

## 208 THERAPY TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Did you get the éclairs?  
Hal: There were only three left, and I had to cut one of an old woman to get those.  
Lois and Hal look at the éclairs and breath in and out.  
Lois: Well, I just won't have one.  
Hal: No, no, no I won't have one, and you and Dewey can split one.  
Lois: That's not fair to Dewey. Forget it. We'll just let the boys have them.

Hal looks at Lois. The door bangs and they think the kids are home so they grab the éclairs and stuff them into their mouths. They then turn around to look towards the door, and they see it banging due to the wind.

Hal: False alarm.

Malcolm (TC): As near as I can figure, my school was created for the sole purpose of making *me* miserable. Today, in Krelboyne class, we start Medieval Week.  
Lois: Where's your jester costume?  
Malcolm: In my backpack. I'll wear it at school.  
Lois: Put it on. I didn't stay up all night making it for my health!

Malcolm puts on the hat and looks at her.

Lois: Bells. Oh, I forgot the bells!  
Reese: You look so adorable! You know what I love about Medieval week, is that you can spot the Krelboynes from super far away, and they jingle when you hit them.  
Hal: (emerges from shower) Reese! Leave your brother alone. (looks at Malcolm)  
Although you are asking for it.

Cut to hallway, where Malcolm and Lois are pushing the closet door closed onto the string of bells.

Lois: Ok, ready ....ready..... Ow! Oh. There.  
Malcolm: Why don't you just put a bull's eye on my chest and get it over with?  
Lois: Oh, you look fine. Reese will tell me if you take these off.

Cut to Krelboyne classroom, where the class are sitting, dressed in their costumes.

Malcolm (TC): When I was six I dove in a pool and my trunks came off. God, I wish I was there right now.  
Caroline: All right children, it's time to begin the Harvest Dance. I would demonstrate myself, but being in my third trimester, I don't want to risk the placenta separating from my uterine wall.  
Class: Ewwwww!  
Caroline: Oh, come on! We've studied this. There's nothing dirty about the miracle of life, and we should all be able to discuss this openly.  
Kid #1: Who's the father?  
Stevie: Does he.....work here?  
Caroline: Alright. You know, I told you, we are *not* playing this game again. All right, everyone gather their dance props, please. Dabney, don't forget you have a dentist appointment.  
Dabney: Oh!  
Caroline: Ok, Your Holiness, would you start the gay, as in happy, Harvest Procession?  
Stevie: Lets...kick it!

Accompanied by some kids playing instruments, the Krelboynes begin the Harvest Dance.

Malcolm: Dabney has three dentist appointments every week. His teeth look fine to me.  
Lloyd: He's not going to the *dentist*, he's going to the "dentist". It's the secret code for the school therapist.  
Malcolm: How come you know that, do you see the shrink too?  
Lloyd: Yes, I'm currently seeing Miss Gilbert. My mother and stepfather suggested it as a pre-emptor strike against my anger displacement tendencies. But ultimately, therapy was my decision. Not theirs. Mine. It was voluntary.  
Malcolm: Ok.  
Lloyd: Yes I am! My fear of rejection is virtually gone, and my self worth is at an all time high!

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Francis and another cadet are walking into the laundry.

Cadet #1: I really think you're going to like laundry duty, Francis. Basically, you wash it, you dry it, you fold it. You want me to go through that again?  
Francis: Nah, twice was good. Actually, I don't mind doing laundry. Mum always thought she was punishing me but I always found it relaxing. Jeez, this detergent is awful! This is way too hoarse for our cotton blends. Wasn't this stuff banned?  
Cadet #1: Yeah. This is what we use. You see, there's an arrangement with the distributor, we take this crappy soap off his hands, and, uh (holds up coupon) he makes it worth our while.  
Francis: The Alabama Opera?  
Cadet #1: There's plenty more where that came from.  
Francis: No thanks.  
Cadet #1: Opera's not your thing. That's fine. (goes to desk and opens drawer) This guy's got connections. Firewood, Tractor Shell, free burgers from Churchill's when you buy a burger of equal or greater value.  
Francis: Don't you think Marlin Academy is hard enough without our own guys selling us out? I mean, look at these. Ever heard of fabric softener? These sheets are like sleeping on straw!  
Cadet #1: Hey, it was good enough for the baby Jesus.  
Francis: Get out! (Cadet leaves and Francis starts throwing detergents into the bin)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is rummaging in the closet while Hal stands behind her.

Lois: Where are my cooling racks? I know I put them in here, what a MESS!  
Hal: Honey, I'll go to the store and I'll buy you new cooling racks.  
Lois: No, I want to find these. And when I do, we are all going to clean up this disaster of a closet. It's going to be our new family project.  
Hal: We never finished our last family project.  
Lois: Because it's in here under two tons of crap!

Cut to Krelboyne Class, where the class are preparing for another practice of the Harvest Dance.

Caroline: Your dentist appointment, Lloyd.  
Lloyd: My teeth feel fine today, Caroline. I like myself. Oh, who am I kidding?  
Caroline: Great news! We have been granted permission to perform the Harvest Dance at the all-school assembly today. (class cheers and claps; Malcolm looks horrified)  
Ok, everyone in their circle. And....

The class begins the Harvest Dance, while Malcolm deliberately messes up, punches a kid then fakes an outburst.

Malcolm: Damn! Stupid! I can't do it! I'm stupid and I'm terrible! I suck at everything! (Looks around) And I'm fat!

Cut to School Therapist's office, where Malcolm is playing a video game.

Therapist: Ok, you just get comfortable and we'll talk when you're ready.  
Malcolm: Thank you, Miss Gilbert.  
Malcolm (TC): Ok. So I faked it. But with the family I have, it would only be a matter of time anyway. (continues playing)  
Miss Gilbert: We should probably talk a little, now.  
Malcolm: Do we have to?  
Miss Gilbert: Well, that's sort of why you're here.  
Malcolm: (playing game) That's suck, where did that flame thrower come from?  
Miss Gilbert: Malcolm, I want you to feel relaxed here. Now, school's really stressful, and can be quite demanding. This could be, this could be a safe place, for you to unwind.  
Kid Outside: Not the face, not the face! (gets punched and the bells on his costume jingle)  
Malcolm: Could I unwind for or five times a week?  
Miss Gilbert: Maybe. What would we talk about?  
Malcolm: I don't know where to begin. (TC) I really don't.  
Miss Gilbert: Well, that was quite an episode you had in class, did you want to talk about that?  
Malcolm: No. You'll just think it's stupid.  
Miss Gilbert: Nothing you ever say in here will be stupid.  
Malcolm: But, all I ever do is make mistakes. I feel like, I don't even deserve to beat my own High Score.  
Miss Gilbert: Oh, yes you do, Malcolm.  
Malcolm: Thank you so much. (Goes back to video game) (TC) The tricky part is, I need to keep this up without being put on medication.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is cleaning out the closet.

Lois: Underpants! In a closet. Human underpants! I must not threaten you people enough!  
Hal: My lord! My Skittles! (takes them out of box then sits down on the floor with them)  
They've been missing for years!

Cut to the kitchen, where Reese is making a peanut butter sandwich. Malcolm comes in.

Reese: You missed a great assembly! I can't believe it. They actually gave us fruit to throw at the Krelboynes. What were they thinking?  
Malcolm: Don't you ever get tired of making their lives miserable?  
Reese: Nope. Besides, I want them to remember who's boss. When they're living in their Mansions, with their supermodel wives, they're gonna know. The guy who cleaned their pool kicked their ass. Hey, I had six tomatoes with your name on 'em. Where were you?  
Malcolm: None of your business.  
Reese: Maybe it's Mom's business.  
Malcolm: I ditched it to go to the Arcade, don't tell Mom!  
Reese: The Arcade's closed.  
Malcolm: Not the one at the mall.  
Reese: Wait a minute. I can smell my own breath!

Cut to the hallway, where Hal is teaching Dewey how to play Skittles, while Lois cleans out the closet behind them.

Hal: Throw the ball around the post, it swings back and knocks down the pins, ok? I was good. I was real good. Now, don't be upset if the first time you throw, nothing happens.

Dewey knocks down all the pins on his first go.

Hal: Wow! That was a flopper! Oh man! Oh man! That was a lucky shot. The real key to skittles is the release point, all right? When you release the ball, make sure it goes on a parallel – (Dewey knocks all the pins down again)

Cut to Marlin Academy, where the cadets are dropping off their laundry.

Drew: I can't believe it. This colour's so crisp, yet it doesn't shape. And these sheets, it's like sleeping on a cloud!  
Francis: My pleasure, guys.  
Joe: Dude, thank you. I've been hoping for months that my rash was from the laundry. Turns out, it was. Thanks.  
Francis: Glad I can help.  
Joe: Yeah. This is for you. (gives Francis something)  
Francis: No. Joe, you don't have to.  
Joe: I insist.  
Francis: Wow, that was nice of you.  
Eric: Hey, would you mind tossing in some of my Civilian stuff with the Academy rags?  
Francis: Oh, I'd love to, but I'm really swamped down here. Well, yeah, whatever, I'll see if I can find some time for your stuff.  
Eric: Thanks man. (Puts \$10 note on desk)  
Francis: No, no, no, you don't have to.  
Eric: You're the best. (Francis picks up the money and looks at it)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Hal and Dewey are still playing Skittles, and Lois is still cleaning out the closet.

Lois: Garbage. In a closet. *Coffee grounds!* Hal!  
Hal: You've gotta see this! The boy's a prodigy. Go. (Dewey knocks all the pins down again) Yeeeeesssss!  
Lois: Who are the Petersons, why do we have their photo albums? (Opens one to look at it)

Dewey knocks over all the pins again, this time upside down and blindfolded. Malcolm arrives home, carrying a book.

Hal: Amazing!  
Lois: Hi Malcolm, how was school?  
Malcolm: It was normal. Yeah, I'd say normal. Very Medieval. Is that a truck tyre? (points to closet)  
Lois: (looks around) What? Oh my god – Hal! (Malcolm hurries off to his bedroom)

Cut to clips: Malcolm is reading *Adolescents and Children in Anxiety*. He puts the book aside and turns to his notepad to write notes.

Malcolm is in Miss Gilbert's office, talking with her.

Malcolm is at his desk at night, reading more books Miss Gilbert has given him.

Malcolm is in Miss Gilbert's office, talking with her.

Malcolm is sitting on his bed with lots of open books around him.

Malcolm is in Miss Gilbert's office, describing a picture.

Miss Gilbert is at her desk, reading the books.

Cut to the Krelboyne class. Malcolm is at his desk, when Lloyd comes over.

Lloyd: Um, Malcolm, I wanted you to know how proud I am of you. Admitting you needed help is the hardest step.  
Malcolm: No. Keeping up with all the new Cognitive and Behavioural Therapies is the hardest step, Lloyd.  
Lloyd: My self-worth is still skyrocketing.  
Caroline: Ok everybody, tomorrow's looming demonstration has been cancelled. Instead we will be going to see a re-enactment of the slaughter of French Troops, followed by a visit to the Museum of Torture, and then pizza.  
Malcolm: (to Dabney) Museum of Torture? That's awesome. (raises hand) Do they have a Gift shop?  
Caroline: I'm sorry Malcolm, you can't go. You've a Dentist Appointment.  
Dabney: You're lucky you're not going. My brother went last year, and there was so much fake blood that he fainted.  
Malcolm: (TC): I think it's time I had a major breakthrough in Therapy.

Cut to Malcolm lying on the couch in Miss Gilbert's office.

Malcolm: Then a butterfly landed on my wrist, and I woke up.  
Miss Gilbert: What colour was that butterfly?  
Malcolm: It was either blue or purple. Definitely not red or orange. That I can remember.  
Miss Gilbert: Your dream, Malcolm, is so – so tranquil, it's soothing. This is, this is encouraging.  
Malcolm: Yeah.  
Miss Gilbert: Mmm-hmm, that you're starting to relax.  
Malcolm: I think I might be too. (TC) I made the same cure. But I'll leave the door open for a relapse when we start Ballet next semester. (sits up) I know I have my ups and downs. But right now, it feels good to be happy.  
Miss Gilbert: I'm glad to hear it. And I think we've made a lot of progress.  
Malcolm: (stands up) Thanks Miss Gilbert. (goes to door and opens it) I like myself now, and I know I couldn't have said that on Tuesday. (leaves the office, closes the door and sees Reese waiting on the couch, reading a magazine).  
Malcolm: What are you doing here?  
Reese: I figured out your scam. It turns out, crazy runs in the family.  
Malcolm: Reese, you don't know what you're doing. You're going to ruin everything!  
Reese: Relax, I've got it covered.  
Miss Gilbert: I'm ready to see you now, Reese.  
Reese: (putting hand up) Reese isn't here right now. This is Davie. (gets up and goes into Miss Gilbert's office)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is still playing Skittles. He knocks down all the pins once again.

Hal: See, that's ten in a row! Oh Lois, he's got the gift. Since the end of the war, there's only been one documented triple consecutive flopper in English history. You know what this means? I finally have something to rub in the face of that blow-hard Niggins and his little Tennis Champion.  
Lois: What are you talking about?  
Hal: Oh, he's constantly harping about his kid winning this tournament, winning that tournament, going to the Whitehouse! I'm taking Dewey over there to shut that guy up once and for all. Hey, are you ready to shut that guy up once and for

all, son?  
Dewey: What guy?  
Hal: He's ready.  
Lois: Hal, you're just doing this to get out of cleaning out the closet.  
Hal: Not entirely. Let's go, son. (Packs up Skittles)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm is at his desk reading a book. The bedroom door is closed. Reese comes in.

Malcolm: What happened? Did you get caught? Where were you?  
Reese: Jeez, you're always so angry. Maybe you really do need therapy.  
Malcolm: What I need is for you not to ruin everything for me. Do you know much trouble we'll be in if we get caught? With Mom? With the school? With Mom?  
Reese: Give me a little credit, psycho. I've been doing my own research. (pulls out DVDs from backpack) See, I rented Silence of the Lambs, Seventh and The Nutty Professor.  
Malcolm: Oh god! Reese, tell me exactly what you told her!  
Reese: Nope. That's confidential. (pulls out masks from his backpack) Now, which one do you like more? (holds up one at a time to his face. Door knocks. Camera switches to Lois standing in the doorway with Miss Gilbert)  
Lois: (slowly walking into the bedroom) Malcolm. Reese. What do you have to say for yourselves?  
Reese: (holds up hand) Don't blame Reese. Blame Davey. (Lois twists his thumb and pulls him to the floor)

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Francis is sitting at the desk. Eric comes in with his laundry.

Eric: I'm sorry it's last minute, but I need these tonight. I've got another date with Rebecca.  
Francis: (rummaging through the bag) Ok. Seven items, thirty bucks.  
Eric: I don't have that kind of money! Last time it cost ten! You can cut me some slack, can't you?  
Francis: I'd love to do you a favour, but I'm booked. And I don't have to play favourites.  
Eric: You can't do this to me. I need to wear my bowling shirt! Rebecca loves my bowling shirt! Francis, I don't have the money.  
Francis: Well, then, you don't have the clothes. Gotta pay to be a player.  
Eric: Look at yourself! I remember the Francis who cared about his job. A cap and a half of Fabric Softener, Francis. Remember that? A cap and a half!  
Francis: (putting on headset) If you'll excuse me, I have some ironing to do. (walks off)  
Eric: (picking up bag) I can't believe him!  
Drew: Yup. I had to give him three CDs just to get my dress blues pressed!  
Eric: I think it's time somebody taught that guy a lesson. (pulls red tee-shirt from bag)  
Drew: Yeah! We'll make him wear a lame tee-shirt.  
Eric: Or we could put it in a load of whites. Just follow me. (they walk off)

Cut to the lounge, where Reese is kneeling against the bookcase, with his hands behind his head.

Lois: So my children are emotionally disturbed?  
Miss Gilbert: We don't like to use those labels. Um, I spent a whole week with Malcolm –  
Lois: Really? A whole week.  
Miss Gilbert: Yes, and, uh, to be honest, I think, I think there are some definite issues that you and he need to talk about. Malcolm, do you want to share this drawing with your mother? (holds out picture)  
Malcolm: No, that's ok – (Lois snatches picture from him)  
Lois: (Looking at picture) I like what you've done with my teeth.

Miss Gilbert: There's some things that Malcolm told me, that I think you should hear.  
Lois: Oh, well. I'd love to hear him.  
Miss Gilbert: Go ahead, Malcolm. (Malcolm looks nervous)  
Lois: Yeah, go ahead.  
Miss Gilbert: Everybody wants to help. You're safe here. (Malcolm is still silent)  
About the anger thing?  
Lois: Yeah, tell me about the anger thing.  
Malcolm: When you're angry, you bump up your feelings, and you freak me out with silence.  
Lois: Well, I will, uh – I'll try to be more vocal.  
Miss Gilbert: Go on.  
Lois: Please.  
Malcolm: I wish you would spend more time at home, and less at the racetrack.  
Lois: Well, I guess I'm going to have to change that, too.  
Miss Gilbert: Come on, Malcolm. Tell her about the pressure. (Lois looks at her)  
Malcolm: Well, I feel you put a lot of pressure on me, and I can't live up to your expectations.  
Lois: What pressure?  
Malcolm: Oh, maybe not. I don't know.  
Lois: No, no, no, no, no, go back, what were you saying?  
Malcolm: Well, you put a lot of pressure on me and stuff.  
Lois: What do you mean, when do I pressure you?  
Malcolm: All the time! If it's not the extra credit reports, it's all the advanced classes you sign me up for. And after that, I have to help Reese and Dewey with their homework.  
Lois: That's not pressure.  
Malcolm: You know, I didn't ask to be born smart.  
Lois: We just want you to live up to your potential.  
Malcolm: That! that's exactly what I'm talking about!

Cut to the Marlin Academy, where all the cadets are entering the laundry, dressed in pink tee-shirts and underwear, caused by the red tee-shirt being washed with them.

Eric: I tried to stop him, I said hey, don't put that red tee-shirt in there, that's not colour fast, but he just laughed, he said pink was a better colour because that's what little weak girls wear.  
Joe: We've looked everywhere else, he's in here somewhere.  
Eric: Sshhh! (oints to two laundry bags in the corner, where he thinks Francis is hiding. The cadets all run over and kick the bags while Francis, who is hiding in another bag, starts crawling away before a cadet catches him)  
Cadet #2: Francis. (all the cadets turn around)  
Francis: (from bag) No.  
Cut to the Wikersons' house, where Hal and Dewey are arriving home.

Hal: Ok Dewey, even the best of 'em have off days.  
Dewey: Uh-huh.  
Hal: Sixteen misses in a row. Some people might think you did it on purpose.  
Dewey: Oh.  
Hal: (crouches in front of Dewey) Is there something you want to tell me, son?  
Dewey: I don't want to do this any more, it's boring.  
Hal: You'd be giving up what might very well be your one true talent. You could be another Chap Sanders! Hmmm? (Dewey doesn't respond) So, are you willing to turn your back on your destiny?  
Dewey: Yep. Can I go now?  
Hal: All right, if that's what you want. (Dewey turns to leave, but Hal stops him) Hey, could you throw it for me one more time? Hmmm? One last flopper for your old

Transcript by Amigo22

Dad?  
Dewey: Nope. (walks off down the hall)  
Hal: All right then.

Cut to the lounge, where Lois is sitting on the couch with Malcolm. They are both crying.

Malcolm: I'm sorry.  
Lois: Oh no, don't be, I'm the one who should apologise.  
Malcolm: No, you guys just want what's best for me, and I love that.  
Lois: Oh, we do. We love you.  
Malcolm: I love you too.  
Reese: (comes over and leans against Lois's other shoulder, crying too) Mom, you really pissed me off when you took away my Hockey stick because I was hitting Dewey with it. I know you're sorry, I thought you would take it down later. (Lois cries harder)

Cut to the interior of the closet, where Hal is kneeling on the floor, passing boxes out to Lois.

Lois: Oh, another Peterson box.  
Hal: (picks up another dusty box) Oh, this is from the Sixties.  
Lois: I don't understand, did we clean out this closet when we moved in?  
Hal: Oh, apparently not. (pulls out a large rug, revealing a toilet)  
Lois: Oh, for crying out loud, they left an old toilet!

Hal tries to pull the toilet out, but, once he realises it won't move, he pulls the chain and it flushes, much to his and Lois's surprise.

Lois: This is a bathroom. We have a second bathroom!  
Hal: Sshhh! (closes closet door and they crouch on the floor) (whispering) If we don't tell them, we won't know. It'll be our little secret. A beautiful little secret (laughs)

They stand up and quickly re-cover the toilet and put a box on top of it so they boys won't find out.