"The Ants Go Marching."

The ants go marching One by one
Hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching One by one
- [dog barking]
- [singing continues]
And we all go
Marching down
To the ground
To get out of the rain
A-rum-tum-tum
The ants go marching
Two by two
Hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching
Two by two
The little one stops
To take a poo
Take a poo
And they all go marching
[man]
"Would I? Would I?"
And Ozzy said,
"Fat legs! Fat legs!"
- [boys laughing]
- [mock laughter]
Hey, guys.
I think we better make camp here tonight.
We'll find the lake tomorrow.
Okay, guys, come on.
Come on. Come on.
Come on, Pluto!
[barking]
Who's down
for some hot chocolate?
- I am!
- Me too.
- Sounds good.
- All right.
[man] Okay.
Okay.
[parking brake sets]
[engine off]
Okay.
Absolutely, Jeffrey.
I'll get it for you
first thing in the morning.

6:
And I'll copy Michael,
Ricardo, and David.
Anything else?
- Thanks for the opportunity.
- Daddy!
- Daddy!
- Oh! Rachel!
- [baby crying]
- Sorry, Daddy.
Rachel, honey, you have to go to bed.
You have preschool tomorrow.
- Go.
- Yes, Mommy.
- Good night, Daddy.
- Good night, Rachel.
- Sorry, I, uh...
- Welcome home.
Yeah, thanks.
Let's, uh,
try that again.
- [baby fussing]
- Better.
- [sighs]
- [baby crying]
Hey, Dad.
Hey, Son.
What are you
still doing awake?
Mom told me
I could wait up for you.
I'm gonna play Little League
this year and, well...
I was wondering if...
you could help me
learn how to throw a baseball.
[sighs]
[baby continues fussing]
You know what, Son?
Do you think you could have your mom help you with it?
Just because I'm so busy with work.
You know, all my scripts and the office...
Okay.
What?
"Exterior. Mars."
Twinkle, twinkle Little star
- How I wonder What you are
- [laughing]
- [singing continues]
- Okay, Christian, I gave you extra fruit snacks.
But I don't wanna go to school.
It's like Gilligan's Island on Mars.
It's ridiculous. It's got the Skipper and everything.
You gotta go. You're gonna miss the bus.
Well, no.
No Ginger.
- I wanna stay home with you.
- I know you do, honey.
But you gotta go.
You have to go to school.
- No, that's actually my daughter.
- Like a diamond in the sky
Uh, no,
I have three children.
How I wonder What you are
Hey, uh, Jeffrey,
I-I'm sort of losing you.
Are you there? I...
Hello, Jeffrey. Can you hear me? Jeffrey?
[beeps]
You tricked him.
Hey, Son!
Christian!
Hey, don't let the bas... Don't let the you-know-whats get you down.
I won't, Dad.
- And they're all you-know-whats!
- I know, Dad.
It sucks to grow up.
[baby crying]
You're tellin' me.
- Bye!
- Good-bye!
- Bye, Daddy!
- Bye.
- Hey, hon, I've been thinking.
- Uh-oh.
About what we could do for Christian, and for all of us.
I think we should get a dog.
Yeah! A puppy!
- Are you serious?
- Yeah.
It's a playmate for Christian,
a watchdog for you.
Oh, so you can work nights
and not feel guilty?
No, it's not about me.
It's about all of us.
Say yes, Mommy.
Yes to the puppy.
Okay, I tell you what. If a stray dog shows up here, I'll think about it.
But no way am I going out on purpose and getting a dog.
- You married me on purpose.
- Exactly.
- I want a dog, Daddy.
- Then pray for a stray, Rachel.
Pray for a stray.
- Dear God, please send us...
- Rachel!
Yes, Mommy?
I think God has better things
to do than get you a dog.
- Like what?
- [sighs]
[horns honking]
Okay, come on, everybody.
Let's work together.
Just...
- [crashing]
- Hey!
She hit me yesterday.
Hey, Cruella De Vil,
you hit me yester...
- [crashes]
- [horn honking]
Okay. You're okay.
No. No, you're good, man.
Just turn around.
Okay. You're okay.
You're okay.
Serves you right
for not paying attention.
[chain link fence
rattling]
- Hey, give me my ball back!
- You can pay me for it.
Five bucks.
Give it!
It's not fair!
[mocking]
That's not fair!
[barking]
Where did you come from?
[chattering]
- I'll get you out of here.
- [barking]
Puppy, come.
Come on, puppy.
Sit.
You need to stay on
this side of the street.
- [whines]
- No, no, no, no.
Puppy, come here.
Come here.
Stay. Sit.
- [barking]
- It's okay. It's okay.
It's okay.
That should do the trick.
[whines]

[speakers:
in foreign language]

[speakers:
So, Bradley says your dog attacked him.
[chuckling]
Is that true?
I don't have a dog.
Well,
then whose dog is it?
Do you know
where the dog is?
I said, do you know
where the dog is?
He's over there.
- On Pluto?
- All dogs come from Pluto.
[exhales]
Now, Mitch covered a spec
script for us last night.
Why don't you tell us
about it.
Um... sure.
Uh, well,
it's, uh...
it's basically
Gilligan's Island on Mars.
[chuckles]
So, uh, it's a pass.
Gilligan's Island...
on Mars.
[crunching ice]
[crunching continues]
- I love it.
- [executives murmuring enthusiastically]
- I love it. Right?
- [man] That's something we can market.
- Yeah.
- It's gonna be great.
  [murmuring continues]
How is this even possible?
Hey.
Hey!
Wussy boy!
Gotta have your dog fight your battles?
Leave me alone.
Where's your doggy now, huh?
  [kids laughing]
  [grunts]
  [barking]
Go get it.
That's a boy. Good.
Yeah, good job.
Go get it.
Come on.
Come on, puppy!
Good boy. Go get it!
Come here, puppy.
Come here.
I just don't understand how they can expect you to work day and night.
No, they don't expect.
They just assume.
I just feel like you're starting to become a stranger in your own...
- [barking]
- What in the world?
  [barking continues]
Honey? What's wrong?
Michelle?
Yeah, okay.
No, I get the whole ending part.
They end up together, and that's all good.
My concern
is the first act.
Right.
No.
No, no, no.
What is the vacuum
cleaner's motivation
for becoming
a rocket?
And what does he care about
Howard Hughes? Hey there.
Whoa.
Hang on a second.
Who are you?
[barking]
Honey! What's that?
Oh, that's Pluto.
That's our new stray dog.
[barking]
That's on me.
That was my idea.
- You done, sweetie?
- Yup.
Can you please
leave the bacon?
Yeah. You're sure hungry
this morning.
- I am.
- Okay, hurry up. It's time to go to school.
Oh, you're right.
- Bye, Christian!
- Have a good day.
- [snickering]
- [gasps]
- Pluto!
- [Rachel giggling]
Come on, Pluto.
Come on.
- You think that's funny, huh?
- [door closes]
[barking]
[whispering]
Look, it's your brother
out there.
- [bat hits ball]
- [crowd cheering]
Out!
[barking]
[cheering, chattering]
I know, hon, I know. I'm gonna be home really soon.
I'm just finishing up
a couple of minutes of...
[whispering] Mitch, come on.
This is getting ridiculous.
You're working all day.
I mean, Mitch, it's nearly midnight.
It's crazy.
It's too late.
It's too late.
They can't keep
working you like this.
Come on, Pluto.
Hey, Son.
You missed my game.
I know.
I'm sorry.
You're always sorry
because you're never there.
- Come on, Pluto.
- [Pluto barks]
Mitch? Honey?
[groans]
Honey, wake up.
We need to talk.
What?
This isn't
working anymore.
What's not
working anymore?
California.
Our family.
You working day and night
at the studio.
Hey.
Listen, I know
it's hard right now, but...
this is everything
we worked for, you know?
[sighs]
Selling our house.
Going to USC.
It's all led to this.
I know it did.
We came, we saw,
we conquered.
Yeah, and now I think it's
time for us to leave.
Wh-What about all
the money we spent?
What about the credit cards?
The student loans?
What about our dreams?
Your dreams
or ours?
Because my dream
is a happy family,
and we're not
doing so well.
Your dream was actually
to become a writer,
and that's not
going so well either.
Okay.
Look, Michelle,
every day I walk past
three Dumpsters on the lot
filled with
rejected screenplays.
Okay?
It turns out it's a lot scarier being a
writer than it is being a studio exec.
The man
that I married
knows no fear.
The man
that you married
knows nothing but fear.
Do you know how hard it is to provide for a
family with a job in the movie business?
I could never do it
as a writer.
But as a studio exec, I get paid every week, no matter what. When have I ever cared about money? Honestly, we sold our house so that we could come here, but not so you could manage other people's movies... so you could make movies of your own. I believe in you. I do. I... I just don't believe in this version of you. And... I definitely don't believe in this version of us. [scoffs] No way are we leaving Los Angeles. - [squeals] - I'm gonna get you! Gotcha! [laughing] [toddler] Mommy. Hi. A dolly swing? Dolly swing. Can you have Daddy put the dolly in the swing, honey? Mommy's got paint all over her. Okay? No. Mitch! Absolutely, Jeffrey. I just... I'm worried that nobody wants to see Julia Roberts as a prostitute. Well, yeah, exactly. Richard Gere could be her father.
Hey, kids, lunchtime!
Mitch, I'm gonna make us
some sandwiches.
Mitch.
- Where's Kinsey?
- I thought she was with you.
No, I sent her
to be with you.
- How long ago?
- Half an hour ago.
- Kinsey!
- Kinsey!
- Okay, you check the yard, I'll check the street.
- Okay.
- Kinsey!
- Kinsey!
- Have you guys seen Kinsey?
- No.
- What's wrong, Mommy?
- Help me look for her.
[sighs]
Hey, hey, hey!
Wait, wait, wait!
Have you seen a little girl?
No?
Kinsey!
Kinsey!
Kinseybug,
where are you?
- Any luck? No?
- No.
Rachel, anything? No.
Nothing?
[sobbing] Mitch, you gotta find her.
You gotta find her.
Come here.
What do we do,
Mommy?
We're gonna look
everywhere
and we're going to
say a prayer, okay?
Did you see a little
girl come through here?
She's about this tall. 
She's like two. No? Okay. 

Kinsey! 
Kinsey! 
Hey... 

Have you seen my daughter? 
She's two. 
[barking] 
- Pluto! 
- [barking continues] 
[Kinsey wailing] 

Mommy! Mommy! 
- Mommy! 
- Kinsey! 

Hey. Hey. 

I got her. I got her. 
- [wailing continues] 
- [barking] 
- Come on! 
- Daddy! 

You scared me, Kinseybug. 
Daddy got scared. 
And you too. 

I'm sorry. 
[wailing continues] 
Daddy made a mistake. 
Daddy's gonna fix it. 
Hooray! Let's go! 
Okay, kids. 
This is it! 
Our new home! 

[Christian] It's huge! 
[Michelle] Well, houses don't cost as much in Colorado. 
Wait a minute. I want you to hear something. 
- What is that? 
- It's wind in the trees! 
- [Rachel] It's kind of scary. 
- [Christian] Yeah. 

[Michelle] All right, let's go look at the inside of the house. Let's go! 
Let's go, let's go,
let's go.
Let's go.
[Rachel chattering]
There's trees!
Yahoo!
Go in.
- [barking]
- No, it's okay, boy. You go ahead.
[gasping]
[grumbles]
[whistles]
Oh. Pluto, come here.
Pluto.
Hi. I'm Mitch Davis. I just moved in around the corner.
I know.
Name's Rod. And, uh, I just wanted to let you know,
I catch your dog in with my sheep,
and I'll shoot him dead. And then I'll feed him to my cats.
All right. That's kinda gross.
Yeah.
All right, Pluto, come on.
[Pluto barking]
[barking continues]
[kids shouting, chattering]
[doorbell rings]
- [knocking]
- All right, all right. I'm coming!
[doorbell ringing]
[knocking]
Hey, buddy, take it easy on the door!
I got two pizzas and a root beer for Mitch.
Yeah, that's me.
How much is it?
Uh, $19.
- Here. Keep the change.
- Wow, bro.
You sure
you can afford that?
I'm a starving artist, buddy.
Don't push it.
Real starving.
I just gave you the pizza.
Hey, girls! Pizza's here!
Pizza, everybody!
Hey, Christian!
Pizza's here!
Hey, Son, you get pretty
high up in that tree.
What tree?
How high?
Hey, how'd you like to build
a tree fort with me? Hmm?
It'd be cool. We could give it a
Plexiglas ceiling, move some cots in.
- Maybe use a telescope.
- No.
Christian, I'm sure
you don't mean that.
Yes, I do.
Hey, where you goin'?
- Outside.
- Well...
Take Pluto with ya.
Come on, Pluto.
Rachel, if you're
gonna eat like a dog,
I'm gonna have you eat in
the garage with Pluto.
- [barking]
- Michelle.
- Help me.
- With what?
Our daughters
are eating like dogs.
[barking]
Indeed.
"All right" 's not bad.
You know, I think... that you should build that tree fort with your pops.
He's lonely.
He doesn't have any friends.
He's driving me nuts.
[chuckles]
Can you just...
Can you do me a favor and be his friend?
You think just because Dad's around more, I'm gonna like him more?
Well, I hope you will.
He's trying.
He really is, Son.
He gave up a lot for us to come here.
We all did.
Everything he worked for is back in Los Angeles... except for us.
Then maybe he should've worked on us a little harder.
Well, he's trying now.
Can you just give him a break?
Maybe.
"Maybe" is good enough for me.
Good night, Christian.
Good night, Mom.
- [Mitch] Oh, yeah.
- [Pluto barking]
- Ah!
- [barking continues]
Take it! Take it!
Hey, Pluto. Hey.
[barks]
Where you going?
Pluto!
What is it?
Hi, hi, hi.
What is it?
Well, what are you doin'?
Where are you going?
- [barks]
- Hey, Pluto.
What are you doin'?
What are you doin'?
What's that?
- Oh, wow.
- [Pluto whining]
I hadn't noticed.
Wow.
We're awfully small,
aren't we, boy?
Or maybe we're just a part
of something awfully big.
[whining]
What are we doing
out here, Pluto? Hmm?
We're in
the middle of nowhere.
I'm pretending to be
a writer.
We've been here two months. I
don't think I got two good pages.
I gave up my dreams.
Christian's
still mad at me.
He's not making
any friends.
It's hard during summer.
You know?
[sighs]
You got any ideas?
[whining]
You got any ideas, mister?
You got any ideas?
Huh?
Wow.
[sighs]
- Hey, neighbor.
- Hey, Dave.
- Hi, Mitch.
- Misty.
Oh, Pluto!
No, no, no, that's okay.
That's okay.
I hadn't cleaned
that one yet.
- [chuckles]
- Ah.
So, what can I do for you
this fine Saturday afternoon?
Well, uh, this may sound
kind of strange,
but I was wondering if you and your son would
like to go backpacking with me and my boy.
[laughs]
Seriously?
Dave doesn't sleep
outside on purpose.
- She's right. I don't.
- Ah. I see.
Well, we're just trying to help Christian
make some friends before he starts school.
Yeah, no, I got it.
Sorry. I just...
I basically live in airports
M through F. You know?
But I'm sure Smitty
would love to come along,
if you don't mind
taking him without me.
No.
No, I don't mind at all.
- Has he done much camping?
- Oh, he doesn't sleep outside either.
But he's young.
So, you know, teachable.
Teachable.
[drill whirring]
Ow oid ih yo oy?
- Come again?
- Yo oy.
- Your boy.
- How old is my boy?
I ake um ack-acking.
Hey, Son.
Hey.
[whines]
What are you reading?
Falling Up
by Shel Silverstein.
Oh, that is a great book.
Have I ever told you that he
wrote one of my favorite poems?
It's called "What If."
Have you read that one?
- It might be in that book. Here, let me check.
- It's not in this book.
You sure?
Are you excited
about tomorrow?
Okay, come on.
It's gonna be great.
I'm gonna teach you to fish.
You're gonna make new friends.
You can poop outside.
I don't need you
to help me make friends.
Okay.
Can you turn off
the lights?
This trip probably isn't going
to make him like me, is it?
Probably not.
Well, then why don't you take him?
It was your big idea.
Some things
take time to fix.
I don't even know
why we moved here.
We moved here to remember why we got married in the first place.
Yeah?
So we could have a bunch of kids who hate us?
Some things take time to fix.
Hmm.
You know, I've actually been thinking.
Yeah?
About what?
I don't know if I want you to take Pluto.
- Why not?
- I just have a bad feeling.
He's a city dog.
It's the wilderness.
Well, I'll do whatever you want.
But you know if he goes, he's gonna have a great time.
You're right. I'm just...
I'm overthinking it.
You remember when you wouldn't even let me get a dog?
Another mouth to feed. Who's gonna take care of it? Blah, blah, blah.
Take it easy.
And then this stray comes along, and he takes better care of us than we do.
Well, he was the answer to problems we didn't know we had.
Yeah. Yeah, he was.
- [sighs]
- How's the writing going?
Oh, not so much.
- Sorry.
- Yeah.
- It'll come.
- You promise?
Promise.
How about a poem?
Okay.
Let's see.
How about a little Stephen
Crane to end our day?
Sounds good.
A man said to the universe,
"Sir, I exist."
"However,"
replied the universe,
"the fact does not create in me
a sense of obligation."

[snicking]
- Thanks a lot.
- What?
- That's so depressing.
- [laughs]
- It's good to be humbled every once in a while.
- Okay, okay.
I think between you and the three
kids, I've got that covered.
Yeah,
you probably do.
[both laugh]
[whispering]
Dad. Dad.
Dad!
Hmm? What?
I don't want you
to go camping tomorrow.
What?
I don't want you
to take Pluto.
Why not?
Pluto's our wonder dog.
He protects us.
I'll talk about it with
your mom in the morning.
- Thanks, Dad.
- Mm-hmm.
- Dad.
- What?
Can I sleep with you
and Mom tonight?
Looks like you already are.
- Night, Daddy.
- [chuckles]
Good night, Racheypoo.
- Hey, neighbor.
- Hey, Dave.
Smitty! Clark! Will you help Christian load the car?
- Sure!
- Ah.
- Sweet ride.
- Well, thanks.
When in Rome...
[chuckles] Yeah.
You're not in Rome.
You're, uh, in Colorado.
[sniffs]
Speaking of which, does this thing have four-wheel drive?
Oh! Ouch.
[both chuckle]
Well...
gorgeous day.
I'm a jealous man.
[chuckles]
- Well, you can still join us, if you like.
- Just kidding.
Hey, make sure Smitty brings back a bunch of trout for Misty to cook up, will ya?
- I will, for sure.
- Kidding again.
Oh.
Uh, almost forgot.
Misty would have killed me.
Smitty has asthma.
It's not a big deal. He knows when to use it. Just keep your eye on him.
- Uh, yeah, okay, abso...
- [urinating]
Oh, Pluto!
This dog is not a fan of Bimmers.
Well, he's a Toyota man now.
Well...
[sniffs]
Okay, boys.
How's it coming?
- Good!
- Nice!
So, what'd you decide?
Is he staying or going?
Well, you know, he looks pretty happy right now.
Yes, he does.
[Rachel] You promised you wouldn't leave us unprotected!
I know. I did.
So, how about this?
You pray for us
and we'll pray for you.
And that way we'll all be protected. Deal?
- Deal.
- Okay.
- See ya in a few days. Bye.
- Bye.
Have fun.
Bye, Daddy!
Stay away from him, bud.
[barks]
All right,
how about some tunes?
Do you have any Sir Mix-A-Lot?
- Can't say I do.
- George Michael?
Ooh.
How about Cat Stevens?
Cat who?
- Oh, no.
- Cat Stevens.
The greatest folk, pop, and rock star of the '70s.
Nope.
Never heard of him.
Who raised you, Smitty?
- Okay, I'm about to give you a music history lesson, boys.
Here we go again.
In 1976, Cat Stevens was on top of the world. Okay?
The greatest singer-songwriter in the stratosphere, with no sign of stopping.
One night, he's at a beach party in Malibu, and he gets drunk, he decides he's gonna go swimming in the ocean, alone, around midnight.
Now, riptide gets a hold of him and starts to pull him out into the middle of the ocean.
And he's so drunk he can't swim.
He realizes he's about to drown and he screams out, "God, if you save me, I will work for you all the rest of my days."
And all of a sudden, out of nowhere, a wave comes and pushes him back onto the shore.
And after that, he gave up his music...
Uh, Mr. Davis, this is a really interesting story.
But can we just hear some of this Cat guy's music?
Yeah, sure.
This is it, boys, the soundtrack of my youth. You better love it.

Well, I left my happy home
To see what I could find out
I left my folk
And friends
With the aim
To clear my mind out
Well, I hit the rowdy road
And many kinds I met there
Many stories told me
- Of the way to get there
- [howling]
Ooh-ooh-ooh
So on and on I go
The seconds
Tick the time out
There's so much
Left to know
And I'm on the road
To find out
Ooh-ooh-ooh
- [barking]
- [Stevens vocalizing]
Well, in the end I'll know
But on the way I wonder
[Stevens vocalizing]
[barking]
Through descending snow
- [camera shutter clicks]
- Hey!
- And through the frost And thunder
- [laughing]
[Stevens vocalizing]
Hey!
Yes, the answer
Lies within
Hey!
So why not
Take a look now?
Kick out the devil's sin
Pick up
Pick up a good book now
Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
Yes, the answer
Lies within
So why not
Take a look now?
Kick out the devil's sin
And pick up
Pick up a good book now
Ooh-ooh-ooh, ooh-ooh
[Stevens vocalizing]
Nice.
Well, boys... we are lost.
- Really?
- Wow.
Wait, no,
if that's the trail sign,
then Twelve Mile Lake
is just two miles up that hill.
Huh?
What do you think?
I think
I'd feel a lot better
if you weren't asking nine-year-old
boys for directions.
[laughs]
Well said.
There's only one way to find out.
Let's get groovin'!
- Did you just say "groovin'"?
- Amen, verily.
[Pluto barking]
[barking continues]
So, Mr. Davis,
what do you do?
- I'm a writer.
- Cool.
Do you, like,
write books and stuff?
Screenplays, mostly,
for TV shows and movies.
- Is that why you lived in Hollywood?
- Yeah.
Did you ever meet
David Hasselhoff?
No, I never met the Hoff.
Or Pamela Anderson?
No. I used to work out
with Jim Brooks.
- Who?
- Have you ever seen The Simpsons?
Yeah. I-I mean, no. My parents
won't let me watch that.
But they let you watch
Pamela Anderson,
the, uh, "lifeguard" running
in slow motion down the beach?
Well... [chuckles]
she saved my life.
Twenty-nine by twenty-nine
Hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching 29 by 29
Hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching 29 by 29
The little one stops to
[Smitty]
Frankenstein!
Frankenstein
And they all go marching
- So, we're lost, huh?
- No.
We're right here, which means the
lake is right over that hill.
Over that hill, my butt.
Hey, now,
simmer down.
Keep an eye on this.
- [grunts]
- Hey, Son.
You want
a sip of water?
What are you aiming for?
Those clouds look sad.
Sad?
Like they're about to do
something they don't want to do.
You having
any fun out here?
- I guess.
- That's good.
Okay, boys.
It's time to saddle up.
This is the last hill.
I'm sure of it.
- Do we have to?
- Yes, you have to.
Didn't your dad tell you?
I'm the boss.
You have to do
everything I say.
Okay, this is the last hill,
I swear.
I'm about to start
swearing something myself.
Oh, come on. Let's go.
[barks]
So there was a teenage boy named
Ozzy who only had one eyeball.
And there was a school dance coming
up, and Ozzy didn't want to go
because he thought everyone
would make fun of him.
But his best friend,
Jackson, is going,
and he really wants Ozzy
to come with him,
so he tells him, "Listen, there is
this girl that I can set you up with.
She's really nice
and she's got a pretty face."
And Ozzy said,
"If she's got a pretty face,
there's no way she's gonna want to
dance with a guy with one eyeball."
But Jackson said,
"Well, she's not perfect.
She's got
kind of chubby legs.
And we can make you
a fake eyeball out of wood."
So that's what they did.
They worked really hard
on this eyeball.
They sanded it
and painted it
and they popped it into Ozzy's empty
eyeball socket and they went to the dance.
Jackson pointed out the girl
across the dance floor,
and Ozzy went up to her and asked
her, would she like to dance.
And the girl got
really excited and said,
"Would I? Would I?"
And Ozzy said,
"Fat legs! Fat legs!"
[laughing]
- Yeah, you love that joke.
- [barks]
Hmm.
Hey, guys?
I think we better
make camp here tonight.
We'll find the lake
tomorrow.
[thunderclap]
Come on, guys!
- [barking]
- Come on, Pluto!
Who's down
for some hot chocolate?
- I am!
- Me too.
- Sounds good.
- All right.
Here, buddy.
I'll do that.
Why don't you warm up
in your sleeping bag?
There you go.
There you are.
- What's wrong?
- [whining]
[thunderclap]
[whimpers]
Mommy! Mommy!
Mommy! Mommy!
Oh. Rachel. What...?
I'm worried about Daddy,
Christian, and Pluto.
Oh, okay. Well, here.
Sit next to me.
I think we should pray.
That's a good idea.
Dear God, I'm scared
for Daddy and Christian
and Pluto the Wonder Dog.
Dad?
Dad! Wake up!
Pluto! Pluto, wake up!
Smitty. Clark.
Guys, wake up. Come on!
What happened?
No!
[panting]
It's okay, Clark.
You're okay.
What's going on?
I think we got hit
by lightning.
- Holy smokes!
- I know.
Is your dad... dead?
[Mitch's voice] On a boat in the
Aegean, in a company of men,
I walk to find a place
where I might find you.
Through the waves, a prow.
Through the clouds, a moon.
In the wind, your voice.
"It will be all right.
It will."
- Don't die, Dad!
- What do we do?
- We could do mouth-to-mouth!
- My dad's dead!
- Do you know how?
- I learned on Baywatch!
Okay, Clark,
you can do this.
[blows]
It didn't work!
Please send angels to watch
over them and us too.
Amen.
Amen.
Oh, you know what? I think I
left Kinsey's window open.
So you stay here,
lay down, close your eyes.
Close your eyes,
and I'll be right back.
"An old poem I wrote just in case you miss me. Love, Mitch."
[no audible dialogue]
[Michelle]
"On a boat in the Aegean, in a company of men, I walk to find a place where I might find you. Through the waves, a prow. Through the clouds, a moon. In the wind, your voice. It will be all right. It will.'"
[crying]
God... help us. Pluto is dead. Mitch is hurt. We're scared. Please make the lightning stop.
[crying]
God, I promise I will never do another bad thing in my entire life if Mitch will just wake up.
I promise. Amen.
[Mitch's voice] The horizon offering nothing but your softness at my back. [Michelle] "It was and always will be a man..."
[Rachel] Mommy! Mama!
[sniffles]
Dad, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
[Christian crying]
[male voice]
Ask... in... confidence.
[Mitch's voice]
Life! Give me life!
Please wake up, Dad.
Please wake up.
[Christian] Dad.
I'm so sorry.
Please wake up, Dad.
Please.
[gasps]
What happened?
- We got hit by lightning.
- What?
Come on, Christian.
What happened?
Oh, wow. Wow.
Pluto's dead.
[crying]
Oh.
Thank you.
[thunderclaps]
I'm sorry, Son.
[thunderclaps continue]
All right, guys.
I need a favor.
I can't feel
my arms or my legs,
so I need you to slap 'em
and move 'em around,
try and help me get some feeling
back in 'em, all right?
Thank you.
Yeah, thanks.
Hey, Clark?
Could you grab that rag and wipe
off some of this blood off my ear?
Yeah, sure.
Uh, um, the blood
isn't on your ear.
It's coming out of it.
Oh.
Okay.
Hey, guys.
What's that smell?
[snickering]
- Knock it off!
— Seriously, what happened?
Clark crapped himself when
the lightning hit his butt.
Did not!
I think your pants
beg to differ.
[chuckles]
Hey, congratulations,
Clark.
I think you made
your first meadow muffin.
[thunderclap]
[sighs]
All right, guys.
This is actually working.
I'm starting to get some
feeling back in my fingertips.
Thank you.
There's no way I can hike
off this mountain tonight,
so, uh... why don't we settle
in for the night, okay?
Get ready for bed.
[thunder rumbling]
Okay, boys.
I need to get serious
for just a second.
Um...
I need to tell you what to
do in case I die tonight.
Dad, come on.
Christian, I'm sorry, but that
lightning hit me in the heart,
and I don't know
how much damage it did.
I want you guys to be prepared in
case I don't wake up in the morning.
If that happens, I want you to
pack up all the food and water
and I want you to hike
back down to the car.
Stay together and wait at the
car until a ranger comes along.
But we were gonna
be gone all weekend.
No one's gonna come
looking for us.
That may be true, but eventually another
hiker or ranger is gonna come along.
Now, guys,
I want you to promise
that you will stay together
and wait at the car.
Christian?
I don't wanna
leave you here.
I know, Son. I know.
But I'm here now, okay?
And tomorrow's going to be
a big day no matter what,
so let's just rest up.
- Good night.
- I wouldn't say good.
<sighs>
Good night, boys.
Hey, listen, Christian.
We're gonna get through this.
How do you know?
Because...
we got stuff to do.
Like what?
Like, for starters, we gotta build that
tree fort you're so excited about.
[chuckles]
Trust me, Christian.
We've got...
We've got so much to do.
Buenas noches.
Good night, Dad.
[footsteps]
[footsteps continue]
[huffing]
[panting]
[low growl]
Hey, Mr. Bear.
You want a piece of me?
Huh?
- [growls]
Come get it. I'm right here.
Come on in. I'm right here.
Bear!
Bear!
[sighs]
Thank you.
[exhales sharply]
Thank you.
So I guess you took the
brunt of it, huh, buddy?
I imagine you saved me.
Saved all of us.
Michelle was right.
I should have left you home.
I just thought
you'd have fun.
And you did.
You really did.
[chuckles]
I still remember the first day you
showed up at our house in California.
This mystery mutt...
who saw a boy in trouble
and decided to protect him.
And the way
you'd wait up at night
so that we could wrestle
and look at the stars
together.
There are so many stars
in Colorado, Pluto.
So many,
you can't even imagine.
Thank you...
for showing up out of nowhere
and saving our family.
For saving me.
All of us.
You were an all-right mutt,
Pluto.
You were an all-right mutt.
[sighs]
[snoring]
[snores, whining]
Five more minutes!
Shh!
Stop yelling, Clark.
Guys.
Wow. I forgot.
Do you think he's sleeping,
or, well, you know?
I think
he's still breathing.
- Boo!
- [gasps]
That wasn't funny.
I think Clark just made
another meadow muffin.
Shut up!
Hey, guys, good news. I got most of my
arms and legs back during the night.
I think I'm gonna be able
to hike out with you.
All right, get your gear
and let's get on the trail.
[groans]
- Christian, can you help me?
- Yeah, Dad.
Okay.
Okay, thank you, boys.
Yeah, let's start
packing up.
We can't just leave him here.
The animals will eat him.
I know, Son,
but... I'm so weak,
I don't know how we're going
to get him out of here.
Well, we could try
and come back for him tomorrow.
No, the animals
would've eaten him by then.
We could cover him with rocks,
like the Indians did.
Yeah, that's a good idea.
Guys, go find some rocks.
Okay, can you guys carry
some of my stuff?
You got everything, boys?
Whoa!
[no audible dialogue]
[engine off, brake sets]
[coin clatters]
[beeping]
[line ringing]
[ringing]
- Hello.
- Hey, Dave. Mitch Davis here.
Hey, Mitch.
What's going on?
Um, nothing really.
We ran into some crazy weather, and the boys are a little freaked out, so we decided to come home a day early.
Yeah, storm was pretty bad down here. I imagine it was worse up there.
Yeah, yeah. The lightning got a little too close for comfort.
But, uh, anyway, I'm just calling.
We're about an hour and a half away.
And I wanna make sure somebody will be there when we drop Smitty off.
Oh, yeah, yeah.
We'll be here.
Good. Oh, and I don't have Clark's number.
Could you call his parents and let them know we're gonna come home early?
Yeah, no problem.
Drive carefully.
[beeps]
[phone ringing]
Hello.
Hello.
Oh, no.
- Hello, darling.
Mitch?
Where are you?
Honey, we got hit by lightning, and Pluto's dead.
Juice, please!
Mitch,
that's not even funny.
Kinsey,
what do you need?
Mitch?
[sobbing]
Mitch, what happened?
We got hit by lightning, and Pluto's dead.
I'm so sorry, honey.
I'm so sorry.
Where are you?
Is everyone okay?
No. Yeah, we're okay.
We're okay.
Where are you?
We're, uh...
We're at a gas station about two hours away.
Honey, I don't know what happened. He's just...
I'm so sorry.
Mitch, I want you to take a deep breath for me.
[inhales, cries]
That's good.
Now take another one.
- [sighs]
- Are you okay to drive?
Yeah.
Yeah, yeah, I'm okay.
Okay. Then you just come home, okay?
You just...
You come home.
I will.
I will. I love you.
I love you too.
Mommy?
What's wrong?
Mommy crying?
Yes.
[door closes]
- Hey, Clark?
- Yeah?
I'm sorry.
Dad?
Yeah?
- Can I ask you something?
- Anything.
Did you have
your Cat Stevens moment?
I thought you were dead.
Yeah, I did too.
I said I was sorry
when you were... you know.
Yeah, I heard you.
So, uh,
I guess it was a little more
than just crazy weather, huh?
Yeah, it was.
Let me help you
with that.
I, uh,
thought it'd be nice
if we said a few words.
First, Rachel has a... poem
she wrote about Pluto.
"Pluto the Wonder Dog"
by Rachel Davis.
"P," protected me.
"L," loving.
"U," unafraid.
"T," talked to me
when I was sad.
"O," original.
Pluto.
- Come here, Rach.
- Thank you, Rachel. That was beautiful.
And now Kinsey
has a gift for Pluto.
You wanna hold
the flower?
- Say bye-bye.
- Bye-bye, Pluto.

[Michelle]
Bye-bye, Pluto.
[crying]
It's okay, Mommy.
I know, hon. I know.
We used to call Pluto
the Wonder Dog
because we never knew
where he came from.
But we all know
where he's headed now.
And until we join him
on the other side,
I'm sure he'll go on loving and
protecting us just the same.
Anyone else
want to say anything?
[sighs]
Pluto.
The first time I met Pluto was on... the
playground at my elementary school.
I was scared they were going
to take him to the pound,
so I went and tied him up in
some bushes across the street.
After school, I went to
untie him, but he was gone.
I thought I'd never
see him again.
Ten minutes later,
when I got off my bus,
there he was, sitting there,
waiting for me.
I think it'll be like that
for all of us someday.
We'll all wonder where Pluto
went until we get off the bus,
and he'll be there,
waiting to walk us home.
I love you, Pluto.
[shovel clatters]
Go ahead.
Some people say faith
Is a childish game
Play on, children
Like it's Christmas Day
Sing me a song
Sing me a melody
Sing out loud
You're a symphony
I want you
To live forever
Underneath
The sky so blue
I want you
To live forever
Underneath
The sky so blue
Whoo-ooh-ooh
Laughter is the only thing
That'll keep you sane
In this world that's crying
More and more every day
Don't let evil
Get you down
In this madness
Spinning round and round
I want you
To live forever
Underneath
The sky so blue
- [door opens]
- Whoo-ooh-ooh
- Hey, Son.
- Hey.
What's up?
I'm thinking about going out
for the school basketball team.
That's great.
I love basketball.
I know.
And I was wondering if,
well,
you could help me learn
how to shoot.
Absolutely.
It's all about putting your hand in the cookie jar on your follow through.
- Yup.
- I want you
To live forever
Underneath
The sky so blue
I want you
To live forever
Underneath
The sky so blue
Whoa, yeah, I want you
To live forever
Underneath
The sky so blue
Whoa, yeah, I want you
To live forever
Underneath
The sky so blue
I want you
To live forever

[Mitch] A stray dog has found its way into our yard, home, and life. Christian seems to be especially getting a big kick out of him. Christian named this dog Poodle, and then he named him Car Racer.

[woman laughs]
Now we finally settled on Pluto.
He seems like a good old dog. Good-natured.
We've been toying with the idea of getting a dog for about... six months.
Finally, a dog just came and got us.
[woman] Whoa!
[squealing]
[Mitch] Whoa!
All right. They return triumphant.
[clapping]
[barks]
Come on, Pluto!
Come on! Come on!