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Lady and the Tramp 2: Scamp's Adventure

By Bill Motz

To this small, little|not too big, little, homey #
Nice, little, quaint|little, always kindly #
Old New England town #
Welcome #
If youre new to the place|and feeling uneasy #
Fret not a bit|in this always friendly #
Old New England town #
Welcome #
Welcome #
To our family picnic #
July Fourth picnic #
Independence #
Day ##
Aunt Sarah! Will we see you|at the picnic the day after tomorrow?
Of course! My precious kitties|love the Fourth of july.
Whether next of kin|or next-door neighbour
Happily we pool our labour|to give our to win a new face
- A nifty new look!|- A red, white and a blue look!
And when were done|youll never know the place
At our family picnic
july Fourth picnic
Independence
Day
Theres a buzzing in the air
Children running everywhere
As all of us prepare
For that once-a-year|wonderful day
And our spirits are so high
Feels like Christmas in july
As we pray the hours fly
To that star-spangled|wonderful, wonderful
Wonderful day
We can hardly wait|to bathe and dress up
- We love picnics, we confess|- Yup
With Darling|and with jim Dear
Weve made a home|from which well never roam
Why would we|when were so contented here
In this fine, little|not too
Big, little, cosy
Warm, little, swell, little
Always loving
Old New England home
In our small, little|not too big, little, homey
Nice, little, quaint|little, always friendly

Old New England town

Welcome

Welcome

Welcome

Welcome

All right, time for a bath!|The waters hot.

Oh, excellent!|I love getting a bath.

- It makes my fur so silky smooth.|- Yeah!

- Me first!|- No, me first!|- No, not you! Wait a minute!

Gah! I hate baths.

just the same, Scamp, when you live|in a house, you need to be clean.

Well, then Im glad Im a wild dog.

Scamp, you know youre not supposed|to climb on the furniture.

Now, get down from there|before you break something.

Hey, lets do|some dog stuff, huh, Pop?

You know, dig up bones...

rip up flowers, chase cats.

Scamp, come on now.|Youre gonna make a mess.

- Got it!|- Dad!

Tramp? I hope youre not making|a mess in there.

All right, whirlwind.|Time to settle down.

Why dont you go play with junior?

Scamp play !

Scamp!

Look what you did|to my favourite hat.

If Ive told you once,|Ive told you a thousand times, no!

Lets see if you can behave long enough|for me to give you a bath.

Whoo-oo. Bad Scamp.

Scamp, stop squirming.

Bad Scamp.|Bad, bad, bad Scamp.

Well, its about time|you settled down.

- There. All done.|- Scamp!

Play ball!

Hey, come back here !

Scamp, catch the ball.

Come back here now !

No, no, no, no, no, no!

Yea! Yea!

Scamp! Scamp, whee!

- Whee! Play ball!|- Scamp! Oh, no.

- What a mess.|- Uh-oh.

This time youve gone too far.|Youve left me no choice.

Some dogs just have to learn|the hard way.

May be chaining you up|will teach you a lesson.

Im sorry, pal...

but I just dont know|what else to do.

- Serves him right.|- Simply incorrigible.

- He brought this on himself.|- Now well need another bath.

- Me first!|- No, me first!|- You first! I mean, no, no, no--

Tramp?

Best thing jim Dear could have done|for our boy, chaining him up.

Oh, Tramp, hes never|been chained up before.

Hes just a pup.

He has to learn to live|by the rules of the house.

Firm discipline|moulds a pup into a dog.

- Ama sen de sokaa atlmtn.|- Evet, Pidge, ama seni buldum.

And if it werent for you,|Id have wound up in the pound.

Im just trying to protect him.

Hell understand some day.

May be he needs to understand today.

I thought you might be hungry.

Im sorry, pal. Youre just gonna have|to shape up a little, thats all.

I always get blamed for everything.

Sometimes its hard|being part of a family.

You have to obey certain rules.

But I want to run wild and free|like a real dog.

Son, the world out there|is full of traps.

Here, you-- you have|a family that loves you.

As long as I do what you say.

Pop, I just dont feel|like I belong here.

Didnt you ever feel this way?

I was just like you|when I was your age.

You were never like me.

Youve been a house dog all your life. |How would you know?

Oh, youd be surprised.

Scamp, Im only trying|to protect you.

- Like putting me on a chain?|- Those are the rules, son.

All I ever hear is, |Rules, rules, rules!

Dont do this|and Dont do that!

Well, what good are teeth and, and claws|if you can never use them?

- Stop that how ling!|- I cant help it, Pop! |Wild dogs how I at the moon!

There will be no wild dogs|in this family!

Then may be I dont want to be|in this family!

Like it or not, |you are a part of this family.

And until you start acting like it, |you can just get used...

to being out here every night!

Hey, Angel! Huh?

Why dont you come on out, kay?

I cant.

- The pup is in chains.|- Come back, you mangy mutt!

Hold still so I can take you in|all peaceable-like.

Hey ! Whered you go?

Ah. What the--

Hey, drop that!

Defacing a county officers--|Oh, come on now. Thats no fair.

Come on now.|Hand it over, girl.

Hey ! Oh, that--

Hey, drop that!

Hey, gotcha! its off to the pound|with you, big fella. Huh?

Boy, when I get outta here,|Im gonna do something fierce.

Im gonna get you--

You little mutt!|Youre gonna see what mad is!

Ill get you yet, you hooligans!

Oh, come on!

Far from here|is where I want to be

Somewhere out there|loose and running

Nobodys leash to hold me|Nobodys hugs to crush me

Nobodys soap and scratchy comb

To bathe and brush me

A world without fences

Where I can run free

And be with real dogs

Wholl bring the real dog|out in me

No walls and no boundaries

Where I can be free

A world without walls and fences

Thats exactly

Where I want to be

This pup just wont sleep|his life away

On somes of a|like his father

Too many bones to chewup|Too many smells to sample

Too many fancy flower beds|to rip and trample

No rules to control me

Stop what I want to be

A world without fences

Thats the world I want for me

No rules, no responsibility

On my own, completely free

A world without fences

For me

So long, you house dogs!

You cant tell me what to do any more,|cause Im a wild dog.

Hey, you guys, wait for me!
Pretty good pickins, huh?
Hmm, I can see you know|your way around an alley.
Its that obvious?
Couldnt miss it if I tried.
This must be your diploma|from the school of hard knocks.
Yeah. I, uh, just graduated.
Then you must know this move.|Any street dog would.
Wow ! Slick move.|I mean, thats kid stuff.
Yeah, right.
Youve got your own style,|dont you, tenderfoot?
Listen, you dont belong|on the street.
You wont last|five minutes out here. Huh?
Whoa!
Whoa, whoa, whoa,|whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!
Whoa! Whoa!|Hey, you get out ofthe street!
Scamp, l--
Scamp? Oh, no.
Tramp!
Theyre jumping on the sofa ...
and playing in the trash.
And, and breaking stuff!
If only there were hats|to chew on.
Goodbye, chains!|Hello, freedom!
Go, Buster!
That a way, Buster!|Bust his butt off, Buster!
So, any of you|other low life mongre ls...
think youre dog enough|to take Buster on?
Dont be afraid!
Have no fear!|Have no fear!
Thats right, boys,|junkyard dogs rule this town!
And Buster rules the junkyard dogs!
Angel! Angel! Talk to me.
Whos the king of the junkyard ?
Oh, you are, Buster.
And its quite a kingdom|youve got here.
- Thats my girl.|- Im not your girl.
I dont belong to anyone.
Hey, hey. Look here, you guys.|Id say we got a new recruit.
- The little house dog.|- Hey, you got off the leash!
Yeah.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey !|Wa tch it!
Oh, be still, my heart.|Im gettin a bad case of puppy love.
Whoa, whoa!|Hey, hey, hey, hey. Hey, Ruby.

Im the top dog around here.
And nobody joins the junkyard dogs|unless I say so.
So, whats your name, sport?
Names Scamp.
Well, howdy, Scamperoo.
So, you saw us having some fun|and thought youd join right in, huh?
- Yeah, sure.|- Hey, I hate to break|the news to ya, champ...
but not many house dogs|get to run in this pack.
- Im not a house dog.|- Oh, youre not?
Then whats this badge of respectability|hangin around your neck?
- Hey, collar boy !|- Hows life on the end of that chain?
No way ! lve had it|with the house dog life.
Nothing there|but rules, rules, rules.
I want to be wild and free|like you guys.
I dont know, kid.
Your average house dog|aint got what it takes.
Yeah, tell him what it takes, Buster!|Tell him what it takes!

In junkyard society #
Were repelled by all propriety #
Humility and modesty #
Good manners and sobriety #
We always gulp our meat #
Our coats are never neat #
Alas, we lack all poise #
Were full of natural noise #
No pets you stroke and pat #
You might as well be a cat #
In junkyard #
Society #
Society #
We are the mutual unelite #
An underclass|from our head to feet #
Our deeds are spiteful|our mischief pure #
We got a natural disorder #
For which theres no cure #
Down to the junkyard #
Straight to the junkyard #
Step to the junkyard #
Society rag #
Thats where youre|nobodys perfumed pet #
Where you can wet|where you want to wet #
Where you put charity on the shelf #
The only one|that youll look out for #
Is you yourself

Down in the junkyard #
Check out the junkyard #
Doin the junkyard #
Society rag #
No distemper shots from the vet #
#- Show your temper#|# - Mean as you can get #
Down at the yard|where we live and let #
Chaos and trouble|Oh, we do it double #
None of this play-it-safe|house dog stuff #
Our days are risky|Our nights are ruff #
The peaceful life|leaves us ill at ease #
Were crude and loud in a crowd|and very proud of our fleas #
Oh, I love this guy ! #
Down at the #
junkyard#
Check out the junkyard #
Step to the junkyard #
Straight to the junkyard #
Doin the junkyard#
- Sing it, boy !|- Society #
Rag

What a blast!|Id never get away with this at home.

So you really think you got what it|takes to be a junkyard dog, huh?

Hes got what it takes, Buster.|I saw all his moves back in that alley.

- Huh?|- Yeah, yeah. Watch this slick move.

Talented as you are,|it aint that easy, sport.

Every day out here|is like a test of survival.

- A test! Beautiful!|- Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah! Good!

Baby, I always get my best ideas|when youre around.

- Thats why youre my girl.|- Im not your girl.

Okay, Scampers,|well give you a shot...

but you gotta pass a little test|of courage in Reggies alley.

- What? Reggies alley?|- But its never been done before.

Come here. Dont listen to them.|I got faith in you, kid.

Its just a little test to prove|you could stand on your own four paws.

Easy. Im not afraid of anything.

Thats what I like about you, kid.|You got spunk.

- Did you call the pound?|- Yes, dear. They have nt seen him.

Oh, Tramp.|Scamps never been out all night.

- So much could happen.|- Hey, easy, Pidge.

Well find him before he|gets himself in real trouble.

Oh, Miss Lady, maam!

We came as soon as we heard .

Oh! Och! Och!

Uncle Jock! Uncle Trusty !|Scamp ran away !
- What they said!|- Not to worry, little ladies.
Got my grandpappy|Ol Reliables...
keen sense of smell.
Say, have I ever told you girls...
about the time I saved your father|from certain death?
- No!|- No!|- Yep!
Och! Here he goes again.
I told you, therell be|no livin with him.
That Scamp is going to get|into so much trouble when he gets home.
- Yeah.|- Hmph! I dont even want him back.
Yeah. Who cares?|He should know better than to run off.
I bet he gets a slipper right across|his great, big, fat, uh--
Uh, we really do miss him, Mom.
Well be back with your brother|in no time.
Your old mans got twice the speed|and cunning as any dog half his age.
just using a few forgotten muscles,|thats all.
Lady, Tramp, lets go.
Come on. No tellin what mischief|that pups gettin into.
All right, Scampster.
Fetch the can out of the alley.
See ya!
- Its a spook! A spook!|- Its Reggie! Scatter!
Where, oh, where|has my little dog--
We ll, Ill be.|Youre not gettin away this time.
I got you now, you little hoodlum.
Hey ! Hey, now, get off of there !|Whoa! What are you, mad?
You crazy-- Aah!
Thatll get ya hard time|in the pound, fella--
attacking a deputy|animal control officers vehicle.
And a fine modern machine|like this one at that.
Two horsepower,|three miles to the gallon, boy.
Hey.
You saved my life. Nobody else here|would have dared to do that.
- Wow ! Did you see that?|- Is it possible?
Scamp is a canine hurricane.
You did everyone|a big favour, kay?
Oui. You are practically the hero.
-Shouldnt we go after him or something?|-Hey, hey, hey, hey.
You got it all wrong, kid. In the|junkyard , its every dog for himself.
I can see were gonna have|to put you to another test.
Any-Anything you say, Buster.
- Will somebody open this thing?|- Okay, okay, okay.
- Is that open enough?|- Magnifique, Mooch.

- Thats using your head.|- Thanks again, huh?
You, uh, comin, tenderfoot?
I hit the thingy.
This is great. |This is living.
I never get to do this at home. |Whoo-hoo!
After I pass my next test, |Im gonna be...
the best junkyard dog |there ever was!
I dont think so, doll. |You may be good...
but youll never be |as good as the master.
- Ah, here we go. |- Rubys right, carnsarnit.
In my day, there was only one stray |by which all dogs was measured.
- The Tramp. |- Huh? What?
He taught Buster everything there is to |know about being on the streets,
kay?
Busters trouble |was Tramps trouble.
And Tramps trouble |was Busters trouble, kay?
That dog was a prize, |the one that got away.
- Got away from me, at least. |- Got away with everything!
I heard he once stole |an entire meat wagon, kay?
Yeah, and then the dog catcher |chased him all the way to the river.
No, sir. |It was dog catchers.
- Uh, how many? |- At least a dozen.
- Hey ! |- Two dozen.
Now that I think about it, |the police and the army cavalry...
were after the boy as well.
He was trapped.
But if the Tramp was gonna go...
he was gonna go in style.
So what happened?
We never saw him again after that.
They say when the wind blows...
you can still hear |the Tramp howl.
- Wow ! |- All right, all right.
That is not what happened.
He met this girl, see? |Bir kpek kulbnn Kraliesiyle
Even her prissy little name...
still leaves a bad taste |in my mouth.
Lady.
But he met his true love.
He betrayed me! You cant have a family |and still be a junkyard dog.
So I gave Tramp a choice. |Its either me or her.
And he picked life |on the end of a chain.
Hooked up |with a real powder puff.
Sleepin on carpets. |Free room and board !

Livin the cushy pillow life !

And thats when I learned the first rule|about being a junkyard dog:

Busters trouble|is Busters trouble.

Hey ! Hey, hey, hey !

The Tramp used to scratch|like that.

- You aint re lated, are ya?|- Who, me? No way !

Good. Cause if you were,|you'd be kibble.

Right, Buster.

No way, Dad.|That cant be true.

You gave it all up?|I mean, what could be better than this?

- You okay, tenderfoot?|- Who, me? Yeah. Yeah, sure.

What are you doing out here?|Dont you have a nice family back home?

Wh-Wh-What difference does it make?|All families are alike.

They make you take baths|and sleep in a bed...

and, and you have to eat|everything in your bowl.

And when it rains,|you have to come indoors.

Ah. Lets just say youre lucky|youve never had to live with a family.

- Wrong again, tenderfoot.|- You mean, you had a family?

Actually, Ive had five families.

- I always thought one was too many.|- I could never get one to stick.

Someone would take me in,|and just when I'd start to think. ..

Wow, this is my family...

they'd move or have a new baby...

or have an allergy.

Same old story,|I'm out on the street.

Wait a minute.|You really want a family, dont you?

- But youve got Buster.|- Buster! You cant tell him. You cant.

- Hell kick me out.|- Dont worry.|Your secrets safe with me.

- I promise.|- Thanks.

So, I guess youre|Busters girl, huh?

I am not Busters girl!|I dont belong to any body.

The junkyard dogs arent much|of a family, but what choice do I have?

What more do you need?|As a junkyard dog...

- you can stay up late or dig or--|- Run.

- Yeah. Or, or play or dig or--|- Run.

- Right. Or chase squirre is--|- No! I mean, run!

Whoo! Come on!

Angel!

Angel! Angel, help!|Now would be a good time! Hurry!

Scamp? Scamp!

Scamp! Where are you?

Scamp? Scamp!

Excuse me.|Im looking for--

I-- I think I'm on to somethin.

Aye? Are you sure?

I have most assuredly got him!|This way.

Come on, Pidge.

- Oh, look!|- Scamp!

Oh, please.

Scamp!

Thank goodness.

A wig!|Och, you smelled a wig, man!

- Youre hopeless.|- Oh.

Im sorry, Miss Lady.

Come on.|Weve gotta keep searching.

Och!

I shouldnt have been|so hard on him.

- Hey.|- Oh. Scamp?

- Eh.|- Youre all right. I was so worried--

- So worried?|- Yeah, right.

Get over yourself, house pet.

Theres gotta be a better way|to take a bath, huh?

Trust me, there is|no good way to take a bath.

Wow ! That is so weird .|Howd you do that?

- Talent.|- Let me try.

Oh, that was smooth.

- You really are a house dog.|- Oh, yeah?

- Youre weird .|- Uh, no, youre the weird one.

- Oh, yeah?|- Scamp.

I never had this feeling before

She gives me shakes and shivers|I cant ignore

And I see that theres more now

Than just running free

I never felt my heart beat so fast

Im thinking of him first|and of my self last

And how happy

I want him to be

Its amazing|someone in my life

just might be loving me

I didnt know|that I could feel this way

Its so crazy|Something in my life

Is better than a dream

I didnt know|that I could feel this way

She makes me|warm and happy inside

He smiles, and I get dizzy|and starry-eyed

All these feelings I have

Have me asking

Can this be love

Can this be love #
- Its crazy# |#- I can hardly speak #
#- Whenever she# |#- Whenever he #
Says hi #
I didnt know that I could feel #
I never dreamed that I could feel #
I didnt know that I could feel #
This #
Way #
- Whoa, nice neighbourhood. | - Snob Hill.
Hey, jim Dear|never leaves this gate open.
- Come on, Tramp. |- Oh, no! We gotta get outta here.
Why? Whats wrong?
Come on, boy. |Weve done all we can for one day.
Oh, well find him. You were|the best street dog there ever was.
And I still have faith|in the old Tramp.
Old Tramp? Hmph.
If only the old Tramp|was still here.
Come on, Tramp! |Well find Scamp tomorrow.
- The Tramp is your father? |- I, um-- Wait. No, wait!
Angel, wait!
- Did you find him? |- May be tomorrow.
Scamp. Bad Scamp.
- Gosh, I didnt think|theyd miss me that much. |- You didnt think theyd miss you?
I cant believe youd run away|from a home like this.
- Well, you dont know what it was like. |- No, I dont.
Whoo, must have been horrible having|someone care about you that much.
I need to be wild and free. |Ill never find that here.
Id give anything|to have what you have.
And ld give anything|to have what you have.
Come on, Scamp. |We could run off together.
We dont need them.
Angel, dont you understand?
Only one more test, |and Ill finally be a junkyard dog.
- Thats where I belong. |- No, you dont belong there.
Youre better than that, Scamp, |and thats what I like about you.
Come on, tenderfoot. |Lets go.
- Wow ! |- Wow !
Look!
I really think|we should keep searching.
Oh, nonsense! its the Fourth of july. |Time to have some fun.
You can continue your search|after our picnic.
Aunt Sarah, were not really|in the mood to celebrate.

Oh, come now. Scamp will be all right. | You'll find him.
But, first, let's eat.
I won't have my Fourth of July | ruined by that little Scamp.
There, there, boy.
I knew it.
Beautiful. Scamp! | Front and centre.
Take a look out there. | See that family?
You-- You mean | that family over there?
No, this family right here.
Now, as your final test, | I want you to infiltrate their picnic...
and liberate their chicken...
right out from under the nose | of that meek, little house dog.
You don't have to prove anything, Scamp. | just walk away.
- Since when do you care so much? | - I thought you were better than this.
Pipe down, Angel cakes!
Come on, kid. | You wanna be wild...
and free, don't you?
All it's gonna cost you | is one juicy chicken.
Yeah, I should've known. | Once a house dog, always a house dog.
I'm no house dog!
Scamp back!
Oh, my goodness! Oh!
- Scamp! | - Monster!
- Scamp back! Scamp back! | - Oh, my poor--
- Scamp wanna play ! | - Scamp?
- Come back! | - Where him go? | - It's chow time, boys!
Aha! You--
You little mutt! | I won't forget you!
I'll lock you in the pound! | I swear it!
- Slick move. Lost him. | - Don't bet on it.
Whoa, whoa, whoa. | Hey, slow down there, whirlwind.
- I'm not going home. You can't make me. | - I know, I know. Easy.
I just wanna talk. | So, um, how you doin' out here?
It's great, Dad. The junkyard dogs | have taught me all the tricks.
I go wherever I want, do whatever | I please. No chains, no fences--
No regard for someone else's lunch?
That's how it is | out here on the streets.
But then, you know | all about that, don't you?
You make the rules, Dad, | but you didn't have to follow them | when you were my
age.
Is that why you didn't tell me | you were a street dog?
I didn't want that life for you | because I found something better.
- I found love. | - Oh, aw, ain't that beautiful?
I think I'm gettin' | all misty-eyed here.

- I see you havent changed a bit.|- So here we are again.
just like old times...
before you turned your back|on everything...
that makes a dog a dog.

- He says you walked out on him.|- After I met your mother. ..
I-l guess Buster just got jealous.

- You ditched me!|- I feel in love !
You made your choice!|Now its his turn to choose.

- Come on, kid.|- You dont know|what hes really like, son.

- Youre coming home.|- You hear that, kid?|Daddys telling you what to do
again.

- You dont belong here.|- And hes leading you back|to a life on the chain.

- Im offerin you freedom.|- Scamp.

- Scamp.|- Scamp.|- Scamp!

- Make your choice, kid.|- He doesnt have a choice!
I know whats best for him!
No! You know whats best for you!
Well, lm not you, Dad!|Im a junkyard dog!
Thats my boy.
I guess there are some things|you have to learn on your own.
When youve had enough,|our door is always open.
House dog to the end.|Whatd I tell you, kid?
You cant teach an old dog|new tricks.
Huh?
Hey, Scampski!|This is for all youve done, kid.
You did it, kid! Youre at the top|of the heap now ! A junkyard dog!
Im-- Im a junkyard dog.
- You made it to the pack! Ha!|- Youre a doll, doll face.
Im a junkyard dog!
- How could you do that?|- Come on, Angel.
Hes your father. Go after him.|Youre not like the rest of us.
Youre good and decent, kind.
The streets will beat that|out of you if you stay.
But I made it. This is everything|that Ive ever dreamed of.
Dreamed of what? This?
You have a home and a family|that loves you.
- Youre not like the rest of us, Scamp.|- Oh, yeah, yeah, thats right.
Lets see. Uh, uh,|hes good and decent and kind.
Is that it, Scampy?
-You want to be a widdle house doggie?|-No!
Cause you know how I feel|about house dogs.
Hey, cut it out! Shes the one|who wants to be a house dog, not me!
- No! I didnt mean that.|- Is that true, Angel baby?
- I dont think a familys so bad.|- You hear that, boys?

She wants to be a little house pet.

-Oh, she wants to be a little house pet.|-Gonna wear ribbons. Gonna wear ribbons.

- You aint no junkyard dog.|- Thats right, Buster.
Im not. Not any more.

Oh, and, uh, lm not your girl.

Oh, theres going to be trouble.

May be you do belong here.

- Oh, come on. |Where is your sense of humour?|- Come on. We were just-- |We were goofin!

Come on, Angel!

Aw, who needs her? Let her go find |some snivelling, little family.
Thats where she belongs.

Angel.

Angel?

Angel! Angel?

I didnt mean it, Angel. |I dont know what I was thinking.
Really.

Angel, where are you?

just as I suspected, |out looking for Angel.

Beautiful. |Time to settle an old score.

Hold it right there, |ya scoundrel.

What the--

Well, lll be. |Youre not gettin away this time.

Great. I got everything |I ever wanted, and it stinks.

Come here, you little hooligan!

Huh? Buster!

Gotcha. Well, lookee here.

No collar. Its a one-way trip |to the pound for you.

Oh, man, slick move-- |me without a collar.

How could I be so stupid?

Dad was right. |Busters nothing but trouble.

I wish I was home.

Always there

To warm you in the winter

Always there

With shelter from the rain

Always there to catch you

When youre falling

Always there

To stand you up again

Family

By your side

In seconds if you ask it

Arms out wide #
To welcome you to stay #
Near enough #
To listen to your hearts song #
Always there to help you #
On your way #
Family #
Family #
Family #
What is a family #
Caring and devoted hearts #
With endless love to share #
Love that will follow you #
Everywhere #
Always there #
- To welcome you in winter#|#- What is a family #
Arms out wide #
#- To welcome you to stay#|#- Right by your side #
Near enough #
To listen to your hearts song #
Always there to help you|on your way #
- Family #|#- Always there #
- Family #|# - Family #
Family ##
- Scamp?|#- Angel!
- Scamp!|#- Get outta here ! Hell get you too!
Thisll hold ya, you crazy mutt.
Thought you could out foxme, huh?|Well, thatll be the day.
Hey, kid, looks like|you got thrown in the wrong cell.
Hey, Reggie.|Long time no see, huh?
Oh, I found you! You gotta come!|Hurry! Scamps in trouble!
- Scamp. Uhh!|#- Hes in the pound.
Hold on, son!
Keep your paws off my boy !
Hey, paws off my pop!
Oh, yeah, hes cashed in his bones.|Hes cashed.
Dad?
Dad, you did it!
Slick move !
All right.|We have to go now.
Aha! You!|The one that got away.
Let go! Let go! Oh, no!|Oh, have mercy ! Ah, ha!
Oh, let-- Oh, let go!
Arent the fireworks|lovely tonight?

Angel! A-A-Angel! Whoa.

- Come on, you two.|- Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey !

What about me?|Your old pal, right? Oh, come on!

After I stood by you se all through|that fight? Hey, come back here !

What, are you walking away from me?

- Pop?|- Son.

Im so sorry.

I shouldnt have run away.

Whirlwind. May be I was also being|a little too tough on you.

I dont see any harm in the two of us|goin down to the river...

once in a while|to bay at the moon.

- What do you say?|- Really? You and me?

Your old mans still got|a few good how is left in him.

I found him.

Oh. Oh, I found him|for sure this time!

- I found him!|- Och, you found nothing! Again!

- So far, youve found six cats,|three gophers, two rats--|- Aw, go easy on him, Uncle jock.

No, Ill not go easy on him, Scamp!|Five flyin pigs, a wilde beast--

Och! Scamp?

Why, it is Scamp.

Aye. Ill never hear|the end of this one either.

- Ready to go home, whirlwind?|- Not quite, Pop.

Theres one last thing|I got to take care of.

Do mine eyes deceive me?|Hey, Scamp!

Scamp a doodle!|You escaped the pound!

Yeah, no thanks to you.

Hey, come on.|You know our motto.

You can keep your motto...

but not this.

Im going home where I belong.

So long, Buster.

Hey, you missed, Scamp alooza! Huh?

- Thats my boy.|- Lets go home, Pop.

Hey, kid, come back here !|You cant leave me here !|Youre nothin but a house pet!

Its a good look for you, Buster.|The garbage adds some class.

Hey. Hey, someone|wanna lend me a paw here?

I think a home sounds nice.

With lots of children|and hugs and kisses.

If you dogs leave,|youre never comin back.

Au revoir, Buster.|It has been, as you say, beautiful.

Dogs! You cant leave me here !|I was only kidding.

Busters trouble|aint Busters trouble.

Come on! Busters trouble|is everybodys trouble.
Whats all the commotion?
- Scamp?|- Hey, Scamp! Scamp come home!|- Hes back!
Hey, Scamp, I love you!
Good job, boy.
Oh, Scamp. Its so good|to have you back where you belong.
Ew. You reek!
You need a bath.
But well worry about that later.
Jim, dear, I think Scamp|brought a friend home.
Hey there, girl.|Come on. Come on, girl.
Its okay.|Dont be afraid.
Did you help our Scamp out|on those lonely streets?
- Oh! Shes a little angel.|- Angel! Angel!
jim, dear, you dont suppose--
Oh, no, darling.|Weve got enough dogs as it is.
You know we cant-- No.
No. Uh-- Uh, we cant. I--
Oh, whats the use?
- Welcome to the family, Angel.|- Angel!
In our small, little|not too big, little, homey #
Nice, little, quaint, little|always friendly #
Old New England town #
Welcome #
Welcome #
Welcome #
Welcome #
This is the night #
Its a beautiful night #
And we call it #
Bella notte #
Look at the skies #
They have stars in their eyes #
On this lovely #
Bella notte #
So take this love #
Of your loved one #
Youll need it #
About this time #
To keep from fallin #
Like a star #
When you make that dizzy climb #
For this is the night #
And the heavens are right

On this lovely #
Bella notte #
Ooh, ooh, yeah #
This is the night #
Such a beautiful night #
And we call it #
Bella notte #
Look at the skies #
So many stars in their eyes #
What a lovely #
Bella notte #
Bella notte #
Side by side #
With your loved one #
Youll find enchantment #
Here #
- You know the #|#- Night will weave #
Its magic spell #
When the one you love #
Is near #
Oh, oh, oh #
This is the night #
And the heavens are right #
On this lovely #
Bella #
Notte #
Bella notte #
This lovely #
Bella #
Notte

Subtitle by Turgay Uykusuz