

Subtitles from Malcolm-France

707 BLACKOUT TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm: Dr. Baxter's Corvette?

Dewey: Mrs. Smith's mini-van. I want to savour the moment.

Dewey: Have you seen Malcolm?

Reese: No! And you haven't either.

Dewey: I haven't.

Reese: Good. Then we understand each other. And you're going to make yourself scarce tonight.

Dewey: But I'm cooking. Mom and Dad are going out for their anniversary and they're letting me pick dinner.

Reese: I'm not eating cereal for dinner!

Dewey: Yes, you are. Dad said if I emptied out the rat traps in the crawl space, then I get to pick dinner.

Reese: That's funny. He didn't consult me, seeing as I have the fist and you have the face.

Dewey: (Hal comes in) Reese says I don't get to pick dinner.

Hal: He's right, you don't. Change of plans. Your mother and I are celebrating our anniversary at home. We're having steaks.

Dewey: No fair! I wiped up rat brains! You promised!

Hal: Dewey, if I kept half the promises I made, this family would plunge into chaos. (to Reese) You come with me now.

Reese: I didn't do anything! What's going on?

Hal: Kobe.

Reese: What?

Hal: I have Kobe beef.

Reese: No way.

Hal: Yes!

Reese: That's like \$60 an ounce.

Hal: I know. I won it in a Minesweeper tournament at work. Years of practicing eight hours a day has finally paid off.

Reese: I've never even seen Kobe beef. It's like meeting the Pope, but you get to eat him.

Hal: Exactly. But this is treated much better than any pope was or ever will be. It lives on beer and ice cream. And right up until the moment of slaughter, its rump and thighs are massaged by geishas.

Reese: It should be eating us. (they look at and smell the Kobe) There's

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only two.

Hal: One for me... one for the chef. You are the only person in this family qualified to cook up these babies. This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Reese: Mom doesn't get any on her anniversary?

Hal: You didn't hear me. Once in a lifetime. I've had 22 anniversaries. I'm telling your mother I screwed up the reservations and we're having a steak dinner at home. You cook up these next to the prison-grade crap that I'm giving the rest of the family. Where's Malcolm?

Reese: I have no idea where Malcolm is or what he's doing... or why he's doing whatever it is that I don't know what he's doing.

Hal: All right, I know you're hiding something, but I don't care.

Jamie: (as Francis sneaks into the yard) Francis!

Francis: No, no, Jamie, I don't want anyone to know I'm here. (gives Jamie a saw) Look... Here's a toy. See? Fun.

Dewey: Hello?

Lois: Hal!

Hal: I paid the bill. It's the whole neighbourhood. (to Reese) See? God wants our evil plan to work. Go.

Lois: Hal! I can't see anything!

Hal: I'll find a flashlight. (finds one and batteries are dead) Oh, would you look at that. Is there a single neighbour that lends us something that doesn't have dead batteries?

Lois: What was that?

Hal: I'll check. Maybe an emboldened possum.

Lois: Francis!

Francis: Mom.

Lois: What are you doing here?

Francis: I... need a bandage. I tripped over something in the garage, when the lights went out.

Lois: What were you doing in the garage?

Francis: (making up story) I was hiding from Dad. I wanted to talk to you first.

Lois: Francis, your father and I have a joint checking account. It doesn't matter who you talk to first.

Francis: No, it's just... you know how emotional he gets. I don't want him overreacting when he hears what happened.

Lois: What happened?

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Francis: I think my marriage is over. That's bad news.

Lois: Of course it is. What's going on?

Francis: We've been fighting about everything lately. I mean, how do you answer when someone asks, "Does your face have to look like that?" I put up with her face. With that nose always pointing at me.

Lois: Oh, Francis...

Francis: I still love her; I don't want it to end, but I just... I don't see how it's going to last.

Hal: Lois, can you come out here? I need you.

Francis: Just don't tell Dad, okay? He'll be a mess and I'll end up having to take care of him.

Lois: Okay, I'll get your father out of the way and then you and I can talk later.

Dewey: (enters parents' bedroom, sees Francis) Francis, I'm so glad you're here. Dad promised we'd all have cereal for dinner tonight, and now he won't let us.

Francis: Dewey, I understand. And I swear to you by all that is holy that you will be eating cereal tonight. You can count on me.

Dewey: You're not going to do anything, are you?

Francis: No, I'm not. But I'll tell you what I will do. If you let anyone know I'm here, I will punch you so hard in the stomach, you won't be able to eat cereal for two days. There. Problem solved.

Lois: The bedroom, where you, Hal, are headed right now.

Hal: Where did that come from?

Lois: I'm just trying to celebrate our anniversary.

Hal: Not just yet. I still have some work to do. Officer, what is this about? You better lock the doors.

Lois: Actually, Hal, you know, on second thought, I'm really not in the mood.

Hal: Oh, I see. Stoke the flame. Oh, I like the way you think. (phone rings) Hello? Malcolm! For God sakes, we've been looking all over for you. What? Wait, slow down. I can't understand what you're saying. Are you drunk? You are drunk!

Lois: Who's drunk?

Hal: Malcolm. He's drunk at a party 100 miles down the freeway. Now we both have to go down there, pick him up and drive his car back.

Lois: Oh, for God's sake!

Hal: You know what would teach him a lesson? If we made him wait until

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after we ate dinner. Let him stew in his own juices. His own delicious, savoury juices.

Lois: Get your keys, Hal. I'll meet you in the car.

Hal: All right! (on phone) Malcolm... you just stay right where you are. (puts on jacket) I hate children.

Dutch Girl: So clever.

Malcolm: It'll take them two hours on the highway, an hour to figure out I'm not there and then two hours back. So I'd say I have about five hours left to live. How about we make it worthwhile? (lights come on)

Lois: (yelling) That stupid fish!

Hal: Malcolm!

Malcolm: Crap!

6:42 pm

THE BACKYARD

Francis: There it is. Sweet! This is going to solve all my problems. (on cellphone) Piama. Hi, baby. I found it. It is even more beautiful than I remember. I'm going to grab it and go. They won't even know I was here. I love you. Jamie, go get the stick.

Hal: Jamie... (picks Jamie up) Oh, did the blackout scare you? Listen, pal, I need the batteries from one of your toys. Where's that frog that used to shock you in the bathtub? (calling) Hey, Lois, can you come out here? I need you.

Lois: What's this? I thought we were going out for our anniversary.

Hal: Honey, this is going to be even better. We are going to stay home and have Kobe beef. Okay, I thought you'd be a little excited.

Lois: Ah, I'm sorry, Hal. I'm just a little lost in thought. A friend at work is having, um... marital problems.

Hal: And that's very sad. But we are going to have Kobe beef. Reese is going to prepare its flesh perfectly because he thinks he's going to get some to eat. But he's not. Isn't that great?

Lois: That's a good scheme.

Hal: You bet it's a good scheme. Do you know where my apron is?

Lois: I washed it, it's in the bedroom closet. The bedroom. Where you, Hal, are headed right now.

Hal: Where did that come from?

Lois: I'm just trying to celebrate our anniversary. (sees Francis) Francis!

Francis: Mom.

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Lois: I don't have a lot of time and I want to talk to you about your marriage.

Francis: Oh, yeah, great. I'd love to hear what you have to say.

Lois: Have you and Piama thought about, uh... spicing things up?

Francis: What?

Lois: Francis, if it isn't right in the bedroom, it isn't going to be right anywhere else.

Francis: What?

Lois: When I say "the bedroom," I mean sex.

Francis: Yeah, I got it.

Lois: Francis, marriage isn't mental. It isn't even really about feelings. When you get right down to it, it's a sloppy, sweaty physical act. Now, your father may have flaws, he may not make a lot of money, but he has never been other than a rigorous and challenging lover.

Francis: Mom...

Lois: Can I be frank with you?

Francis: No!

Lois: Do you remember sometimes in the morning I'd forget to put juice in your lunchbox? I was lucky I could remember my own name. Because, when your father gets down to work, and is intimate with me, he is like a skilled general invading a country. He doesn't just launch an assault by sea, he uses paratroopers and columns of infantry. And even secret agents. (Francis vomits) Honey, good for you. Get it all out. We can talk more later.

Dewey: I'm willing to propose a compromise.

Reese: Dewey, give it up. You'll never get anything you want.

Malcolm: We have to get rid of Mom and Dad.

Reese: Don't worry about it.

Malcolm: I am worried about it. Those Dutch girls won't hold forever.

Reese: Dutch girls! No! Stay, Dutch girls, stay!

Girl 1: We didn't have fun.

Girl 2: American parties are supposed to have deejays and African-Americans.

Malcolm: I'll get you those.

Girl 3: We are leaving. If we wanted to be bored, we could go to Luxembourg.

Reese: You can't go. While you were in there, a rock star called and said he's going to come over.

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Girl 1: We don't blame you for our bitter disappointment. We don't know how to overcome your country's Puritan heritage.

Reese: I can learn! Teach me!

Girl 1: Good-bye.

Malcolm: No, no, no, please, don't leave. I'll lose face. In American culture, if I say I'm throwing a party and my guests leave, then I'm humiliated. And I have to prove myself in combat against the mayor. I might die.

Girl 1: We know your story's a load of crap, but we think you're cute. We'll stay.

Girl 3: But if we are not drunk in 20 minutes, we are leaving.

Malcolm: Thank you so much for being reasonable. Just go back in my room and stay out of sight. This won't take long, I promise.

Reese: Dude, I can't believe you admitted you're afraid to fight the mayor.

Malcolm: What are we going to do about Mom and Dad?

Reese: I've got it covered.

Malcolm: How?

Reese: Let's just say that since people started getting prescription drugs in the mail, it's opened a whole new world of possibility. Remember when Dad took away my GameBoy and then he fell asleep at work and he thought he was going to be fired? Tuna salad with cumin and allergy medicine.

Malcolm: Reese, do you know how crazy and dangerous that is? Even you wouldn't poison your own family.

Reese: No? Malcolm, last month, when you thought your watch skipped from Wednesday to Friday... it wasn't the watch.

Malcolm: Okay, I've got a plan that isn't insane. I'll make a call to get them out of the house. Oh, here comes Dad. Just keep him occupied.

Hal: How are the coals looking?

Reese: Almost ready.

Hal: Oh, okay. Let me know.

Reese: Dad, wait.

Hal: What?

Reese: (trying to distract Hal) Where do babies come from?

Hal: Reese, I'm sure we've talked about this.

Reese: Yeah, but I'm blanking. Two guys, right? You know, we can talk about this later. You better get that phone. It sounds like it's for you.

Hal: I hate children.

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Lois: Francis? Francis? I had another thought for you and Piama. Ballroom dancing.

Francis: Oh, that sounds great, Mom. But you know, your advice from earlier, it really helped out, so I think we're going to be cool. (lights come on)

Lois: (yelling) stupid fish?!

Hal: Malcolm!

Malcolm: Crap!

6:42 pm
THE KITCHEN

Malcolm: Come on. Follow me, this way.

Girl 1: Movies are wrong. America is not a fun country.

Girl 2: The public transportation is underfunded and you can't drink beer in the library, and now the lights are out.

Dewey: This country's also full of lying fathers who say you can have cereal and then make you eat steak.

Malcolm: I promise you, you'll have fun. Dewey, shut up and get lost!

Dewey: If you understood our culture better, there's no way you'd be here.

Reese: It's not going to work. Mom and Dad aren't going anywhere. We're going to have to do this another night.

Malcolm: There is no other night. They're going home tomorrow.

Reese: But there is a blackout. What are we supposed to do with a bunch of Dutch girls in the dark?

Malcolm: These girls are from Amsterdam. They don't even have a word for virginity there.

Girl 3: Is there a high-speed train available to take us to a "juke joint"? We wish to experience typical American culture.

Malcolm: And you will. This is a very important part of American culture. Which is getting the parents out of the house. You know, teenage hijinks.

Girl 2: In Holland, parents enjoy for children to have pleasure.

Malcolm: I know, it's crazy. And yet, we rule the world.

Girl 2: Okay, Malcolm, your arrogant American attitude has charmed us.

Girl 3: There will be alcohol?

Malcolm: I promise. You just go and wait in our room and we'll get it all sorted out.

Reese: I get the easy-looking one on the left.

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Girl 3: We all speak English.

Reese: I know.

Malcolm: (loud crash outside) Come on, come on. Let's go.

Reese: (preparing steaks) Just because it's drugs, doesn't mean it has to taste bad.

Hal: I hate children. I can't believe it. Your mother and I, well, all of us, really are missing the greatest beef in the world because your brother Malcolm is drunk!

Reese: He's not drunk, Dad. He's hiding under his bed with Dutch girls.

Hal: Don't cover for him! (venting) Malcolm, you're such a big man when you're getting drunk to impress your friends. But when it's time to drive home and take your punishment, it's "Oh, Daddy, come save me."
(lights come on)

Lois: (yelling) That stupid fish!

Hal: Malcolm!

Malcolm: Crap!

Hal: You're here!

Malcolm: Kinda.

Hal: You lied to me. You're not drunk at all!

Lois: You lied to me. You're not getting divorced.

Francis: Sorry.

Lois: You sold out your wife and your marriage and got me all...

Francis: Excited, Mom?

Lois: No. Upset. All so you could steal your father's fish!

Francis: You can't steal what belongs to you. I reeled it in for five hours. He just swooped in at the last moment and gaffed it.

Malcolm: You said if I ever called and said I was drunk I wouldn't get in trouble.

Hal: That only applies if you're actually drunk!

Lois: That was ten years ago! Why do you even care?

Francis: It was between me and some guys.

Lois: What guys?

Francis: They come around the pool, every day at 3:00, talking smack like all I do is hang around at the pool all day and I never did anything with my life. So I told 'em about the fish. And they said they

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didn't believe me! Man, I can't wait to see the look on Jason Sullivan's face!

Lois: 3:00? How old are these people?

Francis: Good point. A 12-year-old should not be lecturing people about how they have or have not lived their lives!

Lois: You're trying to impress a 12-year-old?

Francis: Not trying to, going to.

Lois: I don't want this dead fish in my house. You can have it. But once I help you, you know what you have to do.

Francis: Learn not to care what other people think?

Lois: Get a job!

Francis: (sarcastically) Yeah, that'll show 'em.

Hal: I am going to decide your punishment on a full stomach, Malcolm.

Lois: Malcolm?

Hal: Francis?

Lois: You lied about being drunk?

Hal: What are you doing with my fish?

Reese: Dinner!

Hal: I don't know where you get it, the dishonesty. We are your family, and you betray us. God, this is so good, Reese.

Reese: Thanks.

Lois: Malcolm, I would like to reach into your ear and tear out that part of your brain that makes you do things like this!

Lois: Smoky.

Reese: That's the mesquite.

Hal: I don't even know what's happening in my own house.

Francis: Really good, Reese. And thanks for your piece, Dewey. You sure you don't want any?

Dewey: No, thanks.

Lois: That is so nice of you, Dewey.

Hal: At least we have one boy we can trust.

Girl 1: I taste?

Dewey: You don't want that. Reese made this special sleeping sauce for Mom and Dad, but I thought the whole family deserved some.

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Girl 2: A typical American dinner, no?

Dewey: A special American dinner. Lucky Charms?

Girl 2: Danke. Mm, the frosted moons and stars are both magic and also delicious.

Girl 3: I can't believe they promised it to you and then just tried to take it back.

Dewey: Forget about them. Let's just enjoy our time together.