



Scripts.com

# **The Penguins of Madagascar: Happy King Julien Day!**

By Unknown

Hit it!  
Come on, yeah, dance  
Cute and cuddly, boys.  
All right. So why are we here?  
The question that has vexed  
common man and philosopher alike.  
That's not what you're going for, is it?  
Maurice said he's got  
a very important announcement.  
All right,  
might I have everyone's attention?  
Everyone, eyes and ears!  
Hello? Is anyone listening?  
Quiet!  
Thank you.  
It is my honor  
to introduce King Julien,  
leader of lemurs,  
lord of the ringtails,  
et cetera, et cetera, et cetera!  
Thank you, Maurice,  
for your hearty "et ceteras. "  
I will cut to the chases.  
In a few hours, we celebrate  
the biggest holiday of the year.  
Christmas in July!  
Except not Christmas,  
and it's not July.  
Look how playfully  
they tease me, Maurice.  
You know I am speaking  
of King Julien Day.  
How could you not?  
It's on every calendar.  
What about this one?  
Maurice?  
There it is. See?  
So shut up and start shopping.  
So, what is King Julien Day?  
On King Julien Day,  
everybody loads up the gifts on the king  
and pretty much does whatever he says.  
It's eight kinds of fun.  
- No lie.

- I see.  
Well, in that case, pass.  
Listen to me. You don't  
understand this here situation.  
You want King Julien  
to be happy on his holiday.  
One time, everyone forgot  
about King Julien Day, I tell you.  
Which forgetter is next  
for their whooping?  
Come on! I want you to hurt like I do!  
I couldn't sit right for a week.  
Trust me, you do not  
want him to freak on you.  
We'll take our chances.  
Please! King Julien Day  
is my favorite holiday  
in the whole wide world!  
I love it this much!  
That's a whole lot of love  
relative to body mass.  
Does anyone remember  
that kid's birthday party last week?  
Yes. Poor little chap's party  
got rained out.  
Well, when the humans ran for cover,  
Mort and I snatched this.  
Do you know what the people  
put in these things?  
Candy! Lots of it!  
The forbidden fruit-flavored food?  
I crack it open on my belly  
and dig out the creamy center.  
That's right. This pinata  
is full of sweet deliciousness.  
What have we here?  
Lots more where this came from.  
It'll all be yours  
if you all just celebrate  
King Julien Day like you mean it.  
Happy Me Day!  
Maurice thinks he can bribe us  
with his pinata promises.  
Sadly for him,

penguins are not for sale. Right, men?

What all do you think is in there?

I think there are

butterscotch lollies and sourballs.

I'd say we're looking at a 50/50 mixture  
of gummy fish and candy buttons.

- Buttons!

- We may never know,  
'cause today we're performing  
scheduled maintenance on the HQ.

- Perhaps we could postpone?

- Negative.

You can't just reschedule  
scheduled maintenance  
that's been scheduled,  
right on the schedule!

The Skipper's right. Candy is candy.

I mean, duty is duty.

Buttons.

Shore leave granted for today, men.

Now, get out of here.

Bunch of knuckleheads.

Where are my guests?

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

It is time to celebrate me  
and the many moods of me.

Today, festive me.

King Julien Day! King Julien Day!

Hello. We are here for the candy...

...party.

Yes, welcome, my loyal royal subjects.

Happy King Julien Day!

See, the otter is in the holiday spirit.

- Maurice?

- Everyone now bask in the glory

- that is King Julien.

- Go ahead. Bask.

Bask harder!

Now, just the fellows.

Ladies!

The ladies sound a little weak.

You know how that makes me, Maurice.

Hey, now.

Let's get this party started!

Everybody, let's limbo!  
Yes! Limbo contest!  
Must have candy.  
Now, I will make you all feel inferior,  
which is proper.  
Yes! Did you see?  
I am not only the king,  
but I am the limbo king, too.  
King Julien wins the limbo contest.  
Thank you. Thank you for your  
boisterous and loving cheers.  
Hello, New York!  
Put your hands  
or other appendages together now.  
Next, the traditional King Julien Day  
tossing of the fruit.  
Yeah!  
Tossing of the fruit?  
Tossing it where exactly?  
- At you exactly.  
- At us? No.  
- Did I hear someone say no?  
- He didn't say no.  
Chewy center.  
I said "yo. "  
As in, "Yo, I am down with that. "  
I'll buy that.  
Then let the fruit fight begin.  
Yes! You love getting hit  
with my unripe fruit!  
I can tell from your screams!  
Nothing more satisfying  
than a job well done.  
I just cleaned that!  
What the...?  
Now, where was I? Oh, yeah.  
It's time for the bake-off.  
You have one hour to bake the king  
the best King Julien Day cake ever.  
Because what is a party without a cake?  
Well, it's still a party, I suppose,  
but it feels like something is missing.  
Something cakey.  
Anyone here know how to bake?

Why are they shaking when they  
are supposed to be baking, Maurice?  
Well, that's not what they're saying.  
I think they are,  
and I am about to freak on them.  
Here it comes! The freak-out!  
I've always wanted to learn baking.  
See? No need to freak.  
The bake-off starts now.  
Time!  
Very nice. Do I see bugs in there?  
Lemurs love bugs, right?  
Yes! Ordinarily.  
But I am on a low tick diet.  
- But, but, but...  
- Pineapple upside-down cake  
glazed with brown booger.  
My mistake. Brown sugar.  
Just in case. Next!  
Death by chocolate.  
The chocolate part sounds promising.  
We didn't actually  
have chocolate as such...  
- Buttons!  
- What did you have?  
- Mainly mud.  
- Nice presentation.  
Bring it so that my belly  
may taste its yumminess!  
I'll bring it.  
There. Good as new.  
I was so looking forward  
to eating my delicious cake.  
How can I look forward  
to eating nothing? Answer me, Maurice!  
They'll make new cakes.  
- New bake-off on the double!  
- Hold it, party boy.  
One quiet day  
of scheduled maintenance.  
Is that too much to ask? Is it?!  
You bombard me  
with music and fruit and this.  
Newsflash, lower mammal. There's

no such thing as King Julien Day!  
Oh, boy.  
My cake is back!  
It's my cake, everybody!  
It came back!  
Silly penguin.  
Have some in your head, not on it.  
Hey! I am thinking  
that this was  
the best King Julien Day ever.  
I think so, too.  
- What a sicko.  
- Tell me about it.  
You saved my big old behind, Skipper.  
You earned this crew  
one big old pinata.  
- Yay!  
- Yes!  
Yes! Candy! Candy!  
- Right.  
- Bang up job, Skipper.  
I can almost taste  
that butterscotch lolly.  
What do we have here?  
A big paper horse?  
How did you know that this  
is the present I have always wanted?  
I will name him... Bob.  
Your Majesty, that's actually a pinata.  
A pin-what-a?  
Why are you making up words, Maurice?  
Come, Bob. Let me show you around.  
But our... our candy.  
Silly King Me.  
I almost forgot the traditional  
sharing of the sweets.  
And wouldn't you know,  
Bob has candy guts!  
Dig in!  
Enjoy Bob's guts candy.  
Hit it!  
Come on, yeah, dance  
Cute and cuddly, boys.  
Ready, Maurice?

Wait for it. Almost there.  
Now!  
Yes! Now, begins the greatest  
boogie-oogie-oogie sound ever.  
Dance, my lemurs, dance!  
I like dancing.  
I don't like dancing.  
My feet are killing me.  
Not as much as I will  
if you stop dancing.  
But, Your Majesty, we just can't  
boogie-oogie-oogie like you.  
I want to go to bed.  
No. Last week, the baboons  
shook their shiny red bottoms  
eighteen hours straight.  
I will not be out-partied.  
Roll out, team.  
It's time to terminate that tune.  
Team?  
On your feet, Private.  
If that isn't the cutest thing.  
Looks like I'm flying solo.  
You call that a booty shake?  
You must take the music inside of you,  
swish it around  
and spit it out through your tail.  
Try it with me.  
Take in the music...  
- Hey, not all the music, you greedies!  
- It wasn't us.  
But what else could make  
a boomy box stop booming?  
A thief!  
- Keep dancing.  
- But there's no music!  
I'll pretend I did not hear that.  
Hey! Come back here, you music hater!  
I don't hate music. I hate noise.  
Excuse me.  
Lost him.  
Mort, what are you doing?  
I'm dancing.  
Give it a rest. Julien has no way



of knowing if we're dancing or not.  
Oh, you're right.  
- He knows! He knows!  
- I like dancing to exhaustion!  
Be giving it up, flightless bird!  
I already have three batteries.  
But your noise maker needs all four.  
The only way you're getting this one  
is if you pry it  
from my cold, dead flippers.  
Sounds gross, but doable!  
Oh, no.  
I win! Into your face, penguin!  
Don't make a sound.  
- We're in Joey's pen.  
- Who's Joey?  
That's Joey.  
A kangaroo?  
How cute.  
For a moment there,  
I thought it would be something dan...  
Now look, marsupial,  
we don't want any trouble.  
We just came to get...  
Joey don't rightly  
appreciate trespassers, mates.  
Makes me mad.  
Come down, you bludgers,  
before I chuck a wobbly.  
Have you never heard  
such a mangling of the language  
which we are speaking?  
Anyhoo, fear not.  
I have loyal subjects who live  
to sacrifice their skins for me.  
Mort! Maurice!  
I'm dancing! I'm still dancing!  
They are not running  
when I am bellowing.  
I shall punish them harshly.  
OK, crazy-ish idea.  
You help me get out of this place.  
Team up... with you?  
I was thinking more like

you do all of the work,  
and I will watch with anticipation.  
Well, then forget it, compadre.  
It's every animal for himself.  
OK, you win.  
Go team. First we'll need a plan.  
Here goes nothing.  
Hey! What do you know? It actually...  
Not in the face.  
Please spare my moneymaker.  
All systems go.  
Where do you two dingoes  
think you're going?  
Kangaroo!  
You cannot be bouncing this high  
while I can.  
Easy, Ringtail.  
Yes, I can do all  
the bouncing I choose up here.  
- Ringtail!  
- Are you not seething with jealousy  
as I bounce and bounce  
and bounce some more?  
Look at my bouncing magnificence!  
Hello. Did anyone ever tell you  
you have beautiful eyes?  
- Please, not to be hitting me.  
- No worries, mate.  
Skipper, if only one of us  
can make it out of here,  
let it be... Joey.  
- Wait, Joey?  
- Oh, yeah.  
Without the beatings,  
this place wouldn't be half bad.  
We're getting out of here, Ringtail,  
thanks to this handsome fella  
and his little dummy friend.  
You have failed  
to capture my regal profile.  
Joey only needs to buy it  
for a few precious moments.  
You see, every morning,  
that gate automatically

opens for breakfast.  
At precisely 0600 hours,  
we use our decoys and we break.  
Fast. Get my drift?  
No, this is too long.  
I cannot wait 600 hours.  
0600 means 6am.  
- When is that?  
- From reading the sun correctly,  
I'd say...  
...now!  
- Now?  
Now! Now! Now!  
Nobody pushes a king out of a tree.  
Give you two a proper harrying, I will.  
Hey, look what I...  
I've been had.  
Everyone who is  
important to me made it.  
Happy ending.  
But what is this feeling I am feeling?  
It is not a happiness.  
Was that the best you...?  
It is a feeling that I have not done  
all I should have done.  
I do not like it.  
How do I make it go away?  
Please do hurry, penguin.  
I am not used to the physical labor.  
- Trying!  
- I cannot hold it much longer.  
What more can I,  
a devilishly handsome lemur king, do?  
Hurry! Hurry!  
What's the matter, wallaby?  
Can't kick a moving target?  
Wallaby? I'm a kangaroo, mate!  
I've been had again.  
We did it! Up high.  
Yes, it is.  
Down low.  
Too slow?  
You... You are too slow.  
Never mind.

And so,  
I bravely saved the annoying penguin.  
But at what cost?  
Without my battery,  
our booties are sad and still.  
That's a crying shame, Your Majesty.  
Oh, yeah! Shame.  
Look alive, lemurs.  
- This is no way to party down.  
- True that.  
Your wisdom exceeds your years,  
my flippered friend.  
What is a party without mad beats  
to rock the streets?  
That's why you need this.  
For me?  
I'm not gonna cry.  
I'm not gonna cry.  
Consider it a tip of the beak  
for saving my tail.  
Now, squeeze in there  
with your friends.  
The monster beats rage on!  
Boogie, my subjects! Yes!  
Boogie!  
How can you boys still be sleeping?  
On your feet, team.  
- What's that, Skipper?  
- Earmuffs? Well, I'll be.  
Only way to catch  
quality sack time around here.  
Rico, did you forget  
to give Skipper his?  
Thanks, boys.  
Bliss.  
Hit it!  
Come on, yeah, dance  
Cute and cuddly, boys.  
Well, I'm gonna see your salmon  
and raise you two cod.  
What's this game called again, Skipper?  
Stomp the Wombat.  
Are you in or out, Kowalski?  
You know, in Tasmania,

cheating at Stomp the Wombat  
is a capital crime.  
That's funny. I didn't know we  
had a hyena exhibit at this zoo.  
We don't.  
Bogey, twelve o'clock.  
Blend, boys, blend.  
All right,  
I better get you off to the hospital.  
- Hello, Maurice.  
- Maurice, fill me in.  
- Three words or less.  
- Well, I...  
- No capiche, Try four words.  
- I don't think that...  
- Make it five.  
- If you would listen...  
OK, I'm gonna give you six words,  
but you're wasting valuable time here.  
It's King Julien! They just  
crated him off to the zoo hospital.  
I need hug!  
He was just sitting on his throne,  
eating his favorite red lychee nuts,  
and then...  
He went full-speed /oco,  
All slobbery mouth  
and crazy red eyes.  
So? Sounds like business as usual.  
Oh, no. This was worse.  
And he had this horrible laugh.  
I'll never forget it.  
Understand what I'm saying?  
So how long until  
the royal pain recovers?  
I don't know. I'm just an advisor.  
There has to be someone  
for me to advise.  
There has to be a king!  
- Ring-a-ding-ding, you're a king.  
- Me?  
I'm just the king's right-hand man.  
And you know if the king's  
right-hand man becomes the man,

- then the king's left with no right...  
- Listen up, soldier.  
Until Ringtail returns, someone's gotta  
step up, take charge around here.  
- But I...  
- It's either you or Sad Eyes.  
I guess it's on me  
to look after things.  
But Julien will always be  
our one and only king.  
There.  
We are looking dandy fine here, boy.  
When King Julien comes home,  
this place will be sparkly fresh.  
He will be so happy.  
Yeah, say it.  
And we will be so tired.  
Oh, no!  
Can't just be sitting myself  
on the royal throne.  
That would just be plain wrong.  
Then again, what's the harm?  
Mort, be a buddy and blow  
some more air into our bounce house.  
- If it's no bother, of course.  
- OK!  
You could see  
the whole zoo from up here.  
Bet I could eat just one.  
That's pretty tasty.  
Maybe just one more.  
Or two.  
For the king.  
This next game was invented  
by double-jointed Hungarian acrobats  
from the Munich Circus.  
You lemurs aren't big  
on knocking, are you?  
Silence!  
I, Maurice,  
supreme king of the lemurs...  
That sounds good.  
...demand that all animals swear  
their eternal loyalty

to me, baby.  
Or else!  
Very funny, Maurice.  
The whole power-mad act is hilarious.  
- But we're in the middle of something.  
- Help me.  
That Maurice. What a joker.  
I don't know.  
That did not exactly sound like jollity.  
Did you see his eyes, Skipper?  
"Or else," he says.  
Or else what, exactly?  
Move it! Obey me, or suffer!  
All power lines run directly  
under the lemur habitat.  
Right next to these water pipes.  
- Theoretically...  
- Maurice has shut down power  
and water to all the habitats.  
He can control everything now.  
Wow. My theory was just about  
jury-rigging a giant makeshift hot tub.  
- This is much worse.  
- We are going in.  
Rico, we don't have time  
to do this pretty.  
Exce/ente,  
Power and water controls at six o'clock.  
We go on three.  
One, two...  
...three.  
Well, the hot tub theory  
is officially dead.  
What's your sick  
and twisted game, Maurice?  
It's King Maurice,  
ruler of all I survey!  
Surrender to my supreme  
and mighty power!  
Well, that's gonna  
be a bit of a problem.  
You see, I don't know the meaning  
of the word "surrender. "  
"Surrender" is a verb, Skipper.

It means to give up or yield...

Oh, right.

Here, I'll do it myself.

I will force you to obey me.

You and what army?

- That army.

- Meet Bada and Bing,  
personal body guards to the king.

- Bada...

- And Bing...

- Will crush...

- Funny birds.

Rico, tell me you still  
have an ace up your sleeve.

- Skipper?

- Wait for it.

They're getting away!

They're getting away!

We got away! Hooray!

Wait, that laugh.

It sounds just like the one we heard  
the other night. It's just like...

That deranged ringtail, Julien.

Remember, men, we don't know  
what kind of sorry shape he's in.  
Prepare yourselves for the worst.

Visitors.

Welcome to my luxury  
spa/retreat/getaway palace.

- Where's my candy?

- You!

But you...

You're... You're fine.

But of course. I am eating my  
lychee nuts in one moment,  
and then, boingo,  
I am here in the laps of luxury.

- Life is funny that way.

- Skipper.

It's the nuts. When red lychees go bad,  
they release an enzyme  
that amplifies aggression in the brain.

The nuts make you nuts.

They gave me this tasty



guava berry milkshake,  
and like that,  
I was feeling good all over.  
The tropical fruit  
must counter the nutty enzymes.  
Of course.  
But if you are cured,  
why are you still in the hospital?  
Because this vibrating bed is awesome.  
Listen up, lemur. Maurice ate those  
bad nuts. He went off the deep end.  
He's turned the lemur habitat  
into an armed fortress.  
- He's enslaved the entire zoo.  
- I cannot be believing my ears.  
Maurice ate my lychee nuts!  
Guava berry cure in aerosol form.  
One whiff should do the job.  
This way. I know a secretest way  
into my lemur kingdom.  
Well, boys, desperate times  
call for desperate measures.  
- What are you waiting for, Ringtail?  
- Who, me?  
I am going to be taking  
the royal secret passage.  
But if you'd rather the potty,  
hey, far be it from me  
to keep a penguin from water.  
- See you later.  
- Wait, we didn't know...  
I want those penguins found.  
Where are they? Where?!  
Right here, your royal nutcase.  
Ringtail, now!  
The game is now  
very much being over, Maurice.  
I, King Julien,  
the one most true glorious...  
- Shut up and just do it!  
- What? What?  
Am I not entitled to a brief,  
heroicish moment in my...?  
Hey, you got the funny birds?

Yeah, you got the mouthy squirrel?  
- Over here.  
- I win!  
I'm the ultimate ruler of the...  
Smell it, Maurice. Smell it up.  
Guava berry.  
Who would dare wear  
the sacred crown of King Julien?  
Wait. It's me!  
I have no idea what any of these do.  
I am calling your bluff  
and raising you two  
of the pineapples.  
I'm so embarrassed.  
Did I really threaten to destroy you?  
Oh, yes! On several occasions.  
But it wasn't your fault.  
It was the nuts.  
Just be glad it's all over.  
Hit it!  
Come on, yeah, dance  
Cute and cuddly, boys.  
What? Is that...? Are you...?  
But how are all these Mort...?  
Help!  
Maurice, there are Morts  
here, there and everywhere.  
I must be dreaming,  
the most horrible dream inside my head.  
Quick, pinch me. Now, bite me.  
Now, slap my face  
and spank my right buttock.  
- Am I awake yet?  
- They're the new stuffed Mort dolls  
from the zoo gift shop.  
The kids just love 'em.  
Just look at this silly Mort doll thing.  
It is the most ugliest  
and stupidest...  
That's actually the real Mort.  
Hi, it's me.  
Very well. On to new business.  
Please refrain from yanking  
the hats off visitors

when they stroll past your habitats.  
There are legal issues,  
and more importantly,  
it's just plain rude.  
Well, of course  
we can still fling poo at them.  
That's tradition.  
Those new Mort dolls sure are cute.  
I would go so far as to call them  
downright adorable, Marlene.  
The more of me, the merrier!  
Come on, cheer up.  
At least you have a toy.  
The last shipment of otter dolls  
was sent back to the factory.  
Sent back, you are saying?  
Well, they did have a few...  
I don't know, minor defects.  
Defects?  
Now, there is an idea.  
Hey. What's up with the commotion?  
Unknown. I'm gonna have to wait  
for my away team to report  
before declaring DEFCON Red.  
Real quick,  
what exactly is a DEFCON Red?  
Classified. Just hope you  
never live to see one, sister.  
Skipper, reports indicate  
that the new Mort plushes  
are tainted with  
some sort of toxic substance.  
They're recalling the whole inventory  
back to the factory.  
A factory recall? Wait a second.  
It's Alice.  
No wonder they're  
sending these things back.  
Skipper, look!  
No, that's me in there! I like me!  
Bring me back! I fall!  
Sad Eyes!  
Why do the other me's stink?  
It was you, wasn't it?

No, of course not.  
How daring of you!  
Wait, what do you mean?  
What did you do to those Mort dolls?  
I am certain  
I must not have the slightly,  
foggiest idea  
of what you are speaking of.  
Oh, yes!  
Have at them,  
my foul black and white friends.  
Yes! Spray away!  
You there, go, go!  
You missed a spot.  
Fine.  
I was maybe indirectly responsible,  
in a way that's not my fault  
for the recalling of the annoying  
Mort dolls. Who is caring?  
- Mort.  
- The real Mort.  
The one that was taken along  
with his stuffed toys.  
Stop! Stop with the being so ridiculous!  
The real Mort is right here,  
safe and soundly.  
Isn't that right, Mort?  
Well, can't we just  
keep this one instead?  
Somebody has to go after him.  
Don't worry. This is what we do.  
Maurice, what have I done?  
I already miss  
having that annoying Mort around  
so that I can hate him.  
We have a confirmed address  
on the target, Skipper.  
Now, some transport.  
I told Harry to his face that I'm gonna  
write him up next time he's late.  
Hey. I know everything  
that goes on around here.  
Everything!  
- Kowalski, report.

- It's dark.  
I concur.  
Rico, weapons check.  
Outstanding. Private, sound off.  
- Are we there yet?  
- Not yet, Private.  
Wait for it. Wait for it.  
And... move out. Now!  
Right. Back in the box.  
- Any word on the rescue?  
- Yes, we have a delivery confirmation.  
Skipper and company were delivered  
to the factory

**at exactly 7:**

Eastern Standard Time.  
Signed for by a C.W. Smith.  
Rico! Get him out of sight.  
Kowalski, have you bypassed  
the security scanner yet?  
I can't seem to crack  
the retinal scrambling code.  
Keep at it. Mort's here somewhere,  
and he's counting on us.  
Switching to collate on my mark.  
Five, four, three...  
Evasive action!  
We have enemy movement.  
Skipper, we're taking fire!  
We're also giving some.  
Right, Rico?  
Steady, boys.  
Stand by to toast this marshmallow!  
Popcorn, anyone? It's fresh.  
- Julien?  
- How did he get here?  
Oh, I sent myself super-platinum  
premier overnight express.  
This is how a king is to be rolling.  
But you're the reason  
Mort's here in the first place.  
Which is why I must lend  
my kingly cleverness to help.  
So, who enjoys the honor

of carrying my luggage?  
Rico, stamp his royal highness  
"return to sender. "  
OK, you win. Forget the luggage.  
Skipper, we could use  
an extra set of eyes  
to cover our left flank.  
All right, Ringtail. You're in.  
Ringtail. Is this my code name?  
Sweet Mother MacArthur!  
Will you just take a lookout position?  
Why did you not just say so?  
Defective items schedu/ed  
for immediate destruction,  
Somebody help me!  
Oh, no. This crown is all wrong.  
My noble kingly nose  
is looking too big here.  
Where is the quality controlling  
in this dump?  
What?  
You are now officially  
a hazard to this operation.  
Double-time it, boys.  
Just stay out of sight, Ringtail.  
Kowalski, hit the kill switch.  
Kill the hit switch!  
Switch the kill hit!  
Danger, Danger, Danger,  
Skipper!  
What kind of sick and twisted  
toy factory is this?  
Hang on. I'm going to bypass  
the central wire...  
Rico, surprise me.  
Last words, anyone?  
- Ringtail to the rescue!  
- Ringtail!  
No need to drop to your knees  
to thank and worship me.  
We're safe!  
And so, as of tonight,  
there's been no word from the penguins  
or Julien concerning their

valiant efforts to rescue Mort.  
I'm afraid we'll have  
to assume the worst.  
- Hi!  
- You guys made it!  
And Mort! He's home!  
Yeah, baby!  
I am so happy to have  
my kingdom together again.  
Mort, you are free  
to resume worshiping me.  
There's no place like home.  
Check it out.  
The zoo has a new bestseller.  
Well, would you look at that.  
Kudos, Private.  
Private? Private.  
Hello?  
Anybody?!  
Hit it!  
Come on, yeah, dance  
Cute and cuddly, boys.  
All right, men. We're up  
against nine ninja warriors.  
Missed one.  
- Nice work, Rico.  
- Morning, guys.  
Might wanna watch out  
for the ninjas, Marlene.  
- You mean bowling pins?  
- I mean ninjas.  
Don't you see the little faces on them?  
Why are you guys working, anyway?  
Come on, it's Fun Day!  
Fun day? Rico, code blue.  
Private, weapons check.  
Kowalski, options for...  
Hold on, wait, what is this Fun Day?  
Few humans visit on Mondays.  
Thus, our zoo overlords  
renamed Monday "Fun Day. "  
Why wasn't this in my morning briefing?  
How am I supposed to know this stuff?  
Come on, I'm not a mind reader.

You, Skipper, are just...

not Fun Day material.

- Hit the brakes, sister.

- What?

I've taken down an angry walrus with  
a wing and a prayer and another wing.

- I can handle anything.

- Except fun.

Especially fun. Right, boys?

- Big fun.

- Yes, Skipper, sure.

- Hey, I'm as fun as the next guy.

- Not if the next guy is that guy.

It makes my tummy tingle!

Hello, silly penguin.

What are you doing in my bouncy?

Because it's Fun Day. And certain  
sea mammals think I'm no fun.

Hey, Marlene, check out this fun move!

I call it Corkscrew.

You! You did this!

- What?

- You did this.

I know, I know.

I take full responsibility.

- Well, 90 percent.

- I said, "Have fun. "

- I did not say, "Go nuts. "

- Right.

I should not have corkscrewed.

Shame on me.

Maurice, it was all in fun.

Come on, bring it in.

- Bring it in.

- I'm not laughing!

All right, I'll try

to calm down the screamer

while you guys go get his crown.

Sound like a plan?

It does sound like a plan, Marlene.

Gentlemen, commence Operation

Give the Furry Crybaby His Bottle.

She did stop the screaming.

I will get you for...



How am I supposed  
to be kingly without a crown?  
It is the proof of my kingliness.  
And that is why I'm going to make you...  
Ready? Wait for it.  
...a new crown!  
But the old crown and I have been  
through so much together.  
Yes, yes, but it wasn't  
as amazingly cool as...  
...this!  
- It is puffy and complicated.  
- Like me.  
Maurice!  
I got you! Or not.  
I want my old crown.  
Skipper, turns out  
the new crown didn't fly.  
It did fly, too much.  
Not to worry, Marlene.  
We're on the trail.  
Rico.  
Private, hold the flashlight.  
Oh, dear.  
I don't like the looks of this.  
Keen instinct tells me  
there's danger ahead.  
It's got my name written all over it.  
You three wait here.  
I think I'd prefer to tag along,  
if it's all the same, Skipper.  
Denied, Private.  
I corkscrewed us into this.  
I'll go solo.  
But you're forgetting the penguin credo:  
"Never swim alone. "  
Skipper, we're in this together.  
And by "this,"  
I mean a steel cage trap.  
My head is naked.  
My head is nude.  
My head is crownless!  
Dark is my mood.  
Crazy poetry, it's good stuff.

- I want my crown!  
- And I have your crown,  
a crown you'll love as much  
as you love yourself, because...  
It's you!  
I'm thinking there is an awesome amount  
of fabulousness going on here.  
It is hot with handsomeness.  
And here's the best part!  
My need for beauty  
and my need for fizzy drink,  
both are satisfied.  
My little head!  
I like you hideously disfigured.  
- Get 'em!  
- Oh, boy. Sewer rats!  
They're actually quite cute.  
Attention, little rodentia.  
Has anyone seen a leafy crown?  
- Maybe.  
- What's it to you?  
- We need it, pronto.  
- It belongs to our king.  
And there's only one way  
to take it from us.  
- Smile and say "please"?  
- No!  
- Paw-to-paw combat.  
- Beat the king, get the crown.  
Beat the king, get the crown.  
Beat the king, get the crown.  
Beat the king, get the crown.  
- Beat the king, get the crown.  
- OK.  
I'll go easy on him.  
Where is the little guy?  
- You are toast.  
- What was that, Private?  
I mean crusty on the outside,  
soft and warm on the inside  
- and good in a jam.  
- That's nice.  
You are going down, clown!  
Down to Rat Town.

Aren't we already there?  
Now, this might be working for me.  
Yes! Smart.  
Do you really think  
you can pull it off?  
- Snake!  
- I don't... Come on.  
- Snake!  
- That was a good look.  
- Tell me you found the crown.  
- The crown's been found,  
That's great. Wait, where's Skipper?  
Skipper is unab/e  
to take your ca// right now,  
He's about to batt/e  
a mutated rodent war/ord,  
- Kowalski, analysis.  
- This appears to be a former lab rat,  
thus the extreme mutations.  
Well, incredible size  
and brute strength...  
...and magnificent aim  
aren't... everything.  
You and me, bird, one on one.  
Talk about no help from the flock.  
Agreed. No assist from the flock.  
Let's dance. I'll lead.  
That the best you got?  
Bird, that is some weak sauce.  
Missed me that time.  
Feel the rat.  
Who's your rat daddy?  
How do you like me now,  
flightless bird?  
I knew you'd go  
running home to your... Mama!  
- Poor Skipper. I can't look.  
- This is the worst Fun Day ever.  
Fun Day... Of course!  
The Corkscrew!  
Who's got the weak sauce, now?  
Look, look, look! OK, you could  
be king of the cowboys.  
- Ride 'em, part...

- Shut up, OK?

Can you not see that your king,  
which was me until the incident,

- is brooding?

- OK. OK, I failed.

I failed. Everybody, I failed.

There. I am an otter failure.

If I could just say a magic word  
and make your crown appear, I would.

The magic word is... Fun Day!

My crown!

How I have missed you,  
little head thing!

It has a smudgy spot on it.

Well, you see, there were these sewer...

No, this simply will not do.

Maurice, bring me my spare crown.

- Much better.

- A spare crown?

He just had, you know,  
just sitting around...

All along, a spare crown, all along?

Well, yeah. For emergencies.

What kind of fool king  
would only have one crown? Please.

What? No! No!

Never on a Fun Day, seriously.

Hit it!

Come on, yeah, dance

Cute and cuddly, boys.

Come on, challenge me!

Give your king a real race  
to the bouncy!

Hey, that's too real!

Give me much slower racing now.

Look, I'm running.

Your Majesty!

Something dangerous and painful  
has happened to the royal bouncy.

Mort, you jump too, so we make sure.

OK, now Maurice,

but headfirst this time.

Total inflation pump failure  
on the lemurs' bouncy, Skipper.

Polar bear cooling fan,  
kangaroo auto-feeder,  
chimp reading lamp, all down!  
Looks like we've got  
some bad habitats, boys.  
- Unacceptable.  
- I don't know where the night light...  
Attention, panicky mob.  
Clearly, this is phase one  
in the space squid invasion.  
I'd advise you all to keep your heads.  
Space squids always  
start with the heads.  
Space squids? Guys,  
I think we're just having a blackout.  
Well, that's just what the squids  
would want us to think, Marlene.  
If you truly are Marlene.  
You know, I believe she's right.  
The entire city is suspiciously dark.  
Well, I guess that's a perfectly  
logical explanation for...  
- Show your tentacles, you squid spy!  
- Hey! All right, let go!  
- What are you do...?  
- Her story checks out.  
A blackout?  
We're gonna run out of food!  
I'm concerned  
about the rise in crime rates.  
Yeah, I hear that's a real problem.  
Not to worry.  
Penguins always have a plan.  
My generator can  
supply emergency power,  
and with the food rationing  
program we've set up...  
Stop! This is no time for planning  
and reasonableness!  
With no electricly power,  
the zoo has now become...  
...a jungle!  
And who is the king of the jungle?  
OK, I'll give you a hint.

He is also the king of the zoo  
and the outlying midtown area.  
And it is me. OK, no more hints.  
Negative. There is no  
such thing as jungle law.  
Oh, really? Perhaps everyone  
would like to hear the opinionings  
of a certified jungle lawyer.  
All hail King Julien. Case closed.  
Case open!  
You can't seriously be falling for this!  
Well, he's got a briefcase.  
This is gonna end very badly,  
Your Majesty.  
And when this jungle law does fail,  
I will have four sweet,  
sweet words for you.  
Oh, "I love King Julien?"  
Yeah... No.  
I told you so.  
- What?  
- Nobody tells the king,  
- "I told you so. "  
- It is unspoken of.  
Well, we'll just see about that.  
Yes, we will. And right now,  
I will be seeing you penguins  
giving your king the royal sponge bath.  
I call topsies.  
Private, we're not part of this  
kook-ball's kingdom. Come on, boys!  
Here you go. Knock yourself out.  
And now begins the gloriousness  
of the goldenish age of the new dawn  
of the mighty reign of jungle law!  
Hang on.  
I forgot to lock the security hatch.  
What in the name  
of Eisenhower's oatmeal?  
What happened to all the peanuts?  
OK.  
That was fast.  
- What in blazes is going on here?  
- Hand over your food, ya mooks!

Are you gorillas gonna  
give everything back nicely,  
- or does this get ugly?  
- You have feet? Give Mort feet.  
Mort need feet!  
- You stole Sad Eyes, too?  
- You never know when you'll need one.  
Oh, guys, guys.  
Thank goodness you're back.  
- It's a madhouse up here!  
- What happened to King Julien?  
He must've cracked like an Easter egg.  
I knew it.  
All right, men, jungle law  
has stunk up our zoo long enough.  
Time to apply some penguin-scented  
- disinfectant to this mess.  
- Mess?  
Don't be so wrong, silly penguin.  
Clearly, the screaming and rampaging  
is to celebrate three  
successful minutes of jungle law.  
Hooray!  
Also, I am resting, not hiding.  
Well, well, well, King Ringtail.  
I believe I owe you a few words.  
In random order, they are,  
"Told I so you. "  
Allow me to unscramble.  
Shushies. This is not "I told you so. "  
The royal me is still  
on top of all these things.  
Ringtail, no! They'll rip you apart!  
Jungle rule stinks.  
Yes, yes, everybody  
likes the chaos and the mayhem,  
but we need orderly chaos  
and nice mayhem.  
- You stink, Julien!  
- OK, we talked about this, Pinky.  
We express our feelings with words,  
not the violent throwing of...  
Yo, Bada. What kind of ransom  
you get for a king these days?

Playtime's over, primates.  
If I don't get some food right now...  
Peanut head!  
Kowalski, analysis!  
King Julien requires immediate rescue.  
But to stop the zoo-wide panic,  
we need to get the criminal element  
under control, too.  
Also, somebody should  
probably take care of that.  
We've got three problems:  
Ringtail, Sad Eyes  
and criminal gorillas.  
I want teams of two on each.  
No man enters the danger zone solo.  
Skipper, that would  
leave us two men shy...  
Never tell me the math!  
If we need two recruits,  
we'll find two recruits!  
Wait. What's...?  
- OK, that was... kinda fun.  
- Get 'em!  
It's OK, Mort.  
We're not going to hurt you.  
Not true, Private.  
I did authorize lethal force.  
Peanut head! Peanut head!  
We're only here to talk, friend.  
Straight turkey, no judgments.  
Are you crazy? The dude's head  
doesn't even look like a peanut!  
What? How dare you insult  
my gloriously peanut-shaped head!  
- Oh, golly.  
- That ain't right.  
Bye-bye.  
OK, come on, let's return the loot.  
Time to change tactics.  
Tiny lemur! The feet need you!  
The feet?  
Why won't you go down, peanut?!  
Peanuts!  
I have seen my entire life



and many gigantic nose nuggets  
flashing before my eyes.  
Thank the sky spirits that is over.  
Feet!  
There he is!  
You were supposed to protect us!  
- Hey, I coulda really hurt somebody.  
- Jungle law is for fools, baby!  
Yes, yes, everything turned out  
most wonderfully in the end.  
You may now decide among yourselves  
how to praise me.  
I demand to talk to my jungle lawyer!  
Dude with a briefcase?  
Haven't seen him.  
Guys, we have to do something.  
We can't just let this happen.  
I don't know. I am dying  
to see that catapult in action.  
Looks like this is my last chance  
to say what needs to be said.  
- So long, sucker.  
- A moment, please!  
I've got a few words for you, Ringtail.  
Oh, no, not now. He couldn't...  
I told you...  
...that this plan was genius!  
- Say what?  
- His jungle majesty knew that  
in a crisis, the biggest danger  
is mass panic.  
So he sets up this post-apocalyptic  
wasteland scenario  
to keep everyone's mind  
off the blackout. Brilliant.  
- All right.  
- Yeah.  
- Boy, that's great!  
- Yeah!  
Skipper, you gave up  
an "I told you so. "  
That's the most  
noble thing I've ever seen.  
Sometimes, Private, you've just got

to set your sights a little higher.  
Yes, praise me!  
For I am so much greater  
than any penguin could ever be!  
Rico, set the sights a little higher.  
- I have been meloned!  
- All hail the king.  
Hit it!  
Come on, yeah, dance  
Cute and cuddly, boys.  
What?!  
Wait a min...  
Forgive me, Rico.  
Just testing out my latest invention.  
It translates thoughts into action!  
And I call it... The Helmet!  
The Helmet? Really?  
It's a working title.  
I'm totally open to suggestions.  
The point is,  
this proves once and for all  
that intellect is stronger  
than brute force.  
Interesting point, Rico. However...  
Now, there's no need to squabble, boys.  
Intellect and brute force  
are both important to this team.  
Mostly brute force.  
Look at me! I'm flying!  
Not bad, if we need to do air recon.  
What else is it good for?  
And don't get me started on his cooking!  
Maurice's cooking was so bad...  
- How bad was it?  
- It was so bad, I wouldn't eat it.  
That's so funny because it's you!  
- This ain't worth a two-mango minimum.  
- But seriously, folks...  
Now, that's funny!  
Do it again!  
Nice, Kowalski.  
That penguin has a magic crown  
that makes things go floating.  
Maurice, why does my crown

not do such magic?

Well, how do you know it doesn't?

Good point. OK.

- Fly, Mort, into the sun!

- Oh, yay!

This crown is so lame!

Hello, penguins.

I could not help but notice  
that you have a hat  
that magically brings things.

And we want it.

Kowalski.

I am consumed by jealousy!  
I must have that magic hat!

Maurice, a little more.

Come on!

Now, Maurice.

- The Helmet!

- It's missing!

- Oh, good golly.

- Hello.

Didn't see you there.

How are you liking my new crown?

Quite fetching, yes?

Careful! You have no idea of the  
awesome power you now wield.

Of course I do. That's why I took it.

I am the king, and only the king  
can wield such awesome power.

Now, watch as I wield.

I want a fizzy soda.

And a candied bar.

And now, I am wanting Chinese food.

No. Real Chinese food from the China.

What is taking so long?

Work, crown, work!

No! Don't touch that.

You'll overload...

You're interrupting my concentration.

Now, where is my lo mein?

Food coming from China  
does have a long way to travel.

Good point, Maurice. Thank you.

Also, you are fired.

- What?!

- My brain and my crown thingamabob

- will do everything for me.

- Yay, King Julien!

Except the worshipping,  
which Mort will do.

Yay, job security!

- You're still here.

- Wait!

Turn over The Helmet, Ringtail,  
before someone gets hurt.

- Kowalski, tell him.

- I... I will, just as soon as I...  
...get the Mort fur off my...  
...tongue.

You have no idea of the forces  
you are playing with.

He's turned The Helmet's  
control regulator up to ten.

I kept it at a cool five.

Easy enough  
for my accelerated brain capacity,  
but ten is way too much for Julien's  
extremely limited mind.

And that means... what, exactly?

Oh, just that his chaotic thoughts  
will destroy us all.

Kowalski, have you  
ever invented anything  
that doesn't eventually  
threaten to destroy us all?

Let me think... No.

What next? I know. Papaya!

Dice. See, Mort?

- There's nothing I cannot do.

- You are the greatest!

Except kiss up to my own heinie.

Very good, Mort. Perfect.

You, be gone.

You're trying to steal my crown!

No, it's a helmet.

And yes, we're stealing it. Back.

I am surrounded by the  
low-down, dirty snakes.

Figure of speech. Go away!  
You must exercise caution. Whatever  
you think of will come right to you.  
Your brain can't handle  
that kind of power!  
I was handling it just fine  
until you came charging in here  
like a herd of angry rhino!  
At least I didn't say  
"Like a herd of angry elephants. "  
OK, OK. But at least  
I didn't say "A city bus. "  
OK. I see what I did there.  
- But at least I didn't say...  
- Nothing.  
You didn't say nothing,  
and you didn't think nothing.  
Despite Skipper's double negatives,  
I trust our point is becoming clear.  
You know, my old crown  
was much less dangerous.  
So why don't you take this crown off?  
Yes, and do so carefully. This is  
a particularly explosive situation.  
- Explosive?  
- Oh, heck.  
Hit the deck!  
- He's grabbing some good altitude.  
- I wonder if King Julien will realize  
he can use The Helmet's power  
to summon a parachute.  
Nope. Ringtail!  
- Take off that helmet ASAP!  
- OK, OK. I'll take it off.  
I mean, it's not like this crown  
is chained to my head.  
OK, now I am feeling the stupidity.  
- Help!  
- Let's roll.  
OK, Ringtail.  
Do not think of anything,  
except for me telling you  
not to think of anything.  
I won't! My brain will

allow no thoughts in.  
My brain will be a brick wall.  
Rico!  
You know,  
I thought those would look cool.  
And they do!  
The Helmet is overwhelming his brain.  
Retreat!  
Skipper, I don't see  
any way of penetrating  
that wall of telekinetic chaos.  
Nobody can stop Julien's brain  
from destroying the entire world.  
Look!  
Your Highness, I am here to help.  
- And you are...?  
- Maurice!  
I used to work for you.  
As recently as this afternoon.  
Now that you mention it,  
your face does ring a bell.  
Maurice! What have I done?  
Duck!  
He's distracted. Now's our chance!  
Skipper, I have a careful,  
well thought-out plan of attack.  
Rico?  
Maurice, you are alive!  
I thought I had lost you.  
No, but you did lose your hair.  
I lost my...?  
This is hideous! This...  
I am as hairless as a chimp's bottom!  
Chill. I got it covered.  
Maurice, you always know  
just what I need.  
Yep.  
Chinese Chinese food is here,  
Your Majesty.  
Yummy! Let's chow!  
Well done, Rico.  
Good old brute force to the rescue.  
Not entirely. After all, Skipper,  
it was my intellect that reasoned

it was time for brute force.  
Right, Kowalski, right.  
Intellect, brute force,  
they're equally important.  
Not really.  
Give me brute force any day.  
But, Skipper, doesn't violence  
beget more violence?  
It sure does, Private.  
It's a win-win.  
Hit it!  
Come on, yeah, dance  
Cute and cuddly, boys.  
I'm jumpy! Maurice, call me Jumpy.  
Love to, Mort,  
but I've got a bajillion royal duties.  
- You said doodies!  
- No.  
Things I gotta do for the king, "duty. "  
- It's still funny! Now, be jumpy!  
- All right, maybe just one bounce.  
I knew that was a bad idea.  
Oh, no. He's not gonna...  
No way. The throne!  
I'll get the glue.  
- To eat?  
- No!  
All right. Give the glue  
a few hours to set, and we're golden.  
Just make sure King Julien  
stays away from his throne.  
- OK?  
- OK.  
Honeys, I'm home!  
- Who missed me?  
- I did!  
Someone else this time.  
Hey! How was your royal walkabout,  
Your Highness?  
Maurice, this zoo is full  
of so many fantastical things.  
Did you know, for example,  
free gum under all the benches.  
Watch, I'm going to blow a bubble.

You can keep that.  
Now, what to do  
with the rest of my day?  
You could sit on your throne.  
- I take that back.  
- Or you can go swimming,  
or bouncing, or dancing.  
Work it, work it  
Work it /ike you mean it  
I do mean it, but right now,  
mostly because Mort  
stuck the idea into my brain,  
I'd like to sit on my throne.  
- No, Your Majesty, don't!  
- Don't what, Maurice?  
Don't... don't let me keep you  
from sitting on your throne,  
which is rock-solid and not breaking,  
or anything like...  
Why is my booty unable  
to find my throne sweet part?  
My throne!  
It's all brokeny and cracked  
and brokeny!  
Who broke the royal throne?  
It was an old throne. Creaky.  
Maybe just broke on its own.  
Who can say?  
I can. We did it.  
- So it was you two.  
- Yes, but it was an accident.  
An accident you did on purpose.  
This I cannot be believing.  
I ask so very little from you.  
But here, you two willy-nillies  
go and ruin the most  
precious symbol of my power.  
- Isn't that your crown?  
- A king can have many power symbols.  
I see now what must be done.  
OK, this half of the kingdom is for me  
and my king things,  
and that half is for you.  
- This is a lot less than half.



- I like it.  
Well, of course it is smaller, Maurice.  
There is only one of me and two of you.  
That means we should have more,  
and you should have less.  
The king never has less, that's the law.  
So I take it we're  
not allowed in your half?  
- Got that right, mister.  
- And you won't come into our half?  
Why would I want to? It's so tiny.  
You know what? Sounds jim-dandy.  
Mort and I are gonna  
have a good time here.  
But I...  
Yeah. We're gonna hang here,  
kick back, maybe have a party.  
- Do you want to have a party?  
- Can we invite King Julien?  
- No!  
- Oh, OK...  
Frankly, you two  
were giving my style the cramps.  
I can have fun all by myself.  
You're it. No, you're it.  
You're it, no touchbacks.  
No, I'm not, because I'm on base.  
There's no base. There is for the king.  
The king is never it.  
OK, I can't argue with that logic.  
Well, this stinks.  
Hello, friendly penguins.  
I was wondering if you could  
make this melon split open for me.  
Rico, slice.  
There you go, Ringtail.  
Service with a psycho smile.  
Yes, OK, thank you.  
One more thing.  
Could you also let me boss you around,  
you know, just a little?  
- No, next question.  
- Please! I have nobody to browbeat.  
Mort and Maurice have left me.

- They left you?  
- Yes, right after I kicked them out.  
And now I am so lonely.  
You know, my uncle Nigel always said,  
"On a voyage of life  
the best boat is a friendship. "  
Are we going boating?  
Who needs Maurice and Mort when  
my new bestest friends have a yacht?  
I think what Private's saying  
is that Maurice and Mort  
are your bestest friends. Not us.  
Maurice and Mort do not have a boat.  
Who needs them?  
- You need them.  
- Who?  
- Maurice and Mort.  
- No.  
They are a little too boatless  
for my taste.  
Forget about the boat! You need  
to patch things up with your pals.  
Nothing could possibly, ever  
make me want to be  
anywhere near them.  
My booty senses nearby  
moving and grooving.  
- Burt. Yeah, you're on the list.  
- In you go, my friend.  
Awesome! Make way  
for the party pachyderm.  
- Where's the peanuts?  
- Down the hall, on the left.  
Thank you.  
How'd they get a  
whole elephant in that shed?  
- It's roomier than it looks.  
- A party!  
Make way for the party king, man.  
Hold on there, chief, we gotta see  
if your name's on the guest list.  
Party King? Nah, not on the list.  
- Hold on, I got a King Julien.  
- Yeah, that's me.

Yeah, you're on the  
"absolutely not a guest" list.  
What? This must be  
some kind of missed stake.  
It's no mistake. We'd love  
for you to come, wouldn't we, Mort?  
- Love!  
- But you said that we're  
supposed to stay on our half,  
and you on yours.  
My hands are tied. You understand.  
Don't give me those sad eyes.  
He started it.  
They... do not want me at their party.  
This is an outrageousness!  
I shall throw my own party,  
and my many friends will be coming.  
- Right, my many friends?  
- All right.  
OK, everybody,  
let's start the party games.  
I'll make balloon animals.  
This one is an earthworm.  
Tapeworm.  
And look, a hookworm.  
Make that a flatworm.  
- Wow, look at the time.  
- Early wake up tomorrow.  
We've got to... you know,  
do something, penguin stuff.  
You do not have to lie.  
No one loves me!  
- Now, that's not...  
- As much as I love me.  
OK, yeah, that's true.  
Look at me. I cannot even  
throw a proper shindig.  
Yeah, OK...  
Well, thanks for having us.  
It was a real treat.  
Bye, now.  
Ringtail, you're playing my  
heartstrings like a big bow fiddle.  
Maybe you can't throw a party.

Or maybe you just need a little help.  
Men, commence Operation Hootenanny.  
Turntables are up to maximum speed.  
This party is a go!  
- The only thing left is the guest list.  
- Leave that to me.  
I am connected.  
But everyone's still at  
Mort and Maurice's.  
I have many friends.  
They will not be letting me down.  
Everybody, party!  
Who will start the conga-ga line?  
Me? Okey-dokey.  
- When you said you had friends...  
- We thought you meant real friends.  
But they are real friends.  
Janice here wants to be  
a dental technician.  
But Emil thinks she isn't suited for it.  
How can you crush  
Janice's dreams, Emil?!  
Yes, I'm sorry, Emil.  
You're right, we should get along.  
That's what friends do: Get along.  
Not fight.  
You need to see this. Bring Sad Eyes.  
Please, enjoy the hors d'oeuvres.  
None of this  
"No, thanks, I'm stuffed" nonsense.  
Rosalita, you made it!  
Rosalita, you naughty girl.  
You simply must, must dance with me.  
The king. He's... He's...  
- Stark, raving mad.  
- And crazy, too.  
Without friends,  
his delicate psyche snapped.  
Like Snappiest Snapperson,  
the snappingest kid in Snapadelphia.  
Son of Snap Snapperson,  
snap photography specialist and...  
- Rico.  
- Thanks.

I just wanted to teach him a lesson.  
I didn't want this.  
He needs you, Maurice,  
more than you ever knew.  
- Come on, Mort. We're going home.  
- Yay!  
Mort, Maurice!  
You came to my party?  
- We thought it might be fun.  
- Splendulous!  
But are you on the guest list?  
Oh, OK, I get it.  
You want me to beg.  
- Well, forget...  
- Wait!  
Don't go. You are on the list.  
Look. See?  
There you are. And that is me.  
And nobody cares  
that you broke my throne,  
because we're all friends again.  
Yeah, OK. I guess we are.  
Huzzah! Welcome to my party, Maurice.  
I want you to be considering  
my side of the stripe,  
your side of the stripe.  
Yey!  
Now, please, come meet Janice.  
She wants to be a dental technician.  
And this is Emil.  
He wants to crush Janice's dreams.  
It's good those freaks have each other.