

From Malcolm-France

704 HALLOWEEN TRANSCRIPT

Dewey: I'm toast. Mom found out I'm the one that broke the oven.

Malcolm: Oh, man, you're going down.

Dewey: I know. So, if you want me to take the fall for anything, it's five bucks a pop.

Reese: I'm in! The hole in the bathroom wall.

Malcolm: Me, too! Dad's camera.

Lois: (overhearing) All right, Dewey, you're off the hook. You two! (drags Reese and Malcolm off)

Dewey: You were supposed to wait till I got my money.

Tour Guide: And after the autopsy of the victim, the coroner himself went completely insane.

Malcolm: (TC): This is so cool. This guy started this death tour, showing people all the places in town where grisly murders took place. He padded it with a couple of suicides, but come on, close enough.

Tour Guide: Now, coming up on your left, the site where one of the most gruesome multiple murders in the history of the state took place. Look, if you dare, at this house of pure evil. (Malcolm and Reese see that it's their house)

Malcolm: I can't believe we've been living here this whole time, and we didn't even know about the murders.

Reese: Man, I always assumed I'd do the coolest thing in this house, but that guy set the bar pretty high.

Hal: Come on, there were no murders here. A guy bought a hearse, and then he realized he had to cover his monthly payments, and so he made up this phony death tour. It's the oldest trick in the book. Tell 'em, honey.

Lois: I got Jamie the cutest Halloween costume. He's gonna be a little tiger.

Hal: Honey? Oh, my God. It's true?!

Lois: Hal, bad things happen all the time.

Dewey: But nothing this bad.

Hal: Lois, can I talk to you for a moment? You knew we were buying a death house, and you didn't tell me?!

Lois: I didn't tell you because I knew you'd have this reaction.

Hal: Well, of course I'd have this reaction. I don't like murder. Maybe that's something you should know about me.

Lois: Hal, it's always something with you. You passed on that one house because you thought the doorbell sounded gay. You can't have a perfect house.

From Malcolm-France

Hal: It would be nice to have a murderless one.

Lois: Well, you should just drop it because there's nothing we can do about it. Death and mold are two things you can expect to find in any house, and we are not moving!

Hal: There's mold?!

Lois: I cannot believe they called me in to work. I requested Halloween off eight months ago, and suddenly, Marybeth becomes a Wiccan, so she can take it as a religious holiday.

Hal: There will be more Halloweens... barring some tragic event.

Lois: But this is the good one, you know? There's such a tiny window where the kids are still sweet and adorable, and you can dress them up however you want. Every year after that, Halloween's just another trip to the police station.

Hal: Life is unfair, Lois. And, sometimes, it's cut horrifically short with no warning whatsoever.

Lois: I think if I send Jamie out with the boys, I can catch up with them during my break. I mean, I'll only be able to do a couple of houses with them. Hal, what are you doing?

Hal: Oh, it's, uh, it's time Jamie had a night light.

Lois: Why don't you put it over by his crib?

Hal: He wants it here!

Dewey: It just doesn't make sense. Why would you fake being sick on Halloween?

Malcolm: I'm not faking it. I feel like crap. Must've gotten it from that death tour guy. I thought his clammy handshake was just part of the act.

Reese: You've got to keep your immune system in shape, Malcolm. Every once in a while, pick some gum off the seat and chew it. Ounce of prevention, dude.

Lois: All right, you know the plan. You two are taking Jamie. No eggs, no stink bombs, no matches, no catapults, no Mace.

Reese: Fine.

Lois: No explosives.

Reese: Of course not.

Lois: No water balloons, no spray paint, no gasoline, no shaving cream, no toilet paper.

Reese: Wouldn't even think of it.

Lois: No ladder, no compressor, no soup.

Reese: You told her!

From Malcolm-France

Dewey: I did not!

Lois: All right. I know your route. I will catch up with you when I take my break, to see how adorable and safe Jamie is.

Reese: So, um, any idea when that might be?

Lois: You don't need to know when. All you need to know is if you even think about doing anything stupid, I will swoop down out of the sky and land on you like a ton of bricks.

Dewey: So, the usual.

Cut to the house later that evening. Malcolm is up and on the computer when Hal comes in.

Hal: Shouldn't you be in bed?

Malcolm: I got sick of lying there, so I thought I'd look on the Internet for stuff about the murders. I got police reports, crime photos, newspaper articles... there's a ton of stuff.

Hal: Really?

Malcolm: The guy's name was Gareth Stringer. Normal guy, Scout master, everybody loved him. So, one day, out of nowhere, he comes home from work and murders his entire family. They say he lived here with five headless bodies for a week before he finally killed himself.

Hal: For a whole week, huh?

Malcolm: That's where the wife's body was found. (points towards coffee table) He put all the tongues in a pile right there. (points towards an armchair) So I guess that must have been skin wall. (points to wall where stereo and Jamie's toybox are) And that was hair corner. (points to corner where TV is) Over there were... finger puppets?!(points towards bookcase) Oh, finger puppets. Wow, the really freaky stuff happened in the kitchen. Oh, and in the bathroom and the bedrooms, too.

Hal: Malcolm, is there any place in this house where bloody pieces of dismembered bodies weren't found?

Malcolm: Well... Yes. Right there. (points to area in the lounge)

Hal: Right here?

Malcolm: That's where they all begged for mercy.

Cut to the Lucky Aide, where Lois is finishing serving a customer.

Lois: Thank you. (to Craig) So, Craig, I understand the bandana and the eye patch, but why would a pirate have blood dripping out of his mouth?

Craig: Oh, I tried holding a dagger in my teeth. I'll tell you, those pirates are a lot tougher than they're depicted in the media.

From Malcolm-France

Lois: Finally, break time. I'm gonna go do a little trick-or-treating with Jamie. (catches guy shoplifting batteries) Hey, hey, hey! (takes batteries from his pocket) What are these?

Guy: I must've knocked those in my pocket accidentally.

Lois: No, I saw you put them in your pocket. Craig, you saw him, too, didn't you?

Craig: Oh, sorry. The patch is over my good eye.

Lois: Well, I'm already into my break. You handle this, Craig, so I can get going.

Craig: Sure, no problem.

Lois: Did you just wink at him?

Craig: Oh, you were serious.

Lois: Craig, he committed a crime.

Craig: Sure, that's one side of it. But if he didn't steal from us, he'd just be stealing from somewhere else, and then we'd be losing a customer. Do you want to be responsible for that?

Lois: Margie, will you take care of this?

Margie: What? It's Halloween.

Lois: I can't believe this. We are talking about the law here! We have a certain procedure we follow when we catch a shoplifter, because that's the law. It's the only thing that keeps us from anarchy and chaos and riots in the streets. (leads guy off) Oh, move it.

Dewey: Jackpot tonight.

Reese: I know. Five houses in a row that use the honor system?! That never happens! You're our lucky charm, Jamie.

Dewey: Now, listen, Jamie, candy is full of sugar, and it's terrible for you. So suck down as much as you can tonight before Mom takes it away from you.

Reese, Dewey: Trick or treat!

Reese: Sweet! No answer! Now you get to experience the true spirit of Halloween, Jamie. Ready? One, two...

Old Man: (emerging from house) Sorry for the delay. Getting used to my new hip. (Reese throws eggs at him) Oh, no, you don't! (unfolds walking frame and heads outside to go after them)

Reese: Run!

Hal: (hears rustling, jumps up, grabs spear, knocks over the lamp and discovers the rustling was a candy wrapper). Damn it, Dewey!

Kids: (distant voices at front door) Trick or treat!

Kid: Trick or treat.

From Malcolm-France

Hal: Oh, an axe in the head? You think that's funny? If you had a real axe in your head, you wouldn't be laughing. Except if you had an involuntary muscle spasm. Does that sound like a good time?

Malcolm: (coming to the door) I got this. (takes bowl and starts handing candy to the kids) Nice costumes.

Kids: Thank you.

Malcolm: Dad, are you gonna be okay handing out candy?

Hal: Of course. (Malcolm goes off and Hal follows him)

Malcolm: Because I should really try to get some rest.

Hal: Sure. (keeps following Malcolm)

Malcolm: Dad?

Hal: I just wanted to make sure you were safe, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Okay.

Hal: Do you feel safe?

Malcolm: Dad, I know the murders were sick and creepy, but they happened 20 years ago.

Hal: And they don't bother you at all?

Malcolm: No. I mean, the murderer's dead so it's not like he's coming back.

Hal: Right. Right, I mean, that would be... crazy.

Malcolm: Dad... you don't believe in ghosts, do you?

Hal: Malcolm, please.

Malcolm: Do you?

Hal: Do you mean do I believe in dead people floating around, saying, "Ooooh!" Of course not. But, I mean, an energy, a life force, a soul that, upon death, separates from the body and inhabits another plane, crying out to the living in a horrific wail of unbearable pain? Oh, absolutely.

Malcolm: Dad...

Hal: You, yourself, told me that string theory says there are 11 different dimensions occupying the same space.

Malcolm: So?

Hal: So, who's to say we can't be affected by things we don't see? What science calls wormholes is actually matter and energy, mixed together... (Jamie arrives back at the house) All of which points to one stubborn, undeniable fact... that we are living in a known portal for evil. And now that we know it, and it knows we know it, of course it would come back to kill us! And of course it would come back tonight! You don't have much to say when your science comes

From Malcolm-France

back at you, do you? (they hear the front door close) (calling) Honey? Reese? Dewey? Burglar? (he and Malcolm walk through to the living room, just as Jamie climbs into the crawlspace and out of sight)

Hal: Was that or was that not the sound of someone looking for his head?!

Cut to the back room at the Lucky Aide. Lois is on the phone to the police, while the thief sits at a table.

Lois: But you said you'd send a patrol car 20 minutes ago! Low priority?! It's still against the law to steal, isn't it? Fine, fine. We'll be here. Unbelievable. I get one break from 7:00 to 7:20. That break is now over! Instead of spending it with my adorable little two-year-old son, I spend it with you!

Guy: Lady, I have six warrants for my arrest and I'm supposed to feel sorry for you?

Craig: Lois, I've been thinking about it. I just want you to know I'm sorry. I believe in you and what you're doing here. You're doing the right thing.

Lois: Are you drunk?

Craig: Chilty as garged.

Lois: Aren't you on the clock?

Craig: But it's a party. And they invited me, knowing full well that being wanted is my kryptonite.

Lois: Party? So they're all drinking out there?

Voice on Speaker: Attention, Lucky Aide shoppers. Who's gonna come up here and kiss me right now, damn it?

Lois: Oh, my God! No one cares about the rules! No one cares about lawbreakers! Fine! Why am I the only sap? Since it's complete anarchy, I am taking my meal break early. That's right, I'm overlapping with Joan! Look at that! I didn't even line it up right.

Thief: So, do I get to go now?

Craig: You think you've got some place more fun than this? Go if you want. But a bunch of chips and dip are about to get "damaged," if you know what I mean. We're gonna eat them.

Reese: You know, I think Halloween really agrees with Jamie. He's standing up straighter.

Dewey: And he didn't try to pee on that dog. Is that the old guy from the egging?

Reese: No, that guy had glasses.

Dewey: No, the first egging.

Reese: Huh. Oh, yeah.

Dewey: I think he's chasing us.

From Malcolm-France

Reese: Yeah, I guess he is.

Dewey: We should... try to get away.

Reese: Yeah, I guess we have no choice. Whew! That was close.

Cut to Hal and Malcolm sitting in the car.

Hal: Here you go. Some hot tea. Are you warm enough? I can turn on the defroster.

Malcolm: I'm good, Dad.

Hal: I just want to make sure you're comfortable.

Malcolm: Well, you could have let me stay in the house.

Hal: No, no. We're safe out here. Isn't this nice? Tell me what's going on in your life. Got a special girl?

Kids: Trick or treat!

Hal: Oh, hey. (winds down window) We're over here! Got candy in the car! The kids love this holiday. If they only knew. (handing out candy) Oh, there you are. There you go. Here you go. And here's... Would you mind lifting up your mask? Great! Just checking.

Reese: Thank you. Good night. God, I hate when they want to talk about your costumes. They know what we're here for... just pay up, so we can go.

Dewey: Hey, look at that! The old guy's still after us.

Reese: You gotta admire it. I hope when I'm his age, I still have enough hate to do what he's doing.

Lois: (arriving) Oh, there's my little tiger! You are so adorable. If you boys got him involved in anything bad, I will...

Reese: Mom, relax. We've just been very busy getting candy.

Lois: I'm sorry. I'm just so frazzled. I almost didn't make it. I wasted my whole break sitting with some shoplifter and no one else even considered coming to help. I mean, can you believe that?! I'm the one who suffers and they're the ones who were breaking all the rules. You know, this one time, I accidentally accepted a Canadian quarter, and they took it out of my paycheck, based on that day's exchange rate.

Dewey: Yeah, so...

Lois: And, you know that when they deposited that quarter, the rate was way, way lower. Did I complain? No, because I'm a team player.

Reese: (as old guy catches up to them) Mom! We've saved you the best stretch of houses. They're right around that corner.

Lois: Really? Thank you. (leads Jamie off) Let's go, sweetie.

Reese: (he and Dewey run off) Who is that guy?

From Malcolm-France

Cut to the Wilkersons' house. Hal is asleep in the car when Malcolm comes out.

Malcolm: Dad.

Hal: I'm awake! (sees Malcolm outside the car) What are you doing? Get in the car.

Malcolm: It's okay. I have proof the murders never happened here. Some of the police reports didn't seem right, so I went to the City Planning Office Web site. Some time after the murders, they split up a double lot down the street, and that changed all the addresses. Look. That's the zoning map. The murders weren't here. All these articles are about the house next door.

Hal: Well, look at that. Ha! That sucker! Do you know how much he paid for that house? Have fun in hell, Peterson! Let me see what he got himself into.

Malcolm: Uh, no, no, no. The pictures are really graphic; you shouldn't...

Hal: Wait a minute. That's our wallpaper and... that's the counter. Malcolm, their house doesn't look like this. This is our house. What is going on here?!

Malcolm: Fine! I made it up because I'm sick of your insanity! I dummed up a phony Web page to calm you down.

Hal: So you were gonna let me think that I was safe?

Malcolm: I wasn't going to sit in the car with you all night! I'm sick!

Hal: I was protecting you!

Malcolm: From what, Dad?! From ghosts?! Well, I say bring them on. I hereby summon all ghosts and goblins.

Hal: No, no, no, no.

Malcolm: Come phantoms and spectres from the gates of Hell, thou are hereby invited.

Hal: He's kidding! That's the kind of language they respond to.

Malcolm: I challenge ye to prove me wrong. Go ahead, rip the skin from our bones and feast on our innards. We are lambs for your slaughter.

Hal: Malcolm!

Malcolm: Swallow this house into the bowels of Hell!

Kids: (distant voices outside) Trick or treat!

Hal: Run! Run from this place and never return! (closes door in kids' faces)

Kid: That guy was good.

From Malcolm-France

Dewey: Hey, you're right. The candy you steal off other kids really does taste better.

Reese: I'm telling you. It's the fear.

Old Man: (banging down his walking frame, cornering the boys) Trick!

Reese: Come on, admit it, geezer. You're not gonna catch us. You're just too old and too slow. Let's go, Dewey. Wow, look at that. Could it be any more perfect? (they jump over a fence and land on a mattress with glue on it) I'm stuck.

Reese: Me too.

Craig: Boy, call me a prude, but these pictures of Mrs. Keyes giving birth are not as sexy as I thought. Well, that one's not bad.

Lois: Craig, I want to get some pictures of Jamie in his costume, so why don't you give me a roll...

Craig: Hey, Lois! I didn't expect you back so soon.

Lois: Oh, nice! So now we're invading our customers' privacy. Why don't you just open up the pharmacy files and see what's there?

Craig: Been there, done that. FYI, I wouldn't get too chummy with Mr. or Mrs. Sanders for four to six weeks.

Officer: Excuse me, ma'am. Can I have a word with you?

Lois: Well, I'm glad to see you finally found the time to show up, Officer. But our shoplifter is long gone.

Officer: I'm not here about a shoplifter.

Woman: That's her!

Little girl's voice: Mommy!

Woman: Oh, Allison, are you okay?

Allison: Yes.

Officer: Hands behind your back, ma'am.

Lois: What? This is wrong. You're making a mistake.

Craig: Don't worry, Lois. If you need a character witness at your trial, you got me. Uh-oh. (throws up)

Old Man: (throwing eggs at the boys) Have you boys learned your lesson yet?

Reese: Ha! You stupid old man! I'll never learn my lesson.

Hal: I just want you to know I'm sorry. A lot of things were said here and I know it got out of hand. I don't want you to take this personally.

Malcolm: It's okay. I was out of line, too.

Hal: I wasn't talking to you.

From Malcolm-France

Hal: Anyway, Gareth, you should know...

Malcolm: Dad...

Hal: Malcolm, let me work with him.

Malcolm: No. Dad, I know you're afraid, but you've gotta work through your fear. Because it leads to this, and this is insanity. I mean, okay, we live in a universe that we can't control or understand and that can be frightening, sometimes. I have fears, too. But the only way we can get through our lives is by tamping down those fears. Because if we don't try to explain things rationally, the world stops making any sense at all. (Jamie moans from the crawlspace) Like that moan. We have to believe there's a perfectly logical explanation for it. We have to. (Crawlspace door creaks as Jamie comes out) Or that. It could mean whatever we want it to mean. The important thing is... (Jamie walks over, with his shirt (covered in red candy stains) over his head. Hal and Malcolm scream and Malcolm crashes through the window) That was Jamie, wasn't it.

Hal: It sure was. You okay, buddy?