

Transcript from Malcolm-France

WATER PARK TRANSCRIPT

Hal: Who wants to make five bucks?

Boys: How?

Hal: I need someone to take the fall.

Lois: Oh, my God!

Malcolm: What did you do?

Hal: I can't tell you. Yes or no, no questions asked.

Lois: Oh, my God!

Malcolm: Make it ten.

Hal: Done.

Lois: Oh, my God!

Hal: You're a good son. (calling) I got him, honey! I got him!
Don't worry.

Lois: (finishing off shaving Hal) There you go. All pink and shiny.

Hal: Mm. Boys?! (Boys hold up mirrors) Uh-huh. Mm-hmm. Ooh! Feel ten pounds lighter.

Lois: (with aftershave) You ready?

Hal: Oh, yeah. Go. (Lois slaps cloth on his back) Uh, aah...

Malcolm (TC): Dad got us free tickets at the water slide park from work. It takes two days to prep him, but it's worth it.

Hal: Ooh, smooth as a seal. Ready for that water slide.

Lois: You know, we haven't been on an outing in a long time. It's nice when we can do things together as a family.

Dewey: Do what together?

Cut to Dewey lying on the couch, crying. Lois is consoling him.

Dewey: (crying) Why can't I go?

Lois: Dewey, we discussed this. You have to stay home because of your ear infection.

Dewey: I never get to go.

Lois: Honey, I know it seems like a pattern but it's just this. And Disneyland. Oh, and that chocolate factory tour. Maybe it's time to stop sticking dirty things in your ears.

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Reese: Hey, Dewey. How's the ear? (licks finger and puts it in Dewey's ear)

Lois: (smacks Reese on hand) Stop teasing him, Reese! If your father doesn't find a baby-sitter, nobody's going anywhere.

Hal: (on phone) Oh, no, no, no. It's just the little one. Yeah, the other two aren't going to be anywhere near you.

Malcolm (TC): Ever since I can remember, we've always had trouble with baby-sitters.

Sitter 1: (cooing) Hello! Goochy, goochy, goochy, goo. Goochy, goochy... (Francis bites her hand) AAAARRRRRRGGGGGHHHH!

Sitter 2: I don't know, sweetie. What do you have behind your back? (runs out of the house and off down the road, screaming)

Sitter 3: (from closet where Malcolm and Reese have locked him up) You little losers. I've had enough of this. You open this door right now. Okay, look. I'm a little claustrophobic. Just open the door! Let me out! Come on!

Malcolm (TC): I don't know. I'm starting to think it might be us.

Spangler: Well, you'd think I'd get bored, wiping the floor with my cadets.

Francis: God knows we enjoy it, sir.

Spangler: Do you know what your problem is, cadet? Discipline. Anything worth doing is worth doing well. Whatever I do, whether it's teaching you boys or mastering tai chi, or playing pool... I focus. I push myself. But you don't commit to anything, son. You're never going to be a winner because you do everything half-assed. Oh, regrettable.

Francis: You may have spoken too soon, sir. I think you'll find I play pool with my whole ass. Eight ball, corner pocket. Damn.

Spangler: Ah, the fatal scratch. Once again, I waltz with Lady Victory. And until you focus, Francis, she is never going to be your dance partner.

Lois: Thank you for coming on such short notice. It was so nice of your agency to give us a second chance. You two are going to have so much fun together. (quietly to Dewey) Don't you dare hurt her.

Reese: Hurry, the sun's coming up!

Dewey: Do you want to play something?

Mrs White: No.

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Hal: Hey, hey, look, kids. Only 1 2 more miles to Wavetown, USA.

Lois: Yay.

Hal: So, Malcolm, you going to go down the Liquidator this time?

Lois: Don't pressure the boy, Hal.

Lois: I'm not pressuring him. I'm just asking. He's scared enough as it is without you making a big deal out of it.

Reese: Hey, Mom, doesn't Malcolm have to wear his nose plug for his sinuses?

Malcolm: Shut up.

Lois: Oh, that's right.

Malcolm: I forgot it.

Lois: Listen, you just be very careful then, okay?

Reese: Don't worry, here it is.

Lois: Oh. Thank you, Reese.

Malcolm: (whispering) Jerk.

Lois: Oh, my gosh, look at this!

Reese: This is awesome! I can't wait to get on the rides.

Lois: Malcolm, don't think you can take off that nose plug just because I'm not looking. You're going to wear it all day.

Malcolm: I'm not even in the water.

Lois: If I catch you not wearing that nose plug, you're going to spend the day in the kiddie sprinkler.

Reese: What do you want to do first?

Malcolm: What makes you think I want to do anything with you?

Reese: What's your problem?

Malcolm: That nose-plug thing was bogus. You crossed the line, Reese.

Reese: What?!

Malcolm: You sold me out to Mom. It would've been different if I had done something to you, but... that was totally cold-blooded.

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Reese: Don't be such a baby.

Malcolm: What you did to me was an act of war. And believe me, I will get you back. You won't know where or when, but you're gonna pay.

Reese: You sound funny.

Francis: You wanted to see me, sir?

Spangler: I just got a call from the sheriff that a cocksure, smart-mouthed youth looking very much like yourself has been hustling pool at the local bars.

Francis: Really, sir?

Spangler: You are in serious trouble, cadet.

Francis: I can explain...

Spangler: Why have you been holding back when we've played pool?

Francis: What?

Spangler: I want to know why you've been letting me win.

Francis: Sir, if I played for real I'd just end up humiliating you in front of the school, and... and you'd, you know, torture us all for it. Really, nothing good could come from it, and, and besides, winning seems to make you so happy.

Spangler: I am not a child. Do you really think I'm so petty that I would throw a tantrum over something so small as a game of pool?!

Francis: My mistake, sir.

Spangler: We are going to play again. And you are going to give me your best game, cadet. And to make sure of that, if you don't win picture yourself, 0400, awakened from sweet dreams of Mommy sent outside into the bitter cold to raise our school colors and stand at attention for three hours until reveille is called. Now, picture that for 230 consecutive days.

Francis: But what if I try my best and I still lose?

Spangler: Then you shall be miserable indeed. Dismissed.

Hal: Remember, honey, how I promised you that exotic island vacation but we had to go have children instead?

Lois: Mm-hmm.

Hal: Well, I was thinking maybe today could be our little island getaway. We've got the sun, the sand, the palm

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trees. And I brought the cocktails. It's Malibu Rum in a lotion bottle so no one will know the difference.

Lois: You are so cute when you sneak in alcohol.

Malcolm: Hey, Reese, I think I just saw that girl you liked. You know, the one with the really long blonde hair.

Reese: April?

Malcolm: April, that's her. Why'd you say you liked her again?

Reese: She's real trampy. I hear she kisses with tongue.

Malcolm: Is that true, April?

April: (standing right behind Malcolm and Reese) Jerk!

Malcolm: Now we're even. You geek! You deserved it!

Malcolm: Ow! Get outta here!

Hal: (as Malcolm and Reese pass them) I think those are ours.

Lois: No. I'll take care of it.

Lois: Malcolm, Reese, knock it off!

Cut to the house, where Dewey is sitting on the couch in silence, with Mrs White.

Dewey: Can I watch TV?

Mrs White: No.

Dewey: Can I play video games?

Mrs White: No.

Dewey: What can I do?

Mrs White: Something quiet. (Dewey gets down onto the floor and runs a toy car along the coffee table) Quieter. (Dewey then drives the car through the air)

Malcolm: (at the Liquidator) I can do this. (man screams)

Attendant: Keep your arms and legs crossed at all times. Do not bend your legs. Do not raise your head. Remove all piercings. You may not wear anything around neck. Enjoy the ride.

Malcolm: Okay, here it goes. On three. One...two...three! (gets up, steps off slide and heads back down the ramp, Reese is waiting in the line. The others in the queue are grinning and giggling)

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Reese: Hey, there, girlie. Let me adjust your bra strap. (pulls Malcolm's nose plug string and it slaps him in the face)
Now we're even.

Cut back to the house. Dewey and Mrs White are sorting Mrs White's button collection.

Mrs White: Oh, no, no, no, no. First, we sort by the number of holes, then by color. (Dewey is chewing something)
What's in your mouth?

Dewey: Nothing.

Mrs White: There are at least 20 things I will not tolerate and lying is one of them. Spit it out. (Dewey obliges)
You're eating my buttons.

Dewey: I wasn't eating. I was saving.

Mrs White: What are you? A hamster? What were you saving it for?

Dewey: I don't know. It's pretty. It's my favorite one.

Mrs White: You know... actually, it's my favorite, too. What do you think of this one?

Dewey: It's ugly. I hate it.

Mrs White: So do I. My, you're a smart little boy.

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Francis is practising playing Pool.

Cadet #1: (clears throat) You seem to be practicing pretty hard. I hope you're not planning on doing something stupid, like winning.

Francis: Look, guys, I know you want me to lose but Spangler insisted I play a real game.

Cadet #1: Francis, you can't win. If you do, Spangler's going to take it out on us.

Eric: Remember when Hendrix beat him playing horse on a lucky shot? We couldn't watch anything but PBS for a week.

Cadet #1: And that was during pledge drive, man.

Francis: Guys, come on. Do you have any idea what Spangler's going to do to me if I lose?

Cadet #1: Do you know what we're going to do to you if you win?

Cut back to the Water Park, where Hal and Lois are being lovey-dovey in the Wave Pool. Hal's swim-shorts are floating on the surface.

Hal: (after he and Lois come up from underwater, and he pulls

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a bandaid from his mouth) Ew! Where were we?

Malcolm: Mom! You have to stop Reese! He's being a total jerk!

Lois: Malcolm, does it look like I'm open for business? You have done nothing but pester us. Is it too much to ask that your father and I enjoy one day?

Malcolm: But Reese is...

Lois: I don't want to hear it. You either take care of this yourself or I'm going to lock the two of you in the car for the rest of the day.

Malcolm: (sees Reese in the wave pool deliberately splashing some kids, and goes to lifeguard) Lifeguard, help! My brother - he can't swim.

Lifeguard: (Dragging Reese from the pool) Out of the way, guys! Drowning boy! Drowning boy! Drowning boy! (lies Reese down on the sand, and ushers crowd away) Give him some air, guys. Give him some air. Back up. (sees guy attempting to resuscitate Reese) Sir! Let the people who work here do that.

Malcolm: Now we're even.

Cut back to the house, where Dewey and Mrs White are sitting under a blanket 'tent'.

Dewey: And then, I was playing with my imaginary friend and Reese hit me because he said I shouldn't talk to myself.

Mrs White: Well, Reese is a horrid little boy. There's nothing wrong with having an imaginary friend. I talk to my Harold all the time.

Dewey: You do?

Mrs White: Of course. He's here right now.

Dewey: Would he like a cookie?

Mrs White: Sure. (Dewey reaches out with cookie) No, no, no. He's over there.

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Spangler and Francis are playing another round of Pool. Francis misses a shot.

Cadets: Yes!

Francis: Sorry, sir.

Spangler: It's understandable, cadet. I've seen professionals do much worse. I guess the pool gods are smiling on me today. (cadets sigh) (sinks black ball) But then, the

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pool gods can be fickle.

Cadet #2: That's okay, sir. You'll win the next one.

Francis: Sir, what are you doing?

Spangler: I think I'm losing. And gracefully, I'd like to be noted.

Francis: But you could have made that shot.

Spangler: I could say the same thing to you. There were at least a dozen shots that you've held back on. But since you seem to be motivated more by losing I'm going to beat you at your own game.

Francis: Huh?

Spangler: I'm going down, cadet. I'm going down hard.

Francis: But sir, these guys are going to kick my ass if I win.

Spangler: Well, that's just gravy. May the best man lose. (Breaks triangle to begin a new game, and sinks black ball) Fudge! It seems I've scratched again. Well, you seem to be on a roll, cadet. (clips of Francis and Spangler in another game of Pool)

Cut back to the house. Dewey and Mrs White are dancing to "Fernando". Mrs White soon has a heart attack and is taken away in an ambulance. After Dewey watches the ambulance leave, he sees a balloon and starts chasing it along the road.

Hal: Before you say anything, Malcolm I just want to tell you, I don't want to hear it. Can't you give your mother and me five minutes of peace?

Malcolm: You know what? You can have the rest of the day because I've given up. I'm not going to have any fun anyway, so why try?

Hal: As long as we're on the same page. (gets up and walks away)

Malcolm (TC): Today sucked. I've done nothing except chicken out, get laughed at and fight with Reese. So now, I'm just going to lie down enjoy the sun and wait for them to take me home. (lies down, and Reese throws wet underwear on his face)

Reese: Now we're even.

Malcolm: (Marches over to Reese at the Liquidator and pulls down his pants in front of everyone in the stand, who laughs)

Malcolm: Now, we're - (Reese pulls up his pants and chases Malcolm to the top of the Liquidator, bumping into Hal

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and Lois and spilling their food and drink on the way)

Lois: Boys!

Malcolm: Reese, I've done some soul-searching in the last five minutes, and hereby offer my full apology. It was very wrong of me. I'm truly sorry for my inappropriate behavior. The terrible guilt I'm feeling is punishment enough... (meanwhile Lois is pushing her way through the queue)

Attendant: Hey, no cutting in line. Oh, it's you again.

Malcolm: Reese, I am so sorry. I really, really mean it. (Reese goes to throw a punch and Lois grabs his wrist)

Lois: (yelling) Do you think we're wealthy?!

Malcolm: What?!

Lois: Do you think we're wealthy? Wealthy people drive fancy cars. They buy fresh pasta. Do we do any of those things? No! Wealthy people can afford to have their vacations ruined. No big deal. They just pick up and they go again. Your father and I work so hard. We work so long. What is wrong with you two?! Are you aborigines?! Every time I turn around, I hear someone screaming and fighting, and I pray to God it's someone else's kids, but it's not. It's always you! Sane children would appreciate this but you have to keep going at each other like rabid monkeys! It is not enough that you do this every day. You have to make me suffer, too. So help me! (sees Malcolm smiling, his finger ready to push her down) Lois: Don't you dare! (Malcolm pushes her down anyway)

Operator Voice: Arms and legs crossed at all times!

Reese: That is the bravest thing I've ever seen you do.

Malcolm: Yeah.

Reese: You're going to die.

Malcolm: I know. So, do you think she's okay? (hear growling, and Lois pulls the two boys down into the slide)

Lois: This is the last time I take you boys anywhere!

Spangler: Good playing, cadet.

Francis: Same to you, sir.

Eric: Hey, who won?

Cadet #1: Who cares, man?

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Cut to Dewey, who has chased the balloon all the way into town, where it bursts. He looks around.

Guy: Hey kid, happy birthday (throws him a paper bag)

Dewey: Cool. (starts chasing it)