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 aminal 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 feets,
see his sharp teeths,
and oh, oh...
I feel a cool breeze.
Crocogator!
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 eated
by that ferocious
Siferean 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 camera,
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 togethers.
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 vacation 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 got's 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 eated
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,
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! G rowed-up feetprints!
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 ascared of lots of stuff 'afore,
but I never been ascared
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.
Eeew! 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 saveded 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 aminals 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 clothses back.
Hey, I got sticks in my hair!
I gots no shoeses!
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 'splo...er 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
eybody 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
tooked 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
multiglouiferum
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!