

721 MORP TRANSCRIPT

Malcolm: Man, I hate finals. I was up all night studying.

Reese: (taping his History test answers to a pair of glasses) Not me, I slept like a baby.

Malcolm: What are you doing?

Reese: Just making sure I know the answers for my history test today. There's more than one way to be a genius, Malcolm. (walks off and crashes into the door)

Lois: Hey, Dewey, what have you got there?

Dewey: I have to do an autobiography for my English class, and my teacher wants me to include a few pictures from my early childhood.

Hal: Well, it looks like you have a lot to choose from.

Dewey: Yeah. You guys really did a great job with Francis... (holds up overflowing album) and Reese... (holds up smaller album) and Malcolm. (holds up small album) Now why don't we take a look at a few of my precious memories. (flicks through empty album)

Hal: Spider. There. Now we have that memory.

Lois: Will you stop feeling sorry for yourself, there must be a hundreds of pictures of you in here. (starts going through a box) Well, here is poor, neglected Dewey having great time at Seaworld.

Dewey: It's so blurry, you can't even tell that's me.

Hal: Well, you can't prove it's not.

Lois: Dewey, at least we got you a memory book. That's more than we've done for Jamie.

Dewey: And I suppose that makes you feel pretty good about yourselves.

Lois: You want to know the truth? You were the fourth child. By the time you came along, this house was in a state of complete chaos. The only sleep I got was when I'd nod off on the drive to work. So forgive us if we didn't get a chance to take every picture, every video, or get you every vaccination.

Dewey: I wasn't vaccinated?

Lois: Tell you what, Dewey. You get whooping cough, I promise I'll take a ton of pictures.

Cut to North High School, where a girl is putting up a poster for the upcoming Prom, while others excitedly discuss the event.

You won't believe it!

Kelly: I just got asked to the prom by Nick Tompkins!

Malcolm (TC): Oh, great, it's prom time already. An evening of posers and phonies out to make the rest of us feel like crap. It's just like every other day of high school, except it costs a thousand dollars.

Carla: (walks over and sees poster) That's inspired. "A Night To Cherish"? It makes last year's "A Night To Remember" seem so shallow.

Kelly: Yeah, I wouldn't expect you to show up, anyway, Carla. You'll probably be home alone in your room, listening to Morrissey and gouging out the eyes of the models in Vogue magazine.

Carla: Aw, does this mean we're not best friends anymore? (Kelly walks off)

Malcolm: That was great. You're Carla, right? The one who read the phone book out loud at the talent show.

Carla: Yeah. I was surprised they let me get all the way to the B's.

Malcolm: You know what sucks about this school?

Carla: Students, teachers, the textbooks, the asbestos-filled building and the toxic dump it's built on?

Malcolm: Well, that, plus they never offer anything for people like us to do.

Carla: You know what would be cool? If there was a party that was the complete opposite of the prom.

Malcolm: You mean like a "morp."

Carla: What?

Malcolm: A morp, the complete opposite of the prom.

Carla: A Morp. I like that. Yeah, instead of paying \$500 for a dress, we could just wear jeans and a sweatshirt.

Malcolm: And instead of a limo,
we can all just take the bus. We should totally do this. Can I get your number?

Carla: Sure. (rips off the bottom of the prom poster to write her number on it)

Reese is pushing a younger boy into a locker.

Kid: It wasn't me who threw that pudding at you!

Reese: Well, you should have thought of that before you started looking like the guy who did!

Jeanie: Excuse me? You're Reese, aren't you?

Reese: Wait a second, I'm in the middle of something. (shoves kid into the locker and padlocks the door closed) Don't worry, somebody will find you, they do drug searches on Fridays. Okay, what?

Jeanie: What are you doing prom night?

Reese: That's a Saturday. I'll be throwing shopping carts into the reservoir.

Jeanie: My name is Jeanie. For the past four years, I've been super-focused on keeping a perfect GPA. But now that I've got my acceptance letter

from Brown, I feel like I've got some time to experience high school social life. So I want you to take me to the prom.

Reese: Yeah... that sounds like a fun night, except... the next morning I wake up like an idiot with no shopping carts in the reservoir.

Jeanie: I'll pay you \$200.

Reese: Two hundred dollars?! Just to go out on a date? And the career counselor said I should be a mechanic. I can't wait to throw this in his face.

Jeanie: Yeah... You're basically a tear down, but I think I can get you ready. Meet me here tomorrow at 3:00.

Reese: How sweet is this?

Kid in locker: I think she likes you.

Cut to the house, where Dewey arrives home and sees Hal waiting with a box

Hal: You know, I felt pretty bad after our little conversation the other day. So... I did a little poking around the garage myself, and you'll never guess what I found. (picks up box and puts it on the table) Dewey's Artwork. Kindergarten, first grade. Oh, look, art camp. It's all here.

Dewey: Sorry, Dad, I don't know what to say. Wait a minute, here's a drawing I did of Grandma.

Hal: And it's beautiful. You did a really nice job with her whiskey bottle.

Dewey: I also have her missing a leg. Interesting, since she didn't lose it until last year.

Hal: Dewey, if you're trying to tell me that you can predict the future...

Dewey: So you're neglectful, and you think I'm an idiot. That's nice.

Hal: I spent over an hour on this rainbow, Dewey! (door closes) (yelling) You're not an easy boy to love, you know!

Cut to the yard, where Malcolm is holding a Morp Meeting.

Malcolm: Thanks for coming to the meeting. This morp of ours is going to blow those prom zombies away.

Carla: Do we have to call it a meeting? That sounds like something the dance committee would call it.

Malcolm: Okay, you're totally right, this isn't a meeting. But I still think that we need to have some sort of plan.

Guy: Hey, how crazy is this? So you know how everyone wears formal clothes the prom, right? So how about if we all went naked?

Malcolm: I'm not sure that's such a good idea.

Guy: Can we go naked?

Malcolm: No.

AJ: Here we go. King Malcolm handing down his rules from the mountaintop. Will there be uniforms? Little flags with your picture on them?

Carla: AJ, you moron, the can drive was not a fascist conspiracy, and neither is this.

Heather: Oh, my God. The backbiting, the name-calling... this is just like French club!

AJ: Exactly. This is turning out like every other school event. We got some weasly tyrant pushing everybody around. The scared masses. A poet willing to speak the truth. I say we should all be free to make our own anti-prom statement. And each choose our own location to do it in.

Malcolm: In other words, we all stay home on prom night like we do every year? That'll send a message. Look, guys, the morp is too good of an idea to let personality conflicts get in the way. We have been outsiders that have never belonged to anything. And now, for one night, we can be a part of something. And do it in a way that allows us to all to be individuals.

Carla: Malcolm's right. Let's make this happen.

I have an idea for refreshments. What if we get a big punch bowl, and then we all drink punch. You know, ironically.

AJ: I guess I could write our manifesto. I've already got the first 1,500 pages.

Malcolm: That's great. And I'll arrange for us to use the boiler room in the basement. The only problem is, it's full of desks. We'll have to move all those out. Who's got Friday night open? (everyone raises their hands)

Cut to a room where Reese is being transformed in preparation for the prom.

Jeanie: Let's review the evening. What time do you pick me up?

Reese: I ring your doorbell at 6:00. And I'm prompt because it's a sign of respect.

Jeanie: And when you get to my house...

Reese: I know. No throwing eggs at the door. Also a sign of respect.

Jeanie: And when we're at the dance, and it's time to say something nice, what do you say?

Reese: I don't know, "Thanks for shaving?"

Jeanie: We went over this!

Reese: Right, right, right. "Every time I look at you, you somehow become more beautiful"? (timer goes off)

Lady: His teeth are done.

Jeanie: (pulls strip off Reese's teeth) They're not white enough. Don't you people realize that we're running out of time here? (pulls out poster) Look at this. He's not even close. I want his face flawless, his hair shorter and shinier. He's an illiterate thug. I don't think it's too much to ask that he looks perfect!

Reese: You heard the lady. Make me glow.

Cut to the Wilkersons' house on Saturday night. With Reese and Malcolm gone, Hal and Lois have planned a special night of their own.

Hal: (runs inside, stripping off his clothes) Lois, I don't want to alarm you, but there is a naked man in your house!

Lois: (calling from the bedroom) What took you so long? The boys left for the prom a half hour ago.

Hal: Yeah, I know, I got a flat tire on my way to Jamie's babysitter. I had to drive back on the rim. There were a lot of sparks, but I don't think anything caught fire. (goes to the fridge and retrieves strawberries and whipped cream, which he sprays on his nipples) The main thing is that you and I have...(sees Dewey and screams) Dewey! What are you doing here?

Dewey: I live here.

Hal: Honey, Dewey's here!

Lois: What's he doing here?

Hal: Don't you have a prom to go to?

Dewey: I'm not in high school.

Hal: He says he's not in high school!

Lois: Oh, for God sakes, Hal, we're just going to have to take a raincheck.

Hal: No! Okay, look, I'm very sorry, but you got to get out of here.

Dewey: What? But I'm researching a history report on-line.

Hal: If it's money you want, you got it. (hands Dewey his wallet and escorts him out of the house) Here, you ought to be able to have a good time with that. You can go to a movie, grab a burger. Hey, the Hyatt has a piano bar.

Dewey: But I don't have any shoes.

Hal: Buy some! I love you, son. Listen, maybe we'll go to the zoo sometime, huh? Just you and me!

Cut to the Morp, where Malcolm and Carla are arriving.

Carla: Wow. Quite a turnout.

Malcolm: Yeah. We even got three home-schooled kids.

(bring over a tray of cookies and 'punch') Hey, Carla, hey, Malcolm. Have some punch.

Malcolm: There's nothing in there.

Heather: I know. It's a statement about how completely empty the real prom experience is. The cookies are just cookies. (to Carla) I love your wrist corsage.

Carla: Yeah. I found it in the crisper drawer.

AJ: Good job, guys. This sucks the least of anything I've ever done in my life. I met a guy here who hates Starbucks more than I do. (eats a cookie)

Carla: This is fantastic, Malcolm. All these people would have been home tonight feeling lonely and miserable. You should feel really proud.

Malcolm: Yeah, I guess.

Carla: What do you mean "you guess"?

Malcolm: I know, I know, it just... I thought it would feel better. There's something missing.

Guy: I didn't see the schedule of events. What time is everyone going to nude up?

Cut to the Wilkersons' house, where Hal and Lois are lying in bed.

Hal: I just have to come out and say it. I was incredible, and you were no slouch yourself.

Lois: I'm the lucky one, Hal. All I had to do was show up.

Hal: (sees there is a message on the phone) Did you hear the phone ring?

Lois: Hal, I couldn't have heard the space shuttle land.

Dewey's Voice: Hi. This is Dewey. Remember me? Your fourth son? Nah, I don't expect you to miss me, but at some point, Dad, you may miss the wallet you threw at me,

Lois: You gave him your wallet?!

Dewey's Voice: So here's the deal: If you'd like to see all your money and credit cards again...

Hal: (pauses and rewinds message) Wait a minute. That bell ringing in the background. I know I've heard that before!

Dewey: So here's the deal: If you'd like to see all your...

Hal: That is Saint Matthew's. No, wait. Saint Luke's on Third. It's definitely a Lutheran bell.

Dewey: If you'd like to see your all your money and credit cards again, meet me where they're building the new library, at the corner of Washington and Olive.

Hal: Ah! That's it!

Cut to the prom, where Reese and Jeanie are arriving.

Reese: Dinner and the limo were fantastic, and your parents were delightful. You didn't tell me that they were Asian, too.

Jeanie: Here come Mike and Anna. Just smile and don't be yourself.

Anna: Hi, Jeanie. Is that Reese?

Reese: Hello, it is such a pleasure to see you. (goes to shake Mike's hand but Mike refuses)

Anna: So you've met.

Mike: Yeah, he steals my lunch every day and throws me in a garbage can.

Reese: Your mother makes a marvellous tuna fish sandwich. Give her my best, will you?

Anna: Wow, I've never seen Reese so... un-psycho-like before.

Reese: How could I be anything but a perfect gentleman around someone as breathtaking as Jeanie?

Anna: Bye. See ya. (she and Mike walk off)

Jeanie: See ya. Reese, that wasn't in the script.

Reese: I'm sorry. Are you going to spray me again?

Jeanie: No, it was actually really nice. I liked it.

Reese: Would you like to have this dance with me?

Jeanie: I'd be delighted.

Reese: You can go ahead and grab my butt. You're paying for it.

Cut to the church, where Hal and Lois are arriving in the van.

Lois: Now, remember, we only have to be nice to him until he gets close enough to the van to grab him.

Guy: (coming up to window) Do you folks have a young boy you don't care about?

Hal: What?

Guy: He wanted me to give you this.

Hal: You see the way Dewey's throwing around my money? He has minions! Oh, well, at least he returned my HMO card. (unfolds note) "If you want another..." Oh, great! If I want another piece of my wallet, we have to meet him at the corner of Temple and Fourth, "Wear what's in the bag."

Lois: (sees bag contains pirate costumes) Oh! Will you look at this?

Hal: It's bad enough we have to traipse all over town looking for him, now we have to dress up?!

Lois: How's he even gonna know if we're wearing this?

Hal: I'll tell you how. The little monster has a camera in here. (leans towards where camera is) If you think you're going to make a fool out of me, I've got news for you, little man. It's not going to happen!

Cut to the Prom, where Malcolm and the Morp crew have come up from the basement.

Carla: Malcolm, I don't understand this. The morp is going great downstairs. Why do we have to come up here?

Malcolm: It finally hit me: These people have to know that we're having a good time without them.

Carla: Why do you care what they think?

Malcolm: I don't care, but I want them to know I don't care. (spots the DJ) Perfect.

Reese: Hey, Malcolm. Isn't this a great party?

Malcolm: Open your eyes, Reese. Everything about this night is completely phony.

Reese: Maybe it is phony, but maybe something that starts out as phony can turn into something real. You may call this corny, Malcolm, but this really is a night to cherish.

Jeanie: Reese...

Malcolm: (hijacking DJ equipment) Sorry, Steve, official prom business. (through microphone) Can I have your attention, everybody? I just thought you people should know that while you're up here enjoying what you have deluded yourselves into thinking is the greatest night of your lives, the people who you've excluded from this charade are downstairs right now, having a party that obliterates yours. You think you're on the inside, but you're on the outside. How does that make you feel? (DJ responds by playing "I Feel Good", and the crowd starts cheering and dancing)

Cut to Hal and Lois arriving at the drive-thru of a fast food restaurant.

Lois: This is our fifth stop, Hal. Is this gonna go on all night?

Hal: Well, he's certainly dragging it out. So far, all he's given me back from my wallet is crap! I got my library card, my organ donor card... Oh, wait, he did give me back my tip chart.

Lois: God knows how much of your money he's spent on presents and party supplies.

Hal: So Dewey wants a party? You hold him down, I'll give him a party!

Drive-Thru Attendant: Can I help you?

Hal: Oh, uh... Yes, uh... (reads note) "I'm Dewey's jackass father."

Drive-Thru Guy: Hey! The sex maniacs are here! Cool! (Hal and Lois exchange shocked glances)

Drive-Thru Guy #2: If you can keep your hands off your wife long enough, pull up to the window. (Hal and Lois pull up to the window)

Drive-Thru Guy: Oh. You guys were so much hotter in my mind when Dewey told me the story.

Hal: Just give us our stuff.

Drive-Thru Guy: Here you go. (hands Hal a cake, more decorations, and another note)

Hal: Ah, my driver's license. We're getting closer.

Lois: Look at that. He drew a moustache on you.

Hal: No, I did that. I wanted to see how it looked.

Cut to the Morp, where Malcolm is sulking.

Carla: Punch?

Malcolm: No, thanks.

Carla: Look, I know that was embarrassing, but all those people up there think you're a creep, anyway, so nothing lost.

Malcolm: I guess. (a group of people from the prom walk in)

Anna: Oh, my God! So there really is a party going on down here.

Malcolm: Look, we're having a great time. We're just enjoying just being with each other.

Anna: Yeah, but this place is so dark and creepy.

Didn't the janitor kill someone down here a few years ago?

Carla: Okay, you've come down to see the freak show. You've had your fun. Why don't you leave us alone?

Anna: You know what? You guys should just come upstairs.

Malcolm: What?

Anna: Yeah, there's only a month left of school, and all this stuff about who's cool and who's not, I mean, it's just kind of silly, isn't it?

Carla: Oh, really? Was it silly in fourth grade, when I was the only kid on our street you didn't invite to your birthday party?

Anna: I sent you an invitation. You stood me up.

Carla: No, I didn't. I would have loved to have gone.

Girls: Oh, my God. (they hug)

Malcolm: What are you doing? Suddenly a hug solves everything?

Carla: Come on, guys, let's go to the prom.

Malcolm: Carla? Heather?

Heather: This isn't the way I thought it would happen, but I just got asked to the prom!

Malcolm: AJ, you can't be serious.

AJ: Hey, it took guts for those girls to come down here and apologize. And I'd like to think I'm big enough to be able to admit I'd like to have sex with one of them.

Malcolm: (as everyone leaves) You can't just let them say "I'm sorry" after 12 years of treating us like crap! Wait a minute, they never even said "sorry!" This is a trap! These are the same people who made fun of your clothes all through school, and laughed at your haircuts, and called you Malcolm-Balcolm! You'll be sorry!

Guy: Finally. Now we've got some breathing room in here.

Jeanie: You're a really good dancer.

Reese: When I'm with you, it doesn't even feel like we're dancing.

Date: It's like we're floating. I misjudged you, Reese. I just chose you because you were completely hideous, and I knew you wouldn't have a date. But you're so much more than that. You've made me feel wonderful.

Reese: It's been a really great night for me, too. You helped me find a little part of me that I didn't even know was there, the part that isn't a gigantic jackass.

Jeanie: You know... I wasn't planning on the night ending this way, but why don't we get out of here, grab a blanket and a bottle of wine and go to the beach.

Reese: You mean it?

Jeanie: Yes, Reese. I really want you.

Reese: It's 12:00 already? Too bad, I was having fun. Well, see you at school.

Jeanie: Reese, where are you going?

Reese: It's midnight. I'm off the clock.

Date: But what about us? And all those things you said?

Reese: Well, if I want to make a career out of this, I've gotta satisfy my customers. And I think I did. Tell your friends.

Cut to Hal and Lois arriving at the final destination, a themed restaurant.

Hal: Why do we have to haul all this stuff in here when we have no intention of giving him a party?

Lois: We have to humour him until he reveals himself. This has got to be the place. (sees Deewey on a carousel) There you are! You are in so much trouble, young man!

Hal: I want my wallet now!

Dewey: Here.

Hal: At least we got here before you spent all my cash.

Dewey: It cost so much to keep this place open after hours, I had to put that on your credit card.

Lois: Okay, Mr. smart guy. Now you can help us load all this stuff back in the car. I know you think you're having a party, but you can forget about it.

Dewey: This isn't for me. It's too late for my childhood, but it's not too late for his.

Lois: (sees Jamie sitting with the babysitter) Jamie?

Dewey: Here's a camera. So now you have no excuse for not documenting every important event in Jamie's life. Starting tonight with his party.

Hal: That is a really nice camera. How could you afford...? Right.

Lois: (hands Jamie a balloon he is reaching for) Here, sweetie. Let's go have some cake. (to Dewey) That was a good thing you did, son.

Dewey: Thanks.

Lois: Enjoy the cake. That's the last thing you're going to eat in a long time that hasn't been dipped in sardine juice. (takes a picture of Dewey's facial expression) Hey! Finally! A picture for your memory book. (sticks a party hat on Dewey's head)