

## Transcript by Amigo22

### 302 EMANCIPATION TRANSCRIPT

Spangler: Leaving so soon, cadet?

Francis: Sir, by statute 614 of the Alabama Legal Code, I am officially emancipated and considered an adult. An adult who no longer chooses to attend Marlin Academy. I have copies of the documents here if you want to see them again.

Spangler: Oh, no need, I'm sure that everything was done. Let me tell you something, cadet. In all my years at this Academy, I have never had a student who was more bowl-headed, more committed to avoid learning at all costs. Thank you, cadet.

Francis: What?

Spangler: Before you came to this Academy, I was bored, uninspired, and this close to retiring. But your insolence and stupidity have been the irritating grain of sand around which has formed the pearl of my renaissance. I like me again. Cadet, as a thanks, I want you to have this. Normally, these are reserved for cadets who have distinguished themselves, or, whose parents have donated a building, but you've left your mark here in your own way. So, what the heck.

Francis: Oh, sir. This is great.

Spangler: Farewell, cadet.

Francis: (pulling out blade) Thank you so much. (waves it around)

Spangler: Careful, that's razor - (blade chops Spangler's other hand off)

Malcolm: Normally, I dread the first day of school. But Mom's been on such a rampage about Francis, it's actually a relief to get out of the house. (to Krelboynes) Hey, guys.

Stevie: Thank god...summer's...over.

Kid: Tell me about it.

Reese: Hello, babies. How's Baby School, babies?

Malcolm: Didn't High School start like a ½ hour ago?

Reese: Hey, if I'm on time today, they're going to expect it every day.

Dabney: Ow, ow, ow. Hi Reese, this is Gus. He's in the lead to replace you as school bully. He gives a wedgie that'll knock your socks off! I'm not just saying that because he's got me in a headlock.

Reese: If you grab your wrists and stab your fingers, you'll get better leverage.

Lloyd: You listen to him. He's the man.

Lloyd: I've completed the research on our new teacher, if anyone's interested. Lionel Herkabe. Born July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1963. Parents, John and Ida. Notice anything?

Stevie: He was... a Krelboyne.

Kevin: We won't have to talk down to him.

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Dabney: Finally, someone who knows our pain.

Malcolm: Bentley Gifted High, Princeton? Harvard Business? What's this guy doing teaching?

Lloyd: Well, there was some unpleasantness. He quit a Government Think Tank to start a "Dot Com".

Malcolm: One-time net worth two hundred million, now one hundred and thirty-seven dollars.

Kevin: (looking out door) Here he comes, here he comes!

Mr Herkabe: Who's Dabney?

Dabney: That's me, sir. I took the liberty of ordering you a Decaf Latte.

Mr Herkabe: Let me guess. Emotionally needy, closet bedwetter. You get no affection at home so you'll be seeking it from me. Look elsewhere, son. (picks up another gift) Who's the Anal Retentive Outsider? (most kids raise their hands) with repressed matricidal tendencies?

Kevin: That one's from me, Sir. Please, stop.

Mr Herkabe: As you may or may not know, I was once one of you. A Krelboyne. And I'm sure I would have made the same lame attempt to ingratiate myself to the soft-headed thick-wit teaching my class. Oh, yes. I have been there, I've been coddled and preened, "oh, you're a genius, you can do anything you set your mind to, it must be so easy being you", well, bull! (class gasps) All that gets you is an ex-wife and fourteen million dollars in debt. Now, I refuse to let you fall into the trap society has set for you. Playtime is over, children. You've had a free ride so far, it's about time somebody motivated you, challenged you, (pulls sheets from his bag) tested your mental limits. Granted, I don't have a teaching certificate from a two year community college like most of the people I was forced to say hello to this morning in the Teachers Lounge, but you know, I'm just gonna try to muddle through with my Double Doctorate from Harvard. (drops piles of tests on Malcolm and Lloyd's desks, which they pass along)

Lloyd: This is a test.

Mr Herkabe: Correct, you have twenty minutes.

Dabney: There are six essay questions.

Mr Herkabe: I'm sorry, I thought this was the gifted class. Begin.

Francis: Well, thanks for the ride.

Lady: Are you sure about this Alaska thing?

Francis: Well, absolutely.

Lady: I don't know, I've heard Alaska's supposed to be a hole.

Francis: Are you kidding? Cruise Ships go up there.

Lady: Only for about six weeks in the summer. Isn't it dark there the rest of the year?

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Francis: I don't have to justify myself to you. I don't have to justify myself to anybody, that's why I got emancipated, ok? (gets out of the car)

Lady: Ok. Good luck with your parents.

Francis: Yeah, well, they had a week to think about it. I'll see how they take it. (Hal runs outside, roaring with rage and chases Francis down the road) This wasn't meant to hurt you!

Hal: You ungrateful son of a bitch! (as he and Francis are walking back to the house) All I'm saying is that you can get your diploma first, then do what you want. It's about maximizing your options. Taking the long view.

Francis: Sorry about using The Closer.

Hal: Nonsense. I wouldn't have taught it to you if I didn't want you to use it. Listen, what do I always say?

Francis: The nards are fair again.

Hal: The nards are fair again.

Francis: Look, sometimes you're presented with an opportunity that you just can't pass up. I hope you understand.

Hal: I'm not the one you have to worry about.

Francis: I know, and I want to get this straight with Mom. That's why I came here.

Hal: Ok then. (calling) Honey! (Lois opens the front door) Your son has something to say to you.

Lois: Oh, I didn't know the Hendersons painted their house. (closes door in Francis's face)

Mr Herkabe: Well, I have your test results. You all got A's. But, since this is the gifted class, I also factored an encogency of argument, economy of language, and penmanship. Which enabled me to do this. (flips notice board around)

Malcolm: What is that?

Mr Herkabe: A ranking board.

Malcolm: But I thought you said we all got As.

Mr Herkabe: Oh, you did. But some of you got better As than others.

Lloyd: But we all still have As?

Mr Herkabe: Of course.

Malcolm: So, uh, what does being Number One get you?

Mr Herkabe: Nothing. Just the knowledge that you are number one (points to Malcolm) and that you are not Number One (points to Kevin and he puts his head down; Dabney raises his hand) Yes, Number Five?

Dabney: It's Dabney, sir.

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Mr Herkabe: I know, what is it, Number Five?

Dabney: I forgot.

Stevie: What...a jerk!

Lloyd: Is that what we're gonna turn out like? If I ever start acting like that, you have to promise to kill me.

Dabney: No. No more death pacts.

Malcolm: Don't worry about it. The only way that stupid board can have an effect on us, is if we let it.

Stevie: What are...you doing?

Kevin: Nothing.

Lloyd: (picks up Textbook from Kevin's lap) You were studying?

Kevin: No, I wasn't. My book just fell open at this page.

Dabney: You know, I'm really not hungry.

Lloyd: I think I left my recess stuff in my locker. (everyone gets up and runs off, leaving Malcolm by himself)

Reese: Oh my god! High school is awesome! They have an entire room just for detention. They put you in with juniors and seniors. Some of them have records. It's really inspiring. (to Dewey) What are you looking at?

Dewey: Francis.

Reese: He's still out there?

Dewey: Yeah. He's eating out of the bird feeder.

Lois: (yelling) Whose shoes are these? Who left their shoes in the living room?

Reese: Those are mine, I'm sorry.

Lois: You're right, you're sorry! Leaving your shoes around, like you don't even care about 'em! I hope you like walking to school in your socks!

Reese: I said I'm sorry.

Lois: Well, I've heard sorry before.

Reese: I don't think so.

Lois: OK. (tips out basket of toys) I'll tell you what we're gonna do. From now on, when you want to wear shoes, you check 'em out. (puts boys' shoes into basket) Sign 'em in, sign 'em out. Just like a library. (leaves room with basket) clean up those toys!

Francis: (knocks on boys' bedroom window and they all get up to let him in) Oh, oh, thanks. It's freezing out there. Hey, it's good to see you guys, I really missed you. (Reese punches him) OW! What's that for?

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Malcolm: Emancipation. What, you're divorcing the family now?

Dewey: How could you do this to Mom?

Francis: She left me no choice. (Hits Reese in the face)

Reese: Ow!

Malcolm: We've done a lot of bad things to Mom, but we would never abandon her.

Francis: I'm not abandoning her, I'm just going to Alaska.

Malcolm: That's five thousand miles away.

Francis: It is not - five thousand miles, are you serious? Oh my god, it's gonna take me forever to get up there.

Dewey: Then don't go.

Francis: Guys, you have to understand, I'm not doing this to hurt anybody, I just - I really think this is my best chance to make something of myself.

Malcolm: Tell that to Mom. (He, Reese and Dewey go back to bed)

Francis: I can't, she won't talk to me. She is being so immature. In the meantime I'm stuck outside in the freezing cold. Hey, would it be all right if I slept in here tonight? (Dewey throws Francis his pillow)

Kevin: Certainly, the whale represents the search for god. But, that could be limiting. We could say it was the search for the self. Melville could be considered a Pre-Existentialist. (Mr Herkabe swaps Kevin and Lloyd's places, Kevin is now Number Three.)

Lloyd: But you can't deny that the whale could also be the search for truth. Which has been a thing throughout this whole oeuvre. (Mr Herkabe switches Lloyd and Kevin's places back)

Dabney: But we can't overlook the fact that it is an actual whale, which was the biggest industry in the nineteenth century. The oil was used in lamps, soaps and even cosmetics. (Mr Herkabe starts sliding Dabney's name down the board) Today, whaling is outlawed. But many allusion islanders are illegally allowed to harvest whales for principal purposes. (Mr Herkabe places his name at the bottom, and he starts crying)

Mr Herkabe: Wow, nine places, that has gotta be a record. Ok, onto new business. This Friday, Principal Littledove will be dropping by for a little evaluation. I think he'll be very impressed with what he sees. I don't think he'll understand it, but I think his tiny brain will have a dim perception of the progress you can make when students are properly motivated. Now, who would like to sink their teeth into some Brenury equations? (everyone raises their hands)

Malcolm: (the Krelboynes are all sitting at tables, studying during lunch) Come on guys, look at yourselves. If we don't let those stupid rankings get to us, they mean nothing.

Dabney: Easy for you to say, Number One.

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Malcolm: I have a name. We all have names!

Lloyd: Oh my god, I can't remember mine!

Malcolm: This is ridiculous. School used to be the one place where you were truly happy, and Herkabe has taken that away from you. That stupid board is ruining our life, we can't let him do that!

Stevie: What choice do we have?

Malcolm: We have the choice that people have had for centuries. We can choose to fail.

Dabney: Like the French?

Stevie: You mean...we take...today's test?

Malcolm: No, we don't take it, we nuke it! Every answer wrong. No complete sentences. No punctuation. And we use Number Three pencils. (everyone gasps)

Kevin: You can't rank zeros.

Lloyd: That's brilliant!

Dabney: He'll have no choice but to throw out his stupid system!

Lloyd: We'll be free!

Everyone: Yeah!

Mr Herkabe: (handing Malcolm his test paper, he got an F) I'm very disappointed in you. Everyone else, nice job.

Cut to Malcolm sitting at the computer. Everyone else is leaving.

Kevin: Sorry.

Lloyd: I'm sorry.

Dabney: I tried, my hand wouldn't let me.

Stevie: I regret...nothing.

Mr Herkabe: Interesting gambit, but I guess the lemmings didn't follow you off the cliff. When you spend some time in the real world, you realize you can't fight the system. And now, I'm the system.

Lois: (sees her tyre is flat) Oh! (puts up boot as Francis appears)

Francis: Don't worry, I just let the air out, we can talk while I put on your spare. (Lois puts the boot down and gets into the car) Look, I'm sorry I had to resort to this, but you have to give me five minutes so we can talk. (Lois starts up the car and the stereo comes on up loud) We can talk over the music. (Lois starts to drive off) You can't drive on a flat! You'll ruin your wheels! That was a red light!

Kevin: (dropping assignment onto Mr Herkabe's desk) You might want to notice my entire opening paragraph is a palindrome.

Lloyd: (opening his booklet) You might want to notice my formatting.

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Mr Herkabe: (Malcolm drops a thick booklet onto his desk) What's this?  
Malcolm: A study of arrogation techniques of pre-Roman society, and how they led to the advancement of western civilization.

Lloyd: I thought we were just studying Mesopotamian farming techniques.

Mr Herkabe: We were.

Malcolm: I just used that as jumping-off point. I saw how their influences spread through the Egyptians, Carthaginians, basically through the whole ancient world. I think you'll be very happy with this paper.

Mr Herkabe: Very Nice. Number Twelve. It's nice to see a little effort put fourth, while some are content to do the absolute minimum (holds up Lloyd's booklet). (class looks angry)

Stevie: So...he wants...to play.

Kevin: Oh, we'll play all right.

Lloyd: What is it we're playing?

Cut to clip sequence of the Krelboynes studying really hard. Malcolm's ranking increases from 12 to 6, and then from 6 to 1<sup>11</sup>.

Mr Herkabe: Ok, I think we're ready to show Principal Littledove what the right kind of motivation can accomplish. Well done, class. (kids are shaking and looking nervous) You know, maybe we should put our heads down and take a rest for a moment, shall we? (Malcolm raises his hand) Yes, 1<sup>11</sup>?

Malcolm: Did you know that I can count to one million by prime numbers?

Lloyd: I can too.

Dabney: So can I. It's easy.

Mr Herkabe: That's not necessary.

Malcolm: Two, three, (class joins in), five, seven, eleven, thirteen, seventeen, nineteen, twenty-three, twenty-nine, thirty-one! Now, by hundreds. 101, 211, 307, 401, 503, 601,

Dabney: Seven...seven...no!

Mr Herkabe: Ok, that is enough, 1<sup>11</sup>.

Malcolm: ...by thousands, one thousand and nine, two thousand and three, multiplied by one hundred, two-thousand and eleven, two-thousand and twenty-three -

Lloyd: Two, eleven, noooo! (starts crying)

Mr Herkabe: Where are you going, Number Three?

Lloyd: It's hot. It's hot, and I'm stupid! (rips off jacket)

Kevin: (stands up) I'm stupid too!

Mr Herkabe: (as everyone runs outside) Could everybody please remain seated?

Dabney: I'm Zero! Zero! Zero! (kicks pants off and runs outside)

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Lloyd: (lying in the mud) I'm nothing!

Dabney: (rolling naked in the mud) I need Principal!

Malcolm: Phew. Boy, that's quite a show for your first week here. You were right. You can't beat the system, but you sure can break it.

Francis: (putting his bag into taxi) I love you guys. I'll write you when I get there, ok?

Dewey: Someday, when you come back, you're unemployed and have no place to live; you can come stay at my castle.

Francis: Thanks, bud

Hal: He's leaving! He just wants to talk to you, just hear him out! Lois, this has got to stop! He's going very far away, and you're not going to see him for a very long time! Honey, there are moments in life that you just don't get back. And I know you. If you do not deal with this now it will haunt you forever! Fine. I've lost a son, but gained a baby. (goes outside where boys are waiting) I tried. (hugs Francis) Are you sure this is what you want?

Francis: It better be.

Lois: Francis. I'm listening.

Francis (yelling at Lois) This is what you get! This is what you get for the way you treated me! I'm going to Alaska, and you're going to be left without a son, and the horrible way you treated me is now a matter of public record!

Lois: I treated you? We've made sacrifice after sacrifice for you and you've caused us nothing but pain.

Francis: You want pain? I've got your scars, baby! Three and a half years in that horrible school!

Lois: We went without for that school!

Francis: Oh! Maybe I should thank you! Thank you mother for making my life a living hell!

Lois: Living hell? You've been nothing but a problem since the day you were born.

Francis: Well, your problems are over lady, because I'm out of here!