

Ninja Mouse

By

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL NURSERY - DAY

A large mouse nursery. A mouse nurse wears a hat and cloak and tends to babies as they squeal and squeak.

The nurse does her rounds to make sure the babies are happy.

She sings Frere Jacques as she goes. The babies coo and gurgle as babies do. She sighs as she finishes.

She turns from the window to mark a chart; as she does she misses a light pitter-patter of paws, until:

The nurse turns.

She stares at a now empty ward, speechless:

NURSE

Where. Did. They. Go?

The nursery door swings open then closed. Nurse's mouth agape, she picks up the phone.

NURSE (CONT'D)

(with a squeak)

Get me the police!

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A second hospital: a mouse doctor munches a snack and halts in her tracks; she stands, confused by her empty nursery.

DOCTOR

Sorry, what? Where did they go?

Crackers drop out of her mouth. She takes a bite of swiss cheese and stares at the ward.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

There were babies here, am I right?

A patient in a wheelchair rolls by:

PATIENT

Hey, where'd those babies go, doc?

The doctor shakes her head.

DOCTOR

I have no idea.

He mumbles as he goes:

PATIENT

Some kind of hospital this is,
losing little mice. I gotta get out
of here before they lose me.

The patient shakes his head as the doctor dashes to a phone.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

In a third nursery:

An old nurse with SQUEAKY shoes walks along an endless white
corridor.

She berates an orderly who leans against his mop.

OLD NURSE

And another thing, dummkopf, when
you mop I want you to use a cross
pattern, none of this fancy mop
swirling.

ORDERLY

Yes, nurse.

OLD NURSE

And. . .

He's had it with her:

ORDERLY

What now?

OLD NURSE

Where are the babies?

ORDERLY

And now I'm supposed to know where
the babies are, what do I look like
the -

A quick realization; they take in the silence of the nursery
ward.

OLD NURSE

(with an echo)

Mein gott.

EXT. EVIL LABORATORY - NIGHT

At the Gothic headquarters of BLAB, or Blech Laboratories:
thunder booms followed by a lightning strike. The flash
reveals the sign: BLAB, A Not at all Evil Laboratory.

INT. EVIL LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Inside the lab there is a starchy labcoat; a man hums and taps his pencil. The tools of science; microscopes, burners, beakers, etc, surround him.

His extra long name tag soon becomes visible: DR. B.

DEGENEROUS, M.S., Ph.D., M.D., M.P.H., L.O.L. His voice, cold and rumbly, comes from deep within his throat:

DR. DEGENEROUS

Let him in.

A latch is released, and through a habitrail comes a rodent, larger than a mouse. The rat sniffs the air and stares around until he spots Dr. Degenerous. The doctor stares back, and bares his teeth with suspense, until:

STAN

Oh, hey boss. They said there was going to be cheese; is there cheese? Stan is capital P peckish. I tell ya. Stan could eat one of those enormous wheels of gouda they got there in France.

DR. DEGENEROUS

Gouda does not hail from France, my rodent friend. You are thinking of Holland.

STAN the fat rat nods, absorbed.

STAN

Is that right?

DR. DEGENEROUS

Now, the job is set up, I presume?

STAN

It is, yes, boss.

DR. DEGENEROUS

Very good. Muy bien. That's Spanish.

STAN

Is that right? Okay, boss.

The scientist rises; his lab coat CREAKS from too much starch.

DR. DEGENEROUS

This will all be molto bene. That's Italian.

STAN

Oh?

DR. DEGENEROUS

I am counting on you and your mob,
Stan. And if you do not come
through for me, who knows, you
could perhaps find yourselves fully
involved in my laboratory.

He laughs without mirth. Creeped out, Stan smiles.

STAN

Sounds great. That's English, boss.

INT. TELEVISION AD

A television ad begins:

Mice sit around a table and stare at an empty dinner plate.
One of the mice clicks on a laptop computer:

CUSTOMER

We need some cheese, and soon!

A website displays tables laden with a variety of sumptuous
cheeses:

VOICEOVER

Welcome to CheeseInAnHour.com,
where all you do is log on and
click your favorite and . . .

CUSTOMER

My cheese comes in only one hour!

A mouse stares in awe:

CUSTOMER TWO

That's all??

VOICEOVER

That's all. At CheeseInAnHour.com
we stock the finest selections from
French brie to English cheddar,
cheesy Spanish Manchego, to solid
Parmesan; there is virtually no
cheese we won't find for you,
guaranteed!

Pictures of every kind of cheese move past.

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

(fine print voice)

This is not a guarantee.

(MORE)

VOICEOVER (CONT'D)

CheeseInAnHour.com will not go to Mongolia because it's too far. No offense.

The ad continues: a mouse robot transports an order to a delivery drone; the drone lands and the eager customer mouse stands with knife, fork and napkin at the ready.

Cheese lands in front of the hungry mouse with a thud.

CUSTOMER

I was hungry one moment and then, bam! An hour later I'm eating this smooth, creamy Muenster!

VOICEOVER

Another satisfied CheeseInAnHour.com customer doesn't have to wait for his mouth watering cheese.

CUSTOMER TWO

Thank you CheeseInAnHour.com!

Ad fades out with the satisfied customer who nibbles his Muenster.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

It's a new workday as mice scurry to and fro, some on mini Segways, while others relax on bean bags and stare into space.

After a loud clatter, a crew that wears fluorescent orange vests cleans up a Segway scooter crash while mice at the espresso machine laugh and point.

One mouse investigates as traffic cop:

BLUE TOOTH

Slow down around those corners, buddy! This isn't a racetrack. As for you all, nothing to see here, go back to work.

The cop flips open a pad of tickets and writes a violation as the two mice bicker over the cause of the crash.

Throughout the office: mice gaze at their computer screens and mumble or tap excitedly. Some watch horror videos online.

Computer expert and regular guy, EARL, (17), gazes at a video of a cat as it plays with a toy mouse:

EARL

(gasping)
This. Is. Horrible.

DOT

I don't know why you watch that stuff, Earl. You know it gives you nightmares.

A faraway look:

EARL

I dreamed I was the toy. I always dream I'm the toy.

DOT

You really need some therapy for that, Earl.

EARL

(miserably)

I know, I know.

DOT shudders and goes about her business. Office mice move through the habitrail hallways set up like a maze.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE GYM - CONTINUOUS

Down the hall mice exercise at a gym on squeaky wheels, their towels thrown over their shoulders as if they've run marathons.

In the gym, BLUE TOOTH (20), wearing a striped terry cloth headband, struggles to do a pull up. He's about to give up when CINDY enters:

BLUE TOOTH

(grunting)

Ninety-nine, one hundred. What a workout!

Cindy forms herself into a pretzel as she does yoga; she looks over at him.

CINDY

(dubious)

Way to blast those biceps.

He grins with his one large chopper and collapses to the floor in a heap.

Earl jumps into a clear mouse ball, the sweat pours off him as he listens to music and sings off key and at volume ten.

EARL

We built this city. . . We built this city on Man-Che-Go!

Cindy covers her ears and grimaces.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Through a wall of gym-steam steps WALLY WRODENT, (17) lead nerd and CEO of CheeseInAnHour.com. He also wears a red gym suit and a gold medallion in the shape of a hunk of cheese.

From somewhere MUSIC starts: a singer with a deep, Isaac Hayes style voice SINGS:

BLUE TOOTH (O.S.)
Who da mouse?

CINDY (O.S.)
Wally's da mouse.

BLUE TOOTH (O.S.)
I say, who da mouse?

CINDY (O.S.)
And I say Wall-ees da mouse!

BLUE TOOTH
Coolest nerd in town!

Wally turns to the two mice, one holds a microphone, the other a turntable.

BLUE TOOTH (CONT'D)
You the mouse, is what we're saying, boss.

WALLY
(paws up)
Got it. Thanks guys. Never gets old.

Blue Tooth and Cindy give paws up. Wally walks on. He spots Earl, a star in his ad.

WALLY (CONT'D)
Hey Earl. Good workout? Got life by the tail, don't we?

EARL
Did you see the ad, boss?

WALLY
You looked pretty cheesy in it, Earl.

EARL
(reddening)
Thanks, boss.

In Wally's wake, the female mice sigh.

WALLY

Good morning, beautiful. You're looking particularly mousy this morning.

Cindy swoons. Earl sighs.

EARL

Did you see me in the commercial Cindy, I was kind of the star you could say.

Cindy fails to take notice of Earl.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Earl continues his conversation with Wally from the day before.

EARL

I almost reached level twenty-seven-

WALLY

Didn't I tell you all it would take is time?

EARL

To get past the zombie felines-

Sassy city mouse Dot interrupts them. She pops her gum and wears cat-eye glasses.

DOT

It's like I said yesterday, boss, just the thought of a rat makes my skin pimple. Don't get me started on cats.

She fakes a fur ball choke as they walk.

In the background: a news announcement crawls by on the Daily Squeak: "Hackers can't be Trapped-Cops cop," and "Thieves Thieved by Hackers, Feelings Hurt."

WALLY

But we have to remember Dot-

And talk.

DOT COMMINS

I know, I know . . .

WALLY

(chant)

We all scurry alike.

(MORE)

WALLY (CONT'D)

Rats can be our friends if we just give them a chance. Sure, I get the willies thinking about it, but you never know.

They stop. Earl collides with Wally's back.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Always got my back, don't you, Earl?

EARL

Sorry. I thought we were still walking and talking.

Wally becomes the boss:

WALLY

Let's get back to cheese, shall we? It's going to be a cheesy day, I have a good feeling. I really do.

EARL

I'm always thinking about cheese, boss.

WALLY

Good mouse, Earl.

He tallies on his paws:

EARL

I like to say cheese. I like to cut the cheese. You know what I mean.

WALLY

A little awkward, Earl.

Earl backs away, the grin pasted on his face.

INT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Through the walls of a hospital stands a silhouette of a SECRET AGENT mouse who wears a trench coat with an upturned collar.

OLD NURSE

It's like I told the dummkopf officers, I'm changing the babies one instant and then poof!

SECRET AGENT

Poof?

OLD NURSE

They're gone. Don't ask me how it happened. Because I don't know. Go ahead ask me.

SECRET AGENT

Hmm.

OLD NURSE

What are you looking for, may I ask?

The mouse with the trench coat shrugs and starts to sniff around, and in a moment, still in silhouette, she examines a hair. She swallows and stares into the distance.

SECRET AGENT

Rats.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

Time for the CheeseInAnHour.com weekly staff meeting. The mice workers gather in the meeting room around a long oval wooden table. Wally waits for everyone to sit and settle down before he begins.

WALLY

Okay everyone, let's get to the sales report.

He peers around the large table:

WALLY (CONT'D)

Asiago?

Paw thumbs up:

CINDY

Awesome.

WALLY

Pecorino?

DOT

(frown)

Pretty pedestrian.

He gesticulates with his paws:

EARL

Are you talking about me? Because that sounds pretty mean?!

Later, as the meeting is set to end:

DOT

And so, if I catch the mouse who ate my grilled cheese sandwich from the staff fridge, they're going to wish they were caught in a mouse trap for what I'm going to do to them!

An awkward silence. Earl takes in his breath and averts his eyes from Dot.

WALLY

(slow)

O-kay. That should cover it.

Dot glares at them as they go. The other employees scurry back to their desks.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

The day shuts down. Mice bid their goodbyes with a wave and a last bit of conversation. Blue Tooth, a misshapen mouse with a gnarled chopper tries his luck with Cindy:

BLUE TOOTH

(leaning back on his desk)

So, you doing anything Saturday night? I have some dynamite smoked Gouda that I've been saving.

Her eyes dart back and forth.

CINDY

Oh, really? I, um . . .

BLUE TOOTH

We could take a walk and watch the sunset, I know a place . . . I can scare the stray cats away with my martial artist skills.

He karate chops the air.

CINDY

Sorry, I'm busy. I'm washing-my mother is ill . . .

Blue Tooth remains undeterred; however Cindy turns tail. Blue Tooth scratches his head:

BLUE TOOTH

You're washing your mom?

Before he knows it, she's gone. Most other mice leave, except:

EARL

They're gone?

The door closes.

DOT

And that's everyone.

EARL

Better luck next time, Blue Tooth.

Blue Tooth sulks.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

Wally strides to center stage with Dot, Earl and two other mice wait at him.

WALLY

Okay, people-

EARL

We're mice.

WALLY

Somewhere there may be a little mouse that needs our help. Let's get to work.

He hits a large red button and the walls begin to shake and in a moment they start to change.

EARL

I love this part.

Computers - seemingly from nowhere - drop to the floor. The relaxed dot com office transforms into a high-tech secure workplace with ultra-modern equipment on four stations.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

In the center of the room a symbol on the floor emerges as a mural: Guy Fawkes with the requisite mouse ears at the top.

WALLY

We are AnonyMouse!

The mice cheer.

WALLY (CONT'D)

What are we seeking?

The others echo: "Truth!"

WALLY (CONT'D)

What do we hate?

Another chant: "Secrets!"

EARL
Cats!

DOT
Psst, that's not what we say.

Earl reddens.

EARL
(weakly)
Sorry. Secrets. We hate secrets.

After the ceremony ends, the mice head to their terminals where they get down to business.

BLUE TOOTH
(tapping his tablet)
I'm tracking a shipment of
counterfeit pellets.

He tuts:

BLUE TOOTH (CONT'D)
Get this: they're made of sawdust
instead of rotten hay. That's just
disgusting.

He gags.

EARL
And I can confirm. . . that I have
dropped jam on my shirt.

He nibbles at his shirt.

EARL (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. I'm getting into
a server protected by twelve
firewalls.

WALLY
(exultant)
Who says one mouse can't change the
world?

In the background, a portrait of a super Mouse with a cape shines under a light. Dot growls:

DOT
This rat is attempting to pass off
mouse exercise wheels that don't
squeak. Unheard of!

She shakes her head with disdain. Wally peers over Earl's shoulder.

WALLY
Earl, my man?

EARL
-Mouse. Well, this one is harder
than usual. Someone knows what
they're doing.

He pauses, only the sound of paws that scabble on his
keyboard:

DOT
Earl?

WALLY
An update, Earl? Still saving the
World?

DOT
(tapping him)
Earl!

He mutters:

EARL
(absorbed)
Yes, saving my cheese, boss.

Earl grunts.

WALLY
Earl?

They all stop and look at Earl, who simply stares. Wally
steps over to have a look.

EARL
What is it? I mean, what is it?

A giant eye appears on Earl's screen. The three mice gasp.
Wally pulls at his whiskers:

WALLY
What in the whiskers?

DOT
It's-

EARL
-a-

WALLY
RAT!

Squeal:

EARL

Eek!

The eye on the screen jerks back and forth as it takes in the entire room. It blinks.

Wally, Dot, and Earl freeze. Cookies crumble out Earl's mouth. After a moment:

WALLY

Earl, do something.

Earl taps on the keyboard but the rat eye remains. They pause. In a moment they hear a voice through the display.

INT. HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Earl gulps. The voice talks in a deep squeak:

JACK

Hey boss, I don't know what's wrong with this computer here, but there's a mouse on it when before there weren't any mice on it at all. Weird, huh?

Now another bloodshot rat eye takes the first one's place and swivels with suspicion:

STAN

That is weird, now you mention it.

JACK

I'm not what you call a technology guru-

STAN

As far as I know Jack, you're only field of expertise is the eating of junk food.

With pride:

JACK

Thanks, boss.

STAN

We should maybe call tech-support. The Nerds will know what to do.

Wally gestures to Dot, and she knows what to do:

DOT

I'm on it.

Earl pokes Wally.

WALLY
Not now, Earl.

EARL
Boss. Boss, there's something weird.

With irritation:

WALLY
I know, you eat bacon on ice cream.

EARL
It's not that. Before the eye appeared I heard them say something about diapers. Is that important?

WALLY
Like baby diapers?

Wally scratches his whiskers. Earl stares at him and shrugs.

INT. RAT OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Stan places the phone call while he stares into the screen. Dot intercepts the call.

STAN
Hello, tech support? Stan has mice in the computer. What are they doing there?

DOT
(a nasal voice)
Did you get the Rodent-two point 0 update, sir?

She grins and grimaces at Wally:

STAN
Um, gee, Stan's not sure, let him ask his associate. Hey, thick tail, did we get a rodent update? Two point 0?

JACK
I think so, boss. I meant to tell you about it.

Dubious:

STAN
Really?

JACK
 (ashamed)
 No.

STAN
 (to Dot)
 It seems we missed that update. Hey
 wait just a second.

He knocks himself in the head:

STAN (CONT'D)
 Stan read "Rat Wire" magazine while
 waiting for the wife to be done at
 the fur salon, and he don't
 remember nothing about a Rodent
 update two-point-what-have-you.

Stan strokes his whiskers, eyeing the screen. Dot shrugs and
 grimaces and begins to panic.

STAN (CONT'D)
 In fact Stan's starting to believe
 this is some sort of mouse scam.
 Are they watching us?

DOT
 Sir, I am not sure what you are
 referring to-

She starts to make fake white noise as their connection
 wavers. And as Wally waves his arms in the background she
 hangs up.

WALLY
 Quick thinking, Dot.

The eyes leave the screen with a herky-jerky movement. Now
 the eyes stare with suspicion, as the rats attempt to
 understand the situation.

WALLY (CONT'D)
 There's only one thing to do.

They all look over to the wall. Distinct from all the other
 technology sits a large red button.

DOT
 You're not going to -

EARL
 Boss, you wouldn't really -
 He throws his paws into the air.

WALLY
 We have no choice.

EARL

Boss!

Wally closes his eyes and presses the button. For a moment nothing happens, and then: all technology shuts down and darkness covers all. Four pairs of eyeballs blink in the dark.

EARL (CONT'D)

So?

DOT

Yep.

WALLY

We're done. For now. Assemble at Office two point O, at um, my parents' house.

They mope as they leave the dark office.

EXT. OUTSIDE - NIGHT

A taxi stops: the mouse in trench coat steps out and stands in silhouette. She looks around at the building and spots a brochure on the ground. She picks it up and examines it. She sniffs it. Her whiskers bob up and down.

BONNIE TAILS

(English accent)

Cheese in an hour, ay? Not bad. Not bad at all. I'm feeling a bit peckish for a nibble of some stinky cheese myself. The stinkier the better.

She looks left, right and then proceeds to dash in another direction, she whistles for another taxi.

INT. WALLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The next night, Wally looks around and smiles at the nerdy computer posters on his walls. Earl and Dot come in behind him.

His smile fades as he hears his mother from the background.

MOTHER WRODENT (O.S.)

And I better not have to pick up any of your smelly socks young mouse.

He sighs. Wally's father appears, and sports a plaid shorts and a dark sock and sandal combination.

CHARLES WRODENT
Hi son. These your friends?

WALLY
Dad.

CHARLES WRODENT
We're so proud of our little mouse.

WALLY
(awkwardly laughs)
Well. . . we have to get to work.
With a proud smile:

CHARLES WRODENT
Always working, this one. One day
he might even have his own place.
Mom pops in.

MOTHER WRODENT
If he wants to stay here, what is
it, five years after college,
that's his choice. Let him work.
He hollers:

CHARLES WRODENT
I will Mom, I'm just telling him
how proud I am. Will you let me
tell my son how proud I am?
Wally looks around. Dot and Earl stare.

CHARLES WRODENT (CONT'D)
Son?

WALLY
Yes Dad?

CHARLES WRODENT
I'm proud of you.
Wally gives a strained smile:

WALLY
Thanks Dad.

CHARLES WRODENT
What with all those doo-dads you
know how to operate. I can't even
turn the darned things on.
Wally pushes them out of the room.

SALLY WRODENT
Oh well. I really don't know what
they are.

CHARLES WRODENT
I know less than you.

SALLY WRODENT
I don't think that's possible.
The door closes.

CHARLES WRODENT
(through the door)
We'll get out of your whiskers.
Earl munches something:

EARL
Man, your mom makes good cookies.
Exasperated, Wally regards Earl for a moment, then his face
relaxes:

WALLY
I just love her snicker-doodles.
Dot clears her throat:

DOT
So, what are we going to do about
the rats?

WALLY
We can make friends with them.
A grunt:

DOT
Yeah, right. Very funny boss.

WALLY
Okay, what do we know?

EARL
Even when it's burned, bacon is
good.
Confession:

EARL (CONT'D)
I eat burned bacon.

WALLY
Great. What else?

DOT
Dummkopf here hacked into the rat
mob.

WALLY
Right, right. And they hacked back
into us. So they know who we are.

With a grimace:

WALLY (CONT'D)
So, what were the rats up to?

DOT
They rented storage warehouses out
and-

EARL
(snapping his paw)
The diapers.

Mild surprise:

WALLY
Right. You mentioned that.

EARL
They bought lots of diapers. Which
is odd because to me they didn't
look like babies. Unless they were
super smart babies with deep
voices.

Wally scratches his whiskers:

WALLY
What would a bunch of old rats want
with diapers?

His phone rings. The ring tone: Barry Manilow singing the
"Copa Cabana." Wally taps his ear piece.

WALLY (CONT'D)
Wally here. Hello? Hellooo?

He waits but nobody responds. He shakes his head and clicks
the phone.

DOT
So, what should we do?

WALLY
Plan B.

He presses a small button which makes another button appear,
hits that one which makes another button and then another.
Until:

EARL
That's some button.

WALLY
Will you do the honors, Dot?
Dot rolls her eyes and knocks the button.
Suddenly a fanfare erupts: music and confetti and a blast of horns. The mice cover their ears against the festival of noise. Finally, a computer drops from the ceiling.

EARL
(dumbstruck)
What. Is. That?
Wally hasn't noticed.

WALLY
That's the latest in technology
from the top secret laboratory of
BLAB.
Identical face as Earl:

WALLY (CONT'D)
What. Is. That?

DOT
I believe that's the Arc nine-
thousand. Made twenty-five years
ago in Dr. Degenerous's own garage.
It's one of a kind.

Their faces droop.
The computer puffs to life and shows large pieces of Swiss cheese that sports great, fluffy angel wings. They float gently across the screen.

WALLY
Oh, right.
He shouts once again.

WALLY (CONT'D)
Mom, what color button is it?
Another screech:

SALLY WRODENT
The purple one!

WALLY
Right-O.

He presses the button and down pops the modern version of the Arc nine-thousand: it's state of the art with wide screens and a hologram keyboard. Letters that spell out BLAB appear on the side.

A digital message slides by:

EARL
(reading)
"Remember to pick up your stinky socks. Love, Mom." Wow, I guess she knows how to get on a computer.

WALLY
(open mouthed)
I guess.

INT. WALLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

As the mice work at their stations and attempt to track down leads of the rat mob, the hours fly by.

The mice eat pizza and listen to music. They drink Jitter, the energy drink and have pep to burn. Earl vibrates like a plucked guitar string.

DOT
How many of those have you had Earl?

EARL
Too-too-too many.

The computer hack continues and soon Earl and Dot squeak with suspicion.

DOT
Hmm. It seems our rat mob friends have left a trail.

EARL
For the police.

DOT
The international police.

This piques Wally's attention:

WALLY
INTERPOL? That's it.

DOT
That's what?

EARL

Lunch? Does INTERPOL deliver? I
could go for some Italian cheese.
Or French brie, oui, oui.

He kisses his paw. Wally points to the screen. There, the
image of a blonde mouse in a trench coat appears before them.
She sports an INTERPOL insignia on her lapel.

WALLY

Wow. She looks impressive.

His phone whirs again, the same song plays.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He clicks the phone:

WALLY

Hello?

In a whisper:

SHIRLEY

Are you the AnonyMouse?

WALLY

Who is this?

SHIRLEY

I wanted to tell you, you are on
the right track. The rats - and I'm
one of them - we are into some bad
stuff.

Eyebrows raised:

WALLY

Like?

SHIRLEY

(hesitant)

Like. . . Like smuggling. I gotta
go. You should talk to INTERPOL.
Bye.

INT. RAT OFFICE - DAY

SHIRLEY FURSPOT clicks a phone off in an office next to a
warehouse. She looks out at busy rats as they push baby
strollers around.

Jack holds a fussy baby in his arms and tries to calm it.

JACK

Calm down there baby. Hey, what do you got to be worried about? You're a baby, am I right?

In return the baby gives Jack a raspberry.

STAN

Hey, baby-whisperer, he ain't listening to you.

From behind them Shirley watches. She glares.

SHIRLEY

Why are you giving these baby mice away? I'm glad you didn't do that to me.

STAN

You're one of us. Why would Stan give you away?

Shirley glares, Stan glares. Jack sits amongst the mice babies and reads them a story:

JACK

This is the story of the Persnickety Mouse: He is so mean to his brother!

Stan sighs at him.

JACK (CONT'D)

He's always telling his brother to clean up messes and he also wouldn't let his little brother play with any of his toys, isn't that rotten?

Jack looks over at Stan who ignores him.

JACK (CONT'D)

That brother of his is lucky he didn't, you know, get it.

The mice gurgle. One grabs Jack's nose again as he squeaks.

JACK (CONT'D)

You are strong little mice babies, aren't you? Yes you are.

One stout mouse takes Jack by the foot and flips him. Then another jumps on him, then another as Stan ignores it all.

JACK (CONT'D)

(constricted)

I think he broke my nimbus.

EXT. WALLY'S PARENTS' STREET - NIGHT

A car pulls up to the front of a house. A figure exits the vehicle.

The visible street sign warns: "Sunshine Street, please drive no more than three miles per hour. This means you, speedster!" Another sign proclaims "Sentimental Grove:

BONNIE TAILS
(reading by flashlight)
"Quiet Living for the Mature and
Frisky." Lovely neighborhood.

All that can be seen: a trench coat with mouse ears stick out of the top. The individual looks right, then left, and then walks up to the front steps and knocks on the door.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The knock echoes on the bedroom door. Wally, Dot and Earl look up and there, at the door, Wally's mother with her head pokes in:

SALLY WRODENT
(whisper)
You have a friend visiting, she is
an L-A-D-Y.

WALLY
Lady? Who?

BONNIE TAILS (18, self-assured) pops through the door without a further word; she wears a trench coat and a smirk:

BONNIE TAILS
(an English accent)
I'm Tails, Bonnie Tails. I do hope
I'm not interrupting anything
important. Your mother makes such
splendid biscuits!

Whisper:

BONNIE TAILS (CONT'D)
Or as you Yanks call them, cookies,
although they aren't cooked, so
much as they are baked like
biscuits are, that's one for
England. Right. You're those sneaky
mice, I presume?

Wally recognizes her. Wally runs for it.

EARL

Hey, where are you going Wally? I'm starved.

He dashes past both lady mice and jumps on a pink electric scooter that belongs to his mother labeled "Hers" and decorated with faux flowers with a white and pink front basket. The front plate says, "Scootin' Along!" Not to be outdone Bonnie jumps on the scooter labeled "His," and "Gone Fishin'."

She chases him through the house. They knock down vases as they slam into furniture.

SALLY WRODENT

Son?

He shakes his head:

CHARLES WRODENT

I am not proud of this, Wally.
Maybe you should move out.

As he rolls:

WALLY

(accusing)

You let her in. And you know how expensive real estate is and that I'm afraid of -

BONNIE TAILS

Why are you running away if you have nothing to hide? And what are you afraid of?

He stops and looks at her:

WALLY

Cats. I really, really don't like cats. Then there's large rats. And I don't care for snakes, either. .

.

BONNIE TAILS

Welcome to the club, mate.

He takes off again.

WALLY

And how do you know I have nothing to hide?

To her son's back:

SALLY WRODENT

She seems so nice, and so well-dressed, too.

They exit the house and roll onto Sunshine Street of the Sentimental Grove Retirement Community.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

They pass other members of the community who look on and gasp. One member joins the chase, with a fist shake. Then another.

Soon commences an angry parade of Sentimental Grove citizens that race on scooters with Wally at the lead.

He now wears ace goggles complete with a flier's scarf.

Bonnie has nearly overtaken Wally as they head around a turn and into another street. She attempts to knock him over, and when that fails, tries to run him off the road.

WALLY

Rats, a cul-de-sac!

He begins a wide turn and passes those retirement community citizens who holler at him to stop and follow their speed rules.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Sorry everyone! I know you say I'm speeding but I'm literally doing five miles per hour.

They squeak at him as he goes. Bonnie pleads with him:

BONNIE TAILS

Why don't you pull over and we can talk about this.

WALLY

You'll never catch me copper!

With a laugh:

BONNIE TAILS

You watch too many police dramas, Mr. Wrodent.

WALLY

What are you, my mother?

BONNIE TAILS

That's what she told me anyway. She is very lovely.

Wally begins to relax and coasts on the scooter. The others fall back, as Wally and Bonnie exit past the guard shack and out of the Sentimental Grove Retirement Community.

They enter real city traffic.

EXT. CITY STREET-CONTINUOUS

Like a classic video game they attempt to dart across the street; they dodge trucks and cars driven by mice and rats. Drivers holler at them but do not slow down.

Wally makes it most of the way until: an eighteen-wheeler bears down on him.

WALLY
(weakly)
Stop?

He freezes, his eyes caught in the lights when a hand grabs him and pulls him to the sidewalk in the nick of time.

The truck moves at full speed and disintegrates his mother's scooter.

Earl walks by the scene, oblivious:

EARL
Oh, hi Wally, did that lady ever
deliver any food?

Wally slumps, defeated.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

They sit on the sidewalk and watch the cars pass by. Bonnie eyes Wally, still business-like but now with some sympathy.

She clears her throat:

BONNIE TAILS
Mr. Wrodent.

WALLY
You stopped me from being squashed.
You can call me Wally.

BONNIE TAILS
Okay, Wally. My agency needs to
talk to you. You have done
something we've attempted to do for
some time.

He straightens up.

WALLY
You need me?

BONNIE TAILS
Sure as chips.

WALLY
Sure as what?

She smiles:

BONNIE TAILS
Chips. It's a thing I say. That's
what I tried to tell you, but you
ran off.

He gives her a guilty smile. Then a gulp.
She sighs.

BONNIE TAILS (CONT'D)
Anyway, I've studied the Rat Mob
for a while. And you were able to
hack them in like ten minutes.
That's dangerous.

He bows.

WALLY
We are good, what can I say?

BONNIE TAILS
But, now they know you busted into
their system and they don't much
care for that.

He shrugs.

WALLY
We just wanted to know what they
were up to.

BONNIE TAILS
And you wanted to turn them in, I
hope.

He nods his head. He raises his paw.

WALLY
Absolutely.

BONNIE TAILS
Well, their activities are
threatened by that, so you'll have
to shut down.

WALLY
Again?

With a frown:

BONNIE TAILS

I'm afraid so. It's for your own good.

She regards with him with copper suspicion:

BONNIE TAILS (CONT'D)

If, and I say IF you help me, Wally you will know as much as I do.

WALLY

I will?

She nods and grins, her whiskers flutter. He makes for home.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Hey, information is my thing. I can find out myself.

She becomes desperate and grabs his tail. He squeaks:

BONNIE TAILS

Sorry, but I could really use your help.

WALLY

(walking backwards)

I don't really, um, feel too comfortable, with that sort of thing. Hackers and cops, we're usually not on the same side. Is it just me, or would it be weird?

Babble:

WALLY (CONT'D)

No offense, you seem nice, all that truth, justice and the Amer-or British way. That's great, but. . . I better go, Mom will start to wonder about her scooter.

He gazes at the wreckage:

WALLY (CONT'D)

Or what's left of it.

He takes off. She sighs again.

BONNIE TAILS

It's about baby mice. They're smuggling them. The rats. It's perfectly awful.

Wally stops in his tracks.

WALLY
That's what she meant.

BONNIE TAILS
Who?

WALLY
Never mind. Okay, fine. I'm in. I like you. You're manipulative. A little crazy too.

BONNIE TAILS
Another victory for her Majesty, the Queen.

Agent Tails gives a sly smile.

WALLY
What's that?

BONNIE TAILS
Nothing.

Wally shakes his head.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

It's Monday morning back at the offices of CheeseInAnHour.com. All non-hacking computers buzz with life and the staff toils with cheese orders.

Wally mingles among the mice workers with less enthusiasm than the week before.

WALLY
Morning everybody. It's going to be a pretty cheesy day, I guess.

Several mice mingle together. The word "rat" emanates from the group.

EARL
Rat?

CINDY
Rat? Did somebody say rat? Eek!

Then: all at once the office mice scurry away to the exits of CheeseInAnHour.com and leave Wally to stand with...

WALLY
You.

BONNIE TAILS
Sorry. I followed you in this morning.

WALLY

But. Why did you have to yell rats?

She shrugs, sheepish.

EARL

Hey boss, where'd everybody go?

Wally sits down and regards his empty business.

WALLY

It seems we're shutting down for now, Earl.

EARL

What about the cheese-

Bonnie swings into action. As Wally, Earl and Dot look on, she pulls out her computer equipment and a special projector lens.

DOT

What have you got there, hon?

Bonnie gives them a just-wait-and-you'll-see look. She hits a button, then:

WALLY

What?

DOT

Ooh.

EARL

Eek a rat!

Two large, criminal rats appear in the center of the office, life-size. They leer all around:

BONNIE

These, mice friends, are mere computer projections. The most real hologram technology available, I might add. From England.

The three mice continue to cringe at the images.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

(business-like)

Right. Meet Stan and Jack Furspot: criminal rats who are part of the family business Rats Inc. and have been involved in a number of -

Wally unclenches his hands and pokes Earl -

EARL

They look mean.

BONNIE

You can say that—they have their paws in shady deals we've been interested in for years now. Bug races in England, fake French pellet smuggling, once they replaced an entire Italian winery's barrels of aged wine with vinegar.

Mouths open:

BONNIE (CONT'D)

They're quite good. At being terrible.

The rats leer, then Stan smiles:

STAN

Have you done your homework? No homework no TV, you know the rules.

The three mice jump back; even Bonnie starts.

BONNIE

He was speaking to someone, I wasn't sure.

WALLY

I think I know. That's the young rat that's called me with information. I think she's family.

BONNIE

Excellent. We can use her to get to Jack and Stan.

He gestures in rejection of this idea:

WALLY

Use her? She's a kid. I hope this is not how you do things, Agent Tails.

BONNIE

Did I say use?

Wally looks uncomfortable.

WALLY

That's a little ratty, wouldn't you say?

BONNIE

Well, if we have to leverage her,
then it might come to that.

Wally shakes his head.

WALLY

Count me out.

BONNIE

Why?

WALLY

Because she shouldn't be leev-
ridged for anything.

BONNIE

So now you're making fun of my
accent.

He looks away. Bonnie fumes for a moment and then decides:

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, fine. But if she can help us,
we're going to, ask for her
assistance, will that be okay, Mr.
Wally?

WALLY

Fine.

BONNIE

Right. Now, we need current
intelligence on the activities of
the suspects.

He scratches his nose.

EARL

Come again?

BONNIE

We need their twenties.

EARL

Huh?

WALLY

She wants to know where the rat
dudes are stashing themselves.

Earl nods and pulls up Bonnie's computer: a few clicks later
he spies on the rats once again.

Wally looks at her:

WALLY (CONT'D)

Are you sure? Last time we hacked these guys it wasn't good.

BONNIE

I do believe INTERPOL's encryption and security is superior to, what is your little group called? AnonyMouse?

Wally nods. Bonnie gasps. Once again the rats peer into the computer screen.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

I do not believe this.

JACK

Believe it, sister. And who might you be? Excuse me, but would you know anything about the Rodent two point O update?

BONNIE

Um.

JACK

I can't seem to find any information about it. It's like it doesn't even exist. Weird.

Bonnie severs the connection and turns the computer off.

BONNIE

So much for my-

WALLY

-superior encryption and security? Welcome to the club, Agent Tails.

She turns away, paws on her face.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

They sit around a table and nibble on cheese and tell war stories. Bonnie has them rapt with attention:

BONNIE

So there I was, trapped by the Cats on one side and the Rat street gang on the other. . .

DOT

What'd you do?

BONNIE
I came out shooting -
They look at her, aghast.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
With all I had, which was water. It
confused them so much, all that
water in their whiskers. Kind of
threw off their balance.

EARL
What happened next?

BONNIE
(laughing)
They fell over, licking themselves,
they did.
Wally shrugs.

WALLY
We rodents aren't very particular
to moisture.

BONNIE
You use advantages where you can
get 'em.

WALLY
That doesn't sound like you went by
the book.
With a confident wink:

BONNIE
Don't tell anyone.

WALLY
Well, you're not going to get me to
tell any stories, sorry.
The others seem disappointed.

BONNIE
Why not?

WALLY
You'll arrest me.

BONNIE
Oh yeah.
Wally shakes his head.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 Look, I think for this case I will
 close my ample ears to all misdeeds
 and wrongdoings by the group known
 as AnonyMouse.

Wally, dubious:

WALLY
 Could I get that in writing?

She laughs musically.

BONNIE
 Sorry, no.

WALLY
 Right. Well, here goes: there was
 that one time where we may or may
 not have gathered secret documents
 about English mice spying on French
 cats.

He shivers.

WALLY (CONT'D)
 Then we might have dropped it into
 the laps of the gossipy bloggers.

Bonnie's mouth hangs open.

EARL
 You okay, Bonnie? You look like
 you've seen a ghost.

He waves his hand in front of her face just to make sure. Her
 whiskers droop.

WALLY
 Earl, you better get Agent Tails
 some water.

Guilty looks all around as Earl wheels a giant bottle over
 with a metal tube that protrudes from the bottom. Bonnie
 takes a sip from the tube.

WALLY (CONT'D)
 (with raised paw)
 AnonyMouse!

BONNIE
 (recovering)
 That case is what got me sent here.
 Nevermind. Can I ask: why didn't
 you take credit?

With a shrug:

WALLY

That's not what this is about.

She looks at him, confused.

WALLY (CONT'D)

AnonyMouse is here -

DOT

To put an end to -

EARL

Secrets! Boss hates secrets.

BONNIE

I can see that.

Earl stares at Wally, and waves his paw in front of Wally's face.

EARL

What's wrong boss, are you dreaming
or something?

Wally zones out. . .

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Wally becomes a small mouse on a school yard. He wears a bow tie and carries a briefcase.

Young Wally walks up to a circle of his fellow school mice who whisper and give him furtive glances.

Young Wally clears his throat:

YOUNG WALLY

Hey guys, what's up? Did you study
for your computer exam?

The group whispers and then stops. They stand and face Wally.

Wally blows his nose and brandishes the tissue in the air.

YOUNG WALLY (CONT'D)

Beam me up, Snotty!

Silence. Someone clears their throat.

Wally's backside sports a "kick me" sign. He reaches behind himself and finds the paper.

YOUNG WALLY (CONT'D)

You fellas are such the merry
pranksters!

His classmates hold water balloons behind their backs, while his professor, a cat who wears a mortarboard and robe lurks behind him.

YOUNG WALLY (CONT'D)

Hey, did you hear that our new teacher is a cat? Hope she doesn't choke on a fur ball in class!

He chokes and hacks up fur for a minute while his classmates stretch their brows and turn away from the spectacle.

The professor clears her throat. The claws on her paws extend.

Young Wally's face goes from happy to curious to alarmed with the slight bob of his Adam's apple. His eyes dart to the side.

YOUNG WALLY (CONT'D)

(weakly)

Meow.

END FLASHBACK

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

He stands with wide open eyes and a very similar expression:

WALLY

Professor Scratch. A cat. And our new English teacher. My so-called friends all knew she was lurking behind me but they kept it a -

BONNIE

Let me guess, a secret?

WALLY

BINGO.

Bonnie sighs.

BONNIE

You caused some serious problems with me - I mean my agency - you did. The droppings hit the fan.

Wally grimaces.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Those cats still hiss at us, it's very distressing and more than a little bit awkward at diplomatic functions.

WALLY
 Secrets cause worse problems. See?
 I knew you'd be part of the
 problem.

Bonnie opens her mouth to respond:

BONNIE
 But your actions clearly make
 things worse -

EARL
 Boss, this doesn't help those
 little mice.

Tempers cool:

WALLY
 You're right, Earl.

He looks around at his fellow mice.

WALLY (CONT'D)
 What are we going to do about the
 rats smuggling baby mice?

BONNIE
 We got to get in there. Infiltrate
 them somehow.

WALLY
 How?

They both turn and stare at Earl and Dot.

WALLY (CONT'D)
 You two are pretty small.

BONNIE
 Small enough to pass as babies?

He nods:

WALLY
 I think so.

DOT
 How so boss?

EARL
 You mean I get to be a secret
 agent?

Earl makes a quick change and in a moment he's dressed in a
 suit and a debonair bow tie.

Um. DOT

Well. WALLY

Sorry, mate. BONNIE

In a flash she goes to work on Earl and when she's done:

You're a- DOT

-big- WALLY

Chubby- BONNIE

-baby. EARL

Earl sucks on a pacifier and wears extra large diapers.

Goo goo. EARL (CONT'D)

INT. BONNIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Bonnie ties a bow into Dot's fur as she prepares them for the operation.

There, you're quite the lovely little baby. BONNIE

Dry as sand:

Mama. DOT

Bonnie gives a weak smile:

Perfect. BONNIE

She regards Earl, whose lip juts out as he blubbers.

How's our other little bundle of joy? BONNIE (CONT'D)

Why is he crying? BONNIE (CONT'D)
(to Dot)

DOT

He's getting into character. Here is his tracker. We'll know where they're going at all times.

Wally turns to her, ignoring Earl.

WALLY

So the plan again?

BONNIE

Distraction. We get them to open the door and confuse them which, judging by their conversations, shouldn't be too hard.

WALLY

Without showing our faces?

Wally seems dubious as Bonnie nods and they get into gear.

INT. RAT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jack and Stan play cards in a quiet building. Jack sighs:

JACK

Think of it, boss: Furspot and Sons' Amazing and Delightful Rat Adventure. What a name that would be.

STAN

(wide eyed)

Better than Rats Inc, because...

JACK

Because everyday's an amazing and delightful adventure in this line of work.

Stan stares at his brother. There's a knock on the warehouse door.

STAN

We're going to get rid of whoever is there, and when I come back, I don't want to hear nothing about amazing-

JACK

And delightful adventure.

STAN

You got it? Delightful adventure... this guy drives me nuts.

Stan mumbles and walks to the door, as Jack trails behind.

EXT. DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Stan answers the door, and faces the person who has knocked; to his confusion he stares at himself-

STAN
What is Stan looking at Stan for?

JACK
(peeking out)
There's me too. What am I doing out there boss?

Stan shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)
I mean, I thought I was right over here. How can we stand in two places at once?

STAN
This should be impossible.

The rat mobsters step outside and follow their holograms.

STAN (CONT'D)
Hey, where is Other Stan and you going?

JACK
Let's go follow us.

They step outside of the warehouse, while behind them Dot and Earl step in, and wave at Wally.

After a moment Stan takes a swipe at himself and his paw goes through the hologram.

STAN
That's peculiar. What's wrong with Other Stan? Stan's made of mist or something.

JACK
(brow furrowed)
Am I made of clouds, boss?

STAN
I don't know but this Other Stan is giving me the creeps.

He yells:

STAN (CONT'D)

What are you and who sent you, over there Stan?

Jack and Stan shrug.

JACK

I'm scared, boss. Will you hold my paw?

STAN

Get off me. Let's go back in.

They head back to the door, look around, and walk back into the warehouse. From afar, Wally and Bonnie watch.

BONNIE

Now, we wait.

Wally gives her a worried look.

WALLY

Those are my babies in there. . .

She smiles.

INT. WALLY'S ROOM - DAY

As they wait for something to happen, Bonnie and Wally lounge.

BONNIE

I don't reckon the Sentimental Grove citizens will ever forget us, will they?

Wally gives a weak smile and flicks on the television.

WALLY

It's nice to have a little excitement in a mouse's life.

Shows appear, then disappear as he flips the channels: "Real Mouse-Wives," "Name that Cheese" and "Little Mouse on the Prairie" amuse Wally and Bonnie as they wait.

He stops at MNN, the Mouse News Network where two mice debate:

TV TALKER

I say we must get along with our rat brothers and sisters to make our world a better place to live.

With a shrug:

TV TALKER TWO

You're never going to have a safe nation with rats around, I'm sorry.

TV TALKER

(outraged)

That's a terrible thing to say.

TV TALKER TWO

Look at the news: baby mice kidnapped and I think we all know who the culprits are.

A grim head shake:

TV TALKER

Let's not pass judgement. We don't know if rats are involved at all.

TV TALKER TWO

What a ratty thing to do; look, let's stop being politically correct and just admit what we're all thinking: there are no good rats.

Wally turns off the TV. He checks his Squeaker.com feed. The squeaks scroll by, the mice converse about the rats and their various crimes.

WALLY

You wouldn't believe the things they're saying about rats here.

He whistles.

BONNIE

Well, you know how mice can get. We love to gossip.

His eyes widen.

WALLY

Rumor spreading doesn't help. No, the rats aren't planning to squirrel-away all the world's cheese supply.

She gulps:

BONNIE

That would be a hash-tag catastrophe.

INT. RAT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Stan and Jack sit in their office:

STAN

Someone's calling through.

Teary-eyed:

JACK

I'm with you, boss, the Real Mouse
Wives ain't good at all to each
other. Doesn't it just break your
heart?

STAN

Will you turn that off, it'll rot
your brain. More.

JACK

Sorry boss. I liked when we used to
watch together.

A picture flashes on the screen. Dr. Degenerous the scientist
stares at them.

STAN

Oh rats.

The picture comes to life.

DR. DEGENEROUS

Hello boys, how goes the operation?
I trust it's going well.

STAN

Doc?

DR. DEGENEROUS

Well. Is it or not?

Stan gulps as Jack noses in:

STAN

We, that is Stan and Jack, seem to
have it well in paw.

JACK

After all, they're babies. They
don't fight back. Too much.

DR. DEGENEROUS

What do you mean too much?

JACK

Well, a few have taken some sort of martial arts lessons.

Stan scowls at Jack.

STAN

It's nothing Stan and Jack can't handle.

DR. DEGENEROUS

Good. Good. Because I needn't remind you what happens to naughty rats?

He holds up a trap that snaps on a stuffed rat. Both rats blanch and gulp.

STAN

Wow. That's vivid. The operation is going fine, we have twenty-seven babies, just like you ordered.

Jack elbows his brother out of the way.

JACK

We got 'em quiet. I named them Micey-Wicies.

Dr. Degenerous gives a greasy smile.

DR. DEGENEROUS

Fine. Good. Well talk soon. Buenos dias. That's good morning in Spanish.

JACK

Adios tacos.

The doctor stares at them.

STAN

What are you talking about? Micey-wicies.

JACK

It's not that complicated, it's just a basic rhyme-

His brother interrupts:

STAN

Idiot.

DR. DEGENEROUS

(with a hiss)
I'm still here.
(MORE)

DR. DEGENEROUS (CONT'D)

There were supposed to be twenty-five mice. Why do you have twenty-seven?

More confusion:

STAN

I'm sorry, what?

From his crib:

EARL

Plot twist!

JACK

Who said that?

Stan yells about the miscounted mice.

DR. DEGENEROUS

Remember. Those mice are moving into my lab in forty-eight hours. How long?

STAN

Two days.

DR. DEGENEROUS

I said forty-eight hours. I have had it with the world's illogical love of baby animals. It really makes me sick. What do babies do? Nothing. They don't produce cures to common neck ache or a sore esophagus.

STAN

Okay.

With a whisper:

JACK

He has issues.

DR. DEGENEROUS

What was that? Nevermind. Just keep the operation quiet and on schedule or there will be one fewer rat.

He hangs up.

INT. WALLY'S ROOM - DAY

Wally and Bonnie sit in Wally's room and examine computer evidence and or zone out on TV.

TV ANNOUNCER

It's time for "Mouse of the House"!

A laugh track erupts as a mouse with slicked back hair prances around with female mice that worship his every move.

WALLY

Ha, lucky mouse.

BONNIE

You don't want us bowing down to you, do you?

WALLY

It couldn't hurt. My mice at the office think I'm cool. But I'm really not. I'm afraid of cats and rats and so many other things. . . How cool does that make me?

She opens her mouth to talk, but before she utters a word they hear a drone buzz overhead and the doorbell rings.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They scurry to the front door. Wally's father and mother stop their tango dance lessons and scamper behind them. Awestruck, Wally and Bonnie behold a mountain of yellow:

BONNIE

What. Is. That?

From overhead he sees a drone with a message: "Courtesy of the United Cheese Society, happy nibbles!"

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Wow, that's a beautiful chunk of cheddar. Is it English perchance? You wouldn't happen to have any crackers, would you. . .

She drools on the rug.

WALLY

It's my company's competition but it still looks so good.

As if he's snapped out of a dream, Wally shakes his head and peers up at his parents and Bonnie. Wally tries to comes to.

The three stand with napkins tucked into their collars and forks and knives at the ready.

CHARLES WRODENT

Let's eat!

SALLY WRODENT

Dig in!

BONNIE

I say, tuck in.

The cheese quivers. Wally gets ready to take a slice with a knife, as the others try to barge past him.

WALLY

Wait wait! Mice, show a little dignity, now. You've seen cheese before.

Bonnie can't help it:

BONNIE

Move your bum, mate!

She takes a leap and nearly lands - before she can - a paw pulls her back by the tail. She squeaks and falls to the floor, then jumps up in defensive mode, paws at the ready:

BONNIE (CONT'D)

What are you playing at?

WALLY

Never trust free cheese.

He takes a disc coaster and tosses it. It lands on the cheese and as it does an enormous metal trap snaps shut over the cheese with a thwap. Then another, then another, until the cheese has been smashed to pieces by five metal snaps.

Finally, a blade comes down and slices the whole pile in half. Wally's mother screams.

WALLY (CONT'D)

That's the guillotine ending. They call it the Mouse Chopper.

She screams again. Gulps all around.

BONNIE

(weakly)

How did you know?

Wally points to the platform which bears the inscription: Rats Inc.

CHARLES WRODENT

I am proud of you, son.

WALLY

(to Bonnie)

I guess now we're even.

BONNIE

Right. What does this mean for our mice babies?

He twists his whiskers and ponders this.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As they prepare to confront the rats in their lair, a large warehouse, INTERPOL agent Bonnie Tails and computer expert and dot com business mouse Wally Wrodent bide their time as Wally taps his paw.

WALLY

Enough waiting.

BONNIE

Right, mate, but in law enforcement one has to be patient. Where are you going?

He's out the door. She runs after him.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

At least, if you're going to be rash about this, let's carry this.

She wields a metal weapon.

WALLY

What's that?

BONNIE

Rat-zap stunner.

Wally nods, impressed. He borrows the stun gun and as he plays with it he proceeds to-

WALLY

Owwwww! Thattttt hurrrrrrtttsss!

She grimaces and takes the stun gun away from him.

BONNIE

That's why we don't play with it. Lucky for you it's turned to low.

Wally straightens out his ears. They knock on the door. No answer. Bonnie pushes the door open.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Any ratties home?

WALLY

Where did everyone go?

The two mice search the empty warehouse. With no hints of the whereabouts of Dot or Earl or any other mouse baby, Wally sits down, miserable.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Great, I send them on this mission and now they disappear. Earl's not good on his own. Let me tell you. He gets cranky without his snacks!

For a moment, Wally sits, inconsolable.

BONNIE

There, there, don't. Really, don't. Hey what's over there?

Wally ignores her.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

That's one of those codes.

WALLY

Why would a QR code be on the wall?

BONNIE

Right, those are packages of crisps my mum buys.

He shakes his head.

WALLY

You really are so British, aren't you?

She waves the Union Jack:

BONNIE

Cheers, mate.

Wally takes out his phone and scans the code.

WALLY

It says: they're taking the babies to a warehouse with neon signs and are shipping them to a Blab in two days. If you're going to free them, hurry.

INT. SECRET AGENT CAR - DAY

The next day Bonnie drives and turns on the radio. Her eyes widen as they go.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

In breaking news: an investigation into the missing mouse babies in our local area has law enforcement seeking outside help.

WALLY

They're not going to reveal you, Agent Tails, are they?

Bonnie becomes pale, and worried:

NEWS ANNOUNCER II

That's right, in fact we've learned that INTERPOL has been summoned and there are highly trained agents working in our very city.

NEWS ANNOUNCER

This town usually avoids international limelight, however not in this case.

NEWS ANNOUNCER II

Yes, Agent Bonnie Tails of London, England is on the case, so rest easy mice, we will have our babies back soon. And now to sports, the playoffs in Mouse Ball are coming and -

Wally turns to news off.

WALLY

My heroine!

With a groan:

BONNIE

They really weren't supposed to do that.

WALLY

Well, we saw your picture on the Web, so why so peeved? What's wrong with a little fame?

She sighs. Wally goes on, undeterred:

WALLY (CONT'D)

That's what we do here: after you solve the case, you quit, write a book and go on talk shows.

A blue car with cats in it purrs from nearby.

BONNIE

I don't mind being a symbol on a website, but now they know I'm working the case. It's really quite distressing. And I'm not going to quit just to write about myself and go on chat shows.

WALLY

Cat shows?

BONNIE

Chat. It does sound good, but. . . who would solve all these cases and come to your rescue?

They stop at a red light.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Speaking of chatting, just keep doing it and don't look back at that blue car.

WALLY

Great, I'll act natural, why is a car with cats following us?

BONNIE

You noticed? You'd make a pretty good Mouse INTERPOL agent after all.

The light turns green and she hits the gas. They dart through the intersection. The blue car mimics them and nearly crashes in the process. Bonnie hits a button on the radio and banjo car chase-music begins.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

It helps me concentrate.

Off they go on a chase, the cats stay hidden inside their car. All that can be seen: their eyes aglow.

The two vehicles weave in and out of traffic. Mice in cars dodge them while those on the sidewalk stop and gawk and squeak in delight at the cat-mouse chase.

WALLY

How do we plan to lose them?

BONNIE

Just a minute.

The cats drive up to their car and one hangs out and attempts to bat his paws at Wally and Bonnie. He yells out the car:

WALLY

You know you're working for rats,
right?

The cats only hiss at him and try to bat him in the face. He ducks a large paw and puts his head back in the car.

BONNIE

That's a good way to become a cat
toy, my friend.

Wally grimaces, ready to try again. He looks up and the cats gesture for the two mice to pull over.

WALLY

Pull over, they want to talk to us.

BONNIE

Are you crazy? Maybe you want to be
smushed under their paws, but not
me.

WALLY

Maybe they can help us, do you have
any other ideas?

She frowns and pulls over. The cats park nearby. Bonnie and Wally exit and keep a keen eye on the felines.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Two cats that wear leather tough-guy jackets eye Bonnie and Wally right back.

WALLY

It's true. You're doing dirty work
for rats.

FELIX

(with a hiss)

How do you know this, mouse? We
should find a nice snake to feed
you to.

BONNIE

(ignoring the threat)

Because that's who we're trying to
find. They've already tried to chop
us in half.

FELIX holds another cat back. Wally hears the words "not a bad idea" from the annoyed feline.

FELIX
 (to his cohort)
 Settle down, will you.

WALLY
 (looking side to side)
 I realize this is against your
 instinct. It's against ours just to
 be talking like this. But, this
 city has all kinds, right? Even the
 rats live among us.

BONNIE
 What do say, mates?

More hisses, then:

FELIX
 Okay. Whoever paid for us to follow
 you and run you off the road didn't
 identify themselves, but I smelled
 a rat.

BONNIE
 How so?

FELIX
 Instinct.

She gestures her agreement.

FELIX (CONT'D)
 What are they up to?

WALLY
 No good.

BONNIE
 They're running a smuggling ring,
 only what they're into is not
 catnip or fake mouse pellets -

The cats shudder.

WALLY
 They're trafficking mice babies to
 labs.

FELIX
 We heard about that. Very un-
 catlike

BONNIE
 We agree.

A light bulb alights over Wally's head.

WALLY
We could use your help.

FELIX
(dubious)
What?

All turn to face Wally. He shrugs.

WALLY
I know it goes against tradition,
but, why not? We'd help you if your
kitties were at stake.

BONNIE
We would?

She thinks for a moment:

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Yes, we would. Absolutely.

FELIX
Fine. How can we help you, mouse?
More hisses as Felix's associate disagrees with his decision.

WALLY
Sure?

FELIX
Don't worry about her. MITTENS will
play ball.

He stifles a laugh:

WALLY
Mitten?

MITTENS
(with a another hiss)
That's Mittens, pal.

WALLY
Sorry. The names Wally. This here's
Bonnie. You might have heard of
her, international cop.

The cats seem impressed for the moment.

FELIX
When this is over -

WALLY
I know. When this is over we go
back to being cats and mice again.

FELIX

Right.

BONNIE

So where are we going?

The cats get in their car.

FELIX

I have a hunch.

They exit.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Day turns to evening as the mice and cats stand outside a warehouse in a shady part of town, near the docks. Wally jumps out of the car and startles the cats into a defensive position.

WALLY

Relax.

They do and the four unlikely allies walk around the outside of the warehouse. Bonnie holds an electronic tracker.

BONNIE

Look for a neon sign.

They find none and walk on.

FELIX

This is the warehouse district,
it's bound to be one of them.

Bonnie glances at Felix:

BONNIE

Felix, if you don't mind me asking.
. . what do you two do, normally?

FELIX

Normally? We are delivery cats.

WALLY

What do you deliver?

Defensive:

MITTENS

Anything we're asked to deliver.
Mind your own business, pal.

WALLY

Okay, okay, just making
conversation.

FELIX

We deliver furniture, or anything
you got.

MITTENS

Once we delivered a huge mouse trap
in an airplane -

A look from Felix silences her.

WALLY

We know something about that.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The hour grows late. The search does not yield results. They
turn down an alley and the tracker beeps. Only a small dim
bulb lights the front next to a dead-

BONNIE

Neon sign. It's off but this is it.

WALLY

So, what do we do? Call for backup?

She pulls out her stunner.

INT. RAT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dot peeks around a corner. She taps Earl on the shoulder.

EARL

Goo-goo.

DOT

Come on Earl, snap out of it. You
are not a baby. We need to get out
of here.

Earl gurgles. Dot sighs. Earl crawls around and plays with
the other babies.

Dot pulls at him.

DOT (CONT'D)

Will you get up, please.

EARL

Mama.

She looks around and searches for a way out for the two. The
other babies gape at Dot.

DOT

I can't bring you all right now.
Earl and I have to...

They stare and tears begin to appear. Dot caves.

DOT (CONT'D)

I guess we stay then. What did we
get ourselves into. Hope Wally can
come soon before we sail... goo-
goo.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie peeks into the warehouse through a tiny scope.

BONNIE

Let's see.

She spots a row of babies that doze and something else.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

What is that?

Felix peers through the scope.

WALLY

Besides all the babies, Earl and
Dot are in there. What door are we
breaking down, INTERPOL?

Bonnie looks around, unsure.

FELIX

Hold on there, Super Mouse.

WALLY

What, are you having second
thoughts on us busting your bosses
in there?

Hiss:

FELIX

No.

WALLY

Then what? What's stopping us from
blowing right through these walls
and rescuing all of these little
baby mice?

Felix takes another look at the scope.

FELIX
My night vision is better than
yours. I can see something you
can't.

BONNIE
(looking through the
scope)
I don't see-
She draws back.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Yep, we've got to get out of here.
She grabs Wally.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
We will get them out, but for now,
with rows of TNT and mouse traps
everywhere, I'm glad we listened to
the cat.

WALLY
(shocked)
Never said that before.
Mittens's hiss echoes the alley as they leave.

INT. SECRET AGENT CAR - NIGHT
Wally looks at a message on his phone.

WALLY
Oh melt my curds.

BONNIE
What?

WALLY
They're moving the babies out in
twenty-four hours.

Grimace:

BONNIE
That's not a lot of time.

WALLY
Yep it's a day.
He pulls at his whiskers.

INT. ROOM - DAY

Two mice gather to discuss the explosive situation at the mobsters' warehouse near the docks.

BONNIE

I don't want to be responsible for getting those mice blown to bits. Suggestions?

WALLY

But you're willing to take a chance, right?

BONNIE

You're thinking about -

With a grin:

WALLY

A daring rescue attempt of course.

With pity:

BONNIE

Civilians.

WALLY

What's that supposed to mean?

BONNIE

It means this isn't a movie.

He peers at her:

WALLY

Tell the truth, there isn't any actual backup, is there?

BONNIE

(breaking down)

Of course there is-no backup! My bosses won't give me any! I begged and begged. "Use your resources" they said. "Nasty budget cuts," they told me. But you can help, right, computer genius?

She has him by the paw.

WALLY

Hey, I'm just a hacker, remember?

BONNIE

Don't say that! I'm sure we can think of something. Please?

WALLY

Sure as my whiskers.

She tries to compose herself.

BONNIE

Okay, let's see if we can find out what they're doing, whatever their plan might be.

Wally taps on her computer and soon he has information to share. He stares at the screen and shudders as Bonnie peers over his shoulder.

WALLY

This would be easier if you weren't doing that, you know.

BONNIE

Sorry.

She starts to pace the room. His mother peeks in:

SALLY WRODENT

Hi kids. How's that little mystery you're solving?

WALLY

(sighing)

Mom. Bonnie is an international police agent and we are trying to crack a case involving organized crime. Little baby lives are at stake and we're running out of time!

He splits the air with his paw as he makes his point. His mother smiles:

SALLY WRODENT

Would you kids like any snacks? I have cheese puffs.

WALLY

Yummy! Make mine Super Cheddar flavor please!

Bonnie and Wally scarf up the snacks.

WALLY (CONT'D)

(chewing)

Okay. This is what I found.

From the other room:

SALLY WRODENT (O.S.)
 Don't talk with your mouth full,
 young man.

WALLY
 Sorry.

Bonnie grins.

WALLY (CONT'D)
 (finishing)
 This is what I found: something
 called The Fischer von Waldheim.

Bonnie shrugs.

BONNIE
 Maybe it's their shipping vessel.
 We know they're shipping. The mice
 cause them a bit of a headache.

They both shrug.

WALLY
 Kids will do that.

BONNIE
 I was thinking -

WALLY
 - about me I'm sure.

Her eyes narrow:

BONNIE
 You wish, mouse-guy. No, well, I'm
 not sure you're ready for all of
 this.

Taken aback:

WALLY
 A minute ago you were begging me
 for help, oh please, oh please!
 Remember that?

BONNIE
 (talking over him)
 Because it could get dangerous.
 Look at what Earl and Dot are going
 through. I'm not sure I want to
 take more chances. Unless. . .

WALLY
 Unless what?

BONNIE
You're trained.

He smiles.

WALLY
Well, then, train me.

INT. WALLY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bonnie has laid out gadgets and weapons of all shapes and sizes. Wally eyes them with curiosity.

WALLY
What is this?

BONNIE
Don't touch-

A rope flies out and immediately wraps Wally up, tight as a bug caught in a web.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
You might want to listen to me first.

He grunts.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
The Web-thrower. Nice and snug, eh?
I like that one.

She loosens the web.

WALLY
Tell me more!

BONNIE
Okay, but be careful. It's a Stooge-tron.

WALLY
Which does?

BONNIE
It's kind of violent, want to try?

Wally shakes his head eagerly. The Stooge-tron becomes a hand that slaps him left, then right, and then distracts him with a hand flutter and finally pokes him in the eyes.

WALLY
Ouch!

BONNIE
 (brandishing another)
 I like this one too.

She sprays a liquid cheese into the air and it freezes, midair.

WALLY
 Free cheese!

Wally runs over to it as it floats in the air. He sticks his head into it the fluffy chunk of cheese to eat.

BONNIE
 I wouldn't -
 His face now stuck Wally tries to talk but can only gurgle.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 Sorry. But that's the peanut butter effect. If I turned it up to ten you might not be able to talk for a week.

He grunts and mumbles through the cheese. She puts her paw out:

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 As it is, it's only turned to stale caramel strength.

WALLY
 (poking his teeth)
 Thanks. What time is it?

BONNIE
 That's not a watch. It's for cats.
 She sprays a line of yarn that, after a moment turns into a ball.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 It's filled with cat nip, so cats will pretty much go crazy. Or it can tie them up if you need it to.
 Wally shudders. Bonnie peers at him:

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 You're going to have to get over that cat-fear, my friend.
 He nods:

WALLY
 I know. Wait, wait, what's that one?

He points to a big gadget which sits among the others. She looks over at it and smiles.

BONNIE

That, my hacker friend is the Cheese-in-ator three-hundred. Funny bit of tech, I say.

WALLY

So, what does the Cheese-in-ator three-hundred do?

BONNIE

This puppy will turn your enemy's weapon into something harmless.

With a squeak:

WALLY

Puppies, really?

BONNIE

Don't like dogs either?

Wally shakes his head.

BONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, did I say harmless? I meant delicious.

Curious as a cat:

WALLY

Let's see it in action then.

BONNIE

It'll turn your enemy's gun into a hunk of Jarlsberg cheese. What you Yanks call Swiss.

He narrows his eyes:

WALLY

Why Jarlsberg?

BONNIE

Because the gadget creator, a mouse shrouded in mystery really loves Jarlsberg, why else?

WALLY

What's the mouse's name?

BONNIE

Frank. Blimey, I gave it away!

She slaps her head.

WALLY
When can I try them?

BONNIE
I think it's time. Let's go into
the field.

INT. NIBBLES CAFE - DAY

Wally and Bonnie sit in a coffee shop and discuss their next move. In the background, mice sip coffee or tea; some sit and read poetry or strum their guitars.

WALLY
It seems to me, you international
agents need someone like me.

BONNIE
Really? You think INTERPOL needs
lawless hackers?

She leans back, amused. In the background, a waiter hands Bonnie a cup of coffee.

She gives the cup a sniff, and then without a blink, she tosses the liquid into a potted plant.

The plant browns and disintegrates.

WALLY
Weird. This coffee must be stronger
than I thought.

INT. SQUEAK MART SUPERMARKET - DAY

A small mouse throws a tantrum nearby as his mother ignores him. Bonnie licks her lips:

BONNIE
Eggs, we need eggs. I think I'll
make a cheese frittata.

WALLY
You just like to say frittata. Will
you not put onions in mine? I hate
onions.

BONNIE
It's fun to say frittata. Frittata.
See? Fun. Duck.

WALLY

You're not a hipster, don't put
duck in a -

She pushes Wally down and throws a punch to the rat about to
attack from behind.

Before anyone realizes it, she's taken the web thrower and
has the assailant wrapped up.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Frittata?

He looks down, distracted by the fallen attacker:

WALLY (CONT'D)

Clean-up on aisle ten!

They turn down the cereal aisle.

BONNIE

Hmm, Organic Pellet Bran?

WALLY

Gross. Let's get Sugar Crunch!

He bounds forth.

EXT. ZOO - DAY

At the Zoo, the mice stroll past wild beasts of all kinds.
Elephants, lions, bears and penguins lounge in their ample
zoo habitats. All manner of citizens watch the animals and
enjoy the day.

Wally and Bonnie stop their stroll at the bear exhibit. They
watch the bears lounge while they eat berries.

A particular short bear with rat ears seems agitated. It
edges toward Wally.

WALLY

Such a nice day. So this is the
outside.

BONNIE

You should get out more. You'd be
surprised how much you'd like it.

WALLY

Okay.

BONNIE

Try something for me. Close your
eyes and just listen. It'll open up
your hearing and sense of smell.

He shuts his eyes tight with his back to the exhibit; his nose sniffs the air left and right in a very mousy manner, while the bear walks up to Wally and throws his arms around him.

The bear with rat ears holds him in a bear hug. Wally opens his eyes.

Wally takes the Stoogetron and gives the faux bear a smack on the head and punch in the stomach. The weapon adds an eye poke for good measure.

WALLY
(smiling)
Wow, you're right. I really felt
close to nature.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Wally and Bonnie stroll in the town park as mice kids with balloons play nearby. Young mice, rats and cats frolic on a sunny day.

A balloon seller glares at them from behind as they walk. His hands move fast.

BONNIE
I'm not in charge of recruitment
for Mouse INTERPOL, but I bet we
could use someone with your skills.

WALLY
Me, work as a cop?
He ponders this and laughs.

BONNIE
Why not? That's what you do
already. Except, you'd have to do
it, you know, legally.

WALLY
Stand aside please.

Wally grabs a balloon and catches the cloud of green gas sent by the dodgy seller. It rapidly inflates.

He turns on a dime and sprays the seller with his own poison from the balloon. Bonnie nods, impressed.

On the spot, the balloon seller turns green and a frog like "ribbit" pops out from his mouth. Warts instantly appear everywhere on his face.

Wally grabs the yarn thrower and in a moment a ball has formed. The green attacker rolls on the ball and attacks it.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Man, I almost croaked.

Bonnie grins.

BONNIE

This is a dangerous life. It might not be for everyone.

Wally, for his part, sucks from a real helium tube.

WALLY

(extra high squeak)

No, but it sure is fun!

She takes a turn on the helium.

BONNIE

Why, yes it is!

Soon, they parade around the park and form a conga-line with the children and a green frog who croaks at the rear and rolls head over tail on an irresistible ball of yarn.

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Wally stops in his tracks. The children go back to their play. Wally and Bonnie stand face to face.

WALLY

Those babies. . .

BONNIE

Right.

WALLY

I'm ready now. Let's go.

She unfolds the paper plan and throws it onto a picnic table and they examine it.

INT. RAT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Jack lines up the baby mice as well as Dot and Earl and readies them for a bath. A few suck on baby bottles and goo-goo, and slobber enough to cause a river to flow.

Jack wears pink and baby blue hip boots as he tries to quiet them.

JACK

Okay, we are taking a ride today. Doesn't that sound like fun? But first, a bath. Now, I'll be right back. I forgot the towels. Just sit still and I'll be right back.

He turns around and leaves. The babies do not sit still, however. One baby crawls to the center and takes something silver out of its diaper; she blows a whistle.

Pandemonium begins: babies crawl all over; they get into foamy soap and, one has a cigar in its mouth, much to the dismay of Jack who runs back and now screams and dives for the baby who throws the cigar away. The baby utters a yuck! and crawls away post-haste.

The babies grab the Jitter Energy Drink, gulp it down and pass the bottle of energy drink all around.

The effects start immediately: they spin in super-fast motion whirlwind, swirling around, faster and faster.

JACK (CONT'D)

Help!

EARL

Weeee!

DOT

Where am I?

BABY MOUSE

Goo!

Jack stands in the middle, and, like the eye of a hurricane, watches the storm with awe. The baby mice create a centrifugal force that causes all their soapy cream and diapers to land on Jack. The diapers and baby items bury him.

And just like that they come to a full stop: they pant, yet sparkle with cleanliness. They wear only their birthday suits. Jack grimaces from beneath the mountain of soap and diapers:

JACK

(weakly)

Good mice. There, there...

The mice lay down and nap. Stan enters.

STAN

See, I told you these mice wouldn't be a problem. Look at them napping there like they don't have a care in the world. Did you give the little angels their bath?

Jack faints.

STAN (CONT'D)

Makes me wish I was a baby rat all over again.

Earl and Dot snooze in the pile of baby mice.

INT. RAT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Wally and Bonnie stand outside the warehouse, ready to enter. He smiles and nods at her.

WALLY

Ready?

She nods back.

BONNIE

You look like a regular Mouse Ninja, you do.

WALLY

Hey, I like that. Only make it Ninja Mouse, and I'll be a force for good.

He's dressed head to toe in black leather and hoody that covers his ears; he's ready to strike. A sidearm Cheese-in-ator at the ready, he prepares to scurry into the building.

INT. RAT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The mice brace to move but the rats turn their backs: in through the window swings Bonnie, and behind her, Wally.

Now outfitted as ninjas, they scurry down the wall and into the warehouse.

They look around and spot the dynamite, rolled in bundles and set at five foot intervals.

The rescuers grab at every baby they can, while traps begin to go off all over the warehouse. In the pandemonium, Wally spots Shirley who scurries to him.

SHIRLEY

They're going to blow this place up but you caught them by surprise, follow me.

Wally does.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Look, up in the corner, through that window, we can get across and use the rope.

INT. RAT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The mice lift the babies out of their cribs, as Earl and Dot groggily help the escape.

SHIRLEY

There's a rope outside. It will take us to the closest ship. Come on!

WALLY

What's the matter with you, Earl?

EARL

Goo-goo.

She pats Earl:

DOT

He really thinks he's a baby. I'm not sure what I am, to tell you the truth.

The mobsters scurry out of their office and try to catch each baby mouse but:

WALLY

They're slippery buggers. Pouring baby oil on them was pure genius!

BONNIE

Thanks!

All mice exit, except Earl-

WALLY

Watch out Earl!

Earl trips a wire and scurries away. Bonnie sees sparks fly:

BONNIE

Hang on to the rope!

Boom! The warehouse begins to explode. In a moment the entire building blows to smithereens.

The glass of the windows blows out and showers by the baby mice who would have been cut to pieces seconds before. They squeak as they race up the rope.

They run until the rope dips out over the water and in a moment a boat comes into view.

WALLY

Do we know where we're going?

BONNIE

As long as we're going away from that building.

Wally and Bonnie lead the little mice to a boat at the end of the rope. They all drop in the bow of the vessel.

He strikes a pugilist pose:

WALLY
Because of my fists of fury,
perhaps?

BONNIE
Well that too, but when my agency
finds me missing. . .

STAN
Stan's not too worried about that.

Wally stifles a laugh:

WALLY
Well, Stan should be.

STAN
Just pipe down already.

WALLY
Fine. All I have to say is that if
you let us go. . .

STAN
We're not making any deals with you
mouse.

Louder:

BONNIE
If you are indeed gentle-rats and
let us and the innocent babies go,
we will tell everyone you rescued
us and were bringing us to safety.

WALLY
Sounds like a good deal to me.

STAN
(shrug)
Pass.

BONNIE
Suit yourself. But if it were me...

Stan interrupts:

STAN
But it's not. See, we're the ones
driving this here boat.

JACK
Where are we going boss?

STAN
I'm not telling you. You'd blab.

JACK
You said BLAB. Please, boss. I
promise.

He shakes his head.

STAN
No. Doc will throw us overboard. I
don't want to go overboard. Plus I
told you already.

JACK
Oh, that's right, Calamity Island.
Where they ain't got laws. Don't we
hide all our -

With a growl:

STAN
Shut -

JACK
- ill gotten gains, as you call
them, there?

STAN
- up!

He's lurched over to his big mouth brother but he's been
tripped by a little leg that belongs to:

WALLY
Oops, beg your pardon.

Stan rises in a fury.

STAN
You're lucky your little body is
valuable, mouse, because if it
twern't, you'd be doing the
Atlantic backstroke as soon as you
could say drowned vermin.

WALLY
(weakly)
Sorry.

A little voice squeaks up.

SHIRLEY
Dad, stop it.

STAN

Who can that be?

From out of the mass of babies comes his daughter. Shirley stands up and faces her father.

SHIRLEY

You would really send these little mice to some terrible island-

Blithely:

JACK

Calamity Island has nice beaches. That's what I've heard.

SHIRLEY

But, Uncle Jack, they're not going there to get a suntan, are they?

JACK

Maybe for the snorkeling?

SHIRLEY

(ignoring him)

Dad, if you haven't figured it out yet, I've been helping INTERPOL-

He clutches his heart

STAN

You? My own daughter? How could you?

SHIRLEY

If you don't see why what you're doing is wrong, you -

STAN

Maybe you should go with them! That will teach you -

Shirley peers at her father:

SHIRLEY

You wouldn't really, Dad? Dad?

Stan hesitates.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Apparently you would.

She sits down next to the mice who peers at her. She heaves a sigh.

EARL

You rats are unbelievable.

STAN
Who asked you?

EARL
That's your daughter, you rats are
such dirty, mean -

STAN
Watch it, buddy. That's my
daughter. . .

He comes over to Shirley.

STAN (CONT'D)
Come on. Nothing's going to happen
to you.

SHIRLEY
It's me and them, Dad.

All the mice and Shirley stare up at him, their lips jutt
out. One pulls on Stan's arm:

BABY MOUSE
Please mister.

Suddenly an announcement breaks the tension from the dock
side.

ANNOUNCEMENT
Put your paws up and step off the
boat.

STAN
What's that?

ANNOUNCEMENT
This is Mouse INTERPOL. We have you
surrounded.

Bonnie looks over the edge of the boat. Two hologram figures
stand on the dock and shake their fists at the boat.

BONNIE
Oh no, here come my people, ready
to rescue us. You better give up.
Quickly.

STAN
Here I go!

Stan takes off, and balanced on the side of the boat and
stands, ready to dive in.

BONNIE
Say Wally, do you have the time?

WALLY
The time?

BONNIE
Yeah.

WALLY
Why do you want to know?
She grits her teeth and nods towards his watch.

BONNIE
The. Time.
Something dawns on him.

WALLY
Oh, right. Let me check.
He presses a button on the watch and it shoots string that wraps around Stan as he jumps.
Stan dangles from the side of the boat.

STAN
Fine, fine. Stan gives up!
Stan taps his foot and tries to talk with a mouthful of chewy cheese:

JACK
Do I give up too, boss?

STAN
Yes, you give up too, idiot.

JACK
Hey boss, I got some free cheese.

STAN
(sighing)
That's great, Jack.
They put their paws up and Bonnie arrests the rats.

EXT. SCARY SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Except Shirley they wear glum looks. She hugs Stan and Jack.

SHIRLEY
(to Stan)
You were about to let us go, I'm sure of it.
She turns to Bonnie:

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
 You're going to go easy on them,
 won't you?

Bonnie smiles.

BONNIE
 Well. . .

All mice nibble cheese as Wally and Bonnie help them ashore.
 Something else waits for the mice: Cindy with Bonnie's
 hologram device.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 Hey, Shirley, if you ever need a
 job, you should call me.

WALLY
 Or me. Hey, a good rat. Shows
 they're not all bad.

She smiles at them and they high-five paws.

BONNIE
 Thanks to those holograms.

WALLY
 Cindy needed something to do. And
 sure as my whiskers.

Cindy waves from the dock then spots Earl and Dot.

EARL
 (shaking his head)
 I'm not a baby anymore?

DOT
 No, not anymore.

EARL
 (disappointed)
 No more bubble baths.

WALLY
 Let's go home.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

Days later. Business at CheeseInAnHour.com resumes.

Wally strides into the office and greets his co-workers in
 his normal happy-go-lucky demeanor.

BLUE TOOTH
 Who da mouse?

WALLY
 You da mouse, Blue Tooth. We all da
 mouse. Or mice.

Blue Tooth grins.

CINDY
 (giggle)
 Hi, Wally.

EARL
 Hey boss, I got to level thirty.

WALLY
 Shut the front door! I told you it
 would just take some practice.

With cheer:

EARL
 And not having a life helps, too.
 Suddenly two tall figures darken the doorway.

SHIRLEY
 Hi boss. I hope you don't mind, I
 brought a friend.

Wally flinches.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)
 You remember Felix?

Wally gulps.

WALLY
 (weakly)
 I sure do.

FELIX
 I heard you were hiring delivery
 cats.

WALLY
 (regaining himself)
 You heard right.

FELIX
 How about this cat?

Wally gulps and stares into the cat's eyes.

WALLY
 I-I think that would be great.

General laughter all around as the tension breaks. The mice
 clap for their new rat and cat coworkers.

BLUE TOOTH
Hey, there cats, I'll show you the
gym.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Wally regards Dot.

WALLY
Things smooth, Dot?

DOT
We have no problems to report,
boss.

Disappointed:

WALLY
Are you sure?

DOT
I am.

WALLY
No break-downs?
She shakes her head.

DOT
Nope.

WALLY
Glitches?

DOT
Not that I can see.
He rubs his whiskers.

WALLY
You sure you're sure?

DOT
All cheese moving as ordered, sure
as chips.
He stops in his tracks.

WALLY
What was that?

DOT
(sighing)
I'm really, sure as my whiskers,
boss.

He gets a dreamy look in his eyes.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - DAY

As his coworkers listen rapt, Earl holds forth with flair:

EARL

So there I was. . . surrounded by
angry rats, hissing cats, no
offense Felix, and. . . and-Plot
Twist! a venomous pit viper ready
to bite and eat me in one fell
swoop!

They ooh and aah to his story.

CINDY

That didn't really happen, did it?

Blue Tooth buys every word:

BLUE TOOTH

Maybe you'll call me next time you
have one of them life-changing
adventures, hey pal?

Earl nods.

EARL

With the great explosion in my
ears, I dove off the rope and
swung, Tarzan-like into the nearest
Navy ship, where I confronted
pirates of the most terrible kind.

Blue Tooth hangs on his every word.

BLUE TOOTH

Not the DVD type of pirates, 'cause
I hate those guys.

Earl shakes his head solemnly.

EARL

No, my snaggletoothed friend, the
plank-walking kind with the eye-
patches. Arrgh!

More laughter, then:

DOT

The whole nine hon; you should've
seen it. Thanks to my Earl-

Scandalized faces from all around. Dot smiles, undaunted and
proud:

DOT (CONT'D)

He stood up to those blaggards!

Sighs from the female mice and looks of admiration from the males:

The echo of "blaggards" sounds throughout the office.

In the background an electronic headline reads from the Daily Squeak: "Local Squeakers Rescue Babies from Rat Gang Blow-Up," and "Bad Rat-Pack Halted by Turn-Coat Rat-Hack Genius," complete with a picture of Shirley.

Wally looks on with a smile.

WALLY

(chuckling)

Yes, yes, it was a fun adventure.
But, now we must go back to that
cheese thing we do. We have
impatient and discerning mice
waiting for us!

His enthusiasm flags, he flops down. As the others droop, Wally tries to rally.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Now, wait a minute.
CheeseInAnHour.com is an adventure
too. We just never know what our
customers want: will it be a
fragrant blue, or perhaps a soft
brie... or maybe some Jarlsberg. . .

He pauses, as the memory returns. Haggard, he slouches back to his office.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

He opens the door: an INTERPOL mouse sits at his desk and leafs through a catalogue, her mousey feet rest on his desk.

BONNIE

What's a pecorino?

WALLY

(after a start)

A sheep's milk cheese from Italy.
You grate it on pasta. It's rather
salty, but. . .

BONNIE

You don't have any brie, do you?
It's my favorite. Besides English
cheddar, of course. We know England
makes the best.

WALLY

Of course. Um. I'll check.

He stops short.

WALLY (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Wait a minute, why are you here?
You're not going back?

She takes her feet off his desk, and knocks over a card from his parents (Dad: "I'm proud of you, son!").

BONNIE

You know, I don't know. Maybe I'm
in the mood for some -

WALLY

Because I'm also in the mood for
some -

They end their sentences at the same time:

BONNIE

Cheese.

WALLY

Excitement.

BONNIE

Really?

WALLY

Really.

Their eyes meet across his desk. An awkward moment passes. She swallows. She clears her throat.

BONNIE

So?

WALLY

So, anything interesting happening
at Mouse INTERPOL?

She gets up excitedly:

BONNIE

As a matter of fact. We could use
your help, sure as chips.

He smiles.

INT. DOT COM OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bonnie and Wally swing into action.

BONNIE
You know, those rats can't be the
ring leaders, right?

WALLY
Really? I never thought of it.

BONNIE
My research indicates that they are
dumdums and couldn't think of a
plot to steal candy from a baby.

He peers at her:

WALLY
So, give it up then. Who's our
baddy?

She taps the computer and it sparks to life with BLAB on the
screen:

BONNIE
Well -

WALLY
Who?

BONNIE
Him.

WALLY
Degenerous?

She nods.

BONNIE
The genius scientist who went round
the bend after becoming a
billionaire. He sold his company
and now runs his own lab. Or BLAB.

WALLY
(whistles)
Weird. And you know this for sure.

BONNIE
We're INTERPOL. Of course we do.

He stares at her.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
Absolutely sure.

WALLY
Okay, so what do we do?

BONNIE
 Pay him a visit as -
 He bounces on his feet:

WALLY
 Say it!

BONNIE
 As. . .

WALLY
 You know you want to.

BONNIE
 Alright. As ninjas.
 He whoops. He unzips his shirt and in a split second, he wears all black, a form fitting ninja uniform.

BONNIE (CONT'D)
 Impressive.
 She does the same.

WALLY
 Are we ready?

BONNIE
 Right.

WALLY
 Let's go.
 They grab their INTERPOL weapons and they exit.

INT. EVIL LABORATORY - NIGHT

The starched coated scientist keeps his hands clasped and pointed like a steeple. He stares straight ahead. His dark lab surrounds him. He is a white light island in a sea of darkness.

He smiles, his teeth gleam.

DR. DEGENEROUS
 Has INTERPOL arrived? I was expecting you.

In a moment, a shadow passes over the whiteness of his coat. The doctor sighs.

DR. DEGENEROUS (CONT'D)
 Are we going to use some of those marvelous weapons I invented?
 Her voice echoes from above:

BONNIE TAILS

You invented? What are you talking about?

DR. DEGENEROUS

My company, yes. We are the great experimenters of the age. Edison. Tesla. Degenerous. We are all the risk takers. It takes blood, sweat, and tears to achieve greatness.

Wally stands in the dark and fumes.

WALLY

But not from my mice. Those are my people.

DR. DEGENEROUS

There is never progress without sacrifice, my friend.

One trap snaps in the air. Wally gulps. Flips and falls happen, and soon Wally finds a light. He turns it on and beholds a floor covered in -

WALLY

Traps.

DR. DEGENEROUS

This is an antiquated, but effective way of destroying your kind. Snap!

Wally and Bonnie skirt the ledge of the laboratory; yet in a moment the ledge becomes smaller and smaller-

WALLY

What is happening?

DR. DEGENEROUS

I hope you can fly.

BONNIE

(under her breath)

Wally, engage ninja rope around your waist and to the rail.

One slip and they will land on one of the hundred mouse traps on the floor of the lab. She pulls out her rope and ties it to the railing and he does the same as they talk.

WALLY

And he didn't bother to put cheese on any of those horrible things.

Bonnie tuts with impatience.

BONNIE

You are an insult to science,
mister.

DR. DEGENEROUS

(bitter)

I would have been on top once
again, thanks to the experiments on
the mice.

WALLY

Yeah, sorry. So, Doc, I'm curious,
what were you going to do to those
mice?

DR. DEGENEROUS

Well, it wouldn't hurt to tell you
before you meet your doom, so why
not? I plan on breeding super mice.

He splutters:

WALLY

Super mice?

DR. DEGENEROUS

They will be able to solve
technical problems on wires so
small no human hands can reach.

WALLY

Plus?

DR. DEGENEROUS

Plus Mother never let me have any
action figures.

BONNIE

Ah, the truth comes out. So sad.

DR. DEGENEROUS

But I didn't count on ninjas. Too
bad you're going to die, ninjas!

WALLY

Hey, one day a nerd, the next a
ninja. Still alive, too.

Bonnie lunges to high-five Wally, but she slips, and her body
falls toward the hundred mouse traps and certain doom.

As she slips, Wally reaches out and grabs her tail. He holds
her and strains.

WALLY (CONT'D)

Um, I got you.

BONNIE

Yes, it seems you do.

In a second, she swims her front legs, gains momentum and flies into the air; Wally follows, and like trapeze artists they swing on ninja rope tied to the lab railing.

They land for a split second on the traps and set them off one at a time, but they are too quick to be caught.

WALLY

Wee!

BONNIE

Just keep setting them off.

They dive and snap, snap, snap the traps which fly into the air as they snap.

DR. DEGENEROUS

Most amazing.

Soon, the ninjas have snapped every trap except one, and Dr. Degenerous applauds them. Bonnie floats into the air throws a rope into the air.

WALLY

What are you doing?

BONNIE

Let's see if I can trap a varmint.
Grab that trap.

Wally jumps and grabs and tosses the trap and it lands in the center of the room as Degenerous falls and lands on his bottom. The trap is engaged and snaps on his butt. He screams and rolls over, as the trap holds on and won't let go.

WALLY

That looked like it hurt.

BONNIE

I'd say it will leave a mark.

DR. DEGENEROUS

Owww!

He flops around the floor like a beached fish.

DR. DEGENEROUS (CONT'D)

Help me please!

WALLY

Fine.

BONNIE

We help because it's the right thing to do, mate.

They stand near the doctor and lecture him while he writhes.

WALLY

That's right. Not for profit, but because it's nice.

BONNIE

Tally-ho!

She catapults Wally into the air, and he heads for the trap that torments the doctor as he wails.

A click, and his wails cease.

WALLY

See? Wasn't that nice?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT (A MONTH LATER)

At dusk, the two ninjas swiftly move down the street. They flip as they go, as they blend in to the background.

Wally and Bonnie come to a full stop in front of a darkened abode.

BONNIE

Right.

WALLY

So, this is the lair?

BONNIE

That's our information. Nothing good ever happens in a lair, have you noticed? These rats have marketed moldy cheddar cheese as blue cheese. So evil.

WALLY

Don't you mean the information that I found?

BONNIE

You not only sell cheese by the hour at reasonable prices, but you also use your computer skills to catch baddies.

He snaps his paw:

WALLY

Hey, are you coming to Earl and my housewarming party? We'll have cheese from every cheesy country. It's going to be stinky and delicious.

BONNIE

I'll bring the crackers, mate.

She smiles, flips into the air and lands near a window.

WALLY

Are we going through the window again?

BONNIE

I do like the window.

WALLY

What about the door? The door is friendly.

BONNIE

But it's so boring. It's like we're selling vacuum cleaners.

He opens the door of the lair. She relents.

WALLY

After you.

BONNIE

What a gentleman.

She smiles as they stand at the threshold.

WALLY

Isn't it better to be a civilized ninja?

She laughs. They high-five as they enter and close the door.

From the outside: earsplitting sounds emanate, as all heck breaks loose inside: glass shatters, wood cracks, startled people shout, all inside the bad guys' lair.

FADE OUT.

END