

## Transcript from Malcolm-France

### SMUNDAY TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm (TC): I picked this trick up in camp last year. This is going to be great. Wait for it. Wait for it...Oh, screw it.  
(pours bowl of water over Reese then bolts back to his bed)

Reese: (wakes up, thinks he's wet the bed) Oh, man.

Malcolm: What's wrong, Reese?

Reese: Nothing! Just - Just shut up and go to sleep, okay?

Malcolm: (TC) It's good to be alive.

Cut to the boys' room. Their alarm clock is beeping.

Malcolm: (shaking Dewey awake) Hey, Dewey, wake up! It's Monday morning!

Dewey: Hooray!

Malcolm: (TC): I never thought I'd be happy about a Monday. But today's the end of two months of being grounded. Two months! (to Reese, who is working at his desk)What are you doing?

Reese: Shut up. I have to finish my History homework.

Malcolm: Reese, we couldn't do anything all weekend. No friends, no TV - we did absolutely nothing. And you still managed not to do your homework?

Reese: The point is, we never should've been grounded in the first place.

Malcolm (TC): He is right. Mom went way overboard. We didn't even do anything that bad.

Cut to flashback clip. The boys are standing outside on the street with Francis and his friends.

Malcolm: Okay, so if we give you Dewey's bike, Circus will eat a wet dog food sandwich.

Richie: Right.

Circus: Sounds good.

Francis: Wait a minute. I don't want you ripping off my little brothers. You only get the bike if he eats the whole can.

Justin: You the man, Circus. You the man.

Dewey: This is worth it. What you going to tell Mom?

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Cut to Lois standing with the boys on the street. Dewey is pretending to cry.

Malcolm:           The guy pushed him off... took the bike... and then just ran off.

Cut back to Malcolm in the boys' bedroom.

Malcolm (TC):    How'd she know we were lying? We were brilliant.

Cut to the boys eating breakfast in the kitchen. Hal joins them.

Malcom:           How's Mom?

Hal:               She's got a temperature of 1 04. I've never seen her this sick. It's like some sort of horrible science experiment in there.

Malcolm (TC):    Mom's been sick with the flu all weekend. I'd feel more sympathetic, but two months with no TV has killed the part of me that cares.

Reese:            how Mom could tell we were lying.

Malcolm:           How?

Reese:            Pheromones. She could smell the fear on us. Next time you lie, you have to take a shower first.

Hal:               Okay, boys, I got to go to work but before I do, I want to talk to you. Now, when I get home, I get to plug this cord back into the TV. So you boys have to behave. You're not the only ones who've suffered with no TV. For all I know, there's a new wrestling champion. So...I want you to get to school on time. Before you leave, you go in there and tell your mother to feel better.

Malcolm:           Maybe we should just let her sleep.

Hal:               She slept straight through the last 48 hours. I think it's okay to wake her up for five minutes.

Cut to the boys tiptoeing through Hal and Lois's messy bedroom.

Reese:            Mom? (Lois groans, Dewey gets scared) You're starting to look better.

Malcolm (TC):    He's not lying. Mom kills most germs on contact but when one does get through, it's a doozy.

Lois:              You kids remember, you're not stepping foot out of this house today.

Malcolm:           Huh?

Lois:              No TV. No friends...till tomorrow.

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Malcolm: But Mom...

Lois: This is the last Sunday of your punishment.

Malcolm: Ok, Mom, we got it. We're still grounded.

Reese: What are you doing?

Malcolm: Mom slept all weekend. She still thinks it's Sunday. You know what this means?

Reese: No.

Malcolm: We can stay home from school and pretend today's Sunday.

Reese: Oh, I'm in.

Malcolm: Okay, Mom. We're just going to go continue our punishment.

Reese: And we're definitely not going to school.

Dewey: Shut up.

Cut to Hal with a sales assistant at a Porsche Dealer.

Assistant: Beautiful, huh? Just came in this week.

Hal: Just looking.

Assistant: Please, take your time, take your time. Enjoy yourself.

Hal: Wow... I love this car.

Assistant: Yeah.

Hal: Oh, I see you've added four ponies from last year.

Assistant: We also put in the new skid control system.

Hal: Oh.

Assistant: The new brochures came in. I could show you one if you want.

Hal: No, I should get to work.

Assistant: Sir, can I ask is your job really so important that you can't allow yourself five minutes of pleasure?

Hal: I have no response to that.

Cut back to the Wilkerson's house, where the boys are about to leave.

Yes!

All right!

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That'll be great!

Malcolm: No, wait, we can't. Someone will see us. We're supposed to be in school. Okay. We'll just stay inside and watch  
T...damn! Just give me some time to think.

The boys sit on the couch waiting for Malcolm to think of something. Time passes by.

Reese: Come on, already, think of something!

Malcolm: I'm trying. All I've got are all the reasons this was a stupid idea in the first place. Even if we manage to keep Mom fooled, we're screwed when Dad gets home. It basically means we're going to sit here, bored out of our minds for eight hours and wait for Mom to top our last punishment.

Reese: How could you be so stupid? I could have done that myself.

Phone rings.

Malcolm: Quick, get it before Mom wakes up! (picks up phone)  
Hello?

Francis: Look, Mom, it's all lies. I had nothing to do with it.

Malcolm: Francis?

Reese: It's Francis? Let me talk.

Malcolm: Guys, stop it.

Francis: What are you guys doing home?

Malcolm: Mom's sick. She thinks it's Sunday. We kind of went with it.

Francis: Cool. Oh, dude, I need you to do me a giant favor. Go check the mail. There should be a letter there from Southern Alabama State.

Malcolm: Yeah, it's here. Why, did you apply there?

Francis: No, it's probably no point in me ever trying to. I kind of drove a backhoe into their swimming pool.

Malcolm: Oh, man. Did they have to drain the pool?

Francis: No, if you put a ten-foot crack in them, they drain themselves. They did have to drain the gym.

Malcolm: Ooh.

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Francis: But I have a plan - I want you to take the letter and hide it.

Malcolm: Okay, and then what?

Francis: And then... I'll come up with an idea later. That's all I got so far.

Malcolm: Yeah, we're kind of in the same boat. We're stuck in the house with nothing to do.

Francis: You should go to the arcade on Hillcrest. The manager there has an enlightened outlook on a kid's right to choose his own school hours.

Malcolm: We don't have any money, though.

Francis: All right, you guys are doing me a favor so I'll let you in on a little secret. Mom keeps some money in the top left drawer of her dresser but she won't notice if you only take between five and seven dollars.

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom.

Lois: What are you boys doing?

Looking for money.

Lois: It's not there. I moved it to the back of the closet.

Reese: Where she hides our Christmas presents?

Lois: No... I moved those to the attic.

Um, Mom, where'd you hide that football I broke the window with?

Lois: In the garage.

And when you made chipped beef on toast last week, was that really beef?

Lois: Who knows? It was 39 cents a pound.

Did Grandpa really punch Jimmy Carter in the face?

Lois: No, he just threw a rock at the motorcade and ran off.

Dewey: Did you really give my red blanket to the poor kids?

Lois: No, your father used it to clean the barbecue.

Reese: I was really adopted, wasn't I?

Lois: Oh, you're ours... and we love you.

Reese: Damn.

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So, um... I don't know.

Dewey:               What's your favourite colour?

Lois:                 For the third time, green.

Reese:               Let's just go.

Malcolm:            Wait. I got a good one. How'd you know Dewey's bike wasn't really stolen?

Reese:               That is a good one.

Lois:                Francis told me.

Cut to the lounge, where the boys are furious with Francis.

Reese:               I can't believe it! Francis ratted on us to Mom!

Dewey:               No! He wouldn't do that. (points at Reese) You did it!

Reese:               Shut up! He sold us out! Francis is dead to us now! Wait a minute - That makes me the oldest brother. Guys, seriously - if you have any problems, you can come to me. Dewey, get me some iced tea.

Dewey:               No!

Reese:               We should just give this to Mom and let him fry.

Reese:               Right.

Malcolm:            No, wait! It's Francis. We can't just take Mom's word for it.

Cut to Francis on the phone.

Francis:             Hey, Malcolm, everything okay?

Malcolm:            Um, Francis...we were just wondering...Mom said...you ratted on us about Dewey's bike. But she's probably just mixed up, right? Because you're our big brother and you wouldn't do something like that - Francis?

Francis:             You don't know what kind of pressure I was under!

Malcolm:            You butt-wipe! How could you?

Reese:               Well, did he do it?

Malcolm:            I can't believe you! You're our big brother! You're supposed to protect us, not betray us.

Reese:               He did it, didn't he?

Francis:             Malcolm, let me explain...

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Malcolm: And then you actually have the nerve to ask us to risk our butts for you? Maybe we should just give the letter to Mom.

Francis: No, you can't do that!

Malcolm: Yeah, why not?

Francis: Because if you give the letter to Mom she'll know it's not Sunday.

Malcolm: I'll just tell her it came special delivery.

Francis: Yeah, well, she won't believe it 'cause she would have to sign for it.

Malcolm: I could forge her signature.

Francis: But then she'll know you can forge her signature.

Malcolm: Which won't matter at all because she'll be so mad at you she won't even think about me for a few days. And even if she does, I'll just tell her I didn't want to disturb her. So in addition to you getting nailed I'll get points for being sympathetic.

Francis: Put Reese on the phone.

Cut back to the Porsche Dealer, where Hal is sitting at a desk with the assistant.

Assistant: You know, Hal, owning a Porsche is not just for the wealthy anymore. My lifemate and I, we both drive 'em.

Hal: Really?

Assistant: Oh, she's a very lucky lady.

Hal: Oh. A blond.

Assistant: This is going to sound cliched, Hal but what can I do to put you in that car today?

Hal: You can give me \$90,000. (both laugh)

Assistant: That's funny.

Hal: Yeah.

Assistant: Seriously, we have all kinds of financial plans available. Why don't we take it for a test drive?

Hal: Nah, I... I don't know. I would have to call work and...

Assistant: There's a phone... in the car.

Reese: So, do we give Mom the letter now or wait till dad gets

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home and give him both barrels?

Dewey: Now! Do it now!

Malcolm: We're not giving Mom the letter.

Reese: Of course we are! We have to! He's a traitor! He has to pay! He must suffer!

Malcolm: We can't give Mom the letter. She'd kill him. But we can make him think we're giving her the letter. We could make him think we're scuzzy, dirty backstabbers just like he is.

Reese: Oh, okay.

Phone rings.

Malcolm: (picks up phone) Hello?

Francis: Hey, it's me.

Malcolm: Well, if it isn't the snitch. Hi, snitch.

Francis: Come on, Malcolm. Let's just end this before it gets out of control. I know how you guys feel.

Malcolm: You do, huh? How do we feel?

Francis: Well... bad.

Malcolm: The words that come to my mind are revenge, payback, envelope.

Francis: Malcolm, you're not going to give Mom the letter.

Malcolm: I don't think you're in any position to call the shots.

Francis: No, but... Richie should be right about now.

Malcolm: Richie?

Richie (standing behind the boys with Justin & Circus) Yeah?

Cut back to the Porsche Dealer, where Hal and the assistant have just returned from test-driving the Porsche.

Hal: That was the best 12 minutes of my life.

Assistant: Well, I'm glad to hear that, Hal.

Hal: You know, there are a couple of people I'd like you to meet.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house. The boys are on the couch. Richie is on the phone to Francis while Circus and Justin search for the envelope.



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Francis: Okay, listen up. My mom's in her bedroom, so you gotta keep it down and remember, don't hurt my brothers. (glass breaks)

Richie: Circus!

Circus: It's okay. It was ugly.

Francis: Man, just get the letter and don't let Malcolm out of your sight. He's too smart.

Richie: Uh-oh.

Francis: What do you mean, uh-oh? What did he do?

Richie: He's out of breath.

Francis: Damn it! He hid the letter.

Richie: Okay, kid, you've got three seconds to tell me or I'm going to pound you within an...

Francis: Richie! Which part of no hurting my brothers didn't you understand?

Richie: I got to tell you, man, you're not allowing me a single creative thought here.

Reese: Where'd you put it?

Malcolm: in the VCR.

Richie: If we set fire to the house Malcolm will go right for the letter.

Francis: Why would he go right for the letter?

Richie: Well, maybe we should just set fire to the house and find out.

Francis: Put Justin on the phone.

Justin: You the man, Francis. You the man!

Francis: Put Richie back on the phone.

Malcolm: Hey, you can tear up the house if you want with my mom here and explain it to her or you can quit and slink away like the monosyllabic mouth-breathers you are.

Francis: What'd he say?

Richie: He said a lot of things. But the gist of it is, we got to tear up the house.

Francis: No, you can't do that. Just...wait a minute, I have an idea. Look at Reese. What's he doing?

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Richie: He's just sitting there.  
Francis: No, look at his eyes. What are his eyes doing?  
Richie: They're looking back at me.  
Francis: Okay, just keep looking at him.  
Richie: He's looking at the VCR.  
Reese: No, I-I was looking at the... the other thing.  
Richie: Bingo! We got it!

Cut to the street where Circus, Richie and Justin are leaving, one of them is riding Dewey's bike.

Justin: You the man, Richie!  
Malcolm: All right! Who wants a Latte?  
Reese: I'm really sorry, you guys.  
Malcolm: For what? You were perfect. You did exactly what I thought you'd do.  
Reese: What are you talking about?  
Malcolm: They have a fake letter. I knew Francis wouldn't leave us alone without getting something and I knew you'd give it away. I knew exactly what everyone would do.  
Reese: So where's the real letter?  
Malcolm: I had to think of the one place they'd never think of looking. I had to give it to the one person they'd never think I'd give it to. I did the most brilliant thing of all. I gave it to Dewey.  
Dewey: And I hid it under Mom's pillow.  
Malcolm: You what?!

Lois slowly sits up, clutching the letter, looking furious.

Ad break

Cut to the boys in Hal and Lois's bedroom. Lois is sitting on the edge of the bed.

Lois: I'm going to kill him. I am going to kill him. I am going to kill him!  
Reese: Whooooooooo, this is all a dream.  
Lois: Shut up, Reese!  
Malcolm: Mom, stop it. You're sick.

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Lois: I'm too mad to be sick. No, he has finally done it this time. Where is that brochure for the work farm in Arizona? He thinks military school is tough? You just wait. Wait. (runs to bathroom) Wait...wait...wait.. (sound of Lois throwing up in the toilet)

Cut to Francis on the phone again.

Francis: Hey, Malcolm?

Malcolm: Hi, Francis.

Francis: Look, I'm sorry about all this. I shouldn't have sent those guys over. It was stupid.

Malcolm: You know, Francis, we never intended to show the letter to Mom. We just wanted to scare you.

Francis: Yeah, I know. You guys would never do that to me.

Malcolm: But if she did see the letter, you know it was just an accident, right?

Francis: Yeah, but Richie has the letter. Please tell me Richie has the letter.

Malcolm: Richie has coupons. Mom has the letter. But like I said, it was just an accident. I swear.

Francis: So the thing you've been threatening to do all day but had no intention of doing, you did but didn't mean to?

Malcolm: Yeah. You can yell at us now.

Francis: No, I guess I deserve it. I shouldn't have ratted on you guys. Mom was just really pressuring me about coming home, and, well, I folded.

Malcolm: Coming home?

Francis: She said that if I wanted to come home for the summer, I had to tell her about the bike. But that's a just a lame excuse. I'm sorry.

Malcolm: (TC): Actually, that was a pretty good excuse.

Cut to the Porsche Dealership, where Hal has been sucked into buying the Porsche.

Assistant: Wow, you have made a great deal here, Hal. Now, you just, uh, sign right there and she's all yours.

Hal: Yeah, you know, I been thinking...I think maybe I got a little overexcited.

Assistant: Aw, that's just the jitters. They'll be long gone when

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you're roaring home in your brand-new Porsche. Just sign.

Hal: No, I think maybe we should do this another time because I'm not feeling very well, and my wife has the flu...

Assistant: I'll tell you what - let's throw in the new chrome turbo wheels and free car washes for a year--Just sign.

Hal: I can't.

Assistant: But, Hal... you put your initials by this number.

Hal: Sorry. Maybe some other time.

Assistant: Hal, will you do me one favor? One favor, now, I want you just to...stick your head in the car one last time, okay? I want you to smell the leather, take another look at that console and tell me you don't want this car. Go ahead, do it. Come on. (Hal sticks his head into the car and inhales) So, what do you say?

Hal: (throws up in the car) I told you I was sick!

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house, where the boys are sitting in the yard.

Malcolm: Oh, my God! You guys, we can save Francis.

Reese: What?!

Malcolm: Think about it - every time Mom gets mad she forgets about everything else in the world except for things she's mad at. That focus is the key to her power. So mom won't care so much about sending Francis to a work farm if she's busy being mad at someone else, like at us.

Reese: We can do that.

Dewey: Yeah.

Malcolm: You don't understand. We're going to have to get in real trouble, more trouble than we've ever been in, in our entire lives. And we can't make it look like we're doing it on purpose. I just want you to know What you guys are in for.

Reese: We owe it to him.

Cut to the boys on the roof, with a trolley containing Hal and Lois's favourite things, as well as lots of red paint.

Reese: Dad's skating trophy, Mom and Dad's wedding portrait, Mom's favorite lamp.

Malcolm: (sees Dewey with a toy) No, Dewey, it's stuff they like, not you.

Dewey: Oh. Good!

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Reese: Paint?!

Malcolm: Yeah. That way, we not only destroy the stuff, we take out the driveway, splash on the house and, with any luck get some collateral damage to the neighbors.

Reese: What a waste! For any other reason this would've been the funnest thing ever.

Malcolm's stopwatch beeps.

Malcolm: Okay, guys... have the last candy bars of your childhood.

Cut to inside the house, where Dewey's Herby alarm is going of.

Herby: Hey, time to wake up! Hey, time to wake up! Hey, time to wake up! (Lois picks up the toy and looks outside)

Malcolm: (looking over the edge of the roof) Okay, here she comes. Now, remember, this is supposed to be fun.

All 3 boys: YEAH! (they send the trolley flying just as Hal and the Porsche Dealer assistant pull into the driveway in the Porsche)

Cut to the boys lying on the roof. It is dark. Lois is standing on the ground below them.

Malcolm: Well, I guess it's mission accomplished. I don't think Mom even remembers she has a son named Francis.

Lois: Boys! Just come down.

Reese: We're not coming down until you tell us what you're going to do.

Lois: I'm not going to tell you what I'm going to do until you come down.

Reese: Why don't you just tell us?

Lois: Why don't you just come down?

Reese: Tell us.

Lois: Come down.

Reese: Just tell us!

Lois: Come down.

Malcolm: But if you tell us, we'll come down.