

615 CHAD'S SLEEPOVER TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm and Reese are standing in the hallway. Reese is waiting for Hal to finish in the bathroom.

Malcolm: There's a head of rotten lettuce in the fridge.

Reese: Not strong enough.

Malcolm: Why don't you dig out whatever it was that died under the furnace?

Reese: Still not strong enough!

Malcolm: What about the old boot that opossum gave birth in? It's out in the garage.

Reese: Perfect! (runs out to the garage to retrieve boot, puts it over his mouth and starts inhaling the smell)

Hal: All yours.

Malcolm is late for school. He runs down the corridor to his classroom.

Malcolm: I'm sorry I'm late. My alarm clock didn't go off and then there was an accident and and road workers and... (sees the empty classroom) where is everybody?

Charisse: Well, it's Ditch Day. None of the students came in.

Malcolm: No one told me there was a ditch day.

Charisse: Well, I'm surprised you didn't hear. I mean, everyone was telling their friends.

Malcolm: Oh...

Val: (entering the classroom with a bottle of alcohol) All right, Charisse, the professor of Boozology has some homework for you. What's he doing here?

Charisse: No one told him.

Val: Oh, my God. You could probably use a little... (holds out bottle)

Charisse: Val, stop that.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house. Hal is in the kitchen getting a drink when Lois arrives home from work.

Lois: Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh, my God. Oh, my God!

Hal: What?

Lois: You are going to die!

Transcript by Amigo22 with subtitles from Malcolm-France

Hal: What is it?

Lois: I know I always say that gossip rots your soul, but it doesn't count when it's this good. Last night, I covered for Bernice so she could leave early, and when she got home, she found Charlie standing in their living room wearing her red cocktail dress! The one from the Christmas party with all the feathers!

Hal: Good God!

Lois: He admitted it's been going on for years. He said it started one day when he accidentally used lipstick instead of Chap Stick. The next thing you knew, he was wearing a teddy under his police uniform.

Hal: Man is a complicated beast.

Lois: Can you imagine keeping something like that from your spouse? (Hal looks worried) So glad we don't have any secrets. What is it?

Hal: Oh, honey, there's something I should confess to you.

Lois: What?!

Hal: I... (quickly making up story) I spent more than \$50 on your last birthday present. I know we agreed not to, but I just love you so much.

Lois: Well, I'm glad you told me.

Hal: It felt good to come clean.

Cut to the living room, where Hal is working at the table when Dewey comes over.

Dewey: Dad, can I have a sleepover tomorrow?

Hal: Somebody wants to sleep over? Here? That's fantastic! Who?

Dewey: Chad from my class.

Hal: Oh, geez, Dewey, I don't think that's a good idea. That kid is really...

Dewey: He's fine. He's just a little strange. Nothing to be scared of.

Hal: Well, it's not anything to be taken lightly, either. That boy has a lot of serious issues. I don't think you know what you're getting into.

Dewey: Yes, I do. I also know people treat him like a freak for no reason. Even his parents have given up on him. They're just looking for an excuse to have him institutionalized.

Hal: This is supposed to be convincing me?

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Dewey: Dad, I want to prove that he can do normal stuff like a normal kid and have a normal life.

Hal: No means no, Dewey.

Dewey: No doesn't always mean no.

Hal: This isn't "PG-movie" no, this is "spear gun" no.

Dewey: Dad, listen. I never ask for anything, but I'm asking you to do this for me. It's important.

Hal: I'm sorry, Dewey, but I know a little bit more about this than you do. And you ask for things all the time.

Cut to the bedroom, where Malcolm is sitting on his bed when Reese arrives home.

Malcolm: So where'd you go today?

Reese: Oh, man, it was fantastic. Went down to the pet store, fed a bunch of the pets to the other pets, ended up at the supermarket, where I squeezed all the Wonder Bread into balls till the manager threw me out. I left a little present in his convertible. Well, it was somebody's convertible.

Malcolm: You couldn't have bothered to tell me about Ditch Day?

Reese: There was a ditch day?!

Malcolm: Yeah, today.

Reese: No one told me. Why didn't they tell me?

Malcolm: Because no one likes us, Reese. No one. Everybody else was told about it. Even that slow kid who ate cat litter for a dollar.

Reese: Ducky? How did Ducky get so popular?

Malcolm: It's not that he's popular, it's that we're unpopular.

Reese: Oh, my God. I'm as unpopular as you.

Cut to the kitchen the next day. Jamie is sitting in his highchair watching Lois, who is making him a fruit smoothie.

Lois: Guess who's getting a treat? That's right, it's you, Mr. Boy. In this house, whenever anybody is good for three whole days in a row, they get one of Mama's extra special fruit smoothies. I have never made one before. (switches blender on and it doesn't work) Oh, this is outrageous!

Hal: What's the matter?

Lois: The blender is broken. There's no excuse for this!

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Hal: Honey, we have had it since before Dewey was born.

Lois: I don't care. They said a lifetime guarantee. A lifetime is not ten or eleven years. Hal, if they want to say a ten or eleven-year guarantee, that's fine. I'll make my blender-buying decisions accordingly, but they said "lifetime." I'm getting my money back or a blender of equal or greater value.

Hal: How are you going to find the warranty from ten years ago?

Lois: I'm sure it's with the rest of the papers in the garage.

Hal: Honey, you'll never find it out there. What did this cost, \$19?

Lois: That's what they want you to say! That's why they don't charge more! That's how they get you! (doorbell rings)

Hal: You expecting somebody?

Lois: (lifting Jamie out of his highchair) Uh, yeah, it's Chad. He's sleeping over tonight.

Hal: Dewey's having a sleepover?

Lois: Yeah, we didn't have any plans. I thought it would be nice. Dewey, your friend's here! (Dewey comes out)

Hal: (angrily) Hold on. I told you no, and you went behind my back and tricked your mother into letting you have this sleepover?

Dewey: I just told her it'd be a nice thing to do for a kid who doesn't have many nice things in his life. If you call that a trick, then yeah. You don't have to freak out. I know how to handle Chad. You can't believe everything you read in the special needs bulletin. They only say that stuff to get extra funding.

Hal: That is not the point! Dewey, I made myself very clear. I told you no, and you snuck around my back to your mother as if nothing I said had any impact... (Dewey opens the door) Hello, there! You must be Chad's parents.

Father: Yes. I'm Lloyd.

Hal: Lloyd.

Father: And this is Evelyn.

Hal: Evelyn.

Father: And this... God, where did he go?!

Evelyn: I watched him from the car to the door. Do I have to do everything?!

Chad: Excuse me. (pushes past his parents and goes inside) Thank you for inviting me.

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Dewey: Hi, Chad.

Chad: Hey, Dewey. (goes over to the bookcase and starts rearranging the books)

Evelyn: We want to thank you for doing this. I think it's wonderful the boys are getting together.

Chad: Big books go on the bottom shelf.

Evelyn: What did we tell you about touching their things?!

Lloyd: Are you trying to prove that you can't go out in public?! This is your last chance, do you understand me, buddy?! This is your last chance!

Evelyn: Lloyd, do something!

Lloyd: You do something! The gene was on your egg.

Evelyn: Oh, yeah, it's completely my fault. Now can we go to dinner?

Lloyd: (handing Hal straps) At bedtime, these straps are for his arms, and these are for his legs. If you wind up needing to use the harness, make sure he doesn't take a big breath in when you're fastening the buckles, otherwise, he can wriggle out and the whole thing is useless.

Evelyn: Completely useless.

Dewey: Say good-bye to your parents, Chad.

Chad: (not looking away from rearranging the bookcase) Good-bye.

Lloyd: Here's a list of emergency numbers. Don't try 911. They're not qualified. (he and Evelyn run off)

Cut to Malcolm and Reese lying on their beds.

Malcolm: Maybe they meant to tell us. They just forgot.

Reese: They didn't forget.

Malcolm: How could the whole school snub us like this? Don't they realize how much this hurts?

Reese: They don't care. There are people in this world that are just plain evil. And every single person at that school is one of those people.

Malcolm: (sitting up) No, we can't do this. We can't keep blaming everybody else whenever something like this happens. It can't be an accident that you and I alienate so many people. We're never going to make our lives better if we keep pretending they are the problem.

Reese: Then what do we do?

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Malcolm: Well, I mean, if we really want to figure this out, maybe we need to look at ourselves honestly.

Reese: You're right. What's wrong with us?

Malcolm: Well, some parts are easy. I mean, you're a ruthlessly brutal thug.

Reese: I have my moods.

Malcolm: And look how it was my first impulse to criticize you. It just shows what a pompous ass I am.

Reese: I do seem to cause a lot of needless suffering. I usually assume that people are my enemy.

Malcolm: I have this need to show off. It's not enough that I know more than everyone. I have to make sure they know I know more. Why do I do that?

Reese: Don't ask me. I know less than everyone. When I walk into a room, it seems like everybody's talking about things that I could never understand. And when they laugh, I'm always sure that they're laughing at me.

Malcolm: Maybe we're both afraid. We're afraid people won't like us. That's why I show off how smart I am and that's why you hit people. We're scared of being rejected, so we act in a way that pushes people away.

Reese: Oh, man.

Malcolm: It's the thing that we hate the most, and yet we keep making it happen again and again. We're so stupid and pathetic.

Reese: Or they're jealous!

Malcolm: Yeah, totally jealous.

Reese: I mean, they see us, and they don't want to face that they're all jealous, so they make us act all angry and superior!

Malcolm: They're in denial.

Reese: I am really glad we did this.

Cut to the living room, where Chad has grouped everything together in piles. We see videos, shoes, CDs, and various bottles.

Chad: (comes in, carrying a lamp. Dewey follows) Rough can't go next to smooth.

Hal: This is exactly what I talked about, Dewey. He's gone through practically everything in the house. He taped my ties to my

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shirts.

Dewey: So the house gets straightened up. Wouldn't that be horrible?
(Chad goes back to reorganising the books)

Hal: Don't you trivialize this. You're in enough trouble already.

Dewey: I'm telling you, once he settles down, this is going to be a perfectly normal sleepover. We're going to play a board game, we're going to watch a video, we're going to have pizza...

Hal: No pizza. I'm already defrosting hamburgers.

Dewey: But I promised Chad pizza. He really likes pizza.

Hal: (angrily) No pizza, Dewey. You are on thin ice as it is. From now on, you are going to do exactly as I say. Is that understood?

Dewey: Yes, Dad, I got it. Now can I go play with my friend? Where'd he go?

Cut to the garage, where Lois is searching through boxes for the blender warranty. Chad is behind her reorganising the boxes. Jamie is watching from his playpen.

Lois: You'll see a lot of this in life, Jamie. The big blender companies don't think we're smart enough to save warranties. They think we run around barefoot all day picking bugs off ourselves. Well, they are in for a big surprise. They design their products specifically to break down three days after the warranties get lost. It's called "planned obsolescence," like that deathtrap of a highchair you keep falling over in. I'm their worst nightmare, Jamie; a woman who saves everything. And I'm going to go through every shred of it. What's that, Mr. Big-Blender-Company man? You say I'm going to need paperwork? Oh, gee, I don't know if I have it. Oh, wait, I do.

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm is rummaging in his desk drawer, where Chad has grouped triangle-shaped objects together. On top of his desk is an assortment of pens, all sorted by colour. Reese comes in.

Malcolm: Dewey, I told you to keep Chad away from my desk.

Reese: I just heard a whole bunch of kids from our school are going to stay overnight at that old abandoned house on Spires Road.

Malcolm: No one told me. Big shock.

Reese: I say we go there tonight and scare the crap out of them.

Malcolm: We're going to scare them for being jealous of us?

Reese: No, we're going to scare them for being jerks.

Malcolm: All right, yeah. Let's do it.

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Reese: They think they can be jerks to us? We'll show them what jerks are.

Cut to the kitchen, where Hal is preparing dinner. The table is set with the hamburger ingredients: cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, buns. Chad switches the lettuce and tomatoes around. Hal, seeing this, switches them back. Both switch them around a few more times until Chad hisses at Hal, frightening him. Chad then walks away. The doorbell rings, and Hal goes to answer it.

Delivery Guy: Hi. I got a half cheese, half pepperoni.

Hal: What? That little...

Delivery Guy: Listen, I'm kind of in a hurry. It's \$12.

Hal: Just hold on a second. (yelling) Dewey! You get your butt in here right now, Mister!

Dewey: (running in) Dad, what is wrong with you? You can't go screaming in the house when Chad's here.

Hal: (yelling) I am the parent in this house, and you do what I say! Now when I tell you there is no pizza in this house, there's no pizza! That is the law!

Dewey: Dad...

Hal: Don't you "Dad" me. You already "Dad-ed" me good with this sleepover.

Dewey: You know what? Sometimes if you're just being bigoted and unreasonable, maybe I don't have to listen to you.

Hal: You better listen to me. I am your father and you will respect...

Delivery Guy: Hey, you know what? This was supposed to go to 12336. I bet you feel like a jackass.

Cut to the garage. Lois is still sorting through the boxes when Hal comes in.

Hal: I have something to tell you.

Lois: Hal, it will have to wait. I wasted a half an hour getting Jamie to sleep. He kept crying because I wouldn't let him have the antifreeze bottle in bed with him.

Hal: Lois, this is important. I was trying to spare you the embarrassment, but you should probably know. Dewey actually asked me first about the sleepover. And he went to you when I said no.

Lois: (carries on sorting) Oh, sorry.

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Hal: What do you mean, "sorry"? Maybe you don't understand. He went around my back to get to you.

Lois: And this is a big upset for you? For God's sake, Hal, they go behind my back to get to you all the time.

Hal: That is very different. You are the hard ass. I'm the nice, fair one. Dewey knows that. Why would he betray me?

Lois: Hal, I cannot get worked up about this right now. I have to find that warranty or the blender company wins. Is that what you want, Hal? Are you on their side?

Hal: Fine. I'll help you. (kneels down and pulls over a box)

Lois: No, Hal. I have a system. Anyway, it seems to be going fine. I haven't heard a peep out of them in hours.

Cut to the bedroom, where Dewey enters, carrying a Chinese Checkers game, and sees Chad shredding the boys' clothes with an axe, sorting the material by colour.

Dewey: (entering bedroom) Hey, Chad, I can teach you to play Chinese checkers if you want. Chad!

Chad: White on white... blue on blue... and yellow on yellow.

Dewey: Chad, don't do this. If someone catches you you'll be in big trouble... (Chad looks up for a moment and raises the axe, then resumes shredding the clothes)

Hal: Dewey. (goes to open the boys' bedroom door, when the phone rings)

Dewey: Just a minute.

Hal: (retrieves phone from among a pile of toy phones) Hello. Oh, hello, Lloyd. No, everything's going fine with Chad. Well, you can bring it if you think he needs it.

Malcolm: (he and Reese have climbed through the window at the abandoned house) We are going to scare the crap out of them. You know what? I don't feel sorry for them. They've got it coming.

Reese: They deserve every stained pair of underwear they're about to get. Hey, is my eye socket oozing enough?

Malcolm: It's perfect.

Reese: Okay, on the count of three we bust through the door. If one of them has a heart attack, you resuscitate them and I'll scare them again.

Malcolm: Ready? One... two... three. (bursting into house)

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AAAAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHHH! (the room is silent, and they see everyone is making out)

Guy #1: What are you guys doing?

Reese: Um...

Malcolm: Um...

Reese: Uh...

Malcolm: Um... Nothing.

Girl #1: You guys trying to scare us?

Guy #1: What, are you 12?

Malcolm: We weren't trying to scare you.

Reese: Of course not. That's the opposite of what we were trying to do. We're meeting girls here.

Guy #1: Then why are you dressed like that?

Reese: Because... um... uh... (yelling) why don't you like us?! (cut to Reese and Malcolm leaving) I got to say, they had some pretty solid reasons.

Cut back to the Wilkersons' house, where Dewey is in the boys' bedroom trying to stop Chad who is still shredding the clothes.

Dewey: Come on, Chad. You have to find some way to snap out of this. Look, I went to bat for you. I've been protecting you all day, but this is something I can't cover up. And if your parents find out, they're going to put you away. Are you listening?

Chad: Yes. (doorbell rings) Green goes with green, goes with green, goes with green, goes with green, goes with green, goes with green...

Evelyn: Hello, Hal.

Hal: Evelyn, Lloyd, come on in.

Lloyd: So, we were halfway through our first dinner alone in a decade, when someone had to remind me that I didn't give Chad his good night pill.

Hal: Oh. Okay, well, I'll just, uh, go get him. (goes into the boys' bedroom, where he sees the shredded clothes and Dewey trying to yank the axe from Chad's grip)

Dewey: This in no way justifies what you said before.

Hal: (gets pen and takes an encyclopaedia from the shelf) Chad, I want to show you a little project I've been

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working on. Look at this. You see where I took my pen and I filled in the letters that needed to be filled in. The "O's," the "A's," the "E's," the "G's."

Chad: The "Q's," the "P's," the "D's" and the "B's"?

Hal: Of course.

Dewey: That was you?

Chad: What about the nines?

Hal: Yes.

Chad: What about the circles and the percent signs?

Hal: Absolutely. Otherwise you'll be left with that horrible feeling of incompleteness. (gives Chad the encyclopaedia in exchange for the axe, then escorts him into the living room)

Cut to the living room, where Chad's parents are waiting. Hal comes in with Chad and Dewey.

Hal: Here they are, the sleepover buddies.

Evelyn: Has he been okay?

Hal: Oh, he's been fine. And I think people prejudge Chad sometimes. He's a good kid.

Lloyd: Open. (quickly drops pill into Chad's mouth)

Dewey: I'm sorry, Dad. I thought you were just being... I mean, I had no idea you were... So how crazy are you?

Hal: Let's just say that's my third set of encyclopaedias.

Lloyd: If we leave right now, we can still catch the movie.

Hal: (sees warranty taped to the blender) What's this? The warranty? Hey, good for you, Chad.

Lois: (coming in from garage) Well, I give up. I'm throwing out that blender.

Hal: You don't have to. Look what Chad did.

Chad: Pictures of things belong on the things they're pictures of.

Lois: Check... and mate. (Dewey sees the photo of Lois naked taped to her back. He squeals, then Lois turns around and Hal screams).

Hal: Dewey, what is it? (Hal grabs the photo and hides it behind his back, and Chad's parents see it and scream.

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Hal turns around again and Lois sees the photo and screams.)

Hal: Honey... I'm sorry. You were lying there asleep and you just looked so beautiful. And the moment was perfect and I never wanted it to end. And then I saw the camera, and... and... I'm weak, Lois. I'm a little man. I know that I can never apologize enough and... I'm sure right now you don't even want to look at me.

Lois: Hal? (snatches photo from him)

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Malcolm and Reese are sitting on their beds after arriving back from the abandoned house.

Malcolm: Everyone's going to hear about this.

Reese: We suck.

Malcolm: We totally suck.

Reese: I hate myself so much.

Malcolm: What is wrong with us?

Reese: Everyone else our age heard it "empty house," and we heard "haunted house."

Malcolm: Are we just socially stunted in some way that makes us hopeless?

Reese: I think half of them were really scared.

Malcolm: Yeah.