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# Rugrats Go Wild

By Kate Boutilier

Wake up.  
Come along, faithful viewers,  
on our journey  
through the drain forest  
as we search  
for that very unusable creature,  
the three-toed sloth.  
Ah, there he is!  
Teething with life.  
Let's get a closer look,  
shall we?  
Oh, no, you don't!  
Cut! Cut!  
Don't worry, Chuckie.  
I'm Nigel Strawberry,  
wild animal expert.  
And 'cause  
I'm an eggsbert, I say,  
everybody into the truck!  
Go, go, go.  
Jump Tommy, jump!  
Say something, Nigel.  
I can hear the tiger's  
running feet,  
see his sharp teeth,  
and oh, oh...  
I feel a cool breeze.  
Crocodile!  
Not to worry, guys!  
Oh, no! It's coming back!  
But that was my onliest  
cute toy!  
Then feed him Phil.  
I heard that.  
That way! Through the swamp!  
Nigel, why are we sinking?  
Quitsand! I should  
have knowed!  
Guys, hang on to me!  
What are you diaperbags  
screaming about?  
We're about to get eaten  
by that ferocious  
Siberian tiger.

Were you pretending  
to be Nigel Strawberry  
again, Tommy?  
Yeah. He's my hero,  
and when I grow up,  
I want to be just like him.  
Pickles,  
you're no Nigel Strawberry.  
You're not even a Nigel...  
...Raspberry!  
You're never gonna have  
real adventures.  
You're just a backyard baby  
with a diaper full of dreams.  
Wow. She's mean.  
Now, who wants to go look  
for cookies under stuff?  
I do!  
Okay, come on.  
Follow me.  
The panthera onca,  
commonly known as the jaguar,  
seems determined  
to feast on my nether regions.  
But not to worry.  
Well, faithful viewers,  
our journey was  
a smashing success.  
Until next time,  
this is Sir Nigel Thornberry  
of Sir Nigel Thornberry's  
Animal World.  
Back! Back! Back!  
Why, hello, Scout.  
Boy, rest your eyes  
for a second,  
at old Thornberry's  
gator bait.  
Hey.  
Boy, that Sir Nigel gets  
in some real scrapes  
out there in the wild,  
but he always manages  
to wiggle out of trouble

somehow.

Oh, and, Jonathan, don't think  
that just because I'm on  
a Luxury Lipschitz Cruise  
in the South China Seas,  
I won't be checking messages,  
E-mailing, and carrier  
pigeons on the hour.

Honey, I thought we were  
going to leave work behind  
for seven  
fun-filled days.

Silly, it's  
not all work.

I've signed up for  
every spa treatment  
culminating in  
the Salem Retreat,  
where you're pressed  
between layers of hot rocks  
and ripe cranberries.

Sounds bewitching.

But aren't we all  
going to be busy  
with our children?

Deed, that's  
what the Kidsatorium is for.

Each morning  
we drop off the pups  
and head for  
the All-Day Breakfast Buffet.

I hear they make a mean egg yolk omelet...

Ooh!

...dipped with five kinds  
of sausage.

Whoa!

We signed up the kids  
for "Pirate Play  
and Pillage" class.

It teaches tolerance  
for the peg-legged.

Well, I'm going to use  
the whole seven kid-free days  
to reshape my physique.

Could happen.  
The Earth was created in six.  
Everyone all set?  
I think we all should thank  
my husband Stu  
for arranging this  
wonderful getaway.  
No. You can thank me  
by having the time  
of your lives.  
Welcome!  
Bienvenue! Willkommen!  
Welcome aboard  
the world-renowned  
Dr. Lipschitz Cruise!  
Stu must have taken Spike  
for one last potty run.  
I-I'm sure he'll be right back.  
He better.  
He's got all our tickets.  
That sure is a nice cambera,  
Susie.  
Thanks, Tommy.  
My mommy got it for me  
so she can see everything  
she's missing.  
How come  
she and your daddy can't come  
on the cruise with us?  
Well, my mommy's getting  
a special award  
'cause she 'scovered  
a new disease,  
and my daddy's cutting  
the ribbon  
at the Dummi Bear Theme Park  
opening.  
But I wanted to come  
with you guys.  
And we're  
so glad you did,  
Susie Carmichael.  
Now, here!  
Hold the spotlight

on Lounge Singer Cynthia.  
Dresses and shoes  
are the only things  
That I'll share...  
That's my rules.  
Oh! I wonder if it's too late  
to call my mommy.  
Hey, The ship's sailing  
without us!  
Wait!  
Isn't that our ship?  
Wait!  
Whoa!  
Ahoy, mates!  
Captain Stu at your service!  
Climb aboard for seven  
fun-filled days  
on the S.S. Nancy.  
No fancy packaged tour.  
Just the thrill  
of the open sea,  
the smell of the salt air,  
and the joy  
of close friends  
and family.  
Drew, hold the shoes.  
I'm Queen of the World!  
Oh, isn't this a great vacation,  
guys?  
As long as  
the "Queen" doesn't sing...  
I'm happy.  
And the bestest part is,  
we're all together.  
Ah! This is  
just like my bathie.  
Only there's no  
rubber ducky, and...  
I'm not nakie.  
There's a ducky.  
Well, okay.  
Time to get nakie.  
Oh.  
Nakie!

I can't believe  
you did this without  
consulting us, Stu.  
Look at poor Kira.  
This was supposed  
to be our honeymoon.  
Sorry, Chas.  
And here I was hoping  
you'd be my first mate.  
Me? Really?  
Snap out of it, Gilligan.  
At the next port,  
we're getting off  
this rinky-dink tub,  
and getting  
on the Lipschitz Cruise.  
Don't you see?  
If we were  
on a cruise right now,  
we wouldn't be together.  
We'd be split up  
between the pools, the spas,  
and the mile-long buffets.  
We're missing  
Canadian Bacon Tuesday!  
Oh, can't this bait  
trap go any faster?  
Hello?  
Hello?  
Is anybody there?  
Welcome passengers  
to what I like to call  
"The Voyage of Your Lifetime!"  
Everybody, I'm getting a signal.  
It's from the Lipschitz Cruise.  
Oh, quick, let  
me talk to them.  
Mom, are you there?  
We're having a little trouble  
with the wild child.  
Sounds like  
a disgruntled passenger.  
Oh! Hello, Lipschitz.  
Charlotte Pickles here.

Could you send a rescue boat  
right away?  
We're the squalid little boat  
in the middle of the ocean.  
Mom?  
My muscles are atrophying  
as we speak.  
Well, we paid  
for spa treatments,  
and I'm not missing one!  
Hey, we're getting a signal  
here.  
Oh, Dr. Lipschitz,  
can you help us?  
My wife really needs  
to see the ship's doctor.  
Huh? Hang on a sec, Mom.  
I'm picking up some  
lame-o soap opera.  
What is it this time, Debbie?  
Okay.  
I made everyone dinner,  
so I shouldn't have  
to clean up, too,  
right?  
Mom, all she did was hand us  
a jar of peanut butter.  
Uh, can we talk about this  
when your father and I get home?  
Yeah. Any E.T.A. on that?  
'Cause you've been gone  
since, like, yesterday.  
We're still looking  
for the leopard at...  
Oh, Nigel!  
Over there!  
What's that?  
That's... I see spots!  
Oh!  
Watch out for that  
limb, dearest.  
Here, neofelis nebulosa,  
come to Papa.  
Hello? I was talking here!



Oh, I'm sorry, Debbie.  
Now you're on your own  
for dinner tonight.  
You know, normal  
families  
eat dinner together  
once in a while.  
Marianne, perhaps  
I can lure out the leopard  
by imitating its mating call.  
Okay, so we're not normal.  
But as a teen,  
I reserve the right  
to alternately reject  
and embrace my parental units.  
Consider us embraced.  
Now, keep an eye on Donnie.  
It's going to rain,  
and you know how he likes mud.  
Over and out.  
She totally hung up on me.  
And I was having  
a sensitive moment.  
Debbie, you are  
so self-centered.  
I am not!  
Okay, what's the monkey saying  
about me?  
Mmm.  
Oh, that's great.  
Oh, it's fine!  
Come on, pups,  
get underneath.  
Come on.  
Come on, move it, move it,  
move it! Down below!  
Oh!  
Captain Stu,  
I can't hold  
the wheel.  
Will you stop calling  
him captain?  
He has no idea  
what he's doing!

I do so!  
Does anybody know  
where the brakes are  
on this thing?  
Jonathan, why aren't you  
answering the phone?  
I need you to divert  
a tropical storm.  
It's a 40-foot wall  
of water.  
We're going to need  
a bigger boat.  
Everyone get below!  
Phone overboard!  
Phone overboard!  
Charlotte, forget the phone!  
Jonathan!  
Well, this is how we came in...  
No!  
Oh, babies!  
Oh, Kimi.  
Chuckie, hold on to me.  
Why didn't  
anybody stop me?  
Out of my way!  
Where you going?  
No, Charlotte!  
Charlotte, don't.  
I-It's a rental.  
Come on!  
Right behind you,  
boys!  
If you like to make a call,  
please hang up and try again.  
If you need help, hang up...  
You're safe!  
I got it!  
Dil's binky!  
Oh, Betty,  
thank you.  
I thought this might  
come in handy, too.  
Abandon ship!  
I can't help feeling

partially responsible.  
There's got to be  
a morning after  
If we can hold on  
through the night...  
I know we can.  
We have a chance  
to find the sunshine...  
Come on!  
Let's keep on looking  
for the light  
Spike!  
Here, boy!  
Spike!  
Come over here, Spike.  
Cynthia overboard!  
Cynthia! No!  
No, no, no, no.  
-No, no, no, no.  
-There, there, Princess.  
We've all lost  
something today.  
Why, I lost my cell phone  
with 100 free minutes,  
and Daddy lost  
his favorite sun visor,  
and Uncle Stu lost  
all our respect.  
Cynthia!  
You guys, wake up!  
We're at the bacation place.  
Ah, that was a good nappie.  
It was just like when Mommy  
used to rock us to beddie-bye.  
Well, I likes a bed  
that doesn't move.  
Land ho!  
Land ho!  
I'll never set foot  
on water again!  
Where are we?  
Oh, isn't it obvious?  
The palm trees, the white sand,  
the crystal blue water...

Why, we've landed  
on an island resort.  
Place looks pretty deserted.  
Oh, Betty.  
The best ones always are.  
Just look for a cabana boy  
carrying towels.  
Hello!  
I could use a double espresso,  
chop-chop.  
-Chop-chop...  
-Don't worry,  
I've got a map.  
We'll figure this out.  
We left here. We capsized here.  
I know exactly where we are.  
See? We're on this  
tiny little island called...  
"Uninhabited."  
You mean we're  
the only people here?  
Well, we'll just have  
to get back in the boat  
and row to another island.  
One with coffee.  
Drew, the lifeboat's gone!  
-Gone?!  
-Where'd it go?  
Look, it's way out there.  
Wait, ho, ho, oh, great.  
We're marooned?  
With no food?  
How soon before we all  
turn cannibal?  
I have to get  
out of here!  
So, "Swiss Family DeVille"  
he's not.  
Good morning, poodles!  
We were up all night  
Looking for that leopard.  
Debbie, they're here!  
Ta da!  
Homemade coconut muffins

and fresh herbal tea.  
Debbie, this  
is so sweet.  
Oh, and these  
look heavenly.  
Afraid we must  
eat and run.  
Mmm.  
Ooh, really  
delicious, honey.  
But you guys  
just got here!  
I know, but the Foundation  
is expecting that  
footage today,  
and we still  
haven't got it.  
Nigel, I think  
we should split up.  
Dearest!  
I thought we  
were so happy.  
Oh...  
You mean to look  
for the leopard,  
don't you?  
I can't believe this!  
You're always working.  
When's the last time  
we took a vacation?  
But, Debbie, we travel  
all over the world.  
I want a family vacation.  
You know, where we fight over  
the bar of hotel soap.  
And Debbie hogs  
all the good towels?  
And we order  
room service.  
And we do dorky family  
activities?  
Yes! Dorky sounds  
really good right now.  
Well, girls, I'm sorry.

I didn't realize  
you felt this strongly.  
I promise, as soon  
as we find the leopard,  
we'll do dorky  
family activities.  
It's settled then.  
-You're leaving, too?  
-Mm-hmm.  
Fine, go.  
I was just going to hang out  
on the beach today anyway.  
Debbie, are you forgetting  
that I talk to animals?  
Sadly, no. Your point?  
I'm going to find out where  
that leopard is so we can leave,  
and maybe we'll  
really take a vacation.  
Come on, Darwin.  
Darwin's staying here.  
See ya.  
Donnie!  
I did not slave  
over a hot oven  
to feed the birds!  
When I write about my life--  
and I will--  
I will not be kind.  
Okeydoke, kids.  
You play here,  
while the mommies and daddies  
try to ward off  
the specter of doom.  
Babies, listen up.  
We're stucked  
on a topical island  
that don't gots  
no people on it.  
But we're here, Angelica.  
I mean people who matter.  
And we gots no food.  
And no cookies!  
You don't know what

you're talking about,  
Angelica.  
Oh, yeah?  
I saw a movie 'bout it once.  
These little kids  
were all alone  
on an island till  
they grewed up  
and turned wild.  
The boy grew a beard  
down to his feet,  
and they had to wear rags  
for clothes.  
That's not the worstest part.  
This isn't like  
Our park back home  
With slides and pools  
and swings  
It's a creepy little island  
With great big scary things  
Where mutant lobsters  
crawl around  
Chomping on little kids  
And water wings can't save you  
From the slimy,  
squishy squids  
That's why you need  
A princess--  
someone beautiful, hmm?  
Like me-- to save you  
from the scary claws  
That grab you from the tree  
So if you don't wanna  
end up  
Being mutant lobster food  
The keep your Island Princess  
In a really happy mood  
That means  
no blowing bubbles  
That means no making smells  
That means no bugging me  
To wear my royal shells, ha!  
Just do the things  
I tell you

Like bow when I walk by  
Listen when I speak to you  
But don't look me in the eye  
You're not  
some Island Princess  
There's not a squishy squid  
There are no mutant lobsters  
That would ever eat a kid  
Don't listen to her stories  
She always misbehaves  
She's trying to scare  
you babies  
Into being Island Slaves  
Why do you always have to be  
so good and nice and cheeky?  
Just face the facts  
That I'm this  
Island Princess Angeli-tiki  
So if you don't wanna end up  
being mutant lobster food  
Then keep  
your Island Princess  
In a really happy mood  
Keep your Island Princess  
In a really happy mood.  
Y eah!  
It's obvious.  
The first thing to do  
is make a signal fire.  
You know what else  
is obvious?  
You're an idiot.  
We have to find  
something to eat.  
All I saved was a couple jars  
of baby food.  
I never knew  
strained peas and apricots  
went so well together.  
Oh, you ate  
the baby food?!  
Babies don't need food.  
I have to keep my strength up  
for when you try to throw



me into the soup pot!  
He's delusional.  
This is all your fault!  
My fault?  
Whose idea was the  
Stu Cruise to Doom?  
Oh, I would expect that  
from the Finsters  
or the DeVilles,  
but Charlotte!  
I knew  
this day was coming  
since you were in diapers!  
I should have never left Paris!  
This is the Circle of Chaos.  
If we're going to survive  
on this island,  
we can't ever step foot  
in the Circle of Chaos.  
Wow. I feel  
calmer already.  
We don't know when  
we'll get off this island.  
Until we do,  
we're gonna need order.  
First thing we need is a leader.  
Any volunteers?  
Stu, put down your hand.  
I nominate Betty.  
I accept.  
All in favor of me,  
raise your hand.  
Hold on.  
You're all going  
to blindly follow Betty  
just because  
she drew a circle in the sand?  
Yes!  
Thank you.  
As my first duty  
as your rightfully  
elected leader,  
I'm assigning Stu to baby watch.  
The rest of

yous, follow me.  
Geez, all I wanted to do  
was have a little adventure.  
Now everyone and their brother  
is blaming me for this mess.  
Angelica, are the growed-  
ups mad at my daddy?  
That's a blunderstatement.  
He's in big trouble.  
It's cause of him we're going  
to have to live here forever.  
Maybe we can help.  
You babies are  
gonna help?  
You can't keep  
your fingers  
out of your nose.  
We gots to try, Angelica.  
Guys, up that hill.  
I think it's the drainforest,  
just like we sawed  
on Nigel Strawberry's TV show!  
Does that mean  
Nigel Strawberry's here?  
What makes you think  
that big-nosed nature guy's  
on this dinky island?  
Because that's the lastest place  
we sawed him.  
He was getting eaten  
by a crocogator.  
'Member?  
Nice knowing you, Chuckie.  
Phil!  
I bet if we go in there,  
we'll find Nigel Strawberry.  
He can help us get home!  
And no one would be mad  
at your daddy no more!  
And I wouldn't have to share  
the waffle I gots in my diapie.  
Philip.  
Uh, if I had a waffle  
in my diapie.

See you, Angelica.  
Hey, get back here.  
You babies better  
listen to me,  
or else!  
Or else...  
I'm going to build a signal fire  
that will have us  
off this island in no time.  
Uh, let's see.  
Gum, my special  
"writes-upside-down" pen  
and disposable razor.  
Great. I can chew, shave,  
and write about it.  
On my head.  
I can't believe it, Cynthia.  
Those babies always  
do whatever I say!  
What's all this junk?  
It's not junk, Angelica.  
These everyday items can be used  
to make a lot of things.  
That's it!  
I'll build a radio  
and send a distress signal!  
Angelica, keep an eye on  
the babies for me, okay?  
I'm supposed to baby-sit  
those half-pipes?  
That's dog's work!  
Spike! Wake up!  
Watch the babies.  
I got  
important things to do,  
I like find someone  
to be my royal subjects.  
Now, go!  
Cynthia, this vacation stinks!  
I've been walking forever,  
and no one's come along  
to carry me yet!  
Hey, that bird's got a cupcake!  
Drop it, beak-head!

Ew!  
There's got to be someone  
around here I can boss.  
Ew! Ah...!  
Listen up, monkey.  
All that chimp chatter  
really bugs.  
Just hand over those munchies  
and keep painting.  
Wow! She's got that monkey  
waiting on her hoof and mouth.  
Cynthia, I could learn  
a lot from that girl.  
Excuse me, Miss Bossy Lady?  
Pipe down, monkey.  
Hey, lady!  
Who's calling me a lady?  
I'm a teen!  
Where did you  
come from?  
This is supposed to be  
a deserted island.  
I'm Angeli-tiki,  
the island princess.  
And I'm thirsty.  
And I lost my touch  
for being bossy,  
so you got to teach me.  
No ice cubes  
next time.  
There's the drainforest, guys!  
Bet we'll find Nigel Strawberry  
down there.  
Now you're talking, Tommy!  
Wait up! Wait for me!  
This place is different  
than our own backyard  
I hope we haven't gone too far  
We're somewheres new  
and we haven't a clue  
I just saw that butterfly  
turn blue  
This is a strange  
and mysterious place

With lots of yummy buggies  
for us to chase  
We're walking  
and we don't know where  
Ooh-wee,  
it's a jungle out here  
This place is really neat  
Lots of wormies for us to eat  
Lots of furry things  
everywhere you stare  
Feels like I got some  
in my underwear  
Monkeys swinging all around  
I wonder if we're ever going  
to get found  
We're having lots of fun,  
hey, look over there...  
Whoopie! Oh, boy! Yay!  
Great big snake  
hanging from a tree  
I hopes that it  
don't eat up me  
Fat green lizard  
looking me in the eye  
I sure am glad  
that I'm not that fly  
Prettiful birdies  
singing a song, tweet tweet  
I hope we don't stay here  
for long  
We gots a job to do,  
and we're headed up there  
Look sharp,  
it's a jungle out here  
We gots a job to do,  
and we're headed up there  
Ooh-wee,  
it's a jungle out here.  
Wow! It's got a gazillion feets.  
Well, down the hatch.  
Philip, no!  
Oh, sorry.  
Want a bite?  
No! I don't think

we should eat bugs  
no more.  
That's crazy talk, Lil.  
We've been raised on bugs.  
I know it, Philip,  
but that's afore I sawed  
that poor fly  
get eated  
by that big mean ol' flower.  
Now, you let him go!  
If I knowed the last bug I eated  
would be the last bug I eated,  
I would've  
eated it slower.  
Look! Growed-up footprints!  
I bet  
they're Nigel Strawberry's!  
Let's go!  
You know, it's lots easier going  
potty in the drainforest  
than at home.  
And you don't have to worry  
'bout getting any on the floor  
or the walls or anything.  
Guys? Uh...  
Wait up!  
Uh, uh, guys?  
Excuse me, I'm looking  
for a clouded leopard.  
Have you seen any around?  
Sure. There's  
one at the...  
Eliza!  
You'll never believe  
what I just saw!  
There's a little girl at camp,  
and she's a miniature Debbie!  
In every way.  
She's bossy, she's loud...  
she's hideous!  
Darwin, look!  
A dog?  
What's he doing here?  
Oh, spreading his fleas

on an unsuspecting world.  
Come on.  
Hey, hey, hey.  
Could you give a dog  
a little warning?  
I'm trying  
to do my business here.  
Oh, I'm so sorry.  
You know, it's funny.  
For a minute there  
I thought I actually heard you  
talking to me.  
You talking to me?  
Are you talking to me?  
Yeah, I can talk  
to animals.  
It's a long story.  
Should we come back?  
Ah, no problem; I'm done.  
I was just marking.  
Spike was here!  
Uh, sorry. I know...  
Where are my manners?  
I am Spike.

**Full name:**

Get Off That Couch!  
I'm Eliza,  
and this is Darwin.  
Spike was here, too.  
Wow! I've been sneezing all day.  
My sniffer's on the blink.  
I can't even smell my own butt.  
And let me tell you,  
I've tried.  
Charmed.  
Spike,  
what are you doing here?  
Well... I'm...  
To be honest with you,  
I'm looking for my babies.  
You lost your babies?  
Probably too busy  
drinking from the toilet.

I was not! I  
was sleeping.  
That was my  
second guess.  
Hey, hey, smart boy,  
you don't get it, okay?  
This is how it works.  
Usually they wander off,  
I find them, no problem.  
But I can't smell.  
I might as well  
not even call myself a dog.  
Don't worry,  
Spike.  
We'll help you find them.  
And I won't tell anyone  
you lost them.  
Really? You really  
will help me find them?  
Thank you!  
That is so nice.  
Wow, you taste pretty good.  
Animals.  
Tommy? Phil? Lil?  
Spike?  
Aw...  
I knew we shoulda stayed  
at the beach.  
This is the way  
we wash our clothes  
Wash our clothes,  
wash our clothes  
This is the way  
we wash our clothes  
So early in the morning.  
Phil?  
Lillian!  
This is not funny!  
Oh, you're just my 'flection!  
How ya doin', Chuckie?  
Uh, my 'flection  
never talked back!  
I been ascaired  
of lots of stuff 'afore,



but I never been ascaresd  
of me!  
Hey! Where'd it go?  
Um, Chuckie?  
That's not very nice.  
From now on,  
I'm not gonna make funny faces  
with you no mores!  
Hey! Who's throwing stuff?  
My shorts feel kinda big...  
Aah! Who took my shoeses?  
Hey!  
My big-boy pants  
aren't 'posed to do this!  
Oh!  
I don't even look  
like Chuckie no mores.  
Phillip!  
No! We don't do that no mores!  
Aw, just one little wormie, Lil!  
Don't you 'member  
how good they used to taste?  
How they tickled  
on the way down?  
No, I don't!  
I told you I'm  
a vegebelatarian now.  
We don't eat bugs.  
We pet 'em.  
I don't knows you  
anymore, Lil.  
Do you...  
do you still like  
to eat mud?  
Not if it has a face.  
But you're my twin!  
Who's gonna 'splain  
Mommy's jokes to me  
or-or help me plant my booger farm?  
And who's gonna tell me  
when my feet smell?  
Okay, Dil.  
Do your stuff.  
Eew! Tinky!

Guys, I haven't seen Chuckie  
for a long time.  
We better go back.  
You know how scared  
Chuckie is of being losted.  
Chubby!  
Is everything okay, Chuckie?  
When did Chuckie  
start talking backwards?  
Not a hair,  
not a paw print,  
not even a dropping!  
Must keep my chin up.  
I'll find that cat  
or my name's not  
Nigel Archibald Thornberry.  
I'll find that big-nosed  
nature guy,  
or my name's not Tommy  
Awfully Bald Pickles!  
Donnie?  
Is that you?  
Look, it's Nigel Strawberry!  
We founded him!  
Great Goodall,  
a gaggle of babies!  
Children!  
Stay right there!  
I'm coming down!  
Not the way I intended.  
Heavens, what a fall.  
I must get to those babies.  
Are you okay,  
Mr. Strawberry?  
She called me "mister!"  
Silly Billy.  
I'm only this many years old!  
Do any of you remember  
where I left my tricycle?  
That's one old three-year-old.  
Uh, no, Mr. Strawberry.  
We're shipwrecked  
on this island.  
We was hoping you could

help Tommy's daddy.  
Watch what I can do.  
Spinning?  
Tommy,  
I think Nigel Strawberry's  
acting kinda funny.  
Maybe he's  
got diapie rash.  
Oh, yeah!  
Wee! Wee!  
Did you catch  
a whiff of anything yet?  
It's, look, it-it-it,  
it's kind of a damp smell  
that's a cross between  
sour milk and poop.  
Eww!  
Well,  
actually I kind of like it.  
Sorry, Spike,  
but everything smells  
pretty much the same to me.  
Ha! Humans.  
How do you live?  
And who put  
the "poo" in pooch?  
Whoa.  
Okay, there you go.  
Look at yourself now.  
All right, you got  
a little dog pee on you.  
Oh, my gosh! You're the..  
I am Siri,  
the clouded leopard.  
I'm Spike,  
the purebred mutt!  
See these claws?  
Sniff my butt!  
Spike,  
why'd you say that?  
I was being social.  
Of course,  
a simple handshake wouldn't do.  
Hey, twitchy, I do not

shake with cats, okay?  
Now... a small  
chimp for breakfast,  
a mutt for lunch,  
and a sensible girl  
for dinner.  
Hey, chimpboy,  
will you stop worrying?  
I know all about cats  
with a capital K.  
Sit on a windowsill,  
hack up a fur ball.  
Ooh,  
that's very ferocious.  
Spike, this isn't  
your regular house cat.  
They all twitch  
their whiskers  
one whisker at a time,  
just like you and me.  
Don't go and be fooled  
By those fancy pants  
It's just  
her feline arrogance  
Flaunting their collars  
with tinkly bells  
She thinks her litter box  
don't smell  
Whoa, hey,  
who cut the cheese?  
Was that you, baby?  
You may want  
to reexamine your diet.  
Can the old  
canine philosophies  
Why don't you just go  
and tend to your fleas  
Don't push me, mutt  
I'm just not in the mood  
You're one swipe away  
from becoming cat food  
Don't go and be fooled  
by this crazy cat  
Don't go and listen

to his crazy facts  
Not gonna tell you twice,  
you better watch your back  
Don't go and be fooled  
The big bad cat's  
a fur-ball-hacking  
Rodent-snacking act  
That's right, an act.  
You're just a pussycat.  
You think you're tough?  
I dare you, Spike,  
to call my bluff  
You're a very scawy puddytat.  
You're one swipe away  
from becoming toast  
Eliza, get my doggy bag.  
I'm about to catch a snack.  
We can settle this right now,  
right here--  
mano a mano, dogo a cato.  
Ow!  
That has gotta hurt--  
falling off a cliff  
into a sticker bush.  
Not gonna tell you twice,  
you better watch your back  
Oh! Here I am. Come get me.  
You think I'm afraid  
of your claws?  
Coochie-coochie-coo.  
Bombs away, ladies.  
Come on, me and you.  
Come on, let's go right now.  
I'll rip  
that fur coat off ya  
and wear it,  
and all my dog friends  
will be going,  
"Spike, where did you get  
that skanky cat coat?"  
You hear what I'm saying, Red?  
I thought cats  
didn't like water.  
But frankly, Eliza,

she did need a bath...  
Come on, come on.  
Oh! Whoa!  
Aw, what happened?  
Well,  
I'm outta here,  
I gotta go find my babies.  
Helpless offspring?  
Yeah! Yeah!  
That's it. That's it.  
Have you seen 'em?  
Little ones, walk on two feet?  
Last time I saw 'em,  
they were on the beach.  
Walking...  
stumbling, actually.  
Two feet?  
Yeah, they're  
my human babies.  
I thought we were  
looking for puppies!  
No, no. My pups  
are home with the wife.  
She can't travel.  
Delicate stomach.  
Me, I could eat anything--  
shoes, furniture, pencils  
with the little erasers.  
I ate one of Chuckie's  
diapers one time  
-Spike...  
-and let me tell you...  
-Spike!  
-that is spicy.  
Spike! We have to find those  
babies before Siri does!  
Come on!  
When will I think  
before I bark?  
Spike, is that you?  
Tommy? Kimi?  
Anybody?!  
Oh, no, not monkeys!  
Hey, they're chasing

that little one!  
That's not very nice.  
Now, you big monkeys  
go 'way.  
You was little monkeys  
yourselves once...  
um... probably.  
So just go away and leave  
this little monkey 'lone.  
Shoo! Shoo!  
Thanks.  
Wow! I saved someone  
'stead of someone saving me.  
I must be a wild boy now.  
Babies!  
Tommy!  
Susie!  
Oh, my dogness!  
What if I never feel  
their sticky jammy fingers  
poking in my ears again?  
What if I never find a floating  
diaper in my doggie bowl?  
What if...  
Spike! Snap out of it!  
Right, right, right, right.  
Not helping. Not helping.  
Focus, focus, Spike.  
What does "focus" mean?  
Right, right.  
But who's going  
to sneak me donuts?  
Come on, we're almost there.  
These are much better  
than the cookies we gots  
back at the grass hut,  
and I don't have to share  
with no dumb babies.  
I mean, um,  
dumb baby savages.  
Tell me about it.  
I have to share with a pigtailed weirdo,  
a jungle freak,  
and a monkey in a tank top.

Uh, refill.  
Why do I have to get it?  
You said you  
wanted to learn  
how to be  
bossy, right?  
This is how  
you learn.  
Extra ice, two straws.  
I would trade the monkey  
for her any day.  
Debbie, come in. Over.  
Hey, Mom, how's it going?  
It's not going at all.  
Have you heard from your father?  
No, but get this, Mom.  
Tell me later, honey.  
Be back soon.  
Angeli-tiki is nobody's lackey.  
Hey, lady!  
What's that  
bubble thing?  
A bathysphere.  
It goes underwater.  
You know,  
like a submarine.  
Getting thirsty here!  
That girl's  
even bossier than me.  
Those dumb babies  
are practically  
on top of a mountain,  
and I'm gonna be blamed!  
I gotta go home  
and pretend I'm innocent.  
Um, Debbie?  
I just 'membered.  
I was supposed to be home for,  
uh, the Island Sacrifice.  
Okay, my mom will drive you  
when she gets here.  
But I have to go now.  
I'm the princess.  
Who do you think's



going to throw in the goat?  
Oh, it's a native thing.  
Oh, Mom will understand.  
But I am not waiting around  
to watch the goat bite it.  
Is that a CD player?  
Yeah, only the best.  
You know an awful lot  
for an "island girl."  
Um, well, see, a TV  
washed up on the beach once  
and the island king  
made the whole tribe watch it.  
Cool!  
I love this song!  
Hey, me, too.  
Woo!  
Darling you've got  
to let me know  
Should I stay or should I go  
If you say that you are mine  
I'll be here  
till the end of time  
So you've got to let me know  
Should I stay or should I go?  
Y ow!  
It's always tease...  
Whoa!  
Whoa!  
Debbie!  
Debbie, there's a bunch of  
a babies lost around here,  
and the leopard's after them!  
I didn't know there was  
a leopard out there.  
I'm gonna be  
in big trouble.  
Get back here and  
put your seat belt on.  
C'mon, Cynthia.  
We're taking a ride!  
Angeli-tiki!  
Oh, man.  
Twinkle, twinkle

Little star...  
Debbie, what happened?  
I was taking care of this  
island princess and...  
What's she doing  
in the bathysphere?  
I didn't say  
I was taking care  
of her well.  
Where are the lights  
on this thing?  
I'm a kangaroo.  
Hoppity, hoppity, hop.  
I'm a froggie,  
and I'm frogging.  
All this hopping  
is making my diapie creep.  
Ooh...  
Now I'm  
a giant kitty cat,  
with lots  
of pointy toothies!  
Don't worry, guys.  
Nigel Strawberry plays with  
wild aminated all the time.  
He'll get us  
out of this scrape.  
Does kitty want a mousie?  
Does kitty want to dress up  
in dolly clothes and take a ride  
in Nanny's pram?  
Kitty gave me a boo-boo.  
Nice kitty.  
Chuckie, be careful!  
He's so brave.  
Or dumb.  
Hey, I been looking  
all over for you.  
I don't like being half nakie.  
I want my clothes back.  
Hey, I got sticks in my hair!  
I gots no shoes!  
Oh, ouch, my feet!  
That's better.

Now I can see.  
Whoa!  
Look, Mumsy, I'm a whale.  
You sure he can  
really help us, Tommy?  
Of course, Susie.  
He's Nigel Strawberry.  
He's, um, the bestest  
nature 'splorer ever.  
Or... I thought he was.  
Guess we're stucked here  
till somebody finds us.  
Who's going to find us in here?  
I know what'll cheer  
everybody up.  
A nice waffle.  
It's kind of crusty.  
You sure you don't gots  
any mable syrup in there?  
Nope.  
But I got some ketchup.  
Watch this one.  
What 'dat?  
What 'dat?!  
Maybe TV people are only  
good at doing stuffs on TV.  
Well, I guess we'll be living  
on this island from now on.  
That means...  
I might not see my family  
again for a long time.  
Uh, you gonna eat  
that waffle?  
Shh, Phillip. Susie's sad.  
I'm sad, too.  
I want my mommy and daddy.  
Me, too.  
I'm sorry, guys.  
I never shoulda  
broughted you here.  
Angelica was right.  
I am just a backyard baby  
with a diapie full of dreams.  
No, you're not.

Tommy, you took us through  
the drainforest all by yourself!  
And led us up  
the side of the mountain.  
And you founded  
Nigel Strawberry.  
And you saved me from  
the giant kitty cat.  
Oh, you got lots more  
than dreams  
in your diapie, Tommy.  
Thanks, guys.  
That's the nicest stuff  
anyone's ever said.  
So, hey, even though  
we're stucked in a cave  
and there isn't any boat  
and we can't swim,  
I still promise  
to get you out of here!  
It's like my hero Nigel  
Strawberry always says...  
The Martians  
have landed!  
Um, no.  
I was thinking  
'bout when he says,  
"Don't give up hope,  
fateful viewers!"  
Ahoy, babies!  
Now who's your princess?  
Yay! Let's go!  
We're saved!  
Drew, there's no longer  
a ringing in my ears  
from constant  
cell-phone usage.  
Oh, isn't this paradise?  
Sure is, honey!  
Whoa! Honey!  
Didi, you think  
this is done?  
I've never cooked a fish  
with its head still on.

Well, let me see.  
Does it flake  
when...  
My fish!  
Who's that  
little cannibal boy?  
Those look an awful lot  
like Chuckie's  
sneakers.  
You ate the fish and Chuckie!  
Come on, guys!  
After him!  
Whoa!  
Hey, whoa-oh...  
He's getting away!  
Well, it's not a  
clouded leopard,  
but at least I'll have film  
of something.  
Donnie!  
What?  
This is supposed to be  
a deserted island.  
Oh, thank heavens!  
We're part of an elaborate  
television stunt  
designed to humiliate us.  
Who are you?  
Hold it.  
My name is Marianne Thornberry.  
From the nature show?  
We're shipwrecked.  
Can you help us, Marianne?  
Of course. Our  
camp is nearby.  
Debbie, come in.  
Oh, Mom. What's up?  
I need you to  
bring the Comvee  
over to the east beach.  
Uh, that may be a problem.  
Don't worry about  
cleaning up.  
Oh, thanks,

but that's not the problem.  
Just get here. Now.  
My daughter will bring  
our trailer  
and my husband  
will be along soon and...  
Behold, fellow islanders!  
I, Stu Pickles,  
have built us a radio!  
Stu, who's watching the kids?  
Oh, Angelica said she'd take  
care of them.  
Chuckie!  
Oh, this is very strange.  
I feel like this  
has happened before.  
Look at them...  
chasing their own tails.  
If only I could tell them  
that it doesn't work.  
I know, I've done it.  
I've chased my tail  
a million times.  
It does not work.  
It's getting a signal!  
I'm very impressed.  
Oh, Stu's an inventor.  
Runs an ad in the shop-and-buy.  
Girls, have you seen  
some children?  
Just a bossy 3-year-old  
who has delusions  
of being a princess.  
-Angelica!  
-I'm the boss  
-of this bathie thing.  
-That's her!  
We haven't moved a bit,  
Angelica.  
That's Susie.  
She must have turned on  
the radio in the bathysphere.  
A 3-year-old's driving  
the bathysphere?!

What the heck?  
Hey, it's no problem.  
We can track them by  
radar from the Comvee.  
Uh... yeah. Except...  
I sunk the Comvee.  
You what?!  
I'm beginning to think you  
took this scrubmarine  
without permission,  
Angelica.  
Oh, you think you're such  
a know-it-all, Carmichael.  
Now, here's the right button.  
You need this to drive.  
Mm-hmm.  
Now, here's  
the other right button.  
Oh, I can't get a signal.  
We've got to try to reach them  
on your coconut.  
Uh-uh, Carmichael.  
Hello. Calling Angelica.  
She really did give me  
cream soda.  
Angelica, Susie.  
Can you hear me?  
You didn't have permission,  
Angelica!  
Angelica!  
Stop fighting this instant  
and listen to your father!  
...accessory!  
Sorry, Mommy.  
Our mommies and daddies!  
Daddy, tell Susie  
to stop bothering me  
while I'm trying to drive  
a scrubmarine!  
Give me that, Angelica.  
Hiya!  
What's this?  
A new toy?  
Kippers!

I'm the happiest lad  
in all of England!  
Listen, Angeli-tiki.  
It's me, Debbie.  
Let me talk to my Dad.  
Hey, mister!  
Stop eating those smelly  
fish and talk to the teen.  
This little fishie  
goes to market.  
Yuk!  
This little fishie stays home.  
Great. Dad finally lost it.  
Something's wrong with Nigel.  
Girls, this is Mrs.Thornberry.  
Do you see a red handle?  
I see it!  
I need you to push that up.  
That will bring you  
up to the surface.  
Drooly,  
don't touch that!  
Oh, no, Nigel Strawberry!  
This calls  
for my 'mergency bottle.  
Hello there.  
Well, what have we here?  
Who are all you positively  
adorable children?  
Huh?  
We're shipwrecked.  
We went all over the island  
looking for you.  
I saved them,  
but then Carmichael  
tried to drive this  
tub-boat and now...  
We just want to go home.  
Well, of course  
you do, young lady.  
And so we shall.  
Hmm. Bit of a pickle.  
No fuel left.  
The radar appears



to be knocked out,  
which means I have  
no idea where we are  
and we're almost  
out of oxygen.  
I'm bored.  
Yes, and there's that, too.  
Angeli-tiki, come in!  
What's going on down there?!  
Deborah?  
Is that you?  
Dad! You're back to normal!  
Well, Dad-normal anyway.  
Oh, Nigel,  
thank goodness you're all right.  
Can you bring her  
to the surface?  
Impossible at the moment,  
dearest.  
You'll have to engage  
the automatic-retrieval system  
in the Comvee.  
And I don't want  
to alarm anyone,  
but we're a tad low  
on oxygen down here.  
Copy that.  
We'll get you as soon as we can.  
Over and out.  
Okay, we have to raise  
the Comvee.  
No go.  
The pump's destroyed  
and there's a huge  
rip in the pontoon.  
What, it's ripped?  
Hang on.  
The professor's getting  
an idea.  
How about a little song  
to lift our spirits?  
Old MacDonald had a farm  
E-l-E-l-O  
And on his farm

he had a ring-tailed lemur  
E-l-E-l-O  
With a guttural roar here  
And a throaty rumble  
there...  
Okay, here's the plan.  
We'll transfer force from  
the bi-pedal energy generator.  
to the dual reduction chamber.  
The resulting compressed  
atmospheric matrix  
will transverse the tubular  
transport mechanisms,  
which you gentlemen will connect  
to the deflated pontoon.  
This will increase  
the displacement coefficient  
of the Comvee and it will rise  
aided by a fulcrum-driven  
counter balance  
weighted with coconuts.  
Let's do it!  
It's perfect, but...  
how are we going to inflate  
a pontoon with a hole in it?  
Oh, no.  
What do we do now?  
What's going on?  
We can't raise  
the Comvee.  
We need something  
to patch it.  
Eliza!  
There's a rafty thingy  
out there.  
Can we use that?  
It's perfect!  
She found your boat, Spike.  
They can use it to  
patch the Comvee.  
I'll get it!  
Spike, no!  
The waves are too big!  
Hey, this is Spike

you're talking to.  
I've paddled my way to more  
tennis balls than I can count!  
If I could count.  
But I'm afraid  
you won't make it!  
Sure I will!  
And if I don't,  
well, no one's going to say  
that ol' Down Spike  
didn't try his best.  
You only go around once  
in this crazy, mixed-up life.  
Well, not cats.  
They get nine lives  
while dogs have to cram  
seven years into one.  
Now that bites!  
That a boy, Spike.  
Good boy, Spike.  
Look! It's Spike!  
Ooh, nice save, dog.  
Good boy, Spike.  
But what are we going  
to use for glue?  
I'll take care of it.  
That gum won't stay  
sticky for long.  
-Places!  
-Let's go.  
Debbie?  
Don't worry, Mom.  
I'm on it.  
Got it!  
Pedal!  
It's working!  
And on his farm  
He had a oceanospirillum  
multiglouliferum  
E-l-E-l-O.  
Can we go home now,  
Mr. Strawberry?  
We've got 'em!  
Now let's reel 'em in.

Nigel,  
is everybody okay down there?  
Excellent, dearest.  
Well, one little girl is  
rather pouty  
and somebody needs a diaper  
change-- I won't say whom.  
Smashing!  
Why, it's the architeuthis,  
commonly known  
as the giant squid.  
Isn't she magnificent?  
If only I had a camera...  
Here,  
Mr. Strawberry...  
60 feet long  
and two tons of boneless flesh.  
Oh, your picture  
didn't come out.  
Well, that's probably  
as it should be.  
You see, children,  
the giant squid  
has never been seen alive  
before.  
I suppose this marvel of nature  
will be our little secret.  
What do you say?  
Couldn't have said it  
better myself.  
Here I am!  
-Mommy!  
-Daddy!  
Dil!  
Susie!  
Where's Tommy?  
And who does this little chap  
belong to?  
He's ours.  
Come here, champ.  
Honey,  
I'd like you  
to meet Stu Pickles.  
He made the coconut radio

that saved your lives.  
Terribly grateful,  
Mr. Pickles.  
I have a feeling  
I wouldn't be here  
without this  
little chap, either.  
Pickles!  
You might grow up  
to be just like  
Nigel Strawberry after all.  
Thanks, Angelica.  
But I think I'll grow up  
to be just like my daddy.  
Well, bro, I got  
to hand it to you...  
I'm so proud of you, Stu.  
Oh, Nigel,  
I was so worried.  
I confess, I was, too.  
I hated the thought  
of our last family meal  
being shortchanged because  
we had to go find a leopard.  
Your father's right.  
We lost sight  
of what's important--  
spending time together.  
Okay, everyone.  
Let's pack up.  
We're going on vacation!  
How about...  
The Lipschitz Cruise!  
We're leaving to go on vacation.  
Oh, yeah, right on.  
Ya-hoo!  
Well, Eliza,  
as dog is my witness,  
I'll never lose my babies again!