

BIKER MICE FROM MARS
"Caveat Mentor"
(# 6640-057)
2056 words

Written By:
Glenn Leopold

FIRST DRAFT
7/19/94
SECOND DRAFT
7/28/94
THIRD DRAFT
8/5/94
FOURTH DRAFT
8/9/94
FINAL DRAFT
8/12/94
REVISED FINAL (*) DRAFT
8/15/94
REVISED FINAL (**) DRAFT
8/19/94
Page 34 only

BIKER MICE FROM MARS

"Caveat Mentor"

(#6640-057)

(as of Revised Final (**) Draft dated 8/19/94)

CAST LIST Dialogue Count

Throttle 35

Vinnie 50

Modo 37

Charley 19

Limburger 26

Karbunkle 8

Greasepit 25

Fred 1

Goons 4 (yells, oofs only)

Goon 1 1

Stoker 63

Rimfire 23

Plutarkian Officer 1 10

Plutarkian Officer 2 10

3 Plutarkian Guards 2 (Oof, Yeow only)

Plutarkian Tower Guards (no dialogue)

Slobber The Mutt (no dialogue)

Sand Raiders (no dialogue)

Young Martian Freedom Fighters (no dialogue)

BIKER MICE FROM MARS
"Caveat Mentor"
(#6640-057)

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. QUIGLEY STADIUM SCOREBOARD - DAY

PUSH IN on the SCOREBOARD as we HEAR LOUD SLAMMING of METAL.

INT. SCOREBOARD HIDEOUT - ON MODO

Modo tosses a manhole cover in the air, then BLASTS it at an angle with his ARM CANNON. It SLAMS down onto two manhole covers, stacked like Pogs on the floor. The two metal covers flip up and O.S. in one direction, the 'slammer' in the other.

ANGLE - VINNIE AND THROTTLE

Ducking as two of the covers SMASH through a wall behind them.
[NOTE: Throttle has his helmet on.]

THROTTLE

*** Nice slam, bro!**

ON CHARLEY

She's working on a bike, detailing it, just as the 'slammer' WHIZZES THROUGH SHOT. She ducks as the manhole cover SMASHES into a shelf full of tools behind her.

●CHARLEY

Whoa!

●(weary sigh)

I don't s'pose you guys know how to play Pogs without using deadly force?

WIDEN TO REVEAL VINNIE, spinning a manhole cover on his finger.

●VINNIE

(surprised)

You can do that?

He tosses the manhole cover OS. CRASH! Charley winces comically. ZIP PAN to Throttle, readying to shoot. Suddenly, his ears perk up to the SOUND OF A JET. The manhole cover smashes a hole in the wall as Throttle closes his visor.

EXT. SCOREBOARD - ON THROTTLE

Who peers out and REACTS, as COMPUTER GRAPHICS activate on his visor.

•THROTTLE

What? Heads up, bros!

HIS POV - ON RIMFIRE'S SHIP

ZOOMING right toward the scoreboard (and CAMERA.)

•THROTTLE (VO)

* **We got Plutarkians droppin' in fer dinner.**

INT. HIDEOUT - ON BIKER MICE ALL LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW.

The Plutarkian ship FIRES A BLAST.

•VINNIE

Whoa! An' here comes their housewarmin' gift!

They LEAP AWAY as the ship's CANNON BLAST TEARS a hole in the scoreboard right where they were standing.

ON MODO

Back on his feet, his eye glowing angry RED.

•MODO

Well, let's send 'em back a "Thank You" note!

He starts firing his ARM CANNON out the hole at the oncoming ship. Throttle and Vinnie's tails WHAP their bikes' storage compartments. RIFLES spring out. The Mice catch them.
[PROPS: Design after weapons in toy packages of each mouse.]

DRAMATIC OTS SHOT - PLUTARKIAN SHIP

It's approaching the scoreboard fast as the Biker Mice BLAST away with all they've got. The Mice REACT as the ship is hit and starts smoking but is still headed right for them!

•MODO

Oh, mama! That reekfish limo is stinkin' but not sinkin'!

OTS BIKER MICE AND CHARLEY - ON SMOKING SHIP

It's ROARING right toward them, as we...

FADE OUT:

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

OTS RIMFIRE'S FLAMING PLUTARKIAN SHIP - APPROACHING SCOREBOARD

The Mice and Charley look like sitting ducks as the ship WHINES toward them.

OTS MICE AND CHARLEY - ON APPROACHING SHIP

VINNIE

Rock n' Hide, sweetheart!

Vinnie grabs Charley with his tail and DIVES O.S. as Throttle and Modo do the same.

CHARLEY

(grunt)

Oof!

A BEAT and the ship CRASHES PAST CAMERA (like the train in "Silver Streak") with SPARKING, SMOKING, SCREECHING SFX.

EXT. SCOREBOARD - CONTINUOUS

SCREECHING CONTINUES as the rest of the ship disappears inside the scoreboard, leaving a jagged hole. A BEAT LATER the O.S. SCREECHING stops.

INT. SCOREBOARD - ON FALLEN BIKES AND BIKER MICE

Covered with ceiling debris, we see Charley and the Mice dig out from the rubble. The bikes are on their sides, covered with dust. The hideout is filled with DISSIPATING SMOKE.

VINNIE

Oh maaan! Third time! Where on this scoreboard does it say "Alien Parking"?!

The door of the ship starts to CREAK open.

DRAMATIC ANGLE - SMOKE FILLED DOOR OF SHIP

As we see Vinnie and Modo REACH IN...

RIMFIRE

(coughing)

VINNIE

Sorry, Stinkfish, yer parked in a "blow-away" zone.

...to pull a COUGHING figure from the ship. Vinnie has his fist poised to clobber... as Modo REACTS.

VINNIE
Say "cheese"! URK!

Vinnie begins to throw a punch but Modo grabs his arm and jerks it to a stop.

MODO
Hold it! It's Rimfire!

RIMFIRE
(coughing)
Hi, Uncle Modo. (cough)

ANOTHER ANGLE - OPEN DOORWAY OF THE SHIP - REFLECTED ON THROTTLE'S VISOR

Throttle REACTS to another figure in the smoky ship doorway...
Stoker!

STOKER
(coughing)
Still ridin' free, Biker Bums?

ON THROTTLE AND STOKER

He punches Throttle in the shoulder.

ANGLE - MICE

They REACT in wide-eyed disbelief.

THROTTLE
(grunt)
Stoker!

VINNIE
I don't believe it!

MODO
As my ol' gray-furred Mama would say: Oh, mama! (laugh)

WIDER

Modo rushes forward to give Stoker a big bear hug.

STOKER
(grins)
Modo my mouse -- long time no see.
(grunt)

Like a wrestler, Stoker SMASHES his palms on either side of Modo's head. Modo grins as he DROPS Stoker.

MODO
(grunt! Laugh!)

THROTTLE
(taking off his helmet)

* **Haven't seen you since you honchoed us in the Second Battle of the Canals. (grunt)**

Throttle pounds Stoker on the shoulder.

STOKER
(grunt)
But this old soldier can still flatten all your furry fannies!
(to Vinnie)
Hey punk! Aooooowww!

Head down, Stoker charges right into Vinnie... hitting him in the stomach and carrying him O.S. right past...

VINNIE
What..? Oof!

CHARLEY

Who REACTS, dodging out of the way, as Stoker and Vinnie FLY THROUGH SHOT.

CHARLEY
Whoa!

LOW ANGLE - FLOOR

As Vinnie CRASHES onto his back with Stoker on top of him.

VINNIE
(slightly agitated)
Oof! No fair, man! Sucker punch!

STOKER
Just ol' Head-Butt Sneak Attack 7!

VINNIE
(snotty)
Howzabout New Head-Lock Backflip 13?! (grunt)

Vinnie gets Stoker in a headlock and FLIPS him backwards O.S.

ANGLE - THROTTLE AND MODO

As Stoker FLIES IN with a THUMP, Stoker LAUGHS.

STOKER

Oof! (laughs)

* **(dialogue ommitted)**

STOKER

Leg-Trip Attack 40!

Stoker LASHES out with his feet and trips Modo, who topples... taking Throttle with him. The trio start playfully pummeling each other.

MODO/THROTTLE

Oof!

MODO/THROTTLE/STOKER

(ad lib tussle)

ON CHARLEY

Who dodges to both sides as first Vinnie, then Rimfire, DIVE THROUGH SHOT to get into the fray.

CHARLEY

Yi!

VINNIE

Aooowww!! Biker brawl!

RIMFIRE

Hey! I want in!

CHARLEY

Whoa!

ANGLE - BIKER MICE

Rolling around on the debris strewn floor, trading stomach punches. Charley ENTERS SHOT, ducking a flying fist, as Modo sprawls at her feet.

BIKER MICE

(ad-lib covered by fight)

CHARLEY

Before you macho, muscle-brained mice beat each other black-and-blue, does anyone care to introduce me?

DOWN SHOT - ON MODO - AT CHARLEY'S FEET

He points O.S.

MODO

(laughs)

Oh yeah. Charley Ma'am, that'd be Stoker.

ON STOKER, VINNIE AND THROTTLE

Stoker is trading stomach punches with Vinnie. With his other arm, he tries to forearm SMASH Throttle and Rimfire, who are coming up behind him. They dodge away.

STOKER/VINNIE

Oof, oof, oof!

THROTTLE/RIMFIRE

(laugh)

MODO (VO)

Stoke was our unit leader in th' Plutarkian Wars. Taught us everything we know 'bout bikin'...

THROTTLE

...fighting...

(grunt)

STOKER

Oof!

Throttle whacks Stoker on the shoulder, as the older Mouse gets him in a headlock.

VINNIE

...and...

ON MODO AND CHARLEY

CHARLEY

(interrupts)

Never mind.

MODO

On Mars, when they talk "Baddest Motorjammer", they're talkin' Stoker!

ANGLE - STOKER AND THROTTLE

Stoker REACTS, releasing Throttle and straightens up.

STOKER

Just, Mars? Try the whole galaxy!

ON RIMFIRE AND MODO

Panting happily, as they sit down to catch their breath.

MODO/RIMFIRE
(heavy breathing)

RIMFIRE
(heavy breathing)
Sorry for droppin' in unannounced, Uncle MODO, but we
didn't have much choice...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRISON YARD ON MARTIAN MOON - NIGHT FLASHBACK

(Use S/A BG keys BM # 23 - Titan)

PHOBOS, the Martian moon, is big in the sky. PAN DOWN to the
prison walls, further down to the prison yard where Stoker, in
prison garb, wearily swings a sledgehammer against rocks. THREE
evil-grinning PLUTARKIAN GUARDS prod him. One kicks him down,
Stoker glares at them

RIMFIRE (VO)
Stoke here was doin' hard time in a Stinkfish slammer on
Martian Moon Two. So I figured I'd pay him a visit...

Suddenly, a HUGE EXPLOSION! The Guards turn.

GUARDS' POV - ON PRISON WALL

Through the SMOKE we see a jagged hole in the prison wall. And
ZOOMING right through it is RIMFIRE, on his Freedom Fighter BIKE
(see Galoob Design for Bike used in BM #27.) His bike weapons are
BLASTING TOWARD CAMERA!

ON GUARDS

LASER BLASTS ZAP the weapons from their hands. The Bike ZOOMS IN
as Rimfire SMASHES the guards O.S. with his forearms.

GUARDS
Oof!

ON STOKER - GETTING TO HIS FEET

As Rimfire SKIDS up to him, BLASTING off the leg chains with a
SIDEARM. Stoker hops onto Rimfire's bike.

STOKER

Rimfire! 'Bout time someone sprang me from this fishbowl!

RIMFIRE

Hang on, teach!

Rimfire tosses a GRENADE O.S. as he ZOOMS off.

DRAMATIC DOWN SHOT - OTS TOWER GUARDS - ON RIMFIRE/STOKER

The Grenade EXPLODES, as the Tower Guards train their mounted LASER CANNONS down at Rimfire's CAREENING bike.

ON RIMFIRE/STOKER - THROUGH HOLE IN PRISON WALL

The bike VEERS toward the jagged hole IN FG. Stoker and Rimfire are ducking LASER FIRE from both sides and above! The bike BARRELS RIGHT PAST CAMERA.

HIGH ANGLE - DOWN SHOT - RIMFIRE'S BIKE

It ZOOMS away from the prison walls, jumping over rocks, dodging LASER CANNON BLASTS all around it from the Tower Guards.

ON STOKER AND RIMFIRE - ON BIKE

It JUMPS over a rock and toward a parked Freedom Fighter ship. As they move toward the open ramp of the ship we see a group of Plutarkian GUARDS appear from inside with LASER RIFLES.

RIMFIRE

Stoke! They grabbed my ship!

STOKER

Then return the favor!

The guards start BLASTING at the Bike, which SCREECHES O.S.

DRAMATIC ANGLE - A PLUTARKIAN SHIP OUTSIDE PRISON

There's two Plutarkian GUARDS guarding the ship. Rimfire's bike ROARS IN from FG, his bike weapons BLASTING. The Guards DIVE away, as the bike ZOOMS up a ramp into the Plutarkian ship.

GUARDS

Yeow!

DRAMATIC ANGLE - TOWER GUARDS

Swivelling their LASER CANNONS and BLASTING at the Plutarkian ship as it TAKES OFF upward. The BLASTS bounce off the armored ship as it ZOOMS away from the surface of Phobos.

EXT. PLUTARKIAN SHIP IN SPACE

As the Plutarkian ship ZOOMS from the moon toward Mars, three Plutarkian GUNSHIPS move in to block it, BLASTING away.

INT. SHIP - SHAKING FROM O.S. BLASTS

RIMFIRE

Mars is blockaded! We gotta change course!

Rimfire is at the helm, as Stoker mans some gun controls, POUNDING them like video game joysticks. The video game-type TARGET VIEWSCREEN shows him missing the Gunships pretty badly. Rimfire sees this and gets a concerned expression and pulls on the ship's controls.

STOKER

Aw, man! I can't hit squid with these lousy Plutarkian blasters.

EXT. RIMFIRE'S SHIP AND GUNSHIPS - MOVING

As BLASTS from the Gunships rock Rimfire's veering ship, he does a fancy double-loop 180 turn and heads away from Mars. PAN WITH Rimfire's ship as it ZOOMS off toward Earth.

EXT. EARTH - CLOSE

Earth, as seen from space. Rimfire's ship streaks toward the surface. We PULL BACK to see it's on the viewscreen of a...

INT. PLUTARKIAN GUNSHIP

Two Plutarkian officers are at the console. OFFICER 1 speaks into a console microphone.

OFFICER 1

Now tracking Priority Prisoner Number One. Will assume pursuit.

INT. RIMFIRE'S SHIP

Stoker reaches for a control, bends over the console reaching for the radio, but his arm accidentally hits one of the gun controls. The ship shakes with the BLAST as at viewscreen, the rocket heads right for the Quigley Stadium Scoreboard.

RIMFIRE (V.O.)

We were gonna contact you, when Stoke kinda, accidentally blasted you...

On viewscreen comes a BLAST from the Scoreboard right to nose of the Ship -- BLAMM! -- setting fire to the console and torching the radio. Dials spin crazily. A "horizon indicator" screen wobbles crazily.

RIMFIRE (V.O.)

Then you hit our radio and guidance system...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOREBOARD - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT - CLOSE ON RIMFIRE

He finishes his story, pointing to the still-smoking hulk of the ship. WIDEN to see everyone now gathered around him.

RIMFIRE

...Anyway, I guess we'll be hanging' for a while till we can figure a way back.

VINNIE

(sarcastic)

No problem! You can catch the next spaceship. Should be another one crashing in here any day now. Oof!

Stoker sucker-punches Vinnie.

VINNIE

(mildly pissed)

Still a barrel of laughs, eh, Stoke?

CLOSE ON STOKER

Grinning down at Vinnie. He winks cavalierly.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIMBURGER TOWER AND BOTTLING PLANT - DAY

ESTABLISH the TOWER as we PAN OVER to a new factory type building next door. PUSH IN as we hear:

LIMBURGER (VO)

Yes, I, Lawrence Limburger, guarantee...

INT. FACTORY/SOUNDSTAGE - ON LIMBURGER

We're in a small glassed-in SOUNDSTAGE, where a grinning LIMBURGER is holding a bottle of "CLAM-POO", and pointing to an adorable little girl with beautiful Shirley Temple curls.

LIMBURGER

...that used daily, my new "Clam-Poo" will make your hair marvelously manageable. In fact, I'll put my own money on it.

CLOSER - SHAMPOO BOTTLE

The bottle is in the foreground, with a floating 20 dollar bill in it. We see a film camera and Klieg lights past it. A shadowy director (Karbunkle) sits in a chair.

LIMBURGER (VO)

During this special trial offer, I will personally place a crisp twenty dollar bill in each bottle.

LIMBURGER

Holds up the shampoo with a cheesy smile.

LIMBURGER

Limburger "Clam-Poo". You don't have to buy it... we'll pay you to try it.

KARBUNKLE (VO)

Cut! That's a wrap, your jovial bovineness.

Karbunkle's shadow ENTERS SCENE and stops. PULL BACK to see the director, Karbunkle, hold up a clapper.

CLOSE ON THE LITTLE GIRL

Karbunkle SLAMS the clapper shut... right on the fingers of the little girl, who loves it. She whips off her wig/mask to reveal FRED underneath.

FRED

Oooh! I love show biz! Ahhh!

CLOSE ON GREASEPIT

In a corner, Greasepit is covertly emptying a bottle of shampoo onto the floor to get at the twenty. He stands in a puddle of spilt shampoo.

GREASEPIT

(sotto)

If da boss don't wanna pay me, I'll just pays myself.
(stupid chuckle and grunts)

But the bill is stuck to the bottom of the plastic bottle. He hits the bottom like a stubborn catsup bottle.

KARBUNKLE (VO)

You are indeed a marketing genius supreme, your Cheese Fondoofusness.

CLOSE - KARBUNKLE

Karbunkle holds up another bottle of Clam-Poo, then moves TOWARD AND PAST CAMERA with it.

KARBUNKLE

Once Clam-poo's secret mind control formula penetrates through their scalps into their brains...

ON GREASEPIT

Greasepit bites the bottom off the empty plastic bottle, and triumphantly removes the twenty. He pulls his pink piggy bank from his overalls and slips the twenty into it. Greasepit slips in the shampoo puddles and falls onto his butt.

GREASEPIT

(sneaky chuckle to self)

Wha...? Oof!

KARBUNKLE (PARTIAL V.O.)

...the good citizens of Chicago will become mindless puppets...

Karbunkle approaches from behind and pours the shampoo onto Greasepit's head. Greasepit, who has been peering into the opening of the bank, suddenly stiffens into immobility.

LIMBURGER (CONT.)

...Only too willing to sign over all their land to you.

GREASEPIT

(chuckle cont'd... into "oh")

Limburger ENTERS.

LIMBURGER

Greasepit, open your piggy bank... over your head.

GREASEPIT

(trancelike)

I lives to obeys.

Greasepit SMASHES the piggybank over his head. COINS SCATTER. The twenty dollar bill flutters in the air. Limburger catches the twenty, pocketing it.

LIMBURGER
(smiles to Karbunkle)
Excellent.

ANGLE - LIMBURGER AND KARBUNKLE AT GLASS WINDOW

Looking through the glass as we PUSH THROUGH into the FACTORY BOTTLING PLANT, where we see bottles of "Clam-Poo" come off an assembly line, after being filled from a huge vat of shampoo goo.

LIMBURGER (CONT.)
(chuckle)

DISSOLVE TO:

•

EXT. SCOREBOARD HIDEOUT - DAY

PUSH IN to a scoreboard number window. We see the Mice finishing up repairs on the scoreboard (from inside), patching it with POUNDING HAMMERS, as they munch hot dogs. (NOTE: There's no evidence of the ship or the gaping hole now.) [**STORYBOARD**: Make sure all cans clearly say: "soda" whenever seen.]

MODO

* **Hey, Stoker, 'member that time we took out two hundred Sand Raiders in the North Canal?**

INT. SCOREBOARD - ON STOKER

CHOMPING on a hot dog as he swigs from a can of root beer.

STOKER

Two hundred?! Man, I personally took out two hundred and fifty! (chuckle)

WIDEN SHOT as we see Vinnie toss away his hammer and grab a hot dog and root beer. In the BG, Charley is working on the damaged Plutarkian ship engine with a large wrench. We hear some HEAVY METAL MUSIC from the TV, which is on quietly in the BG. Stoker POUNDS Vinnie's shoulder, spilling root beer all over an irked Vinnie. The hot dog squirts out of the bun and hits Vinnie in the eye.

VINNIE

Oof! Grrr!

STOKER

* **I really pulled your tail outta the fire that day, eh, punk? (chortles)**

OTS STOKER - ON VINNIE AND THROTTLE

Vinnie REACTS, wiping root beer off himself.

VINNIE

(irked)

Hey, this mouse never needed anybody, anywhere savin' his tail. (grunt, drinking noise)

ANGLE - REFRIGERATOR

As Vinnie turns to it, irritably, and FLINGS open the door to pull out another root beer, RIPPING the top of the can off. He GUZZLES it as Throttle ENTERS and puts his hand on his shoulder.

THROTTLE

(sotto)

Hey, Hey... Take it easy, bro.

VINNIE

(swallows irritably)

Ah, Stoker always did cramp my style.

(belch)

Man, ya ever seen a bigger ego on any mouse?

THROTTLE

(diplomatically)

Uh, well.... maybe once.

VINNIE

Annoying, isn't it?

THROTTLE

You don't wanna know...

MODO (VO)

Hey, bros! Scope out this eye pollution!

OTS MODO - THE TV SET (THE SOUND TURNED DOWN)

Modo turns up the sound. We see the end of Limburger's "Clam-Poo" ad. There's the grinning Limburger holding up the shampoo with the Limburger logo on it.

LIMBURGER

... Remember, for happy hair and a spick-and-span scalp, Limburger Clam-poo is the shampoo of champions.

ON THE MICE

Watching and frowning, now gathered around Modo.

THROTTLE

What's wrong with this picture? A Plutarkian shillin' soap suds.

MODO
(flicks off T.V. set)
Don't even have ta think about it ta know it's crooked.

STOKER
(a big grin)
A Plutarkian? Well, hey! Time's a wastin', troopers!

ON THE BIKES

As Stoker LEAPS onto Charley's bike and starts to REV it.

STOKER
...Let's go FRY HIS FINS!

Modo eagerly JUMPS on his own bike.

MODO
Aw-right!!! My kinda music!

ON RIMFIRE

RIMFIRE
(worried)
Uh, Stoke, maybe that's not such a hot idea...

STOKER ON THE BIKE

The other Mice are now on their bikes. Stoker waves to Charley.

STOKER
Thanks for the wheels, beautiful!

The bikes all fire up. He flips down his helmet, ready for action, then ZOOMS O.S.

ANGLE - RIMFIRE AND MODO

Rimfire, on his bike, settles next to Modo.

RIMFIRE
(sotto to Modo, worried)
Listen, I-I need to talk to you about Stoker...

Stoker ZOOMS THROUGH SHOT as Throttle and Vinnie follow. Modo follows, waving Rimfire on, as:

MODO
C'mon, nephew! It'll be righteously radical ridin' again with Mars' baddest motorjammer!

EXT. SCOREBOARD - DAY

As Stoker ZOOMS out of the scoreboard, with the three Biker Mice following.

STOKER
Sing it, boys! Let's rock...

EXT. STREET

The Mice and Stoker land and zoom away.

STOKER/THROTTLE/MODO/VINNIE
...and RIDE!

EXT. SCOREBOARD - DAY

A worried-looking Rimfire ZOOMS out of the scoreboard on his bike, following them.

RIMFIRE
(worried)
Oh man...

EXT. STREET

Rimfire lands and heads off in the direction of Stoker and the Mice.

WIPE TO:

EXT. LIMBURGER WAREHOUSE - DAY

ESTABLISH and PUSH IN on the warehouse (Use S/A BM #16), with its big open garage door.

GREASEPIT (VO)
Hussle yer butts, youse goons! Da faster we get dis Clam-poo in da stores...

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

There are three huge semis (trucks) full of Clam-Poo crates backed into the warehouse through the garage doors. Greasepit and some GOONS finish loading up the last one. Stacked everywhere on the warehouse floor are piles of crates.

GREASEPIT
...da faster Mr. Limboiger can start toinin' people's brains inta mostaccioli.

THROTTLE (VO)
Sorry, sludgeface...

Greasepit whirls as we ZIP PAN OVER TO:

GREASEPIT

Huh?

DRAMATIC UPSHOT SOME CRATES IN THE WAREHOUSE

The Biker Mice, plus Stoker and Rimfire, on their bikes, in macho poses on a large stack of crates. [**Note:** All the Mice keep their helmets on through this sequence, so Clam-poo doesn't get on them.]

THROTTLE

...But we're issuing a recall on this product.

GREASEPIT AND THE GOONS

By the open semi trailers, looking O.S.

GREASEPIT

(gasp)

Oh no! Five of 'em! Blast dose multiplicatin mice!

Greasepit and the goons pull out WEAPONS and start BLASTING!

ON BIKER MICE, STOKER AND RIMFIRE

They ZOOM off the pile of crates, just as the LASER BLASTS EXPLODE the empty wooden crates into kindling!

OTS VINNIE'S BIKE MOVING

He ROARS TOWARD Greasepit (who's standing by an open truck, blasting), FIRING away with his bike guns.

GREASEPIT

Dives into the open truck. Vinnie races by the truck. The sides of the truck trailer FOLD OUT with Greasepit manning a swivel LASER TURRET GUN. He FIRES.

VINNIE

Veers to avoid the LASER BLASTS.

VINNIE

Waaaooooohh!

OTS STOKER - MOVING

Stoker BLASTS away, WILDLY MISSING two Goons who are firing at him from behind some crates. Nearby crates are getting BLASTED APART.

The goons react to the errant shots, shrug and continue firing.

ON STOKER

Racing along.

STOKER

Aooooowwww!

ANOTHER ANGLE STOKER AND VINNIE

STOKER

* **One side, punk!**

Stoker ZOOMS past Vinnie, cutting him off. Vinnie is forced to veer toward Greasepit's semi, in the BG.

OTS GREASEPIT - ON VINNIE

Who's swerved his bike right into GREASEPIT'S LASER SIGHTS.

VINNIE

(looking back at the O.S. Stoker)

Hey! What kinda bonehead move was that?! Whoa! Oof!

A BLAST OF GREASEPIT'S LASER FIRE shoots at him. Vinnie ducks and puts his bike into a SPARKING SLIDE under a nearby truck, with Greasepit's BLASTS just missing all along the way, till Vinnie is safely under the truck. A beat, then:

VINNIE (VO)

(pissed)

This is not my idea of hero-type exit.

ANGLE - STOKER AND A GOON

Stoker is BARRELING toward a Goon who's shooting at him from atop a crate. Stoker BLASTS wildly, missing.

GOON 1

(sneers)

Need glasses, Rat-face?!

ON THROTTLE

Clotheslining two Goons, he looks back at Stoker and REACTS.

GOONS

Oof!

THROTTLE

(to himself, worried)

Man, Stoke's even missin' the easy shots.

OTS GREASEPIT - MODO AND RIMFIRE

The two Bikers head toward CAMERA, side by side. DOWNSHOT shows a bunch of shampoo crates hanging from the warehouse roof by a metal chain -- and Modo and Rimfire and heading right under it.

ANGLE ON GREASEPIT

As he DUCKS from a BARRAGE of laser blasts. The blasts hit Greasepit's turret in the foreground, which sends his turret FLIPPING back into the semi.

GREASEPIT

Yiiii!

ON STOKER

He ducks from some LASER BLASTS, loses some control of his bike, then, off balance, FIRES WILDLY at the Goon atop the crate. FOLLOW one of his stray BLASTS up to:

UP ANGLE - CHAIN HOLDING THE HEAVY CRATES

The LASER BLAST ZAPS through the chain and the crates start to fall DOWN TOWARD CAMERA.

OTS FALLING CRATES - DRAMATIC DOWN SHOT ON MODO AND RIMFIRE

Modo looks up and REACTS... just in time.

MODO

Rimfire!

He CLAMPS his metal arm on Rimfire's bike and ZOOMS them both O.S., just as the CRATES SMASH to the warehouse floor SPLATTERING it (and the CAMERA LENS) with Clam-Poo!

ON MODO AND RIMFIRE

Racing along.

RIMFIRE

*** Uncle Modo, I been tryin' t' tell you. Stoker's lost his freedom fightin' edge.**

ANGLE - GREASEPIT - IN SEMI CAB

He's now at the wheel, looking frantic as he REVS the truck.

GREASEPIT

*** Dey's too many mices! I's leavin' dis infestation post-hastily!**

PULL BACK to:

OTS THE MICE AND RIMFIRE (MINUS STOKER)

ZOOM OVER CAMERA INTO FRAME from four different directions, and line up four abreast like the Earps in front of Greasepit's truck, blocking his way out.

VINNIE

Wrong again, lard-lumps!

STOKER (VO)

Hey, bros!

DRAMATIC UP ANGLE - STOKER

He LEAPS off a stack of shipping crates toward the truck, BLASTING wildly at the truck, as...

STOKER

Time to bail out your sorry bu --- uu-oooh!

...he hits the Clam-Poo spill and his bike goes out, SKIDDING right into...

THE BIKER MICE AND RIMFIRE

As Stoker's bike KNOCKS THE FOUR BIKES O.S.!

BIKER MICE/RIMFIRE/STOKER

Oof!

We hear on O.S. CRASH and sound of CRATES SPLINTERING.

LOW ANGLE - SPRAWLED BIKER MICE, RIMFIRE AND STOKER

They are on the floor of the warehouse, near the open garage door, off their bikes. Around them are splintered Clam-Poo crates. Clam-Poo is all over the floor. Vinnie tries to get to his feet, but SLIPS and SLIDES, landing on his back with a WHOMP! [**NOTE:** No one gets the stuff on their head -- they have helmets on.]

VINNIE

Whoaaaa! Oof! Not coo... (slips)... ooooool! Oof!

They all look up woozily at the SOUND OF REVVING ENGINES.

ALL

(woozy)

Huh?

THEIR POV - THREE SEMIS

Greasepit's driving the middle truck, Goons driving the two that flank him. They're BARRELLING TOWARD CAMERA.

GREASEPIT

* **Flatten dose furballs! (laugh)**

OTS THE SEMIS - ROARING TOWARD THE FIVE SPRAWLED MICE

As the three trucks bear down on them, they REACT, and we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS -

HIGH ANGLE - DOWN SHOT - BIKER MICE, RIMFIRE AND STOKER

The three semis ROAR toward the sprawled mice, who are flailing around in the spilled Clam-Poo.

MICE
(Ad-lib slipping)

DRAMATIC ANGLE - VINNIE AND MODO

Modo raises his arm cannon, and Vinnie his sidearm, as they send LASER BLASTS TOWARD CAMERA.

LOW ANGLE - ONCOMING TRUCKS

The LASER BLASTS BLOW the tires of the two flanking trucks.

OTS THE BIKER MICE, RIMFIRE, STOKER - ON TRUCKS

The flanking trucks with blown tires SCREECH aside to CRASH O.S., as the drivers bail out to safety -- but Greasepit's truck keeps coming. Stoker FIRES, but his laser blast MISSES the truck. Throttle FIRES and BLOWS one of Greasepit's tires.

WIDE ON SCENE

Greasepit's truck hits the Clam-Poo spill and starts to FISHTAIL, spinning wildly out of control.

GREASEPIT
(spinning)
Yaaaaaahhhh!!!

ON THE MICE

They scramble to their left, SLIPPING and FALLING in the Clam-Poo...

ON GREASEPIT'S SEMI

It veers toward the Mice.

THE MICE

scramble and slip over each other to their right...

GREASEPIT'S SEMI

But the spinning, out-of-control truck veers back toward the Mice, seemingly homed right in on them.

BIKER MICE/STOKER/RIMFIRE
(ad lib yells, grunts)

OTS MICE - ON GREASEPIT'S TRUCK

As Greasepit's truck SLIDES right toward CAMERA, Modo barely manages to grab Rimfire and DIVE away, as does Throttle. Vinnie snags Stoker with his tail and YANKS him O.S. just as Greasepit's rig BARRELS PAST CAMERA.

LOW ANGLE - CHARLEY'S BIKE

Greasepit's truck CRUNCHES OVER IT as it SLIDES through scene.

GREASEPIT'S TRUCK

SKIDS out the open garage door. Now out of the Clam-Poo spill, Greasepit regains control and ROARS off down the street.

ANGLE - THE SPRAWLED BIKER MICE AND STOKER

As Vinnie releases Stoker with his tail, Stoker struggles to his feet in the gooey glop and goes O.S.

STOKER
(grunt)

VINNIE
Now who's pulling whose tail outta the fire?

ANGLE - RIMFIRE'S BIKE

As Stoker finishes lifting it up from the ground and jumps onto it, REVVING and ROARING O.S.

STOKER
Watch and learn, baby bros!

LOW ANGLE - CHARLEY'S WRECKED BIKE

As Stoker ROARS PAST IT and out of the garage. A BEAT LATER comes Vinnie on his chopper, followed by Throttle, and Modo (with Rimfire riding tandem behind him.)

VINNIE
(apprehensive)
I'll flip ya to see who tells Charley 'bout her bike.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY HIGH ANGLE - DOWN SHOT

We see Greasepit's truck ROARING along as Stoker ZOOMS up behind, BLASTING wildly with his LASER SIDEARM, and missing completely, shooting dumpsters, destroying billboards, topppling telephone poles.

GREASEPIT

(chuckle)

Either dis mousekaroon is one lousy shot or I'm gettin' to be a lots better driver.

(a revelation:)

Boy! Five years o' traffic school's finally payin' off!

DRAMATIC ANGLE - STOKER

Stoker ZOOMS ahead toward the passenger's side of the truck. He jumps off and grabs the passenger's door of the cab, pulling himself up with difficulty. He's got his sidearm in one hand. Rimfire's bike continues on OUT OF FRAME by itself.

STOKER

(grunts, straining)

OTS STOKER - ON GREASEPIT - THROUGH CAB WINDOW

Greasepit (in the driver's seat) looks over and grins TOWARD CAMERA as his big foot comes up and kicks the door open. The passenger door (and Stoker's back) SWINGS PAST CAMERA.

GREASEPIT

(chuckle)

Dis ain't no car pool, grampa!

ON STOKER AND SIDE OF TRUCK

As the swinging door SLAMS his back against the truck, causing him to drop the sidearm.

STOKER

Oof! Oof! Oof!

The door swings back toward the cab as Greasepit's foot WHIPS out to kick it again, SLAMMING Stoker again. Stoker's now clinging to the door by one hand.

ON MODO AND RIMFIRE - ZOOMING BEHIND THE TRUCK

Rimfire and Modo REACT, and Modo revs his bike to try to ZOOM alongside the truck.

ANGLE - SIDE MIRROR (ON DRIVER'S SIDE)

We see Modo and Rimfire approaching in it, as Greasepit LEANS OUT and looks back.

GREASEPIT

Hey, mousies! Dis rush hour traffic can be moider!
(laugh)

OTS BIKER MICE AND RIMFIRE - ON REAR OF TRUCK

We see automatic MACHINE GUN LASERS FLIP up from the rear of the truck and start BLASTING. Modo veers his bike to avoid the blasts. Rimfire leaps upward and does a flip, avoiding a BLAST, to land nimbly on the truck's roof as Modo's bike falls back.

DRAMATIC ANGLE - ROOF OF THE TRUCK

Rimfire gets his footing and starts to move toward the cab (AWAY FROM CAMERA.)

OTS THE TRUCK - APPROACHING A NARROW UNDERPASS

RIMFIRE

Hang tight, Stoke!

Rimfire reaches down with his tail and grabs Stoker off the swinging door and up to safety. They FLATTEN on top of the truck, just as the truck ZOOMS through the narrow underpass and the passenger door is RIPPED off!

OTS MODO, VINNIE AND THROTTLE

As the door FLIES BACK TOWARD them, Modo SMASHES it away with his metal arm.

MODO

(grunt)

ANGLE ON THE TRUCK

As the truck ROARS ON, we see Rimfire and Stoker on their knees on top of it. Greasepit, in the cab, is BLASTING upward with a sidearm.

DRAMATIC DOWN SHOT - ROOF OF TRUCK

Rimfire and Stoker roll to avoid the LASER BLASTS that are ripping up through the truck roof and riddling it like Swiss cheese, just missing them.

RIMFIRE
(whistles for his bike)
Jump, Stoke!

DRAMATIC ANGLE - TRUCK AND BIKER MICE

As the Mice ROAR alongside the truck, their bike WEAPONS BLAST the LASER GUNS on the truck to scrap. Modo's bike ROARS alongside as Rimfire uses his tail to grab hold of Stoker's belt and lower him off the truck roof. Stoker lands behind Modo.

MODO
Sail yer tail offa there, Rimfire!

DRAMATIC DOWN SHOT - ON ROOF OF TRUCK

We see Rimfire's bike is ROARING alongside the truck. Rimfire is about to jump, when suddenly he's HIT by a LASER BLAST from out of the clear air above.

RIMFIRE
*** Checkkk, ... UNH!**

He collapses on the roof. Suddenly the truck is BATHED in a YELLOW TRACTOR- type BEAM from above!

DRAMATIC ANGLE - BIKER MICE AND TRUCK

The Mice are ROARING down the road, looking upward as the entire truck is lifted by the YELLOW BEAM coming from mid-air!

MODO
Rimfire!

ON GREASEPIT - IN CAB - BATHED IN YELLOW LIGHT

The terrified Greasepit is spinning the wheel uselessly as the cab is lifted.

GREASEPIT
(sobbing in fright)
Mommy! I's havin' a close encounter! (sob)

ON THROTTLE - ON HIS BIKE - MOVING

He looks up and flips down his visor.

THROTTLE
Let's see what we can't see...

THROTTLE'S POV - UP ANGLE - THROUGH VISOR (REF: BM #10)

Through the TARGETING GRID we see the Plutarkian Gunship becomes visible, pulling the truck into its docking bay, which then closes.

THROTTLE (VO)

* **Bingo! A cloaked Plutarkian Gunship. Must be after Stoker. Computer visors on, bros.**

As Modo and Vinnie close their visors, we see through each their P.O.V. the Ship appears. The Gunship starts BLASTING its CANNONS DOWN TOWARD CAMERA.

DRAMATIC DOWN SHOT - THE BIKER MICE AND STOKER ON FREEWAY OVERPASS (REF BM #17)

The Gunship (invisible again, so we just see blasts coming from mid-air) is BLASTING at the three choppers, TEARING up the highway with LASER FIRE. The Mice FIRE BACK with BIKE WEAPONS, and Modo with his arm cannon, but the BLASTS just bounce off the Gunship's invisible shields and ricochet directly back at the Mice.

THROTTLE

Take cover!

Throttle and Modo (with Stoker) ZOOM O.S. just as an EXPLOSION near Vinnie takes out half the roadway. Vinnie SOARS over it and follows the other Mice down an embankment to a road below.

THE PLUTARKIAN SHIP

Is right on the Mice's tailpipes as they turn a sharp corner toward...

A HIGHWAY TUNNEL

The Biker Mice ZOOM IN as the Gunship follows, BLASTING away with CANNONS. But the tunnel is too narrow, and the too-large Gunship WEDGES in the tunnel opening with a SCREEEEEE, as it becomes VISIBLE!

INT. PLUTARKIAN SHIP

We see the two Officers at the controls. On the vidscreen, we see the Biker Mice/Stoker ZOOMING out of the far end of the tunnel (AWAY FROM CAMERA.)

EXT. TUNNEL

With a ROAR, the Gunship ENGINES FLARE and it pulls out of the tunnel, COLLAPSING the tunnel mouth as it does.

OFFICER 1 (VO)

Stabilizers damaged. Retreat to a safe zone for repairs.

ANGLE - GUNSHIP

It ZOOMS off, disappearing in the distance as we PULL BACK to see the Biker Mice in the FOREGROUND, their visors down, looking after it.

MODO

Looks like we're in for some serious overtime, bros.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIMBURGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Limburger squirms uncomfortably behind his desk as the Two Plutarkian Officers glare at him from the other side. Greasepit stands to one side, holding the woozy Rimfire.

LIMBURGER

(restrained sarcasm)

And to what do I owe this perfectly profound pleasure, officers?

OFFICER 1

We tracked the escaped Freedom Fighter Stoker from prison on Phobos.

WIDE ON SCENE

Officer 2 indicates Rimfire.

OFFICER 2

This rebel rodent aided his breakout... and escaped prisoners make us look bad.

(with a meaningful glance)

A condition we're told you're quite used to, Limburger.

Limburger smiles nervously and runs his finger around his sweaty collar.

LIMBURGER

(nervous)

Heh heh. Ahem.

OFFICER 1

We intend to return them both to prison on Phobos with their Biker Mice friends.

LIMBURGER

(smiling snidely)

I see. And how, pray tell, do you propose to do what I have labored in vain, lo these many moons, to accomplish?

Officer 2 takes out a Scanner.

OFFICER 2

In prison we planted a secret listening device on the Fugitive.

OFFICER 1

* **We can track him anywhere.**

CLOSE - SCANNER

We see a RADAR-TYPE SCREEN with ONE BEEPING DOT. We WIDEN SHOT to see Officer 2 is holding the scanner.

Limburger takes the scanner from Officer 2.

LIMBURGER

(disdainful snort)

Allow me, gentlemen, to personally instruct my minions to round up this "Stoker" -- and the rest of those vomitous vermin.

(sotto to Greasepit)

Whilst I take full credit for their capture with the High Chairman. (evil laugh)

ANGLE - ON RIMFIRE AND OFFICERS - WITH LIMBURGER IN BG

As the helpless Rimfire is dragged off (TOWARD CAMERA) by the Officers.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUIGLEY FIELD SCOREBOARD - DAY

PUSH IN as we hear:

STOKER (VO)

Don't sweat it, Modo my mouse.

INT. SCOREBOARD HIDEOUT - ON CHARLEY

Mask on, WELDING a part on the Plutarkian ship's engine, as a worried Modo stands near her. WIDEN SHOT to see an unhappy Vinnie and Throttle looking dubiously at Stoker, who seems oblivious as he cocks a LASER sidearm.

STOKER
We'll get Rimfire back from those Gill-faces.
(gun goes off, accidentally blasting a window)
Oops! Guns gettin' old.

VINNIE
(muttering)
* Yeah, right. Like lotsa other things.
(turns to Charley)
You 'bout finished?

ANGLE - CHARLEY

She puts down the welding torch.

CHARLEY
I'm gonna need more tools from the garage before you can
risk flyin' this crate.

Stoker ENTERS FRAME.

STOKER
How about I ride you over, pretty lady?

Vinnie ROLLS IN on his bike.

VINNIE
(irritably)
She's already got her ride. Hop on, sweetheart.

Charley does and puts on her helmet.

ANGLE - THROTTLE AND MODO

As they settle on their bikes.

MODO
I'm goin' too. All this worryin and doin' nothin's makin'
me crazy.

THROTTLE
Right behind you. Stoke, why don't you stay here and,
uh... guard the ship?

ON STOKER

He gets the hint.

STOKER
Hey, I...
(looks at smoking gun and broken window)
Okay, well, I'll just hang here... Catch ya later.

WIDEN SHOT so we see Vinnie with Charley. Stoker takes off his vest and offers it to Charley.

STOKER
Here, beautiful. Gettin' kinda chilly.

CLOSER - CHARLEY AND STOKER

As she puts on the vest, she notices the medallion on it.

CHARLEY
Thanks, Stoker... Hey, what's this?

CLOSE - MEDALLION

It shows a bike leaping over a huge crater.

STOKER (VO)
(proudly)
Won it for the 12 mile crater leap, back in...

BACK TO CHARLEY, STOKER AND OTHER BIKER MICE

VINNIE
(interrupting, impatient)
Let's boogie.

The Biker Mice and Charley ZOOM off, leaving Stoker behind.

CLOSE - STOKER

He watches the Mice leave, shaking his head.

STOKER
(sighs quietly)
But those were better days.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR STADIUM - WITH QUIGLEY FIELD IN BG

We see the Biker Mice and Charley MOVING TOWARD CAMERA.

VINNIE
(angrily)
Come on, Modo! Open yer eyes! The guy's a total washout!

MODO
(resentfully)
Hey, maybe Stoker is revvin' a little slower these days... but just remember, he's th' one who got you off o' trainin' wheels!

THROTTLE

Bros, we all know Stoker was the best... but I guess he's slippin' some.

VINNIE

It's thanks to him the stinkfishes got Rimfire.

ON VINNIE AND CHARLEY

CHARLEY

Time catches up to everybody, y'big lug... even macho mice.

CLOSE - CHARLEY

We see the vest and the medallion.

CHARLEY

But just 'cause someone's not in their fighting prime doesn't mean they're disposable.

**

OTS BIKER MICE AND CHARLEY - ON GIANT TRASH TRUCK (S/A "GARBAGE WARS")

Bristling with weaponry, the truck ROARS IN FRONT of the Biker Mice, blocking the street. The Mice SCREECH to a stop. We see Greasepit leaning out of the cab, with the scanner.

GREASEPIT

But voimin caught in a mouse trap are! (laugh)

A BEAT as another GIANT TRASH TRUCK MOVES IN from behind the Mice (FOREGROUND) to block their retreat,

HIGH ANGLE - DOWN SHOT

We see the Mice are trapped from front and back and there are a bunch of Goons on either side, armed with Laser RIFLES. As the Goons aim their weapons, we...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET NEAR STADIUM - QUIGLEY FIELD IN BG CONTINUOUS

As before, the Mice and Charley are surrounded by Greasepit and his Goons.

VINNIE

Look, bros, escapees from the simian cell block.

Suddenly, the Goons FIRE their weapons.

DRAMATIC ANGLE - BIKER MICE/CHARLEY

They WHEELIE-JET and POWERSLIDE O.S., just as LASER BLASTS tear up the street where they were!

ANGLE - GREASEPIT IN CAB OF TRUCK

He's looking at the scanner, then looking around.

GREASEPIT

(counting)

One, two, three... Hey, where's dat old muskrat? Da beeps say he's right here.

Greasepit FIRES his sidearm at the Mice.

HIGH ANGLE - DOWN SHOT - BIKER MICE

We see the other garbage truck BLASTING away at the Mice, who are dodging and weaving to evade the Goons' RIFLE FIRE.

THROTTLE

Grapnel Smash Attack 31, bros!

THE BACK OF THEIR BIKES

We see three GRAPNELS WHOOSH out from the rear of their bikes TOWARD CAMERA.

ANGLE - GARBAGE TRUCK (NOT GREASEPIT'S)

It's BLASTING LASERS TOWARD CAMERA as the grapnels WHOOSH IN (from FOREGROUND) and THUMP into the garbage truck. The Goon driver REACTS.

HIGH ANGLE - DOWN SHOT - ON BIKER MICE

As they ROAR their bikes forward toward Greasepit's garbage truck, zig-zagging to evade the LASER BLASTS from all sides. The grapnel cables tug the other truck toward Greasepit's.

OTS - BIKER MICE - MOVING TOWARD GREASEPIT'S TRUCK

Greasepit's truck weapons are BLASTING LASERS at the Mice, who are ZOOMING toward it. The towed truck is likewise firing at the Mice. At the last minute, the Biker Mice FIRE THEIR JETS and ROAR OVER Greasepit's truck... releasing their cables. Greasepit and the other truckers dive out of their trucks and REACT as the towed trash truck SLAMS right into his with a LOUD CRASH!

GREASEPIT/GOON

Yiiiiiii!!!

LOW ANGLE - OTHER SIDE OF TRUCK

The Biker Mice land with a SMOKING SCREECH of tires as Greasepit comes flying into scene. He lands near the Mice, his scanner flying to the ground.

GREASEPIT

Oof!

OTS SOME SIDELINE GOONS - ON THE BIKER MICE

The Goons are BLASTING with LASER RIFLES, hiding behind trash cans, as the Mice BLAST at them with bike weapons. The trash cans EXPLODE away as the remaining Goons run off.

GOONS

(yells)

VINNIE

Scum on the run! Aooo....!

Suddenly:

STOKER (VO)

...ooowww!

The Biker Mice wheel around to see:

THEIR POV - ON TOP OF GREASEPIT'S TRUCK

As Stoker (riding Rimfire's bike), comes FLYING up (in wheelie position) over Greasepit's truck.

* (dialogue ommitted)

Stoker's rear wheel hits the edge of the truck and the bike goes out of control TOWARD CAMERA.

STOKER

Oops....!!

DRAMATIC ANGLE - BIKER MICE

They REACT as Stoker's bike FLIES IN and knocks theirs over with a THUMP. Stoker flies O.S.

VINNIE/MODO/THROTTLE/CHARLEY

Oofs!/Not again!/Oofs!/Oofs!

ANGLE - STOKER

He CRASHES against a lamp post, hard, knocking himself out.

STOKER

(groans and passes out)

ANGLE THE FALLEN GREASEPIT

In the chaos, he scrambles to his feet and takes off running.

GREASEPIT

Feet don't fails me now! Yaaah!

LOW ANGLE - SPRAWLED VINNIE AND CHARLEY

Vinnie looks over to the sprawled Charley.

VINNIE

You okay, sweetheart?

CHARLEY

(groaning)

As okay as any uninsured girl can be around you Mice.
How's Stoke... huh?

She REACTS to a BEEPING SOUND from the fallen scanner nearby.

CLOSER - CHARLEY

As she picks up the scanner, it BEEPS LOUDER when it gets near the medallion on Stoker's vest.

CHARLEY

There's a bug in this medallion! That's how they've been tracking Stoker.

WIDEN SHOT to see Vinnie and the other Mice, struggling to their

feet. Vinnie angrily KICKS a garbage can.

VINNIE

That tears it! First he gets Rimfire caught an' now he lets Lard-Butt get away!

OTS VINNIE - ON THROTTLE AND MODO

They nod sadly.

THROTTLE/MODO

(sad, quiet)

Yeah... uhm hum.

VINNIE

* **The guy' so over the hill, he'd have to drive up for miles just to reach bottom!**

They REACT to something behind Vinnie. Vinnie turns.

STOKER (VO)

(groan)

ON STOKER

He's conscious, sitting up against the lamp post, listening to every word. Throttle and Modo ENTER FRAME.

MODO

Uh, Vinnie didn't mean it, Stoke.

STOKER

(quietly)

Naw. The punk's got me pegged right. So did Command Center. (slight groan)

OTS STOKER - ON MICE AND CHARLEY

He touches a lump on his head as the other Mice and Charley gather around.

VINNIE

Whaddya mean?

CLOSE - STOKER

He winces with pain at the memory.

STOKER

* They said I couldn't cut it anymore.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SANDY SURFACE OF MARS - FLASHBACK

We see Rimfire and several FREEDOM FIGHTER MICE [S/A Freedom Fighters BM #20 & 21] on their bikes as they ZOOM across the sand with Stoker in the lead.

STOKER (VO)

I wanted t' show 'em they were wrong. So I took Rimfire and some young recruits on a little unauthorized 'R and R': a search-and-destroy mission...

ANGLE - STOKER

As SLOBBER THE MUTT and some SAND RAIDERS (S/A BM #19), hiding beneath the sand, pop up to jump him. He BLASTS at them, missing, as they pile onto him... knocking him off his bike.

STOKER (VO)

* **But Slobber the Mutt and his Sand Raiders nailed me and would've gotten the others, too...**

ON RIMFIRE AND OTHER FREEDOM FIGHTERS

Rimfire gymnastically tumbles in, smashes a couple of SAND RAIDERS with his arm as he BACKFLIPS and BLASTS a few more, then leads the other Freedom Fighters O.S.

STOKER (VO)

* **...if Rimfire hadn't led their escape.**

CLOSE ON UNCONSCIOUS STOKER

Held by the collar by Slobber.

MATCH RIPPLE DISSOLVE BACK TO:

CLOSE - STOKER

Touching the lump on his head. Charley LEANS IN to look at the bump.

STOKER

(slight groan)

Nearly got everyone sucking canal water that time... just 'cause I don't know when to call it quits.

Stoker takes the medallion from 'Charley's' vest and looks at it sadly.

CHARLEY

Easy, Stoker. That's a nasty lump.

STOKER

* **Don't worry 'bout me. Go spring Rimfire.**

WIDEN SHOT to see Modo, Throttle and Vinnie, looking determined.

MODO

Sure you don't want to come along?

CLOSER - STOKER AND THROTTLE

STOKER

Nah, I'm done kiddin' myself. I'd only slow you down.
Whip tail, citizens!

THROTTLE

Borrow this?

Throttle takes the medallion from Stoker and puts it on his own vest.

WIDE - STREET

As the Biker Mice ZOOM off.

THROTTLE

Let's rock...

BIKER MICE

...and RIDE!

They disappear down the street.

ANGLE - CHARLEY AND STOKER

Stoker watches the Mice depart as Charley hands him his vest.

CHARLEY

Here, Stoker.

STOKER

You keep it. My biker days are history.

CLOSER - CHARLEY AND STOKER

CHARLEY

* **Y'know, you may be a step or two slower than you used to be, but I know you still have just as much to contribute...**

Stoker looks at her curiously.

WIPE TO:

EXT. CLAMPOO FACTORY - DAY

PUSH IN on the factory next to Limburger Tower, where we see the Plutarkian Gunship parked in back.

OFFICER 2 (V.O.)

Yes, yes, Limburger, your operation is most... (beat)
impressive...

INT. FACTORY

PUSH IN on Limburger showing off the bottling line as the two Officers look on, bored. The chained Rimfire is next to them. Karbunkle stands nearby.

OFFICER 2

(yawning)

...But your men should have returned with our prisoner by now.

Officer 2, clearly bored, impatiently checks his watch.

LIMBURGER

Rest assured, gentlemen, my sterling staff of seasoned professionals have the matter well in...

GREASEPIT (VO)

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!!

Suddenly, Greasepit SLIDES IN on his own grease, knocking Limburger O.S. with a CRASH!

LIMBURGER/GREASEPIT

Oof!

ON GREASEPIT

Sprawled on top of the flattened Limburger.

LIMBURGER

(weary groan)

GREASEPIT

Uh... sorry, boss. Er, would dis be a bad time ta tell ya da rodents sorta excaped?

ON THE PLUTARKIANS

They REACT, holding up nasty looking LASER BLASTERS. Officer 2 holds up another scanner.

OFFICER 1

(growls)

Our patience with your famed incompetence has ended, Limburger. We'll capture the prisoner ourselves.

LIMBURGER

(indignant)

Famed incompetence? I protest...

The scanner BEEPS FAINTLY...then LOUDER.

OFFICER 2

The scanner! Odd!

CLOSE - SCANNER

We see the BEEPING dot moving closer, and BEEPING LOUDER.

LIMBURGER

...One unpredictable misfortune after another...

OFFICER 2 (VO)

He must be close by...

LIMBURGER AND OFFICE 2

LIMBURGER

...No fault of my own...

OFFICER 2

Very close by.

OTS PLUTARKIANS, GOONS, GREASEPIT - ON FACTORY DOORS

They stand a few feet from the factory doors, their weapons pointing toward the doors as the BEEPING gets LOUDER. Suddenly, Throttle's bike CRASHES through the doors. The Plutarkians' LASER WEAPONS BLAST toward it... but Throttle's not on it. The bike veers O.S. as Throttle (wearing Stoker's medallion) suddenly swings in by his tail from the upper part of the open doorway.

His flailing feet kick the weapons from the Plutarkians' hands as he SWINGS PAST CAMERA.

OFFICERS 1 & 2

Oof!

THROTTLE

This close enough for ya, barnacle butt?

LIMBURGER

(smugly gestures)

Case in point...

ANGLE - THROTTLE'S BIKE - MOVING

As Throttle FLIES IN and lands on it with a THUMP, we see Modo and Vinnie CRASH through the factory walls on their bikes. The bike weapons are BLASTING.

VINNIE

Aoooooww! Tail-fin whippin' time!

ON LIMBURGER, KARBUNKLE AND RIMFIRE

Limburger points O.S. as Karbunkle BLASTS O.S. with a nasty looking LASER RIFLE.

LIMBURGER

Squelch those scurrilous squirrels!

Modo ZOOMS THROUGH SHOT and SHOOTS the chains off his nephew. The freed Rimfire SMASHES Karbunkle O.S., then jumps onto the back of Modo's bike.

KARBUNKLE

Aack!

MODO

Hop on!

OTS THROTTLE AND VINNIE - ON GOONS

Goons are shooting downward from a catwalk as Throttle and Vinnie FIRE LASER BLASTS that DEMOLISH one end of the catwalk. The end of the catwalk SWINGS DOWN, CRASHING into the wall and sending the goons FLYING into some open cartons on a conveyor belt, which are then sealed by the machinery.

GOONS

Yeow! Oof!

ON THE PLUTARKIAN OFFICERS

Scrambling to their feet. Officer 2 punches some buttons on his scanner.

OFFICER 2

* **Auto-attack!**

ANGLE ON THE MICE

Riding three abreast, BLASTING at some Goons. Suddenly there's a LOUD EXPLOSION as LASER FIRE ZAPS in from behind our Biker Mice. They whirl TOWARD CAMERA.

THEIR POV - ON PLUTARKIAN GUNSHIP

The Gunship has BLASTED a still smoking hole in the wall. It sails into the factory on its own power, TAKING THE WHOLE WALL with it! The gunship HEADS TOWARD CAMERA with its LASER CANNONS AIMED!

DRAMATIC ANGLE - THROTTLE AND MODO

Eyes wide, as the Gunship THUNDERS right toward them.

MODO

Oh Mama!

ON THE GUNSHIP

It sends its YELLOW TRACTOR BEAM toward the two Plutarkian Officers, who are immediately SUCKED INTO THE SHIP through the docking bay.

ON THE BIKER MICE

As they start to WHEELIE.

THROTTLE

Mega-Laser Defense Number 42!

STOKER (VO)

NOOO!!!

ANGLE ON STOKER

ZOOMING IN on Rimfire's bike.

INT. GUNSHIP ON THE OFFICERS AT SHIP CONTROLS

The Officers REACT as Stoker appears on their grid/targeting sight vidscreen.

OFFICER 1

Get him!

INT. FACTORY - ON STOKER AND GUNSHIP

The LASER CANNONS swivel to aim at Stoker. He dodges a CANNON BLAST as he yells.

STOKER

(yells to the Mice)

They've got Reflectant Shields! It'll bounce the lasers right back at ya! Cannon Grapnel Maneuver Six!

THE BIKER MICE

Look at each other for a surprised beat, then:

THROTTLE

You heard the mouse!

They ZOOM their bikes around so the rears FACE CAMERA. With a WHOOSH, the three GRAPNELS FIRE TOWARD CAMERA.

DRAMATIC ANGLE - GUNSHIP AND STOKER

The Cannons BLAST Stoker's bike out from under him. He goes FLYING, and uses his tail to wrap around a vertical bar just as the three grapnels WHOOSH IN and hook the cannon barrels.

STOKER

Whoah!!

OTS GUNSHIP CANNONS - ON BIKER MICE

REVVING their engines. The EXHAUSTS FLARE and they do a WHEELIE as they ZOOM ahead. With a SOUND OF WRENCHING METAL, the cannons are RIPPED from the gunship!

ANGLE - HOLE IN THE GUNSHIP

We see the startled Plutarkians looking out of the jagged hole in their ship. They dive O.S. (back into the ship) as the Biker Mice ZOOM INTO SHOT (from FG), bike weapons BLASTING the ship.

VINNIE

(yells over his shoulder)

Good call, coach!

ON STOKER - HANGING FROM THE GIRDER BY HIS TAIL

He calls out, cupping his hands around his mouth.

STOKER

(yells)

Nice execution, punk. Throttle, Back Attack 24!

ON THROTTLE - RIDING THROUGH FRAME

Throttle, without looking, twirls his sidearms like six shooters, and FIRES his sidearm over his shoulder.

DRAMATIC UP ANGLE - GREASEPIT

He's driving a forklift, barreling toward Throttle from behind, when Throttle's BLAST BLOWS OFF the steering wheel! The forklift goes VEERING OFF, turning over and CRASHING into a wall, as Greasepit bails.

GREASEPIT

Yaaah! Oof!

ON STOKER

He drops from the girder and lands on his feet. He punches his fist in the air triumphantly.

STOKER

Right ON! Modo, Rimfire! The other way! Cannonball 10!

ON MODO/RIMFIRE - ON MODO'S BIKE

They are riding back-to-back, FIRING at goons fore and aft. They REACT to Stoker.

MODO/RIMFIRE

Check!

Modo SQUEALS into a 180 turn, then the duo LEAP up off their bike and into a ball.

ON TWO GOONS FIRING FROM A HIGH PERCH

As the Modo/Rimfire cannonballs FLY IN, grab onto two chains hanging from the ceiling, and KICK the goons from their perch. The goons go SAILING OFF.

GOONS

Oof! Yaaaaah!

ON STOKER

Vinnie BARRELS THROUGH FRAME, grabbing Stoker onto the back of his bike, as a LASER BLAST EXPLODES where Stoker was. TRACK WITH THEM, as:

VINNIE

Thought you were sittin' this out, teach!

STOKER

Just callin' plays! You mud puppies can do the dirty work!

(yells up to O.S.)

Cheese Dip 14!

ON MODO AND RIMFIRE ON THE CHAINS

PAN WITH Modo and Rimfire, as they swing onto two more chains, which are connected by pulleys to a huge hanging vat of Clam-Poo. As their chains descend, the giant vat TIPS, SPILLING its entire clammy contents over the Plutarkian gunship with a GLUBBETY-GLUB.

CLOSE ON THE GUNSHIP

As the gunship fills with Clam-Poo, the two Plutarkian Officers appear like zombies at the jagged opening.

OFFICERS 1 & 2

* **We obey...**

As Stoker and Vinnie ZOOM INTO FRAME:

STOKER

(yells to Officers)

Good! Now, act like good little Plutarkian piranhas and gnash Limburger!

The Officers man the controls.

OFFICERS

We obey!

ON LIMBURGER AND KARBUNKLE

Watching from the sidelines.

LIMBURGER

(depressed)

* Another pathetic ending, eh, Karbunkle?

KARBUNKLE

Perhaps another day, your pestilential plenitude.

(looks O.S., eyes widen)

But for today head for the hills!

WIDER

Limburger and Karbunkle TAKE OFF RUNNING as the Plutarkian gunship heads across the factory right for them.

LIMBURGER/KARBUNKLE

Yaaaaaaah!

As they run between two huge Clam-Poo vats, the gunship, in hot pursuit, PLOWS into the vats with a KEE-RAAAAAAAAAAASH! TEARING OF METAL (SFX). Clam-Poo SPILLS OUT and FLOWS everywhere. The gunship SPARKS and SIZZLES.

ANGLE - VINNIE AND STOKER

They both REACT, fists in the air.

STOKER/VINNIE

Aaaaooooowww!!

ANGLE - SHAMPOO MAKER CONTROLS

EXPLODING with FLYING SPARKS. We see a temperature control go to RED!

HIGH ANGLE - DOWN SHOT

Limburger and Karbunkle are SLIPPING and SLIDING in the spilled goop, trying to get out of the building as the Clam-Poo BUBBLES and BOILS around them.

KARBUNKLE

(sputter)

The vats are overheating! They're going to blow!

EXT. FRONT OF FACTORY - DAY

The 3 bikes ZOOM out of the smoking factory and PAST CAMERA. A BEAT and the factory EXPLODES with a B L A A A A A M!!!!

DRAMATIC ANGLE - LIMBURGER TOWER AND FACTORY

The EXPLODING factory building BLOWS UP and INTO THE AIR.

STEPS OF LIMBURGER TOWER

Dazed and confused, Limburger and Karbunkle stumble up the steps toward the entrance. Their clothes are half ripped off from the blast. Their faces are black from the smoke, hair shocked straight up. Limburger's shorts can be seen through big holes in his pants but he doesn't notice.

LIMBURGER

Ah, be it ever so humble, there's...

WIDE ANGLE - LIMBURGER TOWER AND SKY

The Factory ARCS DOWNWARD toward the Tower and HITS the base of the building. The Tower wobbles forward.

ON LIMBURGER AND KARBUNKLE

As the teetering Tower's shadow falls over them.

LIMBURGER
(looking up)
...No place... like.....

LIMBURGER AND KARBUNKLE IN FRONT OF LIMBURGER TOWER

As The Tower falls forward -

LIMBURGER
(resigned sigh, too pooped to panic)
...Oh, dear.

WIDE SHOT shows the Tower CRASHING to the street.

WIPE TO:

EXT. QUIGLEY FIELD SCOREBOARD - NIGHT

PUSH IN as we see the scoreboard open up a hinged door (large enough to let a Plutarkian ship out.)

INT. SCOREBOARD - ON CHARLEY, STOKER AND THE MICE

Near the repaired ship. Stoker's about to go up the ramp into the ship. PULL BACK to see Vinnie, Throttle, Modo and Charley gathered around Stoker and Rimfire, who stand at the base of the ramp. Modo and Rimfire hug, then Rimfire starts up the ramp.

MODO
(fondly)
Ride free, nephew.

RIMFIRE
Command Center's waiting, Stoke.

* **(action ommitted)**

* **(dialogue omitted)**

* **CLOSE ON VINNIE AND STOKER**

STOKER
Ciao, punk... uh, Vincent. You're one baaad motorjammer.

VINNIE
Thanks, Coach. You should be proud t've donated the clay from which I molded this warrior work of art.

Vinnie sticks out his hand. Stoker goes to shake it and doesn't.

STOKER
The privilege was overwhelming... but don't forget...

Stoker suddenly grabs Vin's arm.

STOKER
The badder you are...

Stoker turns and FLIPS Vinnie over his shoulder!

STOKER
...The harder you fall!

VINNIE
Foul play! I love it! (laughs)

From the floor, Vinnie KICKS out Stoker's feet, TRIPPING him. As they start to TUSSELE, rolling on the ground, Rimfire, Throttle and Modo happily LEAP into the fray, WRESTLING and POUNDING each other.

MODO/THROTTLE/RIMFIRE
Biker Brawl!!!

BIKER MICE/STOKER/RIMFIRE
(grunts, oofs, laughs)
[NOTE: for approximately 15 seconds]

ON CHARLEY

As the ball of tussling mice ROLLS THROUGH FRAME past Charley:

CHARLEY
(dryly)
I just love these sentimental goodbyes.

As the brawl ROLLS BACK THROUGH FRAME the other way, Charley sits resignedly.

CHARLEY
(sighs)
I need a life.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE