



Scripts.com

Jack

By James DeMonaco

!Vuela la conga, muchachos!

!Conga! !Conga!

- God!|- So bloated.

- She's bingeing.|- Bingeing? She's fat.

Honey?

Whew! I thought|I lost ya, honey.

- God, I think it's a thyroid problem.|- I think she's just fat.

Oh, yeah.

What's wrong?|What's wrong, honey?

- It's too soon.|- Oh. Oh! Josh, come here!

Hold on, honey. Easy. Easy.

- Brian, what's happening?|- Help!

- I'm only in the first trimester.|- Help!

Would someone please help?|We have an emergency here. I think--

-Yeah, call the doctor.|-Um, please, could you call Dr Benfante?

- Help.|- Calm down. Now, now.

- Huh?|- Oh, I'm sorry.|- Help me!

- Help me.|- Over here. One at a time.

Dr Brandon--

- Come on, now!|- Put it over here.

- No, I don't have anything!|- Put it in the tray.|- Honey, it's your tin.

Huh? Oh!

Okay.

- It's okay.|- No smoking in the hospital.|- No, no. No smoking in here.

Put that out.

I'm gonna quit tomorrow. |I swear.

No, no, sideways. |Come through-- Tha-That's it.

- When are you due, ma'am?|- N-Not for another seven months.

- Susan, wh-where's Dr Benfante?|- Brian, come here.

- Just hold my hand.|- There we go.|- The l.v. set?

- Have you had Lamaze?|- Uh, well, I haven't even|signed up for the course yet.

I'm only two months along.

- That's the epidural talking.|- She hasn't had an epidural.

What are you babbling about?|It's-- It's too soon.

- It's too soon, Brian.|- Here he comes.

Okay, guys. Calm down.

- Take it easy. |Calm down, everybody. Calm down.|- And now a deep breath.

It's too early for contractions.

- Hold tight. Hold my hand, honey. |Hold my hand.|- All right.

- Let's just relax.|- That's right.

- Okay. Okay.|- Christ.|- Wait, wait.

- Wait, wait.|- You said, "Come back next week." Huh?

- Yeah.|- You said it was just fluid retention.

"Go home. Have fun."

- Yeah, I'm not having fun.|- Yeah, you gotta breathe.

Sonogram's fine, Doctor,|for a full-term pregnancy.

- Doc, what's going on?|- Okay, it's really important|that you relax and breathe.

- She's fully dilated.|- It's gonna be all right.

- Now you're gonna push.|- Push, okay? Yes.|- No. It's too soon.

- Push hard. Push. Hold it. Hold it.|- Push. Push. Push.

- Good girl.|- Give it all you got.|- No, it's too soon!

- One more time.|- One more deep breath.|- Deep breath in.

- One more. Deep breath.|- And out.|- Push.

Push.

Look at that. |You've got a baby.

It's a beautiful, |beautiful boy.

Hey there, bud.

Hi.

- Don't rust up on me now.|- I'm sorry.

We'll call him Jack.

What you gonna be|when you grow up

What you gonna do|when your time is up

What you gonna say|when things go wrong

What you gonna do|when it's all over

There's a road

Long and windin'

The lights are blindin'

But it gets there

Don't give up

Don't look back

There's a silver linin'

It's out there somewhere

Everybody wants an answer

Everybody needs a friend

We all need a shining star

On which we can depend

So tonight we're gonna wish

Upon a star

We never wished upon before

What you gonna be|when you grow up

- To find what you're lookin' for|- What you gonna do when your time is up

There'll be times

In your life

Yeah, when you'll|be dancing and shit

But you ain't gettin' it

Don't get disillusioned

No, don't expect too much
'Cause if what you have|is all you can get
Just keep on tryin'|It just ain't happened yet
Everybody wants to be a winner
Everybody has a dream
We all need a shining star
When things ain't what they seem
So tonight we're gonna|wish upon a star
We never wished upon before
I'm sorry this|has taken so long.
Like you, we're puzzled|by your son's premature birth.
This is Dr Lin. He's an|infant disorder specialist from Cornell.
I want to assure you both that|there is nothing debilitating|about your
son's condition.
He's totally healthy|and normal in appearance...
alert and quite happy.
However, his cells are|developing at what we feel...
is four times the normal rate.
Even though your son was only|ten weeks old when he was born...
physically he was nine months|and ready to leave your womb.
Nature has given us all|an internal clock.
It meters out lifespan,|controls our growth.
Your son's internal clock...
seems to be ticking|faster than usual.
- But he's healthy?|- Absolutely.
I'm sorry.|I still don't understand.
I've never heard|anything like this before.
Well, quite frankly,|neither have we.
There are other aging syndromes|that we know of.
Progeria, for example, which is|very devastating to the child, but--
Jack's cells are replicating|at an unheard of rate.
Is he gonna age like this|the rest of his life?
Well, sir, this is|only speculation...
but, uh, we feel that|at age one...
your son may be physically|around age four.
And if this continues|throughout his life...
by the time he reaches|age ten, well, he could--
Appear to be|an ordinary, full-grown...
Are you serious?
That's where he lives, right|down the street my whole life...
and I didn't even know about it.
I don't believe any of it.|He's lying.
Yeah. He's not a monster.|There's no such thing.
I'm telling you.|He's our age, but he looks 40.

All hairy and everything. | He's like a freak or something.

Just like in that one movie.

- Which movie? | - Duh! The one--

- Sorry. | - The one with the freak in it. | What did I just say?

Oh. Oh, yeah, l-l saw that one.

You didn't see it. His mom wouldn't | let him see it 'cause he has nightmares.

- I mean you no harm. | - Why haven't we ever seen him then?

I heard he's got | all kinds of toys too.

His parents buy him everything.

If he's our age, | why ain't he in school?

Because he's dangerous. | He's huge enough to hurt other kids.

That's why they keep him locked up.

Friend.

- What do you see? | - Nothing.

A teacher comes | to his house every day.

Jack, you're not paying attention.

- Jack, you're not paying attention. | - Don't be afraid.

I saw him in the store | with his mom.

I thought it was her husband at first, | but he's like a giant boy.

- He shaves and stuff. | - There's no such thing as giants.

Well, how'd he get like that?

Maybe his mom took drugs.

Maybe it was that fertility junk, | and she was gonna have quintuplets... but just turned into | one big baby.

- Doof. | - Oh, he sleeps up there.

He's a monstrosity. | That's why they hide him.

No wonder they keep him | outta school.

Maybe they got him chained up.

Maybe they only let him loose | once a day to eat.

Is that like a big pile | of bones in his backyard?

- Where? Uh, what? | l-l don't see anything. | - Look!

Look!

Look out!

Come on, Louis!

- We gotta-- We gotta get outta here! | - Oh, gross!

Come on, Louis! | He's watching you! Come on!

Come on!

Ow. Ow.

- What happened? What'd you do? | Where does it hurt? | - Ow!

- My knee. | - Let me see.

Well, it's not bleeding. Okay.

- It's not? | - I can fix it for you. | - Okay.

- I'll bite it. | - No, no. No, don't bite it. | - Oh, yeah.

- I really do. I have to bite it.|- Don't.
- Yeah?|- It'll get infected.|- Oh, okay.
But this leg has got to come off. |I'll get your father's saw.
No, no. No, no, don't get that.
I saw-- I saw your butt.
- Yeah, you did.|- Sorry.
Let's see.
- What do you hear?|- Nothing. It's okay.
- How about the toes?|- The toes are okay. I can feel that.
- Here?|- I can feel that.|- How about that?
- That's o-- That's--|- Yeah? That's much better?
Oh, go--
- Now--|- That feels good now.
- I told you about those laces, champ.|- Yeah.
- Hmm?|- Yeah.|- Okay.|- You did. Sorry.
- So, where were we?|- History.
History. Okay.
So, by the time he was 18...
the young Alexander|had already conquered|most of the Greek city states...
and some feel that|he had learned everything...
from his tutor, Aristotle.
Jack.
- Jack.|- Hmm?
- What did I just say?|- Aristotle.
- Where's Aristotle?|- Book.
- Where's Jack?|- Outside.
I think what you have|set up here is wonderful.
I'm not trying to take|anything away from that.
I know you're not.
But to say that Jack should start|going to public school is crazy.
Yeah, but because|a person is different...
you can't make|an outcast of him.
But we'll talk to the principal.
The principal will prepare|the students.
Mr Woodruff,|he's got a 5:00 shadow.
I don't think he can fit in. |I wish he could.
But nobody said|it would be easy.
Jack's developed defence mechanisms just|like any child with a shortcoming
does.
I appreciate what|you're trying to do...
but Brian and I,|we've seen how people react.
We've been through this before.
I just don't want Jack...
to have to face that.

Look at his eyes.

His child's eyes.

Look at his eyes|when he sees other children.

His life moves faster than ours,|and he wants to lead a full life...

and I don't think you|ought to let it pass him by.

It's not fair.

- Marco.|- Polo.

I've found you now.

- Got ya!|- Gotta touch me!

Would you two|knock it off up there!

"You better knock it off up there!"

- Marco.|- Polo.

Gotcha! You're it!

Oh, honey. Are you okay?

Yeah, I'm okay.

You know, if something's wrong,|Jackie, you can tell me.

Mr Woodruff mentioned|something today.

What, honey? Huh?

You can tell me.

Mom, am I a giant?

No, of course not!

- Where did you hear that?|- Is that why I don't go to school?

Honey, I've told you.|It's lots of things.

What things?

We'll talk about this, okay?

When?

-Well, not right now. It's time for bed.|-Time for bed.

- Brush your teeth. Put down the lid.|- Brush your teeth. Put down the lid.

Good night, Mom.

Woodruff doesn't know|what he's talking about.

If he doesn't know what|he's talking about, then why|are we paying him all this money...

to tutor Jack?

I blame him, filling Jack's head|with all these ideas of going to school.

Imagine that.

A teacher wanting a kid|to go to school, hmm?

Where do they get such ideas?

That's how we do it?

Just throw him into school?

- Mm-hmm.|- You know how children are.

They make fun of|the fat kid and...

the kid who wears glasses.

What do you think they're gonna do|to a six-foot, hairy kid?

Mom, Dad.

Jackie? You okay, honey?

- Something wrong?|- Oh, I'm okay.

Just can't sleep.|I had a scary dream.

Can I sleep in here?

Uh, yeah. Of course, buddy.

Stimpy too?

- Sure.|- Okay.

Oh. Hey. Easy.

Okay.

Hey, come on. Come on.|Come on. Come on.

- Jackie. Go to sleep.|- Okay.

- Good night, Mom.|- Good night, sweetie.

Good night, Dad.

You sure he's ready for school?

Jackie'll be fine.

It's the rest of the world|I'm worried about.

Taking a look at traffic|approaching the Bay Bridge, not too bad.

The metering lights have been|switched on at the toll plaza.

The wait begins right about|the Oakland army base right now.

Marin County is under fog,|but the driving's at the speed limit...

down and across the Golden Gate Bridge|as you make your way into the city.

That's traffic.|Back to you, Rick.

Hey, it's Rick the Lip with you|on the "Z" Morning Zoo.

Another beautiful one out there|in the city by the bay.

And guess what.|We're still here.

How about that little wake-up call|that happened this morning at 5:00?

- Only 3.2 on the Richter scale,|but I tell you what...|- 3.2!

it was a big fat 10|on the scared-the-hell-outta-me scale.

- Didn't scare me!|- This man hasn't shaken|so much since I was single.

Hey, hey, you got someplace|to be at 7:00?

- Yeah, Rick, I gotta be at school!|- You're kidding. You're late.

- 7:

- I'm late, I'm late, I'm late!|- You got a whole day out there|waitin' for ya.

- Go! Yeah!|- I'm livin' it. Let's go!|- I'm livin' it, too, Rick!

- Let's do it, people.|- I'm gettin' to it, Rick!

Misunderstood|Got an--

I hate that song.

- There you go. Easy.|- Dad, let me do this on my own, okay?

- Well, just--|- Watch.|- Okay, okay, okay.

But ta-- Take it easy.|Take it easy.

- And--|- Okay.|- Okay.|- Okay, okay.

- Dad, l-- Dad, Dad.|- Okay. Okay, just--|Okay, hold it. Hold it.

- Let me help you. Oh!|- Ow! Dad!

- Here. Oops. Put this little Kleenex--|- Okay, put that there.

- Ah. Okay.|- Okay. Thank you.

Let me just get|that last little part there.

- Yeah, just finish up...|- Okay.|- and come on down.

- Okay.|- Hurry up.

- You psyched?|- Psyched.|- Okay.

Oh, wow. |Look at all those kids.

- Just remember, you can come|home anytime you want to.|- Uh-huh.

- Okay?|- Yeah.|- Okay.

I'm okay. Thanks, Dad.

Hold it, Jack!

Come here. Let me get this. |Okay. Here we go.

- Come on.|- I pledge allegiance to the flag...
of the United States of America.

- And to the republic--|- Welcome, welcome, welcome.

- One nation, under God--|- Thank you, Mr and Mrs Powell and Jack.

Jack, how nice to see you.

I'm Mr McGee. |I've heard so much about you, Jack.

- Hello, Mr Magoo.|- McGee.

- Oh. McGee.|- Yes.|- Magoo.

Jack, how would you like|to see your classroom? Yes?

- Yes.|- A little louder.

- Yes.|- A little louder, Jack.

Yes!

Follow me.

- Is he deaf?|- It's okay.

- Tell me, Jack. |What do you think of it so far?|- Humongous heck-a-cool.
It is "heck-a-cool" |and a wonderful school.
A fun school, an upbeat school.
And I hope you'll have|the time of your life here.
You'll have some wonderful|teachers and wonderful pupils.

- And you're going to be one of them.|- Wow!

Here's your classroom right here. |Miss Marquez.

One second. Honey, |you want to be buttoned up, don't ya?

- Too tight.|- That too tight? All right.|- Okay.

- Don't give me a snuggie.|- Okay.

Mom, don't. That's gross. |You're embarrassing me.

Listen, honey, |if anybody's mean with you...
you just tell your teacher and someone|will call me and, and I'll kill 'em.

- Karen.|- Now are you ready, Jack?

Yes. Um--

Are there any other questions?

Miss Marquez, excuse me, but your new|student, Jack Powell, has just

arrived.

Jack, this is Miss Marquez...

your fifth grade teacher.

Come in, please.

Don't be shy.

Come in, Jack. Come in.

Whoa! No way.

- Jeez, he looks like my dad.|- Except hairier.

Come on. It's okay.

Welcome to our class. |I'm glad you're here.

This place is for fun.

Everybody, this is Jack Powell.

Class-- "Hi, Jack."

- Hi, Jack.|- Hi.|- Hi, Jack.

Hi.

All right. Uh, I know some of |you must be curious about Jack.

So, why don't we just take |some time right now...

and ask him some of the questions |that you've got on your minds.

- Is that all right with you, Jack?|- Sure.

- Okay.|- I don't mind.

Go on. Ask him something.

- I'm not askin' him.|- Louis?

Anybody?

Come on. |Since when is this group shy?

All right. Fine. I've got plenty of |questions. Jack, when's your birthday?

Mm, September 12th.

That's enough. Hmm, let me see.

Uh, oh! What kind of foods |do you just hate?

- Broccoli.|- Broccoli, yuck!|- Makes you fart.

Anybody else here hate broccoli?

Hands. Yeah.

Uh-huh.

Well, it looks like you've got |more in common than you think.

Jack, your seat's right there |in the back. Why don't you go |sit down and we'll get started.

- Okay?|- Okay.|- Okay.

All right. Everybody, |take out your giant book--

I mean, your geography book.

Turn to page 78.

Okay. So, what we |found out the other day...

was that the name "California" |was initially used for--

- Everybody, calm down. Come on.|- I think he's stuck.

Was used for what we know today |as Baja California.

It was first used by Cortez |in the 1530s...

and was found in the journal|of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in 1542.

Victor, eyes up front!|Everybody! Come on now. Calm down.

Timber!

Jack, are you okay?

- Are you all right, sweetie?|- Oh, man!

Are you sure you|don't need my help?

- You okay, Jack?|- I'm okay.

Jack.

Is he in our class?

Hot, hot, hot. Almost.

Shoot. Ooh-ooh. Ah.

Dog always gets 'em.

Oh, man, he's lookin' at us.

He probably recognizes us|from the street.

He's probably planning on|kicking our butts or something.

- Hey, punk, why don't you watch|where my ball is going?|- You're funny,
Victor!

Maybe if you knew|how to play the game.

- What was that?|- You heard me.

You know what the problem is, Victor?|You have "Zackly" disease.

- What's that?|- Yeah, what's that?

It means your mouth smells|"zackly" Iike your butt.

- Oh-ho!|- Shut up! That's pathetic.|- Shut up.

That's so funny|I forgot to laugh.

- Losers say, "What?"|- What?

- Losers!|- Loser!

You think you're so tough?|Take it out on the court,|'cause I can whup your
butt.

- Yeah!|- We can do it, man. Let's go.|- Come on, John-John.|- Let's kick
their butt! Yeah!

Why does he always have to drag me|along? You know he's gonna cream us.

Ow! Don't!

- Are you a freak?|- No.

Oh. Well, Jane says|that you're a freak.

- Who's Jane?|- I'm Jane, and I think you are a freak.

Look at your hairy arms|and your eyebrows and--

Yeah, he has receding hairline.

Well, I'm not a freak.

Don't, or I'll tell!

- How old are you?|- I'm ten.

- How old are you?|- I'm eight.

- Yeah?|- Yeah.

- So?|- You don't look ten.

Look. You got the hairy arms.

You got hairy knuckles.

You look a lot older than us.

It looks like you shave there.

Yeah, I do. So?

A ten-year-old doesn't shave,|so then you can't be ten.

Yeah, you can't be ten if you|shave and you have hairy arms|and you're tall, really tall...

- For real.|- and you're bigger.|- Yeah.

- So I'm big for my age.|- Look. You have no hair.

- You ha--|- I have hair. I got hair. See? Look.

Yeah, but look. Right here you have|no hair. It looks like you're bald.

I'm not bald, and I'm not a freak.|You're a freak, four eyes.

He's ten, a whole two years|older than us. See?

Oh, sure. Like that|explains it. Please.

"Please."

Don't poke me, or I'm telling.

Over here! Yeah!

- Oh, yeah?|- Losers. Yeah, losers!

Shut up, you brat!

Hey, how about a little help?

- Throw it over.|- Yeah, throw it over.

Wait! I'm not touchin'|that thing.

It's been contaminated|now that he's touched it.

- Yeah, I ain't touchin' it.|- Oh, my God!|- Me neither!

- I ain't-- Uh! I ain't playin'|basketball for a week.|- Me too!

- Five weeks!|- Cooties!

Cooties! Cooties!

Jack? Honey?

I made sloppy joes for dinner.

I'm not hungry, Mom.

- Really juicy ones.|- Yeah?

- You're gonna love it.|- No, I won't.

- Guess what I made for dessert.|- What?

Ya have to guess.

- Can you smell it?|- Not through a box.

Chocolate pudding!

- Your favourite.|- Not any more, Mom.

It's still hot.

Mmm! I can smell it.|It's steaming.

No, thanks.

- This is serious.|- What happened?

What do you think happened?|Children whispering. Children pointing.

- Oh.|- He's not used to that, Brian.

Karen.

Jack?

Hey, your mom made sloppy joes.

Mom hates sloppy joes.

Uh, that's true.

In fact, all adults|hate sloppy joes...

but sometimes we make 'em|to cheer up a kid who's had a bad day.

- You want to tell me about it?|- No.

Okay.

You know what I was|just thinkin' about?

- First time you ever rode|a bike. You remember that?|- Oh, yeah.

Yeah. I mean, you,|you were so determined to ride.

- You kept wipin' out and--|- Yeah.

You nearly took out|a couple of the neighbours.

It took a couple of days|until you finally got it.

But look at you now. I mean, you--|you're, you're riding like a pro.

- Kinda like school, isn't it?|- Yeah.

Well, anyway, I just wanted|to see how you were doin'.

You need anything,|give me a holler.

Hey, Dad, could we|put up a basketball hoop?

Yeah.

All right. Get the ball.

- Hi.|- I'll be back in a second.

Hey in there.|How ya doin', Jack?

Hi, Miss Marquez.

Oh, are those Gummi Bears?

Could I have a red one?|The red ones are my favourite.

Yeah? Oh. Thanks.

So, how do you like it so far?

- Miss Marquez and Jack|- Marquez and Jack

Sittin' in a tree

K-l-S-S-l-N-G

- Girls!|- First comes love, then comes marriage

Jack, if anybody bothers you,|you just come and tell me, okay?

Okay.

Thanks for lunch.

All right.

- Phoebe and Jane.|- I told you.

- It's all your fault.|- Over here right now. Today!

- Come on. We're gonna|go see your teacher.|- She started it.

- Please.|- That was very rude, you know.

Let's kick their butts.

Hey, Louis, you "Iouiser."|To ten.

I'm not in the mood to get|my butt kicked today.

Well, we got the new kid.

What, are you crazy?

Wait. You can't pick him. | He can't play with us.

- Yeah. | - Hey, I can pick whoever I want.

- What? Are you afraid to lose? | - No.

Pick whoever you want. | We never lose.

Yeah, pick whoever you want. | We never lose.

Hey, you! Big guy. | You shoot hoops?

- Me? | - No, the 40-year-old kid behind you.

Yeah, you. | You play ball?

Yeah. With my dad.

- Are you fried? | - Hey, at least nobody's gonna slam him.

- All right, let's do it. | - Losers take out.

- So you take out. | - Yeah!

Yeah, you take out.

- Come on, just one chip. | - No!

- This is gonna be a good game, man. | - Let go, man. Gimme some room.

Wanna grab a burger | after school sometime?

Now, listen. All you gotta do | is just stand by the hoop, okay?

And I'll feed you the ball | like this.

- Let's do this. | - Kick their butts. | - Yeah, kick their butts.

Now, stand under the hoop. | Get your hands up.

Who let Godzilla out?

- And block him. | - I'll try. | - Let's do it.

Oh, boy.

Come on! | Get 'em, Jack!

Yes!

You said stand here.

- Just move your feet. | - Okay, move my feet.

- Pez? | - Sure, thanks.

Stand here and move my feet. | Move my feet.

Come on! | Come on!

- Jack, get him! | - Yeah!

- Hello, McFly. | - Hello.

- You gotta block him. | - Invincible! | - Yes!

Fake out.

Come on, Jack! | Block him!

- Yea! | - Yes!

- No! | - No!

Good work.

- Get him! | - You get him! | - That's right, Mario!

- Give us the ball. | - Losers take out.

Defence! Defence! Defence!

Defence! Defence! | Defence! Defence!

- Defence! Defence! Defence! | - Come on, John-John!

- Catch it! Catch it!|- Put it in the hole, Jack!
- Yeah!|- Like that's real fair.
We're kickin'|some major butt!
- That was good.|- Give me the ball.
Hey! What'd you stick at him?
Loser takes out!
Losers take out!
Give it to Mario!
- Mario!|- Shut up! Shut up!
- Loser!|- Next time.
Shoot it back. |Get it!
Get it!
- Victor!|- Bouncer.
Unstoppable!
Come on, man. Give it up. |Come on, Victor.
- Give it up!|- Get off me!
Get off of him! Man!
Everybody take out your notebooks. |We have a new assignment.
And it's something I want you to |put some serious thought into.
- I would like you all |to write an essay--|- Oh!|- Mm.
On what you would want to be |when you grow up.
Be sure to include reasons |for your choices...
and watch the spelling, |punctuation and grammar, please.
You'll have till the end |of the semester to finish it.
Write the date on the top |of the page. Don't forget.
- You too, George. The date. |- I want to be a gynaecologist.
If that's so, then I want |good reasons why.
You are the reason why, |Miss Marquez.
I want you to think about this.
It's going to be |a big part of your grade.
Maybe you ought to think about |using one of the choices |from the board. All
right?
We're gonna have to change |your name from Jack to Shaq.
Nice shooting. Way to go.
Please, people. Don't leave this |till the last minute.
This the kind of assignment |I want you to spend some time on.
You have the whole semester to do it. |Just take your time.
Don't sit down and write it all |in the last weekend.
- Hey, guys. |- I got the new blueprints |for the new tree house.
- We made it. |- Hey, guys. It's finally Friday.
Who are we waitin' for? |What's her name?
- Mrs Durante. |- Mrs Durante. |- Yeah.
Problem is, we don't have |any "Playboys."
- Are you done with it? |- I hear George has a new girlfriend.

- Right over there.|- Hey, guys, I gotta go.|- Glasses.
- Tree house in an hour, all right?|- She's late.
- Yeah.|- We can't stay here all day.
- I think we'd better go back inside.|- We'll go back inside.
Hey. Great game today.
Thanks. Thanks for pickin' me.
Now you gotta do me|another favour.
- What kind of favour?|- Follow me.
Listen, my mother's coming here|to meet the principal today.
- She wants to talk to him.|- So?
- Well, you're gonna be the principal.|- Wh-What?
You gotta do it. My mom talks to Principal McGee,|he'll tell her I've been bad.
- Well, have you been bad?|- Well, I haven't done homework|since, like, the third grade.
- W-- Your dog must be pretty full.|- Yeah, right.
Here she is. You gotta do it. Here.
- Louie, I can't be a principal.|- Turn around.
- I can't do this.|- Turn around!
Principal McGee's really old!
- I can't do this.|- Louie!|- It's a fib.
Oh, hi, honey.
Oh, sweetie, The Beef and Brew|only gave me 10 minutes off.
So I gotta hustle. Hi, sweetie.
- Hi.|- Hello.
- So, where's the principal?|- Um--
This is Principal Powell. He's new here.
- Oh.|- He just came a couple of weeks ago.
- I told him you were coming.|- Oh, well, hello, Mr Powell.
My name is Delores,|but my friends call me D.D.
So tell me, what happened|to Principal McGee?|I just talked to him on the phone.
I don't know what happened|to Mr McGee. Mr Powell?
- He got diarrhoea.|- Diarrhoea?
Yeah, he got diarrhoea.
Uh, and he-- he spewed.
Threw up. Yeah, he had--|And, uh, he had the squirts.
- He had diarrhoea.|- Oh, boy, that's more|than I needed to know.
- He-He had to go to the hospital.|- Appendicitis.|- Yeah.
- He had a bellyache.|- Oh, my God, appendicitis.|- Oh, that's too bad.
Well, honey, listen. I swiped you|a chocolate mousse from the restaurant.
So go sit down and eat it|while I talk to the principal.
- No, let me stay, Mom.|- Oh, sweetie, please don't|bust my chops over everything.

Go sit down. Oh, God, you see?|That's what I'm talking about.
He-- He doesn't listen. I mean, I don't|know whether it's all kids or just
him.
- Am I right?|- What'd you say?
I said kids don't listen.|Am I right?
- Don't listen. No.|- Yeah. Well, that's what I thought.
Of course, you could say|the same thing about men too.
- Probably your wife does all the time.|- Oh, no.
- Aren't you married?|- Married?
- No, I'm not married.|- I'm divorced, myself.
And that's another thing, you know.|Ever since my husband left us...
he's got such|a chip on his shoulder.
Potato or corn?
Anyway, uh, you know.
He's-- He's starting|to get interested in girls.
I found some dirty magazines|under his bed.
Wh-What am I supposed to do about that?|What? I-I don't know what to do.
Uh, it's a tough age.
I know. I mean,|I-I-I-- I remember.
I mean, I re--|I'm remembering now.
- It's a tough age.|- Uch!|- Rough, tough age.
- Feh.|- Feh.
So, tell me, meanwhile,|how is he doin'?
'Cause last September|he was failing out miserably.
Oh, um, Louie's showing|a lot of improvement.
- He's on a roll, really.|- Really?
- Rolling.|- A roll?|- Really.
- Rolling along.|- Really, really rolling along.
- Wow.|- Wow.
And, uh, I would say,|uh, he's, uh...
the smartest kid|in the whole school.
Yeah. If not, maybe|the smartest kid I've ever met.
Oh, my God! I can't believe|I'm finally getting a good report.
It makes me so happy.
I mean, I can't believe|you're telling me this.
'Cause you know, this means|that maybe he's happy...
and I made the right decision|about moving us out here.
Listen, you know...
if you want to have|lunch or something...
we can talk about Louie and, you know,|just kind of shoot the breeze.
- What do you think?|- Don't.|- Oh.
- Got a problem?|- It's bad for you.
Since when is bein' bad...
bad?

Oh, no.

Oh, here she goes.

So, um, what do you think?|Do you wanna do lunch?

I get a discount|at the Beef and Brew.

Well, my mom brings my lunch usually.|I mean, she makes it.

Honey, you've got to cut|those apron strings.

- Hi, sweetie.|- Hi.

Hi, angel. Well, Mr Powell's been|telling me what a good boy you've been.

-I told you.|-And I didn't believe you, but now I do.

And I'm gonna give Mr Powell|my number at work...

so that you can call me|and let me know how he's doing.

Can stay on top of things.

That's my number at work.|You can get me there anytime.

Well, my mom said|I shouldn't touch matches.

Oh, you live with your mother?

- Well, yeah, at night.|- Well, to each his own.|- Yeah.

Anyway, you can call me, uh,|to talk about Louis...

or, you know, any old thing.

So, uh-- Oh, and that's Memories.

That's a club that|I hang out at sometimes.

You know, if I'm not at work,|that's usually where I am.

But it's a nice place|for people our age to hang out...

have a little drink,|take the edge off, you know.

Oh, I gotta go.|Ooh, I'm gonna get fired.

- Love you, "face."|- Okay, love you too.|- Nice meeting you, Mr Powell.

Ooh, you got a strong grip.|You're a manly man.

All right, you got your key to|the house? Okay, I'll meet you at home.

- I love you.|- All right. Love you too.

Bye.

Wow! Whoa, that was great.

- How'd I do?|- You did great.|- Yeah?

- Yeah.|- Boy.

- Whew!|- Hey, man. I owe you one.

Sorry about my mom, Jack. She's lookin'|for love in all the wrong places.

Yeah, I know.

Maybe I'll see you|over the weekend.

Cool.

- Pal.|- Thanks.

Mom! I'm home!

I'm here. I'm here!|Where are you?

Yeah. Okay.

- Phone call for you, Brian.|- Yeah, just--|- Okay?|- Okay. Yeah?

- Can I talk to him? Can I talk to him?|- Jackie wants to talk to you.

Dad! Hey, Dad. Dad.|I got your hair, Mom. Sorry.

Hey, Dad. Yeah. Hey, Dad. | I got to play basketball today.
They picked me. Yeah, and not | just 'cause I'm humongous.
Because I'm real good. Yeah, | I scored a thousand points.
No. You're right. | It was only a hundred.
I'm kidding. It was 14. | Yeah, but each time I got the--
I scored! Just like this. | Wait! Listen, Dad.
Yeah, and I met this | really cool kid named Louie.
Not Louis. Louie. Yeah. | His mom gave me some matches.
Yeah. Those are the matches. | Can I play with them?
Okay, slow down, buddy. | Slow down.
Hey, Dad.
Louie has dirty magazines | under his bed.
What are dirty magazines?
I got to be principal. | Yeah, I pretended to be.
And I got a lot of homework to do. | I got a great homework assignment.
And you know what? Miss Marquez | ate one of my red Gummi Bears.
She said, "Way to go." Yeah, | but not because of the red Gummi Bears.
Because of the way | I played basketball.
Yeah, it was great. | She said Shaq better watch his back.
She's what Grandpa says | is a real piece of work.
Really great. | What are you doing?
No, I'm just-- Just, uh, | shootin' an ad layout.
Carrots, for the Carrot Board. | Just giant carrots, yeah.
Wow, that's pretty boring.
Listen, Dad. | I gotta go.
No, I really gotta go. | Number one.
Okay. See you. | Yeah, listen, Dad?
Don't hug me any more | in front of the guys, okay?
Yeah, you know. | It's like-- You know.
It's weird. Yeah, okay.
See ya. Yeah, I'll take | the matches in the bathroom | so if I do number two,
I'm ready.
Okay, put your mom on. Yeah.
Brian. Yeah, I can | hear you all right.
No, it's this cord. Oh, wait!
You okay?
- Honey! | - Is he okay?
Yes, he's all right. | He's so excited.
Hey, Jack's mother!
- Hey, Jack! | - Psych!
Jack's mother?
Can Jack come out and play?
I'm Mrs Powell.
- And you are? | - Louis Durante. Pleased to meet you.

I know Jack from school. | I was wondering...
if Jack wanted to come to a sleepover | some of us guys are having.
I mean, if he's allowed to | and stuff.
Well, I can check. We kind of | had some other plans, you know.
- Hey, Jack! | - Bye, Mom.
See ya!
- Honey, be extra careful! | - Uh-huh.
- And don't stay up too late. | - I won't, Mom.
So how fast do you grow?
- Four times as fast as you. | - Like cat years? | - Yeah, sort of.
Like, when I'm 20, | I'll look really old.
Hey, man. You hear the first 20 | are the best ones anyway.
My mom says | it's all downhill after that.
- Yeah? | - Yeah! | - Like this?
- Waah! | - Like this: Rrr!
Wow. Did you guys | build this yourself?
- Yeah. Cool, huh? | - You must've started this in preschool.
I'm gonna introduce you | to the guys.
- Is this safe? | - Yeah, it's safe.
Really?
Hey, don't sweat it. | Just go along with whatever I say.
Do you think the other kids | are going to like me?
Hey, you're tight with me, you're tight | with them. They're gonna love you.
- Yeah, it is. It's a purple one. | - It's kind of attached.
- Bigger, man. | - Hey, Lou. | - Hey, Louie.
- Hiya. | - Hey, I brought Jack. | He's right down there.
You brought the freak?
- He's not a freak. | - You said he was a freak.
- Yeah. | - I said wrong, right?
Get over it. He's cool.
He knows how to shoot hoops.
And he did me a favour today. | Here, check this out.
Look what he picked up | on the way over. Huh?
- He bought that? | - Eh-eh.
- No way. | - Way! Walked right | into the store, picked it up.
No fear or nothin'.
- My man is the man. | - That is way cool.
- I wish I was a freak. | - Hey, lay off the freak stuff, | all right?
Jack's cool. We gotta | let him kick it with us.
If he walks...
the "Penthouse" walks too.
Bye, boys.
Okay, he can hang.
But if he weirds out | or anything, he's history. Okay?

Wait a second. Look. See, |the maximum weight up here.
- I don't think it's such a good idea, |150 pounds up here. It'll never hold!|- Eddie, Eddie, Eddie.
- Eddie, two words: Pent House.|- He's comin' up, so--
Guys, this is Jack.
- Oh, man! I got a bad hip problem!|- Sorry!
- Watch the TV.|- The TV.|- Settle down.
- Come on!|- Come on, come on!|- Watch out, okay?
- Sorry.|- Take it easy.
Take a chill pill, okay?
- Watch the lamp!|- The lamp!|- The lamp!
- Come on, man. Watch out!|- Sit down.
- Sit down already.|- Sit down.|- Just sit.
- This wasn't such a good idea.|- Come on, easy.
The-The-- This tree house is four|years old. I want it to live to ten.
- Please.|- Hey, Jack, uh, so--|so you bought that magazine?
Yeah. I buy 'em all the time.
What about "Hustler"?|You get "Hustler"?
- If you want it.|- "Swank"?
Yeah, that and, uh...
you know, all-all|the grown-up stuff...
that only grown-ups can read.
- Cool.|- A-And they don't give you|no trouble in buying one?
- I mean, like, they don't ask for ID?|- No. You know...
I just don't shave for a day|and then I look like I'm 50.
Hey, uh, Jack. Mind if I look|at the "Penthouse"?
Knock yourself out.
So do you really shave, Jack?
Oh, yeah, yeah. |I started when I was four.
- Oh, wow.|- Feel.|- Cool.
'Cause I'm looking forward to shaving. |You know-- What do you think?
- See anything right there?|Any whiskers around there?|- Let's see.
Yeah, there's maybe|one there.
- Yeah, I think that's one.|- Oh, if I were you...
I'd grow like a Fu Manchu thing|or maybe a goat.
- A goat?|- Like a goatee.
- Oh, that'd be ba-a-ad!|- Ba-a-ad, dude.
- Ba-a-atman!|- Ooh, Eddie, check this out.
- Excuse me.|- Think our moms look like that?
No. Only "Penthouse" girls|look like that.
They're special. I mean, like, |they come from a special part|of the country
or somethin'.
- So how do you like it?|- Oh, it's great. What do|you guys do here all
night?

Anything we want.

Hey, Jack. | You ever get a boner?

You know, an erector.

Not yet. I'm hoping | to get one for Christmas.

- I want to hear a manly rip. | Show us what you're made of! | - Oh, wait!

Wait, wait. Oh, just-- just warmin' up. | Just clearin' my throat.

I feel it down below.

Oh, man!

- It's disgusting! | - Gee!

I almost blew | a seam on my pants!

- Oh, here comes another one! | - Oh, here you go.

- Can this one! | - A real rectal rocket. Oh, yes!

Out, demon spirit!

Bingo!

- Oh, get it out of here. | - Oh, it's gross. | - The earth is rumbling!

Seven-point-five | on the Prickter scale!

- Give it to George. | - Jack Powell, the manly farter.

Smell it! Smell it! | That one's got good hang time.

Go, George! Oh!

Oh, it's deadly! | Ooh, reek it! Oh!

Whoo! Fire down below!

- He's comin'. He's revived. | - Hey, fire in the hole, guys. | Check it out.

- Oh, here it goes! Here it goes. | - Fire in the hole!

- Flashlights off, everybody! | - Yeah, flashlights off.

- Open it, open it! | - Ready?

Karen? Karen.

Jack?

No. It's me.

We've got to be there | in a half hour.

- Don't make fun. | - I never would.

We usually come in here and | have our little talks before bedtime.

You feel traded in for a bunch | of spitting, swearing ten-year-olds?

- Yeah. | - Still got me, you know.

It's just the way it is | for everybody.

You give birth to 'em, | you clothe 'em, you feed 'em.

Then one day, | you come home, they're teenagers. | They hate you for no reason...

and wouldn't talk to you | if your hair was on fire.

I know.

It's just, it's the first night | he's slept away from home.

Meaning...

we've never been alone | in the house before.

- Uh-oh. | - I think it's nice being | the only size 11 shoe...
under our bed.

I just hope he's okay.

Wow! I think I got another one|in me! Get ready!

We need more ketchup anyway.

- Maggot soup.|- Thyme.|- Get some fart juice.

- How's this?|- Jack, you better eat this.

- Eat it all.|- Wait. Ooh!

- You better eat this.|- Mix it up.|- What are you doing?

- Sardines.|- You'll love it.

Oh! No, I can't do it.

- Oh, no, no, no. Don't put that in.|- Go, go, go, go!

- Go, go, go, go!|- Worms?|- Go, go!

- Go, go, go, go!|- Don't add the worms.|- Go, go, go, go!

- Go, go, go, go!|- Come on.

- I'm gonna puke. No, no. No, no.|- Go, go, go, go!

- Go, go, go, go.|- Oh, please, no.

- No, no.|- Eat it!

- Don't put my hand in it.|- Yeah!

- Oh!|- Uh!

Watch out. He's gonna spew!

I'm warning you.

Wow. Not bad.

Hey, Jack. Hey, Louis.

Let us up, please!|I want to see what it's like up there.

Can you guys hold on for|one second? We just wanna clean|the place up a little bit, okay?

- See? He's gonna let us up.|- He's not gonna let us up.

- Did you hear the way he said it?|- Boys do not clean up!

- "Let us clean it up|a little bit." He's lying.|- Yeah, right.

- He is.|- I'll bet you. Watch.|- No girls allowed!

- Oh, dang!|- Direct hit!

Left. Left, right, left.

- Hey, Ed, are you Dr Kevorkian?|- Yeah.

- Peppermints.|- Peppermints.

- Pom-Poms.|- Pom-Poms.

- Power Bar.|- Power Bar.|- Pez.

- Pez.|- And peanuts.

- Some peanuts.|- A "Penthouse."

Okay, and a "Penthouse."

Jack, do you read me?|Do you read me? Come in.

Ten-four. We have liftoff.|I have the "Penthouse."

Do you have a picture|of the Pope?

It's a "P."|Excuse me.

Hey, guys, I brought a friend.

Okay?

This is Mr Woodruff.

Are you ten too?

Uh, well, if you ask my wife.

No, I'm afraid I'm just|a regular, garden variety, old fart.

I mean, this tree house|wasn't made for--

What?

It won't hold, you know--|Uh-- The, uh-- The, uh--

Well, now. This place|is a lot hipper than I thought.

No, it isn't.

- So--|- So I hear you're a good tutor.

Well, I don't like to blow|my own horn, but, uh--

You know, twin cheeks.|Let one fly.

- Rectal rocket.|- Do what?

Do you wanna fart|in the can?

I'm afraid, boys, you wouldn't|want that to happen.

Some of my parts are rotten.

Come on! I thought you said|you were a good "tooter."

I've been known to chase|whole families away.

You mean,|you're better than Jack?

- I taught Jack.|- Oh!

Fellas, fellas.|No, this is enough.

- Are you kidding?|- No.|- A little tabasco comin' in.

Fellas.

I'm tellin' you,|it tastes like chicken.

- Did you eat this, Jack?|- Yeah.

- Everybody has to.|- It's good.

- Did you eat it, really?|- Mm-hmm.|- Go, go, go, go!

Go, go, go, go, go,|go, go, go, go, go, go...

go, go, go, go, go, go,|go, go, go, go, go, go!

- I love you, man.|- Go, go, go, go!

No!

Psych!

- You're in.|- I am?|- You're in.

- Oh, thank you so much.|- You're in the club.

He's gonna get caught|Just you--

- Wait. Are you-- Are you sure|this is a cool song?|- This is a cool song.

- He's gonna get caught|Just you wait and see|- This doesn't sound like a cool song.

Why is everybody always picking on--|You know the parts!

- Ba-room|- Beep, beep, ba, ba

- Ba-room|- Boom, boom, boom

- I smell smoke in the auditorium|- Ba-room, ba-room

- Charlie Brown|- Charlie Brown

- Charlie Brown|- Charlie Brown|- Yeah, he's a clown

- Charlie Brown|- That Charlie Brown
He's gonna get caught
Just you wait and see
Why is everybody|always picking on me
Who's always writing|on the walls
Who's always goofin'|in the hall
- Dang, dang, do|- Who's always throwin' spitballs
- Guess who|- Who, me
- Yeah, you|- Watch out!
No, no, no!
Wait a second, people!|We're at the absolute limit here!
There's nothing wrong, Eddie.|You're paranoid.
Charlie Brown
- What's going on?|- Oh, boy!|- Everybody stay calm.
- What's goin' on?|- Oh, no!|- What's goin' on?
- Oh!|- Everybody stay calm!
Oh, guys.
- Stay calm.|- I told you so, and I told you so!
We could have been killed!
Why is everybody|always falling on me
And speaking of the mayor,|it's certainly going to be|a busy day for him
today.
Uh, he'll be attending the opening|ceremonies of the new public library.
By the way, we invite you to stop by|and enjoy the festivities there.
Be sure to bring along the kids|if you can.
Later on, the mayor will be|meeting with the city council.
Afterwards, there'll be|a press conference--
Then at|approximately 12:00 noon...
St Anthony's Church will be holding|their annual auction fund-raiser--
Jack, honey. It's 8:15.
Pushing it.
"When I grow up...
I want to get married|when I'm 28.
Because if you get married|before that...
statistics say that|you'll be divorced.
However, I feel if I wait|till my late 20's...
I can fool statistics|and live happily every after...
with my husband,|who will also be over 28."
What do I want to be|when I grow up?
- Alive.|- We get the picture, George.|Thank you very much.
Hey, Jack.
- Hey, what's wrong, buddy?|- Nothin'.
Come on. Let's go.
Gotta stay|and ask Miss Marquez something.

- You want me to stick around?|- Yeah, but I'll see you downstairs.

Good luck.

You stud, you.

- Bye, Miss Marquez.|- Bye-bye. I'll see you tomorrow.

Bye.

Jack, you're still here.

Jack, do you feel okay?

- Is everything all right?|- Mm-hmm.

Okay.

I know you like 'em.

I saved all the red Gummi Bears. |It took a long time to get a whole bag.

Well, this is very sweet |of you, Jack. Thank you.

So I'm a nice guy, huh?

You're a very |nice young man, yes.

Miss Marquez? |I was thinking that maybe if--

if you didn't have |anything to do...

that you might want |to go to the dance with me.

It'd be really, really fun.

Oh, Jackie.

So you wanna go? |My mom will drive us.

Jack, you don't want |to go with me. I'm an old lady.

But that's why. |That's why I wanna go with you.

I can't go with the girls my age |because I look so much older than them.

You look just like me.

Jackie-- Jack.

You are still |a very young man...

up here.

I-- I know l-- I look closer |to your age than the girls in class.

- You're right about that. |- So what time should |my mom and I pick you up?

Jack, you are my student...

and I'm your teacher.

And teachers and students |don't go to dances together.

- Do you understand that? |- Please?

No.

I'm sorry, honey. |It just wouldn't be right.

Do you understand?

Oh, Jackie, don't.

- Don't, Jack. |- I'm okay.

Jack. Jack, wait!

- Jack, come back. Let's talk. |- I don't wanna talk.

- Jack, it has nothing to do with you! |- Leave me alone!

Ow.

Ow.

Ow.

- Jack.|- It hurts.
Somebody help us!|Somebody help!
- Something's wrong.|- Hold on.
Somebody help!|Somebody help!
Miss Marquez!|Jack's hurt!
- Excuse me. Miss--|- Nurse, which way's intensive care?
- Down the hall, first left|and up the stairs.|- Okay.
I think what happened here|is the result of severe strain.
So it wasn't a heart attack?
Well, not exactly.
This is a form|of arteriosclerosis or angina.
But Jack's situation|is unique.
- Honey, that's your heart.|- Yeah? Is it okay?
Mm-hmm. You can wait|for your parents here.
They'll be a few more minutes.
Can I have a sucker?
His internal clock|is running out.
The physical signs of aging|are going to occur more quickly.
His body is working overtime.
Little things that we take for granted|are going to affect him truly.
Hey.
Go on. Hey.
How do you feel, Jackie?
I'm okay.
Louis just called for you.
He said he hopes you feel better.
I told him|you'd call him back tomorrow.
- You need your rest.|- Why do I need rest, Mom? I feel fine.
- Here.|- What's that?
- It's for you.|- A surprise?
Oh, thanks.
Honey--
Oh.
- We don't ever want anything|like this to happen again.|- Me too.
So we're going to go back to the way|things were before you started school.
No.
- Hey, remember all the fun we had?|- No.
No. No, no!
It wasn't fun!
Jack, it's--|it's the only way.
What about my friends?|What about Louie?
What about George?|What about John-John?
Well, honey. They'll come|and they'll visit with you.
- Mr Woodruff will come.|- Mom. Mom.

I want to be with my friends.

- I want to be outside.|- Honey, please, don't do that.

- Oh, please, Mom. Please.|- Honey, I'm not trying to be mean.

- Mom, come on.|- Hey. Hey, remember--

Button up your overcoat

When the wind blows free

Take good care of yourself|You belong to me

No, I don't.

Dad!

Dad!

- Dad.|- Hey.

Please don't make me|stay home.

I want to go back to school.|- Please, let me go back!

Don't make me be alone.|- Please, Dad.

- Okay, okay.|- Please.|- Okay, okay, okay.

Please, please, please, please.

Jackie, you're my boy.|- My little boy.

Oh, Jackie.

Oh, please.

Oh, please.

I-- I'm just sayin'|that we can't be afraid...

afraid that he'll fall down;

afraid that he'll hurt himself,|or another kid;

afraid to have another baby.

- Brian, you know we can't do that.|- No, I don't know that.

You know another baby|might be like--

No, I don't know anything of|the sort, and the doctors never|told us anything of the sort.

Hon, ten years ago,|when we had Jack...

we thought he was going to be|the first of three or four.

It's not the right time|to be talking about it.

Well, sooner or later|we have to talk about it, hon.

Nice set of wheels|you got there, boy.

You okay?|You okay?

Look out.

Here, have another hit|off of this. It'll help you.

- Don't waste it.|- Check your bike, buddy?

I'm thinking I ain't realized

That I'm trying|trying to forget you

- Hey! Watch it, asshole!|- Excuse me.

- With tears in my eyes|- Booger breath.

So he starts this minimalist--|You ever hear this minimalist joke?

- No.|- That's where he starts.|- It's supposed to be funny.

- I'm supposed to laugh.|- Here's one.

- Knock.|- Knock?

Knock. This is the joke.

- Knock? That's it?|- That's it. That-That's funny?

This guy comes in here,|he asks for Q-Tips.

- Q-Tips?|- We can't even give aspirin. |I think he's kidding.

- Is this a joke?|- He gets mad at me|because I don't have Q-Tips.

This is no drugstore. What?

Cool.

What? What do you want?

I'll have a...

Shirley Temple|with extra "marciano" cherries.

Maraschino.

That's what I said. |Maraschino.

You should get-- Get him a Madonna. |You know what a Madonna is?

- No.|- Shirley Temple without the cherry.

Bring him one of these, will ya? |I'm Paulie. How's it hangin'?

- Okay. My name is Jack.|- Uh, hi, Jack.

Yeah.

- There you go, buddy.|- To-To Paulie.

Yeah. Come on, |knock it back, will you.

- Here's lookin' at you, kid.|- I'm no kid!

All right.

- You like that? |Gets all the bugs outta your nose.|- Yeah.

So she says to me-- She says, |"I wanna spank you now."

- Oh, no.|- Can you believe it? Spank me?

- Boy, you must have been a bad boy.|- Oh, yeah!

- Oh, Paulie was bad.|- Bad? Ow, wow. What did you do?

Well, you know, this led to that |and l-l-l ended up goin' limp.

- You hurt your leg.|- Yeah, I ju-- I cou-- |I couldn't get it started.

I'm stuck there in my birthday suit, |as limp as a wet noodle.

- It was your birthday?|- Humiliated beyond belief, |beyond repair.

Wow. Ever happened to you?

- Lots.|- Oh, Christ. Oh, man.

Oh, that is a pity.

- Well, what can I tell ya, man? |You married man, Jack? No?|- Not yet.

"Not yet." You're a lucky man. |Don't give that up.

Yeah, mine, uh, |mine threw me out...

when she found out |about my little escapades.

She wanted to take me back, |but l-l said-- I said no.

I said, "No, 'cause it's time |to make a change."

'Cause that's what it's about, |isn't it? It's all about change.

God, I'll tell ya.

It is God's cruel trick, Jack.

First you start losin' your hair.

- Yeah, then it starts|growin' on your back.|- On your back, yeah!

- See? Like that.|- Out of your nose. Look at that.

- And your ears.|- And your ears, yeah.

What's that all about?

Your eyebrows start growin'|all out of whack.

Next thing you know, you're|walking around like some bald gorilla.

They call you a freak.

Before you know it, you're pushing up|the daisies in some depressing cemetery.

Ooh.

Now there is|a sad story for you.

- I know her.|- Yeah, you do?|- Yeah.

Husband ran out on her and|the kids a couple years back?

- Kid.|- They haven't seen her since, I guess.

Bet you could crack walnuts|on her ass too.

- Hey, go for it, big Jack.|- Hi, boys.|- Hi, D.D.

Oh!

Principal Powell!

I'm so surprised|to see you here.

Oh, what a nice surprise.|- I can't believe it!

Nice to see you.|- It's nice to see someone I know.

Oh, well, that's a nice thing to say.|- How're you doing?

- I can't believe you're here.|- Me too.

Believe me, that wasn't|the first matchbook I ever passed out.

Mmm. Ooh. That looks like fun.|- Wanna go dance?

Okay.

Oh.

Mmm. So gallant.|- You man, you.

Shoo-doo, shoo-be-doo

Shoo-doo, shoo-be-doo

Shoo-doo, shoo-be-doo

Shoo-doo, shoo-be-whoa

In the still of the night

- I like you.|- I held you

- You're so different|from a lot of the men I know.|- Held you tight

And do you know|who else likes you?

My Louie. He's a great|judge of character.

I don't know where|he gets it from.

Because, of course, he hates|everybody that I usually go for.

I like a burly guy.

Uh-oh, honey.

Mmm.

I got a good feeling|about you, mister.

The stars were bright above|I remember

I'll hope
And I'll pray
To keep your precious love
- What's the matter?|- I gotta go.|- Why?
Why?
-Your Louie's mom. I gotta go.|-That's what makes it so perfect, honey.
I'm Louie's mom,|and you're Louie's principal.
In the still of the night
- Hey, watch it!|- Hey! Hey! Watch it!|- Whoa! You!
That's the second time tonight.|What, are you stupid?
- All right, all right.|- Whoa, whoa!|- Leave him alone!
Where are you goin', man?|I want an apology!
- I'm sorry.|- No, no, no. That's not|going to be good enough.
- "Sorry."|- Well, I said I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Jeez, what is it with you?|What? Are you totally hyper|or something? Too
much sugar?
What? Do you think|you're pretty smart?
Yeah, I do good in everything|except social studies.
Studies? How'd you like|to study my fist?
Hey, hey, hey!|Leave him alone, asshole!
- Come on, Mr Powell.|Let's just get out of--|- What's the matter, man?
- You gotta let your girlfriend|here stand up for you?|- Come on. Just
let's go.
- You know what your problem is, mister?|- Ignore him.
- You got the "Zackly" disease.|- What's that?
That's where you mouth smells|"zackly" Iike your butt!
Where'd you get that from?|Louis? He always says that.
- Come on. Let's just go.|- And you're a loser!|- Oh, yeah?
- Losers say "what."|- What?|- Loser!
- Rubber, glue, sticks to you! Got him!|- What are you doing?
This guy's very tough!|Stop with this! Let's go!
- I'm a loser, but|you're a son of a bitch!|- I can't believe you said
that!
You cussed!|Oh, you said the "B" word!
Oh, you're gonna get in|so much trouble! You really are!
Trouble?
- Here's some trouble!|- Come on, Principal Powell!
Oh, my God!|Are you okay?
Hey, you all right?
You okay?
- Paulie!|- Huh?|- Paulie!
Oh, don't worry about it.|Happens all the time.
Mr Powell, put your feet|on the marks on the floor.
Now look up at the camera.|Hold the plaque chin high.

Now turn to your right.

Jack Powell.

Your bail's posted, pal.

Come on.

Let's get your stuff here|and you can go.

You've got a library card...

a pocket knife...

Spider-Man watch,|Pez dispenser.

Where's my Pog?

It was the slammer.

Is my mom here?

Oh! Oh, Mr Powell!|Are you okay?

Hey, buddy boy.|Hey, kid!

They were pretty shocked to hear|they arrested the principal,|but they let you go.

- Sorry about tonight.|- Oh, that's okay.

Mmm, boy.

You've got eyes|just like Louis.

So young-looking.

You know, that's|the strangest thing.

What kind|of eye cream do you use...

and can I have about a quart?

Well, it's been a long night.

I'm going to let you|out of my chariot.

- Gotta be going.|- Thanks for taking me home.

Good night, Mr Powell.

- Hey, Mr Woodruff.|- Hey, kid.|- Hi!

- Hi, Mr Woodruff.|- How ya doin', fellas?

- How's the tree house comin'?|- Looks like my room.|You know what that looks like.

We're just hangin',|tryin' to catch Jack.

Jack's still a little tired,|boys, and he's sleeping.

- I'll tell him you came by.|- Give me some skin, boys.

I'll take this up|to Jack for you.

Bye, Mr Woodruff.|Bye, Mrs Powell.

Thank you for coming.

He's been in his room|for two-and-a-half weeks.

Maybe you could|talk to him.

He's very confused.

I think he's realized|how fragile his life is.

You know,|maybe I'm not the answer.

- Maybe he needs|to go back to school--|- He can't go back to school.

That's what started this|in the first place.

We can't risk|his health again.

Jack, Mr. Woodruff's here|to see you.
Here, give me this.|Thank you.
Jack, honey.
Mr Woodruff's here to see you.
So why don't you want me|to teach you any more?
Why do I have to learn stuff|I'm never gonna use?
That isn't why|I'm teaching you, Jack.
I'm teaching you so you'll learn|something new, interesting.
That's all.
I don't care any more.
- Is he sick?|- No, I don't think so.
- Then what's wrong with him?|- Yeah, what's wrong with him?
- He's aging.|- Is he coming back?
- I wish he'd come back.|- So do I.
- Yeah, so do I.|- Hey, we all do.|- Yeah.
What are you doing?
- Going home.|- You be back tomorrow?
- This is yours.|- You can't quit.
I don't consider|myself quitting.
I consider myself|losing a student.
You know why I like|to teach children, Jack?
So I don't get so wrapped up|in being an adult.
So I can remember|that there are other things...
that are important in life.
Like riding a bike...
playing in a tree house,|splashing water with good shoes on.
And you, my friend,|were my most special student.
And, until recently, you were|everything I ever wanted in a student.
You were a shooting star|amongst ordinary stars.
Have you even seen|a shooting star, Jack?
- No.|- Oh, it's--
It's wonderful.|It passes quickly...
but while it's here,|it just lights up the whole sky.
It's the most beautiful thing|you'd ever want to see.
So beautiful|that the other stars...
stop...
and watch.
- You almost never see one.|- Why?
Because they're very rare,|quite rare.
But I saw one.
I did.
I just want to be|a regular star.
Jack, you'll never|be regular.
You're spectacular.

Mr Woodruff?
Eureka.
Yo, Mrs Powell!
Hey, Mrs Powell!
Hey, Jack's mother!
Jack's mother!
Mrs Powell!
Hey, can Jack|come out and play?
I'm sorry, Louis.|He can't.
But why don't you try again|in a couple of days?
Hey, Jack's mother?
- Mrs Powell?|- Mrs Powell!
Can Jack come out and play?
He doesn't want to.
Hey, Jack's mother!
Jack's mother!
Hey, Jack's mother!
Can Jack come out and play?
Girls, I'm sorry.|He doesn't want to.
Can we at least see him|so we'll know that he's alive?
- I told you!|- No, I told you!|- I told you.
I said she wasn't|gonna let us see him--
- No!|- And you said, "Yes, she is. Let's go!"
And I said,|"No, he feels too bad."
That's not true!
- And you said--|- I told you--|- Of course, as always, you say--
I said that--
- Hey, Jack's mother!|- I know. I know.
- Can Jack come out and play?|- Yeah, can he come out and play?
- You are not going to go away, are you?|- Hey, Jack's mother!
- I know what you're doing.|- Yo, Jack! Come on out, man!
- Yeah, come on out!|- Kids, I'm sorry.
I know he misses you, but|he just doesn't want to come out today.
- Hey, guys.|- Try again some other time.|- What's up, Victor?
Mario, Eric!
Hurry up. Come on!
Hey, Jack! Come out and play!
Come on, Jack!|Come on out right now! Come on!
Why won't you come out|and play with us?
Come on, Jack.|Just like old times! Come on, Jack!
- We're all here to see you!|- I miss you at the court, Jack!
Shoo! Go away!
Go on!
Can Jack come out to play?

Mom, Dad.

I'm going to school.

Mom, please say it's okay.

Well, you better hurry up. | You don't want to be late.

- Thanks. | - Wait.

- Uh-- | - A peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

- Okay. | - Uh, Principal McGee, please. | - Gotta turn in my assignment.

"When I grow up, I want | to put on about 250 pounds...

and be a rapper like Heavy D, | except Heavy E.

I want to go to China and, uh...

film a music video | called 'Chubby.'

Then, I might wanna be | a part-time boxer...

or maybe a kickboxer | so I can kick some butt."

Louis.

"I want to be just like | my best friend when I grow up.

He's only 10, | but he looks much older.

He's like the perfect grown-up, | because on the inside...

he's still just a kid.

He's not afraid to learn things | or try things...

or to meet new people | the way most grown-ups are.

It's like he's looking at | everything for the first time...

because he is.

And most grown-ups | aren't like that.

Most grown-ups just want | to go to work and make money...

and show off | for the neighbours.

And more than anything, | he knows how to be a great friend...

- more than most people | who look like adults." | - It's Jack.

- Jack's here! | - It's Jack!

Jack! It's so good | to have you back.

- Sorry I'm late. | - That's okay.

- Hi, Jack. | - Hi, Louie. | - Your seat's waiting for you.

- We were just in the middle | of Louis' essay. | - Hey, Jack.

- Welcome back. | - Hey, buddy.

Louis, you may continue.

"More than anything...

he knows how to be | a great friend...

more than most people | who look like adults.

So I may not know what | I want to be when I grow up...

and right now | I really don't care...

but I do know | who I want to be like.

I want to be like the giant...

the big guy...

my best friend...

Jack."

Thank you.

Good job, Louis.

Very good, Louis.

That was wonderful, Louis.

Yeah, Louis. | That was wonderful.

Okay, class. | Let's begin our lesson today.

Turn to page 173.

Are you okay, Jack?

All right, everybody. | That's enough. Come on.

Settle down.

Oh, thank you. Oh, Louis.

Louis, come here, sweetie. | Let me take a picture of you.

- Wait. Come here. | - Louie. | - Louie, come on.

Smile. I'm still payin' | the damn orthodontist.

- Okay, take a picture. | - Come on, come on, come on!

- Okay. Here, come on. | - Louie, right there. | - Sweetie.

- Please, baby. | - Right there. That's good.

Ooh, Eddie! Oh, my God. | Are you okay?

- Are you okay? | - I'm fine. | - You sure? You sure?

- Yeah? | - I'm sure.

- John-John! | - George! What's up, fellas?

- Graduation! | - Hey, Eddie.

Hey, let's go find everybody.

- You always want to sit by Johnny. | - No, I don't.

- Stop! | - You stop. | - Please.

- Please yourself. | - Okay, I will. | - Do that.

I'll take her out, Brian.

Oh!

Ladies and gentlemen, | it is my honour to introduce...

this year's valedictorian, | Jack Charles Powell.

Thank you, Aristotle.

Sorry.

Yo, Jack! Go get 'em!

I got it, Eric.

I'm cool.

My speech.

I don't have | very much time these days...

so I'll make it quick, | like my life.

You know, as we come to the end | of this phase of our life...

we find ourselves trying | to remember the good times...

and trying to forget | the bad times.

We find ourselves | thinking about the future...

and start to worry, thinking, | "What am I gonna do?

Where am I gonna be | in ten years?"

But I say to you...

"Hey...

Look at me."

Please, don't worry so much.

Because in the end, none of us|have very long on this earth.

Life is fleeting.

And if you're ever distressed...

cast your eyes|to the summer sky.

When the stars are strung|across the velvety night...

and when a shooting star|streaks through the blackness...

turning night into day...

make a wish...

and think of me.

And make your life spectacular.

I know I did.

I made it, Mom.

I'm a grown-up.

Thank you.

- Come on, Jackie! Let's go!|- Let's go!

Mom, it's the guys.|I gotta go.

- See ya!|- Not too late.|- Yeah, next Tuesday.

Whoa! How sweet it is. Mom!

Let's go!

- I got it! I got it!|- Let's go!|- Come on!

- Yeah!|- Come on.|- You all right?

Ah, there you go.|Yeah, all right!

See ya, Mom!

Yeah!

Let's go! Out of here.|We made it.

Whatcha gonna do|when you grow up

Whatcha gonna do|when your time is up

What you gonna say|when things go wrong

What you gonna do|when you're on your own

There's a road

Long and windin'

The lights are blindin'

But it gets there

Don't give up

Don't look back

There's a silver linin'

It's out there somewhere

Everybody wants an answer

Everybody needs a friend

We all need a shining star

On which we can depend
So tonight we're gonna wish
Upon a star we never|wished upon before
What you gonna do|when you grow up
Find what you're looking for
There'll be times
In your life
Yeah, when you'll|be dancin' and shit
But you ain't gettin' it
Don't get disillusioned
No, don't expect too much
'Cause if what you have|is all you can get
Just keep on tryin'|It just ain't happened yet
Everybody wants to be a winner
Everybody has a dream
We all need a shining star
When things ain't|what they seem
So tonight we're gonna wish
Upon a star we never|wished upon before
Gotta get where|you're heading for
Oh, yeah
Ooh
Everybody wants some kindness
Everybody needs a break
We all need a shining star
When things get hard to take
So tonight we're gonna wish
Upon a star we never|wished upon before
Whatcha gonna do|when you grow up
Yeah, tonight|we're gonna wish
Upon a star we never|wished upon before
Whatcha gonna do|when you grow up
Whatcha gonna do|when your time is up
Gonna find what|you're looking for
So don't get disillusioned
No, don't spin too much
Hey, it's out there|somewhere, baby
Whatcha gonna say|when things go wrong
Whatcha gonna do|when you're on your own
Whatcha gonna do|when you grow up
Can Jack come out to play?