Diary Of A Wimpy Kid

By Jackie Filgo
RODRICK:

GREG:
- (IN SINGSONG) Greg?
- What?
- Greg!
- Huh? What?
What are you doing? Get up!
Mom and Dad have been calling you
for an hour.
You're about to be late for
your first day of middle school.
What?
Oh, geez! How did that happen?
Go, go, go! Mom's about to flip out!
She sent me to get you
while she waits in the car!
(EXCLAIMS)
What are you doing? What's going on?
Getting ready for...
(HOOTING)
...school.
Are you insane?
School doesn't start till next week.
And, FYI, school doesn't start

at 4:
You woke up Manny.
And if he doesn't go back down...
Good morning!
There is no way he is going back down.
I just wanted to sleep till 6:00.
- Bubby!

- FRANK:
Greg, what are you doing up
making all this noise?
It was Rodrick! He woke me up!
He changed my clock!
(SNORING)
- But I swear, he was just...
- Go to bed.
What is that smell? I can't even identify it.
Bubby!
(GRUNTS)
(GIGGLING)

KIDS:
Here, Bubby.

GREG:
of that flamethrower!
Okay, first of all,
let me get something straight.
This is a journal, not a diary.
Yeah, I know what it says on the cover.
But when my mom went out
to buy this thing,
I specifically told her
not to buy one that said "diary" on it.
This just proves Mom doesn't understand
anything about kids my age.

- GREG:  
- Sissy!
The only reason I agreed to
write in this thing is because
when I'm rich and famous
I'll have better things to do
than answer people's stupid questions
all day long.
Gregory, tell us about your childhood!
Were you always so smart and handsome?
Here's my journal. Now, shoo, shoo.

SUSAN:
Why did I ever say no to him?
Mom got me this thing
so I could write down my feelings
about starting middle school.
But I'm gonna be fine.
It's my best friend, Rowley Jefferson,
I'm worried about.
He's definitely not middle school ready.
Geronimo!
(WHOOPS)
He's not quite clear
on the concept of growing up.
I want a puppy, a kitty,
a gumball machine...
But anyway, this is about me, not Rowley.
I always figured
they'd make a movie about my life.
But I didn't think
they'd start the story here.
Because, seriously,
who wants to see a movie about a kid
who's stuck in middle school
with a bunch of morons?
(ALARM BUZZING)
(GROANS)
(RODRICK EXCLAIMING)
Three days, no shower. Smell the love!
Let me go, Rodrick!
(GROANS)
Come on.
We're just having some fun, right?
No, okay. So, look.
Mom asked me to give you some advice
about middle school.
It's real simple.
Don't talk to anyone. Don't look at anyone.
Don't go anywhere.
Don't sit down. Don't raise your hand.
Don't go to the bathroom.
Don't get noticed.
Don't choose the wrong locker. Don't...
Who am I kidding?
You'll be dead or homeschooled
by the end of the year, anyway.
And don't be seen with Rowley.
(EXCLAIMING)
Manny, stop it! Mom!

RODRICK:
- Frank?
- Greg?
I think it's gross and undignified
that I have to eat breakfast
next to him on the potty.
Okay, well, it's your fault
he's still potty training.
Don't look down, Manny.
The potty monster doesn't like it
when you look at him.
(SCREAMS)
I was just joking with him.
Okay. Kiss him you're sorry
and then let's get a move on.
Can't be late for your first day of school.
(SCHOOL BELL RINGING)

GREG:
that I think middle school may be
the dumbest idea ever invented.
You got kids like me
who haven't hit their growth spurt yet
mixed in with gorillas
who have to shave twice a day.
There's juvenile delinquents and weirdos.
I'm smaller than about
95% of the kids at my school...

CHIRAG:
...so thank God for Chirag Gupta.
- It's mine! Stop!
- Can I have the backpack?
- You got to jump higher.

- CHIRAG:
He's an excellent buffer
between me and these morons.
Hey, Greg.
Hey, fella!
Seriously, I don't know what happened
to these kids over the summer.
Was there a nuclear accident?
Science experiment gone bad?
Thank God there are a few normal people
or this place would be a total freak show.
If you're as discriminating as I am,
it can be tough to figure out where to sit
on your first day of middle school.
One bad move
and you're stuck next to some idiot
for the rest of the year.
(SNIFFLING)

ROWLEY:
Remember how I said
Rowley wasn't middle school ready?
Well, there you go.
(SPEAKING SPANISH)
What are you wearing?
My family just got back from Guatemala!
It's my serape!
Nice, huh?
All right, class, I'm Mrs. Flint.
Everybody take your seats!
(GROANS)
Welcome to your first day
of middle school.
Remember your seats.
You'll be sitting here every day.
Rowley, if you had to say
where you were ranked
in terms of popularity from one to 200,
where would you put yourself?
Is 200 good or bad?
I'd say you're somewhere
around the 154 mark.
I'd put myself around number 19 or 20.
I might even have a shot at the top spot
by the end of the year,
if things go the way I think they will.
Well, who's at the bottom?
Hey, guys, wanna see my secret freckle?
(Both groan)

GREG:
issues at least once a month.
Check it out. It's got a hair in it!
What color is that?
You wanna help me name it?
All right, ladies! Gather around!
Come on, put the knitting down! Let's go!
All right, everybody.
I'm Coach Malone
and I am your gym teacher.
P.E. Is as much a part of my life as waking up in the morning and going to the bathroom. I live and breathe Physical Education. Now, who's with me? Are you ready to have some fun out there? Yeah!

MALONE:
So we're gonna divide you up into two teams. So you two, over here. You, you, you, this way. Yeah, you three, this side. Good. You guys are going to be Shirts! And you will be Skins. Why are we Skins? I hate this. He's just trying to make kids like us feel bad. What do you mean, kids like us? I just don't want to get a sunburn, right, Rowley? (IN ROBOTIC VOICE) My name is Bell E. Button. What's yours? Okay, let's start off with a little game I like to call Gladiator. (BOYS EXCLAIMING)

- BO Y 1:

- BO Y 2:

BO Y 3:
(GRUNTS) (NEVER MISS A BEAT PLAYING) Cover me! Oh, God. Not good! We're never going to be able to outrun these guys! We don't have to outrun them! We just have to outrun Chirag! Take a look, take a look, take a look
At the kids on the street
No, they never miss a beat
Never miss a beat
Never miss a beat
Never miss a beat
Never miss a beat
- Think they saw us?
- No way.
They were focused on
getting that kid with the limp.
We'll hide here for the rest of the class
because I'm not playing that game.
It's not fair.
He's got all the Neanderthals
on the same team. It's barbaric!

ANGIE:
This place is an intellectual wasteland.
But, you know, it's nice to meet someone
more interested in his mind
than in his body.
You girls get to jump rope.
What are you doing hiding?
Avoiding the pain.
It all starts in middle school, you know?
You're not a kid anymore.
The coddling has stopped.
Kids are now separated by intelligence.
The weak are picked on.
And girls you've known since kindergarten
won't even talk to you anymore.
Okay, well,
sounds like you got it all figured out,
so go back to your book.
This place is a glorified holding pen.

MALONE:
You're like a machine!

ANGIE:
as you make that awkward transition
between child and teenager
so they don't even have to look at you.
Hi. I'm Angie.
Great story. We're gonna go now.
Why? This is a good spot.
It's a perfect spot.
I survived all of the sixth grade here.
And I would enjoy
some like-minded company
to get me through the seventh.
Is that the whistle?
I think I hear the whistle.
We need to go.

MALONE:
Why are we leaving?
We could get killed out here in the open!
Put your shirt on.
They'll think we're on their team.
Besides, getting crushed is better than
being seen with that freak job.
Trust me, you can't recover
from social suicide.
I never talked to a girl that long before.

Whoa!
Check that out.
Is that cheese?
Stop!
Good God, man!
You almost got the Cheese Touch.
- The what?
- The Cheese Touch.
Nobody knows when or how,
but one day that cheese
mysteriously appeared on the blacktop.
Nobody knew who it belonged to.
Nobody touched it. Nobody threw it away.
And so there it sat,
growing more foul
and powerful by the day.
Then one day, a kid named Darren Walsh
made the biggest mistake of his life.
Darren touched the cheese!
No, I didn't! I just looked at it! Really!

CHIRAG:
It was worse than nuclear cooties.
He became an outcast.

(CRYING)
The only way to get rid of
the Cheese Touch
was by passing it on to someone else.

(SCREAMS)
And so began the Cheese Touch Frenzy.
Friend turning on friend.
Brother turning on sister.
It was madness.
Until a German exchange student
named Dieter Muller took it away.

Dieter has the Cheese Touch!

Ze Cheese Touch?
Vat is it?
Vat does it mean, ze Cheese Touch??

Sadly for Dieter,
that fact was lost in translation.

Nooooooooooooooo...!
Thankfully, he moved back to Dsseldorf
and took the Cheese Touch with him.

And so the cheese sits,
patiently waiting for its next victim.
- Wow.
- Wow.

This is a terrible place.
- No doors?
- None.

I'm not pooping until I'm in high school.

**GREG:**

possibly the cruelest place on Earth.
But I was about to make some kid's day
by sitting next to him.
That seat's saved.

For who?
It's saved.
That one's saved, too.

So not happening.

Uh-uh-uh.

Taken.

Where are we supposed to eat?
I guess this is
where all the cool guys hang out.
Fregley must have bumped his head when he was little, like, really hard.

Okay, okay, so my first day could have gone better, but at least I wasn't humiliated.

Hey, Greg! You want to come over and play?

(KIDS LAUGHING)

What did he just say to you?

Oh.

I think my ride's here.

Hey, guys. So this guy says to that guy, "You wanna come over and play?"

Yeah! Do you guys wanna play with us?

(BOYS LAUGHING)

See? This is the problem.

Right now I have to take abuse from these morons.

But in 20 years, Quentin here will be working for me.

Greg, please don't fire me.

I really need my measly, pathetic job scooping your dog's poop.

Whatever. I'll think about it.

No, no, no. Vanilla on the bottom and chocolate on the top!

I can't eat this!

"Play," Rowley? "Play"?

I've told you, like, a billion times that guys our age say "hang out," not "play."

Oops.

Seriously, if you're not gonna listen to me, just tell me, 'cause if you pull another stunt like that, we'll be stuck on the cafeteria floor for the rest of middle school.

I found half a Snickers bar down there. I can't be the guy who eats off his lap in the cafeteria.

I should be at the top of the food chain by now.

Something's got to change, fast.
My mom told me to just be myself and people would like me. That would be good advice if you were somebody else. 
(LOUD ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
Hey, little brother. Was your first day as crappy as I said it would be? No. Not at all. You were wrong. 
- It was actually better than I... 
- Worse. 
(CHUCKLES)
You didn't listen to me, did you? I told you not to talk, look or go anywhere, and what happened? He had to eat his lunch on the floor. 
- Rowley. 
- (LAUGHING) Perfect.
And if nobody wants you sitting at their table, you think they want Chummy Buttons over here? I was right. You're not even gonna make it out of there alive. The only chance you have of making the yearbook is when they dedicate it to your memory. So you wanna play Twisted Wizard? No. I have a better idea. If he catches you in here, he will kill you. Literally, kill you. Don't worry. As long as we hear the music, we're okay. (LOUD MUSIC PLAYING) Whoa. Yeah. Wow. I didn't know Rodrick was into motorcycles.
- I found it.
- Found what? Rodrick's middle school yearbook. This thing holds all the answers. Rowley, this thing is like a bible. See this? This is where a person like me needs to be.
The class favorites. They're the best in their class. These people aren't nobodies. They're famous. They don't have to worry about getting a seat in the cafeteria, either. Check this out. There's tons of things I qualify for. "Most Likely To Succeed," "Best Looking," "Class Clown." They should just give that to me right now. Don't you have to be funny for that? Hey! We could try for cutest friends! What did I tell you would happen if you ever went in my room again? But your band is still playing. It's the bass solo, Turd Burglar! Don't you know anything about music? Now, I came up here to get a new drumstick, and now, Greg, since Mom and Dad are gone, I'm going to kill you. Literally, kill you! I told you. Beat it. Okay, but I just want to say one thing! - Run, Greg, run! - What? Let go, Baby Hippo! (LAUGHING) You're gonna have to come out sometime, loser! I'll wait here as long as it takes. And then, you're dead. Time out, Rodrick. I have to pee. (CHUCKLES) No time outs. Only death! - But I really have to go. - Don't care. (WATER GURGLING) (GURGLING) (EXCLAIMS) (SIGHS) (HUMMING)
Move over! I'm dying.
(SIGHING DEEPLY)
Got you!
(SCREAMING)
Greg, did you throw Manny off his...
What is going on?
Greg started it.
I just came in here to take a shower.
He's lying! He was gonna kill me
'cause I was in his room!
And so you peed on him?
Yes. I mean, no. I mean...
Yes.
(WHISTLING)
(ALL CHATTERING)
(SCHOOL BELL RINGS)
Wow, there's a lot to sign up for.
You could be class favorite
in a bunch of things.
Jazz dancing!
We could do that one together!
I can't believe all these activities.
They're all so much work.
Staying after school,
meeting before school, on weekends.
What kind of extracurricular activities
are these?
Out of my way.
Who let you into this school, Greg Heffley?
I was thinking the same thing about you,
Patty Farrell.
You listen to me, Greg Heffley.
I'm running for student council president
and I'm warning you,
if you get in my way, I will beat you up,
just like I did in kindergarten
and fourth grade.
Fourth grade? That one was ugly.
What's her problem?
What did I ever do to her?
Patty, Patty is a fatty,
has a face just like a ratty!
(CRYING)
(ALL LAUGHING)
Come on, that was pretty funny.
She needs to get a sense of humor.
And I need something to make me
a class favorite.

ANGIE:
Don't you ever say hi or hello
before you start talking?
- Hi.
- Hello.
Oh, Greg's only here because
he really wants to be something...
Rowley!
I was just saying that
I would really like to nail these people
because it's so obvious that
they're only doing these activities
to get in the yearbook.
You know, I like your point of view.
You should sign up for the school paper.
We're the voice of the people.
Well, the people are mostly idiots,
so I guess, technically speaking,
we're the voice of the people
making fun of the people.
Thanks, but I can't be on the paper
because I'm gonna be in the paper a lot.
So that would be a conflict of interest.
You're the people. Got it.
Do you believe me now?
That girl is crazy town.
Look! They have wrestling!
That's it! I'm great at wrestling.
I've watched it for years,
I know all the moves.
Tombstone piledriver.
Chair shot.
Vader Bomb.

AUDIENCE:
Heffley! Heffley!
Heffley! Heffley! Heffley!
Okay. Something is very wrong here.
These don't look like
wrestling costumes to me.
Welcome to wrestling,
you future Olympians!
So, just to make sure
we all get off on the right foot
and nobody gets seriously injured,
we're gonna teach you a few basic moves.
Remember, this is about
learning the sport and having fun!
All right. It's not a competition
because everyone here
is already a superstar to me.
Coach Brewer, can you step over here
for a moment,
please, give me a hand? Thanks.

(GRUNTS)

(ALL EXCLAIM)
That's known as a speed takedown.
Nice job, Coach Brewer.
Can you get up and come behind me?
Put one arm over my shoulder?
Let's go, yeah.
You got it, walk it off, come on.
That was known as the arm drag.
Let's give Coach Brewer a hand,
everybody!
He's fine.
Yeah, Heffley.
What about piledrivers and Vader bombs?
That is fake wrestling.
This is real wrestling! Let's go!
If I have to wrestle Benny Wells,
he'll kill me!

MALONE:
Okay, to keep things fair, I've divided you
into weight categories by your size,
so Rottweilers over here.
Bulldogs, you stay right there.
And we got two
Chihuahuas. Yeah.
Nice head gear.
Thanks. My mom let me borrow it.
All right, let's see what you got.
(WHISTLE BLOWS)
Don't worry, Fregley,
I'll take it easy on you.
(EXCLAIMING)
Hey, I wasn't ready!
Nobody's keeping score, but that was
a sweet speed takedown, Fregley!
This is fun, Greg Heffley!
Get off me!

ALL:
Blow the whistle, blow the whistle!
All right! Fregley!
Outstanding!
And let's...
Let's hear it for our other winner.
Yay, Greg!
I can't lose to Fregley again.
If I get beat by the weirdest kid in school,
obody's ever gonna let me
sit at their table.
How are you going to beat him?
It's like he had superhuman strength!
I'm not gonna beat him.
I'm gonna gain 10 pounds this week
so I can move up to
the Bulldog weight class.
And then you and I can wrestle each other.
Ready?
- Can I throw at you now?
- Later.
You're better at riding than I am,
and I'm a better thrower.
(SIGHS)
Greg, save some for everybody else,
honey.

GREG:
Why?
I think your body looks beautiful
just the way it is.
I heard he got his butt kicked at wrestling.
Now what is wrong with you?
Why would you sign up for something
You don't have to do?
You signed up for wrestling?
Kind of.
You never sign up for anything at school.
You fly below the radar.
That way you never raise
anyone's expectations.
Thank you, Rodrick,
for those words of motivational wisdom,
but perhaps
a better way to look at it is that
it's a chance
to learn to excel at something.
Well, what could I learn at school
that I can't teach myself?
Well, Greg, I think it's great that
you took the initiative
to learn something new.
This is like the first step to responsibility!
My boss's son Will was smaller than you,
but he built himself up with the weights!
Yeah.
We could get you the same equipment.
You could train,
get the right nutrition, cardio.
You'd be in tip-top shape just like Will.
And it would only take, like, three months.
- Three months?
- Yeah.
I'll just stick to eating.
Well, I don't know
where you put it, Heffley,
but you gained 10 pounds
and joined the Bulldog class.
Yes.
I thought
you didn't gain any weight this week.
My mom's ankle weights.
All right, bulldog Heffley.
Meet your new opponent.
What? But this is boys' wrestling.
Ever hear of Title IX?
Her parents threatened to sue,
so you show her
what it's like to wrestle a real live boy.
(PATTY GRUNTS)
Come on! What you waiting for, huh?
Don't be such a wuss, Heffley.
- Make your move!
- She's a girl! Where do I grab her?
- Stay down!

- ANGIE:
- Get off of me!
- Can I wrestle somebody good now?
(ALL LAUGHING)
Well, look who's in the paper.
Greg! You're famous!
Right on the front page!
And if I would have pinned her,
which I could have done easily,
you know I would have gotten in trouble
for hurting a girl.
Why does she even want to wrestle?
Who knows? Girls are very confusing.
Like today,
I heard someone in the hallway say
that Bryce Anderson has a cute butt.
What does that even mean?
A butt can't be cute. It's a butt.
I know, but that's what they were saying.
I don't see why girls our age
can't talk just like regular people.
So how are you gonna become
a class favorite now?
- Two words. Best Dressed.
- How are you going to do that?
Fashion is easy. You wear a shirt
and a tie, and kids are impressed.
I'm telling you, this is gonna work.
(SINGING) I light 'em up
before the motor starts
I go so fast that I could never stop
Look under the hood
but you don't know what I got
I'm a moving violation, baby
Hot, hot, hot, hot
Ta-da!
- I told you I was wearing this.
- I know!
- I wanted to be matchers!

- BOY:

ALL:
Greg and Rowley sitting in a tree
K- l-S-S-l-N-G
First comes love...

GREG:
maybe Rodrick was right about Rowley.
Maybe I do need a new best friend.
But I can't just ditch him.
I mean, if anybody has a better idea,
I'd love to hear it.

NARRATOR:
much like your own,
one boy is about to learn
an important lesson
about self-worth and esteem.
Gag me with a spoon.
That guy is so unpopular,
I'd hate to be him.
(SIGHS)
Why doesn't anybody like me?

BROCK:
how awesome you really are.
Brock Branigan P.I.!
What are you doing here?
I'm here to solve the case of the boy
who just needed to be himself.
So go for it!
Show them how awesome you really are!
Hey, guys. Do you like break dancing?
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
That is totally rad!
Wicked.
You should sit with us at lunch, friend.
Sweet!
It really is awesome to be me!
Thanks, Brock.
Okay. Let's talk about what we've learned.

GREG:
but I know what I learned.
It is awesome to be me.
The problem with Rowley
is that he's not enough like me.
I can't ditch him
'cause he'd be lost without me.
But maybe I can fix him.
Because that's the kind of friend I am.
What are you doing?
Making your clothes
more middle-school friendly.
Look at this stuff. Too babyish and weird.
Too "Why don't you just punch me now?"
What are you, a foreign exchange student?
Oh, man. This one we burn.
That was a present from my mom.
Well, then your mom
is trying to get you killed.
Ready? Steady. Go.
No, no, no.
You look like one of the Seven Dwarfs.
You only need one strap. One strap is cool.
But there's two straps.
Why would they put on two straps
if you're only supposed to use one?
Because the guys who make backpacks
aren't cool.
If they were cool, they'd give it one strap,
like the cool one-strap guys do.
You know what has one strap?
Machine guns.
You know what else? Electric guitars.
- You know what else?
- Purses?
- But Joshie is cool.
- Rowley, Joshie is not cool.
He's a lip-synching pop star
whose fans are eight-year-old girls.
You're just jealous
that I was the one who discovered him.
Who are you gonna listen to, Rowley?
Me or Joshie?
Joshie says to respect your parents
and follow your dreams.
Then Joshie must get beaten up a lot.
You actually almost look as good as me.
Am I great at this or what?
There's Bryce Anderson. Just be cool.
  - Hey, Bryce.
  - Yeah, hey, Bryce!
Cute butt!
You're killing me, you know that?
Look, Rowley, tonight's Halloween,
our favorite night of the year,
so, just promise me you won't wear,
do or say anything weird.
(DOORBELL RINGS)
You're kidding me, right?
(SIGHS) My mom wanted me
to be visible at night.
From space?
So, we'll hit a few houses
on the way to the North Side,
which is where we'll do
most of our trick-or-treating.
Why are we going all the way over there?
It's where the rich people live.
They hand out, like, two, three pieces
of big candy to each kid.
Not that candy corn crap.
I'm talking about full-size
Milky Ways and Nutter Butters.
Plus, if we time it right,
rich people get tired of answering
their doors and just leave the bowl out.
We can clean up.

**ROWLEY:**
My mom doesn't let me play
with makeup anymore.
Shut up, tool.
Lded Diper's got a gig tonight.
Mmm.
Going to the North Side, huh?
Takes you right past the Devil Worshiper Woods. The Devil Worshiper Woods? You know about that story, right? Well, there used to be this house right here where these woods are. They had to tear it down because what happened there was so terrible. What happened there? Well, a long time ago, two kids who were, I don't know, maybe in middle school, they trick-or-treated at that house on Halloween night. But the house was full of devil worshipers who put the kids in these giant pizza ovens. And they cooked them and they ate them. But they forgot to turn off the ovens. So the house burned down with everyone in it. How'd the trees get there? And then they planted trees. Oh. And to this day, on Halloween night, you can still hear the demonic laughter of the devil worshiper ghosts as they roam the woods, looking for more kids to sacrifice! Hey, Rodrick. I need you to help me out. Like... (DOORBELL RINGS) Are you wearing eyeliner?

- KIDS:  
- Susan!  
- I'm on door duty!

- GIRL:  
Bubby! Mom, can you tell him to stop calling me that? What if somebody hears? Then they'll know how much he loves you.
Frank, Frank, honey, honey, can you go with them? No, I can't. I got to guard the house in case someone tries to T.P. Us. They're gonna get drenched from the roof. (LAUGHS) Honey, for goodness sakes, don't do that again. Remember what happened last year? I got you! (CRYING) Hi. I thought they were teenagers. And I couldn't see through the bushes. My legs, they hurt from the squatting. So, that's why I'm doing it from the roof this year. So I can see when they're coming. Can we go now? (DOORBELL RINGS) Yes, go. - But stay in the neighborhood.

- KIDS: - And no North Side! - We promise!

GREG: the rest of the night. That guy gave me two full-size Snickers! Did I tell you or did I tell you? These people have money to burn! (LOUD ROCK MUSIC PLAYING ON CAR RADIO)

ROWLEY: we got this much candy. This is, like, the best day ever.

CARTER: Thanks! My mom made it... (EXCLAIMING) (BOYS LAUGHING)
- CARTER:
  - I saw your plates! We're calling the cops!
  Uh-oh.
  Oh, boy.
  Run!

CARTER:
they're going through the yard!
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go!
Where are we going?
We're totally exposed!
- My grandma's house!
- Quickly!
They're coming!
(RINGING DOORBELL)
- Hello?
- That's not helping! She's not home!
- Bingo night.

- CARTER:

ROWLEY:

GREG:

- ROWLEY:
  - Come on, let's get them, boys.

ROWLEY:

ROWLEY:

CARTER:

PETE:
Come on, you babies!
I'm gonna kick your butts!
- Yeah? You and what army?
- Whatever.
(BOTH BABBLING)
You guys are so lucky you can hide
in there behind your mommy!
No, we aren't! It's not our house!
It's his grandma's
and she's not even home!

(LAUGHING)

What? Why would you tell them that?

CARTER:

Oops.

Now they're never gonna leave.

You need to call your mom to come get us.

Mine'll kill me if she knows we're here.

Mine will, too.

She thinks you're a bad influence.

She's right.

Then we're gonna have to bust out of here.

-PETE:

- Go fish.

(CREAKING)

Hey, what's that?

(DANGER! HIGH VOLTAGE PLAYING)

Danger, danger

High Voltage

(LAUGHING)

Danger, danger

High Voltage

Just back off!

I don't want to hurt anybody,

we just want to walk away

and forget this ever happened.

Nobody needs to be a hero! Whoa!

Are you kidding me?

I'm gonna rip off your arms and punch you

in the face with your own fists!

- They're gaining!

- This way!

The Devil Worshiper Woods! No way!

PETE:

We're gonna get you!

(PANTING) They're going into the woods.

(PANTING) No, no way I go

into Devil Worshiper Woods. Uh-uh.

This isn't over!

- ROWLEY:
- Just keep running!
(ROWLEY PANTING)
(LOUD LAUGHTER)

ROWLEY:
It's the devil worshipers.
(LOUD LAUGHTER)
(LAUGHTER CONTINUES)
(BOOTH SCREAMING)
Guys?
- Are we safe?
- Yeah.
And we made it with still a ton of candy.
Sorry. I was...
I thought you were teenagers.

- BO Y:
- Hey!
(SNIFFING)
(GROANS)
So anyone else
exhibiting symptoms of pink eye
should contact the nurse immediately.
In field trip news,
consent forms are going out today
for our annual
History of Plumbing excursion.
In sports news...
I think Shelly is looking Hot today.

- BO Y:
- Are they talking about me?
I don't know. I don't speak Russian.
(TEACHER SHUSHING)
And finally, some positions
have opened up for the Safety Patrol.
If anyone is interested,
see Mr. Winsky after homeroom.

GREG:
Safety Patrol. The cops of middle school.
You boss people around, report the jerks,
and miss class three times a week.
MR. WINSKY:

is a sacred trust. When you put on this vest and that badge
you become a protector of the weak.
You become an enforcer of the laws
of this school,
because today's litterer and jaywalker
is tomorrow's window breaker
and graffiti vandal,
and it's our job to stop it.
So I ask you, are you up for the job?
- Yes!
- Yes!
Then welcome to Safety Patrol.
Just remember, with great power...
- Whoa.
...comes great responsibility.
Now, you get your first assignment
just after lunch,
so you'll be excused
from the first 20 minutes of sixth period.
But that means we'll miss Algebra... Ouch!
Do we get free stuff?
- Free hot cocoa.
- Could this day get any better?
Whoa, is that cocoa?
- Sorry, Safety Patrol only.
- Sorry.
You rejected the school paper,
but you joined the Safety Patrol?
Look, are you working
your way down the evolutionary ladder?
What?
Look, Safety Patrol
is the lowest of the low,
the geekiest of the geeky,
the Island of Misfit Toys.
You're just jealous they don't trust you
to keep our school safe.
Now if you'll excuse me,
I need to secure the perimeter.

GIRL:
GREG:
Single-file line, one by one.
(ROCK MUSIC BLARING ON CAR RADIO)
Greg! It's those guys from Halloween!
What do we do?
Come on, man, just pull my finger.
I swear to God, I'm not gonna do anything.
Everybody, shoulder to shoulder.
Shoulder to shoulder.

- GREG:
- Whoa, whoa.
- That was close.
- Too close.
(BOTH LAUGHING)

GREG:
that make me realize
Rowley's pretty lucky
to have me as a friend.

ROWLEY:
and a new bike!
And we're going to take a family trip
to New York City for New Year's Eve!
- What did you get?
- My dad got me a weight-lifting set.
Do you know how many video games
I could've gotten instead?
I had to get out of there
before he expected me to, like, use it.
Anyway, let's play some
Twisted Wizard Two at your house.
Probably not a good idea.
My dad's still annoyed at you.
For what?
Remember that secret language
we made up last week?
Your-pa dad-pa smells-pa
like-pa a woman-pa.
(BOTH LAUGHING)
I think he cracked our code.
We should probably do something outside.
ROWLEY:
and I throw at you first?
My legs kind of hurt
from walking over here.
(SIGHS)
(SCREAMING)
(GRUNTS)
Okay, Rowley. Come on. Get up.
(ROWLEY GROANING)
Shake it off.
Are you sure the doctor was right?
It really didn't look that broken to me.
Yeah, it's broken. The X-ray never lies.
- Oh, my gosh. What happened?
- I broke it.

- SHELLY:
- Big Wheel accident.
You're funny.
- Can I sign your cast?
- Me, too.
- I wanna sign it, too.
- Why, sure.
Hey, I'm the one who broke his hand.
Then you're a jerk.
- (WHISPERS) Sorry.

- GIRL:
(EXCLAIMS)

SHELLY:
- After I stood...

- GREG:
Rowley was eating at an actual table
because of something I did!
Where's my credit?
And he's right handed!
He can feed himself just fine.
So, how's that class favorite thing
working out for you?
Great.
(WHOOPING)
I realized Rowley's injury thing
was a pretty good racket.

(SCHOOL BELL RINGING)

- **MARLEY:**
- Hey, guys. Check it out.
Oh, my gosh, what happened?
It's a raging infection caused by a splinter that was left untreated.
Want to be the first to sign my sympathy sheet?
No.
I'll sign it, Greg Heffley, if you'd let me look at your infection.

**ROWLEY:**
where the bone just snapped right in half.
I had the exact same break last year, and it got all purple!

- **ROWLEY:**
- Hey, Gregory, want to sign the card?
You got Rowley a card?
What? No, it's for Bryan Little. You know, the guy who writes the Wacky Dawg cartoons for the school paper?
He has mono and he's going to be out for three months. That really stinks.
So, just out of curiosity, who's gonna do the cartoon? They're having tryouts, but the important thing is Bryan gets better. Absolutely.

**GREG:**
was destiny.
I draw cartoons all the time.
I'm gonna win this.
I decided to go ahead and forgive Rowley for milking the broken hand so hard and I told him he could work on the cartoon with me. So, I was thinking
we could do something like this!
Oops, I stepped in a puddle!
At least it's not an acid puddle.
Oy, oy, oy! It is an acid puddle!
Zoo-wee Mama!
Zoo-wee Mama!
It's the same joke every time.
Yeah! Zoo-wee Mama!
We can't just do the same thing
over and over.
We can if it's Zoo-wee Mama.
It has to be a little more sophisticated.

GREG:
I wonder what is in this cute little box.

GREG:
It's not a box, it's a brick, you dumb moron.

GREG:
Oops! I've been trying to open it all day!
- Can he say, "Zoo-wee Mama"?
- No, it's not funny.
Well, I think it is. I like Zoo-wee Mama.
You know what? If you like it so much,
then why don't you go do it yourself?
Okay. I will.
See you.

(SCHOOL BELL RINGING)
Hey, I forgot my raincoat, so I'm gonna
need you to walk the kids home today.
I can't. I can't get my cast wet.
You can borrow my coat.

GIRL:
- He couldn't get his cast wet!
- He walks us better!
Oh, no.
Oh, my gosh! Space monsters!
They're going to eat us,
unless we can get into that hole!
Come on, people, move it!
Now, people! We're gonna get eaten!
Come on! Don't worry!
I'm right behind you!
- Whoa!
- Go!
Hey!
Rowley Jefferson, is that you?
Yes, Mrs. Irvine!
Sorry, kids!
Are you going to eat us?
And though doctors assure us
that Mrs. Cheznik is no longer contagious,
the cafeteria nachos bar will be closed
for the remainder of the week.
And now, what you've all been waiting for.
The faculty, Student Council
and editors have all met
and selected the new cartoonist
for the school paper.
And the winner is
"Zoo-wee Mama" by Rowley Jefferson!
(ALL CHEERING)
- What?
- That is funny!

BOY:
- Zoo-wee Mama.

- GREG:
Am I the only one who gets comedy?
- Rowley, will you put me in your cartoon?
- Sure.
And me, too. I want to be the one
who says, "Zoo-wee Mama."
- You got it!
- Hey, Rowley, congratulations.
- Thanks.
- No problem.
You know, I read all the submissions
and yours was by far the best.
I read yours, too.

- BRYCE:
- Hey, Bryce.
- Yeah, hey, Bryce.
- Hey, fella.
Wow. Everyone knows me now.
- It's like I'm famous! Isn't this great?
- Yeah.
Rowley Jefferson?
I need to see you in my office, now.
(SCHOOL BELL RINGING)

**MR. WINSKY:**
from a Mrs. Irvine
about what happened
to the kindergarteners last week.
She was very upset. And so am I.
- What?
- You violated the sacred trust.
This...
This badge is supposed to mean
something, and you just spat on it.
I can barely even look at you.
- I really don't...
- Just save it.
You are officially suspended
from Safety Patrol.
And I expect a full apology
to the kindergarteners.
Yes, sir.
- Hey. What did he have to say?
- I'm kicked off.
I don't even know what he's talking about.
Rowley?
- What?
- Nothing.
You've been home for an hour
and haven't badgered me for any snacks.
Are you feeling okay?
Well, I'm kind of in a tough situation.
I know something
and if I tell the truth about it,
it could hurt somebody.
But if I don't, it could hurt somebody else.
Well, you have to trust your gut
and try to do the right thing,
because it's our choices
that make us who we are.
Okay.
tossing and turning,
thinking about my mom's advice.
And I finally decided to do the right thing.
I'm sorry I terrorized you, children.
What?
I decided to let Rowley
take one for the team.
But I'm not entirely sure
that was the right call.
Hey, how's it going?
Well, I was pretty upset
about being suspended from Safety Patrol,
but then I just started drawing a bunch
of Zoo- wee Mamas and I felt better.
Look. I put you in this week's cartoon.
And you even get to say,
"Zoo- wee Mama."
Wow. That's really
nice.
So, listen.
It's kind of funny, you know,
the whole Safety Patrol thing.
Yeah?
Ready for the funny part?
Well, I'm the one
who terrorized those kids!
- What?
- Yeah,
and I think we can both learn
some valuable lessons from this.
Like, I should be more careful what I do
in front of Mrs. Irvine's house.
And you, well,
you should be more careful
who you lend your coat to.
You know what, Greg?
You're not a good friend.
Whoa. How could you even say that?
I'm a great friend.
If you were a great friend,
you would have told Mr. Winsky the truth.
Okay, one thing.
You can't get mad about just...
You only care about yourself.
You hated my cartoon.
You made fun of my clothes.
You disrespected Joshie.
You broke my hand
and you didn't even seem sorry.
That broken hand was the best thing
that ever happened to you!
Don't call me.
Don't come by my house. We're done.
I thought the whole thing would blow over.
But Rowley was still giving me
the silent treatment.
- Even when I tried to make the first move.
- Yeah.

ROWLEY:
at him, I didn't know what to say.

MR. WINSKY:
finally told their parents the whole story.
Greg? You're relieved of your Safety Patrol
duties, effective immediately.
Rowley,
for showing dignity under false suspicion,
I am promoting you
to team captain.
Now, that's a position that I held
for two years. I know you'll honor it.
(YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE MY FRIEND
PLAYING)
Okay
You're supposed to be my friend
We're supposed to get along
Hey, you're supposed to be my friend
Hey, Rowley, my mom says it's okay
for me to sleep over tonight.
Awesome!

GREG:
I was willing to let bygones be bygones.
But then he made friends with Collin
just to mess with me.
As if I even care if he...
Well, you know what?
Two can play at that game.
There's no going back, Sergeant.
I need to board the helicopter.
Do you have my back?
I will always have your back, Captain.
Yeah, maybe I'll meet up with some friends
Yeah, maybe I'll meet up with some dogs
'Cause you're supposed to be
You're supposed to be
Supposed to be my friend
You're supposed to be my friend now
- Hey.
- Hey, Greg Heffley.
So, I was thinking maybe you might
want to have a sleepover?
Yeah. With who?
Me.
- Yeah, when?
- Now.
Greg Heffley, I love you!
We are going to be best friends forever!
Wanna have a tickle fight?
Okay. Let's get inside.

FREGLEY:
Greg Heffley's in my room!
Greg Heffley's in my room, Rebecca.
What do you want to do, Greg Heffley?
How about Twister?

GREG:
that much of a Twister guy.
- Candy!
- Wait!
No, no, no! Fregley, come on! Really!
I really think
we should save those for later!
- Maybe we should go outside and...
- My mom doesn't let me have sugar.
She says high glucose in my diet
induces hyperactivity.
But it's so good!
Greg Heffley, you want to jumpety-jump?
Yeah, you know what, Fregley?
I just remembered,
I have an appointment,
a really important appointment.
It's a homework appointment.
Yeah, and I really should be going.
Get away from me!
(EXCLAIMING)
I can fly! Whoa.
How fun, Greg Heffley!
Greg? Greg, Greg, Greg, Greg, Greg?
Greg? Greg?
(BANGING ON DOOR)
I hear you breathing, Greg Heffley.

FREGLEY:
I'm very sorry I chased you
with a booger on my finger.
Here, I put it on this paper
so you can get me back.
What?
All right.

GREG:
I'll show Rowley I don't need him.
When he sees me in the yearbook
as Most Talented,
he's gonna come running back.
Okay, since there are so many of you
here auditioning,
to save time, we're gonna do a group sing
of one of my favorite songs.
Please refer to the lyrics on this handout.
I will pick out the best voices
and place you accordingly.
(ALL SINGING OUT OF TUNE)
(GREG SINGING MELODIously)
(SCOFFS)
Greg Heffley, what a lovely
soprano voice you have. I'm stunned!
Maybe you should be Dorothy!
- No, no, I can't be...
- No!
Greg Heffley was suspended from the school Safety Patrol!
How can you trust him with the lead role in the play?
He can't be Dorothy! I'm Dorothy!
- All right, Patty, calm down.
- I'm Dorothy! I am!
My mother is the president of the P.T.A.
She can ruin your life!
Just an idea.
(SCOFFS)
All right, well, Greg, your voice is too high for any of the other male roles.
Perhaps you can be a tree!
A tree? No way.
(SCOFFS)
(WHISPERS) The trees get to throw apples at Patty Farrell.
Haven't you seen the movie?
(PATTY BLOWING KISSES)
Wait, we don't get arm holes?
How are we gonna throw apples at Dorothy without arm holes?
You don't need arm holes because nobody's throwing any apples.
We're not doing the movie.
In my version, the trees sing.
These, my dear.
(ALL SINGING)
Down the winding yellow road
Doth she know to where it goes
With her dog so small and true
We hope she fares well
Yes, we do
(SCREAMING)

ARCHIE:
I think I knocked out my tooth!
Perhaps we should cut out some arm holes.

- GIRL:
- You think?
(AUDIENCE CHEERING)
Isn't this exciting? Your son's in a play.
Yeah, sure. It's not wrestling, but...
- But at least it's something.

-PATTY:
Let us explore this magical path!
(BARKING)
Bubby!
(AUDIENCE LAUGHING)
Bubby! Bubby!
Bubby.
Hey, Bubby, I think you dropped an apple.
Huh?
(SINGING) We three trees from yonder glen
Do spy a fair and sweet maiden
Whilst we're rooted to our spots
In silver slippers she doth trot
Down the winding yellow road
Oh, yes.
Doth she know to where it goes
You're dead.
With her dog so small and true
We hope she fares well
Yes, we do
We three trees from...
From yonder glen!
Wish her joy through journey's end!
Sing!
Sing!
- Sing!

-BO Y:

PATTY:
Stop ruining the play
like you ruin everything else!
Don't make me come over there
and beat you up again!
(EXCLAIMS ANGRILY)
(YELLING)
(GRUNTS)
Eat this!
Eat this!
Wow.
FRANK:
I thought he was the best one up there.
- Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad.
- You know, I'm...
(SIGHS)
I thought Dorothy deserved it.
Thanks, Dad.

FRANK:
( DOOR OPENING )
Look what I found in the trash.
Guess you threw it away by accident.
Give it back, Rodrick!
No way! You want it?
Come and get it then! Come on.
- Give it!
- Come on!
Use your muscular legs!
No, you can't have it.
- Okay, okay, boys!
- Give it back!
- Hold on, don't you want it?
- Okay!
It's for you.
(GASPS)
It's an invitation for
the Mother and Son Sweetheart Dance.
(SIGHS)
I knew you didn't want to miss that.
It looks like a lot of fun.
I think you should go.
I think it'd be a lot of fun.

GREG:
That's the exact opposite of fun!
This entire year has been terrible
and nobody even cares!
My family, my best friend.
Well, I'm sick of it.
Somebody needs to pay.
Okay, Manny, I'm putting
this Tootsie Roll in Rodrick's backpack.
It's for Rodrick, so whatever you do,
don't touch the Tootsie Roll.
Mmm-hmm.
Greg? Coaster. Where's he...
Manny? Where did you get that?
Oh, my. That's offensive.
(PLAYING HEAVY METAL MUSIC)
Rodrick? Rodrick!
I need to talk to you inside! Now!
Go ahead and talk.
We're a band and we have no secrets.
Okay, fine. What is this?
- It's not mine.
- It was in your backpack.
No, it was in my room.
(EXCLAIMS)
Does owning this magazine
make you a better person?
- No.
- Did it make you more popular at school?
(LAUGHING) Yes!
No.
How do you feel about having
owned this type of magazine?
- Ashamed!

- BAND MATE:
Hmm.
Do you have anything
you wanna say to women
for having owned this offensive magazine?
I'm sorry, women.
- Yeah, women.
- Yeah.
You're grounded for two weeks.
Okay, settle down, Susan!
I think one week is plenty!
Make it four weeks
and I'm gonna need the keys to your van!
My van?
Yeah! Yeah.
Yeah.
ROWLEY:
Hello?
(LE FREAKPLAYING)

PHOTOGRAPHER:
Look at this place! Wanna dance?
Mom, stop dancing.
You're embarrassing me.
Come on.
I'm just keeping time to the music.
I'm begging you, please stop it.
Okay, okay, okay.
Thanks, honey.
Hi!
Well, if we're not here to dance,
maybe you should go talk to Rowley.
I think it's time you two made up.
I can't.
Sweetheart, he's your best friend.
And sometimes,
when somebody's worth it,
you just have to put yourself out there.
I wouldn't know what to say.
Well, I could go for an ice cream
after the dance.
Maybe you could invite him to join us.
Yeah.
Hey, Rowley.
Hey.
So you want to go
get some ice cream after?
I'm sorry. We already have plans.
Yeah. We do.
Oh, fine.
My mom wanted me to ask. So I did.
I didn't even want to go.
Well?
Honey, I'm sorry.
(INTERGALACTIC PLAYING)
Yeah!
(SINGING) Well, now,
don't you tell me to smile
You stick around
I'll make it worth your while
Got numbers beyond what you can dial
Maybe it's because I'm so versatile
Style profile, I said
It always brings me back
when I hear, Ooh, Child
From the Hudson River out to the Nile
I run the marathon till the very last mile
If you battle me I will revile
People always say my style is wild
You've got gall, you've got guile
To step to me, I'm a rapophile
If you want to battle, you're in denial
Coming from Uranus to check my style
Go ahead, put my rhymes on trial
Cast you off into exile

**GREG:**

**BO Y:**

**GIRL:**
Hey.
Hey.
So, I left my racing game at your house
and Collin's sleeping over tonight.
So I need it back.
What? No way.
Finders, keepers.
You didn't find it, I left it.
Fine, then leavers, losers.
That's not even a real thing.
It is if I say it is.
It's my game.
Do you know what?
You wouldn't even have that game
if I hadn't told you about it.
You wouldn't have half the stuff
you have without me.
Yeah, like a broken hand!
That was a million years ago.

**ROWLEY:**
Hear that? Click, click, click, click.
And it's all your fault!
It was an accident!
Kick his butt, Rowley! It's easy.
Guys, Greg and Rowley are gonna fight.
- Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!
- Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!
- Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!
- Fight! Fight! Fight! Fight!

**PATTY:**
with you guys? Start punching!
- You start.
- You start it.
No, you!
Quit copying me!
This has got to be the worst fight ever!
Do something!
(ALL EXCLAIM)
Well, well, well. Look who we have here.
You're so freaking dead.
All you guys better scram
or I'm gonna kick your butts, too!
(ALL SCREAMING)
Not you two.
You guys have no idea
what I'm gonna do to you.
Oh, um...
What are we gonna do?
- I don't know.
- We need to move this along.
My shift at Cinnabon starts in half an hour.
I know what we're gonna do.
Give me the wide one.
That's you, let's go.
Pick it up.
- But...
- Pick it up.
Now eat it.
No!
Eat it or I'll shove the entire thing
down your throat.
(GAGGING)

**GREG:**
exactly what happened
because if Rowley ever tries
to run for President
and someone finds out
what these guys made him do,
he won't have a chance.

PETE:
But I'm allergic to dairy!
I'll die, and then you'll go to jail! And...

MALONE:
- What are you doing on school property?

- WADE:

CARTER:
Pete Hosey, is that you?
You boys okay? Yeah? All right.
Out of my way! Out of my way!
Oh, my God. Rowley Jefferson ate...
I ate the cheese!
Yeah. I ate it.
And you know what, people?
I just did you all a huge favor.
I ate the cheese to show you all
how stupid this whole school is.
The wrong friends.
The wrong lunch table.
The wrong butt?
It's all meaningless.
Just like this cheese.
I know it. You all know it.
So come on.
Everyone else who's sick of it,
step forward and join me!
Cheese Touch!
Greg Heffley has the Cheese Touch!

- ALL:

- BO Y:
Not bad, Heffley. Not bad at all.
So you want to come over
after school and play?
Yeah.
Okay.

(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

PATTY:
Have a great summer.
Here's your yearbook.
Have a great summer.
Thanks!
Here's your yearbook.
Have a great summer.
Thanks, Patty.
Here's your yearbook.
You're not in it that much.
Maybe try to get out there
a little next year.
You know what, Patty?
One day middle school will end
and become high school.
And after that, it just becomes life.
And all those things you think
are important now won't be anymore.
(SCOFFS) You wish.
(EXCLAIMING) As if!
Handing it to you is like touching you
and I am way too smart
to touch somebody who ate the cheese.
Rowley! Have a great summer!
Stay cool.
Yep, you're way too smart for me,
Patty Farrell.
(SCOFFS)
(LAUGHING)
So the year turned out pretty good.
My goal was to be a class favorite,
and I made it.
Even if it wasn't exactly
the way I planned it.
Zoo-wee Mama!
(WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM MEPLAYING)
Hey! Oh!
I don't wanna waste my time again
By getting wasted with so-called friends
'Cause they don't know me
But they pretend
to be part of my social scenery
Hey, maybe I'm a critic, a cynic
Or am I jaded or am I afraid of it?
'Cause It's dragging me down
It's buming me out
It's making my head spin round and round
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right, what do you want from me?
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right, what do you want from me?
I get the feeling we're on to something
I say jump and you start jumping
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right, what do you want from me?
Just another day in the life of me
Maybe I'm a critic, a cynic
Or am I crazy? Do they all hate me?
'Cause they pick me up
and throw me down
It's making my head spin round and round
(EXCLAIMS)
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right, what do you want from me?
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right, what do you want from me?
I get the feeling, we're on to something
I say jump and you start jumping
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right,
now what do you want from me?
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right, what do you want from me?
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right, what do you want from me?
I get the feeling, we're on to something
I say jump and you start jumping
Can you say, "Hey?"
Can you say, "Oh?"
That's right, what do you want from me?

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