

223 CARNIVAL TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm and Reese make Hal believe that he has overslept. So he jumps out of the bed, brushes his teeth with his shaver and tries to shave his face with his toothbrush. Then he runs into the kitchen, gets some coffee, wants to run out of the door, spills the coffee onto his hands and screams. The boys are watching him, laughing.

Malcolm: When your TV privileges are taken away, you have to do something for entertainment. This is totally a trade-up.

(Opening credits)

Hal: Well, I solved 2 mysteries: Why the toaster was stinking and where Dewey left his goldfish.

Lois: Hal, would you put on a decent shirt? Stevie is here.

Hal: So?

Lois: So, I like having him around. Look, he's actually got the boys reading the newspaper.

Stevie: (Malcolm turns the page of the newspaper) Wait...I haven't... finished yet. (You can see a woman in her underwear)

Reese: Hey check it out, the county fair.

Malcolm: Look at that; they've got rollercoasters a sideshow, knife-throwers...

Stevie: Your name...written on...rice.

Reese: Oh man, this is the last weekend. We've got to go.

Malcolm: Yeah, like mom would ever let us go.

Stevie: Why does...she have... to know?

Malcolm: You got an idea?

Stevie: Maybe... you guys... could come... for a sleepover.

Malcolm: Your parents are not gonna let us go to the fair.

Stevie: They'll think...that I'm sleeping...at your house.

Malcolm: Double alibi.

Reese: It's a classic for a reason.

Stevie: Can you... talk your mom... into sleeping over?

Malcolm: Mom, can we sleep over at Stevie's tonight?

Lois: Sure.

Stevie: Now for...my parents.

Cut to the Kenarbans' house, where Stevie and his parents are sitting in his room.

Kitty: A sleepover? At someone else's house?

Abe: Don't you like sleeping here, son?

Kitty: I don't think this is a good idea, Stevie. Malcolm's family doesn't have an air purifier, and god knows how outmoded their alarm system is. They probably don't even have motion detectors.

Abe: Be honest, son. Is it my snoring?

Kitty: You have a perfectly good hypoallergenic mattress here to sleep on. I just don't see the point.

Stevie: It would help... me feel...normal. (turns and wheels out of the bedroom) fish... in a barrel.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm is on the phone to Stevie in the boys' bedroom.

Malcolm: Alright, see you there. (hangs up the phone) Stevie's in. He's gonna meet us at the bus stop in half an hour. We take the 37 express to the fair, have fun for a little while and we'll be back home by midnight. (they see Dewey hiding in the closet)

Reese: You little creep.

Dewey: Let go.

Reese: What did you hear?

Dewey: Everything. I want to go to the fair.

Malcolm: No Dewey, you're too young.

Dewey: Take me, or I'll tell Mom.

Reese: If you do, I'll stomp the crap out of you.

Dewey: Go ahead, I'm still telling.

Malcolm: Dewey, you're not going and you're not telling. If you blab to Mom, we'll take every pet you ever get and send it free.

Reese: We'll destroy every toy, every game, everything you ever love.

Dewey: Do what you have to.

Cut to the kitchen, where all 3 boys are preparing to go to Stevie's house.

Malcolm: Dewey's gonna go with us to Stevie's.

Lois: Why?

Reese: Because we like him.

Dewey: And it is fun.

Lois: And Stevie's Mom is ok with this?

Malcolm: Yeah.

Lois: Maybe so, but she has no idea what she is getting into with the 3 of you over there. I should give her a call.

Hal: Honey, Kitty can speak up for herself. She has made a decision and I think we shouldn't be second guessing her.

Lois: What?

Hal: Oh with Dewey going, too, I have to try to think of something to do on our own. Alone.

Lois: Ok boys, have fun.

Hal: (as the boys run off) Bye now.

Cut to the kitchen. It is now dark. Candles have been lit around the living room, and music is playing. Hal and Lois are making out in the kitchen.

Lois: Oh Hal, we've got the whole night. Here, heat up the rolls. (hands the pack of rolls to Hal, who holds them against his body) Oh, daddy will just kill me if he catches me with one of the fielders. (The phone rings)

Hal: Let the machine get it.

Francis' voice: Hello, it's Francis. Mom, Dad, pick up. I'm in the emergency room and the doctors think they can save my leg when they...

Lois: (Lois picks up the phone) Francis, are you ok?

Francis: Ha! Screening your own child. Fine parents you are.

Lois: Honey, what's wrong?

Francis: The fact that I have to resort to lies to get you to talk to me. That's what wrong.

Lois: What do you want, Francis?

Francis: I don't know, it's Saturday night. I thought I could call and say hi.

Lois: Can we call you later? Dad and I are kind of busy right now.

Francis: Alright, let me talk to my brothers.

Lois: They're not here.

Francis: Then what are you... (Hal turns up the stereo) ew...oh.. (walks away making disgusted noises)

Cut to the County Fair. The boys are just arriving.

Stevie: Where's everybody... going?

Reese: They're leaving. This place is closing in 15 minutes.

Malcolm: (angrily) We would have been here 2 hours ago if we didn't have to go off the express bus.

Dewey: I had to pee.

Reese: (angrily) You cost us 2 hours. Just for that you don't get to see the Siamese pigs.

Dewey: No!

Stevie: Can we...stop fighting...and start...living?

Malcolm: Ok, we only have time for one ride, so we need to make it count. How about the Chamber of Terrors?

Reese: It's on the other side of the midway.

Cut to the boys arriving at the Chamber of Terrors, where the security guard is closing the ride.

Guy: Ride's closed.

Malcolm: What? We've still got 5 minutes.

Guy: Not according to my watch.

Reese: Hey, you have to let us ride. This is a county fair. It belongs to people. I mean what are our tax dollars for anyway?

Guy: Cops. The one that I call when you don't get the hell out of here. Ride's closed.

Malcolm: (as the boys walk off) That sucks. He's just picking on us because we're kids and we can't do anything about it.

Reese: I know, this is unfair.

Malcolm: He could let us through. He just has an attitude problem.

Stevie: What happened to...customer service?

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Abe and Kitty have arrived to check up on Stevie.

Kitty: Are you sure we should be doing this? Stevie might get mad at us just dropping in on him.

Abe: We're not doing anything wrong, we're his parents. And we happened to be in the neighbourhood. (knocks on the door)

Kitty: You just want to kiss him good night.

Abe: So what if I do? I've kissed that boy good night every night since he was born. It makes him sleep better and it makes me sleep better. What is taking so long?

Kitty: Those are boys. They're probably watching ninja movies and eating full fat crackers. (Noise from the inside of the house)

Abe: Hello? Is everything ok in there?

Hal: (from inside) We cannot pretend we're not here! They didn't see us, but they probably heard the crash! (opens the door and pokes his head around) Oh...Kitty, Abe. What are you doing here?

Abe: Hello Hal.

Kitty: Is everything ok? We heard a crash.

Hal: Yeah, sure. It's just...we're moving furniture. So, what brings you by?

Abe: We just came by to see Stevie.

Hal: Stevie? (Hal, who is naked, opens the door covering his privates with a pillow) Well, Stevie isn't here. I thought he was with you.

Kitty: What are you talking about? Where's my baby?

Lois: (leaning over the back of the couch) Abe, Kitty, what are you doing here?

Kitty: We came to see Stevie. He's not here on a sleepover with your boys?

Hal: No, they told us they were spending the night at your house for a sleepover.

Lois: Hal, get my bra.

Cut to the County Fair. The boys are on a ride, which is meant to be scary, but none of them are scared.

Malcolm: I guess I should be scared, but I'm not.

Reese: Fake blood.

Stevie: That's...a Zombie?

Dewey: Rubber guts. (The car suddenly stops, and the power goes out)

Malcolm: Ok, If I had pay for this ride I'd be really pissed.

Cut to the parents in the Kenarbans' van. Kitty is leaning out the window, shouting out to Stevie.

Kitty: Stevie, Stevie, Stevie, Stevie, Stevie, Stevie, Stevie, Stevie...

Lois: Kitty, you have to leave a little room between your Stevies or you won't be able to hear him yell back.

Kitty: I'm sorry, I'm just a little nervous. I don't have as much experience with my child being in mortal danger.

Lois: Ok, just calm down. You have to focus on something positive like how we're gonna punish them.

Kitty: How can I focus on anything when Stevie's out there lost and scared?

Lois: I understand what you're feeling, Kitty. I'm concerned, too. We're all concerned.

Hal: Abe, this van is a palace. How much was it?

Abe: Not as much as you think. When I bought the DVD Player and the flat screen monitor they threw in the GPS system for free.

Kitty: Stevie, Stevie, Stevie...

Cut to the County Fair, where the boys are walking around in the dark, trying to find a way out of the Chamber of Terrors.

Reese: Where the hell is the exit? We've been running around here for 20 minutes.

Dewey: This place is creepy.

Malcolm: Guys, we're back where we started. This is the car we were riding in. I can feel where Dewey was chewing on it.

Reese: Ok, I think we're out of options. We have to start a fire.

Malcolm: Just calm down. We can find a way out of here. We need to stay together and holding hands. Reese, give me your hand. Reese: I thought I was holding your hand. (They run out screaming)

Reese: Oh.

Malcolm: This is like the beginning of every horror movie I have ever seen.

Reese: I think we should all split up.

Cut to the boys walking through the fair.

Reese: This place is like a cemetery with a Ferris wheel.

Dewey: We're in trouble?

Malcolm: No, the last bus leaves in 20 minutes. We just must get outside and wait for it. (They see a guy)

Stevie: Hey...let's ask...for help.

Reese: No, we'll get in trouble. Let's climb the fence and get out of here.

Malcolm: The fence is only 12 feet high. What about Stevie?

Reese: We do it in stages. We drag the chair at the top, toss it over, and then do the same with Stevie.

Stevie: (calling) Hello?

(The Guy turns around)

Malcolm: Lost brother?

Reese: Go for it.

Malcolm: Hi, we're really sorry, but my brother got lost and we kind of stuck in here after closing. Would you mind unlocking the gate and letting us out? We only live a block away and we won't be any more trouble.

Guy: You think the rules don't apply?

Reese: Excuse me?

Guy: (yelling) You p***heads, sneaking in! It's my a**!

Dewey: Is he mad?

Malcolm: I don't know, he looks a little... (The guy destroys a sign with his chain. The boys scream and run away, followed by the security guard)

Cut to the parents in the Kenarbans' car.

Hal: Oh my god, side window defrosters. I've never seen that before.

Francis: (on speaker) Hello?

Abe: (on phone) Francis? Hang on, I'm putting you on speaker-phone.

Francis: Who's this?

Lois: Francis, it's Mom. We need to talk.

Francis: You know, with the images I have in my brain I think the best thing for me right now is a little distance and about 15 hours of public television.

Lois: Francis, would you quit clowning around. The boys are missing.

Francis: What are you talking about?

Hal: We're all hoping you can give us some ideas of where to look for them. Over.

Lois: Hal. If you could give us some leads, it might really speed things up. (silence)

Hal: See, he doesn't know you stopped talking.

Francis: No, it's just you're kind of putting me in an awkward position. You're asking me to rat out my brothers.

Lois: Francis, we're just worried about the boys. They're not gonna get into trouble.

Francis: Wow, when did they get new parents?

Kitty: Listen, you little muskrat, you better tell me where they are before I jump through the phone and rip that smart mouth off that damn face.

Francis: Who's that?

Kitty: My name is Kitty Kenarban, and my little boy Stevie is out there lost. His inhaler is running out and he's got poor night vision.

Francis: Wait, Stevie is with them? Ok, you didn't hear it from me but I'd check out the Old Paint factory. It's filled with cans of varnish. Oh and the night store at the 5th has a backdoor that's loose. If Stevie can swim, well I guess they'll be 40 miles.....by now. Look, just start at these places. The others are too alarming and there's no sense in needlessly scaring you.

Cut to the County Fair, where the boys are still running away from the guard.

Reese: Happy thoughts, happy thoughts. Puppies, ice-cream, fat people falling down...

Malcolm: I think we lost him.

Stevie: Where is...Dewey?

Malcolm: Oh my god where is he?

Reese: Look, I see how we'll get out of here. We can cover for Dewey, he's quiet. Mom and Dad will never know he's gone.

Stevie: You don't leave... a fallen...comrade.

Reese: Shut up. We wouldn't be in this mess if you hadn't called for help.

Stevie: Keep...pushing me...dumbass.

Malcolm: Look, we can find Dewey. We only need to start at one side of the park, working us through and stay the hell away from that guard. Reese: No way, no way! We stay right here. The maniac is out there somewhere waiting for us. (The guard burps. Malcolm and Reese run away leaving Stevie behind. The security guard pushes Stevie into his trailer).

Stevie: Save yourself.

Malcolm: Oh man, he's got Stevie. We've got to do something.

Reese: Why? Maybe it's his time. Who are we to play god? (runs away)

Malcolm: Reese!

Cut to a dog impound, where Hal is searching for the boys.

Lois: What is taking him so long? How many places could the boys hide in an impound lot?

Hal (followed by barking dogs): Start the car! Start the car! (Hal jumps into the car)

Hal: Go, go, go! Eat our dust, you stupid dogs. Hal wins again. (To Lois) Well they're not there.

Kitty: How can this be happening? Stevie never used to do things like this. He used to be such a good boy. He used to hold my yarn while I knitted. And I was holding his yarn while he knitted.

Abe: He made this sweater.

Lois: Kitty, I'm so sorry. This is all my boys' fault. They turn everyone they come in contact with into scheming delinquents. They're like a virus.

Kitty: Oh look, we don't blame your boys. Well we do. But the thing is, Stevie has had a hand on this, I mean, he has changed. Ever since he hit middle school, he's just snippy and secretive, and just shuts himself up in his room.

Abe: We should never let him have that door. I guess we're in for a few rough months.

Lois: A few months?

Abe: Well when he gets older and realizes how much he's been hurting us...

Lois: Then he'll be even better at it.

Hal: Let's face it, teenagers are thoughtless, inconsiderate eating-machines dedicated to putting us through hell and sending us to an early grave. These kids just don't know how much we suffer.

Lois: What's that buzzing sound?

Hal: Oh, it's the massage feature. (Lois gives him a look)

Hal: I'll turn it off.

Cut to the County Fair. Stevie is in the security guard's trailer. The guard pours himself some alcohol.

Guy: You kids didn't know who you were messing with.

Stevie: You caught a kid...in a wheelchair...kudos.

Guy: Shut up. You talk when I say.

Stevie: I'm shaking...in my chair.

Guy: (smashes a bottle and is about to leave the trailer) Don't go anywhere.

Malcolm: I think we should run to the fence and get the cops.

Reese: No, we should stay right here. This is good, this is smart.

Malcolm: We're out in the open, we've got to move.

Reese: No, this guy's a psychopath. He's probably got bodies buried all over the country. The fair comes to town, he kills a bunch of the locals and packs up and moves on the next bunch of victims.

Malcolm: Shut up, we're gonna be fine.

Reese: Look, I just want to let you know that I always tried to be a good brother. And when I hit you and all this stuff I did it because you deserved it and it was fun. But that doesn't make it right.

Malcolm: Reese, please stop talking like this. We're gonna be fine.

(Dewey appears and they start screaming)

Reese: Take care!

Dewey: Hey guys.

Malcolm: Dewey, that's not funny.

Dewey: Where's Stevie?

Malcolm: The guard grabbed him.

Reese: Yeah, he locked him up in his trailer and he's doing who knows what to him.

Dewey: Maybe my friends can help.

Malcolm: What friends? (You can see a lot of strange people from the freak show approaching)

Reese: We come in peace.

Cut to the parents in the car. The phone rings.

Abe: (on phone) Hello?

Francis: It's me, I talked to Ritchie. He has a couple of ideas if you wanna hear them.

Hal: Roger that, Francis. Over.

Francis: First of he said the porno shop on Redford is having a parking lot sale. Oh yeah, and the county fair is in town right now.

Abe: Alright. (Abe turns around the car)

Lois: Of course, the fair. (Abe turns around the car, again)

Guy: Your friends think they can hide. I'll teach them a little lesson.

Stevie: They already know...how to make... six bugs...an hour.

Guy: Shut up.

(The members of the freak show walk to the trailer and knock on the door)

Gorak: Phil, let's be reasonable about this. Why don't you let the little boy go?

Guy: Get outta here, Gorak. You can't tell me what to do. I'm in charge as security.

Gorak: I understand that and you're doing a terrific job. But I guess what I'm asking for here falls under the category of a favour. Can you do me a favour, Phil?

Guy: Why should I do you a favour? You never do me any favours.

Gorak: Is this about the birthday party?

Guy: No.

Gorak: Phil, I told you I was trying to keep it small. If I invited you I'd have to invite the concession people, the ticket takers, even the transportation guys. I can't afford that. It was nothing personal.

Guy: Really?

Gorak: Look, we're having a poker game this weekend. Why don't you join us?

Guy: Can I deal?

Gorak: Of course you can deal.

Cut to the fair exit, where the parents have arrived, and are talking to the freak show people.

Kitty: Thanks for looking out for our boys, Gorak. I hope they weren't too much of a bother.

Gorak: Hey, I know how kids can be. I've got 2 little monsters of my own. And Hal, don't forget, Poker this weekend.

Hal: Absolutely.

Gorak: Too bad the boys missed our show. Next time we're in town we'll get them backstage.

Lois: Only if you're taking my offer for that home cooked meal.

Gorak: You got it, Lois. The boys have had a rough night so take it easy on them.

Lois: Right now all I'm worried about is get them home.

Cut to the boys walking home, in front of the car.

Reese: This sucks. This all would have turned out perfect if Francis didn't rat us out.

Malcolm (to Dewey): What are you smiling about?

Dewey: Gorak gave me one of his babies.