

604 PEARL HARBOUR TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Who wants some ice cream? Who's been a good boy all day, and deserves some delicious ice cream? That's right. Jamie gets ice c- (takes lid off and sees container is empty)

Cut to Lois feeding Jamie a tin of sliced button mushrooms, pretending they are "ice cream".

Lois: That's it, Jamie. He sure loves his ice cream, doesn't he?

Cut to the living room, where Malcolm and Reese are watching TV.

Malcolm: This blows. Get up and change the channel.

Reese: I didn't lose the remote, you get up and change the channel.

Malcolm: I didn't lose it either. (Jessica comes in)

Jessica: So, the stupid cops let my Dad off with another warning. We've lived in this neighbourhood for three weeks, and they still haven't condoned him off yet. (stars rummaging in her bag)

Reese: No! Jessica, you don't get to keep barging in here every day like you own the place. Go back outside and knock. And then go away!

Jessica: Seriously, what do you have to do to get popped for drunk and disorderly around here? He was out on the kerb in his underwear, rolling burning trash cans into the street.

Malcolm: (TC): The sad thing is, we're still the worst family on this block.

Reese: (a show he likes comes on) Yes, finally. (Jessica changes the channel) What are you doing?

Jessica: Watching "House of Style".

Reese: You don't get to change our TV. Malcolm, back me up here.

Malcolm: Reese, give her a break.

Reese: Why? We live in just as bigger stinkhole as she does. Where do we get to escape to?

Jessica: Reese, you're right. This is your house. If you don't want to watch it, you can get up and change it.

Reese: (leans over to coffee table but remembers remote is lost) Nice try.

Cut to Hal in the garage, getting out boxes of Christmas decorations. Dewey comes in.

Dewey: Dad, I need some help with my homework.

Hal: I don't think so, Dewey. I put in all this time and effort, and then you just have Malcolm correct everything after I go to bed.

Dewey: I can't do this with Malcolm. I'm supposed to do a 300-word report on how you're my personal hero.

Hal: Me? You think I'm your - hero?

Dewey: Dad, don't freak out. We had to pick one of our parents. Can I just watch you for a while?

Hal: Sure. As a matter of fact, you can help me with my project.

Dewey: What are you doing?

Hal: Well, you know that jerk across the street, who's always got it in for me?

Dewey: Parking jerk or lawnmower jerk?

Hal: No, Christmas jerk. Bill Rendell. Every year, that guy waits to see what decorations I put out, and then finds a way to top me. I string lights, he strings better lights. I put out Frosty, he puts out an Elf village. I put out Dracula, he does nothing, and I look like a jackass. I mean, what kind of sick mind uses a religious holiday as a weapon?

Dewey: Wait, which one's "call the cops" jerk?

Hal: That's like four of 'em. Anyway, I decided to let Rendell have his precious little Christmas victory if it's so damn important to him.

Dewey: Ok.

Hal: I'm doing Pearl Harbour Day instead.

Dewey: What?

Hal: Pearl Harbour Day. December 7th, 1941. The opening shot of the 2nd World War. I am going to build a spectacular tribute to those outrageous soldiers. It's going to be beautiful, and dignified, and uplifting. And it's going to be all mine. Want to help?

Dewey: Yeah, sounds fun. (looks at Hal's drawing) Are we really going to put up a formation of flying zombies?

Hal: No, I just drew them, because it looked cool.

Cut to the kitchen, where the family and Jessica are eating dinner.

Lois: Jessica, your pasta recipe is terrific. Look at us, eating healthy for once. Reese, do you want some more?

Reese: No. She took over the TV, now she's taking over dinner. This isn't even food.

Jessica: Reese, it's just low-fat.

Reese: And if you knew anything at all about food, you'd know that fats and oils are the vehicles by which flavour travels. Fat is what makes things taste good. That's why a wise and living God created fat in the first place.

Lois: (goes over to Reese and puts another serving in his bowl) She is a guest in our home, and I think it's delicious.

Reese: She can make me take it, but she can't make me eat it. (tips bowl of pasta into his pants)

Dewey: Do you think we should cut up some of these guys, so there's more body parts floating in the water?

Hal: Nah, that's a little gruesome. We'll just melt them with the lighter.

Lois: Ok, I have a little announcement to make. You know how last year with the conspiracy trial and your father and me losing our jobs, we ended up \$20,000 in debt.

Malcolm: Yeah?

Lois: Well, after six months of scrimping and saving and going up to \$28,000 in debt, we are now down to \$26,000 in debt.

Hal: Look out world, we're back.

Lois: I know how much you boys have sacrificed, kicking in your pay checks and working extra shifts, and well, we thought you guys deserved a reward.

Reese: Really?

Malcolm: (TC): This is great. I thought she was going to start charging us for water.

Lois: So, your Dad and I are taking the whole family, and Jessica, to see... a musical!

Reese: A what?!

Lois: A musical. From Broadway. It's called "Mamma Mia". They take all those old Abba songs, like "Dancing Queen" and "Fernando", and stick some story in between.

Malcolm: Oh, my god, you're serious.

Lois: Six partially obstructed seats. At first I thought of treating you boys to a rock concert, or Motorcross or something like that, but then Jessica told me about this, and I thought this sounded perfect.

Jessica: Wow, I mean, I just mentioned it because it sounded interesting, I didn't think you were going to take me. What a nice surprise.

Cut to the boys' bedroom the next day, where Malcolm is doing something at his desk, when Jessica comes in.

Jessica: I need your Calculus notes. I couldn't understand a word Mr Jacobsen was saying, under that stupid golf shirt. How could a man have nipples that big? What?

Malcolm: You can hang out here if you need to get away from your Dad, but don't act like we're friends, ok?

Jessica: Why are you mad at me?

Malcolm: Because I stick up for you all the time. And you turn around and manipulate my Mom into doing something only you want to do.

Jessica: Wait, you're talking about the show?

Malcolm: Let me explain something to you, Jessica. My family doesn't have fun. We aren't nice. And the one time my Mom actually does do something nice, you hijack it for your own -

Jessica: I didn't do it for me, I did it for Reese.

Malcolm: What does Reese have to do with it?

Jessica: You know what he has to do with it.

Malcolm: No, I don't.

Jessica: Please tell me you're kidding.

Malcolm: About what?

Jessica: Oh, my god. You honestly don't know. You are actually so self-involved and narcissistic, that you can't even see it.

Malcolm: See what?

Jessica: You know what, Malcolm? Why don't you try to go for maybe two seconds without thinking about yourself, and see what you notice.

Malcolm: Stop insulting me. What the hell are you talking about?

Jessica: It never even occurred to you to wonder why Reese is so angry all the time? Why he acts like such a jerk?

Malcolm: Because he's a jerk.

Jessica: Oh, that's right. Just because he's your brother, doesn't mean you should put any thought into it. He couldn't possibly be dealing with anything weird and confusing. He couldn't possibly be afraid to admit that he wanted to go and see a musical, because you'd make fun of him.

Malcolm: Of course I'd make fun of him. What kind of guy wants to see a Broadway musical?

Jessica: Yes, Malcolm. What kind of a guy does want to go and see a Broadway musical?

Malcolm: Come on.

Jessica: Maybe you're not being selfish. Maybe you're just too scared where it leads, if you think about how much he fusses over his hair, and his body, and his gourmet cooking. Some people just don't want to see what's right in front of their faces. (Malcolm sees magazines on Reese's bed)

Malcolm: Nuh-uh.

Jessica: Look, maybe I'm butting in where I don't belong. But you're his brother. And should at least be able to count on you for support. (walks out to the living room as Reese comes home)

Reese: Thanks a lot for sticking us with that stupid show.

Jessica: I didn't do it for me, I did it for your brother.

Reese: Malcolm's gay? I knew it!

Cut to Hal and Dewey in the garage, working on their Pearl Harbour Day model.

Hal: Wow, look at it go, huh? They may have been responsible for one of the most devastating attacks in American history, but my God, they make a good toy. (sees notebook sticking out of Dewey's backpack) Is that what I think it is?

Dewey: Dad, it's not really -

Hal: (pulling notebook from Dewey's backpack) I'm just going to take a little peek. "My Dad's My Hero"

Dewey: I might have jazzed it up a little.

Hal: (reading report) Dewey, everything in this report is just made up. Every word of it, I - I never did any of this stuff.

Dewey: Are you sure? I could have sworn Mom said something about you giving your parachute to an orphan in mid-air.

Hal: (screws up page and throws it on the ground) You are not going to turn in a paper full of lies.

Dewey: But Dad, it's due on Tuesday.

Hal: You're just going to have to find another way. Let me explain something about heroism, son. There are all kinds of bravery in the world. All kinds. (goes to turn model off but is too scared) You don't have to be a Special Forces Ranger, or fight crime in a cape to be a hero. There's the unsung bravery of the common man. Normal people who prove their courage every day, by standing up for their families, or being decent to other people.

(finally presses button to turn model off, hurts his finger and starts screaming) Owwwwwww! Is it bleeding?

Cut to the kitchen, where Malcolm is making himself a ham sandwich, when Reese arrives home.

Malcolm: Hey.

Reese: Hey.

Malcolm: (holds up half of his sandwich) Do you want half?

Reese: I'll fix my own.

Malcolm: Peanut Butter's good, too. Nothing wrong with having Peanut Butter.

Reese: What?

Malcolm: Just because I'm having ham, doesn't mean you have to have ham. Just because we're brothers, doesn't mean we have to enjoy the same thing, right?

Reese: Exactly. Everybody's different. It would be stupid if I tried to force you to like something I liked.

Malcolm: Right. Plus, it wouldn't work, anyway. People can't help what they like, that's just the way they're born.

Reese: I know. Like me. I've never liked...ham.

Malcolm: Really? Because, maybe if you tried it -

Reese: No. But that's me. I'm not putting it down or anything.

Malcolm: I hear you. There's no..."right" sandwich. So... the Abba thing.

Reese: Should be great.

Malcolm: Yeah, absolutely. Just great. Hey... have a good sanck.

Reese: You too.

Cut to the garage, where Hal is still working on his model when Lois comes in, dressed up and ready to go.

Lois: Hal, you have to get ready. The show starts in an hour, and we still have to drop Jamie off on the way.

Hal: Almost done. Hey, have you seen Dewey around? I promised him he could firebolt the Uttar.

Lois: He's doing schoolwork. It was so sweet. He told me this afternoon he's writing a 300 word report on how I'm his hero.

Cut to the house, where the family and Jessica are arriving home after the show.

Lois: What a wonderful night! How can they say the theatre is dead, when a spectacle like that is being bussted all over the country.

Dewey: Yeah, who knew you could use the same three chords over and over, and people would sit through it for two hours.

Lois: You can be Mr Fancy-Pants Music Snob if you like, but everyone else loved it. (Reese and Malcolm walk in, smiling at each other)

Jessica: Thank you for including me, I had so much fun.

Hal: Yeah, me too. I especially liked the part where the father was stabbed in the back by his son.

Lois: That wasn't in the show, Hal.

Hal: Well, I saw it somewhere.

Lois: I'm glad you boys liked it so much, I've never seen you like this. You didn't stop smiling at each other all night.

Malcolm: How could you not love a show like that?

Reese: Yeah. Nothing creepy about it at all.

Jessica: Do you guys want to listen to the CD again?

Malcolm: Again?! Oh yeah. Love Abba.

Reese: I could listen to it forever. (Jessica starts the music and she and Lois start dancing, as do Malcolm and Reese.)

Cut to the kitchen, where Lois is telling stories about her life to Dewey, who is writing his report.

Lois: ...and then I said, "you keep your sexist adolescent humour to yourself, Your Honour". Let's just say two days of picking up trash on the freeway never felt so good.

Dewey: Wow, all these great stories. The Judge, those bikers - I don't know any other way to say this Mom, but you were kind of a ... badass.

Lois: You know I don't appreciate that kind of language.

Hal: (walks in) If anyone cares, I'll be in the garage. Alone. Commemorating our heroic stand against a heartless, backstabbing traitorous attack.

Lois: Ok, hon. (to Dewey) Then there was this time at the store, with this huge shoplifer. And he...

Cut to the living room, where Malcolm, Jessica and Reese are watching TV, eating popcorn and drinking sodas.

Jessica: This is nice. What did you think of the Brusache?

Malcolm: Well, uh, it has a nice drape, and, it seems like a, kinky look for fall.

Reese: Yeah, I think it's...yummy. (both reach into the bowl, then scream and withdraw their hands and jump up, spraying popcorn everywhere.)

Malcolm: Ok, you know what? This is stupid. We have to talk about this.

Reese: Right. I mean, just because it's weird, doesn't mean we can't handle it. We're brothers.

Malcolm: Right. We've been through everything together. We shouldn't be pussyfooting around about it. I got you something.

Reese: Hey, I got you something.

Malcolm: Really? (they go to retrieve items from their backpacks) See, this is what I'm talking about. We're being open, and supportive, and honest with each other. Here. (hands Reese a brochure, and Reese hands Malcolm a video tape)

Reese: What's this?

Malcolm: It's called "If You're Gay, It's Ok". It's full of great resources. (looks at tape) What's this?

Reese: "Naughty Pool Boys III". I watched ten or twelve of these, and this one seems to have the most stuff you guys like.

Malcolm: Wait, I'm not gay, you're gay.

Reese: No I'm not, you are.

Malcolm: I'm not gay.

Reese: Malcolm, check out what they're doing in that movie, and then tell me you're not gay.

Malcolm: (puts tape down) No. This is - she said - (they both look around at Jessica and she cracks up laughing)

Jessica: (laughing) Oh my god, I never thought it was going to turn out this good.

Reese: Stop laughing.

Jessica: (laughing) I can't... you guys were dancing, and you were doing the little (imitates dance), oh, my God, it was so sweet... you guys made me so happy... oh, my God. Oh, my god. It hurts. Well, I better go drag my Dad off the lawn. He likes to fall asleep right next to the toilet. See you guys at dinner. (goes outside and cracks up laughing again)

Reese: Vendetta.

Malcolm: How could she be so -

Reese: Vendetta!

Malcolm: Yes, vendetta. Reese, I promise we'll get back at her. But we have to be careful. She's got Mom totally on her side.

Reese: Oh yeah.

Malcolm: It's tricky. Somehow we've got to figure out a way to turn Mom against her.

Reese: Ok, I got it.

Malcolm: What?

Reese: It's a little risky. But I'll tell you one thing. No-one calls me gay and gets away with it. (grabs Malcolm and starts biting on his neck)

Cut to the kitchen, where Dewey is writing his report, when he hears noises outside. He goes into the yard, where he discovers Hal has finished setting up his Pearl Harbour Day model.

Dewey: Wow. Dad, it's beautiful.

Hal: Well, I did what I could on my own.

Dewey: Yeah, sorry.

Cut to the living room, where Lois and Jessica are arriving home after going grocery shopping.

Jessica: Then he accused me of loving Mom more than him, just because I wouldn't slash her boyfriend's tires.

Lois: Oh, I'm so sorry, honey. Parents shouldn't put their kids in the middle. Or hit on their friends. (calling) Boys, come get the groceries.

Malcolm: (he and Reese emerge from the boys' bedroom) I hope this means we can eat soon.

Lois: Hold it. What's that?

Malcolm: What?

Lois: That?

Malcolm: A turtleneck. Why do you care?

Lois: You don't wear turtlenecks.

Malcolm: Can't I just get the groceries so we can eat, I have a ton of homework I need to - (Lois pulls back the top of his turtleneck and discovers the mark)

Lois: A-ha!

Malcolm: Mom, don't!

Lois: Who gave you that?

Malcolm: None of your business. What's your problem, anyway? Can't you go five seconds without butting into my life? (Lois looks around at Jessica)

Jessica: What?

Malcolm: It wasn't her, Mom. I swear. You always think you know everything, but you're wrong. You're dead wrong this time.

Lois: I think you and I need to have a little talk.

Jessica: But, I didn't -

Lois: Come on.

Hal: When your Mom comes out, she's going to want to know what I said to you about this. Make up something good. (music starts playing, and they run to the window to discover that once again, Bill Rendell has outdone Hal) He did it to me again. (Bill waves to Hal)

Cut to the bedroom where Lois and Jessica are talking.

Lois: I suppose you have a good explanation for this.

Jessica: Not really. Lois, I'm sorry. I'm not going to lie to you. I gave him the hickey to keep him from doing something really stupid.

Lois: Excuse me>

Jessica: (making up story while pretending to cry) I'm not saying I was smart either, but there's this girl that Malcolm's been chasing, and she's really bad news. She's sexually active, and I'm pretty sure she's into drugs, and the only reason why he's interested in her is because he's so insecure about himself. We got into this fight, and I was saying that he could do so much better, and he said that nobody liked him anyway. And I was telling him that a lot of girls like him because he's sweet and cute and funny, and he kind of grabbed me, and we started kissing, and... I couldn't stop, because then he'd think I was making the whole thing up. I'm sorry. I didn't know what else to do.

Lois: Wow, that's a pretty convincing lie for just winging it. I mean, you went a little overboard with the crying, but the basic story was good. Drug Girl was a nice touch. Creepy. A little sad.

Jessica: How did you..

Lois: Sweetie, I'm a mother. It's my business to know. You've got talent, but I turned pro 20 years ago. Which isn't to say you haven't been useful. I never

would have been able to enjoy that play in peace if the boys weren't occupied. And the gay thing, was very entertaining. But more importantly, those two idiots actually treated each other decently for a few days. Thank you for that. So, here's the deal. As of today, you are banned from this house. You violated my trust, I don't want you around my boys. (sits down on bed next to Jessica) Knowing that, they will automatically forgive you, and sneak you back in. You will be here every day after school until six, except Thursdays, when I work until 9.30. You will have complete run of the house, but I want Reese to do his half hour of assigned reading and Malcolm to complete all his College applications, not just the Ivy Leagues. And no junk food. Understood?

Jessica: For how long?

Lois: We'll see. Icecapades are coming in a few months. Sure would be nice to go as a family.

Cut to Hal and Dewey outside later that night, preparing to spread bird bait around Bill Rendell's model.

Dewey: Do you think we have enough?

Hal: Let's hope so. I cleaned out every bait shop in town. (they sneak across and start spreading the worms around the model)

Cut to outside the next day. Bill Rendell goes outside into his yard to get the paper, when a big flock of birds swarms around him and dive for the worms, destroying the model as they go. Hal and Dewey watch from where they are hiding behind their own model.

Cut to the boys' bedroom, Where Malcolm is at his desk doing his homework. Reese comes in and swipes Malcolm's stuff off the chest of drawers.

Malcolm: What the hell did you do that for?

Reese: Your stuff was in my spot.

Malcolm: I would have moved it. Try asking, buttmunch.

Reese: Right, like you hear anything but the sound of your own voice.

Malcolm: Get bent. (sits back down and resumes his homework)

Reese: (lies down on his bed and starts reading a magazine)
Bite me. I liked you better when we were gay.

Malcolm: Me too.