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Open Season

By Steve Bencich

Now, that's a roar, Boog.
Now get in. We're gonna be late.
No denying. The girl's got growl.
But can she get down like this?
Can you get down like this?
Bring it here. Bring it.
Then bring it right back, huh?
Look at that. Look at that.
Here it comes.
Hey, Gordy.
Morning, Beth.
Welcome to Timberline's
Wilderness Extravaganza.
I'm Ranger Beth.
Please, put your hands together
for Boog.
Behold, the mighty grizzly.
You can say I'm in love
You could say I'm insane
But no one understands me
Like my darling Lorraine
Looks like you're going
from one grill to another.
We rocked that house,
didn't we, Boog?
They were eating out of our hands.
Well, my hands, your paws.
Eating out of your paw.
That's good.
That's going in the show.
Shaw.
That guy really chaps my khakis.
You wait here, Boog.
- Cuff him, Gordy.
- Oh, the Girl Scouts are here.
He's at it again.
Shaw, hunting season doesn't start
for three days.
What are you doing
with that buck on your hood?
What? It ain't my fault.
He ran right in front of my truck.
Where, on the interstate?
Sort of.

Where is that girl?
That's nasty.
What? What the--?
What's going on? Where am I?
I saw a bright light and--
I saw two bright lights and...
- Am I dead?
- Not yet.
But seeing how
that is Shaw's truck--
- What's a Shaw?
- Only the nastiest hunter in town.
A hunter? Did he get you too?
You don't see me tied up,
do you, baby?
- This is my ride.
- Your ride?
Yeah, this is my town, okay?
These are my people.
This is where I reside.
Nobody's hunting this bear.
Really? Well, then untie me.
Please? Look, no one's looking.
- Ain't gonna be able to do it.
- What am I gonna do?
I don't wanna be mounted on a wall.
- Calm down. Ain't gonna happen.
- It's not?
- Not with that rack.
- I don't have a problem with--
My... It's...
I'm a unihorn. Don't look at me.
Don't look at me.
I'm hideous. I'm a monster.
- Tree-hugger.
- Knuckle dragger.
- Tree-hugger.
- Knuckle dragger.
Veggieburger.
All right, all right.
That's enough, you two.
Listen, Girl Scout,
they're dumb animals.
I'm just respecting the natural order:

man on top, animals on the bottom.
But your bear--
Now, now, your bear is special.
He belongs somewhere
in the middle.
Between two slices of rye,
smothered in gravy.
You're a sick, sick,
twisted puppy, Shaw.
Put me down for a box of Thin Mints,
will you, sweetie?
Six-toed gun monkey.
Boog, come on, let's get out of here.
Come on, I'm begging you.
Please, please. Just untie me.
Come on. Please, please, please?
Hey, go on now. Scamper on
back to the woods, little buddy.
Little one-horned freak.
Buddy? He called me "buddy."
My buck.
My truck. Why, you little--
Shaw, no shooting in town.
But, Gordy, that bear leaned over
and untied my buck.
- Didn't you see that?
- All I see is a busted headlight.
Shaw, you've been living
in the woods too long.
They can't tell me what I seen,
because only I know what I seen.
Wheel of Fortune!
Big money got to come. Come on.
- Okay, buddy, time for bed.
- Five hundred--
- There's no R--
- Boog.
Mr. Dinkleman's waiting.
Good night, big guy.
Oh, did I forget something?
No, no, no. No more treats for you.
No, stop it.
Not the face.
Oh, no, not the eyebrows too.

No, it's not gonna work this time.
Stop it. I'm serious, Boog.
It's cute, but no-- All right.
If you go out in the woods today
You're sure of a big surprise
If you go out in the woods today
You'd better go in disguise
For every bear
That ever there was
Will gather there together because
Today's the day
The teddy bears have their picnic
Good night, Boog.
Who's there?
I'm warning you. I got ten claws
and I ain't afraid to use them.
- Hey, buddy. It's me, Elliot.
- What are you doing here?
You helped me,
I'm returning the favor.
I'm busting you out of here.
Let's go. Let's do this.
Come on. Let's book it before
the warden makes her rounds.
No, cornflake.
You've got it all twisted.
- This here is my home.
- Sweet.
Now haul your little butt
back out that window.
- What's this?
- Get off of that.
So soft. What is that?
What are you doing in there?
This place is big enough for two.
- What?
- Wow, look at that.
Does this look natural?
- Give me that.
- Oh, who's this little guy?
- Dinkleman.
- Dinkleman?
Is Dinkleman your doll?
I don't care about that old thing.

Oh, I get it. You're like a pet.

- I ain't nobody's pet.

- Right.

I do what I want, when I want,
and I come and go as I please.

Well, then let's go.

Outside?

Why would I wanna go outside
when I got all I need in...

Whoa, what's that?

I call them Woo Hoos, like:

You want one?

I know where there's a bunch of them,
but you gotta go...

...outside.

Inside. Outside.

- Inside. Outside.

- Stop it.

- Stupid nose.

- Inside. Outsi--

Okay, I got that Woo Hoo right out of
one of those container doohickeys.

You got that out the garbage?

I had that in my mouth
and everything.

Dude, you're freaking me out
with that nose thing.

- Whoa.

- What is it?

- It's a whole Woo Hoo village.

- Sweet.

It's locked. Maybe we should
come back tomorrow.

Hey.

Elliot, look what you... You did.

You gonna get us in some trouble.

The Woo Hoo bar.

She's my lady. Smooth and creamy.

So bad, I shouldn't. Yet I will.

What is that?

Whoa, let me try.

Boog. Boog?

- Hello, idiot.

- It's "Elliot."

I come in peace.

I'm foraging.

Pepperoni!

- All right. Yeah, there it is. Let's go.

- Boog, party's over, let's go.

- All right, yeah, there it is.

- Freeze.

Behold, the mighty grizzly.

Good night.

If you go out in the woods today

There's gonna be some fries

Yeah, and the giraffes...

...they taste almost exactly

like the elephants.

That's messed up.

Hey, Gordy.

Back up quick, before she sees me.

You're in big trouble, mister.

You know what sugar does

to you, Boog.

Straight to bed, now!

I'm so sorry. It's my fault.

It won't happen again.

- What if he had hurt someone?

- Gordy, please.

- We're talking about Boog here.

- Hey, what are you looking at?

I told you not to wait up.

- I'll take him back to the woods.

- It's time to put him where he belongs.

No, no, he's not ready to go back yet.

I mean, it's not my fault.

I tried to teach him the basics.

I took him fishing,

but he didn't wanna get wet.

Gordy, please--

Boog is sorry.

- Beth, you're not his mother.

- I'm not mothering him.

Excuse me. Go to bed, Boog!

One more summer.

That's all I'm asking,

one summer.

Great, see? I can be reasonable.

Thanks.

You know something?

The longer you wait, the harder
it's gonna be for him to adapt.

Oh, I'm sure he'll...

At least I think he'll--

And the harder it's gonna be
for you to let him go.

Good night, Beth.

What am I gonna do with you?

This isn't decaf. You know
what caffeine does to me, Bob.

I'd be talking up a storm,
chatting your ear off...

...a mile a minute

for the whole ride.

Mr. Weenie, heel. Heel, Mr. Weenie.

Hot.

It's terrible but wonderful
at the same time.

It's like freedom in a cup.

Out of hand.

You know, I heard Boog got loose
last night...

...and he totally trashed the place.

- Really?

- That's what happened.

There's something wrong
going on here.

You? It walks like a man.

Hold still,

you two-legged latte drinker.

Look out!

Not again.

Boog will have you eating out
of his paw.

Get it?

"Paw," because he's a bear?

- So anyway...

- Oh, man.

Okay, relax, Boog.

You can do this.

- What the--?

- I gotta hide. I gotta hide.

What are you doing?

Get out of here. Hey.

He's right behind me.

I knew it.

That bear's corrupted my buck.

Hide me.

- All right, he's gone. Now get out.

- Good idea.

- Where you going?

- Behold, the mighty grizzly.

How cute, a donkey.

- You got me in enough trouble.

- Hey, I-- You saved my life.

That means

that you're responsible for me.

What? Stop messing up my life.

You needed to get out.

You should thank me.

- Thank you?

- You're welcome, buddy.

Stop calling me that. Now get out.

Need to hide. Need to hide.

Boog?

Oh, no, you don't.

You're leaving now.

- Out of the coat. Take it off.

- No. No!

- Take off the coat.

- No means no.

- He's eating the donkey.

- He's gonna eat us all.

You know he's still out there.

Eat you? He's not gonna--

Boog, what are you doing?

Put that animal down this instant.

- Hold still.

- No, I'm staying.

But my show!

Sit, Boog. You're getting a time-out.

Do you hear me?

I'm totally getting angry.

That guy wants to kill me.

No, wait.

- I chipped a hoof.

- Chipped a--?
You chipped a-- I'm gonna kill you.
He's harmless. Really.
Stay calm. Stay calm!
Out of my way. Move.
Show's over,
you four-legged freaks of nature.
Perfect.
Shaw. Drop that gun.
You're ruining my show.
Easy, now. Just line them up.
Two heads, one bullet.
Buttermilk biscuits.
Shaw, you're under arrest.
Shaw?
Gordy, I didn't know
what else to do. I--
It's time, Beth.
But what about hunting season?
Take him above the falls.
He'll be safe there.
Take him above the falls.
He'll be safe there.
You're gonna be...
You're gonna be fine.
I'm gonna miss you, big guy.
Pretty.
Where's home? It's gone.
Someone stole it.
Hey, could you keep it down?
I'm trying to sleep here.
You.
- No, I didn't do it.
- Take a good look, Elliot.
What do you see, Elliot?
Something's missing, Elliot.
What is it, Elliot? What is it?
Wait, don't tell me. I...
Timberline is missing!
- I was just gonna say that.
- My garage is missing.
Breakfast, lunch, and dinner
are missing.
My life is missing,

and it's all your fault.
What are you gonna do?
You're funny.
I thought, "Maybe," but then
I was like... and then--
This ain't happening.
It's some kind of mistake.
Think, Boog. She's mad,
but you can fix this.
All right, I'll go back
and I'll give her the face.
The face.
Gotta get back before
she forgets the face.
That'll clear it all up right there.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, the face.
Boog!
You can't just go wandering
around out here.
You don't know where you're going,
Boog!
I'm going home.
Wait. Boog.
I know where Timberline is.
- I can get you back.
- Thank you, but no thank you.
Quiet.
Timberline's gotta be
around here somewhere.
Well, that was quick.
Now, let's see.
Righty-tighty, lefty-loosey.
Boog, is that you?
Boog.
Okay, I gotta get the lay of the land.
Somehow...
...if I get up high enough, then...
All right.
I can do this.
No problem.
Lost your way to Sunday school, pal?
This is McSquizzy's turf.
Nobody messes with McSquizzy.
Because that's me.

- What?
- Touch a needle in this tree...
- ...and I'll give you such a doing!
- Yeah?
You and what army?
Oh, that army.
Mess not with the furrytail clan.
Defenders of the good,
crusaders of the righteous...
...guardians of the pine.
Keep your tree. I'll find another one.
Look! He's got a wee freakish twin
growing out of his back.
Oh, this one will work.
Hey. That was a warning, all right?
Try that again, and I'll be kicking
your furry brown bahookie!
- What?
- Hey, this is a different tree.
They're all my trees.
I suggest you turn round and head
right back from whence you came.
That's what I'm trying to do.
So just point me the way to town...
...and I'll be out of here.
That's it.
You're asking for a whooping.
Ready!
Fire!
Hey, Boog, look. No hands.
I think I'm getting a sunburn,
though.
Check it out.
All right, where's town?
Or what we would call this,
a moon burn.
Look, just give me the directions.
I really need to get back.
So sad.
- Where's Timberline?
- Okay. Okay. All right.
You got it good
in Timberline, right?
Coffee, Woo Hoo bars, safety.

- Yeah, so?
- And still, something is missing.
- There is?
- Yep. Me.
And I want in, Boog.
I'll take you to town...
...but when we get there,
we're partners.
Deal, partner?
What? Oh, no, no, no.
That ain't never
gonna happen. Never.
Don't you have a herd
to get back to?
What--? My herd?
They-- My herd will understand.
These guys are my--
They're my buddies.
- They-- They want the best for me.
- Forget it.
Oh, well.
Better start moving, then.
Because open season starts
in a few days.
Maybe one of those hunters
can give you a ride back...
...on the hood of their truck.
Hunters. Dang.
- Okay, okay.
- So we have a deal, then?
Okay, let me hear you say it.
- Partners?
- You're disgusting.
- What was that?
- I...
- Sorry, can't hear you.
- I said, I guess...
...we can be partners.
Partners?
Partners.
Okey-dokey, this way!
Move it or lose it!
You know, we should have
a secret handshake...

...and like nicknames and stuff.
Like, cool nicknames, though.
I'll call you Boogster...
...and then you can call me
The Incredible Mister E.
Isn't that great?
I came up with that myself.
I made that up. You know,
this is gonna be awesome.
It's just you and me.
Hey, who's the lady in the shorts?
I hope I'm not too late.
They've been out here all night.
A bear...
...and a deer, working together.
How far does this conspiracy go?
What other animals are involved?
God bless America!
I hope the bald eagle hasn't turned.
No, no, no.
Maybe they're right.
Maybe... Maybe old Shaw is crazy.
Yeah, maybe.
Isn't it peaceful out here, Bob?
You're right, Bob. Let's not spoil
the beauty of this moment...
...with idle chatter.
Some people can just jibber-jabber
till the cows come home.
What does that mean, Bob?
"Till the cows come home."
Where have the cows been?
Okay, Forest 101.
These big wood stick things
are called trees.
The big rocks are called mountains,
and the little rocks are their babies.
Altitude.
No jelly arm, no jelly arm. Come on.
- Elliot!
- Boogster, it's...
How many times must I say it?
I am the Incredible Mister E.
Elliot, please.

Look, if you don't use
the code names...
...how am I supposed to know that
it's really you that I'm talking to?
Yeah, yeah. Okay, I got it.
Nice and easy.
Just rip it off fast, like a Band-Aid.
Hold still, okay?
Just be calm.
This might pinch a little.
- Get it over with.
- You may wanna cover your ears.
Cover my--?
Okay, scamper on back
to the woods, little buddy.
Buddy.
Okay, ladies, this dam
ain't gonna build itself!
Lift that birch.
Swing those pines over here.
Come on. Move it!
Yo, O'Toole!
- Yeah, boss?
- I want you to cantilever that cedar...
...on the bias down by the north end,
you got that?
Put a twig in the hole.
Rookie.
Take five for lunch!
- What do you got?
- Wood.
- What do you got?
- Wood.
You wanna trade?
Hey, hey, guys. Check it out.
There goes the largest carnivore
in North America.
- The mighty grizzly.
- And he's a good dancer.
We're gonna be in a show.
Come here!
Hey, that's my good antler.
Listen, simple. We are not "we."
It's just me.

And we ain't doing no show.
- Diva.
- What?
I understand what's going on here.
You're a little crabby
because you're hungry.
I, I...
I think yes.
I'm starving!
- Here, try this.
- I can't eat that.
Picky, picky, picky.
Well, what do bears eat?
Fish. Bears eat fish.
All right, fishies, give it up for Boog!
Hey, Incredible Mister E.
Yes, Boogster?
- I gotta go.
- Well, go.
No, I need a toilet.
You know, the think tank.
The log cabin, the johnny
on the spot, the oval office.
- There's none of those things out here.
- Well, what do you do?
You know...
...I can't remember. But listen.
Don't look now, but I see a little bush
with your name written all over it.
A bush? Are you serious?
Go on. It's just like riding a bicycle.
Only you're crapping on it.
Show us your "grr" face, nature boy.
Hey. What are you doing here?
Get out of here.
I'm working here. Now, go.
All right, all right,
you've had your fun.
Nothing to see here.
Let the bear do his thing.
You believe those guys?
Finished?
I bet my nuts
that big hairy choob can't do it.

- I'll take a piece of that action.

- What is wrong with you animals?

Perhaps some roughage, buddy?

Buddy.

Perhaps some privacy.

- What are doing on my house?

- This is your house?

Oh, I-- I didn't know...

- It would be an improvement.

- What did you just say, Rosie?

Nothing. Why you gotta

be so sensitive?

- Boogster, what's the deal?

- You watch your mouth...

...or you'll get yourself in trouble.

You're just jealous

because you ain't got a man.

I don't know.

Some kind of chick fight.

Elliot, what do I do?

Well, that's easy.

You just gotta mark your territory.

- Show them who's boss.

- All right, ladies.

I'm laying down the law.

Unless, of course, they're skunks.

Disgusting.

Giselle.

Ridiculous.

The woods is no place for a bear.

Ducks? Okay.

Look, don't move.

Oh, yeah. Sprucing up.

Quick. You guys gotta help me.

Don't mind Deni, monsieur.

He's a bit nervous.

Never been quite...

...right since the great migration.

There were thousands of us

when we started in the big V's.

Then... Then it happened.

What happened?

What happened?

Open season happened.

Just me and Deni were left.
How can you make a V
with only two duck, you ask, eh?
Well, you cannot, monsieur.
It's a tragedy!
Yeah, right, whatever.
But check this out.
I'm looking for town.
Okay? Now, could one of you guys
fly up there...
- ...and show me the way?
- Fly? Fly?
Quiet. They'll hear you.
Giselle.
- Elliot?
- Hey, gorgeous.
- How you doing?
- Elliot, where have you been?
Oh, you know. Big city.
Kind of a road trip. Saw the sights,
hit the buffet, took in a show.
Things are looking up, Giselle.
Really? I heard
you got hit by a truck.
That-- Rumor.
You better get out of here.
Remember what happened...
- ...last time you talked to me?
- Is Ian around?
How long have you had that tic?
I think it's getting worse.
Oh, crud.
Hello, "Smelliot."
I called him Smelliot.
Herd! Circle formation!
You pinheads. That's an oval.
More circle-y!
You got a lot of nerve
coming back here.
- Why, thank you.
- That was not a compliment, maggot!
Well, he was just going.
Right, Elliot?
Yeah, Ian.

I had to stop by and say hello
to some of my old pals.

Bob, Kevin. Jurgen,
how's the knee?

I told you to leave the herd
and never, ever, ever...

- Never?

- Never, ever, ever come back.

Back?

I'm not-- I'm not back.

Me and my best buddy
are heading to town.

Yeah. I sure am gonna miss
you guys.

Off the upholstery!

What now?

So as I was saying,
never, ever, ever--

A bear! Bear. Bear. A bear.

Elliot, are you all right?

Buttermilk biscuit.

Hey, Ian. Get a load of this.

Hey, cut it out.

Oh, I've heard of you.

You're that bear that got
his butt thumped by a squirrel.

It was-- There was 20 of them.

And they had nuts.

Don't listen to him, Boog.

Boog? What is that short for?

- Booger?

- Booger!

- Listen, you!

- I'm all ears.

- Well...

- Boog, let's go.

You two are perfect for each other.

You're a loser and you're a loser-er.

Herd, let's bound!

Hey, Elliot.

I think you lost something.

Maybe it'll grow back. Bye, Elliot.

Yeah, see you.

See you later, backpack boy!

That's right, fool. You better run.
Keep on prancing,
you panty-waisted cow.
Yeah. One more word,
and I was gonna rack him.
- That's right.
- I was waiting for it.
He's scared. He's scared.
- Look at him run. Look at him run.
- Yeah, I know it.
Look at him go.
Are you not gonna buy him a drink
before you kiss him?
You big jessie.
On your bikes,
you big numpties.
That was Ian's girl
you was trying to talk to, huh?
You dog.
Ian's right. I'm a loser.
- No, you're not a loser.
- Yes, I am.
- No, you're not.
- Yes.
Trust me. You know the day I met you,
Ian kicked me out of the herd.
I lost my antler, I got run over
and tied to the hood of a truck.
What do you call that?
A loser. But check this out.
Behold, the mighty grizzly.
I look like a bear, I talk like a bear.
But I can't fish, I can't climb a tree,
I can't even go in the woods.
That's nothing. Half doe.
Half buck. I'm a duck.
Hey, I ride a unicycle for crackers!
- I have a glass eye.
- I can't snap.
- I thought "log" was a color.
- I can't see my feet.
I killed a man.
Well, at least you've got a home.
Home. Yeah.

I sure hope so.
- Crimemently! Was that your neck?
- No.
My fishy crackers.
Oh, she still loves me.
Thank you, Beth.
I'm coming home.
Try one, partner. Yeah.
Woo Hoo bars they ain't,
but they take you back.
You know? Remind you of home.
Sweet, salty home.
Oh, yeah. To be back
in my own soft bed.
Eight square meals a day,
plus snacks.
Beth tucking me in every night.
It's like heaven to me.
You know,
when we get back home tomorrow...
...I'm gonna make things right
with Beth.
And maybe, just maybe...
...we'll find a place
for you in the garage with me.
Sweet! Oh, yeah. I'm in the garage.
Who's staying in the garage?
I'm in the garage.
Who's got a place in the garage?
It's me. Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah--
- Hey, buddy?
- Yeah?
Do me a favor, will you?
It's gonna sound silly, but will you--?
- Ah, forget it.
- What?
Come on. I'm here for you.
Will you sing me
that "teddy-bear picnic" song?
Absolutely. The what song?
Well, Beth always sings it to me,
you know, because it helps me sleep.
- Okay. I'll give it a shot.
- Thanks.

Once there was a magical elf
Who lived in a rainbow tree
He lived downstairs
From a flatulent dwarf
Who was constantly having to pee
One day the elf could take no more
So he went and banged
On the rude dwarf's door
And what do you know
They suddenly both were married
Good night, Boog.
I'm sleeping in the garage.
I'm sleeping in the garage.
Come on, Mr. Weenie.
Beg. You can do it.
Come on. Beg.
Bob, he won't listen.
Bob, show him how to beg.
Dog worship.
Oh, my!
- You folks all right?
- What? No, no, no! He's--
Taken you hostage. I know, I know.
You're safe now.
I've got the enemy neutral--
There, there, Mr. Weenie.
Are you all right, baby?
You're the sweetest
little weenie I ever saw.
Don't be fooled. He's one of them.
- Who?
- The enemy! The bear! That deer!
All them animals!
I have seen the future.
It will start in small towns
like Timberline.
Soon, it'll spread.
They will invade from burrows,
caves, petting zoos.
If I don't stop them...
...it'll be a total reversal
of the natural order.
They laugh at old Shaw,
but you'll see.

The truth will be revealed.
We know exactly what you mean.
- You do?
- We're scientists. Well, of sorts.
And we're trying to secure
photographic documentation...
...of a real, live homo-sasquatchus.
- Homo-say-what?
- We're looking for Bigfoot.
Bigfoot--? I didn't realize
I was talking to a couple of wack jobs.
Don't trust him.
Pets are double agents.
The moment you turn your back,
he'll shiv you!
Oh, no, he can't. We had him fixed.
Boog?
Boog. Are you awake?
- I am now.
- Awesome.
I was watching you sleep last night
and you were like a little angel.
Except for you're fat
and snoring like:
We're gonna work on that, though.
I invented this cure
where you stick your whole hand...
- ...in your mouth.
- How long before we get to Timberline?
Oh, by nightfall. Easy.
Are you sure?
Absolutely.
Hey, you wanna see
something stupid?
Well, then we better get going.
Right. We're on a tight schedule.
I'll carry your load.
Oh, no. Whoa, wait.
Look, you gotta be real careful with
him, okay, because he's real delicate.
Want a fishy cracker?
No. I'll eat when I get home.
Listen, girlfriend.
You wanna find a man like my Ignacio,

you gotta check your look.
What are you saying? I'm black
and white. I go with everything.
You go fine with everybody.
Maybe that's your problem.
- Ain't those the same two skunks--
- I had some thoughts on the show.
- My show?
- The lady in the shorts has gotta go.
She's slowing us down. It's gotta
be fresh, new. I want some jazz.
I'm the star, and the people out there
come to see me...
...a grizzly bear.
I see.
You get to have the career while
I stay home and look after Dinkleman!
He's not even mine!
I don't get to have a dream.
Is that it?
Buddy.
Don't you think
I might like a little singing...
- ...a little dancing, a little:
- Elliot.
But no. All I ever hear is, "How long
until we get to Timberline, simple?"
- How long until we get home?"
- Elliot! Are those the same beavers?
- No. All beavers look alike.
- Hey! Tiny dancer!
Yeah, that's right! Shake it, shake it!
- Let's see some moves!
- Elliot!
Yeah.
Elliot, this is the same dang dam.
We've been going in circles!
Circle. One time around.
You don't even know
where we're going.
Got them, Lorraine!
- What was that?
- Hunters?
- What are they doing up here?

- Okay, boys. Take cover!
- Boog, we gotta hide.
- I'm out of here.
Boog, wait! Don't go out there!
Hey, tubby, stop! Hey,
this ain't a load-bearing structure!
Oh, that's bad.
Rosie, in here.
- Stop. Get off.
- Buddy, buddy, buddy!
Crud.
Shaw!
Dinkleman!
You're gonna be okay!
We're gonna die and you know it.
No one around here
to save you this time, boys!
Paddle, Boog! Paddle!
Grab a boulder! Grab a boulder!
Left, left. Right!
Oh, like you know.
Where is he?
He's gone. Oh, there he is.
No, wait. There he is. There he is.
- Why, you little--
- There he is.
Quiet, I'm trying to drive.
Faster, Boog!
Like fishing and hunting
at the same time.
- Give me a hand, Boog! Hold me!
- Stop. Get off! Elliot, get off. Get off!
Stop!
Dinkleman?
You. You did this.
- Yeah, that's right.
- What did I do?
You dragged us down
to the hunting grounds.
- Yeah, where are we gonna hide?
- We're sitting ducks out here.
And it's open season!
All right, all right. That's enough.
Guys, it's not his fault.

Oh, you're right, Elliot. It's your fault.

- My fault?

- Yeah.

If it weren't for you
I'd be home right now.

None of this
would've ever happened.

You said you knew the way back,
but you lied.

I-- No.

Okay.

Okay, maybe--

I thought if you hung out with me
then maybe you would like me.

Oh, man. I trusted you, Elliot.

I'm sorry, Boog.

We're still partners, right?

You know, Elliot, I'm better off alone.

What about us?

- Yeah.

- Yeah, what about us?

Us? There's no us.

You're not my problem.

And you? We're done.

- But-- Boog, wait.

- Done.

- Oh, no.

- Thanks for the license, Gordy.

All right, guys. Good luck.

- Hey, Earl. That a new truck?

- Yeah. Check it out. Jealous much?

You okay?

I put him way above the falls.

I hope I did the right thing.

Don't worry, Beth. I'm sure Boog
is happy in his new home.

Stupid nature.

Civilization.

Hello?

Excuse me. Is anybody home?

Oh, sweet porcelain.

And the crowd goes wild!

Now, there's gotta be
a fridge in here somewhere.

Oh, no.
Deers, skunks, beavers.
I gotta hide.
That bear's turned them all.
Here you go, Lorraine.
There, you get good and dry.
Come morning,
we got a rebellion to crush.
And then I'm gonna
take back what's mine!
Elliot.
Someone's been eating my candy.
Somebody's been sitting in my chair.
Somebody forgot to flush!
And he's still here.
Come back for your bear,
Goldilocks?
Ready or not, here I come!
If you go out in the woods today
You're sure of a big surprise
If you go out in the woods today
You better go in disguise
'Cause every bear
That ever there was
Was gathered there
Together because
Today's the day
The teddy bears have
Their picnic!
Hey, bear! There ain't nowhere
that you can hide from me!
As soon as I get mine:
Blowing their heads off!
Good time.
Elliot.
No buddy.
Elliot, you've gotta hide.
The hunters are here.
He's gonna give us away.
All right! Bring it! Bring it!
- Boog?
- Hey, buddy.
What are you doing back here?
Come on. I couldn't go home

without my partner.

- I don't have a partner.

- Elliot.

I don't need the herd

and I don't need you.

So leave me alone.

Ain't gonna be able to do it.

You see, I already saved you once.

That makes me responsible for you.

I saw that. Come on.

Let me hear you say it. Partners.

- No.

- What was that?

- I guess we can be partners.

- Sorry, I can't hear you.

I said I guess we can be partners.

- Partners!

- Partners!

Okey-dokey. This way.

- This way.

- Right. Maybe you better lead.

Yeah. Let's get back to the garage,
where it's safe.

- Safe?

- Safe?

Hey, Boog. How many animals
can fit in the garage?

How many--?

Hello, Boog.

So where you all headed?

- To the safe place.

- This land of garage.

- With buddy.

- Come on. You owe us, Tiny.

- Yeah!

- Yeah! That's right!

Yeah, I'm sorry about the dam.

And how I messed you all up,
you know. My bad.

So you're taking us with you,
right, Booger?

Please? Please.

Look at me. I'm too pretty to die!

Well, maybe...

No! No! No!

You ain't leaving without us.

I didn't mean to call you Booger.

- Can we take Giselle?

- Wait! Let me think.

Hunters.

Dang. Nobody's going home tonight.

There's so many of them.

That's it, then.

No more me.

I guess I will be mounted on a wall.

Oh, no, you won't.

Now, when I'm a bearskin rug,

they can walk all over me.

But until that happens,

I ain't going out without a fight.

- What?

- Fight?

- The F word?

- That's right.

One thing you all have taught me...

...the woods is a messed-up,

dangerous place.

And y'all are crazy. You've been

kicking my butt for the last two days.

Yeah, I kind of did.

- I didn't.

- Sorry.

So let's do to them

what you've been doing to me.

Now, I say we give our guests

the full outdoor experience.

Yeah!

Hey! Is this a private fight

or can anybody join?

Because McSquizzy wants in.

Good. Because we'll need your nuts.

- And your acorns too.

- What's the plan, Boog?

Oh, we gonna run

those yahoos back to town.

Yeah, baby. When we get through

with them, they won't ever come back.

So you think you're so tough, huh?

Well, you know what I think?
I think you're still
just a mama's bear.
You guard the fort, Mr. Weenie.
Mama's gonna take a dip.
That's good.
Mama's getting kind of gamey.
Come on, Bob. There's gonna be
a full moon out tonight.
- Sorry.
- Come on. Let's go.
Boog?
Oh, yeah.
- Maria, let go.
- I'll carry it.
It's empty.
Ladies.
Heave-ho, heave-ho.
This is gonna be great.
You. We gonna need more ducks.
Elliot, is that chocolate on your face?
No.
- It's a pet.
- He's gonna blow our cover.
I've been living a lie!
Please, take me with you.
Hey, Boog. You're not still mad
about that backpack thing, are you?
Oh, no. I never hold a grudge.
I just let them go.
What was that?
It's the signal.
Okay, Deni. Let's round them up!
All right, ladies. Let her rip!
- Gas mask.
- Got it!
My pants!
Good job, Reilly. All right.
Time to run
these guys back to town.
Are you ready for this?
- This is awkward.
- Yes. Yes, it is.
- Can I?

- Go for it, Smelliot.
Charge!
Holy stampede! It's a stampede!
All right. Show me your "grr" face!
Now, let's kick
some hunter bahookie!
Bob, we've been robbed!
And they took Mr. Weenie!
Come on, mate!
Move them pudgy wee legs!
I feel so alive!
Drop antlers!
Bless me.
No! No!
How you doing, partner?
Boog, this is great.
Let's do this every year.
No, no! Get that bill away from me.
Fire!
Guys, let's get out of here!
Sheriff! Sheriff!
The animals are going wild,
and the bear is their leader!
It's for you.
Gordy, I'm bringing him home.
Come on, men!
They're just animals.
Elliot, catch.
Got it.
Present arms!
Yeah!
Fire!
Oh, my God!
Back to the trucks!
Boog, it's working.
Yeah. Look at them run.
- Send in Mr. Happy!
- Who?
Go, go, go!
Adieu!
Mr. Happy didn't go off.
Hey, whoa. We're just supposed
to run them into town.
Well, it's time for them

to start running, isn't it?
Hey, Earl, ain't that your truck?
That's a bummer.
That's right. Keep running.
Sweet.
Freedom!
Hello, Goldilocks.
What?
Bull's-eye!
Quick! We need more ammo.
Elliot! Elliot, stop helping me.
- Keep it coming.
- Okay. Let's see how you like it.
A pillow? Oh, come on!
More! More!
All right.
Come on, mama's bear.
You can do better than that.
Let's see what you got.
Come on.
Boog!
Oh, yeah. Don't mess
with the Boogster. Fore!
All right, Lorraine.
Let's kiss this bear good night.
No! No! Stop!
Elliot?
Buddy?
Oh, Elliot.
You all right, Elliot?
I'm a little lightheaded.
Hey, Tiny. Nice show.
- Behold, the mighty grizzly.
- Boog, Boog, Boog.
- Let's get him!
- What? No!
- Stay away! No!
- Here you go.
Cannonball!
You know, Elliot,
this place ain't so bad.
Hold that thought. Oh, yeah.
Karate noises!
No.

- Beth?
- Boog?
Oh, Boog.
- What's he doing?
- Is he not gonna maul her?
No. She's his mom.
She's taking us home.
Every buddy?
I was so worried.
I'm bringing you back with me.
Come on. Let's go home.
Oh, no.
Come on, Boog. Let's go home.
Boog?
You are home.
I'm so proud of you.
So how are we both
gonna fit in the helicopter?
- She's coming back, right?
- Who?
The shorts lady. Boog?
- Hey, big guy.
- What's up, Tiny?
- What's up?
- You said that we--
- You're judging me?
- How y'all doing?
- Hey, Boog.
- Hi, Boog.
I know he's a duck.
But he treats me like a lady.
- But she's--
- Hey, buddy.
- Hey, find me some food.
- Come on. What is our pickup time?
Elliot, we're staying here.
This is our home.
These are our people.
This is where we reside.
What? Are you insane?
Where have you been
for the last two days?
This place is horrible. Horrible!
- Hey, guys.

- What's up, Ian?
Come on, Elliot. It ain't that bad.
She's at least gonna bring
some Woo Hoo bars, right?
It's just the two of us, Elliot.
Unless you plan
on going back to your herd.
What? And break up the team?
Bros before does.
Yeah. Bros before does.
Hello, Elliot.
Catch you later, Boog.
Hey! Get off my trees,
you bucktoothed sporran!
Feels like home, baby.
Hey, Boog!
- Rabbit fight!
- Oh, no, you didn't.
Oh, yeah? Well, eat rabbit.
Hey, buddy.
Bob! Bob!
A real live homo-sasquatchus.
Wait, wait. No. No. No!