

705 JESSICA STAYS OVER TRANSCRIPT

Reese: Give me the candy bar. You heard me, Jamie. Give it. Where is it? Where'd it go?

Malcolm: (TC): Wow, I was five before I got Reese to fall for that. Sorry. I didn't... Sorry.

Jessica: It's no big deal, Malcolm. You know, one day you will be old enough to shave. Go.

Malcolm: Oh... Yeah, okay. (TC): That's Jessica, our neighbour. Mom and Dad are letting her sleep on our couch for a week until her father's arraigned. Seems he got drunk Friday night, decided to track down her mom and tried to drive a street-sweeper to Mexico. She has some family issues.

Lois: Malcolm, Reese, Jessica, let's go.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Reese: Are you kidding? No way I'm letting Jessica get a look at the goods.

Lois: What is taking you boys so long?

Reese: Tell Sasquatch in there to give us a shot at the bathroom.

Malcolm: Hey, Mom, can I borrow your car tonight? Frank Miller's signing his new graphic novel...

Lois: You're going to drive it the way you threw your pants in a wad behind the hamper yesterday? I don't think so. (TC): What? How does her mind even form thoughts like that?

Dewey: Is that a bee?

Hal: That is how you know it's fresh. You won't find any bees in your store-bought honey, I'll tell you that much.

Dewey: Where did this come from?

Hal: Spoils of war, Dewey. You know that beehive in the toolshed I've been battling for months? Victory is mine.

Dewey: You did it yourself? How'd you know how to do that?

Hal: It's instinctual. See, human beings were born with everything they need to destroy bees. Except the poison, you have to buy that.

Dewey: I feel kind of sorry for the bees, though.

Hal: It's survival of the fittest, Dewey. If they had won, they'd be spreading us on toast right now.

Malcolm: Big deal. So I don't get the car to go to the book signing. Meeting your heroes is always such a disappointment, anyway.

Jessica: Hi, Malcolm.

Malcolm: You got the car? How'd you get the car?

Jessica: I just had a little shopping to do, and your mom insisted I take the car.

Malcolm: What do you mean she insisted? I've been begging her for weeks. Every time I ask, she says no.

Jessica: That's where you made your mistake. I just got all vulnerable and poured on stuff about my dad. It was easy.

Malcolm: No way.

Jessica: Look, Malcolm, it's not something I'm proud of, believe me. It's how I've learned to survive in my twisted family. They're like a total cesspool of manipulation and emotional blackmail. Everyone screwing everyone over. I don't even know a true, honest way to connect with people anymore. It's sick. I'm sick!

Malcolm: Jessica, wait. I'm sorry.

Jessica: Ah, thanks for carrying my bags for me, Malcolm. Told you it was easy.

Reese: You can bite my American ass, Zhao Lee.

Dewey: What's that?

Reese: The school made us adopt pen pals from different countries. I got stuck with this loser from China.

Dewey: What's wrong with China?

Reese: It's not what you think, Dewey. He won't send you illegal fireworks or get your nunchucks autographed by the emperor. The guy's a total jerk. It started off with a simple request to apologize for Pearl Harbour. The guy wouldn't do it. He's so arrogant. When I draw squiggles, it's nonsense. When he does it, it's a language. I was so pissed. But then I thought, be the better man, and reason with the guy.

Dewey: "Do you want me to kick your butt? Check yes or no."

Reese: And there's his response. He couldn't even follow simple instructions. "You need help, Reese." He thinks a whole planet between us is going to protect him. He thinks he's so smart. We'll see who's smart when I mail myself to China and kick him upside-down ass.

Dewey: What? Reese, that's crazy.

Reese: Name one thing that's crazy about it.

Dewey: You're right. I take it back.

Reese: I can't wait to see his face when he opens up his mail and I pop out.

Dewey: And how are you supposed to get back after you beat him up?

Reese: Dewey, you know nothing about Asian culture. After I humiliate him, I earn his respect, plus half his land and his sister, if she's hot.

All I got to do is stay off of Mom's radar for the next three days.
(to Lois) You call this clean? I have to say, Mom, if you're just going to phone it in, why even bother?

Dewey: You just bought yourself two days grounded in your room.

Reese: Fine. Maybe you can use that time to learn how to roll socks.

Lois: Make it three days. You want to try for more?

Reese: Nope. Three's perfect.

Hal: Hey, survivor, huh? I guess you weren't around when Uncle Hal came a-knockin'. Oh, all right, all right. Let it go. War's over. All right, knock it off! I mean it! Back off! I'm warning you! Your friends died like cowards.

Lois: What's wrong with you?

Malcolm: Nothing. I'm fine.

Lois: Aw, this crisper is disgusting. It's like vegetable soup in there. Malcolm, get a sponge and clean it out.

Malcolm: Okay.

Lois: You're not going to fight me or try to weasel out of it? All right, what's wrong?

Malcolm: Nothing. It's just... there's this math test coming up, and... I don't know...

Lois: Malcolm, stop. You're going to ace it like you always do.

Malcolm: That's just the point. You totally expect me to get a hundred. My teacher expects me to get a hundred. Everyone expects me to get a hundred. Do you know what it's like every time you do anything in school to have everyone expect you to be perfect? Do you have any idea what kind of pressure that puts on you? (goes into bedroom and dangles car keys in front of Jessica) It was so easy. I started with this load of crap about my math test and then the rest just came pouring out of me so naturally. Before I knew it she was telling me to take the car and go and have fun with my friends. She even gave me money for gas.

Jessica: Nice. Is that a tear?

Malcolm: No.

Reese: Six boxes of cereal, two gallons of milk, eight peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, adult diapers and Madlibs.

Dewey: You thought of everything.

Reese: And I also packed some barbells so I can get there in fighting shape.

Dewey: They look like soup cans.

Reese: You noticed. See, there's a lot of things that serve two purposes. Like my pillow. It's stuffed with M&M's so I can sleep and snack from the

same source. It's the same way NASA designed the old space capsules. The very same. And you'll be ready with the tapes to cover with Mom, right?

Dewey: Yeah.

Reese: All right, let's get moving. I want to be at the post office for the 4:00 pick-up.

Dewey: Should I get you stamped "fragile"?

Reese: What's that supposed to mean? And the journey begins.

Hal: Malcolm, you wouldn't happen to know the life expectancy of a bee, would you?

Malcolm: I don't know.

Hal: Great. What's the point of hauling around that giant head of yours if you can't retain a few simple facts?

Lois: Hal, he gets enough pressure from school without his family piling on.

Malcolm (TC): Did Mom just defend me? Wow, this vulnerability crap is more effective than I thought.

Lois: Reese's eggs are stone cold. Dewey, you can bring them to him now.

Reese's Voice: It's about time, butt-munch. She actually expects me to eat this slop?

Lois: Hal... what are you doing home? It's 10:15.

Hal: It's that bee, Lois. He attacked me again on my way to the car. I barely made it back in here. The damn thing won't leave me alone. He's on some crazy vendetta.

Lois: Hal!

Hal: Okay, maybe it's not that crazy when you think about it. I mean, I did kill all his family and friends and basically destroyed his whole world. That's got to come as a blow.

Lois: Hal, you have got to go to work.

Hal: I know, you're right. This is absurd. Okay. Here's the plan, Lois. I am going to move very casually toward the back door and draw his attention over there. Once he's diverted, you run lickety-split to my car and drive it right up here to the side doors. Honk the horn. Two short beeps, then one long. I'll count to three we'll open the doors simultaneously.

Lois: You've got to be kidding me.

Hal: Hey, I am not going to let some bee run my life.

Jessica: Where are you going?

Malcolm: Rick Kessler's party.

Jessica: How you getting there?

Malcolm: I'm going to tell my mom how I can't beat people's expectations on my science test.

Jessica: Are you a complete moron?

Malcolm: What?

Jessica: Amateurs. You are not trying to manipulate a guy here, Malcolm. You have to use your brain.

Malcolm: But it worked great last time.

Jessica: Which is why you can never use it again. Especially with your mom's radar. Come on, sit down, listen to me. You got lucky the first time. But if you want to pull this off, getting the car two nights in a row, you have to be very, very good.

Malcolm: Why can't I just...

Jessica: Hey! Do you want to ride Jamie's Big Wheel to the party? I am telling you, you have to share some real fear or feeling of inadequacy. If you are not totally honest, she will see right through your scam.

Malcolm: Okay. So, like what?

Jessica: Well, I don't know. What do you got?

Malcolm: Well, I, uh...

Jessica: Come on, Malcolm, your biggest problem is choosing one.

Malcolm: Okay, well, I'm not that tall.

Jessica: That's what you're going with?

Malcolm: I don't know. This is hard.

Jessica: We'll go down the list and see which one makes you feel the most uncomfortable. We've established that you're short.

Malcolm: Yeah.

Jessica: And pretty scrawny.

Malcolm: Yeah.

Jessica: And completely self-absorbed.

Malcolm: Yeah.

Jessica: With huge mother issues.

Malcolm: Yeah.

Jessica: You don't really put out a sexual vibe.

Malcolm: Hey!

Jessica: Bingo.

Malcolm: It was amazing. We've never really talked like that. She said she felt like a total outcast in high school. She told me all this stuff. Like really personal stuff, but it didn't feel creepy like your mom's telling you stuff. It was more like we were equals. It was great.

Jessica: Good work. Did you get the car?

Malcolm: What? Oh, yeah. You know what, I think I'm going to skip the party.

Jessica: You're kidding.

Malcolm: Yeah, I don't know, I just... I don't really feel like going out. You know what? I think I'm going to stay home and start a journal.

Reese: Stupid jet engine. Hey! Why don't you learn how to fly this stupid thing?!

Lois: Oh, sure, I feel lonely. Sometimes even with my family all around me, I feel like there's this... I don't know, this-this gulf between us that I can't get across and maybe don't even want to. Does that sound awful?

Malcolm: No, no. I know exactly what you're talking about. There's this deep chasm of loneliness, but the weird thing is, it's... it's not all that horrible. It's almost like this... this...

Lois: Sweet pain?

Malcolm: Oh, my God. I thought I was the only one who felt that way.

Lois: Well, it's not something I really talk about. I can't believe I'm even telling you.

Malcolm: Don't worry, Mom. I... I understand. I really do.

Lois: Oh, look at the time. Malcolm, we've gabbed the whole morning away. I got to get dressed for work.

Malcolm: Go ahead. I'll finish the dishes.

Lois: I'm gonna take you up on that.

Jessica: That was genius.

Malcolm: Jessica? You were there the whole time?

Jessica: Seriously, that was awesome. What are you going for?

Malcolm: What? Nothing.

Jessica: Malcolm, it's me. What are you after? I mean you've got her opening up to you. Forget about the car. With that level of intimacy, I'd shoot for a laptop.

Malcolm: We were just talking about things we felt.

Jessica: Wow, Malcolm, that's really... Pathetic.

Malcolm: Shut up.

Jessica: Listen, Monday I need you to get your mom out of the house for a couple of hours after school. Take her to a chick flick or something. You should enjoy that.

Malcolm: What for?

Jessica: My boyfriend's coming over, and I'd like to have the house to ourselves, if you know what I mean.

Malcolm: What?!

Jessica: Oh, good, you do know what I mean. I wasn't sure with that whole chasm of loneliness crap.

Malcolm: You can't hook up in my house. I've never hooked up in my house.

Jessica: Okay, Malcolm, it's your decision. Just a little worried how your mom might react when she finds out that the only reason you've been opening up to her is to get her car.

Malcolm: That's not even true anymore. Anyway, you'd look just as bad.

Jessica: Malcolm, my dad's in jail, and I live on a couch. Looking bad isn't really a big motivator for me. Now, you owe me.

Malcolm: You'd really do it, wouldn't you?

Jessica: Knowing me... Yeah.

Malcolm: Fine, but I can't believe you're being like this. I thought you were helping me because you were my friend.

Jessica: Yeah, Malcolm? Save the girl talk for your mom.

Reese: (writing in journal) Day 23. I'm out of food, but I've never felt so focused and alive. I see everything now with crystal clarity that... (falls asleep, then wakes up again) Day 24. I must be getting close. I can smell the docks.

Jamie: I know Mommy wanted us to go to the park. But why go outside where bad things want to hurt Daddy, when we can have just as much fun inside the house, right, Jamie? How about a nice shaving cream beard, huh? I did one last week at work, and everyone loved it. Don't worry, Jamie, it's me he's after, not you.

Reese's Voice: Stop looking at me, Dewey.

Dewey's Voice: I'm not looking at you.

Reese's Voice: Don't touch me.

Dewey's Voice: I'm not touching you.

Reese's Voice: You're practically touching me.

Dewey's Voice: Shut up.

Reese's Voice: You shut up.

Dewey's Voice: Why don't you? (Dewey looks around and sees Lois in the doorway)

Reese's Voice: Why don't you make me?

Dewey's Voice: Why don't you make me?

Reese's Voice: Maybe I will.

Lois: He thinks he's on his way to China, and you've just been torturing him in that box?!

Dewey: Yeah.

Lois: Can he breathe in there?

Dewey: He's still making noises.

Lois: And he's got food and water?

Dewey: Yeah.

Lois: All right. (in bed) Honestly, Hal, I haven't felt this close to Malcolm since was four years old. Did I tell you he's taking me to a movie tomorrow? I can't believe it. I mean, put out there, you don't know whether it'll ever come back to you. And then, when it does, it's wonderful. It's worth all the crap you have to put up with.

Hal: Our boy is growing up, Lois. I'm very proud of both of you.

Lois: Thanks, honey. Can you turn off the smoke now?

Hal: In a minute.

Mike: How long do we have the place?

Jessica: At least two hours.

Mike: So, what do you want to do?

Malcolm: Jessica, I have to talk to you.

Jessica: Malcolm, what are you doing here? Where's Lois?

Malcolm: Still at the movies. I told her everything. I couldn't hold it back from her. We were in the lobby, and I saw something that reminded me of how much she really loves me. This mom was holding up her son so he could get a drink of water, and I thought, "What kind of Mom lets their kid drink from a public drinking fountain?" She would have yelled at me about all the germs, and I thought about how much she really cares about me, and I couldn't hold it back.

Jessica: Malcolm, we'll talk about this later.

Malcolm: It was horrible.

I tried to explain that getting close to her started off as a way to use her, but... It turned into something real. But she didn't care. She was just too hurt. She said she didn't want to look at me anymore. And then she walked right out of Autumn Encounter and straight into Body

Count III. It's too bad, because Autumn Encounter looked really good.

Mike: Can I make myself a sandwich?

Jessica: Wait. Mike, this won't take long.

Malcolm: (crying) My mom used to make me sandwiches. Now she'll never make me sandwiches again.

Jessica: Malcolm pull yourself together!

Mike: This is kind of weird.

Jessica: Wait. Wait, Mike. Mike?

Mike: Hi.

Dewey: Hi.

Mike: I'm Mike, Jessica's friend.

Dewey: Dewey.

Mike: Mind if I make myself a sandwich?

Dewey: I don't care. Wait, can you do me a favour first? There's this crate in the garage I can't get open. You look really strong.

Mike: Sure.

Reese: I bet you weren't expecting this, Zhao! Now you're gonna experience a good old American ass-whuppin'.

Mike: Hey, quit it!

Reese: I don't speak Chinese, jackass.

Mike: All right. (starts punching Reese)

Hal: You! Okay, let's... stay calm. Let's not do anything stupid. Eat wind, honey sucker! This. Ends. Now. (crashes into a brick wall)

Police Officer: Is everything okay?

Hal: Everything is just fine. Who's the idiot now?