

219 TUTORING REESE TRANSCRIPT

This episode was transcribed by: **allison**

The transcript is hosted at the **Malcolm in the Middle Voting Forums**

Lois: Hal? Are you smoking again?

Hal: No, I am cleaning. Do you smell smoke?

Lois: No, but I...

Hal: Lois, if I wanted to smoke I wouldn't be sneaking around like a scared little schoolboy. I

would do it entirely open like a man.

(strange noise in the background)

Lois: That was our third vacuum cleaner, that was our last vacuum cleaner.

(Opening credits)

Lois: Francis, I don't want to hear another argument about it. You are going to fix the roof.

Francis: That's totally unfair. I come home from school and you immediately put me to work.

Lois: Well someone has to do it, and you know your father is terrified of heights.

Francis: He's not terrified.

Lois: The last time he changed the light bulb we had tohim down from the table. You are going to do this.

Francis: Why don't you just put a choke chain around my neck and make me sleep in the garage?

Malcolm (to the camera): This is what we call a level 4 rage. The one thing you've got to know is to make no sudden moves and avoid eye contact.

(Lois stares at the boys. Suddenly Reese moves)

Lois: (looks at him) And you! You think just because you hide the note from parent-teacher night it will just go away?

Reese: Mum, Mrs Woodward is totally out to get me.

Lois: Every teacher since kindergarten has been out to get you.

Reese: I know, that me, too.

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(Hal enters the room)

Lois: Why is the drain still clogged?

Hal: Uh...uh (the boys have already left the room)

Uh...honey, there was a... I was only seconds away from...uh WHAT A MESS!

Look at that,

there's a milk ring on the table.

Reese's history teacher: Reese is still searching for academic truth.

His focus is diffuse, his

initiative is..... It's preventing his full...

Hal: Uh...What?

Teacher: To put it simply: Reese isn't self-actualised.

Lois: Look, maybe I could just give you a topic and you could tell us: good or bad. That would help us here.

Teacher: Reese is flunking almost every subject and I'm going to recommend that he'll be moved into the remedial class.

Hal: And that's a term for?

Teacher: The remedial class

Lois (starts laughing): No, no, no... NO that is not an option.

Hal: We'll get him to buckle down.

Teacher: I hope it's that simple.

Lois: Reese will get back on track. We'll see to it, if it kills him.

Teacher: I'm glad to see your level of commitment. I'm really happy we had this chance to talk.

Hal: So we can go now?

(You see Lois' face while she's talking to someone)

Lois: I don't wanna hear any excuses. You will sit down every night and work until those grades are up.

Malcolm: Why do I have to tutor him?

Lois: Because god gave you a giant brain. Blame him.

Malcolm: Reese screws up and I get punished for it? Where's a logic in that?

Lois: Malcolm, I have zero tolerance on this one.

Francis: Finally! Mum found the courage to speak her mind.

Lois: Why aren't you fixing that roof?

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Francis: It's 4 degrees out there, I'll freeze. And it's gonna rain.

Lois: That's why you have to fix the roof.

Francis: Well maybe if you didn't buy such crappy shingles it wouldn't leak all the time.

Lois: Francis, as long as you are in this house you will do as I say.

Francis: You know what mum? No! I'm too old to be bullied by you. Our whole lives you have done nothing but dictate what you wanted. You're the boss of the world and we're sick of it. This may be your roof, but we live here, too. We are human beings (The next scene he's sitting on a park bench) with rights and I'm hereby putting an end to your reign of terror.

You should have seen that look on her face, it was totally worth it.

Guy who's sitting next to him: Sounds like you've had a rough life.

Francis: Man you have no idea.

(Guy gives him a bit of his sandwich)

Francis: Thanks.

Guy: I've got a place near the bus station. It's warm and fairly dry. You can stay there for a while...if you want to.

Francis: You do that for me?

Guy: It's a tough world, we've got to look out for each other.

Francis: Thanks.

Richie: Francis, dude. I heard your mum kicked you out. You want to stay at my place?

Francis: You're a life saver.

Guy: Could you give me a lift to the...

Francis: Sorry, we're going the other way.

(Dewey discovers a fly)

Dewey: Hi, why aren't you flying? My name is Dewey. Good to meet you, Tony. You wanna play?

Ok, but I'll get to be the red team.

Malcolm: Look, I don't want this any more than you do. Let's just get over with. This book is totally wrecked, what did you do to it?

Reese: I threw it at a duck.

Malcolm: And where's your math book?

Reese: Which half?

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Malcolm: We'll just start with geography.

Reese: I don't take geography.

Malcolm: Yes you do, you've got a grade in it.

Reese: Oh, that can't be good.

(Francis and Richie are in a basement)

Richie: Mi casa es tu casa. This may be my parents' house, but dude, down here anything goes.

Francis: Oh, what is that smell?

Richie: Could be the laundry, could be the mildew, could be that rat I shot. I think I wounded it.

Probably it crept into a hole in the wall to die or something.

Francis: What's this?

Richie: Your bed, you have to blow it up.

(Turns on the TV)

Richie: Welcome to chez Richie. Rule number one: There are no rules.

Rule number two: No

shoes on the sofa.

(Dewey watches a wrestling game):

(Reese stares very concentrated at a work sheet that Malcolm is holding in his hands):

Malcolm: Come on, what's the answer? You can do this.

(Reese wants to say something, but then he hesitates)

Malcolm: We've gone over this a 1000 times. You have to carry the tens.

Tens have to go some

place. Tens don't just flood around. Get smarter already. Think, make your brain work. I could be outside doing anything better than this, but no, I'm sticking here babysitting this...

Reese: 0.2

Malcolm: That's right!

Reese: I actually understand this. The tens have to go some place.

Malcolm: Great, let's move on to the next one.

(Reese wants to say something, but then he shuts his mouth and looks at the work sheet again).

(Lois is sitting at a table. Suddenly there is a strange noise and she goes outside and climbs up a

letter to the roof. Hal is lying on the roof hammering something).

Lois: Hal, come down from there. What do you think you're doing?

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Hal: I...I just fix the shingles.

Lois: Francis has responsibilities. You can't keep covering for him.

Hal: It's not about him, it's about me. I wanted to get some fresh air and the view from up here is

incredible. Did you ever think that I might be enjoying myself?

(A paper flies next to him and he starts screaming)

Reese: I spent two days on it. There was even a paragraph that I

thought really sucked, so I went

back and rewrote it. Malcolm, I've never done that before. Last night...I mean, look at me, I'm

going on and on while your sitting here and trying to read. How's the grammar? Never mind.

Malcolm: Reese, this is a C.minus work

(They stare at each other for a moment)

Reese (jumps up): Alright!!!

Malcolm: Nice job!

Reese: You're not just saying that?

Malcolm: No, this is seriously the best work I've ever seen you do.

Reese: Yes, that's great. I couldn't have done this without you. Thanks Malcolm (hugs him)

(When they realize they're hugging they turn away from each other)

Reese: (holds his work sheet) I kicked your ass.

Lois: You got another F?

Malcolm: Mom, I read that paper. It's not a F.

Lois: Then what is this?

Reese: We've been studying four hours a night.

Lois: Guess what, it's not enough. You've got to study 8 hours a night if that's it what it takes to

get your grades up and that's what you're gonna do.

Malcolm: But mom...

Lois: I don't see a mother here. All I see is a warder with two prisoners that are out of their cells.

Now get back in there.

(Hal is screaming. Lois runs to the window. Hal is hanging at the gutter)

Hal: I'm ok. I'm ok.

Francis: You know what? It's freezing, but I don't need heat 'cos I've got justice on my side, I'm ok.

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(Richie is clipping off his toe nails)

Can you do that in the bathroom, Richie?

Richie: Dude, none's going in there for at least 6 hours.

Francis: Could you do it over a waste basket or something? And could we turn off the porno for like 5 minutes?

Richie: Yeah, when this is over I'll just pop in sluts at the big ten.

Francis: No, no more porn.

Richie: Dude, that's a documentary.

(Richie clips his toe nail into Francis' eye)

Francis: OW! God my eye!

Richie: Hey, try to find the toe nail, Francis. It's so creepy to step on those things.

Francis: OW!

(Reese and Malcolm are sitting at a table in school)

Malcolm: Come on, Reese. The test is in 2 hours.

Reese: This is too much, Malcolm. I'll never pass this thing. There are 30.....questions and 5 essays. It's impossible.

Lloyd: So Reese, today is the big is test? What do you have to get on this to stay out of remedial class?

Reese: A B.

(The Kreylboynes laugh)

Malcolm: Hey guys, he's serious.

Stevie: But you're...an idiot.

Reese: You're right.

Lloyd: Yeah, and the only way this idiot is gonna pass the test is that someone else takes it for the idiot, right idiot?

(Reese grabs Lloyd's shirt)

Lloyd: Stevie set the precedent, you had a chance to re-babble, but

since you didn't answer you
waved your right. Therefore it's anterm.
(Reese releases him)
Reese: What am I gonna do? I can't get put into remedial class. They
walk to the cafeteria
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holding each other's belts.
Malcolm: Unless...maybe Lloyd's right. Maybe someone should take the test
for you.
Reese: You mean cheat? We can't cheat, mom will kill us. And it's
wrong. But the more important
thing: Mom would kill us.
Malcolm: Hey, we're out of options here, Reese,
Dabney: You're gonna get caught.
Malcolm: No, we're not. And you know why? Because we have 4 brilliant
minds here to help plan
this out.
Lloyd: Man you appealed at my vanity, didn't you?
Stevie: I'm in.
Dabney: I'm sorry, but I'm forced to report this conversation to the
vice-principal.
Lloyd: Then we're forced to report that you still sleep with an Elmo-
blanky.
Dabney: Ok, I'm in.
Lloyd: Here's the VCR you ordered.
Teacher: I didn't order a VCR.
Lloyd: Yes you did. I feel pretty calm and verified. I know the
extension number. There's
someone there right now.
Teacher: That won't be...
Dabney: Oh, you can take a look at this equipment schedule. Your name
and class hour is right
here on page 7. And no student handwriting.
(Someone takes Reese's test and switches it for another paper).
Teacher: Alright, go ahead and leave it.
Lloyd: Ok
Dabney: No no. You said you didn't order one, So you're not going to
get one.
Lloyd: We'll just be leaving and pushing this out the door...Oh, here it
is (points at the door)
(Malcolm sits on the floor and takes Reese's test. Suddenly the bell
rings. Reese's teacher comes
out of the class room and talks to somebody. Lloyd and Dabney push
Stevie along the corridor.
He hits the teacher who falls down and drops the tests. Malcolm changes
his test for the paper
they gave to Reese, before).
Teacher: You're alright?
Stevie: Way to go, Hot Rod.
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(Reese gets back his test. It's an F, again)
(Francis tries to fall asleep. He wears a lot of jackets but it's still
too cold, so he puts some
laundry into his jacket).
Francis (looks into his shirt): Ok, there's the rat.
Dewey: No Tony, that's not fair. Today it's my cartoon before school
and your cartoon's after

school. Fine Tony, be that way. I don't wanna be your friend, anyway.
(Dewey gets up from the sofa and turns his back to the fly. The fly lands on his shoulder)

Dewey: Tony! I can't stay mad at you either.

Lois: Did you get that history test back, yet?

Reese: No, I haven't seen it.

Lois: You both better pray for a B.

(Hal enters the kitchen)

Lois: Hey, did Francis call you at work yet?

Hal: No, I haven't talked to him since he...

Lois: He thinks he makes some kind of a point by cutting off all contact. You know, he should

know, till he's ready to apologize there's really no reason to call. I can't wait to see the look on his

face when he realizes that we have figured him out.

Hal: What do we have to figure out there?

Lois: That IHe should know I'm prepared to go that distance.

Hal: You know, I think he likes tomatoes on his sandwich.

Lois: Other bag, Hal.

Lloyd: A masterful B, Malcolm. I could have never done myself down like this. I find this F very troubling.

Stevie: Something...stinks.

Dabney: He knows we cheated. We're gonna have to start kind of deals.

Malcolm: He doesn't know anything, Dabney. I'm gonna go talk to him.

Malcolm: Mr. Woodward? I'm Malcolm, Reese's brother.

Teacher: Hi, how are you?

Malcolm: Reese is upset. He thinks he did better than an F on his history test. I read it over and I

thought it wasn't that bad. Do you think there's any way you could maybe take another look?

Teacher: Malcolm, you should be commended for your fraternity, but the test deserved an F.

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Malcolm: Mr Woodward maybe if you looked at it again..

Teacher: I can't spend so much time on Reese. It's not fair to the other students.

Malcolm: But he didn't deserve an F on this.

Teacher: Look, Malcolm. I've been a teacher for a long time. And I think I know what Reese is capable of.

Malcolm: I really don't think you do, because...

Teacher: Malcolm, you may not want to hear this about your brother, but I've known kids like

Reese my whole life. There are the ones who throw water at you, so it looks like you wet your

pants. They aim for your legs in dodge ball and you fall down and you break your jaw and you

need to have your mouth wired shut and your teeth don't set properly.

And you spend 6 years in

.....with the most painfully embarrassing headgear ever designed, which is only because

they don't feel fully actualised.

Malcolm: That guy is totally out to get you.

Reese: Man, I was just using that as an excuse. He's so dead when mom finds out.

Malcolm: Reese, we can't bust him. If we run him out then mom will know

we cheated.

Reese: We're doomed.

Some kids from the remedial class, who are holding each other's belts, walk by them)

Kids: 2 is after 1, 3 is after 2, 4 is after 3, something is after something...and then we get to 10.

Hal: Good Lord.

Francis: I'm glad you're here, I was afraid you didn't get my message at work.

Hal: What happened to your eye?

Richie: Hey, how do you guys want your burgers?

Francis: Just a sec, man. Alright, so I've got it over with that. You tell mom that you need me to repair the lawn mower and then I hang out and I'll just fix...

Hal: No no, I'm just not gonna do that, Francis.

Richie: You guys better figure it out quick. This cheap old trash can is melting.

Francis: Maybe you could just talk to her to calm her down so that I maybe could come home, maybe today even.

Hal: Francis, you've got to stop putting me in the middle.

Francis: You just gonna let her win this round, too?

Hal: Francis, there's nothing that I could do. You know the problem is here: You and your mother are exactly alike.

Francis: That's a lie.

Hal: That is true. You're both stubborn and I'm willing to bend. So fine, you win. Congratulations.

This is your price. Now you excuse me, I have to go. It smells like something died in here.

(gives Francis the bag with the sandwich and leaves)

Richie: Your father is right, man. Sometimes you can be so stupid...(Fire comes out of the trash can) Oh...

(Lois, Hal, Reese and his teacher are sitting at the kitchen table.

Malcolm and Dewey enter the house. It's stormy outside)

Teacher: So, I didn't want this to turn out this way. I feel like I let Reese down.

Dewey: Just keep moving, Tony.

Hal: So where does this lead us?

Teacher: I think it's the best if we make this as soon as possible (To Reese) You need to look at this as an opportunity.

Reese: Big opportunity be in the dumb class.

Lois: Reese, this isn't what I wanted, but you haven't left us any choice (wants to sign the paper)

Malcolm: Mom, don't do this. It's not Reese's fault. he didn't deserve an F on that test.

Teacher: Malcolm, we've already had this discussion.

Malcolm: I saw the test, he did a good job. He deserved a B. This guy is totally out to get him.

Hal: Malcolm...

Teacher: Look, I'm sorry you feel that way, but you can't blame me for Reese's short comings.

Malcolm: Mom, this is the test. Take a look at this question. What was the cause of the great

depression? He put down black Thursday. That's a correct answer.

Teacher: No, that's only a partial answer. To give full credit he should have included the

.....over production in the US, protectionism in the foreign markets

Malcolm: Over-expansion of credit and stock market speculation?

Teacher: Yes, that would have been a complete answer.

Malcolm: Ha! You didn't read the answer because that's exactly what I wrote.

Lois: I wrote?

Malcolm: The loyal I as a Reese. I think we can all identify with what he's going through.

Lois: You took that test, didn't you? You cheated... (looks at Reese) You let him cheat for you?

You gave something he wrote an F? You are out to get him. Oh I can't wait to see you expelled or disbarred or whatever it is they do to creepy little men who abuse their power.

Teacher: There's no need for name calling. I suggest we just leave things as they are.

Lois: Oh I don't think so.

Teacher: Here's the situation: If you notify the school, then the school will find out that Malcolm cheated, he'll be expelled.

Lois: Don't you threaten me.

Teacher: This isn't a threat. I just think you don't throw away the son who achieves for...well, Reese.

Lois: You don't think I'd sacrifice this one?

(The teacher shrugs)

Lois: Let me explain something to you. I would sell Malcolm down the river in a heartbeat to save Reese.

Malcolm: What?

Lois: Malcolm's gonna be fine no matter what happens. Maybe he'll go to have to junior college or start off Blue Collar or something but he'll do fine. Reese is the one who needs saving.

Teacher: I don't believe you. No mother could ever be that callous to her own son.

Francis (from the outside of the window) Mom. Please let me come home. I'm cold and I'm

hungry. Please, I'll fix the roof, I'll paint the house. I'll do anything Mom, just please let me be warm again. Mom, please.

Teacher: Maybe we can work something out.

Dewey: Where do you go Tony?

Lois (sees the fly and takes the paper): Oh my god, look at the size of that thing.

Dewey (starts screaming and runs to the window): Run Tony, run.

Lois: Why are they always named Tony?

Dewey: Bye Tony, I love you.

(You can see Francis, Malcolm, Reese and Reese's teacher fixing the roof)

Malcolm (to the camera): Yes, it's cold, filthy and dangerous, but I see we got off easy. There's a chance we're done in a week. Hey, hurry up.

Reese's teacher: I'm trying. I've got tar in my eyes