

MALCOLM VS. REESE

SEASON 2 EPISODE 21

Transcribed by Allison, hosted at the
Malcolm in the Middle Voting Community Forums

<http://www.malcolminthemiddle.co.uk/>

(Lois is about to take a bath but discovers that the bathtub is very dirty. So she starts cleaning it. When she's finally done Dewey enters the bathroom. He's pretty dirty).

Dewey: Hi mom. You wanna buy a worm?

Lois: Oh for crying out loud. Well, let's get you cleaned up.

(The next scene Lois is sitting in the tub while Dewey is washing himself outside and is freezing).

Lois: Don't forget your ears, Dewey.

Dewey: Ok.

(Opening credits)

(Malcolm, Francis and Reese are sitting on the sofa)

Malcolm (To the camera) When Francis is home, anything we do is fine. I mean we're just watching some stupid TV show, but it doesn't matter. This totally rules.

Francis: This totally sucks! Isn't there anything fun to do around here?

Reese: I've got some chalk. We can draw some dead guy outlines on the sidewalk.

Francis: Boring.

Malcolm: Mom is not home. We can play.....ball.

Francis: We did that last time when I was home. Come on guys, think.

Malcolm: I'd be up for the chalk outline thing.

(At Craig's apartment)

Craig: Kitty's at the end of the ear infection. He'll need drops 3 times a day. Now Jellybean likes to have a half cup of wet food in one bowl, and a half cup of dry in another. Now he likes the juice from the wet half poured onto the dry. And no over-feeding. (To his cat) I mean that Mr! Maybe tomorrow, I can't say no to you.

Lois: Can we speed things up? We've got Jellybean's emergency numbers, we know where his sweaters are, you showed us how to take his temperature. Is there anything else Dewey needs to know?

Craig: Guess that's it. Now taking care of another living thing is a big responsibility. You sure you're up to the challenge?

Dewey: Yes.

Hal: Don't worry, Craig. I have a feeling Dewey's gonna do a great job.

Craig: Great! And when the long weekend is over, you'll have earned 5 dollars.

Dewey: Me told mom 10.

Craig: Right, 10. Aren't you a little listener? (punches him)

Dewey: Ow.

Lois: I'm not so sure about this, Hal. Are you sure that Dewey can handle this?

Hal: Oh it's no big deal, honey. A job is a good thing for a boy. Teaches him how to earn money, gives him a little self-confidence. Besides, Craig's new place is only 2 blocks from our house.

Dewey: Hey, you can see our backyard from here.

Craig: Heey *(pulls him away from the window)* I almost forgot to show you myyeah, the convention lasts three days, I'll be back early Monday

evening.

Hal: Wow, Craig I had no idea you were so into comic books.

Craig: Well, it's not like I'm a freak about it. Just helps me keep life in perspective. Some of my problems seem insignificant compared to Richie Richie's. Well, it's time to say good bye, Jelly-belly. Come, give daddy some kitty kisses. *(starts kissing his cat. Lois looks at him and leaves the house)*

Hal (to Dewey): I know, son. But a job is a job.

Francis: Big news, guys. Things are gonna get a lot more interesting around here.

Malcolm: What's up?

Francis: I forget...you guys enjoy wrestling, don't you (holds up two tickets)

Reese: Rage in the cage?

Malcolm: Oh my god, you're the best brother ever. We're gonna have so much...That's only two tickets.

Francis: Oh no. .How am I ever gonna decide which one of you I'll take?

Malcolm: You deliberately bought only two tickets just to torment us?

Francis: No, of course not. I bought them to see who loves me the most. Now I know you both love me, but that one that loves me just a little bit more.

Reese: No, no way. We're not doing another butt-kissing contest. There's got to be another way.

Francis: Ok, fine. Who's got a quarter?

(Malcolm takes out a coin and gives it to Francis)

Francis: Great, you're in the lead. *(To Reese)* Maybe you should make me a sandwich. Oh come on, guys. It's rage in the cage! You should be happy.

Reese: We are happy.

Francis: But you're not doing the happy dance.

Malcolm and Reese: Happy dance, happy dance, we love to do the happy dance.

Francis: Happier.

Malcolm and Reese: Happy dance, happy dance. we love to do the happy dance.

Francis: Happier!

Malcolm and Reese (start jumping up and down) Happy dance! Happy dance! We love to do the happy dance!

(In Craig's apartment Dewey's preparing Jellybean's food)

Dewey's thoughts with Craig's voice: A half cup of the wet food in one bowl, and a half cup of the dry food in another. He likes the juice from the wet half poured onto the dry. Jellybean also likes you better than your brothers. Everyone likes you better than your brothers. Someday you will be President of Idaho. Anyone taller than you will be feed to wolves.

Dewey: Time for eardrops, Jellybean.

(Jellybean hides under the bed. Dewey also creeps under the bed)

Dewey: Ok, Jellybean. Stop hiding. Here, Kitty. Ok, come on. Please don't go outside, Jellybean. Don't be scared, Jellybean. They're just eardrops *(pours the eardrops into his ears and starts screaming. Jellybeans runs out of the house)*.

Dewey: Jellybean!

(Next scene: Francis lies on the sofa and Malcolm brings him some videocassettes. Francis chooses one and puts it into Malcolm's mouth. Reese has bought Francis a cake and a shirt. When Francis comes out of the shower Malcolm hands him a robe and Reese is sitting on the floor putting Francis his shoes on. Then Francis is reading a magazine).

Francis: Turn.

(Malcolm and Reese turn the page)

Francis: Hey mom, can I borrow the car to go over to Richie's house?

Lois: Uh...no.

Francis : Why not ?

Lois: Because whenever you return the car it's always filthy.

Francis: That's so unfair. You always assume the worst of me.

Lois: Assume? I see it.

Francis: How can I show you that I'm actually growing up if you never give me the chance?

Lois: Ok, I'm listening.

Francis: Ok, how about if I washed the car before I take it? (looks at Malcolm and Reese) And I'll rake the leaves and scoop out the gutters. And if that's not enough I'll clean the whole attic.

Malcolm: Mom, give him a break.

Lois: Ok, you've got yourself a deal. Bring it home in one piece

Francis: You need anything ironed, mom?

Hal: Dewey? You're in here, son?

(Dewey is sitting on the floor in the dark)

Hal: What's wrong, son? You were supposed to be home hours ago.

Dewey: I can't do anything right.

Hal: Where's Jellybean?

Dewey: I left the door open and he ran away. Do we have to tell mom?

Hal: You know, this is a very serious situation, son. Of course we're not gonna tell your mother.

Dewey: Really?

Hal: Really. I think this might be a bit too much responsibility for your first job. Hey, don't worry. We'll find Jellybean.

Dewey: I've been looking for hours.

Hal: Well that's your first lesson, Dewey. Sometimes it takes a lot of time and hard work to accomplish something.

Dewey: What if Jellybean's hurt? It's so dark outside.

Hal: Let me tell you something about cats: They're night creatures which means they prefer the night. Then again so do coyotes, dogs and.....My point is that Jellybean is fine. He'll come home when he's ready. We're just gonna put a bowl of food out (*opens the window*) and he'll come back.

Dewey: You're sure?

Hal: Trust me, tomorrow morning everything is gonna be fine.

(The next morning the whole room is destroyed because someone has broken in)

Dewey: Dad! Jellybean's bowl is empty. He was here. You're the smartest man in the world. Yes!

Cop: No sign of forced entry. I just don't see how these guys got in.

Hal: It's a mystery.

Dewey: You left the window open.

Hal: Mystery solved.

Cop: I'm sorry, what is it you said you're doing here, again?

Hal: We're watching the cat while the owner is away.

Cop: I don't see a cat.

Hal: We're not doing a very good job.

(The phone rings. Hal answers it)

Hal: Hello?

Craig: Hal?

Hal: Oh Craig, hi. How's the convention?

Craig (wearing a green jump suit which looks like a superman costume):
Fantastic, I think they have some greatyou would not believe some of
the idiots who are here. Anyhow, I just called to know how Jellybean's doing.

Hal: Oh, fine. He's a frisky little guy, you know. Get off the TV, Jellybean. (The
cop turns around and looks at Hal)

Craig: That reminds me: Could you hit the timer button on my VCR? I want to
tape.....

Hal: (looks to the empty spot where the VCR was): Oh...sure. No problem.

Craig: Hey Hal, I don't want you to think I'm weird, but could you put Jellybean
on the phone?

Hal: Oh yeah, I just need to pick him up (pretends to pick something up. The
police officer looks at him, again) There he is. Ok, I got his ear on the phone.

Craig: Hey Jellybean. How's my little pussy cat? Have you been a good boy
while I've been away?

(Hal makes cat noises)

Craig: I love you, honey. Give daddy a kiss.

(Hal makes kissing sounds)

Craig: Jellybean?

(Reese carries Francis around on his back)

Francis: I've got to tell you, Reese. You're doing a great job, I'm very impressed.

Reese (very exhausted): Thank you. Here?

(Francis sits down on the sofa)

Reese: I just want to point out that Malcolm has done nothing and I've been carrying you around all afternoon.

Francis: Don't think your enthusiasm and that pathetic look of desperation are going unnoticed.

Malcolm: Here you go, Francis *(hands him some papers)*

Francis: What's this?

Malcolm Your English term paper on the rise of the novel. It's a guaranteed A. You can screw up the whole rest of the semester and still get a C.

Francis: This pleases me.

(Reese gives Malcolm a very angry look)

(The next morning Hal takes in the newspaper just wearing his underpants. He sees a cat in front of their house)

Hal: Jellybean! Come on, Jellybean. Come to Hal. *(When he tries to catch the cat it runs away. Hal follows it)*

Hal: Come back, Jellybean! *(he runs along the street in his underpants)*

(Reese wakes up Malcolm)

Malcolm: What is it?

(Reese just smiles)

Malcolm: What?

Reese: You know, I realized something. You can do Francis' homework for the next 10 years, but you still can't go to rage in the cage if you're grounded.

Malcolm: What are you talking about?

(Reese gives Malcolm a pen)

Reese: Mom! (he runs away)

(Malcolm turns around and sees that Reese has drawn glasses and a beard on Dewey's face).

Lois: What is with you, Reese?

Reese: You've got to go in there and see what Malcolm did to Dewey. He has totally lost it.

Malcolm: Hey mom.

Lois: Where's Dewey?

Malcolm: He left to feed Craig's cat.

Reese: No way!

(Lois and Reese go into the boys' bedroom. None's in there)

Lois: What is going on with you, Reese?

(Reese looks for Dewey everywhere. Dewey's sitting in the front yard).

Hal (holding the cat): Dewey, wait till you see...what happened to your face?

Dewey: What happened to your pants?

Hal: Never mind. Look who I have.

Dewey: Mrs. Johnson's cat? .

Hal: Yes, Mrs Johnson's cat, yes. (releases the cat)

(Reese enters the kitchen where there are some broken porcelain figures lying on the floor . Next to them., there is a hockey stick with a nametag that says "Reese". Next scene: Reese waits for Lois leaving the room and looks at the broken porcelain figures he had put back into the shelf with the broken side to the wall. Next scene: Malcolm sees a red book between his mattresses. He puts it back into Lois' purse. Next scene: Malcolm is brushing Francis' hair while Francis is reading. Reese enters the room).

Reese *(holding a box with cigarettes in his hand)* Hey, I found these in my laundry in my shirt pocket. You put it in there, didn't you?

Malcolm: Yeah, just because you put my sneakers on the kitchen table.

Francis: Guys, what's going on?

Malcolm: He's trying to get me grounded so I can't go with you. But he's too stupid to pull it off.

Reese: We'll see who's stupid when I'm the one who goes to the wrestling match.

Francis: Guys, this is supposed to be a contest about love and you twisted it into something ugly. Carry on.

(They start fighting)

Francis: This, too, pleases me.

Hal: Ok, we can fix this. Cats are territorial. I put money on it that Jellybean hasn't been outside a square block on this place. Oh (smells on the cat's toilet), he's been back. These are fresh.

Dewey: But he never stays.

Hal: Well then we just have to find a way to keep him here, won't we?.(takes out some pills) Paid a little visit to my doctor.

Dewey: What are those?

Hal: These are sleeping pills, Dewey. I simply told him I've been up for the past

few nights, things aren't going well with the wife, I'm afraid that I'm gonna lose the house... don't you worry, son. Those are just lies I told to get prescription drugs. Now I'll.....sprinkle it on his food and sweet dreams, Jellybean.

Dewey: Did you put them in the wet or in the dry?

Hal: Wet, dry, milk, water. We have to cover all our bases, son. We are gonna get this cat.

(The next time they come into the apartment there are several cats sleeping on the floor).

Dewey: Which one is Jellybean?

Hal: Well that's another challenge. We'll make 3 piles: "Probably not Jellybean", "definitely not Jellybean" and "not even a cat". Start with that opossum.

Dewey: I think it's time to call mom.

Hal: I was hoping you would say that.

(Malcolm is holding a hammer in his hand and is about to destroy his microscope.

Reese enters the room)

Malcolm: Rage in the cage, rage in the cage...

Reese: What are you doing?

Malcolm: Wait till mom sees what you did to my expensive microscope.

Reese: You don't have the guts.

Malcolm: Say you quit, Reese.

Reese: No, you're gonna totally be grounded when mom sees the beating you gave me (hits himself into his face)

Malcolm: What are you doing?

(Reese keeps hitting himself until his nose and his teeth start bleeding)

Reese: Sucker!

Malcolm: Oh yeah? Oh yeah? *(he smashes his microscope)*

(Reese keeps hitting himself and Malcolm goes on destroying his microscope. Francis enters the room).

Francis: Hey, hey, hey. This isn't about the tickets, is it?

Malcolm: You have to decide who's going with you.

Francis: Oh yeah, I've probably should have said something. I met this girl at the burger barn and guess what? She likes wrestling.

Malcolm: What? You can't!

Francis: Guys, it's a girl who likes wrestling. I'm just as much a victim as you are. Oh, you'll understand when you're older. You guys are cool. I'm definitely bringing you home a cup of programmes.

Lois: You're telling me none of these cats is Jellybean? What's wrong with you?

Hal: Come on, Lois. This is a very complicated situation. Don't blame Dewey.

Lois : I am not blaming Dewey.

Hal: Oh.

Lois: Dewey, it's ok. You just let your mom take care of it. Now here's what we're gonna do.

(Next scene: The place is burned down)

Lois: Ok, it was a really bad idea.

Hal: I tell you one thing: I've never seen running 50 cats out of a place so fast.

Lois: How could this have happened? We ruined Craig's life.

Hal: No, no. It's not our fault, Lois. On a certain point we simply have to say to ourselves that Craig is just cursed.

Dewey: Dad, it's Jellybean!

Hal: Oh my god, let me just.....some of these sleeping pills. It will only take a minute, keep him entertained.

(Lois picks Jellybean up)

Hal: Or we can just pick him up.

Dewey: Yay!

Hal: You see, Dewey. I told you everything would work out.

(Francis and the girl are sitting in the car)

Francis You know, they just don't pay as much as at other summer jobs, but I get the chance to mentor.....children. How can you pay a price on smiles?

Girl: Cute AND sweet.

Francis: You know, this is the first time I've got out in 6 months.

Girl: Then we'll have to make this a night to remember, won't we?

(Francis smiles, then he looks up and discovers a paper on which someone has written "You will pay")

Francis: Amateurs.

Girl: What?

Francis: Oh it's nothing, it's just prank from...some of the kids at the center. You know, it's inspiring how they can laugh after all they've been through.

(A police car is behind them)

Francis: Oh man. I wasn't speeding, was I?

Girl: I don't think so.

(A police officer comes to his window)

Cop: Licence and registration

Francis: Officer, what did I do?

Cop: This car has been reported stolen. Licence and registration, please.

Francis: Oh, it's been reported stolen, huh? *(takes out his wallet and discovers that it's empty except for another paper which says "It gets worse".)*

Cop: I'm not gonna ask you, again. Licence and registration.

Francis: Look, officer. I know this looks bad, but...

(They hear strange noises coming out of the trunk)

Cop: Open the trunk, sir.

Francis: Officer, let me explain...

Cop: Open the trunk!

(The cop goes to the trunk and opens it. In the trunk there are Malcolm and Reese).

Cop: Get out of the car!!!

(At home)

Malcolm: (to the camera) Mom wasn't too thrilled by having to pick us up at the police station. But it was totally worth it, we don't have to serve Francis, anymore. Here's your sandwich, Craig. Can I go to bed, now?

Craig: Oh, mayo on only one side?

Malcolm: It's a lot of mayo.

Craig: I wouldn't say it's not, but I specifically asked for on both sides.

Malcolm: Craig...

Craig: Malcolm, I don't like this anymore than you do, but it was your mom's idea. See, as long as I'm living here you have to do everything I say. I'll try to meet you halfway and make my orders as clear as possible, ok champ?

Reese: Here, I heated it for 10 seconds just like you said.

(Craig puts his finger into the milk)

Craig: It's still not quite room temperature. Look, I know I'm being demanding, but Jellybean's apartment has been burned down, too.

Malcolm: (to the camera): Alright, it was almost worth it.

END