



Scripts.com

# Recess: School's Out

By Jonathan Greenberg

[ Kazoos ]

Hey, hows it going, Frank ?

Not so good. I cant seem to get  
this photon channelerworking.

Well, youd better  
figure it out.

- The colonel wants to show  
the system to the top brass next month.

- I know, I know.

[ Men Shouting ]

-[LoudBang]

- What was that ?

- Whats that sound out there ?

- [ Alarm Blaring ]

Its a break-in !

Erase the access code !

X-Y-4--

[ Gasps ]

[ Both Groan ]

[Alarm Continues

Blaring, Stops]

All clear.

Neatly done, Fernlick.

- Its, uh, Fenwick, sir.

- Oh.

- Are they dead ?

- No, sir. Merely unconscious.

Good, good.

You know how I hate violence.

Mmm. Nice shine.

-Uh, what next, sir ?

-Well, obviously, we establish our base.

- And where will that be ?

- The last place on Earth theyd look.

A place called...

3rd Street School.

Last day ofschool sale,

boys and girls.

Getyour celebratory

contraband right here.

Shaving cream, T.P., goofy string,

maps ofthe teachers houses.

Ill take one ofthem maps,

Hustler Kid.

Hey, Diggers, lets party.  
Cant now. Gotta finish filling up  
our holes before the end ofthe day.  
Wont be able to dig em up nextyear  
ifwe dont fill em now.  
[ Spitting ]  
Hey ! Big kids bury me !  
Oops.  
I, King Bob, in my last official  
act before entering middle school,  
hereby anoint this boy here  
King Freddie the Second.  
Mayyou boss around  
all ofthe kids with fairness.  
The king has graduated !  
Long live the king !  
- [ Cheering ]  
- [ Hail to the Chief ]  
Elbow up !  
Eyes forward !  
You call that kazoo playing ?  
- Ah, ceremony.  
- Im, like, moved, AshleyA.  
Saywhatyou want about their  
personal lives, Ashley Q  
The royals have such style.  
Keep em comin !  
Lets go !  
Ms. Finster, the kids are practically  
mad with last-day-of-school fever !  
Ofcourse they are, Randall.  
Theyre animals living by pure instinct.  
Ive got a list  
ofinfractions a mile long:  
The Diggers  
hit a water main,  
- the kindergarteners  
are feasting on paste,  
- Never mind, Randall.  
Hustler Kid is, uh--  
Did you say never mind ?  
Thats right, Randall. What Ive  
got here is bigger, much bigger.  
All this year Ive been holding

back on the ice cream, hiding it  
from all those little savages.  
Just look at it, Randall.  
Im counting 1 00, maybe 200 cases of it.  
What are you going to do  
with all those ice creams ?  
Sell em back to the district,  
of course.  
Think of all the chalk  
and erasers we can get.  
But, Ms. Finster,  
Ive got dirt on everybody.  
Well, everybody except  
Detweiler and his pals.  
Come to think of it,  
I havent seen those guys anywhere.  
Ah, forget about em, Randall.  
Theres nothing T.J. Detweiler and his  
hooligan friends can do to stop me now.  
Well, that should do it.  
Theres enough here for everyone.  
Good. Then its party time.  
Kids of the playground !  
I give you ice cream !  
Pull !  
[ Cheering ]  
- Ice cream !  
- Choco-pops !  
- Fudge bars !  
Fudgsicle !  
My ice cream !  
Stop it !  
Stop it, I say !  
You little monsters  
are in trouble now !  
-Just wait till Principal Prickly  
finds out about this !  
-Attention, students !  
- This is Principal Prickly talking.  
- Ooh, that was fast.  
Some of you may have noticed  
ice cream on the playground.  
I will not stand for this. This  
ice cream should be eaten immediately.

Huh ?

[ Cheering ]

In addition, I want you all to ignore Ms. Finster, no matter what she says... about ice cream or anything else.

- [ Cheering Continues ]

- [ Muttering ] This can't be happening.

Furthermore, I want to inform you all that I have a fat, saggy butt... which I like to scratch every hour on the hour.

Also, I want to apologize to all of you...

for being such a mean principal, taking away hall passes, giving guys recess detention, refusing to accept sick notes just cause it doesn't look

like a guy's mom's signature, making kids stand at the wall

for ten whole minutes, with no break!

Man, I feel ashamed of myself for all the terrible, rotten things I've done.

And next year,

I promise to--

Why, Principal Prickly, sir, what a surprise.

Why do you do this to me, Detweiler ?

Do you enjoy tormenting me ?

- Do you hate me ?

- On the contrary, sir, I have the utmost respect for you.

Don't be smart with me, boy. All year long you've been pushing me, testing me.

- I don't know what you mean, sir.

- Oh, really ?

How about the time you convinced the F.B.I. I was a Chinese agent and got me arrested ?

You were giving us a speech on personal hygiene. You had to be stopped.

How about the time

you forged my signature

and ordered a motorboat for the school ?

It was for the kindergarteners.

Owning a boats always been

kind of a dream of theirs.

I've had enough of your pranks.

This time I'm really gonna

throw the book at you.

With all due respect, sir, you'd better

get throwing, cause you're out of time.

- Huh ?

- It's the last day of school, sir.

I've only got 20 more seconds

of fourth grade left. Look.

In some ways, people,

this day is a bummer for me.

But in other ways

it's the ultimate high,

because every milestone that you kids

pass is another step towards--

- Uh, Miss Grotke ?

- Yes, Spinelli ?

I don't mean

to interrupt, but--

Oh, yes !

Be my guest.

[ Kids In Unison ]

Six, five, four, three, two, one--

-[BellRings]

- [ Cheering ]

- Whoo !

- Whoo-hoo !

[ Laughing ]

Yeah !

[ Together ]

Scandalous !

Calling out around the world

Are you ready for a brand-new beat

- Summers here

- You eat paste ! You eat paste !

And the time is right

for dancing in the street

-[Stops]

- Hey ! No running in the halls !

Yeah, what's the big deal ?

Itsjust the end ofthe school year.  
[ Together]  
The end ofthe school year ?  
- Whoo-hoo !  
Itdoesntmatter  
whatyou wear  
- Whoo-hoo ! [ Laughing ]  
-Justas long asyouare there  
Girls, what shall we do with  
the rest ofthis corn chowder ?  
[ Sniffs ] Aw, leave it in the kettle.  
Itll keep till September.  
- [ All Laughing ]  
- Theyllbe dancing  
Dancing in thestreet  
- Theyre dancinin thestreet  
-Dancing in thestreet  
Seeyou nextyear,  
Principal Prickly.  
Youd better do some  
growing up this summer, young man.  
[ Sighs ]  
I hate myjob.  
Therellbelaughin  
singin  
Andrecordsplayin  
Dancinin thestreet  
Look at those hooligans.  
Actually, I think its a wonderful  
expression offreedom andjoy.  
Ill tell you a wonderful expression  
offreedom andjoy.  
Twelve weeks ofnothing but me at the  
West Side GolfCourse, and no Detweiler.  
I second that emotion, sir.  
Man, Teej,  
that prankwas sweet.  
Yeah, you shouldve seen  
Finsters face-- I thought  
she was gonna blow a gasket.  
Those limesicles were tasty.  
A tasty beginning  
to a tasty summer.  
Twelve weeks ofnothing but

riding bikes, hanging out at the lake...  
and T.P.-ing  
the West Side GolfCourse.  
Summervacation--  
the ultimate recess.  
Yeah, I cant wait  
to get to baseball camp.  
Baseball camp ?  
What areyou talking about ?  
Actually, Teej,  
Im gonna be out oftown too.  
Big-time Wrestling Federation  
has this training camp,  
and I gotta learn some new moves  
ifIm ever gonna turn pro.  
- But, Spinelli--  
- Its military camp for me.  
My dad says I need to  
learn to be a leader.  
I shall be attending  
the Mt. Van Buren Space Camp.  
- Dont wanna let those  
science geeks get ahead ofme.  
- Youre all going to camp ?  
- Not me.  
- Thank goodness.  
The Young Voices Training Program  
doesnt like the word camp.  
They provide opportunities for aspiring  
singers to train theirvoices...  
in a rigorous  
yet supportive setting.  
But summers gonna be ruined.  
What am I gonna do ? Play baseball  
by myself? Watch reruns ? Read ?  
Sorry, man, but we gotta  
think about our futures.  
Yeah, we cant waste the whole summer  
Just fooling around like kids.  
- But we are kids !  
- Actually, as ofthe completion  
offourth grade,  
we are technically considered  
pre-young adults.



And next year  
we wont even be pre.  
But--  
[ Sighs ]  
All right, lets make the most  
of the time weve got left.  
When do you all leave ?  
- First thing in the morning.  
- Oh, man.  
[Chattering]  
Well, theres my bus.  
- Better get going.  
- Yeah, same here.  
Bye, Teej.  
Try to have some fun, okay ?  
Dont worry, buddy.  
Youll have a great time without us.  
I dont know, Vince.  
All my plans were made for six.  
Dont tell me you Ashleys  
are going to baseball camp.  
Eew !  
As if!  
Cheerleading camp  
is right across the lake. Duh !  
I hope its a big lake.  
[Horn Honks]  
Ah, space camp.  
Wonder if theyll  
let us make craters.  
Hey, Hustler Kid,  
I didnt know you wrestled.  
I dont.  
Im pre-management.  
Besides, my research tells me  
that kids who wrestle trade  
the most for contraband snacks.  
Which reminds me--  
Wanna buy a Winger-Dinger ?  
All right, all the kindergarten  
performers on the bus first.  
-[All Shouting]  
- Me ViKing !  
Me Viking !

Me Viking ! Me Viking !

Bon voyage...

[ Adult Baritone ]

T.J.

[Applause]

Big kid sing good.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

- Yeah.

Well, Teej,

theres my transport.

Why dontyou come with ?

Military camps gonna be a blast !

Griswald, you maggot,

getyour fanny over here now !

Thanks, Gus, but I think Ill

stick it out at home this summer.

Okay, butyou dont know

whatyoure missing.

- Hiya, Captain Brad !

- I dont likeyou, Griswald.

I am notyour friend !

- Do I make myselfclear ?

- Yes, sir ! Not looking

for friendship, sir !

Good luck, Gus.

Youre gonna need it.

Man, this summers

gonna whomp.

Oneis

theloneliestnumber

Thatyoullneverdo

Two canbe

asbadas one

Its theloneliestnumber

since thenumberone

[ Bird Squawking ]

Nois

thesaddestexperience

YoullneverKnow

Yes, its

thesaddestexperience

YoullneverKnow

Cause one

is the loneliest number  
That you'll ever do  
One is  
the loneliest number  
Whoa-ohh  
worse than two  
And so, the summer season  
officially begins...  
with kids all over the country  
rushing off to camp.  
In other news, the national  
No Recess movement...  
has hit a serious  
stumbling block...  
with the disappearance  
of its leader,  
former Secretary of Education  
Phillium Benedict.  
Benedict, fired by the president  
two years ago for his extremist views,  
has recently been--  
No recess ?  
What a bunch of hogwash.  
[ Yawns ]  
Morning, Mom. Morning, Dad.  
Are you just getting up now ?  
Geez, you're sleeping away  
your whole vacation.  
Why don't you go play  
with your friends ?  
What friends ? The ones  
who abandoned me and went to camp ?  
Now, T.J., I know there are  
other boys around this summer.  
Mrs. Ween says Randall is available.  
Do you want me to make a play date ?  
- A play date ?  
- Bye, Mom. Bye, Dad.  
Bye, T-Jerk.  
Now, Becky, be nice  
to your little brother.  
He's feeling S-A-D right now.  
- I can spell, Mom.  
- Well, unlike some kids,

I gotta get to work.  
Mr. Walsh says if I can  
master the Vatman 2000,  
I'll be assistant manager  
by the end of the summer,  
and you know what that means--  
I'll get to drive  
the Floppy Burger truck.  
Boy, she's sure  
aiming for the stars.  
At least she's not sitting  
around the house, moping all summer.  
Going to a play date  
with Randall.  
Man, I can't believe  
I sunk this low.  
This is the worst summer ever.

[ Loud Zap ]

- What the heck ?

- [ Loud Zap ]

- That's weird.

- Hey, you!

Get away from that fence !

Hey, Dad, what do they  
use the school for during the summer ?

They lock it up.

It's empty. Why ?

Today, when I was riding by,  
I saw this scary guy and--  
I'm sure he was just  
cleaning up.

I think something weird's going on  
in there-- something really weird.

[ Sighs ]

Mrs. La Salle was right.

We should've sent him  
to some kind of camp.

**9:**

still guarding school.

[Horn Honks]

Staging area one.

- Give me a hand with this.

- Got it.

**9:**

Grownups wrong. Schools not empty.

[LoudZap]

**9:**

Green glow in window again.

Im going in  
for a closer look.

[ Loud Zap ]

Allright,  
goaheadandelevateit.

[ Gasps ]

Mom ! Mom !

- [ Groans ]

- T.J. ! Areyou all right ?

Those guys at the school, theyre doing  
some kind ofevil experiment !

That bonk on the head  
mustve rattled your little brain.

- But, Mom--

- Youre feverish.

You wait right here.

Ill go get the baby thermometer  
and the petroleum jelly.

Uh, Dad, Dad !

- Dad !

- What is it, boy ?

Those bad guys have a laser beam  
and theyre lifting this safe--

T.J., did you run into  
the sliding glass door again ?

No, but-- Yeah, but--

Gaaah !

Come back ! Your moms gonna  
want to takeyour temperature !

Okay, kid,  
we got it all in the report.

Well take care of  
those mad scientists.

[ Chuckles ] Yeah, no ones gonna  
levitate any safe on mywatch.

Ooh, look, Artie,  
somebodys levitating my doughnut...

with a laser beam !  
-[Laughing Continues]  
- Gohome, Kid!Gohome!  
Laugh at me, will ya ?  
- Im gonna be a taxpayer someday !  
-[Man] Haveagoodround.  
Principal Prickly !  
Wait !  
Yeah, you guys  
did it right.  
Psychology, law, waste management--  
good, solid careers.  
Me, Im stuckwith a bunch  
ofpain-in-the-neck kids all year.  
- Pete, areyou gonna putt  
or grouse all day ?  
- Okay, okay, here goes.  
-[TJ.]PrincipalPrickly!  
- Ohh !  
You gotta come quick !  
Its an emergency !  
Well, well, well, ifit isnt  
Mr. Ice Cream For Everyone.  
- This is that kid  
I was telling you about.  
- The saggy butt kid ?  
- Hey, hey, whatever happened to  
doctor-patient confidentiality ?  
- Sorry.  
Something weirds  
going on in the school.  
I saw these mad scientists and--  
Yeah, yeah, very funny.  
Im not falling for another one  
ofyour so-calledjokes.  
- How dumb doyou think I am ?  
- Its not ajoke, sir.  
They have this laser beam, and--  
Aw, please, Principal Prickly, you gotta  
believe me ! The schools in danger !  
Give me a break,  
Detweiler.  
Come on.  
Go with the kid, Pete.

- This isnt the kind of issue  
you should be avoiding.  
- [ All Laughing ]  
All right, Detweiler,  
lets get this overwith.  
Looks fine to me.  
Now can I go back to my golfgame ?  
Just wait till you get inside.  
Youll see.  
Oh, the things I do  
foryou kids.  
Sometimes I thinkyou were  
put on this Earthjust to--  
- Aaah !  
- Aaah !  
Aaah !  
[ Panting ]

**1 1 :**

Principal Prickly  
dematerialized...  
in a horrifying field  
ofelectricity.  
The cops wont listen.  
Mom and Dad wont listen.  
I gotta get the guys together.  
Its the onlyway.  
Like, I am so through  
with him, Melissa.  
He asked me ifI spoke French,  
then winked at me.  
Becky, you gotta help me !  
I need a ride up to Chesterville !  
Areyou kidding ? Im not doing anything  
foryou, you little dork.  
Oh, how I dream ofthe mustache fuzz  
onJimmys sweaty lips...  
glistening as he cooks in the light  
ofa dozen hamburger heat lamps.  
- Hey, thats my diary ! Give me that !  
- Ah-ah-ah. Ive got copies.  
Eitheryou give me a ride,  
or this baby hits the Internet.  
Getyourmotorrunnin

Headout on the highway  
ThanKs for driving me, BeckY.  
You're the sweetest big sister  
a kid could ask for.  
And you are the annoying pet monkey  
I wish I never got!  
Hey, I try to keep things  
interesting.  
Next rest stop, pull in.  
I gotta take care of business.  
Get that front leg up,  
Biggles.  
You call that a pitch,  
Hornsby ?  
Come on, La Salle !  
Throw it, don't aim it !  
I know, I know !  
Man, I can pitch just fine  
when I'm with my friends.  
Psst! Psst!  
- T.J., what are you doing here ?  
- You gotta come back to town.  
It's an emergency.  
What ? I can't just leave.  
Something weird  
is going on at school.  
- Principal Prickly got dematerialized.  
- Dematerialized ?  
- T.J., you're crazy.  
- Am I ?  
Mt. Van Buren ? That's 20 miles away.  
I'm not taking you there.  
Dear Diary,  
I dreamed of Jimmy again.  
He was rocking me so gently,  
- just like he rocks the grease off  
a basket of hot and steamy onion rings.  
- [ Moans ]  
- Whoa ! Let me look at that.  
- Jerks.  
Hey, you kids ! Get away from  
that fake Martian landscape !  
- Miss Director ! Miss Director !  
- What is it now, Gretchen ?



Ive been studying the moon with the  
200-inch telescope at the observatory,  
and Ive detected some peculiar  
eccentricities in its orbit.

Gretchen, maybe you should try out one  
of these neat antigravity harnesses.

The other kids love em,  
and look, you can even do back flips,  
Just like real astronauts.

But--

[ Sighs ]

Why do I bother ?

Because you're driven

by a passionate desire for knowledge ?

T.J. ? Vince ?

What are you guys doing here ?

You're not gonna  
believe this, but--

- Dematerialized ?

- Just like out of Star Trek.

Fascinating.

Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi

- Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi

- Mi, mi, mi, mi, mi

Mi, mi, mi, mi--

[ Whispering ]

Me ?

Look out, marshals !

Here comes the flying press !

[ Grunts ]

You are a pathetic excuse

for a soldier, Griswald!

You will never be a leader !

Now, stand at attention until I return !

And do not move a muscle !

Do you hear me ? Not a muscle !

- Thanks a lot, sis.

- You owe me gas money.

- Okay, Teej, what's this  
big secret plot of yours ?

- Follow me.

Look at that.

Let's get movin' out.

- Who are those guys ?

- Perhaps they're government agents.

- Or gangsters.

- Or aliens.

Aliens ?

They don't look like aliens.

Well, maybe they're in disguise.

Yeah, if you were an alien,  
you wouldn't just walk around  
in your lizard skin all day.

Hmm. Good point.

Whoever they are, we need  
to take a closer look.

- Well get the rest later.

- Right. I'll close it up.

Hurry.

Man, this thing weighs a ton.

That's cause it's full  
of moon rocks and alien eggs.

Hey, it's just  
a bunch of paper.

Weather maps ? Test scores ?

Some stuff written in Swedish ?

- Actually, that's Norwegian.

- Whatever. It's all

Just dumb school stuff.

You got me out of baseball camp to watch  
some guys restock the supply room ?

No ! Something's going on  
in the school ! I swear !

Teej, I think you cooked  
this whole thing up just cause  
you wanted us back from camp.

- What ?

- Hey, we understand.

It must be pretty boring around here  
all summer by yourself.

Your mind simply created an adventure  
because it needed some excitement.

No, it really happened.

I saw Prickly disappear.

Well, if Prickly disappeared,  
then who's that ?

- Come on, guys. Let's get back to camp.

- Yeah.

Seeya in a few weeks, Teej.

No, wait !

You guys gotta believe me !

- Im not making it up ! I-- I--

-[MetalClanKing]

- Aye-yi-yi, yi-yi.

- [ All Gasp ]

Whoa !

Whats happening ?

[ Sputtering ]

Okay, that right there ?

That was messed up.

[TJ. ]

MiKey ?

Mikey, you okay ?

W-Where am I ?

Youre in T.J.s backyard, man.

Howd you guys

get me here ?

Hey, this is kinda comfy.

Yeah, yeah. Get out ofthere,

you big lummoX.

Okay, Teej, you were right. Something weird is going on in the school.

- And Prickly must be in on it.

- I saywe go to the police.

I alreadywent to the police.

I went to everyone. Nobodyll listen.

- What we need is proof.

- Proof? How are we gonna get proof?

- I got a plan. A stakeout.

- A stakeout ?

We can stay up in my tree house and watch the school every night until something happens.

- Like one ofthem TV cop shows.

- Sure.

The next time those laser guys make a move, well catch em red-handed.

We can take pictures

with my night-vision digital cam.

Then we call in the feds

and, bang, we got em.

Onlyoneproblem--

Whataboutcamp ?

Oh, yeah. If my dad finds out  
I've gone AWOL, hell throw me  
in the brig till September.  
Not to worry. I'll get Becky to drive  
you back to camp in the morning.  
Then at night we'll pick you up again.  
Campers by day, spies by night.  
But what if the camp counselors  
notice we're not there ?

Leave that to me.

- Call for you, sir.
- Give me that.
- Captain Brad here.
- Bradley. This is Colonel O'Malley.
- Colonel O'Malley ?
- Your commanding officer !

Oh ! Yes, sir !

Sorry, sir !

I hear you've got a soldier there named  
Griswald. Goodman. One of the best.

- H-He is ?
- You heard me ! He's officer material.  
I've had my eyes on him  
for years.

Now, pay attention, Bradley. I've got  
Griswald on special assignment tonight.

- When he gets back to camp,  
act like nothing happened.
- Yes, sir !

And you'd better start making his bed  
and spit-shining his shoes as well.

That's all for now.

Carry on.

Okay, Spinelli, you're next.

Someone's wrestling

My Lord

Kumbayah

Heads are smashing

My Lord

- [Phone Rings]

- Kumbayah

Speak to me.

- Bones are cracking, My Lord

- Yeah ? Yeah ?  
- Ill cover foryou, Spinelli,  
but its gonna costyou.  
- Kumbayah  
Oh, like, that is such the wrong  
color forVince. Put the blue one on.  
AshleyA, you totally  
know how to accessorize.  
[ Boys Snoring ]  
[ Whispering, Muttering ]  
Infrared night vision,  
200-to-1 zoom.  
I gotta hand it toyou, Gretch. You can  
see the whole school with this thing.  
You can make lots ofhandy devices out  
ofthe spare parts in a familys garage.  
I once fashioned  
a particle accelerator...  
out ofa broken hair dryer  
and a four-slice toaster oven.  
Tonight, the magical moment  
arrived.  
We met behind the drive-thru menu  
and kissed passionately...  
as the sound ofthe deep fat fryer  
faded into the night.  
Man, I wish I had  
an older sister.  
Laugh ifyou will.  
I think its beautiful.  
Sorry Im late, guys, but I had to  
wait till my mom and dad fell asleep...  
before I could sneak out  
with... the goodies.  
Roast beefand mashed potatoes !  
My favorite !  
Mmm. Mmm. Mmm.  
- I also managed to swipe this.  
- Rocky Road ! My other favorite !  
Hey, give me  
some ofthat.  
Excuse me, but arent we supposed  
to eat dinner before dessert ?  
Good one, Gretch.

You were right, Teej.  
This is the life.  
Hanging out with friends,  
eating ice cream, spying on bad guys.  
Its the ultimate  
kid experience.  
Too bad these days are numbered.  
Yeah, this is probably  
the last summer...  
well get to do stufflike this.  
Kinda whomps, huh ?  
Hey, remember that summer  
after second grade...  
when we went down to the pond  
every day to catch minnows ?  
Or how about that summerwe all  
carved our initials in that tree  
in the Wilsons backyard ?  
And Spinelli  
spelled hers wrong.  
Hey, I was seven.  
And Ss are tricky.  
[GusSobbing]  
Whats your problem ? This is  
the first summeryouve lived here.  
I know, and Ill never  
have any ofthose memories.  
[ Whimpering ]  
Know what Ill never forget ?  
That song  
T.J.s sister taught us...  
the first summer  
after kindergarten.  
Oh, yeah.  
Backwhen she was nice.  
- Howd it go again ?  
- [ Inhales Deeply]  
[ Adult Baritone ]  
JohnJacob  
Jingleheimer Schmidt  
His name is my name too  
[ All ]  
Whenever I go out  
The people always shout

There goes John Jacob  
Jingleheimer Schmidt  
[ Tempo Quickens ]  
Na-Na-Na-Na, Na-Na-Na  
John Jacob  
Jingleheimer Schmidt  
His name  
is my name too  
Whenever I go out  
the people always shout  
There goes John Jacob  
Jingleheimer Schmidt  
Na-Na-Na-Na  
Na-Na-Na  
[ Whispering ]  
John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt  
His name  
is my name too  
Whenever I go out  
The people always shout  
There goes John Jacob  
Jingleheimer Schmidt  
[ Fades ]  
Na-Na-Na-Na, Na-Na-Na  
[ Loud Zapping ]  
Well, here we are, sir. But its  
Just an old principals office.  
Why is it so important ?  
Because, my academically  
challenged young friend,  
it used to be mine.

**1 0:**

Gang back at camp.  
Im goin in alone.  
[Man]  
Man, oh, man.  
Ive heard of simple assignments,  
but this one takes the cake.  
Yuck.  
Hey.

**1 0:**

what appear to be...

Principal Pricklys golfpants ?  
Factis, youregettin  
realgoodat thisstuff.  
Yeah, youre a regular  
Robert De Niro.  
Hey, Im a man  
ofmany talents.  
- Principal Prickly ?  
- But wasnt Mrs. Prickly suspicious ?  
You kiddin ? It was like  
taking candy from a baby.  
[Laughing Continues]  
Double-knit polyester.  
These are Pricklys all right.  
But whywould the bald guywanna pretend  
to be Principal Prickly ?  
And wheres the real  
Principal Prickly anyway ?  
Wait a minute.  
Theres something in here.  
Help me ?  
It sounds like a desperate cry  
for help.  
- Then Principal Prickly  
must still be in the school.  
- Being held captive !  
You know what that means,  
dontyou, guys ?  
We gotta go in there  
and save him.  
- Bikes ?  
- Check.  
- Walkie-talkie ?  
- Check.  
- Rope with pointy thing ?  
- Check.  
Good. Then lets go.  
I still say this is nuts.  
Breaking out ofthe school  
I understand, but breaking in ?  
Oh, boy !  
Ms. Finsters gonna love this.  
[Whistling]  
[Groans]



[ Grunting ]

-[DoorbellRings]

- Dang.

Ten more minutes, and the pizza  
wouldve been free.

[ Sighs ]

**Its 9:**

- What doyou want ?

- Its about T.J. Detweiler.

Randall, Im offduty until Labor Day.

Hes someone elses problem now.

But hes got all his friends  
together, and theyre planning  
to break into the school !

A break-in, eh ?

Not if Muriel P. Finster  
has anything to say about it.

- Told you, Ms. Finster.

- [ Chuckles ]

I wonder ifI can get em  
tried as adults. Come on.

Hold the rope, boy.

-[Rope CreaKing]

- Uh-oh.

-[Snap]

- Aaaaah !

-[Thud]

-[Groans]

[ Muffled ] Ms. Finster,  
could you please get offofme ?

[Gretchen]

My, this issomewhatcreepy.

Yeah. Ive never been  
in a empty school at night before.

Heck, Ill bet no kid has.

I wonderwhere the aliens went.

They probably go back  
to the mother ship at night.

Quick. In here.

[Footsteps Passing]

Hey, this is  
our old room.

I hope somebodys

feeding the gerbil.

-[Man Talking, Echoing]

- Shh ! I hear something !

I want this system working now.

Do you hear me ? Now!

We're doing our best, sir. We've just run into a few technical difficulties.

It's coming from up there.

- Like what ?

- I think what Dr. Lazenby is trying to say--

Oh, I know what he's trying to say. He's trying to--

- What are you doing ?

- Finding out what's what.

[Men Continue Talking]

Bingo.

[ Grunting ]

I'm stuck.

[ Continues Grunting ]

Curse these

odacious hips of mine.

Randall, run back to my place and get the butter.

- Do you have any idea who you're talking to, Laramie ?

- It's Lazenby--

That photon channeler is a piece of equipment, like a carburetor in your car!

You're supposed to be a brilliant thinker.

Do you know what brilliant thinkers are supposed to do ?

They're supposed to think !

Whoa, what is all this stuff ?

Well, against the far wall is what looks to be a plutonium turbine.

Closer ahead, you'll observe a globe electrode.

To your right is the laser device we saw earlier, and of course, that glowing orb--

an electronpulsegenerator.

- The nerve center ofthe system.

- Shh ! The bad guys are talking.

- But, Dr. Benedict, please--

- No, let me make this

clear toyou, Lazenby.

We have a thing called

a window ofopportunity.

Ifwe miss the window ofopportunity,

then the project fails.

And ifthe project fails,

then I get very,

very... angry !

Th-Theymayhave

apoint, sir.

It seems the logistical problems

are a bit more complicated

than Dr. Steinheimer thought.

Yes, it would be a lot easier

ifwe could move the laser

to a more appropriate location.

This operation will be

executed as planned from right here !

Have I made myselfclear ?

- But, sir--

- No buts !

It started at 3rd Street.

It is going to end at 3rd Street.

Dr. Benedict,

were ready for the test.

Coming.

[Scientist]

Levelsaregood.

- Ready ?

- Ive been ready for decades.

-Just do it.

- Yes, sir.

Initiate photon channeling.

Photon channeling initiated.

Set magnification

coordinates .073.

Coordinates set.

Engage tractor beam now.

[ Continues Grunting ]

[LoudZapping]

What are those kids  
up to in there ?

[ All Gasp ]

A little more.

A little more.

- Hes shooting at the moon.

- I told you theywerent aliens.

[ Beam Sputtering ]

-[Turbine WindingDown]

- Dr. Rosenthal,  
why did the beam suddenly--

Oh, whats the technical  
word for it ? Stop ?

W-Well, uh, as I believe  
you were told before--

Told before ?

[ Chuckles ]

Doyou think I care what I was told  
before ? Ill do better next time.

Next time.

Isnt that cute.

Rosenthal,

let me askyou something.

Sayyou were a teacher--

or even better, say,

the principal ofa school--

and you had to deal with a naughty child  
who didnt know his place,

who kept telling you over and over  
that hed do better next time.

But he never did.

What would you do ?

Oh, no. N-Not detention.

Not detention !

- Take him away !

- No, please ! I can fix it !

Dont do this to me-e-e !

All right, whos

second-in-command ?

- Uh, I am, sir.

- Well, good. Nowyoure in charge.

And ifI wereyou, Id make sure  
I had this machine working at

full power by tomorrow morning.

- Do I make myself clear ?

- Y-Yes, sir.

Oh, dear,

I got spittle on my lapel.

Mmm.

-[Vince] Wegottagetoutofhere.

- Uh-oh.

- What is it ?

- I got that feeling.

- Hold it in, big guy. Hold it in !

- I cant !

[ Loud Burp, Echoing ]

What was that ?

Someone had better

say excuse me.

[ All ]

Whoa !

Fenwick, who let children

into the school ?

U-Uh, n-not me, sir.

- Well, get them !

- Run !

- [ Men Shouting ]

- There they are !

- [ All Gasp ]

- Huh ?

Get offour planet,

alien scum !

[ Groans ]

Over there !

- Get em ! Get em !

- Come back here !

Huh ? Whoa !

[ Grunts ]

- Hyah !

- Ninjas !

- Hyah !

- Get em !

Ninjas ! Whyd they

have to be ninjas ?

[ All Shouting ]

This way ! Hurry !

- Go ! Go ! Lets go ! Hurry up !

- Go ! Go ! Hurry up !  
- Nowyou !  
- But, Teej--  
- Go !  
- Haaah !  
- [ Gasps ]  
Saveyourselves !  
- T.J. ! T.J. !  
- It wont budge !  
[ Shouting Continues ]  
[ Grunts ]  
What theJ.P. Morgan  
is going on around here ?  
Let me go.  
Let me go !  
Im warning you !  
Im a black belt in origami !  
Well, well, well,  
ifitaint thelittlesnoop.  
- What ? I aint no snoop.  
- [ Tape Rewinding ]  
[ T.J. On Tape ] 9:32 a.m.  
Ugly bald guy still guarding school.  
Heh-heh. Oops.  
Lets go, snoop.  
Youre in big trouble now.  
Ow ! Ow ! Watch thejacket !  
Its cotton !  
[MuffledShouting]  
Principal Prickly !  
Youre alive !  
- Oww ! Would you be careful !  
- Boy, am I glad to seeyou.  
You wont believe what these  
guys are doing. Theyve got  
this big laser gun and--  
- Whoa, who tookyour pants ?  
- Never mind, Detweiler.Just untie me.  
- These knots are tight.  
- Ofcourse.  
Ive been pulling at them  
for the last day and a half.  
Theyve chaffed mywrist.  
- Dont worry, sir.

My palsll get us out ofhere.  
- What makes you so sure ?  
You dont know my friends.  
Theyll get help. Youll see.  
Soyoure saying youjust escaped  
from a troop ofninja warriors ?  
- Thats right !  
- And they got a giant laser gun  
in the school auditorium ?  
- Precisely !  
- Which is aimed at the moon ?  
Thank heavens you understand !  
[ Grunts ]  
Ive almost got it.  
Careful, Detweiler.  
Thats my putting hand.  
[DoorLock Unlocking]  
Hello, Pete.  
Remember me ?  
Well, well, ifit isnt  
Phillium Benedict.  
- I shouldve known  
youd be the one behind this.  
- You know this guy ?  
Ah, Pete and I  
are old pals.  
Although the last time  
we saw each other, Pete  
was the one ruining my life.  
By the way, Pete, you like this suit ?  
Its Italian. Raw silk. Nice, huh ?  
You always were more concerned  
about appearances than people, Phil.  
Oh, Pete, come on.  
Theres no need to be rude.  
Not after I instructed my men  
to take such special care ofyou.  
Special care ?  
Thats whatyou call gagging me,  
tying me up and taking away my pants ?  
Had to. Otherwise, you might run offand  
betray me, likeyou did the last time.  
But, hey,  
look at the bright side.

At least you've got company now.  
Let the boy go.  
He can't do anything to you.  
[ Sighs ]  
Same old noble Pete.  
- Always standing up  
for the rights of children.  
- You ?  
But, unfortunately,  
I can't let anybody go right now.  
You see, this experimental, um,  
night school that I'm running  
is kind of a secret.  
I'm trying to show that my...  
[ Chuckles ] adult students  
can be trained...  
to be capable and productive  
members of society.  
Well, if you're just  
running a night school,  
then what's that giant laser gun  
doing in the auditorium ?  
What a rude and badly dressed  
little boy you are.  
You should teach your pupils a little  
respect for their superiors, Pete.  
But that would mean that you'd  
have to know how to teach them  
anything at all, wouldn't it ?  
Geez, how do you  
know that jerk ?  
We went through  
teacher training together.  
- You mean--  
- That's right, Detweiler.  
That man is a rogue teacher.  
[ Prickly ]  
It was back in the spring of '68.  
A different age.  
We were really young, idealistic  
and ready to change the world.  
[ Chattering ]  
[ Rock ]  
Oh ! Ha ha ha.



Peace, Peter.  
Hey, Muriel, had a groovy time  
at the Dead concert last night.  
You gonna be at the teach-in Saturday ?  
Were gonna paint my Volkswagen.  
- Wouldnt miss it for the world.  
- Groovy.  
Yes, weall thought  
we were pretty cool.  
- But one guy was the coolest of us all.  
-[Vehicle Approaching]  
Phillium Benedict  
was my best friend.  
He was smart,  
he was handsome.  
He had just been named principal  
of 3rd Street School.  
[ All Giggling ]  
So, Phillium, hows it feel  
being the youngest principal  
in the history of the state ?  
Copacetic, baby.  
I mean, you know what they say:  
Young is in, man, and old is out.  
Way out.  
Do you like the American flag  
helmet, Pete ? It does go  
with the leather jacket, right ?  
You are one groovy educator, Phil.  
Cool. Follow me, my man.  
I wanna show you  
my new principals pad.  
Whoa !  
Psychedelic principalia.  
Pull up a bag, bro.  
I wanna rap.  
- Lay it on me, man.  
- You see, Pete, I been thinkin.  
Were a new generation  
of teachers, right ?  
Its time we shook things up  
a little.  
I hear you, brother.  
In fact, dig this.

I was meditating to that new  
Ravi Shankar album last night...  
when I got  
this righteous notion--  
What if we hold all our classes outside,  
on the playground ?  
Imagine-- school, recess.  
No boundaries.  
Hey, baby, that's a hip idea,  
but I got a better thought here.  
As my first official act  
as principal,  
I've decided...  
to get rid of recess.  
What ? No recess ?  
But, Phil, for a kid,  
recess is like a major play-in.  
It's the one time of day  
they have any freedom.  
[ Sighs ]  
Look, Pete,  
the 60s are over.  
All that peace and love  
and freedom stuff, it was great  
for pickin up chicks,  
but it's not gonna  
help my career.  
To do that, I gotta  
make test scores go up,  
and to make test scores go up, I gotta  
keep kids in class where they belong.  
That's why, starting tomorrow,  
I am tuning out recess...  
once and for all.  
[ Prickly ]  
Needless to say,  
Phillium's plan  
didn't go overall that well.  
[ Shouting ]  
- [ Protester ] What do we want ?  
- [ Crowd ] Recess !  
- When do we want it ?  
- Now !  
- What do we want ? When do we want it ?

- Recess ! Now !

Be cool, people, be cool.

Youre bumming my mellowness.

Well be cool when you give our kids  
their recess back.

Hey, baby,

Ill do what I want.

Im principal ofthe school, and theres  
nothing anyone can do about it. Dig ?

[ Shouting Continues ]

[Man]

Itsnotright!

- People, people, please calm down.

- [ Shouting Stops ]

Mr. Prickly here has informed me  
ofthis no recess proposal.

Let me assureyou that  
as long as Im superintendent,  
this radical plan will never  
be carried out in this district.

- [ Cheering ]

- Hey, man, youjust dont get it !

Ofcourse I do, Benedict.

- Thats why Im replacing you.

- What ?

- Prickly, from now on,  
you will be principal.

- Who, me ?

Oh, I see whats going down here.

You tricked me, went around my back  
to the man to get myjob !

- No, Phil, its not like that at all.

- Yeah, right !

Come on, Muriel baby,  
lets blow this scene.

No, Phil, its over. I could never  
be with a man who doesnt love recess.  
Soyoure against me too.

Well, fine. I dont need you.

I dont need anyone !

- Aaah !

- Phil ! You okay, man ?

Dont touch me !

You took my chick.

You took my job.  
Well, enjoy it while you can,  
Petey boy,  
cause you're gonna pay.  
Somehow, somehow,  
you're gonna pay.  
I never saw Phillip again.  
He quit teaching,  
went into politics,  
eventually became  
secretary of education--  
until the president fired him for  
trying to get rid of recess again.  
Only this time  
it was nationwide.  
So that guys some weirdo ex-teacher  
who wants to get rid of recess ?  
- Mm-hmm.  
- Okay.  
Now it's personal.  
Let's see-- weather maps,  
some stuff in Norwegian,  
a Farmers Almanac.  
Must be something in here that'll  
explain what that Dr. Benedict is doing.  
I'll tell you one thing  
he's not doing--  
having lunch tomorrow at 12:22  
with his little girlfriend.  
Spinelli, that's the man's  
personal date book.  
Well, it's mine now,  
and I guess Miss Luna Pergum is gonna  
be at the restaurant all by herself.  
- Who did you say ?  
- The girl whose name  
is in here-- Luna Pergum.  
Must be some Italian chick.  
Luna eperigeum.  
Of course !  
- What are you talking about ?  
- Don't you understand ?  
Luna eperigeum is no lady.  
It's an event. Look.

Once a month, the moon reaches the point  
where its closest to the Earth--  
lunar perigee, which in this case  
happens to be 1 2:22 tomorrow afternoon.  
Maybe thats when that doctor  
guy is gonna shoot his laser  
at the moon and blow it up.  
Close guess,  
but I have another theory.  
When I was up at space camp,  
I observed some abnormalities  
in the moons position.  
I couldnt figure out what was  
causing it, but now it all makes sense.  
Dr. Benedicts device is not a  
laser beam at all. Its a tractor beam !  
You mean hes gonna plow the moons  
surface ? Whateverwill he plant ?  
Not a tractor, you goombah.  
A tractor beam.  
Like from  
a science fiction movie.  
Precisely.  
Theoretically,  
ifa powerful tractor beam...  
were shot at the moon  
exactly at lunar perigee,  
it could move the moon  
into another orbit.  
Move the moon ? But why  
would anybodywant to do that ?  
Who knows, Vince ?  
Who knows ?  
[Banging On Metal]  
Here we are, sir.  
I cant believeyou have been  
creeping around in these vents.  
Theyre school property.  
Dang ! The lines dead.  
Hey, what did you do  
with the walkie-talkie  
you confiscated from me last week ?  
Top drawer, on the right.  
Just lookwhat Phils done to my office.

I had it all nice and clean  
for the summer.

Packs of gum, yo-yos,  
my old baseball--  
Hey, I've been looking  
for this.

Here it is--  
my walkie-talkie.

Now all I gotta do is  
contact the guys and--

- Oh, no.

- What is it, Detweiler ?

I told em  
that guy was a nut.

[ T.J. ] Hello !

Hello ! Is anybody there ?

It's T.J. !

T.J., buddy, you're okay ?

- Yeah, I'm fine,  
and so is Principal Prickly.

- Principal Prickly ?

I don't have time to explain,  
but I think we've figured out  
what Benedict is up to.

He's trying to get rid  
of summer vacation !

No !

Guys, don't freak out on me !  
I got a plan ! All we do is--  
Heh-heh. Why, Mr. Bald Guy,  
what a surprise.

T.J. ! T.J. !

- It's dead !

- They must've got him !

What are we gonna do ?

There's only  
one thing we can do:  
we gotta get help.

[ Becky ] Bow-wow ! Welcome to Floppy  
Burger. May I take your order, please ?

- Becky, this is Vince.

- [ Becky ] What are you doing here ?

It's not just Vince, it's me,  
Gretchen, everybody. We got a problem !

I got a problem too-- six dweeby  
ten-year-olds who wont leave me  
alone, even when Im at work.  
I am a professional ! So whatever  
your little problem is, forget it !

- But its about T.J .

- Hes in trouble,  
and he needs your help.

[ Becky ]

Well, isnt that nice ?

After stealing my diary, threatening  
to put it on the Internet...  
and making me drive across the  
state three times, he needs my help ?

Give me one good reason  
why I should help him.

Cause hes your little brother,  
and he needs you.

Please pull forward to  
the second drive-thru window.

A confiscated  
walkie-talkie.

Why doyou do these things ? Doyou  
enjoy tormenting me ? Doyou hate me ?

I dont hateyou, Phil.

I just thinkyoure insane.

[ Chuckles ]

Insane.

Well, thereyou go again, Pete.

Insulting me, hurting my feelings,  
Just like 30 years ago.

Only this time, Petey,  
Im ready.

You see, all thoseyears, no matter  
how big I got, no matter how successful,  
I always thought aboutyou.

Howyou embarrassed me !

Howyou humiliated me !

Howyou destroyed my relationship  
with Muriel Finster,  
the onlywoman I ever loved !

- That part still grosses me out, sir.

- Shh.

This time, Pete,

Im gonna humiliateyou.  
Im gonna prove to the world  
thatyou were wrong and I was right.  
- About what ?  
- About recess !  
About freedom !  
About test scores !  
Ive found a way  
to prove my theory.  
Im gonna get rid of  
the biggest recess ofthem all.  
I am gonna get rid  
ofsummervacation.  
- You fiend !  
- Fiend. Try to help people,  
thats the thanks you get.  
- Itll neverwork, Phil.  
- Well, actually, Pete,  
thats whereyoure wrong.  
You see, all I have to do is modify  
the moons orbit ever so slightly,  
and tide levels on the Eastern Seaboard  
rise eight feet.  
Move the moon over here,  
and the currents that warm California  
suddenly become ice-cold.  
Summer, as we know it,  
will become a thing ofthe past.  
And without summer,  
- [ Both Gasp ]  
- no summervacation.  
- Youll never get away  
with this, Benedict.  
- Oh, yeah ?  
Well, whos gonna stop me ?  
Wow, I cant believe  
my little brother...  
actually stumbled on  
a real, live evil conspiracy.  
- Thats ourTheodore.  
- You should see the crates  
ofsoda they left back there.  
And boxes ofmustard  
and ketchup too.



Mmm, tomato-ey.  
Hey, thats stuffs the property of  
Floppy Burger International.  
Quit your gabbin and step on it.  
We need reinforcements.  
[Cheering, Shouting]  
[Cheering, Shouting]  
[Finster] Im telling you,  
a troop of ninja warriors...  
is using 3rd Street School as  
a secret jujitsu training ground.  
- Ninja warriors. Elementary school.  
- [ Snickering ]  
Jujitsu training ground ?  
Hey, lady, arent you forgetting  
the magic laser beam ?  
- Im serious !  
- So are we.  
Hey, I got an idea-- Why dont you  
go home, get some rest...  
and well make a personal call  
to Jackie Chan.  
Yeah, hes the perfect man  
for a job like this.  
Im telling ya, something is  
going on in that school !  
Help ! Help !  
Somebody get us outta here !  
- Calm down, Detweiler.  
- Calm down ?  
Were locked in a giant birdcage  
while a madmans trying to  
destroy summervacation,  
and you want me  
to calm down ?  
- I understand, but I--  
- How can you understand ?  
Youre just a grownup.  
What do you know  
about summervacation ?  
Ill let you in on  
a little secret, Detweiler.  
Every adult youve ever known  
was a kid some time in his life.

You think we dont  
remember summervacation ?  
Riding bikes by the creek ?  
Catching polliwogs in ajar ?  
Camping out under the stars ?  
Well, youre wrong.  
Some days I sit in my office, looking  
out at you kids on the playground,  
and I think, They dont know  
how good theyve got it.  
In a few years, theyre all  
going to be grownups, like me,  
and all those good times will  
Just be memories for them too.  
So go ahead, put a whoopee cushion in my  
chair, cover my carpet with fake vomit,  
make fun of  
my big, saggy butt.  
But dont you ever say I dont care  
about summervacation,  
cause those memories are the last  
part of childhood Ive got left.  
Principal Prickly,  
I had no idea.  
Yeah, well, now you do.  
- So lets stop messing around.  
- How did you get those keys ?  
Swiped em off Philliums desk  
when he wasnt looking.  
Now come on.  
Weve got a summervacation to save.  
[ All Chattering ]  
People ! People !  
Just quiet down for a moment !  
Oh, man, nobodys listening.  
Theyll listen to me, once I introduce  
them to my good friend Madam Fist.  
Come on, Spinelli.  
Thats your answer for everything.  
I dont see you coming up  
with any great ideas, sports boy.  
Listen to the two of you.  
Youre not helping at all.  
[ All Arguing ]

[Gus]  
Quiet!  
What we need is a leader.  
A kid with  
the right training.  
A kid who knows strategy  
and field tactics.  
A kid who commands respect.  
Yeah, but where we gonna  
find a kid like that ?  
Leave that to me.  
- [ Chattering Continues ]  
-[Gretchen Whistles]  
Please !  
We have to get organized.  
Ah, whats the use ?  
Ifwhatyou say is true,  
all the fun ofbeing a kid  
is, like, totally ruined anyway.  
- Its like the whole worlds  
been turned right side up.  
- [ All Agreeing ]  
Not necessarily. All we have to do is  
work together and come up with a plan.  
- Detweilers the one who always  
comes up with the plans.  
- Lets face it-- were doomed.  
- [ All Agreeing ]  
-[Spinelli] Thats what you think!  
Kids ofthe playground, meet  
your new commanding officer.  
Griswald ? He couldnt  
lead a glee club.  
You find that funny,  
Bradley ?  
Well, Im not here to makejokes !  
Im here to make history !  
So ifyou wanna laugh,  
take it somewhere else.  
But ifyou wanna save the world, then  
suck in your gut and stand at attention.  
Now whos with me ?  
[Kazoos Playing  
RiverKwaiMarch]

[ Screams ]

Soda bomb ! Soda bomb !

[Gus] Vince, you and the Ashleys

will be in charge of unit A.

I'll take unit B.

Spinelli, you get the special forces.

- Special forces ?

- The kindergartners.

- I owe you for this, Griswald.

- Now there's one last thing

I need to say.

- [ Talking Ceases ]

- This mission is bigger than  
any one of us kids.

Bigger than T.J .

Even bigger than Principal Prickly.

This, my friends,  
is about the future.

- Geez, he sounds like T.J .

- Shh. He's on a roll.

Years from now when kids who aren't  
even born yet look back on this moment,  
they'll say,

They did it.

Those kids saved  
3rd Street School.

They saved summervacation.

So, boys and girls,  
were going in.

- Twenty-two minutes to perigee, sir.

- Very good, Fenwick.

[Men Chattering Indistinctly]

- Hello, boys.

- Hey !

[Men Groaning]

[Punches Landing]

- Where now ?

- The auditorium.

Check.

[ Inhales ]

Nessun dorma

[ All ]

Huh ?

Nessun dorma

[Man]  
Is thataKid ?  
- Ma il mio mistero e chiuso in me  
- Hey, kid, get out ofhere !  
Aah. Anderson, get rid  
ofthat kid, will ya ?  
Ilnomemio  
nessunsapra  
-[AndersonScreaming]  
-No, no  
- Smithson, Underhill.  
- Sir.  
Sulla tuaboca  
-[MenScreaming]  
-Lo diro  
- Quando la luce  
- Hanklin, Morrissey,  
Goodman, get over here !  
- Yes, sir.  
- Right away, sir. On the double.  
Well take care ofhim.  
Dont worry about it.  
You sure this is  
gonna work, Detweiler ?  
Come on, Principal Prickly.  
Dontyou everwatch old spy movies ?  
This trick is pure gold.  
Uh, Dr. Benedict wanted to speak to  
us about a very important matter.  
Hey, you two  
arent guards.  
Run !  
Im called little buttercup  
Anderson, Morrissey, Underhill ?  
Where is everybody ?  
Aah, ifyou want something  
done right, you gotta do ityourself.  
- Poor little buttercup  
- [ Screams ]  
- Sweet little buttercup, I  
- [ All Shouting ]  
Boy, these space-age  
power shovels sure do a greatjob.  
Quick, in here.

This way !  
Theyre inside.  
We lost em.  
Now what ?  
Ammo.  
[ Both ]  
Tender.  
Commence phase two.  
Ready ?  
- Hey, guards !  
- Huh ?  
[ Grunting ]  
You little brats !  
Now !  
- Intruders !  
- [ Shouting ]  
[ All Screaming ]  
Scandalous !  
[ Shouting Indistinctly]  
- Now !  
- Huh ?  
Bombard, men !  
- Get em.  
- [ All Shouting ]  
[ Screaming ]  
Lunch room, front office--  
Here it is, auditorium.  
[ Loud Hum Resonating ]  
Uh, Fenwick,  
why is the power off ?  
Uh, perhaps  
we blew a fuse, sir ?  
Well, go fix it !  
We must restore the power.  
Quickly, here.  
Hey, whathappened?  
Letus out!  
Plans working, Gus.  
Good. Now we gotta stop that  
laser beam before its too late.  
Thats whatyou thinK, Kid.  
Youbratsare done for.  
[TJ. ]  
Hey, baldy!

Say your prayers.

It's chowder time.

[ Screaming ]

- Bulls-eye !

- T.J. !

I knew you guys would

come back for us.

- Ooh, that's gotta hurt.

- Six minutes to perigee !

Quick. To the auditorium.

And no running in the halls !

Emergency power system

is in place.

Switch on the global electrode.

Power up the photon channeler.

Activate the tractor beam, quickly !

We've only got four minutes left.

[ Prickly ]

You've got no minutes left, Phil.

This is my school

and I want it back.

Sorry, Pete. You're just gonna

have to wait until I finish

making the world a better place.

- Now let's get this show on the road.

- Don't do it, Dr. Benedict !

[ Chuckles ] Don't do it ?

You think after all this planning,

all this work, you can get me to

stop just by saying, Don't do it ?

- What if we add please ?

- [ Sighs ] You kids

Just don't get it, do you ?

Well, let me explain this

in a way your little uneducated

brains will understand.

The American public think

test scores are too low.

But if a person, say me,

could make test scores go up,

why, everybody'd feel better.

They might even elect that person...

President of the United States.

Now, do you have any idea which

countries have the highest test scores ?

- Um, Japan ?
- Germany ?
- Tierra Del Fuego ?

Canada, Iceland, Norway !

And why ? Because its snowing  
up there all the time.

Kids dont waste their summers playing  
ball. Theyre inside studying.

And that is why Im getting  
rid of summervacation once and for all.

You got it all wrong, old man.

Your plan will never work.

Sure, maybe your crazy  
laser beam can move the moon.

Maybe it can even make it  
snow all summer.

Maybe you can get rid  
of long afternoons playing baseball,  
or sunny days down by the lake or warm  
nights camping out under the stars.

But that wont stop us.

We'll ride our bikes through the snow.

We'll play kick ball in the slush,  
we'll camp out in igloos.

You may take away summer, but you'll  
never take away summervacation.

Well, I can try.

Do it... now !

Yes, sir.

Begin photon channeling.

Photon channeling begun.

Set magnification  
coordinates.073.

- Coordinates set.
- Engage tractor beam.
- No !
- [LoudBang]

Hey, teacher,  
leave them kids alone !

- Ms. Finster.
- Muriel, its you.

You're still a vision  
of loveliness.



Yeah ?Andyourestilla two-bit,  
recess-hatingprettyboy.  
That hurt, Muriel. But Ill forgiveyou  
ifyoull just come back to me.  
Ha ! Id rather eat  
playground dirt.  
That can be arranged,  
my dear.  
Not before I takeyou down.  
Take me down ? Yeah, right.  
You and what army ?  
Me and this army.  
The teachers !  
[ Shouting ]  
[ Karate Shouts ]  
Get them !  
No, no, no, no  
no, no, no, no  
No, no, no, no  
no, no, no, no  
No, no, no, no  
no, no, no, no  
-No, no, no, no, Nobody can do the  
-Shimmy  
-LiKe Ido, Nobody can do the  
-ShaKe  
-LiKe Ido, Nobody can do the  
-Boogaloo  
-LiKe Ido, Nobody can do the  
-Shimmy  
[Continues]  
[ Screaming ]  
Fire !  
-Letme tellyou, Nobody  
-Nobody  
-Nobody  
-Nobody  
-Nobody  
-Nobody  
- [ Gasps ]  
- Drink soda, ninjas !  
Halt !  
Flying press !  
- Nice flying press, Spinelli.

- Thanks. Ive been working on it.  
No, no, no, no  
no, no, no, no  
You !  
[Ms. Finster]  
Stop right there, Kojak.  
Its go time.  
-Nobody can do the  
-ShaKe  
-Like Ido, Nobody can do the  
-Boogaloo  
- Thanks, Ms. Finster.  
-Just doing myjob, Detweiler.  
Hurry !  
Theres still time.  
Faster, you idiot !  
Faster !  
Holditright there, Phillium.  
Thesemesters overforyou, pal.  
Not so fast, Pete. You might fall asleep  
and miss the festivities.  
- Hey, Phillium,  
theres a spot on your tie.  
- Where ?  
[NinjaScreams]  
- Itsjammed.  
- Youre too late, Pete.  
This time I win.  
Vince !  
The photon channeler.  
And forget what they told you.  
Aim it. Dont throw it.  
- Look out ! Shes gonna blow !  
- [ All Screaming ]  
All my plans,  
my hopes and dreams...  
ruined.  
Ruined !  
Getyour hands offthe suit,  
you classless feeb !  
I am the former  
secretary ofeducation.  
Yeah, yeah. And Im the former  
princess of Morocco. Get in the car.

B-B-But its all his fault.  
I was only following orders.  
Ill turn states evidence.  
Geez, what a squealer.  
Come on, Grotke. Ill takeyou on.  
My boxing againstyour martial arts.  
East meets West.  
Well see who wins.  
I dont know, Muriel. Im only supposed  
to use it for self-defense.  
What an exciting summer.  
T.J. saved the world...  
and Becky made assistant  
fry chefat Floppy Burger.  
Come on, Ellie. The reporters wanna  
talk to us about how we raised a hero.  
Listen, Becky, I heard about howyou  
saved my life and everything, and...  
- well, here, I think this is yours.  
- My diary ?  
I cant believe it. You realize  
this means you dont have  
any leverage over me anymore ?  
Hey, what can I say ?  
Maybe Im just growing up.  
Gee, youre an all-right  
little brother after all.  
But, Teej, what about the  
extra copies you got stashed  
away up in the tree house ?  
Oh, I wasjust bluffing  
about those.  
So, Teej, we got two weeks  
ofsummervacation left.  
What doyou saywe do em up right ?  
But dontyou guys have to get back  
to camp, work on your futures and all ?  
Well, weve been thinkin.  
And weve decided theres plenty  
oftime for preparing for our futures.  
But only a little time left  
forjust being kids.  
So, what doyou saywe head down  
to the pond and skip some rocks ?

You guys got yourselves a deal.

Oh, boy ! My first  
summervacation memories.

Uh, guys.

- Ill catch up with you.

I forgot something inside.

- Okay, but hurry.

- Principal Prickly ?

- Huh ?

Oh, its you, Detweiler.

I was just, um, cleaning up this mess  
Phillium left.

Guy always was a pack rat.

Look at this. A Norwegian  
weather map from 1956.

Listen, sir, I never really got a chance  
to thank you for all the stuff you did.

You know, quitting your golf game,  
telling Benedict to let me go,  
helping me save the world  
and junk.

Oh, actually, Detweiler,

Im the one who should be thanking you.

- Huh ?

- You did me a big favor

by dragging me into this mess.

See, I didnt get into teaching for  
the promotions or the pension plans...

or so I could get

to the golf course by 3:45.

I-- I... did it cause I wanted to  
help you kids. And Id forgotten that.

- Till today.

- [Knocking On Window]

- Come on, Teej.

- The pond awaits.

- Ill be there in a second.

- Hey, its a gorgeous summer day  
and your pals are waiting.

Go have some fun

while you can... Teej.

You got it... Pete.

[Rock n Roll]

But dont forget !

Come September, youre mine.

I havent forgotten  
that saggy butt comment.

Hey, September is  
a long way off.

Let the sunshine

Let the sunshine in

The sunshine in

- Let the sunshine

- Whoa, let it shine

- Let the sunshine in

- Come on

- The sunshine in

- Everybody just sing along

- Let the sunshine

- Let the sunshine in

- Let the sunshine in

- Open up your heart

and let it shine in

- The sunshine in

- When you're alone

Let the sunshine

[ T.J. ]

One, two, three, four.

Drop your silver  
in my tambourine

Help a poor man

build a pretty dream

Give me pennies

I'll take anything

Now listen while I play

[ Echoing ]

My green tambourine

Watch the jingle jangle

start to shine

Reflections of the music

that is mine

When you toss a coin

you'll hear it sing

Now listen while I play

[ Echoing ]

My green tambourine

Drop a dime

before I walk away

Anysongyou want  
Illgladlyplay  
Money feeds  
my music machine  
Now listen while I play  
[ Echoing ]  
My green tambourine  
ListenandIllplay  
[Echoing]  
Mygreen tambourine  
ListenandIllplay  
[Echoing]  
Oh, yeah  
Mygreen tambourine  
Illplay  
mygreen tambourine  
Ifyoulisten  
I willplay  
Mygreen tambourine  
[Woman Vocalizing]  
Callingoutaroundthe world  
Areyouready  
forabrand-newbeat  
Thesummersnear  
andthe timeis right  
Fordancing in thestreet  
-Dancing in Chicago  
-Dancing in thestreet  
-Down in NewOrleans  
-Dancing in thestreet  
-In New YorK City  
-Dancing in thestreet  
All weneedismusic  
Sweetmusic  
Therellbemusicewhere  
Therellbeswinging  
andswaying  
Andrecordsplaying  
Dancing in thestreet  
Oh, itdoesntmatter  
whatyou wear  
Justas long  
asyouare there  
So, come on

Everyboygrabagirl  
Everywherearoundthe world  
Therellbe dancing  
Were dancing in thestreet  
Isaid  
wellbe dancing  
- Whoo!  
-Dancing in thestreet  
Were dancing in thestreet  
This isaninvitation  
across thenation  
A chance forKids tomeet  
- Theyllbelaughingandsinging  
-Laughing, singing  
Andmusicswinging  
Were dancing in thestreet  
-Philadelphia, P.A.  
-Dancing in thestreet  
-BaltimoreandD. C. now  
-Dancing in thestreet  
- Cantforget the MotorCity  
-Beep-beep, beep-beep Whoo!  
All weneedismusic  
Oh, music  
Therellbemusicewhere  
Therellbeswinging  
andswaying  
Andrecordsplaying  
Dancing in thestreet  
Oh, itdoesntmatter  
whatyou wear  
Justas long  
asyouare there  
Come on  
everyboygrabagirl  
Everywherearoundthe world  
Therellbe dancing  
Allaroundthe world  
Everyboyandgirl  
Dancing in thestreet  
-Fromyourneighborhood  
down to Hollywood  
-Dancing in thestreet  
-Dancing in thestreet

-Dancing in thestreet  
Were dancing in thestreet  
Were dancing in thestreet  
Were dancing in thestreet  
Were dancing in thestreet  
By dannisis, Guatemala  
divx@gua.gbm.net