

616 NO MOTORCYLCES TRANSCRIPT

Dewey: Boy, when you wet the tip, this thing really cracks. Hey, would you hold this for me? What's that on the floor? The poem I wrote about kittens. That's so weird. I guess I have no choice but to bend over... wearing last year's shorts and pick it up. He's really sick, Mom.

Hal: (doorbell rings) They're here. They're here.

Malcolm (TC): Francis and Piama are spending the weekend for Francis' birthday. He's turning 21 tomorrow. I haven't seen Dad this excited since he thought Francis turned 21 last year.

Hal: Hey, it's the birthday boy. Or should I say birthday man?

Piama: I know you said not to bring anything, but I brought a salad.

Lois: Oh, thank you, Piama. That's so thoughtful. I'll just take it in the kitchen and rewash it.

Francis: I am so excited.

Hal: Yeah, it's going to be a great party.

Francis: No, not the party. The... you know what.

Hal: Oh. Yeah.

Francis: Thank you so much. I've been looking forward to this for 12 years. 12 long years.

Hal: Yes, well... it's going to be everything you dreamed it would.

Francis: This totally makes the Peter Pan thing worthwhile.

Hal: (tries to recall Francis's Peter Pan play) Oh, yeah. Motorcycle trip.

Francis: At first I thought you were just saying it to shut me up.

Hal: Boy, I sure liked to nail things down, didn't I?

Francis: Oh, yeah. It's going to be great.

Hal: Wait, wasn't there...? Oh, crap.

Reese: Okay, I'll pitch in three dollars for Francis' birthday present.

Dewey: Me, too.

Malcolm: And three from me. So we're agreed. We're giving Francis nine dollars for his birthday.

Lois: Hey, your friend's outside.

Reese: What do you mean "friend"?

Lois: Your friend, Randy somebody. Really big kid.

Malcolm: Randy Zane?

Lois: Yeah, I think he wants to play baseball.

Reese: What?

Lois: He's outside right now with his bat. He seems really impatient. You know, I told you boys if you just made an effort you could make friends. You see? You listened to me and it paid off. Just think how much easier your lives would be if you listened to me all the time.

Dewey: God, he looks mad. Which one of us do you think he wants?

Malcolm: Reese, it's obviously you. That must've been his bike that you superglued to the train tracks.

Reese: We don't know that. You were pretty fast and loose with that dog-crap slingshot the other day. How do you know you didn't hit him?

Malcolm: What about you? How many people did you convince to buy those algebra pills?

Dewey: You know, our lives would be a lot easier if we didn't all pull this crap at the same time.

Reese: I suggested a rotating calendar years ago, and you guys ignored me. And here we are. Let's just go tell Mom.

Malcolm: We can't. If we send Mom out there, Randy will just tell her what we did, and then they'll both be after us. Did you see that movie where Freddie teamed up with Jason? Is that what you want?

Reese: Then what do we do?

Malcolm: He can't stand out there forever. We'll just wait him out. So what if we have to stay inside for a while.

Cut to the boys still staring out the window. It is now dark.

Malcolm: Oh, my God, he's still out there.

Reese: I think he grew.

Dewey: Why is he smoking two cigarettes?

Reese: Those are his eyes.

Cut to Hal sitting up in bed, reading a book called "Chicken Soup for the Soul".

Lois: Hal, what are you doing?

Hal: I'm just trying to think of some wise things to say to Francis tomorrow. A father should have some wisdom for his son, don't you think?

Lois: Well, it is a big day. You only turn 21 once.

Hal: Hey, remember before he was born and I had that Harley Da...?

Lois: (comes out of bathroom, angry) No motorcycles ever! You do not talk about motorcycles. You do not think, you do not wish, you do not

even reminisce about those stupid, idiotic death traps. They do not exist. Motorcycles do not exist. Say it.

Hal: Motorcycles do not exist.

Lois: What does not exist?

Hal: I don't know.

Lois: Good.

Cut to the living room the next day, where the boys are still staring the window. Lois is in the kitchen cooking.

Dewey: He was out there all night. Doesn't he get bored?

Reese: Do sharks get bored?

Malcolm: You know what, we'll just stay inside all day today, too. We can last longer than he can.

Piama: Mmm. So that's your famous pasta sauce Francis talks so much about?

Lois: Yeah, I only make it for birthdays and acquittals. One time it was both.

Piama: I just love the smell of home cooking.

Lois: Really? Do you know there's a way to get that smell in your own house?

Hal: (quietly to Francis as they fold laundry) Okay, it's all set up. The rental place is delivering two motorcycles to the gas station on 10th and Coolidge. I already have a couple of satchels packed. At 5:30, we'll just slip out and disappear.

Francis: This is so awesome.

Piama: So Francis, your birthday dinner starts at 6:00. I hope you're hungry.

Francis: Oh, gosh, I sure am. I'm hungry for all of it. My only problem will be deciding which amazing side dish to eat first. But I guess I'll solve that problem at 6:00 'cause that's when my birthday party starts.

Hal: Be cool.

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where the boys are lying on their beds.

Dewey: We're going to be stuck in here forever.

Malcolm: It'll be fine. Eventually, he'll get bored, or tired, or die of starvation.

Reese: But who knows how long that could take? I'm going crazy here. I mean, look at me, I'm reading a book.

Dewey: This is dumb. I'm not going to do this anymore. I'm just going to go out and see if it's me he wants.

Malcolm: What are you, nuts?

Dewey: I'm not going to live like this. I've been beaten before. I'm just going to get it over with and live the rest of my life.

Cut to the living room, where Malcolm and Reese are at the window, waiting to see what happens to Dewey.

Malcolm: God, he's walking right up to him. Randy's hitting him.

Reese: He's hitting him. It's not us.

Malcolm: You know, for a little kid, he can really take a punch.

Reese: I can't believe I've been going so easy on him.

Piama: Give me the tape, and I'll get this side.

Lois: Oh, I got it. This tape dispenser is tricky. It'll take me longer to explain it.

Dewey walks in, shields his face with a book to hide from Lois, and goes into the boys' bedroom.

Malcolm: Dewey, are you okay?

Dewey: Boy, that was a beating. I mean, no offence to you guys, but "wow."

Reese: Why did he beat you up? Did he say?

Dewey: Actually, he said it wasn't me.

Malcolm: Then why'd he beat you up?

Dewey: He said it was just a warm-up. Then he said to send out my brother.

Reese: Which brother, me or Malcolm?

Dewey: He just said "brother." Boy, what a weight off. It's just so great to have this over with. I'm finally free. And I'm getting some major tooth fairy money.

Cut to Hal, Lois and Piama setting the table for Francis's birthday party.

Lois: You know, Hal, I realized this afternoon we don't have any pictures from any of Francis' birthday parties. I want you to make sure you have plenty of film in the camera.

Hal: Will do. Get ready for a boatload of memories.

Francis: Uh, Dad. Can you come out here for a second? (Hal goes outside and sees the motorcycles)

Hal: (closes door so Lois won't overhear conversation) No, no, no, no, no. These were supposed to go to the gas station.

Francis: That's what I'm telling him.

Guy: Look, this is the address that's on the credit card.

Hal: But these can't be anywhere near here. You have to take them to the gas station.

Guy: I'm not even insured to touch these things once they're off the truck. But you know, you want them taken down to the gas station, they are motorcycles.

Lois: Is everything okay out there, honey?

Hal: Fine, no problem. Francis just wanted to make sure that we weren't wearing the same outfit tonight. Okay, just help me get these into the garage.

Dewey: (coming outside) Wow. Those are cool.

Hal: Listen, do not say a word about this. If you just stay quiet, I promise when you turn 21, I will take you on a trip with me on a rocket ship. A rocket ship, Dewey. I swear on my life. I swear on everything that is sacred, as God is my witness.

Dewey: Ow.

Hal: (sees Dewey's mouth) Oh, how did you...? I don't care. Francis, come on, quickly.

Francis: How do I...?

Hal: Just kick it into neutral and follow me. (they start up the motorcycles and drive through the house, while Piama and Lois watch in horror) Just turn left and gun it! (calling, to Lois) I'll call you later. I love you.

Cut to the living room. Malcolm is repairing the front door, while Lois cleans the marks off the floor.

Reese: This should have been the greatest day of our lives. Dad and Francis rode motorcycles through the living room, and where were we? Hiding under our beds.

Piama: "Oh, I'm really looking forward to dinner." What a jerk.

Lois: I don't know what I'm gonna end up doing to him. All I know is every stroke of this brush strengthens my killing arm.

Piama: Do you have another bucket? I can get started on the tracks in the living room.

Lois: Oh, I'll just end up redoing them all myself anyway. Why don't you just watch some TV? Then you'll be out of the way.

Piama: (picks up brush and bucket) Lois! No one is as useless as you think I am! My focus should be on hating my husband and planning revenge, not worrying about whether I belong here.

Lois: You are absolutely right. I'm sorry. You deserve better.

Piama: Thank you. I appreciate that. So now what?

Lois: Well, I don't know. We're kind of in uncharted waters here. Drink?

Piama: Absolutely.

Francis: Oh, man, what a day. What a ride. That was fantastic!

Hal: Yeah. Just wait. Tomorrow we go around the lake to these funky old hot springs you are gonna love. This is the same route I used to take every month with my buddy, Roy, until he got dragged a quarter mile by that school bus.

Francis: Thanks for doing this, Dad.

Hal: You know, son, you should always pick battles that are big enough to matter, but small enough to win.

Francis: Yeah, okay.

Hal: I say life is the only real counsellor. Wisdom unfiltered through personal experience does not become part of the moral tissue.

Francis: Dad, you feeling okay?

Hal: Never mind. Listen, I have got something really special for you. You know, it's kind of a father-son thing to honour the occasion. It was a little expensive, but I am going to sit with my 21-year-old son and share a 21-year-old bottle of Scotch. The guy at Liquor Clown said this was the best.

Francis: Dad, I'm sorry. I'm sober now. I don't drink anymore.

Hal: What?

Francis: I'm sober now. I went to AA.

Hal: What? When did this happen?

Francis: Last year. It just became a problem, and I kind of bottomed out, so I decided to get some help, and, I've been sober for six months now.

Hal: And you didn't tell me about this?

Francis: Well, I'm telling you now.

Hal: What good is it to tell me now? I'm your father. You could have come to me about this. Instead you go to a bunch of strangers with drinking problems?

Francis: Well, I'm sorry... I guess.

Hal: Which one of the 12 steps is the one where you act like your father doesn't exist?

Francis: Dad, what's the big deal? It was my problem. I went, and I did what I needed to do to get help.

Hal: I'm supposed to help you. I deserved to know. And meanwhile, I plan this whole trip, and now I find out you're sober, and I'm standing here with a bottle of booze like some kind of jackass. (throws bottle of Scotch into the campfire) You know, it's just a little tough... (the flames flare up)Wow. It's just little tough to find out. Do you have any other surprises for me? Do I have any grandchildren I never met? Do you have a boyfriend?!

Francis: Dad, come on. This is a nice trip. I want to just enjoy this.

Hal: I'm going to bed.

Francis: I liked the thing you said about picking battles.

Hal: I got it off a billboard.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois and Piama are destroying Francis's birthday presents.

Piama: Oh, look at this. You got Francis a watch. That was so nice of you.

Lois: This is a rare promotional Dooby Brothers EP. Oh, Hal almost cried when he found this at a yard sale.

Piama: It still doesn't seem like enough.

Lois: Oh, honey, this is just how we get the creative juices flowing. It's tough. You have to make your husband miserable, but I have to make mine miserable and make it a warning to the other three boys in the house.

Piama: Do men ever think about what's gonna happen when they do these stupid things?

Lois: No, that's what's weird about men, they never do. I guarantee you those two won't even think about the consequences of their actions until five minutes before they come home.

Piama: So no matter how low I set the bar, he'll still find a way to crawl under it?

Lois: You still think there's a bar. That's so cute.

Reese: Look at him, sleeping peacefully while I'm sitting here going through hell. It's not fair. God, when did this room get so small? I hate this.

Malcolm: Reese, come on, go to sleep.

Reese: I can't. I just keep thinking about the beating. How long it'll hurt, how bad it'll be, when it's gonna happen. What if it's on the Fourth of July? That'll ruin it. I was gonna have pie.

Malcolm: Dude, you have to calm down. We can wait it out. We can beat this.

Reese: I can't take this anymore. I'm going out there. It's probably me he wants, anyway.

Malcolm: Reese, that's stupid. There is no logic in that.

Reese: Yes, there is. He is just getting madder and madder. And the longer he has to wait, the worse the beating is going to be.

Malcolm: Reese, think about it. Dewey got beat up even though Randy wasn't after him. If you go out there now, he'll beat you up even if you're not the one he wants, just to send a message to me.

Reese: I don't care anymore.

Malcolm: But if you just wait, I'll figure out a way to get out of this.

Reese: I am not gonna wait while you keep trying to come up with some plan that you'll never come up with. I have to live in the real world.

Francis: This mud feels fantastic, doesn't it? It's so soothing, I don't even care about all the hundreds of people who left their pubes in here. Come on, Dad. We should be making the most of this. You sulked all the way here, you sulked all the way through the cold plunge, you even sulked when they beat us with juniper branches. Stop being such a baby.

Hal: I'm sorry I had such high expectations for this trip. For all the trouble I went to, I thought maybe I could maybe be an important part of your life.

Francis: This has been a nice trip, Dad. This is exactly how I was hoping it would be.

Hal: It just gets to me, Francis. I mean, how did we get to this point where you're doing all this stuff without me? I mean, you're-you're traveling everywhere, you're getting married, you're doing all these things without even telling me. And now I find out you even went to AA without telling me?

Francis: I can't help it, Dad. I'm a grown-up now. It happens.

Hal: And I missed it. I mean, here you've grown into this nice, responsible, decent man, and I didn't get to be there for it.

Francis: I missed you being there, too, Dad.

Hal: It kind of makes me happy you feel sad about it.

Francis: Well, that's something anyway.

Hal: Yeah. Five minutes. Holy crap, we've got to get back home! Do you realize how much trouble we're in?

Francis: Oh, God, you're right. We're dead. We can't go back.

Hal: No, no, no, no, wait. I'll think of something. I've been married for 20 years, and I've gotten out of a lot of trouble.

Francis: Wait, how is it 20 years if I'm 21?

Hal: Just shut up and let me think. Okay. I have something.

Francis: What? Ow! God. What the hell was that for?

Hal: You were in a terrible motorcycle accident that taught you a lesson. Now it's not gonna solve everything, but it's gonna make your apology go down a lot easier because it makes them right, which is what they really want.

Francis: Dad, you're brilliant.

Hal: There's no time for that. Just do me now. You're gonna want to grab between the second and third knuckle, and go up and back in one smooth motion. But just these two so I can still work the throttle.

Francis: I love you, Dad.

Hal: I love you, too, son.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house. Reese and Dewey are in the bathroom, where Reese is dabbing at his face with cotton wool. Malcolm is working out with weights in the boys' bedroom, when Reese and Dewey come in.

Reese: You were right, Dewey. I can't tell you how much better I feel.

Dewey: Told ya.

Reese: It's really freeing. Especially knowing he still wants the other brother. Malcolm, you got to go out there. It's time. He wants you.

Malcolm: No. By October, I'll be strong enough to beat him.

Reese: Come on, Malcolm. You have school tomorrow. You can pretend to be sick for a few days, but sooner or later, Mom gets involved. Then what?

Malcolm: I'll think of something.

Reese: Thinking won't do it, Malcolm. This is not a smart thing. It's a life thing. Randy is like an earthquake. It's just something that's gonna happen.

Dewey: Seriously, Malcolm, the longer you try to put this off, the worse it's gonna be.

Reese: I could tell he was holding back. He's got a lot farther he could go. (holds up mangled frying pan) This is nothing.

Malcolm: No, I'm not giving up. I don't give up. I'm not a quitter. If I have a problem, I think and work and keep working on it until I solve it.

Reese: Okay, name one time that's ever worked out for you.

Malcolm: Well...

Reese: Did it work five years ago when your hamster died, and you spent so many hours giving it CPR that the doctors had to put a shunt in your mouth to help the sores drain? Did it work with that girl you kept hounding because you thought she was so close to liking you until she finally maced you?

Malcolm: No, but I could... I could...

Reese: Malcolm, think about it.

Malcolm: You're right. I really have to go out there. I appreciate you guys looking out for me. (opens door and Randy is standing there)

Reese: We didn't think you'd be so easy to convince.

Randy: No, not him. Where's the red-haired brother?

Malcolm: There is no red-haired brother. This is it.

Randy: Shoot. I have the wrong house. Where's that house with the assbag who works with handicapped kids?

Malcolm: Oh, that's Eddie Jeffers. He lives on Comstock. (after Randy leaves)
You guys got pounded, and I got off scot-free. Hah! Now whose philosophy looks stupid? You thought I couldn't come up with...
(Dewey closes the bedroom door and he and Reese approach Malcolm)
Guys, wait. What if we do this tomorrow? You'll be rested. Take some time first.

Lois: We worked so hard and spent so much on Francis' dinner, it's nice that we can all finally enjoy it.

Piama: More steak, honey?