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# Sammy, the Way-Out Seal

By Unknown

[up-tempo music]

Arthur! Look!

[barks]

It's a young sea lion.

You're crazy. That's no lion.

That's a seal.

I saw one playing the bugle

with his nose on TV.

I know, but they're really sea lions.

We studied about them in Science.

Oh.

Do they eat you?

No, they just eat fish

and clams and junk like that.

Yep. Hi, seal.

Hey, don't get too close, you jerk.

They won't eat you,

but they got teeth.

[barking]

Hey.

Hey, wait a minute,

I think he's hurt.

Look at that. Ooh.

[boy] Boy, looks like somebody

bit him in the leg.

Yeah, probably a killer whale.

Gee, what do we do, call a doctor?

A doctor?

You know,

one of those vegetarians.

Petey, veterinarians don't

take care of seals.

[barking]

I tell you what, Petey,

beat it home and in the garage

on the back of Dad's bench

- is that big first aid kit.

- Sure, that's right, Arthur.

Let's us fix him up.

Uh... Petey!

Um, maybe you better not

say anything to Dad.

About the seal.

He told us not to get into

trouble this summer and...  
Aw, heck,  
why worry him for nothing?  
Sure, Arthur, I won't  
shoot off my mouth.  
Listen, seaI, look,  
we're gonna fix you up, see.  
But first I have to get you  
away from this water.  
I'll try not to hurt you, honest.  
[groaning]  
Well, gee whiz, you don't have  
to get sloppy about it.  
Arthur!  
Here I am!  
What's that for?  
That's so this dumb seaI won't  
go crawling back in the water  
for the next couple of days,  
till we get his flipper fixed.  
Well, if you don't want him to swim,  
how come you built him a swimming pool?  
This isn't a swimming pool.  
SeaIs have to stay wet, you dope.  
Oh, is that another thing  
you learned in Science?  
Uh-huh.  
When I get old enough to take Science,  
I'm gonna pay attention.  
They teach you good junk there.  
What's that for?  
I thought he might be hungry,  
so I swiped a can of salmon  
out of the pantry.  
Now this may burn a little bit,  
but stuff don't work unless it burns.  
Shouldn't you wash your hands  
like the doctors do on TV?  
Shut up and let me concentrate.  
Sure, you're right.  
Why wash your hands unless  
you're sure you really have to.  
Take it easy, will you, Sammy?  
Just because you're feeling better

you don't have to go horsing around.

[barking]

Here you go again, Sammy.

- Good boy, Sammy.

- OK, ready, Sammy?

Nice one, Sammy.

[Arthur] Come on.

- OK, ready, Sammy?

- [Sammy barks]

Here you go, Sammy, catch it.

[Petey] Good one!

OK, here.

[Arthur] Come on, Sammy.

[Sammy barking]

[boys laughing]

[Arthur] Come on, Sammy.

- Come on, Sammy!

- What are you waiting for?

[Petey] Come on!

- Wow!

- [laughing]

[barking]

[barks]

Nah.

[whispers] Go to sleep.

Shh.

Oh, where do you want  
to put this, dear?

Uh, honey, is that something we  
absolutely have to take home?

In this box, dearheart, are the two  
things that hold our marriage together.

My electric blanket  
and your hot water bottle.

You ought to see that  
pile of junk out there.

It's the same every summer,  
we come with half a load and  
go home with a load and a half.

Honey, go on in and  
close up the suitcases, huh?

Where are the kids?

They should be here.

I want to leave before lunch.

I told them they could take  
one last trip down to Hidden Cove.  
What do they do down there anyway?  
Arthur!  
Arthur!  
Yes, Dad?  
You and Petey come on back!  
We're going to be leaving soon.  
We're practically there, Dad.  
Well, uh, we gotta get going, Petey.  
- Already?  
- You heard Dad.  
Well, uh...  
...so long, Sammy.  
Yeah, so long, Sammy.  
[barking]  
Here, you keep this.  
No, you keep it.  
Come on.  
[barking]  
Arthur!  
Petey, for the last time,  
knock it off!  
It's just plain nuts.  
We can't take a seal home with us.  
[Petey] Why not?  
Because Dad would kill us,  
that's why not.  
Now cut out acting like a baby  
and let's go.  
We could sneak him home,  
I know we could.  
- No.  
- [barking]  
We could ask Rocky Sylvester  
to let him swim in her pool.  
No.  
We keep him in the tool shed  
and ask Marvin for fish...  
No.  
...his father caught and his  
mother is trying to get rid of.  
No!  
You are not going back to

Gatesville with us and that is that!

[barking]

Hi. Did you return the trailer?

Mm-hm. Oh, boy,  
it's good to be home.

Isn't it?

- Hungry?

- Uh-huh.

Yeah, let's have a sandwich  
and a glass of milk.

OK.

You know, honey, I'm afraid  
the kids are growing up.

They have to, Chet, it's the law.

Oh, I know, but even so,  
somehow, all of a sudden,  
they seem so much more mature.  
So much more self-reliant.

They weren't all over us this  
summer to go here and go there  
and do this and do that.

They took care of themselves.

And did you notice the way  
they insisted on unloading  
the trailer tonight, all by themselves.  
They didn't even want me around.

- That's funny.

- Huh? What?

Well, I could've sworn I had  
at least four or five cans  
of salmon in this cupboard  
when we left.

Now they're gone.

That's it.

He sure was hungry.

Should we open another can?

We'd better save it for breakfast.

- Get rid of the plate.

- OK.

It's gone.

It went over the fence.

Remind me to get rid of those  
before Mom does the laundry.

We'd better get to bed before she

comes up here and starts poking around.  
WeII... good night, Sammy.  
Yeah, good night, Sammy.  
PIeasant dreams.  
[barks softIy]  
Now, Iisten, Petey,  
just because you went into that  
big act down at the beach,  
don't think we can hide  
this darn seaI forever.  
We either find a way to take  
care of him and teII Dad,  
or we just can't keep him.  
Oh, we'II take care of him easy, Arthur.  
Oh, sure, we don't even have  
a pIace for him to swim.  
Arthur, why don't you  
at least ask Rocky?  
For the Iast time,  
I don't wanna go trusting a girl.  
But her famiIy's got the onIy  
swimming pooI in town.  
And she'II keep her mouth shut,  
Arthur, Rocky Iikes you.  
- She reaIIy Iikes you.  
- WiII you cut it out?  
She does. Every time she gets around you  
she gets a dopey Iook.  
She gets a dopey Iook  
no matter who she's around.  
I'II think of some pIace Sammy can swim.  
- Go to sIeep.  
- OK.  
Arthur?  
Yeah?  
Thanks.  
- What for?  
- For not being mean.  
And Ietting me keep Sammy.  
You go to sIeep.  
Sure, Arthur. Good night.  
Hiya, Sammy, did you have  
a good night's sIeep?  
- [barks]

- Shh!

Want everybody to hear ya?

There you go. Later on,  
we'll get some real food for you.

- [whispering] Arthur!

- Is Dad up yet?

- Yeah, I heard him stretching.

- OK, let's get dressed,  
and when Dad goes to work,  
and Mom takes off for shopping,  
we'll take Sammy  
over to Rocky's.

I thought you were going to think  
of some place else for Sammy to swim.  
Yeah, well, the only  
some place else I could think of  
was the fountain in the middle of town.  
They don't even let you spit in there.  
Yeah, I know.

I just hope Rocky doesn't get mushy.

Boy, girls make me sick.

Yeah, me too.

How come people grow up and marry 'em?

I don't know.

Except, Dad says when you're older  
girls make you feel sick in a different  
way than when you're younger.

That's a very profound statement,  
but don't you ever dare  
repeat it to your mother.

- Dad, what are you doing here?

- I'm gonna use your shower.

- Ours?

- The one in there?

Mm-hm. Ours is on the fritz.

- But, but you can't!

- Why not?

Ours is fritzed too.

Oh, no. What happened?

Well, you turn on the shower, see,  
and you get it all regulated,

- and all of a sudden...

- [both talking at once]

Well, I guess I'll just

have to take my chances.

I want to look respectable

my first morning back.

Are those the same clothes you  
guys wore back from the beach?

Yes, sir.

Well, you be sure to give them  
to your mother,

so she can put them

in the Laundromat.

The bathroom smells like a fish barrel.

[water running]

[humming indistinctly]

[barks]

[clapping]

Boy, your pipes

sound worse than ours.

Maybe I'd better call the plumber,  
give this whole house a going-over.

[razor humming]

[humming continues]

[barking]

- What'd you say?

- I didn't say anything, Dad.

I didn't say it either.

Well, then I suppose

it was your mother.

She's always calling me when

I'm about to get in the shower,

or drive away in the car,

or got the ball game on TV,

or one of those charming...

Heien!

- What is it?

- [Heien] What?!

Honey, can it wait?

I'm trying to get in

the shower and I'm late.

What?

[Chet] I'm trying to

get into the shower.

Well, hurry up, dear,

you'll be late.

I'm gonna be late? Gee,

I don't know why you should say that,  
that's the most ridiculous...

As a matter of fact,  
I think I will be late,  
I know why I'm gonna be late...

Arthur, Petey!

- Yes, Dad?

- What are you doing in there?

We thought we'd take  
our shower, Dad,  
when you and Mom were  
yelling at each other.  
Yeah, we decided we might smell  
like fish barrels, too.

[stammers]

Oh, never mind.

I'll skip the shower. You can't win.

You just can't ever win.

- [exhales]

- [Sammy barking]

Arthur.

Arthur?

Did you call me, Mom?

I was in the tool shed.

Where's Petey?

I'm in the tool shed too, Mom.

Everybody's in the tool shed.

Everybody?

Yeah. You know.

Me and Arthur and the  
wheelbarrow and the lawn mower.

Um, that kind of everybody.

Oh. Well, I'm going marketing.

Think you two boys can stay out  
of trouble till I get back?

Oh, yes, Mom, that's one thing

I'm gonna try to stay out of.

And I'm gonna help him.

Good.

Be back in a couple of hours.

[car engine starts]

[car pulling away]

Is she gone?

Yeah, go and get him.

[Arthur] We're on the way  
over to Rocky's.  
You just don't say a word, do you hear?  
- Boy, I hope Rocky's home.  
- Yeah.  
Boy, I'm dying to hear what she says  
when she first gets a load of Sammy.  
I don't believe it.  
Is he real or is he stuffed?  
[barking]  
Holy cow, he is real!  
- Where'd you get him?  
- We brought him back from the beach.  
And, Rocky, you gotta swear you won't  
tell anybody until we say it's OK.  
- I swear.  
- Will you sign it in blood?  
How about nail polish?  
I don't think it's legal  
unless it's in blood.  
It's OK, as long as she gives her word.  
This is one thing we don't want our  
parents to know about until we're ready.  
- [woman] Portia!  
- Is that your mother?  
I thought she already left.  
- Yes, Mother?  
- Ah, there you are.  
Portia, I...  
Well, Petey! Ah!  
- Hi, Mrs. Sylvester.  
- And Arthur. [chuckling]  
Hi, Mrs. Sylvester.  
Did you boys have an interesting summer?  
[stammers] Oh, yes.  
It was interesting all right.  
Oh, good.  
Portia, I'm putting Angus  
into your care.  
Now I'm going downtown to see  
the caterers about the party tonight.  
[growing]  
Then I'm going to have  
lunch with your father.

And when the decorators come,  
I don't want you and Angus underfoot.  
OK, Mother.  
And, darling,  
I've told you a thousand times  
not to leave your  
dog carriages on the patio.  
Well, that's not mine,  
it's Arthur's.  
Oh?  
Oh, well. Good-bye, boys.  
Remind your father and mother  
we're expecting them tonight.  
- Good-bye, Mrs. Sylvester.  
- Yeah.  
- [door closes]  
- Let me see him again.  
- Hi, sailor.  
- [barks]  
His name is Sammy.  
- How come?  
- It's short for salmon.  
- [growing]  
- Oh, shut up, Angus.  
Isn't he cute?  
He's the cutest darn thing  
I ever saw.  
Ooh, you're so cute!  
[kissing sounds]  
- [Sammy barking]  
- He kissed me.  
He kissed me!  
Boy, why do girls go all to  
pieces when somebody kisses 'em?  
Oh, Angus.  
Stay!  
How come you haven't  
told your parents?  
Well, uh, first we have to get  
everything organized.  
You know, like where  
we're gonna keep him,  
where he can swim  
every day and, uh...

Would you let him swim here?  
- [Arthur] You mean it'd be OK?  
- Sure!  
I'll ask my father tonight  
after the party.  
Do you think he'll say yes?  
Well, if he doesn't, I'll get  
a sore stomach until he does.  
Boy, Arthur, we're practically set!  
Come on, let's dump him  
in the pool now.  
- Is there anybody else around?  
- Just the cook.  
But every time my mother's not home,  
she goes to her room  
and turns the TV on loud  
and takes a nap.  
[Sammy barks]  
Go ahead, Sam.  
Atta-boy, Sammy!  
[barking]  
Look at him, just look at him!  
- Does he do tricks with a ball?  
- Are you kidding?  
There you go, Sam.  
Look at him!  
Let's go in with him!  
Yeah! Go home and  
get your bathing suits.  
We got 'em on underneath!  
[barking]  
Here we come!  
Hey, wait for me!  
Come on, Sam!  
Yee-haw!  
- [Angus barking]  
- Oh, look at that dope, Angus.  
[kids laughing]  
Oh, Angus.  
[laughing]  
Boy, are you a dumb dog, Angus.  
You know you can't swim.  
[barking]  
- [barking]

- Go on, Sam.  
- [Arthur] Throw it, Sammy.  
- Catch it.

Whee!

- Come on, Sammy. Whee!  
- [Rocky] Wait for me.

Here I come!

[squeals]

Yee-haw!

Whee!

[squeals]

Yee-haw!

Did you enjoy your dinner?

- [burps]

- Bless you.

Now, it's a little warm tonight, Sammy.

so if you get dried off or anything,

all you have to do is

pull on this handle.

That's the idea, Sammy.

[barking]

Boy, look at him.

You'd think nobody ever learned

how to take a shower before.

Listen, Sammy, I've been taking

'em since I was four-years-old.

Boy, what a ham.

Yeah. Better be

getting back inside.

- Arthur?

- Yeah?

Things are really working out

great, aren't they?

Yeah. A lot better than I thought.

Rocky's gonna have a sick stomachache

until her father lets us use the pool,

and Sammy loves it out here

in the tool shed.

- Things are really going great.

- Uh-huh.

Well, since things

are working out so great,

think we ought to take a chance

on wrecking them by telling Dad?

- We have to. School starts Monday.

- I know, but...

Look, I'm having enough trouble  
trying to pass Algebra  
without worrying about hiding  
a seal in my locker.

- Yeah, but maybe if...

- Petey, take it from me,  
the way things are going,  
Dad'll let us keep Sammy for sure.  
There's nothing to worry about.  
I'm not worried.

Did you think I was worried?

I'm not the least bit worried.

- [Chet] Arthur!

- That's Dad!

- I know.

- Arthur, I'm worried.

[Chet] Petey?

Uh, yes, Dad?

You better come in now.

Your mother and I are about to leave.

[Arthur] Oh, we're on our way, Dad.

- Well, good night, Sammy.

- Good night, Sammy.

- We'll see you tomorrow.

- [Sammy barking]

- When you gonna tell Dad?

- Tonight.

Tonight?!

Yeah, when he comes home  
from the party.

He'll be in a good mood.

Dad loves parties.

I hate parties.

Especially on a hot night like this one.

Now hold still.

What are Harold and Lovey throwing  
this shindig for anyway?

Oh, it's just an end-of-the-summer  
party, that's all.

- How do I look?

- Fine. Great.

Well, thanks a lot.

I spend four hours  
gluing myself together,  
and you say, ''fine, great.''  
- Well, what should I have said?  
- Gee, Mom, you look super!  
Yeah! Like a vanilla-marshmallow  
sundae with bananas stuck in it.  
That's what you should have said.  
- Thank you.  
- Good night, Felias.  
We'll be home early.  
You can turn on the TV  
and wait up for us.  
[Arthur] Oh, thanks, Mom,  
but we won't have time for TV.  
We're gonna neaten up our room.  
And maybe shine our shoes,  
so we'll be ready when  
school starts next week.  
Come on, we'd better leave  
before the spell breaks.  
- Have a nice time!  
- Yeah, and come home in a good mood!  
- [door closes]  
- Ow!  
Are you sure we brought the right  
two kids home from the beach?  
The faces are the same,  
the voices are the same.  
Yeah, well, when we get home, I think  
we'd better check their fingerprints.  
Mm.  
We won't have to.  
They're our kids all right.  
I'll never understand why  
they can't remember to turn the hose off  
after they finish watering the lawn.  
[Sammy barking]  
- [Hawaiian music plays]  
- [people chattering]  
Oh, thank you, Rocky.  
You're welcome, Mrs. Hurst,  
but it's Portia.  
But I thought you preferred

to be called Rocky.

Not when I'm wearing a dress.

- Chet, how are you?

- Hi.

Hello, how are you?

- Hi, Chet.

- Hello.

- Hello, Chet.

- Hello, Dan.

Hello, Chet. Dan!

Oh. Doesn't it look lovely, Chet?

It's so kind of South Sea Islandish.

Well, yeah. But where's

the human sacrifice?

And why aren't those savage drums

beat-beat-beating in the jungle?

- [drums playing]

- Oops, I spoke too soon.

[speaking nonsensical language]

Which means in pure Polynesian,

'Another load of Mother Duggin's

punch coming right up.'

[all laughing]

Hey! There she is.

- How are you, beautiful?

- Hi, Harold.

Hey, you old son of a gun, what kept ya?

- [drum thudding]

- Oh... I'm sorry.

- Oh, that's OK.

- Hello, Helen, dear!

Oh, lovey. Oh, don't you look adorable?

Oh, thank you.

- Honestly, it's a charming party.

- [Lovey] Oh, aren't you nice?

It did cost quite a bundle, but I always

say if you're gonna give a party,

give a party, huh?

- [drum thuds]

- [screams]

I'm sorry, Mrs. Greenleaf.

[clears throat] Say, Chet,

I was talking to the fellows,

how's your time tomorrow?

I don't know, fine, I guess. Why?  
Well, I figure it's about time for us  
wheelers and dealers here in town  
to get together, see if we can  
really put that  
Go, Go, Go, Gatesville campaign  
on the road.  
Go, Go, Go, Gatesville?  
Where is it go-go-going?  
Up, little doll, up!  
Harold's got an idea about  
attracting more business to town.  
Modernizing it and revitalizing it.  
- Why?  
- Why?!  
It's run down, it's old-fashioned,  
it's decrepit, that's why.  
But we're gonna change all that,  
eh, Chet, boy?  
Yes, sir. it's forward march  
in the jet-age.  
Down with the horse-drawn street car,  
down with the cracker barrel.  
It's zoom into space.  
Tie your future to the tail of a rocket.  
- [all chuckling]  
- Dear, before you blast off,  
will you get the Loomis'  
a glass of punch?  
- Right you are.  
- Go, Go, Go, Gatesville!  
[drum thuds]  
And will you please take off that drum?  
Uh-huh.  
[barking loudly]  
[chattering]  
It's such a lovely night.  
Wouldn't somebody like to go for a swim?  
Oh, thanks.  
What do you call this  
campaign of yours, Harold?  
Go, Go, Go, Gatesville.  
- Go, Go, Go, Gatesville...  
- Hey, how about some cracked crab?

I had it flown in from Alaska.

- Oh, well...

- Yeah.

What kind of modernization did you have in mind, Harold?

A complete face-lifting job.

The only decent

building in town is mine.

Now, we'll repave Main Street.

We'll tear down all those gingerbread store fronts.

Put in some neon, marble, plastic.

Get rid of that old

fountain in the square.

- Lose the fountain?

- It's been there for 120 years!

It's archaic, it has no function.

Well, I wouldn't say that, Harold.

It's a nice place to water your horse.

Wonderful place for

a game of checkers.

[all laughing]

Dan, I think you've had enough.

My dear, I'll tell you

when I've had enough.

Thank you very much.

I've had enough.

We're going home.

- Well, good-bye.

- [all] Good-bye.

Now, Chet, you're being

deliberately obstructionistic.

No, I'm not. I just don't happen

to agree with you, that's all.

[Harold] But that fountain

is an eyesore!

Oh, dear. Harold's

raising his voice again.

Help yourselves to salmon pate, huh?

Go ahead, dear, I'm not really hungry.

All right, just help yourself

to as much as you want.

What do you think the men

are arguing about?

Did he say something about a fountain in the center of town?  
I hope it isn't politics.  
All Tom has to do is think about politics, and he's up half the night with heartburn.  
Harold's right!  
Are we concerned with growth, or some sentimental slush about a fountain?!

And I think Chet is right.  
If it means giving up things we're attached to, I don't know whether I want growth!

- Oh! Well.  
- You see what you started?

All right! Let's look at this thing calmly and objectively. My, they are violent about it, aren't they?  
I love fountains.  
They're so... Roman.  
- Oh...  
- Yes.

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!  
Nobody's really listening to me!  
[overlapping, excited chatter]  
Chet, why are you all so excited?  
They are excited.  
I'm not excited.  
John, stop that.  
I thought we came out to swim.  
Hey, Sue, wait a minute.  
[barking]  
Just because we disagree, there's no reason to make those rude noises.  
What rude noises?  
I must say, Chet, I'm surprised!  
I never realized how pig-headed you are!  
Pig-headed?  
Pig-headed?!

- Chet...  
- Pig-headed!  
Now, just a minute.  
Oh, my goodness, John.  
You're a good swimmer.  
John, stop that.  
[giggles] John, you know I'm ticklish.  
John, stop that.  
- [John] Sue, is that you?  
- John?  
Is that you up by the diving board?  
- [stammers] But...  
- [groaning]  
You may think you're  
pretty funny, Loomis,  
- but I don't.  
- [Sue screams]  
[crowd gasps]  
- What is it?  
- Sounds like the Peters' girl.  
- What happened?  
- I don't know!  
[all gasping]  
[barks]  
Oh, thank heavens.  
Are you all right?  
- What happened?  
- [stammering] I was in your pool,  
and something touched me and I turned  
around and there was this... this...  
- ...this animal!  
- [Harold] Animal?  
With these huge awful eyes  
and a big black nose,  
and, and whiskers!  
[excited chattering]  
I told you you put  
too much rum in the punch.  
Oh, I think we're suffering  
from too much imagination,  
but I'll tell you what I'll do.  
I'll go and take a look, huh?  
Oh, so it's you, huh?  
I found your strange animal.

Come here, you idiot.

Come here.

- HaroId!

- [sputtering]

What are you doing in the pooI?

I imagine you think

that's pretty funny, Loomis.

- What?

- NeedIng me, that's one thing,

but shoving me in the pooI,

that's going a littIe too far!

What are you...? I did not!

Deny you were the one person

within 50 feet of me!

- Deny that!

- Chet, what's going on?!

I don't know,

I think HaroId's fIipped.

Oh, I have, huh?

WeII, Iet's see how you feeI

about a dunk in the pooI?

[HeIen] Chet!

What kind of a juveniIe

trick is that, huh?!

- I've had about enough of you, too!

- [shouts]

[crowd gasping]

Oh, my goodness!

Boy! Boy!

I ought to smack you right in the middIe

of your civic improvements!

- Ah, try it! Try it!

- Chet, pIease.

- HaroId, my party!

- Let go of my arm!

- [aII shouting]

- Lovey!

Lovey, Lovey, come here!

- Just a minute...

- And for kicks you join him.

[aII shouting]

No, no! No, no, no!

Don't do that.

Oh, Lovey! Lovey, no, now pIease.

Oh, no! Don't do that!  
Please, no!  
Please, stop it!  
Try to keep calm.  
No, no, now don't do that.  
Please, try to control ourselves!  
[shouting continues]  
[faint shrieks and shouting]  
They're still hollering over there.  
Boy, it sure sounds like  
they're having a good time.  
- Hey, don't sit on the bed.  
- Sorry.  
At least let Mom get a look  
at how neat the room is.  
Then you can mess it up.  
You know, Arthur,  
when we brought Sammy home  
I never thought things would  
work out so perfect.  
Yeah, I know.  
- You gonna shine your shoes?  
- OK.  
But first I'd better  
get some black socks.  
- What for?  
- In case I stop over.  
[Chet] You wait right here  
in the hall, honey.  
Hey, it's them. They're back!  
Dad, how'd you get so wet?  
I was in the Sylvester pool,  
that's how I got so wet.  
Does Mom know you got  
your new suit all mussed up?  
Petey, please, honey,  
just stand back, OK?  
All right, baby, come on.  
You get right into bed.  
- Mom! Mom, what happened?  
- She tried to referee.  
[gasps] Look at my new dress.  
- Well, let's not look at it.  
- My hair!

- Oh, my poor hair.

- Let's just get you out of it.

I'm ruined.

Gee, I thought you said they were gonna come home in a good mood.

Yeah, maybe we'd better wait until tomorrow to tell them about Sammy.

Yeah, when they have less on their mind.

Come on, let's say good night to Sammy.

Oh, boy.

If I ever get my hands on that joker who pushed Harold in the pool.

How come they went swimming with their clothes on?

I don't know. But, boy,

grown-ups got their nerve

- yelling at kids for horsing around.

- Yeah.

Wait!

- Somebody turned the water off!

- Dad?

He must've. I hope Sammy's OK!

- He seems OK.

- Yeah.

[groaning]

Shh, go back to sleep, Sammy.

Yeah, good night, Sammy.

You know, Arthur, it's a good thing you noticed the water was off.

Yeah, I guess it was.

Yeah, 'cause if you didn't Sammy might've wandered off somewhere.

- And gotten us both into real trouble.

- Yeah.

Boy, when we heard all the yelling and screaming coming from your house, we just thought everybody was horsing around and having a good time.

We didn't know they were knocking each other in the pool.

You should've seen it.

As fast as somebody would come out of the water, somebody else would

shove them back in.

[Laughs] No kidding?

You ought to be ashamed

of yourself, Sammy.

Starting something like that.

[sighs deeply]

What are you gonna do, Arthur?

There's only one thing we can do.

We gotta tell my dad everything.

- Everything?

- Yeah.

When you say everything,

do you mean the kind of everything

that includes everything?

That's right.

- [Petey] Arthur?

- What?

Wouldn't it be easier to take

Sammy and run away from home?

I don't mean to tell him right away.

We got a couple days before school

starts for him to simmer down.

The way he was yelling last night,

he's got more than a couple of

days of simmering down to do.

- [sneezes]

- Gesundheit.

Pancakes.

I'm not hungry.

Oh, now, Chet,

don't be an old grouch.

A grouch? A grouch!

I get knocked tail over tea

kettle into a swimming pool

by a raving maniac,

catch what is a probably

a very serious case of pleurisy,

and you say,

'don't be a grouch'.

Pass the maple syrup, please.

Well, I went into the drink too.

Look! Look, my new permanent.

A ruined hairdo is not in the same

category as double-pneumonia.

I thought it was pleurisy.

Well, it took a turn for the worse.

Well, I'm glad to see you're getting back your sense of humor.

- Dear, would you do something for me?

- Mm-hm.

That Go, Go, Go, Gatesville meeting is supposed to be held this morning,

- in Harold's office, isn't it?

- Yeah. So?

So I'd like you to go into that meeting and act as if nothing had happened.

As though... as though...

[stammers]

It must be my fever,

I'm hearing things.

Oh, now, come on, Chet, you know

what a big kid Harold is,

he'll never make the first move.

I want you to prove

that you're a bigger man.

But I got pushed in a swimming pool!

Everybody got pushed

in the swimming pool!

You, me, Harold, Lovey,

Charlie, the bartender...

And there were so many bodies

splashing around in the water,

it, it looked like Friday night

at a Japanese bath house.

[laughing]

[snickering]

I know. That's a picture

that I will never forget,

is you coming out of the swimming pool.

That new dress hung on you like

12 yards of wet tissue.

[muffled laughter]

Is that Dad laughing?

Maybe he swallowed so much water

last night he flipped!

All right.

All right, I'll go down to the meeting

and square things away with Harold.

Oh, thank you, love.

Well, after all, Harold and I have been friends for too long to let a little thing like this bust us up.

Exactly.

Gee, Dad simmered down

even faster than we thought.

Yeah. As soon as he gets back from squaring Mr. Sylvester, we can tell him about Sammy.

Well, I guess I'd better get dressed.

Chester Loomis, I love you.

Of course.

I'm going to be late.

Oh, and dear, don't bring out that insurance thing unless he does.

I won't.

What insurance thing?

Well, I guess you were in the pool when...

...when Harold got into that.

What insurance?

Are you talking about the insurance policies

I'm writing for Harold's company?

Well, Chet, you know the way Harold is.

And he was all wet and excited.

Harold threatened to cancel those policies, didn't he?

My dear, I'm sure he really didn't mean...

After all I've done for him.

- Now, now, Chet.

- We used to room together in college.

I ran interference for him on the football team.

Yes, I know...

I loaned him the money to start that business! Well, that does it!

- That does it!

- Now, where are you going?

Now, Chet, you're not going to do anything foolish.

I'm going to shave and shower and dress.  
And then I'm going calmly to  
the phone and I'm going to tell Harold  
he can take his  
insurance business and...

[sneezes]

Gesundheit.

Gee, your father simmers up  
faster than he simmers down.

Yeah.

Well, there's only one thing we can do.

What's that, Arthur?

We're gonna get Sammy and try  
to straighten out this mess.

[barking]

Quiet, Sammy. I know you're hungry  
but you'll just have to wait  
till we get back from downtown.

Arthur, if it's the wrong time  
to confess to Dad,

how come it's not the wrong time  
to confess to Mr. Sylvester?

Petey, I explained it to you once.

Could you explain it again?

Maybe I listened too quick.

It's simple.

The way Dad feels,  
we know he's not gonna make up  
with Mr. Sylvester.

So we're gonna tell Mr. Sylvester  
so that he'll make up with Dad.

Oh.

- Now do you understand?

- No.

Boy, do you want Dad to lose  
all that insurance business  
and go busted just because of us?

No, but I still think it would be easier  
to take Sammy and run away from home.

- Arthur, look out!

- Oh!

Oh, boy!

Gee, I'm sorry, Mrs. Crotty!

We didn't know you were

hiding back there.

WeII, don't teII me!

Petey Loomis!

Oh, it can't be! It isn't, is it?

Yes, ma'am, it's me aII right,

Mrs. Crotty.

My goodness, you take your eyes

off chiIdren for a month

you sprout up Iike wiId onions!

Did you foIks have an exciting

summer at the beach?

It was OK, Mrs. Crotty.

Uh...

- WeII, uh, so Iong.

- [IaughS]

Oh! Whose is this?

Uh, this?

It's ours, Mrs. Crotty.

WeII, I shouId say you foIks

had an exciting summer.

Gitchy-gitchy-goo.

What is it, a boy or a girI?

It's a boy, Mrs. Crotty,

but, uh...

WeII, Iet me take a Iook at

the IittIe darIing.

- [aII shout] No!

- Oh! Something wrong?

WeII, you see, he's in a...

He's in kind of bad shape and

I don't think the doctor wants

anybody to go around breathing on him.

Ohh... weII,

he probabIy has the croup.

Yes, Mrs. Crotty, he probabIy has.

WeII, uh, nice to have seen you again.

[barking]

My goodness! No wonder the

doctor wants you to be carefuI.

That's the worst cough

I ever heard on a baby.

[cIucking tongue]

- [muttering]

- Oh, weII, no.

[muttering continues]

That's the best I can do.

Oh, well, yes. Thank you very much for calling, Mrs. Crotty!

If Harold Syvester thinks I need his business to survive, he's got another thing coming.

I'm in great shape!

Chet, how hot do you think it is out?

Please, honey, I'm trying to figure out a way to keep us from going broke.

I just had the strangest call from Mrs. Crotty.

Poor dear, she's probably been gardening out in the hot sun and got a little mixed up. She thinks we've got a new baby.

- Do we?

- Well, not that I remember.

But anyway, she's sending over a recipe for a poultice.

Good. I hope it tastes better than her blackberry preserves.

Now, honey, please.

Oh. Oh, I'm sorry, dear.

You know, I think I'll make an appointment with the beauty parlor and see what they can do about this hair.

When we drive up to the poorhouse, I ought to look presentable.

- [Chet sneezes]

- Gesundheit.

[car horn honking]

Look, it can't take this long just to fix one elevator.

Oh, yes it can.

How much longer?

How much longer?

That elevator's been stuck on the third floor with its door open for the last 45 minutes.

The tenants are screaming...

- ...at me!  
- Just one little adjustment  
in that regulator box on the top floor,  
and we've got it made.  
Just a few minutes, Miss Curtiss.  
My father's office  
is on the fourth floor.  
[Petey] What does that mean?  
It means we have to go up  
some other way.  
- Which other way?  
- The stairs!  
The stairs?!  
With a baby carriage?  
I'll go up and make sure  
my father'll see us.  
- Suppose he won't?  
- Then I'll cry.  
We gotta drag Sammy up  
four flights of stairs?  
There's no other way, now come on.  
I'll pull and you push.  
- Push!  
- Pull!  
- Push!  
- Pull!  
- Push!  
- Pull!  
- Push!  
- Pull!  
- Push!  
- [Sammy barking]  
Sammy, we're being as careful as we can.  
Now will you shut up?  
- [Sammy barks]  
- Push!  
Pull!  
- Push!  
- Pull!  
- Push!  
- Pull!  
[Petey] I sure hope Mr. Sylvester's  
in a better mood than Dad.  
[sneezing]  
- Gesundheit.  
- Thank you, Claude.

Well, let's get this meeting started.

I think whoever's coming is here.

Uh, Your Honor?

- Harold...?

- Well, Harold, what have we here?

Now, all in due time, Mr. Mayor,

all in due time.

- Harold? Harold!

- Hm?

Uh, don't you think

we ought to wait?

I mean, didn't you invite one or

two others to this meeting?

I did? Apparently,

Chester Loomis doesn't feel

that a meeting of this nature

warrants his valuable time.

- Now, Harold...

- You know what he had the nerve to do?

He had the nerve to send me a message,

telling me I could take

my insurance business

- and... [sneezes]

- Gesundheit.

- Bless you.

- Thank you, Your Honor.

Well, we've more important things

to discuss than Chester Loomis.

OK, the meeting of the Go, Go,

Go Gatesville Booster committee

will now come to order.

- Ha!

- [all] Ohh!

This is a scale model

of downtown Gatesville

after modernization that I had made up.

Harold, I think you should know

that public reaction

is growing against taking the fountain

out of the middle of the town.

I know it is.

And after some thought,

I'm inclined to agree with them.

Ah, as a matter of fact,

this old fountain may be just the  
gimmick we've been looking for.

- Gimmick?

- Gimmick.

Well, you must have a gimmick,  
gentlemen.

Something that will attract people to  
Gatesville, rather than somewhere else.

Take San Francisco for example.

They have their cable cars.

New York has its skyscrapers.

Los Angeles has its smog.

Well, with Gatesville,  
it will be our fountains.

Fountains? But we only have one.

It's a start.

And when the boom begins,  
we'll add more.

One in front of the City Hall,  
one alongside the firehouse,  
and... Hey, maybe instead of stoplights,  
we'll have fountains that turn  
from red to green.

In the meantime, we'll slick up  
this old fountain so it's a dab.

Marbled statues, colored lights,  
music coming out of the middle.

Hey, we might even

put in some tropical fish!

Uh... well, not like these, of course.

I had these brought in  
from all over the world.

[Laughs] Hey, you know I got over  
\$5000 bucks sunk in these fish?

- [intercom buzzes]

- Um...

Miss Cass, bring in your pen,  
I want you to take some notes.

Uh... Who? Well, what's  
she doing down here?

She says she and some of her little  
friends would like to see you.

- What did he say?

- Yes, sir,

I told her you were in a meeting.

- Did he say no?

- I see. Yes, sir.

Tell him I feel a

sick stomach coming on.

- All right, I'll tell her.

- [sneezes]

- Gesundheit.

- What'd he say?

Well, things must be going

very well in there.

He said for you and your friends

to wait till the meeting's over.

- He did?

- Where are your friends?

Oh, they're coming.

- Miss Cass?

- Yes.

Miss Cass, um...

If after these friends of mine and me

go into my father's office,

and after we tell my father this

thing we're gonna tell him,

if after we do that you should

hear yelling inside,

would you put in an emergency

call to my mother?

[men chattering]

Arthur?

Petey?

- [Petey] Pull!

- [Arthur] Push!

- Pull!

- Push!

- Pull! Pull!

- Push!

Arthur, I'm pooped.

Come on, it's only one more flight.

Hey, look, here's the elevator.

Yeah, but look at the sign,

it's still out of order.

Now would you come on?

- Push!

- Pull!

- Push!  
- PuII!  
- [boys continue]  
- [Sammy barking]  
- Push!  
- PuII!  
- Push!  
- PuII!  
- Push!  
- PuII!  
Arthur, wait!  
I'm standing on my shoeIaces!  
Push!  
[Sammy barking]  
Petey, are you aII right?  
Yeah. But is Sammy aII right?  
Sammy!  
Where'd he go?  
Up!  
There you are, working Iike a dream.  
WeII, it's about time.  
HoIy mackereI!  
We've separated a mother and her baby!  
But how?  
She must've been Ieaving  
the pediatrician's office  
on the third fIoor!  
Hey, wait!  
Hey, he's not here.  
He's going down. Come on!  
Madam? Oh, madam?  
She probabIy thought you went down.  
[repairman] Hey, wait!  
Did you find the mother?!  
- [Sammy barks]  
- Don't cry, baby.  
We'II find mama.  
StiII going down, come on!  
Oh, excuse me.  
Have you seen a woman who Iooked Iike  
she might have Iost a child?  
WeII, was there a woman  
screaming or fainting?  
WeII, I don't mean reaIIy fainting,

or anything like that,  
but just sort of hysterical.  
Did you find the mother?  
- Hey!  
- Stop!  
Somebody upstairs must have  
pushed a button. Come on!  
- It's going up again.  
- OK, come on.  
- Come on.  
- All I wanted was a drink of water.  
[barks]  
Look, it's going down.  
- It can't be!  
- Come on!  
- Oh, no.  
- [Petey] Now it's going down.  
Wait.  
Now it's going up.  
Hey, hey.  
Now it's going down.  
So you fixed the elevator, huh?  
Look at it!  
Well, it can't be anything  
in the mechanical system  
that's making it do that!  
Oh, no? Well, that'll leave  
just one conclusion.  
- The baby's running the elevator.  
- [people chattering]  
[repairman] Look, it's coming down!  
It's nothing, folks.  
Really, nothing at all.  
[nervous laugh] Just somebody  
got in the elevator by mistake.  
Uh... we'll have him out  
in just one second.  
The baby's gone.  
We... We did see it, didn't we?  
Sure we saw it.  
I think maybe I'll take  
the rest of the day off.  
Yeah...  
and I'll have one with you.

- What is aII this?

- [aII chattering]

Boy, Sammy, there's one thing  
you gotta learn.

There's a time to be a clown  
and there's a time to be serious.

Here it is, 406.

WeII, finaIIy!

Where've you been?

- Sammy took a ride.

- My father'II see us any second.

- [barks]

- What's he trying to say?

- I think he's just hungry.

- [men laughing]

ExceIIent meeting, gentlemen, exceIIent.

I think we finaIIy put the Go, Go, Go  
GatesvIIIe campaign into orbit.

- Talk to you tomorrow, Harold.

- Right!

- Harold, take care of your coId.

- I wiII.

[Laughs] HeIIo, IittIe doII.

Ha-ha!

WeII, Arthur, Petey.

Daddy, please don't be mad at  
them because of Mr. Loomis.

Oh, I'm not mad at them, honey.

To be perfectIy honest,

I'm not even mad at their dad.

- You're not?

- Oh, no.

Now that I'm caImed down,

I'm sure that...

...something upset your father to make  
him behave Iike such an idiot.

Has he been worried about  
business recentIy?

Yes, sir, you might say so.

And I think we can

expIain the whoIe thing.

Oh, weII, now why don't we

go into my office

where we can discuss it

more comfortably, huh?  
[chuckles] Hey, that's my girl.  
I never want you to get too big  
to play with dolls.  
Yes, Daddy.  
Miss Cass,  
send out for three malts, huh?  
Oh, no, no.  
Better make that four.  
I've been on the wagon,  
but I'm in a good mood today.  
- [laughing]  
- I should say you are.  
- Huh?  
- Four malts?  
Make it five.  
You look like you could stand  
a blast yourself, Miss Cass.  
Ha-ha-ha-ha!  
Well, sir, to what do I owe  
the pleasure of this visit?  
Well, Mr. Sylvester, there's  
something we wanna show you.  
Oh, wait!  
There's something I wanna show you.  
Come here.  
Come on, kids.  
There. Hey, you know what this is?  
- Hm? It's Gatesville.  
- [Rocky] It is?  
[Petey] Looks like somebody wrecked it.  
[Harold] Wrecked it?!  
It's modernized.  
Now, here, this used to be  
Deutsch's Hardware store,  
this is Parker's Dry Goods  
and here, that's the new bank  
with the drive-in section.  
And you know that block  
down by the Palace Theater?  
Everything that's there now comes out.  
You're gonna knock down everything?  
Like it was hit by a cyclone.  
Boy, if kids did that,

everybody would yell at them.

[Laughs] And this here.

This is piece de resistance,  
the real super-duper dazzler.

The thing that's gonna knock  
everybody's eyes out.

You know what it is?

The old fountain in the middle  
of the square.

- The one we can't spit in.

- That's right.

But wait. Wait till you see  
what we do with that.

We're gonna have fancy statues,  
water that dances to music,  
uh, colored lights,  
upholstered benches,  
and swimming around the pool, what do  
you think we're gonna have, hmm?

Only the finest collection of  
tropical fish in the entire country.

Hmm. Well, not as nice as these,  
of course, but nevertheless, they're...

[stammers]

- They're gone.

- [Rocky] What's the matter, Daddy?

They're gone.

My \$5000 collection of tropical  
fish are gone!

Maybe somebody took them out  
for a bath or something?

No, they were here just ten minutes ago.

Miss Cass! Miss Cass!

- Five malts coming up.

- Never mind the malts!

- My fish are gone!

- They're what?

Get me the chief of police on the phone,  
call downstairs,

see if any suspicious characters have  
been leaving with fish under their arm.

After you get Chief Doolley,  
call up every pet shop within 50 miles  
and tell them to keep their eyes open

for anybody trying to unload hot fish.  
Tell them there's a \$500 reward.  
Arthur, maybe it was fishnappers.  
[burps]  
I'll take it in here.  
Hello, Chief Dooley, please.  
Oh, Rocky, you kids go drink the malts.  
- I'll get you later.  
- That's OK, Mr. Sylvester.  
Forget it. I think what we  
were gonna tell you...  
...we'd better wait to tell  
you till some other time.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Oh, Fred! Fred, I've been robbed!  
That's right, robbed.  
About 65 rare tropical fish.  
Fish.  
Fred, you may think it's funny,  
but I don't.  
[whistle blowing]  
What are we gonna do now, Arthur?  
I don't know.  
We can't tell Dad until Mr. Sylvester  
uncancel the insurance.  
And he won't uncancel until  
we tell him about Sammy.  
And if we tell him about Sammy,  
he'll know who ate his goldfish.  
But Sammy wasn't being mean.  
He was just hungry.  
[barks]  
Petey, I don't think anybody  
ever ate a more expensive lunch.  
It was sweet of you to drive me down  
to the beauty parlor, Helen.  
Oh, well, just because the men  
don't have any sense of humor,  
there's no reason for us  
to behave like children.  
[barks]  
But we can't give up now.  
I'm not giving up, just trying to think.  
- Arthur, look!

- At what?  
Isn't that your mother...  
...with my mother?!  
What's she doing down here?  
Never mind, come on!  
[both laughing]  
How many times did Harold  
go into the pool?  
- Four times.  
- [barking]  
Angus, quiet.  
- Helen, look!  
- What?  
- A parking space!  
- Where?  
- There!  
- [gasps]  
Hey, they're following us!  
Come on in here.  
I can't believe it.  
Imagine finding a parking space  
- this time of the day.  
- That's strange.  
- Hm? What's the matter?  
- I thought I saw the children.  
Oh? Where?  
In front of the supermarket.  
[Helen] I don't see them.  
Oh, well, it's probably my imagination.  
[people chattering]  
Hey, they're getting out of the car.  
Stay down!  
[growing, whining]  
No, Angus, you can't  
come with us this time.  
Take a nap or something.  
He loves to come with me  
and get his hair sprayed.  
[Angus barking]  
Are they coming?  
No, they went the other way.  
Boy, that was a close call.  
I'll say it was.  
Now we'd better stay in here

for a while where it's safe.

Gitchy-gitchy-goo!

- [Petey] Mrs. Crotty!

- Gitchy-gitchy-goo!

Is the little dear any better?

- Uh, he's worse.

- Oh.

Yeah, I think we'd better

take him outside

where there's some nice fresh air.

Well, I should wonder

he's feeling poorly,

the way you've got him all bundled up.

- Mrs. Crotty!

- But it's such a hot day.

Ohh, let me pull the blanket back.

- You shouldn't!

- Oh, but he'll feel so much better.

Ohh! Gitchy-gitchy...

[barks]

- ...goo.

- Mrs. Crotty?

Mrs. Crotty, it's a seal and we

brought it home from the...

- Mrs. Crotty!

- Mrs. Crotty!

Mrs. Crotty, what's going on?

- Sammy!

- Sammy!

[all shouting]

[barking]

[barking]

- Sammy?!

- Sammy?!

- Where'd he go?

- I don't know!

[man] What's the matter?

What's going on?

[Petey] Sammy, where's Sammy?!

Was he in that baby carriage?

- Yes!

- And now we can't find him!

For heaven's sake, everybody,

careful where you step!

- Sammy?  
- Sammy?  
[barking]  
[barking]  
[barking]  
[groaning]  
[barking]  
- Is he out here?  
- I don't see him!  
- Well, he's not in there!  
- You go that way, I'll go this way!  
[dogs barking]  
[women screaming]  
[gasping]  
[barking]  
Sammy!  
Arthur! What's going on?  
Mom, you wouldn't believe me  
if I told you. Sammy!  
Who's Sammy?  
Oh, my goodness.  
I have to...  
Arthur!  
Now, now, now, Mrs. Crotty.  
It's just the heat, that's all.  
It is not the heat, Mr. Pearley.  
I tell you, I saw it!  
- A seal?  
- Yes.  
Now where in Gatesville  
would you see a...  
- [barking]  
- [patrons shouting]  
- Sammy!  
- Is that him?  
Is that Angus?  
- Oh, boy.  
- Oh, boy.  
Go get him, Angus.  
[barking, shouting continues]  
[women shrieking]  
- Where's Sammy?!  
- Where's Angus?!  
Sammy?

Sammy!

- [shrieks]

- [chips crunching]

[bells ringing]

Oh! Oh!

[Mr. Pearson] Out, out! Out! Out!

- Out, out, out!

- Sammy!

Wait, is that your animal?

Yes, sir, please,

I gotta get him!

He's out in the traffic!

[car horns honking]

[crowd chattering]

[people laughing]

[barks]

Well, would you like to tell me

what you were thinking of?

Would you just like to tell me?

I mean, I would appreciate it.

I, uh... I would like to know.

- Well, you see, Dad...

- Not one word, Arthur!

I don't want to hear one word

out of either one of you!

- Chet...

- Now, Helen,

let's not start defending them, either.

A seal!

[sarcastic laugh] A seal!

Well, why not a hippopotamus?

They're cute and fat, cuddly.

And I'll bet there's not

another kid in town

has one of those, either.

In your wildest imagination,

did you really believe I would

let you keep a seal as a pet?!

Yes, sir, as soon as we showed

you we could take care of him.

Oh. Oh! Well, you really

took care of him, all right.

Have you any idea how much

damage that animal did today?

Now let me tell you something,  
both of you.

You're going to repay every penny  
out of your allowance if it  
takes the next 15 years.

A sea!

Arthur, a sea!

Dad, don't yell at Arthur.

He told me it was a dopey idea.

- It's all my fault!

- Oh, will you shut up?

It was.

Dad, if anybody should've  
known better it was me.

I'm older.

- [knocking]

- [Harold] Chet!

Chet, are you in there?

- It's Harold.

- Well, what's he doing here?

He probably found out it was  
Sammy who pushed him in the pool.

[knocking continues]

Where are they?

Harold, before you do  
anything drastic...

- Ah, there they are.

- Harold, they're only kids.

Harold, don't you dare  
touch these boys.

Here they are, Your Honor, our heroes.

- Your what?

- He has flipped.

Chet, old boy, old pal,

old college buddy,

this is the biggest thing that's  
hit this town in years. Look.

[gasps]

[Chet] Holy smoke,

it's in the newspaper!

Every paper in the state,

in the country for all I know.

Every wire service picked it up.

[mayor] It's going to put Gatesville

back on the map, Chet, my boy.

What a promotional stunt,  
that it dropped right in our laps.

Why didn't you kids tell us  
that you had a seal?

- Well...

- Ah, never mind.

Now that the ball's rolling,  
we'll keep it rolling.

We'll go to work on that  
fountain right away.

- What for?

- What for? The seal.

- Our seal?

- Sammy?

Do you mean you wanna put the  
kids' seal in the fountain?

What an attraction!

Look, people will come from  
miles around to see him.

When they're here, they'll buy,  
they'll trade, they'll do business.

- Does he do any tricks?

- Yes, sir.

- Tricks!

- Excellent.

- [man] Marvellous!

- Bouncy balls, playing the trumpet?

Ah, this is better and better.

He can do three shows a day.

Uh... well, not during peak  
shopping hours of course.

We'll dress him in fancy  
costumes, things like that.

We'll have public feedings.

Maybe we'll run a  
contest to give him a new name.

Sammy, that's a little dull, you know.

We need something that's got snap,  
sales appeal.

You know, like Gargantua.

Ah, we'll really do it up big.

We'll declare a public holiday.

We'll surround him with girls

in bathing suits.  
Why, Chet, buddy boy, this'll  
be the biggest promotional stunt  
this town has ever had.  
Yes, sir. Go, go, go Gatesville.  
You're sure you're  
not mad at us, Dad?  
Yes, I'm sure.  
We just couldn't do that to Sammy, Dad.  
Three shows a day with all those  
strange people staring at him.  
He's not used to being stared at.  
He's just used to having fun.  
What Petey means, Dad,  
is he does tricks, sure.  
But he does them because  
he likes to do them.  
Not because he has to.  
Sitting in the middle of town  
in that fountain,  
why he'd be like some kind of a,  
a freak,  
- or a... or a...  
- Or a trained seal.  
[barking]  
I understand, Petey.  
Think the Chamber of Commerce  
will stay mad at us?  
They won't kick us out of town  
or anything, will they?  
No, I think I can handle  
the Chamber of Commerce.  
What did your father say?  
I don't think I ought to repeat  
it in front of Petey.  
Well, he'll cool off in time.  
The important thing is you kids  
are doing what you think is right.  
I'm sure gonna miss old Sammy.  
[Sammy barks]  
Well, so long, Sammy.  
Yeah, so long, Sammy.  
Take care of yourself.  
Yeah, drop us a card or something.

[Sammy barks]  
Go ahead. Get.  
[barking]  
Well, go ahead, get!  
[howling]  
[sniffing]  
I know how you feel,  
but you're gonna get over it, Pete.  
You'll find other friends  
and other pets.  
It's not me I'm worried about, Dad.  
It's Sammy.  
At least I've got Arthur and  
Rocky and the kids at school,  
but who's Sammy got?  
He's practically a stranger out there.  
I bet he doesn't know one person  
in that whole ocean anymore.  
Oh, he'll be all right.  
No, he won't. He'll be lonesome.  
Just because he's a seal,  
doesn't mean he doesn't have feelings.  
Look! Out there on the rock!  
See what I mean?  
That's what he's gonna do.  
Sit out there on the rock,  
eating his heart out.  
Hey, wait a minute.  
That isn't Sammy.  
- Huh?  
- What makes you think that?  
Well, gee whiz,  
I ought to know my own seal.  
He's right.  
That's not Sammy.  
- There's Sammy.  
- [Sammy barking]  
Dad, he's gonna get into a fight  
and that other guy'll kill Sammy!  
- No, I don't think so.  
- Yes, he will.  
Sammy isn't used to fighting seals,  
just dogs.  
Look.

[groans]

What are they doing that for?

Because the other 'guy' is a girl,  
stupid.

Girl?!

I don't think we have to worry  
about Sammy being lonely anymore.

Boy, poor Sammy.

Girls. They just won't

leave you alone, will they, Dad?

Even if you're a seal.

Come on, let's go home.

[Sammy barking]