

## BURNING MAN TRANSCRIPT

Lois: Boys, cookies!

Reese: All right!

Lois: Nuh-uh, not that one. I put Dewey's antibiotics in that one. Take this one. It's biggest.

Reese: Did you put anything in this one?

Lois: Of course not. Just take it. Then take this one 20 minutes later.

Reese: There's no doubt about it, we're totally gonna go this year.

Malcolm: Totally. It's not even a question.

Reese: What's there to question?

Malcolm: Nothing. Because we're going.

Reese: We're totally going.

Malcolm: Totally.

Dewey: Oh, God, Burning Man again? Every year it's the same thing. "This time we're totally going!" "Oh, yeah, totally!" And every year you chicken out with some pathetic excuse. My personal favourite was last year's "really bad Slurpee headache."

Reese: See? That is exactly the kind of ignorant talk I'd expect from someone who doesn't have any appreciation for what Burning Man is. A week of freedom out in the desert, naked women, getting back to your primal nature, naked women, people doing art, naked women.

Dewey: Are all the women naked?

Reese: That is all you heard, isn't it?

Malcolm: Mom...Dad breakfast...Jamie...Dewey...Dad dinner. There. That should get us till tomorrow.

Reese: I can't believe it. We're really doing it! We're actually going to Burning Man!

Lois: Hitchhiking?! Hitchhiking on the highway like hobos?!

Hal: Thank God your mother undercooked the chicken last night, or who knows when we might have found out about this?!

Lois: What were you thinking?! Sneaking off in the middle of the night to go to some overblown keg party in the desert!

Malcolm: That is not what Burning Man is all about. Burning Man is an incredible, interactive experiment in human creativity, where you do art just for art's sake, and you make music from instruments that came to you in dreams. It's the one place where you're free to let go and really see what you're capable of creating without worrying what anyone else thinks! That's what Burning Man is all about!

Reese: I think she actually might've bought that.

Lois: This Burning Person sounds like it's gonna be a lot of fun. What a great idea, Malcolm.

Reese: Yeah. Maybe next year we can take Grandma to Mardi Gras.

Malcolm: You think I enjoy having powers that I can't control? Believe me, I'd much rather be as stupid as you are.

Reese: Don't try sucking up to me now.

Lois: I still can't believe Mr. Barnes let you borrow his fancy RV. This is so classy. This is like Buckingham Palace on wheels.

Hal: He ripped one on the elevator just before the CEO got on, and I took the blame for it. That's the way things work in the corporate world. You're unselfish, and it paid off. Hey, you boys check out the flat screen TV back in the bedroom? And the two-thirds-scale fold-down pool table? Boy, we're gonna have so much fun in this baby! (Dewey opens bottle of juice) Whoa, whoa. What was that?

Dewey: I just opened an apple juice for Jamie.

Hal: And now you can close it back up. I thought I was clear about this. The camper is going back without a single stain, smudge, smell or dent.

Dewey: Yeah, but I really think Jamie...

Hal: Dewey, what is the rule?

Dewey: This one RV is worth three of me.

Reese: Okay. Help me get this grate off. I'm gonna ditch out when we slow down for a turn. I am not going to Burning Man with Mom and Dad.

Malcolm: Reese, we're in the middle of the desert.

Reese: I know what you're thinking. The road runners are too smart to catch and eat. But the coyotes are idiots.

Malcolm: Look, it might not be as embarrassing as we think. If we move quick, we might be able to sneak off without anyone knowing that we came to Burning Man with our parents.

Hal: We're here! (toots horn)

Lois: Hey, neighbours! I'm gonna do art, too. I brought my paintbrushes.

Hal: Okay, let's get moving here. Reese, Malcolm. I want you guys...

Dewey: They're gone. They shimmied under the RV and took off running.

Hal: Oh. Well, then I guess it's up to you to help me set up a protective perimeter around the camper. We'll need about 40 rocks, at least the size of bowling balls. I'm sorry, son. You snooze, you lose. Now, come on, come on. Don't let the flies get in.

Reese: Look at this place, it's amazing! That has to be the coolest guy on Earth!

Malcolm: See? I told you everything was gonna be all right even with Mom and Dad here. We just need to make sure we look out for each other... Excuse me. Whoa! Ow! Ow! Damn it! I stepped on a cactus. Can you give me a hand? Reese?

Old man: Hey, buddy?

Reese: You know where the topless chicks are? And I'm not interested in the uggos or blimps, if you know what I'm saying.

Old man: Follow me, I'm going that way. Hey, man, want some Stanley? First time at Burning Man?

Reese: Yeah.

Old man: Yeah, I can always tell the newbies. Hey, you guys, you want a little Stanley?

Reese: What's Stanley?

Old man: Oh, Stanley was a buddy of mine. We've been coming to Burning Man together almost 20 years. Anyway, he passed on over the winter, and he always said he wanted his ashes scattered here, kind of as a way of spreading the spirit of Burning Man to the people and the family he loved.

Reese: And you're allowed to do that? Spray a dead guy on people?! I got suspended for a week for putting a mouse's head on the end of my pencil.

Old man: Burning Man's all about freedom, dude. You can do whatever you want here.

Reese: Whatever I want? I could kick this over? Or break that?

Old man: Well, I guess if you really felt you had to.

Reese: Doesn't that kind of take the fun out of mindless destruction?

Old man: That's what the flaming catapult's for. Yeah, but the real spirit of Burning Man isn't about destruction. It's about creating, participating, contributing. Building a community that needs you, relies on you. It's about allowing yourself to become part of the whole, and then coming away from it with more than you brought. No, there's no feeling like it in the world.

Reese: Wow.

Old man: Yeah, it's a mind-altering journey, son... if you're willing to take it.

Reese: You know what? I think I want some Stanley.

Lois: Wow! This stuff is gorgeous. We really have to get some for the house.

Hal: Howdy! Just getting the old homestead set up. Best hamburgers and dogs you've ever tasted are on me when I get this baby fired up, huh?

Person #1: What's he doing?

Person #2: It's performance art. He's skewering the empty banality of the modern suburban dad.

Hal: Honey, where'd I put my good basting brush? Honey? Honey?

Person #3: This guy's good.

Hal: No one told me there was a looky-loo convention in town.

Dewey: Dad, do I have to circle the whole thing? I can't find any more rocks.

Hal: Son, look, we might be in the desert, but we are still civilized people, and civilized people put up arbitrary boundaries that they will fight to the death to protect. I'm pretty sure we passed some nice-sized rocks when we turned into the camp.

Dewey: That's half a mile away!

Hal: Don't be silly. Two miles, easy.

Lois: Here we go! Hal, this place is so great! I met the nicest group of gals down by the Porta Potties. They call themselves a "tribe," like a group of wild Indians. Isn't that cute? They invited me to the Hemp-braiding tent later.

Hal: What are you using the Porta Potties for when we have the world's greatest toilet ten feet away in the RV? That thing will suck down a small deer. (about the growing crowd) Mention free food and they start gathering like flies.

Malcolm (TC): This is great. I'm gonna spend my entire two days at Burning Man standing in this line.

Guy: Hey, man. You know, the line's much shorter over in front of the Shaman's tent.

Malcolm: The what?

Guy: Oh, you will love her. She totally cured my plantar's warts.

Malcolm: Thanks, but...

Guy: Come on, man. You think I'd lead you wrong?

Shaman: And remember, if you're gonna eat glass, chew at least ten times before you swallow. Okay? Ooh, what do we have here?

Malcolm: I stepped on a cactus. The needle went right through my shoe.

Shaman: Let's take a look.

Malcolm: It's not a big deal. I think I just need some disinfectant and a band-aid and I'll be... Ma'am?

Shaman: Mmm. You've internalized a lot of criticism, haven't you?

Malcolm: Well, I don't know. I guess. But what does...

Shaman: Okay... here's your problem. You have an incredible amount of

passion in your soul. But you've got to let down the armor you're using to shield it. You also need a tetanus shot.

Malcolm (TC): Okay, she's almost as old as my mom, and obviously crazy as a loon. So why am I so turned on?

Shaman: Most Western medicines numb the body. They silence it. But the body's an amazing thing, Malcolm. It can tell you what's wrong with it. All real healing is just listening. I don't see anything alternative about that.

Malcolm: I just don't see colonizing space as the answer. I mean, if we can't solve our problems here, what's the point of just exporting them there?

Shaman: Even Werner Von Braun said that everything science taught him strengthened his belief in the continuity of spiritual existence after death.

Malcolm: Okay, I buy that Godzilla came out of the collective purging of Japanese guilt after World War II, but can you explain to me why the costume had to look so fake?

Shaman: Well, let's see... first I'd say... The Go-Go's. Then The Bangles... Bananarama and Josie and the Pussycats.

Malcolm: I can't believe it! I hated Charlotte's Web, too! I just wanted to squash that whiny little spider.

Shaman: Deep Dish.

Malcolm: Chocolate chip.

Shaman & Malcolm: Oscar the Grouch.

Malcolm: Wow. And I thought all that crap everyone said about love was just to piss me off.

Lois's friend: So you're going to come?

Lois: Oh, absolutely. That sounds like a hoot and a half.

Lois's friend: Great. It's by the giant foam tongue. Just make a left at the guy in the phone booth full of Jell-O. If you hit the Men's Diaper Brigade you've gone too far.

Lois: See you there.

Lois's friend: Okay.

Hal: What's this? The food's all green.

Lois: I added a little food color. It's artistic. I'm being artistic.

Reese: Mom's right. I always thought art was just stupid paintings of old dead guys in drag, but I was wrong. Art can be doing something, or even undoing something. Like when I blew up the Muller's mailbox, that was art, and I didn't even know it.

Hal: Green eggs and toast. I do not like green eggs and toast.

Lois: Oh, for God's sake, Hal, stretch a little. We're on vacation.

Dewey: Vacation?! Which part of this is vacation? Armour-Alling the tires for six hours, or scraping the dead bugs out of the grill with a toothbrush?

Hal: Why do they have to play Frisbee so close to the RV? Can't they have fun with that thing without constantly throwing it around? And where's Malcolm? Did he even come home last night? I gotta tell you, Lois, I really don't think I like this place.

Malcolm (TC): I think I love this place. No, I'm sure I do. Good morning. Did you know... you are the most incredible woman who ever lived?

Shaman: Well, I knew I was in the top three. But I guess your vote clinches it.

Malcolm: So, are we going to spend the day together? I thought we could go check out the Circle of Infinity...

Shaman: Oh, I have a ton of re-birthing ceremonies to do today. But we can get together later. How about that?

Malcolm: Sure, that sounds great.

Shaman: What's the matter?

Malcolm: Nothing. I'm happy. Really, really happy. No, there's something the matter, but I just can't pin it down. Nothing's wrong. You go do your re-birthing whatever's, and we'll get together later.

Shaman: Contempt. That's it.

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

Shaman: You have contempt for me, and for what I do.

Malcolm: No, no, not at all. (TC): I should really just keep my mouth shut for the next five seconds. Four, three... (to Shaman) I mean, it is a pretty silly ritual, but I guess I don't see any real harm in it.

Shaman: You know, I have a lot to do today and I think you should probably go.

Malcolm: No...

Shaman: Good-bye, Malcolm.

Guy: This guy's really captured something here.

Woman: This piece is as vicious as it is funny.

Hal: What are you looking at?! Haven't you ever seen a man sweep his lawn with a broom before? Okay, that's enough. I've had it. Go on, get out of here, you punks. (Frisbee hits the RV and Hal grabs it) What the hell is wrong with you people?! Doesn't anybody have respect for personal property anymore? You can think about that for a few days until I give this back to you. I bet orphanages don't take family trips. Or kids raised by animals. How come they get all the breaks?

Lady: Okay, Lois, you can open your eyes now.

Lois: Oh, my gosh. This is fantastic. Oh... I wish there was a JC Penney nearby. I'd love to get wallets of this.

Malcolm: Who's stupid idea was it to come here, anyway?

Hal: I'm with you, Malcolm. We don't belong here. This place is full of freaks and weirdos. And now your mother and Jamie are out there with them, doing God knows what. You're going to be okay, Malcolm, because you are just like me.

Malcolm: I am?

Hal: Well, sure. They say we're stubborn, they say we're closed-minded, but I say there's nothing closed-minded about shunning ideas that make you scared and uncomfortable.

Malcolm: Yeah.

Hal: And who cares if they say we're afraid of life? Life is scary. Life is things eating things. I say let everyone out there go ahead and eat each other. You and I we're gonna be in here together, safe and sound.

Malcolm: I've been a total idiot. I've got to get over myself.

Hal: Where are you going? Don't walk away from me when I'm talking to you, young man! (to crowd) Get... off... my... property!

Reese: What? What did I do?

Old Man: Come with us.

Reese: Wait. I want my lawyer. He's the naked guy in the buffalo head.

Old Man: It's okay, Reese, you're not in any trouble. We want you to be the torchbearer for the big Burning Man ceremony.

Reese: You do?

Old Man: Absolutely. I can't think of anyone who has embraced and embodied the spirit of the festival more than you have.

Reese: Really? Wow. Hey, don't say anything to my lawyer, okay? I don't want to have to give him a piece of this.

Woman: Open yourselves to the energy of re-birthing.

Malcolm (TC): I can do this. I can be open-minded. So it's a little weird. Most rituals are a little weird, right? (sees couple with newborn baby)

Baby's Mum: He really needs a fresh start.

Baby's Dad: We made a lot of mistakes his first two days.

Malcolm (TC): Okay, so it's totally insane. I don't care, I'm doing it.

Old Man: I got to tell you, man, you've been fantastic.

Reese: Thanks. What's this for?

Old Man: What's it for? It's to set him on fire.

Reese: What?!

Old Man: That's how we end Burning Man, man, by burning the man.

Reese: But it can't end. I don't want it to. For my first time in my life I've been real, like I belong.

Old Man: We've all been there, man. But it still has to end.

Reese: But why?

Old Man: That's just the way it is. Look, it's cool if you don't want to...

Reese: Get back! Everyone just stay back! No one's burning Burning Man!

Shaman: Malcolm? What are you doing here?

Malcolm: I did it. I actually did it.

Shaman: You re-birthed yourself...for me?

Malcolm: No. Well, yeah, originally, but something happened in there. I mean, I was able to open my mind and be accepting of something I didn't believe in. I've never been able to do that before. It's amazing, I actually feel like I've been reborn. It feels fantastic. And it's all thanks to you.

Shaman: Oh, Malcolm. We can never see each other again.

Malcolm: What?

Shaman: This can never work. You're just way to manuable. The condescending cynic, I could deal with, but this... I don't want you doing things just because I want you to do them.

Malcolm: Then I won't. If that's what you want. (TC): Crap.

Shaman: I'm sorry, Malcolm. Life is a journey that you have to take on your own.

Malcolm: I've tried my own journey. It's sucks. Please, please, please, just take me with you. I don't take up a lot of space.

Shaman: You have to go now.

Malcolm: But... (TC): Great. Who knew this life could be even crappier than the last one?

Reese: Stay back! Stay back! I mean it!

Hal: Get in the van, Reese. We're going home.

Reese: Dad, you gotta help me. They want me to burn Burning Man.

Hal: Oh, for crying out loud, just torch the bastard and we're out of here.

Dewey: I'm ready. I finally got your precious floor mats clean.



Hal: Let's get the hell out of here. (sees Malcolm wet, wrapped in a towel) Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Are you insane? You're not going into my beautiful van looking like that.

Guy: Hey! Here come the Trumpet Strumpets. Let's burn the man!

Lois: Reese, You behave yourself, young man. You hear me?

Hal: You look incredible, honey. Now get in the van.

Reese: No! No, please!

Crowd: Burning Man! Burning Man! Burning Man! Burning Man!

Reese: No! Please, no!

Crowd: Burning Man! Burning Man!

Reese: No, no! Burning Man can't end.

Crowd: Burning Man! Burning Man!

Reese: I won't let it! (throws the torch, it flies through the air, lands in the bucket of cleaning products in the RV, and the RV goes up in flames)

Crowd: Burning van! Burning van! Burning van! Burning van! Burning van!  
Burning van...

Reese: I still can't believe how awesome Burning Man was. Next year we're totally going back, right?

Lois: Totally.

Malcolm (TC): Okay, so Burning Man didn't turn out as great as I thought it would. But I think I'll get over it a lot faster than Dad will. His boss really loved that RV.

Hal: Don't wait up. I probably won't be home until dawn again. Tonight I'm digging him a new septic tank. Come on, Dewey. First we gotta relocate the pet cemetery.