

709 MALCOLM DEFENDS REESE

Lois: Reese, are you trying to sneak out?

Reese: No. I'm trying to get comfortable in this crappy bed, if you don't mind.

Lois: Fine. Then you won't mind if I stand right out here in the hall until I see you go to sleep.

Reese: (a few hours later sees that "Lois" is still standing there) She can't stay awake all night.

Mr Herkabe: Fascinating timeline, Reese. So let's see. It was the moon landing, the War of 1812, then the Lincoln-Kennedy shoot-out.

Malcolm (TC): It's embarrassing enough having Reese in my class this year. What's worse is Herkabe's made him his personal whipping boy.

Mr Herkabe: Reese, I'm just looking through my notes here, and it appears that that was your 20th wrong answer in a row. And you know what that means, don't you? Monkey dance!

Class: Monkey dance! Monkey dance!

Reese: Monkey dance?

Mr Herkabe: Your first right answer. Well, let's not leave your audience waiting. Wait, Reese. Stop. This isn't right. (starts music) Okay, continue.

Claire: Lois, hello, it's me, Claire.

Lois: Hey, come on in. (to Jamie) Hi, sweetie. Claire, you are a godsend. Thank you for taking him on such short notice. Is this schedule gonna work for you?

Claire: Oh, good Lord, Lois. Any schedule works for me. What have I got to do with my time? Poke around a big, empty house, waiting for one of my kids to call? We both know that's not gonna happen. You know, you raise them, you put them through college, and loan them money to buy a house, and suddenly, they don't need you anymore. God forbid you should express a need to them. I could tell you stories...

Lois: Bet you could.

Claire: Yeah.

Lois: Well. Again, thank you.

Claire: I'm glad to do it, honestly. Takes my mind off my shingles. Good Lord, you've never felt pain like that in all your waking days. It's just dreadful. Did I tell you about the pain?

Lois: I think you did this morning.

Claire: It's worse than my arthritis, which is crippling. It feels like someone's stabbing you all over with tiny, razor-sharp knives. Oh, pray God you never get it, Lois. Oh, listen to me just going on and on about myself. Wind me up and I can talk all day.

Lois: Well, like I said, I have a million things to do.

Claire: You know, so do I, so do I. I have laundry stacked up just waiting for me. And I have so neglected my scrapbooking that it's a scandal. Do you scrapbook, Lois? They've got these really cute kits. It's a lot of fun. My niece Terri well, she prefers Teresa, but she's a Terri. Anyway, she got me started on it. Well, what else is she gonna do with herself? She's barren, poor thing.

Cut to Hal and Dewey walking home after playing baseball.

Hal: You're still mad at me?

Dewey: You threw at my head, Dad.

Hal: It was a brushback pitch, Dewey. I got to protect the plate or you're gonna be taking me downtown all day.

Gina: Hi.

Dewey: Hi.

Gina: Did you do your vocab?

Dewey: Yeah. It wasn't so bad.

Gina: Yeah, it was pretty easy.

Dewey: Yeah.

Gina: So I'll see you in school?

Dewey: Talk to you later.

Hal: What was that about?

Dewey: That's Gina. She's from my class.

Hal: Do you like her?

Dewey: I don't know. I guess so.

Hal: Well, you played it cool, son. Maybe too cool.

Claire: Feel this shoulder, Lois. It's like a sack of burning jelly in there. Go ahead, give it a squeeze.

Lois: It is spongier than the thing on your back. Hal, you're home.

Hal: Hi, honey.

Claire: Hi, Hal.

Hal: Hello.

Lois: This is Claire, Jamie's new babysitter.

Claire: I just moved into the Franklin's old house.

Hal: Hey, that's a nice place.

Claire: It is, it is on the outside. Of course it's full of dry rot. I must have called the guy 50 times...

Lois: Claire was just leaving.

Hal: Well, heck, why don't you stay and have dinner with us?

Claire: No, no. Got to run. (later) I hope it wasn't too much trouble cooking for my special diet, Lois. It's been a bit of an adjustment after the doctors took out six feet of my colon. You know what I call it now?

Lois: My semicolon.

Claire: My semicolon!

Lois: Claire, I really have to go to sleep now.

Claire: Oh, God, I wish I could sleep. I toss and turn all night. I start off on my stomach, then I flip over to my back. No, wait, no. I start on my back, I flip over to my stomach...

Reese: I don't know. I can't think any more. Is it... "C"?

Mr Herkabe: I'm sorry, Reese. That's incorrect. Hammy? Yes! Fort Ticonderoga is correct. I was looking for a close race, but, Hammy, you've really run away with this thing. I'm sorry, that's all the time we have today, but join us again tomorrow for another exciting installment of... "What Is Dumber Than Reese?"

Malcolm: You're nothing but a bully and a sadist, you know that?! How could you possibly take any satisfaction in humiliating Reese?! It's Reese! You have to stop this, now!

Mr Herkabe: Well, well, well, that took you long enough.

Malcolm: What?

Mr Herkabe: I've been trying to get your attention since the semester began. I'm surprised you didn't say something last week, when Reese was curled up in a fetal ball under my desk.

Malcolm: What do you want from me?

Mr Herkabe: Come with me. (takes him to the trophy cabinet) I won it my senior year.

Malcolm: Football trophy?

Mr Herkabe: Behind that.

Malcolm: The soccer trophy?

Mr Herkabe: Behind that.

Malcolm: There's just a bunch of crappy ribbons.

Mr Herkabe: Behind the spelling bee award.

Malcolm: That thing that looks like it broke off that other trophy?

Mr Herkabe: I cannot be responsible for the myopic value this sports-obsessed administration places on academic achievement. But that little plaque represents the highest GPA in the history of the school, and it is mine, Malcolm, all mine.

Malcolm: So what? So wha...

Mr Herkabe: I had to work hard for that plaque. I had to score higher than Edna Fornby, who'd held the title for 38 years. A towering intellect, blind since birth, went on to be a Rhodes scholar. Really classy lady. Cried like a baby when I took it from her. What a night.

Mr Herkabe: And now, you are on track to take it from me.

Malcolm: What's your point?

Mr Herkabe: I can't let that happen. And if you don't want to see me destroy your brother every day for the rest of the year... you won't let it happen.

Malcolm: Are you serious?

Mr Herkabe: As a heart attack. Now, I can't just give you a "B." People are watching. For some reason, I rub people the wrong way. But that doesn't stop you from tanking the course on your own.

Malcolm: Are you really that shallow and petty?

Mr Herkabe: You have no idea. So, you know, take a few days, think it over. It'll give me more time to think up some challenges for Reese. Do you think hot coals would set off the sprinkler system?

Claire: Lois, I was just gonna bring Jamie home.

Lois: Thought I'd save you the trip. Come on, Jamie. (pulls Jamie outside)
Thanks, Claire. See you tomorrow.

Claire: Won't you come in?

Lois: I'd love to, but I have such a busy schedule.

Claire: I understand. Busy, busy, busy. No one has any time anymore. Oh, my goodness, I walked you all the way home. You get out of those work clothes, and I'll make some tea.

Hal: Hey, Dewey, look at this. I got the microwave to work without closing the door.

Dewey: That's great, Dad.

Hal: So, did you, uh... talk to Gina?

Dewey: No.

Hal: Oh.

Dewey: It's just that you said you would talk to her later, and, I mean, if I remember, she remembers.

Dewey: Maybe I'll talk to her tomorrow.

Hal: Tomorrow? Gee, Dewey, if I'm Gina, I don't know what's going on.

Dewey: It's no big deal, Dad.

Hal: Dewey! Come here. Look... I know it's not easy figuring this stuff out. You want to be with her, but you just don't know what to say, and you feel like such a doofus.

Dewey: I know.

Hal: So here's what you're gonna do. You're gonna go in the house right now and call her.

Hal: Right now?

Hal: Or you could wait till you're old, toothless, alone, living in a welfare hotel, hoping the couple screaming next door invites you over to dinner sometime. It's up to you. It's called leaky gut.

Lois: Hal, why don't we go out to dinner? Doesn't that sound good?

Hal: Well, I'm helping Dewey with a project, hon. Why don't you go with Claire? When it's quiet, you can hear it dripping. Hear that? You ready?

Dewey: No, wait. I need more time.

Hal: Believe me, I have been through it. You just want to run away, hide under the covers and cry. But you know what? That's how you know you're a man. (on phone) Hello? Hello? Hello. Gina. Hi, this is Dewey's dad. He just called to say that he was thinking of you. Oh, and he thinks that homework is dumb...Really? (to Dewey) She thinks homework is dumb, too.

Malcolm: Reese, I think it's terrible what Herkabe's been putting you through in class. I really feel bad about the way he's treating you.

Reese: I'll bet I could make you feel worse!

Malcolm: Thought it over.

Mr Herkabe: What happened to your lip?

Malcolm: Reese.

Mr Herkabe: He's a troubled young man. God knows I've tried my best with him, but you can't let that fact poison...

Malcolm: Relax, I'm gonna do it.

Mr Herkabe: You will?

Malcolm: Reese can't help who he is. And you can't help being a jerk. I'm the only one who has a choice over what I do. So, yeah, I'll take your sick little deal so you can keep your pathetic, meaningless plaque.

Mr Herkabe: Thank you, Malcolm. I know that you think that this compromised victory will taste like ashes in my mouth, but there's something I learned a long time ago. Ashes don't taste that bad. Okay, class, we'll start this morning with an oral quiz. Who was the victor in

the disputed presidential election of 1896. Um... Malcolm? Surely you know this.

Malcolm: Tilden.

Mr Herkabe: What was that?

Malcolm: Tilden!

Mr Herkabe: That's incorrect.

Reese: What an idiot! Monkey dance! Monkey dance! Monkey dance! Monkey dance! Monkey dance! Monkey dance! Monkey dance!

Hal: We have a problem.

Dewey: What?

Hal: Some wavy-haired blond boy was chatting up Gina at the bike racks after school.

Dewey: Don't you work, Dad?

Hal: Never mind that. The point is, you should have been there.

Dewey: It was probably Stephan. He's no threat.

Hal: I saw him, Dewey. He's an Adonis! Okay, what you need here is some sort of romantic gesture.

Dewey: What do you mean?

Hal: Just off the top of my head, you could send her a nice box of expensive chocolates.

Dewey: I'm not sure.

Hal: Too late. You already did. You just dropped off a big box on her front doorstep, rang the bell and ran like hell. You also trampled some of her rose bushes. Congratulations, son. You're in the game.

Lois: Hal, I have to do something about Claire. She is driving me crazy. (sees Hal making a card) Oh, Hal, that is so sweet.

Hal: It's not for you. Didn't you learn your lesson with Francis? That Jenny Thompson was a stuck-up snot.

Lois: Hal, I have bigger problems. I cannot stand that woman. Which normally isn't an issue, except, I can't afford to tell her off and lose her. She's good with Jamie, she's right down the street, she's incredibly cheap. She'd be perfect if she weren't the most annoying person on the face of the planet. I feel like the top of my head is going to explode if I hear her say another word.

Hal: What rhymes with dreamy?

Lois: Hal, for God's sake.

Hal: I heard what you said, Lois. Look, you just have to completely disengage with her. Take Jamie when she drops him off, nod pleasantly, you can even smile, and then, slam the door in her face.

And don't beat yourself up over it. Some people are just crazy. Do we have any fun stickers?

Reese: B-minus! Ha! I did better than you. For the first time... Wait. A, B, C, D... Never mind.

Mr Herkabe: Buck up, Malcolm. Only 12 more weeks, and then I'll back off and let you pick the course you want to tank.

Malcolm: Hey, we're not in your stupid class anymore, all right? Will you just leave me alone?

Mr Herkabe: Oh, a sullen rebuke. What a bonus. You know, I might make them get me a bigger plaque when I beat you, Malcolm. Ugh! How can they let it get so dingy? Hey, Slick! Instead of pushing dust around over there, why don't you polish up these trophies? It's disgraceful. You know, I'll admit, it wasn't easy beating old Fornby. Of course she had the added advantage of being blind and club-footed, no distractions, but still, I had to bust my hump that last semester. Did you know, instead of seventh period gym, I created my own AP class? While those Cro-Magnons were chasing balls and sweating like swine, I was sitting in an air-conditioned room with my tie unloosed, discussing Renaissance poetry.

Malcolm: You wore a suit to school?

Mr Herkabe: And a silk handkerchief. They hated me because I made them look ridiculous.

Hal: Okay, Dewey, you set the table with the box of candy. Now it's time to reap your reward.

Dewey: She's not going to feel like I'm trying to buy her, is she?

Hal: Let me teach you a valuable lesson about women, Dewey. They think they deserve everything you give them. They all like to think they're special... even the ones that aren't. Now go. You can do it, Son!

Gina's Dad: Yes?

Dewey: Is Gina home?

Gina's Dad: Are you the kid that sent her that candy?

Dewey: Um... maybe.

Gina's Dad: Don't you know she's allergic to nuts?

Dewey: Oh, God. (Hal drives off)

Claire: Hello, Lois.

Lois: (to Jamie) Hi, sweetie. I made you a snack in the kitchen.

Claire: What a day. Jamie was fine, but I got that horrible ringing in my ear. It was just dreadful. Do you ever get that? Well, you're blessed if you don't. I never noticed those cushions before. They're darling. What did you pay for them? They look so comfortable. Mind if I try 'em out?

Lois: I'd like you to go now, Claire.

Claire: Oh, good, because I have a ton of things to do. You know how it is, though, something always comes up.

Lois: What I would like is for you to be in your own house now.

Claire: Boy, so would I. I really have to clean my bathroom tile grout. It's disgusting.

Lois: Get your fat butt out of my house!

Claire: You're so funny. Although, I could lose a little weight here...

Lois: Get out! Get out! Get out! Get out! Get out! Get out!

Claire: Wow. Where did that come from?

Lois: I have put up with this, this long because I needed you for Jamie, but I've had it, lady. I'll send you a check for the money I owe you, and after that, I never want to see your face again. Well, now, I... (Claire comes in through other door)

Claire: Okay, I'm glad we finally got all that out in the open, 'cause now that we know we have issues, we can talk about them.

Mr Herkabe: You can't do this. Just because I missed one stupid gym class!

Principal: It is a dark day for North High, but given recent information that has come to our attention regarding the previous GPA record holder and his failure to meet the physical education requirement, I have no choice. I take no pleasure... in the pain this unfortunate incident has caused, but rules are rules. So, I am directing that this plaque be returned to Edna Fornby, who though blind and crippled, managed to pass gym.

Malcolm: Tough break, Mr. Herkabe.

Mr Herkabe: I know it was you, Malcolm. And I wouldn't be so quick to gloat. I'm not defeated yet. I'm like Napoleon at St. Helena, plotting my return.

Malcolm: You mean Elba. He died on St. Helena.

Mr Herkabe: Oh, shut up! I have to call Mother before she hears it from someone else.

Hal: Hey, honey.

Lois: Hal, it's terrible.

Hal: Oh, what happened?

Lois: Claire died.

Hal: What?

Lois: Her sister just called. I guess no one really saw it coming. I feel so bad.

Hal: Are you baking cookies?

Lois: Snickerdoodles. Boy, life is so precarious, isn't it? You know, just yesterday, she was sitting right here, and then... Hal, you know what I just thought of? We never go dancing. Why don't we go dancing tonight? Doesn't that sound like fun?

Hal: Yeah, sure. I guess. Excuse me, honey. (goes into boys' bedroom where Dewey is sitting on his bed) You okay? Oh... You know, I've been thinking. Maybe she's not the right girl for you. She sure has made this hard on us.

Dewey: There's no "us," Dad. It's you. Every idea you have about girls is wrong. How was I ever born?

Hal: Well, by that time, your mother was pretty much stuck in the relationship, and...

Dewey: Thanks a lot, Dad. I liked Gina. I really did.

Hal: I'm sorry, Dewey. I feel terrible. Maybe there's some way I can help you...

Dewey: No!

Hal: Okay, right. I will stay out of it.

Cut to Hal trying to coax Gina into his car.

Hal: I can make this right. I have better candy. You'll like this candy. It's really good. Come on, just hop in the car. (cops intervene) Come on, give me a break. Don't you remember your first love?

Cut to North High, where Mr Herkabe has shown up for gym class.

Malcolm: What are you doing here?

Mr Herkabe: Reclaiming what is rightfully mine. Once I complete this course, they'll be forced to reinstate me.

Malcolm: You can't take a class 20 years later.

Mr Herkabe: Who is being petty, now, Malcolm? No, no, no. You will soon discover what my cable guy learned the hard way you can't defeat Lionel Herkabe. You see, Malcolm... (gets hit by a ball)

Reese: Hey, Mr. Herkabe. How do you like dodge ball? (continues throwing balls at him)

Mr Herkabe: Oh, no, wait, wait, wait, wait! You are just making yourself look weak and foolish!

Reese: I might stop hitting you if you dance like a monkey.

Mr Herkabe: Like... like this?

Reese: You call that a monkey dance?

Malcolm: (TC): Some things you don't do for trophies. You treasure them here where it counts the most.

Reese: You think that hurt?

Mr Herkabe: That didn't hurt. Oh, God, make it stop!

Malcolm: (TC): No one can take that away.

Gina: Hi.

Dewey: Hi.

Gina: Your dad's really weird.

Dewey: You have no idea.

Gina: You want to eat lunch together tomorrow?

Dewey: Okay. Bye.

Gina: Bye.

Donna: Sorry to bother you. I'm Claire's sister, Donna.

Lois: Oh, hi. Hi. Come on in.

Donna: I don't want to impose. I just want to thank you for being so nice to my sister. She often spoke of you.

Lois: Oh. Well, you know, I thought the world of her.

Donna: Come on now, Lois. I think we both know that Claire required a certain amount of patience. Am I right? Anyway, you wouldn't believe the flight I took coming here. First, they grounded the plane, which, you know, you think, better they do that than trying to fly it with something wrong. Then they said they're going to fix it, and I'm thinking, oh!

Lois: You know, Donna, I'm sorry, but you happened to catch me at a really busy time.

Donna: Oh, you think you're busy, try planning a funeral. Not that I'm complaining...