

## 206 CONVENTION TRANSCRIPT

Cut to the boys in the yard, playing with sticks. Malcolm and Reese are sitting at the table, while Dewey is on the swing.

Reese: (looks at Dewey's stick) Hey, is his stick bigger than my stick?

Malcolm: I don't know. They're just sticks.

Reese: Yeah, but why does he get the better stick? I always get the crappy sticks! Why is everything of mine so lame? I never have anything nice! My life sucks!

Malcolm: (goes over to Dewey) Give me that. (grabs stick, snaps it across his knee, and throws it on the ground. Dewey starts crying) (TC): Sometimes, things just have a way of working out.

Cut to the kitchen. Dewey is making toast, while Malcolm and Reese complain about having a babysitter.

Reese: I don't see why we need a babysitter!

Malcolm: Yeah, Dad's convention is only for two days!

Reese: How can you not trust us? Well, it's still not fair!

Lois: I trust you to be on your own. The babysitter's not going to be here for two hours. Don't do anything.

Hal: Honey, let's roll. The Meet-and-Greet's at 6.30. I don't want to be late.

Lois: (quickly grabs a fork from Dewey's hand, then kisses the boys) Bye-bye.

Malcolm (TC): See what happens? We told her we didn't want a babysitter. And she didn't listen. Now someone innocent has to suffer.

Cut to the boys setting booby-traps for the babysitter, including hiding something in a tissue box, pouring ink into a shampoo bottle, putting live snakes into a cereal box.

Cut to the boys in the yard, where they are opening up the cesspool.

Dewey: What's that?

Malcolm: It's the cesspool.

Dewey: We have a pool?

Malcolm: It's the sewage from the house. It flows into this pit, and it's decomposed by bacteria. (he and Reese cover the hole with gladwrap)

Reese: Hurry up, it stinks!

Cut to the yard, where the boys have covered the cesspool hole with a beach towel, and have set up chairs and an umbrella next to it.

Reese: (as Malcolm drops a book onto the beach towel) Nice.

Cut to the street, where the boys are standing in the driveway, waiting for the babysitter to arrive.

Malcolm: (calling) Come on, she's going to be here any second.

Reese: Sorry, I had to put the 'lemonade' in the refrigerator. (a car drives up with an old lady at the wheel, but goes on by) Maybe we scared her off. (their real babysitter, a girl Francis's age, arrives on her bike)

Patty: Hi, guys. I'm Patty. (the boys just stand and stare) I'm your babysitter.

Malcolm: Uh, will you excuse us for a second? (the boys run back into the house and undo the booby-traps - but forget the cesspool.)

Cut to Hal and Lois driving to the convention.

Lois: Gee, I sure hope Barb and Tom can make it this year. They are such a fun couple.

Hal: Well, I'm sure Jack Connelly will be there.

Lois: Oh, honey. Why don't you just say something to him, instead of stewing about it? Well, talking to me isn't going to solve anything, and it's obviously just eating away at you.

Hal: I'm over that.

Lois: No, you are not. It's all you ever talk about whenever we go to this thing. Now, Connelly stole your idea to improve efficiency by 4% on the R8698. Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah. Honey, you're obsessed.

Hal: I am not obsessed. I just hate that smug look that he always gives me. And those beady little eyes. Did I ever tell you the story about how he finabled his parking spot?

Lois: Yeah, about 1,000 times. But it doesn't matter, because I'm sure you're going to tell me again.

Hal: Ok, first he was assigned a space in C Lot, right? But that wasn't good enough for him. Not for Connelly, no!

Cut to the boys sitting at the coffee table, playing Crapopoly,

Patty: So, what do you guys want for a snack?

Reese: Excuse me?

Patty: Well, I could make you popcorn, or bake us some chocolate-chip cookies.

Dewey: Mom says the oven doesn't work.

Patty: You guys are just so cute! (phone rings)

Malcolm: (on phone) Hello?

Francis: Malcolm, how's it going? Listen, I need you to do me a favour. There's two or three hundred fake IDs hidden behind the washing machine. Now, with Mom gone, it's safe to transfer them to the garage.

Malcolm: Francis, I really can't do that right now.

Francis: What? What are you talking about?

Patty: Francis? Is that Francis? Tell him it's Patty Henderson from 8<sup>th</sup> Grade Algebra.

Malcolm: Patty Henderson says hi.

Francis: Oh my god, Patty Henderson is your babysitter?

Patty: Here, let me talk to him.

Francis: Don't let her...

Patty: (on phone) Hi.

Francis: Hi, Patty.

Patty: I can't believe I'm talking to you. You probably don't even remember me.

Francis: Yeah, of course I remember you. How's it - (Joe walks by and Francis stops him) What's that, Joe? You've got to use the phone? I'm sorry Patty, I've got to go. Bye. (hangs up)

Patty: Francis is so great. He was the only boy who was ever nice to me. What a sweetheart. He's so cute.

Reese: Yeah, I'm a lot like him.

Patty: I tell you what. Before dinner, why don't we all straighten up the house together?

Boys: Good idea.

Patty: Great. (goes off, and the boys' expressions turn from happy to unimpressed)

Cut to Hal and Lois arriving at the Convention.

Lois: Look, they're giving away free beach towels at the QBH and PPS booth.

Barbara: (calling) Yoo-hoo!

Lois: Hey, there's Barbara and Tom.

Hal: There's Connelly.

Lois: (grabs Hal) For god's sake, Hal. You've got to get over this, just go over there and talk to him. Just clear the air.

Hal: Ok, ok, go. (Hal approaches Connelly and the two get into a physical fight)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm has invited the Krelboynes over to meet Patty.

Malcolm (TC): What do you do when you've got an incredible woman in your bedroom?

Stevie: Oh...sho...te.

Malcolm: (TC): It's the best I could come up with, given the parameters.

Patty: Well, it's great meeting you guys. Would you like anything?

Malcolm: They're fine.

Patty: Ok, well, have fun.

Dabney: She's a trophy babysitter.

Stevie: Tuck me... in.

Lloyd: I wonder if she knows how to keep coacher?

Reese: (appearing in the doorway) What is wrong with you? How can you do this?

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

Reese: You invited them over here to gock at Patty, like she's some piece of meat? Mom and Dad paid good money for her. She's ours.

Dabney: We're leaving.

Reese: He's not going to do anything with her in the house.

Dabney: Wow, she's my kryptonite.

Lloyd: (in baby voice, picking up Dewey's teddy bear) So, this is Reese's blankie? It's darling.

Reese: I guess, suddenly there's no such thing as tomorrow.

Lloyd: All I have are singles. (pulls out his wallet)

Cut to Marlin Academy, where the cadets are having a snack. Francis is telling another cadet about Patty.

Francis: I always felt so sorry for Patty. And she had this wild crush on me. She used to follow me around, waddling, big arms jiggling. She was nice, I didn't want to hurt her feelings, but what are you supposed to do when someone really gross thinks you're cute?

Cut to the Convention, where Hal and Tom are talking after the fight. Nearby, Lois and Barbara are doing the same.

Tom: You really got a couple of good shots there.

Hal: I'm just embarrassed about the whole thing.

Tom: Hey, he stole your idea. How often do you come up with an idea to increase efficiency by 4%? Hey, at least you made him scream like a girl.

Hal: No, that was me.

Lois: I don't know what got into Hal, I've never seen him act that way before. At least not without any provocation. Or with witnesses.

Barbara: Men are animals. Or so, I am told. (takes a sip of her drink)

Lois: Are you drunk already?

Barbara: I'm not wasting any time, I've got to get back to the kids in 24 hours.

Hal: Oh lord, what an idiot I am. I mean, these are people I work with, they're going to think I'm a lunatic. Oh, I should apologise to Connelly. (walks towards Connelly)

Barbara: Did you know you can audition male strippers and you don't even have to hire them? They're not that bright.

Lois: Yeah, well, I was just going to get tee-shirts for the boys. (another fight breaks out between Hal and Connelly) Let go of him! Let go! Stop fighting!

Barbara: Oh, for god's sake, Tom. Do something.

Tom: I'll refill your drink.

Barbara: Ok. (Tom goes off)

Cut to Malcolm in the bathroom, combing his hair.

Malcolm: (TC): What? (goes to the kitchen, where Patty is serving dinner. He and Reese exchange looks)

Malcolm: What are you doing?!

Reese: What are you doing?!

Patty: (putting plate of chicken legs on the table) Here you go. (Malcolm glances from the plate of chicken to Patty's boobs) Hungry?

Malcolm: I don't know what I am.

Patty: (calling) Dewey. Come on, guys. Eat.

Reese: These potatoes are heavenly.

Patty: Thank you.

Malcolm: So, yesterday, in my gifted class - I'm not bragging that I'm gifted, but that's just what they call the class. We're studying Mad Cow disease. It started because they were grinding up dead cows, and feeding them to the other cows. Basically the it is turning their brains into soup, right in their skulls. It's very similar to a disease that afflicted a tribe of cannibals, because they feasted on their victims' brains. (everyone else is silent)

Reese: Hey, Patty. I have a trick for you. What's your address?

Patty: Oh, 531 North Canton.

Reese: What's your favourite colour?

Patty: Um, I don't know. Blue, I guess.

Reese: Mine too. (burping) Hello, I'm Patty Henderson. I'm from North Canton, and my favourite colour's blue. (coughs. Patty looks unimpressed)

Dewey: I can dance. Want me to show you?

Patty: Ok.

Dewey: (gets up from the table and starts singing and dancing) Boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo. Boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee...

Malcolm: (TC): This is just embarrassing.

Patty: (watching) Oh my god. You little angel, that is the cutest thing.

Cut to the kitchen, where Malcolm and Reese are washing the dishes.

Reese: Why are we doing the dishes, anyway?

Malcolm: I don't know. Just shut up! (they hear Patty and Dewey laughing in the bedroom, where they are playing ball)

Patty: (as Dewey catches the ball) All right! (the ball rolls off the bed) Oh, I'll get it. It keeps going under the bed. Here it is, just let me wiggle it a little more. Oh my god, I just pushed

it in even further. Oh, got it. (Dewey gets up and closes the door on Malcolm and Reese)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Patty carries Dewey in from the bathroom after giving him a bath. Malcolm and Reese are angrily watching.

Patty:           Ok, now you're all squeaky clean. Now, go put on your pyjamas.  
                  (leaves the bedroom)

Dewey:           (in his cute voice) Hi, guys.

Reese: All right, drop the cute stuff.

Dewey:           What cute stuff?

Reese:           You, standing there with your big eyes and your dopey voice. I have to resist hugging you myself.

Dewey:           I'm not doing anything.

Malcolm:         Yeah? Then what's that? (points to a pile of art supplies on Dewey's bed)

Dewey:           Nothing.

Malcolm:         (picks up a tube of glue) You were going to make her a card?

Dewey:           No.

Reese:           (holding up glitter) You like glitter, Dewey?

Cut to the bedroom, where Patty comes in and sees Dewey covered in glitter and craft shapes)

Patty:           Dewey.

Malcolm:         This is the way he is. He's a walking disaster area.

Patty:           Guess who needs another bath? Come on, you. (picks Dewey up and carries him into the bathroom)

Cut to the Convention, where Lois is eating dinner with Barbara and Tom.

Barbara:         (drunkenly, to the waiter) And not so much ice this time, I'm not cold.

Lois:            Hey, why don't you pay for dinner, since we got parking.

Barbara:         Barbara: Are you taking advantage of me because I'm drunk?

Lois:            Yep.

Barbara:         (to Tom) I wish you would.

Lois:            (Hal joins them at the table, with a tissue sticking out of his nose) I hope you're proud of yourself.

Hal:             I can't help it. I don't know what it is. It's like the guy gives off some kind of scent. The hair on the back of my neck stands up, and I want to tear him apart.

Tom:             I would never have the courage to do what Hal did. Oh, sure, I occasionally yell at someone. It's always with the window rolled up. Can I just say, thank you?

Barbara:         Tom, don't encourage him.

Tom:             I'm just saying, I'd do what Hal did if I could.

Barbara: But you can't, because you're a coward.

Tom: That's my point.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Patty is on the phone with Francis.

Patty: ...and I've got Mr Swanson for Maths. Do you think that guy ever changed his pants? Because I don't think so.

Francis: Really?

Patty: I seem to be rambling on and on, I have completely lost track of time.

Francis: That's cool. We're at 97 minutes.

Patty: It's been so great talking to you.

Francis: Yeah, you too.

Patty: You were always so nice to me.

Francis: Oh, well. You deserve it, you know. You're a nice person.

Patty: I'm wearing one of your shirts, I was going to sleep in it tonight. I hope you don't mind.

Francis: No, no.

Patty: Anyway, um, I don't know quite how to say this, but, I'm just going to say it. I think you're really special. And, um, well, I heard you were going to be home in a couple of weeks, and, well, my parents are going to be out of town, and I thought maybe you could come over, and... you know.

Francis: Listen, Patty. I have to say this now, I am sorry, but I don't want to lead you on. I am so not physically attracted to you, like, at all. I think of you as a friend.

Patty: (crying) Uh-huh.

Francis: Oh, Patty, See, now I've hurt your feelings. I know this may be really hard for you to believe, but there is someone out there, who will find you physically attractive. And you'll find him, and when you do...

Patty: (upset) Look, I get it, Francis. Ok, someone's out there for me, and it's not you!

Francis: That's the spirit. (Patty hangs up on him)

Joe: You had to do it, man.

Francis: It's tough when you're their one shot at happiness. This is going to send her straight to the fridge.

Malcolm: (he and Reese join Patty in the family room) Hey, Patty, you want to play Video Hockey?

Patty: Um, not right now. (quickly goes off to the bedroom, crying)

Reese: (as Malcolm starts following her) Hey! Where are you going?

Malcolm: To find out what's wrong and make her feel better.

Reese: No, I'll go find out what's wrong and make her feel better.

Malcolm: You'll just make her more upset!

Reese: I happen to be sensitive.

Malcolm: You're stupid and a creep.

Reese: I'll kick your ass! (wrestles Malcolm to the floor)

Malcolm: Ow!

Reese: (raises fist) Say I can make her feel better!

Malcolm: No! (Reese goes to punch him but stops when they hear Dewey singing)

Dewey: Boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee, boo-bee...

Patty: You are so sweet.

Reese: (he and Malcolm exchange glances) He's cute. I hate him for being cute.

Cut to the Convention, where Hal and Lois and Barbara and Tom are still in the restaurant. Barbara is feeling unwell.

Barbara: I don't feel so good. Maybe it was the oysters.

Lois: Uh-huh. Hal, do you have the...? (hears glass breaking and people screaming, and turns to see Hal in another fight with Connelly) I used to have a Rottweiler like this. Excuse me. (grabs fire hose and starts spraying the fighting men)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Patty and the boys are now in bed.

Malcolm: (TC): I can't believe she's sleeping in the bed right down the hall. I can't sleep. (Reese is also lying awake)

Reese: (looks over at Dewey) You're not that cute. (Dewey screams)

Patty: (running in) What's the matter?

Dewey: I'm scared. I had a nightmare.

Patty: Oh, you poor baby. Want to sleep with me? (Dewey nods) Ok, come on. All right. (carries Dewey off)

Malcolm: I don't believe it! I'm supposed to be the genius and I'm being outsmarted by a kid who can't even tie his own shoes.

Reese: We can't let him get away with this.

Malcolm: We're taking him down.

Cut to the Convention restaurant, where Hal and Connelly are still fighting, while Lois yells at them.

Lois: Would you stop this, please?! You are humiliating me in front of my friend!

Barbara: (throwing up) I'm ok.

Lois: You are both middle-aged men, you are too old, and too weak to accomplish anything here!

Hal: It's too late! Something snapped. I'm way past the point of no return! I'm going to let nature take its course...and kill him!

Lois: (grabs Hal) In thirty seconds, I am going to instruct these men to let you go.



Hal: Thank you, Lois. Thank you.

Lois: And then, you will have a choice: you can indulge your primal urges with him, or you can come back to the motel, and indulge your primal urges with me.

Hal: (panicking) Don't trivialize my anger, Lois. There are some things that you just don't try to talk people out of! I have a legitimate situation here!

Lois: I know, baby. (she and Hal kiss, before she leads Hal off)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey and Patty are asleep in Hal and Lois's bedroom. Malcolm and Reese are standing outside the double doors. Malcolm is holding Dewey's teddy bear, and Reese is holding a lighter. Dewey looks scared and gets out of bed)

Reese: It's working.

Malcolm: Ok. I'll hold him down, you put the tape over his mouth. Then we'll take him to the garage.

Reese: (they notice Dewey is gone) Where did he go? (Dewey approaches the door) Come to Papa. (Dewey grins and locks the door)

Malcolm: (he and Reese run to the laundry door, which is also locked) He locked us out!

Patty: Dewey, come to bed.

Dewey: Ok. (climbs back into bed with Patty)

Reese: Great.

Malcolm: What are we supposed to do now?

Reese: (goes over to lie down on the beach towel, forgetting it is covering the cesspool, and falls in) Arrrgghhh! Oh my god! What is this stuff?

Malcolm: (TC): Well, at least tonight wasn't a total loss. (sits down in one of the chairs and opens a can of soda)