

617 BUTTERFLIES TRANSCRIPT

Reese: Mom didn't go shopping. There's no snacks.

Dewey: I don't want to watch a movie without snacks.

Reese: There's always... trail mix.

Dewey: Yeah. Trail mix.

Reese: Good movie.

Dewey: Yeah.

Malcolm: (TC): Usually I spend every minute I'm at Lucky Aide cursing Mom for making me work here, but lately it hasn't seemed so bad. I'm not sure why.

Wendy: Malcolm, you were right. I put a greasy bag in the fridge, and Craig put his name on it.

Malcolm: Yeah, the only way to protect anything is to put it in a nonfat yogurt carton.

Wendy: That's brilliant.

Malcolm: Wait. You got something.

Wendy: Thanks.

Malcolm: (TC): She didn't have anything.

Wendy: So, hey, it turns out I don't have to go with my parents to Yosemite over spring break.

Malcolm: So I guess you'll be in town then, huh?

Wendy: Looks like it.

Malcolm: You know, me, too. Maybe we can...

Lois: Malcolm, your break doesn't start for another two minutes. Wendy, your break is over now.

Malcolm: (TC): This is why orphans get all the hot girls.

Lois: Oh, God. I've got graveyard shift for the next two weeks?

I didn't know I had any joy left in my life to be sucked out. I guess you're going to have to take the bus to work, Malcolm. You're going to be on your own.

Malcolm: Great. Figures. (TC): If I can bite through my tongue till my teeth meet maybe Mom won't see me smile.

Lois: All right, here's Jamie's schedule for the next two weeks. He needs a bath at 6:00, 8:00 and before he goes to bed.

Hal: We talked about Jamie's schedule. I want to talk about our schedule.

Lois: We already talked about that schedule.

Hal: I know, but I like coming home for lunch to be a special treat, not just for my survival.

Lois: Well, I'm not happy about it either, but working graveyard is just part of the job.

Hal: Have you told Malcolm you're making him do it with you? (Malcolm comes in, furiously slamming the cabinet doors as he makes himself a drink)

Lois: Two days ago.

Malcolm: What are you so happy about?

Dewey: Nothing. I've just never had the whole bed to myself before.

Malcolm: You stay off my side of the bed! I don't care if I'm not there.

Dewey: Okay.

Malcolm: And stop smiling!

Dewey: Okay.

Malcolm (TC): The only bright spot in all this is that Reese has an even crappier spring break job than I do.

Cut to Reese lying in the back of a van.

Reese's Boss: You didn't do too bad today, kid. Till that possum got up your pant leg, you were way ahead.

Reese: So... he didn't have rabies, did he?

Reese's Boss: No. No, no, no, no. He checked out fine. Say, uh, you going to be able to sit up soon 'cause we're almost at your house.

Reese: These fumes are kind of strong. Can I get one of those paper masks next time?

Reese's Boss: Do I look like I'm made of money? (they arrive at the Wilkersons' house and get out of the van) You got a different kind of a job tomorrow. (hands Reese a box)

Reese: What's this?

Reese's Boss: That's a thousand caterpillars. Tomorrow morning, get up before dawn, I want you to go around the neighborhood, sprinkle those on the rose bushes, flower beds, front lawns... And then I want you to take my business card and drop it in the mailbox, you understand?

Reese: Why do you sound very far away?

Reese's Boss: Don't go to sleep for a while.

Wendy: It sucks you have to work the night shift. Now you're going to miss the party. Debbie's parents are out of town.

Malcolm: (TC): Probably won't miss much. It's just the same boring people doing the same boring stuff.

Wendy: Whoa, I gotta run. Skinny-dipping starts at midnight. (Malcolm starts banging his head against the lockers)

Craig: Hey, Malcolm.

Malcolm: At what age do you just accept that your life is a piece of rotten garbage and always will be?

Craig: Twenty-two. But that doesn't mean you can't enjoy the heck out of every moment. Take tonight. You're in for a real treat. There's a different rhythm to the night shift. (leads him out of the staffroom into the store) It's a camaraderie, a brotherhood of kindred souls, a nocturnal fraternity of the prowlers of the inky netherworld. (to customer) Hello, fellow traveler.

Customer: Where's the toothpaste?

Craig: I'm on a break.

Cut to the stationery aisle, where Lois showing Malcolm how to arrange the pens.

Lois: Make sure all the pens are cap-side up with the pocket clips facing forward. This is the benefit of graveyard shift. You don't have all that chaos that goes on during the daytime. You can get things organized the way they're meant to be.

Malcolm: You're just trying to torture me. That's why I'm here, just admit it.

Lois: You're here because you need the money.

Malcolm: I give you three-quarters of my paycheck.

Lois: That's why you need the money. (looks around and sees two coins and a Hershey bar wrapper on the counter)

Malcolm: That's weird. Did you see anyone?

Lois: What?

Malcolm: Someone left a candy wrapper and change on the counter here, but nobody's been in the store for hours.

Craig: It was probably a mouse.

Malcolm: A mouse that left the exact change?

Craig: I played tic-tac-toe with a chicken at the county fair, and it beat me eight times in a row. Don't shortchange animals.

Malcolm: I didn't see anyone though.

Lois: Never mind.

Malcolm: Wait, aren't you even curious how that happened?

Lois: Malcolm, everything doesn't have to be fascinating.

Cut to Hal and Jamie at home, watching TV.

Hal: Now it looks like the guy in the hockey mask is dead, right? But just keep your eye on that coffin. (sees Reese come in with the box of caterpillars) Hold it. Why aren't you at work? I don't want to hear that you're too good to crawl under houses poisoning rats all day. There are ten guys with MBA's who would love to have that job.

Reese: I didn't quit. I showed up this morning and the cops were there. It turns out Mr. Krijak was renting out his gas tanks for parties. Now I have to dump this stupid box of caterpillars... for free! (puts box down in the yard) Have a nice death, puss-bags. (sees caterpillar on his hand) Hey! Get off of me. Oh, a tough guy, huh? Hey... (starts laughing) (shifts box and sits down to watch the caterpillar) Cut it out, that tickles.

Cut to the Lucky Aide. Malcolm goes to a shelf with a basket, and discovers the shelf is empty.

Malcolm: Craig, did you do this?

Craig: Do what?

Malcolm: Those vitamins that were recalled. Did you clear off this shelf?

Craig: Doesn't sound like me. Six coats of wax, and I buttered up my socks. The record's going down.

Malcolm: You know, things have been getting really weird around here. I mean, think about it. Last night, all the clocks in the display case were synchronized to the same time. And the night before that, all the fingerprints were cleaned off the freezer doors.

Craig: Malcolm, I think you're forgetting the graveyard shift motto... "Who cares?"

Lois: (outside in the carpark, sweeping) It doesn't matter if no one else knows. You know.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house the next morning. Hal is serving breakfast. Everyone is eating a different meal.

Hal: Okay, Dewey gets the pancakes and eggs. And Lois has the veal parmesan.

Lois: Oh, look at you, Jamie. You have changed so much in just a week. Your head's almost symmetrical.

Hal: Better eat up... don't you need to be in bed before I go to work?

Lois: Honey, I'm spending sometime with my son who I've barely seen in the last week.

Hal: You've got 18 years for that. I'm only asking for ten minutes.

Dewey: Wow, another great night's sleep. No fighting for blankets, no elbows in my face, or anything worse. Just all the room in the world. Don't freak out when you get into your side of the bed. It looks bad, but most of it's only a Moon Pie.

Reese: Did you know the Latin name for this little guy is Danaus plexippus,

and that he actually crawls out of his own skin to pupate? Then the outer layer hardens into the chrysalis. That's Greek for "golden." And once they turn into butterflies, they can migrate up to 2,000 miles. Pretty awesome, huh? (watch alarm goes off) Oh, got to feed them some more milkweed. (goes outside)

Lois: Wow. That's the first time I've ever seen Reese take a concerned interest in another living thing. It's kind of nice to know he's got a compassionate side. I want those revolting bugs in the trash by tomorrow morning.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Craig is lying on a table napping, while Malcolm watches the security camera monitors.

Malcolm: Craig. Take a look at this.

Craig: If you don't mind, I'm trying to get in a quick nap before my break.

Malcolm: Seriously. Check out this guy. He's here, and then two hours later...he's still there, only in a different outfit. And three hours later, he shows up again in another outfit. Whoa! Did you see that?!

Craig: Malcolm, please. If I don't get my 16 hours, I'm a bear.

Cut to Malcolm walking around the store. He arrives at a basket of balls, and discovers movement behind it. He pushes back some of the balls, and discovers a man there.

Malcolm: What are doing in there?

Man: Shopping.

Malcolm: (pulling out basket) You're not shopping. You're the guy from the videotape. (stares into the hole where the guy was hiding, and sees his belongings in there) You're living here?

Man: Malcolm, please. Your mom's going to hear us.

Malcolm: How do you know my name? How do you know my mom?

Man: I've been here for a while. And you were right about moving the tortilla chips to the salsa aisle. The sales are up at least 15%.

Malcolm: I knew it. Wait. How long's "a while?"

Man: Three years in January. I was going to move over to foot care, but once you get unpacked, it's...

Malcolm: You've been living in this store for three years? Are you crazy?

Man: I don't know. I just... Malcolm, I had this super high-pressure job. People were constantly hounding me for answers, decisions, budgets, signatures. My-My nerves were a total wreck. I was wandering around here waiting for

my Xanax refill, my-my cell phone and Blackberry both going off, and I saw this crack. And I decided to hide in there, just for a few minutes, and...it was fantastic. I didn't want to leave. And then I didn't, and no one noticed, so I just... stayed.

Malcolm: You never left the store in all that time?

Man: You guys are pretty well-stocked here. Lots of canned goods, toiletries... Every day I clean a different third of my body in the bathroom sink.

Malcolm: But you can't just live here.

Man: Why not? I-I pay for everything I use, I help out whenever I can. I clean spills, I change light bulbs. I have saved Craig's life at least five times. You're not going to tell on me, are you?

Malcolm: I don't know...

Man: What about Wendy? I know you like her. And I can help you. I see her all the time. I overhear her conversations. I know everything about her, like why she broke up with her last boyfriend.

Malcolm: Why?

Man: Will you let me stay?

Malcolm: Yeah, all right. (TC): Okay, so I'm entrusting my love life to a burned-out hermit who lives behind a ball cage. That doesn't make me a desperate loser. I'm doing it anyway.

Cut to the garage, where Reese is watching the butterflies, when Hal comes in.

Hal: Okay, Reese...

Reese: Shh. Dad, they're pupating. They need peace and quiet while they're developing their delicate new...

Hal: We got to dump the bugs.

Reese: What?!

Hal: Sorry. Your mother wants them gone.

Reese: No, you can't do this. They never hurt anyone. They have no protection, no one to watch over them.

Hal: Oh, crap, I'm too late. You bonded with them, didn't you? Well, welcome to my world. Now you're stuck with feelings of unjustified love for a bunch of mindless, ungrateful eating machines. See how you like it. At least yours will be dead in a month.

Reese: Then I can keep them?

Hal: Throw them under the tarp with the Playboys. And you better be a sullen jerk to me in front of your mother so she doesn't get wise. You got that?

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Malcolm is price-labelling items while talking to the man behind the ball cage.

Malcolm: Go on.

Man: Okay. I overheard her on the phone saying she's sick of guys who play games. She says she just wants someone who's honest and straightforward.

Malcolm: That's great. I'm totally honest and straightforward.

Man: Actually, you're more like blunt and aggressive. That's okay. You just got to slow down, give yourself a chance. She spent 22 minutes and 18 seconds looking through Hallmark cards. She needs to be treated gently. (hands Malcolm folded piece of paper) Here's some stuff she likes. Movies, music, shampoo brands, paper towels... Uh, well, some of it's more useful than others, but learn it all. When the time's right, you can show her how much you have in common with her.

Malcolm: Thanks. This is great.

Lois: Who are you talking to?

Malcolm: Um, I was just... singing. (walks off, making up song) Thanks, this is great, As long as we're together, girl. Yeah. In my car.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house. Hal is sitting on the couch when Dewey comes in.

Dewey: I want you to know something. I've been sleeping in that bed by myself for a week. A week without sharing covers, a week without being smashed, and a week without having anyone's butt shoved into my face.

Hal: So, what are you angry about?

Dewey: Because during the last week, I've grown half an inch. You lied to me. I'm not the smallest kid in my class from my genetics. It's because I've been stuffed into a bed with Malcolm all my life.

Hal: Whoo, you don't know that. It could be all the crap we feed you, or the chemical plant near the park.

Dewey: Dad...

Hal: Dewey, I'm sorry. But we can't afford to buy you your own bed. You'll just have to grow after Malcolm goes off to college. Oh, no, then Jamie's going into it. Well, at least you'll always be bigger than he is.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Malcolm is walking along, carrying a Lucky Aide bag, when he runs into Lois.

Malcolm: (TC): Yesterday, I passed Wendy at the time clock and casually mentioned how I liked the smell of bookstores. She was so charmed, I didn't even care how stupid that is.

Lois: All right, what's going on?

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

Lois: You haven't complained about one thing in the last week. The only time you don't complain is when you're hiding something from me.

Malcolm: I'm not hiding anything from you.

Craig: Malcolm. There you are. Remember last week when you were trying to figure out how that spill got cleaned up?

Malcolm: (worried) No.

Craig: But remember those vitamins getting pulled from the shelf, and the ice cream case getting cleaned, and those socks being left out to dry and all those other things that seemed like they were happening by themselves?

Malcolm: Not now, Craig.

Craig: I figured it out. I know what's going on. The store is haunted.

Malcolm: Craig...

Lois: All right, what's in this bag?

(takes bag from him and looks inside)

Malcolm: Nothing. I'm restocking.

Lois: Fresh fruit? A package of all-cotton underwear? A decent book? We don't sell this stuff.

Malcolm: (making up story) Okay, fine. If you must know, I was restocking my locker. I've been having intense stomach problems, and that's what the fruit is for, and the underwear, and sadly, the book, too. And now that you've publicly humiliated me, can I go about my business? (Lois walks off and Malcolm puts the stuff back into the bag) (TC): Okay, not bad. It's plausible, embarrassing enough for the outburst, and essentially unprovable. I just have to stand my ground. (sees Lois watching him from where she is standing at the microphone. She turns off the music, and whistling can be heard.)

Lois: (through intercom) Attention Lucky Aide trespasser. You do not get to do this. You do not get to live off the grid. If anyone on the planet was entitled to hide from all the aggravation, it would be me, but I don't, do you understand? No one gets to shirk their share of the misery. Everyone has to be stuck in this together. That's what's fair. Those are the rules. Now, you obviously know me, so you know what I'm willing to do to find you. So save us both the time and come out now. (the man emerges from an aisle)

Craig: Let me handle this. (goes over to the man) Do you know anything about a guy living in the store?

Cut to the Wilkersons' house. Reese wakes up, goes to the window and discovers his box of caterpillars outside in the yard.

Reese: No!

Cut to Reese emerging from the garage with the box, which is now covered with a sheet. He goes to take them inside but the door is locked. Hal is watching at his bedroom window.

Hal: No, Reese, you're not coming in here with those.

Reese: But they'll freeze to death out there!

Hal: I'm sorry, son. I already promised your mom I would get rid of them. And I have four or five other lies in the fire I can't jeopardize. The bugs stay outside.

Reese: Fine. Then I'll... I'll... I'll fight you for it.

Hal: Reese, you already fought me for the last English muffin two weeks ago, and I cleaned your clock.

Reese: (raising voice) But this time, I'm fighting for something I love even more than those muffins.

Hal: (angry) Keep your voice down. You're going to wake Jamie.

Reese: Good. I want him to hear what kind of heartless monster his father really is. Come on, old man, let's go.

Hal: All right. But if I throw my back out again beating you up, I am going to kick the crap out of you. (Reese sneaks inside with the box, and locks Hal outside)

Cut to the Lucky Aide the next morning. Craig and Malcolm are waiting in the staff room with the old man, when Lois comes in.

Lois: Well, the police are on their way.
(to the man) Three years you've been living here. Unbelievable.

Craig: Didn't you once give me the Heimlich maneuver in Snacks and Nuts?

Man: You've got to learn to chew.

Craig: Easier said, my friend.

Malcolm: Mom, can't you just let him go? He didn't even really do anything wrong. He paid for everything he took. He helped out around the store. The guy's just living here. What's wrong with that?

Man: I could just disappear, go to the Wal-Mart down the block. I've heard great things about them.

Lois: He broke the rules, Malcolm. The rules matter. Rules say we get paid time and a half for the graveyard shift. The rules say trespassers

are dealt with by the police. You can't just pick and choose what rules you want to follow, or the whole system breaks down.

Malcolm: But...

Lois: Malcolm, I'm sorry. But as long as I'm working here, I can't bend the rules for anyone. (clock ticks 7.30am) 7:30. Shift's over.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Lois: I'm off the clock. I'm going home. Everybody else can do whatever they want. But they better do it quick. They don't have a lot of time. (the man quickly runs out into the store)

Malcolm: Thank you.

Lois: For what?

Craig: Great. She lets that guy walk, but makes a federal case whenever I put my phone number in with the birth control pills.

Wendy: Hi, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Oh, hey, Wendy.

Wendy: Did you get the blue irises I sent you?

Malcolm: Yeah, I did.

Wendy: How did you know those were my favourite flowers?

Malcolm: Well, you know, I guess we just really have a lot in common. Like loving grilled cheese and tomato sandwiches and Stephen King books. I wouldn't be surprised if you were a big Coldplay fan, too.

Wendy: What the hell are you doing? Following me around? Are you stalking me?

Malcolm: No. No, no. I guess we're just really in sync. Is that so weird? I mean, sometimes two people...

Wendy: You stay away from me, creep.

Craig: Don't worry, buddy. Even I get that sometimes.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house.

Dewey: (looking around for Hal) Dad, the toilet lid was up, and Jamie's tongue is blue again. (Hal knocks at the laundry door, and Dewey goes to open it) Did you spend all night out there?

Hal: My choice. It's very bracing out there. Now why don't you help me into the shower and see if we can't save your dad's toes.

Cut to the boys' bedroom, where Reese is lying on the floor asleep, with his arms around the box of caterpillars. A butterfly lands on his wrist, and he wakes up.

Reese: Oh, my God. Winston, is that you? Geez. I thought you were going to look totally gay as a butterfly, but you look amazing. (two more butterflies land on his shoulders) Harv? And Julio. I knew you'd be one of the first. You were always the head of the class. (more butterflies fly from the box) This is fantastic. Look at all of you guys. (more and more butterflies emerge from the box) Wow. I forgot how many of you there were. Okay. That's a lot of fluttering. That's enough. (scared) Get off of me. Get the hell off of me! Help! Help!

Cut to the kitchen, where the family are eating breakfast.

Malcolm (TC): Good news. Wendy's restraining order has been reduced from 100 feet to 50 feet. If I can yell loud enough, I think I can straighten this out.

Hal: It's so good to have you back.

Lois: Oh. You coming home for lunch?

Hal: Mm, and coffee break.

Reese: (Dewey waves a piece of paper at his neck, and he thinks it's a butterfly. He runs off screaming) No, no!

Hal: Okay, one more week, then that joke's off limits.