

Transcript by Amigo22

DEWEY'S SPECIAL CLASS TRANSCRIPT

Otto: Distinguished guests, friends, members of the Press. When the Base Defence League told me that the dam on our property was flooding, in danger of drought from its natural breeding grounds, I was glad to help. And so today, we are going to blow up this evil dam. Afterwards we will have a nice light lunch, provided by the Grotto. Here we go.

Francis: (looking through binoculars) That's weird. From here the dynamite looks a lot like a picnic cooler. (Otto presses controller and ute blows up)

Otto: I am starting to think that, that is a picnic cooler.

Malcolm (TC): Mom and Dad let Dewey pick where we went to dinner tonight. I can't decide whether it's supposed to be a punishment for us, or a treat for him. Probably a little bit of both.

Dewey: (talking to the cow) How's the chicken supposed to know you like her if you don't say anything?

Lois: (calling) Boys, food's here. So, Dewey, are you having a good time?

Dewey: I actually am. Oh, wait. Why?

Reese: He's dying. We have to make sure we come up with a really good wish.

Hal: Reese, he isn't dying. If he were dying we'd at least spring for Red Lobster.

Lois: Mrs Walsh, your counsellor, said she'd like you to take an IQ test.

Malcolm: What?

Lois: Malcolm, do not poison your brother. He is an entirely different person than you are, and he is not automatically going to have the same experience. (To Dewey) It's just a little test, honey.

Malcolm: Mom, don't do this. I lost all my friends when I went into the Krelboyne class. Everyone hated us.

Lois: You had every advantage in that class. You had computers, an electron microscope, a seismograph.

Malcolm: Which is why they hated us.

Hal: Malcolm, we all know that there's something weird going on in that boy's brain, and I for one, wanna know. (sees guys dancing on a stage to "My Milkshake Brings All The Boys To The Yard". Excuse me. Craig!

Craig: Oh, hiya Hal.

Hal: What are you doing?

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Craig: Just protecting my high score. Cheaper than a gym. And no shower boys.

Hal: You're great.

Craig: Oh, Hal. I'm kind of a legend around here.

Guy: You're staying out of the ball pit, right Feldspar?

Craig: Yes sir, you were quite clear on that. Hey, hop on up Hal, it's a blast. Beat it, Davey. (Inserts coin)

Hal: Oh, I -

Craig: It's easy. Just watch the screen, and repeat what it says. Let's try it. (they start dancing)

Hal: (laughing) Hey, this is fun. Really fun.

Lois: (watching from table) Oh, god. He's got to stop the ice sculpting. (to Jamie, who is in his highchair) Well, it looks like it's just going to be you and me for the next month, sweetie.

Dewey: (to Malcolm) So the school thinks I might be a genius, too? But I'm not a whiney loudmouth who complains about everything.

Reese: Malcolm's a genius, and now Dewey's a genius? I guess it's only a matter of time till we find out that I'm a genius. (Malcolm and Dewey give him angry looks) I wonder what kind of genius I am? $15 \times 32 = \$3,989$.

Malcolm: It's 480.

Reese: Ok, so I'm not Rain Man, big deal. Someday they'll invent a machine that does that stuff for you, anyway.

Cut to the boys' bedroom. Malcolm and Stevie are going through the Questions from their own IQ test.

Malcolm: Ok, Question 17 was, "bee is the hive as a) fish is the pond, b) bear is the den, or c) coral is to reef." That's what it was, right?

Stevie: How should...I know?

Malcolm: You took the same test I did.

Stevie: Four...years ago. How do you...remember?

Malcolm: I just do. It's a good thing, because it's the only way we can keep Dewey out of the Krelboyne class.

Stevie: Why can't...he just...take it?

Malcolm: The tests are designed to catch that. We have to give the exact same answers a real dumb person would give.

Stevie: How do we...do that?

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Reese: (coming into bedroom) Guys, guys! I've been trying to figure out what kind of genius I am, and I finally realised, I should go to the library! And you know what, you can get Internet Porn there, and the librarians can't do anything about it. (Malcolm and Stevie exchange looks) God, I love this country. Hey, Mom!

Cut back to the restaurant where Hal and Craig are on the dancing stage.

Hal: We're doing it! They're always a go on my lunch breaks, and \$200 worth of quarters.

Girl #1: Can't one of them have a heart attack so the rest of us can play?

Craig: In a second. Showtime! (Music stops)

Hal: Yes! (laughs)

Craig: (he and Hal climb down from stage) I think we're finally ready. I didn't want to say anything until I was sure. But I set us up for the Weekly Tournament!

Hal: (panicking) No, it's too soon.

Craig: Hal, you don't work this hard just to Jump Jump Dance alone in your room. Besides, someone has to teach Hayley and Kylie not to be so stuck-up, just 'cause they think they're so great.

Hayley: You can't enter the tournament. You're gonna look like idiots.

Hal: We're not done rehearsing, we'll be a lot better by then.

Kylie: No, you're gonna look like idiots because it's a contest for kids.

Craig: It doesn't say that anywhere. I read the rules three times! And we're under the weight limit. You can call the manufacturer.

Malcolm: (holding up Reese's test answers) If you give these answers, exactly the way they're written, you'll stay out of the Krelboyne class.

Dewey: Maybe I'll like the Krelboyne class. I hear they just got a robot parrot, that speaks 20 languages.

Malcolm: Dewey! You have to trust me. I'm the good brother. I'm the one who cares about you.

Dewey: You beat me up and make fun of me.

Malcolm: Only when you're being annoying. Dewey, I'm serious. How can I make you understand? The coolest person in the class was me.

Dewey: Ok, I'll do it. (takes paper and walks off)

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Stevie: Are you sure...this'll work?

Malcolm: Hey, if there's one thing I know, Reese's answers will not get him into the Krelboyne class.

Cut to the Buseys class.

Dewey: I'm emotionally disturbed?

Mrs Walsh: Oh, we don't use those terms. This isn't about labelling. A blue folder with an asterisk next to your name just means you get a little more special help than other kids. (to teacher) Hey Phil. This one's named Dewey. (all the kids start saying Dewey's name)

Mr Sheridan: Ok. There's no yelling, no kicking, no hitting, no physical touching of any kind. You are allowed to cry, if you do it quietly. Find a seat wherever you can. (Dewey takes off his backpack and nervously looks for a seat)

Chad: Hey, could you scratch my nose?

Dewey: What's that? (looks at a sign on Chad's sweatshirt that says "DON'T TOUCH, BITES")

Chad: Oh, you can ignore the sign. (Dewey reaches out to Chad's nose)

Malcolm: They put you in with the Buseys?

Dewey: Yeah, it's real interesting. Today we learned about our greatest enemies. Mr Matches and Mr Talk-Out-Of-Turn. Oh, and I also got to see a crane lower a Flight Simulator into the Krelboyne class.

Malcolm: Oh my god, does Mom know?

Dewey: You're still alive, so no.

Malcolm: I'm so sorry, I swear I'll fix this. Just don't tell Mom. Please, please don't tell Mom.

Dewey: You know, I like the begging, but it needs something. (Malcolm drops to his knees) Better, but still not enough.

Malcolm: (hears Lois's car in the driveway and frantically stands up) Dewey, this is my pay heck. There's ninety-eight dollars here. I will give you everything I make until you get out of that class.

Lois: (coming inside) Hey boys. (Dewey takes check and stuffs it into his pocket) Oh, Dewey, did Mrs Walsh tell you when they get your test results?

Dewey: Oh, I got 'em.

Malcolm: And he's in the Krelboyne class. Just like you wanted I hope you're happy. You've ruined his life. Come on, Dewey. (they walk off)

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Reese: (ambling in, tied up in chains) Well, now I'm a Skateboardist. (walks off to bedroom)

Cut to the Busey class.

Mr Sheridan: Ok, now that Chad has apologised to Lester, Max, Zoe, Phoebe, Garth, Shell and Linda, we can now try once again to read Polar Express in as normal a way as we can possibly manage. (Points to a kid) Hanson. (Hanson comes up to the front, making motorbike noises) Into a muffler. Ok, I want you to open this book, to page seven, and read. No motorcycle. Just say exactly what's on the page. (Hands Hanson the book but still keeps holding it) No motorcycle. No motorcycle. No motorcycle. No motorcycle. (Hanson opens the book, then starts crying) Ok, that's enough reading. Why don't we try some more quiet time. (Hanson returns to his seat)

Dewey: Why did you do that?

Hanson: When did you read that book?

Dewey: Three years ago.

Hanson: Me too. All of us did. They treat us like we're stupid, instead of just weird. This place is slowly killing me.

Mr Sheridan: Oh, look, we made it to Recess.

Cut to the Buseys outside, standing in the playground.

Mr Sheridan: Jeffy, you're not in arm's length from Kerry.

Dewey: Why don't we have Recess with the other kids?

Chad: We make them too sad. (Trumpets start playing, and we are shown a view of the Krelboyne Class, who are dancing and playing instruments. One of the Krelboynes comes over and closes the door)

Cut to Mrs Walsh's office.

Malcolm: Mrs Walsh?

Mrs Walsh: May I help you?

Malcolm: I'm Malcolm, Dewey's brother. I have to talk to you about the test Dewey took.

Mrs Walsh: I'm afraid I can only discuss that with his parents.

Malcolm: See, that's just it. I'm going to get into a lot of trouble for coming here, but I have to tell you how his test came out the way it did. (fakes story) Our Mom has a substance abuse problem. And she had a huge relapse the morning he took the test.

Mrs Walsh: Oh, my god.

Transcript by Amigo22

Malcolm: Yeah, which is why she can't find out I came here. I don't want to say she's dangerous, because she's, you know, my Mom, and I love her.

Mrs Walsh: Well, wow, I can tell you really care about your family.

Malcolm: (pretending to be upset) It's been really hard.

Mrs Walsh: I'll see what I can do, ok? I don't think we have to bother your Mom with this. (leads Malcolm out of her office)

Malcolm: Thank you.

Mrs Walsh: I'll do everything through your Dad. Thanks for the Heads Up. (closes door in Malcolm's face)

Hal: Wow, ten messages from Dewey's counsellor. Maybe I should -

Craig: Practice, so we could win this thing. (he and Craig practice routine, while Hal counts the steps)

Hal: These dance shoes have really helped my Kick Turns. Totally worth the \$150.

Lois: Hal.

Craig: Oh-oh, here comes Yoko.

Lois: It's five o'clock in the morning, you've been up all night.

Hal: Honey, I know you think this is silly, and that I've just gone off the deep end again, but this isn't like the other times. I have a gift, Lois. And it would be wrong for me to turn my back on that.

Lois: Right. I see we've entered Phase Two. Which is fine, as long as you follow the rules. You have to go to work. You have to eat. You cannot involve the children.

Hal: And you're freezing the Joint Account.

Lois: Did it last week. Goodnight Fred. Ginger.

Craig: I thought it was Fred and Barney.

Mr Sheridan: Take your tissue, and carefully twist it, to make a flower. Then you make a bouquet by carefully stacking them. Go slowly, this isn't a race.

Dewey: Why do all our art projects use tissues?

Mr Sheridan: Because tissues are soft, and non-toxic. This way, no-one gets hurt, and no-one sues the school. This program can't handle another lawsuit, Dewey. I only get paid for four days a week as it is.

Transcript by Amigo22

Dewey: But it's ridiculous. We have to do Math without pencils, and we have to do History without hardcover books. Can't we at least have some art supplies?

Mr Sheridan: Art supplies mean scissors, they mean paste. These children stab with scissors, they eat paste. Some of them tried to eat scissors. This one tried to stab with paste.

Dewey: Teachers are supposed to help their students. Maybe you wouldn't be so happy all the time if you tried a little harder.

Mr Sheridan: Look, Dewey, you're not going to make it through the year with that attitude. You just have to take all your hopes and dreams and let them die. Then maybe you won't end up staring at a clock at four in the morning wishing you had kissed more ass in grad school.

Hanson (to Dewey) Thanks for trying.

Chad: I swear, if you can get the paste, I'll stab him for you.

Cut to the kitchen, where Lois is feeding Jamie.

Lois: And then, he was chopped up and eaten by wolves. (talking in baby voice) Because that's what happens to little babies who pull hair. (knock at the door)

Malcolm: (opens door, where Mrs Walsh is standing) What are you doing here?

Lois: Malcolm, who is it?

Mrs Walsh: (enters the house) Don't worry, I have a Masters Degree in Conflict Resolution.

Lois: Can I help you?

Mrs Walsh: I'm Mrs Walsh, Dewey's counsellor. First of all, let me just tell you how much I admire your courage.

Lois: Thank you.

Mrs Walsh: Your son Malcolm came to see me.

Malcolm: No I didn't.

Mrs Walsh: (calmly, putting hand on Malcolm's stomach) Let me do what I do. He was worried that Dewey had been placed in the wrong class.

Lois: Malcolm, how dare you. You made your feelings very clear, but you had no right to do something like that.

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Mrs Walsh: Well, the thing is, I did look through Dewey's records, and the test results don't match up with his classroom performance. There may be grounds to retest him.

Lois: Oh, no! Absolutely not! You are not going to take this away from my son. He deserves to be in that class! He needs to be in that class. And don't think I won't fight you on this.

Mrs Walsh: I - I didn't come here to upset you. The last thing that anyone wants is for you to feel out of control.

Lois: Oh, you'll see out of control, if you don't leave Dewey where he belongs! Believe me, you don't want to mess with this family!

Mrs Walsh: (backing outside) Well, maybe we'll talk about it in a month or so, when you're feeling stronger. I'll work around any of your meetings. (Lois looks furious)

Malcolm: (slamming front door) I can't believe the way that woman talked to you! I mean sure, I unsuccessfully tried to keep Dewey out of the Krelboyne class, but she had no right to do that!

Lois: Oh, put a cork in it! And don't think you're not in trouble just because your little plan didn't work.

Cut to the bedroom. Reese wanders in, sits at his desk and picks up his notebook, where he has written a list. He crosses one of the things off.

Cut to the Jump Jump Dance tournament.

Lady next to Lois: Oh, that was just great! Which kids are yours?

Lois: Uh, those two. (points to Hal and Craig, and the woman quickly walks away)

Girl: (taking photo on her mobile of Hal and Craig) You guys are totally going to be my new "Save" screen. (she and her friend laugh)

Craig: (Hal looks annoyed) Don't let it get to you, Hal. Soon they're going to feel as stupid as they think we look. Let's rock.

Hal: (he and Craig stand up) Yeah. (sees Craig's costume) Hey, I thought we were supposed to have the same costume.

Craig: They're almost the same. (Hal stares at him, then steps on his silver robe and trips him up) OW! Ow! My ankle's twisted. Once again, I fly too close to the sun.

Hal: But we have to dance.

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Craig: I can't, Hal. But you have to go on. We've worked too long and too hard to stop now. Now go out there and win that coupon for two free medium pizzas! For both of us.

Hal: (goes over to Lois) I know we've had our disagreements on the amount of time I've spent doing this, but I don't think there is anyone else I could do this with. (holds hand out) What do you say?

Lois: Oh, Hal.

Kid: I get the Pizzas.

Hal: Ok. (goes up on stage with kid)

Craig: (watching with Lois) Here comes the Cancel Turn, I can't watch.

Lois: On any other man, that would look ridiculous.

Craig: We have lost him, Lois. He belongs to everyone now.

Cut to the Buseys, sitting in their classroom, the only one making noise is Hanson, who is wandering around making motorbike noises. Dewey is watching the clock ticking on. It's 12.40pm.

Hanson: Mr Sheridan, why do motorcycles sound different when they're coming than when they're going away?

Mr Sheridan: Hanson, I'm trying to eat my lunch. By the time I explain it to you, you would have forgotten the question, anyway. (Hanson returns to his seat)

Dewey: I think my brother Malcolm told me about that last summer. (Quoting exactly what Malcolm said) "It's called the <not sure of this word> effect, Dewey. Both sound and light travel at a constant speed, but their wave lengths get shorter or longer, depending on whether they are moving towards you or away from you. Not put some pants on, you little freak." My imaginary friends are right! I am a genius! So basically what it means, is that the sound waves from a motorcycle move away from it at the same speed in all directions, but if it's coming towards you, then the sound waves get stacked closer and closer together, so the frequency goes up and the sound gets higher. Do you understand?

Hanson: Yeah, I do. Oh my god! I learned something! (gets up and starts jumping up and down, yelling) I LEARNED SOMETHING! I LEARNED SOMETHING! I LEARNED SOMETHING! I LEARNED SOMETHING!

Mr Sheridan: Hanson, maybe you shouldn't learn things if you're going to be so disruptive. Now sit down and be quiet. (Hanson returns to his seat)

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Dewey: (Stands up, looking angry) Everyone who hates this, follow me.

Dewey stages a walk-out, involving the Buseys commandeering the Krelboyne classroom, where they steal some of the Krelboyne's equipment and return to their own classroom to use it. Cut to the Buseys classroom, where the students are making a riot.

Mr Sheridan: Children, calm down. Remember, quiet minds are happy minds. Let's say it together. Quiet times are happy minds.

Cut to Hal and Lois in the bedroom, getting ready for work.

Lois: I'm so glad that contest is finally behind you.

Hal: Yeah.

Lois: You know, now that that's out of your system, I could sure use a little more help with Jamie. He was up all night last night. So, if you wouldn't mind taking the first shift tonight, I - (Hal imagines Jump Jump Dance voice)

JJD Voice: Nod! Nod! Agree! She's buying it!!! (Hal follows suit)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Dewey is packing his bag for school. Malcolm climbs in through the window.

Malcolm: Ok, Dewey. I have a new, much better plan. I broke into the Principal's office, and created a second, fictional Dewey. Who lives in another district. I still have to hack into the school mainframe, but all you have to do is pretend you're dead for two days, then we're back in business!

Dewey: That sounds great. (sees Lois in the hallway) Mom, Malcolm gave me the wrong answers to the Krelboyne test. I've been in the emotionally disturbed class for two weeks. Well, I'm sure you two have a lot to talk about. (leaves the room)

Reese: (coming inside) Dewey! Dewey, guess what! I finally figured out what kind of genius I am. (punches Dewey) There it was, just staring me in the face. (Dewey is pretending to be dead) Oh, come on Dewey, please stay awake. I've got so much to show you.