

304 MALCOLM'S GIRLFRIEND TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm: You would not!

Reese: I would, too!

Malcolm: No clothes at all. Go across the street and ring Mrs Conlan's door bell.

Reese: Yeah, I would do it, but you don't have ten bucks.

Malcolm: Dewey.

Dewey: Ah-ah! No underwear, no clothes at all.

Reese: Of course. (picks up a bowl and saucepan)

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Reese: You said no clothes. I'll be right back, losers.

Dewey: I never thought he'd do it. I guess he outsmarted us. You opened her gate, right?

Dewey: Of course. (Malcolm closes the door, and he and Dewey watch from the window as Reese gets attacked by a dog)

Stevie: So, the universe... can be... finite. And unmounted. But if... are you... listening?

Malcolm: Oh, my God! Sara Coleman is so beautiful! Look at the way she runs her hand through her hair. And that smile. You look at her and you can't even see anyone else.

Stevie: Every day... you do this. Ask her... out.

Malcolm: Come on, Stevie! Sara would never go out with me! She's smart, cool, good-looking. If we went out it would make me happy. It won't happen. I am destined to be the most miserable person on Earth.

Stevie: Boo...hoo.

Malcolm: Shut up! Look, it's complicated, OK? You don't just walk up to a girl and say, "Hey, I like you!" You'd look like an idiot.

Girl: Sara wants to know if you like her.

Malcolm: What?

Stevie: He likes her!

Girl: She likes him, too.

Malcolm: Remember yesterday when we were sitting and we got a drink of water? Then we sat around again. We should totally do that again.

Sara: OK.

Malcolm: (TC): Look at me, it's official. I have a girlfriend! I'm officially someone's boyfriend. Watch this. I can do that any time I want! I hate this. This is where we have to split up so my family won't see us. (to Sara) I'll miss you. You're a really good kisser.

Sara: Thanks. Bye.

Malcolm: (TC): Thanks. What does that mean? What's wrong with the way I kiss? Are my lips too wet? Maybe they're too dry. I don't see why she couldn't just return the compliment! My God! I'm the worst boyfriend ever! OK, just calm down. I'm a good boyfriend. She wouldn't be my girlfriend if I wasn't. I have a girlfriend!

Francis: You don't understand. All I did was take a doughnut out of a dumpster. How is that stealing? I had to fight a cat to get it!

Policeman: The restaurant owner wants to press charges. Look, I know the guy. He's a bit of a hothead, but I promise you he'll lose interest in four or five days.

Francis: Four or five days? I have to start a logging job and I'm late as it is!

Policeman: It won't be bad. Three meals a day courtesy of my wife. You look like you could use some home cooking. What would you like for dinner, chicken or a nice porterhouse steak?

Francis: Porterhouse, I guess.

Policeman: Oh, you're gonna love her cooking!

Policeman's wife: Well, thank you!

Cut to the Wilkersons' house where the family are eating dinner.

Hal: At first I had no idea what was going on. And then I realised I was looking at a 4-25 requisition form. Shelby had filled it out thinking it was a 4-28. But this isn't interesting, is it? No, wait, it is! You just need to know what a 4-25 form is! You see, there's a subtle difference between -

Lois: Dewey, how was your day?

Dewey: I've got a new friend, his name's Ronnie. He just moved here. He's got a Nintendo, a PlayStation, and a nanny. He's really rich.

Hal: Well, (waves) nice to meet you, Ronnie.

Dewey: No, he's real! I can make real friends, too!

Lois: Oh, of course you can, honey. Just don't be too frustrated if it takes you longer than the other boys.

Dewey: Ronnie is real!

Lois: Reese! What are you doing?!

Reese: Malcolm's got a girlfriend!

Lois: What?

Hal: Son, is this true?

Malcolm: Reese!

Reese: Damn! I was saving that for report card day!

Malcolm: She's not... We're just friends.

Lois: Malcolm, look at me! Oh, my God, it's true! Malcolm, no! You do not do this yet!

Reese: I saw them behind the 7-11 French kissing. That's with tongue, Mom.

Lois: Don't you wanna go to college? Don't you care about your future? Malcolm, You are not old enough to prioritise between homework and some tramp!

Hal: Your mother's right. I waited until I was eleven before I kissed my... how old are you? Never mind. What I'm saying is, it was a different time back then. There was a war on. (doorbell rings)

Dewey: I'll get it.

Reese: Maybe it's Malcolm's girlfriend come for some kissing.

Lois: Who is this girl?

Malcolm: Mom, don't make such a big deal outta this! I knew this is exactly how you'd react! This is none of your business! It's nobody's business! It's not a big deal, OK? Well, it's not. I would appreciate it if we could just drop it.

Dewey: This is Ronnie Demarco. As you can see, he's real.

Ronnie: Ow!

Dewey: Hm! Interesting! We'll be in my room.

Dewey: I can't believe how much stuff you have. You wanna play cowboys?

Ronnie: No, I hate cowboys. You can have 'em.

Dewey: Really? Thanks! No take-backs.

Mrs Demarco: Ronnie! Ronnie, would you please empty the dishwasher for Mommy?

Ronnie: OK.

Mrs Demarco: OK. So, Dewey, come here. Ronnie's birthday's coming up and I want to throw him a surprise party. But he doesn't know that many people here. I thought cos you're his first friend here, you could help me. OK. I want to invite your entire class.

Dewey: All 30 kids?

Mrs Demarco: Yeah. Isn't that what you do for your birthday parties?

(Cut to flashback)

Hal: Huh? (LAUGHS) What are we celebrating?

Malcolm and Reese: (giving Dewey "birthday beats") One, two, three, four, five.

Lois: (yelling at Francis) Damn it! You get back in here now!

Francis: I won't!

(flashback ends)

Dewey: Sorta. I was thinking Ronnie would like a Star Wars theme for his party.

Dewey: No, do cowboys!

Mrs Demarco: What?

Dewey: Cowboys. He likes cowboys better than Star Wars.

Mrs Demarco: OK, that'll be fun. Thank you, Dewey.

Cut to Francis in his cell.

Vanessa: Oh, Brock!

Brock: What is it? You're trembling, what's wrong?

Vanessa: Chad's getting suspicious. You know he's been asking questions at the orphanage. We need to get out of here!

Brock: And say goodbye to the money? I don't think so. We just need to bide our time.

Vanessa: How can I trust you, Brock, when you haven't told Cassandra about us yet?

Brock: Have a heart, Vanessa! The woman's still in a coma!

Francis: Coma?

Policeman: Hey, honey! I just got back from the Mayor's office. He thinks he's going to kill our little real estate deal.

Vanessa: We can't let him do that! What about the pictures of him and the Hastings girl?

Policeman: They're on their way to the newspapers right now. We're going to destroy the old bastard.

Vanessa: Perfect! Now all we have to worry about is old man Landers. Maybe we should send Largo to pay him a little visit.

Francis's Cellmate: What'd I miss?

Cut to the Wilkersons' house.

Lois: Mr Herkabe just called. He said you got Cs in your last tests and you didn't turn in your history paper. I warned you!

Malcolm: This has nothing to do with Sara! I just forgot. I'm doing it now, OK? (on phone) So, what kind of socks are you wearing? Yeah, I like those. Which shoes are you wearing? Not the sneakers? How about your boots? Your sandals! God, I totally love all your shoes! Yeah, I guess I have homework to do, too.

Sara: You hang up first.

Malcolm: No, you hang... (DIALLING TONE) Hello?

Lois: This is all your fault. You bought him that acne medicine. I thought we were safe.

Hal: He's still goofy-looking. His head is five times too big for his body.

Lois: We shouldn't have to worry about this with Malcolm. He's gifted. Girls shouldn't be interested until he's 28 and a billionaire!

Hal: Certain things are beyond the boy's control. It's his genetics. Girls, they just swoon. Sorry, what am I telling you for? You battle with it every day. There's nothing we can do.

Lois: Oh, yes, there is! I can ground him, and I can ground him till he graduates from Harvard.

Hal: He's gonna pull away, then we'll have another Francis on our hands.

Lois: Are you blaming Francis on me?

Hal: No!

Lois: That's what you said!

Hal: No, I meant that... Lois, let's not have this veer off into us somehow not having sex tonight.

Lois: Oh, God! Why do they do this to us? Why can't they learn from their mistakes? Even if they're just being stupid on purpose.

Hal: It seems like the only logical conclusion.

Lois: When they're grown we don't have to let them visit, do we?

Hal: Absolutely not. It's just gonna be you and me, old and shrivelled in a big empty house. The only sound a gentle sucking of the respirator. And all our money will be sitting in the bank, helping no-one. Mmmmm!

Cut to the school.

Malcolm: You guys seen Sara?

Dabney: No.

Malcolm: That's weird. She's two minutes late.

Lloyd: Were you supposed to meet her here? No, not exactly. But it was implied.

Stevie: Implied?

Malcolm: It's our thing, it's what we do. We meet at the water fountain at eight. We're always within 30 seconds of each other in the lunch line. When I get home I wait four minutes before I call. That's how it's always been. That's our thing.

Dabney: Wow! I didn't know having a girlfriend was so creepy!

Malcolm: It's not creepy! This is totally normal! This is dating! You spend time with each other, get to know each other's habits. When you're in a relationship you'll understand. But until then, back off! I'll just hang out outside the bathrooms. (walks off)

Cut to Ronnie's house.

Dewey: Hi, Mrs Demarco. Sorry to bother you, but the nanny put too much banana in my smoothie.

Mrs Demarco: Oh, we'll fix that. I just booked the cowboy! He's gonna be passing out cowboy hats and making balloon animals.

Dewey: Does he do trick shooting?

Mrs Demarco: I'm sure we can find someone who does.

Dewey: I bet Ronnie would like a moonbounce, too.

Malcolm: (TC): This relationship is finally starting to make sense. For a while all we did is fight and make out, then fight, then make out. But that's all behind us. We were screaming at each other five minutes ago. Now it just feels so right. Wait, what are you doing? Where are you going?

Sara: Home. We've been kissing for two hours, my face is sore.

Malcolm: (TC): Yeah, she's right. We can't make out all day. We've both got our own things to do. She's so smart when it comes to these things. (angrily) If you're seeing someone else just tell me!

Sara: What?!

Malcolm: I-I'm sorry. I don't know where that came from.

Sara: Look, I've gotta go home. I'll call you tonight.

Reese: That was pathetic!

Malcolm: You were watching us?

Reese: Believe me, it's the last time! Just because you have a girl doesn't mean you should act like one.

Malcolm: I don't know what's wrong with her! She's driving me crazy! I freak out 20 times a day!

Reese: Dude, you think about everything too much. Calm down. Turn off your brain.

Malcolm: It's not that easy.

Reese: Sure it is. I do it all the time. Watch.

Malcolm: You can't just turn off your... Reese! Reese!

Reese: Whoa! How long was I out?

Cut to Francis in his cell, listening to the conversation outside.

Policeman: And as I pulled her from the wreckage, she was so...disfigured that I didn't even know it was my own sister.

Vanessa: Don't worry. Dimitri is the finest reconstructive surgeon in the state.

Francis: Who's Dimitri?

Francis's Cellmate: They had a municipal hospital. He and Vanessa had an affair last year -

Policeman: (yelling) Shut up in there!

Malcolm: Oh, man, who's got their assignment on Cambodia? I need to borrow it.

Stevie: Where were you... last night?

Malcolm: What?

Lloyd: The Space 1999 marathon on the Sci Fi channel.

Dabney: I made you a tunic and a hologram badge.

Malcolm: Dabney, I-I'm -

Dabney: Forget it! I gave it to my mom's boyfriend! Thanks for nothing!

Malcolm: Guys, look, I'm sorry. I've just been... Sara and I were on the phone... Never mind. I'm just sorry. I promise this won't happen again. I think I turned a corner on this thing. Sara and I were talking and it just came to me. I think we worked things out. Can you guys excuse me? I'll be right back. (goes over and starts pummelling the guy Sara is talking to, and gets into a fight with some other guys)

Stevie: He does seem... sorry.

Dabney: I say we cancel our vote of censure.

Lloyd: I second that. He was there for us after the arboretum broke down. And how can you look in those eyes and say no to anything he asks? (they sigh)

Stevie: I think... he's learned... his lesson.

Dewey: OK, only two invitations left. Ronnie's gonna have a moonbounce and a make-your-own-sundae car.

Kid #1: I'll go.

Dewey: Maybe you will. What kind of present would you bring?

Kid #1: Skateboard?

Dewey: Excellent choice!

Kid #2: Ronnie has a brand new skate board.

Dewey: Why don't you let ME worry about Ronnie?

Lois: Sit! Look at yourself! They've put you on probation. Probation! If you do just one more thing wrong they're gonna kick you outta school! Do you have any idea how serious this is? Is this who you wanna be? You wanna be a lap dog who ruins his life for some girl? For God's sake, Malcolm, you beat up a foreign exchange student! He left his country to get away from this kind of abuse! Are you listening to me?

Malcolm: Yes, I'm listening! But I've got bigger problems! You may not have noticed, but I've been screwing up a lot. All because of some stupid girl! I'm on probation! I beat up a kid who doesn't even speak English! I'm going through a lot and you don't even care!

Vanessa: We can still pull this off!

Brock: You'll never pass the DNE test, and even your lies won't be enough.

Policeman: But Brock, if you didn't buy the mining rights, then who did?

Brock: Don't you see? The person who bought the mining rights is the same person who stole Mrs Bronson's brooch. And the person who ran Nathaniel's car off the road that night. That person's name is -

Policeman: OK, you're free to go.

Francis: Ssh!

Policeman: Come on, move it!

Francis: No, you can't do this to me! Just five more minutes! Wait! No! It was the Mayor, right? Or the widow Farthington? What about the creepy janitor? No, his amnesiac brother! Argh!

Malcolm: (TC): I didn't understand one word that was said in the last six hours. I'm exhausted. I couldn't sleep all night. I finally figured out what I gotta do. (calling) Sara! Wait up! Look, I've done a lot of thinking and we need to talk. Sara, this just isn't working. Since I've known you I've been nothing but obsessive and neurotic. A jealous creep who's way too clingy. I don't like what this is turning me into, so I got you this pager. What? It's perfect. Now we know where the other one is every second. No more worry or doubt. We'll be able to trust each other.

Sara: We have to break up, Malcolm.

Malcolm: I don't think you heard me. I'm proposing the exact opposite. That's what the pager's for.

Sara: I'm sorry. Bye.

Malcolm: No! No! No! Sara! You can't break up with me! Because I am filled with nothing but love and good feelings! And no anger and no jealousy! And none of those things that will lead you to not wanting to be with me! OK, fine! Get outta here! I don't need you! I hate your guts! I never needed you! No, no, no, no! I love you! I always have, I always will! We were meant to be together! I gave you my soul, Sara! I gave it to you, my soul! My soul! Sara!

Mrs Demarco: There you go, sweetheart. I always thought you hated cookie dough. So, are you having a good time?

Ronnie: Yeah, Mom. Thanks.

Mrs Demarco: Well, you really should thank Dewey, too. He was a big help in planning this.

Ronnie: (goes over to Dewey who is enjoying playing Cowboys with the other kids) You ruined my birthday! I hate you!

Dewey: I've had two sundaes and four snow cones.

Hal: Malcolm, look. Come on. Come on. I can't feel my fingers.

Hal: I'll go get us some punch, how's that sound? You know, son, this is all part of growing up. You're just going to have to get used to it.

Malcolm: No, I don't. I can go back. I can go back!

Dewey: What are you doing?

Malcolm: I'm gonna play.

Dewey: You can't! You're too big!

Malcolm: No, I'm not. I'm going back.

Dewey: No, you're too big! You're going to ruin my party!

(Malcolm starts bouncing and the moonbounce collapses)

Hal: (rescuing kids from under the moonbounce) OK! Don't panic! OK! OK! Hah! Yeeeargh! You're OK! Don't be scared! (to Dewey) Oh! Don't be afraid, son. It was just a loud explosion. Everything is going to be OK. Don't be afraid.

Malcolm: (TC): Just once I'd like to learn without something exploding.

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Malcolm: You would not!

Reese: I would, too!

Malcolm: No clothes at all. Go across the street and ring Mrs Conlan's door bell.

Reese: Yeah, I would do it, but you don't have ten bucks.

Malcolm: Dewey.

Dewey: Ah-ah! No underwear, no clothes at all.

Reese: Of course. (picks up a bowl and saucepan)

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Reese: You said no clothes. I'll be right back, losers.

Dewey: I never thought he'd do it. I guess he outsmarted us. You opened her gate, right?

Dewey: Of course. (Malcolm closes the door, and he and Dewey watch from the window as Reese gets attacked by a dog)

Stevie: So, the universe... can be... finite. And unmounted. But if... are you... listening?

Malcolm: Oh, my God! Sara Coleman is so beautiful! Look at the way she runs her hand through her hair. And that smile. You look at her and you can't even see anyone else.

Stevie: Every day... you do this. Ask her... out.

Malcolm: Come on, Stevie! Sara would never go out with me! She's smart, cool, good-looking. If we went out it would make me happy. It won't happen. I am destined to be the most miserable person on Earth.

Stevie: Boo...hoo.

Malcolm: Shut up! Look, it's complicated, OK? You don't just walk up to a girl and say, "Hey, I like you!" You'd look like an idiot.

Girl: Sara wants to know if you like her.

Malcolm: What?

Stevie: He likes her!

Girl: She likes him, too.

Malcolm: Remember yesterday when we were sitting and we got a drink of water? Then we sat around again. We should totally do that again.

Sara: OK.

Malcolm: (TC): Look at me, it's official. I have a girlfriend! I'm officially someone's boyfriend. Watch this. I can do that any time I want! I hate this. This is where we have to split up so my family won't see us. (to Sara) I'll miss you. You're a really good kisser.

Sara: Thanks. Bye.

Malcolm: (TC): Thanks. What does that mean? What's wrong with the way I kiss? Are my lips too wet? Maybe they're too dry. I don't see why she couldn't just return the compliment! My God! I'm the worst boyfriend ever! OK, just calm down. I'm a good boyfriend. She wouldn't be my girlfriend if I wasn't. I have a girlfriend!

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Policeman: The restaurant owner wants to press charges. Look, I know the guy. He's a bit of a hothead, but I promise you he'll lose interest in four or five days.

Francis: Four or five days? I have to start a logging job and I'm late as it is!

Policeman: It won't be bad. Three meals a day courtesy of my wife. You look like you could use some home cooking. What would you like for dinner, chicken or a nice porterhouse steak?

Francis: Porterhouse, I guess.

Policeman: Oh, you're gonna love her cooking!

Policeman's wife: Well, thank you!

Cut to the Wilkersons' house where the family are eating dinner.

Hal: At first I had no idea what was going on. And then I realised I was looking at a 4-25 requisition form. Shelby had filled it out thinking it was a 4-28. But this isn't interesting, is it? No, wait, it is! You just need to know what a 4-25 form is! You see, there's a subtle difference between -

Lois: Dewey, how was your day?

Dewey: I've got a new friend, his name's Ronnie. He just moved here. He's got a Nintendo, a PlayStation, and a nanny. He's really rich.

Hal: Well, (waves) nice to meet you, Ronnie.

Dewey: No, he's real! I can make real friends, too!

Lois: Oh, of course you can, honey. Just don't be too frustrated if it takes you longer than the other boys.

Dewey: Ronnie is real!

Lois: Reese! What are you doing?!

Reese: Malcolm's got a girlfriend!

Lois: What?

Hal: Son, is this true?

Malcolm: Reese!

Reese: Damn! I was saving that for report card day!

Malcolm: She's not... We're just friends.

Lois: Malcolm, look at me! Oh, my God, it's true! Malcolm, no! You do not do this yet!

Reese: I saw them behind the 7-11 French kissing. That's with tongue, Mom.

Lois: Don't you wanna go to college? Don't you care about your future? Malcolm, You are not old enough to prioritise between homework and some tramp!

Hal: Your mother's right. I waited until I was eleven before I kissed my... how old are you? Never mind. What I'm saying is, it was a different time back then. There was a war on. (doorbell rings)

Dewey: I'll get it.

Reese: Maybe it's Malcolm's girlfriend come for some kissing.

Lois: Who is this girl?

Malcolm: Mom, don't make such a big deal outta this! I knew this is exactly how you'd react! This is none of your business! It's nobody's business! It's not a big deal, OK? Well, it's not. I would appreciate it if we could just drop it.

Dewey: This is Ronnie Demarco. As you can see, he's real.

Ronnie: Ow!

Dewey: Hm! Interesting! We'll be in my room.

Dewey: I can't believe how much stuff you have. You wanna play cowboys?

Ronnie: No, I hate cowboys. You can have 'em.

Dewey: Really? Thanks! No take-backs.

Mrs Demarco: Ronnie! Ronnie, would you please empty the dishwasher for Mommy?

Ronnie: OK.

Mrs Demarco: OK. So, Dewey, come here. Ronnie's birthday's coming up and I want to throw him a surprise party. But he doesn't know that many people here. I thought cos you're his first friend here, you could help me. OK. I want to invite your entire class.

Dewey: All 30 kids?

Mrs Demarco: Yeah. Isn't that what you do for your birthday parties?

(Cut to flashback)

Hal: Huh? (LAUGHS) What are we celebrating?

Malcolm and Reese: (giving Dewey "birthday beats") One, two, three, four, five.

Lois: (yelling at Francis) Damn it! You get back in here now!

Francis: I won't!

(flashback ends)

Dewey: Sorta. I was thinking Ronnie would like a Star Wars theme for his party.

Dewey: No, do cowboys!

Mrs Demarco: What?

Dewey: Cowboys. He likes cowboys better than Star Wars.

Mrs Demarco: OK, that'll be fun. Thank you, Dewey.

Cut to Francis in his cell.

Vanessa: Oh, Brock!

Brock: What is it? You're trembling, what's wrong?

Vanessa: Chad's getting suspicious. You know he's been asking questions at the orphanage. We need to get out of here!

Brock: And say goodbye to the money? I don't think so. We just need to bide our time.

Vanessa: How can I trust you, Brock, when you haven't told Cassandra about us yet?

Brock: Have a heart, Vanessa! The woman's still in a coma!

Francis: Coma?

Policeman: Hey, honey! I just got back from the Mayor's office. He thinks he's going to kill our little real estate deal.

Vanessa: We can't let him do that! What about the pictures of him and the Hastings girl?

Policeman: They're on their way to the newspapers right now. We're going to destroy the old bastard.

Vanessa: Perfect! Now all we have to worry about is old man Landers. Maybe we should send Largo to pay him a little visit.

Francis's Cellmate: What'd I miss?

Cut to the Wilkersons' house.

Lois: Mr Herkabe just called. He said you got Cs in your last tests and you didn't turn in your history paper. I warned you!

Malcolm: This has nothing to do with Sara! I just forgot. I'm doing it now, OK? (on phone) So, what kind of socks are you wearing? Yeah, I like those. Which shoes are you wearing? Not the sneakers? How about your boots? Your sandals! God, I totally love all your shoes! Yeah, I guess I have homework to do, too.

Sara: You hang up first.

Malcolm: No, you hang... (DIALLING TONE) Hello?

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Lois: Are you blaming Francis on me?

Hal: No!

Lois: That's what you said!

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Malcolm: You guys seen Sara?

Dabney: No.

Malcolm: That's weird. She's two minutes late.

Lloyd: Were you supposed to meet her here? No, not exactly. But it was implied.

Stevie: Implied?

Malcolm: It's our thing, it's what we do. We meet at the water fountain at eight. We're always within 30 seconds of each other in the lunch line. When I get home I wait four minutes before I call. That's how it's always been. That's our thing.

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Malcolm: I don't know what's wrong with her! She's driving me crazy! I freak out 20 times a day!

Reese: Dude, you think about everything too much. Calm down. Turn off your brain.

Malcolm: It's not that easy.

Reese: Sure it is. I do it all the time. Watch.

Malcolm: You can't just turn off your... Reese! Reese!

Reese: Whoa! How long was I out?

Cut to Francis in his cell, listening to the conversation outside.

Policeman: And as I pulled her from the wreckage, she was so...disfigured that I didn't even know it was my own sister.

Vanessa: Don't worry. Dimitri is the finest reconstructive surgeon in the state.

Francis: Who's Dimitri?

Francis's Cellmate: They had a municipal hospital. He and Vanessa had an affair last year -

Policeman: (yelling) Shut up in there!

Malcolm: Oh, man, who's got their assignment on Cambodia? I need to borrow it.

Stevie: Where were you... last night?

Malcolm: What?

Lloyd: The Space 1999 marathon on the Sci Fi channel.

Dabney: I made you a tunic and a hologram badge.

Malcolm: Dabney, I-I'm -

Dabney: Forget it! I gave it to my mom's boyfriend! Thanks for nothing!

Malcolm: Guys, look, I'm sorry. I've just been... Sara and I were on the phone... Never mind. I'm just sorry. I promise this won't happen again. I think I turned a corner on this thing. Sara and I were talking and it just came to me. I think we worked things out. Can you guys excuse me? I'll be right back. (goes over and starts pummeling the guy Sara is talking to, and gets into a fight with some other guys)

Stevie: He does seem... sorry.

Dabney: I say we cancel our vote of censure.

Lloyd: I second that. He was there for us after the arboretum broke down. And how can you look in those eyes and say no to anything he asks? (they sigh)

Stevie: I think... he's learned... his lesson.

Dewey: OK, only two invitations left. Ronnie's gonna have a moonbounce and a make-your-own-sundae car.

Kid #1: I'll go.

Dewey: Maybe you will. What kind of present would you bring?

Kid #1: Skateboard?

Dewey: Excellent choice!

Kid #2: Ronnie has a brand new skate board.

Dewey: Why don't you let ME worry about Ronnie?

Lois: Sit! Look at yourself! They've put you on probation. Probation! If you do just one more thing wrong they're gonna kick you outta school! Do you have any idea how serious this is? Is this who you wanna be? You wanna be a lap dog who ruins his life for some girl? For God's sake, Malcolm, you beat up a foreign exchange student! He left his country to get away from this kind of abuse! Are you listening to me?

Malcolm: Yes, I'm listening! But I've got bigger problems! You may not have noticed, but I've been screwing up a lot. All because of some stupid girl! I'm on probation! I beat up a kid who doesn't even speak English! I'm going through a lot and you don't even care!

Vanessa: We can still pull this off!

Brock: You'll never pass the DNE test, and even your lies won't be enough.

Policeman: But Brock, if you didn't buy the mining rights, then who did?

Brock: Don't you see? The person who bought the mining rights is the same person who stole Mrs Bronson's brooch. And the person who ran Nathaniel's car off the road that night. That person's name is -

Policeman: OK, you're free to go.

Francis: Ssh!

Policeman: Come on, move it!

Francis: No, you can't do this to me! Just five more minutes! Wait! No! It was the Mayor, right? Or the widow Farthington? What about the creepy janitor? No, his amnesiac brother! Argh!

Malcolm: (TC): I didn't understand one word that was said in the last six hours. I'm exhausted. I couldn't sleep all night. I finally figured out what I gotta do. (calling) Sara! Wait up! Look, I've done a lot of thinking and we need to talk. Sara, this just isn't working. Since I've known you I've been nothing but obsessive and neurotic. A jealous creep who's way too clingy. I don't like what this is turning me into, so I got you this pager. What? It's perfect. Now we know where the

other one is every second. No more worry or doubt. We'll be able to trust each other.

Sara: We have to break up, Malcolm.

Malcolm: I don't think you heard me. I'm proposing the exact opposite. That's what the pager's for.

Sara: I'm sorry. Bye.

Malcolm: No! No! No! Sara! You can't break up with me! Because I am filled with nothing but love and good feelings! And no anger and no jealousy! And none of those things that will lead you to not wanting to be with me! OK, fine! Get outta here! I don't need you! I hate your guts! I never needed you! No, no, no, no! I love you! I always have, I always will! We were meant to be together! I gave you my soul, Sara! I gave it to you, my soul! My soul! Sara!

Mrs Demarco: There you go, sweetheart. I always thought you hated cookie dough. So, are you having a good time?

Ronnie: Yeah, Mom. Thanks.

Mrs Demarco: Well, you really should thank Dewey, too. He was a big help in planning this.

Ronnie: (goes over to Dewey who is enjoying playing Cowboys with the other kids) You ruined my birthday! I hate you!

Dewey: I've had two sundaes and four snow cones.

Hal: Malcolm, look. Come on. Come on. I can't feel my fingers.

Hal: I'll go get us some punch, how's that sound? You know, son, this is all part of growing up. You're just going to have to get used to it.

Malcolm: No, I don't. I can go back. I can go back!

Dewey: What are you doing?

Malcolm: I'm gonna play.

Dewey: You can't! You're too big!

Malcolm: No, I'm not. I'm going back.

Dewey: No, you're too big! You're going to ruin my party!

(Malcolm starts bouncing and the moonbounce collapses)

Hal: (rescuing kids from under the moonbounce) OK! Don't panic! OK! OK! Hah! Yeeeargh! You're OK! Don't be scared! (to Dewey) Oh! Don't be afraid, son. It was just a loud explosion. Everything is going to be OK. Don't be afraid.

Malcolm: (TC): Just once I'd like to learn without something exploding.