

114 BOTS AND THE BEES TRANSCRIPT

The boys are searching the house for quarters to spend at the arcade.

Malcolm: I got one!

Reese: I got one!

Malcolm: Okay, give me the tape.

Dabney: What if we get caught?

Malcolm: Don't worry about it. No one's home.

Dabney: I cued it up to the best part.

Malcolm: I thought this was porno.

Dabney: Ew! No. This is better.

Stevie: And no one's... excluded.

Malcolm: Come on, this is the lamest thing I've... Oh, my God! Is that real?

Dabney: It's an open competition. People build killer robots, put them in a ring and see which one comes out alive.

Malcolm: Killer robots?! (TC): I can't believe it. Finally something cool about being smart. (to Krelboynes) I wish we could do that.

Lloyd: We were hoping you'd say that. Here's the deal: We want to enter the competition. We've got the designs, we've got the desire and we're not distracted by any kind of social life.

Eraserhead: The only problem is that our parents would never allow us to build something that dangerous. That means we need a place with a total lack of caring adult supervision.

Malcolm: That's my house! But... those things look really expensive.

Eraserhead: No problem. My father tries to buy my love.

All: (cheering) Oh, yeah!

Stevie: Who's your... daddy?

Hal: What are the odds, huh? Of Francis having an emergency appendectomy two months after using the same excuse to ditch school?

Lois: Well, he was never very lucky. Oh, I need you to call work and tell them I won't be coming in.

Hal: Will do. (car horn honks)

Lois: Well, there's my cab. (she and Hal kiss) What's that all about?

Hal: A little something to remember me by.

Lois: You know, it just occurred to me that we have not been apart for one night in 18 years. You going to be okay with that?

Hal: (in baby voice): I think I can manage without my mommy for a few days.

Lois: I told you that baby voice creeps me out.

Hal: Sorry.

Spangler: Well, Cadet I see you survived.

Francis: Yes, sir.

Spangler: I brought you a little something to take your mind off the pain. This is a good opportunity for you to catch up on your homework. Take it from me, a lengthy hospital stay is the perfect environment to focus your mind and attack weaknesses in your character. If it hadn't been for this (holds up arm with hook) I never would've learned conversational French. Carry on.

Finley: (taking books off Francis's chest) Sorry, man. I was this close to going medieval on him. You feeling okay?

Francis: I feel like I have a belly full of broken glass. Every time I breathe in, I almost pass out from the pain. This is the single greatest thing that has ever happened to me.

Finley: What?

Francis: For as long as I can remember, my mom has been torturing me with guilt. I've never been able to fight back but this is perfect! Her firstborn child almost dies 1,000 miles from home and she's the one who sent me here. She can't dismiss it, she can't argue about it she can't twist it around and make it my fault. It's beautiful! (groans)

Finley: Dude... you almost died.

Francis: I want you to say that again when she gets here. Oh, this poor woman has no idea what she's walking into.

Malcolm: Okay, Mom's only going to be gone for about four or five days, so we have to prioritize. What are you asking Dad for?

Dewey: I want to wear my pajamas to school.

Reese: I'm getting a scope for my BB gun.

Malcolm: You don't have a BB gun.

Reese: Not yet.

Malcolm: Okay. But since I'm asking to build a killer robot I should go first.

Reese: Why?

Malcolm: Because anything after 'killer robot' is going to sound reasonable. Dad?

Hal: Yeah.

Malcolm: A couple friends and I want to explore our engineering and machining skills...

Hal: Sounds great.

Malcolm: So, um... you think it'd be all right if a bunch of Krelboynes and I build a robot in the house?

Hal: Yeah, fine.

Malcolm: (TC): Whoa, that was easy, even for him! (pounding on door)

Hal: For crying out loud. (opens door and Craig grabs him and hugs him)

Craig: Be strong. Lois will get through her operation. She is a fighter.

Hal: No, no, Craig. It was Francis.

Craig: Oh, my God! Did he shoot her? I knew it! I told her to stay away from him! That boy has been nothing but trouble.

Hal: Now, Craig, uh... Lois did not have an operation. Our son Francis did. She just went down to Alabama to look after him for awhile.

Craig: Oh. Well, tell Lois I stopped by.

Francis: I can't believe my mom missed them putting my catheter in. Maybe I should take it out so they can reinsert it when she gets here.

Patient: Maybe you could, I don't know, shut up about your mom for half a second. No one's that bad.

Francis: Hey, I've been sugar-coating it for you 'cause you're enfeebled.

Lois: Francis!

Francis: But you can just see for yourself.

Lois: Hi, honey. You look terrible! (kisses him)

Francis: (in weak voice): You think that's going to appease your guilt?

Lois: What guilt? Boy, it's stuffy in here. That can't be good for you. Have you had a bowel movement? When is the last time you moved your bowels?

Francis: Mom...

Spangler: Hello!

Lois: Who are you?

Spangler: Edwin Spangler. I am commandant of Marlin Academy.

Lois: Good for you. Where's your eye?

Spangler: Pardon?

Lois: Do your ears work? Do you have some business with my son? He needs to rest.

Spangler: Well, I stopped by to pick up your boy's homework.

Lois: Homework?! You're not giving him homework. My son nearly lost his life, something that never would've happened if you'd taken proper care of him in the first place.

Spangler: Well, I assure you, ma'am had it not been for Francis' long history of crying wolf...

Lois: Crying wolf? You listen to me, you idiot! My child is sick. He does not need you marching in here, puffing up your chest and making his life more miserable than it already is. Why don't you just go play army man somewhere else?

Spangler: God, she is magnificent.

Patient: Dude, your mom rocks.

Stevie: We need... more torque!

Malcolm: No, we need a balance between speed >and torque. (TC): This is great. I can make a huge mess, build a killer robot and Mom's not here to yell at us. I don't even mind having Krelboynes in the house.

Dabney: Do we all want a direct, continuous linear relation between the rotary actuator and the robot's translational displacement or am I just some kind of crazy dreamer?

Lloyd: Well, what about my design for the polycarbonate body?

Stevie: It's a... butterfly!

Lloyd: Correction: killer butterfly. Beautiful yet deadly. The perfect killing machine.

Malcolm: It's too unreliable. It's got to be more simple, like a sledgehammer...

Eraserhead: A superheated spike shot out by power charges.

Malcolm: That's not going to be easy...

Hal: (arriving home from work) What's this stuff? (Krelboynes gasp)

Malcolm: We were just... sort of... fooling around with some ideas.

Hal: Let's have a look. Well... I'd go with the flame thrower. That would destroy everything within a ten-foot perimeter. Of course, there's a lot to be said for that high-voltage probe.

Lloyd: Sir, before you continue, I feel I have to mention that our parents strongly disapprove of this. Sorry, my therapist says it's a compulsion.

Hal: Well, I guess you shouldn't tell your parents, then. (walks off)

Dabney: Wow. Your father's lack of responsibility is both terrifying and... oddly thrilling.

Spangler: I can't apologize enough for these barbaric accommodations. You deserve so much more.

Lois: Oh, no, this is fine. Why are all the hotel rooms booked?

Spangler: The All-Alabama Gay Rodeo is in town again. Homosexuals riding horses and such. It does wonders for the local economy but you have to fight the crowds for everything. If you're interested, I have some passes.

Lois: No, thanks.

Spangler: Another time, then. Bon soir.

Lois: You know, this room isn't so bad. The way you whined about it I thought it was going to be a couple of cots and a drain in the floor.

Francis: What are you doing?

Lois: You're stinky. I'm giving you a sponge bath.

Francis: You're not giving me a sponge bath.

Lois: Arms up. (Francis groans) Just because you had surgery is no reason to be a pig.

Francis: Mom, did you know that I almost died?

Lois: Oh, you did not almost die.

Francis: My appendix burst! They had to vacuum out the contents of my intestines. You could not possibly comprehend the pain that I was in - that I am in.

Lois: Yeah. I don't know anything about pain, what, with four boys totalling 1½ hours of labour. You being half of that, I might add.

Francis: I'm sorry that I came out feet first, Mom.

Lois: That's okay, honey. I forgave you years ago. Oh, God, that tattoo.

Francis: I like the tattoo, Mom.

Lois: What is it with the men in this family and tattoos? It took me five years to get your father to burn his off. (looks in his ears) What, are you growing potatoes in there?

Francis: Dad had a tattoo?

Lois: Yeah, he put a great big 'Lois' right across his rear end. Actually thought I'd be flattered by it. That guy was such a mess when I met him. Between the motorcycle and the drinking and the fighting - He was so reckless, it was crazy. Where do you think you boys get it from?

Francis: That doesn't sound like Dad.

Lois: Yeah, well, that was a long time ago. Your father has been quite a project. I spent years hounding him and scolding him and constantly watching him... But finally I got all that rebellion right out of him.

Francis: I can't believe Dad had a wild side.

Lois: Well, someday, you're going to meet a nice girl. She's going to do the same thing for you. (hands him sponge) Do your lowers.

Malcolm: Dad?

Hal: Oh, hey, son.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Hal: I just thought I'd help you kids out with your robot. You know, it's amazing how much you can get accomplished when you don't sleep at all. I think we got a little something up our sleeve for the competition.

Malcolm: Dad?

Hal: I know, it's still a little slow. But wait till I put on the big blade.

Malcolm: (TC): Well, we just finished the 45th and final video of the Shao-Lin Dragon series. We are now officially desensitized to violence.

Dewey: How many sodas have you had? I don't know, I don't know, I don't know. Look, I can write on my tongue.

Reese: We can start in on Monks of Death. Or lighten things up with a little Samurai Bloodfest. (knocking on door, it's the Krelboynes)

Eraserhead: We've had a vote. We're backing out of the contest.

Malcolm: What?

Lloyd: Your father has commandeered this project and twisted it toward his own mad ends.

Dabney: We want our blueprints back.

Stevie: We can... do this... the easy... way... or... we can... do this... the hard...

Malcolm: Come on, my dad's in the backyard.

Stevie: Way.

Malcolm: Dad?

Hal: Hey, boys.

Malcolm: The guys want their - are you smoking?

Hal: Oh, this? No, I'm just... just playing around. Listen, don't tell your mom, okay? She'd kill me if she found out. She worked so hard to get me to stop. Oh, God, how I miss that woman.

Malcolm: Um, the guys want their blueprints back.

Hal: Oh, yeah, they're over there. I've gone way past that. Hey, picture this. A laser-guided bee cannon. Bees shot out with the precision of a laser.

Malcolm: How would that hurt a robot?

Hal: Oh, come on, think. It's not for the robot. It's for the guy controlling the robot. (laughs) Buzz, zap! You're going home with a plaque or a ribbon or whatever crappy award they give you for winning.

Stevie: This... will end... badly.

Hal: There we go. (dog howling, and Hal imitates it) I hear you, old fella! (chuckles) You're not alone.

Lois: (playing Foosball with Drew) Come on, come on, do it for Mama. Come on, go! (cadets cheer) Oh, come on, you're just letting me win, aren't you?

Drew: I'm really not.

Lois: I know, I'm just rubbing it in.

Spangler: (laughing) Rubbing it in!

Finley: Your mom is great.

Francis: This isn't my mom. It's an act. It's some kind of freaky mind game she's playing with me. Any second now her face is going to split open and she's going to reveal herself for the evil banshee she really is.

Finley: Man, I don't know why she puts up with you.

Spangler: Anyone for doubles?

Lois: Nope.

Spangler: All right, then.

Lois: (Francis wheels over in his wheelchair) Oh, hi, honey. Where you been?

Francis: I want you to leave.

Lois: What?

Francis: I want you to leave. You made your phony point. You made me look like an idiot. Mission accomplished.

Lois: You know what? I have had it with you, mister. You have done nothing but bitch and moan since I got here and I've been nothing but pleasant.

Francis: Exactly!

Lois: Oh, you complain when I'm pleasant and when I'm not pleasant? There's no winning with you. Why don't you just tell me exactly how you want me to behave and we'll see if that satisfies you.

Francis: This isn't fair. You're taking my pain and you're twisting it into your guilt trip.

Lois: Fine. Why don't I just leave then?

Francis: Fine.

Lois: Fine.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where hal is dancing on the table, wearing his underpants and a shirt on his head. Reese and Dewey are eating big tubs of ice cream.

Malcolm: (TC): Mom being gone was fun at first but this is getting out of control. (telephone rings) Please be Mom. Please be Mom. Please be Mom. (answers phone) Hello?

Hal: (grabs phone) Hello? Oh. Hi, Mr.Jackson. Well, yes I do have a very good reason for not going in to work today. Well, how about this? I didn't come to work because somehow I felt that eight hours of joyless, mind-numbing crap just didn't seem like fun. Well, I guess we're just going to have to agree to disagree. (rips phone out of wall)

Francis: I thought your flight wasn't until 11:00.

Lois: It isn't.

Francis: So you have some extra time. You want to... do something?

Lois: We're in the middle of Alabama. What is there to do?

Francis: Gay rodeo's in town. That could be interesting.

Lois: Well, if that's what you want to do.

Francis: Look, it isn't really what I want to do. I'm trying to be pleasant.

Lois: We'll go.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house. The door knocks.

Malcolm: Please be Mom. (opens door) Craig.

Craig: Just brought by your mom's paycheck. Tell her I'm the one that brought it by.

Malcolm: Wait. We need your help. My dad's going crazy. He hasn't slept in four days. He's smoking, he's dancing around in his underwear. He's ripping phones out of the walls. You've got to stop him.

Craig: Don't worry, son. I'll handle this. (runs to the fridge and grabs food)

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Craig: You don't expect me to tackle something like this on an empty stomach? (to Hal) Hey, buddy.

Hal: Well, well. What do we have here?

Craig: The boy here says you could use some company.

Hal: I got my sons, we're bonding.

Craig: What the hell is that thing?

Hal: That thing is a little project we have been working on around here. A secret, deadly project.

Craig: Hal... why don't you turn off the machine and sit down?

Hal: Why don't you stop telling me what to do?

Craig: Why don't you sit down like I asked you to?

Hal: Look, fats... I don't want you around my house anymore.

Craig: Hey, you don't go to the fat thing I won't go to the crazy thing. (cut to Hal sitting on Craig's stomach, drumming on it. His butt near Craig's face)

Malcolm: Dad, cut it out!

Reese: It's not funny anymore!

Dewey: Leave him alone!

Hal: Say 'uncle'!

Craig: No!

Hal: Just say it. We can stop this right now with a little dignity if you just say it!

Craig: I won't say it!

Hal: One simple word.

Craig: Duncle.

Hal: Uh-uh, you said 'duncle'. Now you have to say 'uncle' in my butt.

Craig: No! Let me up!

Malcolm: Dad, you have to stop it!

Reese: Dad, no!

Hal: You're right. I've got better things to do. (picks up remote)

Malcolm: Dad, what are you doing?

Hal: I think me and Lois Number Two here are going to go down to work and pay a little visit to Mr. Jackson's Lexus.

Malcolm: (grabs remote from Hal) Dad, don't move.

Hal: What are you doing?

Malcolm: I'm stopping you from quitting your job by threatening you with a killer robot. (TC): I wish this felt half as cool as it sounds.

Hal: Just turn it off, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Stop being crazy.

Hal: Just put the remote down. You have no idea what this machine is capable of.

Malcolm: Why don't you just sit down?

Hal: And why don't you just put the remote down?

Malcolm: Dad, please.

Hal: Malcolm...

Craig: Why don't you both just shut up?! (Craig grabs the remote and while he and Hal fight over it, the robot is activated)

Hal: Run. No kidding. Run. (Craig and the boys bolt) Oh, no.

Hal: (covered in bees) Call... animal... control.

Malcolm: You ripped the phone out of the wall.

Hal: Go... to... the neighbor.

Malcolm: They won't let us over anymore.

Hal: Do... something.

Malcolm: Why don't we just all sit down and no one will do anything until Mom gets home?

Hal: Okay.

Francis: I got to say, as far as gay rodeos go this one's pretty entertaining.

Lois: Are you sure you're not embarrassed to be seen with your mother?

Francis: Nah.