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# Diary of a Wimpy Kid: Dog Days

By Maya Forbes

Want to grab that?  
I can't believe it's so crowded.  
School isn't even out yet.  
Maybe we should come back.  
How about never?  
That sound good?  
A family swim  
is a great way to kick off the summer.  
Let's not forget, opening day is free!  
I hate going in there.  
Remember,  
move fast and keep your eyes down.  
Sorry. Excuse me.  
Greg!  
I'm going to see if I can get a good spot.  
Watch Manny.  
What? But...  
Manny?  
Manny, no!  
Washing my hands.  
No, no, no.  
But I'm so close to getting...  
Summertime is for real games,  
not video games. Healthy stuff.  
Like, let's see...  
Swimming?  
Time to sell some C.D.'s.  
Are you kidding?  
Rodrick,  
you can't play your music that loud.  
Lenwood?  
Is that Lenwood Heath?  
Mr. Heffley, it's good to see you.  
Mrs. Heffley.  
Hi.  
So... you've changed.  
I've been going to Spag Union Prep School.  
They really turned me around.  
You may remember  
I was a bit of a troublemaker.  
Nah.  
You're cleaning all this up!  
You hear me?  
So, Spag Union,

what grade does that start?  
Eighth grade, sir.  
You're going into the eighth grade.  
Cannonball!  
It's good to see you, sir. Ma'am.  
He called me "sir".  
He used to be so cool. Like me.  
Lded Diper.  
Bubby, over here!  
Greg, honey, go help your brother.  
What's so funny?  
I'm peeing!  
I have one more week of school,  
then it's summer vacation.  
Which sounds great, but for me,  
summer vacation is basically  
a three-month guilt trip.  
Just because the weather's nice,  
everyone expects you  
to be out all day frolicking.  
But the truth is, I've always been  
more of an indoor person.  
To me, the perfect way to spend  
summer vacation  
is in front of the TV playing video games.  
Unfortunately, my dad's idea of a perfect  
summer is the opposite of mine.  
The real problem is, me and my dad  
have nothing in common.  
But as long as I stay  
one step ahead of him...  
I think I have a shot at a fun summer.  
Last day of school!  
I know. It's kind of sad.  
Sad? Are you crazy?  
I'm going to play video games all summer.  
It's going to be awesome.  
There's one person I will miss.  
Hey, guys!  
Hi, Holly!  
You'll see her when school starts again.  
In three months?  
A lot can happen in three months.  
Hey, Holly. How was your summer?

Great! I got married.  
You know my husband... Chirag.  
Hello, Gregory.  
Last period of the school year!  
But it is still a school day, so...  
open Discovering History to chapter 7.  
It's the last day of school.  
Like anyone brought their books.  
Classic Greg Heffley.  
I pity him.  
Of course you're not prepared.  
Mr. Draybick, I'd be honored  
to share my book with Greg Heffley.  
Fregley claims to wear a special cologne,  
but everyone knows he just never washes.  
That's great!  
Rowley.  
I need to make a connection  
with Holly this summer.  
I'm tired of being...  
"friends".  
What's wrong with being "friends"?  
We're friends.  
I'll get her to sign my yearbook.  
She signs lots of yearbooks.  
But when she signs mine, I'll ask her  
to write her phone number, too.  
Okay!  
The rest of the class is free time.  
Enjoy.  
Hey, Holly.  
What are you doing this summer?  
Just regular summer stuff.  
Volunteering at the shelter,  
building with Habitat for Humanity...  
and giving tennis  
lessons to little kids.  
What about you?  
He's going to get to the end  
of Twisted Wizard 2 this summer!  
If I have time  
because of all the other stuff I'm doing.  
Hey, can I sign your yearbook?  
Yeah, sure.

You're only in seventh grade once.  
That's not always true, by the way.  
I think Andy Spitz  
has been in seventh grade for four years.  
And... why don't you write down  
your phone number, too?  
Okay.  
Let's go!  
Bye!  
No!  
Gregory!  
Help me! Help me!  
Would you sign my yearbook?  
Of course!  
Holly, you didn't finish writing...  
Isn't that your brother?  
Lded Diper's coming to rock  
a town near you!  
You're getting your yearbooks signed?  
That is so cute.  
What the heck?  
Honey, Greg was sick on picture day.  
Did you send in a photo of him  
for the yearbook?  
Yeah! I remembered!  
That's Heather Hills.  
Get in.  
But I need to finish  
signing Greg's yearbook.  
News flash. I don't care.  
Sorry.  
But you didn't...  
So... Heather.  
I'm going on a world tour with my band.  
If you're around,  
I could comp you chicks some tickets.  
- Let's go.  
- Wait! Holly!  
She was trying to act cool,  
but I know she was into me.  
"Rowley, you are so cute."  
Cute's underlined three times!  
"Stay cool. XOXO, Holly."  
What did she write in yours?

"Have a great summer.  
You're such a good... friend."  
"Friend"?  
Oh, man!  
That's the kiss of death. "Friend".  
That sucks!  
Despite Rodrick's negative attitude,  
I have very clear goals for the summer.  
One, play video games.  
Two, get together with Holly.  
Or three, both at the same time.  
Greg, you're an amazing gamer.  
I know.  
Our neighbors, the Warrens, have kids  
that are the outdoorsy type.  
That's okay, but...  
my dad has this crazy idea  
that physical exercise is normal.  
Those guys are setting a bad example.  
My dad has his eye on me,  
so the key to a successful summer...  
will be to stay one move ahead.  
Those Warren boys  
are already up, raring to go.  
Our boys probably  
won't even get up till noon.  
I'm sorry. Did you say something?  
What are you doing up?  
It's the first day of vacation.  
Did you think I'd just lie around all day?  
Actually, that's exactly what I thought.  
I can't find Manny's Tingy.  
You know, it's probably time...  
for him to move on  
from that ratty old blanket anyway.  
Manny was given Tingy  
right after he was born.  
Back then, Tingy was a fluffy blue blanket.  
But now, it's a couple of pieces of yarn  
held together with raisins and boogers.  
You don't think he cares anymore?  
I'm sure it'll turn up.  
What?  
Look at this garbage.

My dad and I don't agree on anything,  
except for...  
the comic Li'l Cutie. We both hate it.  
But we can't stop reading it!  
You're my BFF... Best Father Forever!  
- It's not even a joke!  
- I know.  
Can we please focus?  
We need to find Manny's Tingy.  
I'm going to be late for work.  
See you!  
Vacation is on!  
Greg.  
Are you really going to sit inside  
all day and play video games?  
Hey, Dad.  
Are you... sweating?  
Yeah, I just finished up  
some sports... playing.  
How was your day?  
Horrible! Manny still hasn't recovered  
from losing Tingy.  
Well, maybe it's for the best.  
I think he should really move on.  
Tingy!  
Tingy! Oh, my gosh, honey,  
you found your blanket!  
This is great, but how  
did it end up in the...  
- Garbage?  
- Frank?  
Yeah?  
You didn't.  
I didn't...  
know...  
that it meant that much to him anymore.  
How could you?  
- Good morning.  
- Morning!  
Congratulations, player,  
all your hard work has paid off.  
You're now a Level Nine Necromancer!  
You played video games all day.  
Me?

No. I've been playing sports.  
That's it! No more video games  
for the rest of the summer!  
You can't do that!  
Oh, yeah, I can! I will! I am!  
I'm unplugging it!  
Does the DVD or the cable box go into...  
Does the DVD player go into the cable...  
You think this is funny?  
It's amusing.  
Well, then how about no video games and...  
no television for the rest of the summer?  
Does that make you laugh?  
Dad, no!  
I stopped laughing!  
Guess who's the laugher now?  
Me! I'm the laugher!  
I'm the laughingest laugher  
that ever laughed!  
Funny stuff!  
I'm going to work on my battle diorama.  
Frank!  
What are you doing? First Tingy,  
and now Greg's video games?  
General Lee isn't going to paint himself.  
This is important.  
You can't take away everything  
they love and disappear downstairs.  
You need to get to Greg's level  
and really engage with him.  
Find an activity you both enjoy.  
What are we going to do,  
play Twisted Warlock all day?  
I hate to say it, but we have absolutely  
nothing in common.  
What Greg needs is a role model.  
Someone he can look up to.  
Sit down and talk with him.  
I do, but he doesn't listen to me.  
Trust me, hanging out together  
is no fun for either of us.  
You always complain that your father  
never spent enough time with you  
when you were young.



Now you're doing the same thing.  
Be the father you wish  
your father had been.  
You're right.  
I should put in more time.  
That didn't sound good.  
Rise and shine!  
It's Saturday!  
We get to spend the whole day together!  
You know...  
it takes a while to get here  
and it's an effort to get the boat out...  
but this is what it's all about.  
You and me,  
spending quality time together.  
Okay, buddy, hand me some bait.  
Well...  
we should think about getting back.  
As bad as this was...  
Mom's idea of a good summer activity  
was even worse.  
I'm so glad...  
you all decided to become founding  
members of the Reading Is Fun Club!  
So...  
let's share the books you brought.  
I'm not so sure these  
qualify as literature.  
How about I get some real books?  
Classics.  
Something to stimulate your minds.  
I'll be right back!  
Thank you so much, Gregory,  
for making the summer a time...  
to study and write book reports.  
You think I want to do this?  
My summer's turned into a nightmare.  
You should come with me  
to the country club!  
It's really fun  
and you get to be outside all day.  
Ta-da!  
Let's get this party started!  
What do I do? I want to call Holly,

but the number's no good.  
Only the last two numbers are missing.  
That means there's only  
I've got it!  
I'll call every number  
it could be until I get the right one.  
Hello? Freggers speaking.  
Hello? Pickup or delivery?  
This is Brad.  
This is the coach.  
Coach Malone?  
Who is this?  
Don't tell him, Greg.  
Greg? Greg who?  
Okay, listen up, "Greg".  
I don't know who you are...  
but if you call again,  
I'll reach through the phone...  
So far, this is shaping up  
to be the worst summer ever.  
Come on!  
We'll be late for the Battle of Phillipi!  
Dad's really into Civil War reenactments,  
which are basically...  
a bunch of grown men dressed  
as soldiers running around in muddy fields.  
I didn't get to carry a gun.  
I had the honor of being bugle boy.  
We re-enactors pride ourselves  
on being completely authentic.  
Ronnie...  
carved his own buttons  
out of black rubber.  
And Artie... his underwear,  
made out of horsehair.  
What are you doing?  
It's spring, 1861!  
We're trying to outflank Porterfield's  
armies! There's no video games! Come on!  
Okay, okay.  
All right. Now, the deciding factor...  
the reason we win this battle...  
is we hold the element of surprise.  
No, we need the element of surprise!

- That kid ruined everything!  
- Let's get him!  
Where are you going?  
It's a reenactment! We won!  
Hey, Greg.  
I can't make it to the book club.  
My mom's taking me to the country club.  
She said I could invite you.  
No, thanks.  
Let's crack open Little Women  
and see what's up with the girls.  
I'll be right over!  
We're going to have so much fun!  
If you say so.  
Up!  
Up! Up!  
Up! Come on!  
Davey, you call that a push-up?  
- Hello, Mrs. Jefferson.  
- Hi, Amy.  
Crowded today?  
The nice weather really brought people out.  
Amy wasn't kidding!  
It is crowded today.  
This is crowded?  
Care for a smoothie?  
- They bring stuff to you?  
- Yes, they do.  
Sorry!  
I guess I do like being outside...  
when I'm outside at a country club.  
- It's Holly Hills!  
- She's always here.  
She's a member.  
And you didn't think maybe  
you should tell me that?  
Now it's step... swing... catch it up high.  
Bye! And remember,  
work on your forehand.  
- Hey, Holly.  
- Hey, guys!  
I thought you were going to call me.  
I was going to,  
but... then I realized I'd see you here.

So, what are you up to?  
I'm helping the tennis coach.  
I give lessons to little kids.  
That's so weird. We're all about tennis!  
Cool! We should play sometime.  
Actually, I've never played...  
We'd love to play!  
What about tomorrow at eleven?  
Eleven's perfect.  
- See you tomorrow!  
- Tomorrow it is!  
And that's how you improve your summer.  
No, no.  
More. More. Oh, come on, Manny!  
Hi, Mom.  
Somebody looks like they actually had fun.  
Hello!  
Hello.  
- Just the guy I'm looking for.  
- Me?  
My office is offering a summer internship.  
And I signed you up for it!  
- What's an internship?  
- Well...  
You'll come to my office every day...  
but you'll have your own responsibilities.  
It's like a job.  
- Do I get paid?  
- No.  
You got me a non-paying job?  
You can be work buddies!  
How long till we go home?  
We got here eight minutes ago!  
It sounds really great, but...  
This is awkward.  
It's just that... I already got a job.  
What? You got a job?  
Yeah!  
Rowley invited me to the country club...  
and I saw a "Help Wanted" sign.  
I went to the manager and he hired me.  
He said he liked my pluck.  
Wait.  
You actually got a job?

Yeah. But I can call and tell him  
I can't if you want me...  
No, no! That's fantastic!  
Can you believe it, Susan?  
- Our son got himself a job!  
- I know.  
Somebody around here  
actually did something.  
It's great!  
I think we should tell her  
we've never played tennis.  
We played Ultimate Tennis  
on the Wii, it's the same thing.  
Hi, guys.  
Hi, Holly!  
Jinx!  
Oh, no. What is she doing here?  
- Should we start with a rally?  
- What's that?  
Oh, Rowley. Can you ever be serious?  
They'll let anyone in this place.  
That must be why you're here.  
Let's play doubles.  
Patty and me versus you two.  
Okay.  
I'm gonna kill you!  
Sorry.  
Fifteen, love.  
What'd she call me?  
Yes!  
I mean, oops.  
Thirty, love.  
Whatever you say... love!  
What?  
He's a weirdo.  
I got it! I got it!  
Have either of you  
actually played tennis before?  
Yeah... Ultimate Tennis on the Wii.  
It's not exactly the same thing.  
I could give you a few pointers.  
You have to follow through. Like this.  
- We have to go. It's an emergency.  
- A mega-emergency.

The printer messed up the invitations  
for my Sweet Sixteen.  
What does that have to do with me?  
People have expectations.  
Everything has to be perfect!  
You'll never understand  
what it's like to be pretty.  
Can you drive me home later?  
Come back for you? No.  
It's like ten minutes away!  
Now move it or lose it.  
I know, right?  
I'll see you guys later!  
Bye!  
Not bad for the first day of my fake job.  
Plus, now Dad and I  
are both "working men"...  
we get along great.  
Happy Fourth of July!  
"Li'l Cutie cartoonist  
to retire in three months"!  
We won't have to read  
that garbage anymore!  
Good riddance!  
Every Fourth of July,  
our neighbors, the Warrens,  
throw a big party for the whole block.  
Mom and Dad make us all go.  
Which is bad...  
because I've been avoiding  
Rodrick's built-in lie detector.  
Hey, worker bee.  
You know, you having a job  
doesn't pass the smell test.  
Yes, it does. It totally does!  
- Here, sweetie.  
- Thanks.  
With my boys, it's go, go, go!  
I have to wrestle them in every night.  
Same with my boys.  
They're in my Wilderness Explorers  
troop now. They love it!  
I loved being in the Wilderness Explorers.  
- You did?

- Yeah. Loved it.  
That one camping trip we took as kids,  
you cried the whole time.  
Well, I broke my arm in two places.  
Cried the whole time.  
Yeah, I...  
It hurt.  
You know what?  
You should join the Wilderness Explorers.  
I'm more of an indoor person.  
Exactly. When's the next meeting?  
The waiting list for our troop  
is a mile long.  
Everybody wants to join  
the best of the best.  
Is that your dog? We grew up with a dog.  
Nutty. Frank named him.  
You can never be too young  
to learn responsibility.  
You should get your boys a dog.  
Yeah. That's a great idea.  
I think I'll speak to Dad  
about my suspicions.  
Do whatever you want.  
I will.  
Okay! Okay!  
I don't really have a job.  
Holly Hills is a member,  
if I'm at the country club,  
I can hang out with her.  
I knew it.  
So is Heather Hills there, too?  
- Heather who?  
- I want in.  
I can't get you in there.  
I go as Rowley's guest.  
I'll go as your guest.  
I can't bring the guest. I am the guest.  
There's no guest for the guest.  
Things are getting complicated.  
But at least something good  
came out of the barbecue.  
Introducing...  
the new member of the Heffley family!

Oh, Frank.

I wish you'd checked with me first.

I think this is more of a family decision.

- Who's a good puppy?

- We can call him Shredder!

- No.

- Ripjaw?

We can call him Sweetie.

Sweetie!

Sweetie, that's a great name!

Yeah. Yeah.

Dad was willing to go

with any name Mom wanted

if it meant

he didn't have to take the dog back.

Sweetie!

Sweetie.

Sweetie! Sweetie!

I always thought I wanted a dog, but...

I'm having second thoughts.

All right, ready? Sit. Sit!

Good! Hey, did you see that?

Okay, now shake.

Shake. Shake.

Here you go.

"Sweaty"?

I'm pretty sure it spells Sweetie, Dad.

I love you.

With Sweetie around, I'd hoped

Dad would forget about

joining the Wilderness Explorers.

But Dad connected

with his old troop master.

As your father knows...

we take our scouting

very seriously in Troop 133.

It's true.

Only the very best

get to be part of this troop.

It's so great to be back here,

Troop Master Barrett!

Now, you boys get yourselves a uniform,

and the first thing you'll do...

is clean out



that musty old storage locker.  
Oh, really? Okay.  
Dad got more than he bargained for.  
But he couldn't wiggle out of it,  
that would set a bad example.  
Whittling is the kind of skill  
you'll need...  
for our upcoming wilderness weekend.  
I'm getting splinters.  
This is impossible.  
I have finished, Troop Master Barrett!  
It seems the only break I'll get this  
summer is at the country club.  
That is, as long as Rodrick  
doesn't ruin things.  
Don't forget about me.  
Go around the back!  
Marco!  
Polo!  
Marco!  
Polo!  
Rodrick?  
Rodrick!  
Hello, guvnor!  
Top of the crumpet to you!  
Where's the nearest loo, mate?  
Mustered up a wee little tinkle!  
I don't want to sound like a snob,  
but I'm not sure Rodrick  
is country club material.  
Marco!  
Polo!  
You can hold your breath  
a really long time!  
Would you like another smoothie?  
No, thanks. Polo!  
I'd like to order a few things.  
He's not serious.  
I'm very serious. Two orders of fries,  
vanilla shake extra thick...  
and anything with bacon on it.  
Fish out of water!  
Finally! I thought I'd never find you!  
What's Rodrick doing here?

I got invited! You got a problem?  
No! No problem!  
Mom is going to kill you!  
When did you get a tattoo?  
There's a lot you don't know about me,  
Greggy.  
Having Rodrick at the country club  
really made me nervous.  
I told him to keep a low profile. I didn't  
want to get fired from my fake job.  
But, of course, he didn't listen.  
It's Heather Hills time.  
Don't go over there.  
I'm not. She's coming to me.  
Rodrick did have a plan.  
Unfortunately, he came up with it himself.  
I guess he saw Heather's lifeguard outfit  
and figured she'd be into...  
saving people and stuff.  
Cramp!  
Excuse me.  
What time does the snack bar close?  
What am I, a guidebook?  
Come back when you're drowning.  
Cramp!  
There's no need to be mean.  
Help! Hey, look, I'm drowning! Hey!  
Listen, shrimp, the reason I'm here  
in this ridiculous outfit  
is to get credit for my  
college application.  
I can't...  
I'm drowning!  
So bounce.  
Cramp! Help! Help!  
- What the...  
- I got you!  
Who are you?  
- I don't even know you!  
- You're okay.  
What is happening?  
Guess what?  
We're going to the shore this weekend  
and my mom said I could invite you!

The boardwalk's awesome.  
Go on the Cranium Shaker.  
You haven't lived till you've done that.  
You should come!  
I think most people would agree  
I'm a pretty likeable kid...  
but for some reason, I've never clicked  
with Mr. Jefferson.  
Greg. Honey.  
Your father and I  
have something to give you.  
You've showed us you're  
responsible enough to have one.  
Your own cell phone.  
Are you serious? My own cell phone?  
It doesn't have a keypad.  
It's a starter phone.  
You can call home or 911.  
We didn't want to overwhelm you.  
Thanks.  
Have a good time!  
See you.  
- We're going to the boardwalk!  
- I can't wait to ride the Cranium Shaker!  
The Cranium Shaker?  
You're too funny, Greg.  
Who wants to sing?  
Me!  
Five thousand bottles of milk on the wall  
Five thousand bottles of milk  
Take one down, pass it around  
Four thousand nine hundred ninety-nine  
Bottles of milk on the wall  
Sixteen bottles of milk on the wall  
Sixteen bottles of milk  
Take one down, pass it around  
Fifteen bottles of milk on the wall  
We're so far from the boardwalk.  
Oh, yeah! It's much quieter up here!  
Why don't we play "I love you because"?  
I'll start.  
I love you because...  
you're silly and you make me laugh.  
My turn.

I love you because...  
you help me keep my body clean!  
Your turn, Greg.  
Land on me, land on me!  
I love you because...  
your mustache is... really...  
because...  
How do you even win this game?  
It's awfully crowded here.  
It's quieter at the amusement park.  
Who wants ice cream?  
- Strawberry!  
- Vanilla for me.  
Rocky Road! Thanks.  
We like to share, it's more fun that way.  
Would you like some?  
Oh, no, thanks.  
I just remembered I'm lactose intolerant.  
Meet us back here in exactly one hour.  
And no scary rides for you boys.  
Got it.  
Cranium Shaker, here we come.  
But my mom said...  
We'll come back later  
when the line goes down.  
There's no line!  
I did promise my mom  
we wouldn't go on any scary rides.  
But Rodrick says you haven't lived till  
you've been on the Cranium Shaker.  
- Have you been on this ride?  
- It's way scary.  
Did you hear what happened last summer?  
My brother knows a guy  
whose second cousin's half-brother  
went on this ride and got decapitated.  
- No way!  
- Way.  
It's true. I was working the ride that day.  
The car came down  
and his head... wasn't in it.  
When you guys get to the top...  
be sure not to rock the car  
back and forth.

That's how...  
He said not to rock the car!  
Or our heads will be torn off!  
Greg, in case we don't make it,  
there's something I have to tell you.  
One time, I went to the bathroom  
and I didn't wash my hands.  
One time, I used your toothbrush  
to get dog poop off my shoe.  
Wait. What?  
Slow it down, slow it down, slow it down!  
Greg!  
Rowley!  
Greg, Greg!  
Please!  
Greg! Greg!  
You were supposed to meet us  
an hour ago.  
We were searching everywhere.  
We were about to call the police.  
We're very disappointed in you, Rowley.  
Very disappointed.  
They let us off easy!  
Why are you upset?  
They didn't even yell at us.  
They almost yelled.  
That was nothing. My parents would  
have screamed their heads off.  
They're disappointed in me.  
Big deal. Better than getting punished.  
Maybe for you. You're used to it.  
I can't wait to hit the hay.  
Hey, where are you going to sleep?  
I guess we're bunkmates!  
Hope you don't snore.  
I can't take this anymore.  
"Help. Get me out of here."  
"These people are driving me crazy."  
Send, send, send!  
Good morning, sleepyheads!  
I have nine hundred and forty-nine e-mails?  
I need to go to the bathroom.  
I have to get out of here!  
Your call cannot be completed as dialed.

Please check the number and dial again.  
What a piece of junk!  
What is the nature of your emergency?  
Hello? Are you hurt?  
Do you have anything to tell us, Greg?  
I don't think so.  
Anything about,  
"These people are driving me crazy"?  
- Yes, Officers?  
- He has a knife!  
Do not resist!  
Give me your hand!  
I tried to explain to Rowley's dad  
that I didn't mean to call 911...  
but he really wasn't interested  
in what I had to say.  
You're always getting into trouble  
with that Rowley kid.  
I'm starting to think he's a bad influence.  
Hey, Rowley. How's it going?  
Okay, I guess.  
So, are we still on for the country club?  
Actually... I'm not going  
to the country club today.  
Why not?  
What? Coming, Mom! Got to go!  
Ready to get my country club on!  
Rowley isn't going  
and I can't get in without him.  
Okay. Well, you snuck me in.  
So instead,  
sneak yourself in and then sneak me in.  
How? I need Rowley  
to get me past the front desk.  
Greg! If you don't go to "work"...  
"Dad" will know you don't have a job.  
No problem, right?  
Remember, you're a Jefferson.  
And don't forget to take out the trash.  
Hey.  
Aren't you going to say hello?  
Yes.  
How rude of me. Hello.  
Hey, Rowley!

- Hey, Greg.  
- Cool.  
I didn't expect to see you here.  
Yeah! Well, my plans changed.  
I changed my... change. I mean...  
Maybe I'll catch up with you later?  
I don't believe it!  
You lied. You never lie!  
My parents don't want me  
to invite you anymore.  
I thought if I lied,  
I wouldn't hurt your feelings.  
That was impressive.  
That's pretty high.  
Are you talking to yourself?  
No. Of course not!  
You were. You're talking to yourself  
because you're scared.  
I'm not scared. That's crazy!  
You don't understand  
because you're just a little kid.  
Then go.  
Holly! Where's your sunblock?  
I'm sorry. I don't understand.  
You see, I'm just a little kid.  
Hi, Greg!  
Hey, Holly!  
Oh, my gosh, it is so hot out.  
It's nice to cool off in here.  
Yeah, great.  
I was going to get ice cream.  
Want to join me?  
That'd be awesome!  
I mean, no.  
Another time, maybe.  
You sure? It's really good here.  
Yeah. I'm trying to lose a couple pounds.  
Thanks anyways.  
Okay.  
I am not the kind of person  
who likes skinny dipping...  
but I had no choice but to splash around  
all day, avoiding people.  
Attention, everybody, the club will be

closing in 10 minutes,  
so everyone out of the pool.

Rowley!

Wait! I need help!

How can I help you, sir?

Could you pass me those?

These?

Oh, my gosh!

You loser!

I'm pretty sure that was the first and  
last time I'll ever go on the high dive.

Unfortunately, with all the excitement,  
I forgot about Rodrick.

Rodrick?

Rodrick!

Why are you hugging me when Mom  
isn't here to see it? Get off me!

Where have you been?

Things might be getting harder  
at the country club,

but my fake job

made things much easier with Dad.

Oh, brother.

Daddy, can you make  
my hiccups hic down?

I have to pick up Manny from his play date.

We'll have dinner when I get back.

Dad?

Oh, no.

I'm already in enough trouble.

If that dog does anything to Tingy...

Slow.

Go.

Good Sweetie.

Who's a good boy?

Who's going to give Tingy to Daddy?

You are.

You are!

Come on, come on!

Go that way, go that way!

I have an idea.

Here, Sweetie.

Good idea. Good thinking!

- Oh, good.



- Come on, Sweetie.  
Good, good, good, good.  
I got it!  
Don't let him have that.  
Sweetie!  
Don't let him have that! Don't eat that!  
Is that... dog spit?  
How could there be so much?  
- Susan!  
- Mom!  
You go clean the house.  
I'll clean the roast! Go!  
You boys barely touched your pot roast.  
Are you kidding? I'm stuffed.  
I filled up on vegetables.  
More for us, then.  
I don't know what you did different...  
but this pot roast is unbelievable.  
Chef's secret.  
Great.  
And juicier!  
And you are?  
I'm Roland Gropper.  
Have a nice day, Roland.  
Okay, you told one lie.  
I can accept that.  
But this is getting out of control.  
I think you have a lying problem.  
I didn't lie about coming to the club today!  
We didn't even talk today.  
And how do you keep getting in here  
without me?  
Wait. You're not a member?  
Anyone want a smoothie?  
I don't care whether you're a member...  
but why sneak in?  
I wanted to hang out with you.  
I gave you my phone number.  
Why not just call me?  
I tried, but I only had half the number,  
and...  
I'm freaking out!  
The D.J. For my Sweet Sixteen canceled...  
so he can fly to Africa

to help build a hospital. What a jerk!  
Now what do I do for music? Whistle?  
What about live music?  
Do you know the band Lded Diper?  
That's a gross name.  
Live music would be really cool!  
You'd be the first at our school  
to have a real band.  
That's true.  
They're just coming off a world tour  
and are in town.  
I could get them to come as a favor for me.  
What kind of music do they play?  
Anything! They can play anything.  
Where were you?  
Rodrick, you are going to owe me  
the rest of your life.  
I got Lded Diper a gig...  
playing at Heather Hills' Sweet Sixteen.  
Really?  
Lded Diper activate.  
- You have her favorite song.  
- Song, check.  
- She wants you in tuxes.  
- Tuxes, check.  
You're ignoring  
everything I'm saying, aren't you?  
Ignoring you, check.  
Don't worry, little bro. It's going to be  
a good show. The best.  
Rowley! What are you doing next week?  
Lded Diper needs roadies!  
How can you stand to be near me  
when I lied?  
- What?  
- I'm a liar.  
You can never trust me again.  
The sacred bond of our friendship  
is broken.  
Rowley, I get it.  
You didn't want to hurt my feelings.  
And I didn't mean to get you  
in trouble with the Cranium Shaker.  
That's all right.

It was actually pretty fun.  
Now we can say we've really lived.  
So what about the gig?  
I've always wanted to be a roadie!  
Rise and shine, buddy!  
Don't want to be late for work.  
I'll drop you off at the way to the office,  
okay?  
Now Holly knows I'm not a member,  
there's no reason  
to sneak into the country club.  
But if my dad finds out I don't really have  
a job, my life won't be worth living.  
Thanks, Dad.  
I'm even considering telling him  
I got downsized.  
But I don't think he'll like it.  
The thing is, I'm using...  
so many identities,  
I'm having trouble keeping track of them.  
This bill is five times the normal amount.  
I'm sorry, Mr. Jefferson,  
but your son has been ordering  
a lot of smoothies this month.  
There he is now.  
That is not my son.  
Of course. That's Roland Gropper.  
Good morning, Arthur!  
Hey, Rowley!  
Rowley! My man! What's up?  
Hey! You forgot your sunblock.  
Frank Heffley.  
Your son racked up a lot of charges  
on my account.  
What? He works here. Tell him.  
There must be some mistake.  
We don't employ minors.  
Do you not work here?  
Maybe not.  
\$260 worth of smoothies?  
What were you thinking?  
I didn't know you get charged  
for what you order.  
I'll pay.

Very good, sir.  
Aren't you going to yell at me?  
Aren't you mad?  
No.  
I'm just disappointed.  
We've got some serious trouble.  
Not you. Me.  
Yeah, mostly you.  
Look what I found in the mail.  
Welcome, prospective parents,  
to Spag Union Preparatory School.  
Through these gates is a world in which  
your boy will learn to thrive.  
Here we will impress upon him  
our three cornerstones to success:  
Intensive study, physical exercise,  
and, of course, discipline.  
I used to play video games.  
I was playing all the time...  
sometimes two hours a day.  
I'd lie to my parents  
and tell them I was studying when...  
really, I'd sneak to the mall  
to hang out with my friends.  
My parents sent me to Spag Union.  
I don't waste my time  
with video games anymore.  
Spag Union taught me there's more  
adventure to be found in a good book.  
I don't lie about where I am anymore.  
Thanks to Spag Union  
and the tracking device around my ankle,  
my parents know...  
where I am 24/7.  
Spag Union, turning irresponsible  
little boys into men since 1925.  
Spag Union!  
They're going to send you there.  
I really messed up.  
What do I do?  
Wilderness weekend!  
You have 48 hours to prove to Dad  
you don't need Spag Union.  
How?

By being the all-time best  
Wilderness Explorer there ever was.  
You can't go to Spag Union!  
I don't want to go to school without you!  
It's not really my choice.  
You got it? Is it solid?  
Yes, sir!  
"Sir"?  
What are you doing?  
This is where my troops set up!  
Come on, Stan.  
There's plenty of good sites.  
Give me a break. You don't know  
the first thing about camping.  
You know the rules, Stan. Whoever gets  
here first gets the pick of the campsites.  
The best way to lay claim to a camp  
is to put tents on it.  
Explorers! Install camp!  
Hey, wait. Wait!  
Here, come on, come on, come on!  
Hold it up!  
- Put it on!  
- I'm trying!  
Not here, over there!  
Move! Get the front!  
Sorry, Frank.  
Doesn't look like there's any room...  
for troops here,  
but there's still plenty of good sites.  
Yeah, it's mighty convenient  
being so close to the bathrooms.  
You all know the story  
of the muddy hand, don't you?  
It was a dark and stormy night,  
like this one.  
It is not stormy.  
In these very woods,  
an old woodsman, a kindly soul...  
was chopping wood in the rain for  
a group of Wilderness Explorers.  
- So what happened?  
- Nothing.  
If you consider the old woodsman

chopping off his own hand was nothing!  
- Didn't the Wilderness Explorers help him?  
- No.  
They got scared and ran away.  
Why would they do that?  
Back at camp, the boys got to talking.  
They decided that they should have  
helped the old woodsman  
because he was helping them.  
But when they got back to his cottage,  
his body was gone!  
Gone?  
All that was left...  
was his hand!  
I don't like this story.  
Not one of those boys was ever seen again.  
The only clue to what happened was  
a muddy handprint on the side of the tent.  
They say the muddy hand  
is still out there...  
looking for more Wilderness Explorers...  
and...  
revenge!  
I don't buy it.  
How can a hand move by itself?  
I remember "The Muddy Hand"  
from when I was a boy.  
You can't beat the classics.  
Okay! Bedtime, everyone.  
Muddy hand!  
Why'd you do that?  
- Do what?  
- Hit me in the hand with a mallet!  
- Me?  
- Yeah, you, with the mallet in your hand!  
I can't stop making you mad at me.  
If you...  
Why am I mad?  
Because I keep messing up.  
Look, everybody messes up. Even me.  
But I'm not afraid to admit it when I do.  
Just go to sleep.  
I hear at Spag Union, you have to call the  
teachers "sir", even the ladies!

Did you see their tents?  
They weren't even arranged in formation!  
What a bunch of losers.  
Come on, son.  
A troop is only as good as its leader.  
Any troop that would let Frank Heffley  
be Assistant Troop Master  
is bound to be weak.  
There are two types of people in the world.  
Predators...  
and prey.  
Frank Heffley is a wounded gazelle.  
I'll show them what Heffleys can do.  
Don't make things worse.  
You'll end up at Spag Union for sure.  
Only if we get caught. And I have a plan.  
This is campsite 42.  
This "X" is Stan Warren's tent.  
We wait till they're not looking and  
weave a web between these trees.  
Then we make the web super-sticky.  
Then we get some ants and put them  
in their sleeping bags.  
When they get into their bunks,  
the ants will drive them crazy!  
They'll come running out and get stuck in  
the web like flies. Revenge will be ours.  
What are you doing?  
I've been ensnared by my own handiwork.  
Here are the ants.  
I'll signal you if anything happens.  
Hoot-hoot! Hoot-hoot!  
Come on.  
A refrigerator? Ready-made meals?  
A TV?  
This isn't camping!  
Hoot-hoot! Hoot-hoot!  
Good-bye, Gregory. You will always  
be remembered for your bravery.  
Raccoons.  
Okay.  
Where are you?  
Hey, little guy!  
Daddy needs a new fur hat!

Come out, come out, wherever you are!  
Who's there? Show yourself!  
Someone from your troop  
violated our campsite.  
That was a thousand dollar tent!  
Okay, what happened?  
I did it.  
Greg, no!  
Dad.  
It was my idea.  
I can't let them take the fall for me.  
We didn't mean to burn up the tent.  
No, but...  
we did.  
Greg was only defending your honor!  
Mr. Warren disrespected you.  
He called you a wounded gazelle.  
Your boy should be expelled.  
He's a disgrace  
to every Wilderness Explorer...  
Shut up, Stan! Just shut up!  
Hey, what is that?  
A store-bought s'mores maker?  
A TV?  
Pre-tied knots?  
Stan, you're a phony!  
So much for the big camper.  
I'm going to report this  
to the Wilderness Committee.  
We'll see who looks ridiculous then?  
From what I hear,  
Mr. Warren was completely abandoned  
by his Wilderness Explorer troop.  
These days, he runs a badminton league  
for kindergarteners.  
Let's get out of here.  
I have a confession to make.  
I hate camping.  
I don't understand what's so great  
about sleeping in a bag.  
Like being in a bag isn't bad enough,  
you have to lie in the dirt, too!  
I know. It's crazy!  
Beds were invented for a reason.



Yeah. And roofs. And walls.  
And bathrooms.  
Pizza delivery places.  
Hey, look at me.  
I'm not sending you to Spag Union.  
You know what my grandpa used to say?  
"A man who never made a mistake..."  
"...never made anything."  
The trick is...  
to be responsible and learn  
from your mistakes.  
And you can do that.  
You're a really great kid, Greg.  
And I'm not just saying that because  
we're a lot alike.  
Comic strip fans all over the country are  
rejoicing at the news that the beloved...  
Li'l Cutie will continue.  
The son of cartoonist Bob Post  
is taking over for his father...  
and says he is looking forward to  
continuing Li'l Cutie's adventures  
for generations to come.  
- It can't be happening!  
- We'll never get rid of that garbage!  
Oh, golly.  
I have to say, I didn't expect the  
Wilderness weekend to work out so well.  
Now all I have to worry about is getting  
through Lded Diper's gig  
without looking like an idiot.  
You're on in 30 minutes.  
Relax! My brother was working on the  
pyrotechnics all day, it's gonna kick butt.  
Wait. What does your brother do?  
He's a demolition expert.  
Leave the rocking to us, okay?  
It's what we do.  
Now get to work, roadies.  
Is that supposed to be Heather?  
Weird.  
This is amazing!  
There's even a chocolate fountain!  
What are you doing?

You two are roadies.  
Which means you're employees.  
No chocolate fountain for employees.  
These guys are my friends.  
Holly.  
You've managed to take  
my Sweet Sixteen...  
and make it all about you.  
- So selfish!  
- So selfish!  
Listen, midgets, the only reason you're  
here is 'cause I was forced to invite you.  
So stay out of my eye-line! Comprende?  
She's into drama.  
She's like Rodrick in a dress!  
Is your brother's band all set up?  
I'm really looking forward  
to their performance.  
It was your grandmother's.  
So it's, like, used?  
Ben!  
I need to make a love connection with  
Heather. I want to sing lead vocals.  
But I don't know how to play drums.  
Dude, two words, fast and loud.  
Especially loud.  
Oh my signal, press that red button, okay?  
Shoo! Move, move!  
This song goes out  
to a very special little lady.  
Heather Hills...  
this one's for you.  
Why aren't they in tuxes?  
They were supposed to wear tuxes!  
It's her favorite song.  
I need to dazzle her.  
Crank it up Full Diper!  
Hit that button!  
No. No!  
I'm going to kill you!  
So, Heather... you're a pretty cool chick.  
Maybe I could call you next week  
and we could hang?  
Go for it.

I'm really sorry.  
Don't be. This is awesome!  
She wanted people to remember  
her Sweet Sixteen.  
People will definitely remember this.  
Okay, so...  
the summer didn't go exactly as planned,  
but in the end, it all worked out okay.  
Rowley and Holly came to the municipal  
pool as my guests.  
Hey! Who's hungry?  
All in all, this might go down  
as the best summer ever.  
As for my dad, we may not see eye to eye  
on everything...  
but we work as a team.  
Sweetie, not the roast again!  
- Drop it!  
- Bad dog!  
- Good dog!  
- Good Sweetie!