



Scripts.com

# Slappy and the Stinkers

By Robert Wolterstorff

Can I go?

- Right on schedule.

- What about Mr Brinway?

Maybe we should really pee  
just to make it look good.

He's busy singing. Besides,  
he doesn't even know we're gone.

You just let all the Stinkers  
leave at the same time!

- I hate it when you call them Stinkers.

- That's what they are!

We sail the ocean blue...

There's no way they all had to  
relieve themselves at the same time.

When you gotta go, you gotta go.

Spencer, Max.

Got a little job for you.

Oh, God! Oh, God!

If Roy catches us in here, we're dead.

And we're stealing his tools.

He'll kill us twice.

Witz, we're on a tight schedule.

Are you in or are you out?

Well, I'm...in. Definitely in.

Good.

'Cause you're gonna be our test pilot.

I'm out! I'm out!

- All right, Witz, you're the man!

- The man's out. I'm out.

Domino, quit that,

I'm getting a headache. Ow! Ow!

- Mr Brinway, we saw them.

- Not now, this is my number!

- The Stinkers are up to something.

- What?

- They stole Roy's leaf blower.

- What are they doing with that?

- Will you sit still?

- Sorry.

I'm about to go where no kid  
has ever gone before.

Make sure his helmet's on tight.

He could land on his head.

My head? Sonny, why me?

You should be happy. You'll be  
the first kid to fly in a desk chair.  
Did you say "die in a desk chair"?  
Finished.

- What did you do that for?  
- "S" is for Stinkers.

Mr Brinway calls us that. Why not  
let him know we're coming?  
Ready for take-off.  
If something goes wrong,  
hit the eject button.  
I rigged the chair with a parachute.

- Parachute? I'm outta here!  
- Just close your eyes. It'll be fun.  
Everybody, stand clear!  
Boy, this is just like Apollo 13.  
Me and my pops saw it six times.  
Five, four, three,  
- two, one.  
- Tell my mother I loved her.

Houston, we got a problem.  
Loaf, how do we stop it?  
Catch it and turn off the leaf blower.  
What's it doing?  
This isn't so bad.  
I feel like I'm still on the ground.  
Witz, run like The Fugitive!

- Hi, Roy.  
- Hey, what up?  
I knew you weren't peeing!  
Halt!  
Sorry, Mr Brinway.  
Is it too late to go now?  
- Get inside this minute!  
- Yes, sir, Mr Brinway.

Wow!  
It shaved his butt.  
Hit the deck, Mr Brinway.  
Look at that. Mr Brinway runs  
just like Scooby-Doo.  
Hop on, Mr Brinway.  
- Hop on!  
- What is that thing?  
I don't know, but it's headed

for your new Jag.

- No! Not the XJS!

- Don't worry.

No! No!

Please, take me.

Don't take the Jag.

- Thank you, thank you.

- You can get out now, Mr Brinway.

Oh...the edger's still on.

It's off now, you can come out now,  
Mr Brinway.

Sneaking out of opera appreciation,  
stealing a leaf blower,  
ruining my favourite seersucker suit,  
causing several thousand dollars of  
car-body damage, and more important,  
disrupting the entire summer  
enrichment programme here.

Your actions are an egregious assault  
on the Dartmoor name.

You leave me no choice.

You're all expelled!

Mr Brinway, may I speak to you  
for a moment, please?

- Sonny, what are we gonna do?

- He's just trying to scare us.

He's doing a great job of it.

I just wet my pants.

- I...

- Don't waste your breath, Harriet.

- Once I make up my mind.

- It's like a well-made hospital bed.

Once it's made up,

you can bounce a krone off it.

- The board of trustees' meeting...

- What about it?

Sonny and Lucy and Allen  
are all on scholarship.

I don't think the board would like it  
if you threw them out on the street.

What if the press were to get  
hold of it? It could get really ugly.

The board would fire you.

People would point and laugh at you.

Some may even throw rocks.  
You'd have to move to another town...  
OK, OK.  
I get the picture.  
Children, perhaps  
I was being a little bit hasty.  
I'm very disappointed in you.  
But I'm willing  
to give you all one more chance.  
As of now, you're on double probation.  
If any of you steps out of line,  
just once, you're all history!  
Roy!  
I found your desk chair  
under the bougainvillea.  
- It must've rolled out of your office.  
- Rolled out?  
Probably had too much oil  
on the wheels. Happens all the time.  
- Happens all the time, my foot!  
- Did you disconnect the ejection seat?  
Of course I did.  
I guess I didn't.  
Ouch!  
- How are you feeling?  
- I'm fine, if I don't move my head.  
Attention, Dartmoor children!  
Remember, the enriching aquarium  
field trip is tomorrow afternoon.  
Return your signed parental consent  
forms, or you're not going!  
There'll be no exceptions!  
Sure is exciting about the field trip  
tomorrow, isn't it?  
Although I am allergic to shellfish.  
I get hives and ugly rashes.  
Sometimes I can't even breathe.  
- How's it feel on probation, loser?  
- I'm not a loser, I'm a test pilot!  
All you Stinkers are losers, farthead.  
Yeah, farthead. You shouldn't be  
here at Dartmoor.  
You should be in the cemetery.  
You're right.

I think I'll go dig myself a hole.  
What a cheap, dorky backpack.  
Oops. I guess it wasn't closed.  
Look at this!  
- Pick it up.  
- Why don't you make him?  
How about we kick your butt so high  
you'll be wiping your face  
when you go to the toilet?  
Yeah, Stinkers rule,  
others drool, fool!  
Hey, isn't that Mr Brinway over there?  
Hi, Mr Brinway!  
Hit me and you'll break probation,  
butt-brains.  
Yeah, butt-brains.  
Hey, my backpack!  
I'm gonna kill you!  
- I'm gonna kill you!  
- I wonder how that happened.  
Oh, wow.  
Harriet, look. Ouch!  
It's Spencer Dane Senior  
picking up Spencer Dane Junior.  
I must have that man on my board.  
That way, I can convince him to  
donate for the Shakespeare festival.  
Mr Dane!  
Mr Dane.  
Mr Dane.  
We'll talk later. You look great!  
Roy, get rid of that disgusting  
beverage and drive with two hands.  
Consider it gone.  
Everybody's a critic.  
- Loaf, heave it back at him.  
- No, that's just what they want.  
Yeah, they'll tell Mr Brinway  
and we'll all get expelled.  
We just can't sit here and take this.  
We gotta do something.  
How about we beat the crap out of 'em?  
Sonny, tell her no!  
Does anybody else

feel like throwing up?

- Don't blow chunks on me.

- I got an idea.

What are you doing here?

Sorry, I get bus-sick.

The Springville Aquarium proudly  
presents Mysteries of the Oceans.

Somebody had carrots.

They still stink.

You're absolutely right.

By the way, Spencer, have you asked  
your father about joining the board?

- I forgot.

- Of course you did. I understand.

You're a busy little man.

You got the money?

You got the merchandise?

Meet out back in the holding area  
in 20 minutes.

Octopus? Hey, no way.

Here, pus, pus, pus!

Here, pus, pus, pus. Come here.

Hey, come here, come here.

Come play with Uncle Roy.

OK, I want my keys back.

Hey, I'm not kidding. I'm serious.

No! No!

Excuse me, ma'am, but where  
do you keep your killer whales?

Sorry, dear,

we don't have any killer whales.

Oh, that's too bad. Let's go back.

What's the most awesomest thing  
you've got?

The most awesomest thing we got?

Well...there's Slappy.

- Sure ain't no killer whale.

- Look how bummed out he is.

- He doesn't look bummed out to me.

- You don't understand sea lions.

They're a very complicated mammal.

He could die in there.

Yeah, right!

He can fart himself to death.

Poor thing. Looks like he's in prison.  
The ocean's his home. He belongs there.  
Yeah. You're right. We gotta free him!  
Free him? We don't even know him!  
Free Willy. "Free Slappy". I like it.  
How do we get him out of there?  
Well, if one kid can free a whale,  
five should definitely  
be able to free a fat sea lion.  
All right, let's review.  
Close relatives of the sea urchin,  
the sand dollar,  
Dendraster excentricus  
burrows its anterior end  
in the sand with its oral end  
the flat side parallel  
with the water currents.

- Mr Brinway?  
- What is it? Oh, it's you.  
- Spencer, what's wrong, son?  
- The Stinkers are gone.  
We thought you'd want  
to find them and expel them.  
Excellent job, boys.  
If we had a giant crane  
with a magnet on the end  
and we put a metal collar  
around Slappy's neck  
then we could hoist him  
right out of here.

- I got a magnet at home.  
- You got a crane at home?  
OK, bad idea.  
I got it!  
Let's get some scuba gear and  
swim through the sewers to the tank?  
Uh-huh. No swimming in sewers.  
There's alligators  
and God knows what else.  
OK, the sewer's out.  
Hey, that man's taking Slappy  
somewhere.  
Uh-oh, here comes Mr Brinway.  
- He looks pissed.



- Stinkers, freeze!

- What do we do?

- I say we freeze.

No, we run.

No!

Stinkers! Excuse me.

- Get out of the way!

- Stinkers?

Witzowitz!

I've got you, you little Stinker!

- Who are you calling a little stinker?

- My mistake.

You bet it is. Give me that, son.

Go!

- Hi, Roy.

- Hey, Loaf.

Help me!

Somebody help me!

I think we lost him.

I hope I'm too young

to have a heart attack.

- Hey, look, it's Slappy.

- And they got him in a cage.

- Poor little baby.

- That looks like a baby to you?

- You want to go home to the ocean?

- It's fate. We were meant to free him.

This is a big mistake.

- Forget it, I almost got caught.

- I gotta have that sea lion.

Get him yourself. I'm out.

That's the last time I do business

with a punk kid like you!

Hey!

- What happened?

- I don't know.

- The door opened.

- He ran out.

I think it's locked from the outside.

Lucky thing I'm not paying

by the pound.

You're gonna pay for that, fatso.

- Just give me my money.

- Wait. I got to pull the van around.

- You're on your own.  
- Thanks for nothing.  
You're going nowhere, lard-butt.  
I'll be right back.  
There he is! We've found him.  
Isn't that great?  
"Great" isn't the word for it.  
How did you get into another cage?  
Don't worry, Slap,  
we'll get you out of there.  
Where's my flabby fish?  
If you feed him, he will come.  
Guys, isn't somebody gonna notice  
a big fat smelly sea lion on the bus  
that wasn't there before?  
Witz, you insulted him. Apologise.  
Sorry, Slappy. You really are  
a very good-looking sea lion.  
We have to disguise him.  
He has to look like one of us.  
You can't park here, it's a red zone.  
- Shove your red zone.  
- Move your van!  
Sorry, officer, you said red zone?  
I'll pull out immediately.  
That's it.  
The Stinkers are all expelled.  
I told you, Allen Witzowitz was sick.  
They were taking him back to the bus.  
- Why didn't they stop when I yelled?  
- They didn't hear you.  
- You believe this?  
- No. They got bored.  
We all got bored. It's a field trip,  
we're supposed to have fun.  
Not listen to you go on and on  
about the E-C-H...whatever.  
OK, OK, OK.  
- Roy, I'm freezing. Close that window!  
- Leave it open, Roy.  
It's stuffy and someone smells rank.  
Well, excuse me, Miss Renuzit.  
I was wrestling with an octopus!  
Boy, one of you really reeks!

Can I get up now?

My face is in his butt.

No. Keep it there. Don't move.

- Come on, Slappy. Jump!

- I don't think he wants to jump.

If we had time, I could build a block and tackle and swing him down.

- Got any more fish?

- Oh, yeah.

Come on, Slappy!

Come on, Slappy, come on!

I think we killed him.

- Nope. He's alive.

- Better get him into some water quick.

I got it. Mr Brinway's hot tub.

- Are you crazy?

- No. Think about it.

It's close by, he doesn't come home till late and nobody lives there.

Who'd wanna live with Mr Brinway?

- Come on, Slappy, we're in a hurry.

- Come on, Slappy.

- What's he doing?

- It's the fertiliser.

- He smells fish.

- Yeah.

Come on, Slappy!

There's no fish here.

We'll feed you later.

Boo!

- Look, Slappy. Water, just like home.

- No, it's too hot.

And he's probably used to salt water.

- Perfect!

- Come on, Slappy.

Go in and we'll get you some more fish.

Yeah!

Guys, we got trouble.

There's no more F-I-S-H  
in the freezer.

This is scary. I think he can spell.

Ahoy, me hearty.

OK, I got five orders of fries and  
48 orders of raw fish.

- That's how you want it?  
- Yeah. We'll cook it ourselves.  
Well, have it your way.  
That'll be \$155.45.  
Oh, charge it to my good old dad,  
Morgan Brinway.  
Oh, and give yourself a big fat tip.  
Guys, I hate to mess up  
a good time...  
No, you love messing up a good time.  
We gotta get to school. It's almost 5.00.  
My mom will have a cow  
if I'm not there.  
Slappy, stay. We'll be back real soon.  
- What about Mr Brinway?  
- He never leaves right away.  
I'm leaving early today, Harriet.  
Ow. Ow!  
- Everything hurts.  
- Maybe your little shirt is too tight.  
- Very observant, Harriet.  
- You should go home.  
Sit in your hot tub and relax.  
That's precisely what I'm going to do.  
That is one big gopher hole.  
Mr Brinway? Mr Brinway...  
That's close enough, Roy.  
We got a big problem here. We got  
a giant gopher on the grounds.  
- Really?  
- Yeah. I need more gopher bombs.  
I'll try to get him tonight.  
I may have to go hand-to-hand  
with him. He's really big.  
How big?  
Based on the length of the trench  
he dug, I'd say at least  
five, six feet long.  
Oh. A six-foot gopher.  
- Yeah.  
- They're a real problem around here.  
Them and those 50-foot  
killer chipmunks.  
50-foot chipmunks?

Nah.  
No way.  
Not now, Gordon.  
Daddy's got a headache.  
And this ridiculous little shirt  
isn't helping.  
Wow, that is a man-sized bark  
you've got there, Gordon.  
Come here, you.  
Come to Papa.  
Come here, sit on Daddy's lap.  
Gordon Brinway,  
are you getting a cold?  
I hope not.  
You're my best little buddy.  
Gordon...breath mints.  
Gordon, thank you, I'm fine.  
You'll give me your cold.  
Ice cubes?  
That darned ice-cube maker is  
spitting ice cubes on its own again.  
Another expense.  
Boy, do I need that hot tub.  
Ah, Xanadu.  
It's a little chilly today, Gordy.  
It's...salty.  
And fishy.  
What the heck is going on  
around here?  
That's weird.  
Mr Brinway left early today.  
- He's in the hot tub.  
- With Slappy?  
- No. With himself.  
- Then where's Slappy?  
Now that we've found him,  
how do we get him out of there?  
We'll never sneak past Mr Brinway.  
I say we go home  
and deny everything.  
No wonder it's so cold.  
Someone turned the heat off.  
Who did that, Gordy?  
What's this?

Fish and chips?  
Someone had a party.  
I'm calling the police.  
Now who could that be?  
Fish and chips!  
All right, all right, I'm coming.  
Hold your horses.  
Yes?  
Gordon! Gordon, Daddy's locked out.  
Oh, forget it!  
- Hurry, Slappy, hurry!  
- Come on.  
What do we do with him now?  
It's getting late and he looks bushed.  
Why me?  
You're the only one with a double bed.  
My mom'll have us all arrested  
if she finds out that this smelly thing  
is in here with me.  
Witz, two pieces of advice.  
Don't insult him.  
And try not to wheeze.  
Because to a sea lion, a wheeze  
could sound like a mating call.  
What? A mating call?  
Don't go! Don't go!  
Guys, don't go! Don't go!  
That's it! Get out of the bed!  
Oops. Sorry.  
Sh! Keep quiet.  
Hon? I don't like  
the sound of that cough.  
I heard it all the way in the kitchen.  
Yeah, I'm worried. I don't want  
another attack of the croup.  
God forbid.  
That was the worst week of my life.  
Allen! What did you have for lunch?  
It smells like a fish fry in here.  
Fish fry? In here?  
- What is that lump?  
- Lump? What lump?  
I could've sworn  
there was something.

Oh, well. I'll give you  
some cough syrup.  
There you go.  
And I'll give you some Z-Lax Junior.  
There you go.  
I want you all cleaned out.  
Yes, Mom.  
Goodnight, honey. I'm sure  
you'll feel all better in the morning.  
There you are.  
Yuck! Sea lion slobber.  
Hear that? It's my stomach.  
I have to go to the bathroom. Happy?  
Now you stay here and keep quiet.  
Allen, are you all right in there?  
Fine, Mom.  
This is what happens when you eat  
a whole bar of Z-Lax. It's not candy!  
Go for the gopher.  
Go for the gopher.  
This ought to get me my seal back.  
Here, fatty, fatty.  
I gotta start using  
that StairMaster I stole.  
Yeah, great. I found the fish.  
Where the hell are my glasses?  
OK, big guy.  
OK, your digging days are over.  
Missed him.  
That is one cagey gopher.  
You're going home, Slappy.  
OK, let's go.  
One,  
two,  
three!  
There it is, Slappy. Your home.  
I'm gonna miss you, Slappy.  
- Me, too, Slap.  
- Yeah...so am I.  
- We're all gonna miss you, Slappy.  
- I'm not.  
No of fence. But the sight of you  
on my toilet will never leave me.  
- Here, Slap. Have one for the road.

- Something's wrong. He's not eating.  
That's because there's zillions of fish  
out there just waiting for him.  
Go on, Slappy, you're free.  
- Go on, Slappy, dive in.  
- Come on, we gotta get him in there.  
He just needs a little push.  
Why do I always get stuck  
with the butt?  
You don't move fast enough!  
Go on! Go on!  
This way!  
Come on! Come on!  
Look! It's Willy.  
Don't you wanna be with Willy?  
Don't killer whales eat sea lions?  
Gee! Willy looks hungry.  
- Uh-oh.  
- Now what?  
I say we free Slappy  
back into the aquarium.  
- You're right, Witz.  
- I am?  
Yeah, I mean, he wouldn't last  
two seconds out there in that ocean.  
Yeah, Willy'd eat him up  
like a fish burrito.  
- We messed up, didn't we?  
- Yeah.  
We can un-mess it.  
We gotta get him back to the aquarium.  
That's his real home.  
We don't have time.  
We're late for Parents' Day.  
- We'll take him with us.  
- To Parents' Enrichment Day?  
- We can hide him behind Roy's shed.  
- Yeah, Roy won't mind.  
I really think this is a bad idea. I was  
right once, I could be right again.  
Dartmoor proudly presents  
Mr Morgan Brinway  
starring in Gilbert & Sullivan's  
H.M.S. Pinafore.



Very classy school, huh?  
I did ten years here.  
Harriet's home-made Swedish  
south-western chilli!  
Get it while it's hot, hot, hot!  
It's an old secret family recipe  
passed down from generation  
to generation.  
From my fingers to your lips.  
Don't hawk the chilli  
like a cheap carny hustler.  
If people are hungry, they'll come over!  
- Mr Brinway?  
- What is it? Oh, Spencer.  
Little Spencer Junior and big Mr Dane.  
Now it's Parents' Day.  
- We want to try the chilli.  
- Excellent choice.  
Harriet makes it herself from a secret  
Swedish south-western family recipe.  
- Don't you, Harriet?  
- What do I know?  
I'm just a cheap carny hustler.  
It's good.  
It's very tasty, Harriet.  
Thank you, Mr Dane.  
Call me Spence.  
OK...  
Spence.  
- You run a tight ship here, Brinway.  
- He certainly is dressed for it, isn't he?  
I've been meaning to ask you, Spen...  
Mr Dane.  
Yes, Brinway?  
I was hoping you'd honour us  
by joining our trustees.  
If you could find the time, that is.  
If I did, would I be able to get  
some more of this excellent chilli?  
All you can eat, Spence.  
We'll talk later, Brinway. Come on.  
Right, Spen... Ah, Mr Dane.  
Harriet, this is big.  
This is really, really big.

That man invented the bendable straw,  
and now he's going to be on my board.  
Stinkers.  
I wonder what they've been up to.  
One of us should've stayed with Slappy.  
- He'll be fine.  
- He looked hungry when we left.  
The gopher's back.  
That is one big gopher.  
His mom must've been  
messing around with a seal.  
This is getting boring.  
Spencer Junior,  
you shouldn't be waiting in line.  
Come with me.  
Ladies and gentlemen, make way  
for Dartmoor's Student of the Year...  
Off! Off! Off!  
Take a hike!  
- Thanks, Mr Brinway.  
- Oh, call me Morgan.  
Thanks, Morgan.  
Anybody see a giant gopher?  
Slappy, sh!  
- Was that a sea lion?  
- Sea lion? I don't think so.  
It's only Roy.  
Gosh, Roy's gone berserk.  
Roy, what are you doing?  
I got him, Mr Brinway.  
That gopher's in here somewhere.  
Somewhere in these bushes.  
There he is!  
That's not a gopher!  
That's a wild sea lion, you imbecile!  
Roy, give me that thing  
before you destroy something.  
Roy!  
Roy...let go!  
Hey! Hey!  
Oh, save yourself, little Spencer Junior!  
Hey! My son is on that thing!  
Look out, Max!  
Spencer!

What kind of a lousy operation  
are you running here, Brinway?

- Huh?

- I don't know.

Spencer Junior hurt his arm.

If it is broken, I wouldn't want  
to be in your shoes.

Come on. Hold your head up,  
we are not embarrassed.

I don't know what school

I'm gonna put you in.

Oy!

Hey, you!

What are you doing with Slappy?

Stand back. I'm from the aquarium.

I'm taking him back where he belongs.

- He hates it in there.

- Stand back. He might bite you.

- He wouldn't bite anybody.

- Just leave him alone!

You? You're in enough trouble as it is.

You're lucky I don't press  
seal-napping charges.

- Seal-napping charges? Jail? No good.

- No good.

My beautiful school looks like a war zone.

And you Stinkers are responsible.

All we wanted to do was help Slappy.

It was my idea.

So if you want to be mad at somebody,  
you should be mad at me.

And me.

And me.

And me.

I guess me, too.

Well, that's very touching.

Yeah, just like the scene in Spartacus  
when they said they were all...

Quiet! You have all broken  
double probation.

You don't belong here  
at the Dartmoor Academy.

You're all expelled.

For life!

Hi, we're from the Springville Aquarium,  
and we got a call about a sea lion here.  
You're too late. Some guy from  
your aquarium already picked him up.  
But that's impossible. We came  
right down. What did he look like?  
Big, ugly, thick glasses and greasy hair.  
Sounds like Boccoli got his sea lion.  
- Who's Braccoli?  
- Anthony Boccoli.  
He's an animal broker and a real low-life.  
He bribed a handler to get Slappy.  
He teaches the sea lion dog tricks  
then sells it to a Bulgarian circus  
or wherever.  
A Bulgarian circus?  
That means Slappy is in big trouble.  
But you'll find him and save him, right?  
I wish we could,  
but the police don't have the time  
and we don't have the personnel  
to track him down.  
All we can do is hope that, wherever  
he winds up, they'll treat him well.  
- Hey, Roy.  
- Hey.  
- Hope it's OK we came over.  
- You're always welcome.  
Just make sure Mr Brinway don't see you.  
You guys look kind of down.  
We just can't get Slappy  
out of our heads.  
We freed him when he didn't  
want to be freed  
then we gave him to a really bad man.  
Now when he needs to be freed,  
we can't do anything about it.  
- Yeah, we're just a bunch of losers.  
- That's enough of that kind of talk.  
You're Stinkers and  
that means something here.  
No. You are all special  
because of who you are.  
Who you are is what makes you special,

because that's all you are - is special!

There. Now how do you feel?

- Lousy.

- Well,

sometimes it works

and sometimes it don't.

- What's this, Roy?

- Careful.

- That's my gopher-bomb launcher.

- Is that all it launches?

No, this launches everything.

Get me one of those potatoes.

- There you go.

- OK. Stand clear.

That sucker's gonna fly a quarter  
of a mile due north into the woods.

Isn't that due north?

Oh, yeah.

\$155.45 for Barney the Buccaneer's  
Fish & Chips?

I never ordered that.

I bet Boccoli has a hideout.

All bad guys have hideouts.

- I don't like where this is going.

- If only we could find his hideout.

- Then we could save Slappy.

- I really don't like where this is going.

If we were him, where would we hide?

Does anybody else

not like where this is going?

One thing for sure,

he'll need a lot of fish.

Do you know a big mean man who  
buys a lot of fish and never shaves?

- Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

- I'm going into my pre-hive mode.

- Lot of shellfish around here.

- Hey, look.

The creep's over there buying fish.

Excuse me, sir.

I mean, miss.

That man you just sold fish to,  
this kid thinks it's his father.

- What?

- That split on him five years ago.  
Ran out on you, huh? Looks the type.  
Did he say where he lives?  
His mom wants to talk to him.  
I bet she does. He tried to get me  
to go home with him.  
- An old sawmill on Mud Mountain.  
- Great, you'll see your daddy again.  
Good old Pop.  
To do this right, we'll need  
a lot of special equipment, Loaf.  
- No problem.  
- Are you guys nuts?  
- We can't go up there. He'll kill us.  
- We got Slappy into this.  
- We'll get him out.  
- We're all Slappy has.  
We're his family. Families stick together.  
Remember what Roy said? We're Stinkers  
and that means something.  
- Let's rumble.  
- Yeah!  
Come along, come along.  
What a perfect day for birdwatching.  
This is the mating season  
for the common loon.  
Now I'm excited.  
I'm glad you finally got a birdwatching  
outfit like mine, Harriet.  
Last time you wore that leopard print  
you frightened the finches.  
Well, I hate it. Now I look like a boy.  
Right.  
I really miss the Stinkers.  
I wonder what they're doing right now.  
Well, they're probably doing hard time  
at San Quentin Junior Penitentiary.  
Gordon, move along, son.  
Good boy.  
- There it is.  
- This place is great.  
I found more stuff we can use.  
- Everything set?  
- We're ready, Sonny.

It's a go.  
You wanna eat? You gotta jump, fatso.  
I promised these Bulgarians a trained  
seal act and that's what I'll deliver.  
Come on. Come on.  
Come on, get up. Get up!  
Anthony Boccoli!  
You are surrounded by hundreds  
of police  
and marines!  
Police and marines?  
Come out with your hands up!  
You're not going anywhere, blubber-puss.  
All right, you little piss-ant,  
you're in serious trouble now!  
- I'll give you a beating you'll never forget.  
- Now!  
Loser!  
What...?  
What is that, huh?  
I'm being attacked by the Seven Dwarfs!  
Where are you? I'll kill you!  
Over here!  
Wait.  
Wait. Wait. Now!  
Surprise!  
His nose exploded.  
Hit it!  
Hit it, Domino!  
- Hit it!  
- Domino, hit it now!  
- Nobody leaves here alive.  
- Let me go! Let me go!  
Witz, help me!  
- What's the matter?  
- I'm too skinny, it won't budge.  
One, two, three.  
Oh, my nose!  
What did I do?  
I'm finished. I'm dying. I'm dead.  
- Oh, yes!  
- All right!  
I'm alive!  
- Witz, you saved me. You're a hero.

- Oh, it was nothing.  
Well, it was something.  
I don't think I'll ever do it again.  
Maybe I will.  
I feel pretty good.  
Hey, you lousy kids!  
You cut me down from here,  
or I'll rip you all to pieces!  
Come here! Come here!  
Come back here. If I get a hold of you...  
Oh, no, look at what he did to Slappy.  
- All right, you're welcome.  
- Gotta find something to bust this.  
- How about this?  
- Yeah.  
- Did I mash your finger?  
- No, he's back!  
It's over.  
Push!  
- Burning, burning! Hot, hot, hot!  
- Come on!  
Get outta here!  
What about Slappy?  
- Come on, Slappy, pull.  
- Pull, Slappy, pull hard!  
Come on, Slap! Come on, Slap!  
Come on, Slap!  
Yes!  
Oh, no!  
He's stuck. We got to get this chain off.  
Wait. I just got an idea.  
- Yes.  
- Sometimes, things are just that simple.  
That guy's like a...blind Terminator!  
Run!  
- Are you sure this thing'll work?  
- Sure I'm sure. I think.  
- It has to work.  
- OK.  
- Everybody ready?  
- You bet.  
We're going too fast. Hit the brakes!  
At least test them.  
- They worked.



- Phew.  
Come on, show your faces.  
Look at that.  
What now? Uh-oh!  
Guys, you're not gonna believe this.  
Oh, no.  
- Come on.  
- Go, go, go!  
Go faster! Go faster!  
- Sonny, faster!  
- Sonny, move it!  
Yeah, come on!  
Watch out!  
Come on, come on!  
Thought I'd sit up here for a while.  
- I'm gonna get you punks!  
- Sonny, hurry!  
Darn it!  
Mr Brinway?  
- Do you hear that?  
- Quiet. It might be the common loon.  
They're very rare.  
And you don't want to scare it.  
Binoculars up.  
Look, he's wiggling his tail feathers.  
Harriet, will you hold my sunglasses?  
Hush, Gordon Brinway, hush!  
Hush!  
You'll frighten the loons, son.  
Look out, Mr Brinway!  
Attaboy, Gordon.  
- Mr Brinway, what are you doing here?  
- Stop! Stop this thing!  
- We can't. We're on the I am.  
- Yeah!  
- Slow down! Slow down!  
- Sonny, where are you going?  
He can't follow us in there.  
Brake it! Brake it!  
Brake! Brake! Brake!  
Whoa. Whoa!  
Whoa! Everybody, lean back!  
That's it. I'm getting off  
this ridiculous contraption.

- Stay down, Mr Brinway.  
- Stop touching me!  
- Sit down or you'll tip us over.  
- No, it's Boccoli again.  
- What's Broccoli?  
- Anthony Boccoli, he's gonna kill us.  
What is he talking about?  
We can go down the flume into the lake.  
- Oh, like fun we will!  
- He'll never follow us.  
- How do you know?  
- Would you, if you didn't have to?  
- Well, I'm not going.  
- Oh, yes, you are, Mr Brinway.  
But I can't swim.  
What are you worried about?  
The fall will probably kill you.  
Water?  
Bye-bye, you little punks.  
Must be freakin' clogged.  
Why, you...!  
Water!  
- Water!  
- The lake!  
- Get ready!  
- All set.  
- I'm a test pilot! I'm a test pilot!  
- This is great!  
Who cares?  
I'm gonna die with the Stinkers!  
Loaf, hit it!  
- Wow!  
- Wow!  
- Wow!  
- Wow!  
Loaf, you're a genius.  
- All right!  
- We're saved!  
Look at that!  
That has got to hurt.