

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

**REESE COMES HOME TRANSCRIPT**

Hal: So, after I was indicted, my wife lost her job and had a nervous breakdown, and if that wasn't bad enough, one of our sons stole his brother's girlfriend, which made him run away from home and join the Army. We don't even know where he is.

Sergeant: We've entered Afghani airspace. Remember, pull the green cord before the light green cord.

Hal: We're just worried sick about him. It's just that you feel so helpless, you know?

Girl: Look, I don't set the prices, mister. They're four bucks a box. Take it or leave it.

Hal: All right. Just the Thin Mints.

Hal: It doesn't have to be tuna surprise. It can be chicken surprise, or beef, but there will be a surprise involved.

You know, we can wait for Mom to make dinner.

Hal: I'm sorry, she went to talk with some Army administrator about Reese. She'll be gone for hours.

Lois: Get your hands off me! Your authority stops at my property line!

What did she do?

Officer: She completely destroyed an office, made explicit threats against the United States Army, attacked my groinage region and captured same.

Hal: Listen, maybe there's a way we can make this whole thing go away.

Officer: Sir, if she comes within 500 feet of my perimeter I've been given the authority to engage.

Malcolm: Mom, what happened?

Lois: I'll tell you what happened. I told them how my underage son ran away and joined the Army under false pretences and was sent off to combat and you know what they said? They said if you can find out what name he used, they can have him back to us in six months. Six months!

Malcolm (TC): They'll have him back to us in six months. I don't know if she's upset he's gonna get killed, or met someone else is gonna do it.

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Hal: Honey, you know you're gonna lose a nail inside your palm again. Just calm down and let the Army...

Lois: I don't trust the Army, which means this family has to find him, and I don't trust this family, which means I have to find him.

Hal: Two Purple Hearts and a Bronze Star?

Lois: And he blubbered like a baby.

Malcolm: The Army. What do you expect of people who would give Reese a gun?

Lois: Oh, that's right. It's the Army's fault if your brother gets killed.

Hal: Now, Lois, we can't blame Malcolm for stealing Reese's girl and causing this whole mess in the first place. Kids his age are nothing but raging hormones and hideous self-involvement. They are all amoral little creeps.

Lois: Don't defend him, Hal. Just help me make dinner. Great, "angry meat loaf". Thanks a lot.

Malcolm: We don't have to worry about Reese. All he has to do is lay low and not do anything stupid. Oh, God.

Reese: I'm a lean, mean fighting machine. I'm a lean, mean fighting machine. I'm a robot. Robots are cool. Green Lantern fought a robot. I love Green Lantern. I love pie. Pie...Pie...Pie... Why am I thinking about pie? I'm supposed to be thinking about something else. Does it rhyme with "pie"? Buy? Cry? Die? High? Pie? Pie! Pie? Green Lantern. Fighting robot. Fighting machine. Me...I'm a fighting machine. I'm a lean, mean fighting machine. I'm a lean, mean fighting machine.

Dewey: What is that?

Malcolm: I made a list of every bad thing Reese ever did to me.

Dewey: A list?

Malcolm: I'm sick of having to defend myself! No matter what I did to Reese, he's done way worse stuff to me, and it's all here on this list.

Dewey: So we're admitting we have lists? Mine starts January '95. When does yours start?

Malcolm: October 3, 1996: my first knuckle pizza. July 10, 1997: my first atomic swirly. The big bruise of '99. "Backyard Dentist", "Lighter

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Fluid Donut". That's worse than stealing a girlfriend, right?

Dewey: I don't know; were you in love for the first time with that donut?

Dewey: Shut up, Dewey. I had every right. In fact, I owe him.

Dewey: So you're saying if he dies, then you'll be even?

Malcolm: I didn't say he was going to die!

Dewey: Malcolm, he almost killed himself with Bisquick once.

Malcolm: I'm just saying he deserves whatever he gets. No, he doesn't. That's something Reese would say. I'm not Reese. Just because he's horrible doesn't mean I have to be. I'm better than that.

Dewey: Wow, for a brother-killer, you sure are conceited.

Lois: Oh, uh, excuse me. Hi, uh, Sergeant Rick. I'm wondering if you can help me. My son is underaged, and I think you may have recruited him. Take a look.

Sergeant: Oh, yeah, Private Jetson. Oh! Yeah. Well, let's see, uh... He was sent to Fort Roberts. I'll get you the address.

Lois: Oh, I really appreciate this. I just don't understand what would make him go and do a crazy thing like this.

Sergeant: Well, the truth is today's Army's a pretty attractive package. Competitive salaries, health benefits, college tuition...

Hal: Lois, I didn't sign anything. Just hear me out. It's only two weekends a month, plus we might qualify for a housing allowance. Okay, there's a slight possibility of active duty, but Sergeant Rick expects global events to stabilize in the next three months.

Malcolm: Excuse me?

Nurse Peterson: What do you want?

Malcolm: I'm Malcolm. I'm here Monday, Wednesday, Friday, 3:00 to 7:00.

Nurse Peterson: No one volunteers here. They're all signing up for the glamorous jobs at the burn unit.

Malcolm: I just want to do something to help veterans.

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Nurse Peterson: Really? You think you can handle helping around here? How 'bout trying to give Mr. Skoros a sponge bath?

Malcolm: Sure.

Nurse Peterson: Or maybe you'd prefer to clip Mr. Deepmarth's toenails.

Malcolm: Okay.

Nurse Peterson: Or how 'bout going room to room emptying bed pans and stanching bed sores?

Malcolm: You know, I think I can save us both a little time here. This is how I see it playing out: you're keep thinking of worse and worse jobs for me to do, and you know what? I'm going to do them, all of them, no matter what. Why? It doesn't matter. I have my reasons. So go ahead, knock yourself out.

Nurse Peterson: Well, it kind of takes some of the fun out of it, but okay. You can start the afternoon enemas with Mr. Klegman.

Malcolm: It'll be my pleasure.

Lois: It's about my son, Reese. Um, I think you know him as Private Jetson.

Sergeant: Private Jetson. Ma'am, let me shake your hand. That boy is older than this old dogface ever had the privilege of commanding. I wish I had a hundred more just like him. He's a fine boy.

Lois: Yes, well... we think so, too.

Sergeant: I'd be proud to help you in any way that I can. Now you just name it.

Lois: The problem is he joined under false pretences. He ran away; he's not even 18 years old yet. We need to know where he is so we can find him and bring him back home.

Sergeant: I'm sorry, ma'am, I can't help you. That's classified. If your son were on a secret mission, which I'm not saying he is nor that one exists, it would compromise said mission if indeed there were one. My hands are tied.

Lois: You know, Sergeant, you and I aren't so different. I mean, if you think about it, we both have the same job. Taking a bunch of mindless, irresponsible teenagers and turning them into something vaguely useful to the world.

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Sergeant: It is a challenge, ma'am.

Lois: Last week, one of my boys was trying to iron his shirt while he was still in it.

Sergeant: One of mine interrupted a war game because his rifle was kind of digging into his shoulder.

Lois: Did you make everyone suffer for what the one kid did?

Sergeant: Of course. But it never lasts, does it? It is stunning how much punishment they require.

Lois: Tell me about it. I'm amazed I get anything else done. Did you ever try the opposite?

Sergeant: What do you mean?

Lois: Give one of them special privileges for no reason.

Sergeant: How does that work?

Lois: It's really pretty neat. The others don't know why he got special privileges so they start doing everything right just to catch up. Then the one you singled out starts getting suspicious and paranoid and he starts informing on the stragglers.

Sergeant: That sounds pretty good. You mind if I steal that one?

Lois: Yeah, be my guest. You know another good one? Let them pick punishments for each other. It exercises their creativity and keeps them from ganging up on you.

Sergeant: Nice.

Lois: You can also take their breakfast, lunch and dinner, put it the blender and grind it up into a gray paste. Eventually, they eat it. That's kind of fun.

Sergeant: You are an artist.

Lois: No, I'm just a talented amateur.

Sergeant: I wish I could help you. I wish I could just open this drawer up and show you the information you need. But I can't. It's got me so frustrated that I just want to stare intently out this window for, oh, say... 120 seconds.

Malcolm: What is wrong with these guys? They're just like zombies.

Nurse Peterson: It's the medication that makes them that way.

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Except for Kowalski. I mean, he came to us like that.

Malcolm: Look, I don't think you should be giving them so much. I was reading to Donaldson for a half an hour, then a bee crawled out of his nose.

Nurse Peterson: Believe me, it's better for everyone to keep these men as calm as possible.

Malcolm: Hey, Ed, you want to play? Here we go. You know what, Ed? You can do this. I believe in you, all right? I'm here to help you, however long it takes. Maybe you feel ignored here. Maybe you feel like you don't exist. I know you exist, Ed. Let me help you.

Hal: Where have you been? You've been gone all day. You haven't called. I've been worried sick about you. Well, I have to eat, Lois. I'm a human being.

Lois: I'm sorry I'm so late. I had to take the bus home. I sold the car. I bought a plane ticket to Kabul. There's \$400 left. I'd give it to you to pay down the Visa bill, but I need it for bribes.

Hal: What?!

Lois: I'm gonna go get him.

Hal: What are you talking about? You can't just go get him.

Lois: Yes, I can. Tonight, I'm gonna buy enough frozen dinners to last you and the boys for three weeks. Then tomorrow, I'm flying to Kabul. If I don't get anywhere with the Army, I'll hire an interpreter and get the locals to help me. If I have to, I'll make friends with a warlord. Those guys are pretty organized. I'll find him, Hal.

Hal: And when does the little bird pop out of your head and start singing?

Lois: This is what's happening, Hal.

Hal: Lois, you can't do this. At some point, you have to check your ego and leave it to the professionals.

Lois: I can't.

Hal: Lois, you have this reckless, crazy belief in yourself that lets you do amazing things. It's something this family has always depended on. I would be lost without it, but sometimes that reckless, crazy belief is just, just... reckless and crazy! You've got to accept that

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some people can do things that you can't. Heart surgeons, rocket scientists, that lady at the mall who carves your name into a grain of rice. How does she do that?

Lois: No one knows.

Hal: Honey, honey, look... I am giving you permission not to be omnipotent. I know it's gonna be hard, but everything will be okay. I know it will.

Flight Attendant: Sarsi or Diet Sarsi?

Reese: I can't do it. I can't go on.

Mr Waffles: Is this any way to start your morning?

Reese: Mr. Waffles?

Mr Waffles: Reese, you can't give up! You got to keep going. You got to keep trying.

Reese: You don't know what I've been through. I've been shot at, chased, married, and when the guy found out I was a dude, it wasn't like a total deal breaker.

Mr Waffles: Son, I know it's hard. Everything worth doing is hard. When third quarter profits were down, did Mr. Waffles give up? No, he did not. He put more lip-smacking delight in every bite!

Reese: I don't think I can move.

Mr Waffles: You have to move, Reese. You have to get home to your family and friends and your country. These people have no idea what breakfast is. They take rice from the night before and cook it up into a thin paste. Is that your idea of breakfast?

Reese: No, but...

Mr Waffles: Do you ever want to taste my buttery goodness again?

Reese: You know I do.

Mr Waffles: Reese, listen to me. I now have 20% more blueberries in every box. My legs. They plump up in the batter!

Reese: They're so juicy that way! I'm coming home!

Mr Waffles: I'm proud of you, son.

Reese: Whatever happened to Mrs. Waffles? She was hot.

Mr Waffles: Yes, she was. But she didn't increase product

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awareness in girls 3 to 18 a single percent.

Malcolm: Nurse Peterson, you'll be interested to know I took everyone's tranquilizers and flushed them down the toilet.

Nurse Peterson: What?

Malcolm: I came here to help because I owe someone something, a soldier like these men. I didn't come here to stand by and do nothing while you crush their spirits with chemicals. He deserved better, and they deserve better.

What the hell is wrong with you? You can't take these men off their sedatives. Oh, my God. Security!

Malcolm: Guys, please calm down. Guys! You've got to stop. Come on, come on! You have to...

Hal: (after Malcolm groans in pain about his injury) Oh, I don't want to hear it. Isn't it bad enough with your mother gone and your brother missing? You have to go out brawling in the streets?

Malcolm: I'm sorry.

Hal: Yeah. Wait a minute. This is our dinner.

Malcolm: Well, good news. God decided I don't deserve to redeem myself. I get to carry this soul-crushing guilt for the rest of my life.

Dewey: Yeah. I've been trying to compose a requiem for him. It's hard getting in the right mood using a glitter marker. Maybe we've been trying to honor Reese the wrong way.

Malcolm: What do you mean?

Dewey: Reese wasn't into helping people and doing good deeds. He loved to smash stuff and destroy things for no reason. If we're gonna honour Reese, maybe we should think about doing it his way.

Malcolm: You have something in mind?

Dewey: This kind of caught my eye.

Malcolm: An art fair?

Dewey: Just think what Reese would have done with this. They've got drift wood art, yarn owls, dream catchers, face painting, folk dancing. They are kind of begging for it.

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Malcolm: I don't know.

Dewey: There's Rapping Grannies.

Malcolm: Let me see that.

Reese: Let me go, please! Come on. How was I supposed to know it was your god? It looked like a monkey man! You're gonna regret this! If my husband finds out, he'll make you pay. Then you'll really be sorry. Mom?

Lois: Thank you so much. (to Reese) There you are. What in the name of God were you thinking?! Look at you! You are filthy! Your nails are a disgrace. You've been tomb robbing! Well, the fun stops now, young man! You are in so much trouble!

Malcolm: I just can't believe he could really be gone.

Dewey: I know. Wow, this diaper's got to be a five-pounder.

Malcolm: I'd like to think Jamie knew what it was for. It's so weird. It seems like all my life I've wished for something horrible to happen to Reese, and now that it has, I...I...

Dewey: Miss him?

Malcolm: Yeah.

Dewey: I do, too. Remember when he shaved my eyebrows and glued them back on so I looked permanently surprised? That was genius.

Malcolm: Remember that look of pure joy he'd get on Christmas morn ing when he was smashing our presents? It's in my eyes! No matter how hard I tried, I could never make Mom's face turn that special purple color. Reese purple. Why couldn't I have said something meaningful to him before he...

Dewey: Don't do this to yourself. He would have liked this. I only wish he could have been here to see it.

Reese: Me, too.

Malcolm: Reese!

Dewey: You're not dead!

Malcolm: I can't believe it. Reese, I'm so glad to see you.

Reese: All right, all right. Don't 'mo me. (sees balloons and diapers) How does this work?

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Malcolm: Oh, well, we have the remote here, and you pick out a good one...

Dewey: Here. We were saving this one. It's from when Jamie had swine flu.

Reese: Nice. God, I love this country.