buy me a Herby please?

Lois: Didn't you just hear me? (Dewey's imagination) Ask louder!

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Commandant Spangler is yelling at Francis.

Spangler: Son, what were you thinking? Stealing 200 frogs from the biology lab and setting them loose on the highway!

Francis: I was freeing the alleged frogs, sir. Killing live animals in the name of science is inhumane.

Spangler: No! Inhumane is sitting in a car for two and a half hours when I live only eight blocks from campus.

Francis: Sir, I didn't mean –

Spangler: I am tired of all the things you didn't mean to do. You didn't mean to come in four hours after curfew. You didn't mean to replace the morning reveille record with a selection from trip-hop wizard Tricky. Maybe I should just rename this "Francis' 'I didn't mean to' file."

Francis: That would be a bold choice, sir.

Spangler: Glibness. What a surprise. I'm giving you exactly ten seconds to tell me why I shouldn't put you on latrine detail for the rest of this semester.

Francis: Okay. Um, why shouldn't I have to clean toilets for the next three months? It's an intriguing question. Is that a new tie, sir?

Spangler: Four seconds.

Francis: What a beautiful beach. Did you take this, sir? You've truly captured your young male friend's Speedo.

Spangler: That is a picture of me. Now if I were you, I wouldn't try to distract me and...

Francis: Sir? Sir?

Spangler: Hmm? That'll be all, cadet.

Reese is crying in the bathroom. Malcolm opens the door and he quickly stops.

Malcolm: Were you crying?

Reese: No, I was reading.

Malcolm: You don't read.

Reese: Just shut the door, Krelboyne. (Malcolm closes door, Reese continues crying. Malcolm opens door again) I'm still in here, perv. (Malcolm closes door again, Reese starts crying again. Malcolm quickly opens door and catches him)

Malcolm: Ha! You're crying. Oh, man. You're crying. You don't want to talk about it, do you?

Reese: It's about a girl. I should've just walked away. Wendy Finnerman-- she hates me. I don't know what to do. I tried everything to make her like me. I'm toilet-papering her house tonight. If that doesn't work, I'm out of ideas.

Malcolm: Look, Reese, maybe I can help you.

Reese: What am I supposed to do?

Malcolm: I don't know. Just try anything that doesn't make her cry.

Reese: I guess you can start off by finding out stuff about her. You know, do the things she likes to do.

Reese: Is that before or after I go TP her house?

Malcolm: Instead.

Reese: All right. I'll try it your way.

Malcolm: Thanks.

Reese: No problem.

Malcolm (T): I know I'm going to pay for this, but... (yells) Reese loves Wendy! Reese loves Wendy! Ha, ha.

Wildcats: Go, Wildcats, go. Go, Wildcats, go, go. Go, Wildcats, go, go. Go, Wildcats, go, go.

Reese: That's it.

Malcolm: (sees Reese in Cheerleader uniform and screams) Reese! Why are you

dressed like that?

Reese: I figured out what she likes. I saw her cheering for the football team, so I joined the cheerleading squad.

Malcolm: Why didn't you join the FOOTBALL team, doofus?

Reese: She's a cheerleader.

Malcolm: Reese, you're a guy. Guy cheerleaders are the lowest of the low. Worse than band, worse than Krelboynes. The only thing lower is that guy that never takes his hand out of his butt.

Reese: Oh, Chester? He's a cheerleader too. Does a lot of solo work.

Malcolm: (TC): I tried to help him. I gave him advice. I tried reasoning with him. There's only one thing left to do - sit back and laugh my ass off.

Malcolm: Good luck.

Spangler: Come in, cadet.

Francis: Look, sir...

Spangler: I have the floor. In the short time that you have been under my care, we have had our share of conflicts. In all my efforts to get through to you I have tried every method I know how.

Francis: And besides mental and physical abuse, sir, exactly which methods would those be?

Spangler: This photo made me realize something. I used to be like you. Insolent, arrogant, cavalier.

Francis: Sir, I...

Spangler: Floor. Now, son, you are on the precipice. Now, I am going to tell you a story about my life in the hopes of finally getting you to straighten yourself out. In the coming hours, you are going to hear things that are going to horrify you.

Francis: It sounds illuminating, sir, but I have biology.

Spangler: I've taken the liberty of cancelling your next three classes. Son, do you know what a wet nurse is?

Cut to Dewey, watching cartoons. He reaches under the cushion on the couch, pulls out a small toy which, imagining it is candy, he tries to eat. The Herby advertisement comes on.

Herby: (Dewey's imagination) Dewey, have you forgotten me? I thought we were friends. All of the boys and girls on your street are my friends. They all bought me. Your parents have lots of money. They're just hiding it. But I don't want you to buy me for me. It's for your own good. I didn't want to tell you this, but if you don't buy me, you'll die.

Lois: Honestly, Hal, I don't know what's wrong with Reese.

Hal: Oh, he's just a little slow.

Lois: No. I mean the way he's been acting.

Reese: Hey, Mom, where's the iron? (finds it) Ah.

Hal and Lois: It's a girl.

Lois: Hal, it's time for the talk.

Hal: I don't know what you mean.

Lois: The talk, Hal.

Hal: Oh, geez, he's a little young, don't you think? You waited so long with Francis; look what happened there.

Hal: All right, but if I'm giving the talk, all three boys are getting it at the same time. And I'm not doing it again. So if we have any more kids, they're on their own.

Dewey: (imagination) Mom? Dad? I'd really like a Herbie doll. I know it's expensive, but I don't ask for a lot. And I've been very good lately. (Lies on floor screaming) I want it! I want it! I want it! I want it! I want it! I want it! I want it!

Lois: Looks like he found the sugar.

Hal: Oh, doesn't he look just like a little dust mop?

Cheerleaders: Ready? Hit it. B-E A-G-G-R-E-S-S-I-V-E! B-E A-G-G-R-E-S-S-I-V-E! What's that spell? Be aggressive! B-E aggressive! V-I-C-T-O-R-Y. That's the Wildcats' battle cry.

Stevie: What a... geek. I never thought... I'd get... to say that.

Malcolm: Oh, my God. I'm a Krelboyne with a brother who's a cheerleader. I can wet my pants in public and it would be a lateral move.

Cheerleaders: ...O-R-Y. That's the Wildcats' battle cry. Success! Victory... success! Victory, yes!

Wendy: (after Reese stomps on her foot) Ow! So clumsy.

Lloyd: Hey, Malcolm. You think your brother will lend me his corset?

Malcolm (TC): When a Krelboyne makes fun of you, you know you're in trouble.

Lloyd: See, that comment was playing off the concept that we all have specific notions of gender-appropriate roles.

Malcolm (TC): At least they're no good at it.

Spangler: So there we were - the ocean, my stepfather and me. As the storm raged overhead, he made one final lunge for the rudder. I ripped it from his hands and stared him down. He knew that I was prepared to kill him. I left port that day a 16-year-old boy. I returned a man.

Francis: That was an amazing story, sir. I mean, I was skeptical at first, but we do have something in common. I mean, look at the way both our mothers abandoned us.

Spangler: What are you talking about?

Francis: You know, how I was shipped off here and you were left with your wet nurse.

Spangler: That story had nothing to do with my mother. It had to do with me finally taking responsibility for my own actions.

Francis: Just sounded like she may have been a little bit distant.

Spangler: Well, that is none of your business. I swear, you are absolutely fixated on mothers.

Francis: I am not fixated.

Spangler: Can you name one thing in your life that you don't blame on your mother?

Francis: Sure. I'm sorry. I was just giving an opinion.

Spangler: Well, it's that pop psychology nonsense that –

Francis: It is nothing to get defensive about.

Spangler: I am not defensive. Every time anybody denies a lie, they're called defensive.

Francis: Fine. I take it back. Your mother was a saint.

Spangler: I am not saying that at all.

Reese: Does this look anything like a "Q"?

Malcolm: Reese, just stop this. You're acting like a moron. And you're making no progress with Wendy. And what the hell do you need a "Q" for anyway?

Reese: You're right. I'm terrible. I'm just not coordinated unless I'm hitting somebody. But I really like her. I have to get good.

Malcolm: Listen to the words. Good. Boy. Cheerleader. Quit while you still have some dignity.

Reese: Oh, and let her think I'm a quitter?

Malcolm: You can't even remember a simple six-step routine.

Reese: There's six steps?

Malcolm: Yes. It's just right, left, right, left, reverse, pose.

Reese: You remember that from just watching?

Malcolm: You guys did it, like, ten times.

Reese: So... you know my routine?

Malcolm: It's not that hard.

Reese: But... you know my routine.

Malcolm: Yes, I do. Look, I know where this is going...

Reese: No, you don't. You're going to help me.

Malcolm: That is where I was going.

Reese: Oh. Good. Let's get started.

Malcolm: No!

Reese: Come on! You have to!

Malcolm: No. Don't you know how embarrassing that could be for me?

Reese: I know what's more embarrassing.

Malcolm: What?

Reese: Getting beaten into a coma by a good boy cheerleader.

Spangler: My mother was neither a Madonna or a whore! She was a damn fine woman!

Reese: Stick your arms out! We have to sell this!

Malcolm: Can you move your hand a little to the left?

Reese: Spread your legs!

Malcolm: No!

Reese: I said spread your legs!

Malcolm: No!

Lois: It's time for the talk, Hal.

Malcolm: I'm not spreading my legs!

Cheerleaders: Fight, fight, fight! Fight harder, Wildcats! Help us out! Fight! Fight, fight, fight! Fight harder, Wildcats! Help us out! Fight! We got spirit! Wildcats, we got spirit! Wildcats, we got what? What, what, what, what? What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what? We got spirit! Wildcats, we got spirit! Wildcats, we got what? What, what, what, what? What, what, what, what, what, what, what, what? We got spirit! Whoo!

Chester: Yes! Yes.

Wendy: Reese, that was incredible. Who's been helping you on your spirit kicks?

Reese: (does something to Wendy then laughs)

Cut to the house, where Reese is crying in the bathroom again.

Malcolm: Come on, Reese, I really have to go!

Reese: (crying) I'm the most worthless, putrid loser in the world. Everybody hates me. I hate me.

Hal: Your brother in there?

Malcolm: Where else?

Hal: Reese? Come on out. We need to have a talk.

Malcolm: Finally.

Hal: Malcolm, you're in on this talk too.

Malcolm: Me?! Why do I have to be here?

Hal: Relax. It's going to be far worse for me than it is for you. (once he and boys are seated on the floor in the boys' room) Boys, this talk is very important, so I need your undivided attention. (Dewey's imagination) It's very important that you be bored and squirm a lot. (Reality) Now, I want to tell you about what happens when a boy really, really likes a girl. And Dewey, I'll try to make this easy for you to understand. (Picks up two action figures)

Malcolm (TC): Ah. Aw, man, I still play with that.

Hal: Here we go. There's a certain thing that happens between normal, healthy people. It's called chemistry. (robot fires something out) Well, that doesn't happen, except maybe the first time. What does happen is this: (Pretends with action figures)

Male Figure: I like you.

Female Figure: I like you, too.

Hal: And if they love each other and take the proper precautions, they'll have sex. But I've told you about that already.

Dewey: Not me.

Hal: Well... ask your brothers.

Hal: Now, unfortunately, if the boy is from our family it goes a little more like this:

Male Figure: I like you.

Female Figure: I hate you!

Male Figure: Now I love you!

Female Figure: Leave me alone! Your insane neediness is driving me away!

Male Figure: Look at me! Look at me! Look, oh, I'm crazy! Lookit! Ooh! Ooh! Pay attention to me! Look at me! Look at me! I'm crazy! I'm an idiot! I'm an idiot! Watch me crash and burn!

Hal: There's no explaining it. It's hereditary, and it goes back for generations. Francis has it; so does Uncle Pete. It's why your great grandpa went to work on that oil rig in Peru. All I know is your mother must carry some sort of internal antidote, because, through some fluke, I was lucky enough to get her. I just wanted you boys to know what you were in for.

Spangler: (crying) There was so much I wanted to tell her, but she was gone... and I... I...



Francis: Come on, sir. Just say it.

Spangler: I hated her! All these issues with my mother. I know now that this was not an accident.

Francis: You know, talking with you has helped me work out some things with my own family. I mean, all those years I blamed my parents for every senseless act of self-destruction. And all this time I was at least partially responsible for a couple of them. (Bell rings) It really means a lot to me to know that I can come to you when I need to talk.

Spangler: (angrily) Familiarity breeds contempt, cadet. (slams door in Francis's face)

Malcolm: (sees Reese cutting up his Cheerleader uniform) What are you doing?

Reese: What's the point? You heard Dad. I'm doomed!

Malcolm: You can't quit! I've worked too hard for you to quit!

Reese: I hate to inform you, brain boy, it's not about you, it's about me.

Malcolm: That's before I spent an entire day with your hand on my ass! You owe me!

Reese: I can't help you.

Malcolm: Yes, you can! You can break the cycle Dad was talking about! You have to talk to Wendy!

Reese: I can't! I freeze up!

Malcolm: Do you want to end up like Francis... or Uncle Pete?

Reese: I don't care anymore! Anything's better than this!

Malcolm: Even marrying Mom?

Dewey is watching TV, when Hal and Lois sit down next to him.

Hal: Dewey, your mother and I want to talk to you. You're a good boy. But in life being good doesn't always get you the things that you want. What I'm trying to say is that when your mother and I don't buy you a toy, it doesn't mean that we don't love you. Hmm? You have to learn that disappointment is all part of being a grown-up. But, luckily... you're not a grown-up yet! Ta-da! (Brings out Herby)

Dewey: Wow! (Cuddles Herby)

Lois: (laughing) Oh, come on, how cute is that?

Herby: (Dewey's imagination) Break me.

Dewey: Okay. (Goes off with Herby)

Cheerleader Girl: Okay, set in a row. Ready? Here we go.

Reese: Wendy?

Wendy: Did you say something?

Reese: Wendy, I really like you. Like when a boy likes a girl-- normal and healthy? I'm sorry for hurting you all those times. I'm really not a bad guy. Anyways... thanks.

Wendy: I like you, too.

Reese: Really?

Wendy: Yeah. I even kind of liked your bad boy side, too. (they hold hands, and their human pyramid collapses)

Malcolm: (about the Cheerleaders falling over) Oh, my God!

Stevie: Call...nine...one...one!

Spangler: Hello, Mother? It's Edwin. Yes, it has been a long time.

Advertisement: So be sure to try the new and improved Chip-A-Roo cookie today.

Cookie: (Hal's imagination) I can make you taller, I can make you better-looking. If you eat enough of me, I can make you president, maybe even emperor of the world.

Hal: Honey, can you buy me a box of these cookies?

Cookie: Make it two.

Hal: Make it two boxes.