

**706 SECRET BOYFRIEND TRANSCRIPT**

Malcolm: Here, I brought one for you.

Reese: Thanks. And now I'll take yours because you obviously shook mine up. Wait a minute. You wanted me to do that. Of course, you had to have known I was going to know that. Unless you didn't think I was smart enough, but I'm smarter than... You know what? I'm not smart enough to figure it out. So what? Big deal. (goes to fridge and gets another can, the can Malcolm did shake up)

Malcolm: (TC): I'm not sure if I have the gift or he does.

Jessica: Oh, great. I have Larry Neff as a lab partner; the groper. The experiment's going to be hard enough as it is without my lab partner trying to honk my boobs every five minutes.

Malcolm: You think you've got it bad? I got stuck with Vicki Jarret.

Vicki: Brad, not again! You're hilarious!

Malcolm: Okay, so she's totally hot. But I'm going to end up doing all the work by myself, which would be fine, but then she'll ask me to explain it. And then she'll just have to cry because the little bulb on top of her spine that she calls a brain will start to hurt, and then I'll end up looking like a jerk.

Jessica: Oh, come on, Malcolm. Give her a chance. Hey, maybe you two can come up with a new formula for lip gloss.

Teacher: Okay, you got your partners. Let's get started.

Malcolm: Hi.

Vicki: Hi. I have a confession to make. I requested you as a lab partner.

Malcolm: Yeah, that doesn't surprise me. Look, I'll walk you through the experiment, I'll do your homework, but I will not cheat on a test for you, okay?

Vicki: Fair enough.

Malcolm: Okay. I'll dry the substrate and remove the ether on the evaporators. You, uh, want to wash the beakers? That's science, too.

Vicki: Come on, Malcolm, I am a part of the team.

Malcolm: Vicki, believe me. I would let you help if I had any confidence that you knew what we were trying to do here. But all you do is sit in class and you giggle and whisper to your friends...

Vicki: Hand me the morpholino-cyclohexene, and you mix in the drydioxane with the methylvinylketone.

Malcolm: Oh, my God, you're smart!

Vicki: Nobody needs to know that.

Malcolm: I don't get it. Why do you need me to be your partner?

Vicki: Maybe I think you're cute. Anyway, it'd be nice to talk to someone

about something deeper than the latest ringtone they downloaded. Most of my friends think...

Malcolm (TC): I know she's still talking, but I didn't hear anything after "I think you're cute."

Lois: Oh, for God's sake!

Hal: What is it?

Lois: A notice for Reese to sign up for Career Day which was last Wednesday. He completely blew it off. What are we going to do with him, Hal? He shows absolutely no interest in his future.

Hal: Sorry, honey, I thought you had given up on him, too.

Lois: He doesn't go to school, he doesn't work. He's 18 years old, and he's still Reese. That is not acceptable.

Hal: What are you going to do?

Dewey: Dad, I did it. I went to the Putt-Putt Palace and I beat your best golf score.

Hal: Good for you, Dewey. Hey, let's have a look. Four in The Witch's Den. Got caught in the swamp, huh? That's why I always take a pitching wedge.

Dewey: Yeah, but then I birdied Three Little Pigs and Pirate's Cove.

Hal: Fantastic. Of course, there was an unusually high pollen count when I got my top score, so who knows what it could have been? But that doesn't take anything away from this. It is quite an achievement, son. Hey, a hole-in-one on the 18th? You got a free game!

Dewey: Actually, the ball got stuck in the hole in the clown's mouth. So the guy said I didn't qualify.

Hal: What? Everyone knows you ace the 18th hole, you win a free game! It's a sacred pact! You throw that out, next thing you know you're going to have a man marrying a horse down at City Hall. Which guy was he?

Dewey: I don't know. Really tall, kind of heavy.

Hal: Oh, I know him. I was two tickets short of a giant comb and he wouldn't budge. Ended up with a troll keychain that went bald inside a week. So what'd you do about it?

Dewey: It's no big deal, Dad.

Hal: You let people take advantage of you.

Dewey: But I got my best score ever.

Hal: Son, I look at this card and all I see is shame.

(Lois's Dream)

Elder Hal: Here we go, honey. Now, I know it's against doctor's orders, but I did get us a little something sweet.

Elder Lois: Okay, Hal, but you be careful with your new bridgework.

Elder Hal: Oh, would you look at that? Little Robby was such a cute baby.

Elder Lois: Oh, that reminds me. Malcolm called while you were out. It seems Robby has burned down the neighbor's pool house. Malcolm says he's at his wit's end with that boy.

Reese: Are you ready for this? I got an "F" on my math final.

Elder Lois: Oh, no, Reese, I thought you said you studied.

Reese: Why do I even waste my time?! You know Mr. Escobar totally has it out for me 'cause I used to call his dad "Braceface."

Elder Hal: But you are going to pass this time, right, son?

Reese: Do I look like a genie?! I can't predict the future! So why don't you just do me a favour and get off my back, okay, old man!

Elder Lois: You can't treat your father like that!

Reese: Shove a cork in it, you crazy old hag!

Elder Lois: My heart pills.

Reese: You'll get these when I get a sandwich. Off your wrinkled butt! Go, go, go!

(End of Dream)

Lois: Reese, you may think you're pulling some kind of scam, but I'm on to you! You are getting a job starting tomorrow! And keep your dirty mitts off your father's toupee!

Reese: I had the weirdest dream last night. This crazy witch with snakes for hair was screaming at me. It was like she was going to kill me, but for some reason it was really important to her that I get a job.

Malcolm: Did she have bugged out crazy eyes?

Reese: Yeah!

Malcolm: She shows up in a lot of my dreams.

Lois: Good morning, Reese. You going to get a job today?

Reese: Okay, this is a little freaky.

Lois: I don't see you looking in the want ads.

Reese: You know, I had a job, Mom, and looking back on the whole experience, I've come to the conclusion that it's just not for me. I'm done with the job thing.

Lois: I'm sorry, Reese... But not working isn't one of your options.

Reese: Okay, I think I know what's going on here. Now, look, I want you to know that I'm not criticizing you and Dad. You obviously don't mind

wasting your lives doing meaningless, repetitive tasks for unappreciative bosses. I respect that.

Lois: Do you mind telling me what you intend to do?

Reese: I'd like to finish my cereal.

Lois: All right, Reese, that's it! I am tired of fighting you on this. Until you get a job, this free ride is over.

Reese: Is anyone else getting a little tired of her?

(Cut to clip sequence - chains and padlock on fridge, Lois turning the water off when Reese is in the shower, Lois taking away Reese's bedding and Reese using the bathroom, when he discovers there's no toilet paper, so he rips a page out of the magazine he's reading)

Reese: I'm sorry, Spiderman.

Jessica: Hey, where were you? You missed it. Randy Gerber shoved an entire Tater Tot up a ninth grader's nose.

Malcolm: Oh, I forgot to tell you. Vicki and I are going to walk over and get lunch at the mall.

Jessica: Malcolm, what are you doing? We both agreed she's cheerleader scum.

Malcolm: But that's before she made out with me for an hour behind the gym.

Jessica: Shut up!

Malcolm: I know. I can't believe it either. And you know what else? She's sweet and kind and smart. Really smart.

Jessica: So the nasty, self-absorbed shallow thing is just an act? Wow, she's good.

Malcolm: Somebody's a little late.

Vicki: Sorry. My friends are having a raging debate on glitter versus gloss. I couldn't just duck out of it.

Malcolm: Didn't Fermat's last theorem settle that?

Vicki: He wishes. (friends come over) Hey, guys.

Brad: Hey. What's with the geek? I thought chem lab wasn't till fifth period.

Malcolm: Actually, Vicki and I are going to the mall to get lunch.

Vicki: You are so funny.

Hal: Come on, son, keep up. And remember, just because a person is in a position of power, doesn't mean you can let them intimidate you.

Dewey: Can't we just stick a potato in his exhaust pipe like we did with your boss?

Hal: There he is. Excuse me.

Putt Putt Guy: May I help you?

Hal: You better talk to this guy. He's pretty steamed.

Dewey: I got a hole-in-one on the 18<sup>th</sup> hole and I didn't get a free game.

Putt Putt Guy: I remember you. Ball got stuck. I thought we went over this.

Dewey: We did. But for some reason, I just wanted to come over here and make sure.

Hal: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! My son is not done with you yet. Go on, tell him, Dewey.

Dewey: I have friends.

Putt Putt Guy: Excuse me?

Dewey: I have friends.

Hal: Friends who don't mind driving an extra 30 miles to the next miniature golf course, even if it does have a crow problem.

Putt Putt Guy: Are you threatening me?

Hal: Boy. Sure sounds like he is to me.

Putt Putt Guy: Listen, kid, your ball didn't ring the bell. Ball doesn't ring a bell, no free game.

Hal: And yet the boy feels like he got a hole-in-one.

Putt Putt Guy: Listen, if you want to think you got a hole-in-one, I'll give you a scorecard. You can give yourself 18 holes-in-one. Excuse me.

Hal: Dewey, no! Don't worry, I got him, but I am not always going to be here! Come on. Calm down.

Vicki: Malcolm, what happened? I thought we were meeting at the bookstore last night.

Malcolm: You actually expect me to show up after the way you blew me off yesterday?

Vicki: Please don't be that way. What happened yesterday means nothing. What really matters is how special you are to me.

Malcolm: Special?

Vicki: Yes. I really want to be with you, Malcolm. I just can't be seen with you in public.

Malcolm: What? Are you serious?

Vicki: You have to appreciate my situation. I'm incredibly popular. I've been homecoming queen twice. And there's a certain image of me that people here are really invested in.

Malcolm: How do you think this makes me feel?

Vicki: (some people she knows walk by) Look, nerdball, I have no idea where the Math Club meets. Did you lose your laminated map? All that matters is that you know how crazy I am about you. I think it's really romantic. It's like Romeo and Juliet. Our love has to be hidden.

Malcolm: I'm not hiding it.

Vicki: I wish you would.

Malcolm: So what you're saying is you can't be seen with me in the cafeteria or the quad or at dances.

Vicki: Or at games.

Malcolm: I can only see you someplace where, God forbid, we won't run into any of your friends?

Vicki: Right!

Malcolm: Okay.

Reese: That breakfast looks pretty good.

Dewey: Yeah, it is. You want to do me a favour and go stink it up someplace else?

Reese: How do you think I feel? I have to smell me all the time. Look, I've been having a tough week. Is there any chance you could lend me a couple bucks?

Dewey: Oh, sorry. I don't have my wallet on me. I'll catch you next time.

Reese: God bless you.

Hal: You know, Dewey, what Reese is doing is pointless and idiotic, but I think you can really learn something from him. This is what it looks like when someone stands up for themselves.

Dewey: I didn't get the free game, Dad. I accept that we don't always get what we want. Being part of this family has really prepared me for that.

Hal: Listen, do me a favour, will ya? Talk to your brother.

Reese: I'll see what I can do. Do you think you could help a guy a little down on his luck?

Hal: (gives Reese slice of plain toast) Here. Don't tell your mother.

Lois: (comes in and Reese stuffs toast down his pants) Smells like a dead squirrel's in the wall again, Hal. (sees Reese) Oh, my God, it's you. Reese, you smell like an open sewer.

Reese: And whose fault is that?

Lois: Yours. All you have to do to stop this nonsense is get a job.

Reese: Excuse me, but I think I've made it pretty clear where I stand on that issue.

Lois: Well, you can't stay here like this.

Reese: Is that an apology?

Lois: No, it's an invitation to live in the backyard.

Reese: Listen to yourself! You don't even sound the least bit guilty.

Lois: I've given you enough chances. Out!

Reese: Okay, but if the cats start disappearing from the neighborhood, don't blame me!

Malcolm (TC): Things are going better than ever with Vicki. We went on a picnic, to the movies, and she even lets me ride in her car... as long as I keep my head down.

Vicki: Oh, by the way, I was able to get out of that student council meeting, so I'm free after school.

Malcolm: Hey, great. I was thinking that... (Brad walks over) the hydroxide ions necessary for the neutralization must be supplied by a weak base such as ammonium hydroxide.

Brad: What is with you, freak? Every time I turn around you're hounding Vicki about that stupid experiment. (to Nicki) Is he bothering you?

Vicki: Yeah, kind of.

Brad: (slamming Malcolm's face against locker) Leave Vicki alone. Okay, butt-wipe? (Malcolm falls to the floor)

Vicki: (whispering) Call me.

Jessica: You know, I was kind of skeptical at first, but now I see what you two have is really beautiful.

Lois: (doing dishes, looks outside and sees Reese and an old man standing in front of a trash can with fire coming out of it) Oh, no, you don't! Reese!

Reese: Okay, what now?

Lois: What on earth do you think you're doing?

Reese: We're testing out our new heating system. I think it's going to be a very comfortable winter.

Old Man: Hi. Lloyd Johnson. I'm an associate of your son's.

Lois: Get out of here before I turn the hose on you.

Reese: You can't treat Lloyd like that after what the CIA did to his brain waves.

Lois: Reese, I want you to get this eyesore out of here right now.

Reese: Eyesore? That is a sub-zero box. It's a hell of a lot nicer than anything we've ever thrown out.

Lois: All right, you won't get rid of it, I will. (tries to pull box over and puts her back out)

Reese: I could've told you those boxes are reinforced. With some curtains and a couple of plants, it was going to look very nice.

Lois: Oh, just shut up and help me get in the house!

Malcolm: (on the phone) Look, Vicki... I know, I know, but... It's a school dance, so my being there shouldn't be an issue. No, no, I know. Of course it'll fool everybody. But I just think it's kind of weird that you got me a date. I don't even like Cindy that much and, you know, I want to be with... (Jessica walks over and hangs up phone) What'd you do that for?

Jessica: Consider this an intervention, Malcolm. I'm declaring you incompetent to run your own love life.

Malcolm: What are you talking about? Vicki and I have this incredible relationship. There are worlds inside that I have yet to discover. And I know she feels the same way about me.

Jessica: Really? Is that why she threw a soda can at you?

Malcolm: That was my fault. I wasn't supposed to be in the quad.

Jessica: Malcolm, you deserve better. I mean, there are lots of girls who'd be proud to actually be seen with you in public.

Malcolm: Oh, really? Like Who?

Jessica: Like me.

Malcolm: What? But... But all we do is fight all the time.

Jessica: Figure it out, genius.

Reese: Here's some ice for your back, Mom. There. I also made you some soup 'cause I figured you might get hungry later. You know, really hungry.

Lois: No, I'm okay now, Reese.

Reese: Well, I'm going to go back outside and bang out the dents in my bedroom.

Lois: Reese? You should move your box closer to the garage. You'll be out of the wind that way.

Reese: Thanks.

Lois: Wait a minute. I really appreciate you helping me out. If there's anything you need...

Reese: I'm fine. I found a mattress in the alley and Lloyd's going to let me hang with him tomorrow at his freeway off-ramp.

Lois: Well, I was going to say if you wanted my soup you could have... (Reese quickly gulps down the soup) As long as you're not going to eat it, 'cause I can take it or leave it.



Vicki: Malcolm, where have you been? Cindy has just been sitting there bored out of her mind.

Malcolm: Yeah.

Vicki: I'm not going to the dance.

Malcolm: I'm just here to tell you I don't think we should see each other anymore.

Vicki: I thought things were going really great between us. Would you mind moving over behind that plant?

Malcolm: No, I'm not hiding anymore, Vicki. You may not realize it, but there are girls who would be thrilled to be seen with me in public.

Vicki: Malcolm, please... I think that...

Brad: (comes out) Hey, Vicki, that Huzbat kid is dancing again. It's hilarious. What's going on?

Vicki: I'll be with you in a moment. Malcolm, I know this has been really difficult for you. (louder) It's just a lab experiment, okay? Just give it a little more time. Things will get better. (louder) I don't care if the cobalt crystals aren't dissolving, it's Friday night. Just give me another chance.

Malcolm: Forget it, Vicki. It's over.

Vicki: Whatever!

Dewey: Can't I at least go back to bed?

Hal: I'd say yes if I thought you could live with yourself, son. No. We are going to get you your free game. This is the moment of truth and we can stand tall knowing we have the moral high ground. Now lift the fence so I can crawl under. That's it, now line it up. And easy with the backswing.

Dewey: Dad, this is ridiculous. I can't see a thing.

Hal: All right, Dewey, I am tired of your attitude. Now you are owed a fun time. And if you're not having fun, then we're just a couple of idiots playing miniature golf at midnight!

Dewey: Okay, you want to have fun? Let's have fun.

Hal: Great. The ball is stuck in there now.

Dewey: Good.

Hal: No, no, no, no. We are not quitting that easily. Look, son, I know you're angry but if you're really honest with yourself, you'll realize you're not mad at me.

Dewey: It sure feels like I am.

Hal: No, you are mad at the jerk that runs this place. Bet he's at home right now sitting in his barcalounger with a big bowl of popcorn on his lap chuckling at us with the boobs that he... (Dewey goes up and

closes door on him) Hey. What was that? Hey, Dewey... The door's locked. What's going on?

Dewey: I told you I was happy without my free game, but you wouldn't listen.

Hal: Dewey! I'm your father. Let me out!

Dewey: Just because someone's in a position of power, you can't let them intimidate you, right?

Hal: Don't you walk away... Dewey! Hey! You're standing up to me. Good boy! Wait! That's all I wanted. Hey, what's this? Raccoons. Dewey! Don't you even care that your father is being eaten by raccoons?! Help!

Malcolm: I did it! I told Vicki it was over. And it felt so good.

Jessica: Wow, that's great, Malcolm. To be honest, I didn't think you had the strength to do it.

Malcolm: So that's it. Now we're free to be together.

Jessica: Yeah. You know, there's just one problem. I don't feel that way about you, Malcolm.

Malcolm: What? But what about what you said?

Jessica: Yeah, I lied about that. I just couldn't stand to see someone make a fool of you. Someone besides me, that is.

Malcolm: But... Great. I just blew off Vicki, and now I'm left standing here looking like a complete idiot.

Jessica: But you recognize it. See, you're getting better already. You're so sure of yourself, aren't you?

Malcolm: Well, the truth is, I didn't need you. I could've figured this out on my own.

Jessica: Yeah, sometime after your secret marriage and three secret kids.

Malcolm: Shut up.

Jessica: Look, Malcolm, I'm on your side. I mean, do you really think I just hang out with you out of pity? You're an amazing... complicated guy who's... always surprising me. I mean, who knows where things could go between us. (kisses Malcolm) Yeah, nothing. Good night, Malcolm. (goes into her house)

Reese: Okay, the heating pad's plugged in, here's your aspirin. And let me know if you need anything else. I'm really sorry about your back, Mom.

Lois: Thank you, Reese. I'm still angry with you. But you've really come through for me. Your blankets and new sheets are in the trunk of my car. You can move back in if you want.

Reese: Thanks, Mom. I'd like that.

(Reese's Dream)

Elder Lois: Reese! Reese! Get in here, do you hear me?! What's the matter with you? Are you deaf? It's time for my sponge bath. You think these stomach folds are going to scrape themselves out?

(End of Dream)

Reese: (going into Hal and Lois's room) I'm going to get a job. I'm going to have a life of my own away from here. And just in case I don't, you can clean out your own damn stomach folds!