

## Subtitles from Malcolm-France

### 722 GRADUATION TRANSCRIPT

Reese: What'd I miss?

Malcolm: There was this big flash, some fire shot out, and now he's just coming to.

Reese: What?! I was only gone for a second!

Malcolm: Shh! I want to see this.

Lois: Oh, for God's sake, Hal! Pay the money and get a repairman.

Hal: I am not wasting good money when I am perfectly capable... (sparks flash and Hal screams)

Lois: Scholarships, financial aid cover \$26,000. Plus the Fleish Grant, the Hanelin Fellowship, the \$220 scratcher your dad won.

Malcolm (TC): I got accepted into Harvard. We don't know how we're going to pay for it, but we've got to find a way. It's my dream school. It's 2,000 miles away from Mom.

Lois: The Cook Grant...we're still \$5,000 short.

Hal: What?! Those thieving Harvard bastards!

Reese: Well, well, well... Mr. Knows How To Multiply is freaking out about his future while I am set for life.

Malcolm: Reese, don't you think it's even a little bit sad to become a janitor at your own high school?

Reese: Assistant janitor. All mop and no paperwork.

Craig: Okay, I've packed all your winter clothes, your comic books and half your knickknacks. Guess what. We have the same Quiet Riot CD, Roomie.

Reese: Stop calling me that. I'm not your roommate for another two weeks.

Lois: 12 days! The second you graduate, you are out of this house and into his. What other jobs can you get?

Malcolm: I've already got three shifts in the cafeteria, Monday and Wednesday at the bookstore and mopping the dorms at night. I don't know, I guess I could chop vegetables during Chem lab.

Hal: This is outrageous! Kids with half your brains are getting full rides!

Lois: They didn't correct their interviewer on his pronunciation of "Sarte."

Malcolm: (quietly) Sartre.

Hal: I don't care. We will find the money somehow.

Craig: This is as good a time as any to talk about it. I do have a private life. I'll keep it confined to my own room, but you should probably know my safe word.

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Dewey: It's weird to think about. Pretty soon you guys will be gone.

Reese: Yeah. And this...just sitting around, hanging out... We're not going to have many more of these.

Abe: No, we sure won't. Seems like only yesterday you and I were going to homecoming, putting the school paper to bed, fretting over our first big date with Sharon Hines. That kiss went on forever.

Malcolm: Uh, Mr. Kenarban, Stevie's supposed to help me work on my speech.

Abe: Right, right. Mr. Valedictorian. Congratulations again. I'm glad my son can help you out with your big, important speech. It's probably that selflessness that got him the second spot.

Stevie: Dad!

Abe: I'm not insulting salutatorian. It's... It's quite an honor. I'm just glad that even after I got Cedric Hampton to be the school's commencement speaker, they still had the integrity to make you valedictorian and not my crippled son.

Stevie: Go!

Reese: I wonder if moving out and being on my own is going to change me? Do you think I'll get a British accent?

Malcolm: Absolutely.

Reese: Hey, wait. You know what us moving out means.

Malcolm: What?

Reese: We can get rid of the nuclear option.

Malcolm: Oh, my God.

Dewey: You're right.

Stevie: What's the... nuclear option?

Malcolm: Evidence of the worst thing we ever did. This is what made sure that no matter how bad we screwed each other over, there was always a limit. None of us could push anyone to a point where they had nothing to lose. Or they'd just pull the trigger and destroy all of us.

Stevie: How bad... can it be?

Malcolm: One time we made Mom think... she had cancer. But we had a really good reason.

Lois: (crying) Stop saying it'll be all right! You'll never be able to raise them alone!

Malcolm: Mom, I know this is a bad time, but... can you sign these report cards? It's not like we're proud of it. I mean, we were proud of it, but we're not proud of it now. The point is, we can get rid of it. Dewey, I think you should do this.

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Dewey: Really? Me?

Malcolm: You're going to be the oldest around here soon. It'll be good for your maturity. This is your show. Make us proud.

Dewey: I always pictured this day coming, except both of you were dead. What the heck, it still feels great.

Hal: (on phone) Listen, I am begging you. I just need \$5,000. You think I would be calling you if I wasn't desperate? Look, I know how much you hate me, but... No kidding, I'm at rock bottom. I've got no money, no prospects and nowhere else to turn. Well... Can I speak to a senior loan officer?

Janitor: So, 3:15 you make the last round of the bathrooms. Toilet 12 is a bit of a diva. Then you rinse your mop in hot water and disinfectant, and you hang it on a yellow peg. Any questions?

Reese: Yeah. Why would you ever go home? This job is better than I could ever imagine. A cool uniform, the power to cordon off wet floors. You're not just some creepy loner hanging around the school. You're the janitor!

Janitor: Don't get too excited, kid. You'll be gone after 30 days.

Reese: Oh, no, I am really committed to this.

Janitor: No, no, no, you don't understand. This is a union gig. Once you get past the 30-day probation, you're locked for life. Full benefits, medical, everything. So they never keep a new guy for more than a month. Hey, I'm sorry, kid. You really seem to be a natural at this. I've never seen anybody take to garbage the way you do.

Reese: There's got to be some way. I mean... I mean, what if there was a mess... a mess that was so big and sticky and disgusting, that it was impossible to clean up in less than 30 days?

Janitor: It's a beautiful thought, kid. But there's no such thing as a 30-day mess.

Craig: Yeah? Well, they also said they'd never put a man on Mars. Sorry we're late. You wouldn't believe the fight we got in over shower curtains.

Reese: Those dolphins were gay.

Craig: You think all dolphins are gay.

Reese: All dolphins are gay.

Craig: Dolphins can kill sharks.

Reese: Gay guys can kill sharks, and they're still gay.

Dewey: Can we begin? With this fire, a terrible secret that bound us together is gone forever. Jamie will grow up in a world without the fear that haunted every second of our lives. He'll learn to give birthday presents out of love, not blackmail, and to share out of the generosity of his heart, not the dread in the pit of his stomach. With this fire, a curse is lifted and a brilliant new dawn is born. Amen.

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Boys: Amen.

Malcolm: Nice touch.

Lois: You know, if you want me to take a look at your valedictory speech, I'd be happy to.

Malcolm: Mom, stop it. I don't want anyone to see it until it's ready.

Lois: Fine. But if you ever want some fresh ears...

Malcolm: No, I'm really happy with it. Just let me do this.

Lois: Okay, okay. But why are you quoting a rap group when there are people like Paul McCartney out there who are just as relevant and don't go around showing off the tops of their underpants?

Reese: It's a start.

Lois: Susan, I'm sorry. Mom just bullied me into giving her our last ticket for graduation. Because the last time I stood up to her someone dumped a pig's head down our chimney. Besides, she's already on her way. She's driving down with Francis and Piama.

Piama: Lois, I really think he's going to do it this time! You've got to stop him!

Francis: (grabs spear) There you are. I drove by 80 miles of blunt objects just to get to you. I hope you run! You better make that first swing count, Princess.

Lois: (closing door on Grandma Ida) Hi, Mom. Finish your cigarette and I'll make you some lunch. (to Piama) Come on, you can help me make your beds. I don't know why those two can't get along...

Malcolm: You had to make a speech first, didn't you?

Lois: Hal...

Hal: Right. Son, don't feel bad. In some parallel universe, you did it.

Malcolm: Oh, no. They cancelled my Pierson Grant. That was \$3,000! They're using the money to do a study on what happens to kids who can't afford college. They're offering me 50 dollars to be a part of it.

Grandma Ida: Show it to me.

Reese: It's beautiful, Grandma. I just cracked the lid a quarter inch and it burned off all the hair in my nose.

Grandma Ida: Good. Who takes the fall?

Reese: Huh?

Grandma: Your patsy... who is your patsy? It's a good thing you called me. If you're going to make this big mess, they're going to blame someone. And you can make it anyone you want. A teacher, a neighbour. If you're lucky, a whole family goes down. And you get to sell their dog.

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Reese: You are amazing. If you ever brushed your teeth, I would kiss you.

Loan Guy: You want 8,000 dollars?

Hal: Yes.

Loan Guy: All right, the way this works is you come back next week...

Hal: That won't be necessary. I'm not going to pay you back. Hear me out. There's no way I can get the money to pay you, but instead of making you go through that whole, stupid charade where you keep calling me and I keep making lame excuses until you hunt me down, I am willing to go straight to the leg-breaking.

Loan Guy: Really?

Hal: Yes. Whenever you say, I just show up and you start snapping bones. Arms, legs, whatever. Invite anyone you want. I promise, I will scream and cry and beg for mercy, and make it so loud and so horrible that no one who sees it will ever miss another payment again. Now, you can't buy that kind of publicity.

Loan Guy: Couldn't I just not give you the money and still break your arms and legs? Wouldn't that accomplish the same thing?

Hal: True. But...

Loan Guy: Then I think your point starts to get muddled.

Hal: Maybe we should sleep on it.

Lois: Will you straighten up those magazines? The Kenarbans will be here any minute and I don't want their fancy friend to think he's visiting a hobo camp.

Francis: Yeah, Mom, let's all jump through hoops so the big corporate fat cat doesn't have to see anything real.

Lois: You know, Francis, it wouldn't hurt you to jump through a hoop or two. Are you even still looking for a job?

Francis: As a matter of fact... As a matter of fact, I don't have to. I got a lot of irons in the fire right now. I got three different ideas for children's books, and I'm considering applying for a bounty hunter's license.

Lois: Are you insane?! In what world is that even remotel...? Piama, will you help me get the good china on the closet? I love finally having an excuse to use these. I took them out once when that congressman was going door to door but, he just clogged up our toilet and left.

Francis: By the way, Mom, I think it's high time we cleared the air about that day you threw away my Harlem Globetrotter autographs.

Lois: Harlem who? What are you talking about?

Francis: I'm not saying there was definitely some unconscious racism going on, but I do think someone could benefit from a little self-examination in a quiet moment. Dewey, can I see you in your room for a second? Okay, it's pretty obvious I just saved your ass. Now I want to know why.

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Grandma Ida: So, right when we walk in, I fake a seizure. When I fall, I make sure my skirt comes up over my hips. I'm going commando, so you'll have plenty of time to sneak this out of the car.

Reese: I love you, Grandma.

Grandma Ida: You're a good boy.

Francis: Are you kidding me? That whole cancer scare was fake?! I played cards with her in the hospital for no reason? Why didn't you just get rid of this?

Dewey: I don't know. I couldn't. The thought of destroying it just made me... sad.

Francis: I get it, Dewey. You love your brothers. You didn't have much to keep you together, but you had this. And now I have this. Something really horrible to blackmail you guys with that I'm totally clean on.

Dewey: Mom's friend Jenny.

Francis: We're good.

Malcolm: So Mr. Hampton. You got all the subroutines, the GUI, all of that into 16K? I can't get a Boolean sort in that.

Mr Hampton: You youngsters are spoiled by all that cheap RAM. When I started out, I had an 8-bit bus that ran at 4.7 megahertz, and I was happy to have it.

Lois: This is fantastic. (to Malcolm) I haven't understood a word you've said for the last ten minutes.

Mr Hampton: Yeah.

Abe: Oh, you don't have to be that impressed. Sure, now he owns a GulfStream jet and a baseball team, but there was a time when this guy's name was Accident Pants. Remember that? Remember that?

Mr Hampton: I remember somebody begging me for a loan. (to Abe) Remember that? Remember that? Now, listen, I'm really not here to socialize. I've seen some of the programming you boys have done. The server-to-server algorithm. The evolution simulator, that's all good stuff.

Stevie: He thinks... we're geniuses.

Mr Hampton: Well, good enough for a two-year contract, anyway. Full benefits, stock options. We're talking six figures-- each.

Hal: Oh, my God! (to Piama, who is sitting next to him) Wait, how many is six?

Mr Hampton: I'm not being charitable. I'm locking you in while you're still cheap, but I need an answer right now. Otherwise it's not worth it to me.

Malcolm: Well, I...

Lois: That's a very generous offer, Mr. Hampton, but no.

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Malcolm: Mom, what are you...?

Lois: Malcolm's going to college, he's going to finish his education. But thank you very much.

Malcolm: He wasn't asking you, he was...

Mr Hampton: Ma'am, I completely understand. I should have talked to you first. Consider the offer withdrawn. Sorry, kid. 24/7 job. You'd need your whole family behind you. And don't be mad at your mom. She's only trying to look out for you. Who knows how far I would've gone if I went to college?

Hal: What's that noise?

Reese: Nothing, Dad. Just a little hungry.

Lois: All right, Malcolm, I know you're angry. You might as well say what you have to now and get it out of your system.

Malcolm: Oh, my eyes! Oh, my eyes!

Hal: I'm so sorry, Jamie. I didn't know I had you hanging upside down until that last layer of gunk came off.

Piama: Well, we might as well go ahead and have kids. I'm not afraid of changing diapers anymore.

Francis: Good job, Reese.

Reese: Hey, I am the victim here! Those are my hopes and dreams you're scrubbing out of your cracks!

Grandma Ida: Anybody else hungry?

Lois: Oh, mother...

Malcolm: You know what? I'm glad! This is appropriate. Now my life looks exactly how I feel. How could you screw me over like that?

Lois: Because you were going to take that job, and we are not going to let you throw your life away.

Malcolm: How is being rich throwing my life away?!

Lois: Because it's not the life you're supposed to have! The life you're supposed to have is you go to Harvard, and you earn every fellowship and internship they have. You graduate first in your class, and you start working in public service, either district attorney or running some foundation, and then you become governor of a mid-sized state, and then you become president.

Malcolm: What?!

Lois: Of the United States.

Malcolm: Dad?

Hal: I'm sorry, son. It's true. I thought you knew. Our expectations started out much smaller, but you just kept upping the ante.

## Subtitles from Malcolm-France

Malcolm: What if I don't want to be president?

Lois: It's too late for that. You're gonna do it.

Malcolm: Oh, really? Have you decided my position on capital-gains tax cuts? What are my foreign policy objectives?!

Lois: That doesn't matter. What does matter is you'll be the only person in that position who will ever give a crap about people like us. We've been getting the short end of the stick for thousands of years, and I, for one, am sick of it. Now, you are going to be president, mister, and that's the end of it.

Malcolm: Did it ever occurred to you that I could have taken this job, gotten really rich and then bought my way into being president?

Lois: Of course it did. We decided against it.

Malcolm: What?!

Lois: Because then you wouldn't be a good president. You wouldn't have suffered enough.

Malcolm: I've been suffering all my life.

Lois: I'm sorry, it's not enough. You know what it's like to be poor, and you know what it's like to work hard. Now you're going to learn what it's like to sweep floors and bust your ass and accomplish twice as much as all the kids around you. And it won't mean anything because they will still look down on you. And you will want so much for them to like you, and they just won't. And it'll break your heart. And that'll make your heart bigger and open your eyes and finally you will realize that there's more to life than proving you're the smartest person in the world. I'm sorry, Malcolm, but you don't get the easy path. You don't get to just have fun and be rich and live the life of luxury.

Hal: That's Dewey. (not realising Dewey is behind him)

Dewey: Really?

Malcolm: This is unbelievable. You actually expect me to be president. No, no, I'm sorry. You expect me to be one of the greatest presidents in the history of the United States.

Lois: You look me in the eye and you tell me you can't do it.

Mr Hampton: And as the Dalai Lama eloquently stated last summer on my yacht, "Wisdom is the light by day, virtue is the protection by night." And as we go down the path of life, there's often confusion and fear, because we fail to remember that we have this Wisdom within us. It's there to call on, to get us through the dark night of the soul, to help us achieve a new dawn with new possibilities...

Hal: AmeriSys Industries? What's that?

Francis: Shh! It's my employee badge. Please don't tell Mom, it'd make her too happy. She'd never let me live it down.

Hal: You got a job?



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Francis: For the last two months. It's at this giant corporation. I'm in this tiny little cubicle, surrounded by hundreds of other tiny little cubicles, inputting numbers into a computer all day. And I love it. I love everything about it. I love the stability and the regular paychecks. I love my parking space. I love getting those stupid joke e-mails.

Hal: Oh, did you get the one about the two Irish guys?

Francis: That's a classic!

Principal: And now with the valedictory speech, please welcome Malcolm...

Malcolm: Like all of you, I'm praying for this speech to be over soon. Most of us have been dreaming of this day for years, the day we leave childhood and achieve independence. But even if we move thousands of miles away, there's no escape. Our families are coming with us. They'll be with us forever. In our habits, our gestures, and in the choices we make. So we'll never be set-free, we'll never be alone. As Paul McCartney once said...

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THREE MONTHS LATER

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Lois: Oh, my God! What kind of monster would do something like this? Oh, Hal, for God's sake, don't touch it!

Dewey: Man, if Mom ever found out it was the two of us...

Craig: Hey... The five-settings heating pad! You listen to me, you really do!

Reese: Someone's cake is ready.

Francis: Mom, you can yell and scream all you want. It's not going to change me! I will look for a job when I am damn good and ready! You just can't stand that your son is still a free spirit!

Piama: Chicken casserole for dinner.

Francis: Mmm. Home at 5:00.

Hal: This is so nice. Reese is gone. Malcolm's off to Harvard. I don't know how you did it, but everything worked out exactly as planned. What's wrong? (Lois holds up positive pregnancy test) AARRGGGGHHHH!

Reese: (on phone to Malcolm) And when they found the peepholes in the bathroom, they fired Al and brought me on full time. Grandma's right, it's good to have a patsy. So how's it going with you, Mr. Ivy League Big Shot?

Malcolm: It's great. It's a whole new world. Listen, I've got to get to my Calc class. I'll talk to you later.