

402 HUMILITHON TRANSCRIPT

Hal: (answering phone)

Francis: Dad, hi!

Hal: Oh, Francis, how's the new job?

Francis: Oh, it's good, I'm learning all kinds of new things, I got lots of responsibility, I'm actually making some good money.

Hal: Hey, good for you.

Francis: Dad, listen, I know I owe you guys a lot of money, and I want to start paying you back. So, I'm sending you fifty dollars this month, and then my plan -

Hal: What do you need fifty dollars for?

Francis: No, I'm sending you fifty dollars.

Hal: Francis, I can't spare fifty dollars.

Francis: No, I'm sending you the money to start -

Lois: Just give him the fifty dollars, we have to go,

Hal: All right, your mother says it's ok, but we have to go.

Malcolm (TC): It's the first day of school. Everyone else is bummed. But I'm actually excited about it. I'm officially done with Junior High. I'm not a Krelboyne any more. I can be whatever I want to be. I don't have to worry about labels or cliques or who's cool. I'm going into High School. By the way, this is an excited twitch, not a nervous twitch.

Lois: Can we please just eat our breakfast and stop all this complaining.

Hal: But I don't understand! Why do we have to volunteer for the whole first week?

Lois: Because we got caught, Hal. We've ducked out for twelve years, they were bound to get us eventually. Dewey, come here. Listen, you're going to be coming home from school at three o'clock this year. So, this is the key to the house. You will come straight home, you will let yourself in, and you will be in this house alone until your brothers get home exactly fifteen minutes later (to Malcolm and Reese) and not one second more! We're giving this to you because we trust you.

Hal: Congratulations, you're now a latchkey kid.

Cut to the car, where Hal, Lois, Malcolm and Reese are driving to the High School.

Hal: 0.4 miles to go.

Lois: Malcolm, if any big kids bother you, you go straight to

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your old teacher.

Malcolm: I'm not going to Mr Herkabe for anything.

Hal: 0.2.

Lois: Why not? He's the new Dean of Discipline. Talk about having friends in high places.

Malcolm: He's not a friend, he's a psychopath. He's been out to get me since the day we met. He actually told me that.

Hal: What the heck is wrong with this stupid car? I've gone 30 miles since the gas light came on last night, and we're still going.

Lois: Hal, look, here's the parking lot.

Malcolm: You can let us out here.

Reese: Yeah Dad, here's good.

Lois: Don't be silly, we're all going to the same place. Hal, look, a space right up front, right next to the Cheerleaders.

Malcolm: (as he and Reese run away from Hal and Lois) Thanks for what you did back there.

Reese: Firecracker did all the work. That's the good thing about Cheerleaders, they stand peat easily.

Malcolm: Let's get inside before Mom and Dad see - (they see Mr Herkabe)

Mr Herkabe: Ah, the Golden Boy has returned, release the doves.

Malcolm: Hi Mr Herkabe.

Mr Herkabe: And you must be Reese. I've been thoroughly briefed on you, and if you do one thing wrong, I'm going to go evil on your permanent record.

Reese: Ask yourself, "Whatever happened to the old Dean of Discipline?"

Lois: (calling) Mr Herkabe! (Malcolm and Reese run off) It is so exciting being here on the first day of school.

Mr Herkabe: Yes, it's like being at the Cockfights before they open the cages.

Hal: So, the two hours a day, does that include travel time, because there was a lot of traffic.

Mr Herkabe: So, (to Lois), you'll be handing out health forms, and you (to Hal) report to the North Field.

Hal: Can't we do something together?

Mr Herkabe: Let me check (looks at clipboard), Ah, no. But don't we

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both feel better knowing we tried?

Francis: I am so sorry. We'll be horse-riding in two minutes. We're a little short-handed today, I had to help make breakfast. You'll be riding Sparky here, I'll get him saddled right up for you. (sees Croissant in his hand) Would you like a Croissant while you wait?

Girl: Oh, sure.

Otto: Good morning Francis, what a beautiful day.

Francis: Otto, can I talk to you?

Otto: (as Francis leads him off) Yeah. How is your lovely wife, you know, you should start having babies right away, and you must breastfeed.

Francis: Yeah, listen - what happened to Bill and Andy? Neither one of them showed up for their shifts today.

Otto: Bill and Andy are on vacation, I thought I told you.

Francis: Well, who's supposed to be covering for them?

Otto: Let us have a look. (goes to calendar) Ah, here, you see - Alex and Dan are filling in.

Francis: No, you let them go fishing until next Wednesday. Otto, I think it's wonderful that you're so accommodating, but sometimes you just have to say no. I mean, you're running a business.

Otto: Wait a second. Is that the same dog from July?

Cut to the High School, where Malcolm is heading to Orientation.

Malcolm (TC): Orientation, North Quad 26. All right, it's ok, I'll find it. It's cool. (asks guy) Is this the North Quad?

Guy: (shaking head and walking off) Oh man.

Cynthia: (calling) Malcolm. Malcolm! (Malcolm sees the Krelboynes and looks away) Hey, silly, we're over here! Malcolm!

Lloyd: Will you look at these core subjects they've got in Maths?

Malcolm: Yeah, they're confusing, but do you guys think you can talk a little softer -

Stevie: I'm ready...to cry.

Kevin: They're not to scale! How can they expect anyone to use a map that's not to scale?!

Malcolm: Guys -

Cynthia: Come on, this is exciting. I mean - I'm so disoriented. Now keep me away from that heavy machinery. (laughs, Malcolm walks away) Where are you going?

Dabney: I told you we should have taken a trial run last week.

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But no, Dabney's an alarmist! Well now look where we are!

Cut to Lois handing out health forms.

Lois: Fill out both health forms, and your Emergency Contact cards. And feel free to button your top. Boys like a little mystery. (to another girl) This is fun. I don't know why we avoided this for so long.

Cut to Hal on the North Field, frantically picking up orientation forms that are scattered across the field, being blown around by the wind.

Cut to the Wilkersons' empty house. Dewey unlocks the door, looks inside, and nervously goes into the house. He goes to the fridge and gets out the milk.

Dewey: (turns around, frightened) Mine! (looks around) mine.

Cut to the High School, where Malcolm is waiting in line to get a textbook.

Malcolm (TC): Ok, so yesterday wasn't too bad. I didn't make any new friends, but I did manage to avoid all my old ones. I'll make it up to them once I'm popular. Who am I kidding, no I won't. (sees Krelboynes across the courtyard)

Cynthia: (calling) Malcolm! Malcolm! This is the spot where we'll meet for lunch, ok? (Malcolm turns away)

Dabney: Malcolm, can you hear her?

Lady #1: (handing Malcolm a textbook) Here you go.

Malcolm: Thanks.

Lady #2: Hi, I can take over from here.

Lady #1: Thank you very much.

Malcolm flicks through his textbook, discovers it is tattered, then goes back to exchange it.

Malcolm: Excuse me, I can't use this book, I need to switch.

Lady #2: What did you do? You can't bring the book back in this condition.

Malcolm: No, I just got it like this.

Lady #2: I don't think so. If you want another book, you're going to have to pay forty dollars for it. Next. (Malcolm walks off)

Malcolm: (to Lois): Mom, you have to talk to this lady, she won't let me return this book.

Lois: (sees stain on Malcolm's pants, and comments in front of a queue of other students)

Malcolm: What? (other students snigger)

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Lois: Oh my god, what did you do to your pants? (gets up and bends down to examine stain) Oh, for crying out loud, how could you get a stain there already?

Malcolm: Mom, come on.

Lois: It wasn't there this morning.

Malcolm: Mom, stop, it's no big deal.

Lois: No big deal? You begged me for these pants. You almost started crying in the store when I wasn't going to buy 'em for you, and now, look what you did to 'em! (examines stain closer) That looks like that's coming from the inside.

Malcolm: Mom, leave me alone, you're embarrassing me.

Lois: Oh, I am not embarrassing you. (to other students) Would you be embarrassed by this? (students just stare) No, see? Come on, I'll see if we can find some club soda and get that out. (leads Malcolm off as other students laugh)

Stevie: Justice...is swift.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is sitting alone at the table with a bag of chips, sharing his thoughts with an imaginary family.

Dewey: I also think we should have meatloaf on Mondays instead of Tuesdays so we can have an extra day of meatloaf sandwiches. (pauses) I also think the table should be in front of the TV, and the couch should be in front of the refrigerator. (pauses) I also think there should be hand-me-ups instead of hand-me-downs, I think kids should be able to skitter and I think school should be only four hours a day, and held on top of the building. (pauses) I also think -

Cut to the ranch, where Francis and Otto are making a bed.

Francis: Ok, Angela comes back tomorrow, so she can cover for Todd on the Nature Hike, and that way Todd can help out in the kitchen which will free up Sonia to do the hayride.

Otto: That is such a good plan.

Francis: Angela's vacation is over, right?

Otto: I extended it. It rained the first two days. Kiss your mint.

Cut to the High School. Malcolm is walking across the courtyard.

Malcolm (TC): Ok, gotta make up some ground. Here's what I'm gonna do. Be the first freshman with a girlfriend. It's worth a shot, right? I was going to give it a few weeks before I see someone down, wait till I like some girl, she liked me, whatever. But I'll just move it on. (approaches group of girls) Hi.

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Girl #1: Hey.

Girl #2: Hey Stain.

Malcolm: What:

Guy #1: Hey Stain.

Guy #2: Hey Stain.

Reese: Thank you.

Girl #3: Hi Stain.

Girl #4: Yo Stain, what's up?

Malcolm (TC): Don't pass out. Breathe in through your nose. You can pull this out. (calls) Will you be my girlfriend? (everyone laughs)

Cut to the bulletin board, where Lois is arranging the flyers when Hal comes over.

Hal: How's it going?

Lois: Look, every bulletin is lined up perfectly with the one next to it, and the one above and below. Thumbtacks just bring out this side in me.

Hal: (in sexy voice) Oh, very nice.

Lois: You know, it's weird being back in High School. But it's kinda fun, too.

Hal: Brings back memories.

Lois: Yeah - does it?

Hal: Yeah. (chuckles and leans over to kiss Lois)

Mr Herkabe: Well, what have we here? (to Hal) Have you finished cleaning up the cigarette butts on the football field?

Hal: I'll get to it.

Mr Herkabe: You know, we alone determine how much we get out of any given experience -

Hal: I said I'll get to it. (Mr Herkabe walks off) Jerkabe.

Lois: You're so bad.

Hal: (in sexy voice) Am I? (grins cheekily)

Lois: What's that look? (Realises) You're dreaming...forget it, don't be stupid...there are too many people around, we'd get caught for sure...it wouldn't be fun (Hal starts backing her towards empty storeroom)...it wouldn't be comfortable...there's no good place...this utility closet will be locked for sure (tries door and it

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opens)...there's no room for two people in here (Hal ushers her inside and closes the door behind them)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is dancing around the kitchen and living room with a broom. After a minute he sees Malcolm approaching the door, quickly turns off the stereo and sits down to watch TV.

Dewey: Hey Malcolm.

Malcolm: (angrily) I'm the fool! I'm the one who taught that there was such a thing as kindness and decency in life!

Dewey: Ok. (Resumes watching TV)

Cut back to the High School. Hal is running after Mr Herkabe.

Hal: Mr Herkabe...Mr Herkabe - uh, listen, uh, I've just spent the last half hour thinking, and, uh, now that I've had a chance to cool off, I just wanted to apologise for earlier - well, you were just doing your job.

Mr Herkabe: Well, your apology is noted and not accepted.

Hal: What? Come on, I said I was sorry.

Mr Herkabe: Well, it's a little late for that. You are hereby expelled from the program.

Hal: What?

Mr Herkabe: Remove yourself from school property immediately, good day, sir.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house. The boys are in their room.

Reese: It's just so exciting to be part of something from the very beginning. Stain. It's classic. It's one of those weird nicknames that will stick with the person forever, because they are so perfect in their cruelty. Hey, you know what's weird? It's actually wiped out my memory of your old name. Is it Marty? Marco? Mergatroy?

Cut to Hal and Lois washing the dinner dishes.

Hal: Ah, that pompous little martinet, you should have seen his face!

Lois: Hal, it's crazy to be upset by this! You don't want to do it anyway.

Hal: He didn't know that. That means he thinks he won. Which means I think I lost! But not for long Lois, oh, oh, not for long!

Dewey: (on phone) I want it delivered at three o'clock. I don't mean on the truck at three o'clock, I mean here at three o'clock. Not 3.05, not 3.10 - three o'clock. Good. My son will sign for it.

Cut to the Ranch, where Francis is about to give a massage.

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Francis: Hi, you called for a massage?

Girl: Oh, yeah, yeah, come on in. Just set up right there. (goes into bathroom) This is so great. I hope you're good with lower back pain.

Francis: Ah, yeah, absolutely, I specialize in vertebrae cyanic impactions of the back.

Girl: Oh, that sounds terrific. Happy anniversary, honey, I'm gonna be in the salon. (leaves as fat guy emerges)

Fat guy: Take your time. (Francis gasps) Face up or face down?

Francis: Why, what are you going to do to me?

Fat guy: A massage.

Francis: Oh, yeah.

Fat guy: Oooohhhh. Oooohhhh, there it is! Oooohhh, yeah. Oooohhhh, Oooohhhh, that's a sign of a good massage. Oooohhh, that means I'm totally relaxed.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house. Dewey enters the garage, where his baby grand piano is set up, camouflaged by a blanket and boxes. He opens up his book "Learn Piano in 15 minutes a day" and plays "Clair De La Lune".

Cut back to the High School. Malcolm is sitting alone at a table.

Lloyd: We don't mean to inflict ourselves on you, but there's no other places. (they all sit down)

Cynthia: Look, we know you've had a rough couple of days. But things are about to get better.

Stevie: We joined...the Chess Club.

Lloyd: They love geniuses, I was voted King!

Dabney: I'm the Queen! Which is actually the more powerful position.

Kevin: And they're excited to meet you, too. I told them your opinion on Illusion Defence. It raised a few eyebrows, but you're as good as in.

Malcolm: I don't deserve you guys. I'm sorry I ignored you, and I appreciate the gesture, but you're really better off without me.

Cynthia: Oh, come on, will you get off this sulking thing? Since when do you care what other people think of you?

Malcolm: Cynthia, don't do this.

Cynthia: Malcolm, you hate everyone. To you, everyone's either a moron, or a creep, or a poser. Why do you suddenly care about their opinion of you?

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Malcolm: Because I'm shallow, ok? I want them to like me.

Lloyd: It's not so bad, Malcolm. It's only the first week, you have like four years of High School left.

Malcolm: It's ok. I spent three years being a Krelboyne, I can spend four years being a joke.

Cynthia: Malcolm, you're not a joke.

Guy #3: Hey Stainulator.

Guy #4: Bruce Springstain.

Cut to Hal mopping in the locker area. Mr Herkabe comes over.

Mr Herkabe: What are you doing?

Hal: Mopping. In five minutes, I will have my two hours, and that will discharge my obligation to the volunteer program.

Mr Herkabe: Oh, no it does not. Because you have been expelled.

Hal: All I know is that I've been mopping! And this floor looks pretty darn clean to me.

Mr Herkabe: Well, that was unauthorised mopping.

Hal: It is spotless. And maybe we should just see whether the Principal thinks it's a job well done.

Mr Herkabe: It's not even clean. (Sprinkles soil onto ground)

Hal: Don't you dare! (frantically mops up soil as Mr Herkabe runs along spraying the ground with a trail of soil, before emptying out the rubbish bin).

Mr Herkabe: Ahahaha, now let's see if your - (Hal whacks him with the mop, which starts a mop war between the two) (after they get called into the Principal's office) I'd just like to say, in my defence...he started it.

Cut to the Ranch, where Francis is packing.

Otto: Ah, Francis, there you are. Ah, look at you tidying up.

Francis: Otto, we have to talk.

Otto: We will talk tomorrow, come, I want to show you something.

Francis: No! Tomorrow I may be leading aerobics again, or faking my way through a wine tasting seminar, or playing the prostitute in the Stunt Show!

Otto: It was you!

Francis: The way you run this place, sometimes it's not being nice, it's being careless, and foolish.

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Otto: (leads Francis outside where a ute is parked) Look.

Francis: Yes, it's a truck. Look Otto, I don't want to leave on a-

Otto: It is your truck!

Francis: What?

Otto: I saw it, I thought of you. Your car blew up, and I thought this would be a good thing for you.

Francis: See, this is what I'm talking about. (suddenly happy) You are the best boss ever!

Otto: I wish I could tell you to take a few days and drive it someplace nice, but we're a little short-handed.

Francis: I understand, believe me.

Otto: Ha - just kidding. Go, take a week. Have fun.

Cut back to the High School. School is over.

Cynthia: Malcolm, Malcolm - would you come to the Y with me? I think a good Yoga class will really help centre you. And there are boys.

Reese: Mom's here! Dad got in trouble, Mom is freaking out. Whatever you do, stay out of her way.

Malcolm: Oh my god, I know what I'm gonna do.

Cynthia: What are you talking about?

Malcolm: I'm gonna get sent to Military School. (runs off, throwing down backpack on the way).

Cynthia: Malcolm...Malcolm! (Malcolm reaches under Hal's car for his spare key)

Malcolm: My Dad has a hire key. Here we go. (goes to get into Hal's car)

Cynthia: Malcolm, stop this! You don't have a license!

Malcolm: It's ok, I'm just gonna crash into my Mom's car.

Cynthia: This is crazy, Malcolm! This is the stupidest thing I've ever heard!

Malcolm: No it's not, it's smart. I can take this car and crash it into that car. Then I'll be in Military School just like Francis was. It'll be paradise.

Stevie: Somebody...quickly...stop him!

Kevin: For the love of God, your shirt tail's stuck to the door!

Dabney: Take me with you!

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Reese: (runs in front of car) Stop! I won't let you do this! I'd rather die than be left alone with Mom!

Malcolm: Get out of the way!

Reese: No! You can run me over, I don't care! (Malcolm revs engine) Aaaahhh! (runs away)

Cynthia: (lying) Malcolm, if you do this, I will never have sex with you again! (crowd of students around them gasps)

Malcolm: (catching on) again?

Guy #5: They had sex?

Guy #6: He had sex with her?

Girl #5: They had sex?

Guy #7: I slept with her too.

Malcolm (TC): (now happy) Wow, I could really learn a lesson from this. But all I can think about right now, is that the whole school is convinced that I had sex - (Lois pulls him out of the car)

Lois: Get out of that car this instant! What the heck is wrong with you? (leads him off)

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where the family are eating breakfast.

Reese: Here, have my pancakes. Oh, I did your laundry. I folded them warm so they won't wrinkle.

Malcolm: Reese, I'm not going to tell you about it, it didn't even happen.

Reese: Ok. Where didn't it happen?

Dewey is sitting at the table, pretending he is playing the piano. Hal and Lois come in, and Hal sits down next to him.

Hal: Son, I know it's been tough, spending all your time by yourself after school.

Dewey: I've been trying to adjust.

Lois: Well, guess what? You don't have to any more. That's all over now. I rearranged my schedule so I can get home earlier. (takes key from Dewey)

Hal: Isn't that great? We're gonna spend a lot more time together. What do you say this weekend you help me clean out the garage? (Dewey looks worried).