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The Freedom Force

By Unknown

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[BOY]

I know what you're thinking.
Some sort of science-fiction
movie, right?

That's me, Peter.

Now, listen up because
here's the strange part.

This is not fiction,
it's all real.

This is actually happening
to me and my new friends.

The tall guy there.

His name is Aristotle.

And of course, she's Nicole.

Oh, and that's profiterole
and his dog Houston.

[ALL SCREAMING]

Yeah, so maybe I am
screaming my head off.

After all, before today I'd much rather
just read about adventures
than find myself
smack in the middle of one.

You see, no ones
a bigger Sci-Fi fan than me.

But even I never imagined
I'd be going
into some of
my favorite stories of all time
on a secret mission called
"operation freedom force."

[THUNDERCLAP]

[EVIL LAUGHTER]

Master, things are
about to go very wrong
for that wretched writer
Jules Verne.

They'll never know.

Hmm.

I understand. Mm.

Yes, of course.

Here's to us
and all those who are left.

[CHUCKLES] Hmm.

[MANIACAL LAUGHTER]

[COUGHING]

Oh! Oh.

Ugh.

[MANIACAL LAUGHTER]

Ooh! Go away!

Bad moth.

[WOMAN]

When we got married, you promised me

I would be the new queen.

I meant it

as a term of endearment.

France has not had a queen

since Marie Antoinette.

This is starting

to give me a headache!

Imagine how Marie Antoinette

must have felt at the end.

Ugh!

Well, I guess you just

don't love me anymore

now that you're so busy

being the president.

Of course I do!

What if I put you in charge

of something really important?

I'm listening.

You'll run international literacy day.

We're honoring Jules Verne.

Frances most famous author.

Hmm. Will there be press?

Yes, a lot.

A film contract?

Uh, most likely, yes.

Paparazzi? Magazine covers?

I can see the headlines now.

"Jules Verne.

"The father of science fiction,

honored by Carol.

Frances very own

queen of reading."

So I will be queen.

Still think I don't love you.

Snookie Wookie?
Oh, Jacques.
My Tushie Whooshie.
Hey! Let's hold the event
at the Louvre
and get rid of that ugly glass
pyramid that's in front of it.
That could be a possibility.
We would have to
consult the, uh...
oh! You are magnificent,
my darling husband.
And that is why
I adore you. Mwah.
And with a little luck.
I will be on the cover
of all the magazines next week!
Ciao ciao, now.
Ugh! Where's my champagne?
With all of his most famous
stories mixed up.
Jules Verne will be disgraced.
[EVIL LAUGHTER]
Let's see if "five weeks
in a balloon" makes sense
without its main character.
[MANIACAL LAUGHTER]
Oh, no! Lions! Hurry up.
[GROWLS]
Get us higher.
[TOGETHER] Whoa!
[GASPS]
Dr. Ferguson! Dr. Ferguson...
not right now, Joe.
But doctor, this journey,
it is costing you
an arm and a leg.
Tell me about it.
I mean it quite literally, sir.
You are missing
an arm and a leg.
Oh, Ferguson.
You're disappearing! Look!
Impossible! And also

very inconvenient right now.
[ALL GASPING]
This is very weird.
I knew from the start this was
a perfectly terrible idea.
Crossing Africa
in a hot-air balloon.
It's about as insane
as someone trying to travel
around the world in 80 days.
[TOGETHER] Whoa!
If you're a religious man, Joe.
Now's the time to pray.
[JOE] Oh, dear.
Next on my hit list.
"20,000 leagues under the sea."
[EVIL LAUGH]
Talk to me, Aronnax.
What say the nautilus' sensors?
[ARONNAX] Captain Nemo, something
is happening to the submarine.
Our controls are...
[RADIO STATIC]
[NEMO]
Ugh! Nautilus, come in!
Nautilus!
[MAN] What's up with the fish?
They're afraid of something.
[NEMO]
Nautilus, do you read me?
Come in, nautilus.
We've lost contact
with the submarine.
Wait, I see something.
Watch out!
It's behind you!
[GASPS]
Stay back, I'll handle this.
[GRUNTS]
[MAN] No, captain Nemo!
It's suicide!
What have you done
with my ship, monster?
I am the Aveng...

wait, let's talk about this.

Aah!

[MAN]

Divers, prepare to attack.

On my count.

Three... two... one.

Go!

[MAN #2] It's useless.

The creature is too big.

[MAN #1]

Fall back, men! Fall back!

[GRUNTS]

[ROARS]

All right, you slimy beast.

[LAUGHS]

I've got you right

where I want you.

This is for the nautilus!

Aah!

How about I mess things up
from the earth to the moon!

[EVIL LAUGH]

Gentlemen, good news.

After much research.

We have finally come
to the unmistakable conclusion
that we Americans
now have the ability.

For the first time.

To assemble a kind
of giant bullet
which will carry a crew
of humans inside of it,
and will actually be able
to make the journey to the...

[GASPS]

Who are you?

Gentlemen, please forgive
my dropping in unannounced.

I am Nemo.

Captain and inventor
of the underwater vessel
the nautilus.

Are you a member

of our gun club?
Have you paid your dues?
I know not of what you speak.
This is an outrage!
You cannot be here, this meeting
is exclusively for members only.
Not only that.
We're in the process
of changing history here.
And you dare to interrupt?
How despicable!
Believe me, I did not
arrive here on my own volition.
But do tell, by chance
have you seen a giant octopus?
And finally, I'll mix in plots
and characters
and finally, I'll mix in plots
and characters
from Verne's own imagination
that he never even finished.
His stories will be
complete gibberish
and utter nonsense.
Incomprehensible!
[LAUGHS SNORTS]
Pick up the pace.
Normalverbraucher.
The flying train has arrived
and you're going to
make us miss it!
Ah.
Are you sure the inspector
has not tracked us here?
I can't be concerned
with him now.
We must get the suitcase to the
volcano before the eclipse.
[TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS]
Normalverbraucher?
Normalverbraucher!
Where are you?
Where did you go?
We're not going to make

the train, Normalverbraucher!
Normalverbraucher!
Normalverbraucher!
[PASCAL] Who the heck
is Normalverbraucher?
This is all wrong!
Nemo is missing.
There's no one flying
the balloon.
And the nautilus is gone!
Oh la la!
All of Jules Verne's stories have
gone completely cockamamie cuckoo.
Monsieur minister.
This is a calamity!
An absolute calamity!
Ugh, Pascal, what could it
possibly be this time?
[GASPS]
There's no submarine?
What happened
to all of these stories?!!
Ah, what a disaster.
What are we going to do now?
Je ne sais pas.
Ooh la la.
Oh la la la la la.
I'll have to
advise the president
that he needs to cancel
the Jules Verne event,
and then you and I
must go to see the Professor.
Oh, no no no no no.
Oui oui.
Oh, no.
Oh, oui.
Please, no.
Oui!
What? Absolutely not.
Don't you realize how important
the Jules Verne event is?
Chateau, you're fired
if you don't

get this mess straightened out!

[CELL PHONE RINGS]

[CAROL] Hello.

Hi, lovey.

Hi.

How is my snuggly.

Wuggly pookie bear?

Sweetie, about my big event
yes?

I need a bigger budget...

Well...

more money to make it

more spectacular,

let's not forget about all

my wardrobe changes as well!

Just hold on a second, honey.

And I was thinking

about going down...

Chateau, you better

fix this mess, or else.

[PASCAL]

But, minister Chateau, please.

With all due respect.

Je ne sais pas

if it is a good idea

for us to go and ask

the Professor for his help!

Pascal, there's no one

who knows more

about science fiction

than he does.

Oui! But, the Professor

is also totally crazy!

Complement fou!

Oh, please.

Who isn't crazy these days?

Last time I saw him.

He got angry and tried

to transform me into a dog!

It was an absolute nightmare!

You made him angry?

He's already a mad scientist.

Don't make him madder!

Now you tell me.

Anyway, he doesn't
understand the difference
between science
and science-fiction.
He's completely nuts!
Yes, that's true.
I guess you could say
he's a little unbalanced.
But he is a genius
and probably the only one
who can figure this out.
Even to this day, I still bark
whenever I see a squirrel.
And forget about what I do
when I'm near a fire hydrant.
I know precisely what happened!
Someone has found
the Imaginanium
and used it
to sabotage these stories.
I invented it years ago.
But the government
shut the project down.
As you can see.
It really works. Woo-hoo-hoo!
Imagination is a force
that never dies.
It's possible to manipulate
someone else's figments.
With the Imaginanium.
You can do it!
Hm, so what
is your suggestion, Professor?
Do you really think
it might be possible
to put the stories
back into their original state?
Well, I might have a solution,
but first I need Pascal's help
with an experiment
I've been working on.
I knew this was going to happen.
And you can forget it! No!
[STRUGGLING SOUNDS]

I'm shocked that the
electricity in his body
is not flowing
to the light bulb on his head.
Yeah, that is unusual.
Maybe there's
not enough current?
In regards
to your problem, Chateau.
Something sparked an idea!
Could it be the smell
of my burning flesh
that sparked it!?!
J'ai mal la tete.
Please, Pascal!
Do not interrupt the Professor.
[STRUGGLING SOUNDS]
We have only 48 hours
to reverse the changes
to the figments
of Jules Verne's imagination.
Or else they'll be
permanently etched
into history that way.
Drastic times
call for drastic measures.
So I propose
sending someone inside.
And then what?
You see, Jules Verne
was way ahead of his time.
He secretly hid
in each of his stories
one of his
most incredible inventions.
This amazing advancement
is a breakthrough
of truly
revolutionary technology!
Don't tell me don't tell me!
Okay, I know.
I'm going to guess
that he invented the Internet!
No.

Was it the nose-hair trimmer?

No.

[CHATEAU] I can't feel my legs.

Chicken nuggets?

No!

I give up.

Shutting down

and starting up again.

[STRUGGLING SOUNDS] Oh.

See? Jules Verne

invented the reset button!

Shut down and start up.

Oh, yeah, I see!

And how exactly

does this help us?

It's simple!

All you have to do is go inside.

Somewhere in each story

is a hidden restart button

that you push.

And back it goes!

So the stories will reset

to their normal form.

And the problem is solved!

Exactly!

[PASCAL] Aah!

But a crucial mission like this

requires that you put together

a most exceptional team.

[ALPHA LEADER]

Alpha squad, we are on standby

for operation freedom force.

Do not engage targets

until final orders

from the president himself

[COPILOT] Understood.

All units stand by.

Yes, I know it

sounds unbelievable.

Monsieur president.

But it's our only hope.

Okay, now that has got to be

the craziest thing

I've ever heard

in my whole life.
Which is saying a lot
since I do work in politics.
I have to admit
it does sound farfetched.
Alright, I have one word
for you guys... reset button.
I'm pretty sure
that's two words.
Whatever, semantics!
Point is. In very much the same
way you might reboot a computer.
Or restart a video game
from the beginning.
We can reset all the stories
to the way they were.
And just how will you
get inside the stories, huh?
With a little something
I have found
called "the Imaginasium!"
The Imaginasium.
It's one-of-a-kind.
And, despite Vaneelo's doubts,
I am sure it actually works.
Our technicians
are fine-tuning it as we speak.
[THINKING] I'm going to have
to do something about this. Hm
I have a special-ops force
in the air right now
awaiting your go-ahead
to procure the elite team
we need to execute
my brilliant plan
that I guarantee
will save the day!
Sounds impossible.
Well our scientists in
the agency of impossible affairs
didn't seem to think so.
As a matter of fact.
They have already altered
another literary classic!

[LAUGHS]

There's room
at the asylum you know.
I know.

[LAUGHS]

I sometimes
love my job too much.
Especially when
I can present to you
the imagination
of William Shakespeare.
Using the Imaginasium
we have altered, slightly,
a couple of his creations.
So very subtly,
so that even the most
die-hard fans of Shakespeare
will not complain.

No, no, no, no,
I guarantee you that!
Please, see for yourself.

"TV or not TV.

That is the question."
Chateau, this is amazing!

[CHUCKLES] Thanks.

So, today every single
edition of "Hamlet"
in every single part
of the world
now has the line changed.

"To be or not to be"

is history!!

It really says that in all the
Hamlet books in the world?

Yes, that's what

I'm telling you!

Of course, we have 48 hours
to reverse it.

I mean we're not
completely off!

We'll use
the very same technology
to restore Jules Verne's stories
to the way they were.

For the first time today
I have some hope
that my marriage
is going to be saved after all,
and I won't
have to sleep in the limo.
Oh, it's good
for the country and all that,
don't get me wrong.
But after all, a happy wife
is a happy life!
Chateau, you'll be awarded
the legion of honor
if you manage to pull this off
before my wife's event.
But if you fail, then it's
straight to the guillotine.

[GASPS]

Another brilliant
French invention!
So is it safe to say
you are approving the plan?
Operation freedom force
is a full go!

[MAN] Alpha Squad,
this is Eiffel nine.

[MAN] Alpha Squad,
this is Eiffel Nine.

You have clearance
to proceed. Over.

Copy that

uh, sir, what exactly is
operation freedom force, sir?
That code name is designed
to hide the true nature
of the mission... even from us.

Roger that

this is as top secret
as it gets, major. Good luck.

[GASPS]

[BOY] Look who it is!

Mr. Bookworm himself
and just guess what he's doing.
Reading a book for a change!

Yeah.

He thinks he's so smart.

As if reading makes you smart!

I've never read a book

in my life, and look at me!

If he wants to learn so badly,

I'll be happy

to teach him a lesson!

And it'll be a lesson

he'll never forget!

[EVIL CHUCKLING]

Uh oh! Time to hit the road!

Mon chocolate

goes right to my hips.

[SHOUTS] Maniacs!

You can't run from us.

Aah!

[LAUGHTER]

Ha ha! We got you now.

You little Bookworm.

Huh, why don't you

get off your knees

and take it like a man.

No, please!

Pick on someone your own size!

[HELICOPTER WHIRRING] Huh?

[GASPS]

Bullying is not cool.

Let's see.

If I route

the primary source file

through a binary

output modifier.

And compile it without parsing

the static variables.

Then my matrix extensions

should replicate

in the closed loop system

through the proxy server.

Ha! Oh, yeah.

[SHOUTING]

[MECHANICAL WHIRRING]

Whoa!

Ugh!

[MAN] Raid two,
this is Alpha control.
Report in.
What is happening down there?
Raid two, can you hear me?
What is your current position?
Sir, my current position
is an arabesque.
I can't speak for the others,
but now I am doing
a flying brise into a pirouette
with a double plie.
[HELICOPTER WHIRRING]
Aristotle Renaud.
Step away from the keyboard.
Wow! Cool
a uh-7o black navajo!
Please help.
How come nobody
wants to be friends with me?
I wish I could
just figure it out.
[FARTS]
[DOG WHINES, BARKS]
Oh, right. That's why.
I can't help it if I'm a
little gassy some of the time.
Okay, so maybe
I'm a lot gassy all the time.
Houston, are you all right?
[GASPS] Hey!
Son, you're coming with...
ugh!
What is that stench?
[GROANS]
Oh-ho! We need
a biohazard team in here!
It's a stink-bomb!
The worst smell I've ever
smelled my entire life.
I want to cut my nose
off my face.
And my face off my neck.
Losing muscle control.

Abort the mission.
Every... man...
For... himself.
We are under attack.
I repeat.
We are under attack.
The enemy is silent.
But deadly.
Can't breathe.
Tell mommy I love her.
Ugh.
[FILTERED BREATHING]
A gas mask?
Finally!
Someone who can be my friend!
[MAN ON TV] Take your stance.
Ready.
Fight!
[TECHNO]
Hiya!
[GRUNTS]
Roundhouse.
Good.
Target spotted.
Double roundhouse.
Combo move! Bonus score.
Perfect!
[MAN OVER WALKIE]
Alpha six and nine, move in.
[SWAT GUY] Copy that.
Miss, you're coming with us.
Ugh!
Ugh!
Stand down!
I told you to stand down!
Tell me who you are!
What do you want?
Special forces!
Top secret mission.
Direct orders
from the president.
Mm. Why didn't you say so?
Is everyone ready to go?
Oh, no, no, no, no.

Not yet.

We're still missing Nicole.

Ah, here she is now!

Welcome! Welcome one and all!

You have been specially selected
to help make history

as part

of operation freedom force!

This mission

is ultra-classified

as super quadruple

hush-hush extreme... oh!

[CLEARS THROAT]

Uh, please excuse the little

outburst of our subordinate.

That is my assistant Pascal.

Now, as you know, one of

our greatest national heroes

is the man they call

the father of science fiction,

the writer Jules Verne.

But just yesterday,

we discovered a tragic situation

and a most perplexing problem.

[GROWLS]

It seems that some

of his classic stories

have become somewhat.

Uh, mixed up.

That sounds terrible,

but how are we supposed to help?

I'm glad you asked!

Believe it or not.

We have an amazing invention.

A machine like nothing

you've ever seen!

With this technology

we can insert you kids

right into the imagination

of Jules Verne!

The Imaginasium!

The plan is for you

to go into the stories.

And help us revert them

back to their original state.
So how come you picked us?
Partly because you
are all 12 years old,
the age at which Verne
had just started writing.
And the many figments of his
creativity were developing.
Right! And using
the same age wavelengths
we can more easily teleport you
straight into his imagination.
Cool!

Wow!
The other reason
you were all chosen
is that each of you
represents a side
of Jules Verne's personality.
That way when we teleport you.
We don't have to worry about
any of you being rejected.
Aristotle, you represent
his genius
and the love he had
for technology.
And Peter, we know you've read
all his books.
You embody Verne's passion
for great literature.
Huh.

Nicole, you represent love.
You just happen to be
a direct descendent
of Jules Verne's first love
Caroline Dezaunay.
Despite being first cousins,
he was crazy in love with her.
He was just plain crazy
to be in love with his cousin.
Yuck!
That was very common back then.
Huh? She must have
been very beautiful.

Like you.

Huh?

I was in love with
my cousin once too!

I remember that
whenever I saw her face
my heart filled with joy.
She haunts me to this day
with her beautiful, bald head
and her soft skin.

And the way her diaper
filled the room
with a smell that... ooh!
What about me? What part
of Jules Verne do I represent?

Ah! My assistant, Pascal,
will explain that to you.

Oui! I mean, no!

No, no. Moi?

Oui, oui, my friend.

No, no, no, no, uh-uh.

Ugh! You are giving me
a migraine! Tell him!

No, no, no, it's your place.

I wouldn't know
the right way to say it!

Look. Jules Verne
had serious gas problems.

So you represent that.

[FARTS]

[ARISTOTLE] Profiterole!

Oh, very serious.

Now for the fun part.

You will soon be teleporting
into different stories
that take place anywhere
from 100 to 150 years ago.

You are wearing special
electro-synthesizer suits
that, with the touch of a button,
allow you to change
your appearance
into the perfect disguise.

So no matter in what location

or situation you find yourself,
no one will suspect a thing.

Observe.

[SUIT BEEPS] Ha!

Wow! Awesome! Cool!

[BARKS]

[SUIT BEEPS]

Ta-da!

Whoa!

[SUIT BEEPS] Voila!

[LAUGHTER]

Well, shall I show you
some more then, hm?

No I think

you've shown us enough.

Momma always said just because
you can wear something
doesn't mean you should!

Now, it's time for you guys
to start practicing
with your own suits.

So you can get ready
for the mission!

[CHEERS]

[BARKS]

Yeah!

[GIGGLING]

Uh, now don't take this
the wrong way.

But don't you think that's maybe
a little bit too much?

So you mean you don't like
what I'm wearing?

Uh no, no, no, no!

I think you look beautiful
dressed like that.

I was referring to...

yes, of course.

You're probably right.

I am a little overdressed.

I'll have to show them
more skin!

If that bikini

gets any smaller.

I'm not sure
if my approval ratings
are going to go up or down.
[CAROL]
Yoo-hoo! Wardrobe.
[COMPUTER ALERT]
Diagnostics program complete.
[TOGETHER] Whoa!
Restoring services.
Awesome! Yay! Yes!
All systems online.
The time has come!
I present to you
the Imaginasium.
The gateway to imagination!
It's even cooler
than I thought.
Incredible.
Revolutionary!
Look at that technology!
Wait until I blog about this!
Actually.
Operation freedom force
is classified top-secret.
And even we
can't tell anyone about it.
Your roles in this affair
must remain off-the-record
until I publish my autobiography
"the genius of Chateau!"
I can't believe
it's really happening!!
This is awesome!
We're actually going into the imagination
of Jules Verne!
It won't be dangerous, right?
[EXPLOSION]
Aah!
Aye!
[CLEARS THROAT] It's an extremely safe
machine that has passed almost all
of the most strictest
of security tests.
There's nothing

to worry about. Really.
It's a silly formality.
But I will need you to review
this accident release form
and then sign here.
As tall as you are torpedo.
Tell me one thing.
Why is everything
over your head?
Don't answer that.
It's rhetorical.
I'm putting a virus
into the Imaginasium
to try to shut it down.
But if that doesn't work.
Then you will go
into the stories
to stop those kids.
[GRUNTS] But boss.
How am I gonna be able to get
into Julie Verner's
imagination?
I'm pretty sure
that I don't represent
any part of his personality,
and I sure ain't 12 years old.
[SIGHS]
Your brain stopped working
when you were 12,
so that's why this will work.
Oh yeah! I knew you'd know.
You're a genius!
Well, some would say genius.
I prefer mastermind.
[EVIL LAUGH]
[CHOKING]
[SIZZLES]
Oh, nothing to worry about.
Just a simple controlled test
of our system of fuses.
Testing the extinguisher now.
Testing, testing... good!
[SIGHS] Ha! So, everything
seems to be in order.

Which story is gonna be first?
You won't believe it.
You're going into
"from the earth to the moon."
Oh yeah! I've always wanted
to fly in a rocket.
I read this book.
They build a giant Cannon
to launch the spaceship.
Like a cannonball? Wow!
And as I recall.
You don't know what happens
because it ends
in a cliffhanger.
I know what happens.
You kids will push
the restart button
to reboot the story.
And then you will be teleported
into the next adventure.
How will we find
the restart buttons?
Ah, yes.
That is Avery good question,
Nicole, but a small detail.
We are hoping that once
you are inside the story.
Our guidance system
will get you very close.
Doesn't sound like much
of a plan, does it Houston?
[LAUGHS]
No need to worry at all.
We will be watching
your every move on our screens.
And you will be able to hear us
in your ears the entire time.
Okay, so launch us already.
Wow.
Get set to go!
[COMPUTER ALERT]
Launch sequence initiated.
Porting power to zypher drives.
Accessing Jules Verne database.

Figment algorithms calculated.
Mapping transport coordinates.
Hey! What's going on?
Relax, everything is proceeding
just as planned!
[COMPUTER ALERT] Warning.
Are you sure?
System anomaly virus detected.
Abort override initiated.
Access violation.
I really don't like
the looks of this.
Whoa. This is weird.
Aah!
Control procedures compromised.
And I definitely
don't like this!
Stay calm everybody.
I think this is something
that is supposed to happen.
Don't worry about a thing.
We're right on schedule.
I'm not worried about a thing
so you shouldn't worry either.
Just relax, and breathe,
breathe, breathe, br...
alert failure in secondary
teleport protocol.
[SCREAMING CONTINUES]
Pascal, the kids are in danger!
We need to shut this down
right now!
Warning.
Excess energy buildup.
System overload imminent.
Power capacity reached.
Help, get me out of here!
It's gone out of control!
System failure in 20 seconds.
Whoa!
System failure in 15 seconds.
System failure...
I'm going to override
the software.

It's your only hope!
Nine, eight, seven,
six, five...
[ALL SCREAMING]
[GROANING]
Hey! Watch where
you're touching!
Get your hands off me!
Sorry about that, Nicole.
It was an accident.
My eyes are still adjusting
to the dark.
This looks like
it's some sort of spaceship.
It actually worked.
We're really inside the story!
So what happens now?
According to the book.
The Cannon blasts the ship off
using gunpowder.
[GASPS]
[MAN] There's someone
in the projectile.
Those guys are all
from different stories!
Hurry! Let's close the porthole
so they can't get in!
Who are these intruders?
They look like
they're from another planet.
[PETER] Better getaway.
It's about to take off!
[ENGINES STARTING] Run!
[SCREAMING]
I hope the restart button
is somewhere in here.
[PASCAL OVER INTERCOM]
[CLEARS THROAT]
Is this thing on?
Can you hear me?
Welcome aboard
to the on-time departure
of our inaugural flight
of Pascal airlines

with non-stop service
to the moon!
Stop joking around, Pascal,
we have a mission to complete!
Yes, about that
I have some good news
and bad news.
You see, the restart button
is very close by.
That's the good news...
And, its also the bad news,
I'm afraid.
What do you mean?
What I'm saying
is that the restart button
is on the rocket
the outside of the rocket
huh? Ha! Ah.
Why didn't you tell us that
when we were
back on earth, Pascal?
Ah, excuse moi,
but I was a little busy myself
getting rid
of the software virus
that overloaded the system and
almost destroyed everything.
I thought the Imaginasium
was a safe
and completely tested machine.
We said it was safe.
We never said
it was completely tested.
Temperature outside
is negative 292!
Whoever can stand
the cold best should go.
That'd probably be the person
who's very athletic.
Someone not very chubby-
profiterole, you're carrying
more layers than the rest of us.
You're the best candidate.
Houston, we have a problem.

[GASPS]
[ARISTOTLE OVER WALKIE]
Profiterole, hang on.
It looks like we're entering
an asteroid field.
[SHOUTING]
Think I'm ready
to go home now, please! Aah!
It's too dangerous.
I'm going out to help him.
I'll go with you!
[SHOUTS]
[GRUNTS] The hatch is broken.
[GASPS]
Profiterole has fallen off!
Help! Oh no, don't leave me!
Wait! Oh, please, help!
We have to save profiterole!
We're comin' back for you!
Please don't go!
More power!
Here!
Hang in there, profiterole!
Closer!
[PASCAL] You are losing power!
We're completely out of gas.
[PROFITEROLE] What do you mean.
You're out of gas?
No!
[GASPS]
No!
I don't believe this.
You can do it.
Come on profiterole.
Keep going!
Stay strong.
[BARKS]
I'm never out of gas!
[FARTS]
[GASPS]
Ugh.
[FARTS]
[CHEERS]
Hey you guys.

I don't see the button anywhere.
It must be there!
Don't you see anything out there
that reads "reset?"
No, but there's something here
that reads
"adventure star tours."
Yeah, "adventure star tours!"
Hm.
Ah... Aah!
We're being pulled
into a giant asteroid.
We're going to crash!
[SCREAMS]
Listen up, everyone.
I figured it out.
Profiterole, find the letter "r"
in "adventure."
It's the beginning
of the word "restart!"
And, then along with "star"
and the "t" in "tours,"
it spells out "restart!"
I see it!
Now push the button!
Hurry!
Get ready!
I pushed the button,
but nothing happened!
[GASPS]
This is getting too close!
Whoa! Now we're in the story
"five weeks in a balloon!"
Now how did they get here?
Where is the doctor?
We'll explain if you keep us
from crashing into that rock.
[SCREAMING]
Let me steer! I have
a video game just like this!
[JOE]
Looks like we've got company!
[GASPS]
[GROWLS]

[NICOLE]
Why are those lions chasing us?
[PETER] I don't know.
This doesn't happen
in the real story.
Must be part of the mix-up.
[GASPS]
[GROWLS]
[NICOLE]
Whoa! Hey!
I thought you said you had
a video game like this!
[ARISTOTLE] Yeah, but I didn't
say I was good at it!
[SCREAMING]
[BARKING]
[PROFITEROLE] Houston, no!
Hiya!
I got you.
Aah!
Brace yourselves!
[PETER] Can't you get
this thing any higher?
[KENNEDY]
Yes. We're way too low.
We should find something
to cut loose!
[PROFITEROLE] Did I hear
someone say, "cut loose?"
Well then I'm your man!
[FARTS]
Take that!
[ARISTOTLE]
The lions are throwing us off balance!
[PETER]
We're spinning out of control.
[NICOLE] Hang on, everyone.
[JOE]
We are almost touching ground!
[GASPS]
Those lions are relentless.
We have got to gain altitude!
It's now or never!
I'm trying.

But the wheel is stuck!

[PROFITEROLE] Why couldn't
Jules Verne just imagine
soft, cuddly pussy cats
instead?

[NICOLE]

We were almost their dinner.

[PETER] We can help bring doctor
Ferguson back, I promise.

Please trust us
and lower your weapons
so we can all work together.
You had better be
telling us the truth!

Where do you want us
to take you?

[PASCAL OVER EARPIECE]

To the temple of Onoffon.
He's sayin' we should go
to the temple of Onoffon.
In the village
of the Munchi Munchi tribe.

[LAUGHS]

The Munchi Munchi!

That's the name of the tribe
that we're supposed to go see.

Why do you think
they call themselves that?

It's an onomatopoeia.

Oh, so they're Japanese!

No, it means the word
and the sound are the same.
Like the buzz of a bee,
or the tick-took of a clock.

So like the word burp.

[CHUCKLES]

Check it.

[BURPS]

Profiterole! "Munchi Munchi"
is the sound this tribe makes
while they're eating.

Which means that
there's Avery good chance
that they're cannibals.

That's cool.
Everyone has the right to be
what they wanna be
when they grow up, right?
Cannibalism is not a profession.
Unfortunately it means
they eat people, like us!
They eat their enemies.
Profiterole.
You might be the main course
on the Munchi-Munchi's menu.
Knock it off.
There's an equal chance
that the Munchi-Munchi
are vegetarians.
Don't be so sure!
If they are cannibals.
They will likely go after
the one of us
who is most meaty and tender.
[FARTS] Profiterole!
[JOE]
Oh, for the love of Vishnu!
Excuse me.
I think I'm gonna be sick.
Blech!
That's bloody awful!
Ugh.
I do finally believe
that the four of you
are indeed
from another realm entirely.
There's nothing in our world
that stinks like that! Ooh.
Profiterole, drop the anchor
onto something soft.
[ELEPHANT TRUMPETS]
Uh oh. Well, it was
something soft anyway.
Steady. You're all mine.
No! Elephants
are an endangered species!
Are you out of your mind?
If we don't stop this beast.

It's going to cause us to crash!
But we caused
this situation, not him.
You have no right to shoot down
an innocent animal.
Gotta do something, Nicole!
If this balloon bursts.
We won't make it
to the temple of Onoffon!
Ok! I'm going down.
Using a gun is never
a good way to solve a problem.
Nicole!
Nicole, why are you
all the way over here?
I... I wanted to be alone.
Oh, I'm sorry. You were
really brave back there.
The elephant needed me.
Nowadays we get so wrapped up
in our own problems
that we forget
to take care of each other.
Guess what.
Not everyone forgets!
You are really so sweet.
I mean the fruit is sweet.
I mean the gesture is...
[NERVOUS LAUGHTER]
Your gesture
is so sweet, Peter.
I really like
talking to you, Nicole.
I really like talking
to you too.
Hmm.
Torpedo,
find an observation site.
Go look for the lair
of some animal.
When they're asleep,
destroy their balloon,
and that will be the end
of their expedition!

Okay boss, I can do that.
But I got one question.
Just, what the heck is a lair?
Oh, you big brainless fool!
Go find a hole, an orifice.
A burrow, whatever!
Hey Aristotle.
You gotta eat something.
This shish kabob stuff
is the greatest thing ever!
Not right now. I'm mapping out
our route for tomorrow.
Well your loss is my gain.
And boy do I mean gain!
I could chow down on this
all night long.
'Cause it's the perfect blend of
sweet and salty and tangy and spicy.
[GULPS]
It's got all the flavors I love.
Hey Joe, what do you call
this delicious thing you made?
It's so good!
It's an old family recipe.
Worms on a stick.
[GULPS] Did you say worms?
Yes, and I add
my secret blend of spiders,
ants, and insects
to make it finger-licking good.
How could you possibly
do something like that to me?
You know I have
a nervous stomach.
And an irritable colon.
And chronic diarrhea.
Part-time constipation.
An inflated esophagus.
And ridiculous gas!
Better hide in my lair.
You can't serve me worms.
It compromises
my entire system.
That's why I'm in this story!

[LOUD DEFECATION]

Aah!

Oh no, not again! Aah!

[LOUD DEFECATION]

[ELEPHANT TRUMPETS]

[SIGHS]

Oh!

[SIGHS]

[GIGGLES]

[HOOFS TRAMPLING]

[HORSE WHINNIES]

[GRUNTING]

Oh!

What was that?

Ah, marauders!

Gotta get a move on Ellie.

Faster!

We have to catch up with Nicole
and get her back
into the balloon.

Yes, but that's easier said
than done.

This balloon is much too heavy.

We'll never get enough speed
to catch her before they do.

Charge! Yah!

Lets get them!

We've gotta do something!

They're getting closer!

Come on, help me
lighten up our load!

Hyah-ah-oh!

Smarts!

[GRUNTS, SIGHS]

Hey!

And yah! Yah.

And what about this clock?

Now you won't be late!

They are still coming, and we
have nothing left to throw.

[BARKS] Houston!

Wha... oh, hey!

Flying dog!

Ooh... wha? How?

[CHATTERING IN FRUSTRATION]
[BARKING, GROWLING]
Huh! Go on without me!
That way you'll be lighter!
I'll just convert my suit
into a flying one!
Profiterole!
Stop, don't jump!
These suits aren't able to fly!
Now you tell me!
Uh... hee...
[GIGGLES]
Aah.
[MEN CHATTERING]
[HORSES WHINNYING]
Nicole!
Peter?
Give me
your hands. Hurry!
Ehh!
[GROANING]
[SIGHS]
[ALSO SIGHS]
We've got to go on
with the mission.
That almost gave
a heart attack!
I knew they'd get
through that okay.
But me, in my case.
I'm not so sure.
Poor profiterole.
Do you think he's okay?
He'll be all right.
I've got to hand it to him,
he's one tough.
Brave little guy.
Pascal? Pascal!
Can you see profiterole?
[PASCAL]
We only have one camera.
It's true. Parliament would
only approve ze budget
that allows us the one camera.

Politicians. Of course.
There is only one way
for you to help profiterole.
You must hit restart
in this story,
and then join up with him
in the next one.
Well, it looks like
we are on the right route.
There's the Dezmontozza river.
I saw that on my map.
In the tree of giant snakes!
[WHIMPERING, SIGHING]
[NATIVES CHANTING, DRUMMING]
So, what about
the Munchi-Munchi?
I've got an idea. When the moon goes
behind the clouds.
We'll descend from
above and make the
Munchi-Munchi believe
that we are lunar gods.
Who must enter
the temple of Onoffon.
In order to make
the moon reappear.
You just came up with that?
I read a lot.
So I have a pretty
active imagination.
Munchi Munchi. I sure hope
you can't understand me.
"Ring around the rosey.
Pocket full of posies.
"Who stole the cookie
from the cookie jar?
Onoffon, Onoffon, Onoffon!"
What do you know?
It actually worked!
Once we enter the temple, that's
hopefully when Dr. Ferguson will return.
So you two should
wait in the balloon.
But if the moon reappears.

You'd better be on your way.

[JOE] What about you?

It was nice to meet you.

But it's time for us to go.

[NATIVES MUTTERING]

[JOE] Either those three
are incredibly courageous.

Or they're completely crazy!

[SPEAKING NATIVE LANGUAGE]

[ROARING, LAUGHING]

Torpedo, they're entering
the temple. Go finish them off!

[CHATEAU] Who is that
muscle-bound maniac?

[PASCAL] He's definitely not part
of the story, that's for sure.

I don't get it!

How do they enter the imagination?

I'm getting a lot on him.

Intruder, I've got you now!

Aah! What is that
octopus doing here?

From the looks of things,
whatever he wants!

This is all wrong!

You have to send it back!

[SCREAMS] Oh, no!

We have got to get
out of here, now!

Hurry, quick!

[SCREAMS]

[COMPUTER]

Total system failure.

All services offline.

Good-bye.

This is a disaster!

[SOBBING] It's okay, boss.

Right now, the most
important thing we can do
is to focus on the positive
side of all of this!

Here are the facts, Pascal.

We have lost the children.

And without the Imaginasium,

they can never return!
And, I'm going to lose my job tomorrow,
after the president's wife
is humiliated, because we couldn't fix
Jules Verne's stories!
And now, there's a giant
octopus running amok!
[GROWLS] Tell me, Pascal.
What is the positive side
of all this?
You have to calm down.
Let me see.
Missing children.
Furious first lady.
Crazy stories.
Octopus...
of course... aha!
I know the positive side.
Do you realize that the price for fresh.
Sushi-grade octopus
is over 12 Euros per pound?
And our octopus has got to
be at least 35,000 pounds.
That's over 400,000 Euros!
Assuming the euro doesn't
collapse before we sell
the entire carcass...
but just in case, maybe
we sell it to the Japanese and
insist on getting paid in yen!
[FATIGUED CHEERS]
[MUTTERING]
[ARISTOTLE] Peter, you realize if
the moon breaks through the clouds,
we're dead meat.
Did you have to say "meat"?
Look at that inscription.
"On," "off," "on."
Onoffon! Duh!
It's so obvious now.
Jules Verne was pointing us to the
restart button the whole time...
there you are.
Uhh...

Aah!
Aah!
Go, Nicole!
[GROANS]
You can do it!
Aw! [GROWLS]
Huh?
Nothing's happening!
On, off, on.
That's it! Pull
the lever down again!
Look. Look!
[MUNCHI MUNCHI MUMBLING]
[WARRIORS GRUMBLING] Oh!
[CHATTERING]
[TARZAN YELL]
Nobody messes with the
friends of the great profit...
aah... ungh.
Aah!
[MENACING GROWLS]
Guys, do you feel that?
The restart button.
It must have a delay mechanism in it
before it activates!
It's the portal!
We're saved!
[BABBLING]
Why is it taking so long to teleport?
The other parts of the story
must be resetting first.
[TALKING LOUDLY IN NATIVE LANGUAGE]
Aah! Get ready to go!
Come on, Houston!
Hang on tight, Nicole.
We'll get through this.
No! Where do you
think you're going?
Come back here!
Come back!
I'll get you... uh!
[ANXIOUS YELLING]
Na, na...
[ROARS]

[SCREAMS] Why? Why?
S'il vous plait, boss.
Please don't make me go!
Ze Professor.
He is a sadistic lunatic.
And I have half a mind
to drive us right over
this cliff rather than
spend another minute with him!
I agree. You have
only half a mind.
What? Come on! You still can't be mad
at me about the octopus.
It was your fault, after all,
moi?
Because I've warned you before that
that stinky cologne you wear
causes my eyes to tear...
which is probably the reason
why I hit the wrong button!
So there!
Well, if there's a solution
to this catastrophe,
the Professor will know it.
Hey-y! You're just in time.
I need your help
with a dilemma.
Which of these two items
came first?
Was it the cork.
Or the corkscrew?
Corkscrew. Hein?
Corks, of course. Hein?
It was the cork!
Obviously.
I disagree, it was
the corkscrew!
Minister Chateau, please! Why would
someone need to invent a corkscrew
if there were no corks that needed
to be pulled from the bottle?
And why would someone
plug up a bottle with a cork.
If there was no corkscrew

to open it with!
[SQUEAKS] The cork!
The corkscrew!
The cork!
The corkscrew!
The most perplexing puzzle.
And it's even more important than
the chicken and the egg conundrum.
Because what if the chicken needs
a drink in order to lay the egg?
Have you seen
profiterole or Peter?
I can't find them anywhere.
I guess they landed on a
different side of the boat.
I wonder what story this is?
Don't know. But if anyone
would, it's Peter.
Because he's read all
of Jules Verne's books.
I sure wish
he was here right now.
Nicole, are you and he...
No, no, no, no, no, no, no.
He's my heart. No!
...By heart. I mean...
he really knows these stories by heart.
And that's very helpful.
My valet, Normalverbraucher,
just disappeared!
Reliable help
is difficult to find.
I have to catch the flying train
to rendezvous with capt. Nemo
and his nautilus submarine.
But now, Nemo has vanished!
So, we're in a mixed-up version
of 20,000 leagues under the sea!
But how can the story exist
without its main character?
Don't know. But that's what we're here
to fix with the restart button.
You thought you could
escape from me?

Run!
No!
[GRUNTS]
[PUNCH LANDING, GRUNTING] Ohh!
[GASPING] Huh?
[SADISTIC CHUCKLING]
Yah!
Oh!
[LAUGHING]
[YELLING]
[NICOLE SCREAMS]
Very interesting. Hmm.
Yes, very interesting!
So what do you think, Professor?
Here's what I think...
Very interesting.
Yes, we get that!
So, do you have a solution
to our very interesting problem.
Or not?
Which problem?
Ah, the kids!
Ze kids!
We have to find away to get
the kids back, Professor!
Oh! I have so much going on,
it's hard to keep track of it all.
Now, let's start from the beginning.
Was it the cork or the corkscrew?
Aah!
The kids, Professor.
Oh, yes, yes.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.
I think I have an idea
that just might work.
[BOTH SIGHING]
It was about the time
I invented the yell phone...
which is like a cell phone, except
you have to shout into it.
Never really took off.
I don't know why!
But that has nothing
to do with this.

Oh!
Now, before the Imaginasium.
I made a prototype! I'm not
sure if it still works.
But like I always say, you
have to have an open mind.
As long as your brains
don't fall out.
Because that can get
very messy. Follow me!
[MANIACAL LAUGHING]
Ohh!
This isn't funny.
You crazy freak!
Enough is enough! Please, if you've got
any shred of humanity.
You just have to let us go!
Oh, okay.
No-o!
[TALKING THROUGH BUBBLES]
[SMOTHERING]
This is awesome!
I can't believe we're under water!
Whoa! It's the lost city
of Atlantis!
This must be how
Jules Verne imagined it.
And, guess what?
Whoo-hoo-hoo!
With the air pressure down here,
I don't feel the least bit gassy.
Hmm.Aah!
[WHIMPERING] Lucky for us these
suits turn invisible.
Hey! Do you know where
everyone else is?
Huh?
Aristotle! Nicole!
Yeah, that's right. That's exactly
who I'm talking about.
No! What I'm saying is,
they're right behind you!
I'm behind them too.
One hundred percent.

No matter what.
I've got their back!
Just like you're behind me.
And I'm behind you.
Sink or swim!
Take a look!
Aah!
[WHIMPERS]
Ya know, when I said
"sink or swim,"
I meant it metaphorically.
I'm "sharkophobic."
It runs in my... those are
my friends. We're going in.
[TRYING TO BREATHE]
[BUBBLING]
Mm. Mm.
Ahh...
Aristotle! Nicole!
Hang in there!
I hope we're not too late.
Activate their diver suits.
Okay, guys.
Now you can breathe!
Profiterole. You take Aristotle,
and I'll grab Nicole...
Wha'?
Peter! It's the shark!
Watch out!
I'll try to stop it.
Ohh... oh!
Profiterole! Help me!
I'm on my way!
Uh...
Get away from my friend!
[SCREAMS]
Why do I have
a bad feeling about this?
I need to borrow your brain.
It's the closest thing that I have to a
12-year-old child. No offense.
So tell me, which one of Jules Verne's
stories do you want to check first?
Je ne sais pas! How am I supposed to

know where those kids have gone?
I'm a man of science.
I need facts and figures.
So feed me some data.
When we last saw the kids.
There were at the temple
of Onoffon.
Okay, so let's start with
5 weeks in a balloon.
Now we're cookin'!
[GASPING, MOANING]
Is this going to hurt?
It shouldn't.
I'm at a pretty safe distance.
[SCREAMING]
Voila!
Oh, ho, ho, ho!
We're using Pascal's
cerebrum as our projector.
Fortunately, Pascal's brain
is relatively empty.
[PROFESSOR] Yes. There's almost zero
interference with the signal.
Hmm. Nothing!
Professor, are you sure this crazy thing
is working properly?
Sure? The only thing for
sure is, I'm 100% positive
you can never be
absolutely certain!
Just switch
to another story, okay?
Ahh...
Normalverbraucher?
A flying train?
Why would anyone
think of using that?
It's preposterous!
I agree, but since we are
able to see this story
on the projector, that means the
kids must be somewhere later inside.
Yeah, yeah.
Fast forward, Professor.

Voila! We have success.
There they all are!
I'll slow it down to real time.
Please, Nicole.
Nicole, please. Talk to me!
Wake up, talk to me!
Aristotle!
Come on, wake up!
I know you wouldn't want to miss
this amazing underwater city!
This is all my fault!
I should have swam faster.
Nicole! Nicole!!
Aristotle?
There's a million gadgets here
that you'd love. It's amazing!
Come on! Snap out of it!
[BARKING]
Where am I? Where's Nicole?
Nicole, Nicole!
Come on, you can't give up!
She tried to fight him.
To save me.
There are so many things
I have to tell you.
Like how you make me feel.
Well, you better start talking.
'Cause there's no time
like the present.
Nicole! I don't believe it!
[CHUCKLES]
[CHATEAU] Ah, yes. Young love.
Vive l'amour.
Chateau! We had an also
tiny minor technical glitch
that took us off-line for a while,
but we are once again able to see you.
We've got a problem. There's someone else
in these stories.
He's following us everywhere, and
he's trying to stop us.
I'm pretty sure our shark friend
took care of that situation.
Then I suggest you turn your attention

back to completing the mission!
But because we are not
fully functional.
You must somehow locate
the reset button on your own!
Okay. If we separate, we can search
that much faster.
Not a good idea.
I heard an alert earlier.
They're out there
patrolling for intruders.
So now what?
You guys should stay here
where it seems safe.
Nobody knows Jules Verne's
imagination as well as I do.
I'll find that reset button.
Bravest Bookworm I ever met.
And he's sweet, too.
[GRUNTING]
Now this looks promising.
There's a whole bunch of buttons.
One of 'em's gotta be it.
Those darn prunes.
I'm gonna have to go again.
You know you got no-one
to blame but yourself, right?
[YAWNS]
Since Jules Verne was a visionary,
maybe I should be thinking
outside the box. Hmm.
Control... alt...
Delete. That's it!
Those are the keys that
reboot every modern computer.
I just got to push
all three... aah!
Ughh.
Yi!
[SNORES]
[SCREAMS]
No!
[SNORES]
[GRUNTS]

[GROANING]

Oh, come on.

Get off of me!

Got a word of advice for you.

I'd recommend you avoid

going down to level 5

for a while,

if you know what I mean.

[CHUCKLES]

Oh! Mm.

It's an intruder!

Ah... huh...

Wh-what'd you say?

I was just resting my eyes.

Keep a watch on it. I'm calling security.

He's not goin' nowhere!

Yaah!

[SHOUTS]

Bye!

He did it!

He found the button!

[SCREAMING]

[CHILDREN YELL]

[STARTLED YELL]

Whoa!

Whoo-hoo!

I couldn't be more proud.

Hooray! You're home.

[GROWLING]

[PEOPLE SCREAMING]

All of the stories

have gone back to normal.

Operation freedom force worked

thanks to your bravery and ingenuity.

You are all heroes!

Real heroes!

Hold on. There is still the small

matter of the giant octopus

that is bearing down

on Paris even as we speak.

It should hit downtown

just as the curtain goes up

to celebrate Jules Verne day!

It's ironic that a monster

from Verne's own imagination
is now ruining his name!
It's not ironic, it's perfect!
Even better than me mixing up
that hack's miserable stories.
Why that... why, you...
so, you are the saboteur?
You are putting our
brotherhood at risk.
How could you expect me
to allow this abomination?
So, yeah, that's right.
It's me!
What kind of brotherhood, huh?
What's it about?
Nice try, but never in a million years
would I tell you our precious secrets.
Oh, no! Not even under
intense torture
would I reveal that the grand
leader of our brotherhood...
Is a famous rap artist
whose name sounds exactly
like a delicious.
Candy-coated chocolate treat.
Until the end of my days, I will
always protect the secret identity
of king Emm... phht!
Ha? Who's "king Emp"?
Hmm. So what you are saying is
you are following the commands
of a big rap star who does
not like science fiction?
No! You could never understand,
because you haven't been initiated.
This is a conspiracy!
They want to have us disappear.
Who do they want
to have disappear?
The leftys!
[ALL] The leftys?
Yes, yes, yes!
All of those geniuses... DaVinci,
Napoleon, Chaplin, Beethoven...

Seinfeld, Oprah Winfrey,
king Em... [STIFLING]
All! All of them.
Left-handed. All.
Can you hold for one minute?
This is giving me a headache,
and I thought Oprah was a righty.
And H.G. Wells, a lefty, is the true
father of science fiction.
And not Jules Verne.
Verne wrote his books
before Wells was even born!
Whatever! My path became clear when the
president called Meinto his office to say
Vaneelo, I want you to be
my right-hand man.
Now can you see the
atrociousness I have to bear?
You are crazy, you know that?
Get some help.
So I conceived the plan
to destroy Jules Verne
and Whoo-hoo! Let H.G. Wells take
his rightful place.
I know a very good doctor.
Don't anyone move!
I receive direct orders
from the king.
Yes, master.
Yes, master.
And now, he's just talking
to his hand.
He's totally loco!
[BARKS]
Hey, guess what?
I'm left-handed too.
Seriously? Well then.
You completely understand.
A hundred percent, for sure!
[NICOLE] We're on the same team.
Let's shake on it.
Hmm.
[SQUEEZES TIGHT]
Oh!

Hey, cool down!
Please, drive faster. We have to
get to Paris before it's too late.
Assuming the city's
still standing!
Teleporting the octopus back
into the story is our only hope!
In addition to my long-standing hopes
for world peace.
Sushi ice cream and a spice girls'
reunion tour.
["LA MARSEILLAISE"]
Ladies and gentlemen.
This standing ovation for me
is really unexpected
and humbling.
I am honored. But I'm here today
to pay tribute
to a great writer.
Jules Verne.
With a song that I wrote
just for him.
[MELODY FROM "CARMEN"]
oh, he was Jules Verne
you know his name
science fiction's
how he made his fame
[LE PRESIDENT] Dear? Don't you think it
would be wise to maybe save your voice?
[SIGHS] Oh, good idea, sweetie.
Look! We're here.
["LA MARSEILLAISE" AS DISCO]
[PAPARAZZI SHOUTING QUESTIONS]
[REPORTER] It's a giant octopus.
Mr. president.
What is happening?
[SCREAMING]
Uh, so it appears the animatronic
part of our presentation
is already under way,
and quite realistic!
Keep it moving.
Keep it moving.
This is not a drill. The

target is armed and dangerous.

Eight arms!

Mission control.

This is squadron leader.

We're at Mach 5. Over Paris airspace
in t-1 minute.

Oh! There it is!

Aah!

That is one angry octopus!

It's destroying all the billboards
with captain Nemo on them!

Let's change to our diving suits.

Maybe it will chase after us, and
we can lead 'em right out of town!

[BARKING]

[GROWLING]

Excuse-moi,

monsieur president.

Hello, minister Chateau.

I congratulate you on
the magnificent animation
on this octopus...

it's a truly impressive example
of the talents of
our robotic industry.

Monsieur president,

we really need

to talk... now!

I know you've been

wanting a raise, Chateau.

Let's discuss that later.

[LOUD RUMBLING]

Jets! Chateau.

You're a genius!

[PROFESSOR]

They called in the military.

Conventional weapons won't work
on a figment of imagination.

[ROARING]

Aah!

Stop!

He quit following us
to chase those jets!

[WHIMPERING]

Pascal!

[WHIMPERING]

He makes a nice hood ornament.

Don't you think?

[SCREAMING]

[GROWLING]

Its not interested in
these diving suits anymore.

Let's switch back.

[KID SCREAMS, OCTOPUS GROWLS]

Please, someone
help me. Please!

[SCREAMS] Huh...

thank you.

[GROWLS]

Waiter, I ordered some
octopus over an hour ago.

And I still haven't
been served!

If you were expecting a tip
from me, forget about it!

Uh... aah!

A giant octopus!

Yes, yes, yes, yes.

It better be a giant one!

[WHIMPERS]

[GROWLS]

Go get it!

Yaah!

[GROWLS]

Whoa! Look at that guy!

I'd better go help him.

Vroom.

[SCREAMING]

[ROARING]

The octopus is in
the 9th Arrondissement
area is evacuated.

Deploy all forces.

[MOANING]

You... you saved my life.

I don't know how to thank you.

I'm gonna change my name

to yours. That's what I'll do.

So what is it?
Profiterole.
You got a middle name, kid?
Uh, no.
How about your dog's name, then?
Come on, get in!
'Cause it's showtime.
[MAN] It's a giant octopus!
[MAN 2] Beat it you big squid!
Aah! Why don't you pick
on someone your own size?
Help me, please!
Huh. Gotta put
trash in its place.
Thank you, Peter!
Sorry about the bullying!
Yike!
Ground support.
Take your positions.
SWAT two, standing by.
Time to hit the gas. It's just a
figure of speech, profiterole.
Ooh!
[GASPS]
[OCTOPUS ROARING]
We have missile lock-on.
It's cornered!
Let's get in there.
Fire!
[SCREAMS]
If this doesn't work.
We're doomed.
Aah...
Here we go!
[SCREAMING]
What is that?
Hold your fire!
[SCREAMING]
[GASPS]
Aah!
O-oh...!
Oh!
Aah!
Oh! Ah...

What the...
oh, yeah! Yes!
Whoo-hoo!
All right, yes!
We did it! Yes!
Aha! Whoo!
Oh, yeah!
Houston! Yea!
Oh-ho, yeah! Ha, ha.
Ohh!
Yeah, ha-ha!
[LAUGHING]
Oh. [COUGHS]
[WHISTLING]
Squad three.
Returning to base.
[VANELO] Uh... change of plans, pilot.
Circle back. And destroy the city!
That can't be right.
Did you say "right"? You're one of them!
There he is, grab him!
It's a conspiracy, I tell you!
[PETER] So there you have it.
That's pretty much our story.
With an ending even better than
any Jules Verne ever wrote.
Because in this story.
Guess who got the girl?
After operation freedom force,
the four of us went on to do
some really amazing things.
Yeah! Huh.
Aristotle invents
an Imaginasium app
and becomes a
high-tech billionaire!
Encore, encore.
[LAUGHING] Ooh!
[PROFITEROLE] Attaboy, Houston!
You're moonwalking!
Profiterole forms the gas
appreciation society.
He doesn't date much.
Nicole becomes

a martial arts star!
And an animal rights activist!
Ahh. Whee!
Ooh-hoo. Aha!
And me? Well, I go on to write
dozens of books and movies,
just like this one.
All's well that ends well.
Oh, everything's magnifique.
You know, in politics, it doesn't matter
what you do.
It's what people think you did.
[LAUGHS] Or, in this case.
What they think I did!
[PIANO]
Started out in chapter one.
A story just begun
we were lookin'
to have some fun
and then we'd be done
moving into chapter two
by then I already knew
couldn't get through
a day without you, now n
I'm learnin'
to keep those pages turnin'
'cause this hearts a-yearnin'
and my love is burning
for my storybook love
took me by surprise
won't ever recover
from that look in your eyes
and I hope this romance
goes on forever
don't care how it ends
as long as we're together
you're my storybook
storybook love
storybook love
I'd need a lot of chapter three
fall my friends could see
I had never been so happy
and you're the key
jump ahead to chapter five

I'm feeling so alive
and to think the stars
used to mind in chapter nine
now I'm learning
to keep those pages turning
'cause this hearts
a-yearnin'
and my love is burnin'
for my storybook love
took me by surprise
won't ever recover
from that look in your eyes
and I hope this romance
goes on forever
don't care how it ends
as long as we're together
you're my storybook.
Storybook, storybook love
you're way too perfect to exist
my heart's only solace
each time that we kissed
and if you're just a feeling
in my imagination
a fictional hero
of my own creation
don't matter a bit
you don't have to be real
just please never quit
the way you're making me feel
storybook love
took me by surprise
won't ever recover
from that look in your eyes
and I hope this romance
goes on forever
don't care how it ends
as long as we're together
you're my storybook
storybook, storybook
hang your story
far and wide
I'll only feel it by your side
flyin' high in a balloon
take a rocket to the moon

I don't even have to see
just do all the things
with me
storybook love
love, storybook love
you're way too perfect to exist
storybook love
my heart's only solace
each time that we kiss
storybook love
storybook, storybook
storybook love
storybook, storybook love
storybook love
[SLOW FADE]