

SLIMER!

"A Mouse In The House"

(7-MINUTE SCRIPT)

#166003A

Written by:
Len Janson &
Chuck Menville
April 15, 1988
Revised
* April 19, 1988

FINAL

DIC ENTERPRISES, INC.

SLIMER!

"A Mouse In The House"

(#166-003A)

FADE IN:

INT. GHOSTBUSTERS H.Q. - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

TIGHT ON stereo where a record belts out a ROCK SONG with a HOT BEAT. CAMERA PANS away to FRAME the vast room where:

The small figure of SLIMER is busily mopping the football field-sized expanse of floor, bopping and breaking around in mid-air to the BEAT as he works. All the chairs and furnishings are piled up in a precarious stack near the far wall.

SLIMER
(HUMMING and "Dah-dee-dah-ing"
to the music as he works)

CLOSER ON SLIMER

He hoists the mop over a bucket and starts wringing the long strands out. He's so enthused with the MUSICAL BEAT that he gets his arms tangled in the mop and winds up wringing his whole body out. His body winds tight, then unwinds fast, like a rubber band, sending out a slimy spray. Slimer is dumped out of sight into the bucket. Soapy water SPLASHES into view.

SLIMER
(HUMMING aborts with a YELP!)

Slimer quickly scrambles up out of the bucket to hang in mid-air again, a bit embarrassed, and shakes his head and body like a wet puppy. Then he resumes mopping to the BEAT.

SLIMER
(Resumes HUMMING)

CLOSE ON STEREO PLAYER

The needle sticks in a groove and one phrase of the TUNE REPEATS OVER AND OVER.

ON SLIMER

Unaware that anything's amiss, he mops in sync with the stuck record, his actions jerkily repeating back-and-forth in one spot, like an INSTANT REPLAY. Still caught in this mode, he looks up in puzzlement, then realization hits him. He stops mopping and turns to scowl over his shoulder at the O.S. stereo.

SLIMER
 (Repetitious HUMMING, like stuck
 record. Finally catches himself,
 "Huh?")

ANGLE ON STEREO

Record still stuck. Slimer ZIPS INTO SHOT with mop, gives stereo a firm bump with his hip. Record resumes normal play. Slimer smiles triumphantly and gives stereo an Oliver Hardy "so there!" nod of the head.

MUSIC SPEEDS UP to 78 rpm, maybe even double that, and Slimer -- with a horrified look -- is compelled into a hyperactive frenzy of mopping that carries him away across the floor.

WIDER SHOT - THE ROOM

Slimer, in tempo with the CRAZED MUSIC, involuntarily zig-zags all over the room in a blur, finishing the entire mopping job in three seconds flat, just as the song ends.

CLOSE ON SLIMER

PANTING, his tongue dabbing up and down a good three feet to the floor below him, he slowly slides down the vertical mop handle he's clutching and sags onto the floor in a soft puddle of exhausted ectoslime, trying to catch his breath.

SLIMER
 (PANTING and WHEEZING, then
 perks up with a curious "Huh?")
 MANX!?

*

MANX (VO)
 (Angry YOWLING)

Slimer perks up as he hears caterwauling from outside.

ANGLE ON HALF-OPEN DOOR TO OUTSIDE

A MOUSE sprints into H.Q., running upright -- head back, eyes wide, rear legs pumping like mad.

SLIMER

watches in wonderment as the Mouse runs right beneath him, leaving a trail of tiny footprints across the clean floor. Then Slimer's gaze whips back toward the door as he hears --

MANX (VO)
 (Angry YOWLS)

ANGLE ON HALF-OPEN DOOR

MANX charges in -- also running upright -- in hot pursuit.

SLIMER
Stop! Shoo! Scat, you nasty cat!

*
*

ON SLIMER

As Manx dashes beneath him, forcing him to hop higher into the air, leaving a second trail of footprints on the floor.

LOW ANGLE ON BASE OF BIG FURNITURE STACK

The Mouse tears beneath the stack of furniture and dives head-first into a baseboard mousehole. Manx throws on the brakes and SKIDS beneath the stack of furniture, bumping it just enough to topple the whole mess.

SLIMER
(hands to head)
AKHHH!!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Slimer ZIPS over to stop the falling furniture, but gets flattened by a coffee table. Other furnishings rain down around him.

MANX

SKIDS to a stop at the baseboard and shoves his scrawny arm into the mousehole, oblivious to the CONTINUING CRASH of furniture behind him.

MANX
(Nasty SNARLS and YOWLS)

INT. MOUSEHOLE

The terrified Mouse stands with his back flat against the inner wall studs, trying to avoid Manx's huge claws as they swipe and slash at him. He even sucks in his little stomach.

ANGLE ON INNER DOORWAY TO RECEPTION AREA

JANINE comes hurrying in from another part of the building.

JANINE
Slimer, what was...?

She stops short and looks O.S.

ANGLE - SLIMER

slides out from beneath the overturned coffee table, flat as a pancake.

JANINE (CONT) (VO)
Look at the mess you've made!

Slimer shakes himself back to normal.

SLIMER
(shakes head and points OFF)
Manx did it!

JANINE

turns to look in direction Slimer points.

JANINE'S POV

Of cat curled up in corner, as if asleep.

MANX
(sleepily opens one
eye, very innocent)
Meow?
(big YAWN)

*

JANINE

puts hands on hips, glares at Slimer.

JANINE
(sternly)
Slimer. How could a sleepy kitty
make this big mess?

SLIMER

goes into a frenzy of gesturing, re-enacting the whole chase.

SLIMER
(urgent defense)
He was chasin' a mouse...and ka-boom!

MANX

is now rubbing affectionately against her legs, really
playing up the "helpless kitty" bit.

*

*

*

MANX
(PURRING)

Manx freezes momentarily, eyes wide and soulful, the picture
of innocence.

*

*

MANX
Moi?

*

*

WIDER TO INCLUDE JANINE

*

JANINE
You should be ashamed, Slimer,
blaming poor Manx.

MANX
 (Sticks out tongue at Slimer:
 "Nyahh! then resumes rubbing
 against legs and PURRING)

*
 *

SLIMER

is so stunned that his jaw drops to the floor with a THUD, then rebounds, vibrating his head and causing his eyeballs to spin crazily..

ANGLE ON MOUSEHOLE

Mouse peeks out, watching with concern.

JANINE (CONT) (VO)
 Now, I'm going shopping,...

*

WIDER ANGLE - ALL

Janine headed for door. Slimer floats right behind her, pointing back at Manx and trying to explain.

SLIMER
 But...

JANINE (CONT)
 (as she goes)
 ...and I want this place clean
 when I get back.

She EXITS, closing door behind her.

MANX

instantly discards his phony sweetness, gets that maniacal look and ZIPS O.S.

ANGLE ON MOUSEHOLE

Mouse does a startled "take" and ducks back inside a split-second before Manx SLAMS INTO SHOT, thrusting his skinny arm up to the armpit in the hole.

MANX
 (Angry YOWL)

INT. MOUSEHOLE

The Mouse again cringes against the back wall, this time sucking in not only his tummy, but his entire snout as Manx's claws whip past repeatedly.

MANX

is busily feeling around in hole, suddenly grins as he grabs something.

MANX
(MUTTERING sounds, then a
cat version of "HAH!")

Triumphantly, Manx yanks his arm from the hole, then discovers he's holding Slimer (his fist clutching the little spud around a ridiculously skinny "waist") and his eyes pop wide.

MANX (CONT)
(Startled YOWL)

CLOSER ANGLE

Slimer produces circular sign on a stick, bearing the international "no" symbol superimposed over a portrait of Manx dangling a mouse by the tip of its tail.

SLIMER
(topping Manx's "hah!")
HAH-HAH!

ON MANX

He recoils, releasing his grip on Slimer, desperately shaking the slime from his paw.

MANX
(GASP!... "YUCK!")

Slimer suddenly leans in close to Manx, his face resembling that of a BULLDOG.

SLIMER
(BARKS like a BULLDOG)

Manx's eyes telescope out from his head, his fur electrifies with fear and he rockets O.S.

MANX
(Frightened MEE-YOWLLL! as
he flees)

REAR VIEW - MANX

As he dashes out, door SLAMMING behind him.

ON MOUSE

He peers out from the hole as Slimer (back to normal) leans INTO SHOT.

MOUSE
(Happy "thank you" SQUEAKS)

Slimer shakes Mouse's "hand".

SLIMER
Nooo problem.

WIPE TO:

EXT. FIREHOUSE H.Q. - DAY

Manx tiptoes sneakily into view, carrying two long poles, a large paint can with a wire handle, and paint brush. He disappears down alley alongside firehouse.

INT. H.Q. STOREROOM

Manx climbs through open window and drops to the floor. He looks around at stacks of boxes, grins kicks one stack over.

INT. H.Q. RECEPTION AREA

All the furniture is back in place. Slimer hovers about, dusting with a feather duster, as Mouse "ice-skates" across floor, a soapy sponge on each foot. The floor shines and the furniture sparkles.

The O.S. CRASH from storeroom startles them both.

SLIMER
(points to mousehole)
Wait here, Mousie!

Mouse scurries into hole, then pokes head out to watch Slimer ZIP off to investigate.

INT. STOREROOM

Door opens and Slimer SKIDS in, sees mess of fallen boxes.

SLIMER
Awww...
(MUTTERS and GRUMBLES
as he goes to work)

Slimer unhappily begins restacking boxes, his back to door. Manx emerges from behind open door and tiptoes out with his paint can and poles.

INT. H.Q. RECEPTION AREA

Manx SKIDS to stop at mousehole. Holding can by wire handle, he dips brush in and SNICKERS. Can reads "RUBBER CEMENT". Using

the brush, Manx begins backing away as he rapidly coats the floor with sticky stuff. (This action moves very fast, CAMERA PANNING with Manx.)

He pauses once, about 6 feet from the mousehole, and places a large chunk of cheese on the floor. Then he resumes "painting", clear to open doorway at far side of room.

Manx disappears through doorway, then his arm thrusts back into view, clutching an electric fan. Fan turns ON, plastic streamers fluttering.

ANGLE ON LUMP OF CHEESE ON FLOOR

The wind-blast from fan visibly blows the cheese aroma into the mousehole. Mouse's nose appears, SNIFFING like crazy. Then *
 Mouse looks out, spots the cheese and his eyes pop out of *
 his head and rebound back. *

MOUSE

(SNIFFS, then SQUEAKS like "Wowwww!") *

Mouse streaks for the cheese but his feet quickly stick *
 tight to the glue. *

CLOSER ON MOUSE

Puzzled, tries to extricate his four feet, one at a time.

MOUSE

(Straining SQUEAKS)

Rubbery glue stretches a bit, but his feet stick fast.

FLOOR-LEVEL ANGLE ON DISTANT DOORWAY AT FAR SIDE OF ROOM

Manx appears dramatically in doorway, using the two long poles he was carrying earlier as stilts! He strides across the sticky floor toward CAMERA.

REACTION - MOUSE

Mouse panics, struggles mightily against the glue.

MOUSE

(Frantic SQUEAKS)

LOW ANGLE - MANX

Bearing down on CAMERA, grinning evilly atop his CLOMPING stilts. -

SHOT - ANOTHER DOORWAY

Slimer floats into doorway, mopping his sweaty brow after restacking the boxes. He REACTS to the scene.

SLIMER
(Frightened YELP!)

He ZOOMS O.S.

ANGLE ON MOUSE

Looking up at Manx who stands before him on the towering stilts.

MANX
(Evil CAT-CHORTLE)

Manx cocks one arm back, claws extended and glistening, readying to strike. Suddenly, Slimer SWOOPS down INTO SHOT, scoops Mouse up under his arms and pulls him out of the way just as Manx's clawed paw swipes thin air like a scythe. Strands of rubber cement stretch from bottoms of Mouse's feet, preventing Slimer from fleeing with the rodent. Slimer tugs mightily as Manx SWIPS repeatedly, just missing.

SLIMER (CONT)
(Straining GRUNTS)

LOW ANGLE ON MANX

Balancing precariously on the stilts as he leans INTO CAMERA, raking his claws through air in vicious swipes.

MANX
(Angry YOWLS!)

ANGLE - SLIMER AND MOUSE

Slimer tugs frantically at the stuck Mouse. The glue POPS free from Mouse's feet and sends them both rocketing backwards into the wall. Slimer takes the brunt, splattering into a splotch of green (still holding Mouse), that slowly drools down the wall.

ON MANX

Moving closer on his stilts.

BACK TO SLIMER

As he quickly rearranges himself, then whips out a spatula and pries up one edge of the rubber cement coating from the baseboard.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The entire sheet of glue instantly recoils toward far side of room, shrinking as it goes, and rolling up around Manx like a tight, oversized girdle as it knocks him off his stilts, hurling him through the air.

ON MANX

Wrapped in the rubbery "girdle", only his head and feet sticking out, he rebounds around the room like a pinball gone wild.

MANX
(AD-LIB assorted HOWLS and YOWLS)

ANGLE ON OPEN WINDOW

Manx sails out into the wild blue yonder, the rubber "rug" unfurling from his body and falling behind.

MANX (CONT)
(Big YOWL as he goes)

EXT. STREET FRONTING FIREHOUSE

Big convertible parked at curb. Sitting in front seat is BRUISER, the bulldog, waiting for his master. Bruiser looks like he eats cats for breakfast. Manx falls right through the ragtop, bounces butt-first off Bruiser's head and lands on seat beside him. Manx flashes hopeful grin. Bruiser glares.

EXT. CAR

A BEAT of silence, then all hell breaks loose within the car as the fur (Manx's) flies. We see Manx repeatedly scrambling straight up through roof, only to be pulled back down by a SNARLING Bruiser.

MANX & BRUISER
(Assorted GROWLS, BARKS, YELPS and SQUEALS)

WIPE TO:

INT. FIREHOUSE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Slimer floats on his back, in mid-air, reclining on the little spud's stomach as they munch popcorn while watching a cartoon on the tummy-TV. (NOTE: We hear no dialogue from cartoon, only a cacaphony of cartoon SOUND FX.)

SLIMER & MOUSE
(AD-LIB GIGGLES)

CAMERA PANS away to reveal a battered, bandage-covered Manx sneaking in behind them, carrying artist's brush and small paint can.

ANGLE ON MANX

In a blur, he paints phony mouseholes all around the baseboards.

ON SLIMER AND MOUSE

Engrossed in TV cartoon. Manx suddenly pops up from behind tummy-TV and:

MANX
(YELLS)
BOO!!

Mouse, startled out of his wits, jumps straight up in a wild "take",...

SLIMER & MOUSE
(Startled SQUEAK!)

...then rockets away across Slimer's face and head, rumpling the spud's facial features like a throw rug.

ON MOUSE - MOVING

Running like hell for the mousehole as he looks back over his shoulder. BLAM! He hits a phony hole and rebounds back from wall, revealing his snout has been pushed flat into his face. He grabs his nose, braces both feet against wall, and pulls snout out with a POP. Suddenly Manx's paw sweeps INTO SHOT and he snatches Mouse up by the tail, grinning toothily.

MANX
(Triumphant "NYAH-HA-HA!")

MOUSE
(frightened SQUEAKS)

ANGLE ON SLIMER

Watching in horror. Then, scowling, he grabs up Manx's paint and brush, and rapidly paints several phony, standard-size doorways on a solid wall.

MANX

with head tilted back, slowly lowers Mouse by the tail toward his open mouth. Slimer thrusts his head INTO SHOT, looking like a green bulldog again, and unleashes:

SLIMER (CONT)
(Monstrous bulldog BARK)

Manx drops Mouse and rockets O.S. with a:

MANX
(YOWL!)

ANGLE ON MANX

As he SLAMS into first phony doorway, rebounds with a flattened face. He blinks, then:

SLIMER (VO)
 (Another big BARK!)

MANX
 (Another YOWL)

Manx rockets O.S. Big THUD and he bounces backwards INTO SHOT, taking little hops on his heels until he stops. His entire body is now flat like a cardboard cutout.

Manx grits his teeth in concentration and his various limbs POP! back into shape in rapid succession. Only his head remains flat-faced.

Manx puts thumb in his mouth and blows, his flat head swelling...then EXPLODING!

Manx stands there headless, his neck fur all frayed out like the end of an exploded cigar. Then he hunches his shoulders angrily, fists clenched at his sides, and silently marches toward real doorway.

SLIMER AND MOUSE

Stand side by side, waving farewell and grinning. We hear O.S. DOOR SLAM and --

WIPE TO:

INT. FIREHOUSE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Door SQUEAKS open and Manx peers in. Place looks empty. No sign of Slimer. Manx ENTERS, pushing big industrial vacuum on SQUEAKY wheels.

ANGLE ON MOUSEHOLE

Manx rolls vacuum up to hole, devilishly CLICKS machine ON and shoves hose nozzle into hole, with jerky, aggressive jabs.

MANX
 (CHORTLING to himself)

INT. MOUSEHOLE

Mouse cowers, ducks, dodges and weaves -- staring wide-eyed at vacuum hose thrusting around right in front of him. All his mouse-furniture and mouse-wall hangings are being sucked into the nozzle.

EXT. MOUSEHOLE - CLOSER ON MANX

As he vacuums, the power is suddenly reduced to a wimpy, WHEEZY WHINE.

MANX
 (looks at hose)
 Huh?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Unseen by Manx, Slimer hovers right behind him, bending the vacuum hose double to pinch off the suction.

RESUME ON MANX

Bewildered, Manx withdraws hose and, true to his pea-sized brain, looks in the nozzle. Slimer releases grip on hose and Manx is sucked into vacuum with a:

MANX
 (YOWL!)

ANGLE ON OPEN WINDOW

Slimer ENTERS SHOT towing vacuum cleaner with one hand and pointing hose out window with other hand.

INSERT - POWER SWITCH

Slimer flips switch to "REVERSE." Motor HOWLS.

EXT. FIREHOUSE - ON WINDOW

Manx comes shooting out vacuum hose with a mechanical "PTOO!" and OUT OF SHOT.

MANX
 (YOWLS as he goes sails into distance)

Mouse darts into view beside Slimer, to watch Manx go.

ANGLE ON NEIGHBORING BUILDINGS

Manx arcs through air, sailing over tops of buildings and disappearing.

SHOT - SLIMER AND MOUSE AT WINDOW

Slimer smiles, tilts "smoking" vacuum nozzle up vertically and blows residual dust puff from it, like a gunslinger blowing on gun barrel to cool it.

WIPE TO:

EXT. FIREHOUSE H.Q. - DAY

Manx marches out alley and heads up sidewalk towards firehouse entrance, carrying an overflowing armload of mouse-catching

gear: Large butterfly nets, fishing poles with cheese dangling at end of line, large mousetraps and pet carrier-type metal trap-boxes, etc. Manx is scowling fiercely, determined to succeed.

ANGLE - PERSPECTIVE SHOT UP STREET

Janine's Volkswagen approaches fast.

MANX

sees it, reacts with dismay.

MANX

(GASP!)

He quickly yanks open rear door of small truck parked at curb and leaps inside the enclosed trailer with all his gear. The front of Janine's VW brakes INTO SHOT, parking right behind truck.

CLOSE ANGLE ON TRUCK'S REAR DOOR

Slightly ajar. Manx's eyes and nose are visible through the narrow crack, peering out.

ANGLE - FRONT OF FIREHOUSE

Janine walks from car to front door, carrying a big grocery bag. Slimer holds door open for her and indicates interior with a sweeping gesture.

SLIMER

Ta-daa!

Janine (in rear view) pauses in doorway.

JANINE

Why, Slimer, congratulations! That's a great cleaning job!

SLIMER

Uh-huh! Uh-huh!

CLOSE ON SLIMER

Janine's legs in SHOT.

JANINE (VO) (CONT)

Come on and have some ice cream.

As Janine's legs move inside, Mouse pokes into view from behind Slimer. Slimer and Mouse grin at each other...

SLIMER & MOUSE

(Delighted "MM's" and LIP-SMACKS)

...then hurry inside and door SLAMS.

INT. - REAR OF ENCLOSED TRUCK

Semi-dark in here. REAR VIEW of Manx peering through slit. He turns toward interior and flings all his mouse-catching gear in anger.

MANX
(Infuriated SHRIEK)

Suddenly his eyes bug and his jaw drops.

MANX
(Frightened GASP)

MANX'S POV - TRUCK'S INTERIOR

A half-dozen tough DOGS glare back at us, the broken mouse-catching gear draped over their heads, snouts, etc. Not a happy pack.

EXT. - REAR VIEW ON TRUCK

"CITY DOG POUND" lettered on rear door. ENGINE STARTS and, as truck rolls OUT OF CAMERA we hear:

DOGS (VO)
(Crazed frenzy of BARKS and GROWLS)

MANX (VO)
(Desperate YOWLS)

As truck dwindles into distance, we --

IRIS-OUT.

THE END