

AN AMERICAN TAIL

Screenplay by  
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AMT 0046

**For Educational  
Purposes Only**

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UP ON: A HUMAN DINNER TABLE.

FLASH OPENING TITLES OVER:

We see a very pale roast chicken on a plate at the head of a fully set dinner table. There are people sitting at it, but we do not see them sharply or for long because the camera is MOVING down the table top during the following:

GRANDFATHER

(over)

You call that a roast chicken? It's not even brown.

WOMAN

That's the microwave.

GRANDMOTHER

In my day we cooked things! We didn't have microwave.

SMALL CHILD

(can't believe it)

You didn't???

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GRANDFATHER

No. When we came to America there was no microwave, no television....

The camera has veered down from the table to the floor, passing a sleeping dog, heading towards a mousehole.

SMALL CHILD

(it's inconceivable)

Really????

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GRANDMOTHER

Not even radio.

SMALL CHILD

What did you do???????

We have MOVED through the mousehole to a comfortable mouse living room - well-off mice. On the wall hangs a violin. In an armchair sits GRANDPA FIEVEL. He is very, very, very old. - 107 to be exact. But you're only as old as you feel. On his knees sits his great-grandchild.

GRANDPA FIEVEL

We managed. We were happy just to be here.

GREAT-GRANDCHILD

Tell me about how you came to America.

GRANDPA FIEVEL

(settling in for a long yarn)

It started in Russia a long time ago. It was Chanukkah. I was a little boy just like you. My Papa was playing that fiddle and I was dancing with my big sister, Tanya. It was my favorite tune....

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GREAT-GRANDCHILD

How did it go?

GRANDPA FIEVEL starts to hum "Fievel's tune." We hear a violin take it up and his voice fade as we DISSOLVE TO:

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SEQUENCE 002

We see a shtetl, a small Russian town with wooden huts and mud streets. It is twilight. We hear MUSIC: a single violin far away playing a sweet, happy Russian-Jewish tune.

SUPER: "Somewhere in Russia - 1886" ...as we pan the village to a certain hut, following the music which gets incrementally louder.

By the hut door we see a crude sign saying "Moskowitz"; on the door post is a mezzuzah. Then we pan down to a tiny door beside the big one. There is a mouse hole with a sign by it saying "Mousekewitz" and a mezzuzah. Into the mouse hole we go and ...

DISSOLVE TO: The Mousekewitz family's humble hut-in-the-wall. The furniture includes a rickety bed with a puffy patched featherbed, wide enough for four, and next to it a cradle with tiny patched featherbed. There is a crude table with a bench; on it are four mouse bowls and a tiny bowl and one breadcrumb. On the wall are three framed tintypes: a grandpa Russian mouse whose beard hangs out below the frame; a tintype of TANYA, the eight-year-old daughter of the family; and a tintype of FIEVEL, the seven-year-old son (this one we should certainly see during the scene: it is the mourning picture later on). Also on the wall hang a saucepan and a wooden spoon. On a shelf are a clock with a door on it, and three canisters (or labeled jars, almost empty) reading successively, in mock cyrillic, "BREADCRUMBS" "BREADCRUMBS" "MORE BREADCRUMBS."

We have found the music: PAPA MOUSEKEWITZ is playing the violin as MAMA MOUSEKEWITZ rocks the baby, YASHA, in her arms, and TANYA and FIEVEL are dancing to the music and giggling. They are celebrating Rosh Hashanah.

PAPA

And now for your presents.

TANYA and FIEVEL look up at him, anxious, expectant, as MAMA looks on.

SEQUENCE 002 (continued)

MAMA

(through the music)

Papa! Enough, already! They'll never get to sleep.

PAPA

But, Mama. It's Rosh Hashanah.

MAMA

For you every night is Rosh Hashanah.

PAPA

(stops playing)

All right, all right.

TANYA and FIEVEL stop dancing but keep giggling.

FIEVEL

(eager and innocent)

What about our presents?

PAPA

(teasing)

What presents?

TANYA and FIEVEL's ears droop in disappointment.

MAMA

Oh, Papa ...

PAPA

Just a joke. For Tanya ...

(pulls babushka from behind his back. It is patched.)  
a new babushka! Happy New Year!

TANYA takes babushka and starts to put it on.

SEQUENCE 002 (continued)

TANYA  
(overwhelmed)  
Oh, Papa, thank you!

MAMA  
You have only one parent?

TANYA hugs MAMA.

TANYA  
Thank you, Mama.

PAPA  
And for you, Fievel ...  
(takes off hat and holds it in the air)  
A new hat! And not just any new hat. A new hat that has been  
in the family for three generations. It belonged to me, my  
father and my father's father. And now ... it belongs to you!

He claps the hat on FIEVEL's head.

PAPA  
L'shana tova!

The hat falls over FIEVEL's eyes. He lifts it up a bit and it falls down  
again. It is much too big. FIEVEL runs to a metal platter on the wall and  
regards his reflection, maybe striking a few poses, then:

FIEVEL  
It's too big.

MAMA  
You'll grow.

PAPA  
Sure! Did I ever tell you about the giant mouse of Minsk?

SEQUENCE 002 (continued)

It is story time, underscore music says it as FIEVEL and TANYA climb onto PAPA's lap.

FIEVEL AND TANYA  
(shaking their heads)

No.

TANYA  
Was it anything like the mouse with the long hair that the prince climbed up?

PAPA  
(shakes his head)  
This mouse, the mouse of Minsk, was tall as a tree. His tail was a mile long.

FIEVEL  
(wide-eyed)  
Really?????

PAPA  
He was so big he frightened all the cats!

MAMA  
Shhh! Don't say that word! Talk about something else.

TANYA  
America! Tell us about America!

MAMA  
(profoundly skeptical)  
America! Another fairytale.

PAPA  
America. What a place!

SEQUENCE 002 (continued)

FIEVEL

(echo)

What a place!

TANYA

(overlap)

What a place!

PAPA

In America there are mouseholes in every wall.

MAMA

Who says?

PAPA, FIEVEL, TANYA

Everyone!

PAPA

In America there are breadcrumbs on every floor.

MAMA

You're talking nonsense.

PAPA

(half to her)

In America you can say anything you want. But most important  
-- and this I know for a fact --

PAPA, FIEVEL, TANYA

-- in America there are no (half-whisper the dread word) --  
cats.

MAMA

(frantic)

Shhh! They'll hear you.

SEQUENCE 002 (continued)

PAPA

(looks around, spooked at the thought)

How could they hear us???

As if in response, the little mouse room starts to shake. We hear a mighty muffled sound of approaching HOOFBEATS. The bowls jump on the table. The canisters jump on the shelf. The pictures jump on the wall. The MOUSEKWITZES are vibrating too.

MAMA

See?

We hear distant HUMAN CRIES: "The Cossacks! The Cossacks!" then some RIFLE SHOTS.

YASHA starts crying.

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SEQUENCE 003

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT, SHTETL. NIGHT.

The human cossacks on horseback approach the shtetl, firing rifles, brandishing torches and yelling. We may see human peasants run inside houses, doors and shutters slamming. Might include details of mouse door(s) slamming. Someone pulls in their front steps.

CUT TO: ANGLE, SHTETL STREET. NIGHT.

From low POV we see the cossacks ride straight at and through camera.

CUT TO: MOUSEKEWITZ, EXT. NIGHT.

Wide-eyed FIEVEL peeks out door to see what is going on. PAPA's hand jerks him back in and slams the door.

CUT TO: MOUSEKEWITZ INTERIOR.

The family huddles together, vibrating. Wall picture now hangs by one string.

FIEVEL

I just wanted to see ....

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT, A COTTAGE FRONT YARD. NIGHT.

A cossack on a rearing horse throws a torch at a cottage roof which explodes into flames. As cossack rides off, smoke pours from door and windows and human peasants run out coughing with bundles, chairs and small livestock.

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT, SHTETL. NIGHT.

SEQUENCE 003 (continued)

The village is afire, at least the roofs. The cossacks ride off but the thunder of feet continues as hot on their heels come the catsacks; cats in cossack tunics, bandoliers and hats. They charge down the main street giving cat yowls instead of cossack yells. (If practical, their stride should be like the Mott Street Maulers later on. As they fan into the front yards they could do some mauler things such as kicking over little mouse wagons.)

CUT TO: MOUSEKEWITZ HUT.

The family is huddled together. We hear the YOWLS outside.

ALL

The cats!

Another loud YOWL. YASHA, the baby, cries very loud.

FIEVEL

(frightened himself)

Yasha's frightened.

FIEVEL runs over and, on tiptoes, takes wooden spoon and saucepan off the wall.

FIEVEL

Don't cry, Yasha. I'll scare them away.

He runs out the front door. MAMA claps her hands. PAPA holds his head.

TANYA

Fievel! Come back!

CUT TO: ANGLE, CATSACKS, STREET, NIGHT.

Seen from low POV catsacks charge at the camera.

SEQUENCE 003 (continued)

CUT TO: ANGLE. SEVERAL FRONT YARDS.

Catsacks crouch in the snow watching the mouse front doors as flame creeps down the burning houses. The mouse doors open and mice run out in the smoke, coughing, lugging their little possessions. With bloodcurdling yowls, the cats spring at them, and chases start in all yards.

CUT TO: FIEVEL. A FRONT YARD.

FIEVEL stands beating his spoon on his saucepan, as a catsack chases a peasant mouse across frame.

FIEVEL

Go way! Go way! Cats go way!

CUT TO: REVERSE SHOT.

FIEVEL runs out of view over a low mound of hay beating his saucepan. The spoon and pan fly up in the air and FIEVEL returns chased by a cat. He is chased around the front yard, under the snow, up and down a sunflower as it bends. FIEVEL runs under an overturned bucket. The cat gloats, picks it up -- no FIEVEL. We see FIEVEL trembling, clinging to the inside of the bucket. The cat flings the bucket away.

CUT TO: A TREE ROOT. FRONT YARD.

The other MOUSEKEWITZES peek up from behind the root. The bucket hits the tree and FIEVEL drops beside them, woozy.

MAMA

(tender, worried to death)

Fievel. Angel. Are you all right?

FIEVEL

(not in great shape)

Yes, mama.

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SEQUENCE 003 (continued)

MAMA

(mod as hell)

Never do that again!

TANYA

Look!

CUT TO: THE HUDDLED MOUSEKEWITZES, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THEIR BURNING HOME, WITH THEIR POSSESSIONS. (INSERT, THEIR LITTLE DOORWAY AND NAME BURNING?)

PAPA

(holding his violin)

In America there are no cats.

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DISSOLVE FROM: The fire to an orange sunrise over the smouldering ruined shtetl. Along the road trudges a procession of departing HUMAN refugees carrying sacks, baskets and bundles, possessions; featherbeds, chairs, some chickens. They are mostly on foot, with here and there a wagon.

CUT TO: ROAD, MOUSE LEVEL.

Huge peasant feet are going by. After the last foot comes an identical procession of refugee MICE with bags, bundles and matchboxes. We spot the MOUSEKEWITZES; among their things is PAPA's violin. We hear its musical motif.

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CUT TO: MAP OF EUROPE.

We see a stylized map of Europe from Russia and the Mediterranean to the Atlantic, including England and Ireland. It includes all the major capitals: Paris, London, Brussels, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Berne, Athens. At Hamburg, there is a logo 1880's pocket ship in dock. We see streams of immigrant MICE start across the map towards the ship from Russia, then Poland, Italy, Greece, Romania, Czechoslovakia, etc. and converge. As they do, the names of major cheese capitals appear on the map in their proper homelands: roquefort, limburger, feta, fontina, brie, camembert, cheddar, stilton, swiss. We spot the MOUSEKEWITZES crossing from Russia.

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SEQUENCE 006 - THE BOAT

From ZOOM on packet logo at Hamburg on cheese map of Europe we:

DISSOLVE TO: AN 1880'S TRANS-ATLANTIC PACKET SHIP IN DOCK. DAY.  
WE HEAR A GERMAN STREET BAND PLAYING AN "UP" RHYTHMIC TUNE.

There is a passenger gangplank and on either side of it, hawsers holding the ship in dock. At the foot of the gangplank, a ship's officer takes tickets from an endless stream of human immigrants overloaded with their baskets, bags and featherbeds. We quickly pan and push to nearby hawser. At the foot of the hawser stands a mouse in uniform taking tickets from an identical endless stream of mouse immigrants climbing up the long rope overloaded with their worldly goods. They are stepping in rhythm to the band music. The German band - all mice - plays atop the ballard, which the hawser winds around. The mouse "gangplank" is precarious: their progress, topheavy with baggage, falls somewhere between an exodus and a high-wire act. Mice with particularly huge bundles may sway perilously from side to side all the way up the rope. We may see here and there a mouse fall off and be caught at the last minute as they all labor towards and through the hawser hole. On a nearby piling, two elderly German seagulls watch this familiar sight.

SEAGULL 1:

There goes more mice.

SEAGULL 2:

Who's left in Europe?

CUT TO: THE MOUSEKEWITZES, CLIMBING UP THE ROPE.

We recognize their baggage. MAMA and TANYA between them carry the huge featherbed. Hanging from it may be the tintypes and the clock. PAPA may be carrying the small featherbed, a couple of chairs, some kitchen things and slung by his side, his violin and bow. FIEVEL clings to PAPA's tail. In his free hand is a doll that looks like FIEVEL. The rope is slippery and the climb is hard, demands concentration. FIEVEL as usual is looking all around, rubbernecking. He stops, looks down to the side and takes. The whole line stops, with SFX of pots, pans, and "oofs" of rear end collisions.

SEQUENCE 006 (continued)

FIEVEL

Look, Papa! Water! Is it the ocean?

PAPA

Yes. Keep walking.

FIEVEL starts walking. All the mice start walking, and the band starts playing. After a few beats, FIEVEL again sees something and stops and points excitedly at the ship's smokestack. The line stops, the music stops as before.

FIEVEL

Look, Papa! Smoke! Is the boat on fire?

PAPA

No, keep walking.

Line resumes walking; band resumes playing. Some beats. FIEVEL points again. Once again, line stops, music stops as before.

FIEVEL

Look, Papa! Birds!

FIEVEL falls. PAPA's violin bow catches him. He's face-to-face with seagulls.

FIEVEL

Are they seagulls?

GULLS

Yes! Keep walking.

PAPA

(nose-to-nose with Fievel)

Keep walking.

WHOLE LINE OF MICE

Keep walking!

SEQUENCE 006 (continued)

Line resumes, music resumes.

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT. SHIP IN DOCK.

FIEVEL

(over music)

I just wanted to see.

PAPA

(far off, as they go aboard)

Fievel, this is the last time I take you to America.

The stream of boarding human and mouse immigrants continues, speeded up, pixillated feeling, as MUSIC picks up. The ship swells with immigrants and lowers in the water as we hear the growing babel of people and mice talking in a lot of different languages. The tail end of both processions go up the ramp and rope. A beat. A late family of mice, heavily laden, rushes and skitters dangerously up the hawser. MUSIC: button.

CUT TO: INSET. SHIP'S WHISTLE, BLOWING.

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT, THE BOAT: TWO SEAGULLS ON PILING, FOREGROUND.

The boat, pregnant with immigrants, pulls away and turns its stern to us so we see its name: "S.S. LANTSMAN." As it pulls away: (German accents)

SEAGULL 1:

Auf weidersehn!

SEAGULL 2:

(sighs)

I got a cousin in America.

SEAGULL 1:

You and everybody else.

SEQUENCE 007A

We ZOOM a bit on the retreating ship and:

DISSOLVE TO: DECK OF SHIP, MOVING ON OPEN COMPANIONWAY MARKED "STEERAGE."

We hear PAPA's violin somewhere distant playing a slower, lonely tune. One of the companionway doors is open wide, the other bangs indolently open and shut. We PUSH through the open doorway and down a long, long wooden stairway into semi-darkness. At the foot of the stairway are three herring barrels which we pass as we dimly see human immigrants camped in family groups with their boxes, beds and bundles, then quickly MOVE down to the base of a stanchion where a tiny sign an inch or two off the deck says "STEERAGE" with an arrow pointing camera left that we follow past big feet and boxes to mouse steerage. It is a little corner of the hold - under a life ring for scale - where mice of all nations are jammed together in little groups with their baggage.

CUT TO: THE MOUSEKEWITZES, STEERAGE.

Looking frightened and uprooted, they huddle beside their little pile of belongings, as PAPA plays the fiddle for courage and to pass the slow time. (Next to them is a family of Italian mice. The mother holds her baby and croons soft endearments in Italian.) FIEVEL plucks at PAPA's sleeve. PAPA stops playing but the theme continues.

FIEVEL

Are we there yet?

PAPA

Not yet. Soon.

FIEVEL

How soon?

MAMA

Soon.

SEQUENCE 007A (continued)

TANYA

(a tear on her cheek)

Maybe we should have stayed in Russia.

PAPA

We'll be all right. As long as we're together, we'll be all right.

They huddle closer.

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SEQUENCE 007B

CUT TO: SHIP AT SEA, DIFFERENT SKY.

MUSIC: Brightens.

MAMA  
(over, distant)  
Fievel! Fievel!

CUT TO: STANCHION WITH MOUSE "STEERAGE" SIGN. BIG HUMAN FEET ALL AROUND. SHIP ROLLING SLIGHTLY.

FIEVEL peeks around stanchion, rubbernecking, looking up, all around, nose quivering. We hear a steady SPLASHING sound. He perks up, curious.

MAMA  
(over, distant, closer than before)  
Fievel!!!!

FIEVEL cocks an ear, decides to ignore the call and sneaks out into the aisle to find the splashing. A giant walking foot almost crushes him but he skitters away. Another foot from the other direction does the same. He skitters away again. A deck swab slides in and drives him forward, retreats and drives him forward again. He runs to a crevice between two barrels. Just as he breathes easy a big splat of water hits him from above. Dripping, he looks up. He has found the splashing sound.

CUT TO: FIEVEL'S POV, CHEATED BACK.

We see three big human size barrels sloshing next to the steerage stairway. They are marked, respectively: "HERRING/(BREAKFAST)" "HERRING/(LUNCH)" "HERRING/(DINNER)." A sign above all three says "HELP YOURSELF." Water slops over the side of one barrel and a herring head peeks out teasingly and falls back. FIEVEL looks up, thrilled, intrigued.

MAMA  
(over, distant)  
Fievel!

SEQUENCE 007B (continued)

FIEVEL skitters up the barrel.

CUT TO: THE MOUSEKEWITZES, STEERAGE.

MAMA

Your son has disappeared again.

TANYA

Find him Papa.

MAMA

(firmly)

Yes, find him.

PAPA

(sighs)

Don't worry. I'll find him.

PAPA trots off.

CUT TO: FIEVEL REACHING THE TOP OF THE HERRING BARREL.

CUT TO: UNDERWATER SHOT FROM INSIDE HERRING BARREL.

FIEVEL's face pops over edge of barrel, wide-eyed. He climbs up on the rim, starts to lose his balance, teeters. Just as he is about to fall in, PAPA appears behind him and catches him by the collar.

CUT TO: FIEVEL AND PAPA PERCHED ON EDGE OF BARREL. (DURING THE FOLLOWING THEY BOTH MIGHT BE A BIT UNSTEADY.) A SEA OF HERRING STARE UP AT THEM WITH GLASSY EYES, BOBBING GENTLY. FIEVEL STARES BACK, FASCINATED.

PAPA

So, Mr. Curfous! You've discovered the herring.

SEQUENCE 007B (continued)

FIEVEL

(fascinated, points at herring)  
Herring??? I thought they were fish!

PAPA

Fievel! Herring are fish!

FIEVEL

Really?

PAPA

(imparting wisdom, arm around shoulder)  
Certainly. In the ocean there are all kinds of fish, and herring is one of them.

FIEVEL

All kinds?

PAPA

Yes. Tiny fishes, not so tiny fishes, fishes as big as this boat!

FIEVEL

Let's go up and see the fishes!

MAMA

(off, distant)  
Fievel!

PAPA

Not now. Your Mama is worried.

They scamper off the barrel. We see them running through human steerage, the jungle of human feet. PAPA can barely keep up.

CUT TO: MOUSE STEERAGE, MAMA AND TANYA.

The MAMA of the Italian mice next door has a little girl mouse by the arm and is scolding in Italian, as FIEVEL skids in followed by PAPA.

SEQUENCE 007B (continued)

ITALIAN MAMA

(in Italian)

Stay close to home! Don't go running off! What am I going to do with you?

PAPA and FIEVEL brake, breathing hard.

FIEVEL

We saw some fish!

PAPA nods.

MAMA

Fish! Lucky you didn't see (whispers) cats!

CUT TO: WIDER SHOT

The mice in steerage start to quiver - the whisper goes around, "cats ... cats," ideally in several languages. The Italian mice cross themselves.

FIEVEL

(loud and clear):

I didn't see any cats!

The MICE give a mass sigh of relief.

PAPA

(relieved, too)

Won't it be nice to get to America where we don't have to worry about cats any more. There are no cats in America.

ITALIAN PAPA

That's right!

VOICES from all over mouse steerage echo this belief: "That's right!" "No cats!" "Not a whisker!" "Not in America!" and we are into song TBA: "There Are No Cats In America."

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SEQUENCE 009 - THE STORM

CUT TO: MAP OF THE ATLANTIC

The S.S. LANTSMAN sails across towards New York now clearly indicated ahead. A storm cloud forms over it. MUSIC darkens as we:

CUT TO: THE SHIP ITSELF, PITCHING AND ROLLING IN A HUGE STORMY SEA.

CUT TO: MOUSE STEERAGE.

Everything, the mice and all their bundles are sliding from one end of steerage to the other and slowly back with the roll of the ship. Almost all of the mice have turned green; they may even be flashing green on and off. Sound of general groaning and crying for "air!" Details: We see the herring barrels as the ship rolls, heaving out herrings and brine first to one side and then to the other on the humans and mice. Two elderly mice play chess on a board atop a mouse bucket that slides from one to the other. At a fixed point, we see an entire mouse immigrant family slide by on its knees, praying; a beat and it slides back again, still praying. At a fixed point, a broken teacup slides by with some sick mice hanging over the rim with only their peasant derrieres showing; a beat, and it slides back with twice as many mice hanging over the rim. They stop by a mouse eating a pickle.

MOUSE

Hungry?

Mice turn even greener and faint into cup.

CUT TO: THE MOUSEKEWITZES; MAMA, PAPA AND TANYA

They cling together, bright green, rolling with the ship and groaning.

MAMA

It's the end of the world!

SEQUENCE 009 (continued)

PAPA

No. It's worse!

TANYA

Where's Fievel?

Sick as he is, PAPA looks alarmed.

PAPA

(calls out, weakly)

Fievel? Fievel?

CUT TO: STEERAGE CORRIDOR, FIEVEL.

FIEVEL, both frightened and curious about what is going on, slips and slides in the steerage corridor, which is slightly awash, trying to grab hold of something to stop himself as the ship rolls. Being a pretty good sailor, he is only light green. He finally grabs a stanchion near a bucket with a swab in it that leans against the wall. As the ship rolls, the bucket overturns and a cake of soap slides right at FIEVEL and flips him up into the air onto itself. FIEVEL, on the cake of soap slides wildly across the ship, racing through human steerage, hitting the bulkhead, then sliding back past the herring barrels into mouse steerage, then back again.

CUT TO: THE REST OF THE MOUSEKEWITZES.

As FIEVEL slides by, PAPA opens his sick eyes and sees him.

PAPA

Fievel! Sit here.

FIEVEL slides back in the other direction, heading for amidship.

PAPA

Fievel!

SEQUENCE 009 (continued)

He staggers off in the direction FIEVEL just slid off.

CUT TO: FIEVEL ON SOAP CAKE.

We see the soap cake from behind with FIEVEL on top. It has veered and is heading straight for a herring barrel. Crash. FIEVEL is thrown in the air and lands, woozy, at the foot of the steerage stairway. We see him on the deck and look up the long stairway with him. At the top the door is half open with the other half banging: through it water cascades down from the deck awash in the storm and down the stairs towards him, flipping and flapping, comes a live fish and then another. FIEVEL is wide-eyed, thrilled.

FIEVEL

Fish! (Looks back, sees PAPA coming. Tosses his hat up to the deck.) My hat, Papa!

He hops eagerly, quickly to the top of the stairs, as PAPA staggers in looking for him. PAPA sees FIEVEL standing in the far-off doorway and hops sickly after him.

PAPA

Fievel! Fievel! Come back!

CUT TO: STORM DECK OF SHIP.

FIEVEL in doorway watches enchanted as waves break in from both sides: the air is full of fish. He runs out to get his hat and suddenly is being washed from side to side by the mighty surf. PAPA appears at the doorway as a huge wave picks FIEVEL up.

FIEVEL

Papa! Papa!

CUT TO: CLOSE UP OF PAPA IN DOORWAY.

PAPA

Fievel!

SEQUENCE 009 (continued)

He tries to rescue FIEVEL but can't. FIEVEL is washed overboard.

CUT TO: UNDERWATER SHOT, FIEVEL.

We see FIEVEL sinking underwater, bubbling, surrounded by fish, frightened as they are, then shooting up with great force, out of frame.

CUT TO: STORMY SEA, SHIP PULLING AWAY.

In the foreground, the great waves toss FIEVEL back and forth in the air between them as the ship pulls away quickly with PAPA distantly silhouetted in doorway, yelling faintly through the wind and surf: "Fievel! Fievel!"

DISSOLVE TO: WIDE VIEW, NEW YORK HARBOR, 1886.

It is suddenly quiet: we hear a few SEAGULLS, a distant FOGHORN. The S.S. Lantsman is sailing down the main channel towards Manhattan: on camera right is the lower tip of Manhattan; on camera left is Bedloe's Island on which stands the pedestal and part of the armature for the unassembled Statue of Liberty.

MATTE IN AND OUT. "America - 1886."

On the lip of the foghorn bell stands a crowd of immigrant MICE watching Manhattan approach. Among them are the MOUSEKEWITZES, looking very sad. The MICE next to them speak.

IMMIGRANT MOUSE  
(to another mouse) -  
America?

IMMIGRANT MOUSE 2  
No. New York.

IMMIGRATION MONTAGE: MONTAGE MUSIC.

CUT TO: IMMIGRATION HALL ENTRANCE, MEDIUM VIEW.

A big sign over the entrance for humans says "Immigration." People are lined up, but we veer quickly down left to the floor and a mousehole architecturally identical with its own "Immigration" sign and a long line of incoming MICE standing anxiously with their baggage. At the entrance door are the MOUSEKEWITZES. An Immigration officer sticks numbers on their backs as they pop inside.

CUT TO: MOUSE IMMIGRATION HALL INTERIOR.

For a moment we see a high angle of the whole wall with snaking lines of MICE inching along through the immigration process.

CUT TO: HEALTH EXAM AREA.

There is a sign saying "Health Exam," by a gauntlet of three mouse doctors in white smocks. The MOUSEKEWITZES are in the line near where the first doctor listens to a MOUSE's heart; the second is looking in a MOUSE's throat; and the third doctor looks in their eyes and ears and twangs their whiskers. The line moves up one space as we

DISSOLVE TO: AREA WITH "PHYSICAL EXAM" SIGN.

Under the "Physical Exam" sign is a circular treadmill (as in hamster cages) with MICE, one at a time, hopping in, running, and hopping off, as a doctor holds a watch on them. Moving up in line with TANYA, hefty MAMA and PAPA MOUSEKEWITZ exchange a look of apprehension.

DISSOLVE TO: DOORWAY IN WALL WITH "MENTAL EXAM" SIGN.

Under the "Mental Exam" sign is a door that the MICE enter, one by one. We PULL UP and TILT DOWN to an overhead shot. Behind the door is a maze with immigrant MICE trying to find their way out: bumping into dead ends; doubling back, jostling each other, until they reach a door that says "Welcome to America." We PUSH on the MOUSEKEWITZES clutching each other and making their way through it.

DISSOLVE TO: AREA WITH "REGISTRATION" SIGN.

Under the "Registration" sign are two desks. At each is an officer taking down names as MICE wait in two lines.

OFFICER  
(to immigrant mouse)  
Name?

MOUSE  
Smovolodnydhromovichsky.

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OFFICER  
(looks at him, writes, hands him paper)  
Here you go, Mr. Johnson.

CUT TO: OTHER DESK.

At the desk is a family of German immigrant MICE. Waiting behind them are the four MOUSKEWITZES. The mother of the German family holds a baby.

OFFICER 2  
That's Heinrich Maus and Greta Maus. What's the baby's name?

CUT TO: GRETA.

We see big round black ears sticking out of the baby blanket as GRETA says:

GRETA  
Mickey.

OFFICER 2  
(off)  
Next!

The MOUSKEWITZ FAMILY steps into frame.

OFFICER 2  
Name!

PAPA  
Mousekewitz.

OFFICER 2  
How many?

PAPA  
(tear in his eye)  
Only four.

AMT 0046

SEQUENCE 011 - FIEVEL MEETS HENRI

DISSOLVE TO: LONG VIEW OF BEDLOE'S ISLAND.

We see a huge flat area and in the middle the tremendous pedestal and armature for the Statue of Liberty. Strewed around it are the gigantic parts of the statue, waiting to be put together. We recognize the head and the arm with the torch. We hear the distant sound of workmen HAMMERING and YELLING, and the gentle WASH of surf on the beach. PUSH on pebbly beach.

CUT TO: PEBBLY BEACH.

WASH of surf is louder. A bottle washes ashore. Inside it is a waterlogged, exhausted little FIEVEL. As the bottle hits the beach, FIEVEL opens his eyes. He is all right. He starts to crawl out of the neck as three French GENDARME PIGEONS come towards him, rear-end each other and stop in military vanity.

PIGEON 1:

Qu'est-ce que c'est???

PIGEON 2:

Shoo! The island is closed to the public!

All three start to push FIEVEL back into the bottle and the bottle back to sea.

PIGEON 3:

The statue is not yet finished.

PIGEON 1:

You will have to wait! Like everyone else!

In rushes HENRI, Mister Statue, a French pigeon in civilian dress (Sid Caesar?). He wears a ribbon bowtie around his neck, a frock coat with a small vest, maybe rimless glasses and a tipped top hat a la Toulouse-Lautrec (slightly crushed if Sid Caesar). He also wears an air of dubious authority.

SEQUENCE 011 (continued)

HENRI

(in French)

Attention! Attention!

(in English)

Hold it! Hold it! Stop everything! Release him!

The GENDARMES stop what they are doing.

HENRI

What are you doing????

PIGEON 1:

(proud, self-righteous)

My job!

HENRI

(mimics her tone, pulling FIEVEL from bottle)

"My job, my job" ... Can't you see he is an immigrant... (double takes) An immigrant??? Now they are coming in bottles!

FIEVEL, now out of the bottle is a droopy, sopping, sniffing little creature.

HENRI

(continued)

What courage! What daring!

(Fievel sneezes)

What a cold!

(shades his eyes, looks out to sea)

Where are the other bottles?

FIEVEL

There are no other bottles.

SEQUENCE 011 (continued)

HENRI

So young, and travelling alone??? Where are your mama? Your papa?

FIEVEL

I don't know. They were on the boat to America.

HENRI

Then you are in luck, my little immigrant. This is America.

FIEVEL

(impressed, relieved)

America!

(looks at island)

I thought it was bigger.

HENRI

It is bigger.

(gestures toward the distant skyline)

All of that is also America, where your parents are. This is just an island at the doorway... an island where I ...

(GENDARMES roll their eyes. They have heard this before)

... le Vicomte Pigeon Pierre Henri de la Pom Pom (raspberry) de Lafayette - also known as Henri - am putting up my statue. I am thinking of calling it ... "the Statue of Liberty."

FIEVEL, staring at the distant skyline, sighs discouraged.

HENRI

You don't like the name.

FIEVEL shakes his head. That is not it.

HENRI

I know, my little immigrant. You want to find your family. And you will!

SEQUENCE 011 (continued)

FIEVEL

(away, overwhelmed)

But how? It is so far away. And it's so big I'd never find them there anyway ...

HENRI

Did you say "never?" Sacre bleu! So young and you have lost hope?

(smites his forehead)

This is America ... the place to find hope! If you give up you will never find your family! So never say never! Oops, I just said it! But I never say never. I did it again! Look, there's a word you should never say ... Oh! Look, never say -- oh! Never mind.

HENRI takes a deep breath, gathers his thoughts.

HENRI

Let me put it another way ...

(HENRI sings a song about never losing hope. In a later chorus he gets FIEVEL to sing the lines after him, to start believing too. During the song we see: FIEVEL in HENRI's kitchen being dried off - he is in a blanket and his clothes hang on the line, though he won't let HENRI take PAPA's hat; during instrumental breaks we see the GENDARMES doing funny choreography including a few can-can breaks; outside again HENRI and FIEVEL move on or around various pieces of the statue; near the finale, HENRI, FIEVEL and the GENDARMES are posing and/or moving like Statues of Liberty.)

HENRI

Now, my little immigrant, are you ready to go and find your family?

FIEVEL

(eager, enthusiastic)

Yes!

SEQUENCE 011 (continued)

HENRI

(gives a two-fingered whistle. The Gendarmes, right there, jump at the sound)

Yvonne! Take my little immigrant to immigration.

(to Fievel)

Sooner or later, everyone comes out of immigration. You will find them there. I would go myself but I cannot leave the statue. Busy! Busy! Busy!

FIEVEL climbs up on the PIGEON's back.

HENRI

But! When it is finished, you will be my special guest at the celebration. I will come and get you myself.

The PIGEON with FIEVEL takes off and we stay on HENRI waving.

HENRI

Au revoir! Bonne chance! And good luck!

SEQUENCE 012: FIEVEL MEETS WARREN T. RAT

CUT TO: OUTSIDE THE EXIT OF IMMIGRATION, DAY.

We see the exit of mouse immigration. A sign over the main door says "IMMIGRATION: EXIT ONLY." There is a large friendly banner facing the exit: "WELCOME GREENHORNS." Under the sign are several mice who are "runners," natives who hustle immigrants. They are yelling out their wares behind signs that read: "ROOM CHEAP" "TODAY'S SPECIAL/THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE/\$1.00" "GOOD JOBS" "RAILWAY TICKETS" (the runner yells "Ticket to Chicago, used only once!"). Mice exit past them with their bundles. We see the Mousekewitzes come out and then leave. An enterprising immigrant mouse, SAM, comes rushing out purposefully, sets up a little stand by his bundles with a sign "SAM'S APPLE/1 cent," puts an apple on it and waits eagerly.

SAM

Apple? Apple? Get my apple! While it lasts! Hurry! It's going fast, etc.

A mouse comes by and buys his apple. SAM looks at his first penny, delighted, exits happily.

SAM

I'm in business!!!

Enter WARREN T. RAT counting a fistful of money and puffing on a big cigar in his mouth. He is a runted cat in rat's clothing (though we do not know it yet). He has made his way up from the streets by opportunism: conning, lying and swindling. His dress is pretentious. He has acquired cultural pretensions, too. He occasionally quotes Shakespeare to the best of his ability, though his accent is 19th century Damon Runyan. He occasionally needs correction from his emanuensis and travelling accountant, DIGIT the cockroach. DIGIT, who travels in his breast pocket, wears dark glasses and white gloves because he is incredibly fastidious but can't stand light. DIGIT has a calculator mind and knows every mouse that WARREN is shaking down and how much they owe at any moment. As WARREN counts his money, the smoke from his cigar curls down towards his breast pocket which starts to cough as he counts.

SEQUENCE 012 (continued)

WARREN

... eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one...

As he counts, the coughing gets worse until DIGIT finally pops out of WARREN's breast pocket.

DIGIT

Would you please put out that filthy thing! I'm suffocating down here!

WARREN

You don't like it? Y'know you're not the only cockroach in New York City! There are millions of roaches who'd give their left feet to work for Warren T. Rot.

DIGIT

(knows he's indispensable)

Good! Fire me!! I'm fed up with that filthy smoke! And this pocket! I've seen kitchen stoves cleaner than this place!

He starts throwing lint out of the pocket.

WARREN

All right, Digit, all right. How much money did we make today?

DIGIT

(high-speed chipmunk computer voice)

... seven, nine, four, six, carry one, drop two, take five, five down, seven up, ninety-eight point six, point seven, point eight, point nine, plus five, minus four point nine-two-three-seven-five ...

WARREN

Yeah, but what did we make? What's the boodle?

SEQUENCE 012 (continued)

DIGIT

(all business)

So far we have collected eighty-nine dollars and thirteen cents. And we'll get another seventeen from Moe. That's fifty cents less than yesterday.

WARREN

(between gnashed teeth)

I hate to lose money! Where can I pick up an extra fifty cents???

GENDARME PIGEON

(way off)

Au revoir!

We hear the sound of a falling mouse - slide whistle? - and FIEVEL almost immediately drops from above to WARREN's feet. WARREN and DIGIT look at each other.

DIGIT

Moe can always use an extra kid at fifty cents a day.

WARREN

(to Fievel, heartily, picking him up and dusting him off)

Rat's the name. Warren T. Rat. What can I do you for?

FIEVEL

I'm looking for my family.

WARREN

You've come to the right fella, kid. I know exactly where they are. Come with me.

FIEVEL

(hangs back)

Henri said I'd find them here.

SEQUENCE 012 (continued)

WARREN

Have it your way, kid. But remember what Shakespeare said.  
And I quote. "Opportunity knocks but ..."

DIGIT

(prompter's whisper)

... once ...

WARREN

..... once. If taken at the tide 'twill lead to fortune. If denied  
'twill ne'er return.

Exits with FIEVEL following him.

FIEVEL

Do you really know where my family is?

WARREN

Trust me.

CUT TO: A STREET ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE. DAY.

This is a noisy, busy, brawling street, jammed with people and pushcarts, with horse-drawn wagons trundling down the middle, people leaning out of windows, kids playing street games. We hear a lot of Yiddish. The SOUND is huge, as it might strike an immigrant (mouse or human) from a quiet town hearing it for the first time: hawker's cries, the squeak of wagon wheels, distant trolleys clanging, a hubbub of voices, very loud.

We quickly SWING DOWN to mouse level: under the pushcart row, between the wheels, are two rows of pushcarts with mice humanity jammed in between; the same scene, right down to little mice playing games.

We see SAM, Mister Enterprise, crossing through, peddling a box of apples, strapped around his neck, with a sign saying "SAM'S APPLES/3 FOR 2 CENTS." He looks eager and happy.

SAM

Apples, apples! Sam's apples! Everything must go!

As he exits, FIEVEL and WARREN T. RAT pass him, entering. FIEVEL is looking everywhere, overwhelmed by new sights and sounds.

They enter a little mouse door in a tenement building. Beside it is a sign "Mice Wanted Upstairs." We stay outside and PUSH on a mouse tenement window across the alley from this building. We see the Mousekewitz family inside. MAMA is sewing on shirts, sadly. PAPA lights a memorial candle beneath the tintype of FIEVEL on a table and picks up his violin and starts to play a sad tune.

TANYA

(sewing, too. She stops, looks at the picture)

Mama, I keep having this feeling that Fievel's alive.

MAMA

(sad, resigned)

It will go away. After a while, it will go away.





The fiddle tune dissolves into distant WHIRR of many treadle sewing machines.

DISSOLVE TO: HUMAN SWEATSHOP

We see a longish tenement room with patchy plaster and scabrous ceilings. Down the center is a long line of sewing machines (treadle), lit by a few hanging kerosene lamps. People bend over the machines sewing feverishly on suits and dresses. Some of the men wear hats. At the far end is a cutter's table with a cutter cutting cloth and scraps heaped on the floor right next to a generous sized mouse hole. Beside the mouse hole is a sign "MOE'S SWEAT SHOP." Rubber bands moving like drive belts come from out of frame through the doorway.

We PAN the human sweatshop and move down to the sewing machine treadle on the far end and follow a rubber band that goes from the drive wheel to the mouse sweatshop doorway. We see FIEVEL and WARREN T. go in the mouse doorway. We follow the rubber band inside the mouse sweatshop and see that it turns a drive wheel that runs a whole row of tiny sewing machines with mice of all ages and sexes bent over them. Some of the moles wear hats. Scraps are run in from the pile outside the sweatshop to a mouse cutter. The mice at the machines are turning out mouse suits and dresses which are heaped high on the floor and may be hung from pipes. There might also be male and female mouse dress forms, distinguished by the sturdy tail attached to the rear (all trousers and dresses have tail holes). There is one low window, maybe the shape of a removed brick. Tiny mouse kerosene lamps light the WORKERS, who might also include pressers, pressing garments with flat irons. The WORKERS sing a very down-tempo, depressed, hopeless chorus of "ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN IN AMERICA" without feeling. MUSIC under or out.

CUT TO: INSIDE THE MOUSE SWEATSHOP DOOR

WARREN T. has taken the sweatshop owner MOE aside. MOE is a pounchy rat (a real one) in shirtsleeves, who is always eating in front of his undernourished workers. His office, by the sweatshop door, is a swivel chair and a table loaded with all kinds of food. At the moment he clutches a very large (for a rat) chicken drumstick with a bite or two out of it. FIEVEL gawks at the place just out of earshot.

MOE  
(exploding)  
Seventeen dollars?!?!?!?!?

WARREN  
(cool, smooth)  
It's business, Moe. Rat to rat, I'd hate to see anything happen to your place.

MOE  
(shelling out money)  
You sure this'll keep the cats away?

WARREN  
(pocketing the money)  
You don't see any around, do you?

He laughs. MOE joins in insincerely. The laugh gets louder. MOE slaps him on the back, more than heartily. DIGIT flies up in the air and back down.

WARREN  
(pulling himself together).  
Easy, Moe.  
(nods at Fievel)  
I brought you something. A new worker. Don't thank me. Just send me his salary.

WARREN starts to leave.

FIEVEL  
But what about my family?

WARREN  
You don't need a family, kid, you've got a job!

He exits. FIEVEL tries to follow. MOE picks him up by the collar and says, nose to nose:

MOE

Where do you think you're goin'?

MOE slams an inside front door. A heavy bar falls into place.

FIEVEL

But I want to get out of here!

We hear voices from all over the sweatshop -- maybe see some of the speakers.

VOICE

Me too!

VOICE 2

Who doesn't!

VOICE 3

Sure!

MOE

SHADDAP!

Silence.

MOE

(to Fievel)

You ain't goin' nowhere. Now get to work!

MOE plunks FIEVEL down next to the cutter's table, dumps a tall heap of cut cloth in his arms and shoves him toward the sewing department, out of frame. He picks up a huge sandwich -- a chole bread split in half and filled with the contents of Zabar's -- takes a giant bite and chews juicily and noisily. A scrawny worker nearby watches hungrily, following the movement of the sandwich like a dog beside a dinner table.

MOE  
(seeing him)  
Down! Down!

CUT TO: ANOTHER PART OF THE SWEATSHOP

FIEVEL stoggers, circles and weaves under a high pile of cloth, passes by the window, nearly falling out. From the opposite direction comes TONY TOPONI carrying a high pile of mouse suits. After a near-miss, FIEVEL doubles back and they collide. Suits and cloth fly everywhere. FIEVEL is buried under the pile. (TONY, 15, is a homeless street kid who was orphaned at 4 by the cats. He has spent so many years on the streets fending for himself, that he thinks he doesn't need anyone else. He is of Italian descent.)

TONY  
(rummaging in the pile)  
Hey! Where are you?

FIEVEL's head pops out.

TONY  
You all right?

FIEVEL nods. They start re-piling cloth and suits.

TONY  
You're new here, huh? Tony Toponi's the name. Put 'er there, uh

They shake hands.

FIEVEL  
Fievel Mouskewitz.

They resume piling.

TONY

I only got here yesterday myself. I went to sleep on my usual grating on Allen Street and I woke up here! Shanghai'ed! I tell ya this city ain't safe any more!

FIEVEL

I was looking for my family. I've got to get out of here!

TONY

You and me both!

They carry their loads down the sewing table.

FIEVEL

But how do you get out of here???

We see MOE in his swivel chair by the barrel door wolfing down a hand-held chocolate cake.

CUT TO: TONY AND FIEVEL BY THE SEWING TABLE.

SEWING WORKER

You don't.

ANOTHER WORKER

I been here twenty years.

YET ANOTHER WORKER

This is it! You'll never get out of here!

SEWING WORKER

Never!

ANOTHER WORKER

Never!

A general chorus of "Never's."

FIEVEL

(shocked)

Never??? You should never say never! This is America. If you say never, you'll never get out of here.

WORKERS

(ad lib)

He's right! Could be! You never know! Don't say never.

TONY

I bet we can find a way out.

CYNICAL WORKER

Sure. Out the window.

Everyone laughs. FIEVEL looks out the window. We see his POV. It is a long way down.

FIEVEL

(a practical thought)

I wish we had that mouse with the long hair. She could drop her hair out the window and we could all climb down.

CYNICAL WORKER

Fairytales!

Everyone laughs again, but the laughter stops.

WORKERS' MURMURS

(ad lib)

Wait a minute! Hey! That's not so crazy!

TONY

The kid may have something!

The MICE stop working and start whispering to each other. MUSIC: excitement underscore as the whispering gets louder and everyone gets excited including FIEVEL. As the sound level nears uproar:

CUT TO: FRONT DOOR

MOE, mouth open wide to receive a huge snarl of spaghetti on a fork, sets it down. His face fills the screen.

MOE  
(bellowing)  
BACK TO WORK!!!

The workers resume singing "ANTHING CAN HAPPEN IN AMERICA" at a brighter tempo as they go happily back to work -- which is part of their plan. TONY and FIEVEL happily carry suits to the workers at the sewing machines who are sewing madly and purposefully.

CUT TO: MOE IN HIS SWIVEL CHAIR

MOE is glaring at two WORKERS in front of him. One of them holds up a pair of pants with one leg shorter than the other. The other has a pair of shears.

MOE  
So fix it!

As the WORKER with the shears cuts a little too much off the longer pants leg, we see two other WORKERS crouched behind MOE. One holds a huge people size spool of thread on a stick. The other one finishes tying the end to a slot of MOE's swivel chair. At a signal, three of them spin MOE in his chair as the other holds the bobbin, until MOE is bound tightly to the chair.

MOE  
(spinning)  
Whooooooooooooo!

One WORKER ties a neat sewing knot on MOE, as MOE yells for help. Another WORKER, the one who watched him eat the big sandwich, picks up another one from the table, takes a bite and then stuffs it in MOE's mouth as a gag, muffling his cries.

We see the singing mice carry a huge pile of suits to the window.

CUT TO: Outside the building. From the mouse sweatshop window, we see a long ladder made of suits unroll down to the alley below, and the mice climb down it, still singing.

CUT TO: MOE bouncing around in his chair, unable to get away.

CUT TO: TONY and FIEVEL, going out the window last, gleeful.

TONY

You were right, Mousekewitz. Never say never!

CUT TO: MOE.

MOE and his chair fall over backwards, knocking over his table of food. Food flies up in the air and lands all over him.

CUT TO: SUIT LADDER, OUTSIDE BUILDING.

TONY and FIEVEL are climbing down. Across the alley behind them the MOUSEKEWITZES are leaving their hole-in-the-wall with a bundle of home-made shirts, as TONY and FIEVEL descend past.

TONY

Hey, Mousekewitz, got any idea where your family is?

FIEVEL

No.

TONY

Y'know, you don't need a family. I'm doing great without one. But if you like, I'll help you find yours.

CUT TO: STREET AT THE HEAD OF THE ALLEY.

Through frame wheels a pushcart full of apples and other fruit and a sign "SAM'S FRUIT." It is pushed by SAM who is already much better dressed and snuffed.

SAM

Sam's fruit! Getcha fruit! If it's fruit I got it!

As he exits, TONY and FIEVEL come out of the alley behind him.

TONY

I know every mouse hole in this city ...

FIEVEL freezes, looking straight ahead, as TONY rambles on.

TONY

Where should we start ...? Mousekewitz ... we better start right here ...

FIEVEL

Papaaaaa!

He runs off across the street.

TONY

Or we could ... hey!

CUT TO: TONY'S POV.

We see FIEVEL running across the street. A human street car rolls between us and FIEVEL. When it passes FIEVEL is gone.

TONY

Hey, Mousekewitz!

He starts to cross after FIEVEL.

CUT TO: FIEVEL, STREET.

He is running after the back of a big mouse in Russian clothes, carrying a violin. The back looks just like PAPA's back.

AN AMERICAN TAIL  
SEQUENCE 013

AS OF 2/6/85

11

FIEVEL

Papa! Papa!

FIEVEL catches up with the man who turns around. It is not PAPA. FIEVEL's face falls. The man shrugs and walks away. FIEVEL looks around him, not knowing which way to turn (POV scenic whirl?)

WIPE/DISSOLVE TO:

MUSIC: Montage music commences and continues throughout. We see FIEVEL's feet walking along a light colored sidewalk, DX'd with close-up of FIEVEL's FACE looking upward and all around, searching. FACE stays, but feet dissolve to same feet from a slightly different angle walking on a dark colored sidewalk, then quick DISSOLVE to feet different angle, other sidewalk, then quick DISSOLVE to feet yet a different angle on a different sidewalk yet. The feet continue, but the FACE fades out. The feet stop.

DISSOLVE TO: FIEVEL wistfully peeking above a window ledge. Reverse and we see him silhouetted against what he is seeing: inside a pleasant schoolroom, happy little mice his age face a teacher and recite the alphabet.

CHILDREN

A, B, C, D, E ....

We DISSOLVE back to FIEVEL's feet walking as the SOUND FADES. We quickly hear a new sound FADING in. A woman with a nice amateur soprano is singing to parlor piano accompaniment. The song is "Poor Wandering One" from "The Pirates of Penzance." The feet slow down.

CUT TO: FIEVEL LOOKING IN ANOTHER WINDOW.

FIEVEL is looking into a nicely decorated middle class mouse parlor. A well dressed family of black mice are having a little musicale. The FATHER plays the piano, the MOTHER sings the verse and two little GIRLS in ruffled dresses may join in.

The SOUND FADES as we dissolve back to his feet walking and we hear as they continue:

WOMAN'S VOICE

(over, distant)

Fievel!!! Fievel!!! Fievel!!!

The feet have started running, run a bit and stop.

CUT TO: FIEVEL, FACING VACANT LOT.

We see FIEVEL from behind looking through a break in a board fence at a vacant lot, as a little mouse boy runs to its mother in the doorway of a soap box house. She wipes his face with her apron.

WOMAN

(softly)

Fievel ....

FIEVEL sighs. DISSOLVE TO: A mouse Italian restaurant. At a table, an Italian immigrant mouse family with five children sits around a checkered tablecloth eating pasta. We MOVE to include FIEVEL outside, nose flattened against the window pane, watching them eat.

DISSOLVE TO: FIEVEL feet walking much more slowly along cobblestones. We hear a distant CHUFFING train noise and the feet stop.

CUT TO: FIEVEL BY ELEVATED RAILWAY STANCHION.

He stands wistfully watching a family walk by: a mother with a baby, a father and a boy and a girl. As NOISE continues, FIEVEL looks up.

CUT TO: FIEVEL'S POV.

We look up along that giant stanchion at the railway tracks far above him as the train noise gets really loud. The stanchion and the tracks start to shake, it seems dangerously.

CUT TO: HIGH ANGLE, THE ELEVATED RAILWAY.

The elevated train chuffs past belching clouds of black smoke that sink to the street.

CUT TO: COBBLESTONE STREET.

A cloud of black smoke fills the screen, and slowly dissipates revealing a pile of cinders as the train NOISE FADES away. The cinders sneeze sending out a puff that clears to reveal a very smudged cindermouse named FIEVEL.

DISSOLVE TO: FEET WALKING, LEAVING BLACK FOOTPRINTS.

DISSOLVE TO: FIEVEL, TENEMENT STREET SIDEWALK.

Smudged and depressed, FIEVEL trudges past the bottom steps of a stoop. A mouse FATHER plays a penny whistle as a little BOY and GIRL MOUSE dance and giggle. FIEVEL glances at them and looks away, still walking. He passes little mice playing hopscotch, looks, but keeps going. Far off we hear a violin playing a Russian-Jewish tune. FIEVEL stops. His ears prick up. His face brightens.

FIEVEL

Papa?

He listens with all his heart and starts to run in the direction of the music.

FIEVEL

Papa!!!

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT, BUSY STREET.

FIEVEL at the near curb runs across the street towards the MUSIC. He is nearly run over by a human size pushcart, almost gets trampled by a horse hoof, crushed by a trolley car, falls in a puddle (losing some smudges), runs, slips on a banana peel, slides, struggles up the other curb as the MUSIC gets louder. He scampers up a building front from window ledge to window ledge, past tiers of clothes lines, and totters across a high clothes line towards an open window, as the fiddle MUSIC gets louder and louder.

FIEVEL

(crossing the clothes line)

Papaaaa!

CUT TO: OPEN WINDOW AT END OF CLOTHES LINE.

We see where the music is coming from: a giant exponential phonograph horn facing out the window. An exhausted FIEVEL stops on the window ledge and looks up: he is tiny against the huge horn. He can't believe his eyes and ears. He hops up onto the lip of the bell and looks into the darkness.

FIEVEL

(cries plaintively: reverb)

Papooooo!

His face screws up. He sits down on the lip of the bell and just plain cries. After a particularly long sigh, he begins to slip back into the bell, disappearing into the machine. After some beats (do we see bulge as he passes through neck of horn) the music slows down. We see why:

CUT TO: REVOLVING GRAMOPHONE CYLINDER.

FIEVEL is clinging to it as it goes around, slowing the MUSIC. It wobbles and weaves.

HUMAN VOICE

(off)

What's wrong with that talking machine?

VOICE 2

(phobia panic, off)

It's a mouse!!!

FIEVEL, startled, leaps high in the air and hits the cylinder running on it like a log-roller. The MUSIC gets higher and faster as he runs faster. A thrown human slipper sails into frame and knocks him off the cylinder. He scampers out on the clothes line and is hit by another slipper.

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VOICE 2

(off)

Get away! Get away!

FIEVEL bounces downward from one clothes line to the next, through shirts, bloomers, etc. (he may fall into a sock and come out the hole in the toe, fall into long underwear and come out the seat flap). Falling, he desperately grabs at a handkerchief which slips off the line and parachutes him to the ground. As he lands, a human sloshes water on the ground, soaking him, and sweeps out the alley, sweeping FIEVEL onto a main street ....

CUT TO: HESTER STREET SIDEWALK, DAY.

FIEVEL comes washing out of the alley and spins on his belly at the feet of another mouse.

TONY  
(off)  
Hey! Mousekewitz!

We see that FIEVEL is lying at TONY's feet.

TONY  
(helps him up)  
You pardon the expression, you look like somethin' the cat dragged in. You okay?

FIEVEL gives a depressed nod.

TONY  
It's not my business, but you could get seriously lost. Stick with me.

FIEVEL looks up at him and takes his hand.

TONY  
(not used to any intimacy)  
Hey, we're not engaged ...

But he holds onto FIEVEL's hand as they walk off past SAM who is putting up a bright-lettered sign "SAM'S FRUIT STORE" over a tiny shop with fruit in boxes out front and a window sign "APPLES/BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE." He wears a proprietor's white apron and is better groomed than before. He steps back to admire his sign.

SAM  
It's a start!!!

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AS OF 2/11/85

The MOUSEKEWITZES cross pushing a tiny pushcart full of homemade shirts.

TANYA

... Why can't we try to find Fievel ... just try?

PAPA

Sha. Sha. You can't find what's not there.

SWISH PAN to somewhere else on the street to a tired FIEVEL who rides piggy-back on TONY.

TONY

... Awright, we'll start lookin' for your family over at the ---

TONY stops in his tracks, takes sharply at something off-camera, shooting up ramrod straight so that FIEVEL slides down his body to the ground. Love has hit TONY over the head. He moves off camera in a trance followed by FIEVEL.

FIEVEL

(puzzled)

Tony? Tony?

We hear the object of his infatuation, BRIDGET, an Irish-born mouse of sixteen-and-a-half. She has been an orphan for two years since her parents were killed in a cat raid. She is a warm-spirited, spontaneously, emotional little mouse whose natural reaction was to get immediately involved in the No-Cats movement for which she is a leading spokesmouse.

BRIDGET

(off, real Irish accent)

I ask you this ... are we gonna stand by and let cats wreck our homes ...

CUT TO: BRIDGET ON MATCH BOX

Next to her is a young mouse holding a sign "CAT'S UNFAIR!" A banner "MICE UNITE!" is behind her. A small mouse crowd faces her.

BRIDGET

(continued)

... our businesses and our lives...? If we all got together we could do something about the cats!

CROWD MICE

(ad lib, old country panic)

Shhh! Not so loud! They'll hear you! They're everywhere!

TONY is now at the front of the crowd and looks up adoringly at BRIDGET.

BRIDGET

This is America! We have free speech! You can say "cat" here!  
Cat! Cat! Cat!

TONY

(enthralled, at the same time)

... Cat! Cat!

Their eyes meet. Magic.

BRIDGET AND TONY

(softly, both blushing gently)

... cat.

TONY looks up at BRIDGET. They are practically nose to nose.

BRIDGET

(continues her speech just to him)

... so if we all got together we could do something about the cats ...

MUSIC: faintly, something like the "Liebestod" from "Tristan."

TONY

(still mesmerized)

... yeah, we should all get together ... about cats.

FIEVEL

(left out, and has a point to make, loudly)

But there are no cats in America!!!

As if in reply, a huge dark shadow falls over the entire group. All the mice look up, take in terror and get the hell out of there! FIEVEL, left behind in the panic looks after them. A huge, ferocious cat creeps up behind him, its face filling the background.

FIEVEL

My-Papa told me! Everyone knows it! There are no cats!

As the cat snarls, we hear amplified ten times, the terrible SOUND of a cat yowling with its back arched and tail bushed out just before a big, dirty fight. FIEVEL turns around, see the cat, leaps in the air. The cat catches FIEVEL in one paw, FIEVEL squirts up into the air and runs away.

CUT TO: ANGLE, MOTT STREET MAULERS, STREET, DAY.

From a low POV we see the MOTT STREET MAULERS, en masse, striding towards camera, filling the screen. The music and the cats' appearance and attitude should remind us of the catsacks raiding the shtetl. They are big, burly, musclebound cats wearing MOTT STREET MAULERS gang shirts with suspenders and bowler hats. They are battle-scarred alley cats with lop ears and eye patches and other proud souvenirs. One of them might be tattooed on the forearm "Mother" with a picture of a litter nursing. Danger music (read "Claws" for "Jaws") grows as they approach.

CUT TO: HESTER STREET, WIDE ANGLE.

We see the MAULERS approaching. In the foreground, MICE, some dressed like tradespeople (butchers, tailors, etc.), are scattering in all directions. A single MOUSE up in a barrel pops back down just in time as the MAULERS hit pushcart row, batting pushcarts aside, crushing them underfoot and chasing MICE this way and that, with the SOUND of splintering wood, crunches, squashes, clanks and tinkles.

CUT TO: MOUSE IN MOUSE BARREL.

A MAULER paw comes crashing down on it. At the last second, the barrel runs off on little mouse legs. The paw comes down on nothing and giant claws come out and grip the ground.

CUT TO: CAT WITH FRUIT PUSHCART.

A CAT picks up a mouse pushcart full of fruit with a sign saying "FRUIT." Holding the pushcart, he pours the fruit into his mouth like raisins and then crushes the pushcart in his paw, then tosses the remains aside.

CUT TO: ANOTHER PART OF THE STREET.

A MAULER chases a MOUSE up towards a human barrel. The MOUSE scampers up the side just before the CAT can get him. At the lip of the barrel, the MOUSE pauses to catch his breath, relieved. A CAT is waiting right behind it, eyes agleam. It bats the MOUSE off the barrel. The MOUSE goes sailing through the air, hits a street wall and slumps to the pavement amid several other dazed and unconscious MICE.

CUT TO: CAT HOLDING MOUSE.

A CAT holds a MOUSE up in the air by the tail, laughing at its distress.

CAT VOICE  
(over, gleeful yell)  
Heyyyyy, let's hit Mulberry Street!

CUT TO: WIDE ANGLE, HESTER STREET.

We see the MAULERS from behind leaving Hester Street, destroying everything in sight, knocking aside the last few pushcarts with behind-the-back heel kicks. The last MAULER has a clothesline full of mouse clothing snagged on its thrashing tail. We hear evil laughter echoing behind them as they depart, leaving the wreckage of mouse Hester Street: smashed and overturned pushcarts, clothing and food strewn everywhere; barrels on their sides; business signs on the ground (including "SAM'S FRUIT") or hanging slack. Except for one spinning pushcart wheel, no motion, absolute silence. Slowly mouse heads peek out from unexpected places.

CUT TO: HESTER STREET, FRONT OF HUMAN SHOE STORE.

Human shoes are lined up on the sidewalk near where BRIDGET spoke before the raid. There is a pair of woman's shoes. Shaking with fear, BRIDGET rises cautiously from one of them, her dress torn, her hair mussed. TONY, in the same state, rises from the other shoe. They notice each other.

TONY

You all right?

BRIDGET

(nods)

Are you?

TONY

(nods, looks around, concerned)

Where's Fievel?

(climbs out of shoe)

I gotta find him. He's just a kid.

BRIDGET climbs out of her shoe. We hear muffled sounds. The "MICE UNITE!" banner is on the ground nearby. The sounds come from under the banner. There is a squirming lump beneath the banner, making the sounds. TONY and BRIDGET pull the banner off to reveal FIEVEL, struggling with his hat which is pulled completely down over his face.

TONY

Mousekewitz!

They lift his hat up.

FIEVEL

(angry and disillusioned)

There are cats here! Wait'll I tell Papa!

(remembers)

If I find him ....

TONY

(softly to BRIDGET)

He's lookin' for his family ...

BRIDGET

Poor thing ... Wait a minute! Honest John! At Tammany Hall! He knows every mouse in the city. He'll know where your family is!

FIEVEL

(excited)

He will???

TONY

Told you to stick with me, kid ...

BRIDGET

Come on!

She takes FIEVEL by the hand. TONY takes his other hand. TONY and BRIDGET exchange a look, blush and walk off past a frightened MOUSE just struggling out of a pile of rubble, then past a tin can, and off. There are NOISES in the tin can and the lid finally pops off. Up come the MOUSEKEWITZES, also scared. PAPA has a bump on his head, MAMA has a black eye. Their homemade shirts are strewn, ripped, around the can.

MAMA

Well, Mister There-Are-No-Cats-In-America????????

PAPA

Nobody's perfect ...

(and/or equivalent gesture)

SLOW DISSOLVE TO: PARLOR OF HUMBLE MOUSE ABODE.

We hear sad Irish pipe MUSIC, a sweet dirge. We see lying on a table, in his best suit, a recently deceased young Irish MOUSE. Friends comfort his young widow, all in black, seated nearby. Background noise of conversation: elsewhere in the room MICE, including a priest, are smoking pipes, eating and drinking around a table, as is customary at a wake.

FIREMOUSE

(to widow)

He was a brave lad. He died fighting cats.

TONY, BRIDGET and FIEVEL into frame. BRIDGET is looking around the room for HONEST JOHN.

BRIDGET

There's Honest John!

They start across the room.

CUT TO: ANOTHER PART OF THE ROOM, HONEST JOHN AND POLICE MOUSE.

HONEST JOHN, the big mouse from Tammany Hall is in his nattiest funeral wear: a cutaway coat, waistcoat and watch chain, creamy white shirt with black 1880's bowtie. He carries a shiny black top hat. His flower is wilted.

HONEST JOHN

Look at me flower. It's my third wake today and I'm not finished!

POLICE MOUSE

We gotta do something about them cats.

HONEST JOHN

Besides paying Warren T. Rat for no protection.

CUT TO: DEAD MOUSE.

HONEST JOHN

(over)

Poor lad, so young. Never had a chance to vote. Well, he'll vote from now on. I'll see to that.

CUT TO: HONEST JOHN. BRIDGET, FIEVEL AND TONY ARE THERE.

BRIDGET

(opens her mouth)

Hone--

She is interrupted by a blast from across the room. It is the voice of GUSSIE MAUSHEIMER (Madeline Kahn). She speaks in a German accent but with Marlene Dietrich "r"s and Barbara Walters "l"s.

GUSSIE

(with disdain, off)

"Honest" John!

Everyone turns and looks. Someone drops a drinking glass.

FIREMOUSE

(whispered awe, loud)

It's Gussie Mausheimer!

TONY

The richest and most powerful mouse in New York! What's she doin' in this part of town?

CUT TO: GUSSIE MAUSHEIMER, CROSSING ROOM.

GUSSIE, a pillar of the German community is the wealthy endower of the Mausheimer Museum, Library, Park, Hospital and Home for Wayward Mice. She is a rather nice snob who gives her money away and is ferociously involved in good works without any understanding of what poverty is all about. She is tastefully dressed in the best style of the 1880's, maybe with fur-trimmed dress and hat and muff (it is October).

GUSSIE stops on her way toward HONEST JOHN and looks at the corpse.

GUSSIE

There's a dead mouse on that table!

HONEST JOHN

(coming to meet her)

It's an Irish custom, Gussie. The cats got him today.

GUSSIE

Pwecisely why I am here to see you. Today was the worst ever. Those cats are kiwwing evewyone! They don't even know the diffewence between wich and poor! The wetches!

HONEST JOHN

Well, what can I do?

GUSSIE

I want you to help me. We must have a wawwy!

HONEST JOHN

A wawwy?

FIREMOUSE

(whispering to POLICE MOUSE)

What's a wawwy?

GUSSIE

You know ... a wawwy. A warge gathewing of mice for a weason

...

HONEST JOHN

Oh ... a rally!

GUSSIE

That's what I said ... a wawwy.

(deep sigh of disdain).

Tomowwow. At Mausheimer Park. We will all decide what to do. I'll bwing the uptown mice. You bwing the mice from downtown.

HONEST JOHN

Done.

GUSSIE starts off, stops by the WIDOW, pulls a wad of money out of her purse and hands it to the bereaved mouse.

GUSSIE

Pwease ... get him a coffin and buwy him.

She stwides out. BUZZ of mouse conversation.

CUT TO: BRIDGET, FIEVEL.

BRIDGET

At last we're all getting together about the cats.

FIEVEL is tugging at her sleeve.

FIEVEL

(the forgotten mouse)

Bridget?

BRIDGET

Oh! Fievel! Honest John, he's lost his family. By any chance, do you know the Mousekewitzes?

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HONEST JOHN  
Are they registered to vote?

BRIDGET  
They just got off the boat.

HONEST JOHN  
Sorry, don't know them yet.

FIEVEL droops and walks off.

HONEST JOHN  
Poor little fella.  
(bright idea)  
Maybe they'll come to the rally tomorrow. We'll make an  
announcement.

CUT TO: FIEVEL, DEPRESSED. AND TIRED. HE YAWNS.

DISSOLVE TO: BRIDGET'S LITTLE MOUSE ROOM, NIGHT. BRIDGET, FIEVEL.

We are inside BRIDGET'S little room that is part of a human dormer window. There is a small inviting bed. By it is a stand with a pitcher and bowl and a tintype of BRIDGET's parents, Irish immigrant mice, lit by a bedside candle. Nearby is a window that has a full view of the sky and that leads out onto the roof. FIEVEL's clothes -- except his hat --- hang over a chair. FIEVEL now has on a too-large night shirt and his hat. BRIDGET is tucking him into bed. MUSIC: Distant hurdy-gurdy music, part of street sounds.

BRIDGET

You sure you want to sleep in your hat, now?

FIEVEL nods sleepily, focuses on the tintype.

FIEVEL

Who's that?

BRIDGET

My mother and father.

FIEVEL

Where are they?

BRIDGET

The cats got them two years ago November.

FIEVEL

(eyes widen)

Oh.

BRIDGET

Now, don't you worry. Yours are all right. And they're out there somewhere. Somewhere in this city. We'll keep looking for them. Now get some sleep.

BRIDGET kisses FIEVEL, blows out the candle and leaves the room. Moonlight pours into the room from the window. We see FIEVEL sitting up, looking at the window.

BRIDGET

(over, reverb)

... they're out there somewhere ...

FIEVEL gets out of bed, walks to the window and steps outside onto the roof.

CUT TO: ROOF, NIGHT. FIEVEL.

FIEVEL is on a little flat place outside the mouse window by the dormer looking at a panorama of the city under a full moon. MUSIC: Distant hurdy-gurdy now louder. It is the opening accompaniment of the song. He looks up at the big full moon and says:

FIEVEL

Where???

CUT TO: MOON IN STARRY SKY.

In the circle of the moon, we see the face of the Mouse in the Moon appear faintly. We see FIEVEL and the moon as FIEVEL sings a verse of "Mister Mouse in the Moon" asking it if it can see his family and will tell them that he is all alone and misses them.

We TILT up to the MOON and down across city to somewhere far away. We see TANYA, also under the stars, on a human-size window ledge next to the Mousekewitzes hole-in-the-wall. Over underscore, we hear PAPA's violin finishing a melancholy little tune, and he sighs.

TANYA

Papa, you never play Fievel's favorite tune any more.

PAPA  
(heartbroken)  
And I never will again.

TANYA  
But Papa, if you play, he might hear it and come home.

PAPA  
(eternal patience)  
Tanya, he is never coming home.

He gives a deep sigh and leaves the window as MUSIC leads to second stanza.

TANYA  
(looking out at the city)  
Fievel?

TANYA looks up at the Mouse in the Moon and sings her verse, asking if it can see FIEVEL and lead him home. Then they sing part of a verse together, two little mice facing each other in silhouette against a huge yellow moon with the face of a mouse.

CUT TO: FIEVEL ALONE ON ROOF AS BEFORE.

CUT TO: BRIDGET'S ROOM.

Back in bed and sleepy, FIEVEL sings the last few lines of the song gazing upward at moonlight streaming in the window. He falls asleep and the song ends without him.

CUT TO: CLOSE UP OF SHIP'S FOG HORN, DAY.

We hear deafening BLARE of fog horn. The horn vibrates with the sound. We hear the murmuring of a million mice and occasional wildcat cheers. We hear some BOAT WHISTLES, as we:

PULL FROM: FOG HORN OF A BOAT DOCKED AT THE BATTERY TO WIDE SHOT OF MOUSE RALLY AT MAUSHEIMER PARK (THE MOUSE CORNER OF BATTERY PARK).

We see acres of mice of all nations and races. DETAILS OF: signs held up with the phrases "MICE UNITE" and/or "CATS UNFAIR" in English, Italian, Yiddish, Russian, German, Polish. The crowd faces away from New York Bay. Behind them are docked ships and farther out (but strongly seen) the now almost-finished Statue of Liberty; only the head and the arm with the torch are still missing. In front of the crowd is a dais where the rally leaders stand. As we pan from the rear to the front we see clearly the MOUSEKEWITZES standing on a dock way at the rear. Behind them is a big ship. In front of them is a huge mouse, blocking their view.

CUT TO: FRONT ROW OF CROWD. TONY, BRIDGET, FIEVEL.

We see TONY, BRIDGET, FIEVEL in front row, looking up at dais as we hear GUSSIE MAUSHEIMER yelling through a megaphone.

GUSSIE .

(over)

Attention, pweasel! ... Attention, pweasel! ...

CUT TO: DAIS.

GUSSIE stands up with megaphone, dressed in a less formal but high fashion '80's rally outfit. Next to her stands HONEST JOHN, who is whispering in her ear. Sitting behind them are a police chief, a fire chief and a nurse, all mice.

GUSSIE

Before we start, I have an announcement! We are looking for  
the family of ...

(aside, to HONEST JOHN)

What was his name again?

HONEST JOHN

(to her)

Fievel Mouskewitz.

GUSSIE

(Yelling, into megaphone)

We are looking for ...

CUT TO: THE MOUSEKEWITZES

GUSSIE

(over, distant)

... the family of ...

Behind the MOUSEKEWITZES, the BOAT HORN BLOWS, drowning out the name,  
as the boat slowly pulls away from the dock. The MOUSEKEWITZES look at  
each other and shrug.

GUSSIE

(over, audible again)

... so please come forward, he's waiting for you...

CUT TO: DAIS, GUSSIE.

GUSSIE

Now! ... You all know why we are here!

CROWD MOUSE

(off)

No! Why????

GUSSIE

Well ... we have got to do something about these cats.

CROWD MICE

(VERY loud)

Shhhhhh!

CROWD MOUSE

(Yells)

NOT SO LOUD!

GUSSIE

As you know, I have dedicated my wife to helping those wess fortunate than myself ... Evewyone! I have given you the Mausheimer libwowy, the Mausheimer hospital, the Mausheimer school, the Mausheimer park and the Mausheimer Home for Wayward Mice! But what are they worth without fwedom?!?!?!?!?

Agitated murmur from crowd.

GUSSIE

Why did we come to Amewica? For Fwedom!

Bigger murmur from crowd.

GUSSIE

Why are they building that statue? What does it stand for??  
Fwedom!

Still bigger murmur.

GUSSIE

So what do we want????

MASSED MICE

FWEDOM!!!

GUSSIE

Wight! Fwedom to do something about those cats!

CROWD MOUSE

What can we do???

CROWD MOUSE

We can't do anything!!!

CROWD MOUSE

They're bigger than we are!!!

GUSSIE

So? If we all work together we have nothing to be afwaid of!!!  
Come on!!! I ask you ... Are we men or are we mice?????

ALL MICE

(loud, enthusiastic, with her)

WE'RE MICE!!!!

Everybody cheers. Hats fly in the air, signs wave.

GUSSIE

(yells over cheering)

So what are we going to do about those cats????

Cheering OUT. Dead silence. We hear a pin drop.

GUSSIE

Well? Any ideas?

Uncomfortable crowd murmurs.

FIEVEL  
(from nearby)  
The Giant Mouse of Minsk!

GUSSIE  
The .....????

FIEVEL  
Giant Mouse of Minsk. It was tall as a tree and its tail was a  
mile long and it scared all the cats away.

Condescending laughter on the dais.

FIRE MOUSE  
(chuckling)  
A giant mouse!

POLICE MOUSE  
Cute little fellow!

NURSE  
Fairy tales!

GUSSIE is laughing, too. She stops, thoughtful.

GUSSIE  
Wait a minute. I think the wittle fellow has got something!

She whispers something to HONEST JOHN. His face lights up and he  
whispers to POLICE CHIEF. All on the dais whisper excitedly, as the  
sweatshop workers did. MUSIC builds under into music of the Trojan Mouse  
montage.

GUSSIE  
(Yells into megaphone)  
We have a pwan!

All the mice cheer.

Action MUSIC continues.

WIPE TO: A LONG STREET THAT SLOPES DOWN TO THE BATTERY AND HARBOR.

At the top of the hill stands GUSSIE, dressed for action in a fashionable riding habit, brandishing a crop. Three or four MICE stagger in with pebbles on their backs. GUSSIE points at a place by the curb. The MICE drop their burdens making a little pile of rocks.

CUT TO: PUSHCART WHEEL ON PAYEMENT.

We see a human size pushcart wheel (part of a pushcart). On the ground a horde of mice are straining to start it rolling by pushing on one side of the wheel. They are having no luck because there is a large stick blocking the wheel on the other side. They finally notice this and all go and haul away the stick: it is a struggle. When the stick is out of the way, the pushcart starts rolling on its own, and the mice chase after it.

CUT BACK TO: LONG BARRICADE STREET.

The little pile of rocks has become a bigger pile of rocks and boards which lines both sides of the street from the foreground down to the Battery pier where a boat is docked. The barricades rise several feet before our eyes as pixillated-seeming mice scamper in to dump boards and rocks and leave: the ants are building the pyramids.

CUT TO: A SWEATSHOP.

MICE at sewing machines sew together cloth scraps to make what seems to be an immense irregular patchwork quilt, clearly stitched together (it will be the giant mouse's skin). They are excited about their work for a change and work very fast.

CUT TO: BARRICADE STREET.

Barricades quickly rise several feet.

CUT TO: TONY AND BRIDGET ATOP BARRICADES.

At the end of a pass-on chain, BRIDGET hands pebbles up to TONY who adds them to the top of the barricade. As she does it their hands meet on a pebble. They look at each other and BLUSH over the pebble.

CUT TO: A WORK AREA, GIANT INFLATED BALLOON.

A huge inflated balloon will be the giant mouse's nose. Mice are lined up taking turns blowing into the pinched-down nozzle, and staggering off, as the balloon gets a bit larger. A big chesty MOUSE inhales deeply, steps up to the nozzle, blows hard, face gets red, he inhales, the balloon backs up and inflates him into a giant mouse balloon that goes raspberrying off into the air.

CUT TO: A MOUSE FACTORY BUILDING "SAM'S FRUIT EMPORIUM."

In the front of a human factory building is a mouse factory with several stories of windows, proudly labelled at the top in commercial letters "SAM'S FRUIT EMPORIUM." SAM, now dressed in a period business suit with bowler hat, holds the front door open as his EMPLOYEE MICE stream out with empty fruit boxes and crates for the barricades, as SAM points the way.

CUT TO: FOOT OF BARRICADES.

MOUSE EMPLOYEE arrives with SAM'S FRUIT box and hands it to MOUSE on pass-on chain.

CUT TO: ANGLE, BARRICADE STREET.

The barricades are high and still growing. PUSH on GUSSIE atop the wall surveying the results.

GUSSIE  
(proudly)  
E Pwuribus Unum!

CUT TO: ANOTHER PART OF THE BARRICADES, DAY. FIEVEL, THE MOUSEKEWITZES.

Montage MUSIC out. We see a cross section of a street barricade. On one side of it FIEVEL is carrying a piece of rubble to the top. On the other side, the MOUSEKEWITZES (MAMA cradling YASHA on one arm) are rolling a stone up towards the top. It seems inevitable that they all will meet at the top. Both stop to rest a second, then resume. As they approach the top we hear, off, a faint violin playing Kreutzer etudes pretty badly. FIEVEL stops climbing to listen.

CUT TO: FIEVEL, MCU.

FIEVEL

(listens)

Papa....?

He shakes his head: it can't be. He starts to climb again, listens, stops. It could be Papa. He starts down the hill after the sound.

CUT TO: CROSS SECTION, BARRICADES.

Just as FIEVEL disappears from frame, the MOUSEKEWITZES arrive at the top of the heap, drop their stone and look around.

CUT TO: STREET, FIEVEL.

FIEVEL on the track of the music approaches a hole in the street that it is coming from, stops, then pops into the hole.

CUT TO: UNDERGROUND.

We see FIEVEL following the music on a spooky journey through underground tunnels as the music on reverb gets closer and closer amid the sound of dripping water and strange echos. He arrives at a door that says "MOTT STREET MAULERS/NO DOGS ALLOWED." FIEVEL peeks through a small window beside it.

CUT TO: HIS POY, THE MAULERS HEADQUARTERS. THE MAULERS.

We see four MAULERS, including the very tough looking TIGER (Dom DeLuise) sitting around a table with chips, holding card hands. TIGER gets very excited.

TIGER

Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! I got it! I got it!

He lays down his cards face up.

TIGER

Rummy!!!!

General groans.

MAULER

We're playin' poker, Tiger.

TIGER

(defensive, embarrassed)

I knew that! I knew that! But who can concentrate with that noise.

MAULER

Hey, Tiger. When the boss plays it's culture.

SLOW PAN TO "THE BOSS."

The boss who is playing the violin so badly is none other than WARREN T. RAT.

CUT TO: FIEVEL AT WINDOW. HIS EYES WIDEN AT THIS.

CUT TO: WARREN T. PLAYING FIDDLE.

WARREN T.

"If music be the food of love, Play on, MacDuff!".....

DIGIT is up in WARREN's breast pocket, wincing.

DIGIT

(holding his head)

I don't know which is worse ... the music or the Shakespeare.

A bad break in the music as WARREN's bowing arm hits his long rat nose.

WARREN

Rats! This nose keeps getting in the way!

DIGIT

(eagerly)

You could stop playing.

WARREN puts down the fiddle, stands up and steps to a mirror.

WARREN

I've never known a cockroach with good taste! But I've known plenty that taste good!

DIGIT pops down into WARREN's pocket.

WARREN, in front of mirror, seizes himself by the nose and peels off his heavy rat disguise revealing that he is a CAT! Behind him, reflected in the mirror, FIEVEL has watched all this and now looks shocked as WARREN T. fluffs out his cat jowls. Suddenly WARREN stops as he sees FIEVEL watching in the mirror. Their eyes meet: WARREN's turn to coals of fire. FIEVEL looks terrified and vanishes from the window.

AN AMERICAN TAIL  
SEQUENCE 022

AS OF 2/21/85

4

WARREN  
(turns to face the MAULERS)  
Gentlemen, the cat's out of the bag.  
(points)  
Bring me that mouse!

The MAULERS vie to get out the door first. TIGER is last out.

TIGER  
Lemme at 'im! Lemme at 'im! I'll kill 'im. I'll kill 'im.

CUT TO: HOLE IN THE STREET.

FIEVEL comes racing out of the hole near the barricades, panting. He stops to catch his breath and looks back into the gaping hole. Nothing is after him. He sighs, relieved, and turns away. Just as he does, a giant paw sweeps out of the hole and pulls him back into the darkness.

We are still on the hole in the street. The light turns slowly to dusk as we hear the distant TAPPING of a snare drum in a military beat. Camera pans past the barricade walls to look up the street at a jerry-built high wooden wall athwart the street which conceals "the secret weapon." We see a small group of mice atop the wall and PUSH on them.

DISSOLVE TO: TOP OF WALL, DUSK.

We see GUSSIE and a group of capable and important looking mice, some of them in Union Army uniforms. From where they are there is a view down the street between the finished barricades to the pier at the battery with the ship in dock.

GUSSIE stands by a big alarm clock, going through the anti-cat plan of action for the fifth time.

GUSSIE

Now, once more. There is the boat.  
(she points with her riding crop)

CUT TO: FLASH OF BOAT AT FOOT OF STREET.

CUT TO: GUSSIE

GUSSIE

The boat whistle blows at six o'clock in the morning, and that is when we must rewease the secret weapon!

A lot of "hear, hear!" noise from the MICE.

GUSSIE

Sol! ... The cats must be here at six on the dot, not a moment before or after. Now, I am setting the awarm for a quarter to six, see?

CUT TO: HER HAND SETS CLOCK TO QUARTER OF SIX.

CUT TO: GUSSIE.

She is facing a special group of natty very military COMMANDO MICE, standing nobly at attention.

GUSSIE

When the awarm goes off, you go to get the cats ... and what do you do to make them come here?????

The COMMANDO MICE in military unison thumb their ears and:

MICE

Nya! Nya! Nya!

GUSSIE

Wight. And they will chase you back here and that is when we -----?

GUSSIE AND GROUP

REWEASE THE SECWET WEAPON!

They all cheer. We hear a bugle start BLOWING "Taps."

GUSSIE

Now get some sweep. We have a wong day ahead.

CUT TO: GLORY SHOT, STREET TOWARDS PIER, DUSK.

As "Taps" continues, MICE on the barricades drop the last few stones and settle down for the night.

DISSOLVE TO: SAME LOCATION AND SHOT, EARLY DAWN LIGHT.

Mice are SNORING on the barricades.

CUT TO: ALARM CLOCK.

It ticks loudly. It shows five a.m.

FAST DISSOLVE TO: MAULERS HEADQUARTERS.

FIEVEL is locked in a small barred cage or prison cell, guarded by a sleeping MAULER. FIEVEL is slumped dejectedly in the corner of his cell as TIGER enters to relieve the sentry.

TIGER

(shaking cat by shoulder)

Hey! Wake up! Wake up!

MAULER opens its eyes.

TIGER

Go get some sleep.

MAULER stumbles out as TIGER sits down on guard stool

TIGER

(to FIEVEL)

I'm your guard, Tiger. So don't make any funny moves. Cause I'm crafty and I'm quick. Like a cat. Cause I am a cat!

FIEVEL starts to sniff unhappily.

TIGER

(upset by FIEVEL crying)

Hey! Watch it! Don't start that!

(a beat)

Is it something I said? Hey, be happy! C'mon what have you got to cry about?

FIEVEL

I can't get out of here, and I have to so I can find my family.

TIGER

(starting to sniffle)

You lost your family?

FIEVEL nods.

TIGER

(crying)

Oh, No!!!! That's terrible!

FIEVEL can't believe a cat is acting like this.

TIGER

(blubbering)

Y'know I lost my family, too. Years ago. Eight brothers. Ten sisters. Three fathers...

FIEVEL

(comforting him)

You'll find them...

TIGER

(Hyperventilating)

You, uh, think, huh, so? Gee, you're nice. Y'know I don't have anything against mice. I like them. Not like that. I don't eat them. I'm a vegetarian! A little fish now and t

FIEVEL looks depressed as TIGER rambles on.

TIGER

..but what I really like, is some nice broccoli and...  
(notices FIEVEL's mood).

Hey, cheer up, you'll find your family too!

FIEVEL

Not while I'm in here.

TIGER looks in both directions.

TIGER

...Tell you what...

Opens the cell lock with his keys.

TIGER

(whispers, his head averted)

I'm lookin' away. I don't see a thing.

Looking away he opens the cage door. A very loud alarm goes off.  
TIGER panics instantly.

TIGER

Where'd that come from??? Quick, get outta here!

FIEVEL runs out of cage, hugs TIGER quickly.

FIEVEL

Thank you, Tiger.

TIGER

No! Don't thank me! Just beat it! Hurry!

Exit FIEVEL. Enter immediately WARRENT and some MAULERS.

TIGER

(continued)

Run! Quick!

(sees the MAULERS. Doesn't miss a beat)

Help! Help! Help!

WARREN T.

How'd he get away????

TIGER

He overpowered me!

MAULERS run off after FIEVEL.

WARREN T.

(to TIGER)

You're fired. Turn in your shirt.

Exit WARRENT back into MAULER clubhouse. More MAULERS cross running after FIEVEL.

TIGER

(after WARREN T.)

Good! I'm glad! It wasn't any fun and I never liked you!

You little runt!

(to passing MAULERS)

So long, fellas. Good luck.

CUT TO: UNDERGROUND TUNNELS

MAULERS chase FIEVEL back up through the tunnels that first brought him underground. Action MUSIC.

CUT TO: HOLE IN THE STREET.

FIEVEL scampers out of the street hole and runs up hill between the barricades. With a HOWL, the MAULERS pour out of the same hole pursuing FIEVEL.

CUT TO: BARRICADES.

We see the MICE still snoring away.

CUT TO: STREET. LONG SHOT TOWARDS BATTLEMENT WALL.

We see FIEVEL nearing the base of the wall pursued by MAULERS far behind, HOWLING.

CUT TO: BATTLEMENT WALL.

Atop the wooden wall across the street, GUSSIE is awakened by the noise looks below in horror. Next to her is the alarm clock which reads almost a quarter to six. Nearby sleep the COMMANDO MICE.

GUSSIE

(peering over the parapet)

It's the cats!

(looks at the clock)

They're early! What'll we do???

(loudly)

Wake up! Everybody! Wake up!

The alarm clock goes off. The COMMANDO MICE still half asleep leap to attention, waggle their thumbs in their ears and go:

COMMANDO MICE

Nya, nya, nya!!!

The bugler, off starts playing a RAGGED REVEILLE. FIEVEL goes flying over the parapet, just missed by a cat paw which slips back down.

GUSSIE

(smites her forehead, groans)

The best-waid pwans of mice oft go estway!

CUT TO: STREET, SHOT TOWARDS BATTLEMENT WALL.

The MAULERS have reached the wall and are leaping up it, trying to get a grip and scale over.

CUT TO: GUSSIE ON WALL.

She is rallying the MICE on the battlements.

GUSSIE

Aw wight, twoops! We must keep the cats here until the whistle bwows!

A cat paw whips over the wall right next to her, the claws barely missing her and then hooking onto the wall.

GUSSIE

(whacking the paw with her riding crop)

And hold them off!

Mouse bugler sounds CHARGE. MICE nearby rally and start turning rocks down at the cats. INTERCUT shots of cats leaping and being pelted, with shots of MICE throwing rocks, using slingshots, etc. An occasional cat claw or top of head comes over the wall and slips or is beaten back.

Suddenly, suprisingly, the HOWL of cats stops.

CUT TO: GUSSIE ON BATTLEMENTS.

GUSSIE

(with obvious disdain)

Hold your fire! It's that wat, Wawwen T.

CUT TO: DOWN ANGLE, WARREN T. RAT BELOW THE BATTLEMENTS.

WARREN T., again in his rat disguise, stands below. The MAULERS, still making growling noises, have withdrawn behind him. WARREN T. gives the impression he is restraining them.

WARREN T.

Back! Back! Back, you animals!

(to mice above, projecting)

Friends!...Friends!

GUSSIE

What do you want now...as if we didn't know.

WARREN T.

To help, as usual. Just throw down all your money and, oh, yes that little mouse, and I will personally convince these cats to leave you alone.

The MAULERS surge and go GRRRRRR!

GUSSIE

Ha!...Ha! Ha! Ha! We've paid you and paid you, but it never helped.

CUT TO: FIEVEL AND TONY

FIEVEL

(loudly)

You know why? He's not a rat! He's a cat! With a mask!  
He's their boss!

TONY

(holding slingshot)

Yeah?

TONY takes aim and shoots down.

CUT TO: WARREN T.

WARREN T.

Pay no attention to that little mouse...

We hear a missile WHISTLE. The stone from TONY'S slingshot knocks off his fake rat nose. We hear a mass gasp from the mice above.

WARREN T.

(all aplomb)

Disregard the nose. What's in a nose. A nose by any other name would smell--

A second missile knocks his hat off and his rat ears fall away. He's undoubtedly a cat.

WARREN T.

---as sweet...

MICE

(en masse, off)

HE'S A CAT!!!!!!!

WARREN T.

(last ditch stand)

Hey! Who are you going to believe, me or your own eyes?

The MICE pelt him with debris from above.

WARREN T.

(being pelted)

Then I take it we can't do business...?

GUSSIE

Wawwen, you're through! Washed up! Wuined!!! Once we spread the word, you'll never get another cent from any mouse anywhere!

WARREN T.

We'll see about that.

He takes out a match, lights it on his leering teeth and sets fire to the base of the wall. MAULERS laugh evilly.

CUT TO: TOP OF WALL.

MICE running in all directions yelling "Fire!" GUSSIE tries to keep order.

GUSSIE

Keep calm! Don't panic! The whistle's gonna blow!

I'ts almost time to welease the weapon!

(hysterically)

Pweese!!! Stay calm!!! Wike me!!!

CUT TO: CU CLOCK.

Hand jumps to 5:57.

CUT TO: WALL FROM BELOW

The flames are climbing up the wall as mice run back and forth on top. The MAULERS gleefully watch from below.

MAULERS

Jump! Jump!

We INTERCUT mice panicking on wall, clock moving closer to six, flames climbing as MAULERS gloat, hungry MAULER faces in close-up, hysterical MICE running right at camera, clock coming to six.

CUT TO: BOAT WHISTLE.

It blows.

CUT TO: GUSSIE, SHOT HEROICALLY FROM BELOW.

GUSSIE

(reverb)

Rewase the secret weapon!

MUSIC: Military excitement music, building slowly to later climax.

CUT TO: STREET BEHIND BATTLEMENT WALL.

We see a crowd of mice pulling against a span of tiny ropes that go diagonally up out of frame. Whatever they are trying to haul is not moving yet. Tiny grunts and groans.

CUT TO: SAME, A HUMAN PUSHCART WHEEL.

The mice have rigged up a tongue which fits over the rear of a wheel hub and can be pushed from behind and lower down by crossbars connected to the other end. Tiers of MICE strain against the crossbars trying to budge the wheel with no success yet.

CUT TO: LONG SHOT, BURNING BATTLEMENT WALL.

Mice on top of wall are scampering off it towards the barricades lining the street. MAULERS are laughing and gloating.

CUT TO: MICE PULLING ROPES.

Something gives and we hear a slow axle squeal as the straining mice inch forward. MUSIC says, something is starting.

CUT TO: MICE PUSHING WHEEL.

The wheel just starts to move. We hear another squeak and various suggestive creaks from somewhere around or above.

CUT TO: MICE PULLING ROPES.

They are up to walking speed.

CUT TO: MICE PUSHING WHEEL.

They are going fast and break into a run. The tongue drops off the wheel hub as wheel rolls out of frame.

CUT TO: MICE PULLING ROPES.

The ropes they are pulling go slack: what they are pulling is catching up fast. The mice scatter as we hear a rumble of wheels and various structural creaks and groans and a series of pushcart wheels roll through the frame. MUSIC is building.

CUT TO: FRONT SHOT, BURNING BATTLEMENT WALL.

The rumble grows louder, everything starts to shake, a few boards fall off the wall. The MAULERS stop laughing and start worrying. FLASH SHOTS puzzled MAULER faces.

CUT TO: WALL ALMOST FILLING FRAME.

The wall shatters before our eyes, as the MUSIC explodes, too. Burning boards fly past camera in all directions as the GIANT MOUSE OF MINSK crashes through.

INSERT SHOT: We see FIEVEL on the wall, fly up into the air and out of frame.

The MOUSE is at least three stories tall and has the word MINSK in large letters on its chest. Its skin is a giant patchwork of many colors sewn by a thousand mice, its nose is the huge balloon, with huge ears to scale and somewhat menacing teeth. It rolls on a huge platform made from a dozen or more human pushcarts nailed together. It rolls and wallows hugely in the air like a Thanksgiving Day balloon, except that it is a runaway, advancing on the cats at a high rate of speed.

CUT TO: MAULERS AND WARREN T.

They look up terrified at the GIANT MOUSE looming above them, about to run them down. They turn tail, and run down the hill between the barricades towards the pier and the boat at the other end. MICE on the barricades cheer as they run past.

CUT TO: LONG SHOT, THE STREET, UPHILL.

In the foreground, the MAULERS run towards the camera, behind them the GIANT MOUSE is gaining.

CUT TO: LONG SHOT STREET, DOWNHILL.

The MOUSE chases the MAULERS towards the dock. The boat WHISTLE BLOWS and the boat starts to inch from the pier.

CUT TO: SIDE SHOT, BOAT LEAVING PIER.

As the gap between the boat and the pier widens, the MAULERS sprint into frame and leap through the air onto the fantail of the ship, just making it. WARREN T., lost, leaps and misses. The MAULERS throw him a life line and start hauling him in. The GIANT MOUSE rolls into frame and topples into the water.

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CUT TO: REAR VIEW, SHIP PULLING AWAY.

We see the ship's name on the stern "OCEAN PRINCESS/HONG KONG," as we PULL to see a crowd of cheering MICE on the pier and shore. The cats have left America!

CUT TO: BOAT.

The MAULERS haul the dripping WARREN T. over the gunwale. Soaking wet, he has a toothpick body, more runty than ever. He is coughing and sputtering. As they help him to his feet, he angrily shakes their hands off. He shakes himself, throwing water, but still looks spiky wet.

WARREN T.

(shakes fist at shore)

Some day, Gussie Mausheimer, some day ....! You, too, Mousekewitz. All of you! I hate mice!

As punctuation, a waterlogged DIGIT pops up in his breast pocket, spits a stream of water and collapses over the edge of the pocket. WARREN T. realizes he has lost his cool, pulls himself up, wrings out his cigar, puts it in his mouth and speaks to his troops.

WARREN T.

Don't worry, gentlemen, there are plenty of mice in Hong Kong.

CUT TO: SHIP HEADING FOR THE HORIZON.

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We hear distant cheers of mice and scappella singing of "There Are No Cats In America" as:

WARREN T.

(over)

I wonder how you say "trust me" in Chinese ....?

CUT TO: PIER AND SHORE.

The cheering and song are interrupted by the sound of fire engines and cries of "Fire!" and we see that the burning battlement has set a nearby building on fire. Human fire engines arrive at the fire. Pandemonium among the mice. Some run away, others start a bucket brigade while human firefighters do their work. We see BRIDGET and TONY moving through the mouse crowd, looking everywhere and yelling for FIEVEL.

CUT TO: FRONT OF BURNING BUILDING BY BARRICADES.

We see FIEVEL lying unconscious amid flames.

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CUT TO: FRONT OF BURNING BUILDING.

We see human FIREMEN's arms and hands aiming a pressure hose at the front of the building.

CUT TO: FIRE ENGINE.

We see FIREMEN hand-pumping on 19th Century fire hand pump.

CUT TO: NOZZLE OF HOSE.

Water leaps out.

CUT TO: FIEVEL IN FRONT OF BUILDING, DAY.

The stream of water picks him up, carries him through the front door, through the burning building and out a back door or window, then sends him sailing through the air to land in a gutter. He drifts down the gutter, like Ophelia, in the water from the hose. He is almost washed down a drain (research?), dangles on the grating and woozily wakes up, and coughs a puff of smoke. Battered by water, choked by smoke, he wanders off in a daze. We see him staggering down back streets, sometimes turning 360 degrees before heading off on a diagonal. He finally staggers into a side alley.

CUT TO: ALLEY.

In the corner of the alley is a pile of straw with a few match boxes and mouse barrels strewn on it. FIEVEL, battered, wet and smudged, collapses on the pile of straw, unconscious.

CUT TO: AREA NEAR FIRE.

There is a sidewalk with a tree. Up in the tree, leaning against the trunk with his feet up on a branch, munching some celery, is TIGER. The MOUSEKEWITZ FAMILY, PAPA puffing, enters below. PAPA stops for a breather.

PAPA

See, I told you there were no cats in America!

TIGER stops munching.

MAMA

Now.

We hear TONY and BRIDGET, off, calling: "FIEVEL! FIEVEL!"

TANYA

Papa! Listen! Someone is calling for Fievel!

PAPA

Somebody else's Fievel. Not ours.

TANYA drags him off by the hand as MAMA follows after with YASHA.

TANYA

C'mon, Papa, I just gotta see.

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They meet BRIDGET and TONY not too far from the tree.

BRIDGET

Fievel! Fievel!

PAPA

(to TANYA)

All right, I'm going to show you. I'm going to put a stop to this nonsense.

(to TONY and BRIDGET)

You are calling for a Fievel. But there are many Fievels in New York. Perhaps thousands. Which one are you calling?

TONY

Fievel Mousekewitz.

PAPA

(to TANYA, in unison)

See?

TANYA

(to PAPA, in unison)

See?

PAPA, a huge take.

PAPA

Did you say Mousekewitz??? Fievel Mousekewitz??? My son???

BRIDGET

It's the Mousekewitzes!!!!

TONY

He's been lookin' everywhere for you.

PAPA

(to MAMA and TANYA)

He's alive! He's alive!

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They dance in a circle, hugging and shouting "He's alive!" They stop for breath.

PAPA  
(can't wait)  
Now, where is he?

BRIDGET  
Lost.

TONY  
That's why we're lookin' for him....

PAPA  
(can't wait)  
Let's look! Let's look!

They all go off yelling for FIEVEL, passing under the tree.

CUT TO: TIGER IN THE TREE.

TIGER  
(excited, stands up)  
My little friend! That's his family! I could help find him!

Tries to start climbing down, grabbing the trunk, reaching blindly with a foot.

TIGER  
How'd I get up here? How do I get down? I have an idea....  
(yells)  
Heeeeeelp!

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DISSOLVE TO: ALLEY, NIGHT.

FIEVEL is still asleep on the pile of straw. A little mouse paw shakes him by the shoulder. We PULL to see a ragged little homeless street mouse. Other mouse waifs are curled up on straw beds in their matchboxes and barrels.

STREET MOUSE

Hey. You're sleepin' in my place.

FIEVEL looks around blearily.

FIEVEL

Huh?

FIEVEL stands up. They surround him.

STREET MOUSE 2

Got any food?

FIEVEL shakes his head.

STREET MOUSE

What's your story?

FIEVEL

I been looking for my family.

The street MICE laugh.

STREET MOUSE

(points, mockingly)

He's looking for his family.

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STREET MOUSE 2

I stopped that long ago.

STREET MOUSE

Mine left me on a doorstep.

STREET MOUSE 3

At least you know who they are!

STREET MOUSE

Why you lookin' for them? They should be lookin' for you.

STREET MOUSE 2

They don't care. Forget 'em!

STREET MOUSE

(throws him some straw)

Here! Make yourself a bed.

FIEVEL starts making his straw bed, angrily.

FIEVEL

He's right...they don't care...if they did they would have found me!...well, if they don't care, I don't care...I don't care if I never see them again!!!!

He throws his hat down, then realizes what he has just said. The anger turns to despair. He slumps down on the straw. He has given up all hope.

FIEVEL

...I'd never find them, anyway...never...never!...

(deep sigh)

This is my home, now.

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He is the picture of despair. Every line in his face and body droops. MUSIC: despair.

CUT TO: FIEVEL'S FACE.

FIEVEL closes his eyes and dreams, heavy-lidded. DREAM FX: We see the MOUSEKEWITZ FAMILY as they were when we first met them in their mousehole in the shtetl. FIEVEL and TANYA dance as MAMA rocks YASHA and PAPA plays "Fievel's tune" on the fiddle. We hear the fiddle in the clear with no other music at all.

STREET MOUSE

(off)

Hey, you all right?

CUT TO: FIEVEL AND STREET MOUSE.

The dream effect vanishes as FIEVEL snaps out of his reverie. But the far away violin keeps playing "Fievel's tune" without missing a beat.

FIEVEL nods. Slowly, as he notices the violin music, every line in his face rises in hope.

FIEVEL

Do you hear a violin?

STREET MOUSE

Yeah.

FIEVEL listens intently. Brightens even more as he recognizes the tune. He puts his hat on firmly.

FIEVEL

Papa!

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He runs down the alley, light of foot. STREET MOUSE makes crazy sign at his temple with his finger. STREET MOUSE 2 nods.

CUT TO: MCU PAPA, STREET LIGHT, NIGHT.

The violin MUSIC continues louder. PAPA is playing "Fievel's tune" on the fiddle. We PULL to reveal an amazing group. PAPA, MAMA, TANYA, GUSSIE, TONY and BRIDGET are all riding on TIGER's back down a city street in search of FIEVEL.

CUT TO: GUSSIE

GUSSIE

I never dweamt when I woke up this morning that I'd be widing a cat tonight!

TIGER

Y'know what they say....never say "never!"

CUT TO: ANOTHER STREET, NIGHT.

FIEVEL runs down the street towards louder MUSIC.

CUT TO: LONG SHOT, CARAVAN COMING UP STREET.

CUT TO: ANOTHER STREET, NIGHT.

FIEVEL runs camera right to camera left along building fronts towards a cross street opening flooded with light. He stops in the street opening silhouetted, front-lit.

FIEVEL

Papapapapapap!

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CUT TO: LONG STREET.

FIEVEL is at one end. TIGER and company are at the other. PAPA, MAMA and TANYA are off the cat. MUSIC: under, builds "Fievel's tune" as the MOUSEKEWITZES and FIEVEL run towards each other through the circles of the street lights, yelling each other's names and meeting in a huge family hug in a huge circle of light. We move closer and stay on it.

CUT TO: TIGER.

TIGER is crying at the sight, moved.

TIGER

I've never been so happy in my life.

We TILT UP to the night sky as the music continues....

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DISSOLVE TO: DAY SKY.

MUSIC: Choral version of "Give Me Your Tired." We TILT DOWN to see the completed Statue of Liberty, its upper half covered by a huge French flag. We PULL to see that the island is surrounded by tall ships, including 1880's battleships and small craft of all sorts crowding New York harbor.

CUT TO: THE BATTERY, PARK NEAR WATER'S EDGE, GLORY SHOT.

We see a sea of people in the park, PUSH and

CUT TO: MOUSE AREA, WATER'S EDGE.

We see thousands of MICE of different races and ethnic persuasions, many ethnics still in their native dress as they were on the immigrant boat. There should be enough black mice in the crowd to show that they are there. We keep PUSHING towards the front row.

CUT TO: THE FRONT ROW.

We PAN familiar faces in the front row: the SWEATSHOP WORKERS, the POLICE MOUSE, the FIRE MOUSE, the WIDOW, HONEST JOHN, MOE the RAT, the COMMANDOS, the BLACK FAMILY from the montage, SAM the fruit tycoon, now dressed like a millionaire: top hat, fur collar, diamond tie pin, gold watch chain. He pulls out a watch that is a golden apple, flips it open and smiles complacently. Then, TIGER and GUSSIE. TIGER takes a loud bite of celery. GUSSIE gives him a sharp elbow and he stops. TONY and BRIDGET looking ahead, steal a glance at each other. Finally, <sup>0049</sup> there are the MOUSEKEWITZES, together and happy. As the <sup>AMT</sup> ~~shot~~ ends we:

CUT TO: THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

The French flag drops, billowing, and reveals the beautiful new statue! Miss Liberty! Fireworks explode around her. Crowds cheer, bands play, guns salute: all hell breaks loose.

CUT TO: THE MOUSEKEWITZES.

FIEVEL is pointing up at something special.

CUT TO: BOTTOM SHOT, HENRI DESCENDS FROM SKY.

We see HENRI flapping his way down into the camera.

CUT TO: HENRI STANDS BY FIEVEL AND FAMILY.

HENRI

Here you are, my little immigrant! How do you like my statue?  
Is she not beautiful? But you can tell nothing here. Hop on my  
back! The best seats are upstairs.

FIEVEL

(has learned to value them)  
I don't want to leave my family.

HENRI

But they shall come too!  
(gives two-finger or feather whistle)

Enter two GENDARMES, bumping into each other. FIEVEL and TANYA get on  
HENRI's back. PAPA gestures MAMA to climb on FIRST GENDARME (she is  
holding YASHA).

MAMA

(protesting as she climbs on)  
If God had meant mice to fly he would have given us feathers!

PAPA

Shh! Shh!

AMT

0046

They are aboard. TONY and BRIDGET stand by SECOND GEND FME.

TONY

(playing the gent)

May I have the pleasure?

He hands her up onto pigeon, bowing and follows.

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT.

MUSIC: Up, "Never Say Never." Led by HENRI, the pigeons take off and soar up towards the statue and around it in circles. INSET SHOTS: FIEVEL and TANYA are all windswept happy smiles. MAMA and PAPA are awed and amazed. BRIDGET and TONY are holding hands and blushing.

CUT TO: WIDE SHOT, HEAD OF STATUE OF LIBERTY.

HENRI circles the statue with FIEVEL and TANYA aboard. As they pass in front of the face, the human face of the statue dissolves into a beautiful mouse face that winks at the children flying by. The MUSIC swells. Roll CREDITS.

FADE TO BLACK.