

516 MALCOLM VISITS COLLEGE TRANSCRIPT

Lois: No more junk food From now on we are going to be a family that eats healthy.

Hal: Brownie?

Malcolm: I have my first college visit coming up. I get to stay overnight in a dorm, tour the campus and spend 18 hours pretending my family doesn't exist. I actually skipped all the way to school today. I probably should've stopped once I passed the football field... but who cares? My body may have been stuffed in a trash can, but my mind was taking a shower with a college chick.

Reese: (sitting at a table with a group of girls) Come on, there's tons of reasons to go out with a guy like me. To make your Dad mad, or your boyfriend jealous. Maybe you just hate yourself, or have a sick curiosity. I don't know, I can't do all the work for you! (gets up and goes over to Malcolm) I thought at least I had a chance with the fat ride.

Malcolm: Did you actually call her that?

Reese: Hey, I didn't make her fat. (sees a girl by herself at a table) Who is that?

Malcolm: That's Christie. She's the new narc.

Reese: We have a new narc? What happened to Druggie Dougie?

Malcolm: He got served divorce papers in history class.

Reese: Aw, come on, she's so cute! She's a narc?

Christie: Hey, papers? Anyone got papers? Hey, papers? Anybody got papers?

Malcolm: Do you even know anyone who does drugs?

Reese: Why are you asking me? I don't have any friends. But sometimes, I do have brilliant ideas.

Malcolm: Where are you going?

Reese: Malcolm, I live in a world of what the hells. (goes over to Christie and starts making weird hand movements) oh, man, I am so... Never mind. (Christie gets up and walks off)

Malcolm: You can't do this to me! Dad's supposed to take me, not you!

Lois: Malcolm, this is your first visit to a university. Your father and I talked it over and we both agreed. This is a big deal. And we don't want to blow it. If I come along, I can make sure that you don't say or do anything that you shouldn't. I can take a little of the pressure off you.

Reese: Wait a second. You guys are talking about college for Malcolm and not me? I'm a year older than he is. Why aren't you taking me to look at colleges?

Hal: Well, son...

Reese: I'm just screwing with you. Relax.

Lois: Dewey, dinner. I guess he'll eat it cold again.

Manager: What the hell are you doing back here?! The pianos are for paying customers only! You're wearing out the keys!

Hal: I'm not going to buy you a piano. You've never even had lessons.

Dewey: I don't need lessons. I already know how to play. I'm great. Look.

Hal: That's very cute, Dewey, but we can't afford a piano. Do you know how close my company is to going out of business? They're selling our office furniture and forcing us to have desk buddies.

Dewey: Dad, you don't know me very well, but you couldn't have missed the fact that I'm having a horrible childhood. Now there's a chance for you to make it suck a little less.

Hal: I said no. End of discussion. Now you're just going to have to find some other way to amuse yourself.

Otto: I don't understand it! I told all the guests about my hayride for lovers on Friday night, and no one signed up.

Francis: Well, most of the guests have children. They can't just abandon them to go on a couples-only hayride.

Otto: We're only allowing couples. Ah, well, then there - there is the solution. We will start a child care centre.

Francis: Oh, Otto, I don't think...

Otto: It will be wonderful. We will have posture contests, and I can show them slides of my childhood in post-war Germany. They will love it.

Francis: Otto, as great as that idea is, I wouldn't set my heart on it. These people came here to spend time with their families. They're not just going to dump their children the first chance they get.

Man: Can we leave them overnight?

Reese: (sees Christie coming, and grabs the phone, pretending to place an order) And the delivery's on time? Good. I've got a lot of hungry customers. Oh, hey Christie, I didn't see you. Are you ready? I think you're going to be pleasantly surprised by how much ice cream I can eat. Look, Reese ... uh, you know, we got coffee, and we saw a movie, and we went skating. I thought hanging out with you would involve a little more... partying. Don't you have like a friend or maybe someone you know of or someone you heard rumours about that could help us out?

Reese: Hey, I got to trust somebody before I party with them.

Christie: Well, you trust me, don't you?

Reese: Not yet. But there must be some way a hot girl like you can get a desperate guy like me to trust you. Hey, why don't we go park by the river and see if we can think of something.

Lois: I hope you weren't hunched over like that during your interview. Why didn't you tell him about your extracurricular activities?

Malcolm: How do you even know what I said? Did you have your ear pressed up against the door?

Lois: You should be less concerned about what I did and a little bit more concerned about your own performance. And next time say "bless you" when he sneezes. These people are looking for any excuse not to like you.

Malcolm: All right, 2.30. You walked me to my dorm room, you chose my lunch, you tucked in my shirt in the middle of orientation. Now will you please just leave?

Lois: Why are you in such a hurry to get rid of me?

Malcolm: Because I'm supposed to be doing this stuff on my own.

Lois: I'm just here to make sure you do it on your own the right way.

Paula: Hi. Are you Malcolm?

Malcolm: Yeah.

Paula: I'm Paula. And this is Andrea and Scott. I guess we're all going to be roommates tonight.

Malcolm: Cool. Well, I'll put my bags...

Lois: Excuse me. You mean you boys and you girls are staying in the same room?

Paula: Yeah. It'll be just like really being in college.

Lois: There! Now we'll all have the same version of what happened here.

Hal: (on phone) That's exactly what I would have done, Lois. Yep. Camped out in the room. You didn't happen to take the oven timer, did you? I can't understand this... all week stuff has been disappearing right from under my nose. It's like I put something down, and then it's just gone. No, it's not even anything worth stealing. It's as if someone is trying to make me crazy on purpose. You're probably right. I love you, too. Bye. (turns around and phone is gone) What the...?

Boy: Can I please have some more lemonade?

Otto: What a wonderfully polite little boy. Please, take a sewing kit and a small moisturizer.

Francis: Otto, none of the parents showed up for the hayride. Their kids are here. It's so weird. Nobody's answering their phones, so I went by all their rooms. They all have "do not disturb"... I guess I better go get a pep talk ready for housekeeping in the morning.

Malcolm: Mom, what are you doing with my underwear?!

Lois: You had it all crammed up there in the corner. Wrinkled clothes are the sign of a disorganized mind.

Paula: So then I took a guided tour of the Plaza De Espana in Barthelona. I'm not mispronouncing it. That's the way they say it. Barthelona.

Lois: That is so interesting.

Andrea: I wish I was more interesting, Lois.

Scott: Do you think it would be pretentious to use the word "legerdemain" into a conversation with the dean? What am I saying? Of course it's pretentious. I'm such a lackwit.

Lois: Relax. If you can't be pretentious in college, where can you be pretentious?

Andrea: Really? So when I get to college it'd be okay if I called myself antigone?

Lois: Of course. (Someone knocks on the door, and Malcolm goes to answer it)

Leland: All right, kid, here's the deal, my name is Leland. More importantly, I'm the R.A, which stands for resident advisor, which means I'm in charge of this floor. So you're going to have to keep the music down.

Malcolm: Is it really that loud?

Leland: Listen, guy, I can either be your best friend or your worst nightmare. Now turn the radio down.

Lois: Is there a problem here?

Leland: Who are you?

Lois: I'm his mother. I'm supervising these kids in this co-ed room which I cannot believe your school condones.

Leland: You know, ma'am, that's not what I'm here about. That radio is at least five dbs above the approved noise level. I'd hate to have to confiscate it or move on to more serious consequences.

Lois: You know what, Leland? I've been to college. I know exactly how much power and authority an R.A has. Good night. (pushes Malcolm aside and closes door)

Andrea: Wow! Malcolm, your mom is awesome.

Paula: I am so glad you brought her.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is showing Jamie a box of stuff.

Dewey: This horn's from dad's van, and this one's from mom's car and this one's from the ice cream truck. (picks up box and hides it under the table, then he starts pulling the spout off the house)

Hal: Dewey. What are you doing?

Dewey: The spout fell down. I'm fixing it.

Hal: Good boy. Listen, I talked with Mrs. Hittelman down the block and she said that if you want, you can use her piano.

Dewey: Thanks anyway, Dad, but I found something else to amuse myself.

Hal: Oh. Well, good. Hey, have you seen my hair dryer? I swear, it's like stuff is just getting up and walking off. Either that or someone's messing with me.

Dewey: Dad, I think I figured out what's going on. Somebody's sneaking into the house and stealing stuff. Probably punks.

Hal: No, not punks, son. Just good kids who got lost along the way. Either way, they're going down. (Hal goes inside, and Dewey resumes attempting to pull off the spout)

Lois: And then the priest said, "Those aren't my galoshes."

Malcolm: (TC): Mom is actually letting me walk all the way to the vending machine and back without tying a string to my waist. (goes to the vending machine and discovers it's padlocked)

Leland: (comes out and sees Malcolm) HA! This moment is almost as sweet as the candy you can't have.

Malcolm: (walking over to Leland) Wow, denied candy. If I were 12 years younger I guess I'd cry.

Lois: What's going on out here?

Malcolm: Oh, God, no...

Leland: The snack bar is closed.

Lois: You're denying my son candy?

Malcolm: Mom, it doesn't matter. I'll just go down to the next floor.

Leland: Use of the vending machine is a privilege, not a right.

Lois: If my son wants a candy bar, he can have a candy bar. You don't get to decide for him. I get to decide.

Malcolm: Do I even need to be here for this?

Leland: Since I'm the one with the key to the lock, I think I'm in charge.

Lois: (leads Malcolm off) Come on. This isn't over yet.

Malcolm: Mom, why don't you just put me in a diaper?

Lois: One thing at a time, Malcolm. First, we're going to get you that candy.

Cut to Reese and Christie in the car at the park.

Christie: ...And my parents, they just drive me crazy. I just need to ditch reality and escape sometimes. You know what I mean?

Reese: Look, Christie... here's the thing. When I first met you, I was just messing around, but we've gotten so close that now... I really like you. I can't keep this up anymore.

Christie: What do you mean?

Reese: I'm not the person you think I am. I've been pretending since the day I met you. It's so hard having to constantly cover my tracks to keep my story straight, and I don't want to anymore. I'm tired of living this lie.

Christie: I think I know your secret.

Reese: No, actually, you don't, but it doesn't matter 'cause I'm done with it. I'm sorry. (gets out of the car)

Christie: (on phone) Did you get all that? Yeah, it looks like he's gone straight. So if we're going to bust this kid, we better do it now.

Lois: All Malcolm wanted was a candy bar, but Leland put a lock on the vending machine. We can't let him get away with this.

Andrea: I want to go on record: I hated him first.

Paula: This would never happen in Barthelona. Why are Americans so immature?

Scott: Why don't you just write an angry note or-or a missive after I get accepted?

Lois: Look, Scott, you'll face jerks and tyrants like Leland all your life. The sooner you learn how to deal with them, the better. And no one's chances of getting into this school are going to be affected. He is going to hand over that key.

Paula: How?

Lois: I don't know yet. But there are plenty of ways to force people to do what you want. You can find something incriminating in their room. You can get dirt from a bitter ex, or you can make a blanket accusation with absolute conviction and just wait for them to blurt out something.

Malcolm: Wait, you use that trick on me all the time.

Lois: No, sweetie, that's a different thing entirely. We've gotta get Malcolm some candy.

Malcolm: (TC): Well, I guess I'll be cool and popular after college.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey pulls down the rack of clothes from Lois's wardrobe.

Hal: Dewey? (Dewey quickly runs over and opens the double doors in Hal and Lois's bedroom)

Dewey: Dad! In here! Quick!

Hal: What is it?

Dewey: I just saw someone sneak out with mom's robe.

Hal: Good eye, son! (runs outside) Halt! Halt, you damn punks! (Dewey sneaks off with the pole from Lois's wardrobe)

Cut to the Grotto. Francis arrives at the Child Care Centre and discovers the door is locked. The children can be heard yelling and screaming.

Otto: (calling) Everything is fine. Nothing in here but children enjoying themselves dancing and skipping like young lambs. Come again soon.

Francis: Otto, it's Francis. I have the DVDs. Let me in.

Otto: (comes into the corridor) We have a slight problem. You know how I wanted everything to be special for the children. So I went to the store and I got those cookies and then I saw this old-fashioned hard lemonade. I bought three cases.

Francis: Hard lemonade? That has alcohol in it.

Otto: Yes, Francis, I said there was a problem. (he and Francis go inside, where the children are throwing toys and yelling at each other. Furniture is turned upside down. A girl is standing on a table, twirling around singing the SpongeBob SquarePants theme song.

Girl: (singing) Who lives in a pineapple under the sea? I do. I do.

Boy #1: Don't tell me to use my indoor voice. Why don't you use your indoor voice?

Boy #2: I'm not just saying it, man. We should totally have a play date.

Francis: Oh my god!

Otto: These parents trusted me with their little ones and I've poisoned them. What kind of a monster am I?

Francis: Otto, you made an honest mistake, but everything's gonna be okay. As long as the kids are in here, they're safe.

Boy #3: (running off down the corridor) I'm an invisible robot! The rules don't apply to me! (Francis runs off after him)

Cut to the College, where Lois, Paula, Andrea and Scott go to talk to Leland.

Leland: Well, it's a little early for Christmas carols, isn't it?

Lois: Leland I think we got off on the wrong foot earlier. Obviously, this job is very important to you. Who knows where you could find another the respect and power. You know, it would be such a shame if somehow you got fired and had to go back home where your older brother and sister get all the attention that you deserve. Do you really want to risk that for a 75-cent candy bar?

Leland: You really have me pegged- except for what you're forgetting is - the lower the stakes, the greater the thrill from the arbitrary exercise of power. If this were a one-cent candy bar, I'd be on the moon. I happen to be a control freak. If you get me fired, I'll just find some other job where I can be a control freak. Kinko's is looking for a night manager. Either way, I've already written negative-evaluation e-mails of these kids to the office of admissions. All I have to do is hit "send."

Scott: She overloaded a wall socket, too! (he, Andrea and Paula run back into their dorm. Malcolm is listening to Lois and Leland's conversation from the doorway)

Paula: We're just like the bulls in Pamplona.

Leland: Now, you. Any freshman psych major can see it's obvious life didn't pan out the way you thought it would, so now to make up for it, you have to run your kid's life.

Malcolm: I don't know who to root for.

Leland: The simple truth is, you're just too afraid to let go of the one thing in your life that may be a success. But, hey, you don't have to take my word for it. Why don't we just ask the other mothers here and see what they think? Oh, that's right. There are no other mothers here. You just cost this floor their electricity privileges.

Guy #1: (calling) Come on, what's going on, man?

Guy #2: What's up?

Malcolm: Mom?

Lois: I can't do this.

Malcolm: What?

Lois: I wanted to help you, to take care of things for you, but you know what? I'm just not up to it. I think you should do this on your own.

Malcolm: What?

Lois: It's time for me to step aside and let you handle things. Malcolm, I know you can do this.

Malcolm (TC): Unless I missed the sarcasm, I think she meant that. I've actually been given permission to run my own life. Well, at least get my own candy bar. But you know what? I want that candy bar more than I want my next breath. I have a plan. (kicks a hole in Leland's door)

Lois: (yelling) Malcolm, what are you doing?

Malcolm: My plan!

Lois: (yelling) Well, get your foot out of the door.

Malcolm: It's stuck.

Leland: (opens the door) By the way, our madrigal group is having a sing-off against Jazzmatazz tomorrow. You should check it out before you leave.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Hal and Jamie arrive home. Hal is carrying a box containing a surveillance system.

Hal: All right, Jamie, this'll put a stop to all the stealing. And your father is a reasonable man, but sometimes even he can be pushed too far. You don't poke the bear. (A group of Police officers burst into the house)

Officer #1: Police! Nobody move!

Officer #2: We have a warrant to search these premises on suspicion of possession of narcotics. Nice!

Hal: Narcotics? (Officers push him to the ground, and he screams)

Christie: Sir, we need you to just remain calm, we'll get through this as quickly as possible.

Hal: Weren't you Annie Oakley in the school play?

Christie: Yeah. But I wasn't very good.

Cut to the yard, where two Police Officers open the garage door, where Dewey is playing a 'piano' he created from stolen goods.

Hal: My stuff!

Reese: (arriving home) Oh my god! All this time, you were just using me to get to my dad? (to Hal) And all this time you were selling drugs, and you never even bought us a DVD player? Get him out of here.

Boy #1: Hey... Doctor man... it must be great saving people all day. What do I do? Play kickball.

Doctor: They're going to have some spectacular headaches, but, uh, otherwise they'll be fine.

Otto: That is good news. Thank you for coming out here, doctor.

Doctor: I don't say anything about this, you don't say anything about the keys I left in your gallbladder.

Otto: Deal.

Francis: So what are we going to do about the parents?

Boy #1's Mom: Come on, honey. It's time to go back to the room with your wonderful, wonderful father.

Boy #1's Dad: Thank you so much. You saved our marriage. I almost forgot she was a woman. Let's go, son.

Boy: Whoa, dad. You want to turn the volume down?

Cut to the College, where two Police Officers, are carrying Malcolm on Leland's door, are walking to the lift.

Malcolm (TC): It's not a total loss. When they took the door off the hinges, they discovered Leland had a hot plate. We all got to watch while they made him unplug it and put it in the closet.

Lois: Don't you worry about it, honey. Just be glad this was our safety school. When we go to Yale, I promise I'll be much more on top of things.