

Transcript by Amigo22

**412 KICKED OUT TRANSCRIPT**

Hal: YES! I WIN! I WIN, I FINALLY BEAT YOU IN A VIDEO GAME! IN YOUR FACE, MALCOLM! IN YOUR FACE!

Malcolm: Dad....Dad! The goal of Video Gots is to get the *fewest* points.

Hal: Oh. Nice game.

Dewey: GIVE IT!

Reese: No way!

Craig: Ok, I'm gonna do a load of colours, then a load of whites, if you have any clothes in your room you want - (dirty clothes land into the basket Craig is holding)

Malcolm (TC): Craig's been over here every day helping out with the chores since Mum went to her sister's. It was two weeks before we figured it out that nobody asked him. So Dad's in charge.

(Reese punches Dewey)

Dewey: Ow!

Hal: Boys, quit horsing around and eat your dinner. (Reese and Dewey keep fighting across the table and break something) Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey! STOP! WE ARE AT ZERO TOLERANCE NOW! DO YOU HEAR ME, ZERO TOLERANCE! YOU BOYS HAVE GOT TO LEARN TO BEHAVE! FROM NOW ON –

Craig: Who wants more mac and cheese? (all the boys get up)

Hal: THAT IS IT! SIT DOWN! (the boys return to the table with Craig) JUST BECAUSE YOUR MOTHER ISN'T HERE DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN MISBEHAVE! WHEN I SAY ZERO TOLERANCE, I MEAN, ZERO TOLERANCE! TOLERANCE TO THE ZERO DEGREE! I'M TALKING ZIP, NOTHING, ZILCH! IN TERMS OF TOLERANCE! (Phone rings)

Malcolm: I'll get it.

Hal: NO!

Malcolm: Hello?

Hal: MALCOLM! WE ARE HAVING A DISCUSSION!

Malcolm: It's Stevie, he needs help with his Math homework.

Hal: GO!

Malcolm starts explaining the homework until he gets to his room and closes the door, when we learn it's his girlfriend on the phone.

Malcolm: You can't keep calling me here!

Nikki: I was guessing you would get to the phone first.

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Malcolm: If my parents figure out we're still going out, I'll get totally nailed, then we'll never get to see each other. I know it's hard, but we have to be more careful.

Nikki: Well, I'm bored. And my Dad's gone for a while.

Malcolm: I'll be right over. (Hangs up the phone and opens the window)

Hal: OK! THAT IS IT!

Malcolm: It's so weird at my house. Nobody ever answers the phone. My brothers are seeing who can go the longest without changing their underwear. I never thought I'd miss my Mom. I still don't, but I'm getting close.

Nikki: Well, it sounds like a drag, but at least it's going to be over in a month or two. Oh, by the way, did I tell you that my Dad's going to bring Trish to my birthday party?

Malcolm: Who's Trish?

Nikki: Trish, the woman the woman my Dad's been seeing for the past four months, who totally hates me. Malcolm, I told you about her.

Malcolm: Did I tell you that my Dad has taken away all my CDs? He says it's because I play them too loud, but I'm pretty sure I heard him listen to them in the garage!

Nikki: Malcolm, do you think for like once, we could talk about my problems?

Malcolm: Oh, ok, sure. What are they.

Nikki: What are they? I've been sitting here –

Nikki's Dad: Nikki! (Malcolm dives under the bed as Nikki's Dad opens the door) Were you talking to someone?

Nikki: Yeah. It's my secret boyfriend. He's hiding under the bed. Don't you want to check?

Nikki's Dad: Why does everything have to be a snotty remark with you?

Nikki: Well, according to Trish, it's the normal reaction for not being the only girl in my Daddy's life any more.

Nikki's Dad: Come on, Nikki, she was being nice.

Nikki: Well, it's none of her business how I feel about anything, she's not my Mom!

Nikki's Dad: No, but who said anything about her being your Mom? Maybe it's time we talked this out. (Sits on Nikki's bed)

Nikki: Ok, what do you want to talk about? How much Trish hates me? You're not going to pick a fight to get out of this. We're going to hash this out if we have to sit here all night.

Hal's Dream:  
Hal: Boys, boys, be reasonable, this is no way to treat your father.

Malcolm: What kind of father are you? You're nothing but a joke and you're weak!

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Hal: Oh, man, are you going to pay for that when your mother gets home!

Reese: You still think Mom's coming back? After the way you screwed things up?

Dewey? What do you think you're doing? *I'm* lighting Dad on fire.

Dewey: No way! I get to do it!

Malcolm: We'll all do it! (the boys light Hal on fire)

Hal wakes up from his dream.

Hal: Oh my god, honey, I just had the worst dream! The boys just.... I - I - I lost control of them, and you were never coming home, and it was just awful!

Craig: (sitting up on Lois's side of the bed, where he's been sleeping and putting his arm around Hal) It's ok, sweetie. Go back to sleep.

Hal: Ok. (Lies back down, where he starts dreaming again, and in the dream he screams. Back in reality, he gets out of bed.)

Cut to Reese and Dewey watching TV in the lounge.

Dewey: How come she's allowed to be naked on the kitchen table and I'm not?

Reese: Dewey, if a cop tells you to do something, you do it. (Hal walks up behind them and grabs the remote)

Hal: What are you boys doing? I told you to go to bed hours ago!

Reese: Actually Dad, your exact words were just "go to bed". You didn't say "go to bed now". If you leave us a loophole like that, I don't see how this can be our fault.

Hal: You have disrespected my authority for the last time! I'M AT ZERO TOLERANCE! I keep thinking that at some point I might be able to trust you boys to do as you're told, but I can't! Well, there are going to be some big changes around here, VERY big changes! Now get to bed!

Reese: Oh, wait. Could you repeat that? My mind kind of wandered at the end.

Hal: DON'T PUSH IT, REESE, YOU KNOW VERY WELL THAT - (Malcolm crashes his way in through the kitchen window)

Malcolm: Hi Dad.

Hal: Are you - have you been out all night?

Malcolm: Trust me, it wasn't my idea to be out this late.

Hal: I suppose you were being held PRISONER somewhere, huh?

Malcolm: I GOT HOME AS QUICKLY AS I COULD! BESIDES, WHAT ARE REESE AND DEWEY STILL DOING UP?

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Hal: DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT, YOU CROSSED THE LINE, MISTER! AND UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, THERE WILL BE NO TV, NO COMPUTER AND NO VIDEO GAMES, BECAUSE I AM AT ZERO TOLERANCE WITH YOU BOYS! IS THAT UNDERSTOOD? ZERO TOLERANCE! WHAT - DID YOU JUST ROLL YOUR EYES AT ME? AS LONG AS YOU ARE LIVING IN THIS HOUSE, I DEMAND YOUR RESPECT!

Malcolm: FOR WHAT? THIS HOUSE IS A PIGSTY! EVERYTHING IN THE FRIDGE HAS EXPIRED! I FOUND A PIECE OF CAKE IN THE SHOWER!

Dewey: That's mine.

Malcolm: AND NOW YOU'RE SCREAMING AT ME BECAUSE YOU CAN'T CONTROL THEM, AND YOU KNOW WHAT? I'M SICK OF IT!

Hal: OH, IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU FEEL, YOU KNOW WHERE THE DOOR IS!

Malcolm: YOU KNOW WHERE THE DOOR IS. AND I KNOW HOW TO USE IT!

Dewey: It's three in the morning. And who wants a little-

Hal: THEN GO AHEAD AND USE IT. SEE IF I CARE? JUST TURN THE KNOB, AND PULL. GO.

Malcolm: I'LL TURN THE KNOB AND PULL. JUST WATCH ME! TURNING AND PULLING!

Hal: WELL I'M WATCHING, BUT I DON'T SEE YOU DOING IT.

Malcolm: I AM DOING IT. TURN, PULL. AND NOW, I'M OUTSIDE!

Hal: CONGRATULATIONS! WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO CLOSE THE DOOR?

Malcolm: YES. CLOSE THE DAMN DOOR! (Hal closes the door). THANK YOU! (TC) Here comes the tearful apology. Three, two, one... (door locks behind him)

Cut to Nikki's house, where she and Malcolm are climbing into her attic)

Malcolm: So exactly how many monitions is your Dad in?

Nikki: These are all his Armageddon supplies for when the UN takes over the banks.

Malcolm: Anyways, thanks for hiding me. I don't know where else I could have gone without someone's parents turning me in.

Nikki: Well, I'm going to get some sleep, I'll bring you a snack in the morning. You know, this is actually going to be pretty cool having you hiding up here, right over my bedroom. You're like my little secret.

Malcolm: Help yourself to some snacks, just be careful of the trip wire, there's dots tipped with - just be careful of the trip wire.

Craig: You kicked him out of the house?

Hal: Oh please, he kicked himself out of the house, Craig. Look, I've been through this before with Reese and Francis, it never lasts long. When Reese was kicked out,

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Craig: he spent the night on the roof until he got into a fight with a pack of cats. So that makes it ok that Malcolm spent the night sleeping on a booze-soaked mattress in some dark alley?

Hal: Craig –

Craig: Oh my god, he's probably dead by now!

Hal: Malcolm can take care of himself.

Craig: You're right, you're right, he's a genius, which would make him even more attracted to rope elements in our secret weapons programs. How long before some Government scientist picks him up, and tries to surgically attach him to some animal?

Hal (on phone): Let me know if you hear anything at all. (hangs up phone) Oh my god, he's been gone for over a day, where the hell is he?

Craig: Keep it down! The neighbours don't have to know our business. (Continues ironing clothes)

Dewey: How can you be smiling right now?

Reese: Because I just realised. We have a free pass.

Dewey: What do you mean?

Reese: Can't you see how guilty Dad feels? He's not going to punish anybody else for a while. We're bulletproof.

Dewey: What are you going to do?

Reese: I'm not sure yet. This is a once in a lifetime opportunity. It's going to be perfect, and huge. I want this to be a statement about everything I stand for.

Cut to street, where Hal is pinning up "Missing Malcolm" signs. He turns and sees a boy also putting up signs, about his lost dog.

Hal: Excuse me.

Boy: What?

Hal: Your poster, it's distracting people from my poster, and mine was there first.

Boy: So, it's not your tree.

Hal: Look, I'm sure that your dog Milton is very sweet, and that you love him very much, but I'm looking for my son. An actual human being who's been missing for two days, now don't you think finding a lost person is more important than finding a lost dog?

Boy: I don't know your kid, but from the way my Mum and Dad talk, your family isn't worth as much as my dog.

Hal: What's your name?

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Boy: Patrick.

Hal: Patrick, well let me tell you a little something about your dog. He's gone. See, some other family has taken him in. And right now, that family is pampering Milton in ways you've never even dreamed of. So, your dog already loves them a lot more than he ever loved you, and if you ever did get him back, oh he would just resent you, until he found another way to escape again, so why don't you just take the poster down, ok?

Boy: Take your poster down. Your kid's probably in a crack house. (Rips one of Hal's signs down)

Hal: HA! (rips one of Patrick's signs down, and the two chase each other down the street ripping down each other's signs)

Nikki: Hey, I brought you some food.

Malcolm: I can't believe I'm being forced to live in an attic, let alone living off someone else's table scraps!

Nikki: Do you mind if I sit with you for a little bit? I'm really pissed at my Dad right now.  
Malcolm: You're pissed at your Dad?

Nikki: Could you listen for a sec? My Dad just told me that he's dragging me on some kind of camping trip with him and Trish. I can't spend an entire weekend in a tent with that woman!

Malcolm: He provoked the whole thing. You could have stopped me from walking out the door if you really wanted to.

Nikki: Malcolm, I think it would be a really good idea if you would listen to me right now. Do you understand? If you listen to what I am saying, you can give it some thought, and we can talk it out in a way that's going to help me, and then I can do the same for you. Then we can have a conversation that actually matters.

Malcolm: No. Acting like a big man, who's it trying to improve?

Nikki: That's it.

Malcolm: That's what?

Nikki: I can't take this any more. You are the most selfish, thoughtless person that I have ever seen. From now on, I am not your girlfriend.

Malcolm: You're breaking up with me?

Nikki: You have killed everything I have ever felt for you. It's over!

Malcolm: Wait, what am I going to do?

Nikki: I never want to see you again! (closes the attic door)

Cut to Hal and Dewey in the car. Hal is talking through a megaphone.

Hal: Just come home, Malcolm. If you want me to apologise, I will. I was wrong, and

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you were totally right about everything.

Dewey: Jeez Dad, hold something back.

Hal: Who cares what started all this, it doesn't matter, I just want you back because you're my son! And you're the only one in this family who has a chance of amounting anything.

Dewey: What?

Hal: (Still talking through megaphone) It's not true, son, I was just trying to - (turns away from microphone) I'm just trying to get Malcolm home. Ignore that last call Malcolm, please come home, I love you.

Cut to Malcolm in Nikki's attic.

Malcolm (TC): So my Dad kicked me out of the house, the Nikki broke up with me. I don't know how long ago it was. I can't remember if these have been hours or days. That's Nikki. (Lies down to listen at door) Did you hear that? What's she laughing about? She can't be laughing. She's not laughing. She's crying. Just like my Dad. They're all suffering now.

Malcolm gulps down some powder from a can and then chokes.

Malcolm (TC): Ok. Maybe Nikki could have at least left me a paper cup or something up here. I just wish she'd come back to say hello. (starts crying) I miss talking to her. It was going to be our little secret. She's so incredible. I can't believe she ever liked me. I had Nikki, and I had a family. What happened? How did I ever get like this? Oh my god! I'm horrible! No wonder my Dad kicked me out of the house. I'm annoying, and selfish. Nikki and my family are lucky. At least they get to get away from me. I'm stuck here with myself. Wait a second. I don't have to be like this. I can change. I can totally change. From now on, I'll just listen to what people say. I'll be friendly. I'll be considerate. Yeah. Yeah! I like this new Malcolm. That's her! (Lies back down and listens at the door) What's she talking about? That's a guy's voice. There's a guy in her room. A guy in her room.

Nikki: I am telling you, he is not here.

Malcolm falls through the attic roof and lands on the bed in Nikki's bedroom, where she, her Dad and Hal are standing.

Cut to Reese in the street with a crowd of kids.

Reese: This moment has been a long time coming. The fruit of over two hours of planning and labour. Thank you. Reese puts on his helmet and gets on his bike to ride over a plank of wood on top of some parked cars, but the plan backfires and he winds up being thrown around by a hose that's on full speed.

Craig: Reese, what are you doing? (more smashing, and then Craig flies backwards through the window into the house, meanwhile Reese is stuck to a tree trunk, crying for help, as Hal and Malcolm arrive home in the car.)

Hal: Welcome home, son.

Malcolm: Thanks Dad. (They look out at Reese) If it helps, this would probably have happened even if Mom was here. (Hal looks annoyed as he and Malcolm get out of the car)