MALCOLM IN THE MIDDLE

"Stock Car Fever"

written by

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INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

MALCOLM, and REESE sit on the couch watching TV. They wear nothing but towels. Lois, also wearing just a towel, ENTERS carrying a huge basket of white laundry and DUMPS it at the boys' feet.

LOIS
You fold. You stack. Complain and you go to school naked.

Lois EXITS. Malcolm and Reese dig in, find their own underwear and slide into it as quickly as possible. They start folding laundry.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
Slipping into warm underwear is the only good thing about Monday mornings.

DEWEY ENTERS, wearing a bath towel. He stands in front of Reese.

REESE
What?

Dewey just GRINS.

REESE
(continuing)
What do you want, monkey-boy?

Dewey LOUDLY SLAPS his bare chest.

REESE
(continuing)
What are you doing?

Dewey looks to Malcolm who NODS approvingly. Dewey FLAILS on his chest and neck repeatedly.

DEWEY
Ow! Ow! Ow!

LOIS (O.S.)
What's going on in there?

DEWEY
Ouch! Reese is hitting me, Mom!

LOIS (O.S.)
Reese, don't make me come in there!
REESE
I'm not doing anything!

Dewey FALLS TO THE GROUND and begins FAKE BAWLING.

DEWEY
Help!

Reese leans over Dewey.

REESE
Knock it off, creep!

Out of nowhere, Lois GRABS Reese by the ear and HUSTLES him out of the room through:

REESE
(continuing) I'm innocent. I was set up.

LOIS
You and O.J.

They EXIT. Dewey smiles and sits on the couch.

MALCOLM
(to camera) I taught him that move.

CUT TO:
ACT ONE

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The boys sit at the kitchen table eating breakfast. Lois is with them working on the mail. Dewey picks at his food.

DEWEY
My eggs are runny.

LOIS
(without looking up)
Do you think those little boys on CNN coming home to their burned out homes riding nothing but a three-legged goat complain about their mother's runny eggs?

DEWEY
What's CNN?

LOIS
They don't have eggs. So eat. What is all this stuff from your teacher, Malcolm?

MALCOLM
She's a flier freak.

LOIS
She sends two or three home a day. Like I have time to read.

MALCOLM
She thinks for a child to receive a good education, the parents have to be involved.

LOIS
Ten to one she doesn't have kids.

Hal enters and sticks his head inside the refrigerator.

HAL
Honey, which juice don't I like - apple or grape?

LOIS
You don't like either.

HAL
Right.
Hal closes the fridge and sits down.

LOIS
Don't forget to mail the bills.
I'll deposit my paycheck.

Hal sticks a stack of bills in his shirt pocket and pours himself a glass of milk. Lois spots a particular flier.

LOIS
(continuing)
What exactly is "Personal Fulfillment Week?"

MALCOLM
Mostly it's Square Dancing. Then we sit in a circle and talk about how the Square Dancing makes us feel.

REESE
You should see these geeks. The Krelboyynes dance on the tetherball court in front of the whole school. We laugh our asses off.

LOIS
Excuse me?

REESE
Butts. We laugh our butts off.

Lois reaches for a bottle of dishwashing liquid.

LOIS
Open.

Reese opens his mouth and Lois squirts in a few drops.

LOIS
(continuing)
Swish. Spit.

Reese swishes and spits into a cup.

REESE
That crap tastes like crap!

MALCOLM
Mom, today is Polka Day. This class is turning me into a total weirdo.
LOIS
Malcolm, you are a gifted little boy. These kids who call you a weirdo are the same ones who, at the age of fifty, will being asking you if you want sour cream on your baked potato.

Hal gently touches Malcolm's shoulder.

HAL
What your mother is trying to say is...

(notices something)
Your left ear is bigger than your right ear. Now that's weird.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - 15 MINUTES LATER

The boys are leaving for school. Hal waits for them by the back door.

HAL
Where you going?

MALCOLM
(hello?)
To school?

HAL
How'd my boys like a ride with Dad?

REESE
Us?

HAL
Sure, you.

MALCOLM
Why?

HAL
Do I need a reason?

Hal opens the back door. There's almost a CRAZY LOOK on his face. The boys start to EXIT.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
Something's wrong. Something's terribly, terribly wrong.
INT. FRANCIS' DORM ROOM - DAY

Francis is showing a large boa constrictor to his dorm mate, Stanley.

    FRANCIS
    I call him Otis.

Francis drops the snake in his empty footlocker.

    STANLEY
    Article thirty-one, paragraph C of the Marlin Academy of Military Conduct strictly forbids the housing of pets.

    FRANCIS
    Don't you get it? This isn't just a snake. It represents rebellion. Nonconformity. Standing up to the "man."

    STANLEY
    I don't think you get the concept of military school, dude.

Francis pulls a white rat from his pocket.

    FRANCIS
    Check this out.

Francis drops the rat into the foot locker.

SFX: MOUSE SQUEAK

    STANLEY
    Wow. He swallowed it whole.

    FRANCIS
    It's just a mouse.

    STANLEY
    No it was really excellent.

    FRANCIS
    Then we have a deal?

    STANLEY
    Since it's a snake, screw article thirty-one - paragraph C.

Reveille plays.
FRANCIS
Time to maim.

STANLEY
(a little too gung-ho)
Yeah!!!

Francis closes the footlocker, but a shirtsleeve causes the lid not to shut entirely.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Hal's car whizzes past the school.

MALCOLM (O.S.)
Dad?

HAL (O.S.)
Yes, Son?

MALCOLM (O.S.)
You just passed our school.

HAL (O.S.)
Oh, I did, did I?

Hal lets loose with a CRAZY LAUGH.

INT. HAL'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hal behind the wheel; the boys are in the back seat.

DEWEY
Yeah. There's Jimmy Barnes smoking a cigarette. He's Reese's friend.

HAL
Dewey, what have your mother and I taught you about snitching?

DEWEY
(resigned)
"Only snitch when asked to snitch."

HAL
Thank you. We're not going to school today, boys.

MALCOLM
We're not?
HAL
No, siree-Bob. But your education does continue. Today, you will take that first step toward becoming a man. Geez, I wish I had me for an old man.

REESER
(surreptitiously to Malcolm)
Alright, we're going to a whorehouse.

HAL
Reese! I heard that.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
To be honest, that's where I thought we were going.

REESER
Where are we going then?

HAL
Forget it. I just wanted to share something with my boys. Now no matter what I say you're just going to be disappointed.

MALCOLM
No, we won't, Dad.

HAL
We're going to a stock car race!

REESER
Cool.

MALCOLM
Awesome.

HAL
That's right, guys. We're rebels. We're on the road. We're wild men! Now who's got a Twinkie in their lunch bag for their old dad?

MUSIC CUE: "SUKIYAKI"

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Hal's car merges onto the expressway.
DEWEY (O.S.)
Does Mom know we're not going to school?

HAL (O.S.)
Lord, no. She'd kill me.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING - LATER

Lois is gathering her keys and purse. She looks for the check on the desk and can't find it. She looks in her purse and can't find it.

LOIS
Where did I put that damn paycheck?

MONTAGE

Lois DUMPING her purse out.

Lois TEARS the desk apart.

Lois SEARCHES the kitchen. BEADS OF SWEAT are forming on her brow.

ANGER BUILDING, Lois STORMS out of her bedroom quickly.

Lois EMPTIES pockets from dirty laundry.

Lois EMPTIES pockets from clean laundry.

Lois RIPS her minivan apart. She finds a mint flavored toothpick and SHOVES it in her mouth.

Lois, toothpick hanging out of the corner of her mouth, KICKS OPEN the front door. She RE-ENTERS the house and stares it down. She SPITS the toothpick out.

SFX: RATTLESNAKE

MUSIC CUE: Suggesting a Western-style showdown.

LOIS
(continuing; tough as nails)
That's the way it's going to be, huh?

Lois slams the door.

FADE OUT:
ACT TWO

EXT. GRANDSTANDS – DAY – NOON

The guys are getting situated in their seats. Hal is in the middle.

HAL
Excited?

MALCOLM
Yeah, okay.

HAL
Well, who wouldn't be? I've loved this when I was your age. Stock car racing is the best sport in all the world. The best I tell you. The best.

REESE
Why do they call them stock cars?

HAL
Have no idea. See that orange car over there? Number three?

MALCOLM
Yeah.

HAL
That's old Rusty Malcolm. This is his last race, and he's my favorite racer. Rusty Malcolm is much more than a man. He's my hero. His dedication to being the best inspired me to have courage, persistence, and good old-fashioned American ingenuity. The man completely revolutionized the in-car urination system that is still used in NASA today.

REESE
Think anybody will die in a fiery crash?

HAL
Let's hope. These seats were a fortune. You know, Malcolm, you were named after Rusty Malcolm. It took me two kids to win the argument.
DEWEY
Who was I named after?

HAL
My favorite dog. But I loved him, too.

REESE
How 'bout me?

HAL
Reese, yu were named after my favorite candy.

MALCOLM
Francis?

HAL
(wistful)
My favorite talking mule.

MALCOLM
Who did mom get to name?

HAL
Me. My name was Mike before we met. I'm kidding! We're at the races! I'm a wild man at the races! Here we go! Go Rusty!!!

A DRUNK MAN leans over from the row behind.

DRUNK MAN
I read in People where Rusty Malcolm is going through a divorce.

HAL
Shut your filthy mouth!

Hal GLARES at the drunk man and puts on a funky-looking NASCAR, tinted visor.

ANGLE ON
The cars starting.

BACK TO STANDS - MCNTAGE - TIME DISSOLVES
The boys watching with excitement.

The boys getting hot.
Growing restless.
Playing grab ass.

Finally...

DEWEY
He won. Rusty Malcolm won!

HAL
That was only the first lap.
Here...

Hal makes a hash mark on the program and hands it to Dewey.

HAL
(continuing)
You can keep track of the laps.

REESE
How many more to go?

HAL
(excitedly)
Two hundred forty-nine. Four hours of nirvana.

MALCOLM
Can we go get sodas?

HAL
Anything for my boys on our special day.

Hal hands the boys a bill and they EXIT.

HAL
(continuing)
Be careful boys. That's a twenty.

They EXIT.

HAL
(continuing)
What good kids. Come on, Rusty!
Wooooo!!

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

Francis is smoking a cigarette lining up a pool shot. Stanley chalks his cue when four TOUGHS in full dress uniforms walk in.

STANLEY
Uh-oh.
They surround Francis as he lines up a shot.

FRANCIS
(sotto)
Please dear God, don't let me look up.

E.C.U. On Francis' eyes.

Beads of sweat form on his brows. The Toughs form a semi-circle at the end of the table and GLARE at Francis. Francis pulls his cue back. His hands SHAKE. He fires the ball and in SLOW MOTION the ball leaves the velvet and flies through the air toward the toughs.

FRANCIS
(continuing)
Oh, damn.

The ball hits on TOUGH #1's chest causing a ribbon to rip his shirt. Stanley can only shake his head at his buddy's blunder.

FRANCIS
(continuing)
My fault.

Tough #1 picks up the ball and slowly moves toward Francis. Francis nervously smokes in anticipation of a beating. The Tough gently puts the ball down in front of Francis.

FRANCIS
(continuing; nervously)
Thank you. That was kind.

TOUGH #1
You ripped my shirt and broke my ribbon. And I had to spend a weekend with sick, bald kids to earn that ribbon.

FRANCIS
The ball...it just...shwoop...my fault. I'd be happy to replace the shirt and the ribbon.

All the Toughs circle Francis and grab a billiard ball. The each POUND HIS ARMS until they arm limp. Tough #1 gets in Francis' face and HAMMERS HIM IN THE GUT. Francis' cigarette FLIES OUT of his mouth.
TOUGH #2
Commandant on the floor! Ten-hut!

COMMANDANT IRWIN SPANGLER ENTERS the room. Spangler is half-man, half modern medicine. Though only fifty, he looks like something out of a George Romero film. With his game right arm he carries a chihuahua.

SPANGLER
I smell smoke!
(baby talk to dog)
Does Patton smell smoke?

Patton YAPS that annoying chihuahua yap. All the boys have snapped to attention. A cigarette burns at Francis' feet. Spangler drags his leg to Francis while Patton gnaws on his prosthetic limb.

SPANGLER
(continuing)
Private, is that your smoke on the floor?

FRANCIS
Sir! Yes, Sir!

SPANGLER
Explain, soldier.

FRANCIS
Sir, I was giving the other recruits a lesson on the dangers of smoking, Sir!

Francis wipes his mouth and shows it to Spangler.

FRANCIS
(continuing)
I even managed to cough up a little blood, Sir!

Patton licks up the blood from Francis' palm.

SPANGLER
Do I look like I was born yesterday, Private?

FRANCIS
No way, Sir!

SPANGLER
You are not going to make it here because you are weak.
(more)
SPANGLER (cont'd)
You give into tobacco and God only
knows what else addiction. Look
at this dog.

He holds his arm out straight. The dog is firmly attached to
it. Francis looks strait ahead.

SPANGLER
(continuing)
Look at it! I love it. I feed
it. I'm the only thing Patton has
in the world, and yet it still
attacks me. Do you know why?
Because IT is not weak! Do you
understand me, boy!

FRANCIS
You want me to be more like a
chihuahua?

Rage crosses Spangler's face.

SPANGLER
Not A chihuahua. THIS chihuahua!
There will be no hot water for a
month for the entire floor. You
can thank the private after I
leave.

Spangler exits. The Toughs eye Francis, then:

FRANCIS
(pointing)
Look! It's Ollie North!

The Toughs turn to look. Francis RUNS FOR HIS LIFE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The house is clean. Well, clean-er. Lois is sliding a china
cabinet back into place. She finds a girlie magazine.

LOIS
Hello, Reese.

She CROSSES to a table throws it down. REVEAL The table has
four stacks on it. Each stacked is clearly marked. One for
HAL, REESE, MALCOLM, & DEWEY. The piles include
switchblades, fireworks, a few forged report cards, and eight
remote controls.
EXT. CONCESSION AREA - DAY

NASCAR fans mill about as Dewey, Malcolm and Reese ENTER. Reese spots the snack stand.

REESE
Over here.

DEWEY
Somebody's got to take me to the bathroom.

From the boy’s P.O.V. The camera ZOOMS in on a porta-potty. The door flies open and A FAT MAN, obviously with some kind of intestinal distress comes out rubbing the part of his gut that his T-shirt refuses to cover. A breeze of stench pushes fans back a bit as a swarm of flies BUZZ insanely around the Andy Gump.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
Twenty-eight dollars a ticket.

REESE
You take him.

MALCOLM
In your dreams.

REESE
It's your turn.

MALCOLM
It's always my turn. Dewey, you're just gonna have to hold...Dewey?

REVEAL Dewey has disappeared into a sea of white trash.

MALCOLM
(continuing)
Where'd he go?

REESE
Who cares? That just leaves more for us.

Reese holds up the twenty.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
It's not often we're entrusted with such a high domination.
(to Reese)
Let's go.
The start to CROSS to the snack bar when Reese spots an half-eaten hot dog on the condiment table. He grabs it and stuffs it in his mouth.

    REESE
    Score!!!

    MALCOLM
    Dude, what are you doing? Do you know how many germs were on that Polish sausage?

    REESE
    (taunting)
    Too slow.

In his taunting Reese CHOKES on a huge hunk of pork. He coughs and spits it out. Malcolm looks at the OTHER PATRONS.

    MALCOLM
    (to camera)
    Any other place on the planet this would be considered uncouth.

Malcolm looks at the INCREDIBLY LONG LINE at the snack stand.

    MALCOLM
    (continuing)
    This place sucks! It's hot. It stinks. And I'm bored out of my mind.

Reese stops Malcolm and points to a sign on a door which reads: "MECHANICS ONLY - ALL OTHERS FORBIDDEN".

    REESE
    Let's check it out.

    MALCOLM
    Hey, dipwad. It says, "Forbidden."

    REESE
    To some people forbidden means stay out. To others it means there is something bitchen on the other side of that door.

    MALCOLM
    (to camera)
    I hate it when he makes a good point.

    (then to Reese)
    What if we get caught?
REESE
(opening door)
There is no way we are going to get caught.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

OFFICER KARL has the boys by the collars of their shirts. He throws them into a couple of plastic chairs. Malcolm has a pneumatic drill twisted in his shirt.

MALCOLM
We didn't do anything.

OFFICER KARL
Son, you have a pneumatic drill attached to your shirt. Just sit and shut up.

REESE
I'm a diabetic. I need insulation.

Officer Karl just snorts and leaves them alone in the office.

FADE OUT:
ACT THREE

EXT. RACETRACK - AFTERNOON - STOCK FOOTAGE

Cars BUZZ around the track.

EXT. GRANDSTANDS - DAY

Hal is watching the race. A fond smile crosses his face as WE:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PIT ROW - DAY - HAL'S FANTASY

A car SCREECHES up to it's pit. Helmeted pit crew guys jump over the wall and change rubber, fill the tank, etc. A pole with a water bottle goes in the driver's window. The DRIVER squirts water in his mouth. The car abruptly lowers and the PIT BOSS gives the driver the okay to race off. The driver raises his visor.

DRIVER
Great beverage work, Hal.

REVEAL Hal on the other side of the wall. He is deeply touched by the compliment.

HAL
My pleasure, Rusty.

The driver speeds away as the entire pit crew congratulates Hal on his fine work.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRANDSTANDS - DAY

The P.A. Snaps Hal out of his fantasy.

P.A.
And Rusty Malcolm has retaken the lead with only one hundred laps to go.

Hal smiles.

HAL
Hear that boys?

Hal looks over to the empty seats.
HAL
(continuing)
This just plain hurts my feelings.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Later...Lois is obviously worn out, but the stacks contain more incriminating evidence. Lois is on a quest. And she's almost forgotten about the paycheck completely. The phone rings. Lois answers it.

LOIS
(into phone)
What!

(beat)
Well, golly gee, that does sound like a wonderful way of saving time and money. Could you hold on? That's my call waiting.

Lois hangs up the phone and begins moving the couch. There is a knock on the screen door. Lois doesn't even look up.

LOIS
(continuing)
What does that sign say?

CAROLINE (O.S.)
(reading)
"No soliciting."

LOIS
And that includes Jesus.

Lois starts to shut the door.

CAROLINE
Wait! I'm Caroline Miller. Malcolm's teacher. May I come in?

LOIS
What did he do now?

CAROLINE
Nothing. That's the point. May I?

Lois ushers her in.

CAROLINE
(continuing)
Oooh. Spring cleaning?
LOIS
Ho-ho. I'm cleaning house
alright. Help me move this couch,
will you?

Caroline puts down her purse and help Lois slide it away from
the wall through the following:

CAROLINE
Is Malcolm home?

LOIS
What the hell are you talking
about?

CAROLINE
Malcolm has missed the last four
days, and I think I know why.

LOIS
Ditching. Malcolm is ditching?

Lois scribble something on a piece of paper and throws it on
Malcolm's pile.

LOIS
(continuing)
"Ditching!" Ha! One more for the
pile.

CAROLINE
I think Malcolm is cutting school
because...is that blood?

Caroline point to a spot on the floor.

LOIS
Of course it's blood. I have four
boys. Although, actually, that is
my blood.

CAROLINE
I think it's because Malcolm's not
comfortable expressing his
feelings.

LOIS
Oh, this about the dancing.

CAROLINE
Exactly. I'm trying to get in
touch with the right side of
Malcolm's brain.
LOIS
Use a rolled up magazine.
(then)
Look, he's a ten year-old boy who hates to dance. You're teaching the smart kids and that's tough to figure out?
That stings Caroline.

CAROLINE
I just thought a little culture.

LOIS
Lift!
They slide the couch out.

LOIS
(continuing)
Thought? Wake up, sister. You can't think with these kids. You have to react. Thinking will get you eaten alive.

Caroline points to something behind the couch.

CAROLINE
Oh my God! What is that?

LOIS
Don't be such a baby. I'll get the tongs.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY
Malcolm and Reese are sitting in the plastic chairs. They've been in this situation before.

REEESE
Remember, my name is Kevin. You be Clyde.

MALCOLM
I don't want to be Clyde.

REEESE
Okay. Who do you want to be?
Malcolm thinks for a second, then:

MALCOLM
Clyde's fine. Can you muster up a cry?
REESE
Not anymore. We need a plan.
Let's do the thing we did at the zoo.

MALCOLM
Nah. Didn't work.

REESE
How about the mall thing? We almost got away at the mall.

MALCOLM
No, we didn't. We didn't even come close to getting away at the mall.

The door OPENS OMINOUSLY. Officer Karl's huge frame fills the doorway.

REESE
I've got a plan. Just follow my lead.

MALCOLM
I don't want to follow your lead.

REESE
Trust me.

MALCOLM
Trust you?

REESE
We can argue later.
(pointedly)
When we're out of here.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
As sure as my name is Clyde, this will end in disaster.

Officer Karl moves toward them MENACINGLY.

OFFICER KARL
You boys stand up.

They do. Officer Karl softens.
OFFICER KARL
(continuing)
You know, it wasn't that long ago
that I was your age. And I was
curious, too. A race car garage
is a mighty exciting place for a
young man. You boys really didn't
do any harm, so I've decided to
let you off let you off with a
warning this time. And here are
a couple a hats I found lying
around....

As he offers the caps, Reese takes a karate position and
CHOPS an unsuspecting Karl in the balls.

REese
Hiya!!

MALCOLM
You idiot!

REese
Follow me!

They run to the door and it's locked. They turn around to
see Karl writhing in pain. They shake the door to no avail.

REese
(continuing)
I think I can cry now.

INT. FRANCIS' DORM ROOM - DAY

Francis and Stanley enter the dorm. Francis immediately
heads to his footlocker.

FRANCIS
Oh man.

STANLEY
What is it, dude?

FRANCIS
Otis is gone.

STANLEY
You're in trouble now.

FRANCIS
Me? What about poor Otis? Out
there alone. He's never been on
his own before.

(more)
FRANCIS (cont'd)
He could starve to death.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRASSY AREA - DAY

Tight shot on Otis.

Tight shot on Patton yapping wildly.

Tight shot on Otis. Waiting.


Tight shot on Otis. Cool as a cucumber.

Tight shot on the grassy area where Patton once was. The yapping abruptly turns into a YELP. The sound stops.

Tight shot on a lumpy Otis as he slithers away.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The CAMERA FOCUSES in on the evidence Lois has gathered and PANS around to find Caroline lounging on the couch drinking coffee with Lois. Lois is sharing a scar on her arm with Caroline.

LOIS
...and this is where Dewey bit me right before his fever broke.

Lois takes in the house.

LOIS
(continuing)
You know, I never thought I'd end up here. I always dreamed I'd be dealing cards on an Indian reservation.

CAROLINE
Seven years of college and I'm still renting a room from my mother. I'll be seventy and she'll still be alive. People will think we're sisters.

LOIS
By the way - who's watching the class.
CAROLINE
I left Freddy in charge. To be frank, he's better at it than me.

The phone RINGS. Lois answers it.

LOIS
(into phone)
Yeah.

It's Francis.

INTERCUT WITH:

FRANCIS
Hello, Mother.

LOIS
What do you want, Francis?

FRANCIS
To see my mother's face. I'd like to come home for a day or two, but for some strange reason the airline isn't accepting the credit card number.

LOIS
That's because we changed it, dear.

FRANCIS
I miss my family.

LOIS
I'm sorry, Francis, I mean, (looks at phony ID) Olaf Mortensen. You can't come home.

FRANCIS
I could really use your help here.

LOIS
Well... Can you hold on? That's the call waiting.

Lois hangs up the phone and crosses back to the sofa with Caroline.

LOIS
(continuing)
Where were we?

Caroline takes in the house.
CAROLINE
You know. I wouldn't mind this.

LOIS
Mind what?

CAROLINE
Being a mother. Wife. People who love you.

LOIS
Honey, you watch too much TV.

CAROLINE
I'm serious. Every night I come home to three cats and Bob.

LOIS
Who's Bob?

CAROLINE
My showerhead.

Caroline and Lois laugh.

CAROLINE
(continuing)
You got anything stronger than coffee.

Lois reaches into "Francis'" pile and pulls out some Southern Comfort.

LOIS
I think that can be arranged.

EXT. GRANDSTANDS - DAY

Hal, completely sunburned, watches the race.

P.A.
And with two laps to go, it looks like Rusty Malcolm is going to win his final race.

HAL
Yeah, baby!

Hal looks around for the boys. As he turns his back to look up, WE SEE Dewey DEWEY SPRINT ACROSS THE SPEEDWAY TRACK.

P.A.
For the love of God somebody get that little boy off the track!
Disappointed, Hal turns around just as Dewey BARELY MAKES IT.

HAL
(shrugs)
I can't believe they're missing this action.

INT. COMMON ROOM - DAY

Spangler has the boys lined up against the wall. He paces back and forth slowly dragging his dead leg. He stops in front of Francis.

SPANNER
So, we meet again, heh soldier?

FRANCIS
Sir, yes, sir!

Spangler holds his hand out.

SPANNER
Explain this!

FRANCIS
Sir, your fingers were blown off in the Michigan Militia, sir!

SPANNER
What's in the hand!

FRANCIS
They appear to be raisonettes, sir!

SPANNER
They are snake droppings! Snake droppings that I found in your footlocker. I watched in horror as your snake devoured my beloved Patton. I tried to shoot it, but as you know, with the glass eye, my depth perception isn't what it used to be.

FRANCIS
Are you sure Patton is gone, Sir?

SPANNER
Yes. I loved that dog more than my own mother, and God takes away everything I love. Everything!

Spangler gathers himself.
SPANGLER  
(continuing)  
Two months - no electricity for  
the entire academy! And all you  
TV watchers and video game junkies  
can thank the private here.  

Spangler EXITS. The guys surround Francis. As he prepares  
for his beating:  

        TOUGH #1  
We hated that dog.  

        FRANCIS  
Huh?  

        TOUGH #2  
Way to go, man.  

One by one the Toughs slug Francis approvingly in the arm  
until it goes dead with pain.  

EXT. RACETRACK EXIT - AFTERNOON  
Hal walks through the crowd looking for the guys.  

        HAL  
Dewey!  

Dewey walks up to Hal.  

        DEWEY  
Hi, Dad.  

        HAL  
Seen your brothers?  

Dewey points to both of them at the main gate with Officer  
Karl.  

        HAL  
(continuing)  
Ah, geez.  

He approaches them.  

        DEWEY  
Hi, Dad.  

        OFFICER KARL  
These your boys?  

        HAL  
That they are.
OFFICER KARL
They are probably the worst kids
I have ever encountered in my
life. And I work the State Fair.

HAL
They're not that bad.

OFFICER KARL
Not that bad? These two
destroyed a three hundred dollar
pneumatic impact drill. And they
physically attacked me.

HAL
Three hundred dollars?

OFFICER KARL
And they physically attacked me.

HAL
Officer...what can I say? I'm
truly embarrassed. It's obvious
you have a tough job. Why don't
I just make restitution for any
damages, and I want you to see a
doctor...

Hal reaches for his wallet then kicks Karl in the shin. He
picks up Dewey under one arm.

HAL
(continuing)
Clyde! Kevin! Run!

Hal and the boys sprint for the car leaving Karl sprawled out
on the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - EVENING

Hal and the boys are laughing as they walk up the steps.

HAL
Men, today was a great day.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
It was a great day. Sometimes
fathers surprise you.

HAL
Now you gotta promise me one thing.
REESE
Anything, Dad.

HAL
As far as your mom is concerned,
I was at work all day.

He takes off his hat and NASCAR has been burned into his
skin. He pulls out a comb for his hair and a piece of paper
falls out.

MALCOLM
No problem, Dad.

Hal looks at the paper.

HAL
Your mother's paycheck. Hmmm, I
wonder if she missed it.

Malcolm looks into the camera and grins.

MALCOLM
(to camera)
At least she doesn't know I
skipped school all week.

FADE OUT: