

BIKER MICE FROM MARS

"Back To Mars -- Part Three"

(#6640-021)

By Bob Forward & Eve Forward

TEASER

RECAP OF EVENTS FROM PART ONE AND TWO

Including the capture of Limburger, the Biker Mice arrival on Mars, Brie's assault on Limburger Tower and the rescue of Limburger by Greasepit and Karbunkle. END with the potential execution of the Biker Mice and the threat of the oncoming asteroid.

NARRATION

(to come)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

ESTABLISHING SHOT -- MARS FROM SPACE

As the asteroid RUMBLES down toward the planet below --

WIDE -- ON THE GARDEN

The assembled Freedom Fighters and captive Biker Mice are REACTING.

FREEDOM FIGHTERS

(ad lib)

An asteroid! Look! It's coming right at us! (etc)

CLOSER ON THE BIKER MICE

Reacting upward to the giant skyborne iceberg headed toward them.

•THROTTLE

Stay cool, bros.

VINNIE

(looking OS)

Yeah! This could be our big chance!

WIDEN to REVEAL Charley RUNNING UP to them, dragging Carbine.

CHARLEY

(to Carbine)

Come ON!

(as she stops by the Mice)

You've got to let them loose! They can stop it!

CARBINE

Impossible! No one can stop an asteroid that size!

THROTTLE

We can try.

•MODO

Yeah! Charley-girl's souped our bikes six ways from Sunday! If anybody can get ta that chunk o' chill before it plows down, we can.

VINNIE

Besides, we're heroes!

CLOSER ON THROTTLE AND CARBINE

As he looks into her eyes with grim sincerity.

THROTTLE

Carbine. Through all this I've never forgotten what we once meant t' each other. Now trust me. I won't let ya down.

Carbine bites her lip -- then pulls out a laser pistol, touching him lightly beneath the chin with its muzzle.

CARBINE

You better not.

BLAM! She shoots their chains away.

VINNIE

Aaaaow! Free ta ride again!

Carbine grabs Throttle by his bandanna and YANKS him down, planting a big smooch on his mouth. Throttle turns red.

CARBINE

Save our tails, hotstuff.

VINNIE, MODO

Wooooo! Hotstuff, eh? (etc)

WIDE

Throttle STRAIGHTENS, still blushing but radiating studliness.

THROTTLE

(to Vinnie and Modo)

Aw, stuff it yourselves, you two!

BLAM! He uses Carbine's pistol to blast the bikes free.

THROTTLE

And saddle up!

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT -- THE GARDEN OF HOPE

As we HEAR a ROAR of bike engines and SEE the Biker Mice BLAST out of the garden in rocket-assisted jumps, roaring TOWARD CAM and the incredible Olympus Mons!

ON THE ICE ASTEROID

Practically filling the sky now, an awesome sight --

ON THE BIKER MICE

TRACK WITH THEM as they hit the slope of Mons Olympus and ROAR UP it at full throttle!

THROTTLE

Helmets on space mode, bros! No air at th' top o' Mons Olympus!

VINNIE

Aaaow! The jump I always been dyin' ta make!

MODO

Interestin' choice of words, bro! Gonna take everything these bikes have got ta keep from dyin'!

THROTTLE

An' maybe even more! Light yer fires, bros --

DRAMATIC

The Biker Mice FIRE their rockets and STREAK up the ever-increasing slope.

THROTTLE

Let's ROCK and RIDE!

TOP OF MONS OLYMPUS

Actually protruding above the Martian atmosphere. The Biker Mice, traveling at incredible rocket-speed now, streak up and LAUNCH themselves into the actual limits of space!

MODO

We got the right stuff--

VINNIE

To boldly go where no mouse has gone before!

FAST SHOT -- CHARLEY AND CARBINE

Watching with amazement from below.

CARBINE

Incredible.

CHARLEY

That's my guys.

SPACE -- THE ICE ASTEROID

Filling the screen now, with the Biker Mice still rocketing toward it.

THROTTLE

We gotta crack this cube, bros!

He POINTS at a visible crack running over the surface of the asteroid.

THROTTLE

Hit that split!

VINNIE

Yeah! Right in the kisser!

WIDE -- THE BIKER MICE

Still sailing toward the giant ice asteroid, they OPEN FIRE with all their bike weapons! Missiles, blasters, lasers, grenade launchers, everything cuts loose --

ON THE ICE ASTEROID

Like the surface of the South Pole. The missiles and blasters SLAM into the giant crack and EXPLODE thunderously. The ice asteroid begins to SHUDDER and we hear SFX: ICE SPLITTING...

REAR ANGLE -- BIKER MICE

They're about to plow right into the surface of the ice asteroid at top speed, still firing--

THROTTLE

Shock that rock, bros!

VINNIE

Aaaow! Biker banzai!

When --

KRACKASHAKKOW! The ice asteroid suddenly SHATTERS, exploding around them in hunks of ice which STREAK UP PAST CAM as the Biker Mice DODGE --

VINNIE

Yow! Hail, hail, the gang's all here!

NEW ANGLE

The Biker Mice WRENCH their bikes around in space and begin heading back toward Mars, falling with the ice chunks -

THROTTLE

We got a frosty homecomin' before, bros, but maybe now they'll warm up to us.

MARS FROM SPACE

The ice chunks TUMBLE past the peak of Olympus Mons, beginning to heat up from re-entry and MELT. The Biker Mice are with them.

MODO

Speakin' o' warm-ups...

VINNIE

Aaow! It's gettin' hot!

CLOSER ON THE MICE

Throttle SWINGS OVER behind an ice chunk.

THROTTLE

Hitch yer hawg to a hunk o' cool, bros!

MODO

Yeah! -- let these chunks take the heat for us!

Their laser cannons burrow into the chunks of ice, and the Bikes tuck into these chunks as the ice begins melting around them...

NEW ANGLE -- DRAMATIC

The Biker Mice SAIL DOWN, each shielded by a large chunk of ice which MELTS around them as they fall. The Biker Mice SPLASH through the falling water and SLAM down on the slopes of Mons Olympus like MX jumpers, ROARING back down the slope --

GARDEN OF HOPE

Everyone is CHEERING.

•

•FREEDOM FIGHTERS
(cheers)

CARBINE
I can't believe it!

CHARLEY
I can.

CARBINE
They did it!

CHARLEY
They're the best.
(moment of smugness)
'Course, so are their bikes.

At that moment, the Biker Mice SKID up beside them and give each other high-fives.

MODO
All in a day's work.

VINNIE
Thank you, thank you... no autographs, please...

CHARLEY
(rolling her eyes)
Brother.

CLOSER ON CARBINE AND THROTTLE

THROTTLE
How's that for a show o' good intentions, Carbine?

CARBINE
Forgive our earlier actions, Throttle. Our suspicions were unfounded.

(extends a hand)
You've saved our lives.

Throttle takes her hand gently.

THROTTLE
Aw, Carbine... hunh?

They both REACT as a SPLASH of water LANDS on their clasped hands.

WIDER

Charley reacts, looking skyward.

CHARLEY
Look!

WIDE

The falling ice chunks have all melted and RAIN is pouring down!
Huge, wet, torrents of rain, stretching across the planet -

CHARLEY (CONT VO)

The melting asteroid chunks! They're becoming RAIN!

CARBINE

Reacting in stunned wonder as rain beats down on them.

CARBINE

Rain! You've brought water back to Mars!

(clutches Throttle)

You've saved more than our lives --

LONG SHOT OF THE GARDEN FROM A LOW ANGLE IN THE DESERT

As we SEE the water splashing over the rocks and sand. Long-dormant Martian plants begin to SPROUT, the landscape visibly GREENING... SFX: Swelling "Jurassic Park" music again.

CARBINE (CON'T VO)

You've saved our PLANET!

BACK ON THROTTLE AND CARBINE

Carbine HUGS Throttle. PAN AWAY to the other two Biker Mice who are wagging their eyebrows at each other. Finally, Modo clears his throat.

MODO

Ahem. Job's not finished yet.

VINNIE

Yeah! Limburger's still stinkin' around out there.

CHARLEY

And Earth's still in danger as long as that cheeseball is free!

WIDEN to INCLUDE Throttle, who has broken the clinch reluctantly.

THROTTLE

Yer right, bros. 'Sides -- we got a score ta settle.

VINNIE

You said it! AAAOW! Let's ROCK and RIDE!

Sweeping Charley onto his bike with his tail, he and Modo ROAR OFF. Throttle pauses for a moment to look at Carbine.

THROTTLE

I'll be back. Someday.

He ROARS away. Carbine looks after him, through the drenching rain.

CARBINE

I'll be waiting.

AND CUT TO:

LIMBURGER, KARBUNKLE, GREASEPIT

Soaking wet in the rain, Karbunkle struggling to repair the Transport Remote. Greasepit's holding a battered umbrella over Limburger's head.

LIMBURGER

Hurry, you hydrocephalic helpmeet! Plutark destroyed the Martian spaceships long ago. If we can flee back to Earth, we'll leave the Biker Mice stranded on Mars for all eternity!

KARBUNKLE

(closing the remote)

One imminent transport to Earth, coming up, your Rinded Royalness!

He begins ADJUSTING controls on the remote. (NOTE: NO BOOTH. JUST A REMOTE-CONTROL UNIT. LIKE WHEN "STAR TREK" BEAMS PEOPLE UP OFF A PLANET) Transporter FX start to crackle around them --

NEARBY RIDGE

The Biker Mice come BLASTING UP over it in high, rocket-assisted jumps --

DRAMATIC ANGLE ON LIMBURGER

Reacting upward.

LIMBURGER

AAAAGH!

CRASH! The Biker Mice SMASH DOWN onto Limburger and Co. Vinnie begins WRESTLING Karbunkle for the Transport control.

LIMBURGER

NOOOOO! GET US OUT OF HERE!

KARBUNKLE

(struggling with Vinnie)

I'm trying, your Cheesy Ripeness!

VINNIE

Gimme that, ya vivisectin' viper!

KARBUNKLE

(clutching it to his chest)

No! Mine!

Throttle reaches down and GRABS Limburger by the tie.

THROTTLE

Hey there, Stinkface! We just dropped in ta discuss that tape ya made.

LIMBURGER

To which tape are you referring, you miserable rodent?

THROTTLE

Th' one ya faked, makin' it look like we worked for ya. The one ya beamed to Mars.

CLOSER ON LIMBURGER

Reacting.

LIMBURGER

I never --!

(thoughtful pause)

Intriguing idea though...

THROTTLE

Well, if you didn't do it, who did?

MODO

Yeah! Who would want ta get rid of both the Big Cheese and us at th' same time?

THROTTLE AND LIMBURGER

Both reacting. They look at each other, each with the same thought.

LIMBURGER

Excellent question.

THROTTLE

With only one lousy answer.

Beside them, Vinnie and Karbunkle both REACT COMICALLY as the Transport Remote CLICKS in their struggling hands and EFX FLARE over them.

THROTTLE

It has ta be -

MATCH CUT TO:

THE TRANSPORT CHAMBER -- KARBUNKLE'S LAB -- EARTH

Where the whole group APPEARS in exactly the same pose. The Transporter SPLITS OPEN and CRASHES to either side.

THROTTLE AND LIMBURGER

(unison)

Napoleon Brie!

Then they REACT as they hear:

BRIE (OS)

(insane, maniac laughter)

THEIR POV -- THE FAR END OF THE LAB

Brie is there, laughing, flanked by Number One and his Rangers.

BRIE

Wight! It was I, Napoweon Bwie, who awwanged fow yow wude weception on Mars!

(leans forward, eyes wild)

But I see you thwee wascally wotten wodents have weturned -- along with my old wival Wimburger! I am IMPWESSED!

(mocking, maniac laughter)

In fact, dowble congratuwations awe in owder! Kudos to me, as I now WULE both Chicago and Detwoit... and to you, on youw wapid wetirement! DESTWOY THEM!

ON THE BIKER MICE, CHARLEY, LIMBURGER, GREASEPIT, KARBUNKLE

As they REACT -

BRIE (OS)

(laughter)

FADE OUT

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. KARBUNKLE'S LAB -- AS BEFORE

The Biker Mice, Charley, Limburger, Greasepit, and Karbunkle reacting to Brie's Rangers getting ready to blast them.

VINNIE

Man, isn't anyone ever pleased ta see us?

MODO

Well, ya know how bad wet fur smells...

THROTTLE

Ya take off ta Mars for a few days, and look what happens... aliens take over yer town.

LIMBURGER

He JERKS himself out of the pile quickly, holding up a hand in a businesslike manner.

LIMBURGER

Oh, now, come come, my fine fellow fish! Such extreme methods are entirely unnecessary.

(straightens tie)

Erhm! Let us instead consider a peaceful settlement, a merger as it were, of our mutual interests. I'm prepared to be quite generous. Positively philanthropic. Think of it! Limousines, solid gold fish pond, catered slime worms...

ON BRIE

Seeming to consider the offer.

BRIE

Possibwy... possibwy... but pewmit me to pwesent a countewpwposal.

(gesture)

Numbew One?

BLA-BOOOM! Number One OPENS FIRE with a bazooka. So do the rest of the Dune Rangers. BLAMMABOOM!

BRIE

(laughing)

ON THE BIKER MICE AND CHARLEY

Reacting, zipping to one side as explosions BLAST around them. Limburger, Karbunkle and Greasepit DIVE behind lab tables.

THROTTLE

A bit unstable, isn't he?

MODO

Looks like negotiations have broken down big time.

VINNIE

What we need is some room ta make a few points of our own!

MODO

Let's MOVE!

They BLAST from the lab, right out through a wall. Explosions FOLLOW.

LIMBURGER

Behind a lab desk, he REACTS to the vanishing Mice.

LIMBURGER

(to Greasepit)

Quickly! Follow those rodents!

GREASEPIT

Duh -- why?

They both DUCK as a missile EXPLODES just beside them.

LIMBURGER

(solicitously and pseudo-cool)

That is why. Those mice will clear a path, and we'll follow them to safety.

(yells)

Now move, you demented dripping dolt!

WIDER

Greasepit LEAPS onto the Grungemobile as Limburger JUMPS into the sidecar (where the Asteroid Attractor still is.) Greasepit ROARS the Grungemobile after the Mice -

KARBUNKLE

Wait, your Glorious Glutinosity!

He LEAPS for the Grungemobile, but Limburger pushes him away.

LIMBURGER

Dreadfully sorry, Karbunkle, but at the moment, it's every man, or whatever you are, for him self.

NEW ANGLE

As explosions HAMMER behind them, he and Greasepit BLAST AWAY after the Biker Mice.

BRIE

He SCREAMS with maniacal fury.

BRIE

Wun them into the gwound! Wub them out! Wip them up!
Go go GO!

The Dune Rangers, led by Number One, ROAR after the Mice and Limburger in their Dune Buggies --

FAST SHOT -- THE BIKER MICE

BLASTING through wall after wall of the interior of Limburger Tower. Every room they pass through is already decorated with statues and paintings of Brie. Vinnie REACTS to this.

VINNIE

Whoa! This guy's got terrible taste!

MODO

(making a face)

Man, you wouldn't get ME t' taste a Plutarkian for anything!

ON LIMBURGER AND GREASEPIT

Following the Biker Mice's easily-marked trail. Limburger also reacts to the new decor.

LIMBURGER

I don't know which is worse -- those rodents' ravages or Brie's interior decor!

GREASEPIT

Dem Biker Mice is gettin' way ahead of us, boss! We ain't fast enough!

LIMBURGER

Indeed? Then I shall lighten our load!

Gruntingly, he THROWS the Asteroid Attractor out of the sidecar as they SMASH into a hallway --

FAST SHOT -- BIKER MICE

Charley REACTS backward to the Asteroid Attractor being jettisoned in the corridor.

CHARLEY

The Asteroid Attractor! If Brie gets his crazy claws on it -- uugh! (shudder) -- I've got to get rid of it!

She HURLS herself off Vinnie's bike to CRASH into a pile of cardboard boxes -

CHARLEY

Oof! Good plan, Charlene!

VINNIE

He REACTS backward as the Biker Mice SMASH through another wall.

VINNIE

Charley girl! What are ya --

BABBOOM! The screen EXPLODES as missiles STREAK IN from OS --

WIDE -- INTERIOR LARGE "SECRETARIAL POOL" OFFICE

With paintings and statuettes of Brie everywhere. The wall which the Biker Mice have blasted through is near an outer window. The Dune Rangers have smashed in from the interior wall. BOOM-BA-BA-BOOOM! The Dune Rangers are firing all their weapons --

WIDE -- EXT. LIMBURGER TOWER

In an EXPLOSION OF FLAME the Biker Mice are BLOWN right out the side of the building on their bikes. They SAIL through the air--

VINNIE

Aaaow! Th' only way ta fly!

THROTTLE

Ride the wild wind, bros!

MODO

Yaa-hoo!

-- and WRENCH their bikes around, turning the fall into a high jump. They LAND hard, roaring across the Plaza --

BACK ON THE WINDOW

As there as MORE EXPLOSIONS. Greasepit and Limburger, in the Grungemobile, come SAILING out -

GREASEPIT, LIMBURGER
AAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!

And SLAM to the Plaza in an ungainly, tooth-rattling landing.

ON THE BIKER MICE

Skidding around.

VINNIE
Bros! Charley's still in there! We gotta go back!

He starts to ROAR forward, but Throttle GRABS him by the tail,
yanks him back.

VINNIE
Yowch!

THROTTLE
We will, Vincent --

BLAMMA BLAMMA BLAM! Explosions begin HAMMERING UP from the
concrete around them -

THROTTLE
But not this way!

ANGLE ON THE TOWER

Showing the Dune Rangers in all the windows and weapons ports,
FIRING DOWN at the Mice and Limburger.

MODO
Yeah! Don't want Charley girl caught in th' crossfire!

WIDE

They REACT as Limburger and Greasepit ROAR BY, explosions
HAMMERING after them.

GREASEPIT/LIMBURGER
Yow!

THROTTLE
High tail it, bros!

They SKID their bikes around, ROARING after Greasepit and
Limburger --

ON GREASEPIT AND LIMBURGER -- TRACKING

They React as the Biker Mice ROAR ALONGSIDE. Throttle GRABS
Limburger right out of the sidecar and holds him face to face.

THROTTLE

I got a plan. Let's roll!

AND ZIP TO:

INT. TOWER -- DESERTED OFFICE -- DARK

Charley (still in the Tower, which is where she'd jumped off Vinnie's bike) CREEPS INTO the office, dragging the Asteroid Attractor. She SHUTS the door.

CHARLEY

Whew!

NEW ANGLE

Through the outer windows she can SEE the Biker Mice ROARING away, missiles and laser blasts still hammering their tails.

CHARLEY

Looks like the guys got away. Good.

(dragging the Asteroid Attractor
toward a closet)

Now all I have to do is keep this out of the hands of that deranged maniac Brie!

The Asteroid Attractor CRASHES over on top of her.

CHARLEY

Ooomph! Easier said than done!

AND ZIP TO:

INT. BRIE'S THRONE ROOM (FORMERLY LIMBURGER'S OFFICE)

Now decorated in Brie's favorite style -- himself. Brie scowls sullenly from an ornate throne at Dr. Karbunkle, who cringes before him, guarded by Number One. All the fish in the tanks wear little Brie masks.

BRIE

So Wimburger has wudely weft you in my cwutches, hmm? You know, I've always wanted a mad scientist of my vevy own... especiawy one pwivy to all Wimburger's secwets! Care to appwy? Top wates!

NEW ANGLE

Karbunkle tries to bluster.

KARBUNKLE

Never! I would never betray his chunky blue cheesiness for ANY... er... top rates, did you say...?

Brie smiles insanely and holds up a quarter.

BRIE

A quawtaw.

KARBUNKLE

A quarter!? Why... I...

Brie FLIPS it toward Karbunkle. BLAM! While it is still in the air, Number One FIRES.

CLOSER ON KARBUNKLE AND NUMBER ONE

Karbunkle REACTS as the quarter LANDS on his glove and SIZZLES, a hole shot right through it. Number One smiles at him meaningfully and blows smoke from the muzzle of his laser.

KARBUNKLE

(gulping heavily)

Er, your generosity is gratefully accepted, your Gallic Greatness. Consider me your eternally faithful servant!

ON BRIE

He SMILES with maniac satisfaction.

BRIE

Excewent! Then wepaw that twanspowter! I've pwanned something extwa special for my adwersawies! (laughter)

AND WIPE TO:

EXT. LIMBURGER TOWER -- NIGHT

START PAN on the Bikes, parked in concealment behind some bushes. Greasepit is there too, seated on the ground and securely tied.

GREASEPIT

I always get stuck wit da stupid jobs... "Stay here an' don' move"... "Get da Mice"... "Shut up"... what kinda career is dis?

PAN OVER to REVEAL the Biker Mice, CREEPING toward the building in the shadows, shoving Limburger ahead of them. (Rick: please see page 15)

LIMBURGER

But my dear diligent dormice! What makes you suspect I even HAVE a secret entrance?

•

•THROTTLE

'Cause yer an underhanded slinkin' Plutarkian scumbag, that's why.

VINNIE

An' cause if ya don't, we're gonna hafta BLAST our way in to your building through enemy fire!

MODO

With you as a shield!

Limburger gulps and sighs.

LIMBURGER

Ah. Your point is well taken. Here, then, is the secret you are seeking.

CLOSER ON THE BUILDING

Limburger pushes on a secret panel. An entire slab of marble SWINGS ASIDE, exposing a dark staircase.

LIMBURGER

A direct route from my office, you see, carefully installed in case of unnatural disasters..

(he makes a face)

Such as yourselves.

THROTTLE

Not bad, cheesebreath.

LIMBURGER

I thought it rather clever myself. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll just be toddling along...

VINNIE

Oh no ya don't, eel-skin!

MODO

Yeah! Yer not runnin' upstream while Charley's still up a creek!

He SHOVES Limburger forward. The Plutarkian leads them nervously up the dark stairs.

LIMBURGER

Oooh, I detest this sort of situation. Really, I do.

•

•AND ZIP TO:

TOP OF STAIRS -- PITCH BLACKNESS

The Biker Mice and Limburger can be heard stumbling up, talking in whispers.

MODO (VO)

Oh, mama. It's so dark I can't even see my hand in front o' my face!

THROTTLE (VO)

Mmmph! That's 'cause it's in front o' MY face, Modo!

VINNIE (VO)_

Hey! Offa my tail!

LIMBURGER (VO)

Owch! Watch where you're going, imbecile!

MODO (VO)

Oh yeah?! Watch this, cheesebreath!
(PUNCH sound)

THROTTLE (VO)

OW! Modo!

MODO (VO)

Oops... heh heh... Sorry bro...

VINNIE (VO)

(goosed noise)

Man! Ya'd think ol' curdbutt coulda installed some windows or somethin'!

LIMBURGER (VO)

If I had, you annoying animal, it would hardly be a secret exit, would it? Now then, I think the handle is over here... ah, yes...

With a CLICK, a panel SLIDES OPEN and light GLARES IN on the Mice, who REACT, shielding their eyes -

VINNIE

Yow! Blinded by the light!

MODO

Hey, the situation's lookin' brighter already! Now we can look fer Charley-girl!

Throttle peers over the top of his shades and REACTS.

THROTTLE

Uh, actually, I think this light's part of a serious black cloud, bros.

BRIE (VO)

Indeed! Gweetings, Wimburger and wough- widing wats!

The Biker Mice and Limburger REACT to:

NEW ANGLE -- LIMBURGER'S OFFICE (BRIE'S THRONE ROOM)

Brie is there on his throne, smiling mockingly. Beside him is Number One and Karbunkle, who SHRUGS sheepishly.

KARBUNKLE

(nervously)

Heh, heh... ewwww!

(ahems)

BRIE

I have been so wooking fowad to your awival!

(he GESTURES)

I took the wiberty of bwinging in some of youw old
fwiends fow a wovevy weunion!

PAN OVER to REVEAL three imported SUPER-VILLAINS: LECTROMAG,
TUNNEL RATT, and the X-TERMINATOR.

LECTROMAG

(unpleasantly)

Lllong timmmme nnnno see!

X-TERMINATOR

I am bahk.

TUNNEL RATT

Ratt on.

ON THE BIKER MICE AND LIMBURGER

Reacting.

THROTTLE

Looks like quite a party, bros.

MODO

Man, you got a lot of enemies, Limburger.

LIMBURGER

(to the ceiling)

All I wanted to do was destroy the Earth... was that so
much to ask?

WIDE

Brie STANDS commandingly and POINTS at the Mice and Limburger.

BRIE

Have at it, my wengeful wenegades!

The villains MOVE FORWARD with evil purpose as the Biker Mice REACT -

THROTTLE

Maybe we shoul da stayed on Mars!

VINNIE

An' miss immediate annihilation? Never!

ON THE THREE SUPER VILLAINS

They move toward the mice, CHUCKLING EVILLY.

TUNNELL RATT, X-TERMINATOR, LECTROMAG
(evil chuckles)

and we:

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

WIDE -- LIMBURGER'S OFFICE (NOW BRIE'S THRONE ROOM) -- NIGHT

The trio of super-villains MOVE TOWARD the Biker Mice, chuckling nastily.

LECTROMAG, TUNNEL RATT, X-TERMINATOR
(nasty chuckles)

BRIE
EWIMINATE THEM!

ON THE BIKER MICE AND LIMBURGER

Reacting to the scene.

MODO
What'll we do now, Throttle?

THROTTLE
See Charley girl anywhere around?

VINNIE
Nope. Must be hidin' in another part o' the building.

THROTTLE
Then ya know what ta do, bros --
(activating Nuke-Nuks)
Let's nuke 'em!

NEW ANGLE -- DRAMATIC

Throttle LUNGES FORWARD and BASHES the X-Terminator with his Nuke-Nuks. The X-Terminator FLIES BACKWARD to CRASH into Lectromag, carrying him back to SMASH into Brie's throne.

BRIE
AiiiEEE!

THE BIKER MICE

As Vinnie whips out his flares and Modo jacks out his arm cannon.

VINNIE
Fire up! Aaaow!

MODO
Let's party!

LIMBURGER

(cringing)

Er, I think I'll just... sit this one out, if you don't mind...

He attempts to SNEAK back down the secret staircase but Modo's tail SLAMS the door with finality.

LIMBURGER

(groan)

ON THE DUNE RANGERS AND TUNNEL RATT

Roaring forward in their vehicles, FIRING their weapons. Tunnel Ratt is in his orecart, FIRING his laser-jackhammer (Ref show #3)

TUNNEL RATT

Time to make some... meece-holes!

THROTTLE

He BASHES a Dune Buggy flying, and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS another Dune Ranger out of a second buggy.

MODO

He CLOTHESLINES a Ranger out of a buggy with his left arm and BLASTS another buggy to bits with his arm-cannon. The Ranger inside FLIES OUT INTO CAM --

TUNNEL RATT

The Ranger sent flying by Modo's blast CRASHES into Tunnel Ratt just as he's ROARING toward Vinnie, FIRING his laser-jackhammer. Tunnel Ratt YELLS, unable to see, and the Ranger's legs sticking out the front of the cart like horns -

TUNNEL RATT

Waaa! I can't see!

VINNIE

VINNIE

HA! Toro! Toro!

He SNATCHES down a red "Brie" flag from the wall and SWEEPS it around bullfighter-style, gracefully SIDESTEPPING the speeding cart and SLICING his flare along the side -

VINNIE

Ole'!

(pause)

Always wanted ta do that!

PAN WITH the orecart as the wheels on one side TUMBLE away, sliced free. The cart SKIDS and CRASHES OUT through one of the huge windows -

TUNNEL RATT

YIIIIII!

FAST SHOT -- OTHER DUNE RANGERS

Firing all weapons --

EXT. TOWER

The orecart with Tunnel Ratt SAILS DOWN from the penthouse window in a blazing arc as the other windows EXPLODE OUTWARD in a series of blasts. Tunnel Ratt's orecart SPLASHES DOWN in the plaza fountain.

ANGLE ON GREASEPIT

Still sitting in the bushes, tied up alongside the bikes.

GREASEPIT

Aw, dey're having all da fun without me!

BACK INSIDE PENTHOUSE -- THROTTLE

As he one-two punches a pair of Rangers flying backward, then spins to KICK a third OS.

VINNIE

Backflips up to HANG by his tail from a chandelier and GRABS two Rangers right out their buggies, BANGING their helmets together.

MODO

He BASHES a Ranger over the helmet with a desk. Another comes up behind and SMASHES a chair over Modo's head. Modo merely blinks, then SWINGS the desk overhead and back without looking, BASHING the Ranger's helmet right through the top.

MODO

Pesky 'skeeters.

The dazed Ranger DROPS, comically, the desk still around his neck.

QUICK CUT TO:

DOWNSTAIRS -- IN EMPTY OFFICE

Charley PEERS from the closet, REACTING to the OS EXPLOSIONS and CAM SHAKES.

CHARLEY

Hmm. Sounds like the boys are back in town.

She starts to DRAG the Asteroid Attractor back out.

CHARLEY

(grunts)

Now's my chance to get this thing out of here before
EITHER of those stinkfaces get their fins on it again!

CUT BACK TO:

ON BRIE AND NUMBER ONE

Brie is concealed behind the throne, with Number One standing
protectively in front, blasting with a laser.

BRIE

Bwast! Owr diwect appowach is usewess! We must pwepare a
secwet weapon!

NUMBER ONE

Got any bright ideas, Brie?

BRIE

Those wepulsive wodents weturned wooking for the wed-
haiwed wady! She must be on the pwemises! Wocate her!

Number One NODS and RUNS OS. Brie DUCKS a blast that takes out
part of his throne.

BRIE

And weturn extwemewy wapidly!

ON LIMBURGER

Crawling behind a cabinet, trying to stay out of the way.

LIMBURGER

Blast that Brie! He's insane! Excessive!

A Brie statuette THUDS down beside him. Limburger reacts in
distaste, dropping the statuette into a wastebasket.

LIMBURGER

And absolutely tasteless.

CUT TO:

DOWNSTAIRS -- CORRIDOR

Charley has opened the door to the office and is just trying to drag the Asteroid Attractor out when she REACTS to:

NUMBER ONE (OS)

Hey!

WIDEN to REVEAL Number One RUNNING toward her, laser trained. Charley REACTS, shoving the Asteroid Attractor back in the room, out of sight.

NUMBER ONE

What are you doing there!?

NEW ANGLE -- CHARLEY -- SEEN FROM INSIDE OFFICE

As she REACHES STEALTHILY INSIDE the door and CLICKS ON the Asteroid Attractor.

CHARLEY

Uh... a little overtime?

The Asteroid Attractor HUMMS to life as Charley SHUTS the door. Through the frosted glass we SEE Number One grab her.

NUMBER ONE

Not in THIS company. We got enough overhead as it is.

CHARLEY

(as she's dragged away)

You can say that again!

FAST SHOT -- SPACE -- THE ASTEROID SWARM

Three smaller chunks of ice the size of skyscrapers start to glow, MOVING out of the swarm and headed for Earth...

AND ZIP BACK TO:

INT. THRONE ROOM/LIMBURGER'S OFFICE

START TIGHT on a last Ranger as he CRASHES to the ground in a dazed heap, then WIDEN to REVEAL the Biker Mice standing triumphant, dusting themselves off, rubbing their knuckles, etc.

THROTTLE

Looks like we cleaned house!

MODO

Yeah! Now t' can the REAL garbage!

But at that moment they REACT to:

LECTROMAG (VO)
Nnnnot yet, mmm mice!

NEW ANGLE

Lectromag and X-Terminator RISE UP from the heap of wreckage by the throne. X-Terminator FLIPS OUT his massive gun.

X-TERMINATOR
Hasta la vista, rodents.

LECTROMAG
You'rrre gonnna get beeeamed up!

He FIRES his electromagnetic beams at the Mice --

ON THE MICE

Reacting as they are YANKED UPWARD into the air and SMASHED against the ceiling.

BIKER MICE
YIII!

WIDER

Lectromag holds them suspended in the air, grinning unpleasantly.

LECTROMAG
Carrre for a little... mmm mouse-ssshoot?

X-Terminator AIMS his massive gun at the mice -

X-TERMINATOR
No problemo.

FAST SHOT -- THE MICE

Suspended in the air, they glance at each other.

THROTTLE
When yer feelin' troubled -

MODO
An' ya don't know what ta do -

VINNIE
Just give a little whistle!

BIKER MICE (UNISON)
(whistle)

WIDE

With a ROAR and a SMASH, the Bikes come CRASHING IN through a window behind Lectromag and X-Terminator, who REACT -

LECTROMAG, X-TERMINATOR

Whattt!?

The bikes FLIP OUT their cannons --

EXT. LIMBURGER TOWER -- NIGHT

As -- BA-BOOOOM! The two super-villains come FLYING out of the penthouse as well, ARCING DOWN to SPLASH into the fountain. WIDEN to REVEAL Greasepit watching this grouchily.

GREASEPIT

(grumpy)

I never get in on th' fun stuff.

(sniff)

It's okay... I don't have any feelin's.... just 'cause I dripped grease in da punch last time, dey never invite me anymore..!

FAST SHOT -- THE DAZED WET HEAP OF SUPER-VILLAINS

Piled on top of each other in the fountain.

TUNNEL RATT

(dazed)

Brothers, we have got to get us a medical plan.

AND CUT TO:

INT. BRIE'S THRONE ROOM/LIMBURGER'S OFFICE

As the Biker Mice STEP menacingly through the wreckage toward the cowering Brie.

THROTTLE

Ya put us through a heap o' trouble, ya worthless wacko...

MODO

An' now we're gonna run both you AND Limburger through a cheese-grater!

FAST SHOT -- LIMBURGER

Hidden behind the cabinet, he REACTS to this --

DOORWAY

We SEE Number One STEP IN with Charley at laserpoint.

NUMBER ONE

Not so fast, mice. See what I got here?

WIDEN to INCLUDE the Mice REACTING.

VINNIE

Charley!

CHARLEY

Heh heh... Hi guys! Sorry...

THROTTLE

Oh, man...

BRIE

(sudden triumphant laughter)

My twump cawd is wevealwed! You are powerwess!
Suwwender, wodents!

WIDEN as the Biker Mice reluctantly raise their hands.

BRIE

And as fow my dear wival Wimburger...

Limburger STANDS abruptly, straightening his tie, composed even in defeat.

LIMBURGER

Yes, yes, I know. One moment.

CLOSER ON BRIE

Looking slightly surprised as Limburger strides up, very dignified. Limburger speaks to him confidentially.

LIMBURGER

(sotto so others can't hear)

Excellent show, Brie. Truly, you are my superior in vision and intellect.

NEW ANGLE ON LIMBURGER

As his eyes shift to the side. He can see Number One guarding Charley, but watching suspiciously. Limburger smiles slightly.

LIMBURGER (CONT)

(to Brie)

Chicago and my Tower are yours. I admit defeat. Permit me to shake your hand.

He sticks out a hand, grabbing Brie's and shaking it.

FAST SHOT -- NUMBER ONE AND CHARLEY -- BY DOOR

Number One REACTS suspiciously to the sight of Limburger and Brie shaking hands.

NUMBER ONE

Eh? What's going on over there?

BACK ON LIMBURGER AND BRIE

Brie yanks his hand back suspiciously.

BRIE

(sotto)

What are you up to, Wimburger?

LIMBURGER

Me? Not a thing. You're far too paranoid, my good Plutarkian.

(turns)

Now then. I'll just pack a few things...

He heads for the door -- a crafty smile forming on his face.

DOOR

Number One STEPS in front of Limburger, blocking his exit.

NUMBER ONE

(suspicious growl)

Hey. What was that all about?

LIMBURGER

My good man, is that any way to address a superior?

NUMBER ONE

WHAT!?

LIMBURGER

Yes, I'm afraid so. My dear old fish school friend has decided to overlook our little rivalry. He and I ARE both Plutarkians, after all!

(smiles)

In fact, he has appointed me to your position.

NUMBER ONE

WHAAAT!? NO!

LIMBURGER

Oh yes, I'm afraid so, Number One. You are now, in fact...

(smirk)

...Number None.

DRAMATIC

Number One WHIRLS on the surprised Brie.

NUMBER ONE

Why you backstabbing bigmouth bass!

BRIE

What!? WAIT!

BA-BOOOM! Number One FIRES his laser pistol and BLASTS Brie backward right through the throne -

BRIE

AAAIIIE!

He SMASHES against the wall, scorched and smoking.

ON THE BIKER MICE - REACTING

THROTTLE

Looks like dissention in the ranks.

VINNIE

(sniffing Plutarkian smoke)

Smells rank, anyway!

MODO

C'mon! Let's grab Charley!

WIDE

They race toward Number One, who FIRES at them. Modo FIRES back, aiming carefully. The explosion sends Number One CARTWHEELING through the air as Charley gets thrown in another direction -

NUMBER ONE, CHARLEY

(yells)

FAST SHOT -- LIMBURGER

Now standing beside the dazed Brie and the smashed throne, holding the cringing Karbunkle by the collar.

KARBUNKLE

Er... I hope you know, your Esteemed Cheesiness, that I was only pretending to join Brie's side...

LIMBURGER

Shut up, you miasmatic moron.

(to Brie)

And as for you, my dear Brie -- permit me to offer you some advice.

(sudden snarl)

Never mess with Lawrence Limburger!

BIKER MICE

As Charley and Number One COME DOWN, Vinnie CATCHES Charley while Throttle BELTS Number One OS -

VINNIE

Welcome back, Charley girl!

CHARLEY

Whoo! That wasn't as fun as it looked!

LIMBURGER AND BRIE

Limburger STRAIGHTENS his tie proudly as Number One SAILS through, SMASHING into Brie and CARRYING him OS.

LIMBURGER

You see, Brie... You may be a power-hungry insane dictator... but I am, and always will be -- a businessman.

There is an OS SPLASH from the fountain. Limburger SNAPS his fingers with finality. The floor GLOWS and he and Karbunkle SHOOT DOWN through the floor, the hole closing up after them.

ON THE BIKER MICE AND CHARLEY

Alone in the wreckage, on their bikes now.

MODO

Dang! That slippery salmon got away!

VINNIE

Man! Now what are we gonna do!?

CHARLEY

Leave.

THROTTLE

Huh?

VINNIE

Whatcha talkin' about, sweetheart?

CHARLEY

(wink)

Just trust me on this one little thing, okay?

WIDE -- EXT. BUILDING

We see the Biker Mice BLAST OUT in high, rocket-powered jumps, TOUCH DOWN beside the heap of villains in the fountain, (now including Brie and Number One) and ROAR AWAY past Greasepit, still tied up. PUSH IN on Greasepit.

GREASEPIT

Aw, darn it! The party's all over, an' I missed da whole ting! (mutter) I bet dey didn't even save me any of da ice cream...

AND WIPE TO:

LATER -- INT. LIMBURGER'S OFFICE -- TRASHED -- NIGHT

Limburger wearily sits down in his chair, shoving a bust of Brie off onto the floor with a CRASH. He mops his brow with a hanky, and sighs.

LIMBURGER

Yet another expensive failure, and exhausting to boot. I feel quite parched.

(presses intercom button)

Karbunkle! Fetch me some cool liquid refreshment at once... with lots of ice.

INT. LOWER OFFICE

Where Karbunkle has found the Asteroid Attractor and is staring in horror at the vidscreen showing the ice asteroids descending at top speed

KARBUNKLE

(into hand-radio)

Er, I don't anticipate any problem with that request, my Imminently Cheese- Pressedness!

EXT. LIMBURGER TOWER -- NIGHT

As WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! The ice asteroids SMASH into Limburger Tower in quick succession like three scoops of ice cream. A BEAT, then CRASH! The weight SMASHES the Tower flat.

LIMBURGER (VO)

Oooh. I'm afraid it would appear my assets... are now frozen.

WIDEN to REVEAL the Biker Mice and Charley watching from atop a neighboring building. They LAUGH and give each other high-fives.

VINNIE

Aaaow! What a day!

MODO

Savin' two planets--

THROTTLE

An' puttin' the Big Cheese on ice.

(quieter)

For a while, anyway.

CLOSER ON THE MICE

The other two don't notice Throttle's somberness.

VINNIE

So who's for dogs and root beer?

MODO

Man, yer playin' MY song, bro!

VINNIE

Yow! Let's ROCK and RIDE!

NEW ANGLE

Modo and Vinnie (with Charley) ROAR off the top of the building in triumphant, rocket-powered jumps. PUSH IN on Charley (on Vinnie's bike) who LOOKS BACK in knowing concern...

ANGLE ON THROTTLE -- NIGHT

Still atop the building, helmet off, looking up at the stars. A red one in particular.

THROTTLE

(softly)

Our work here ain't finished, Carbine. But we'll be back someday. I promise.

He slowly DONS his helmet and RIDES his bike OS off the top of the building. PAN UP to the red planet of Mars and PUSH IN:

DISS THRU TO:

CARBINE -- MARTIAN DAY

Standing by a limpid stream, surrounded by sprouting green and Martian flowers. She is looking up at the blue sparkle that is Earth in the dark Mars sky, and holding a Martain lily.

CARBINE

Ride free, Biker Mice. You... and freedom fighters
everywhere... will never be forgotten.

DISS TO:

WIDE SHOT -- SPACE

Showing Mars and Earth and the swarm of ice asteroids finally
moving away out of the solar system... and:

FADE OUT

THE END