

710 MALCOLM'S MONEY TRANSCRIPT

Hal: Yeah... what are those kids complaining about?

Lois: Four, three, two... brown... clear... brown again... good.

Dewey: What about this watch, Dad? It's only \$12.99.

Hal: That's where they get you, son. See, it says \$12.99, but that doesn't include the hidden costs. Shipping, handling, box tops... By the time you're through you're paying on the high side of \$15. I've never owned a \$15 watch.

Dewey: But I need one, Dad!

Hal: Son, a cork and a piece of string make a perfectly fine sundial and a great conversation piece with the ladies.

Lois: Malcolm, aren't you having your yearbook picture taken today?

Malcolm: Yep.

Lois: Well, don't you think it would be nice to get a little dressed up for it?

Malcolm: Why? I'm never going to see these people again. They're just a bunch of shallow jerks who don't care about anything but who's instant-messaging who, and who's going to the stupid Moonlight Dance. A bunch of kids in formal clothes, barefoot on the beach... It's just pathetic. And I wouldn't have gone even if they told me about it.

Lois: Here's your uniform, Reese. You're really lucky you got your old job back again.

Reese: Lucky? They have me on the delivery route, hauling stuff around all day. At least when I worked in the slaughter house, there were breaks every couple of hours to find guys' fingers.

Guy: Hey, man, is my tie straight?

Malcolm: Yeah... (looks around and sees everyone else is dressed up) Wow, everyone's taking these yearbook pictures pretty seriously, huh?

Guy: Are you kidding? This is how everyone's going to remember us for the rest of our lives.

Girl: Yeah, it's like a time capsule. I mean, our children are going to look at these pictures years from now to see what we used to be like. Isn't that right, sweetie? (crouches down next to her baby in her stroller) Yes... yes, it is.

Photographer: Great. Next! Oh, another rebel, huh?

Malcolm: What? I get it, kid. The T-shirt, the scowl... you're a tough guy. You're dangerous. I see that a lot with you scrawny ones. (Malcolm sits on the stool)

Malcolm: No, that's not...

Photographer: Come on, Chachi, let's get it over with.

Malcolm: (getting up) I made a mistake. I'd like to re-sched... (photographer takes photo)

Photographer: Take that, society. Next!

Lois: Hi, Dewey. How was school?

Dewey: Terrible! I missed the school bus because I didn't know what time it was, and then I was late for a spelling test because I didn't know what time it was, and then David Klausner beat me up because I didn't know what time it was!

Lois: You want to know what time it is, Dewey? It's half past a roof over your head, clean clothes, and three meals a day. That's what time it is!

Dewey: Let me tell you something, Mom. The roof leaks, the clothes are hand-me-downs, and the food stinks!

Lois: Room!

Dewey: Dirty.

Hal: This is interesting. Our credit card company sent us a collection notice and an application for a new card. Oh, my God!

Lois: What is it?

Hal: It's a check for Malcolm for \$10,000!

Lois: What?! You're joking!

Hal: No, no, no! It says it's from a McClellan Fellowship Genius Grant to further his education... No strings attached!

Lois: I can't believe it! This is fantastic!

Hal: It's amazing! I've never seen so many zeroes on that side of the decimal point!

Lois: Can you imagine what he could do with that?

Hal: Yeah, Imagine what anyone could do with that! Imagine what we could do with that.

Lois: What are you talking about?

Hal: Nothing. All I'm saying is that we can do a lot with this kind of money.

Lois: But it's not ours, Hal; it's Malcolm's.

Hal: Of course, it's Malcolm's. But we have to take a moment to think about what a teenager is going to do with \$10,000. Well, you know he's just going to blow it all on Legos and penny candy. Besides, it's not like Dr. Braniac. He isn't gonna get a free ride to whatever college he wants to go to, right?

Lois: I don't think I like where this is going, Hal.

Hal: Lois, all I'm thinking about is protecting Malcolm. I mean, sure, he's got that brilliant mind, but right now it is being held hostage by gallons of crazy teenage hormones. All I'm saying is maybe we should hold onto this for a little while, before we decide what to do with it.

Lois: Yeah, but Hal...

Malcolm: Thanks, Mom, for letting me go to picture day dressed like this. You made me look like a total jackass! It's not your picture; you don't care what I look like. Any mail for me?

Lois: (she and Hal look at each other) No.

Reese: Geez, my feet are killing me.

Manager: I told you, you gotta let the blood drip into your shoes. Once it coagulates, then it's like walking on puffy clouds.

Reese: Look at all these people, sitting here, just waiting for death.

Managers: Yeah, I'd like to show those animal rights whackos this place. This is exactly what would happen to cows if it wasn't for us. Wait here. I'm gonna get someone to sign for the delivery.

Reese: (sitting down between two old people who are watching TV) Thanks for beating Hitler. Now we're gonna watch something else. (picks up Judith's ice cream) Thank you. This is pretty sweet. Man, it's true what they say old age is wasted on the old.

Lois: (Hal is standing outside the window) Hal, there's nobody home.

Hal: We can't be too careful. Meet me at the clothesline!

Lois: See, Hal? You know this is wrong. You're acting like you have something to hide!

Hal: What are you talking about? It's a beautiful day. Since when is it a crime to get some fresh air?

Lois: No, I thought about it, and it is just wrong. We're giving that money back to Malcolm. Besides, the check is made out to him. The bank probably wouldn't even... (Hal shows her the money, now in cash) Put that away! No, wait, let me see it again! Oh, my God. No, we're not going to do this.

Hal: Honey, you are looking at this all wrong. We will pay him back. We are like a bank. And banks don't give you back the same exact money that you gave them. They use it, and then pay you back with different money later on. It's what makes our economy the envy of the world.

Lois: I don't know. It just seems wrong.

Hal: Look at it as a forced savings plan. We're actually doing him a favour. Lois, I can honestly say that I was not a good father to Malcolm until I forged his signature on that check.

Lois: And we're going to pay him back, right?

Hal: Absolutely every cent we spend. Plus interest. With no hidden handling fees.

Lois: Okay.

Hal: Good. Honey, we have absolutely nothing to be ashamed of here. Okay, you go back into the house. I'll follow in 30 seconds. Go on!

Photographer: Good. Next! (Malcolm is next) Sorry, pal, you had your chance.

Malcolm: No! You have to take my picture again! Please! I thought I didn't care what people think of me, but I do. I really do!

Photographer: Look, kid, I'm making 20 cents a head, and re-shoots come out of my pocket. That adds up to "I don't give a crap."

Malcolm: Don't blame me that you're a no-talent clown who couldn't even cut it at Sears! I'm not going anywhere until you take my picture!

Photographer: Fine. Let's go. Let's just get rid of some of that shine.

Malcolm: What did you do?! I look terrible!

Photographer: It looks pretty good to me. But that's just one clown's opinion. Next!

Cut to Reese at the Old Folks' home, taking advantage of their facilities and playing checkers with the residents.

Worker: Aren't you the meat delivery guy? What the hell are you doing here?

Reese: I, um...

Judith: He's my grandson. He's here visiting me.

Reese: Hi, Grandma. It's great to see you.

Judith: You can drop the act, kid. I haven't lost my marbles. I just like seeing someone have some fun around here.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Lois is ironing clothes when Hal gets home.

Hal: Clothesline.

Lois: I got an estimate for the new pipes! Think of it, Hal clean water, on demand, the decision of hot or cold water entirely up to us!

Hal: Yes, well, we could spend the money on new pipes, or we could put a down payment on her.

Lois: Where did you get this?

Hal: At the boat show.

Lois: Boat show?

Hal: Lois, I was on my way to work, when all of a sudden I see this giant billboard for the boat show, only 60 miles away! Now I'm

not saying there's an invisible hand guiding our lives, but what are the odds?

Lois: We're not wasting the money on a boat.

Hal: It's not wasting, it's investing! A boat is a money-maker, Lois. Do you know how many opportunities we have missed out on because we weren't travelling in the right circles? Where are all the connections being made, the elbows being rubbed, the deals going down? The yacht club!

Lois: Forget it! We're not spending Malcolm's money on a boat. That's final!

Hal: Lois... (goes to bathroom and knocks on door) You're looking at this the wrong way. It's not Malcolm's money anymore. Until we pay him back, it's ours. All right, maybe I was reaching too far with the big one, but just take a look at these...

Lois: Huh?

Hal: You can choose the Wave Skimmer or the Weekender. What do you think?

Dewey: (comes out of bathroom) I like this one.

Malcolm: Unbelievable! You know what's going on, Mom? How could he do this to me?!

Lois: Malcolm, I know it looks bad, but let me explain!

Malcolm: Don't try and stick up for him, Mom.

Lois: Oh, Malcolm, I know he's not perfect, but I love him.

Malcolm: You love my yearbook photographer?

Lois: Yes. Well... maybe love is too strong a word for it, but he does great work.

Malcolm: The guy's hired to take good yearbook pictures! Now my grandchildren are gonna look at my photo in 50 years and think that their grandfather was a dork!

Lois: Well, then I'm going to have to rethink my feelings for him.

Malcolm: (phone rings)Hello?

Hal: (in deep voice) Uh, yes. 'Ello, Guv'nor. Is your mum at home?

Malcolm: It's Dad.

Lois: Hal?

Hal: Clothesline.

Lois: What's he doing here?

Hal: He's in.

Lois: What?! How did...

Hal: He just is! Look, it's isn't important how it happened. Let's just move on with this, okay?

Lois: Look, Dewey, you understand we're not stealing this money. Every cent is going back to Malcolm. We're a bank.

Dewey: Yeah, well, this bank is getting a Rolex. A big one.

Lois: That money is going towards new pipes for the house!

Hal: She can spend her share any way she wants.

Dewey: And I'm spending my share on a Rolex. I think I've earned it.

Lois: There are no shares! Listen to me! We are not splitting up that money!

Dewey: Who put you in charge?

Hal: Yeah, who put you in charge? Let's vote.

Lois: There will be no voting!

Dewey: I vote there's voting.

Hal: Me, too. I'm going to get the money.

Lois: It's not there anymore. I moved it.

Hal: I know. I moved it from where you moved it.

Lois: And I moved it again.

Hal: What? I was the one who came up with this idea...

Dewey: The money is safe.

Hal: (fighting Dewey) Give it! (Malcolm comes out and Hal quickly fakes cover-up story) And that... is the French Tuck!

Judith: I don't know. It sounds to me like he was asking to be beaten up.

Reese: That's what I said! Just because you're a crossing guard, you're suddenly off limits? "Walk, don't walk..." Who the hell is he to boss me around?

Judith: It's nice to see someone with a little spirit. So many young people just lie about the house, just watching their Miami Vice and MTV's. Pie? (hands him piece)

Reese: This is great. I never knew old people could be nice. I thought you were all wrinkled bags of skin babbling about how stuff used to cost less.

Judith: No, some are like that, but there's a few of us who still have some life left.

Reese: Who's the geezer?

Judith: That's Teddy. Handsome, isn't he?

Reese: You want me to push you over to him?

Judith: No, I don't think that would be a good idea. See, we're not allowed to have romances around here. It's as if they don't think we're capable of having feelings anymore.

Reese: That is totally unfair! I mean, as long as the two of you can see each other naked and still keep your lunches down, you should be able to do whatever it is you want to do.

Judith: Thank you.

Photographer: Thank you!

Malcolm: Okay, I alphabetized all the seniors' names, helped lug your equipment for three days from here to your shop and I held the lights for those creepy photo shoots. You have to take another picture of me.

Photographer: You held up your part of the bargain, I'll hold up mine. Sit down.

Photographer: Chin to the left... Square your shoulders... Smile!

Malcolm: What did you do to me?! I look like a freak!

Photographer: (photo is fine) Kid, that's you. That's what you look like.

Malcolm: I can't let my grandchildren see me like that! You have to fix it! Put on a special filter, or - or brighter lights... Please, do something!

Photographer: Sorry, kid. That's the best I can do. I'm a yearbook photographer, not a magician.

Lois: (Dewey arrives home, dressed up) Where have you been?

Dewey: School.

Hal: That story better hold up, Mister.

Lois: Your father wants to count the money again.

Hal: I just think we all get along better when we know it's all here. By the way, I'm going to need some of this. I got an estimate to fix my transmission.

Lois: This receipt is from 1986, Hal! I can see where you erased the date!

Dewey: Amateur.

Hal: Oh, yeah? Well, how do I know this plumber's for real, and not just some actor that you hired?

Lois: Yeah, yeah, yeah, I held auditions while you were at work, Hal!

Hal: I knew it!

Hal: Listen to yourself! You've gone insane! That would be pretty convenient for you, wouldn't it? Well, you are not locking me away!

Dewey: I haven't trusted either of you since I was six!

Hal: All right, all right, let's just split it. Three ways, and we'll all be happy.

Dewey: I wouldn't say happy, but it's a start.

Lois: I have a better idea. We just stop this nonsense and give the money back to Malcolm.

Hal: Okay, you can have your pipes.

Lois: No, Hal, this isn't a bargaining tool. This money has turned us into animals. I'm going down to the bank tomorrow morning and getting a cashier's check in Malcolm's name. Then the three of us can slink away and forget that this whole thing ever happened.

Dewey: Can't you control that woman?

Hal: Watch your tone, young man!

Dewey: Or else what? You'll just cave, like you did with Mom. (Malcolm comes home)

Hal: All right, that's it! Go to your room!

Dewey: I think maybe we should both go to our rooms.

Hal: Fine!

Cut to the Old Folks' home, where Reese stages an emergency in order to sneak Judith and Teddy together)

Receptionist: (Reese unplugs a guy's monitor and an alarm sounds) Code blue! Code blue!

Reese: I think some of these are Viagra. Go for it.

Teddy: What can we do to repay you?

Reese: Give me a five-minute head start.

Cut to the Wikersons' house, where Hal and Dewey emerge from their rooms)

Hal: Honey, we want to apologize.

Dewey: Yeah. You were right. We were turning into monsters. The bad kind.

Hal: You're just so much stronger than we are. Thank God for your levelheadedness. Thank God there was someone in this house who was able to keep their sanity. And you taught us a lot of important lessons about... honesty and trust. So... if you'll just tell us where you hid the money...

Lois: I've done something very bad.

Hal: What?

Lois: There was this antique store across the street from the bank. And I saw this dollhouse in the window. And the next thing I knew, I was walking out with it. It was like that money in my pocket killed the old Lois and replaced her with a crazy person...

Hal: It's okay, honey. I mean... So what if you spent a couple hundred dollars on a dollhouse? It's no big deal. Now where's the rest of the money?

Lois: There isn't any.

Dewey: What?!

Hal: You - you spent ten thousand dollars on a stupid dollhouse?!

Lois: They wanted 12. But look, Hal... it has a tiny little dumbwaiter, and the lights really work.

Reese: Hi, Judith.

Judith: Oh, hello, Reese. I want to thank you so much for everything you've done.

Reese: It felt good to do something nice for a change. I'm seriously thinking about peppering that into my repertoire.

Worker: Are you the one who helped Judith and Teddy get together yesterday?

Reese: Yes, I am, and I would do it again. Your rules are just stupid. I mean, who does it hurt to let two old people be happy?

Teddy's Wife: You whore! You stole my husband!

Judith: No, I just used him without your permission and gave him back to you... Just like someone did with my sewing machine.

Teddy: Look at her. I couldn't say no! How can you say no to that?

Teddy's Wife: Oh, shut up, you old fool!

Reese: Wait! I can fix this! Just get back at him by sleeping with someone else! How about him? (wheels another guy over) When he has his teeth in, he's quite the looker!

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Hal, Lois and Dewey are having another meeting at the clothesline.

Hal: Okay, I sold my car.

Lois: Well, we'll add that to what I got for my engagement ring and my grandmother's pearls.

Dewey: No one wanted to buy my bike, but a bunch of kids did pay to watch me eat a centipede.

Lois: We're doing the right thing. We should all remember that.

Hal: Quit sermonizing. I'll get enough of that from the nut-jobs on the bus.

Cut to the house the next day. Hal, Lois and Dewey are in the kitchen when Malcolm arrives home, excited about his cheque.

Malcolm: You guys aren't gonna believe it! I got a McClellan Fellowship Grant for \$3,857!

Lois: That's wonderful, Malcolm!

Hal: Congratulations, son.

Dewey: Yeah, congratulations.

Malcolm: This couldn't have come at a better time! I know exactly what I'm gonna do with it! (after doing photo shoot) Let's see them call me a dork now.