

MALCOLM IN THE MIDDLE

"The Chair"

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COLD OPENING

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

LOIS carries a basket of laundry. She stops when she reaches the bathroom. The door is closed.

Repeated FLUSHING sounds are heard.

LOIS
(shouts through door)
What's going on in there?

A beat.

MALCOLM (O.S.)
Nothing, Mom.

More FLUSHING.

LOIS
Malcolm, did you let the mayonnaise hit
room temperature again?

MALCOLM (O.S.)
Uh, Mom, I need another roll of toilet
paper.

A PUNCHING sound.

MALCOLM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Owww. Make that two rolls.

More FLUSHING.

LOIS
(rolls eyes)
Hold on.

Lois walks off.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

MALCOLM, REESE and DEWEY stand around the toilet. Toilet paper stretches from the spool on the side of the counter across to the bowl.

Reese flushes the toilet. As the toilet paper is sucked down, it quickly rolls off the spool in one continuous motion. It never breaks.

Dewey jumps up and down in excitement, clapping his hands.

DEWEY
Again, again.

Reese flushes. Once again, the toilet paper unspools into the bowl.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
Again, again.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
What can I say? It was the least destructive thing we could think of doing on a Saturday afternoon.

Reese flushes the toilet again. Same results.

CUT TO:

END OF COLD OPENING

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lois is cleaning the kitchen. HAL sits at the table, wearing a pair of protective goggles. He's taking apart the toaster, using a variety of tools. Sparks fly.

LOIS
Hal, what are you doing?

HAL
I'm fixing the toaster.

LOIS
There was nothing wrong with the toaster.

HAL
That's what it wants you to think.

More sparks fly. Hal jumps back. Burns his hands slightly. He shakes it off.

LOIS
Shouldn't you unplug that thing first?
You're going to kill yourself.

HAL
You can't get at the heart of the problem
if you unplug the heart.

LOIS
Just be careful. Don't forget -- they
cancelled our home owner's insurance
after Reese was born.

Lois sits down at the table. Hal hands her a pair of goggles. She puts them on without thinking twice. Takes a deep breath and lets it out. Closes her eyes.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Do you hear that, Hal?

Hal stops working for a moment. Lifts his head. Listens.

HAL
I don't hear anything.

He goes back to work on the toaster.

LOIS

It's the sound of peace. We'll have it
twenty-four-seven when the boys are
grown, out of the house, with families of
their own -- or in prison.

Lois, eyes still closed, takes another deep breath, then lets
it out. She looks completely serene.

A beat.

Then, a SMALL EXPLOSION from the toaster. Hal's hands are on
fire.

HAL

Ow, ow, ow, ow. Water, water, water.

Hal runs to the sink and puts his hands under the faucet.
Lois gets up, grabs a fire extinguisher and douses the blaze
as if it were a regular routine.

LOIS

Dammit, Hal, I was almost relaxed. Next
time, I let you burn. Which reminds me,
where are the boys?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Reese and Dewey stand at the bottom of a tree. They're
looking up.

REESE

Higher.

DEWEY

Higher.

MALCOLM (O.S.)

I can't go any higher.

ANGLE ON MALCOLM

He's hanging onto a branch near the top of the tree.

MALCOLM

I'm coming down.

REESE

You're being a sissy. You can still go
higher.

DEWEY

Higher. Higher.

MALCOLM

And you're being a jerk, Reese. I don't think this tree is entirely stable.

One of the branches breaks off. As it falls, it hits Dewey in the head. He doesn't even flinch.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(to camera)

This seemed like so much more fun just last year. Which means, at my current rate of maturity, I'll be all out of fun by the time I graduate high school.

REESE

Well, what are you going to do?

MALCOLM

I'm coming down.

REESE

No, wait.

Reese scans the ground around the tree. Picks up some rocks, hands a couple to Dewey.

Reese throws a rock up into the tree. It misses Malcolm.

MALCOLM

What are you doing?

REESE

I'm helping you take the quick way down.

Reese hurls another rock.

MALCOLM

Reese, stop it!

Dewey then throws a rock. It hits Reese in the back of the head.

REESE

Owww! Not at me. In the tree.

DEWEY

I can't reach.

Reese takes the rocks from Dewey's hand.

REESE

Just sit down.

Dewey collapses to the ground. Pouts. Reese hurls more rocks at Malcolm. Malcolm dodges each one.

MALCOLM

I'm serious, Reese. I'm telling Mom.

Reese stops for a moment.

REESE

Yeah, well, you shouldn't have climbed the stupid tree in the first place. You know we're not supposed to.

MALCOLM

We made a bet.

REESE

And I bet you won't collect.

Reese throws a couple more rocks. Malcolm dodges them.

MALCOLM

That one almost hit me, Reese. Stop it.

REESE

Like Dad always says, almost only means you're not doing your job properly.

Reese flings another rock. Malcolm dodges.

MALCOLM

I am so going to get even with you.

REESE

What are you waiting for? Come down.

Reese throws another rock. But this time, when Malcolm dodges, he loses his grip on the branch.

MALCOLM

Uh-oh.

Malcolm comes crashing out of the tree. He lands with a big THUMP.

REESE

Oh, man. That was great. That just had to hurt.

Malcolm doesn't move. He's unconscious.

REESE (CONT'D)

Come on, Malcolm. Stop fooling around. Get up.

Reese picks up a stick and pokes at Malcolm.

REESE (CONT'D)
Malcolm?

Dewey picks up a stick and whacks Malcolm with it a few times. No reaction. He stops.

DEWEY
I'm telling Mom you killed Malcolm.

EXT. PARK - LATER

Malcolm lies on a gurney, eyes closed. He still looks unconscious. A PARAMEDIC pulls a white sheet over his head. Then...

Malcolm quickly pulls the sheet down. He gives the paramedic a sharp look.

MALCOLM
Hey, I'm still alive here.

PARAMEDIC
Sorry.

MALCOLM
(to camera; worried)
Help.

They load him onto an ambulance.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Lois frantically walks through the hallway, peeking into every room. Hal follows her, both his hands bandaged up.

LOIS
(shouts)
Malcolm! Malcolm!

A female HOSPITAL CLERK walks up to her.

CLERK
Can I help you, ma'am?

LOIS
Well, it's about time someone does. I'm
having a crisis here, lady.

The Clerk notices Hal's bandaged hands. Looks them over.

CLERK

(to Hal)

Have a seat over there. You'll need to fill out some forms, then we'll get to you just as soon as we can.

LOIS

Not him. I'm looking for my son, Malcolm. They told me he was on this floor.

CLERK

Oh, the young tree victim.

(points down hall)

Take a left down this corridor. It's room twelve-eleven.

Lois takes off down the hall. Hal turns back to the Clerk. He holds up his bandaged hands.

HAL

Do you know where I can get some ointment?

LOIS (O.S.)

(yells)

Hal!

HAL

(to Clerk)

We'll talk later.

Hal takes off.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Lois nears the room, she sees Reese and Dewey sitting quietly outside Malcolm's door. When they see her, fear falls upon them.

DEWEY

Reese killed Malcolm.

Reese covers Dewey's mouth with his hand.

REESE

I did not.

LOIS

When I'm through with you two, they'll be sending your mail here.

Hal raises his bandaged hands.

HAL

Your mother means it, boys.

Reese and Dewey's eyes bulge out. Then Reese quickly removes his hand from Dewey's mouth.

REESE

Yuck! Dewey licked my hand.

DEWEY

Salty.

Ignoring them, Lois and Hal enter Malcolm's room.

INT. MALCOLM'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

When Lois and Hal enter, they see Malcolm lying in bed, watching TV. Both of his legs are wrapped up. A DOCTOR is examining him.

In the bed next to Malcolm is an OLD MAN on a ventilator. Looks to be near death. He's also watching TV.

Lois runs over and smothers Malcolm with kisses. He clearly hates this.

LOIS

Oh, my baby.

MALCOLM

Mom, stop it.

DOCTOR

You must be Malcolm's mother.

LOIS

Well, I'm not his wife.

HAL

How you holding up, son?

DOCTOR

Oh, he'll be fine. He only has a knock on the head and two sprained ankles.

LOIS

That knock on the head was there from birth. Malcolm, what did I tell you about climbing trees?

MALCOLM

It's a good thing?

DOCTOR
Boys will be boys. It's amazing they
ever make it out of childhood.

HAL
That's why we have three back-ups.

Hal tries scratching his face with his bandaged hand.

DOCTOR
To avoid any complications, he'll have to
stay off his feet for at least a week.

MALCOLM
Cool!
(to camera)
Finally, something good comes from one of
these childhood traumas.

LOIS
You're not getting a vacation that easy,
mister.

Then, we HEAR a long continuous BLEEP. The old man in the
next bed is flat-lining.

Everyone looks over and sees Dewey sitting on the old man's
bed. He has removed the man's breathing apparatus and put it
into his own mouth. The old man lies there comatose.

LOIS (CONT'D)
Dewey, put that back where you found it.

Over the load speaker, we hear... "CODE RED. CODE RED."

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lois, Hal, Reese, Dewey and a wheelchair-bound Malcolm enter the house. They are all bickering.

MALCOLM

I look ridiculous. Why do I need to be in a wheelchair?

LOIS

Because the doctor says you can't use crutches. You have to stay off both feet.

Dewey jumps up onto Malcolm's lap.

DEWEY

Go horsey, go!

MALCOLM

Get off me, Dewey.

HAL

Dewey, your brother's not to be used for entertainment purposes. Now get down.

Disappointed, Dewey jumps off Malcolm. Reese then steps up, a whole new person. He's actually nice.

REESE

Is there anything I can get you, Malcolm? A soda? A sandwich? TV remote? Your comic books?

MALCOLM

(cold)

No, Reese. You've done enough.

REESE

I'm here if you need anything. Anything at all. Just say the word.

Reese smiles at Malcolm.

LOIS

The word is guilt.

(to Reese)

And you'd better feel lots of it, mister.

FRANCIS enters from the kitchen. He's eating a sandwich.

FRANCIS
Malcolm, you're home!

Francis goes over and gives Malcolm a hug.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
I was so worried.
(whispers in Malcolm's ear)
I owe you one.

LOIS
Francis, why aren't you at school?

FRANCIS
I couldn't possibly concentrate on my school work, knowing that Malcolm almost died.

LOIS
Malcolm didn't almost die. Now I want you to turn right around and go back to school.

FRANCIS
Mom, how can you ask me to abandon Malcolm at this most dire time? Can't you see, he needs me. I'm shocked at your uncaring attitude.

LOIS
Hal, say something.

Hal is scratching his face with his bandaged hands.

HAL
I think I'm getting a rash.

LOIS
(to Francis)
Fine. Then I expect you to help out with Malcolm. You can take him to school, wash him, feed him. Take him for a walk, if that's what he needs.

MALCOLM
I'm not a dog, mom.

Dewey barks.

LOIS
But it's back to school for you first thing next week.

FRANCIS

Yes, ma'am.

HAL

Honey, I think I have to pee.

Hal holds up his bandaged hands. Lois takes hold of his arm and walks him to the bathroom.

LOIS

I hope this teaches you not to play with the appliances.

HAL

That toaster was taunting me.

Lois and Hal exit. Dewey follows.

DEWEY

I want to help dad pee.

Reese follows him.

REESE

Dewey, no.

Francis bends down next to Malcolm.

FRANCIS

Thanks, buddy. You came through for me.

MALCOLM

Francis, what are you talking about?

FRANCIS

You gave me a perfect reason to come home. So I could go to Josh Hampton's party this weekend.

MALCOLM

You think I almost broke my legs so you could go to some dumb party?

FRANCIS

You're a genius, Malcolm. You definitely took one for the team.

Francis pats Malcolm on the back.

MALCOLM

(to camera)

I wouldn't even break my pencil for the team.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Class is in session; CAROLINE MILLER teaching. Malcolm rolls himself in. The class stops and stares. STEVIE'S jaw drops when he sees Malcolm.

CAROLINE

Oh my, Malcolm, what happened to you?

MALCOLM

It's nothing. Sprained ankles. Can we just forget about it?

CAROLINE

We most certainly cannot. Come on, class. I think we should show Malcolm just how much we care in his time of need.

MALCOLM

(to camera)

Oh God, I know what she's going to do. Please don't do it.

CAROLINE

Class hug!

MALCOLM

(to camera)

Ohhhh, she did it.

The entire class, sans Stevie, gets up and smothers Malcolm in one giant hug.

MALCOLM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can't breathe.

CAROLINE

Okay class, that's enough. Give him some air.

The class moves off and goes back to their seats.

CAROLINE (CONT'D)

If you need anything at all, Malcolm, you just let me know. I'm here for you. We're all here for you.

Malcolm smiles uncomfortably. He then rolls his chair next to Stevie, who's giving him a dirty look. Malcolm notices.

MALCOLM

What?

STEVIE

Are you... mocking me?

MALCOLM

No. The doctor said I had to use this stupid thing for an entire week.

STEVIE

What's... so stupid... about it?

MALCOLM

Nothing. I just mean it's embarrassing having to use it. Everyone's looking at me like I'm a freak.

STEVIE

So then... I must... be a... freak... too.

MALCOLM

No, that's not what I meant. It's just...

(points to next table)

I'm going to roll over there now.

STEVIE

Good... idea.

Malcolm rolls to another table.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Malcolm is surrounded by a large group of kids. All the girls seem to be taken with him. He's suddenly popular.

Stevie sits alone, eating his lunch. Malcolm notices and wheels over to him.

MALCOLM

Hey. What are you doing?

Stevie holds his sandwich up for Malcolm to see, then takes a bite out of it.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? Why are you being like this?

Stevie finishes chewing his food before answering. There is a long beat.

STEVIE

Well, look... who's suddenly... so popular... today.

MALCOLM
Are you jealous of me?

STEVIE
Jealous... of a... cripple? Don't be...
ridiculous.

Malcolm's friend JULIE comes over.

JULIE
Malcolm, are you going to come back over?

MALCOLM
In a minute, Julie.

JULIE
(smiling seductively)
Don't be long.

She leaves.

MALCOLM
Come on, Stevie. It's not my fault I
fell out of a stupid tree.

STEVIE
At least... you can climb... a stupid
tree.

Stevie wheels off. Malcolm's left by himself.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - EVENING

Malcolm, Francis and Dewey sit watching television. Reese is
reluctantly giving Malcolm a back massage.

MALCOLM
A little to the left... now a little more
to the right.

Reese grits his teeth and digs hard into Malcolm's back, but
to no ill effect.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
That's the spot. You got it.

DEWEY
I want to massage Malcolm.

REESE
Be my guest.

Reese steps aside. Dewey picks up a baseball bat.

MALCOLM/FRANCIS

Dewey, no!

Francis takes the bat away.

DEWEY

Why not?

MALCOLM

(to Reese)

You know, I could go for another soda.

FRANCIS

I could use one, too.

DEWEY

Juice box, please.

Begrudgingly, Reese obeys.

REESE

Whatever.

Reese leaves. Then Hal enters.

HAL

Francis, I need you to drive me to the Mall-Mart. I've got some...

(lowers his voice)

... things I need to get.

FRANCIS

Come on, Dad. It's gonna be packed this time of night. We'll have to park a mile away.

HAL

(smiles)

I wouldn't be so sure about that.

Hal turns to Malcolm, who's still focused on the television. Malcolm can feel his stare.

MALCOLM

(to camera)

I don't even need to look at him to know what he's thinking right now.

EXT. MALL-MART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot is packed, except for the handicapped spaces. They're all empty -- until a car pulls into one of them.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Francis and Hal are in the front seat, Malcolm in the back.

FRANCIS

This feels so strange. It's like we're special.

Hal gazes happily at a temporary handicapped parking permit that hangs from the rear-view mirror.

HAL

Today boys, we are special. One full week of parking bliss. Let's savor this moment.

They all lower their heads to "savor the moment." After a long beat, Francis and Malcolm lift their heads, but Hal continues to keep his head down.

HAL (CONT'D)

Still savoring.

Francis and Malcolm quickly lower their heads again.

INT. MALL-MART - NIGHT

It's a giant Super-Store. Stacked full of everything one might need.

Two attractive WOMEN surround Malcolm and Francis. Francis is making his move. Malcolm is slumped over in his chair.

FRANCIS

Yeah, it's been really difficult taking care of this poor little guy his whole life, but hey, he's my brother.

WOMAN #1

Awww, that is so sweet of you.

WOMAN #2

There aren't many men who would be so caring.

FRANCIS

That's just the kind of guy I am. Caring.

MALCOLM

(to camera)

You're probably wondering why I'm letting him get away with this.

Malcolm holds up a twenty dollar bill. Smiles. Then he slumps back over.

Hal then appears from around a corner. He's pushing a shopping cart with his bandaged-up hands.

HAL

Francis, I could really use your help.

Hal holds up his hands. Francis turns to the two women.

FRANCIS

I have to take care of my father, too.

WOMAN #1/WOMAN#2

Awwwwww.

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Malcolm sits up in bed, a breakfast tray across his lap. Reese serves him breakfast. He pours milk into Malcolm's bowl of cereal.

MALCOLM

More.

Reese pours a little more milk.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

More.

Reese goes to pour more, but the carton is empty.

REESE

It's empty.

MALCOLM

(snaps his fingers)
Get another carton.

REESE

I'm through with this. Get it yourself.

MALCOLM

Okay, if I must.

Malcolm starts to get out of bed, then falls to the floor in pain. He grabs his legs.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Ooowwwwwwwww. My legs. The pain!

Reese freaks.

REESE

Okay, okay! Don't move. I'll get it.
I'll get it.

Reese runs out of the room, panicked. Francis strolls past the doorway, a donut shoved in his mouth. He glances at Malcolm lying helpless on the floor.

FRANCIS

(mouth full)
Hey, Malcolm.

And he's gone. Then Lois enters, buttoning her blouse. Sees Malcolm on the floor.

LOIS

Malcolm, what are you doing down there?

MALCOLM

Just trying to get ready for school.

Lois walks over and lifts Malcolm up.

LOIS

Well stop doing things for yourself.
That's Francis' job.

MALCOLM

Yes, Mom.

Lois puts Malcolm back into bed.

LOIS

Now don't dilly-dally. I'm driving you to school today. We leave in ten minutes.

MALCOLM

But I still have a half hour.

LOIS

I need to stop at the store first. I can save twenty minutes with the good parking space.

As Lois turns to leave...

MALCOLM

Mom, don't you feel the least bit guilty about taking advantage of your handicapped son?

LOIS

First off, Malcolm, you're not handicapped. You'll be up and about by next week. And secondly, did you see your doctors bill? Who's taking advantage of whom?

Lois exits. Then Reese runs back in, out of breath. He holds a fresh carton of milk.

REESE

Here you go.

MALCOLM

Pour.

As Reese pours milk into Malcolm's bowl, Dewey walks in. His clothes are on backwards and his toothbrush is shoved up his nose. But before Malcolm or Reese can comment on Dewey's strange appearance...

HAL (O.S.)

Lois, dear, I need a shave.

LOIS (O.S.)

I'm busy, Hal. Get one of the boys to do it.

MALCOLM

(to Reese)

Hurry up, lock the door.

Reese runs over to the door, but it's too late. Hal enters. He wears a skimpy towel around his waist, revealing his hairy body. The cord of an electric razor dangles from his mouth. His hands are still bandaged.

Hal looks at the boys. Malcolm just points to his legs and shrugs. Now it's down to Reese and Dewey. They both look like a deer frozen in headlights. Hal looks to Reese, then to Dewey, then back to Reese, then back to Dewey. Dewey takes the toothbrush out of his nose and starts brushing his teeth.

HAL

Reese, come with me.

REESE

Damn. It's always me.

Reese reluctantly follows Hal out of the room. Dewey gets up, still brushing his teeth, and also exits.

Malcolm smiles. He then jumps out of bed to his feet. Nothing's wrong with him.

He hurries over and pokes his head out the door. Makes sure the coast is clear -- then does a little jig.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
I'm so bad.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - MORNING

Kids are hanging around before school starts. Malcolm is surrounded by a large group of kids, including Julie. He's still Mister Popularity. Stevie is off to the side, angrily watching the whole thing.

The school bell RINGS, and everyone rushes into the building.

JULIE

Do you need help, Malcolm?

MALCOLM

No, I've got it. Thanks, Julie.

Julie leaves. Malcolm begins wheeling himself to the front door. Then he spots Stevie, who's rolling in the same direction.

Stevie grits his teeth, squints his eyes, lowers his eyebrows. Malcolm does the same. They both look at the door, then back at each other. It's a showdown.

And then they're off -- wheeling as fast as they can to the front door. First Malcolm is in the lead, but Stevie catches up fast. They bump into each other a couple of times before reaching the door. Only...

...the doorway isn't wide enough for both chairs. They slam into the doorjamb -- hard!

MALCOLM/STEVIE

Owwwww.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Malcolm and the rest of the class are taking a test. Malcolm's pencil breaks. He rummages around, but can't find another. He turns to Stevie.

MALCOLM

(whispers)

Hey, can I borrow a pencil?

STEVIE

(without looking up)

Bite... me.

MALCOLM
 (whispers)
 I don't get it. What'd I do to you?

STEVIE
 You were... born.

Malcolm's teacher cuts in.

CAROLINE
 Malcolm, is there a problem?

MALCOLM
 I broke my pencil.

The whole class seems to get up at once. They practically shove their pencils into Malcolm's face. Ad libs, "Here, take mine. No mine's better. My pencil's made out of a super polyphone alloy."

Caroline grabs a pencil from her desk. Hands it to Malcolm and smiles.

CAROLINE
 Here you go, Malcolm.

The rest of the class return to their seats, disappointed. Malcolm turns to Stevie, who looks as if he wants to kill him. Malcolm backs up slightly.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hal sits at the table, the broken toaster held in place by a giant clamp. Various new and ominous-looking tools clutter the table.

Hal struggles to grip a screwdriver between his heavily bandaged hands. He sticks the screwdriver into the toaster's wiring. A spark ignites his bandages!

Immediately, a stream of foam drowns the flames and drenches Hal. Lois stands in the doorway, fire extinguisher in hand.

LOIS
 You're an obsessed man, Hal.

HAL
 I know.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Malcolm rolls his chair quickly in order to catch up to Stevie.

MALCOLM
Come on, wait up.

STEVIE
No. Go... away.

Malcolm catches up and cuts Stevie off. Stevie pushes him.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Leave me... alone.

Malcolm pushes back.

MALCOLM
No, I won't.

Stevie pushes him again.

STEVIE
I said... go away.

Malcolm pushes back.

MALCOLM
And I said no.

Stevie and Malcolm get into a shoving match. Many of the kids in the yard notice.

KID
Hey, look. The handicapped kids are fighting.

A crowd now begins to form around Stevie and Malcolm. They begin chanting "Fight. Fight. Fight. Fight."

MALCOLM
I thought we were friends.

STEVIE
You're stealing... my thunder... man.

MALCOLM
How am I doing that? I don't want to be in this thing.

STEVIE
Well neither... do I. But you... seem to... be better... at it... than I... am.

Stevie looks down now. The anger slipping away.

MALCOLM

Stevie, that's just not true. I can barely go in a straight line, and my arms are killing me. The other day, I almost cut my finger off in the wheel. I suck at this.

STEVIE

That's not... what I mean. Everybody... likes you... more now. You're getting... lots of attention. No one... even notices... me.

Malcolm finally understands. Thinks about this for a moment.

MALCOLM

What are you talking about? Everybody notices you. And everybody likes you. It's just that -- we don't think of you as handicapped. We don't see you in a wheelchair. You're just another kid.

Stevie looks up.

STEVIE

Really?

MALCOLM

I didn't think you wanted to be treated differently.

STEVIE

I... don't.

MALCOLM

Then what's the problem?

STEVIE

I guess... there's not one.

They both smile.

MALCOLM

Come on, let's go to the cafeteria. See if we can pity ourselves some extra dessert.

As they start to wheel away, Stevie's chair gets jammed up.

STEVIE

Hold on... I'm stuck.

Malcolm gets out of his chair.

MALCOLM

I got it.

He pulls a stick from Stevie's wheel.

STEVIE

I didn't think... you were... supposed
to... walk. Doesn't... it hurt?

MALCOLM

No, actually, I've been --

The other kids in the yard see Malcolm walking.

KID

Hey, that kid's walking. He's been
faking it.

Julie sees this as well.

JULIE

Malcolm, how could you?

KID

Let's get him.

MALCOLM

Uh-oh.

STEVIE

Let's get... out of... here.

Malcolm scrambles back to his wheelchair. He and Stevie
speed off, the other kids giving chase.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

Malcolm's in the wheelchair, watching TV. He's got several
scrapes on his face. Dewey stares at the scrapes.

DEWEY

Was it a werewolf?

MALCOLM

No, Dewey. For the hundredth time, it
wasn't a werewolf.

Reese enters.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Did you finish alphabetizing my comic
book collection?

REESE
 (beat)
 Mostly.

Malcolm holds up a set of nail clippers.

MALCOLM
 Clip me.

Devastated, Reese takes the clippers and kneels at Malcolm's feet.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME MOMENT

Lois is unwrapping Hal's hand bandages.

LOIS
 I hope you learned something, Hal.

HAL
 You bet. From now on, I don't let this baby out of my sight.

He reaches down and pats the fire extinguisher, which sits on the floor beside him.

FRANCIS (O.S.)
 See you later!

LOIS
 Oh no, you don't. Freeze, Francis!

She jumps up and heads for the family room.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lois storms in, followed by Hal, who carries the fire extinguisher and his unraveled bandages. Francis stops in the front doorway and sighs heavily. The boys watch.

LOIS
 Where do you think you're going?

FRANCIS
 Just hanging with some of the guys.

LOIS
 You've hardly spent five minutes with Malcolm since you've been here. Take him with you.

FRANCIS/MALCOLM
 What? Mom!

LOIS
 Fine Francis -- pack your bags and go
 back to school.

FRANCIS
 Come on, Malcolm, we're going out.

Francis walks over to Malcolm and wheels him out the door.

MALCOLM
 Why do I have to be punished?

Reese smiles. He's off the hook for the night.

REESE
 I'm outta here.

LOIS
 You behave yourself, Reese.

REESE
 (sarcastic)
 Right.

Reese leaves. Hal turns to Lois.

HAL
 I was going to use Malcolm to go back to
 the Mall-Mart later.

LOIS
 We're just regular parking people again,
 Hal.

Hal holds up the unwrapped bandages.

HAL
 Oh, you think so? Dewey, come here.

Dewey's eyes go wide.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A massive party. Francis is making out in a corner with a
 very cute girl, MELANIE. Everyone else looks smashed.

Malcolm sits alone in a corner, near all the beer. Looks
 bored and a bit disgusted. A PARTY GOER yells over to him.

PARTY GOER #1
 Hey, R2-D2, throw me a beer.

Malcolm tosses a can to the guy, then gets up from the wheelchair. He walks over to Francis, who's still busy with Melanie. He taps Francis on the shoulder.

MALCOLM

I'm bored, Francis. Can we go yet?

Francis shoves Malcolm away.

FRANCIS

Later.

Melanie notices Malcolm walking.

MELANIE

I thought you said he couldn't walk.

FRANCIS

No, I said "talk."

MELANIE

(confused)

But he just --

Francis puts a finger to Melanie's lips.

FRANCIS

Shhhhh. It's complicated.

Francis resumes making out with Melanie as Malcolm sulks back to his chair. When he gets there, he finds a guy and a girl sitting in it, also making out.

MALCOLM

Excuse me. Excuse me.

No response from the couple.

A big guy, ROCCO, comes up behind Francis and Melanie. Rocco pokes Francis on the shoulder. Francis just waves him off.

FRANCIS

I told you I'm busy, Malcolm.

Rocco pokes at Francis again. Finally, Francis turns around.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

What?

Rocco towers over Francis. Francis' gulps.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Oh... hey, Rocco.

(pats Rocco's biceps)

(MORE)

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Nice biceps. Tell me, are you a bulk man or more of a repetition kind of guy?

ROCCO

That's my girl.

FRANCIS

Who, Melanie here? I thought you two broke up.

MELANIE

(innocently)

No, I told you we were still going out.

Francis flashes Rocco a big, uncomfortable smile. Rocco cocks his fist back. Francis' eyes go wide. And then -- BAM!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Francis sits in the wheelchair as Malcolm pushes him down the sidewalk. Francis looks a little beat up. Clothes torn, black eye, etc.

MALCOLM

Your friends didn't seem to care much when Rocco was using your forehead to crack walnuts.

FRANCIS

They're not really my friends. They just throw great parties.

Three police cars speed past Malcolm and Francis. SIRENS and LIGHTS BLARING.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

So, how're the legs holding up?

MALCOLM

There was never anything wrong with them.

FRANCIS

I thought you told me you weren't faking.

MALCOLM

No, I said I wasn't faking for you. I just wanted to get back at Reese for knocking me out of that tree.

Suddenly, Reese pops up out of nowhere.

REESE

Faking? You were faking?

Malcolm smiles.

MALCOLM
I told you I'd get you.

REESE
And, oh man, am I going to get you. When
I'm done, you're gonna need three
wheelchairs.

Malcolm looks off to the side.

MALCOLM
Oh, hi Mom.

Reese looks. No one's there. Malcolm shoves Reese to the
ground.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
Psych.

Malcolm takes off, wheeling Francis as fast as he can. Reese
jumps to his feet in hot pursuit. He quickly gains on them.

Francis sees something up ahead. He points.

FRANCIS
Curb!

It's too late for Malcolm to stop. As the wheelchair bounces
off the curb, Reese tackles Malcolm from behind. Francis
falls out of the chair, and the three brothers land in a
pile.

A beat.

MALCOLM
(pained)
My legs!

FADE OUT.

THE END