

712 COLLEGE RECRUITERS TRANSCRIPT

Lois: There you go.

Malcolm: Liver and beans again?

Lois: It's all we had.

Hal: You've done it again, honey.

Jamie: No! (looks angry and throws his spoon)

Lois: Jamie, I'm sorry if you don't like it, but I worked very hard to make this and nobody leaves until their plates are clean.

Malcolm: (on phone) Oh, I'll definitely call you back. Hold on. Let me get a pen. What's the number again? Great. I got it. I'll call you, I promise.

Hal: If that wasn't a relative, I'm going to be very upset.

Malcolm: It's just another college recruiter.

Hal: Just another college recruiter? You know, when I was applying, believe me, there were no recruiters. If I hadn't found that ad inside that matchbook, I may not have pursued higher education at all.

Malcolm: But they're calling me all the time. I must get ten calls a day.

Hal: Then each one must be handled like that's the university you're going to. It's called options. Why do you think guys date ugly women? I swear I will to kill my mother! She just slinks down here and marries off my son to some Eastern European bimbo. The old reptile. I can't believe her leg hasn't grown back.

Hal: Honey, calm down.

Lois: No. I am going to kill her. You know, if young person dies, it looks suspicious. When old people die, it's just the way of the world. There's no investigation.

Hal: Well, at least Reese is independent now.

Lois: Independent?! He's living in our garage! How independent is that? I read about this old woman who drowned in her bowl of soup. It happens.

Hal: Honey, look at the up side. Malcolm is going off to college, Francis is with Piama, now Reese is married. They've all flown the nest. We're done.

Lois: We still have Jamie and Dewey.

Hal: Oh, right.

Dewey: I'm all packed up.

Hal: Good for you. Are you going somewhere?

Lois: He's going to Francis's. Let's go over the rules again. When you are on a bus, what are you to do?

Dewey: Talk to no one, don't let anyone sit next to me, try to look sickly and learning-impaired, cough every few minutes and nose-picking's okay.

Lois: Encouraged. And what if you are on the bus for a few hours and you have to go to the bathroom really, really bad?

Dewey: I still don't go.

Lois: That's my boy.

Reese: Mom, Dad, I would like to invite you to a garage-warming. Raduca thought that the least we could do is show our appreciation by treating you to a meal.

Lois: Well, I don't know what to say.

Hal: We would be delighted to come. What are we having?

Reese: (looks in fridge) Looks like baloney, some kind of yellow cheese, half a litre of Mountain Dew and... Wheat Crisps.

Hal: Wonderful.

Francis: Huh?

Dewey: This is where you live?

Francis: Yeah.

Dewey: Where's Piama?

Francis: Her sister's in prison. Or marrying somebody in prison. Whatever it was, she bought a dress.

Dewey: So what's the deal with the beard?

Francis: Oh, this thing? I don't know. I was trying to find a job and not really finding anything and... kinda felt like something was holding me back. I think this makes me stand out from the crowd. Mission accomplished.

Dewey: So this is how you live? No fridge, no real furniture, and the only decoration's a stolen bus bench?

Francis: Isn't that great?

Dewey: Francis, this is... everything I've ever dreamed of! This is exactly how I'll live when I grow up!

Francis: Thanks, Dewey. You know, it's not easy to create this kind of lifestyle. Hey, you want to listen to some music?

Dewey: Sure.

Francis: (calling) Hey, Kipler, turn that crap down! (neighbour turns his stereo up loud) Feel that bass? That's a powered subwoofer!

Lois: I'm not going to be mean. I'm going to very nicely tell them their marriage is a sham and must be dissolved.

Hal: That might backfire. Look what happened when my mother tried that with us.

Lois: And what choice do we have? We can't let them live like hobos in our filthy garage. (they open the door and look around the garage, which has been transformed into a studio apartment)

Hal: So beautiful.

Raduca: Please do enter.

Lois: Raduca, I have to say it is incredible what you've done with this place.

Raduca: No, no, no, this was Reese. He gets credit.

Hal: Reese... you did this?

Raduca: He is very determined when you give him task.

Reese: Now, sweetie, you can't give me all the credit. We both stomped that spider nest together.

Raduca: Ah, yes, honeymoon.

Hal: I am very impressed.

Lois: Is this homework?!

Reese: Yeah, Raduca won't let me watch any television until it's finished. Wives. Am I right? Education is key to better life. (yelling) Reese! Chair!

Hal: I can't remember when I've had a baloney and Wheat-Crisp casserole this good.

Raduca: Reese has studying for green card exam. We must know every spouse's detail. Favorite color, toilet habit, my menstruation cycle.

Hal: I think I'm done.

Raduca: (yelling) Reese! Plates!

Lois: Did you see the way she talks to him? She has broken his spirit.

Hal: He's not our Reese anymore.

Lois: I know. It's fantastic.

Hal: Yeah.

Cut to the living room, where Malcolm arrives home from school to find Hal waiting with a College Recruiter.

Hal: Here's our little scholar.

Milt: Oh.

Malcolm: What?

Hal: Malcolm, this is Milt Anderson, a recruiter from M.I.T.

Malcolm: Dad...

Hal: We talked about this, and you're sitting here and listening to what he has to say, got it?

Malcolm: But...

Hal: Now, Malcolm, I know you've got a lot of questions.

Malcolm: Yeah. You're from M.I.T.

Milt: That's right. Mississippi Institute of Technology.

Malcolm: What?

Milt: Now, I know everybody always assumes it's Massachusetts. And hey, they do good work, too, but can they offer you the same kind of God-centric approach to science that we do? Now, I know you're a gentleman, and you're not going to want to make a decision until you come down and... taste some of the best catfish that ever melted into your mouth!

Malcolm: Dad, could I talk to you for a second?

Hal: Of course. (to Milt, as he leads Malcolm off) Any chance you could air ship some of those ?

Malcolm: Dad, this is a complete waste of time. I've already told you there are only four colleges in the whole world that have the nuclear biology programs that I'm interested in. And this M.I.T. and Kolumbia with a K aren't on the list.

Hal: Maybe this isn't the school of your dreams, but you need a fallback position.

Malcolm: Forget about it, Dad. This is my decision and I'm not talking to these bozos.

Hal: All right, fine. I'll do it for you. But one day, you'll thank me. Uh, Milt, you'll have to excuse Malcolm. He, uh, had to do some... brain exercises. You know, mental squats and such. Anyway... tell me about your science department.

Milt: Well, I'd love to. Let me just find my brochure. Here, why don't you take one of my key chains?

Hal: It lights up! What else you got in there? I like that beer cozy. But I suppose it's either or.

Reese: Why do we have to get a stupid green card anyway? I hate studying. It's so boring.

Raduca: Shut up and look at my breasts! This is the kind of thing that it will be on test. Note the number and the position of the beauty marks.

Reese: Yeah, yeah, yeah.
Raduca: Eyes down here!

Francis: I'm sorry.

Dewey: That's okay. Sometimes it's better to see water slides from a distance.

Francis: You make plans for a perfectly good time, and they go and fix the le in the fence. I just wish I had the kind of money to buy us tickets.

Dewey: I would have lent you the six bucks.

Francis: Hey, I don't roll that way. It's bad enough I'm letting my little brother buy me dinner tonight.

Dewey: So what do you want to do until then?

Francis: We could wrestle.

Dewey: You want to wrestle for seven hours? (door knocks)

Mr Banner: You in there! Where is my rent?

Francis: Mr Banner, I can't open the door right now. (to Dewey) Bark, right now. (Dewey barks like a dog) It's my dog. He's crazy. And big.

Mr Banner: I want that rent, it better be in my mailbox in 48 hours.

Francis: Phew. So, Greco-Roman or freestyle?

Cut to the Wilkersons' garage, where Reese goes inside to find Raduca naked, wrapped in her bedspread.

Reese: Oh, no. No more studying. I need a break.

Raduca: Reese, what are you doing here?!

Reese: What's that? Who's there? (guy walks over) Raduca, who is this?!

Raduca: Um, this is, um, Bela, and I have known him for many years because... he is my brother.

Reese: I can't believe you! You had your brother in town and don't tell me?! Get over here! (goes and hugs Bela, who looks unhappy)

Cut to the lounge, where Hal is meeting with more College Recruiters.

Hal: (comes in with tray with cups and iced tea) Sorry I kept you boys waiting.

Recruiter 1: I thought I had 4:30.

Recruiter 2: You told me 4:30 a week ago.

Hal: Boys, please, it's my fault. I've just had so many recruiters calling, they've got me coming and going. Tea?

Recrutier 1: Waybridge, huh? Guess Nick beat us here.

Hal: I just like the colour. It doesn't mean anything.

Recruiter 2: You know, Grandville has terrific sweaters. In fact, we have a collapsible umbrella people love.

Hal: Please, it's not about merchandise. It's about education. Of course, it is easier to study when you're dry and toasty.

Recruiter 2: You got it. (puts umbrella in Hal's lap)

Hal: Now... tell me about your respective universities.

Recruiter 2: At Grandville, the head of our physics department just won a Nobel prize.

Hal: That's very impressive.

Recruiter 1: At Euclid, we think it's about results. For example, 70% of Euclid graduates take care of their parents in retirement.

Hal: Oh, I like that.

Recruiter 2: How can you keep those stats? Do you have no shame?

Recruiter 1: Your Nobel prize was shared, okay?

Recruiter 2: Your cyclotron is underfunded.

Recruiter 1: How dare you!

Hal: Boys... (phone rings) Excuse me. (answers phone) Hello. (quickly goes into living room) Oh, um, yes. Hi, Barry. Yes, I've been thinking about you, too. Listen, I can't talk.

Recruiter 1: Is that Barry from Michigan?

Hal: (on phone) Well, never you mind who's here. Yes, I got your muffins. They were delicious and very thoughtful of you. Oh, stop! You are relentless.

Reese: I hope I didn't keep you up last night with all that noise.

Malcolm: Geez, Reese, I don't want to hear about your sex life.

Reese: What? No, I was getting the oil stains out of the driveway. For your information, marriage isn't just about sex. It's about commitment. Anyway, you know we can't have sex until after the waiting period.

Malcolm: The waiting period?

Reese: Poor, naive Malcolm. All women, when they get married, require a waiting period of six months to a year. You know, if you got your nose out of a book, and started living life a little, you might know these things. Raduca is a delicate flower, and it's going to take some time for her to get used to the idea of being with a man.

Malcolm: (Bela emerges from the garage and starts doing exercises) Who's that?

Raduca: Her brother Bela.

Malcolm: Doesn't look much like her.

Reese: Shows how much you know. I've never seen two people closer in my life. (goes into the main house) Mom, when Raduca found out I took the food out of your refrigerator, she was pretty upset. She says we shouldn't be living off you.

Lois: Really?

Reese: I owe you 14 slices of baloney... (stuffs remainder into his mouth) a half a litre of soda... (tips half the bottle down the drain)

Lois: Reese, I was against your marriage from the beginning. I thought it was a mistake for you to be tied down so early in life. But, I see you and Raduca together and, I must say, I think she's good for you.

Reese: You do? Why are you saying that?

Lois: Well, I'm giving you my blessing.

Reese: I see what's happening here. You're using reverse psychology. It's not working.

Lois: No, I'm really just saying that I like her, and I like how you are when you're with her.

Reese: Nice try, Mom, but I'm staying with Raduca.

Lois: And I approve.

Reese: You'd like me to think so, wouldn't you?

Lois: Yes, I would.

Reese: Well, I'm staying with her, Mom. Check and mate.

Francis: Well, if you were worried about today's activities, you can just relax. My neighbors are on vacation, so good-bye, Seelys, hello, cable television.

Dewey: I have a better idea. There's a job centre I thought we could go to.

Francis: Oh, I get it. My little bro is worried about me.

Dewey: Maybe a little. Plus, cable is so overrated.

Francis: Look, Dewey, I know it may seem like I don't have a lot going on, but I've got plenty of irons in the fire. Like my screenplay.

Dewey: It's only five pages.

Francis: They're probably going to bring in some high-priced rewriter. Why should I do his work for him?

Dewey: Do you have any other irons?

Francis: Look, I know it's tough to break into Hollywood. I'd be pretty stupid to rest everything on that. That's why I'm training a possum.

Dewey: To do what?

Francis: Dial a phone, hop on one foot, walk like John Wayne... Stuff that people who visit roadside circuses like to see. So, does that put your mind at ease?

Dewey: Francis, you have to get a life.

Francis: I have a life. I've got my hobbies, my bus bench, the guys at the apartment pool.

Dewey: I'm only 12, and I can see that this is a dead end. So you know what I should do better than I do.

Francis: You're just like Mom.

Dewey: Maybe Mom has a point. Maybe just hanging out by the pool isn't going to be the stepping-stone you're hoping for.

Francis: You never supported me!

Dewey: All I'm saying is jobs don't just drop out of the sky.

Francis: I hate you! (storms off)

Cut to the house, where Hal is deciding which cup to drink his coffee in.

Hal: Fighting Irish or Golden Gophers? Blue and gold.

Malcolm: Dad, I'm sorry. I know we fought about this, but, the truth is I'm actually glad you kept those college guys off my back.

Hal: Well, son, it hasn't been easy. Today I've got two lunches, a coffee... Oh! And I'm going bowling with a guy from Yale.

Malcolm: Thanks to you, I was able to clear my head and make my decision.

Hal: No, you haven't. I have a lobster dinner next Tuesday.

Malcolm: I've decided to go to Harvard.

Hal: Harvard? I waited at that frozen yogurt shop for two hours, and he never showed!

Malcolm: I just wrote a letter of early acceptance. I'm mailing it today. They can accept me as early as tomorrow, and all this will stop.

Hal: Stop?

Malcolm: Thanks again, Dad. It's a big relief to me.

Hal: Harvard? You're destroying your life!

Dewey: (packing his bag) Sorry, Francis. I guess visiting wasn't such a great idea. (Francis doesn't respond) Thanks for trying to show me a good time. I only need a bus fare to get home, so I'm leaving you the rest. Good-bye, Francis.

Francis: (comes in, shaven and dressed in a suit) Wait.

Dewey: Francis, you look great.

Francis: Thanks. I realized you were right. For some reason, I've just been sitting around waiting for my life to start happening. I know that it's childish and immature of me to think that some job is just going to fall out of the sky. (door knocks) Hey, man, what's up?

Travis: Francis, you're never going to believe this! (to Dewey) Hey. Remember how you were always telling us to "rock on"?

Francis: Yeah, Travis. Rock on.

Travis: That's what we did! And now they signed my band, Ass Bandit, to a record contract. We actually have a song on the radio, and we were wondering if you wanted to manage us.

Francis: Really?

Travis: Yeah, man! You were always there for us, borrowing our money so we couldn't get wasted on beer, taking our car so we'd be stuck here and have to practice all the time, and it totally paid off. Now we are going to tour Europe! You got to come with us, Francis. All you got to do is make sure the hotel rooms kick ass and the chicks are hot.

Francis: I don't know... Sounds like a lot of traveling. Aw, what the hell? I'll do it.

Travis: (excited) Owwwwwww! (high-fives Francis and Dewey)

Vince: Tawny port. I want this to be a night to remember.

Hal: I think it could be. Malcolm told me that he was very excited about Bagley-Owens University.

Vince: Well, we're very excited about Malcolm.

Hal: Are you really?

Vince: Well, perhaps this will convince you. (shows Hal a ring)

Hal: Oh, Vince... I don't know what to say.

Vince: Just say, "Yes, Malcolm will be going to Bagley next fall."

Hal: I'm such a mess, I can't even get it on my finger.

Vince: Let me help.

Malcolm: (arriving at restaurant) Dad...

Hal: Malcolm, what are you doing here?

Malcolm: What was my letter of intent to Harvard doing in your secret money drawer?

Vince: Harvard? Is this true, Hal?

Malcolm: You're damn right it is!

Vince: I think this dinner's over.

Hal: Vince, I can explain.

Vince: I don't want to hear it. (holds out hand and Hal returns the ring)

Hal: Good-bye, Vince.

Malcolm: This is my decision. My future.

Hal: You're a kid. You could change your mind. You just needed a cooling-off period. I almost married a Mexican woman two weeks before I married your mother.

Malcolm: (sits down) What are you doing? You're mortgaging my future for some dinners and a few sweaters?

Hal: I got other stuff: ponchos, seat cushions... all right, I was going to let you make the final decision, I just liked the attention. No, no... I loved the attention. If I was a woman, I'd be a slut.

Malcolm: You were just leading all these guys on.

Hal: I know. It's just... Malcolm, I'm an average guy, in the middle of my life, in a job that can replace me in an hour. I was never an important man. You're the only important thing I've ever done. Oh, God!

Malcolm: Don't feel bad, Dad. You raised me. You deserve the attention.

Hal: (upset) No! Vince left the check.

Lois: Reese, what's wrong?

Reese: I got the results of our green card test in this envelope. But I just can't open it! I know I didn't pass. I totally panicked.

Lois: Oh, Reese, don't be silly. These tests are for people who aren't living together. Who aren't in love. You have a real marriage. This is no problem.

Reese: But, Mom, what if I...?

Lois: You'll be fine. This is a mother's promise to her son. (opens results) Oh, wow, Reese. I'm so, so sorry.

Reese: Quit stalling! How did I do?

Lois: The INS is denying Raduca's request for a green card. They're questioning the validity of your marriage. They want her to report to their office tomorrow. You said Raduca had a tail?

Reese: Might have a tail! I don't know what the hell is going on back there! I was nervous.

Lois: Reese, I feel just terrible.

Reese: That's it. It's the end of my marriage. The one thing that was going right in my life is ruined.

Lois: No, Reese. Nothing is ruined. If you love this girl, you'll find a way to overcome this obstacle.

Reese: I don't know.

Lois: Remember when I told you you couldn't keep that tarantula? Six months later, what did I find in my salad?

Reese: My tarantula.

Lois: You hung onto it because you loved it. And you love Raduca. We are not going to let the United States government smash her with a shoe. Come on. Let's go tell her we'll figure out a way to work this thing out. (they go into the garage and Raduca screams) Oh, my God!

Reese: How come your brother doesn't have a waiting period?!

Cut to the kitchen.

Lois: Dewey, I just got off the phone with your English teacher. She said you got an "F" on your paper. An "F"! You keep this up, you'll fail the class, which will go on your record, which will determine where you are placed in high school and where you will go to college, if anywhere.

Hal: Don't go to college. It's okay with me.

Lois: How do you think you're going to make your way in the world?

Dewey: You don't get it, Mom. Things take care of themselves. Rock on.