

Transcript from Malcolm-France

ROLLERSKATES TRANSCRIPT

Reese: This isn't fair.

Malcolm: Yes, it is. It's absolutely fair.

Dewey: I'm getting hungry.

Malcolm: We're doing it my way.

Dewey: They're getting cold.

Malcolm: Do you want 'em divided up fairly or not?

Reese: You have more than me.

Malcolm: No, I don't. We all have 29 inches of fries so far. I have two four-inchers, five three-inchers and three two-inchers. You have five five-inchers and a four-incher. They're exactly the same. (grabs fry from Dewey) Dewey. Okay, we're going to assume this was a four-incher from the share pile. 117 minus three times 29 divided by three minus... we each take a two-inch bite out of this one. (TC): Last week we had curly fries. It took us three hours.

Cut to the street, where Malcolm (in shoes), Reese and Stevie are playing Street Hockey with some neighbourhood kids.

Stevie: Good... game.

Malcolm: This... sucks.

Stevie: You... mocking me?

Malcolm: No... tired.

Stevie: Get... skates.

Malcolm: Can't. Dad. My dad was some kind of skating champion a long time ago. He made a rule - no one in the family could buy skates until after they take lessons from him.

Stevie: So take... the lessons.

Malcolm: You don't get it. My dad's like a total fanatic about skating. He doesn't even call it skating. He calls it 'the brotherhood of the wheel'. He taught Francis and Reese and they've never been the same after.

Reese: Gretzky shoots! He scores! He laughs at the other Canadians!

Malcolm: Hey, Reese, remember when Dad taught you how to skate?

Reese: I don't want to talk about it.

Malcolm: Why can't you just tell me what it was like?

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Reese: One, I'm not supposed to, and two, I don't even like to think about it. It makes me cry.

Lois: Hey, hey, hey! What's wrong with you? You know you're not supposed to skate in the house.

Reese: Everyone else in the world gets to.

Lois: Wait a minute. Somebody stepped in something. Oh, my God. Oh, my God! What a mess! Reese... what did you roll in?

Reese: Oh, man.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom, where Lois is lying in bed, moaning in pain.

Hal: You have to admit, it is kind of funny - yelling so loud you actually throw out your back. Just try to relax. Got the baby monitor all set up here. Now, if you need anything, just holler - but not too loud - and I will get on it.

Lois: (shrieking) Oh, God. Sorry. Oh, God.

Hal: Why don't you just take the pain medicine the doctor gave you?

Lois: Because they make me loopy. I will not have this house come crashing down around me because I'm hopped up on goofballs.

Reese: Mom, I'm really sorry. Are you okay?

Lois: Oh, Reese, come to Mama. Closer, sweetheart. Are you happy you crippled your mother?

Reese: Mom...Are you? Mom. Mom...

Francis: Survival weekend? What does that mean?

Stanley: That means we get to spend two whole days out in the wilderness... with limited supplies and no food.

Francis: You're kidding, right?

Stanley: No. It's an excellent way to learn basic survival techniques.

Francis: It's two days in the woods. Our parents are paying for room and board. Where does that money go? Sounds like a big scam.

Stanley: Maybe so, but you're doing it.

Francis: What?

Stanley: Francis, I let you blow off a lot of things around here... but this is something I believe in. It's a character builder. I think it'll be good for you.

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Francis: How could it be good for me? No food, no shelter.

Stanley: No broken clavicles.

Francis: That's something inside me, right?

Lois: What are you doing?

Reese: Nothing.

Lois: Get a glass. Don't you dare! When I get well, I am going to beat you blue, mister! Get a glass!

Reese: All right. Okay.

Dewey: Can I have some milk?

Lois: Yes, but get a glass.

Dewey: Okay.

Malcolm: Hello, Francis. I have a problem. I need your advice.

Francis: Trust me, whatever you're going through is not half as bad as what I'm facing.

Malcolm: I'm thinking of asking Dad for skating lessons. (Francis sharply inhales) Why does everyone do that? What does he do?

Francis: Look, if I told you, you'd just freak out. But if you think you're ready, my advice is to get it over with quickly. It's like pulling a giant Band-Aid off your crotch.

Malcolm: I'm going to have a Band-Aid on my crotch?

Lois: Who are you talking to?

Malcolm: Francis.

Lois: Hi, sweetie.

Francis: Hi, Mom.

Lois: Oh, I am in such pain because of my back. The doctor says I have to stay in bed for three days -

Francis: Mom...

Lois: with my leg on a pillow and then put ice on it.

Francis: Look, Mom.

Lois: Have you ever heard of such a thing? I never heard of such a thing. That doesn't make any sense to me. (to Hal, who brings her a sandwich) Oh, thanks, honey.

Hal: Here you go.

Lois: One more thing.

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Hal: Yeah?

Lois: Stop trying to drug my food. Where was I? Francis? W-Where...?

Francis: Your back.

Lois: Oh, yeah. So they say that my fourth and fifth vertebrae are out of alignment. Apparently my shoulder muscles are asymmetrical. Did you ever hear of such a thing? They say it's genetic. It's the first case of scream-induced back trauma they've ever seen. They paraded every Tom, Dick and Harry through that room to look at me. I'm lying there with that little flimsy paper thing on me with my rear end flapping in the breeze for all the world to see.

Hal: Boys, they're called Gut-Busters. They take a sausage, stuff it with cheese, wrap it with bacon, and shove it in that deep-fat fryer full of lard. They're indescribable. Bon appétit. Malcolm, where have you been? You got to get in on this.

Malcolm: Dad... I want skating lessons.

Hal: Son, do you know, once you start there's no going back?

Malcolm: I know.

Hal: This means total commitment. Once you begin the path, there is no leaving the path. Are you sure you're ready for that? I mean really ready?

Malcolm: I-I guess so.

Hal: Neat. We'll start tomorrow. Come on, dig in before they harden. (at the school, teaching Malcolm to skate) Let's do it. Stretch. Nose to knees, nose to knees, and... release.

Malcolm: Ooh.

Hal: You feeling a little limber now?

Malcolm: Mostly I feel sleepy.

Hal: Well, we have to start early. We've got a lot of ground to cover. Rule number one: you can't question my ways. I'm the top skate-dog. Understood? You may not like my methods, but let me just show you what you can accomplish if you stick with it.

Malcolm (TC): (after watching Hal's skating demo) Should I be impressed or horrified? (to Hal) Dad, that was unbelievable.

Hal: Whew! That routine won me a gold medal, a macrame plant hanger, and your mother's heart all in the same afternoon. Want to see your skates?

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Malcolm: Yeah.

Hal: Come on. I prefer a Saratoga four-wide... but I know you kids like that in-line stuff. So...

Malcolm: Whoa! They're beautiful!

Hal: They are, aren't they?

Malcolm: Wait, I don't get to wear them?

Hal: Oh, no... you're not ready for those just yet. That's just your incentive. One step at a time, Malcolm. Roll to the goal. Huh? You're going to start with these.

Malcolm: Why do I have to...

Hal: Ah-ah-ah. Top skate-dog. Now, let's see you skate through those cones.

Malcolm: I don't have skates.

Hal: Your skates are in here. Go on. Glide... and glide... Let your arms work with - Slow down. Slower. Slower.

Drew: This is going to rule. All I'm taking is a canteen... a knife, my bedroll and some emergency rations.

Cadet #1: Wuss. Canteen, knife, survival blanket.

Drew: That's all? Dude, hard-core.

Stanley: Let's rock. You ready?

Francis: Ready as I'll ever be. (screams)

Stanley: What is it?

Francis: My back. I can't move. It happens sometimes. It's genetic. My shoulder muscles are asymmetrical and it pulls my vertebrae out of alignment. I'll be fine. I just need to ice it.

Stanley: Which vertebrae?

Francis: Fourth and fifth.

Stanley: All right. Take him to his room.

Hal: Hands out front so you get a balance. Hold it... Hold it.

Malcolm: Why am I doing this?

Hal: Stop clouding your mind. This is a process.

Malcolm: Dad, it's street hockey, not clown school.

Hal: Process... And one and down and over.

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Malcolm: When am I ever going to use this?

Hal: Full range of motion. And point and bump, and point and bump... and point and bump, and then we glide.

Malcolm: How about my skates? Can I at least try on my skates?

Hal: Absolutely not. You need at least two more days.

Malcolm: Two days?

Hal: Uh-huh.

Malcolm: I know enough to play a stupid game of street hockey now. That's all I care about.

Hal: Malcolm, we go at the speed I say. This is about safety and proper technique.

Malcolm: But it doesn't make any sense.

Hal: That's because you're not in a skating state of mind. Now, that's it. Okay? We're done. Go home. You know what? Thanks to your attitude we are now a day behind.

Malcolm: Fine!

Hal: The boy's fighting me, Lois. Oh, he's got the talent, but he's reckless and wild.

Lois: Fine. I'll talk to him.

Hal: That's not what I'm asking. Well, that's what going to ha - (groans in pain)

Hal: Would you just take the darn pill... dear?

Malcolm: I can't believe he cut me off.

Reese: You questioned his ways. Never question his ways. That just makes it take even longer. You going to go play hockey? I'll see you out there... in a month or two.

Malcolm (TC): I don't know how yet, but there's definitely a way I can justify this. (Climbs up to get skates down)

Hal: Malcolm!

Malcolm (TC): Dang, I thought I'd at least get a few minutes in before he busted me. You know what? Screw it. I'm sick of this.

Hal: What do you think you're doing?

Malcolm: Taking my skates to go play hockey.

Hal: Absolutely not; we had an agreement.

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Malcolm: Agreement? You just like bossing me around!

Hal: And you like fighting me every step of the way!

Malcolm: Because you're treating me like a baby! The stuff you're teaching me is stupid.

Hal: Okay, that's it. You just lost these, pal.

Malcolm: Oh, yeah? Well F*** you. (TC): You heard me.

Cut to Francis, alone at Military School, watching TV and eating an ice cream.

Woman: Modeling isn't all glamour. Sometimes you have to act like it's hot when it's really cold. People don't realize how hard we work...

Francis: I am the only one who truly understands you, Inga.

Reese: I cannot believe you said that to Dad. Oh, and if you pass Francis on your way to Siberia, tell him I said hi.

Malcolm: Do you think he told Mom?

Reese: I wouldn't worry about that. Mom's feeling a lot better. Dr. Reese paid her a little visit.

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

Reese: Let's just say, pills and sandwich - not effective; pills and milk - E-effective.

Hal: I just don't get it. I mean, I have always been the good parent.

Lois: (laughing) That's true...

Hal: I'm the nice one.

Lois: Yeah, that's true.

Hal: You're the bad one. The system can't work with two bad cops.

Lois: Oh, I hate cops. Cops, eh... You know what else I hate? Those what-do-you-call-thems? Those...

Hal: I wasn't ready for this from Malcolm.

Lois: Those soap salesmen.

Hal: Not yet. But he stepped over the line, and I don't think there's any way back. I mean, it's not as if I caught him with a cigarette and can make him smoke a whole carton.

Lois: You know what? I hate bigots too. Oh, I hate bigots.

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Hal: Malcolm has always been different. God, why can't he be like his brothers? Reese took a swing at me; Francis took a swing at me - that I can deal with. Block, chop, they're on the ground gasping for air. It's over with. But this is like... words.

Lois: I mean, you know what I hate most of all? I hate those gigantic pink... (passes out)

Hal: Oh, thank God.

Francis: (Imitating Radio Static) Uh, Houston, we are good to go. Uh, Roger that. You are good to go in five, four, three, two, one. Go! Whoo! (slides down hall spraying fire extinguisher as other cadets return) Hey... fellas! Boy, has it been two days already? How was it, huh? You just missed the big fire. But, um, luckily I was here to put it out. Can I offer you some cookie dough? Come on, guys, let's be reasonable. I can't spend two days in the woods tied to a chair.

Stanley: Three days - one extra for lying.

Francis: Well, at least lend me a jacket! Or some food! Dudes, come on! You can't leave me out here with nothing! That was to me, not at me, right?

Lois: Hal.

Hal: Honey, what are you doing up?

Lois: Don't you ''honey'' me. You slipped me drugs. Oh! You ought to be ashamed of yourself getting Reese to sandbag me like that. 'Would you like some milk, Mother?' The kid's never brought me one thing in his entire life. And don't think I can't smell those Gut-Busters coming out of your pores. You are back on rice cakes, mister, starting now!

Hal: Boys, your mother's mobile. Malcolm, I need to see you in the backyard. Now, you said what you said, and we can't change that. And it isn't the kind of thing that could be solved with an apology or a simple punishment. But we do need to find a way to get past this. Agreed?

Malcolm: I guess so.

Hal: Good. Now, here's how I see it: this whole thing stems from you feeling like I treat you like a child. So...

Malcolm: What's this?

Hal: That is ten pages, single-spaced, of filthy name-calling.

Malcolm: What?

Hal: They get worse as they go along.

Malcolm: What am I supposed to do with this?

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Hal: Well, since you think you're old enough to use these kind of words, I think you're old enough to see the effect they have. Malcolm, you are going to look me in the eye, and say every last one of these terrible things to the man who held you in his arms the moment you were born.

Malcolm: But, Dad...

Hal: Uh-uh. I'm not your dad. I'm, uh, here (taps on page)

Malcolm: A stinkin' son of a...

Hal: To my face. Continue.

Malcolm: I can't.

Hal: You see, son? Words hurt. That's why you have to use them carefully.

Malcolm: I understand, Dad. I'm sorry.

Hal: Okay. I think you've had enough.

Malcolm: No, wait. I can make it through the whole list. I'm not going to let you down again.

Hal: Good. Very thorough.

Malcolm: Dad, will you please finish teaching me how to skate?

Hal: Of course. But let's not make eye contact for a couple weeks.

Malcolm: You got it.

Cut to Malcolm playing street hockey with his friends, wearing his new skates. Hal brings out the tape-player and he starts doing moves to "Funkytown".

Malcolm: I know I look like an idiot, but I'm kickin' ass!