



Scripts.com

# Leroy and Stitch

By Unknown

[fanfare]

[applause]

- Aloha.

- [all] Aloha.

Today the Galactic Council assembles  
to honor Lilo and Stitch,  
who have successfully captured all 625  
of Jumba's genetic experiments,  
turned them from bad to good,  
and found each a place  
where it can belong.

[applause]

To recognize the completion  
of their task,  
the Galactic Council has elected  
to bestow the following rewards...

[gasps] You hear that, Jumba?

We're gonna get prizes.

Dr. Jumba Jookiba, we hereby return  
the confiscated key to your laboratory.

Hah! With old lab back,  
evil possibilities are infinite!  
Agent Wendy Pleakley...

[snores]

...we hereby offer you the chair  
of Earth Studies at the GACC.

Ohh.

Galactic Alliance Community College?

Yes!

As for Stitch,  
you are hereby offered a commission  
as captain of the Galactic Armada  
and commander of its  
new flagship the BRB-9000.

Ooh. BRB.

What's BRB stand for?

Big Red Battleship!

Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

Finally, Lilo Pelekai, you shall  
become our first Earth ambassador  
and return to Kauai  
to be the experiments' sole caretaker.

[applause]

You mean Jumba and Pleakley

and Stitch aren't coming home?  
Stitch wants to come back to Kauai.  
Right, Stitch?  
Oh, uh, Kauai.  
Yeah.  
Maybe everybody wants to go back?  
- Right. Of course.  
- What?  
Don't you have something to say?  
Oh, yeah, right. I'm wishing  
to go back to stinky water planet  
and share bunk bed  
with bossy one-eyed noodle.  
Is this your final decision?  
[all] Um...  
- Eeh.  
- Absolutely.  
I suppose. Or maybe...  
Then so be it.  
[electricity crackles]  
# Aloha  
# Ohana  
[foghorn bellows]  
[Lilo] Now that we're done  
catching experiments,  
we can do whatever we want.  
I want to finish my logbook.  
It's got a picture of every experiment,  
in the one place they belong.  
What do you want to do, Stitch?  
Hmm... [hums]  
- [grunts]  
- [pipe creaks]  
And, uh... Huh?  
- [rustling]  
- [Stitch muttering]  
Ee-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
[imitates jets roaring]  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
[gibberish]  
Scale model of Big Red Battleship.  
Impressive.  
[microwave beeps]  
Where are you taking the microwave?

Hah! Without evil genius lab,  
Jumba must energize genetic experiments  
with primitive Earth popcorn maker.  
You know, the microwave oven  
was invented by Dr. Percy Spencer.  
Ah, who cares?  
If you were a student at GACC you'd care  
'cause it would be on the final exam.  
And what do we call this, class?  
Breakfast?  
Specifically, grain-based flakes  
immersed in bovine gland extract.  
Eww!  
I'm off to work. Oh, Pleakley.  
I need you to fix Lilo's skirt  
for hula class.  
Only if you answer  
this extra credit question correctly.  
Where did the native Hawaiian  
hula dance originate?  
- Uh, Hawaii?  
- Very good, Nani!  
If you were attending GACC,  
I'd move you to the head of the class.  
- [imitates jets roaring]  
- [crash]  
[turbine backfires]  
[Gantu] Blitznak!  
Without the reserve engines,  
this ship is stupid and useless.  
- Just like you.  
- [sighs] Who am I kidding?  
You're right.  
I couldn't hold on to  
a single one of those experiments.  
You still got me,  
your faithful sandwich-making pal.  
Yes. I noticed the little Earth girl  
never captured you.  
I guessed the one place I belonged  
was with my blubber-butt buddy Gantu.  
Maybe that was  
my problem all along.  
What? Your blubber butt? [chuckles]

Gantu?

So, we're taking  
the old two-man shuttle, huh? Heh-heh.

Hey, you want I should fix  
a picnic lunch for the trip?

There's only room for two  
on the two-man shuttle,  
me and Dr. Hamsterviel.

- I'm breaking him out of prison.

- What?

This is my last chance  
to redeem myself.

If I succeed, my future is secured.

What about my future?

How am I supposed to pay the bills?

Why not make sandwiches?

It's all that you're good at.

- Maybe I will!

- Fine.

You're gonna miss my egg salad!

Not enough mayonnaise  
and too much dill weed.

What did you call me?

- [generator starts]

- [beep]

- [crackling]

- [beeps]

Aagh! Primitive Earth science.

Jumba... what was your old lab like?

Ah ha ha ha!

Galaxy Defense Industries.

State-of-art genetic accelerator.

Endless uburnium energy supply.

Everything little boy Jumba

ever dreamed of having

in evil genius laboratory! [laughs]

Hah...

Um, but popcorn power is good too.

[beeps]

[Pleakley] Welcome, students,

to Earthiana 101.

Quiet, class. Quiet!

Plooka, spit out that gum!

Lenlu, stop playing with your antenna.

- Pleakley.

- Aah! Oh, Lilo!

Don't pay any attention to me.

I wasn't pretending to be  
a professor of Earth Studies,  
just like I dreamed of  
since before I could walk on three legs.

Not at all! I was just, uh,  
uh... brushing my tongues!

BRB.

Scrump, have I ever told you the story  
of the Lonely Rooster?

Once there was a rooster named Pancake.

He was lonely.

So he went to the beach  
to make friends.

He made friends  
with a shell named Paula  
and an empty can of soda named Jimmy  
and a piece of a broken surfboard  
named Steve.

They were good friends  
and had fun playing together.

But then one day a big wave  
splashed over the whole beach  
and washed Paula and Jimmy  
and Steve away.

[wave crashes]

Pancake was sad  
that his friends were gone.

But Pancake was never lonely again,  
because he could always remember them.

The end.

Lilo, are you OK?

Scrump and I are getting used to  
the way things used to be.

So, you're letting them go.

They'll say they want to stay,  
but it's just because  
they don't want me to be sad.

They'll be OK without me, right?

Oh, Lilo.

You're showing so much aloha spirit  
letting them go.

And the aloha you give  
will always come back to you.  
It's like a circle.  
Aloha means hello,  
but it also means goodbye.  
It's hard to say goodbye.  
I know, baby.  
Goodbye, laundry!  
Goodbye, dirty dishes!  
Goodbye, dust bunnies.  
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!  
Nani says that letting you go  
shows aloha spirit,  
and that the aloha you give  
will always come back to you.  
Eh, interesting theory  
but scientifically impossible.  
I'm estimating 23 percent aloha  
- is lost in giving process.  
- [beakers break]  
You know, aloha is one of those  
Earth concepts I never did understand.  
Come, Pleakley. Oof!  
What is in here, bricks?  
Concrete, adobe, terra cotta...  
You name the brick, it's in there.  
My students are sure  
to find them fascinating.  
Jumba, you belong back in  
your real evil genius laboratory.  
But if you're ever missing Kauai,  
you can play this.  
It's my favorite Elvis record.  
Pleakley, you belong  
at Galactic Alliance Community College  
teaching Earth stuff to aliens.  
That's why I'm giving you this rock.  
Here it's just a dumb old paperweight,  
but out there it'll be a dumb old  
paperweight from another planet.  
I'll keep it with me always.  
And, Stitch, you belong...  
I'll miss you too.  
But you belong out in space,

catching bad guys  
with the Big Red Battleship.  
This is a very special necklace.  
I kept it hidden in a sock  
for three years.  
It's Ku Tiki, the god of strength.  
Promise to never take it off?  
- Promise.  
- You're number 626.

- **Name:**

- [camera clicks]

Aloha.

Aloha.

[alarm blares]

Don't worry, Dr. Hamsterviel,  
your escape will soon be complete.

What do you mean "complete"?

You haven't even broken me  
out of my cell!

Then who is this?

That's the warden's gerbil,  
you nearsighted fish stick!

[laughter]

Hmm. He looks just like you.

[P.A.] Security command,  
release portal 7.

Run! Run!

And put down that gerbil!

I brought you a little surprise.

- What is it?

- An Earth souvenir.

They call it an aloha lei.

It symbolizes...

Excellent! I'm starving!

Wait! Wait!

You're not supposed to...

[burps]

Never mind.

- [clears throat] Aloha.

- Captain Stitch.

The Council has received...

You have coconut cake  
on your uniform.



Oh. Sorry. [slurps]  
The Council has received  
a security alert.  
With the aid  
of the former Captain Gantu,  
Dr. Jacques von Hamsterviel  
has escaped from prison.  
- [gibberish]  
- This is your first mission  
as captain of the Galactic Armada.  
Seek out and capture Dr. Hamsterviel.  
It will also be the maiden voyage of...  
- Oh!  
- ...the BRB-9000.  
- [man] BRB fueling complete.  
- [woman] Hatchway secure.  
[man] Captain has arrived in the bay.  
Oh! Big Red...  
[play march]  
Whoo-hoo! Aah!  
[cymbal crash]  
He, uh,  
went in through the air manifold.  
- [door beeps]  
- Captain on the...  
- [Stitch laughs]  
- ...ceiling?  
Big Red, Big Red, Big Red!  
Huh?  
[seat motor whirring]  
[clicks]  
Hmm. [gibberish]  
[computer] Hyperdrive activated...  
Captain, you're certain you want to  
engage the H-drive in the spaceport?  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
[boosters firing]  
Well, he's certainly enthusiastic.  
Yeeow! [cackles]  
Anything I can get for you,  
Professor Pleakley?  
Why, yes. You could give me  
a great big pinch to wake me up!  
I've got a huge corner office,

a complete set of  
the Encyclopedia Earthiana,  
my very own walk-in closet,  
the keys to the college  
carpool van, and...  
galaxy-wide fame  
as the greatest Earth expert ever!  
[gasp] Is that a real Earth rock?  
Why, yes. Yes, it is.  
You've actually been to Earth?  
You must tell me everything.  
Of course. But you will have to wait  
for my first lecture,  
"Perspectives on Earthiana:  
A One-Eyed View."  
Lecture? You don't give lectures.  
I don't?  
Oh. Well, then,  
in my first class you can always...  
And you don't have classes either.  
You're a supervising professor.  
That's why you get  
all this great stuff:  
the office, the encyclopedias,  
your own walk-in closet and wardrobe.  
Oh, right.  
Could we take a look at that,  
um, new wardrobe?  
Ah! Jumba's evil scientist laboratory.  
Is just as I left it!  
So many wonderful memories  
of evil experimentation,  
ending with disgrace,  
arrest and imprisonment,  
but still wonderful memories.  
So much new evil to be done.  
Heh-heh-heh!  
Where to begin?  
Antiaircraft lollipops?  
Oh! Permanently stinky bedroom slippers?  
Or perhaps device  
to stop evil genius talking to self.  
Heh-heh-heh-heh!  
Eh, silly Jumba.

It's rounds time, Scrump.  
I used to do it with Stitch,  
but you can help me instead.  
We just check to make sure  
that all Stitch's cousins  
are still happy  
in the one place they belong.  
# I lai la ua i la  
# No mala hini ohana  
# Welcome, cousins  
Come on by  
# Aloha, e komo mai  
# I lai la ua i la  
# No mala hini ohana  
# Welcome, cousins  
Come on by  
# Aloha, e komo mai  
# Aloha  
# We'll find a place where you belong  
# Ohana  
# A family to call your own  
# Where you feel at home  
Everybody sing  
# I lai la ua i la  
# No mala hini ohana  
# Welcome, cousins  
Come on by  
# Aloha, e komo mai,  
nai nai nai nai  
# I lai la ua i la  
# No mala hini ohana  
# Welcome, cousins  
Come on by  
# Aloha, e komo mai  
# Aloha, e komo mai  
# Aloha  
# Ohana  
[popping]  
# Aloha #  
Wow! Wasp Mummies VI  
is already out.  
I hope my dad will let me go see it.  
- Well, I heard...  
- Aloha, Myrtle.

Where are you taking Gigi?  
I'm taking her to the canine spa.  
What'd you do with your dog?  
He's an outer space pilot  
in a Big Red Battleship  
- and fighting bad guys.  
- [Gigi whimpers]  
Is not! You're a weirdo!  
- [girls] Yeah!  
- No, I'm not!  
I'm done doing  
all that weird stuff now.  
Wanna play dolls?  
No way!  
Once a weirdo, always a weirdo.  
That's what my dad used to say.  
- I didn't know you had a dad.  
- Quiet, Yuki.  
In fact, I bet that's why  
your dog ran away,  
and I also bet that  
he's never coming back.  
- [girls] Yeah!  
- Just like Myrtle's dad.  
Quiet, Yuki!  
Hey! Wait up!  
Come on, Scrump.  
[Nani] Lilo! I told you  
you can't stay out after sunset.  
- OK.  
- OK?  
[groans]  
You did the right thing.  
- Letting them go shows...  
- [muffled] Aloha. I know.  
[bubbling]  
Add two tablespoons  
genetic material and...  
Hah! Have perfected  
evil genius boom-boom liquid  
for saliva of new experiment. [laughs]  
Pleakley! Come look!  
Pleak... [echoes]  
I'm forgetting. No Pleakley, just Jumba.

Shh! Who you talking to?

Shh! Stop that.

[glass breaks]

[Elvis] I'd like to sing a song  
that's probably the saddest song  
I've ever heard.

[# Elvis Presley:

I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry]

# Hear that lonesome whippoorwill

# He sounds too blue to fly

# The midnight train

# Is whining low

# I'm so lonesome I could cry

# Did you ever see

# A robin weep

# When leaves began to die?

# That means he's lost

# The will to live

# I'm so lonesome I could cry

# The silence

# Of a falling star

# Lights up

# A purple sky

# And as I wonder

# Where you are

# I'm so lonesome I could cry

# I'm so lonesome

# I could cry #

[applause]

Perhaps other side is less depressing.

- Jumba!

- Dr. Hamsterviel!

I see I have found you recollecting  
misty musical recollections.

Why are you no longer

on asteroid of inescapable prison?

No prison can contain me!

I... I mean, I am fully reformed.

Out on parole.

I heard you were

opening up the old shop.

So I am thinking... [sniffs]

maybe we could work together again.

[sighs] Remember the old days?

You creating experiments,  
I funding them  
with my shady business deals.

- No.

- Oh, come on!

Graduating together from Evil Genius U?

- [scoffs]

- Our first business together?

[scoffs]

What about creating  
our first experiment?  
You remember Shrink?  
25 years of partnership,  
and you did nothing but cheat Jumba,  
embarrass Jumba, steal from Jumba,  
and finally fink on Jumba  
to Galactic Federation.

For you, I wouldn't create  
piece of dry toast!

Very well, then.

You leave me no choice  
but to forcibly force you  
to make a new experiment by force!

By force! By force!

That was your cue!

Sorry.

Now, Jumba, I will explain this  
only once and oh, so patiently.  
I want to order a new version of 626.  
Make him with extra destructive  
capabilities but easy on the fluffy.  
And I don't like blue.

So make him resplendent red  
to match my cape,  
and make him to go!

Jumba makes genius experiments,  
not fast food.

Would take years just to create design.

Well, what about this one?

[clock ticking]

[mutters]

Is it done? Is it finished?

Can't be rushing evil genius.

[telephone rings]

Answer it.

But none of your  
not-so-funny funny business.  
Galaxy Defense Industries,  
where DNA stands for "Do Not Ask."

- Jumba!
- Pleakley!
- Eh, is bad time.
- I'm sorry.

It's just that, well...

I just miss you so much!  
I mean, heh, I just happen to be  
in your quadrant, so I thought,  
maybe I'll drop by.

- Enough! Hang up!
- No.

No? But don't you miss  
your Aunt Pleakley?

- No!
- I'm wearing the wig.

No! Not coming by.

Never coming by!

Never wanting seeing you again.

Yeah? Well, me neither!

What I meant when I said  
"I miss you so much and can I visit?"  
was "I don't miss you at all  
and I never ever want to see you  
ever again ever either!"

[cries]

Is truly evil!

Making Jumba pretend  
to be mean to Pleakley.  
Just finish my experiment.

Hmmph.

Am putting finishing touches... now.

[# Elvis Presley: Aloha Oe]

Why are you playing that  
annoyingly folksy folk music?

Eh, to annoy experiment.

Is making him more evil, yes?

Heh-heh.

Oh, good idea.

More evil is good.

[song ends]

- [evil cackle]

- [gasps]

[snarls]

Oh! He's so beautiful  
in his ugly nastiness.

Oh, perhaps I will mimic  
the little Earth girl  
and name you

with your very own name.

I shall call you... Spike!

Heh-heh. She already used that one.

Very well. Kicks.

- Used it.

- Slugger.

- Done.

- Cannonball?

He jumps in the water,  
makes awesome waves.

- [groans]

- Why not just call it 627?

- You already made 627.

- I did?

Shut up! I am naming the naming here.

I'll think of it.

I've got it!

I shall name you...

- Leroy!

- [laughter]

What? It is a genius name.

My Leroy will be defeated  
by no thing or no one,

- not even...

- [explosion]

- [all] 626?

- Aloha, Gerbil Boy.

[laughs] This is all so perfect.

A test for my new creation.

- Hey! Is my creation.

- Whatever.

Leroy, destroy him!

[Leroy and Stitch growl]

[growling]

[snarls]



[growls]  
- Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
- What is so ha-ha funny?  
- I don't have insurance.  
- Get him, Leroy. Get him!  
[growls]  
[crash]  
Aah! Ooh!  
[muffled growls]  
- Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
- [growls]  
[cackling]  
[cackling]  
- [doorbell rings]  
- Is this a bad time?  
[muffled growls]  
[Pleakley] I just wanted to make up.  
Next time send flowers.  
Now that I have proven Leroy  
to be an invincible fighting machine...  
Leroy? [laughs]  
...I shall proceed with the next phase  
of my oh-so-clever plan,  
creating an army of Leroy clones!  
[machine hums]  
[cackles]  
[bell counter ticking]  
And now, to dispose of you  
three meddling meddlers.  
[grunting]  
I have cleverly  
programmed this vehicle  
with destination  
coordinates 12-21-9-7-9.  
The black hole!  
We can't fly into a black hole!  
I've gotta have the van  
back to the college by 6:00.  
Well, you're going to be late  
by about...  
...forever! [echoes]  
[dinging]  
- Captain on this... floor.  
- [growls]

[snarls]  
[speaks gibberish]  
Captain setting destination coordinates.  
Zero parsec?  
Captain Stitch, our orders are  
to return the prisoner to Asteroid K-37.  
Why are we setting a course for Turo?  
[snarls, speaks gibberish]  
[gasps] You're not the captain!  
He is now! [cackles]  
[snarls]  
[line ringing]  
[man] Hello, this is Cobra Bubbles.  
Cobra, I want to call Stitch.  
I'm unable to come  
to the phone right now.  
My current location: classified.  
Estimated return time: classified.  
Have a nice day.  
[sighs]  
[Nani] Does Scrump want some breakfast?  
It's her favorite, cold pizza.  
She's not hungry.  
She's worried about Stitch.  
Aww, Stitch can take care of himself.  
He's indestructible, remember?  
I told Scrump that,  
but she gets feelings sometimes.  
She thinks something's wrong.  
so I've been trying to  
get in touch with Stitch.  
Oh, 'cause you're gonna need  
one of those intergalactic communicator  
thingies if you want to contact him.  
I know!  
But Jumba and Pleakley's ship is gone,  
and Pleakley took his space cell phone.  
Who else? Out of my way!  
- I need peanut butter!  
- For breakfast?  
Hello?  
Hmmp, Gantu schmantu.  
Who needs him?  
Nothing but a pain

in the patookie anyhow.  
Didn't even like my egg salad.  
"More mayonnaise, less dill weed."  
- Uh, hello?  
- Sorry, we're not open.  
- Open?  
- I'm turning this dump  
into the best spaceship-shaped  
sandwich shop on the island.  
- Where's Gantu?  
- He left.  
But I'm naming  
a sandwich after him,  
the open-faced  
double decker blubber butt.  
I won't ask what's in it.  
I brought you something.  
Peanut butter and jelly? [sniffs]  
Gee, nobody's ever made me a sandwich.  
Heh-heh.  
Hey, what do you want?  
I need to call Stitch.  
Sorry. Videophone's busted,  
like everything else in this dump.  
- Can you fix it?  
- Why should I?  
Gantu's the only one who'd call,  
and I ain't answerin'.  
From now on, I'm lookin' out  
for old number 625.  
625. I never gave you a name, did I?  
A name? For me?  
Let's see. How about Patty?  
Short for patty melt.  
Or... Monte? Like a Monte Cristo?  
Or Pita Pita Sandwich Eata. [chuckles]  
[sarcastic chuckle] I don't think so.  
I know! Reuben.  
Huh. The classic corned beef  
and sauerkraut on rye.  
Reuben. Ooh, I like that.  
So, uh, does this give me  
official "cousin" status?  
You know, full ohana rights?

All that aloha stuff?  
Depends. You have to give aloha  
to get some back.  
So, you're gonna help me  
fix the videophone?  
Sure. Why not?  
It's Lilo, right?  
[banging on metal]  
- [clattering]  
- [saw buzzing]  
[air wrench whirring]  
Uh, you sure  
that's gonna work?  
You'd be amazed.  
Pickle juice is a great conductor.  
[humming]  
- You may thank me later.  
- I'll thank you now.  
Mahalo, Reuben.  
Heh. No problem, Lilo.  
[snarls]  
- [Leroy laughs]  
- [beeping]  
Incoming call from... E-arth, sir.  
[growls, speaks gibberish]  
It must be the little Earth girl.  
Ha-ha! My Leroy will easily  
dupe her tiny little brain.  
Hide!  
Oooh!  
Aloha, Stitch.  
- Stitch?  
- Uh...  
- Say "eeh."  
- Eeh.  
- Are you OK?  
- No, cuter. Think "plush toy"!  
Oh, yeah, it's me. I'm Fluffy.  
That's him, all right.  
Wait a minute. My tiki necklace.  
He's not wearing it. That's not Stitch!  
- Hang up. Hang up!  
- OK! Bye-bye!  
- Wait!

- [explosion]

Ah. I think that went very well,  
don't you?

- Actually, I think...

- I didn't ask what you think!

- Actually, you did. I...

- It was a rhetorical question!

Don't you know what  
a rhetorical question is?

- Yes, sir! I believe it's...

- That was rhetorical too!

[groans] Aah! [sighs]

My genius plan is unfolding perfectly.  
Prepare for hyperspace to planet Turo,  
where I and my army of Leroy's...

- [slurping]

- Quit picking your nose.

...shall take over  
the stinky Galactic Alliance!

Sir, I must point out  
a weak spot in your plan.

The little Earth girl  
has a special talent  
for turning evil experiments  
from bad to good.

And she controls a force of over 600  
of Jumba's genetic creations.  
This makes her a credible threat  
to your Leroy army.

Very well.

Then the little girl's experiments  
must be captured  
and taken to a large public arena,  
where I shall destroy them all!

[cackling]

This is clearly a job  
for my most trusted henchman.

Thank you, sir.

I won't fail you this time.

You have already failed me 625 times.

No, this time I will send  
my new trusted henchman,

- Leroy!

- [growls]

[static]  
Reuben, there's a fake Stitch  
driving the Big Red Battleship.  
Do you know what that means?  
I don't know. It's lunchtime?  
No. Stitch is in trouble, and so is  
the Galactic Armada and planet Turo  
and maybe the whole galaxy!  
It ain't our problem.  
Look, you're number 625.  
The closest one to Stitch.  
If you wanted to,  
you could have all of his powers.  
You just have to stop making sandwiches  
and start making something of yourself.  
- [sighs]  
- I'm gonna fix this ship,  
fly to planet Turo  
and warn the Grand Councilwoman.  
Are you with me?  
I said, are you with me?  
I'm with you, sister,  
but first we gotta put this servo unit  
back in the main drive shaft.  
You are as strong as Stitch.  
Now, we reroute  
the ignition conduit...  
And you can walk on the ceiling.  
[Reuben] Whoa-ohh!  
I'm a little out of practice.  
Flazookian cartridge clamp.  
- Here?  
- Smaishy scoop.  
- Is this it?  
- Pickle.  
- It's got a bite out of it.  
- Perfect!  
[rapid beeping]  
[crackling]  
[gulps]  
- [sizzling]  
- [beeping]  
And please,  
keep Weirdlo and her weirdness

as far away from me as possible.

[crackles]

[rumbling]

[cackling]

[screams]

[screams]

Black hole dead ahead!

[grunts]

Aah! Ha-ha! [grunts]

[speaks gibberish]

[computer]

New destination coordinates denied.

[growls, speaks gibberish]

[metal creaking]

Impact with black hole: one minute.

[Pleakley] What's gonna happen to us?

According to calculations, black hole will transport us to volcano planet, where we will be quickly yet painfully vaporized!

- Vapor?

- Unless....

- "Unless"?

- Unless we alter destination by disrupting event horizon just before entry.

Is requiring small projectile approximately 3-inch diameter weighing 17.2 ounces.

But we don't have...

Wait a minute!

Lilo's rock!

- [beep]

- Ay! Is 22.3 ounces.

Gimme.

Impact with black hole: 30 seconds.

Go, little monster! Go, go, go!

Save us, save us,  
from the black hole!

Yay!

[all] Aaah!

[cackles]

[croaks]

[rapid footsteps]

[growls]  
[sniffing]  
[grunting]  
[speaks gibberish]  
[gasps, speaks gibberish]  
- [chuckles]  
- [Nani] Lilo, I'm home.  
- [gibberish]  
- You in bed already?  
[snoring]  
Guess that answers that.  
[cackles]  
[# Theme to Hawaii Five-0]  
It crash-landed in my backyard.  
I bet it came to take you-know-who  
back to planet Weirdlo.  
Yeah. Lilo wasn't in class today.  
- Maybe it ate her.  
- Maybe it's gonna eat us all.  
Well, I'm not gonna  
wait around to get digested.  
I'm telling Officer Kaihiko.  
Come on, Gigi.  
[snarls]  
- Nice doggie.  
- [barks]  
- [screams]  
- Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
[computer]  
Arrival clearance code approved.  
They're letting us land.  
Miss Grand Councilwoman!  
Stitch is in trouble!  
He's not in control of...  
- Hello.  
- Hamsterviel?  
- "Hamsterveal"?  
- It is pronounced Hamsterviel.  
Dr. Jacques von Hamsterviel,  
king, top ruler of the galaxy.  
[cackles]  
I'd get down and gloat in your faces,  
but I can't get out this chair. Gantu!  
Heh-heh! Nice cape.



- We're too late.

- Indeed.

I have taken over the Galactic Alliance  
using my army of clones named Leroy.

- Leroy?

- What's wrong with Leroy?

Nothing. I like it.

- See?

- [growls]

You can't run the galaxy.

That's the Grand Councilwoman's job.

She has been demoted.

- Dr. Hamsterviel's office.

- [creature jabbering]

I'm sorry. He's in a meeting.

It'll never work. Stitch will stop you.

Hmm, Stitch? Sti...

Oh, you mean that weakling 626?

The one I sent tumbling  
to his doom in a black hole?

Is that the Stitch to which  
you are referring to?

- Black hole?

- Oh, don't worry.

He's got plenty of company.

That idiot scientist  
and one-eyed noodley thing.

Jumba and Pleakley?

- What is it?

- Incoming call, sir,

- from a Mr. Leroy.

- Put him through!

What is the progress?

[speaks gibberish]

- Talk normal!

- All experiments captured.

Excellent! I'm on my way.

It has taken Leroy  
a paltry few hours to succeed  
while you took three years to fail.

- What is wrong with you?

- Well, I have a bad knee.

No! That was a rhetorical question.

You don't answer it!

Now will you get me down  
from this chair.

Uh, was that a rhetorical question?

No! That one was not...

Get me down! Get me down!

[Gantu] What should I do  
with the girl and 625?

- Take them to the prison block.

- Yes, sir.

Then pick up your final paycheck  
and return your ID.

- What?!

- You heard me. You are fired.

Now that I have Leroy,  
you are no longer needed.

But what about my future?

How am I supposed to pay the bills?

Well, why not write your memoirs?

Diary of an Incompetent

Fish-headed Minion:

The Idiot Years.

[sighs]

To assure my galactic dominance,  
I am now off to Earth  
to eliminate those pesky experiments!

Ah!

My years of devotion and hard work,  
and this is how I'm rewarded?

You are right.

That gerbil treats you  
like a pile of blitznak.

See, his problem is  
he's got no aloha spirit.

But that will come back  
and bite him in the tail someday.

'Cause you know, the aloha spirit  
you give always comes back to you.

At least that's what Lilo says.

Though it looks like  
her spirit's kind of broken.

Nani says aloha means  
"hello" and "goodbye,"

but for us,

it mostly seems to mean goodbye.

You know, turns out I'm pretty strong.

I could maybe open this.

Whoa! Ha-ha! I am strong!

You didn't open the cell. I did.

I'm breaking you two out of here.

- Aloha.

- Aloha! Whoa-ohh!

[speaks gibberish]

[speaks gibberish]

625, when did you learn

to climb ceilings?

The name is Reuben.

Once we're through this airlock,

it's clear sailing to the spaceport.

- [gibberish]

- Uh-oh.

Hey, this looks like Pleakley's rock,

with a bite out of it.

Stitch!

- Ah!

- How did you get here?

- No time explaining.

- Hurry! Get in!

- Whaah! Gantu?

- No time explaining.

We've got to get back to Earth

and save the cousins.

Well, how will we all fit?

I could ride in the buckety-back.

[cackles]

I wonder what they got

in store for us.

I heard Hamsterviel

is taking over the galaxy

and he brought us

all here to get rid of us.

It's OK.

We're just having a nightmare.

You know, I had a nightmare once.

I had to take a test on spaghetti.

I studied rigatoni.

I was late for class.

I was naked, fell off a cliff,

I tried to scream and I couldn't...

[speaks gibberish]  
[growls, barks]  
[cackling]  
Finally! It is an evil dream come true.  
All you ridiculous 625...  
Actually, 624,  
'cause you subtract Stitch and...  
Whatever! Lock cannon on target!  
[machine whirrs]  
Not happening.  
Not happening.  
Aloha... as in goodbye.  
[Stitch] Cowabunga!  
Aaaah!  
[laughs]  
Heh-heh! Who knew carpool vans  
had such sophisticated weapon systems?  
My cannon! And you!  
How did you escape my imprisoning?  
Gantu turned from bad to good.  
Hey, where is Gantu?  
Oh. Heh. He's still in backety-back.  
[alarm chirps]  
- Thanks.  
- What?!  
He's on the aloha team now.  
You never did understand  
the meaning of aloha, did you?  
Well, I think it means...  
Uh, that was a rhetorical question.  
[groans]  
You aren't the only one  
with a team, you know.  
What you forget is  
that I have my own army,  
and I have them riding  
in the frontedy-front.  
[growling]  
This is bad.  
I'm calculating our odds of victory  
at, eh... zero.  
[speaking gibberish]  
[growling]  
[rumbles]

Whoaaaah!  
[whistle blows]  
- [screams]  
- [growls]  
- [grunts]  
- [rayguns cock]  
[gasps, speaks gibberish]  
- [Leroys laugh]  
- [grunts]  
[gibberish]  
- Whoa!  
- [crash]  
Yeow! [mutter]  
[giggling]  
[electricity crackles]  
- Nice one, cousin.  
- You can talk?  
- [laughs]  
- Look out!  
- Boyd!  
- There's too many of 'em!  
[growls]  
- [speaks gibberish]  
- [speaks gibberish]  
[growls]  
- [laughs]  
- Huh? Uh-oh.  
Aah! Uhh!  
Ow, my head.  
Jumba, a little evil genius help here.  
[scoffs] If Jumba was real evil genius,  
he would have programmed shutoff switch  
into original Leroy.  
Wait! Jumba is evil genius!  
Hawaiian folksy folk music  
is tied into synapse matrix.  
If Leroy is hearing Aloha Oe,  
he is shutting down  
like a car wash in a rainstorm.  
- Will it shut 'em all down?  
- Heh-heh. I don't know.  
Ahh! Eeh!  
Are you thinking what I'm thinking?  
Rock 'n' roll, baby!

[humming]  
Jumba, sound!  
Cranking up to evil 11.  
Pleakley, lights.  
Bright. Very bright!  
Gantu! Uh...  
...fireworks?  
Gladly.  
- [microphone feedback]  
- [clears throat]  
Aloha, cousins!  
[playing rock guitar]  
- [string snaps]  
- [gibberish]  
[# Aloha Oe]  
# Aloha oe, aloha oe  
# E ke onaona  
noho i ka liko  
# One fond embrace,  
a ho 'i a 'e au  
# Until we meet again  
[laughs]  
- # Aloha oe  
- # Aloha oe  
[all] # E ke onaona  
noho i ka lipo  
# One fond embrace,  
a ho 'i a 'e au  
# Until we meet again  
[saxophone solo]  
It's working! Aloha totally rocks!  
[blubbering]  
Not my original Leroy!  
[growling]  
[all] # Aloha oe, aloha oe  
I am not beach ball light.  
I am hamster light!  
[all] # One fond embrace,  
a ho 'i a 'e au  
# Until we meet again  
- [gibberish]  
- # Until we meet again  
Sing it, cousin!  
# Until we meet again #

Aloha!

- [song ends]

- [cheering]

[applause]

It is with great joy  
that I return to the Galactic Council,  
and with even greater joy that we  
once again honor our greatest heroes.

[applause]

How can we ever repay you?  
Especially Lilo and Captain Stitch.

No captain, just Stitch.

Am I to understand that you wish  
to resign your commission?

Yes, please.

Stitch has found one place  
he truly belongs.

On Earth, with Lilo.

That being the case,

Mr. Gantu, would you be interested  
in resuming your position  
as captain of the Galactic Armada?

Would I?! Ahem.

I mean, yes, Your Eminence.

- On one condition.

- Condition?

I'd like to request experiment 625...

ahem, I mean, Reuben,  
as my galley officer.

No kiddin'?

I've grown rather fond  
of your egg salad.

Granted.

And finally, Jumba and Pleakley.

Jumba would like to return  
to Earth as well.

You would?

But what about your lab?

Jumba is finally understanding  
ohana is more important.

Don't have to be evil genius  
to see that.

Well, then, I surely don't need  
a non-teaching teaching job.

- Your point being?  
- Crazy head! I wanna go home!  
That's all I want too.  
To go home with my ohana.  
- Eeh.  
- [applause]  
[Lilo] Bigger smile, Stitch.  
Little closer to Nani, David.  
- Myrtle?  
- I still think you're weird.  
But Gigi says she likes  
being part of an ohana.  
OK, everybody, this is it.  
For the last picture in my book,  
a group shot.  
The whole ohana!  
Everybody, say  
aloha!  
[all] Aloha!  
# Aloha  
# Ohana #  
[# Elvis Presley: Jailhouse Rock]  
# The warden threw a party  
in the county jail  
# The prison band was there  
and they began to wail  
# The band was jumping  
and the joint began to swing  
# You should've heard those  
knocked-out jailbirds sing  
# Let's rock  
# Everybody, let's rock  
# Everybody in the whole cell block  
# Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock  
# Spider Murphy played  
the tenor saxophone  
# Little Joe was blowin'  
on the slide trombone  
# The drummer boy from Illinois  
went crash, boom, bang  
# The whole rhythm section  
was the Purple Gang  
# Let's rock  
# Everybody, let's rock



# Everybody in the whole cell block  
# Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock  
# Number forty-seven  
said to number three  
# You're the cutest jailbird  
I ever did see  
# I sure would be delighted  
with your company  
# Come on and do  
the Jailhouse Rock with me  
# Let's rock  
# Everybody, let's rock  
# Everybody in the whole cell block  
# Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock  
# Run, run, run  
# Sad sack was sittin'  
on a block of stone  
# Way over in the corner  
weepin' all alone  
# The warden said Hey, buddy,  
don't you be no square  
# If you can't find a partner  
use a wooden chair  
# Let's rock  
# Everybody, let's rock  
# Everybody in the whole cell block  
# Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock  
# Shifty Henry said to Bugs  
For Heaven's sake  
# No one's lookin',  
now's our chance to make a break  
# Buggy turned to Shifty  
and he said, Nix nix  
# I wanna stick around a while  
and get my kicks  
# Let's rock  
# Everybody, let's rock  
# Everybody in the whole cell block  
# Was dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock  
# Dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock  
# Dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock  
# Dancin' to the Jailhouse Rock... #

**[# Everlife:**

# Baby, don't be cruel  
# You know I can be found  
# Sitting home all alone  
# If you can't come around  
# At least please telephone  
# Don't be cruel  
# To a heart that's true, yea  
# Yeah, baby, if I made you mad  
# For something I might have said  
# Please let's forget the past  
# The future looks bright ahead  
# Don't be cruel  
to a heart that's true, yeah  
# I don't want no other love  
# Baby, it's only you  
# I'm thinking of  
# No other love I'm thinking of  
# Don't stop thinking of me, no, no  
# Don't make me feel bad this way  
# Come on over here and love me  
# You know what I want you to say  
# Don't be cruel  
# To a heart that's true, yeah, yeah  
# Why should we be apart?  
# I really, really love you, baby  
# Cross my heart  
# Cross my heart, mmm  
# I really, really love you, baby  
- # Baby...  
- # Baby  
# Let's walk up to the preacher  
# And let us say I do  
# Then you'll know you'll have me  
# And I'll know that I'll have you  
# Don't be cruel  
# Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
# Why should we be apart?  
# I really, really love you, baby  
# I don't want no other love  
# Baby, it's only you  
# I'm thinking of  
# Don't be cruel  
# Don't be cruel #