

301 HOUSEBOAT TRANSCRIPT

Hal and Lois are sitting on the couch in the living room, trying to cool down.

Lois: Oh, I could fry an egg on my forehead.

Hal: If you're getting up, would you get me another lemonade?

The boys run through the house, each carrying plastic bags containing air.

Malcolm: Ready? (they let the air out of the bags) (TC): Stevie's house has air-conditioning.

Reese: Let's get some more. (they all run off)

Cut to a sporting goods store, where Malcolm is trying on sunglasses while talking to a girl.

Malcolm: We're not renting the fanciest place on the island, but you know, at least I'll have a place to work on my cliff-diving.

Girl: Wow.

Malcolm: (TC): We're actually sharing a houseboat with Stevie's family on a man-made lake by the power plant. I don't want to meet the girl that way to impress.

Cut to Dewey looking up at a basketball hoop.

Lois: (angrily) Do not touch.

Dewey: I'm not.

Lois: (goes to the dressing room with a pile of garments, and knocks on the door) Hal, let me see your bathing suit.

Hal: No. All these ones you picked out are too big and baggy.

Lois: Baggy is good, it's less surface area I have to shave.

Hal: I like the little ones.

Lois: No, Hal. You always pop out of the little ones.

Hal: I do not pop out. That was one time!

Lois: Hal, the Kenarbans are conservative people. We're going to be in very close quarters with them. Now, you get the baggy ones.

Hal: Let me just show you something.

Lois: It better not be that suit in the egg.

Hal: Uh-uh-uh, don't say anything until you see it.

Guy: Watch out! (Basketball hoop falls over, knocking other goods off shelves as it falls)

Lois: Dewey!

Cut to Reese looking at a wall of spearguns.

Reese: Can I see that speargun?

Shop Assistant: Sure.

Cut to the dressing room, where Hal emerges, and sees who he thinks is Lois, browsing a nearby display.

Hal: (in sexy voice) Now, don't tell me this doesn't do something for ya. (he smacks the lady on the backside and she turns around. Hal gasps in shock when he sees it's not Lois) I - I - I'm sorry, I - I - I thought you were my wife. You see, my wife has the exact same shape - (looks down at his bathing suit, and discovers he is wearing a bikini bottom. He runs back to the fitting room, but the door is locked.)

Cut to Malcolm still talking to the girl.

Malcolm: So, when I get back, you know, if you wanted, maybe I can give you a call.

Girl: Maybe.

Hal: (standing nearby, trying to attract Malcolm's attention Psst! Psst! Psst!)

Girl: (laughing as she sees what Hal is wearing) Whoa, look at that guy. Do you know him?

Malcolm: Who, that nutcase? Of course not. You want to help me choose a surfboard?

Girl: Ok. (they walk off)

Hal: (calling0 Malcolm! Oh, for the love of - (turns around, where two employees and a security guard are standing) Excuse me - (looks down at the bathing suit) oh, it's not me, it's the suit! I am a normal person! I'm here with my family, my son is right over there - (calling) Malcolm!)

Security Guard: Come on. (leads Hal off)

Hal: No-no-no-no, I know how this looks, but I'm telling you, it's (yelling) Malcolm! No, no, no, this is a complete misunderstanding.

Nearby, Malcolm watches in embarrassment, then quickly walks away. Behind him, a spear goes through the head of a dummy model.

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Eric is packing his things, when Francis comes in.

Francis: Dude, where were you? If Spangler finds out you blew off Drill Practice, he's going to kill you.

Eric: I'm not afraid of Spangler any more.

Francis: Why aren't you in uniform?

Eric: I'm leaving. I'm out of here.

Francis: You can't just leave.

Eric: Yes, I can. I just turned 18. I'm legally an adult, and no-one can tell me what to do. I'm getting the hell out of here.

Francis: You're not going to graduate?

Eric: Nope. I'm going to Alaska. Francis, it's crazy up there. You can make 45 dollars an hour working on oil rigs, or logging camps, and you don't even need a diploma.

Francis: 45 dollars an hour?

Eric: That's with room and board. You work a couple of years, and you're set for life. (picks up something from under his bed, and hands it to Francis) Something to remember me by. (picks up his bag and leaves)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is reprimanding Malcolm.

Lois: (yelling) Do you realize how close your father came to being a registered sex offender?! A registered sex offender! And for what?! For some trampy girl?! For -

Malcolm: Mom, please! I feel terrible. I completely understand what I did. I sold out my own father for a girl. It's like the worst thing I've ever done. We both agree I'm a terrible person.

Lois: (continuing to yell at Malcolm) For some girl you don't even know, who wouldn't give you the time of day! That's the gratitude you showed your father.

Reese: (standing nearby) Hey, maybe I'm the good one after all. (hands Lois a glass of water) Here, Mom. For your throat. I put a little honey in it.

Lois: (yelling) That man gets one vacation a year, and this is how you start it! (phone rings) You go and make it right! (answers phone) Hello?

Malcolm: (TC): Dad's probably not that mad at me. I mean, it's not like I personally shoved him in the squad car, right?

Cut to Hal and Lois's bedroom, where Hal is packing for the vacation. He pulls a wooden case out of the closet.

Malcolm: Dad, can I talk to you?

Hal: Uh, no, not right now. I'm kind of busy. (calling) Reese, can you come in here and help me with something?

Reese: (comes into the bedroom) Oh, sure, Dad. I love to be helpful.

Hal: Can you close the door? (Reese closes the door in Malcolm's face)

Lois: (on phone) Absolutely not, Francis!

Francis: (on phone) Mom, you're not listening. I can make 45 dollars an hour. That's more than you or Dad makes.

Lois: You are going to graduate from High School.

Francis: Why spare the tuition? It's a total waste of money, we both know I'm failing. (Lois doesn't respond) Ok, now we both know.

Lois: Francis, you are going to stay in school until you graduate, and that's all there is to it. And if you flunk out, then this is another year you're stuck there!

Francis: (angrily) You just can't stand the fact that I'll be making more money than you! (slams the phone down and it falls down onto his leg) Arrrrrrggggghhhh! (he stumbles backwards into the trophy cabinet, then he falls to the ground) Whoa, that was close. (the trophy cabinet falls on top of him)

Cut to the Wilkersons and the Kenarbans walking down the ramp to their houseboat.

Kitty: Oh, look at all of this lovely scenery and nature. This is going to be wonderful.

Abe: Dear, did you pack my hat?

Kitty: Oh, I'm sorry, honey. You should have asked me to.

Abe: No problem. I'll just create one out of newspaper. (walks off)

Lois: Everything ok?

Kitty: Everything's wonderful. We're on vacation.

Cut to Malcolm walking with Stevie.

Malcolm: The whole drive up here, Dad wouldn't even look at me. I just wish I could take those two minutes back.

Hal: (as they arrive at the houseboat) That's the King of the Seas?

Dewey: (running out from the houseboat, screaming) No TV! There's no TV! There's no TV! There's no TV!

Hal: (crouches down next to him and points towards the lake) There's your TV.

Reese: I don't see any TV.

Abe: Excuse me.

Hal: Ok. (they all head inside)

Malcolm: (as Hal struggles to carry everything) Dad, I'll help you with that.

Hal: No-no-no, I've got it.

Malcolm: Dad, please. Wait. Come on, talk to me. Please.

Hal: Ok, fine. (chuckles) I wanted to wait until this afternoon, but what the heck? (opens the wooden case, revealing a fishing line) Check this out. It's a Cavanor. (Malcolm looks unimpressed) Remember last year, you saw a picture in a magazine of a father and son fishing together, and you said, "Oh, I'd like to try that sometime"?

Malcolm: Yeah?

Hal: Yeah, well, I just kept looking at that picture, and I was thinking about you and me, and I started putting a little money away, and you know, I just - I got this for you. (hands Malcolm the fishing rod) Whoa, man, you wouldn't believe how hard this week has been. Every time that I looked at you, I wanted to spill the beans, but -

Malcolm: This is why you wouldn't talk to me?

Hal: We'll take the dinghy out, and we'll do some fishing. Just the two of us.

Malcolm: Great.

Hal: See you on board, Skipper.

Malcolm: (turns to Reese and Stevie, who are watching) Hey, guess who's still the good one. (turns around and sees a group of girls in a boat, heading towards them)

Stevie: Do...you...

Reese: I see it too.

Girl: (as they pull up at the houseboat) Hey, boys, what are you doing?

Reese: (calling) I don't know, what are you doing? (the girls giggle)

Malcolm: (calling) Where'd you get the boat?

Girl: We stole it from our Spirit Camp. We're going to get Cigarettes.

Reese: Spirit Camp? So you girls are -

Malcolm: Cheerleaders.

Stevie: Bad... Cheerleaders.

Girl: Yeah, we haven't seen any boys in like six weeks. You guys are starting to look good. (the other two girls undo her bikini, and laugh)

Malcolm: (as the girls rev the engine on their boat) Wait, where are you guys going?

Girl: Follow us and find out.

Stevie: (yelling) Get... the boat! (they run for the boat, as Hal comes out with the fishing gear)

Hal: Ready to go fishing, son?

Malcolm: Now?

Hal: Sure, we're catching everyone's dinner. (puts his hands on Reese's shoulders) Now, don't you take this personally, all right? This is a special thing with Malcolm and me. Just one time. (Reese smiles)

Reese: Too bad you can't come with us.

Malcolm: Too bad we're taking the boat.

Cut to Hal and Malcolm sitting back to back in the dinghy. Hal is smiling, and Malcolm looks bored. Neither has caught anything.

Hal: (thinks he's caught something) Oh! Oh! No.

Malcolm (TC): At least Reese and Stevie are as bored and miserable as I am.

Cut to Reese and Stevie paddling across the water on a homemade raft, towing Stevie's wheelchair behind them.

Stevie: Rememeber... to call me... Snoop.

Cut to the beach, where Dewey is watching some kids swinging on a rope swing and jumping into the water.

Cut to Dewey, at the swing, now on his own. He swings towards the ocean, but he is afraid to jump into the water. The rope swings to a stop, and he is left hanging there.

Cut to the houseboat, where Lois, Abe and Kitty play Scrabble.

Lois: Ah, this is great. To just relax with adults. (looks at the word Abe formed) 'Suffocate'. Good for you, Abe. (Kitty forms the word 'Crybaby'. Crybaby.

Abe: I believe that's two words, dear.

Kitty: Ok, then. Just baby.

Cut to Marlin Academy, where Francis is lying on his bed. His right leg is bandaged. Spangler is standing in front of him.

Spangler: I heard what happened, Cadet. My, my, my. All that splintered wood and broken glass. I brought you something. (holds up a hammer)

Francis: What's that?

Spangler: A hammer, Cadet. I expect you to repair the trophy case. You'll find lumbar in the Common Room.

Francis: I have a 9 inch gash in my leg.

Spangler: Hmmm, that's quite a handicap. (raising his voice) Cadet, you damaged school property, and you are the one responsible for repairing it. Consider it a character-building lesson. (hands Francis the hammer)

Francis: I didn't damage anything, that was negligence. The phone wasn't properly connected to the wall, that is totally unfair!

Spangler: I decide what's fair around here. Oh, wait. Maybe I'm being hasty. Nope, now that I've reconsidered, the decision stands. You will fix the damage by the end of the week. That is all, Cadet.

Francis: (groans with rage, reaches for the hammer and proceeds to fling it across the room, then stops.

Cut to the beach, where Lois is convincing Dewey to let go of the rope.

Lois: Dewey, you have to let go of the rope. You're all sunburnt.

Dewey: No.

Lois: Just let go. It's going to be dark soon.

Dewey: I can't.

Lois: Yes you can. Just open your fingers.

Dewey: But I'll fall.

Lois: That's the point. Dewey, just don't think. Just do it. Just let go.

Dewey: No.

Lois: Oh, for crying out loud. You let go of that rope and you come in for dinner. (starts throwing rocks at Dewey) Come on, honey.

Dewey: No. OW!

Lois: Come on, honey. I'm making French fries.

Dewey: OW! (we see a man standing nearby watching)

Lois: Your favourite, ice cream. You know you love ice cream.

Dewey: OW!

Cut to the houseboat, where the two families have gathered for dinner. At the parents' table, Hal is talking about his fishing trip. Dewey is sitting with them. His hands are bandaged.

Hal: ... and it was wriggling and fighting me, but finally, I got it on the hook. That was one hell of a worm. I was sure I'd catch something with it. Oh, Dewey, would you pass the salt, please? (Dewey picks up the salt shaker between his elbows, and passes it to Hal) (notices Dewey's arms) Where did you get that shiner?

Dewey: (angrily) Mom?

Cut to the boys' table, where Malcolm is complaining about the boring fishing trip.

Malcolm: It was horrible. We were stuck out there for hours. It was so boring. (Reese and Stevie just sit there, smiling) What are you smiling about?

Reese: I like these potatoes. (He and Stevie laugh and high-five each other)

Malcolm: You guys went to the camp? Oh, man. What was it like? Imagine a hundred fat guys falling down the stairs, knocking over old ladies. Multiply that by 10, and you're not even close.

Stevie: Until today... I'd have traded... my life... for anybody's. (picks up a bikini and rubs it against his face)

Malcolm: No way. It's Mom's.

Reese: If it were Mom's, would I do this? (holds it up against his face and inhales)

Abe: Well, that was delicious. (gets up and goes into the bedroom, closing the door behind him)

Kitty: I am so sorry about Abe.

Lois: What do you mean?

Kitty: Oh, you're sweet to pretend, but I know he is ruining everyone's vacation with his pouting, and sarcastic little digs.

Lois: Well, if it's bothering you, you should talk to him.

Abe: (Abe emerges from the bedroom and sighs) It sure is a beautiful night. (goes back into the bedroom and closes the door)

Kitty: (getting up from the table) You're right. Anything is better than this.

Hal: Malcolm, better hit the hay. We're getting up pretty early tomorrow.

Stevie: Nighty... night. (he and Reese chuckle and high-five again)

Abe: (from the bedroom) Well, I'll tell you what the problem is. I hate this boat, I hate this place, and I hate everything about this damn vacation!

Kitty: Then why didn't you say anything?

Abe: What difference would it make? This whole trip was your idea, and God knows, whatever Kitty wants, Kitty gets!

Kitty: Stop behaving like a total ass! You're ruining everyone's vacation!

Abe: I could be sitting in a suite in Hawaii right now!

Kitty: You know these people can't afford that.

Abe: Well, pardon me for going to College and earning a decent living. Should I drive a crappy car because they do, too? Oh, they can not fear me. And even if they could, they'd certainly understand that is just my puckish sense of humor. (lowers his voice) They're not that smart.

Lois: Turn on the radio.

Hal: Ok.

Cut to the houseboat early the next morning. As Malcolm and Hal head out to the dinghy, the girls row by in their boat. A body's body is visible. A flashlight clicks on and we see Reese sitting in the boat with the girls. Malcolm is shocked.

Cut to the Malcolm and Hal in the dinghy. It is now daylight. Neither has caught anything. Malcolm is counting the drops of sweat that fall from behind Hal's ear.

Malcolm: 116.

Hal: What?

Malcolm: Nothing. 117.

Cut to Francis at a lawyer's office.

Francis: Now, I didn't want it to come to this. But there's only so far a person can be pushed.

Lawyer: You don't have to persuade me. This is exactly the kind of injustice the Alabama Legal System was designed to address. Now, just sign here. (hands Francis the form) And we need your parents' signatures at the bottom. (Francis forges Hal and Lois's signatures) Great. I'm a Notarie as well as a Lawyer, so I can hand this expedited.

Francis: Great. (shakes the lawyer's hand gets up to leave. The lawyer's phone rings)

Lawyer: (in high-pitched voice) Hello? He's in with a client right now, can he call you back? What's your name? (Francis looks unimpressed and leaves)

Cut to the houseboat, where Lois is insisting that Reese and Stevie watch Dewey.

Reese: Mom, please. We can't watch Dewey, we already have plans.

Lois: And now they include your brother.

Reese: Mom...

Lois: This isn't a negotiation. (yelling) You're going to take your brother with you, and you're going to have fun with him!

Cut to the lake, where Dewey is crouched on a buoy. Reese and Stevie are sitting on their raft.

Reese: Now, remember this is a magic buoy. Mermaids are drawn to it, and they'll grant your every wish. But they won't show up if there's more than one person here.

Dewey: Just leave, don't insult me.

Cut to Hal and Malcolm on the boat. Malcolm looks over the edge and imagines one of the girls appearing.

Girl: Hi, Malcolm. Me and my naked friends got tired of waiting for you. You don't want that jerk Reese to have all of the fun, do you?

Hal: (startled) Oh! Oh! What happened? You got something?

Malcolm: No. I can't even catch anything.

Hal: I know. This is really awful, isn't it. I don't think there's a darn fish in this whole lake. You know what, it doesn't matter. It's just nice being out here with you. (Malcolm smiles)

Malcolm: Dad, you know the other day at the store, when I pretended not to know you?

Hal: Yeah, that was a new low.

Malcolm: Well, there was this girl.

Hal: Really?

Malcolm: I'm sorry.

Hal: I know. (they hear a splash) Ooh, looks like you got a nibble. Attaboy, set the hook. Yeah, let 'em run, let 'em run. Now reel 'em. Attoboy. (a fish emerges) Look at that! Come to Papa, baby! You betcha! Oh yeah! You beauty. Way to go, Malcolm!

Malcolm: Thanks, Dad. (he hears girls screaming, then discovers several bikinis floating in the water. He leans over and picks one up)

Hal: (also leans over, and picks up Reese's shit) Oh, isn't this your brother's shirt? (Malcolm revs the motor and takes off. Hal falls into the water. Hal grabs hold of the boat and his head pops up) Why? (Malcolm kicks him back into the water and drives off) You are in so much trouble!

Malcolm: (calling) I know! (TC): I can't believe it, either. (he passes the buoy where Dewey is stranded) Hi, Dewey.

Cut to the houseboat. Lois is on the couch reading. Kitty is at the table playing cards. Abe decides to take a nap.

Abe: If you'll excuse me dear, I believe I'll go take a nap on my luxurious foam pad. (goes off)

Lois: How long will you let this go on?

Kitty: I tried to talk to him, it just didn't help.

Lois: Maybe you came on too strong. You can start by apologizing. You don't have to mean it. Look, you have one day of vacation left. Do you want to spend it like this?

Kitty: All right. I can swallow my pride. (goes into the bedroom and starts yelling at Abe) And you think you're some kind of a picnic? With your long, suffering sad eyes, and your pouting, and your two damn striving jags? You are a big, overindulged Mama's Boy!

Abe: And you are an uptight, impossible to please, control freak! I can't take it any more!

Kitty: What are you going to do about it, Mama's Boy? Huh? What's the big Mama's Boy going to do about it?!

Lois: (hears a loud bang) Oh my God! (gets up and goes into the bedroom, where she walks in on the Kenarbans having sex. She quickly closes the door again and puts her hands over her eyes) Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were fighting. I didn't see anything.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Malcolm and Reese are cleaning the oven.

Malcolm: (TC): Three weeks of slave labour. My relationship with Dad will never be the same. And I can't stop smiling.

Hal: (joins Dewey at the table, carrying another wooden case) Dewey, remember when we were both stuck on the buoy, and you said you wanted to be a ventriloquist? Well, I thought it was something we could do together. (opens the case and pulls out two large dolls)

Dewey: (controlling his doll) Thanks Dad.

Hal: (controlling his doll) You're welcome, son.

Lois: Oh my God!

Hal: What is it?

Lois: It's Francis! He quit school! He's on his way to Alaska.

Hal: Well, that's just ridiculous, he can't just take himself out of school, he has to have our permission.

Lois: No, he doesn't. He got himself legally emancipated.